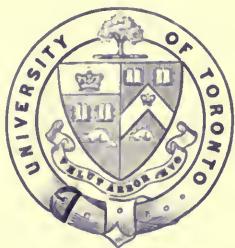


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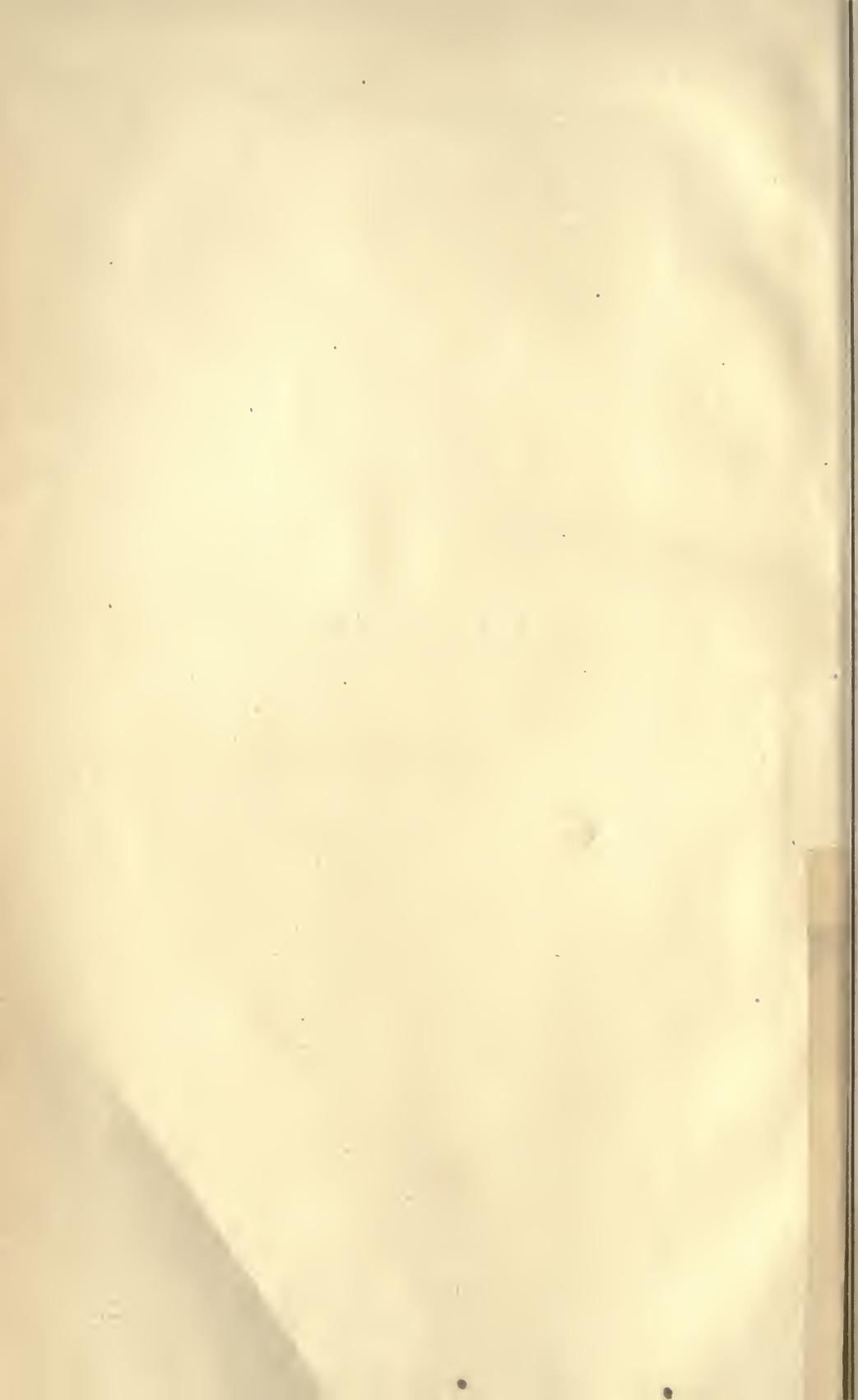
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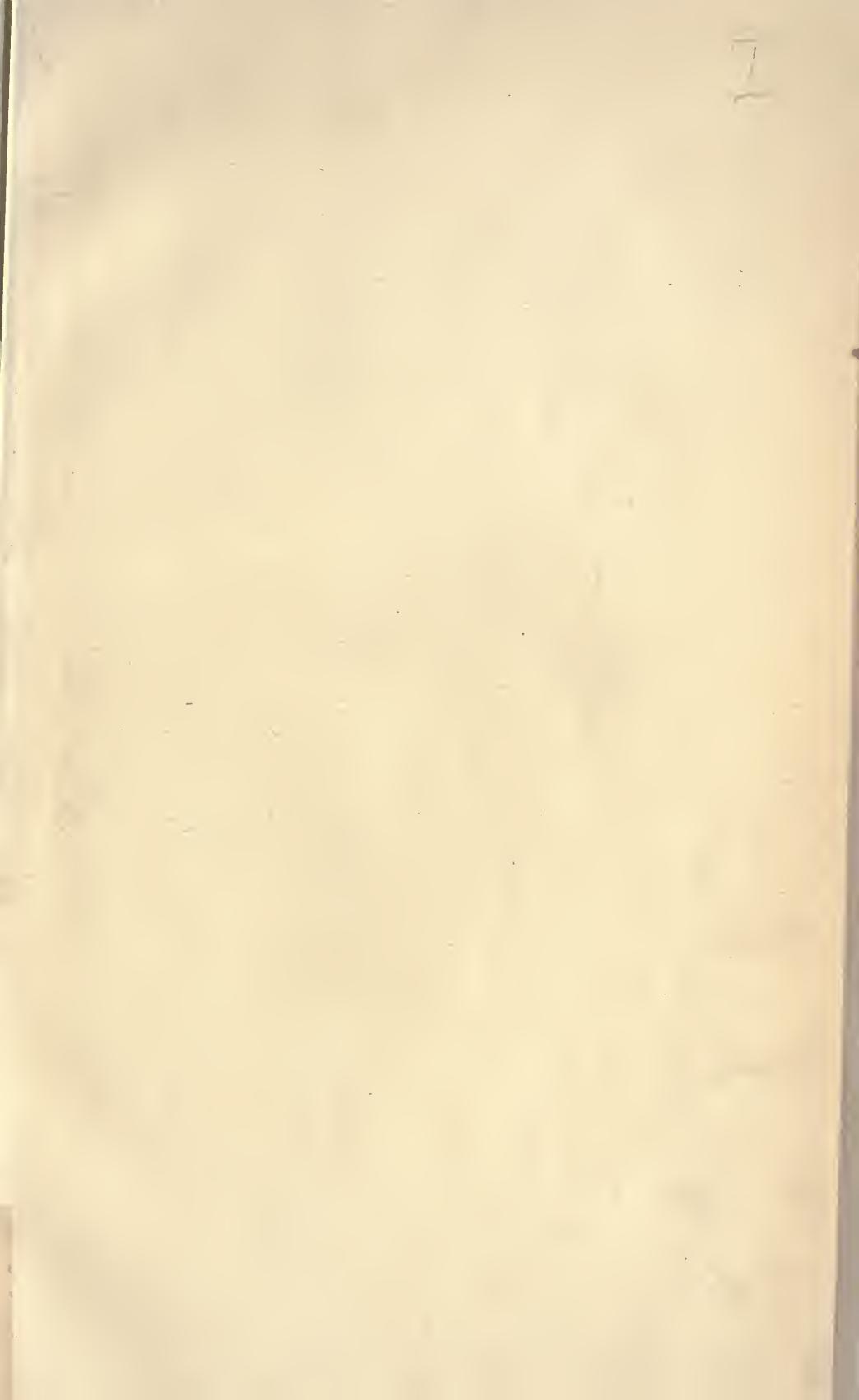




34 C

WILLIAM BLAKE.







FROM A PORTRAIT OF BLAKE BY HIS WIFE.

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THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM BLAKE
Poetic, Symbolic, and Critical

EDITED WITH LITHOGRAPHS OF THE ILLUSTRATED
“PROPHETIC BOOKS,” AND A MEMOIR
AND INTERPRETATION

BY
EDWIN JOHN ELLIS
Author of “Fate in Arcadia,” &c.

AND
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Author of “The Wanderings of Oisin,” “The Countess Kathleen,” &c.

“ Bring me to the test
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from ”

Hamlet

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. III

65947
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LONDON
BERNARD QUARITCH, 15 PICCADILLY
1893

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VALA.



POETICAL SKETCHES, ETC.



POETICAL SKETCHES.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

PERSONS.

KING EDWARD.	SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH.
THE BLACK PRINCE.	SIR WALTER MANNY.
QUEEN PHILIPPA.	LORD AUDLEY.
DUKE OF CLARENCE.	LORD PERCY.
SIR JOHN CHANDOS.	BISHOP.
	WILLIAM, <i>Dagworth's man.</i>
	PETER BLUNT, <i>a common soldier.</i>

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 the dust ! maintain thy servant's right.
Without thine aid, the twisted mail, and spear,
And forg'd helm, and shield of beaten brass,
Are idle trophies of the vanquisher.
When on the field in flame, confusion rages,
When cries of blood tear horror out of heaven,
And yelling Death runs up and down the ranks,
Let Liberty, the chartered right of Englishmen,
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
Enerve my soldiers ; then let Liberty
Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.
The enemy fight in chains, unseen, but heavy ;
Their minds are fettered ; 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 flower of England,
Venturing their lives in my most righteous cause,
Oh sheathe their hearts with triple steel, that they
May emulate their fathers' virtues ! Thou

My son, be strong ; thou fightest for a crown
 That death can never ravish from thy brow,
 A crown of glory—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,
 The Prince of Wales, Montacute, 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 numerous 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 large 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 astonished world, with upturned eyes,
 Regardless of the moon, and those once 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. Noble Harcourt, thanks, 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 as 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 Heaven 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, called you together.
 My task is great, my burden heavier than
 My unledged 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, thronged with shining spires
 And corded ships, her merchants buzzing round
 Like summer bees, and all the golden cities
 O'erflowing with their honey, in his land
 Glory may not be dimmed with clouds of care.
 Say, Lords, should not our thoughts be first to commerce?
 You, my Lord Bishop, would have agriculture?

BISHOP.

Sweet Prince, I know the arts of peace are great,
 And no less glorious than those of war,
 Perhaps more, 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 general good of the whole,
 And Englund is the land favoured by Commerce;
 For Commerce, though 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.

CLARENCE.

O my good Lord, true wisdom drops like honey
 From off your tongue, as from a worshipped oak!
 Forgive, my Lords, my talkative youth, that speaks
 Not merely from my narrow observation,
 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 by your leave, I have another boon
 To ask,—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 with the sun;
 If not sometimes o'erclouded, we grow weary
 Of his officious glory.

CLARENCE.

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

LORD (*aside*).

Thou hast a gallant spirit, which I fear
Will be imposed on by the closer sort.

CLARENCE.

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 PHILIPPA.

Fie, fie, Lord Clarence ! you proceed not to business,
But speak of your own pleasures.
I hope their lordships will excuse your giddiness.

CLARENCE.

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

PERCY.

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

BISHOP.

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.

BISHOP.

Lord Percy cannot mean that we should suffer
Disgrace like this. If so, we are not sovereigns
Of the sea,—our right, a right that Heaven gave
To England, when at the birth of Nature
She in the deep was seated ; Ocean ceased
His mighty roar, and, fawning, played around
Her snowy feet, and owned his awful Queen.
Lord Percy, if the heart is sick, the head
Must be aggrieved ; 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 must be 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 PHILIPPA.

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 leaping
 Into the battle, shaking his golden locks
 Exultingly : this is a promising day.

DAGWORTH.

Why that, my good 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.

AUDLEY.

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 ?

DAGWORTH.

Yes, fear.

That made him fight so.

AUDLEY.

By the same reason I might say 'tis fear
 That makes you fight.

DAGWORTH.

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.

AUDLEY.

Perhaps you think the Prince too is afraid ?

DAGWORTH.

No ; God forbid ! I am sure he is not.
 He is a young lion. Oh 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 danced 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.

AUDLEY.

Are you afraid, too, Sir Thomas ? I believe that
 As much as I believe the King's afraid :
 But what are you afraid of ?

DAGWORTH.

Of having my back laid open ; we must turn
 Our backs to the fire, till we shall burn our skirts.

AUDLEY.

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.

CHANDOS.

Good-morrow, Generals ; I give you joy :
 Welcome to the fields of Cressy. Here we stop,
 And wait for Philip.

DAGWORTH.

I hope so.

AUDLEY.

There, Sir Thomas ; do you call that fear ?

DAGWORTH.

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-wether is tainted, I wish
 The Prince may not catch the distemper too.

CHANDOS.

Distemper, Sir Thomas ! What distemper ?
 I have not heard.

DAGWORTH.

Why, Chandos, you are a wise man,
 I know you understand me ; a distemper
 The King caught here in France of running away.

AUDLEY.

Sir Thomas, you say you have caught it too.

DAGWORTH.

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.

CHIANDOS.

Here comes the King himself : tell him your thoughts
 Plainly, Sir Thomas.

DAGWORTH.

I've told him this before, but his disorder
 Has made him deaf.

Enter KING EDWARD and BLACK PRINCE.

KING.

Good-morrow, Generals ; when English courage
 Shall fail, down goes at once our right to France.
 But we are conquerors everywhere ; nothing
 Can stand before our soldiers ; each is worthy
 Of a triumph. Such an army,—heroes all,—
 Ne'er shouted to the heavens, nor shook the field.
 Edward, my son, thou art, among us here
 Most happy, having such command : the man
 Were more than base who were not fired 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've seen the field a-glow,
 And in each countenance the soul of war
 Curbed by the manliest reason, I've been winged
 With certain victory ; and 'tis my boast,
 And shall be still my glory, I was inspired
 By these brave troops.

DAGWORTH.

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.

DAGWORTH.

I have a small petition to your Majesty.

KING.

What can Sir Thomas Dagworth ask
 That Edward can refuse ?

DAGWORTH.

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, all my courage shrunk and withered,
 My sinews slackened, and my voice scarce heard ;
 Therefore I beg I may return to England.

KING.

I know not what you could have asked, Sir Thomas,
 That I would not have sooner parted with
 Than such a soldier as you, 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.

DAGWORTH.

Here on the fields of Cressy we are settled
 Till Philip springs the timorous covey again.
 The wolf is hunted down by causeless fear ;
 The lion flees, and fear usurps his heart,
 Startled, astonished at the clamorous 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 timorous 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 fighteth 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 plumed, 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.

DAGWORTH.

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. Now my feet are wing'd, but not
For flight, an please your grace.

KING.

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

DAGWORTH.

A raw-boned fellow t' other day passed by me ;
I told him to put off his hungry looks—
He said, “ I hunger for another battle.”
I saw a little Welshman, fiery-faced ;
I told him he looked like a candle half
Burned out ; he answered, he was “ *pig* enough
“ To light another *pattle*. ” Last night, beneath
The moon I walked abroad, when all had pitched
Their tents, and all were still ;
I heard a blooming youth singing a song
He had composed, and at each pause he wiped
His dropping eyes. The ditty was, “ If he
Returned victorious, he should wed a maiden
Fairer than snow, and rich as midsummer.”
Another wept, and wished 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 thou.
If Philip came armed 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 ; inflame 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.*

CHANDOS.

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 enlarg'd 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.

CHANDOS.

Courage, my Lord, proceeds from self-dependence.
 Teach every 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 being set in action,
 He will move on to plan conveniences,
 Till glory fires him 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 hovering o'er my army, with
 Thy wide-stretched plumes ; I see thee lead them on ;
 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
 The ambitious tendrils in the path of wisdom ;
 Water him with thy clear advice, and Heaven
 Rain freshening dew upon his branches ! And,
 O Edward, my dear son ! think lowly of
 Thyself, as we may all each prefer other—
 'Tis the best policy, and 'tis our duty.

[*Exit KING EDWARD.*

PRINCE.

nd 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,
 Commissioned 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 throngèd enemy ! In truth, I am too full ;
 It is my sin to love the noise of war.
 Chandos, thou seest my weakness ; for 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 her
 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 venturous youth
 That plays with danger, as the innocent child,
 Unthinking, plays upon the viper's den :
 I am a coward in my reason, Chandos.

CHANDOS.

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 armèd field and noisy war
 Pass over as a cloud does, unregarded,
 Or but expected as a thing of course.
 Age is contemplative ; each rolling year
 Brings forth her fruit to the mind's treasure-house :—
 While vacant youth doth crave and seek about
 Within itself, and findeth discontent,
 Then, tired 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, tired 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 rouse the strongest prey : then if we fall,
 We fall with glory. I know well 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 the 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
 The Almighty to stretch out my span of life,
 I shall with pleasure view a glorious action
 Which my youth mastered ?

CHANDOS.

Age, my Lord, views motives,
 And views 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 feathered angels, sitting
 As guardians round your chair; then shall the pulse
 Beat slow, and taste and touch, sight, sound and smell,
 That sing and dance round Reason's fine-wrought throne,
 Shall flee away, and leave him all forlorn;
 Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend.

[*Exeunt.*SCENE IV.—*In Sir Thomas Dagworth's Tent.*

DAGWORTH, and WILLIAM his man.

DAGWORTH.

Bring hither my armour, William.
 Ambition is the growth of every clime.

WILLIAM.

Does it grow in England, sir?

DAGWORTH.

Ay, it grows most in lands most cultivated.

WILLIAM.

Then it grows most in France; the vines here
 Are finer than any we have in England.

DAGWORTH.

Ay, but the oaks are not.

WILLIAM.

What is the tree you mentioned? I don't think
 I ever saw it.

DAGWORTH.

Ambition.

WILLIAM.

Is it a little creeping root that grows in ditches ?

DAGWORTH.

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.

WILLIAM.

Yes, I have ; I have a great ambition to know everything, sir.

DAGWORTH.

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.

WILLIAM.

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.

DAGWORTH.

Though the knowledge of that will not profit thee much, yet I will tell you that it *was* ambition.

WILLIAM.

Then, if ambition is a sin, we are all guilty in coming with him, and in fighting for him.

DAGWORTH.

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.

WILLIAM.

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

DAGWORTH.

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.

WILLIAM.

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

DAGWORTH.

Thou art an endless moralist.

WILLIAM.

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

DAGWORTH.

No, William, save it till another time; this is no time for story-telling. 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 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 war-songs.

DAGWORTH.

And who is this minstrel, Peter, dost know?

PETER.

Oh ay, 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 ain't so good-natured.

DAGWORTH.

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 anything of yourself, but everybody else does.

DAOWORTH.

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

[Exit PETER.

WILLIAM.

I never flatter your honour.

DAGWORTH.

I don't know that.

WILLIAM.

Why you know, sir, when we were in England, at the tournament at Windsor, and the Earl of Warwick was tumbled over, you asked me if he did not look well when he fell; and I said no, he looked very foolish; and you were very angry with me for not flattering you.

DAGWORTH.

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 enters SIR WALTER MANNY.*

SIR WALTER.

Sir Thomas Dagworth, I've been weeping now
Over the men that are to die to-day.

DAGWORTH.

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

SIR WALTER.

I know this breathing flesh must lie and rot,
Covered with silence and forgetfulness.
Death roams 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 about upon their beds,
Talking with Death, answering his hard demands !
How many walk in darkness, terrors round
The curtains of their beds, destruction still
Ready at the door ! How many sleep in earth,
Covered over with stones and deathy dust,
Resting in quietness, whose spirits walk
Upon the clouds of heaven, to die no more !
Yet death is terrible, though 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,
Though sunshine light it, seems to me as pale
As the pale fainting man on his death-bed,
Whose face is shown by light of sickly taper.
It makes me sad and sick at very heart ;
Thousands must fall to-day.

DAGWORTH.

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 prepared in shining heaven,
The flowers of immortality are blown ;
Let those that fight fight in good stedfastness,
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 oh ! the souls that are to die to-day !

DAGWORTH.

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, bedecked 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 England's green shall 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 lie stretched upon the field of death. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*In the Camp.*

Several of the Warriors met at the King's Tent with a Minstrel, who sings the following Song :

O sons of Trojan Brutus, clothed 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 roused by lightning from their dens,
 Whose eyes do glare against the stormy fires),
 Heated with war, filled with the blood of Greeks,
 With helmets hewn, and shields covered with gore,
 In navies black, broken with wind and tide :

Landing in firm array upon the rocks
 Of Albion ; they kissed 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
 Cities shall rise, thrones, arms, and awful powers."

Our fathers swarm from the ships. Giant voices
 Are heard from all 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 parchèd heavens
 Rain fire into the molten raging sea.

The smoking trees are strewn upon the shore,
 Spoiled of their verdure. Oh how oft have they
 Defied the storm that howlèd o'er their heads !
 Our fathers, sweating, lean on spears, and view
 The mighty dead : great bodies streaming blood,
 Dread visages frowning in silent death.

Then Brutus spoke, inspired ; 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 to 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 up from their thrones in joy,
 Each buckling on his armour ; and the dawn
 Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming.
 Evening shall hear their song of victory :
 Their towers shall be built upon the rocks,
 Their daughters sing, surrounded with their spears.

"Liberty shall on cliffs of Albion stand,
Casting her blue eyes over the green sea ;
Or towering 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."

PROLOGUE.

INTENDED FOR A DRAMATIC PIECE OF KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

Or for a voice like thunder, and a tongue
To drown the throat of war ! When the senses
Are shakcn, 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,
Oh who can stand ? Oh who hath causèd this ?
Oh 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.

(Compare Vol. I., p. 177.)

JUSTICE hath heaved a sword to plunge in Albion's breast ;
For Albion's sins are crimson-dyed,
And the red scourge follows her desolate sons.
Then Patriot rose ; full oft did Patriot rise,
When Tyranny hath stained 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 stretched 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. Oh 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 !

TO SPRING.

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
 Through 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 to each other, and the listening
 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 perfumèd garments ; let us taste
 Thy morn and evening breath ; scatter thy pearls
 Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

Oh deck her forth with thy fair fingers ; pour
 Thy soft kisses on her bosom ; and put
 Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
 Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee !

TO SUMMER.

O thou who passest through our valleys in
 Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat
 That flames from their large nostrils ! Thou, O Summer,
 Oft pitchest 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 ear
 Iode o'er the deep of heaven. Beside our springs
 Sit down, and in our mossy valleys, on
 Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy
 Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream !
 Our valleys love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are famed 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 mayst 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 clustering Summer breaks forth into singing,
 And feathered 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 ear.

He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep
 Rides heavy ; his storms are unchainèd, sheathed
 In ribbèd steel ; I dare not lift mine eyes
 For he hath reared 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 drives the monster
Yelling beneath Mount Hecla to his caves.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

THOU fair-haired Angel of the Evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy brilliant 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 dew
On every flower that closes 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 then the lion glares through the dun forest.
The fleeces of our flocks are covered with
Thy sacred dew : protect with influence !

TO MORNING.

O HOLY virgin, clad in purest white,
Unlock heaven'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 honeyed dew that cometh on waking day.
O radiant Morning, salute the Sun,
Roused like a huntsman to the chase, and with
Thy buskinèd feet appear upon our hills.

FAIR ELEANOR.

THE bell struck one, and shook the silent tower ;
The graves give up their dead : fair Eleanor
Walked by the castle-gate, and look'd in :
A hollow groan ran through the dreary vaults.

She shrieked 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 :
Amazed she finds herself upon her feet,
And, like a ghost, through narrow passages
Walking, feeling the cold walls with her hands.

Fancy returns, and now she thinks of bones
And grinning skulls, and corruptible death
Wrapt 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 Eleanor :—
He’s dead, and howling after me for blood !

“ Take this,” he cried ; and thrust into her arms
A wet napkin, wrapt about ; then rushed
Past, howling. She received into her arms
Pale death, and followed on the wings of fear.

They passed swift through the outer gate ; the wretch,
Howling, leaped o’er the wall into the moat,
Stifling in mud. Fair Ellen passed 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 arrived.

Her maids await her ; on her bed she falls,
That bed of joy where erst her lord hath pressed.
“ Ah woman’s fear ! ” she cried, “ Ah cursed duke !
Ah my dear lord ! ah wretched Eleanor !

“ 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 flower to deck thy horrid temples ?

“ My lord was like a star in highest heaven
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 darkened ; like the summer’s noon
Clouded ; fall’n like the stately tree, cut down ;
The breath of heaven dwelt among his leaves.
O Eleanor, weak woman, filled with woe ! ”

Thus having spoke, she raisèd 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 fixed ; the bloody cloth unfolds,
Disclosing to her sight the murdered head
Of her dear lord, all ghastly pale, clotted
With gory blood ; it groaned, and thus it spake :

“ O Eleanor, behold thy husband’s head,
Who, sleeping on the stones of yonder tower,
Was reft of life by the accursed duke :
A hired villain turned my sleep to death.

“ O Eleanor, beware the cursed duke ;
Oh 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, stiffened to stone ;
She took the gory head up in her arms ;
She kissed the pale lips ; she had no tears to shed ;
She hugged it to her breast, and groaned her last.

SONG.

How sweet I roamed 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 showed 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 fired 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 smiles and languished air,
 By love are driven away ;
 And mournful lean Despair
 Brings me yew to deck my grave :
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
 When springing buds unfold ;
 Oh why to him was't given,
 Whose heart is wintry cold ?
 His breast is love's all-worshipped 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 !

SONG.

LOVE and harmony combine,
 And around our souls entwine,
 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 ameng our branches play.

SONG.

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 bower,
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,
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 darkened valley
With silent Melancholy.

MAD SONG.

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

Lo ! to the vault
 Of pavèd 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 increased ;
 For light doth seize my brain
 With frantic pain.

SONG.

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 winged, while o'er the dewy lawn
 I meet my maiden risen like the morn.
 Oh bless those holy feet, like angels' feet ;
 Oh bless those limbs, beaming with heavenly light !

Like as an angel glittering 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-eyed 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 in sober grey,
 Then to my black-eyed maid I haste away.
 When Evening sits beneath her dusky bower,
 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-eyed 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,
 Whispering 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.

Oh 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 mix'd 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 ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven 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 crystal rocks ye rove,
 Beneath the bosom of the sea,
 Wandering in many a coral grove;
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
 That bards of old enjoyed in you !
 The languid strings do scarcely move,
 The sound is forced, 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 roused himself
 From sleeping in his cave ;
 He shook the hills, and in the clouds
 The troubled banners wave.

Beneath them rolled, like tempests black,
 The numerous sons of blood ;
 Like lions' whelps, roaring abroad,
 Seeking their nightly food.

Down Bleron's hill 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 tower to tower the watchmen cry :
 " O Gwin, the son of Nore,
 Arouse thyself ! the nations, black
 Like clouds, come rolling o'er ! "

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

Like rear'd stones around a grave
They stand around the King ;
Then suddenly each seized his spear,
And clashing steel does ring.

The husbandman does leave his plough
To wade through 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 rolled.

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 the Almighty’s hand ;—
“ Gwin, thou hast filled thy measure up :
Thou’rt swept from out the land.”

And now the raging armies rushed
Like warring mighty seas ;
The heavens 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 do cry ;
The cries of women and of babes
Over the field do fly.

The king is seen raging afar,
With all his men of might ;
Like blazing comets scattering death
Through the red feverous 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 heavens,
Ghosts glut the throat of hell !

Oh 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
Through 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 remained alive ;
The rest did fill the vale of death,—
For them the eagles strive.

The river Dorman rolled their blood
Into the northern sea ;
Who mourned his sons, and overwhelmed
The pleasant south country.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

GOLDEN Apollo, that through heaven wide
 Scatter'st the rays of light, and truth his beams,
 In lucent words my darkling verses dight,
 And wash my earthly 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 yield'st 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's curse)
 Midas the praise hath gained of lengthened ears,
 For which himself might deem him ne'er the worse
 To sit in council with his modern peers,
 And judge of tinkling rhymes and elegances terse.

And thou, Mercurius, that with winged bow
 Dost mount aloft into the yielding sky,
 And through heaven'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 labouring sense
 That round the circle of the world would fly,
 As the wing'd eagle scorns the towery fence
 Of Alpine hills round his high aëry,
 And searches through the corners of the sky,
 Sports in the clouds to hear the thunder's sound,
 And see the winged lightnings as they fly ;
 Then, bosomed in an amber cloud, around
 Plumes his wide wings, and seeks Sol's palace high.

And thou, O Warrior maid invincible,
 Armed with the terrors of Almighty Jove,
 Pallas, Mimerva, maiden terrible,
 Lov'st thou to walk the peaceful solemn grove,
 In solemn gloom of branches interwove ?
 Or bear'st thy wings o'er the burning field
 Where like the sea the waves of battle move ?
 Or have thy soft piteous eyes beheld
 The weary wanderer through the desert rove ?
 Or does the afflicted man thy heavenly bosom move ?

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

WHEN silver snow decks Susan's clothes,
 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-washed 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, tired of chat, the game begins
 The lasses prick the lads with pins.
 Roger from Dolly twitched the stool ;
 She, falling, kissed the ground, poor fool !
 She blushed so red, with sidelong glanee
 At hobnail Dick, who grieved the chance.
 But now for Blind-man's Buff they call ;
 Of each incumbrance clear the hall.

Jenny her silken kerchief folds,
 And blear-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 :—" Oh woo betide
 Thee, clumsy Will ! "—But tittering Kate
 Is penned up in the corner strait !
 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 through 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 chase,—
“ He sees ! he sees ! ” cries softly Grace ;
“ O Roger, thou, unskilled in art,
Must, surer bound, go through 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-winked 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 pitieous Dick supports his head,
And fain would cure the hurt he made.
But Kitty hastened with a key,
And down his back they straight convey
The cold relief : the blood is stayed,
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 agone,
When men were first a nation grown,
Lawless they lived, till wantonness
And liberty began to increase,
And one man lay in another’s way ;
Then laws were made to keep fair play.

A WAR SONG.

TO ENGLISHMEN.

PREPARE, prepare the iron helm of war,
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb ;
The Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
And casts them out upon the darkened 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 louring 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 heart rejoice ;
 The Norman William, and the learned Clerk,
 And Lion-Heart, and black-browed Edward with
 His loyal queen, shall rise, and welcome us !
 Prepare, prepare !

* * The order of the above sketches follows, for convenience of comparison, that of the Aldine Edition. The original sequence, given in Mr. Quaritch's facsimile, will be found above, Volume I., p. 170—in the chapter containing other "Poetical Sketches" not reprinted here.

See "Notes to Poetical Sketches," &c., p. 88.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

(ENGRAVED 1789.)

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 cheer ! ”
So I sang 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 vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE SHEPHERD.

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot !
From the morn to the evening he strays ;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the 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 ECHOING GREEN.

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring,
To welcome the Spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing 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 and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing 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, and bade thee feed
By the stream and 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, and He is mild,
 He became a little child.
 I a child, and thou a lamb,
 We are callèd 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 oh my soul is white !
 White as an angel is the English child,
 But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
 And, sitting down before the heat of day,
 She took me on her lap and kissèd 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 noonday.

“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 sunburnt face
 Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“For, when our souls have learned the heat to bear
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
 Saying, ‘Come out from the grove, my love and care
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd 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 Father's 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.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry " Weep ! weep ! weep ! weep ! "
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.
There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved ; 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, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight ! —
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.
And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins, and 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 and 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, and never want joy.
And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm :
So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

THE LITTLE BOY LOST.

" FATHER, father, where are you going ?
Oh 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, and the child did weep,
 And away the vapour flew.

THE LITTLE BOY FOUND.

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

He kissed the child, and by the hand led,
 And to his mother brought,
 Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,
 The 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, and 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
 Sweep Sleep, angel mild,
 Hover o'er my happy child !

 Sweet smiles, in the night
 Hover over my delight !
 Sweet smiles, mother's smile,
 All the livelong night beguile.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes !
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,
All the dovelike moans beguile.

Sleep, sleep, happy child !
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee doth 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 and 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, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

HOLY THURSDAY.

'TWAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red, and blue, and green :
Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

Oh what a multitude they seemed, 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 littlē boys and 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 heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
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 covered 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 tigers 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 lion's 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,
 Are 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,
 Graze after thee, and weep.
 For, washed in life's river,
 My bright mane for ever
 Shall shine like the gold,
 As I guard o'er the fold."

SPRING.

SOUND the flute !
 Now 'tis muto !
 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 everything 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 covered with sheep."
 " Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
 And then go home to bed."
 The little ones leaped, and shouted, and laughed,
 And all the hills echoed.

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

" Oh 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 dropped 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 beetle's hum ;
Little wanderer, hie thee home ! "

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too ?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief ?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share ?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?

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 bird's grief and 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 infant's tear ?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away ?
Oh 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.

Oh He gives to us his joy,
That our grief He may destroy :
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

** "The Voice of the Ancient Bard" is printed by Gilchrist at the close of this section, professedly on the authority of a copy called "Blake's own," by Mr. Blake, who sent it to Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, after Blake's death. (Gilchrist, Vol. I., p. 410.)

The poem, wherever it truly belongs, is an after-thought. An undoubtedly authentic copy, equally late in date, places it at the end of the "Songs of Experience."

See "Notes to Poetical Sketches," &c., p. 88.

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE.

(ENGRAVED 1794.)

INTRODUCTION.

HEAR the voice of the Bard,
Who present, past, and future, sees ;
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees ;

Calling the lapsèd soul,
And weeping in the evening dew ;
That might control
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 slumbrous mass.

“ Turn away no more ;
Why wilt thou turn away ?
The starry floor,
The watery shore,
Are given thee till the break of day.”

EARTH'S ANSWER.

EARTH raised up her head
From the darkness dread and drear,
Her light fled,
Stony, dread,
And her locks covered with grey despair.

“ Prisoned on watery 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,
 Chained 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 ploughman in darkness plough ?

“ Break this heavy chain,
 That does freeze my bones around !
 Selfish, vain,
 Eternal bane,
 That free love with bondage bound.”

THE CLOD AND 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 hell’s despair.”

So sang a little clod of clay,
 Trodden with the cattle’s 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 another’s loss of ease,
 And builds a hell in heaven’s despite.”

HOLY THURSDAY.

Is this a holy thing to see
 In a rich and fruitful land,—
 Babes reduced to misery,
 Fed with cold and usurous 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 and bare,
 And their ways are filled with thorns :
 It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,
 And where'er the rain does fall,
 Babes should 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 desert wild
 Become a garden mild.

In the southern clime,
 Where the summer's prime
 Never fades away,
 Lovely Lycea lay.

Seven summers old
 Lovely Lycea told.
 She had wandered long,
 Hearing wild birds' song.

“ Sweet sleep, come to me
 Underneath this tree ;
 Do father, mother, weep ?
 Where can Lycea sleep ?

“ Lost in desert wild
 Is your little child.
 How can Lycea sleep
 If her mother weep ?

“ If her heart does ache,
 Then let Lycea wake ;
 If my mother sleep,
 Lycea shall not weep.

“ Frowning, frowning night,
 O'er this desert bright
 Let thy moon arise,
 While I close my eyes.”

Sleeping Lycea lay
 While the beasts of prey,
 Come from caverns deep,
 Viewed the maid asleep.

The kingly lion stood,
And the virgin viewed :
Then he gambolled round
O'er the hallowed ground.

Leopards, tigers, play
Round her as she lay ;
While the lion old
Bowed his mane of gold,

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

While the lioness
Loosed her slender dress,
And naked they conveyed
To caves the sleeping maid.

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND.

ALL the night in woe
Lyca's parents go
Over valleys deep,
While the deserts weep.

Tired and woe-begone,
Hoarse with making moan,
Arm in arm, seven days
They traced the desert ways.

Seven nights they sleep
Among shadows deep,
And dream they see their child
Starved in desert wild.

Pale through pathless ways
The fancied image strays,
Famished, weeping, weak,
With hollow piteous shriek.

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

In his arms he bore
Her, armed 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 stalked around,

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

They look upon his eyes,
 Filled with deep surprise ;
 And wondering behold
 A spirit armed in gold.

On his head a crown,
 On his shoulders down
 Flowed 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 tigers wild.

To this day they dwell
 In a lonely dell,
 Nor fear the wolvish howl
 Nor the lion's growl.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
 Crying "weep ! weep !" in notes of woe !
 "Where are thy father and mother ? Say !"—
 "They are both gone up to the church to pray.

"Because I was happy upon the heath,
 And smiled among the winter's snow,
 They clothed me in the clothes of death,
 And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

"And because I am happy and dance and sing,
 They think they have done me no injury,
 And are gone to praise God and his priest and king,
 Who make up a heaven of our misery."

NURSE'S 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 and 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 summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away.

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

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

If thought is life
And strength and 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 woo was ne'er beguiled !

And I wept both night and day,
 And he wiped my tears away ;
 And I wept both day and night,
 And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings, and fled ;
 Then the morn blushed rosy red.
 I dried my tears, and armed my fears
 With ten-thousand shields and spears.

Soon my Angel came again ;
 I was armed, he came in vain ;
 For the time of youth was fled,
 And grey hairs were on my head.

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, 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 and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
 And, when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand and 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 watered heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see ?
 Did he who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, 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 SUNFLOWER.

An Sunflower, weary of time,
 Who countest the steps of the sun ;
 Seeking after that sweet golden clime
 Where the traveller's 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 Sunflower wishes to go !

THE LILY.

THE modest Rose puts forth a thorn,
 The humble sheep a threat'ning horn :
 While the Lily white shall in love delight,
 Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

(See note at end of *Songs of Experience*.)

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 and the wild,
 To the thistles and thorns of the waste ;
 And they told me how they were beguiled,
 Driven out, and compelled to be chaste.

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 turned to the Garden of Love
 That so many sweet flowers bore.
 And I saw it was filled with graves,
 And tombstones where flowers should be ;
 And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
 And binding with briars my joys and desires.

THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

DEAR mother, dear mother, the Church is cold ;
 But the Alehouse is healthy, and pleasant, and warm.
 Besides, I can tell where I am used well ;
 The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell.

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 livelong day,
 Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,
 And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring ;
 And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,
 Would 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, and give him both drink and apparel.

LONDON.

I WANDER through each chartered street,
 Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
 A mark in every face I meet,
 Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
 In every infant's cry of fear,
 In every voice, in every ban,
 The mind-forged manacles I hear :

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
 Every blackening church appals,
 And the hapless soldier's sigh
 Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
 How the youthful harlot's curse,
 Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
 And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse.

THE HUMAN ABSTRACT.

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 his 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 through nature to find this tree,
 But their search was all in vain :
 There grows one in the human Brain.

INFANT SORROW.

My mother groaned, my father wept :
 Into the dangerous world I leapt,
 Helpless, naked, piping loud,
 Like a fiend hid in a cloud.
 Struggling in my father's hands,
 Striving against my swaddling-bands,
 Bound and weary, I thought best
 To sulk upon my mother's breast.

CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

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 and morning with my tears,
 And I sunnèd 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 veiled the pole ;
 In the morning, glad, I see
 My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

A LITTLE BOY LOST.

“ Nouont 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 seized his hair,
 He led him by his little coat,
 And all admired 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 stripped him to his little shirt,
 And bound him in an iron chain,

 And burned him in a holy place
 Where many had been burned before ;
 The weeping parents wept in vain.
 Are such things done on Albion’s 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 winter's cold,
Youth and maiden bright,
To the holy light,
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,
Filled with softest care,
Met in garden bright
Where the holy light
Had just removed the curtains of the night.

Then, 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 heaven's 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 !
Oh the trembling fear !
Oh the dismal care
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary hair ! "

A DIVINE IMAGE.

CRUELTY has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face ;
Terror the human form divine,
And Secresy the human dress.

The human dress is forg'd iron,
The human form a fiery forge,
The human face a furnace sealed,
The human heart its hungry gorge.

A CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night ;
Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
 Soft desires I can trace,
 Secret joys and secret smiles,
 Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
 Smiles as of the morning steal
 O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
 Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh the cunning wiles that creep
 In thy little heart asleep !
 When thy little heart doth wake,
 Then the dreadful light shall break.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

I LOVE to rise on a summer morn,
 When birds are singing on every tree ;
 The distant huntsman winds his horn,
 And the skylark sings with me :
 Oh what sweet company !

But to go to school in a summer morn,—
 Oh 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 learning's bower,
 Worn through 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 ?

Oh father and mother, if buds are nipped,
 And blossoms blown away ;
 And if the tender plants are stripped
 Of their joy in the springing day,
 By sorrow and care's 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 ?

TO TIRZAH.

WHATE'ER is born of mortal birth
Must be consumèd with the earth,
To rise from generation free :
Then what have I to do with thee ?
The sexes sprang from shame and pride,
Blown in the morn, in evening died ;
But mercy changed death into sleep ;
The sexes rose to work and weep.

Thou, mother of my mortal part,
With cruelty didst mould my heart,
And with false self-deceiving tears
Didst bind my nostrils, eyes, and 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 VOICE OF THE ANCIENT BARD.

YOUTH of delight ! come hither
And see the opening morn,
Image of Truth new-born.
Doubt is fled, and clouds of reason,
Dark disputes and artful teasing.
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.

END OF THE SONGS OF EXPERIENCE.

THE GATES OF PARADISE.

ENGRAVED 1793.)

INTRODUCTION.

MUTUAL forgiveness of each vice,
Such are the Gates of Paradise,
Against the Accuser's chief desire,
Who walked among the stones of fire.
Jehovah's fingers wrote the Law :
He wept ; then rose in zeal and awe,
And, in the midst of Sinai's heat,
Hid it beneath his Mercy-Seat.

O Christians ! Christians ! tell me why
You rear it on your altars high !

THE KEYS OF THE GATES.

The caterpillar on the leaf
Reminds thee of thy mother's grief.
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, vice.
Doubt self-jealous, watery folly,
Struggling through Earth's melancholy.
Naked in air, in shame and fear,
Blind in fire, with shield and spear,
Two horrid reasoning cloven fictions,
In doubt which is self-contradiction,
A dark hermaphrodite I stood,—
Rational truth, root of evil and good.
Round me, flew the flaming sword ;
Round her, snowy whirlwinds roared,
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 hatched and nursed,
 By double spectres, self-accursed.
 My son! my son! thou treatest me
 But as I have instructed thee.
 On the shadows of the moon,
 Climbing through night's highest noon:
 In Time's ocean falling, drowned:
 In aged ignorance profound,
 Holy and cold, I clipped the wings
 Of all sublunary things:
 And in depths of icy dungeons
 Closed the father and the sons.
 But, when once I did deservy
 The Immortal Man that cannot die,
 Through 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 canst thou ever change Kate into Nan.
 Though 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.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

MRS. ANNA FLAXMAN.

(Sent by Blake in a letter from Mrs. Blake to Mrs. Flaxman,
dated Lambeth, Sept. 14, 1800.)

This song to the flower of Flaxman's 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 and far away.
 Away to sweet Felpham, for heaven is there;
 The ladder of angels descends through the air;
 On the turret its spiral does softly descend,
 Through the village then winds, at my cot it does end.
 You stand in the village and look up to heaven;
 The precious stones glitter on flight seventy-seven;
 And my brother is there; and my friend and thine
 Descend and ascend with the bread and the wine.
 The bread of sweet thought and the wine of delight
 Feed the village of Felpham by day and by night;
 And at his own door the bless'd Hermit does stand,
 Dispensing unceasing to all the wide land.

TO MR. BUTTS.

(From a letter dated Felpham, Oct. 2, 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 heaven's 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
 Heaven's mountains adorning.
 In particles bright,
 The jewels of light
 Distinct shone and clear.
 Amazed and in fear
 I each particle gazed,
 Astonished, amazed;
 For each was a man
 Human-formed. Swift I ran,
 For they beckoned to me,
 Remote by the sea,
 Saying: "Each grain of sand,
 Every stone on the land,

Each rock and each hill,
 Each fountain and rill,
 Each herb and each tree,
 Mountain, hill, earth, and sea,
 Cloud, meteor, and star,
 Are men seen afar.”
 I stood in the streams
 Of heaven’s 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 wife’s shadow too,
 And my sister and friend.
 We like infants descend
 In our shadows on earth,
 Like a weak mortal birth.
 My eyes more and more,
 Like a sea without shore,
 Continue expanding,
 The heavens commanding,
 Till the jewels of light,
 Heavenly men beaming bright,
 Appeared as one man,
 Who complacent began
 My limbs to infold
 In his beams of bright gold ;
 Like dross purged away
 All my mire and my clay.
 Soft consumed in delight,
 In his bosom sun-bright
 I remained. Soft he smiled,
 And I heard his voice mild,
 Saying : “ This is my fold,
 O thou ram horned with gold,
 Who awakest from sleep
 On the sides of the deep.
 On the mountains around
 The roarings resound
 Of the lion and wolf,
 The loud sea and deep gulph.
 These are guards of my fold,
 O thou ram horned with gold ! ”
 And the voice faded mild,—
 I remained as a child ;
 All I ever had known
 Before me bright shone :
 I saw you and your wife
 By the fountains of life.
 Such the vision to me
 Appeared on the sea.

TO MRS. BUTTS.

(From the same letter.)

WIFE of the friend of those I most revere,
 Receive this tribute from a harp sincere ;
 Go on in virtuous seed-sowing on mould
 Of human vegetation, and behold
 Your harvest springing to eternal life,
 Parent of youthful minds, and happy wife.

VERSES.

(From a letter to Mr. Butts dated Felpham, Nov. 22, 1802.)

WITH happiness stretched across the hills
 In a cloud that dewy sweetness distils,
 With a blue sky spread over with wings,
 And a mild sun that mounts and sings ;
 With trees and fields full of fairy elves,
 And little devils who fight for themselves,
 Remembering the verses that Hayley sung
 When my heart knocked 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 moan ;
 (Though dead, they appear upon my path,
 Notwithstanding my terrible wrath ;
 They beg, they entreat, they drop their tears,
 Filled full of hopes, filled full of fears ;)
 With a thousand angels upon the wind,
 Pouring disconsolate from behind
 To drive them off.—and 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 betrayed ;
 For here does Theotormon lour,
 And here is Enitharmon's bower,
 And Los the terrible thus hath sworn,
 Because thou backward dost return,
 Poverty, envy, old age, and fear,

Shall bring thy wife upon a bier ;
 And Butts shall give what Fuseli gave,
 A dark black rock and 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 and 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 beguiled ?
 Must my wife live in my sister’s bane,
 Or my sister survive on my Love’s pain ?
 The curses of Los, the terrible shade,
 And his dismal terrors, make me afraid.”

So I spoke, and struck in my wrath
 The old man weltering upon my path.
 Then Los appeared in all his power :
 In the sun he appeared, descending before
 My face in fierce flames ; in my double sight,
 ’Twas outward a sun,—inward, Los in his might.
 “ My hands are laboured day and 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 life’s streams ;
 We are not warm’d 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 arrayed ;
 Thy terrors shall not make me afraid.”

When I had my defiance given,
 The sun stood trembling in heaven ;
 The moon, that glowed remote below,
 Became leprous and white as snow ;
 And every soul of man on the earth
 Felt affliction and sorrow and sickness and dearth.
 Los flamed in my path, and the sun was hot
 With the bows of my mind and the arrows of thought :
 My bowstring fierce with ardour breathes,
 My arrows glow in their golden sheaves.
 My brother and 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 threefold in soft Beulah's night,
And twofold always. May God us keep
From single vision, and Newton's sleep !

(As printed in the Aldine Edition of Blake's Poems.)

THE BIRDS.

HE.

WHERE thou dwellest, in what grove,
Tell me, fair one, tell me, love ;
Where thou thy charming nest doth build,
O thou pride of every field !

SHE.

Yonder stands a lonely tree :
There I live and mourn for thee.
Morning drinks my silent tear,
And evening winds my sorrow bear.

HE.

O thou summer's harmony,
I have lived and mourned for thee ;
Each day I moan 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 and my friend !

HE.

Come ! on wings of joy we'll fly
To where my bower is hung on high ;
Come, and make thy calm retreat
Among green leaves and blossoms sweet.

THE TWO SONGS.

I HEARD an Angel singing
When the day was springing :
" Mercy, pity, and peace,
Are the world's release."
So he sang all day
Over the new-mown hay,
Till the sun went down,
And haycocks looked brown.

I heard a Devil curse
 Over the heath and the furse :
 " Mercy could be no more
 If there were nobody poor,
 And pity no more could be
 If all were happy as ye :
 And mutual fear brings peace.
 Misery's increase
 Are mercy, pity, peace."

At his curse the sun went down,
 And the heavens gave a frown.

THE DEFILED SANCTUARY.

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 forced and forced and forced
 Till he the golden hinges tore :

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

He vomited his poison out
 On the bread and on the wine.
 So I turned into a sty,
 And laid me down among the swine.

CUPID.

Why was Cupid a boy,
 And why a boy was he ?
 He should have been a girl,
 For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,
 And the girl shoots with her eye
 And they both are merry and glad
 And laugh when we do cry.

Then to make Cupid a boy
 Was surely a woman's plan,
 For a boy never learns so much
 Till he has become a man:

 And then he's so pierced with cares,
 And wounded with arrowy smarts,
 That the whole business of his life
 Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

LOVE'S SECRET.

NEVER seek to tell thy love,
 Love that never told can be ;
 For the gentle wind doth move
 Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
 I told her all my heart,
 Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
 Ah ! she did depart !

Soon after she was gone from me,
 A traveller came by,
 Silently, invisibly :
 He took her with a sigh.

THE WILD FLOWER'S SONG.

As I wandered in the forest
 The green leaves among,
 I heard a wild-flower
 Singing a song.

" I slept in the earth
 In the silent night ;
 I murmured my thoughts,
 And I felt delight.

" In the morning I went,
 As rosy as morn,
 To seek for new joy,
 But I met with scorn."

SCOFFERS.

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 Israel's paths they shine.

The atoms of Democritus
 And Newton's particles of light
 Are sands upon the Red Sea shore
 Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

DAYBREAK.

To find the western path,
 Right through the gates of wrath
 I urge my way ;
 Sweet morning leads me on ;
 With soft repentant moan
 I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,
 Melted by dewy tears,
 Exhales on high ;
 The sun is freed from fears,
 And with soft grateful tears
 Ascends the sky.

THAMES AND OHIO.

Why should I care for the men of Thames,
 And the cheating waters of chartered streams,
 Or shrink at the little blasts of fear
 That the hireling blows into mine ear ?

Though born on the cheating banks of Thames—
 Though 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.

YOUNG LOVE.

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 and sickness silent rob
 The vineyard in the night ;
 But those who burn with vigorous youth
 Pluck fruits before the light.

THE GOLDEN NET.

BENEATH a white-thorn's lovely may
 Three virgins at the break of day.—
 “ Whither, young man, whither away
 Alas for woe ! alas for woe ! ”
 They cry, and tears for ever flow.
 The first was clothed in flames of fire,
 The second clothed in iron wire ;
 The third was clothed in tears and 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 and beauty undergo—
 To be clothed in burning fires
 And n ungratified desires,
 And in tears clothed night and day ;
 It melted all my soul away.
 When they saw my tears, a smile
 That might 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 entreating Flaming-fire
 Now entreating Iron-wire,
 Now entreating Tears-and-sighs.—
 Oh when will the morning rise ?

RICHES.

SINCE all the riches of this world
 May be gifts from the devil and earthly kings,
 I should suspect that I worshipped the devil
 If I thanked my God for worldly things.
 The countless gold of a merry heart,
 The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,
 The idle man never can bring to the mart,
 Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury.

OPPORTUNITY.

HE who bends to himself a joy
 Does the winged life destroy ;
 But he who kisses the joy as it flies
 Lives in eternity's sunrise.

If you trap the moment before it's ripe,
 The tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe ;
 But, if once you let the ripe moment go,
 You can never wipe off the tears of woe.

SEED-SOWING.

“ Thou hast a lapful of seed,”
 And this is a fair 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.”

BARREN BLOSSOM.

I FEARED the fury of my wind
 Would blight all blossoms fair and true,
 And my sun it shined and shined,
 And my wind it never blew.
 But a blossom fair or true
 Was not found on any tree ;
 For all blossoms grew and grew
 Fruitless, false, though fair to see.

NIGHT AND DAY.

SILENT, silent Night,
 Quench the holy light
 Of thy torches bright ;
 For, possessed of Day,
 Thousand spirits stray
 That sweet joys betray.
 Why should joys be sweet
 Us'd with deceit,
 Nor with sorrows meet ?
 But an honest joy
 Doth itself destroy
 For a harlot coy.

IN A MYRTLE SHADE.

To a lovely myrtle bound,
 Blossoms showering all around,
 Oh how weak and weary I
 Underneath my myrtle lie!

Why should I be bound to thee,
 O my lovely myrtle-tree?
 Love, free love, cannot be bound
 To any tree that grows on ground.

IDOLATRY.

If it is true, what the Prophets write,
 That the Heathen Gods are all stocks and stones,
 Shall we, for the sake of being polite,
 Feed them with the juice of our marrow bones?

And, if Bezaleel and Aholiab drew
 What the finger of God pointed to their view,
 Shall we suffer the Roman and Grecian rods
 To compel us to worship them as Gods?

They stole them from
 The Temple of the Lord,
 And worshipped them that they might make
 Inspired art abhorred.

The wood and stone were called the holy things,
 And their sublime intent given to their kings ;
 All the atonements of Jehovah spurned,
 And criminals to sacrifices turned.

FOR A PICTURE OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

DEDICATION.

THE caverns of the Grave I've seen,
 And these I showed to England's Queen
 But now the caves of Hell I view,—
 Whom shall I dare to show them to ?
 What mighty soul in beauty's form
 Shall dauntless view the infernal storm ?
 Egremont's Countess can control
 The flames of hell that round me roll.
 If she refuse, I still go on,
 Till the heavens and earth are gone ;
 Still admired by noble minds,
 Followed by Envy on the winds.

Re-engraved time after time,
 Ever in their youthful prime,
 My designs unchanged remain ;
 Time may rage, but rage in vain ;
 For above Time's troubled fountains,
 On the great Atlantic mountains,
 In my golden house on high,
 There they shine eternally.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

I ASKED a thief to steal me a peach :
 He turned up his eyes.
 I asked a lithe lady to lie her down :
 Holy and meek, she cries.

 As soon as I went,
 An Angel came.
 He winked at the thief,
 And smiled at the dame ;

 And, without one word spoke,
 Had a peach from the tree,
 And 'twixt earnest and joke
 Enjoyed the lady.

SMILE AND FROWN.

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 heart's deep core
 And it sticks in the deep backbone.
 And no smile ever was smiled
 But only one smile alone.

 (And betwixt the cradle and grave
 It only once smiled can be)
 That when it once is smiled
 There's an end to all misery.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

AWAKE, awake, my little boy !
 Thou wast thy mother's only joy.
 Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep ?
 Oh wake ! thy father doth thee keep.

“ Oh what land is the land of dreams ?
 What are its mountains and what are its streams ? ”
 “ Oh father ! I saw my mother there,
 Among the lilies by waters fair.

“ Among the lambs clothèd in white,
 She walked with her Thomas in sweet delight.
 I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn—
 Oh when shall I again return ? ”

“ Dear child ! I also by pleasant streams
 Have wandered all night in the land of dreams
 But, though calm and warm the waters wide,
 I could not get to the other side.”

“ Father, O father ! what do we here,
 In this land of unbelief and fear ?
 The land of dreams is better far,
 Above the light of the morning star.”

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 Redbreast in a cage
 Puts all Heaven in a rage ;
 A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons
 Shudders hell through all its regions.
 A dog starved at his master's gate
 Predicts the ruin of the state ;
 A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
 Doth the rising sun affright ;
 A horse misused upon the road
 Calls to Heaven for human blood.
 Every wolf's and lion's howl
 Raises from hell a human soul ;
 Each outcry of the hunted hare
 A fibre from the brain doth tear ;
 A skylark wounded on the wing
 Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt the little wren
 Shall never be beloved by men ;
 He who the ox to wrath has moved
 Shall never be by woman loved ;
 He who shall train the horse to war
 Shall never pass the Polar Bar.
 The wanton boy that kills the fly
 Shall feel the spider's enmity ;
 He who torments the chafer's sprite
 Weaves a bower in endless night.
 The caterpillar on the leaf
 Repeats to thee thy mother's grief ;
 The wild deer wandering here and there
 Keep the human soul from care :
 The lamb misused breeds public strife,
 And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
 Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
 For the last judgment draweth nigh ;
 The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
 Feed them and thou shalt grow fat.
 Every tear from every eye
 Becomes a babe in eternity ;
 The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar,
 Are waves that beat on heaven's shore.

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 unbeliever's fright.
 The gnat that sings his summer's song
 Poison gets from Slander's tongue ;
 The poison of the snake and newt
 Is the sweat of Envy's foot ;
 The poison of the honey-bee
 Is the artist's jealousy ;
 The strongest poison ever known
 Came from Cæsar's laurel-crown.

Nought can deform the human race
 Like to the armourer's iron brace ;
 The soldier armed with sword and gun
 Palsied strikes the summer's sun.
 When gold and gems adorn the plough,
 To peaceful hearts shall Envy bow.
 The beggar's rags fluttering in air
 Do to rags the heavens tear ;
 The prince's robes and beggar's rags
 Are toadstools on the miser's bags.

One mite wrung from the labourer's hands
Shall buy and sell the miser's lands,
Or, if protected from on high,
Shall that whole nation sell and buy ;
The poor man's farthing is worth more
Than all the gold on Afric's shore.
The whore and gambler, by the state
Licensed, build that nation's fate ;
The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding-sheet ;
The winner's shout, the loser's curse,
Shall dance before dead England's hearse

He who mocks the infant's faith
Shall be mocked in age and death ;
He who shall teach the child to doubt
The rotting grave shall ne'er get out ;
He who respects the infant's faith
Triumphs over hell and death.
The babe is more than swaddling-bands
Throughout all these human lands ;
Tools were made, and born were hands,
Every farmer understands.
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 ;
A puddle, or the cricket's cry,
Is to doubt a fit reply.
The child's toys and the old man's reasons
Are the fruits of the two seasons.
The emmet's inch and eagle's mile
Make lame philosophy to smile.
A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent.
He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please ;
If the sun and moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out.

Every night and 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.
Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine ;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.

It is right it should be so ;
 Man was made for joy and woe ;
 And, when this we rightly know,
 Safely through the world we go.

We are led to believe a lie
 When we see *with* not *through* the eye,
 Which was born in a night to perish in a night
 When the soul slept in beams of light.
 God appears and God is light
 To those poor souls who dwell in night ;
 But doth a human form display
 To those who dwell in realms of day.

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 on a May morning,
 Attended by fairies, one, two, and three ;
 But the angels of Providence drove them away,
 And he returned 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, and 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 through the black black cloud
 To drive away the sick man's pain.

“ Oh William, if thou dost another love,
 Dost another love better than poor Mary,
 Go and 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 moon's shine,
 But she is ruddy and bright as day,
 And the sunbeams dazzle from her eyne."

Mary trembled, and Mary chilled,
 And Mary fell down on the right-hand floor,
 That William Bond and his sister Jane
 Scarce could reover Mary more.

When Mary woke and 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 danc'd over the pillow white,
 And the angels of Providence left the bed.

" I thought love lived in the hot sunshine,
 But oh 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 another's care.
 In the darkness of night and the winter's snow,
 With the naked and outcast,—seek Love there."

SONG BY A SHEPHERD.

WELCOME little 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 maiden's cheek.
 Honour twines around her brows,
 The jewel health adorns her neck.

SONG BY AN OLD SHEPHERD.

WHEN silver snow decks Silvia's clothes,
 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,
 Which makes our limbs quake if our hearts be warm.

Blow boist'rous 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.

LONG JOHN BROWN AND LITTLE MARY BELL.

LITTLE Mary Bell had a fairy in a nut,
 Long John Brown had the devil in his gut,
 Long John Brown loved little Mary Bell,
 And the fairy drew the devil into the nutshell.

Her fairy skipp'd out, her fairy skipp'd in,
 He laughed at the devil, saying "Love is a sin."
 The devil he raged and the devil he was wroth,
 And the devil entered into the young man's broth.

He was soon in the gut of the loving young swain,
 For John eat and drank to drive away love's pain,
 But all he could do he grew thinner and thinner,
 Though he eat and drank as much as ten men for his dinner.

Some said he had a wolf in his stomach day and night,
 Some said he had the devil, and they guessed right,
 The fairy skipped about in his glory, love and pride,
 And he laughed at the devil till poor John Brown died.

Then the fairy skipp'd out of the old nutshell,
 And woe and alack for pretty Mary Bell,
 For the devil crept in when the fairy skipp'd out,
 And there goes Miss Bell with her fusty old nut.

MARY.

SWEET Mary, the first time she ever was there,
 Came into the ball-room among the fair;
 The young men and maidens around her throng,
 And these are the words upon every tongue :

"An angel is here from the heavenly climes,
 Or again return the golden times;
 Her eyes outshine every brilliant ray,
 She opens her lips—'tis the month of May."

Mary moves in soft beauty and 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 and 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 called her a whore,
And some when she passed by shut to the door;
A damp cold came o'er her, her blushes all fled,
Her lilies and roses are blighted and shed.

" Oh 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 and smooth as a dove,
And not to raise envy, is called Christian love ;
But, if you raise envy, your merit's to blame
For planting such spite in the weak and the tame.

" I will humble my beauty, I will not dress fine,
I will keep from the ball, and my eyes shall not shine ;
And, if any girl's lover forsake her for me,
I'll refuse him my hand, and from envy be free."

She went out in the morning attired plain and neat ;
" Proud Mary's gone mad," said the child in the street ;
She went out in the morning in plain neat attire,
And came home in the evening bespattered with mire.

She trembled and wept, sitting on the bedside,
She forgot it was night, and she trembled and cried ;
She forgot it was night, she forgot it was morn,
Her soft memory imprinted with faces of scorn ;

With faces of scorn and with eyes of disdain,
Like foul fiends inhabiting Mary's 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 and care,
And thine is a face of wild terror and 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 locked me up with a golden key.

This cabinet is formed of gold,
And pearl and 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 and other hills,
And another pleasant Surrey bower.

Another maiden like herself,
Translucent, lovely, shining clear,
Threefold, each in the other closed,—
Oh what a pleasant trembling fear

Oh what a smile ! A threefold smile
Filled me that like a flame I burned
I bent to kiss the lovely maid,
And found a threefold kiss returned.

I strove to seize the inmost form
With ardour fierce and hands of flame,
But burst the crystal cabinet,
And like a weeping babe became :

A weeping babe upon the wild,
And weeping woman pale reclined,
And in the outward air again
I filled with woes the passing wind.

COUPLETS AND FRAGMENTS.

(Not printed now for the first time.)

SEE VOL. I., p. 202, THE MS. BOOK.

I.

I WALKED abroad on a snowy day,
I asked the soft Snow with me to play ;
She played and she melted in all her prime ;
And the Winter called it a dreadful crime.

II.

ABSTINENCE SOWS sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair ;
But desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there.

III.

THE look of love alarms,
Because 'tis filled with fire,
But the look of soft deceit
Shall win the lover's hire :
Soft deceit and idleness,
These are beauty's sweetest dress.

IV.

To Chloe's breast young Cupid slyly stole,
But he crept in at Myra's pocket-hole.

V.

GROWN old in love from seven till seven times seven,
I oft have wished for hell, for ease from heaven.

VI.

THE Sword sang on the barren heath,
The Sickle in the fruitful field :
The Sword he sang a song of death,
But could not make the Sickle yield.

VII.

GREAT things are done when men and mountains meet ;
These are not done by jostling in the street.

VIII.

THE errors of a wise man make your rule,
Rather than the perfections of a fool.

IX.

SOME people admire the work of a fool,
 For it's sure to keep your judgment cool:
 It does not reproach you with want of wit;
 It is not like a lawyer serving a writ.

X.

HE'S a blockhead who wants a proof of what he can't perceive,
 And he's a fool who tries to make such a blockhead believe.

XI.

If e'er I grow to man's estate,
 Oh give to me a woman's fate!
 May I govern all, both great and small,
 Have the last word, and take the wall!

XII.

HER whole life is an epigram—smack, smooth, and nobly penned,
 Plaited quite neat to catch applause, with a strong noose at the end.

XIII.

ANGER and wrath my bosom rends,
 I thought them the errors of friends;
 But all my limbs with warmth do glow,
 I find them the errors of the foe.

XIV.

TO F—.

I MOCK thee not, though I by thee am mock'd,
 Thou call'st me madman, but I call thee blockhead.

XV.

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 everybody's way.

XVI.

No real style of colouring now appears,
 But advertising in the Newspapers,
 Look here, you'll see Sir Joshua's colouring;
 Look at his pictures: all has taken wing.

XVII.

You don't believe : I won't 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 Life's clear streams,
 Reason and Newton : they are quite two things,
 For so the swallow, and the sparrow sings.

Reason says "Miracle!" Newton says "Doubt,
 "Ayo, that's the way to make all nature out.
 Doubt, doubt, and don't believe without experiment;
 That is the very thing that Jesus meant,
 When he said, 'Only believe : believe and try ;
 Try, try, and never mind the reason why.'"

XIX.

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 Rafael's finest thing.

XX.

WHEN I see a Rembrandt or Correggio,
 I think of crippled Harry, or slobbering Joe.
 And then I say to myself, are artist's 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, we pray
 Rather than be such a human fool
 I'd be a hog, a worm, a chair, a stool.

XXI.

I ASKED my dear friend, Orator Prig,
 "What's the first thing in 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 thrust out his cheeks, and replied: "A great Wig."

So, if to a painter the question you push,
 "What's the first part of painting?" he'd say, "A paint brush,"
 "And what is the second?" with most modest blush
 He'll smile like a cherub, and say, "A paint brush."
 "And what is the third?" He will bow like a rush,
 With a leer in his eye, and reply, "A paint brush."

Perhaps this is all that a painter can want,
 But look yonder; that house is the house of Rembrandt.

XXII.

O DEAR mother Outline, of wisdom 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, and said, “ Patronage.”
“And what is the third ? ” She put off old age,
And smiled like a Syren, and said, “ Patronage.”

XXIII.

THAT God is colouring Newton does show,
And the devil is a black outline all of us know.

TO VENETIAN ARTISTS.

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—generalizing tone!
Snap! snap!—and lost the substance and shadow too.
He had both these before. Now how d’ye do ?
Those who have tasted colouring, love it more and more.

NOTES TO THE POETICAL SKETCHES,
SONGS, &c.

SELECTIONS from these were printed in Gilchrist's "Life," and a text was made for them by Dante Gabriel Rossetti which has been generally recognized as a real service to literature and by no means a forced or unfair treatment of Blake.

The Aldine Edition, however, restored most of the original errors. Perhaps it was well that this should be done once, though a series of notes to the changes would have served the biographical purpose and yet left an enjoyable page to the reader.

When the present work was schemed, there was no intention to print more of Blake's own writings than what called aloud for interpretation, and had called, up to the date of this edition, in vain.

The only exceptions to the rule were made in favour of two fine pieces, the Samson, and the prologue to King John, which stood as much in need of correction, as the prophetic books did of interpretation. When, however, it became evident that new material and necessary reference to old errors, whether of text or biography, had so swollen the book that it could no longer be bound in two volumes, a division into three, and the addition of the present reprint of the Sketches, Songs, and other fragments, was decided upon after all the rest of the work was in type.

Among the most beautiful of the "Poetical Sketches" are the fragments of the play called "King Edward the Third." Portions of these, unnecessarily re-broken, have long been known in Gilchrist's "Life." The rest may be read in the Aldine, and in Mr. Quaritch's facsimile reprint of the original edition. In the text here given most of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's emendations as used by Gilchrist are adopted, and his system has been extended to the rest of the book, as to "Vala." Unlike "Vala," however, the original and imperfect text is already widely known and easily accessible. It is not necessary here, for conscience' sake, to give it, as in the notes to "Vala," with an exact description of every alteration made. It will be enough to name the lines which have been restored to metre from the wonderfully careless and self-confuting form in which they were left by the hasty hand that created, but would not control them.

They are the following. The lines are counted from the first of each speech. Many are left with evident errors in them only because the correction is not obviously suggested by the errors, and re-writing would be required to make the lines conform to what should have been their own law. Others have a dramatic value from their irregularity. These also are left untouched.

Words like *England*, *singly*, &c., which count as three syllables, have been left with that value. It is truly theirs when spoken slowly, though grammar pretends not to know this.

Compare Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III., Sc. III., l. 200, crad-l-es (three syllables).

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles, and Shelley,—trembl-ing-ly (four syllables).

Below far lands one seen tremblingly.

On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci.

SCENE I.

King's speech, lines 2, 4, 6, 7, 11, 13,
20, 21, 23, 29, 45, 47.

SCENE II.

Clarence's first speech, lines 13, 14, 17;
second speech, lines 2, 4, 5, 8, 9.
Bishop, first speech, lines 1, 3; third
speech, lines 2, 3, 5, 12.
Percy, line 7.

SCENE III.

Lord Audley, first speech, lines 3, 4.
Dagworth, ninth speech, line 4; tenth
speech, lines 1, 2; thirteenth
speech, line 5; fifteenth speech,
lines 6, 7; sixteenth speech, lines
4, 5.
King, first speech, lines 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 9;

fourth speech, line 3; seventh
speech, line 3.

Black Prince, first speech, lines 4, 6;
third speech, line 4.

Chandos, fifth speech, lines 2, 6, 7, 8;
sixth speech, lines 5, 8; seventh
speech, lines 1, 9.

SCENE V.

Sir Walter Manny, first speech, line
1; second speech, lines 3, 6, 8, 9,
10, 11, 14, 16, 17.

Sir Thomas Dagworth, third speech,
lines 5, 9.

SCENE VI.

Bard's Song, lines 13, 18, 19, 20, 34,
35, 49, 50, 54, 55, 56, 57.

Prologue to King Edward the Fourth, lines 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Prologue to King John. This was printed as prose. It is divided into lines in the Aldine Edition as given here, and re-divided differently, with slight verbal alterations in the text to be found above in Vol. I., page 177. "Samson," similarly treated, will be found on page 179.

To Spring, lines 5, 6.

To Autumn, line 18.

To Winter, lines 14, 15, 16.

To the Evening star, lines 3, 6, 7, 12, 14.

Every line not included in the above list is reprinted exactly as it was left by Blake.

In the close of the Prince's great speech to Chandos, in the re-toasted text of Gilchrist, Dante Rossetti had only added one word, *then*, after *come*, in the line which before stood thus,—

" Ambition, come, take the helm, my Chandos "

in order that the word *Ambition* should not be stretched on the rack of four syllables. The Aldine edition wanders. Here is the original, which the present edition gives untouched.

" My blood like a spring-tide
Does rise so high to overflow all bounds
Of moderation, while Reason in her
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."

Everything here depends on the reader. If he but know how to sound them,

these lines form the fitting preparation for the close of a speech which is one strong, swift broad-winged flight throughout. The Aldino limes its feathers thus, and brings it down to an ill-measured flapping.

“ My blood like a spring-tide
Does rise so high to overflow all bounds
Of moderation; while Reason in her 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.”

We unwillingly differ from Dante Gabriel Rossetti in his correction of the lines from the reply of Chandos,—

“ Age is contemplative; each rolling year
Brings forth fruit to the mind’s treasure house.

The omission of the word *her*, after *brings forth*, seems to have been a mere slip of the pen. Its addition completes the feminine figure of speech implied in the words “*bring forth*.” The line now,—

“ Brings forth her fruit to the mind’s treasure house”

has the natural Blakean roll, while to read

“ Doth bring forth fruit to the mind’s treasure house,”

is to give the forward movement of the verse a sudden check, while the sound merely marks time.

His alteration of the incomplete line at the end—

“ with distaste, and dislike —”
into “ As worthless ”

is so unhappy, and unnecessary, that though an ill-advised objection to the emphatic and powerful repetition of the syllable *dis* may account for it, this can hardly be looked on as sufficient justification.

The line from the Prince’s last speech in this scene,—

“ Shall mount on native wings, disdaining little sport,”

is something more than an accident. It is a foreshadowing of Blake’s later style in using a longer line, and although not in place where it stands is too good in itself to lose. Readers disliking it will skip the word “native” without an effort, following Dante Gabriel Rossetti’s text.

In result, a careful study of this fragment of a play will leave no one doubtful that here is a school of blank verse more poetic and bardic, while not less dramatic, than the Elizabethan. The man who taught it was soon intent on far more important lessons. He let this one drop unrepeatable. Its effect in literature has not yet been felt for a sufficient reason. The style of his work is totally unadapted for the writing of scannable prose, or even for moulding the measures of a moderately poetic expression. Its flights and pauses are so dauntlessly emphatic that any one who yields to them, must, like their first inventor, be roused into a strongly voiced, full thoughted fiery dream, or failing this, show his thin muse betrayed, like a lean dancer in sunshine at a fair. But when the sneaking doubt of Blake’s madness is driven away for ever, and his method stands in the great lists of literature ready to meet all comers on equal terms, those versos will hardly fail to teach even those whom they overthrow.

The MS. book contains several of these songs mixed up with some of the Songs of Experience, and with others never included in either set, though apparently originally intended for such use. *See above, Volume I., p. 205.* Among these, the following seems to have been rejected in favour of "The Introduction," or "Earth's Answer," at the beginning of the Songs of Experience.—*See Volume I., p. 209.*

TO NOBODADDY.

Why art thou silent and invisible?
 Father of Jealousy,
 Why dost thou hide thyself in clouds
 From every passing eye ?
 Why darkness and obscurity
 In all thy words and laws
 That none can eat the fruit but from
 The wily serpent's jaws,
 Or is it because secrecy gains feminine applause ?

* * * At the close of the songs as printed in the Aldine edition the editor gives a "second version" of "The Tiger" on what he calls MS. authority. He does not say whose MS. In Blake's book, called here "the MS. book," the first draft of the poem is to be found. It is re-produced here with all its corrections. The words printed in italics have all been crossed out by Blake's pen. To remove them entirely would leave broken verses. Even when he engraved the poem, as is shown in the first version given above, Blake forgot to alter the last line of the third stanza, but left it just as it stood when it was meant to lead on to a fourth, beginning "could filch it"—of which not more than three lines were even written.

In Gilchrist's book Dante Gabriel Rossetti has edited into

"What dread hand *formed* thy dread feet?"

which stops the pace of the verse hopelessly. *Made*, would have hurt it less, and done its work as well. To pronounce *formed*, in one syllable, three consonants must be brought together in the mouth. "Thy" being the next word brings *r m d th* all in one mass. This gags, and wastes time.

Some sort of editor for Blake is seen, nevertheless, to be a necessity.

THE TIGER.

(MS. VERSION WITH BLAKE'S CORRECTIONS.)

1.

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
Dare could frame thy fearful symmetry?

2.

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire within thine eyes?
 On what wings dared he aspire?
 What the hand dared seize the fire?

3.

And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand and what dread feet

4.

Could filch it from the furnaee deep
 And in thy horn'd ribs dare sleep
 In the well of sanguine woe
 * * * * ?
 In what clay and in what mould
 Were thine eyes of fury roll'd.
 * * * * ?

Where the hammer, where the chain,
 In what furnaee was thy brain?
 What the anvil? What *the arm, grasp, clasp*, dread grasp
 Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand and eye
 Dare *form* frame thy fearful symmetry?

(Over page, two verses, one erased,—the other corrected.)
Burnt in distant deeps or skies,
The cruel fire of thine eye,
Could heart descend or wings inspire
What the hand dared seize the fire?

5.

- 3 And did he laugh dare he smile laugh his work to see
*What the shoulder * * * ankle * * * what the knee*
- 4 Did He who made the lamb make thee?
- 1 When the stars threw down their spears
- 2 And watered heaven with their tears.

After this stanza 1, 2, 3 are copied out, and number 1 repeated as a fourth, and then the whole erased. This is all the MS. of the Tiger with all its corrections.

The order of the above songs is taken from a very beautiful copy—one of Blake's last—which bears the name Edwards, and the date May, 1828. It was

presumably sold by Mrs. Blake to "Edwards" after Blake's death (1827). It was bought in the Beckford collection by Mr. Quaritch in 1832. The only difference from the above consists in the fact that the song called "The garden of Love" begins "I went to the garden, &c.," and does not contain the two first stanzas, printed with it in some editions. In the MS. Book Blake has divided them by a long line from the other stanzas, showing that he counted them as a separate poem.

The MS. book furnishes some further lines also belonging to the song "Infant Sorrow," which were omitted by Blake when engraving it, but shed light on the symbolic intention of the song, and connect it with Enitharmon, Orc, and Hyle. Compare book of "Urizen," also "America," Preludium, p. 2, l. 4, and "Vala," Night VII., from l. 166, and all Night VIII., and Volume I., Chapter on the Worm. (The engraved version is above, p. 57. A note on it in Volume II., p. 15.) After the line—

"To sulk upon my mother's breast,"

the MS. continues thus (the italics are erased words, the asterisks represent words illegible in the original):—

When I saw that rage was vain
And to sulk would nothing gain,
Turning many a trick and wile
*I began to * * * seeking many an artful * * **
I began to soothe and smile.

And I grew soothed, day after day,
Till upon the ground I lay,
And I grew smiled, night after night,
Seeking only for delight.

But upon the earthly ground
*No delight my * * * found.*

And I saw before me shine
Clusters of the wandering vine,
And many a lovely flower and tree
And, beyond, a myrtle tree,
Stretched its their blossoms out to me.

But a priest My father then with holy book
In *his* their hands a holy book
Pronounced curses on *his* my head
Who the fruit or blossoms shed,
And bound me in a myrtle shade.

I beheld the priests by night,
*They embraced my myrtle * * * the blossoms * * * bright*
I beheld the priests by day
*Where beneath my * * * underneath the * * * vine they * * * he * * * lay.*

3 Like a . . . to . . . serpents in the night,

4 They embraced my myrtle * * * blossom * * * bright

1 Like a serpent in the * * * to holy men by * * * day

2 Underneath my the,—vines they lay,

So I smote *him*, them—and *his* their gore
 Stained the roots my myrtle bore ;
 But the time of youth is fled,
 And grey hairs are on my head.

So ends the poem. The child is the "Infant Joy,"—and is as symbolic as the "babe" in the Mental Traveller. The whole poem leads on to that called "In a myrtle shade," which is evidently a second attempt to embody in verse part of the same symbolic story. The MS. gives a text of this also more copious than the final form as printed above. The never printed line about the myrtle sighing to behold the chain is particularly needed if the whole is to be understood.

To a lovely myrtle bound,
 Blossoms showering all around.

2 Oh how weak and weary I
 Underneath my myrtle lie,
 Like to dung upon the ground
 Underneath my myrtle bound.

1 Why should I be bound to thee,
 Oh my lovely myrtle tree ?
 Love, free love, cannot be bound
 To any tree that grows on ground.

Oft my myrtle sighed in vain,
 To behold my heavy chain.
 Oft the priest beheld my father saw us sigh
 And laughed at our simplicity.

So I smote him, and his gore
 Stained the roots my myrtle bore.
 But the time of youth is fled,
 And grey hairs are on my head.

But all this about the chain, which is evidently the veil of Vala, the Mundane Shell, &c., as the Myrtle is the body, was afterwards absorbed into the dream of the Maiden Queen,—in the Song of Experience called the Angol, which ends with the same couplet. The infant is the same as that bound by the priest in The Garden of Love, and A Little Boy Lost. All the infants are Orc, who becomes a serpent when the chain has grown into him, put thereto by the Urizen-like portion of Los. A little further, on the same page of the MS. book as "A Little Boy Lost" is written, the myrtle is found once more, re-arranged for publication, with a title. The erasures and numberings as follows :—

TO MY MYRTLE.

Why should I be bound to thee
 Oh my lovely myrtle tree,
 Love, free love cannot be bound
 To any tree that grows on ground.
 To a lovely myrtle bound,
 Blossoms showering all around,
 Like to dung upon the ground,
 Underneath my myrtle bound
 Oh how weak and weary I
 Underneath my myrtle lie.

While beside it in pencil a few words of a stanza which was rejected may still be faintly traced.

Deceit to seeming * * *
 * * * * * refined
 To everything but interest blind,
 And * * * fetters every mind,
 And forges fetters of the mind.

The beautiful quatrain called The Lily, was reduced to this form from a fuller sketch. It is also a study in symbolic statement, and can be understood with perfect certainty only by help of its erased lines, which should be read once and forgotten.

The rose modest lustful rose puts envious puts forth a thorn.
 The coward humble sheep a threatening horn.
 While the lily white shall in Love delight,
And the lion increase freedom and peace,
The priest loves war and the soldier peace,
 Nor a thorn, nor a threat, stain her beauty bright.

Other rejected readings from the MS. book have no value for interpretation. One may only be mentioned as an example of Blake's frank writing. He desires to find in a wife the lineaments of gratified desire such as he discovers in women of immoral life, of whom he speaks in the old-fashioned scriptural word of one syllable—the verse is unfinished.

Above it is "The Fairy," not given in the Aldine edition and accidentally omitted in the chapter on the MS. book, Volume I. Mr. Swinburne has printed this in his essay under Blake's first title (erased in MS.) The Marriage Ring.

The arrows, like the sparrows, are emotions of the heart (whose symbolic region is air, through which they fly). The connection with fairies belongs to the symbolic use of these in "Jerusalem," p. 13, l. 29, p. 63, l. 14, and p. 97, l. 12, in the preface to "Europe," where the fairy of the heart leaves guarding the gate of the head in south to dictate the story of the head in north. The fairies are also the same as those of the poem William Bond.

These verses are not in any sense nursery rhymes. Symbolic poetry may use the form of the fanciful but it will retain its own coherence. It is when not symbolic that Fancy produces what Milton calls her "wild work,"

In this song the word marriage must be considered as pronounced in three syllables or the whole melody is jerked away.

THE MARRIAGE RING.—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 *tread* step of a foot
Smites the heart to its root,
'Tis the marriage ring
Makes each fairy a king.

So a fairy sang ;—
From the leaves I sprang.
He leaped from the spray
To flee away,
But in my hat caught
He soon shall be taught
Let him laugh, let him cry,
He's my butterfly ;
For I've pulled out the sting
Of the marriage ring.

Mr. Swinburne follows this with another fragment given in a foot-note to his *Essay*, p. 143. This, he says, is copied from a loose scrap of paper on which is a sketch of Hercules throttling the serpents.

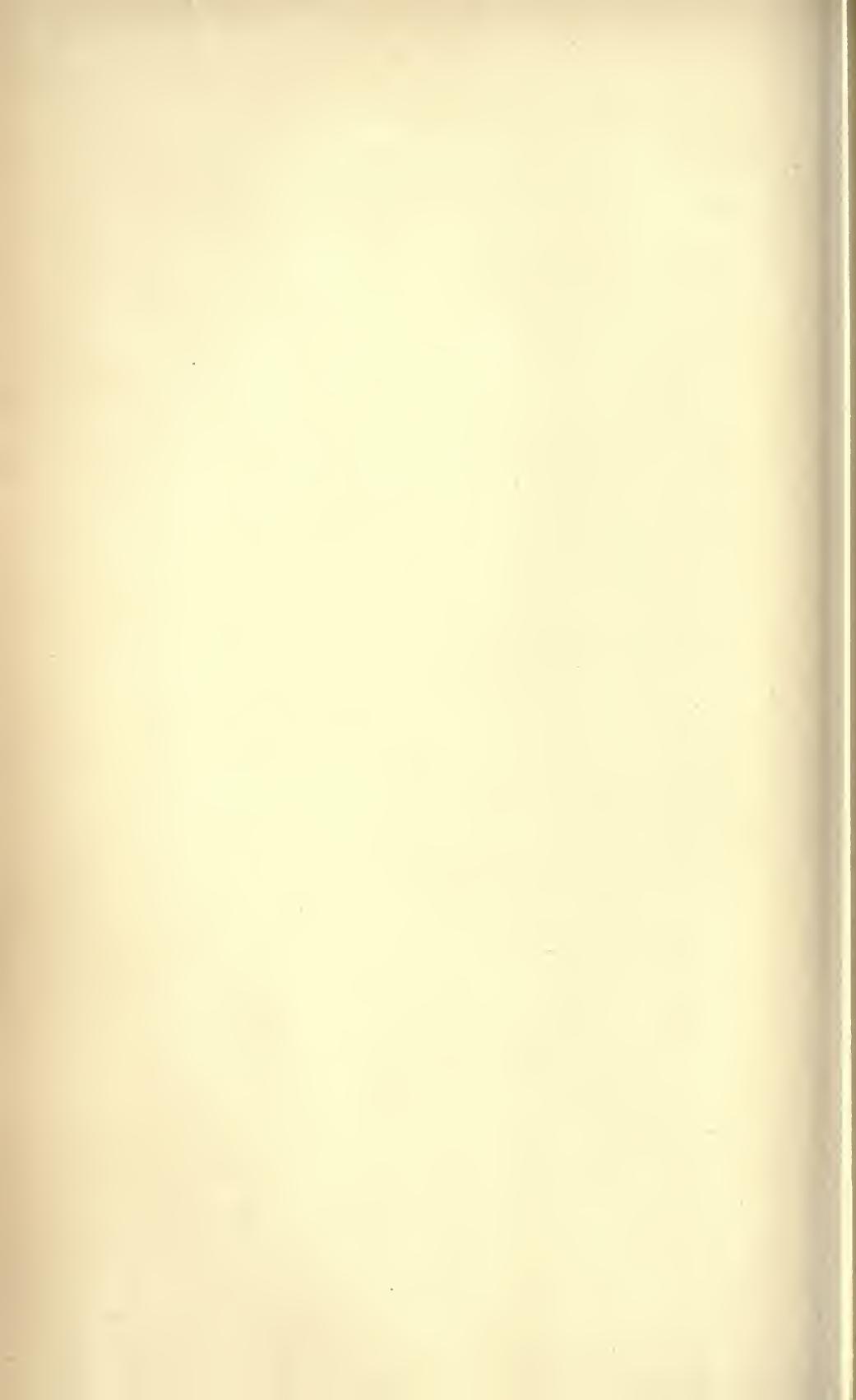
A fairy leapt upon my knee
Singing and dancing merrily.
I said, “Thou thing of patches, rings,
Pins, necklaces, and such like things,
Disgracer of the female form.
Thou pretty gilded poisonous worm ! ”
Weeping he fell upon my thigh—
And thus in tears did soft reply,
“Knowest thou not, Fairies’ Lord,
How much by us contemned, abhor’d,
Whatever hides the female form
That cannot bear the mortal 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 and please.”

Mr. Swinburne has also noted some of the rejected readings for the poem called "The Two Songs," beginning "I heard an Angel singing." The Devil's curse in it stands in the MS. as follows—italics still representing erased words:—

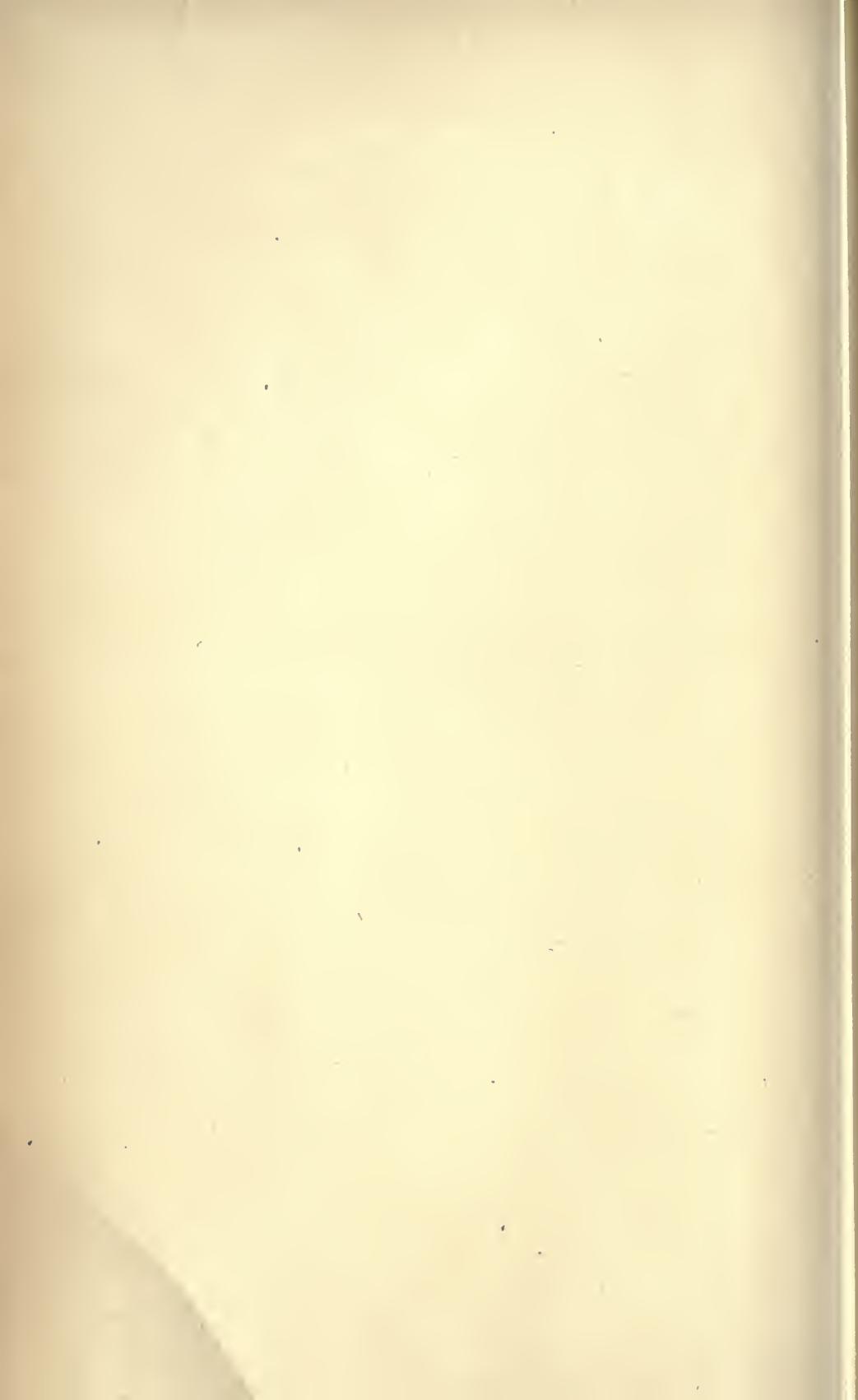
I heard a Devil curse
 Over the heath and furze,
Mercy could be no more
If there were nobody poor,
And pity no more could be
*If all were happy as *ye* we.*
Thus he sang At his curse the sun went down
 And the heavens gave a frown.
Down poured the heavy rain
Over the new reaped grain,
And Mercy, and Pity, and Peace descended;
The farmers were ruined, and harvest was ended.
And Mercy, Pity, Peace,
Did at the time increase
With poverty's increase;
And by distress increase
Mercy, pity, peace,
By miseries increase
Mercy, pity, peace.
And Miseries' increase
 Is Mercy, Pity, Peace.

Here, as elsewhere, we literally see the thoughts condense, as what was at first a mere scheme for a poem becomes a poem. Here, as elsewhere, the metre is practically left to take care of itself, a thing it succeeds in doing better than in some of the "long resounding long heroic lines," while all the attention of the poet is given to the idea that grows up in him while he writes.

The connection having been traced between what lies within the compass of the collection of Songs, and the shorter poems outside—which, though already well known, are here reprinted—they follow in their turn.



THERE IS NO NATURAL
RELIGION.



THERE IS NO NATURAL RELIGION.

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 FIRST.

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 and Spirit and Demon.

PRINCIPLE SECOND.

As all men are alike in outward form, so (and with the same infinite variety) all are alike in the Poetic Genius.

PRINCIPLE THIRD.

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 FOURTH.

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 FIFTH.

The Religions of all Nations are derived from each Nation's different reception of the Poetic Genius, which is everywhere call'd the Spirit of Prophecy.

PRINCIPLE SIXTH.

The Jewish and Christian Testaments are an original derivation from the Poetic Genius. This is necessary from the confined nature of bodily sensation.

PRINCIPLE SEVENTH.

As all men are alike (though infinitely various), so all Religions, and as all similars, have one source.

The true Man is the source, he being the Poetic Genius.

This little book is copied from illustrated leaves in the possession of the Linnell family, and is in itself a comment on the similar pamphlet in the British Museum, here reproduced in facsimile.

The Argumentum

Man has no notion of moral
fitness but from Education.
Naturally he is only a natural
organ subject to Sense.



I

Mans perceptions are not bound
ed by organs of perception, he per-
ceives 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

From a perception of
only 3 senses or 3 ele-
ments none could de-
duce a fourth or fifth



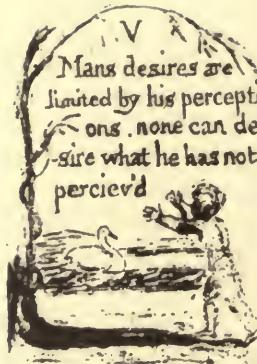
IV

A None could have other
than natural or organic
thoughts if he had none
but organic perceptions



V

Mans desires are
limited by his percepti-
ons, none can de-
sire what he has not
perciev'd



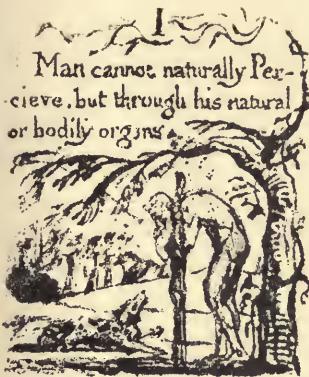
VI

The desires & percepti-
ons of man untaught by
any thing but organs of
sense, must be limited
to objects of sense

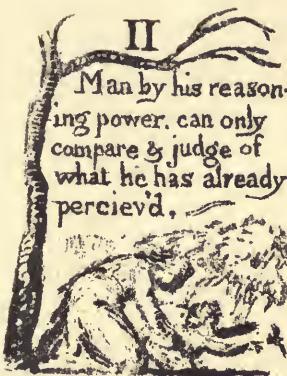


Therefore
God becomes as
we are, that we
may be as he
is

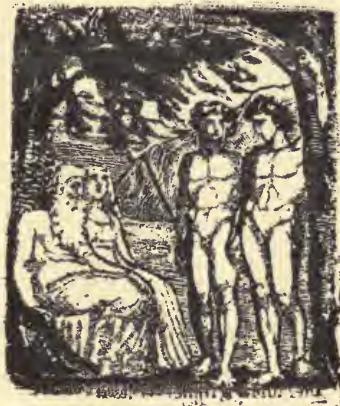


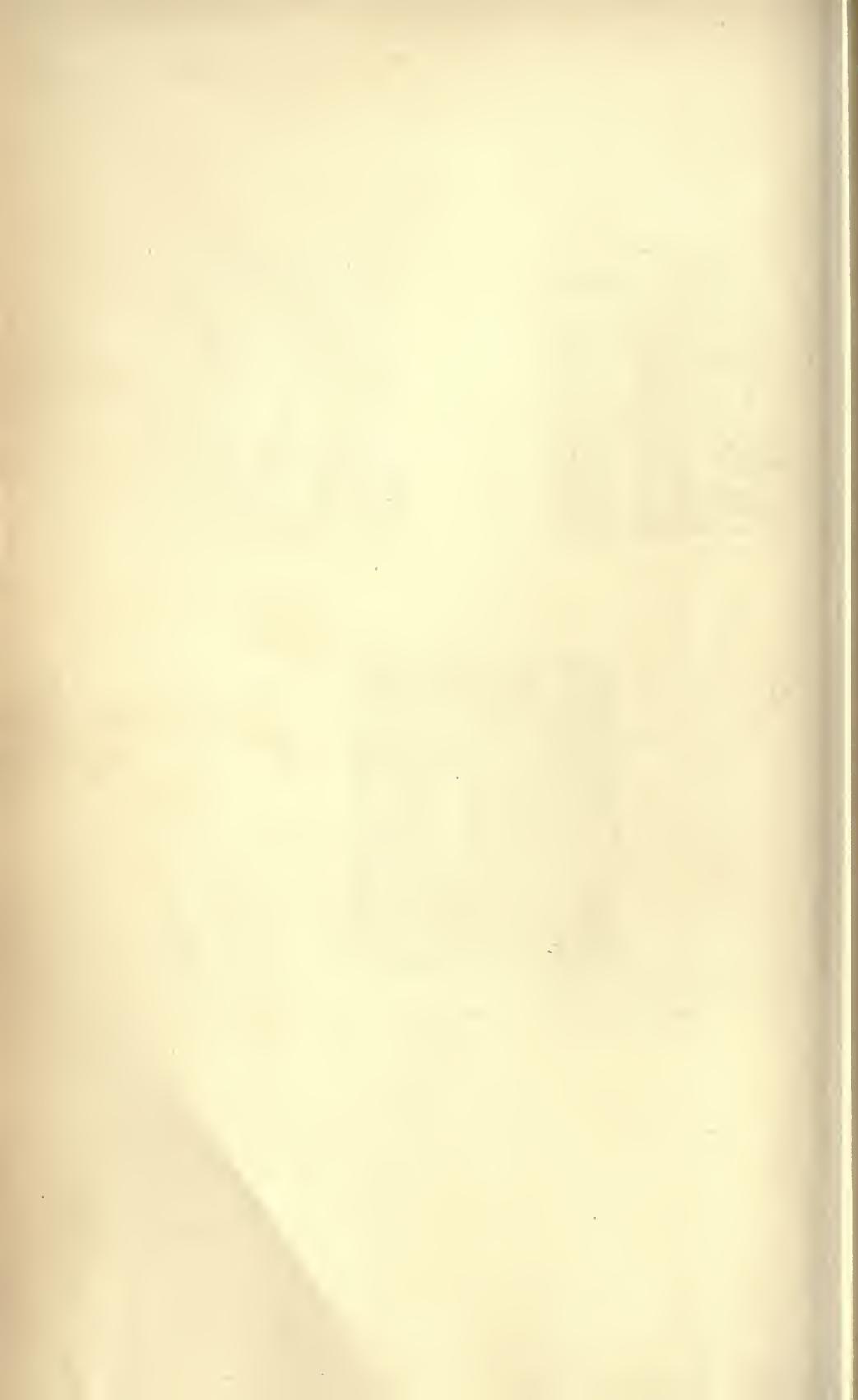


Man cannot naturally Percieve, but through his natural or bodily organs.



Man by his reasoning power, can only compare & judge of what he has already perciev'd.







On Homer's Poetry

Every Poem must necessarily be a perfect Unity, but why
Homer is peculiarly so cannot tell; he has told the
Story of Bellerophon & omitted the Judgment of Paris which
is not only a part, but a principal part of Homer's Subject.
But when a Work has Unity it is as much in a Part as in the
Whole, the Totus is as much a Unity as the Iasonoon.
As Unity is the cloak of folly so Goodness is the cloak of
knowledge those who will have Unity exclusively in Homer
come out with a Moral like a gourd in the tail. Aristotle says
Characters are either Good or Bad; now Goodness or Badness
has nothing to do with Character, an Apple tree is Pear tree
a Horse a Lion, are Characters but a Good Apple tree or a
Bad is an Apple-tree still, a Horse is not more a Lion for
being a Bad Horse, that is its Character, its Goodness or
Badness is another consideration.
It is the same with the Story of a whole Poem as with the
Moral Goodness of its parts, Unity & Morality are secondary
considerations de bello to Philosophy & not to Poetry, to Execu-
tion & not to Rule by Accident & not to Substance, the Anti-
vers called it eating of the tree of good & evil.



The Classics, it is the Classics;
& not Goths nor Monks, that
Desolate Europe with Wars.

On Virgil

Sacred Truth has pronounced that Greece & Rome &
Babylon & Egypt so far from being parents of Arts & Sci-
ences as they pretend were destroyers of all Art Homer
Virgil & Ovid confirm this opinion & make us reverence
The Word of God, the only light of antiquity that remains
unperverted by War. Virgil in the Eneid Book VI, line 848
says Let others study Art, Rome has somewhat better to
do, namely War & Dominion.

Rome & Greece swept Art into their maw & destroyed it
a Warlike State never can produce Art. It will Rob & Plunder
& accumulate into one place, & Translate & Copy & Buy &
Sell & Criticise, but not Make. Grecian is Mathematic Form
Mathematic Form is Eternal in Gothic is Living
the Reasoning Memory, Living Form, Form
is Eternal Existence



THE GHOST of ABEI

A Revelation In the Visions of Jehovah
Seen by William Blake

To LORD BYRON in the Wilderness What dost thou hear Elijah?
 Can a Poet doubt the Visions of Jehovah? Nature has no Outline; 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

Jehovah - Is this Death? - Adam - 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 Abel Seven times Eve thou hast fainted over the Dead Air? Abel - Eve revives.

Eve - Is this the Promise of Jehovah! O it is all a vain delusion.

Jehovah - This Death & this Life & this Jehovah.

Voice - A Voice is heard coming on. Woman lift thine eyes.

Voice - O Earth cover not thou my Blood: cover not thou my Blood. Enter the Ghost of Abel.

Abel - Thou Visionary Phantasm thou art not the real Abe!

Abel - Among the Elohim a Human Victim I wander I am their House Prince of the Air & our dimensions compals 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 can 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 I see him plainly with my Minds Eye. I see also Abel living: The 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 an 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 & 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
 Cauns City built with Human Blood: not Blood of Bulls & Goats
 Thou shall 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 Savon Self subdued Part of Satan
 Into the Bottomless Abyss whose torment arises for ever & ever
 On each side a Chorus of Angels' voices Sing the following

The Elohim of the Heather 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 Forgivenels of Sins: Death O Holy! Is this Brotherhood
 The Elohim saw their Oath Eternal Fire; they rolled apart trembling over
 Mercy Seat each in his station fixt in the Firmament by Peace Brotherhood
Love.

The Curtain falls

If the Voice of Abels

Blood



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 men 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,
Fled 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

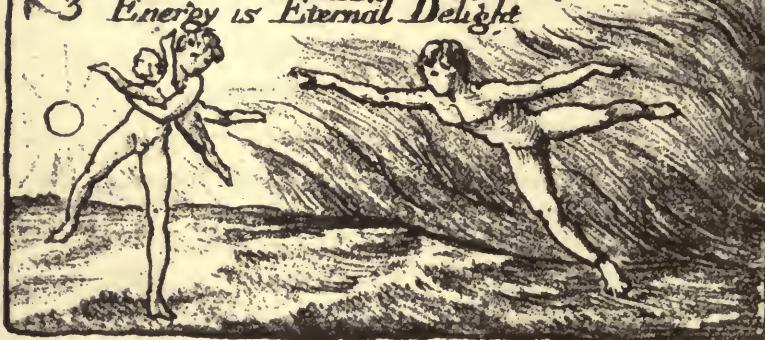
All Bibles or sacred codes have been,
the causes of the following Errors.

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 discerned 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 restrained 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 Melsiah.

And the original Archangel or possessor of the com-
mand 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 Milton's Melsiah 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 Melsi-
ah

ah fell, & formed a heaven of what he stole from the
Abyls

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!

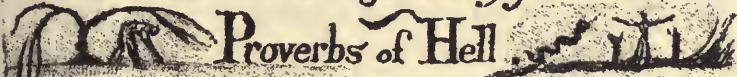
Note. The reason Milton wrote in fettters when he wrote of Angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devils party without knowing it.

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 abyly of the five senses, where a flat sided steep bourns over the present world. I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds hovering on the sides of the rock, with car-

roding fires he wrote the following sentence now per-
cieved by the minds of men, & read by them on earth.
How do you know but evry 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 excels 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 measured by the clock, but of wis-
dom: no clock can measure.
- All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.
- Bring out number weight & measure in a year of death
- 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
Folly is the cloke of knavery.
- Shame is Prides cloke.

Proverbs of Hell

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.

Excels of sorrow laughs. Excels of joy weeps.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging
of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are
partitions 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 imagined.

The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit; 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 believd is an image of truth.

The eagle never lost so much time, as when he submit-
ted to learn of the crow.

The

Proverbs of Hell

The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion.
Think in the morning, Act in the noon, Eat in the even-
ing, 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 in-
Expect poison from the standing water. -struction

You never know what is enough unless you know what is
more than enough.

Listen to the fools reproach! it is a kindly 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 hears a plentiful harvest.

If others had not been foolish, we should be so.

The soul of sweet delight, can never be deaf'd,

When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Ge-
nius. lift up thy head!

As the catterpiller 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!

Proverbs of Hell.

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 wistid every thing was black, the owl that eve-
ry 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 unact-
ed desires.

Where man is not nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and
not be believd.

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 & enslaved 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 ordred 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 mis-

understood, & so be the cause of imposition?

Isaiah answer'd. I saw no God, nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my sense 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 perswasian that a thing is so, make it so?

He replied. All poets believe that it does, & in ages of imagination this firm perswasion remov'd 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

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 pathetically, 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 jew's.

This said he, like all firm persuasions, 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 asked Isaiah to favour the world with his last 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 answer'd, 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 answer'd, the desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite this the North American tribes practise, & is he honest who relists 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 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 internal 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

The 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 Dragor-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 Unnamid 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 curning of weak and tame minds, which have power to resist energy, according to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong in curning. 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 received 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 separate them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats! & he says I came not to send Peace but a Sword.

Melsiah 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 appeared 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 remained with him sitting in the twisted root.

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 revol'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, & seemed 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 stanes throw from us appeard and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent at last to the east. distant about three degrees appeared a fiery crest above the waves slowly it rear'd 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 remained alone. & then this appearance was no more, but I found mys. of 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?

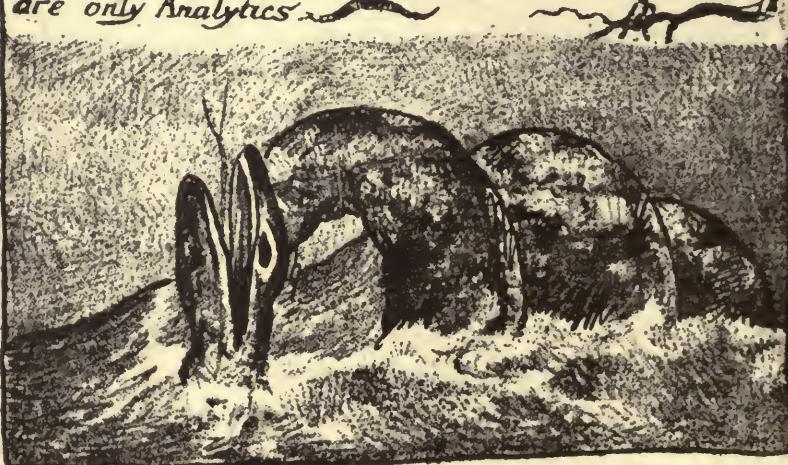
I answerd. All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics; for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight hearing a harper, But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I shew you yours? he laugh'd at my proposal; but I by force suddenly caught him in my arms, & flew westerly thro' the night, till we were elevated above the earth's shadow: then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun, here I clothed myself in white, & taking in my hand Swedenborg's volumess sunk from the glorious cline, 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 dwel-

number of monkeys, baboons, & all of that species crowded by the middle, priving 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 devoured, by plucking off first one limb and then another till the body was left a helpless trunk, this after grinning & killing it with seeming vindictiveness they devoured too; and here & there I saw one savourily picking the flesh off of his own tril; as the stench terribly annoyed us both we went into the mill, & I in my hand brought the skeleton of a body, which in the mill was Aristotle's 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.





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 published 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

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 falsehoods.

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 Swedenborgs, 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 great

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 answerd; bray a fool in a morter 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 command-
 ments: did he not mock at the sabbath; and so
 mock the sabbath is 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 omittid making a defence before Pilate? covet
 when he prayd 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 command-
 ments: Jesus was all virtue, and acted from im-
pulse

-pulse, 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 internal 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 groan'd! it was heard over all the Earth;
2. Albion's 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?
4. France rend down thy dungeon 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 broud snows and thunderous visages the jealous wings wadv'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

har'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 count-
ing 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 rush'd beating his wings in vain
the jealous king; his grey brow'd counsell-
ors, thunderous warriors, carl'd veterans.
among helots. and shields. and chariot's
horses. elephants: banners, castles, slings
and rocks,

16. Falling, rushing, ruining! 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 heavy eyelids over the
deep in dark dismay,

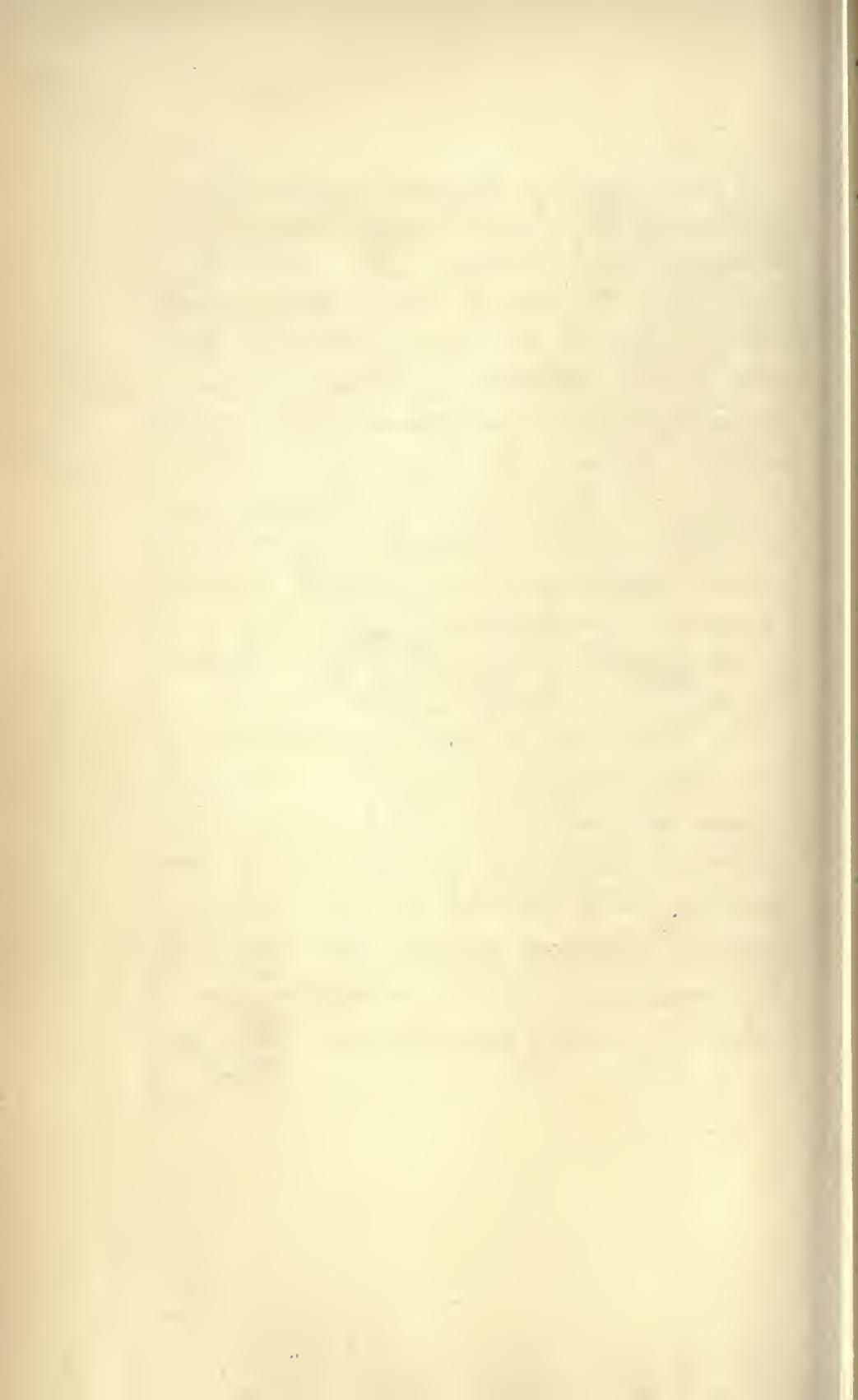
(19) Where the son of fire in his eastern
cloud, while the morning plumes her gol-
den breast.

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.

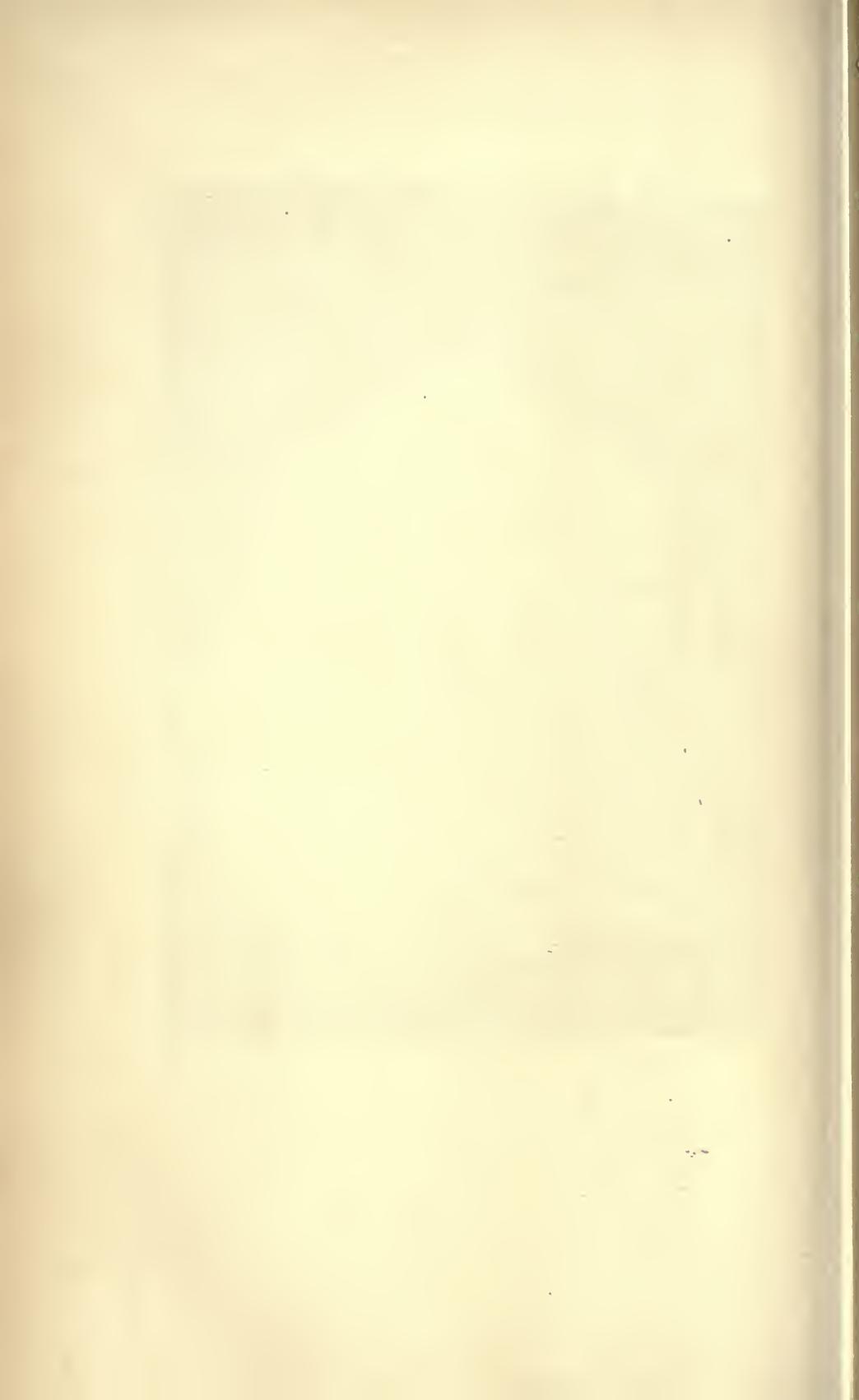
Chorus

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
lechery call that virginity, that wishes
but acts not!

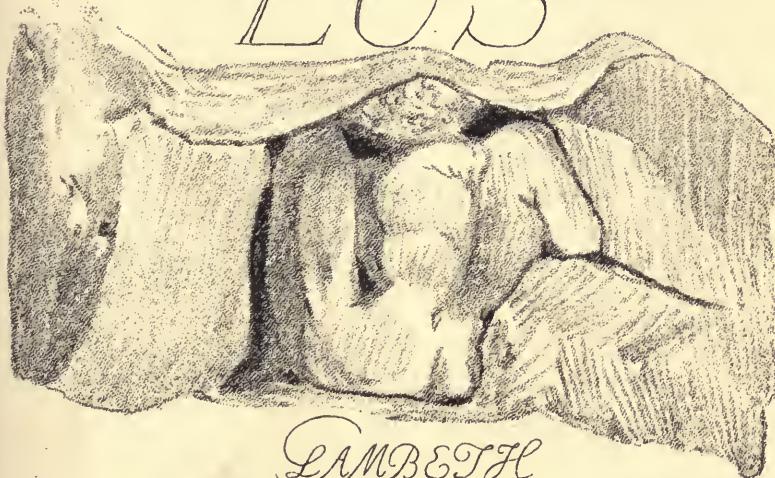
For every thing that lives is Holy



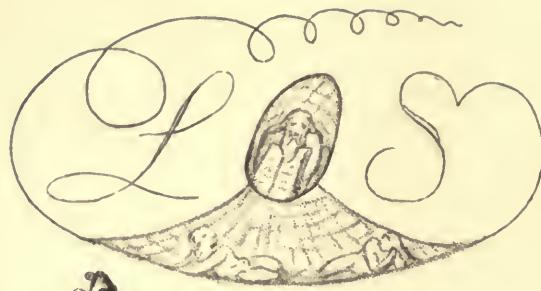




THE
BOOK of
LOS



LAMBETH
Printed by W^o Blake 1795



Chap. (I)

And Wantonness on his own true love
Bore a giant race.

1. Eno aged Mother
Who the chariot of Leuba guides
Since the day of thunders in old time.

2. Sitting beneath the eternal Oak
Trembled and shook the steadfast Earth
And thus her speech broke forth.

3. O Times remote!
When Love & Joy were adoration
And none impure were deemed.
Not Cycless 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 long gore
Wantonness lulld to sleep
With the virgin's lute.
Or sated with her love.

5. Till Covet broke his locks & bars
And slept with open doors:
Envy sang at the rich man's feast:
Wrath was followid up and down
By a little ewe lamb.

6. Raging furious the flames of desire
Ran thro' heaven & earth, living flames
Intelligent organz'd, arm'd
With destruction & plagues. In the midst
The Eternal Prophet bound in a chain
Compell'd to watch Urizen's shadow.

7. Raiz'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-regions
Rivers of wide flame, they roll round
And round on all sides making their way
Into darknes 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, drivn by his hands
And his feet which the nether abyG
Stamp'd in fury and hot indignation

9. But no light from the fires all was

Dark

Darkness round Los heat was not for bound up.
Into fury spheres from his fury
The gigantic flames trembled and hid

10: Goldness darkness, obstruction a Solid Without fluctuation hard as adamant Black as marble of Egypt unpenetrable Bound in the fierce raging Immortal And the separated fires froze in A vast solid without fluctuation. Bound in his expanding dear senses

Were measured by his incessant whirr In the horrid vacuity bottomless

6: The Immortal revolving: indignant First in wrath threw his limbs like their babe New born into our world wrath subsided And contemplative thought his first arose Then alast his head reared in the Abyss And his downward borne full chang'd oblique

7. Many ages of groans till there grew Branchy forms organizing the Human Into坚韧 inflexible organs.

Chap: II

- 1: The Immortal stood frozen amidst The vast root of eternity times And times, a night of vast durance. Impatient, stilled, stilled, hardened.
2. Till impatience no longer could bear The hard bondage rent, rent the vast solid With a crash from immense to immense
8. Till in procell from falling he bore Sidelong on the purple air, wafting The weak breeze in efforts overworned.
9. Incisant the falling Mind labour'd Organizing itself: all the Vacuum Became element, pliant to rise. Or to fall, or to swim, or to fly. With ease searching the dire vacuity

Chap: III

- 3: Cracked acro's into numberless fragments The Prophetic wrath, strugling for vent Hurls apart stamping furious to dust And crumbling with bursting sobs, heaves The black marble on high into fragments
4. Hurld apart on all sides, as a falling Rock the innumerable fragments away Fell asunder, and horrible vacuum Beneath him & on all sides round
- 1: The Lungs heave in instant, dull and heavy For us, yet were all other parts formless Shivering clinging around like a cloud Dim & gloomy as the white Polypus Driven by waves & englob'd on the tide
2. And the unformed part craved 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

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.
Separating the heavy and the thin.

6. Down the heavy sunk: cleaving around
To the fragments of solid, up rose
The thin, flowing round the fierce fires
That glowed furiously 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'd
Curding 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 blighings, 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 seiz'd, beating incessant condensing
The subtil particles in an Orb.

5. Roaring indignant the bright sparks
Endur'd the vast Hammer, but unweary'd
Los beat on the Anvil till glorious
An immense Orb of fire he fram'd

6. Of. he quench'd it beneath in the
Deeps

Then survey'd the all bright mabs. Again
Siezing fires from the terrific Orbs
He heated the round Globe, then beat
While roaring his Furnaces endur'd
The chand Orb in their infinite womb's

7. Nine ages completed their circles
When Los heat'd the glowing mabs, cast-
ing

It down into the Deeps: the Deeps fled
Away in redounding smoke, the Sun
Stood self-balanc'd. And Los smil'd
With joy.

He the vast Spire of Urizen seiz'd
And bound down to the glowing illusion

8. But no light, for the Deep fled away
On all sides: and left an uniform'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 stough formed four rivers
Obscuring the immense Orb of fire
Flowing down into night: till a Form
Was completest a Human Illusion,
In darkness and deep clouds involv'd.

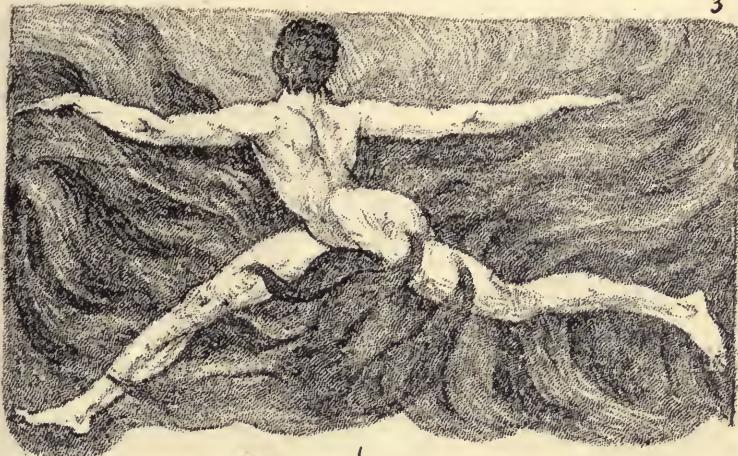
The End of the
Book of LOS



THE
BOOK
of
URALEN

LAMBETH. Printed by W. Blake 1794





Chap: I

1. Lo, a shadow of horror is risen,
In Eternity! Unknown, unrelative?
Self-close, all-repelling; what Demon
Hath form'd this abominable void?
This soul-shuddering vacuum? — Some
said, It is Urizen.
2. Times on times he divided, immeasured;
Space by space in his boundless darkness.
Unseen, unknown; changes appear'd,
Like desolate mountains riven furious,
By the black winds of perturbation.
3. For he strove in battles dire,
In unseen conflicts 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
Ape 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,
Prepared; his ten thousands of thunders
Rang'd in gloomy array stretch out across
The dread world, & the rolling of wheels
As of swelling seas, sound in his clouds.
- In his hills of staid snows, in his mountains
Of hail & ice; voices of terror,
Are heard, like thunders of autumn,
When the cloud blaz'd o'er the harvests

Chap: II

1. Earth was not: nor globes of attrac-
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, sommid
That solitary one in Immensity.
3. Stirr'd the trumpet: & myriads of Fair
— myriads.



In living creation appeared
In the flames of eternal fury.

3. Sounding, darkening, thundering,
Rent away with a terrible crash
Eternity rolled wide apart
Wide asunder rolling,
Mounturous all around,

Departing, departing, departing,
Leaving ruinous fragments of life
Hanging frowning cliffs & all between
An ocean of mudnole undethenable.

4. The roaring fires ran over the heaving
In whirlwinds & cataclysts of blood
And over the dark deserts of Uzzen
Fires pour thro' the red on all sides
On Uzzen's 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 deserts and rocks he ran ²⁴⁵
To hide, but he could not, combining
He dug mountains & hills in vast strength
He piled them in incalculable labour.
In howlings & pangs & fierce madrals
Long periods in burning fires labouring
Till hoary, and age-bronze, and aged,
In despair and the shadows of death.

And a vast vast petrific around,
On all sides he found; 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
Vived by sons of Eternity, standing
On the shore of the infinite ocean
Like a human heart struggling & beating
The vast world of Uzzen appeared.

8. And Los round the dark globe of
Uzzen
Kept watch for Eternals to confine,
The obscure separation alone;
For Eternity stood wide apart.

1 Urizen Canto.

As the stars are apart from the earth (10) But Urizen laid in a stony sleep
 Unorganiz'd, rent from Eternity

9 Los wept howling around the dark

Deacon; And cursing his lot for in anguish.

Urizen was rent from his side;

And a fatherless void for his feet;

And intense fires for his dwelling.

11 The Eternals said. What is this? Death
 Urizen is a clod of clay.



12: Los howld in a dismal stupor.) Rifted with direful changes (!)
Groaning! gnashing! groaning!) He lay in a drearle's night;
Till the wrenching apart was healed.

13: But the wrenching of Urizen
heald not
Cold featureless flesh or clay

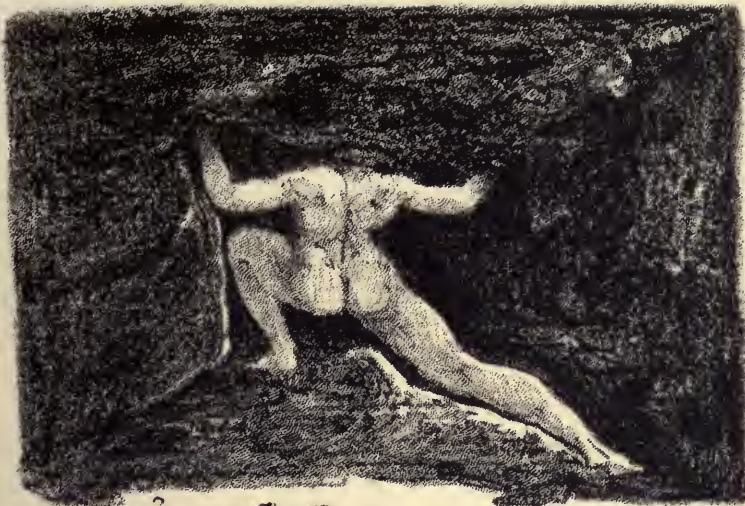
14: Till Los roujd his his livers
affrighted
At the formle's unmeasurable
death.



- Chap: IV: -ment
1. Las written with astonish-
Frightend at the hurling bones
 2. And at the surging sulphure-
ous
Perturbed Immortal mad raging
 3. In whirlwinds & pitch & nitre
Round the furious limbs of Las
 4. And Las formed nets & gins
And threw the neis round about
 5. He watchid in shuddring fear
The dark changes & bound every
change
 6. And these were the changes
of Urizen.







Chap: IV.

1 Ages on ages roll'd over him! Seated, a lake bright & shining clear
In stony sleep ages roll'd over him! White as the snow on the mountains cold.
Like a dark waste stretching changable

By earthquakes ruin belching sullen, 4 Fargeshields, dumbbells, necessity!
Lives In chains of the mind locked up,
On ages roll'd ages in phastly Like fetters of ice shrinking together
Sick tamer, around him in whirlwinds Disorganized, rent from Eternity.
Of darkness the eternal Prophet howl'd Los beat on his fetters of iron;
Beating still on his rivets of iron, And heated his furnace to pour'd
Pouring soda of iron; dividing Iran soda and soda of brabs
The horrible night into watches.

5 Restles turn'd the immured inchain'd
2. And Urien (so his eternal name) Hearing dolorous anguish'd unbarable
His prolific delight abord wos & more & more Till a roof shaggy wild inclos'd
In dark secrey hiding in surging In an orb, his fountain of thought
Sulphurous fluid his phantasies

The Eternal Prophet heard the dark 6. In a horrible drearall slumber,
bellows. Like the linked interval chain;

And turid restles the tongz; and the A vast Spine writhid in torment,
hummer. Upon the winds; shooting painid
Incessant beat; forging chains nov & nov Ribs, like a bending cavern
Nimbrug with, links, hours days & years And bones at solars, froze,

3. The eternal mind bounded began to roll Over all his nerves of joy.
Eddies of wrath, ceaseless round & round And a first Ape pass'd ove.,
And the sulphurous foam surging thick And a state of dismal woe.

Urxen.

7. From the caverns of his jowled Spine⁵ Hiding carefully from the wind.
 Down sunk with bright a red ~~eye~~⁶ His Eyes behind the deep.
 Round plobe hot burning deep And a third Ape palsed over:
 Deep down into the Nysa,⁷ And a state of dismal woe.
 Pinting, Coughing, Trembling
 Shooting out ten thousand branches
 Around his solid bones. And a second Ape palsed over.
 And a state of dismal woe.
8. In harrowing Soar rolling round:
 His nervous brain shot branches
 Round the branches of his heart
 On high into two little arks
 And fixed in two little caves.
9. The paroxysms of hope began.
 In heavy pain striving, struggling.
 Two Ears in close volvasons:
 From beneath his arks of virgin
 Shot sprung out and petrified As they grew. And a fourth Ape palsed
10. In phastry torment sick:
 Hanging upon the wind.





11

Two Nascils bent down to the deep
And a fifth Age palsed over;
And a state of dismal woe.

In trembling & howling & dismay,
And a second Age palsed over
And a state of dismal woe.

11. In ghastly torment sick:
Within his ribs blotted round.
A craving Hungry Cavern
Thence arose his channel'd Throat
And like a red flame a Tongue
Of thirst & of hunger appereud
And a sixth Age palsed over;
And a state of dismal woe.

Chap.V.
1 In terrors Los shrinkt from his task
His great hammer fell from his hand
His forces behold, and sickening
Hid their strong limbs in shak.
For with noised ruinous loud:
With hurtlings & clashings & groans
The Immortal ordurd his chains

12. Enraged & scalded with torment
He throw his right Arm to the north
His left Arm to the south
Shooting out in anguish, deep
And his Feet stamp'd the nether Abyss Roll like a sea around him.

2. All the myriads of Eternity
All the wisdom & joy of life
All the vision & love of light
Roll like a sea around him.



Except what his little eyes
Of sight by degrees unfold Then he lookt back with anxious desire
But the space undivided by existence.

3 And now his eternal life
Like a dream was obliterated
Sizid: a cold solitude & dark void.

Struck horror into his soul.

4 Shuddring, the Eternal Prophet snat
With a stroke, from his north to south; In his chains bound, & lay began
region

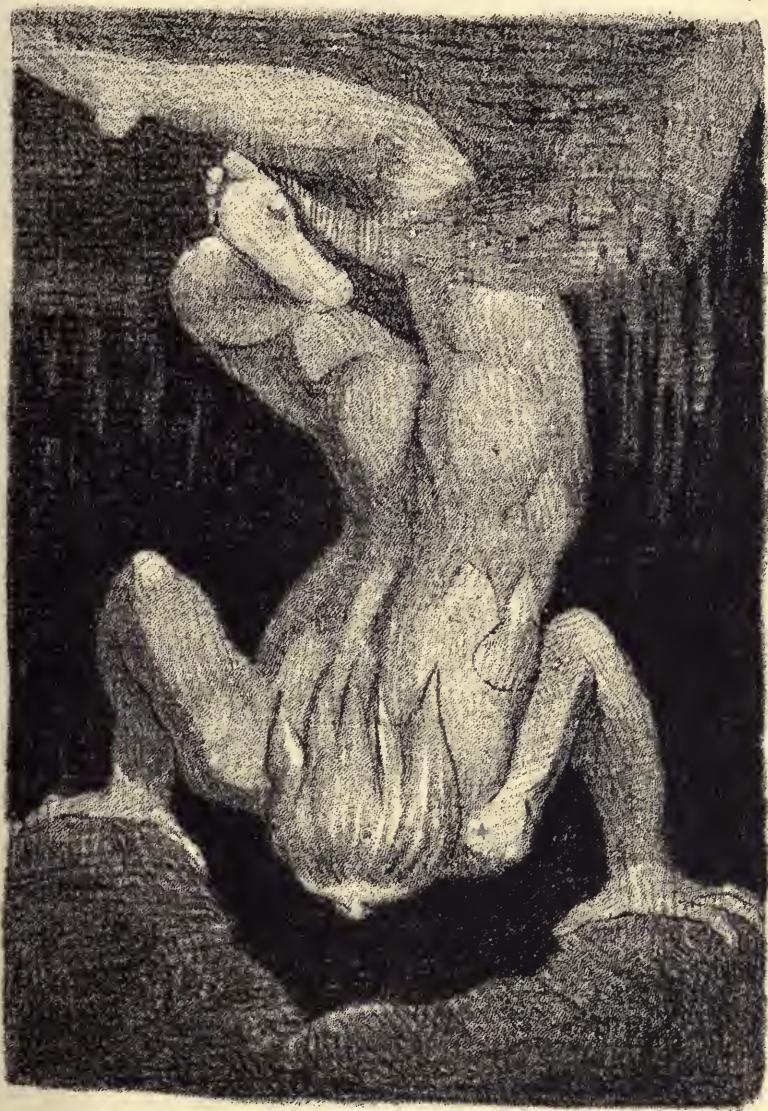
6. Los wept absuril with mourning
Has bosom earthquaked with sighs

The bellows & hammer are silent now
A nerveless silence, his prophetic voice
Sizid; a cold solitude & dark void
The Eternal Prophet & Vizier clasid

In anguish dividing & dividing
For pity divides the soul
In pangs eternity an eternit
Life in cataracts pourd down his
cliffs

5. Ages on ages roll'd over them
Cut off from life & light frozen
Into horrible forms of deformity
Los suffer'd his bones to decay

The void shrunk the lymph in nerves
Wandering wide on the bosom at night
And lost a round globe of blood
Trembling upon the void

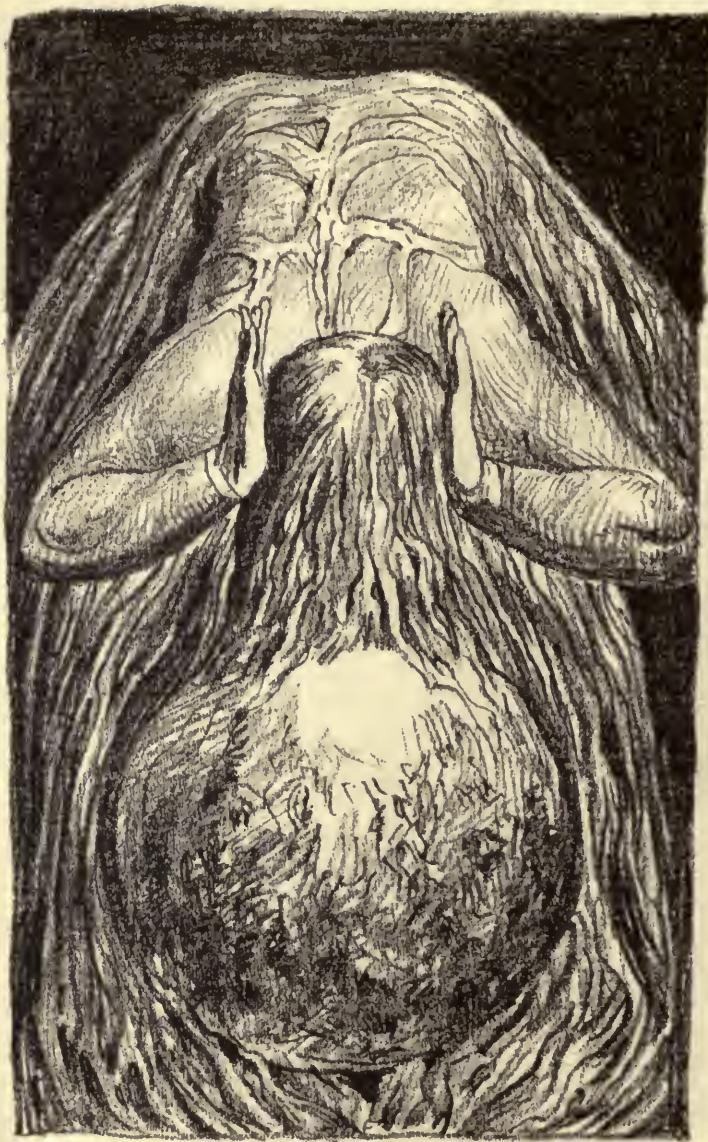


Urizen V.

Thus the Eternal Prophet was divided At the dark separation appeared.
 Before the death image of Urizen As glases discover Worlds
 For in changable clouds and darkness In the endless Abyss of space
 In a winterly night beneath The Abyss of Los stretchid immense
 The Abyss of Los stretchid immense So the expanding eyes of Immortals
 And now seen now obscured Beheld the dark vision of Los.
 Of Eternals the visions remote And the globe of life blood trembling







1 Urizen C.V.

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
 Af length in tears & cries imbodyed
 A female form trembling and pale

9. All Eternity shuddered 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 cur-
tains 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 suspend in the pillars
With infinite labour the Eternals
A wool wove and called it Science
- Chap. VI.
1. But Los, saw the Female & pitied
He embrac'd her, she wept she refused
In perverse and cruel delight
She fled from his arms, yet he follow'd
2. Eternity shuddered when they said
Man, begetting his likeness,
On his own divided image.
3. A time pass'd over, the Eternals
Began to erect the tent.
When Enitharmon sick
Felt a Worm within her womb.
4. Yet help'd 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 ser-
pent
With dolorous hissings & posions
Found Enitharmon's tons bidding.
6. Child within Enitharmon's womb
The serpent grew casting its scales
With sharp pangs the hissing began
To change to a graving egg
Many sorrows and dismal threes.
Many forms of fish bird & beast
Brought forth an infant form
Where was a worm before.
7. The Eternals their tent finished
Alarmed with these gloomy visions
When Enitharmon groaning
Produc'd a man Chitl 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 siezd the infant child
He bathed him in springs of sorrow All things heard the voice of the child
He gave him to Enitharmon. And began to awake from sleep
And began to awake to life.

Chap. VII.

1. They named the child Orc, he grew

Fed with milk of Enitharmon.

2. Los awoke her, O sorrow & pain.
A tightening girdle grew.

Around his bosom. In sobs

He burst the girdle in twain But still another girdle grew.

Opened his bosom. In sobs Again he burst it. Again Another girdle succeeds.

The girdle was formed by day By night was burst in twain

3. These falling down on the rock

In an iron chain now

In each other link by link locked

4. They took Orc to the top of a mountain.

O how Enitharmon wept!

They chand his young limbs to the rock With the Chain of Jealousy

Beneath Urizen's deathful shadow

1 Uzzen C. VII
The dead heard the voice of the child
And began to awake from sleep

11. In his hands he siezd the infant child
He bathed him in springs of sorrow All things heard the voice of the child
He gave him to Enitharmon. And began to awake to life.

6. And Uzzen craving rich hunger Stung with the odours of Nature Explorid his dens around

7. He form'd a line by a plummet To divide the Abyss beneath.
He form'd a dividing rule:

8. He form'd scales to weigh
He form'd anely weights.

He form'd a brazen quadrant.
He form'd 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 Uzzen & Orc

10. And she bore an enormous race

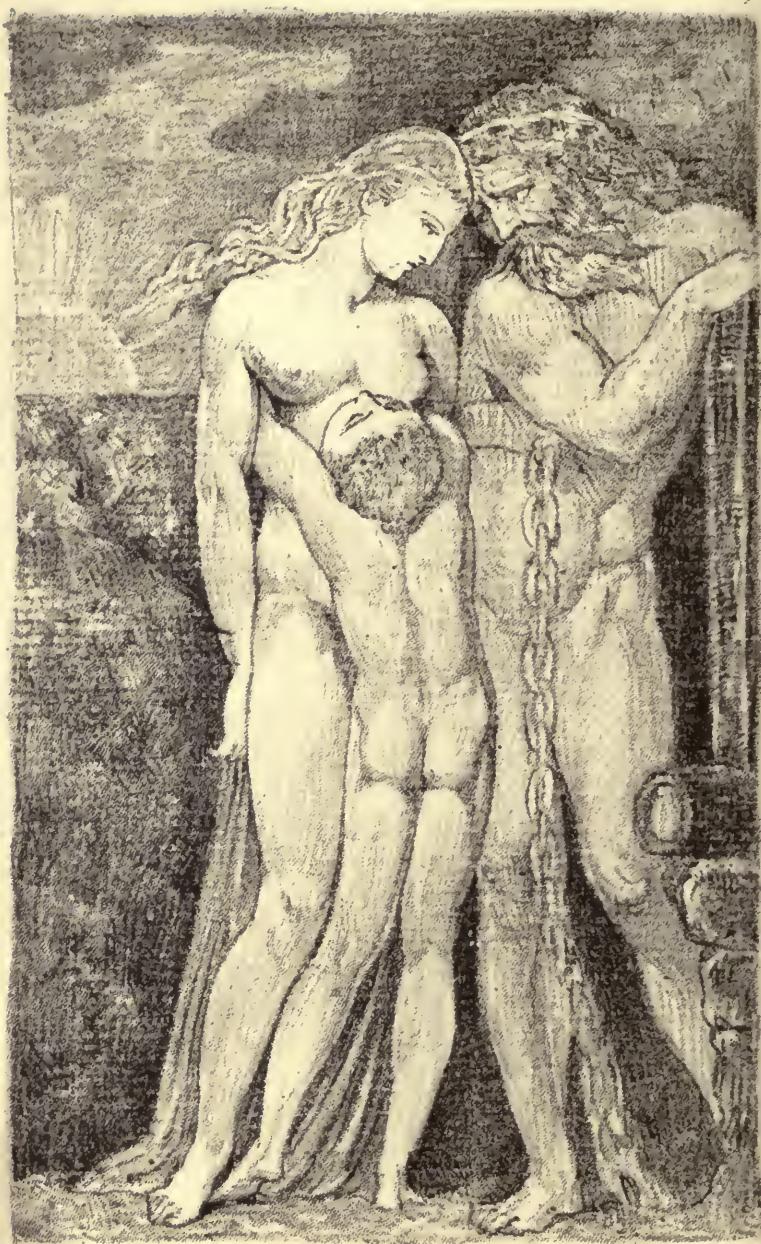
Chap. VIII.

1. Uzzen explorid his dens Mountain, moor, & wilderness.

With a globe of fire lightning his journey A fearful journey, anay'd

By cruel enormities, turns







1 Urizen C. VIII.

- Of life on his forsaken mountains
Grodna rent the deep earth howling
Alazil: his heavens immense cracks
Like the ground parch'd with heat; then
2. And his world reuin'd vast enclosures
Frightened; fachels, fanning
Portions of life: similitudes
Like the ground parch'd with heat; then
Of a foot, or a hand, or a head
Or a heart, or an eye, they swam mes-
-terous
Dread terrors, delighting in blood
3. Must Urizen sickend to see
His eternal creatures appear
Sons & daughters of sorrow on mountains
Weeping, wailing; first Thiriel appeared
Astonish'd at his own existence
Like a man from a cloud born, & Utha
From the waters emerging lamented.
4. He in darkness clos'd, view'd all his
race
And his soul sickend; 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 livid upon
death







The Ox in the slaughter house moans
The Dog at the wintry door
And he wept, & he called it Roy
And his tears flowed down on the winds
6 Gold he wander'd on high, over
their cities
In weeping & pain & woe;
And where ever he wander'd 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 Uzron
Walk'd over the cities in sorrow.

7 Till a Web dark & cold throughout all
The tormented elements stretch'd
From the sorrows of Uzrons soul,
And the Web is a female in embryo
None could break the Web, no wings
of fire.

8 So twisted the cords, so so knotted
The meshes; twisted like to the
human brain

9 And all call'd it The Net of Roli

Chap: IX

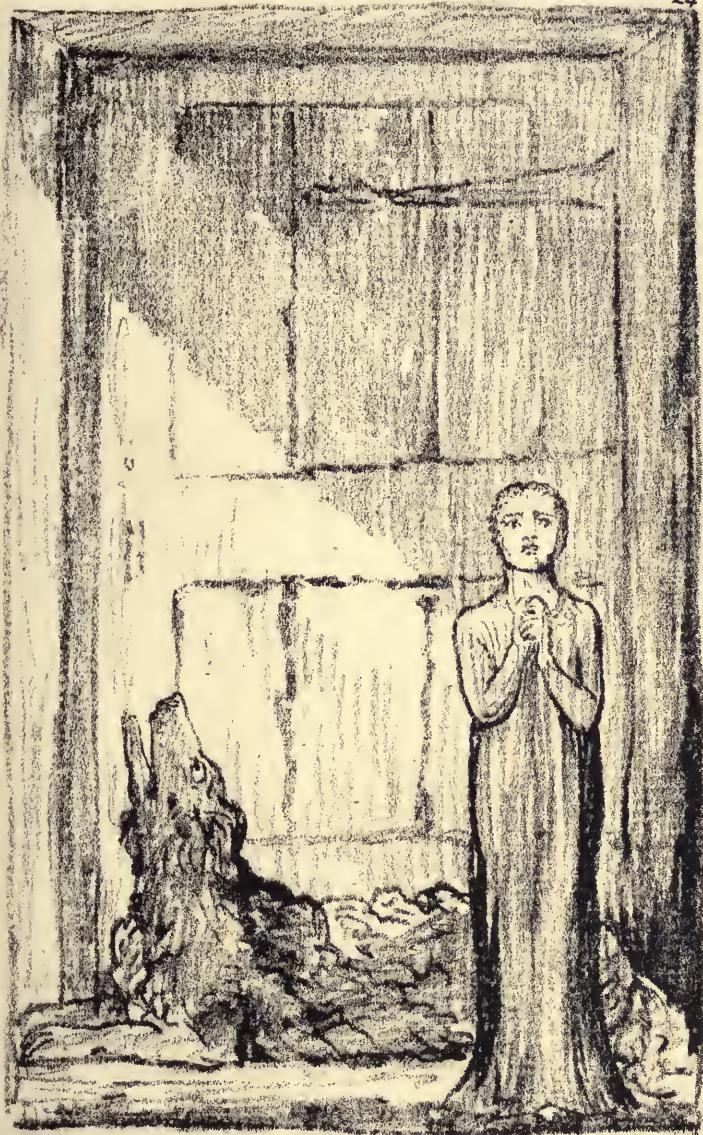
1 Then the Inhabitants of those Cities:
Felt their Nerves change into Marrow
And hardening Bones began
In swift diseases and torments
In thrabbings & shottings & grindings
Thro all the coasts; all weaken'd
The Senses inward rush'd shrinking
Beneath the dark net of infection.

2 Till the shrunken eyes clouded over
Discord, not the woven hypocrisy
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 remained

3 Six days they shrink up from existence
And on the seventh day they rested
And they blost 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





Urizen C.IX.

They lived a period of years
Then left a ransam body
To the jaws of devouring darkness

For the vans of the inhabitants
Were murther'd & devoured, & cold:
And their eyes could not discern.
Their brethren at other cities

5. And their children wote, & built
Tombs in the desolate places
And forswid laws of prudence and
called them the eternal laws of God

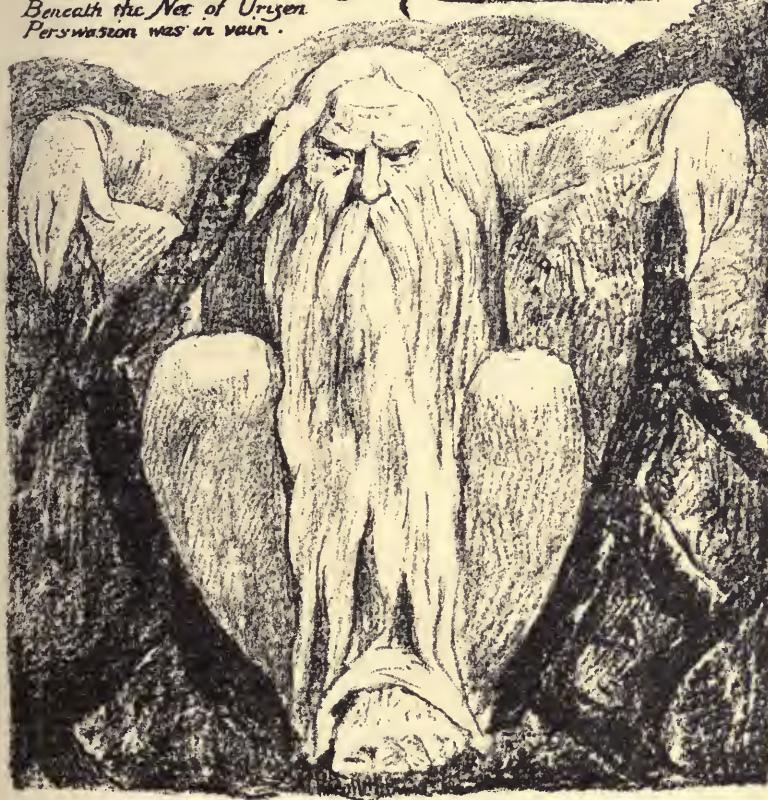
8. So Fuzan callid all together
The remaining children of Urizen
And they left the pendulous earth
They called it Egypt, & left it.

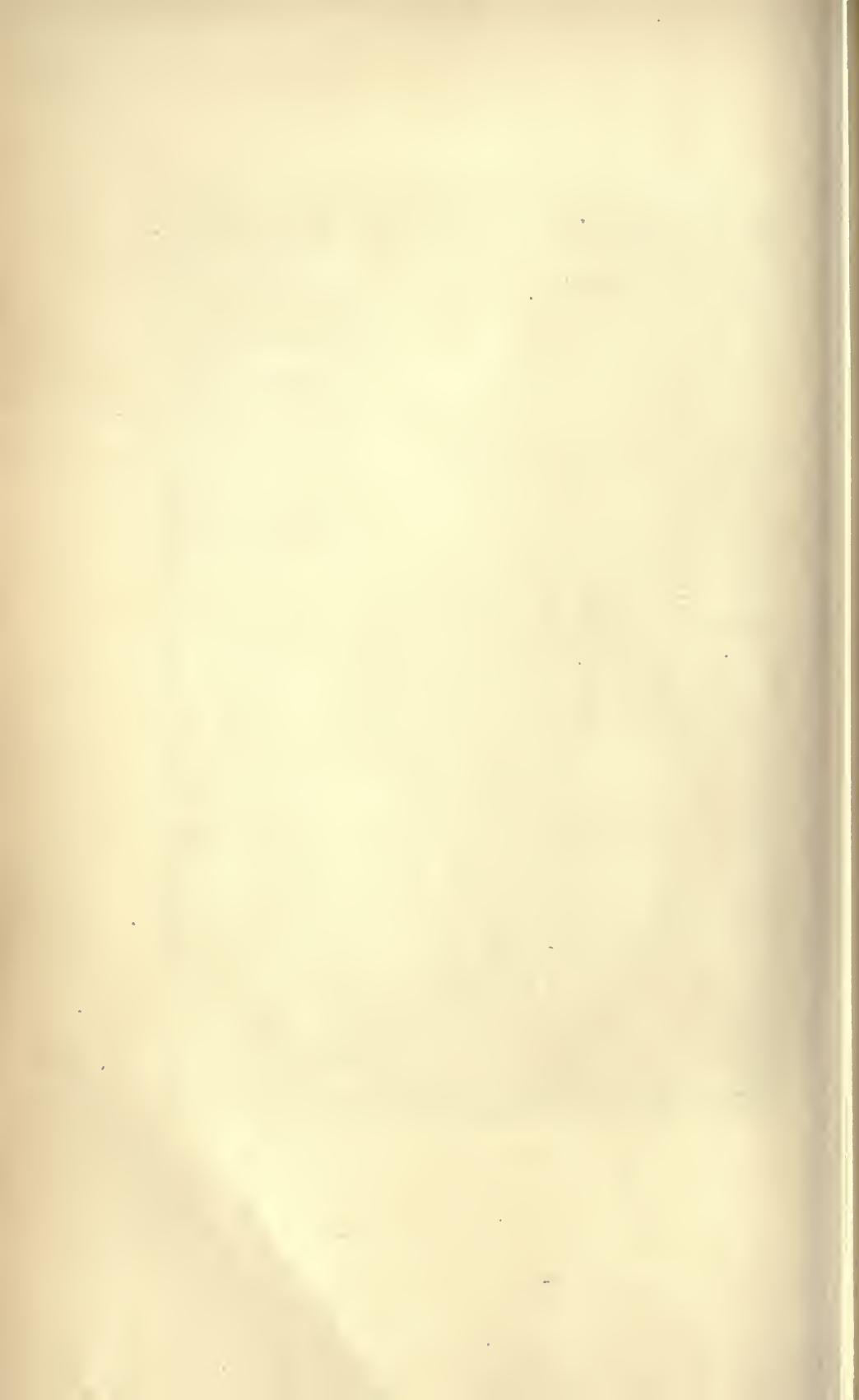
6. And the thirty cities remained
Surrounded by salt floods, now callit
Africa: its name was then Egypt

9. And the salt ocean called englolo

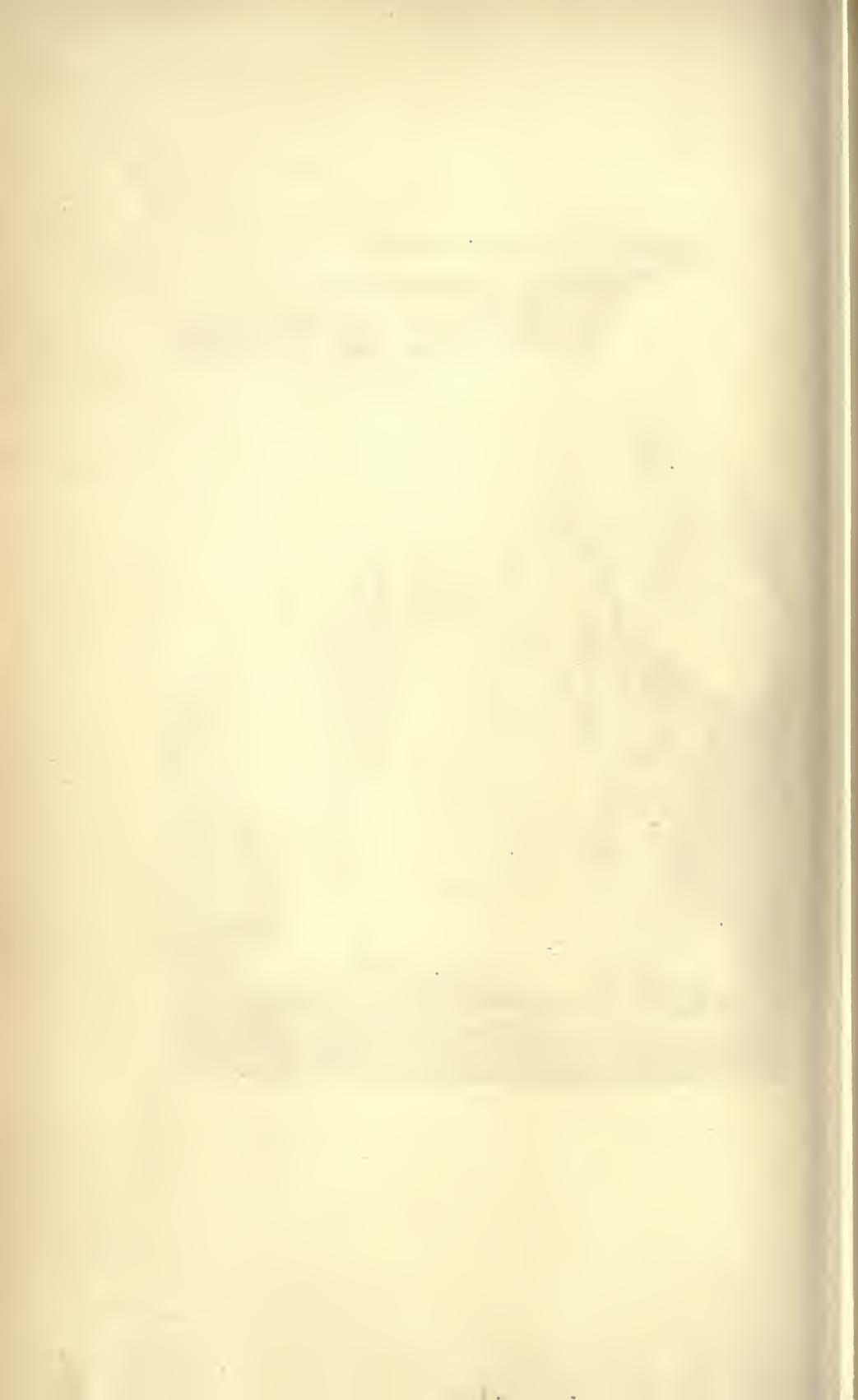
7. The remaining sons of Urizen
Beheld their brethren shrink together
Beneath the Net of Urizen
Persuasion was in vain.

The End of the
first book of Urizen

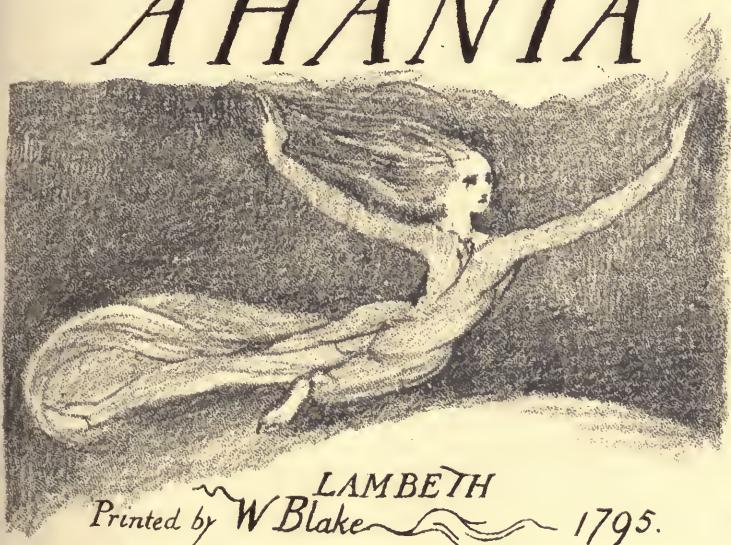








THE
BOOK of
AHANIA



Printed by W Blake LAMBETH 1795.

AHADA

Chap: Ist

1. Fugen on a chariot iron-wing'd
On spiked flames rose: his hot visage
Flam'd furious! sparkles his hair & beard
Shot down his rude bosom and shoulders
On clouds of smoke rages his chariot
And his right hand burn'd red in its
cloud ~~~~~~
Moulding into a vast globe his wrath
As the thunder-stone is moulded
Son of Uryzen's silent burnings
2. Shall we worship this Demon of smoke.
Said Fugen this abstract non-entity
This cloudy God seated on water?
Now seen, non obscure! King of sorrow?
3. So he spoke in a fiery flame.
On Uryzen 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 flamed beam
The broad Disk of Uryzen upheav'd
Aerols the Void many a mile.
5. It was forg'd in mills where the winter
Beats incessant, i.e. winters the disk
- Uaremuring endur'd the cold hammer
~~~~~beril
6. But the strong arm that sent it renown'd  
The sounding beam, laughing it tore through  
That beaten mals: keeping its direction  
The cold loins of Uryzen dividing.
7. Dire strok'd his invisible Lust  
Deep groan'd Uryzen! stretching his awful hand  
Ahura (so name his parted soul)  
He seld on his mountain of Jealousy  
He groan'd anguished & called her Sin,  
Kisring her and weeping over her.  
Then hid her in darkness in silence  
Jealous tho' she was invisible.
8. She fell down a faint shadow standring  
In chaos and circling dark Uryzen  
As the moon anguished circles the earth,  
Hopeless! abhorred! a death-shadow.  
Unseen, unbodied, unknown.  
The mother of Pestilence.
9. But the fiery beam of Fugen  
Was a pillar of fire to Egypt  
Five hundred years wandering on earth  
Till Los siegd it and beat it a mals  
With the body of the sun.

Chap: II:

1. But the forehead of Urien gathering  
And his eyes pale with anguish, his lips  
Blue & changing; in tears and bitter  
Gontrition he preparid his Bow.

2. Form'd of Ribs: that in his dark solitude  
When obscured in his forests tell monsters  
Arose For his dire Contemplations  
Rush'd down like floods from his mountains  
In wreaths of mud settling thick.  
With Eggs of unnatural production  
Forthwith hatching, some howld on his hills  
Some in vales; some alft flew in air

3. Of these, an enormous dread Serpent  
Scaled and poisonous harned  
Approach'd Urien even to his knees  
As he sat on his dark rooted Oak.

4. With his horns he pushid furious.  
Great the conflict & great the jealousy  
In cold poisons: but Urien smote him

5. First he poison'd the rocks with his blood  
Then polished his ribs, and his sinews  
Dried, laid them apart till winter.  
Then a Bow black prepard, 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 secrecy  
O nerve of that lust form'd monster.  
Send thus rock swift, invisible thru  
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 fix'd  
The sinew in its rest; then the Rock  
Poisonous source plac'd with art, listing dif-  
-fult  
Its weighty bulk: silent the rock lay

8. While Fuzon his rybers unloosing

Thought Urien slain by his wrath.  
I am God, said he eldest of things!

9. Sudden singt the rock, swift & invisible  
On Fuzon flow, cried his bosom.  
His beautiful visage, his tresses  
That gave light to the mornings of heaven  
Were smotter with darknes', deform'd  
And outstretch'd on the edge of the fo-  
rest

10. But the rock fell upon the Earth.  
Mount Sinai, in Arabia.

Chap III.

1. The Globe shook, and Urien seated  
On black clouds his sore wound arment  
The outrent flow'd down on the void  
Mix'd with blood, here the snake gets  
her poison

2. With difficulty & great pain, Urien  
Lifted on high the dead corse:  
On his shoulders he bore it to where  
A Tree hung over the Immensity

3. For when Urien strunk 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 pain'd 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 fel the earth  
And again sprung to many a tree.

4. Amaz'd starr'd Urien, when  
He beheld himself compass'd round  
And high rooted over with trees  
He arose but the stems stood so stuck  
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  
Environs itself all around.  
An endless labyrinth of woe!
6. The curse of his first begetting  
On the accursed Tree of Mystery.  
On the topmost stem of this tree  
Urgens nulld Fuzon's curse.
- Chap: IV.
1. Forth flew the arrows of pestilence  
Round the pale living Corpse on the tree
2. For in Urgens 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 anglobing.
3. Effluvia vapord' above  
In noxious clouds: these hover'd thick  
Over the disengag'd Immortal.  
Till petrific pain sturd' over the Lakes  
As the bones of man, solid & dark
4. The clouds of disease hover'd wide  
Round the Immortal in torment  
Perching around the hurting bones  
Disease on disease, shape on shape  
Winged screaming in blood & torment
5. The Eternal Prophet beat on his anvils  
Enraged in the desolate darkness  
He forged sets of iron around  
And Los threw them around the bones
6. The shapes, screaming Rutter'd vain  
Some combind. into muscles & glands  
Some organs for craving and lust  
Most remained on the tormented void.  
Urgens army of horrors.
7. Round the pale living Corpse on the tree  
Forth 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 harder than Asia  
Arose in the pendulous deep.
9. They repulze upon the Earth.  
10. Fuzon ground 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  
External fell round the Tree
2. And the voice cried: Ah Urgen! Lone!  
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 Larenels
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

*But I wander on the rocks  
With hard necessity.*

6. *Where is my golden palace  
Where my wavy bed  
Where the joy of my morning hour  
Where the sons of eternity singing?*

7. *To awake bright Uzzen, 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 breath 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  
Filled with eternal seed  
O' eternal births' song 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 Uzzen! sported and song,*

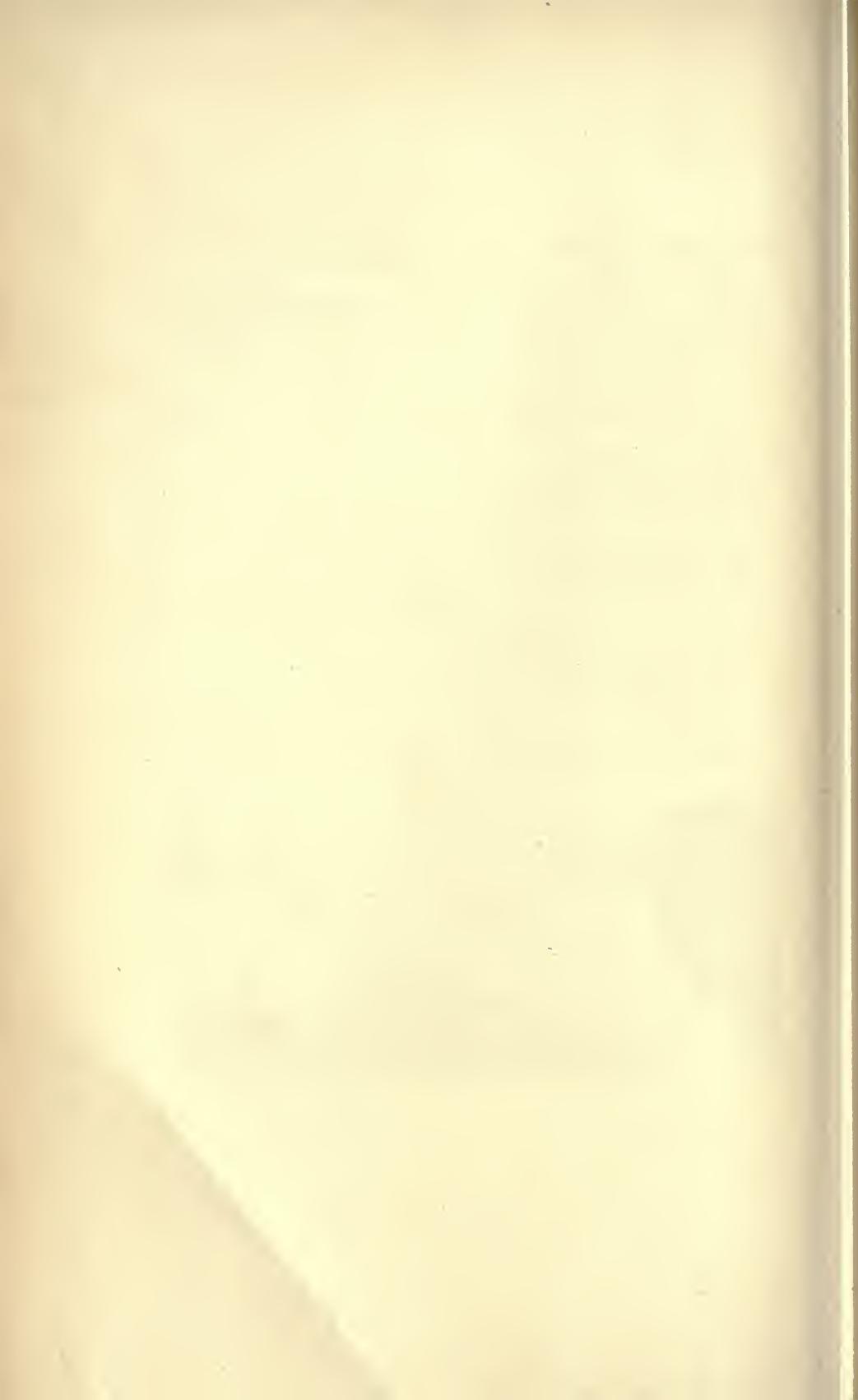
12. *Then thou with thy lap full of seed  
With thy hand full of generous fire  
Walked forth from the clouds of morning  
On the virgin's of springing joy  
On the human soul to cast  
The seed of eternal science.*

13. *The sweat poured down thy temples  
To Ahania returned in evening  
The moisture, awake to birth  
My mothers-joys, sleeping in bliss*

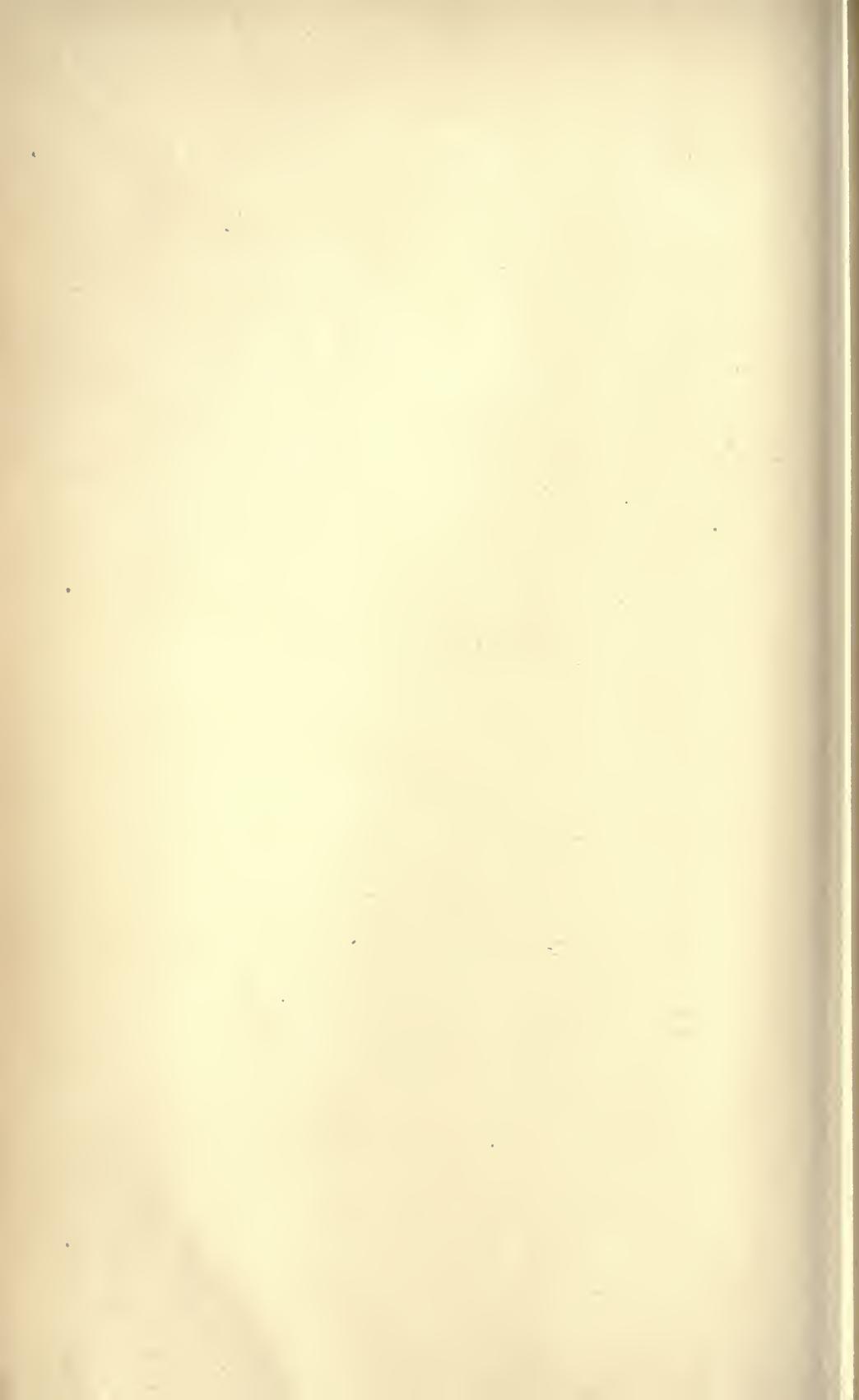
14. *But now alone over rocks, mountains  
Cast out from thy lovely bosom.  
Cruel jealousy! selfish fear!  
Self-destroying: how can delight  
Renew in these chains of darkness  
Where bones of beasts are strown  
On the bleak and snowy mountains?  
Where bones from the earth are buried  
Before they see the light.*

— FINIS —





TIRIEL.



## TIRIEL.

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### I.

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 darkened, and his wife fading in death  
They stood before their once delightful palace ; and thus the voice  
Of aged Tiriel arose, that his sons might hear in their gates.

“ Accursed race of Tiriel ! Behold your father ;  
Come forth and 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, and saw their aged parents stand :  
And thus the eldest son of Tiriel raised his mighty voice :—

“ Old man ! unworthy to be called the father of Tiriel’s race !  
For every one of those thy wrinkles, each of those grey hairs,  
Are cruel as death, and as obdurate as the devouring pit !  
Why should thy sons care for thy curses, thou accursed man ?  
Were we not slaves till we rebelled ? Who cares for Tiriel’s curse ?  
His blessing was a cruel curse ; his curse may be a blessing.”

He ceased. The aged man raised up his right hand to the heavens ;  
His left supported Myratana, shrinking in pangs of death.  
The orbs of his large eyes he opened, and thus his voice went forth :—

“ Serpents, not sons, wreathing around the bones of Tiriel !  
Ye worms of death, feasting upon your aged parents’ flesh,

Listen, and hear your mother's 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, nourished with mother's tears and  
cares !

Look at my eyes, blind as the orbless skull 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 drained 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 called a son of Zazel to dig their mother a grave.

“ Old cruelty, desist, and let us dig a grave for thee.  
Thou hast refused our charity, thou hast refused our food,  
Thou hast refused our clothes, our beds, our houses for thy dwelling,  
Choosing to wander like a son of Zazel in the rocks.  
Why dost thou curse ? Is not the curse now come upon thine head ?  
Was it not thou enslaved the sons of Zazel ? And they have cursed,  
And now thou feel'st it ! Dig a grave, and let us bury our mother.”

“ There, take the body, cursed sons ! And 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 and beast,  
Till your white bones are bleached 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 ceased, and darkling o'er the mountains sought his pathless way.

## II.

He wandered day and night. To him both day and night were dark :  
The sun he felt, but the bright moon was now a useless globe.  
O'er mountains and through vales of woe the blind and aged man  
Wandered, till He that leadeth all led him to the vales of Har.

And Har and Heva, like two children, sat beneath the oak.

Mnetha, now aged, waited on them, and brought them food and  
clothing.

But they were as the shadow of Har, and as the years forgotten ;  
Playing with flowers and running after birds they spent the day,  
And in the night like infants slept, delighted with infant dreams.

Soon as the blind wanderer entered the pleasant gardens of Har,  
They ran weeping, like frightened infants, for refuge in Mnetha's  
arms.

The blind man felt his way, and 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, and in what pleasant place ? "

" This is the valley of Har," said Mnetha, " and this is 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 and Heva, trembling like infants by my side."

" I know Tiriel is King of the West, and 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, and of the bones of death ;  
He wanders without eyes, and passes through thick walls and 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. And Mnetha said : "Come, Har and Heva, rise  
He is an innocent old man, and hungry with his travel."

Then Har arose, and laid his hand upon old Tiriel's head.

"God bless thy poor bald pate, God bless thy hollow winking eyes,  
God bless thy shrivelled beard, God bless thy many-wrinkled fore-  
head !

Thou hast no teeth, old man ! and thus I kiss thy sleek bald head.  
Heva, come, kiss his bald head, for he will not hurt us, Heva."

Then Heva came, and took old Tiriel in her mother's arms.

"Bless thy poor eyes, old man, and bless the old father of Tiriel !  
Thou art my Tiriel's old father ; I know thee through thy wrinkles,  
Because thou smeltest like the fig-tree, thou smeltest 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, and were all destroyed,  
And I their father sent an outcast. I have told you all :  
Ask me no more, I pray, for grief hath sealed 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 anything to drink ? "

Then Mnetha gave him milk and fruits, and they sat down together.

## III.

They sat and ate, and Har and Heva smiled 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 and ate ;  
He was as cheerful as a prince, and gave me entertainment.  
But long I stayed not at his palace, for I am forced to wander."

"What ! wilt thou leave us too ?" said Heva. "Thon shalt not leave  
us too,

For we have many sports to show thee, and many songs to sing ;  
And after dinner we will walk into the cage of Har,  
And thou shalt help us to catch birds, and gather them ripe cherries ;  
Then let thy name be Tiriel, and 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 ? Oh '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. Oh 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, and slept upon our fleeces.  
Go not, for thou art so like Tiriel that I love thine head,  
Though it is wrinkled like the earth parched with the summer heat."

Then Tiriel rose up from the seat, and said : " God bless these tents !

My journey is o'er rocks and mountains, not in pleasant vales ;  
I must not sleep nor rest, because of madness and dismay."

And Mnetha said : " Thou must not go to wander dark alone,  
But dwell with us, and let us be to thee instead of eyes,  
And I will bring thee food, old man, till death shall call thee hence."

Then Tiriel frowned, and answered : " Did I not command you saying

Madness and 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, and blessed him. He went on his way.

But Har and Heva stood and watched him till he entered the wood;  
And then they went and wept to Mnetha, but they soon forgot their tears.

#### IV.

Over the weary hills the blind man took his lonely way ;  
To him the day and night alike was dark and desolate.  
But far he had not gone when Ijim from his woods came down,  
Met him at entrance of the forest, in a dark and lonely way.

" Who art thou, eyeless wretch, that thus obstructest the lion's 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, and stand in shape of a blind beggar ? "

The blind man heard his brother's voice, and kneeled down on his knee.

"O brother Ijim, if it is thy voice that speaks to me,—  
Smite not thy brother Tiriel, though 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 and eyeless policy ;  
Rise up, for I discern thee, and I dare thy eloquent tongue.  
Come, I will lead thee on thy way, and use thee as a scoff."

"O brother Ijim, thou beholdest wretched Tiriel :  
Kiss me, my brother, and 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 discovered. I will use thee like a slave."

When Tiriel heard the words of Ijim, he sought not to reply :  
He knew 'twas vain, for Ijim's words were as the voice of Fate.

And they went on together, over hills, through woody dales,  
Blind to the pleasures of the sight, and deaf to warbling birds.

All day they walked, and all the night beneath the pleasant moon,  
Westwardly journeying, till Tiriel grew weary with his travel.

"O Ijim, I am faint and 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 thou wilt lose thy once-loved Tiriel. Alas ! how faint I am !"

"Impudent fiend !" said Ijim, "hold thy glib and eloquent  
tongue ;—  
Tiriel is a king, and thou the tempter of dark Ijim.  
Drink of this running brook, and I will bear thee on my shoulders."

He drank ; and Ijim raised him up, and bore him on his shoulders.  
All day he bore him ; and, when evening drew her solemn curtain,  
Entered the gates of Tiriel's palace, and stood and called aloud.

"Heuxos, come forth ! I here have brought the fiend that troubles  
Ijim.

Look ! know'st thou aught of this grey beard, or of these blinded  
eyes ? "

Heuxos and Lothro ran forth at the sound of Ijim's voice,  
And saw their aged father borne upon his mighty shoulders.  
Their eloquent tongues were dumb, and sweat stood on their trembling  
limbs ;  
They knew 'twas vain to strive with Ijim. They bowed and 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, and left him rotting in the forest  
For birds to eat. But I have scarce departed from the place,  
But like a tiger he would come, and so I rent him too.  
Then like a river he would seek to drown me in his waves,  
But soon I buffeted the torrent; anon like to a cloud  
Franght with the swords of lightning, but I braved the vengeance  
too.

Then he would creep like a bright serpent, till around my neck  
While I was sleeping he would twine : I squeezed his poisonous 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 poisonous shrub.

At last I caught him in the form of Tiriel blind and old,  
And so I'll keep him. Fetch your father, fetch forth Myratana."

They stood confounded, and thus Tiriel raised his silver voice.

"Serpents, not sons, why do you stand ? Fetch hither Tiriel,  
Fetch hither Myratana, and delight yourselves with scoffs ;  
For poor blind Tiriel is returned, and this much-injured head  
Is ready for your bitter taunts. Come forth, sons of the curse ! "

Meantime the other sons of Tiriel ran around their father,  
Confounded at the terrible strength of Ijim. They knew 'twas vain,  
Both spear and shield were useless, and the coat of iron mail,  
When Ijim stretched his mighty arm; the arrow from his limbs  
Rebounded, and the piercing sword broke on his naked flesh.

"Then is it true, Heuxos, that thou has turned thy aged parent  
To be the sport of wintry winds," said Ijim: "is this true ?  
It is a lie, and I am like the tree torn by the wind,  
Thou eyeless fiend and you dissemblers ! Is this Tiriel's house ?  
It is as false as Matha, and as dark as vacant Orcus.  
Escape, ye fiends, for Ijim will not lift his hand against ye."

So saying, Ijim gloomy turned his back, and silent sought  
The secret forests, and all night wandered in desolate ways.

## V.

And aged Tiriel stood and said: "Where does the thunder sleep ?  
Where doth he hide his terrible head ? and his swift and fiery  
daughters,  
Where do they shroud their fiery wings, and the terrors of their  
hair ?  
Earth, thus I stamp thy bosom ! rouse the earthquake from his  
den,  
To raise his dark and burning visage through the cleaving ground,  
To thrust these towers with his shoulders ! Let his fiery dogs  
Rise from the centre, belching flames and roaring dark smoke !  
Where art thou, Pestilence, that bathest in fogs and standing lakes ?  
Raise up thy sluggish limbs, and let the loathsomest of poisons  
Drop from thy garments as thou walkest, wrapped in yellow clouds !  
Here take thy seat in this wide court ; let it be strewn with dead ;  
And sit and smile upon these cursed sons of Tiriel !  
Thunder, and fire, and pestilence, hear you not Tiriel's curse ?"

He ceased. The heavy clouds confused rolled round the lofty towers,  
 Discharging their enormous voices at the father's curse.  
 The earth trembled, fires belched from the yawning clefts,  
 And, when the shaking ceased, a fog possessed the accursed clime.  
 The cry was great in Tiriel's palace. His five daughters ran,  
 And caught him by the garments, weeping with cries of bitter woe.  
 "Ay, now you feel the curse, you cry! but may all ears be deaf  
 As Tiriel's, and all eyes as blind as Tiriel's, 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, thou shalt lead me from this place;  
 And let the curse fall on the rest, and wrap them up together!"  
 He ceased, and Hela led her father from the noisome place.  
 In haste they fled, while all the sons and daughters of Tiriel,  
 Chained in thick darkness, uttered cries of mourning all the night.  
 And in the morning, lo! an hundred men in ghastly death,  
 The four daughters, stretched on the marble pavement, silent, all  
 Fallen 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 Tiriel's sons remained, to wither in the palace—  
 Desolate, loathed, dumb, astonished—waiting for black death.

## VI.

And Hela led her father through the silence of the night,  
 Astonished, silent, till the morning beams began to spring.  
 "Now, Hela, I can go with pleasure, and dwell with Har and Heva  
 Now that the curse shall clean devour all those guilty sons.  
 This is the right and ready way; I know it by the sound  
 That our feet make. Remember, Hela, I have saved 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, and all the time of grace is past.  
You see the parents' curse. Now lead me where I have com-  
manded."

"O leagued with evil spirits, thou accursed man of sin—  
True, I was born thy slave. Who asked thee to save me from death?  
'Twas for thyself, thou cruel man, because thou wantest eyes."

"True, Hela, this is the desert of all those cruel ones.  
Is Tiriel cruel? Look! his daughter—and his youngest daughter—  
Laughs at affection, glories in rebellion, scoffs at love.  
I have not ate these two days; lead me to Har and Heva's tent,  
Or I will wrap thee up in such a terrible father's curse  
That thou shalt feel worms in thy marrow creeping through thy  
bones;  
Yet thou shalt lead me. Lead me, I command, to Har and Heva."

"O cruel! O destroyer! O consumer! O avenger!  
To Har and 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!  
Oh they are holy and forgiving, filled with loving mercy,  
Forgetting the offences of their most rebellious children,  
Or else thou wouldest not have lived to curse thy helpless children.

"Look on my eyes, Hela, and 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 seized with poisonous  
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, and hang upon thy bones  
Fell shaking agonies, and 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, and cursed thy aged father:  
Let snakes rise from thy bedded locks, and laugh among thy curls!"

He ceased. Her dark hair upright stood, while snakes infolded round  
Her madding brows: her shrieks appalled the soul of Tiriel.

"What have I done, Hela, my daughter? Fear'st thou now the  
curse,  
Or wherefore dost thou cry? Ah wretch, to curse thy aged father!  
Lead me to Har and Heva, and the curse of Tiriel  
Shall fail. If thou refuse, howl in the desolate mountains."

## VII.

She, howling, led him over mountains and through frighted vales,  
Till to the caves of Zazel they approached at eventide.

Forth from their caves old Zazel and his sons ran, when they saw  
Their tyrant prince blind, and his daughter howling and leading him.

They laughed and mocked; some threw dirt and stones as they  
passed by.

But, when Tiriel turned around and raised his awful voice,  
Some fled away; but Zazel stood still, and thus began:—

"Bald tyrant, wrinkled cunning, listen to Zazel's 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 and eat some roots, and 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, and smote his breast, and 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 tigers fled.  
All night they wandered through the wood ; and, 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 and Heva slept fearless as babes on loving breasts.  
Mnetha awoke ; she ran and stood at the tent-door, and saw  
The aged wanderer led towards the tents. She took her bow,  
And chose her arrows, then advanced to meet the terrible pair.

### VIII.

And Mnetha hasted, and met them at the gate of the lower garden.

"Stand still, or from my bow receive a sharp and winged death !"

Then Tiriel stood, saying : "What soft voice threatens such bitter things ?

Lead me to Har and Heva : I am Tiriel, King of the West."  
And Mnetha led them to the tent of Har ; and Har and 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, and Tiriel's wisdom, end together in a curse.  
Why is one law given to the lion and the patient ox,  
And why men bound beneath the heavens in a reptile form,  
A worm of sixty winters creeping on the dusty 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 the  
couch.

The young bosom is cold for lack of mother's nourishment, and  
milk

Is cut off from the weeping mouth with difficulty and pain.

The little lids are lifted, and the little nostrils opened ;

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 foot-  
steps

Upon the sand. And, when the dronc has reached his crawling  
length,

Black berries appear that poison all around him. Such was Tiriel,—

Compelled to pray repugnant and to humble the immortal spirit,

Till I am subtle as a serpent in a paradise,

Consuming all—both flowers and fruits, insects and warbling birds.

And now my paradise is fallen, and 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 ceased, outstretched at Har and Heva's feet in awful death.

THE END.



The Author & Printer Will "Blake. 1780.

## *Thel's Motto.*

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 Mine 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:

5 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  
10 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 gently rest my head.  
And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and gently hear the voice  
Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.

15 The Lilly of the valley breathing in the humble grafts  
Answerd 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 risu'd from heaven and he that smiles on all  
Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads his hand  
Saying, rejoice thou humble graft, thou new-born lilly flower,  
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest brooks:  
For thou shall 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

Why should the mistress of the vales of Har, utter a sigh.  
She ceased & smild in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.

2

Thel answerd, O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley,  
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the derided.  
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, & lamest 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 answerd, 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



## II.

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 shewd his golden head & his bright form emerged,  
 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 Lurah doth renew his horses: lookst 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 count the fair eyed dews, 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 Mar, 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 reclined 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,

(int)

## III.



III.

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 Lilly's leaf:  
Ah weep not little voice, thou canst not speak, but thou canst 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 & rais'd her pitying head;  
She boud over the weeping infant, and her life exhal'd  
In milky fondness, then on Thel she fix'd her humble eyes

O beauty of the vales of Hay, 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

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 bruised 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 answerd: 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.



## IV.

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 intixes deep its restless twists:  
 A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen.

She wandered 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 Eyeads stord with arrows ready drawn,  
 Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie?  
 Or an Eye of gifts & graces showing fruits & coined  
 gold?  
 Why a Tongue imprestid 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 unhinder'd till she came into the vales of  
 Flair



The End

# VISIONS the Daughters of Abion

The Eye sees more than the Heart knows.

Printed by Will:™ Blake : 1793.

# The Argument

I loved Theotoman  
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

Enslaved, the Daughters of Albion weep; a trembling lamentation  
Upon their mountains; in their valleys, sighs toward America.

For the soft soul of America, Oothica wandered in woe,  
Along the vales of Leutha seeking flowers to comfort her;  
And thus she spoke to the bright Marigold 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 Oothoo the <sup>(mild)</sup>  
Another flower shall spring, because the soul of sweet delight  
Can never pass away, she ceased & closed her golden shrine.

Then Oothoo plucked 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 Theotarmans reign, took her impetuous course.

Bromian rapt her with his thunders, on his stormy bed  
Lay the faint maid, and soon her woes appalled his thunderous house

Bromian spoke, behold this harlot here on Bromians bed.  
And let the jealous dolphins sport around the lovely maid;  
Thy sole American plains are mine, and mine thy north & south:  
Stumpt 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;



27

Now thou must marry Bromions harlot, and protect the child  
Of Bromions rage, that Oothoon shall put forth in nine moons' <sup>time</sup>

Then strews next Theotormon's links; he roll'd 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 Theotorman sets wearing the threshold hard  
With secret tears; beneath him sound like waves on a desert 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 Theotormon Eagles to prey upon her flesh.

I call with holy voice! hands of the sounding air.  
Rend away this defiled bosom that I may reflect.  
The image of Theotorman on my pure transparent breast.



The Eagles at her call descend & rend their bleeding prey;  
Theotorman severely smiles, her soul reflects the smile;  
As the clear spring muddled with feet of beasts grows pure & smiles.

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.

Why does my Theotorman sit weeping upon the threshold:  
And Oothoon hovers by his side, persuading him in vain:  
I cry arise O Theotorman 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 mighty 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 Theotorman I am pure.  
Because the night is gone that dash'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 unclose me up.  
And they inclois'd my infinite brain into a narrow circle.  
And sunk my heart into the Abyss, a red round globe hot burning  
Till all forg. 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 Theotorman hears me not, to lurn the night and morn  
Are both alike; a night of sighs, a morn'g of fresh tears;

And none but Bromian 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 spicess  
Love to curl round the bones of death; and ask the ravenous snake  
Where she gets poison; & the winged eagle why he loves the sun  
And then tell me the thoughts of man, that have been full 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 defiled when I reflect thy unage pure? (woe  
Sweetest the fruit that the worm feeds on, & the swal preid on by  
The new wash'd lamb ting'd with the village snake & the bright swan.  
By the red earth of our immortal river; I bathe my wings.  
And I am white and pure to hover round Theotormons' breast.

Then Theotormon broke his silence, and he answered.

Tell me what is the night or day to one overflowd 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 mountauns





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  
Gardens into a present sorrow and a night of pain  
Where goest thou i 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 desert wilds, from the eyes of the enier.

Then Bromian 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 unpercieved, 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 Oothaan waited silent all the day, and all the night,

But when the morn arose, her lamentation renew'd,  
The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.



O Urien! 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 counsellor, or the dog, far a schoolmaster to thy children?  
Does he who contains poverty, and he who turns with abhorrence  
From usury: feel the same palsies 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 scorns 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 furmer?  
What are his nets & guns & traps, & how does he surround him  
With cold floods of abstraction, and with forests of solitude,  
To build him castles and high spires, where fangs & 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 chulling murderous thoughts obscure  
The clear heaven of her eternal spring, to bear the wintry rage  
Of a harsh terror drawn to madnes, 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 loathes  
And the impure scourge force his seed into its unripe birth  
Ever yet his eyelids can behold the arrows of the day.

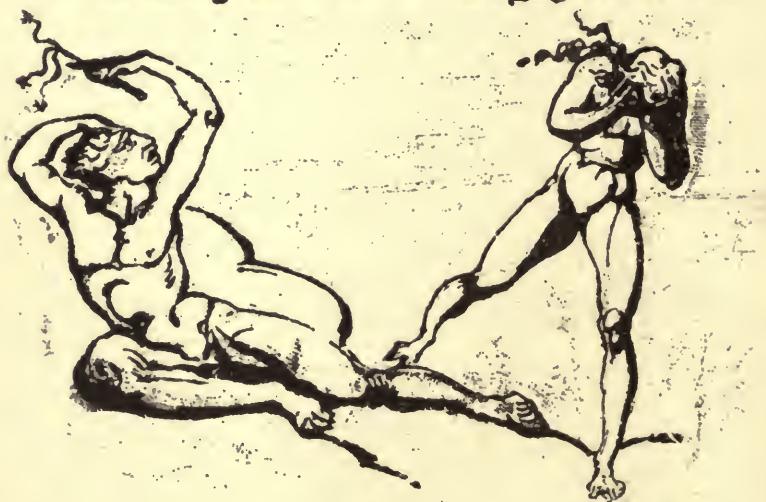


Does the whale worship at thy footsteps as the hungry dog?  
Or does he scent the mountain prey, because his nostrils wide  
Draw in the ocean? does his eye discern the flying cloud  
As the raven's eye? or does he measure the expanse like the vulture?  
Does the still spider view the cliffs where eagles 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 waror erect a pillar in the mouldering church yard?

6  
And a palace of eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave,  
Over his porch these words are written. Take thy bals O Man!  
And sweet shall be thy taste & sweet thy instant joys renew!

Splendor, 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, subtle modesty, child of night, & sleep  
When thou awkest, mit thy dissemble all thy secret joys  
Or wert thou not awake when all this mystery was disclosed?  
Then comest 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, evn 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 man  
And does my Theotorman 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 Theotorman 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  
It is 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 darknes is unpresled with reflections of desire.

Father of Jealousy, be thou accursed from the earth!  
Why hast thou taught my Theotoman this accursed thing?  
Till beauty fades from off my shoulders darkened and cast out,  
A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of non-entity.

I cry, 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 blit on blit with Theotoman:  
Red as the rasy morning, lustful as the first born beam,  
Oothoon shall view his dear delight, nor e'er with jealous cloud  
Care in the heaver of generous love; nor selfish blightings bring.

Does the sun walk in glorious raiment, on the secret floor

/ drop

Where the cold miser spreads his gold; or does the bright cloud  
 On his same 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 covering to her limbs;  
 And the wild snake, the pestilence to adorn him with gears & gold.  
 And trees, & birds, & beasts, & men, behold their eternal joy.  
 Arise you little glancing mites, and sing your infant joy!  
 Arise and drink your bliss, for every thing that lives is holy!

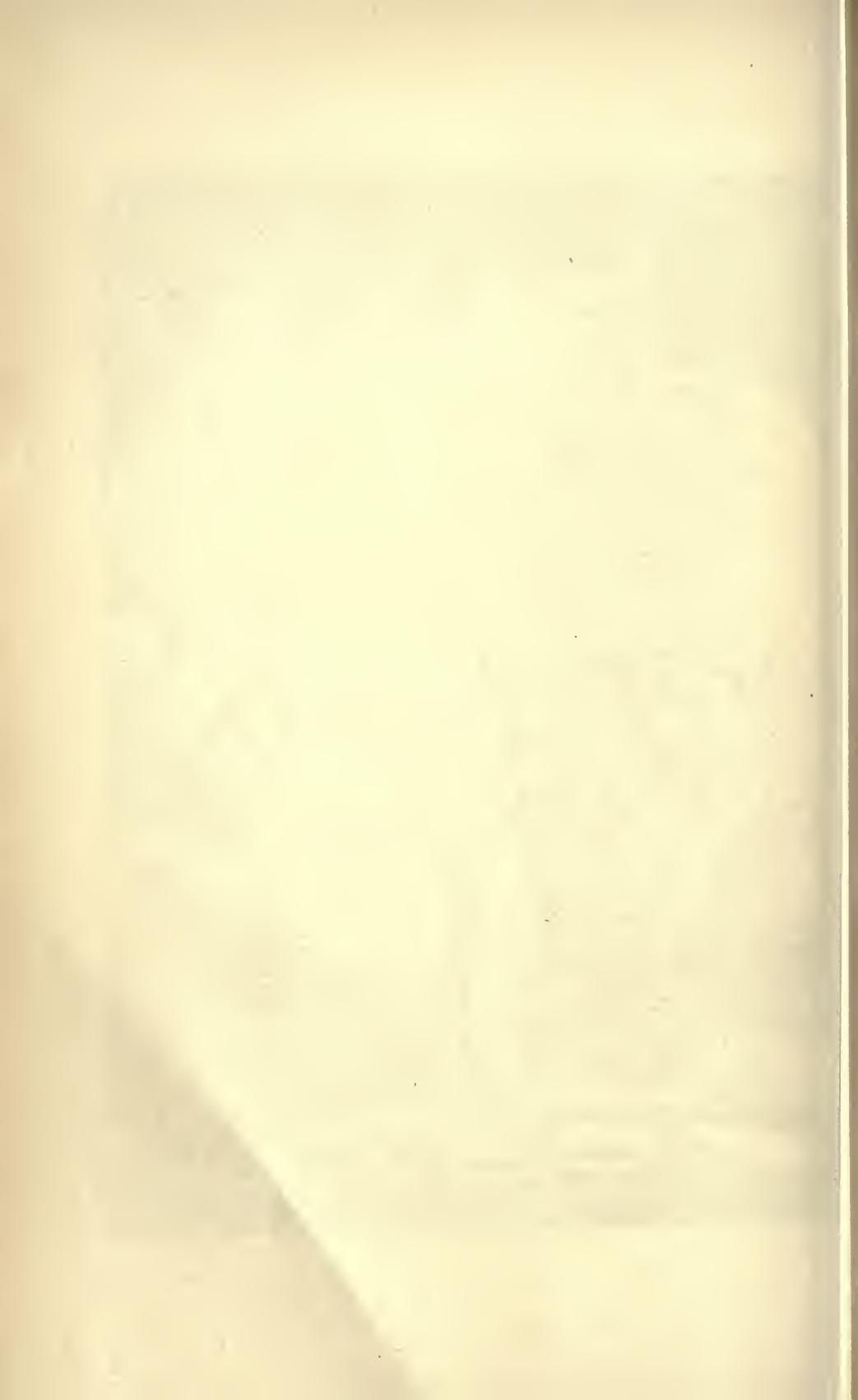
Thus every morning wails Oothoon, but Theotarman sits  
 Upon the margin'd ocean conversing with Shalons dice.

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.

"The End"



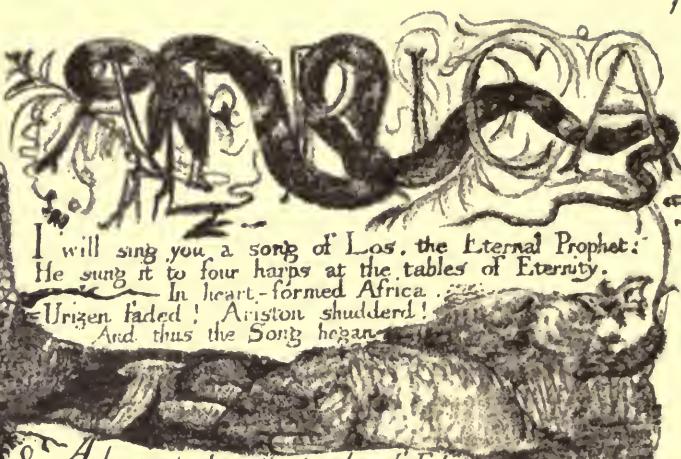




THE  
SONG of  
LIES



Lambeth Printed by WBlake 1795

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! Arion shuddered!  
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 shuddered! Noah sadri blinck from the sunny  
When Nuntruh gave Abstract Philosophy to Bruma in the East.  
(Night spoke to the Cloud.)  
Lo these Human form'd spirits in smiling hypocrisy War  
Against one another; so let them War on; slaves to the  
eternal Elements)  
Noah shrank beneath the waters  
Abram fled in fires from Choden:  
Moses beheld upon Mount-Sinai forms of dark delusion:

To Trismegistus, Palamabron gave an abstract Law:  
To Pythagoras Socrates & Plato,

Times rolled on ver all the sons of Har-time after time  
Ore on Mount Atlas howld chund down with the Chain of Souldy  
Then Ophiohar howld over Judith & Jerusalem  
And Jesus heard her voice (a man of sorrows) he receivit  
A Gospel from wretched Thothorun.

The human race began to wither for the healthy built  
Secluded places fearing the joys of Love  
And the diseased only propagated:  
So Antemon callid up Leutha from her vallyes of delight:  
And to Mahomet a loose Bible gave.

But in the North, to Odin Setha gave a Code of War.  
Because of Divalada thinking to reclaim his joy.

These were the Churches: Hospitals: Castles: Palaces:  
 Like nets & guns & traps to catch the joys of Eternity  
 And all the rest a desert;  
 Till like a dream Eternity was obliterated & erased.

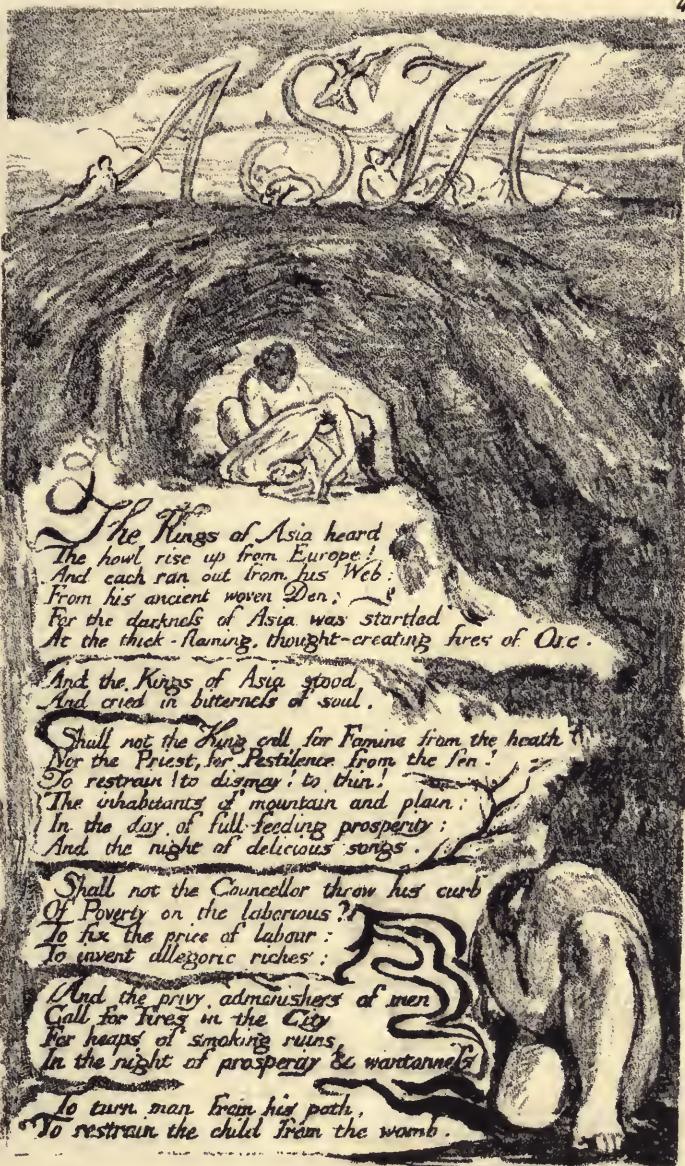
Since that dread day when Har and Heva fled.  
 Because their brethren & sisters liv'd in War & Lust:  
 And as they fled they shrunk  
 Into two narrow doleful forms:  
 Creeping in reptile flesh upon  
 The bosom of the ground:  
 And all the vast of Nature shrunk  
 Before their shrunken eyes.

Thus the terrible race of Los & Eritharman gave  
 Laws & Religions to the sons of Har binding them more  
 And more to Earth: clasping 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 deserts of Africa round the fallen Angels  
 The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent.







*To cut off the bread from the ear,  
That the remnant may learn to obey.*

*That the pride of the heart may fail,  
That the lust of the eyes may be quenched;  
That the delicate ear in its whiteness  
May be dulled; and the nostrils closed up  
To teach mortal worms the path  
That leads from the gates of the Grave.*

*Urin heard them cry;  
And his shuddering winged winds  
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 stayed 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 Uriel bellow'd aloud,  
From his woven darknes above.*

*Orc raging in European darkness  
Arose like a pillar of fire above the Alps  
Like a serpent of fiery flame!*

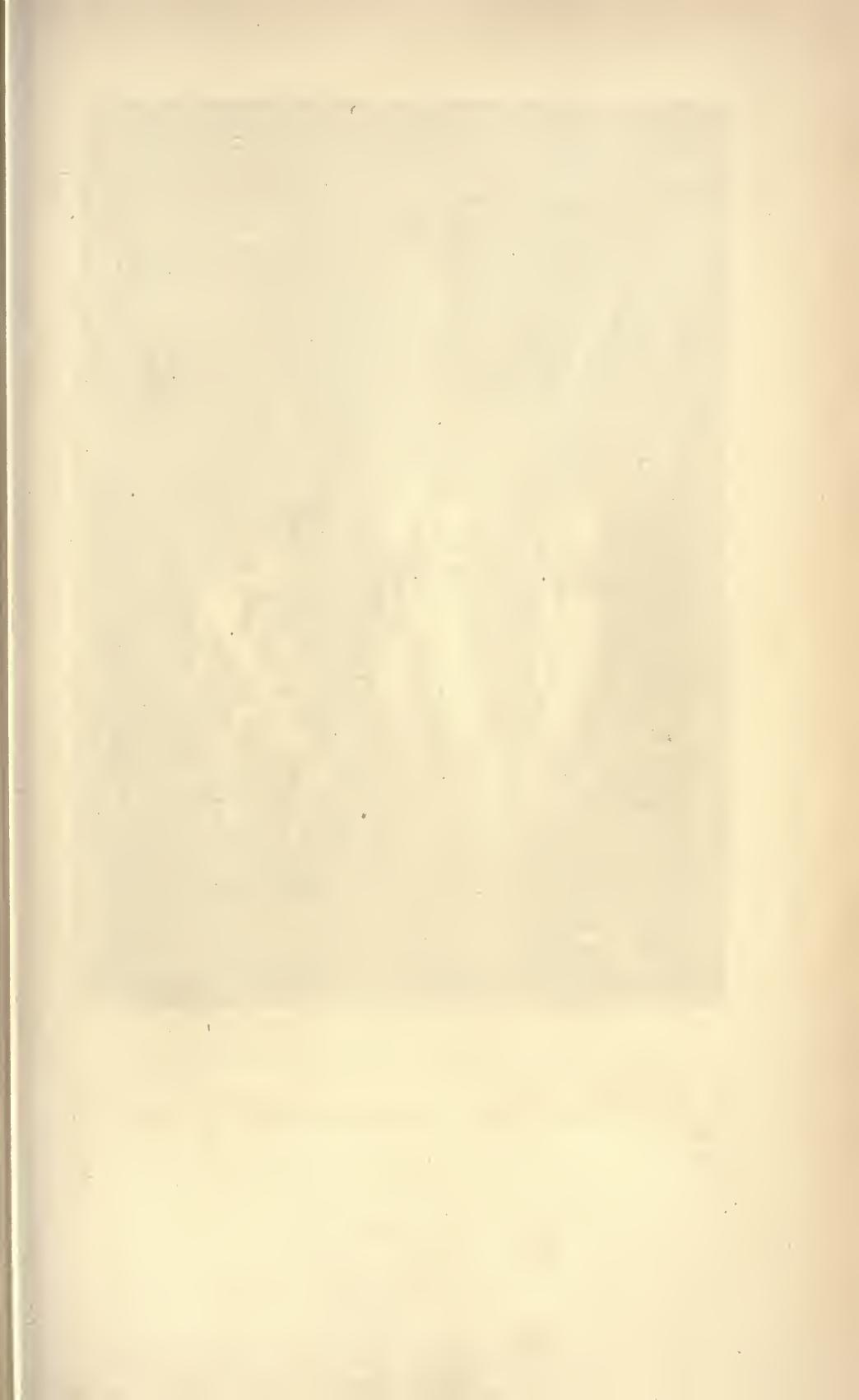
*The sullen Earth  
Shrunk,*

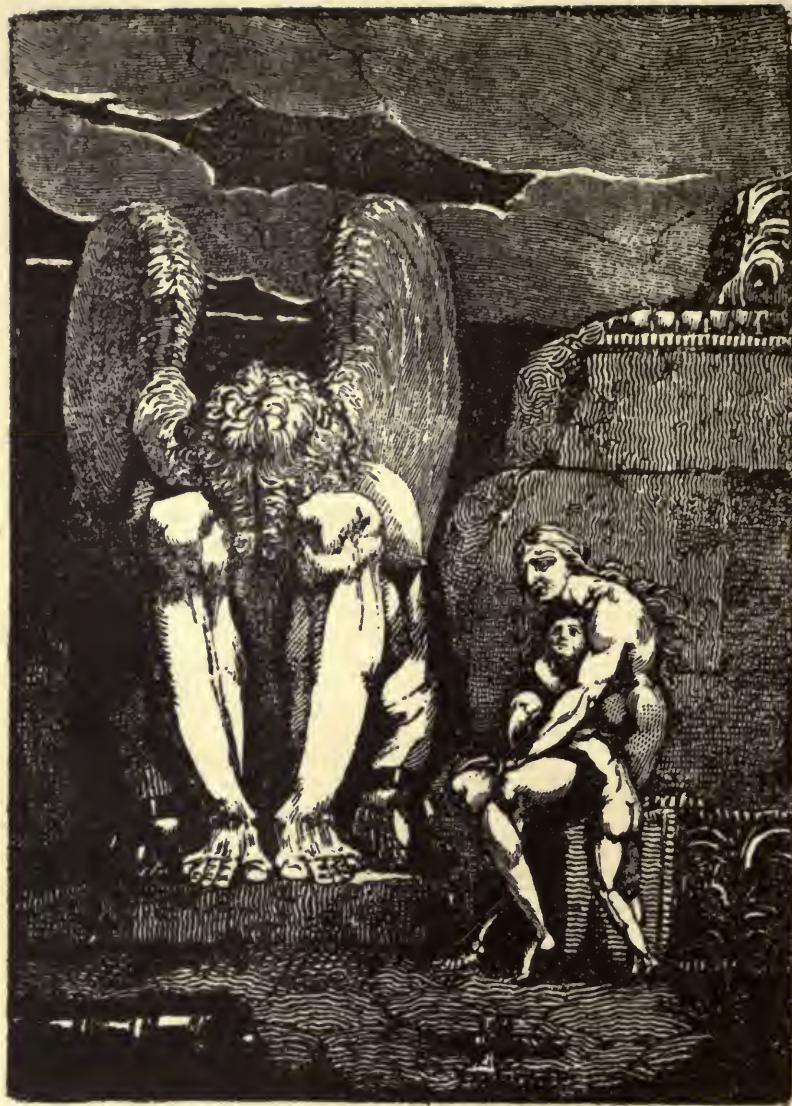
*Forth from the dead dust, rattling bones to bones  
Took, shaking convolv'd the shivering clay breathes  
And all flesh naked stands; Fathers and friends;  
Mothers & infants; Kings & Warriors;*

*The Grave shrieks with delight, & shakes  
Her hollow womb, & clasps the split stem.  
Her bosom swells with wild desire;  
And milk & blood & bladders mix  
In rivers rush'd, show'd & dance,  
On mountain, dale and plain.*

*The SONG of LOS is Ended.*

*Urin Wept.*



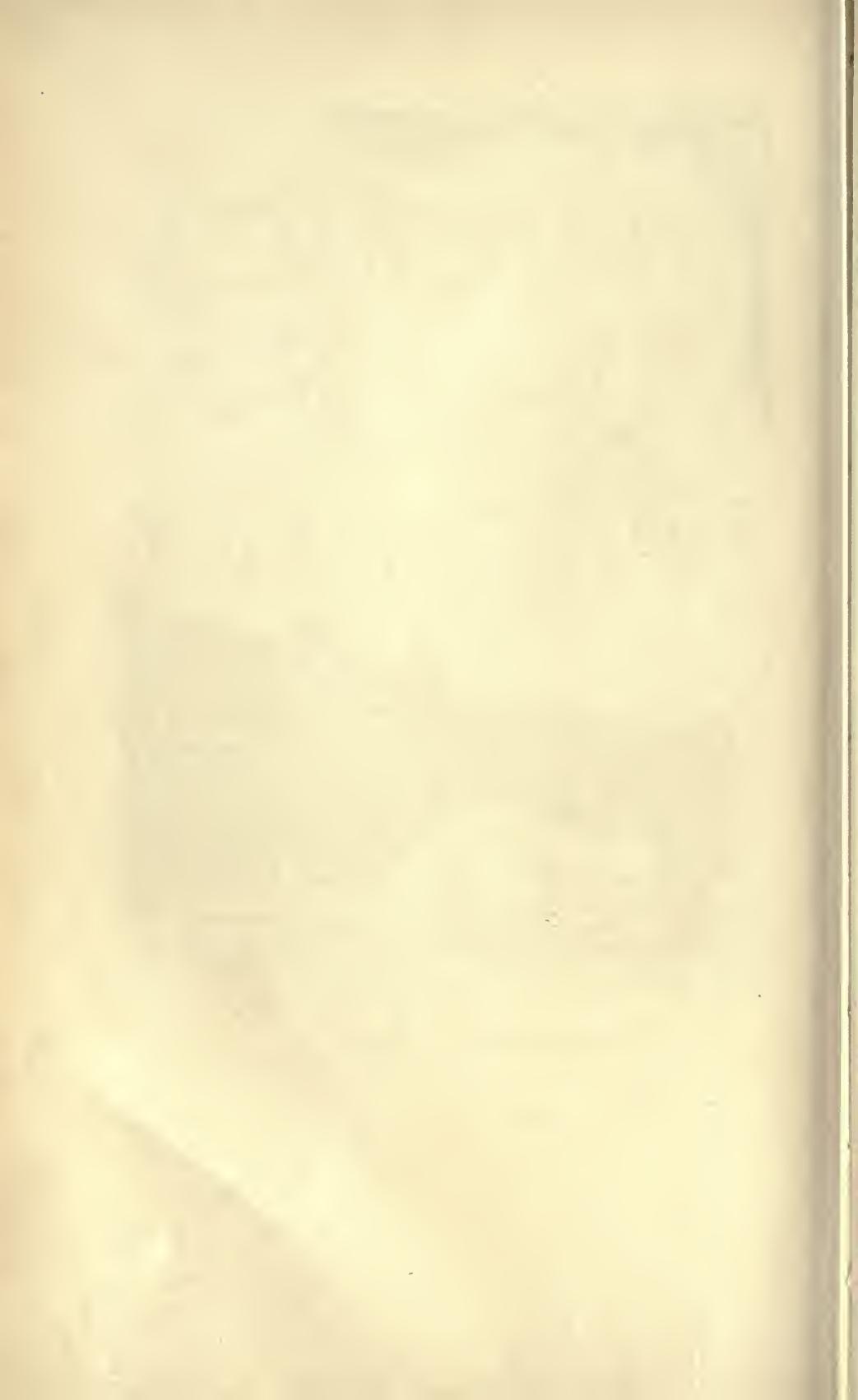


# AMERICA PROPHETIC



181965  
Jerusalem

LAMBETH  
Printed by William Blake in the year 1793.



# Preludium



The shadowy daughter of Urthona stood before red Orc,  
When fourteen suns had faintly journey'd o'er his dark abode;  
His load she brought in iron basketis, his drink in cups of iron:  
Crown'd with a helmet & dark hair the nameless female stood,  
Al quiver with its burning stores; a beldame that of night.  
When pestilence is shot from heaven, no other arms she needs,  
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 own tongue could voice or sound arise,  
But dumb till that dread day when Orc alay'd his fierce embrace.

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Dark virgin, said the hairy youth, thy father stern abhorrd;  
Rivers 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 raving fathomless abyss, anon a serpent folding  
Around the pillars of Urthona, and round thy dark limbs,  
On the Canadian wilds I hold, feeble my spirit folds.  
For chained beneath I rend these caverns; when thou bringest mead  
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.

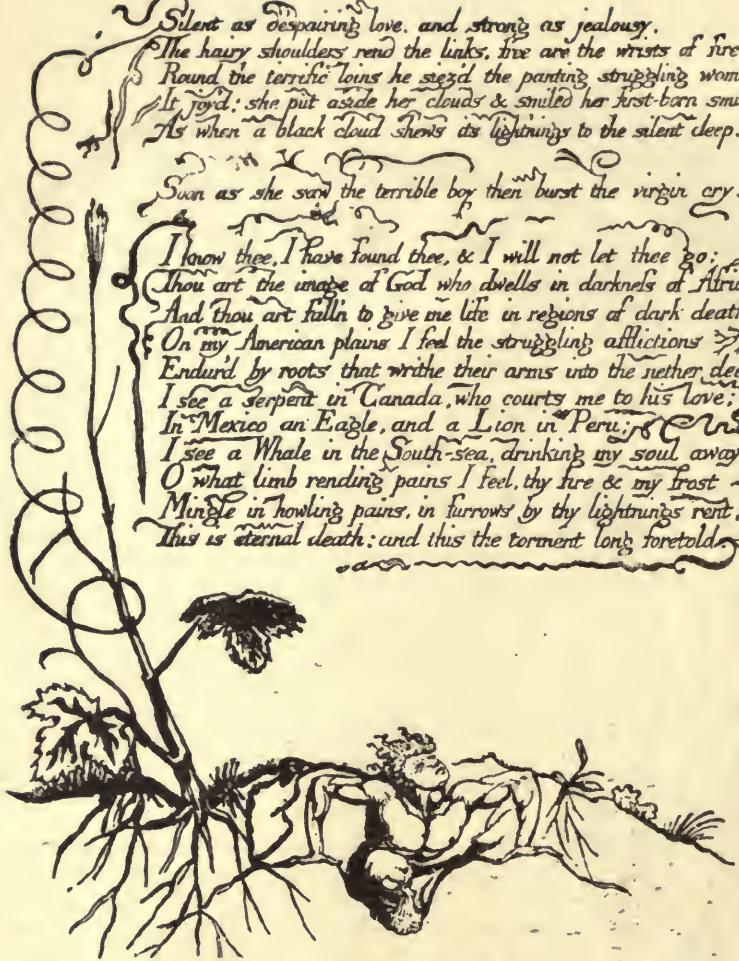
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Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy.  
 The hairy shoulders read the links, true are the wrists of fire;  
 Round the terrific loins he seized the panting struggling womb;  
 It joy'd; she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile;  
 As when a black cloud shows its lightning 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 fain to give me life in regions of dark death;  
 On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions  
 Endur'd by roots that writh 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 thus the torment long foretold.



# PROPHETY

The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his mighty 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 Albion's fury Prince.

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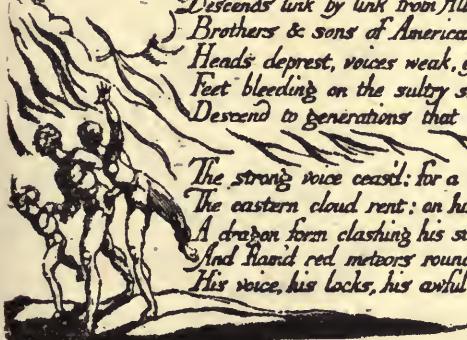
Washington spoke; Friends of America look over the Atlantic sea;  
A bended bow is lifted in heaven, & a heavy iron chain  
Descends link by link from Albion's cliffs across the sea to bind  
Brothers & sons of America, till our faces pale and yellow;  
Heads dearest, voices weak, eyes downcast, hands work-bruis'd.  
Feet bleeding on the sultry sands, and the furrows of the whip  
Descend to generations that in future times forgot.

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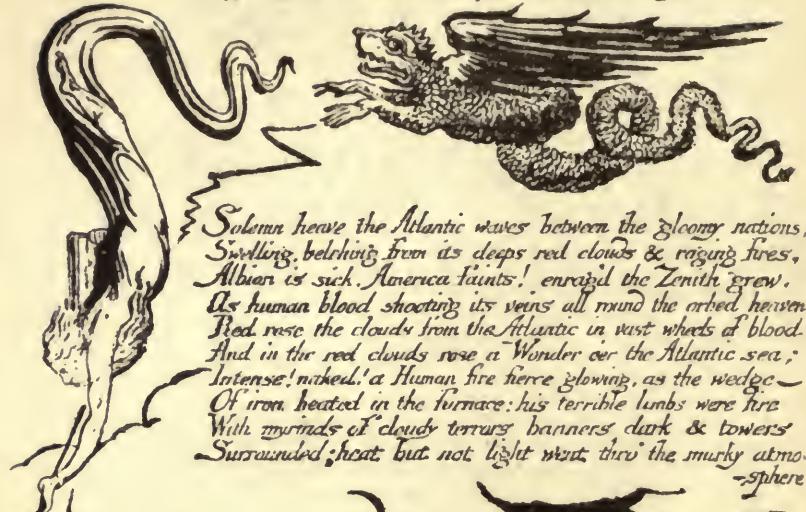
sea.  
The strong voice roared: for a terrible blast swept over the hearing;  
The eastern cloud rent: on his cliff stood Albion's wrathful Prince  
A dragon form clashing his scales at midnight he arose,  
And flared red meteors round the land of Albion beneath,  
His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, and his glowing eyes,

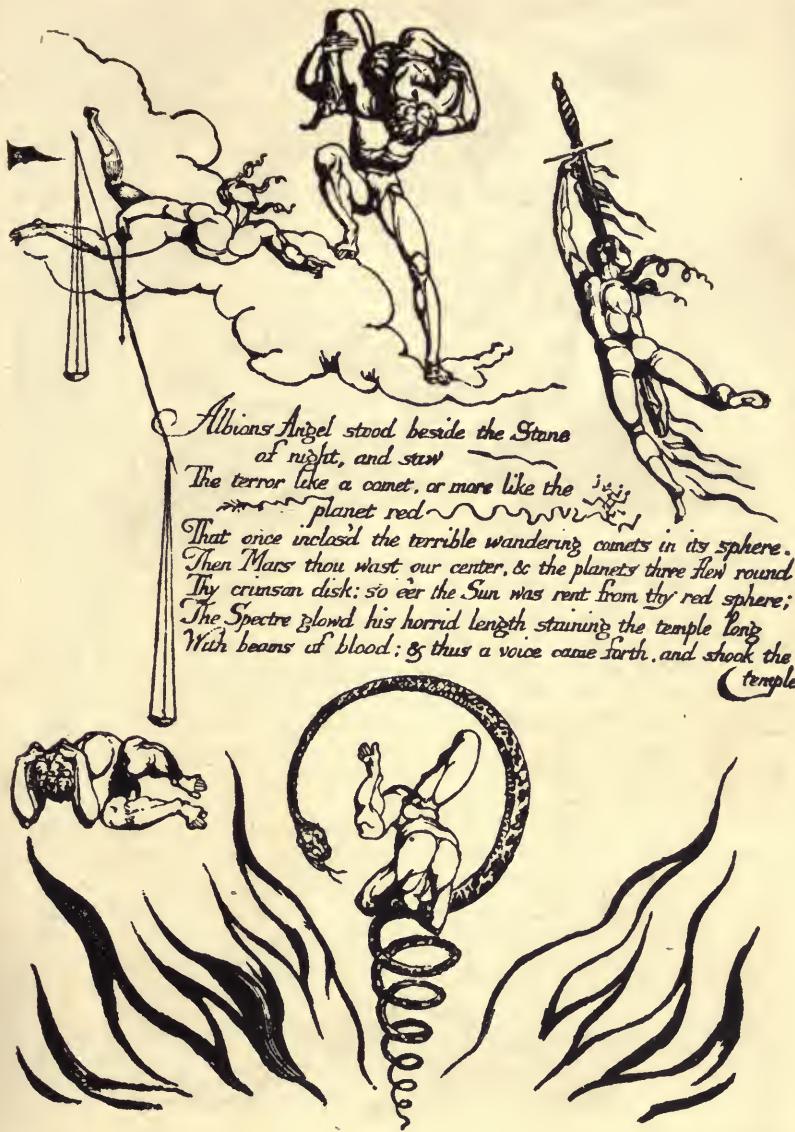
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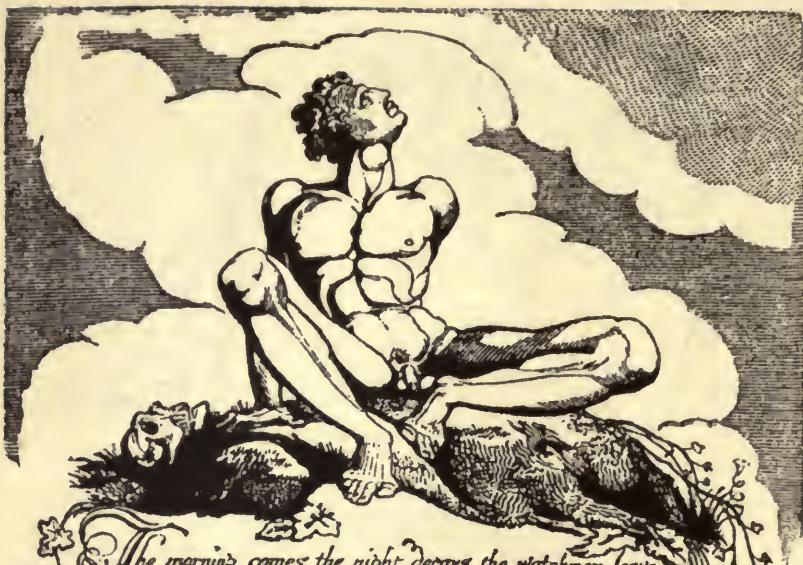
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*Appear to the Americans upon the cloudy night.*







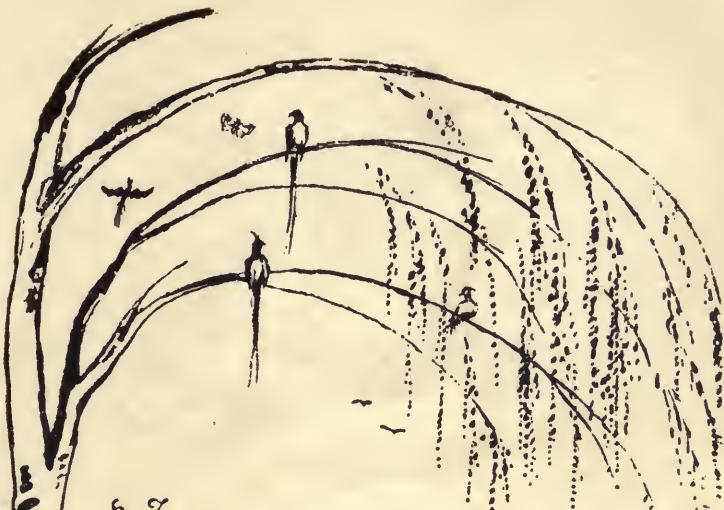
The morning comes, the night departs, the watchmen leave  
 their stations:

The dews are burst, the spicery shed, the linen wrapped up;  
 The bones of death, the o'erworn clay, the sinews shrunk & dry'd.  
 Reviving shake, inspiring move, breathing! awaking!  
 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 & cloudless night;  
 For Empire is no more, and now the Lion & Wolf shall cease.



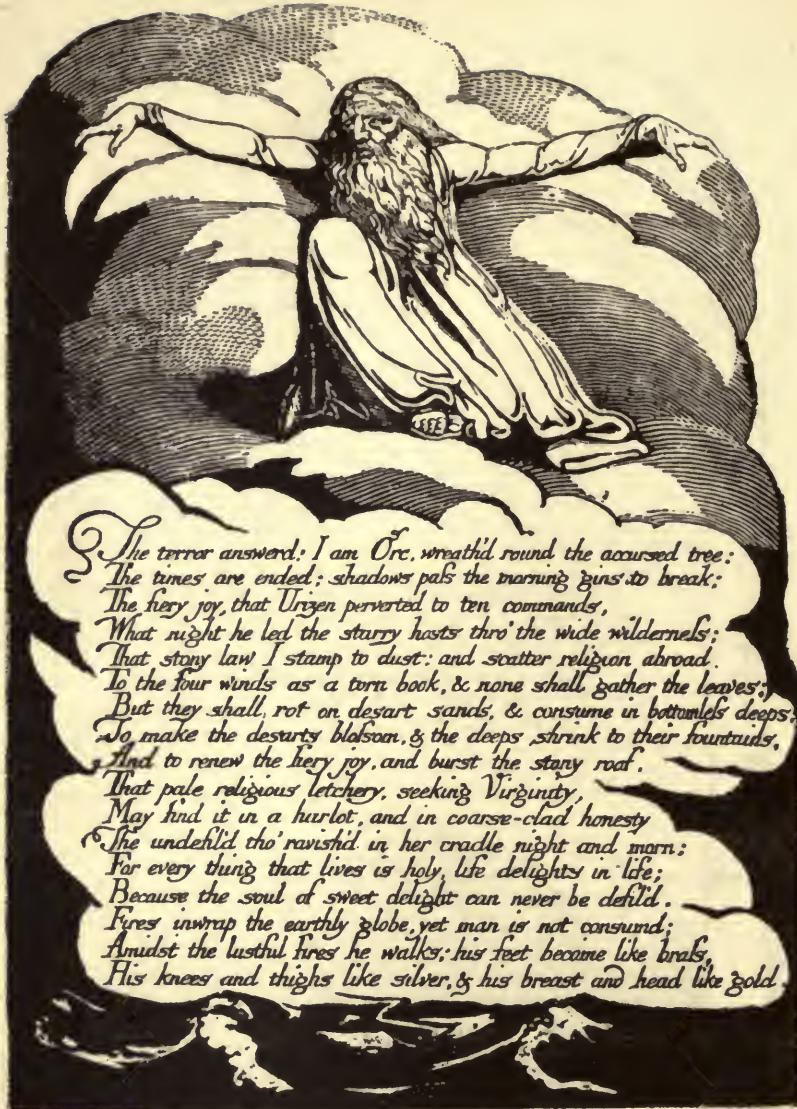


In thunders ends the voice. Then Albions Angel wrathful burnt  
 Beside the Stone of Night; and like the Eternal Lions howl  
 In famine & war. replyd. Art thou not Orc, who serpent form'd  
 Stands at the gate of Entharmon to devour her children;  
 Blasphemous Demon, Antichrist, hater of Dignities:  
 Lover of wild rebellion, and transgressor of Gods Law:  
 Why dost thou come to Angels eyes in thus terrific form?

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The terror answer'd: I am Orc, wreath'd round the accursed tree:  
 The times are ended; shadows pale the morning gins to break:  
 The fiery joy, that Urien pervert'd 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 desert sands, & consume in bottomless deeps.  
 So make the deserty blossom, & the deeps shrink to their fountauns,  
 And to renew the fiery joy, and burst the stony roof.  
 That pale religious lechery, seeking Virginity,  
 May find it in a huret, and in coarse-clad honesty  
 The undeh'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 consund;  
 Amidst the lustful fires he walks; his feet became like birds,  
 His knees and thighs like silver, & his breast and head like gold

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Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my Thirteen Angels;  
 Loud howls the eternal Wolf! the eternal Lion lashes his tail!  
 America is darkned; and my punishing Demons terrified  
 Crouch howling before their caverns deep like skins dry'd in the wind  
 They cannot snite the wheat, nor quench the furnels of the earth.  
 They cannot snite 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 rear'd 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-renewid, rolling in clouds  
 I see thee in thick clouds and darknels on America's shore.  
 Within in pangs of abhorred birth; red flames the crest rebellious  
 And eyes of death; the harlot womb oft opened in vain  
 Heavens in enormous circles, now the tmes are returnid upon thee,  
 Devourer of thy parent, now thy unutterable torment renewis.  
 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-hisping jaws  
 And parched lips drop with fresh gore; now roll thou in the clouds  
 Thy mother lays her length outstretchid 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 stony hills between America & Albion's shore;  
 Now barr'd out by the Atlantic sea: call'd Adantic hills:  
 Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden world  
 An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Empires.  
 Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God  
 By Aristan the king of beauty for his stolen bride.

Here on their music seats: the thirteen Angels sat perturb'd  
 For clouds from the Atlantic hover o'er the solemn roost.



Fiery the Angels rase, & as they rase deep thunder roll'd  
 Around their shores: indignant burning with the fires of Orc  
 And Boston's Angel cried aloud as they flew thro' the dark  
 night.

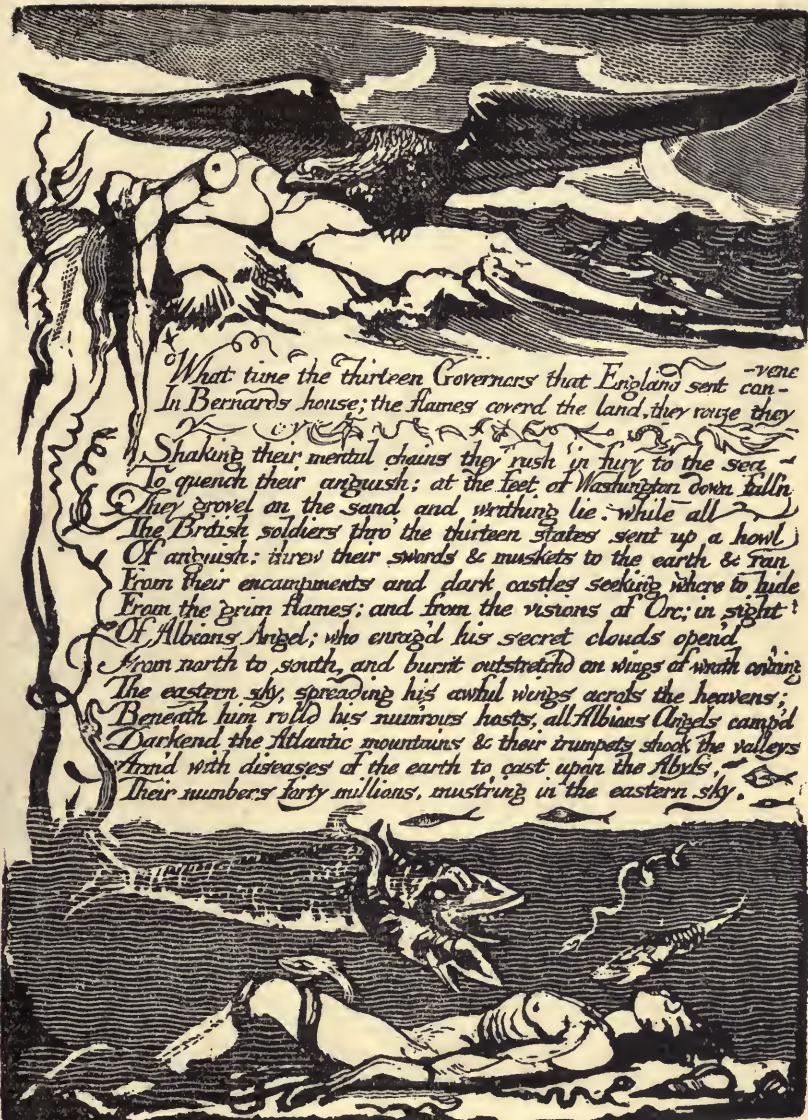


He cried: Why trembles honesty and like a murderer,  
 Why seeks he refuge from the frowns of his immortal station,  
 Must the generous tremble & leave his joy, to the idle: to  
 the pestilence! 5  
 That mock him? who commanded this, what God! what Angel!  
 To keep the generous from experience till the ungenerous  
 Are unrestraint performers of the energies of nature;  
 Till pity is become a trade, and generosity a science.  
 That men get rich by, & the sandy desert is given 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 crowling villain preaches abstinence & wraps himself  
 In fat of lambs? no more I follow, no more obedience pay. 10  
 15

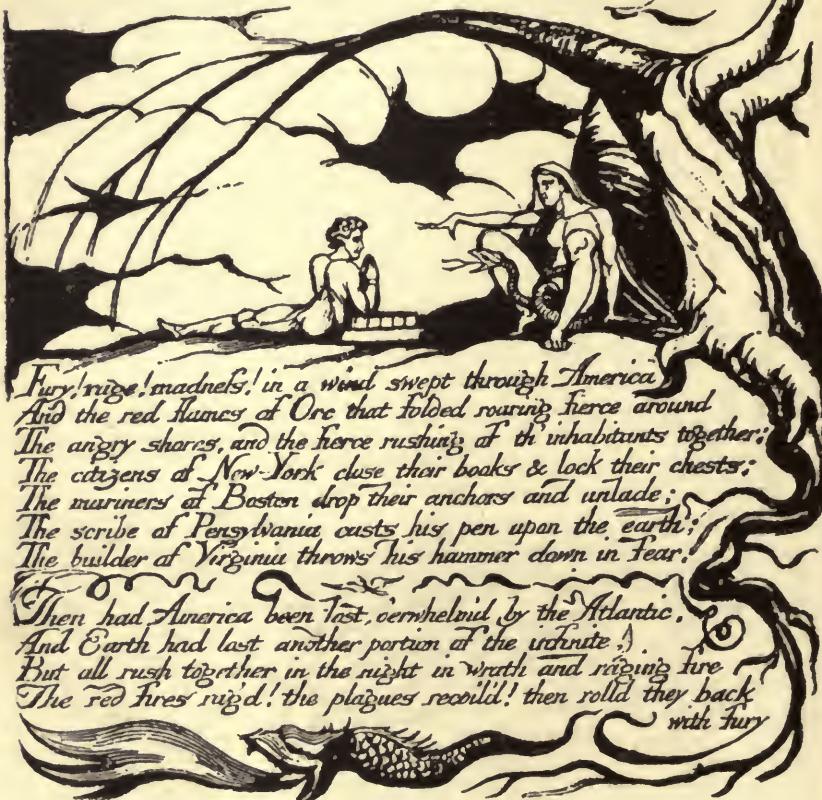


So cried he rending off his robe & throwing down his scepter.  
In sight of Albions Guardian, and all the thirteen Angels:  
Rent off their robes to the hungry wind, & threw their golden scept-  
ters.  
Down on the land of America, indignant they descended,  
Headlong from out their heavenly heights, descending swift as  
wings.  
Over the land; naked & flaming are their lineaments seen  
In the deep gloom, by Washington & Paine & Warren they stood  
And the flame solild roaring fierce within the pitchy night  
Before the Demon red, who burnt towards America,  
In black smoke thunders and, loud winds rejoicing in its  
<sup>terror</sup>  
Breaking in smoky wreaths from the wild deep, & gathering thick  
In flames as at a furnace on the land from North to South.



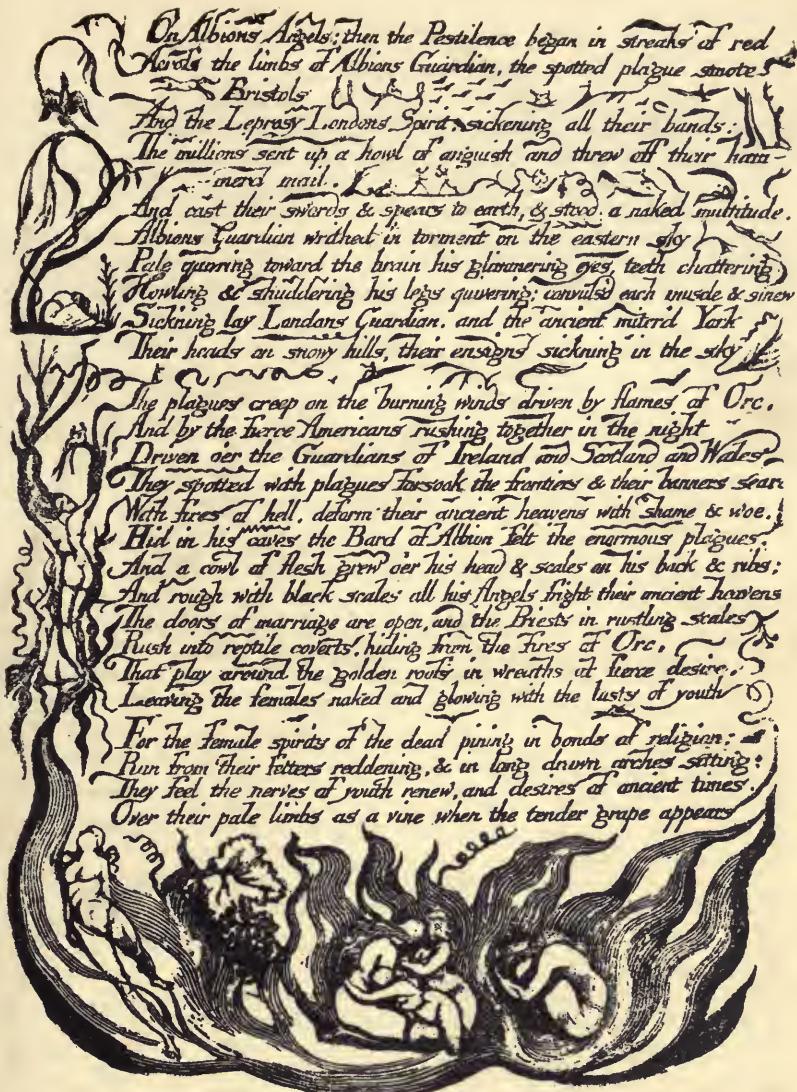


In the flames stood & viewed the armies drawn out in the sky,  
 Washington Franklin Paine & Warren Allen Gates & Lee:  
 5 And heard the voice of Albion's Angel give the thunderous command,  
 His plagues obedient to his voice flew forth out of their clouds  
 Falling upon America, as a storm to cut 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 filled with insects cuts off man & beast;  
 And as a sea overwhelms a land in the day of an earthquake;



10 Fury! rage! madnes! in a wind swept through America  
 And the red flumes of Orc 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;  
 15 The scribe of Pennsylvania casts his pen upon the earth;  
 The builder of Virginiu throws his hammer down in fear.

Then had America been lost, overwhelmed 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 raged! the plagues recoil'd! then roll'd they back  
 20 with fury



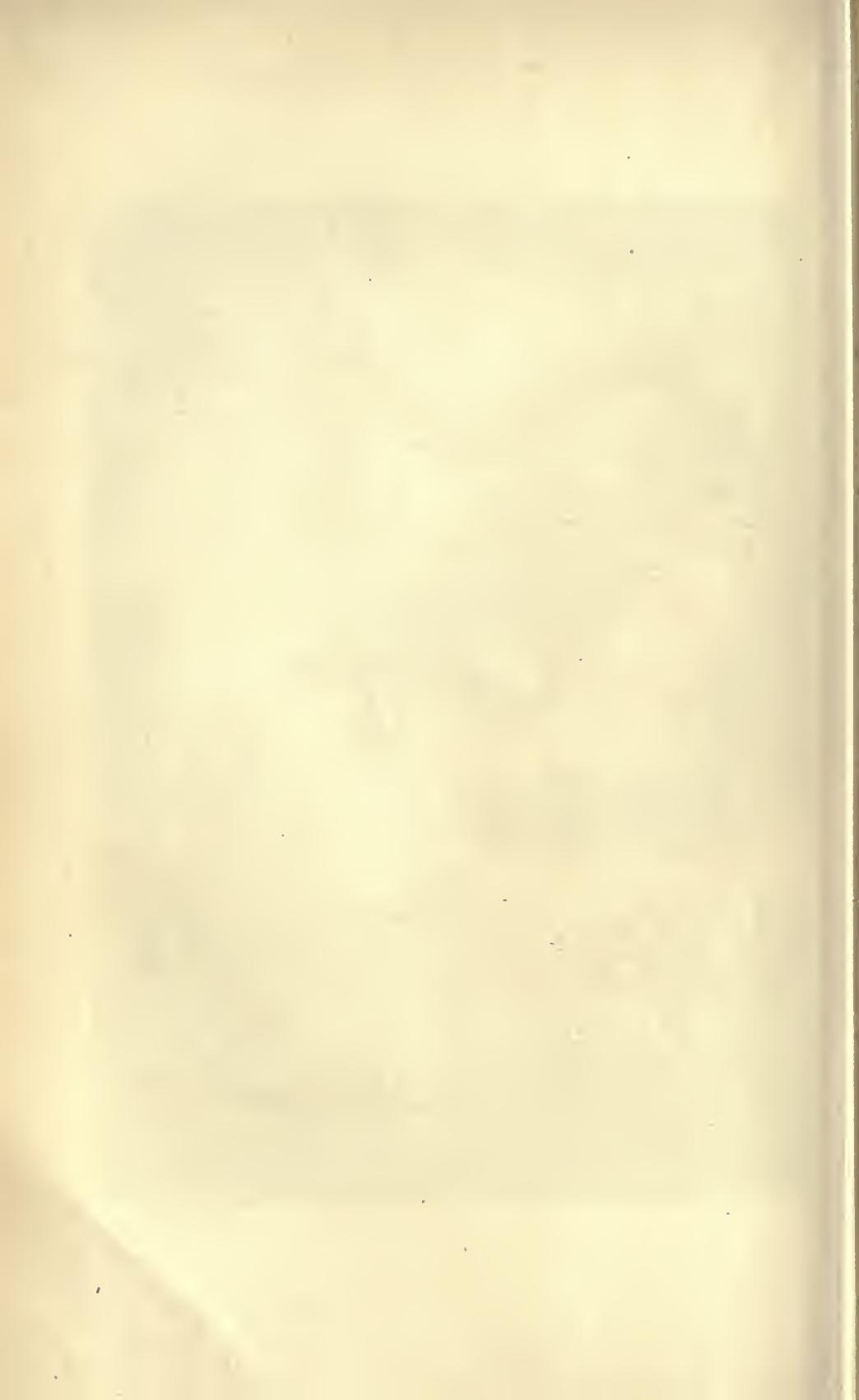


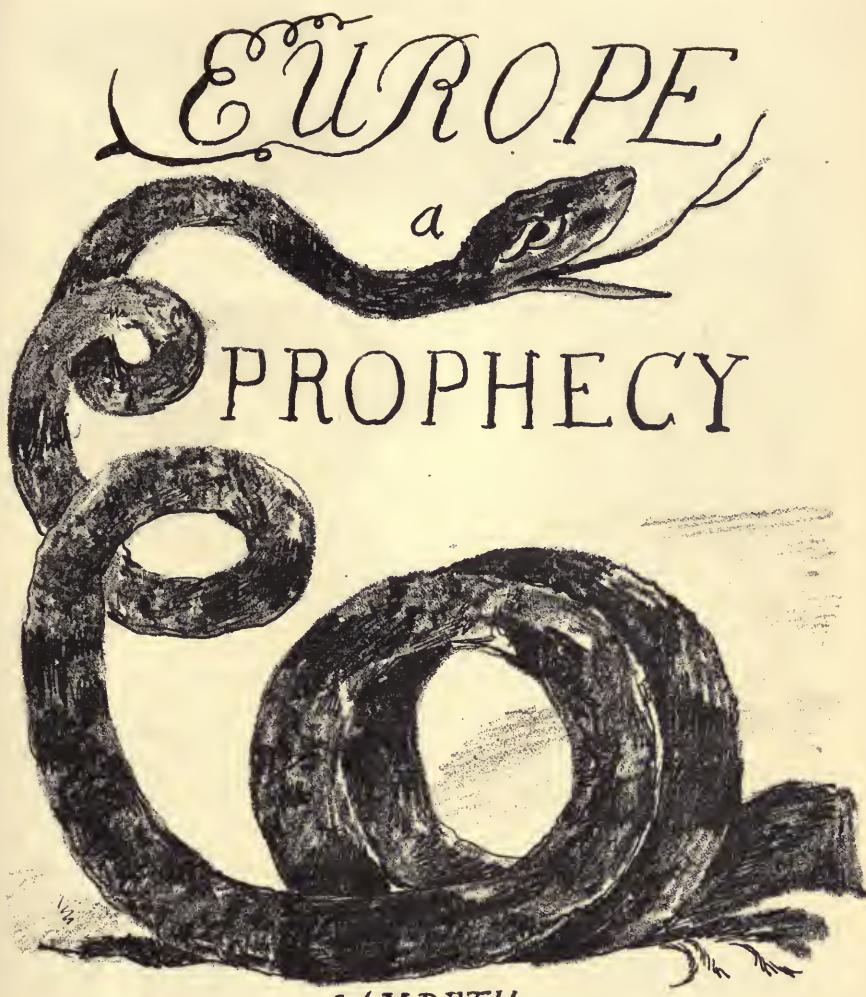
Over the hills, the vales, the cities, rise the red flames fierce;  
 The Heavens melted from north to south; and Uzzen who sat  
 Above all heavens in thunders' wrap'd, enter'd his leprous head,  
 From out his holy shrine, his tears in deluge piteous  
 Falling into the deep sublime! Staj'd with grey-brown snows  
 And thunderous visages, his jealous wings ward over the deep:  
 Weeping in dismal howling woe he dark descended howling;  
 Around the smitten bands, clothed in tears & trembling shuddering cold.  
 His stored snows he poured forth, and his icy magazines  
 He open'd on the deep, and on the Atlantic sea white shivering.  
 Leprous his limbs, all over white, and hoary was his visage:  
 Weeping in dismal howlings before the stern Americans  
 Hid'n the Demon rat 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 receiv'd the Demons light.

Still shuddering shook the heav'ly thrones! France Spain & Italy,  
 In terror view'd the bands of Albion, and the ancient Guardians  
 Faint'g 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 maledoms of despair  
 With fierce disease and lust, unable to stem the fires of Orc:  
 But the five gates were consum'd, & their bolts and hinges melted  
 And the fierce flames burnt round the heavens, & round the abodes of









LAMBETH

Printed by William Blake 1794



# PRELUDIUM



The nameless shadowy female rose from out the breast of Ocean,  
Her snaky hair brandishing in the winds of Enitharmon,  
And thus her voice arose.

O mother Enitharmon, will thou bring forth other songs,  
To cause my name to vanish, that my place may not be found  
For I am faint with travail,  
Like the dark cloud desburdened in the day of dismal thunder.

My roots are brandished in the heavens, my fruits in earth beneath,  
Surge, Sigh, and Labour into life, first born &c. first consumed!  
Consumed and consuming!  
Then why shouldst thou accused mother bring me into life?

I wrap my turban of thick clouds around my labring head;  
And fold the shaggy peasant as a mantle round my limbs.  
Let 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 seize 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 shrinking in hollow trees  
 Ah mother Enharmon!  
 Stamp not with solid form this vigorous 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 bond?  
 To compels it with swaddling bands? and who shall cherish it  
 With milk and honey?  
 I see it smile & I roll inward & my voice is past.

The ceast & rolld her shady clouds  
 Into the secret place.





The shrill winds wake!  
 Till all the sons of Urien look out and envy Los:  
 Seize all the spirits of life and bind  
 Their warbling joys to our loud strings.  
 Bind all the nourishing sweets of earth  
 To give us blis 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 blis 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 Laithamans joy.  
 Who shall I call? Who shall I send?  
 That Woman, lovely Woman! may have dominion,  
 Arise O Rurtruh thee I call & Palambron 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

Arise O Rintrah eldest born: second to none but Orc:  
 O lion Rintrah raise thy fury from thy forests black;  
 Bring Palanabron horned priest, skipping upon the mountains  
 And silent Elyautria the silver bowed queen.  
 Rintrah where hast thou hid thy bride?  
 Weeps she in desert shades?  
 Alas my Rintrah! bring the lovely jealous Ocalytron.

Arise my son! bring all thy brethren O thou king of fire.  
 Prince of the sun I see thee with thy invulnerable race:  
 Thick as the summer stars.  
 But each ramping his golden mane shakes.  
 And thine eyes rejoice because of strength O Rintrah furious king.





Eruitharmon 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;  
Filled 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 overclouded by the terrors of strugling times

(following)

In thoughts pertubid they rose from the bright ruins silent  
 The fiery King, who songst 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 Thunes to golden Verulam.  
 There stand the venerable porches that high-towering rear  
 Their oak-surrounded pillars, form'd of mossy stones, uncut  
 With tool: stones precious: such eternal in the heavens,  
 Of colours twelve, few known on earth, give light in the opaque,  
 Plac'd in the order of the stars, when the five senses whelmd  
 In deluge o'er the earth-born man, then turn'd the fixt 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, bar'd and petrify'd against the infinite.

Thought charg'd the infinite to a serpent: that which pitreth:  
 To a devouring flame; and man fled from its face and hid  
 In forests of night: then all the eternal foresty 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, inclos'd the Stone of Night: oblique it stood, overhung  
 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 cover'd with a stony root, feet  
 Downward us sink beneath th' attractive north, that round the  
 A raging whirlpool draw's the dizzy enquirer to his grave.



Albion's 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 roll'd 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 unclasped his Book! feeding his soul with pity  
 The youth of England hid in gloom curse the pain'd heavens: compelled  
 Into the deadly night to see the form of Albions' Angel  
 Their parents brought them forth & aged ignorance preaches conting.  
 On a vast rock perceiv'd by those senses that are clos'd from thought:  
 Bleak dark, abrupt it stands & overshadows London city  
 They saw his boner feet on the rock, the flesh consum'd in fumes:  
 They saw the serpent temple lifed 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 dragg'd his torments to the wilderness.

Thus was the howl thro' Europe!  
 For Orc rejoiced to hear the howling shadows  
 But Paluimabron shot his lightnings, trenching down his wide back  
 And Rivurah hung with all his legions in the nether deep.

Enitharmon laug'd in her sleep to see (O woman's triumph)  
 Every house a den, every man bound, the shadows are fill'd  
 With spectres, and the windows were over with curses of iron:  
 Over the doors, Thou shalt not: & over the chimneys, Fear is written:  
 With bonds of iron round their necks fastend irn the walls  
 The citizens: in leaden gyres 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 & hissing, shrieks & groans, & voices of despair  
 Arise around him in the cloudy  
 Heavens of Albion. Furious



The red limb'd Angel seized in horror and torment:  
 The Trump of the last doom; but he could not blow the iron tube!  
 Thrice he asay'd presumptuous to awake the dead to judgment.

A mighty Spirit leaped from the land of Albion,  
 Nam'd Newton: he seized the Trump, &c. blow'd the enormous blast!  
 Yellow as leaves of Autumn the myriads of Angdlic hosts.  
 Fell thro' the wintry skies seekin' their graves:  
 Rattling their hollow bones in howling and lamentation.

Then Encharran wake nor knew that she had slept  
 And eighteen hundred years were fled  
 As if they had not been.  
 She call'd her sons, & daughters  
 To the sports of night:  
 Within her crystal house;  
 And thus her song proceeds.

Arise Ethiuus, 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 to 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 comfort to my fainting soul:  
 For now thy waters warble round the feet of Enitharmon.

Manatha-Varyon! 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 lurking bird of Eden! Leutha silent love!  
 Leutha, the many colour'd bow delights upon thy wings:  
 Soft soul of flowers Leutha! Sweet sullying 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,  
 Floating upon the basomd air:  
 With treaments of gratified desire,  
 My Antamon the seven churches of Leutha seek thy love.

I hear the soft Oothon in Enitharmons tents:  
 Why wilt thou give up woman's secrecy my melanchaly child?  
 Between two moments bliss is ripe:  
 O Theotorman robb'd of joy, I see thy salt tears flow.  
 Down the steps of my crystal house.

Sotha & Thiraletha, secret dwellers of dreamful caves,  
 Arise and please the horrent herd with your melodious songs  
 Till all your thunders golden hoof, & bind your horses black  
 Orc, smile upon my children!  
 Smile sun of my afflictions.  
 Arise O Orc and give our mountians joy of thy red light.

She ceasid, for All were forth at sport beneath the solemn moon.  
 Walking the stairs of Uzzen with their immortal songs.  
 That nature felt thro' all her pores the enormous revelry  
 Till morning opac'd the eastern gate.  
 Then every one fled to his station, & Enitharmon wept.

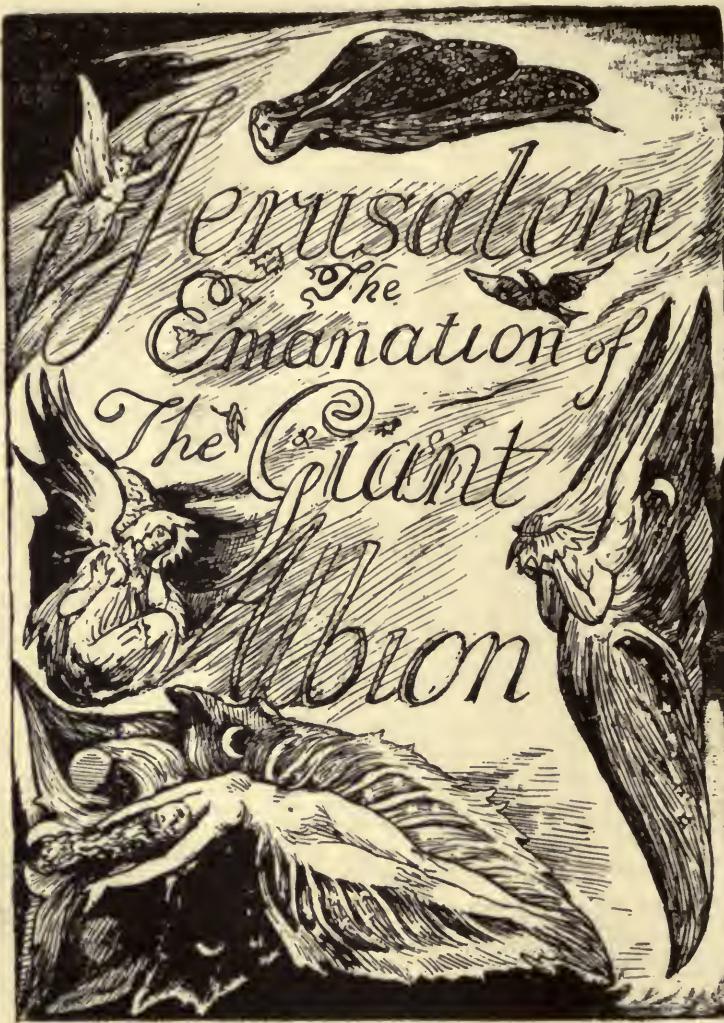
But terrible Orc, when he beheld the morning in the east,

Shot from the heights of Enitharmon,  
And in the vineyards of red France appear'd the light of his fury.  
The sun glowed 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 vonders clad :  
And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pole,  
Called all his sons to the strife of blood .

FINIS







## To the Public

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 . . . and . . . of those with whom to be connected, is to be . . . I cannot doubt that this more consolidated & extended Work, will be as kindly received . . . The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes

I also hope, the Reader will be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God and Lord to whom the ancients looked 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 Saviours 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 Reader, what you do not approve, & me for this energetic exertion of my talent.

Reader! . . . of books! . . . of heaven.  
And of that God from whom  
Who in mysterious Sinai awful cave,  
To Man the wondrous art of writing gave.  
Again he speaks in thunder and in fire!  
Thunder of Thought, & flames of fierce desire:  
Ever from the depths of Hell his voice I hear.  
Within the unfathomed caverns of my Ear.  
Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:  
Heaven, Earth & Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony

### Of the Measurte, 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.

When this Verse was first dictated to me, I considered a Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakespeare & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming, to be a necessary and indispensable 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.



## Chap. I.

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, & every 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.

5 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 Albion's pleasant land.  
10 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, will thy sons,  
 Thy nurses, and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters  
15 Help at the world's disease, and the Divine Vision is darkened:  
The Emanation that was sent to play before the face,  
 Beaming forth with his daughters into the Divine bosom.  
 Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation lovely Jerusalem  
20 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 recompence:  
25 Ye are my members O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades.

But the perturbed Man away turns down the valley's dark:

30 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 & prcedam & victory!

35 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  
 Darkened; they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scattered upon  
 The Void in incoherent despair: Cambridge & Oxford & London,  
 Are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and despatched.  
 In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarged without dimension, terrible  
 Albion's mountains run with blood, the Tresz of war & of tumult  
 Resound into the unbounded night, every Human perfection  
 Of mountain & river & city, are small & despised by darkened  
 Land of a little stream! Lily is almost swallowed up;  
 Lincoln & Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Ular-Alder,  
 Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north  
 Mourning for fear at the warriours in the Vale of Brychan-Bogynion  
 Jerusalem is scattered abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' nonentity;  
 Noah & Annan, & Ronalek & Canaan & Peleg & Aram  
 Receive her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty.

Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonished at me  
 Let they forgive my wanderings, I rest not from my great task,  
 To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes  
 Of Man inwardly into the Worlds of Thought, into Eternity,  
 Ever expanding in the Bosom of God, the Human Imagination  
 O Spirit upon me, thy Spirit of mildness & love:  
 Remind me the Sorrow in me, of these all my life!  
 Guide now my hand which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages,  
 While I write of the building Golgotha & the terrors of Effraeth,  
 Of Iland de Hyle & Coban, of Kwanzo-Peache, Brevean Sloyd & Hutton,  
 Of the terrible sons & daughters of Albion, and their Generations.

Scafield, Kox, Kotape and Bowen, revile most mightily upon  
 The Furnaces of Los: before the eastern gate bending their fury  
 They war to destroy the Furnaces, to desolate Golgotha:  
 Kind to devour the sleeping Humanity of Ulster in rage & hunger,  
 They revolve into the Furnaces Southward & are driven forth Northward,  
 Divided into Male and Female forms fine after time,  
 From these twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.

The Male is a Furnace of beryl; the Female is a golden Loom;  
 I behold them and their rushing fire 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 remembered, but now contumacious;  
 Although in every bosom they control all vegetative powers.

These are united into Tirah and her Sisters, on Mount Gilead.  
 Cambel & Gwendolen & Connera & Cordella & Ignoge,  
 And these united into Rekah in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates  
 Gwirverra & Gwipetred, & Garvill & Sabrina beautiful,  
 Estrild, Merebel & Regan, lovely Daughters of Albion  
 They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion

The Starry Wheels revolv'd heavily over the Furnaces:  
 Trailing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love,  
 Leasted a pillar of a cloud with Vala upon the mountains  
 Howling in pain, redounding from the arks of Beulah Daughters,  
 Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los,  
 A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding  
 Tell the cloud reaches and successively among the Starry Wheels  
 Which revolve heavily in the mighty void above the Furnaces  
 O what avail the loves & tears of Beulahs lovely Daughters  
 They held the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears  
 But all within is spend into the deeps of Enruthian Benyrian  
 A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end.  
 Abstract Philosophy wrangling 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 Chaos 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  
 Incessantly before the Furnaces, and his Emanations divided in pain,  
 Eastward toward the Starry Wheels, But Westward a black Horror.

His

*His Spectre, driven by the Starry Whirls of Albion's sons, black and  
Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns.*

5 *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 & spoke  
Curse on the terrible Los; bitterly cursing him for his friendship  
To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.*

10 *Los' rigid and stamp'd the earth in his might de ferrib'l' wrath!  
He stood and stamp'd the earth, then he threw down his hammer in rage &  
By fury; then he sat down and wept, tortured; Then arose  
And chaunced his song, labouring with the tendy and hammer,  
But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increased;*

14 *In pain the Spectre divided; in pain of hunger and thirst;  
To drown Los's Human brother, but when he saw that Los*



Was living; panting like a frightened wolf, and howling  
 He stood over the Mortal, in the solitude, and darkness;  
 Upon the dawning Thame, across the whole Island westward.  
 A horrible Vision of Death, among the Furnaces; beneath  
 The pillar of rolling smoke; and he sought by other means,  
 To lure Los by arts, by instruments of science & by terrors:  
 Terrors to every Nerve, by spasm & exten-sive pangs;  
 While Los answered untried to the opaque blackening Fiend.

And thus the Spectre spoke. Wilt thou still go on to destruction?  
 Tell 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 harrow'd for his profit, to thy stolen Emancipation.

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;  
 Cobans son is Nimrod, his son Cush is adjoint 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 ynditean Tidan-Adar.  
 Xos is the Father of them to earth, & Japheth, he is the Noah  
 Of the Flood of Human Sack-thrust, the Father of the Seven  
 From Enoch to Abram; and so it was, when Adam was New.

Heav'n has divided thee in sunder; and with thou-some 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 Urien beheld, urged by necessity to keep  
 The evil day afar, and perchance with iron power.  
 He might avert his own despair, in woe & fear he saw  
 Vala thence found the Furnaces where Luvah was closed.  
 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 Furnaces 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 them O Los.

To form the Spectre of Albion according to his fane,  
 To prepare the Spectre son of Albion who is Scarell, the Ninth  
 Of Albions sons, the Father of all his brethren in the Shadowy  
 Generation. Cambel & Grendeler were webs of war & of  
 Religion, to involve all Albions sons, and when they had  
 Involved Eight, their webs roll'd outwards into darkness,  
 And Scotfold the Ninth remain'd on the outside of the Eight  
 And Kos, Kotze, & Bowen, One in him, a Fourfold Wonder,  
 Involved 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. Alas! 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 steadfastly upon me:  
 Confront myself in my strength, the time will arrive:

When all Albions injuries shall cease, and when we shall  
 Embrace him cordially, though raised from his tomb in immortality.  
 Then may we all be delivered by Wrath, they must be united by  
 Peace 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, became her covering, till the time of the End.

O holy Generation, Image 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.

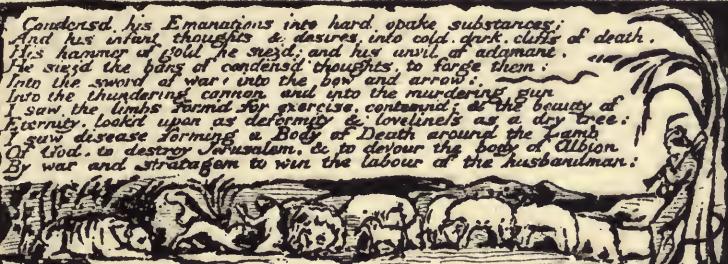
Hand sits before his furnace; scorn of others & furious pride:  
 Creese round him to barz of steel & to gran rocks beneath:  
 His feet: indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north:

Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albiong River  
 From Blaklough & Strumbolo, when Cranwells gardens by Chelsea  
 The place of wounded Soldiers, when he staw my Face  
 I did round from heaven to earth, & thence he sat his cold  
 Thunder rounde upde heauen, & earth, & coverd them all, & cold  
 With a terrible cloud, & those acc now such was the Spectre  
 I know thy deceipt & thy revenges, and unless thou desirtest  
 I will certainlye create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen.  
 Be attentive, he obedient. Lo the Furnaces are ready to recivie those  
 I will break these into shivers, & melt thee in the furnaces of death  
 I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment of thou  
 Desirist not from thine own will, & obey not my stern command:  
 I am gladd up from my children, my emanation is dividing  
 And from my Spectre art divided agaynst me, But my  
 Will command that thy assaute make in my terrible labour, to beat  
 These hypocrites, & thos are the Troys of Albions sake  
 I am inspired, I act not for myself, for Albions sake  
 I now wth what I am, a horrour and an astonishment  
 Shuddering the heavens to look upon me: Behold what evillies  
 Are practised in Babel & Shunar, & have approachd to Zions 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 seat the Spectre saw to Babel & Shunar  
 Across all Europe & Asia, he saw the tortures of the victims  
 He saw now from the outside what he before saw to felt from within  
 He saw that Los was the sole uncontrolled Lord of the Furnaces  
 Groaning he kneeld before Los, yon-shod feet on London Stone,  
 Shuddring & tremuring for Los's life yet pretending obediency  
 While Los pursued his speech in threatening with de rince.  
 Thou art my pride & Self-righteousness, I have found thee out:  
 Thou art revealed before me in all thy magnitude de power  
 Thy thicke-nisped presences to Christey must be cut in surder:  
 By thy will & de doot deceipt cannot stand against me  
 Nor I sole thus I ver-soume thee to be-fall Albion Spectre  
 For I am one of the living dare not to mock me thyselfe  
 If thou wst cast forth from my life, if I wye dead upon the mountains  
 Thou myghtest be pitied & loyly: but now I am living: unless  
 Thou astur me raving I will create an eternal Hell for thee  
 Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellones  
 And thou there Tangs, strike thou alternate with me: labours obdient  
 And hard to be obdient, & obbed. Nor to Koppes labour miserably  
 In the Wars of Babel & Shunar, all these Emanulations are  
 Condensd, Hand has absorbd all thy Brethren in his might  
 All the instant Loves & Graces were lost, for the mighty Hand

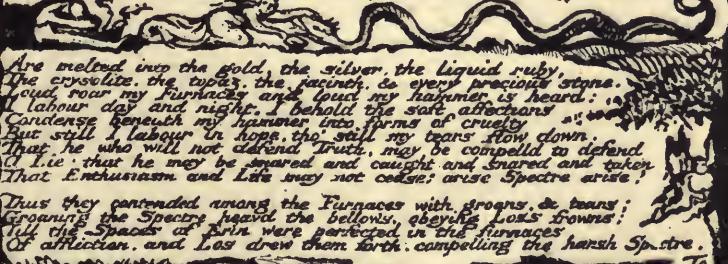
Con-



Condensed, his Emanations into hard, opaque substances;  
And his infant thoughts & desires, into cold, dark, clots of death.  
His hammer of gold he need; and his anvil, of adamant.  
He seized the bars of condensed thoughts, to forge them:  
5 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, contorted; at the beauty of  
Eternity, looked upon as deformity & loveliness as a dry tree;  
10 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 amidst in steel; Folly in a helmet of gold;  
Weakness with horns & talons; Ignorance with a fowling beak;  
Every Emanation for forbiddon, law as a Crime;  
15 And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pangs of religion;  
Inspiration always, Genius for guidance, laws of punishment;  
I saw Gwendolen & Caerwys & Glanvylle & Tudor groans;  
I lifted them into my furnace; to have the power of sword.  
20 That lay upon the hidden heart; I drew forth the Flame  
Of sorrow red hot; I worked it on my receptacle anvil;  
I heated it in the flames of Homa, & Hyle, & Coban  
Nine times; Gwendolen & Caerwys & Gwreverra



Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,  
The crystallize, the water, the jacinth, & every precious stone.  
25 The clouds roar my furnaces, and loudest my hammer is heard;  
Labour day and night, I behold the soft affections  
Condense beneath my hammer into firms of cruelty.  
But still I labour in hope, the still my tears flow down  
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelled to defend  
30 G. L. i.e. that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken.  
That Enthusiasm and Love may not cease; arise Spectre arise,

Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans, & tears;  
Groaning the Spectre heard the bellows, obeying Los's bournes;  
35 Till the Spaces of pain were peopled in the furnaces  
Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre.



into the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Hells of Death  
 And into the mountaints of the Devils & at 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  
 Albians dread Spectres; storming loud, thundersous & mighty  
 The Bellows & the Hammers move compell'd by Los's harts.  
 And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength  
 They take the Two Contraries which are called 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 obstructing 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 Golgotha ~  
 Compelling his Spectre of labours mighty, trembling in fear  
 The Spectre weeps, but Los unmoved by tears or throns remains  
 I must Create a Sister, or be enslav'd by another Man  
 I will not Reasut & Compare: my business is to Create  
 So Los, in fury & strength; in indignation & burning wrath  
 Shuddering in the Spectre howls, his howlings tarry the night  
 He stamps around the Avish, beating blows of stern despair  
 He curses Heaven & Earth, Day & Night & Sun & Moon  
 He curses Forest, Spring & River, Desert & sandy Waste  
 Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws  
 Driven to desperation by Los's 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  
 The Spectre of Ironiac Reason not against their dear approach  
 Nor them obstruct with thy temptations, of doubt & despair  
 O shame of strong & mighty Shrine I break thy brazen batters  
 If thou refuse thy present torments will seek souliers bodes  
 To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will  
 The Spectre answers, Art thou not ashamed of these thy sins  
 That thou call'est thy Children? In the Law of God commands  
 That they be oblidg'd upon his Alms: O cruelty & torment  
 For there are also mirth: I have kept silent hitherto  
 Concerning my chieft delight, but thou hast broken silence  
 Now I will speak my mirth: Where is my lovely Enthamon  
 O thou my enemy, where is my Great Sin? She is also there  
 I said, now is thy grief at worst: incapable of being  
 Surpass'd, but every moment it accumulates more & more  
 It continuall's accumulating to eternity: the force of God advance  
 For he is righteous: he is not a Being of Fury & Compassion  
 He cannot feel Distress: he feeds on Sacrifice & Offering  
 Dashed hang in grey & tears & cloaked in holiness & solitude  
 But my selfe advance also, for ever & ever without end  
 O thou couldst cease to be: Despair! I am Despair  
 Ceas'd to be the greatest example of horror & agony: also my  
 Prayer is vain, call'd for compassion: compassion, nigh  
 And woe, to view the grave stone over me & with lead  
 Consuming, burning it yet live for ever: life lives on me  
 To be all evil, all reversed & for ever dead: knowing  
 And seeing we yet living not, how can I then perish  
 And not tremble: how can I be bereft & not abhorred  
 So spoke the Spectre shuddring & dark tears ran down his face  
 Which Los wiped off: but comfort none could give or beam of hope  
 Yet ceased he not from labouring at the rearwur of his Harts  
 With iron & brass Building Golgotha in great contendings  
 Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces  
 At the sublaine 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 laicles the Ore,  
He labored, pouring it into the clay ground prepared with art;  
Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems:  
But whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead,  
He might feel the puer as if a man girded his own tender nerves,

Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah  
Came from the Furnaces, by Los' mighty power for Jerusalem's  
Sons: 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 reached from the starry heights to the starry depth.

Los' were 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 Inhabitants of Albion's mighty ones from cruelty?  
To bring to igno're begin to sharpen their beamy spears  
Of light and loath: their little children stand with arrows of gold:  
Sooth is wholly cruel Scythia is bound in iron armour!  
It is like a mandrake in the earth before Reuben's gate:  
A shoot is beneath Jerusalem's walls to undermine her foundations;  
Ala is but thy shadow, O thou loveliest among women!

A shadow animated by thy tears O mournful Jerusalem!



Why will 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 dawning warm:  
 What shall we do for thee O lovely mild Jerusalem?

5 And Los said, I behold the finger of God in terror!  
 Alway is silent; his Emanation is divided from fire;  
 But I am living; yet I feel my Emanation also dividing;  
 Such things my brother how exist, divided from Emanation?  
 10 Then why wonder? I saw the finger of God in fire,  
 From my Furnaces, from within the Wheel of Albion's Sons;  
 Fixing the System permanent; by mathematical power  
 Built a body to Mankind that it may cast off for ever  
 With Demonstrative Science piercing Golgotha with his own bow;  
 15 God is within & without; he is even in the depths of Hell;  
 Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces:  
 And they appeared within & without encircling on both sides  
 The Starry Wheels of Albion's Sons, with Spokes for Jerusalem;  
 And for Yea the shadow of Jerusalem; the ever mourning shade;  
 20 On both sides, within & without braving gloriously;  
 Terrified at the sublime Wonder, Los stood before his Furnaces;  
 And they stood around, burning with desolation at their Spokes;  
 At the Spokes, reached from the starry height, to the starry depth;  
 And they built Golgotha: terrible eternal labour.

25 What are those golden builders doing; where was the buying place  
 Of soft Emanation, over Tabor's sacred tree? Is that  
 Mild Zion's Hill, most glorious progeny, most mournful  
 Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha?  
 30 Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Los,  
 The stars are gold, and the bricks, well wrought alterations;  
 Arm'd with love & kindness, & the tiles Adraena gold;  
 Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are for everans;  
 The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honesty; the pyle,  
 35 And the serpents & iron braces are well wrought blandishments;  
 And well contriv'd words, from flings, never forgotten,  
 Always concurring the remembrance: the floors, humility,  
 The ceilings, devotion; the hearths, thanksgiving;

40 Prepare the furniture O Lambeth, in thy plumb looms;  
 The curtains, woven tears & sighs, wrought into lovely sprays  
 For comfort, there the secret furniture of Jerusalem's chamber  
 Is wrought: Lambeth, the bride the Lamb's Wife, loathes tree;  
 Thou art one with her & knowest not of salt in thy supreme joy;  
 45 Go on, builders in hope! the Jerusalem wanders far away,  
 Without the grace of Los; among the dark Satanic wheels.

50 Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions; and fourfold  
 The great City of Golgotha; fourfold toward the north  
 Face toward the south, fourfold, to fourfold toward the east & west  
 Each within other toward the four points; that toward  
 Eden, and that toward the World of Generation.

55 Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albion's sons;  
 But that toward Eden is milled up, till time of renovation:  
 Yet it is perfect in its building, armaments & perfection.

60 And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity  
 West, the Circumference; South, the Zenith; North,  
 The Nadir; East, the Center, unapproachable for eye.  
 These are the four faces towards the four worlds of Humanity  
 In every Man, Lambeth, saw them by Chebars stood.  
 And the Eyes are the South, and the nostrils are the East.  
 And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.

65 And the North Gate of Golgotha toward Generation  
 Has four sculptur'd Bulls terrible, before the Gate of iron.  
 And iron, the Bulls; and that which looks toward Ulro,  
 Clay baked & granulated, eternal glowing as four furnaces;  
 Burning upon the Wheels of Albion's Sons with enormous power  
 And that toward Beulah four, gold, silver, brass, & iron;

And

And that toward Eden, four, furnish'd of gold, silver, brass, & iron.  
 The South, a golden Gate, hush'd four Lions terrible, living, &  
 That toward Generation, four, of iron, carvd wondrous;  
 That toward Oce, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship;  
 That toward Eden, four, immortal gold, silver, brass & iron.

The Western Gate fourfold, is close, having four Cherubim  
 For guards, living the work of elemental hands, laborious task;  
 Right Men, hermaphrodite, each winged with eight wings;  
 That toward Generation, iron, that toward Beulah, stone;  
 That toward Oce, clay; that toward Eden, metals.  
 But all claid up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their  
 The Eastern Gate, fourfold, terrible by deadly its ornaments;  
 Taking their forms from the wheel of Albion suns, as cages  
 Are turn'd 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 disarray of the earth are carved terrible;  
 And that toward Uro, forms of war; seven enormous;  
 And that toward Generation, seven generative forms.

And every part of the City is fourfold; & every inhabitant, fourfold.  
 And every pot & vessel, & garment, & vessel of the houses,  
 And every house, fourfold; but the third Gate in every one  
 Is close as with a thricefold curtain, of very fine linen & crimson,  
 And Laban stands in middle of the City, a most of fire.

Surrounds Laban, less Palace & the Golden Loaves of Cathedrals,  
 And sixtysix thousand Genii, guard the Eastern Gate;  
 And sixtysix thousand Gnomes, guard the Northern Gate;  
 And sixtysix thousand Nymphs, guard the Western Gate;  
 And sixtysix thousand Fairies, guard the Southern Gate;

Around Golgotha lies the land of death eternal; a Land  
 Of pain and misery and despair, and ever brooding melancholy;  
 In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, numbered from Adam to Lucifer;  
 From the blue Mundane Shell, reaching to the Vegetative Earth.

The Vegetative Universe opens like a flower from the Earth's center  
 In which is Eternity, it expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell.  
 And there to meet, flitting again, both within and without;  
 And the abstract Void 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 bottom deadly;

40 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, Flaverse;  
 And black Araby, and the Cities of the Salamandrine men;  
 But whatsoever is visible to the Generation Man.

45 By a Creation of march & love, from the Satanic Void.)  
 The land of darkness names, but no light, & no repose;  
 The land of snows of trembling, & of iron hail, incessant;  
 The land of earthquakes, & the land of waves, tempestuous;  
 The land of snags, & traps, & pitfalls, & pitfalls to dire mills;

50 The voids, the Solas, in the land of clouds & regions of waters;  
 Where their inhabitants, in the Twenty-seven Heavens, beneath Beulah;  
 Sighs, groans, & lamentations, concurring, against the Divine Vision;  
 A Concave Earth wondrous, Chasmal, Abyssal, Inchoherent.

55 Forming the Mundane Shell, above, beneath, on all sides surrounding.

Golgotha: Las walls round the walls, night and day.

He signs the City of Golgotha, & its smaller Cities;  
 The Lampy & Mill, & Pergaud, & Work-houses of Og & Anak.

The Amalthea, the Cenareus; the Noahite, the Japhorean.

60 And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years;  
 Formances, & not lost not lost nor vanished, as every little act.  
 That work, & wish, that has existed, all remaining still.

Those Churches ever consuming, & ever building by the Spectres  
 Of all the inhabitants of Earth, waiting to be created.

Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, mere possibilities;  
 But to those who enter into them, seem the only substances.

65 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 could in the south; the Dragon Uruer:  
 Yarmas the Vegetated Tongue even the Devouring Tongue:  
 5 A threefold region, a false brain: a false heart:  
 And false bowels: altogether composing the False Tongue,  
 Bengath Beulah: as a watry flame revolving every way  
 And as dark roots and stems: a forest of affliction: growing  
 10 In seas of sorrow. Los also views the four Temples:  
 Ananya, and Enion, and Vala and Rutharman lovely:  
 And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion:  
 Ananya & Enion & Vala are three exquiest shades:  
 Rutharman is a vegetated mortal Wife of Los:  
 His Emanation, yet his Wife, till the sleep of death is past.  
 15 Such are the Buildings of Los: & such are the Woods of Rutharman:  
 And Los beheld his Sons, and he beheld his Daughters:  
 Every one a translucent Wonder: a Universe within:  
 Increasing upwards, into length and breadth, and height:  
 20 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 Bede of rubies & all sorts of precious stones:  
 In their translucent hearts, which open into the vegetative world:  
 And every one a gate of iron dreadful, and wonderful.  
 25 And every one has the three regions Childhood: Manhood: & Age.  
 But the gate of the tongue: the western gate in them is closed.  
 Having a wall builded against it: and thereby, the gates  
 Eastward & Southward & Northward, are circled with flaming fires.  
 30 And the North is Brandish, the South is Height & Depth:  
 The East is upwards: & 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:  
 35 In Emanation Berythang deep Vales beneath Golgotha.



And Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre  
 Of strong reverie & Skatels Venerated by Reubens Gate,  
 In every Nation of the Earth till the twelve Sons of Albion  
 Unrooted 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 green Shadow  
 I see the Past, Present & Future existing all at once  
 Before me. O Divine Spirit sustain me in thy wings;  
 That I may awake Albion from his long & cold repose  
 For Bacon & Newton sheathed in dismal steel their torres hang  
 Like wan scourges over Albion. Reasonings like vast Serpents  
 Intold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations  
 I turn my eyes to the Schools & Universities of Europe  
 And there behold the Loom of Locke where Wool rages dire  
 Wash'd by the Water-wheels of Newport. Black the loom  
 In heavy incalp'd toils over every Nation, cruel Works  
 Of many wheels I view, wheel without wheel, with coils byzantine  
 Moving by compulsion each other, not as those in Edin: which  
 Wheel within Wheel in freedom revolve in harmony & peace.  
 I see in deadly fear in London Los ruging round his Axil  
 Of death, standing on Ax of gold, the Four Sons of Los  
 Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albion's hills  
 That Albion's Sons may roll apart over the Nations  
 While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite  
 From the Limb Noah to the Limb Abram in infinite Loss  
 Reuben in his twelve-fold majesty & beauty shall take refuge  
 As Abraham flees from Chaldea shaking his goat 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 Hina-nan



Hengstead Hengate Finchley London Muswell Hill: rage loud  
 Before Briareus war Tongs & flaming Fists his reddening fierce.  
 Hertfordshire glows with fiery vegetation; in the forests  
 The Oak & Sycamore terrible by the Beach & Hill its batten crooked  
 5 The Cuckoo's terrible cry loud the Cate & Cat its slender elong  
 The Peacock's life: the Parrot shriek: the Pigeon dismal groan  
 The Parrot's tear: the Peacock's jealousy: the Sisters curse  
 Beneath the Stomps of the Peacock & the thundering Belloris  
 10 Beaxes of the hand of Palamabron who in London's darkness  
 Before the April watches the belching flames: thundering  
 The Hammer sound rages in fury strong grasp surging wild  
 Young from Regency to earth down falling with heavy blow  
 He quenches it in the black trough of his hands: London's River  
 15 Feels the dread forge, trembling & quivering along the valleys  
 Humber & Trent roll dreadful before the Seventh Furnace  
 And Tweed & Tyne anxious give up their souls to Albion's sake  
 Lincolnshire Derbyshire Nottinghamshire Leicestershire  
 20 From Worcester to Norfolk on the lake of Utan Adam of  
 Labour impia the Furnaces, walking among the fires  
 With Ladies huge & iron Pakers over the Island white.  
 Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces  
 Wales gives his Daughters to the looms: England's nursing Mothers  
 25 Gives to the Children of Albion & to the Children of Jerusalem  
 From the blue Mandane Shell even to the Earth at Margan  
 Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be delivered  
 Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.  
 Here Los fixed down the Fifty-two Counties of England & Wales  
 30 With mighty power when they slept out at Jerusalems Gates  
 Away from the Cardinals of May & Univer: thence the Gates  
 To the Twelve Counties of Wales & thence Gates taking every way  
 To the Four Points: conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland  
 35 And thence to all the Kingdoms of Japan & Nomines of the Earth  
 The Gate of Reuben in Cornwallshire: the Gate of Simon in  
 Cardiganshire & the Gate of Eve in Monmouthshire  
 The Gate of Judah: Mercia: the Gate of Ian: Northum:  
 40 The Gate of Nazar: Norwiche: the Gate of Gad: Lancashire  
 The Gate of Asher: Cheshire: the Gate of Simeon: Breckinshire  
 The Gate of Joseph: Shropshire: the Gate of Sodar: so Wales divided  
 For the distinction of the Twelve Patriarchs of Albions Sons  
 And the Forty Counties of England are thus divided in the Gates  
 45 Of Reuben North Suffol: Suffol: Essex: Mercia: Lincoln: York: Lancashire:  
 1 Eri: Middlesex: Kent: Suffol: Wic: Somerset: Gloucester: Wiltsire:  
 2 Dais: Cornwall: Devon: Dorset: Norfolk: Warwick: Worcester:  
 3 Gad: Oxford: Bucks: Hants: Ister: Sussex: Hamsire: Berksire:  
 4 Lissachar: Northumbria: Westm: Northam: Leolin: Bedf: Huncun: Cam:  
 5 Joseph: Staffor: Shrops: Herf: Berwens: Derby: Cheshire: Lancashire:  
 6 And: Cumberland: Northumbria: and Westm: Lancashire: & Duran: are  
 7 Divided in the Gates of Reuben: Judah: Dan: & Joseph  
 8 And the Thirteen Counties of Scotland divided in the Gates  
 9 Of Reuben: Leir: Naphtali: Zorbar: Simon: An: Ash: Iacob:  
 10 Dan: Ederburk: Roxbra: Ross: Judah: Ab: Zebul: Berwic: Dunbries  
 11 Dan: Guit: Cadnes: Clannacher: Napthali: Norn: Inverney: Lincolnes  
 12 Gad: Pessible: Peret: Reuben: Asher: Sucor: Sanc: Starling: Wiccor:  
 13 Issachar: Telcar: Dunbar: Glasgo: Lebuline: Debry: Shetland: Skye:  
 14 Joseph: Blac: Lanach: Kynas: Berwens: Kremay: Sunn: Kirkbride:  
 15 Governing all by the sweet voices of Secret amorous glances  
 16 In Ecclatandoms Halls builded by Los & his mighty Children  
 All times acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of  
 17 Los: Halls & every Age renounces its powers from these Works  
 With every pathetic story possible to happen from Haps or  
 Wayward love & every sorrow & distress is carved here  
 Every affinity of Parental Marriages & Friendships are here  
 20 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 Writing Law of Moreb & Sinai:  
 25 And such the holy Gospel of Mount Olevet & Calvary:

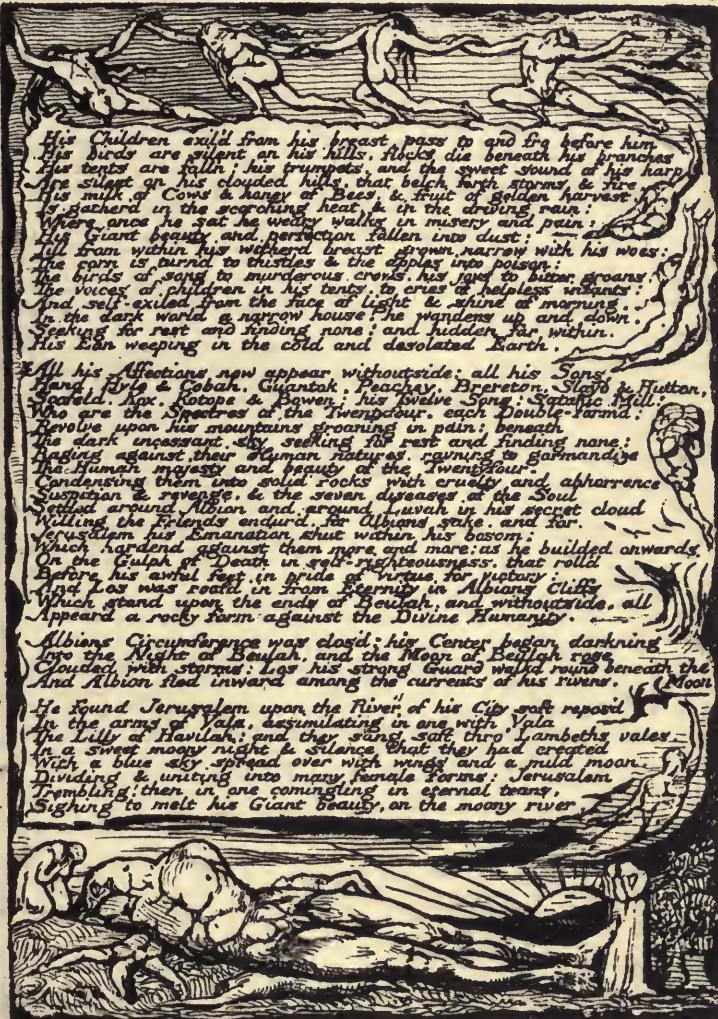
This Spectre divides & Los in fury compells it to divide:  
 To labour in the fire, in the water, in the earth, in the air.  
 To follow the Daughters of Albion as the hound follows the scent  
 Of the wild inhabitant of the forest, to drive them from his own:  
 To make a way for the Children of Los to come from the Furnaces  
 But Los himself against Albions Sons his fury bends, for he  
 Dares 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 woor Los continually to subdue his strength: he continually  
 Shows them his Spectre; sending him abroad over the four corners 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.  
 Shuddering they flee, they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity;  
 Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by undesign'd desire.  
 For Los said: Tho my Spectre is divided as I am, a Living Man  
 I must compell him to obey me wholly: that Entharmon may not  
 Be lost: & lest he should devour Entharmon. As me!  
 Pitiful image of my soft desires, & loves: O Entharmon.  
 I will compell my Spectre to obey: 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  
 Entharmon: 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's Night  
 And crivel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulah's Night  
 They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken & die  
 Calling that Holy Love: which is Envy Revenge & Cruelty  
 Much separated the stars from the mountains; the mountains from  
 And left Man a little grovelling Root, outside of Himself.  
 Negations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist:  
 But Negations Exist Not: Exceptions & Objections & Uncertainties  
 Exist not, nor shall they ever be Organized for ever & ever:  
 If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation: a mere  
 Reasoning & Derivation from me, an Objection & cruel Spite  
 And Malice & Envy: but my Enmiration alas! will become  
 My Conancy: O thou Negation, I will continually compell  
 Thee to be invisible to only but whom I please, & when  
 And where & how I please, and never never, shal thou be Organized  
 But as a disturbed & 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 of 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 & Entharmon 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 unfolded her in his garments  
 Of wool: he hid her from the Spectre, in shame & confusion of  
 Face: in terrars & pangs of Hell & Eternal Death, the  
 Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living & Los powld over it:  
 Feeding it with his groans & tears day & night without ceasing:  
 And the Spectrous Darknes from his buck divided in temptations  
 And in grinding agonies in thrcats, stolings & direful struglings  
 Go thou to Skarfeld, ask him if he is Bath or if he is Carpenter  
 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 & Skarfeld 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 Wisdom, & an Outside spread Within,  
 Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways, which meet in One:  
 An orb'd Void of doubt, despair, hunger, & thirst, & sorrow -  
 5 Hark the Twelve Sons of Albion, joint in dark Assembly,  
 Jealous of Jerusalems children ashamed of her little-ones  
 For Vala produc'd the Bodies Jerusalem gave the Souls  
 10 became as Three Immense Wheels, turning upon one-another  
 Into Nan-Energy and their thundering hoarse appall the Dead  
 To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead.



Cast! Cast ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusion,  
 The Harlot daughter! Mother at pity and dishonourable forgiveness  
 Our Father Albions sin and shame! But father now no more!  
 15 nor sons, nor hateful peace & love, nor soft complacencies  
 With transgressors meeting in brotherhood around the table,  
 In the porch or garden. No more the gaudy delights  
 Of life, and youth, and boy, and girl, and animal and herb,  
 And river, and mountain, and city & village, and house & family  
 20 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 Hatred met in deadly strife, rending the house & garden  
 The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds  
 25 And chambers of trembling & suspicion. Hated at age & youth,  
 And boy & girl, & animal & hero & river & mountain  
 And city & village, and house & family. That the perfect  
 May live in glory, redeemed by Sacrifice of the Lamb  
 And of his Children before sinful Jerusalean, To build  
 30 upon 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 Potter's field.  
 For little-ones. She must stay upon our Altars; and her aged  
 35 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.  
 40 Soon Hand mightily devoured & absorbid Albions Twelve Sons.  
 Out from his bosom a mighty Python, vegetating in darkness.  
 And Hyle & Coban were his two chosen ones. For boundaries  
 In War forth from his bosom they went and return'd.  
 45 take Wheals from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep  
 Boarish turn'd the Storied Wheals, rending a way in Albions Loins  
 Beyond the Night of Boulah. In a dark & unknown Night.  
 Clustrethid 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; Birds die beneath his branches.  
 His tents are fallen; his trumpets, and the sweet sound his harp.  
 His sleep on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms & fire,  
 His milk of Cows & honey of Bees to fruit & golden harvest,  
 Is scattered in the scorching heat & in the driving rain;  
 Where, once he sat he weari walk in misery and pain:  
 His Giant beauty and perfection fallen in dust;  
 Till worn within his withered breast grown narrow with his woes:  
 The corn is turned to thistles & the apples into poison;  
 The birds of song to murderous crows, his love 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 The wanders up and down;  
 Seeking for rest and finding none; and hidden far within  
 His Leon weeping in the cold and desolate Earth.

All his Affections now appear without-side; all his Sons  
 Hand-fyld & Cobah, Gyanthal, Peachay, Breerton, Slajo & Fleeton,  
 Scotfeld, Kox, Kocope & Bowen; his twelve Song; Satanic Mill;  
 Who are the Spectres of the Twentidour, each Double-arm'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 command  
 The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentidour;  
 Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and avarice  
 Suspicion & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul  
 Settled around Albion and around Luval in his secret cloud  
 Killing the friends endur'd, for Albion sake, and far.  
 Ver-sillem his emanation, shut within his bosom, much hardened  
 Against them more and more: as he builded onwards,  
 On the Gulf of Death in self-righteousness, that roll'd  
 Before his awl'd Reg'f in pride & vain, for victory  
 Los was cast in from Jeremy in Albion cliff,  
 Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and minotaurous, all  
 Appear'd a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albion Circumference was closed; his Center began darkning  
 O'er the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose  
 Clouded with storms: Los his strong Guard walled round beneath the  
 And Albion fled inward among the currents of his rivers. (Moon)

He found Jerusalem upon the River of his Cijo soft report  
 In the arms of Vale, assimilating in one with Vale  
 The Lilly of Havilah; and they sang salt thro Lambeth's vale  
 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 toans,  
 Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.

But when they saw Albion fallen upon mild Lambeth's vales:  
Astonished, terrified, they hover'd over his Giant limbs.  
Then thus, Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears:  
Weeping in pleadings at Love, in the web of despair.

- 5 Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life  
And closed up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence:  
Where we live, forgetting ~~that~~; nor 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 bastes of man and beast.

- 15 Then mourns the wanderer; then he repents his wandering & 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

- 20 O Vala, what is Sin, that thou shad-lerest and weepest,  
At sight of thy once lowly Jerusalem? What is Sin, but a little  
Terror & 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 and love!

- 25 Stay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon.  
Stay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab.  
I cannot put off thy human form: I strive but strive in vain.  
30 When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine:  
They hasten woven it with art, thou hast caught me in the bands  
Of love: thou refus'dst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty  
Beautiful thru our loves comeliness, beautiful thro pity.  
The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion.  
35 Because a enclosed pity & love; because, we loved one-another!  
Albion lov'd thee: he rent thy Veil, he embray'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 received me in his arms he smil'd upon us:  
He made me his Bride & wife; he gave thee to Albion.  
40 Then was a time of love: O why is it passed away?  
42 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 boul upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin.  
 5 Doubt first assyld 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 Cittie next, last evn the Dog at my Gate, the Forests fled  
 The Corn-fields, & the breathing Gardens outside separated  
 10 The Sea, the Stars, the Sun, the Moon: drivn forth by my disense  
 All's External Death entles you can weave a chaste  
 Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure!  
 That the deep wound of Sin might be clasd up with the Needie.  
 15 And with the Loom, to cover Gwendolen & Ragyn with costly Robes  
 Of Natural Virtue for their Sprightly forms without a Veil  
 Within Luvahs Sepulcher, I thrust him from my presence  
 And all my Children followd his loud howlings into the Deep.  
 Jerusalem, dissembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom:  
 20 I discover thy secret places: Cordelia! I beholl  
 Those 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! Converna  
 25 Thy cradled infancy is most piteous, O hide! O hide!  
 Their secret gardens were bridle 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 spes in fear, he howls in fury over them, Land seas  
 30 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 daceed heavens  
 2 Buttersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen;  
 Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild & Ignose;  
 4 Because the Peak, Malvern & Chevut Reason in Cruelty  
 35 Penmaennawr & Dhuas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelieve  
 Monchester & Liverpol are in turtures of Doubt & Despair  
 Morden & Colchester Demonstrate: I hear my Childrens voices,  
 I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds  
 From Lincoln & Norwich, from Edinburgh & Mawnouth,  
 40 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 ships of the Captains, they are taken  
 In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the breadth of Europe  
 Six months they lie embalmed in silent death; war-shepped  
 45 Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring  
 Bursing their Arks they rise again to life, they play before  
 The Armies: I hear their loud Tymbals & their deathly cries  
 Are the Dead cruel, are those who are infolded in moral Law  
 Reverent! O that Death & Annihilation were the same;  
 50 Then Vala answerd spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion



Albion thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surrounded  
 Thy Sons have raised me on the Gates piercing my hands & feet;  
 Till Skafelod's Nimrod the mighty Huntman Jehovah came.  
 With Cush his Son & took me down. He in a golden Clark,  
 Bears me before his Armes tho my Shadow hovers here.  
 The flesh of multitudes fed & nourish'd me in my childhood  
 My morn & evening food were prepar'd in Battles of Men  
 Egypt is the cry at the Hounds of Nimrod along the Valley  
 Of Vision, they scent the odors at 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 wert 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 uttered his voice beneath the silent Moon  
 I brought Love into light of day to pride in chaste beauty  
 I broughte Love into light & fancied Innocence is no more  
 Then speake Jerusalem O Albion my Father Albion  
 Why wile thou number every little fibre of my Soul  
 Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of Flax to dry?  
 The Infant Joy is beauteous, but its anatomy  
 Horrible & hast & deadly wrought shall thou find in it  
 But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy  
 Then Albion turn'd his face toward Jerusalem & spoke  
 Hide thou Jerusalem in unpalpable voudness, not to be  
 Touch'd by the hand ne'er seen with the eye. O Jerusalem  
 would thou wert not so that thy place might never be found  
 But come O Vala with knife & cup, draw my blood  
 To the last drop: then ride me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle  
 For I sot by with whom I stey. I behold him in my Spectre  
 As I beheld 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 groan'd Albion from mountain to mountain & replied



Jerusalem! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion!  
5 Daughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albion's curse!  
Come here with intention to annihilate thee; But  
My soul is melted away, unevenly within the Veil.  
First thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee  
Pulled rent in ancient times. I see it whole and more  
Perfect, and shining with beauty. But thou, O wretched Father!

Jerusalem replied, like a voice heard from a sepulcher;  
10 Father once Pious, is now Sin Embalmed in Vala's bogom  
In an Eternal Death for Albion's 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 safe repose,  
15 Inward complacency of Soul: a Self-annihilation.

I have erred! I am ashamed, and will never return more:  
I have taught my children sacrifice, or 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.

20 He recollect, he rush'd outwards; he barg, the Veil, whole away  
His fires reground from his Dragon Altars in Europe 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,  
25 Which stand upon the edge of Beulah; and there Alton sunk  
Down in sick pallid languor. These were his last words, relapsing  
Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales,  
And Scotland, upward from the Circumference into Eternity.



30 Blasphemous Sons of Femurine delusion! God in the dreary Void  
Dwells from Eternity, wide separated, from the Human Soul.  
But thou, deluding Image by whom 'mou'd the Veil I rent  
Lg here is Vala's Veil, whole, for a Law, a Terror & a Curse,  
And therefore God takes vengeance on me; from my clay-cold brain  
35 My children wander trembling victims of his Moral Justice.  
His smites fall on me and cover me while in the Veil I told  
My dying limb. Therefore O Manhood, if thou art aught  
But a mere phantom, hear dying Albion's Curse:  
May God who dwells in this dark Uro & redness, vengeance take,  
40 And draw thee down unto 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 stand before your Master in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children  
You bleed like Lions; but equally true, ask his Worn eyes against me  
Whom reprobate Mighty Stars? we dared naked ground them.  
Dropping to broke Love into light of day to Jeusalem's shame!  
Departing of Great lamps to take the world away  
To us who are come to seek another for asperence: the Blue  
And our immortal Sons & all their Hosts left from our limbs.  
And wandered distant in a dismal Night clouded in dark:  
The Sun hid from the Brisons forested: the Moon threw his mighty loins  
Scanderavia low with all his mountains still 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?  
If we are born to feed the sunless regions of the earth,  
To be the slaves of Accidents, & death, & love a weak  
Life in brooding care & precious labours, that prove but chaff?  
O Jeusalem! Jeusalem! I have forsaken thy Courts  
By Pillars of ivory & gold: thy Curtains of silk & fine  
Linen: thy Pavements of precious stones, thy Walls of pearl  
And thy towers of white marble, & walls of silver & gold.  
By Clouds of Blessings, thy Chariots of tender-milk  
Battering their Wings against me the Little-ones of Albion  
O Human Imagination, O Divine Body have crucified  
Thine purpose by back upon me the Waste of mortal law.  
I have purged my back upon me the Waste of human devotion.  
I have purged my back upon me the Waste of human devotion.  
My faithful Watchman stands over thee in the night  
My severe Judge all the day long proves thee O Babylon  
With severity of destruction, not surely then thy hearts desire  
But Alas! to see me now to the Palace of the King of Babylon  
The walls of Babylon are Soddy & stony, & sharp-serrate, & stony, & sharp-serrate  
Of Negev: her towers are the histories of once happy families  
Her towers are paved with destruction, her houses built with death  
Her towers with lifeless bones, & her houses with judgments  
Her towers with lifeless bones, & her houses with judgments  
Yet thou wast lovely to the summer cloud upon my hills  
When Jerusalem was thy hearts desire in times of youth & love.  
Thy Sons came to Jeusalem with gifts, she sent them away  
With blessings on their hands for the hand of death is gold,  
With pearl to demand, the Daughters said in her Courts  
Her cause to Jeusalem they walked before Albion  
In the palaces of London every Hector walked  
In London Walked in every Nation mighty in force & in harmony  
London covered the whole Earth, but the Nations & the Nations  
London covered the African Mountains & the Erythrean  
London covered the Alpine Mountains & the Erythrean  
bright Japan & China & Hispania 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 Jehovah, or God were seen: but now no more  
no man beheld him, & he is dead & in his Sepulcher  
why these sentiments of Jeusaph, the Gentile might say so?  
if God was Merciful this could not be; O Lamb of God  
you art a delusion and Jeusalem is my Son! O my Children  
you educated you in the grandeur of your Father's name  
if you have seen the Propriety of God to your poor Father  
but thou appear before me who last died in Jeusaph's Sepulcher  
last thou forgoe me, thou who wast dead by art alive?  
not so merciful upon me O thou Slave Lamb of God  
die: I die in thy arms the hope is banished from me.

Thundering the Veil rushes from his hand Vegetative Knot by  
63 Day by Day, Night by Night, loud roll the indignant Atlantic  
Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deepz

And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah; all the Regions  
Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved; & they said:

5 Why did you take Vengeance O ye Sons of the mighty Albion?  
Planting these Oaken Groves Erecting these Dragon Temples  
Injuring the Lord heals but Vengeance cannot be healed;  
As the Sons of Albion have done to Lucifer, so they have in him  
Done to the Divine Lord their Saviour who suffers with those that suffer,  
For no living Sparrow can fly. & oh what Universes not better also.  
10 In all his Regions & its Factions Vengeance not pity and weep.  
But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace & Repentance in the bosom  
of the Pityer in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain.  
Descend O Lamb of God & take away the imputations of Sin  
By the Creation of States & the deliverance of Individuals Evermore Amen.

15 16 Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion  
But many doubted & despised & imputed Sin & Unrighteousness  
To Individuals as not to States, and these Slept at Ease.





# To the JEMS.

Jerusalem the Emancipation 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 little page is also true, that Jerusalem was & is the Emancipation 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 to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen. Hallelujah Selah!

All things begin & end in Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shores. Your Ancestors derived their order 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 I can anciently confirm, in his mighty limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you received 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 Sutor & Adam to the whole World was Created by the Elahon.

The fields from Islington to Marybone, To Primrose Hill and Saint John Wood; Were builded over with pillars of Gold, And there Jerusalems pillars stood.

Her Little-ones ran on the fields,

2 The Lamb of God among them seen And fair Jerusalem his Bride;

Among the little meadows green,

3 Pancras & Kentish-town repose Among her golden pillars high;

4 made her golden arches which Shine upon the stony sky.

The Jews-harp-house & the Green Man; The Pansies with their native delight;

5 The fields of Coney by Well & farm Shine in Jerusalems pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green;

6 The Lamb of God, walks by her side;

And every English Child is seen Children of Jesus & his Bride,

7 Forgiven trespasses and sins.

8 Last Babylon with cruel Og & Shishak With Nebuchadnezzar Law Should Crucify in Sion's Synagogue!

What are those golden Builders doing Near mournful ever-weeping Judea-ton Standing above that mighty realm Where Satan the first victory won.

Where Albion slept beneath the fatal tree

9 And the Druid golden knife Pierced in human gore.

In Offerings of Human Life

They ascend cloud on London Stone They stand aloft on yours Brook

10 Albion gave his deadly groan And all the Atlantic Mountains shook

Albions Spectre from his loins

11 Rose forth in all the pomp of War!

He strewed his Druid Pillars far Jerusalem fell from Lambeth Vale

Down thence Foster & Old Bow;

Thro' Morden & across the sea;

12 In War & howling death & woe,

If Humility of Christianity; your

13 year tradition that Mea contained in his limbs all Animals is true & they were separated from him by cruel Sacrifices; and when antiquity 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 Virtue & War. Take up the Cross O Israel & follow Jesus.

The Rhine was red with human blood The Danube & Tid a purple tide; In the Earthwide Satan's noise And over Asia stretched his prey.

He withered up sweet Zions Hill From every Nation at the Earth:

He withered up Jerusalem's Gates And in a dark Land gave her birth.

He withered up the Human Form By laws of sacrifice & fury Worm:

But S. translucent all within.

The Divine Vision still was seen Still was the Human form Divine Visiting in weak & mortal clay

14 O Jesus still the Form was there And thine the Human Face & thin:

The Human heart & eye & breast Passing thro' the Gates of Birth

15 And passing thro' the Gates of Death And. O thou Lamb of God whom I

16 Love and adore with Albions pride Are thou returned to Albion's land:

17 And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

Come to my arms & never more Depart, but dwell for ever here Create my Spirit to thy Love;

Spectre of Albion, warlike Field! In clouds of blood & ruin roll'd here reclaim them as my own My Selfhood, Satan, arm'd in gold.

18 Is this thy soft Family-Love Thy cruel Patriarchal pride Planting thy Family abroad Destroying all the World beside.

A mans worst enemies are those Of his own house & family;

19 And he who makes his law a curse By his own law shall surely die.

In my Exchanges every Land Shall walk & rule in every Land.

20 Michael shall build Jerusalem Both heart in heart & hand in hand

21 Jews are the true Christians if

they were separated from him by cruel Sacrifices; and when antiquity

22 cruel Sacrifices had brought Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle in the

loins of Abraham & David; the Lamb of God the Saviour became appar-

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*Jerusalem.*

*Chap: 2.*

Every ornament of perfection, and every labour of love,  
Was all the Garden of Eden, & in all the golden mountains  
Was become an ev'ry horror, and a remembrance of jealousy.  
And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher & judge.

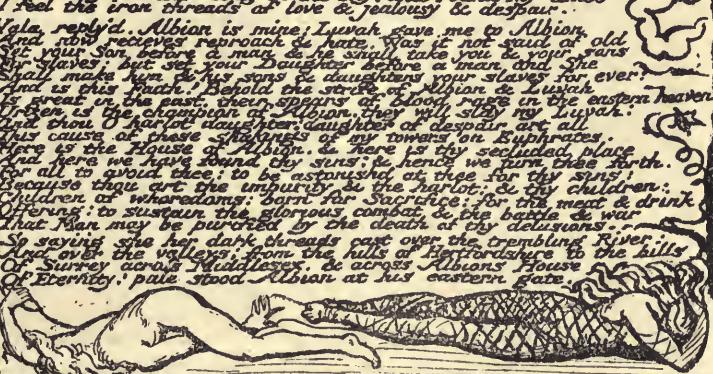
5 And Albion spoke from his secret seat and said  
All these arguments are crimes, they are made by the labours  
of loves; of unnatural consanguinities, and friendships  
Horr'd to think of when enquired deeply into; and all  
These hills & valleys, are accursed witnesses of Sin;  
I therefore condense them into solid rocks, stedfast;  
A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth;  
That Man be separate from Man, & here I plant my seat.  
10 Cold snows drift'd around him; ice cover'd his loins around  
He sat by Tyburns brook, and undergath his head, shot up;  
A deadly tree, he fram'd it Moral Woe, and the Law  
Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.  
15 The tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion stand'd)  
They bent down, they fall the earth and again enrooting  
Shot into many a tree; an endless labyrinth of woe:  
20 From willing sacrifice of Self, to sacrifice of (miscall'd) Enemies  
For Atonement; Albion began to erect twelve Cities,  
Of rough unhewn rocks, before the Potters furnace  
He nam'd them Justice, and Truth. And Albions Sons  
Must have became the first Victims, being the first transgressors  
25 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.

After the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appear'd above  
 Above dark rocks; setting behind the Gardens of Kensington,  
 On Tyburn's 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 rock of Albion  
 I elected Albion for my Slave & gave to him the Name  
 Of my world & earth; to the Angel of my Presence and all  
 The Sons of God were Albions Fans & Jerusalem was my joy.  
 5 But you cannot behold him till he be reveal'd in his System  
 Albion's Actor must have a Place prepared; Albion must Sleep  
 Tidied up Albion; till the Man of Sin & Repentance be reveal'd  
 From Albion, but hath founders his Reaction into a Prophesy  
 10 Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Non  
 He hath compell'd Albion to become a Painter & hath possessed  
 Himself of Albion's rest & quiet; and usurp'd his Heaven  
 London is the stone of her ruins; Oxford is the dust of her walls;  
 15 Sussex & Kent are her scatter'd garments; Ireland her holy place;  
 And the murd'ring bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales  
 The shades of the dead are the smoke of her damnation  
 The flames of her fury are the chariot which she drives  
 20 Of her lordly conquerors her palates levelled with the dust  
 I come that may find a way for my banish'd ones to return  
 Fear not; O little flock I come; Albion shall rise again  
 So saying, the mild Sun inclos'd the Human Family  
 25 Northward from Albion's darkening locks came two Immortal forms  
 Saying We alone are escape'd the merciful Lord and Saviour  
 30 We have prophecies of Judgement & destruction from our Master  
 From his hands we received the Ark of Noah  
 Beneath his vast wings at high surrounding Jerusalem  
 35 Albion walk'd on the steps of fire before his Hells  
 And Vala walk'd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.  
 Her locks up with soft braids of gold  
 40 Ascend'd most nobly into the air above his Palace  
 Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect  
 Of living gold pure perfect holi; in white linnen pure he hover'd  
 Sat exulting in existence; all the Man absorbing.  
 45 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 & cover'd her face; & her locks were spread on the pavement  
 50 We heard asprush'd at the Vision & our hearts trembled within us  
 We heard the voice of Albion & Albion, and thus he spake  
 Idolatry to his own glory words of eternally accuracy  
 If I am nothing then I enter into judgment with thee  
 55 If thou wert now the breaker of worlds & worlds into pieces  
 If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent  
 If thou withhold'st thine hand; yon perish like a fallen leaf  
 If I am nothing; and to nothing must return again  
 60 The ceas'd; the shadowy form was silent but the cloud hover'd over their heads  
 And lo! the son of Man that shadowy form call'd Albion  
 And to that son of Man that shadowy form call'd Albion  
 65 Luwak descended from the cloud in terror Albion rose  
 Indignant rose the artful Man & turn'd 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  
 70 O cruel pity! O dark deceit; can love seek for dominion?  
 And Luwak strong to gain dominion over Albion  
 They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclos'd  
 And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement  
 75 Cover'd with boils from head to foot the terrible smitings of Luwah  
 Then bound the fallen Man and put forth Luwah from his presence  
 Saying Go and take the Death of Man; to Vala the sweet wanderer  
 80 Your dying voice vibrations of your dear presence  
 Downward and your voice vibrations of your dear presence  
 Your withering lips and tongue shrivell up into a narrow circle  
 Till into narrow stans you creep; go take your fiery way  
 And learn what us to absorb the Man you Spirits of Fury & Love.  
 They heard the voice and fled swift as the winters setting sun  
 85 And now the human blood foam'd high the Spirits Luwah & Vala  
 Went upon the earth to where Paroxysm us gave abundant  
 They strove here a fury to rage & here a roar to rend the earth  
 And the vast form of Nature like a serpent play'd before them  
 90 And as they play'd a hidden fire & thunders at the deep  
 And from her bosom a dark sea that leaves us silvery banks  
 And from her bosom a dark land that leaves us silvery hills  
 And the vast form of Nature like a serpent roll'd before them  
 Whether of Jerusalems or Valas ruins congenerated we know not  
 95 All is confusion; all is tumult; do we alone are escap'd  
 So spake the fugitives they found the Divine Family tremblin



And the Two that escaped, were the Emanation of Los & his  
 Spectre for where ever the Emanation goes, the Spectre  
 Spreads her as her Guard. & Los's Emanation is named  
 Extrumman, & his Spectre is named Urthona: they knew  
 Not where to flee: they had been on a visit to Albion's Children  
 And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation  
 To hide themselves: weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation  
 Of Albion's Children: fleeing thro' Albion's vales in streams of gore  
 Being not irrigated by insult bearing insulting benevolences  
 They perceived that corporeal freights are spiritual enemies  
 They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryon Uncrystallization  
 And the Divine hand was upon them bearing them thro' darkness  
 Back side to their Humanity as doves to their windows.  
 Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthona's Spectre in Songs  
 5 Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.  
 They wept & trembled: Calas put forth his hand, & took them in  
 Into his Bosom: from which Albion shrank in dismal pain,  
 rending the fibres of Brotherhood & in Immure Allegories  
 Inclosing Los; but the Divine Vision appeared with Los  
 10 Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.  
 And Los prayed and said, O Divine Saviour arise  
 Upon the Mountains of Albion at an ancient time. Behold!  
 The Cities of Albion seek thy face: London groans up pain  
 From Hill to Hill & the Thames laments along the Valleys:  
 The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst  
 15 The Twey, & eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee:  
 Because of the Oppressors of Albion in every City & Village:  
 They mock at the Labourers limbs: they mock at his starv'd Children:  
 They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons:  
 They clappell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by subtle artis:  
 20 They reduce the Man to want: then give with pomp & ceremony:  
 The praise of Jehovah is cleauched from lips of hunger & thirst:  
 Humanity know not of Sex: wherefore are Sexes in Beulah?  
 They baulch the Female less: down her beautifull Tabernacle:  
 25 Through the soft enterings mingling between her Cherubim:  
 And becomme One with a man, whoe despised in Salford  
 The Rocky Law of Canterbury: he thought generation & Death:  
 Albion hath entered the Lions the place of the last Judgment:  
 And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vales began  
 30 The Dead awake to Generation: Arise O Lord, & rend the Veil:  
 So Los in lamentations followed Albion, Albion coverd.  
 35

His western heaver with rocky clouds of death & despair  
 Scaring that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision  
 Was took my Slope of fire to search the interirs of Albions  
 Roaring in all the persons of darkness entering the caves  
 And in his direful search the dragon did withal among  
 Albions rocks & precipices : caves & solitude de dark despair  
 And saw every Particular of Albion degraded, & misorder'd  
 But saw not by whom : they were hidden within in the minute particulars  
 Of which they had possessid themselves : and there they take up  
 the articulations of a man soul, and laughing throw it down  
 Into the flames, then knock it out upon the plank, & souls are bak'd  
 & brok'd to build the pyramids of Hell & Teme. But Los  
 Separ'd in very close, & from the sunne & the world, & came  
 He came downe from the sky, & through the blacke & scowling towmes London  
 Hill, he came to old Stratford & thence to Stepney & the Isle  
 Of Leathern Dogs, thence thro' the narrowes of the Rivers side  
 And saw every minute particular, the jewels of Albion running down  
 The roapes of the streets & lanes as if they were abhorred  
 And then he came to Albion, because barren mountaines of Margt  
 Vines ; and every minute particular he did see in sand :  
 Sand all the tenderest vies of the soul cast forth at full of mire  
 Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate  
 To where the Tower of London stood dreadful over Jerusalem ;  
 A building of Lush, builded in Jerusalems eastern Gate, to be  
 An seculid Court : thence to Bethlehem where was builded  
 House of David, the Tabernacle requiring the  
 Of stones and rocks. He took us way to Albion, whose form was rare :  
 And thus he spoke looking on Albions City with many teats  
 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 at Providence :  
 I should dare to lay my hand on a grain of sand  
 Should I pay for all, for the sunne was at these vaynes,  
 Albion to those viles vengeance of their reperent, thy wrongs  
 Thou art too ever lost ! What can I do to hinder thy Sons  
 Of Albion from taking vengeance ? or how shall I them perswade,  
 So spake Los, travelling thro' darkness & horrid solitude :  
 Among the ruins of the Temple, and Vala who is her Shadow.  
 Jerusalems shadow bent northward over the Island white  
 No longer he sat on Lancton Stow, & heard Jerusalems voice.  
 Albion I cannot be thy Wife, thine own Minute Particulars,  
 Belong to God alone, and all thy little ones are holy  
 And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster & Marybone  
 And he black mourners upon thy rivers currents, Vala awake :  
 I hear thy shuffles sing in the sky, and round my limbs  
 I feel the iron threads of love & jealousy be despair.  
 Vala replied, Albion is mine, Lucifer gave me to Albion,  
 And now receives reproach de hate, Was it not said of old  
 Set your Son before a man & he shall take you to your sons  
 For slaves, but set your Daughter before a man, and She  
 Shall make him to his sons & daughters your slaves for ever.  
 And is this truth, Behold the stote of Lucifer de Lucifer  
 To Albion in the east, & Lucifer, & Albion, & Albion, & Albion, & Albion  
 In the eastern heaven, & Albion, & Albion, & Albion, & Albion, & Albion,  
 And thou O harlot daughter of Albion, who art my blyant,  
 And thou O harlot daughter of Albion, who art my blyant,  
 This cause of these shalangs of my towers on Euphrates.  
 Here is the House of Albion, & here is thy secluded place  
 And here we have found thy suns, & hence we turn thee forth  
 For all to avoid thee, to be astonish'd at thee for thy sinz  
 Expressing thy art the un purity, & the harlot, & thy children  
 Children to harlots, born for Sodome, for thy meat & drink  
 Of course, to sustain the gloriouse combate, & the bapple of war  
 That man may be purvied of the death of thy desuours.  
 So saying she had dark threats cast over the trembling Rose,  
 Of Albion, & the roses from the hills of Albion, & the hills  
 Of Surrey across Huddings, & 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 Nonnabally.  
 5 His was all astonishment & terror; he trembled sitting on the stone  
 of Llanfair, but that the strength of Albans fibres & nerves were hidden  
 In his bones, and that he beheld only the terrible shapes,  
 And saw his complices in ruin. The Demon of the Furnaces  
 He saw also the Four Points of Albion reverend upwards  
 He heard his Hammer & Tong, his iron Baker & his Bellows.  
 10 Upon the valleys of Middlesex shouting loud for aid Divine.  
 15 In stern defiance came from Albans bosom Huel, Hyle, Kobur,  
 Gwantak, Brachy, Breartye, Glaid, Tew, Cadoc, Llŷd, Cwysie,  
 Bowen, Alford, Sons, they bore him a golden couch into the rock,  
 And on the couch repos'd his limbs, trembling from the Holdy Field.  
 Roaring their Druid Patriarchal rocky temples around his limbs,  
 All thing begin is end, in Albans ancient Druid Rock Shore.)



Turning his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous Chaos before his face appear'd: an Unformed Memory,  
 Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion darkning cold  
 From the back & loun's where dwell the Spectrous Dead

5 I am your Rational Power O Albion & that Human Form  
 You call Divine, is but a Worm several inches long  
 That creeps forth in a night & is dried in the morning sun  
 In torpidous concourse of memory accumulated & lost  
 10 It plants the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelming the hills  
 Breathes its winding labyrinth till a stone or the brook  
 Drops in its mist in its pride among its gulls & rivers  
 Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble  
 Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over  
 15 The ancient cities of the Earth remote as a traveller  
 And shall Albions Cities remain when I pass over them  
 With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the table-



So spoke the Spectre to Albion, he is the Great Selfhood  
 Satan. Worship'd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth  
 Having a white Dot call'd a Center from which branches out  
 20 A Circle in continual gyrations, this became a Heart  
 From which sprang numerous branches varvend their motions  
 Producing many Heads three or seven or ten in hands & feet  
 Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator  
 Who becomes his food such is the way of the Devouring Power

25 And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos  
 Albions Generation which he had hidde in Jealousy  
 Appear'd now in the frowning Chaos prostrate upon the Chaos  
 Reflecting back to Albion in Sexrid Reasoning Hermaphrodite

30 Albion spoke, Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp  
 Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn Fingers  
 I never saw thee till this time, nor beheld thee abstracted  
 Nor darkness unmingleth with light on my furrow'd field  
 Whence comest thou: who art thou & loveliest: the Divine Vision  
 35 Is as nothing before thee faded is all life and joy

35 Vala replied in clouds of tears Albions garment embracing  
 I was a City & a Temple built by Albions Children:  
 I was a Grecian plant'd with beauty I allus'd on hill & valley  
 The River of love to flow against my walls & among my trees  
 Vala was Albions Bride & Wife in Great Eternity

40 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  
 45 Why was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus  
 Wherefore did I loving Create love, which never yet  
 Imprison'd God & Man. When thou & I hid the Divine Vision  
 In cloud of secret gloom which beheld involve me round about  
 Know me now Albion: look upon me I alone am Beauty

50 The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala  
 I breathe full forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave  
 Born of the Woman to obey the Woman O Albion the mighty  
 52 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 hulky fear;  
A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone;  
At thy word & at thy look death envokes 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 post & cave be beneath the Moon dun region of death  
Where I laid my blow in the hot noon where my hot team fed  
Where implements of War are forged, the Blow to go over the Nations  
In pain girding me I quond 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 heard his thundering Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex  
He spend his furnaces before Vala, then Albion strode in anger  
On his Rock: ere yet the Stars of 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 Albion's clouds dreadful uttered 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 for every Man, it is the Throne of God.  
The Woman has claimed as her own & Man is no more.  
Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala & her Temple

O Albion, why wilt thou Create a Female Will?  
To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert even  
In the shadow of a Woman & a secluded Holy Place  
That we may pry after him as after a Stolen treasure  
Hidden among the Dead & snoured up from the paths of life  
Hand, art thou not Reuben engorged thyself into Bashan?  
Iill thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Vaca: O Merlin  
Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came  
Is thus the Female Will, O ye lovely Daughters of Albion To  
Converse concerning Weight & Distance in the Wilds of Newark & Locke  
Se Los spoke standing on Mam-Tor looking over Europe & Asia  
The Graves thunders beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan  
Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead in the valley  
Cut off from Albion's mountains & from all the Earth's summits  
Between Succoth & Zaristan beside the Stone of Bohan  
While the Daughters of Albion divided Luwah into three Bodies  
Los bended his Napster down to the Earth then sent him over  
Jordan to the Land of the Hitite: 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 returned 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 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 & ride thee in the dust.



Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,  
In Albion's 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 strayed from the punishment of the Law,  
In pity at the punisher whose state is eternal death;  
Until keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love.

5      Albion goes to Eternal Death: In Me all, Eternity,  
Must pass thro' condemnation and awake beyond the Grave;  
No individual can keep these hauls, for they are death;  
To every energy of man, and forbid the sorrows of life;  
Albion hath entered the State Ocean; the permanent O State;  
10     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 Aries.

15     So spake the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity



Reuben returning to his place, in vain he sought beautiful Tzach,  
 For his Eyes were harrow'd, & his nostrils stentred the ground  
 And Sixty Winters Los raged in the invasions of Newbury,  
 Building the Moon at Ulro, plain of Phœnix &c.  
 5 Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los laid his Tongue  
 Between Lips of mire & clay, then sent him forth over Jordan  
 In the love of Tzach, he said Doubt is my Food & Joy & mirth  
 All that beheld him fled howling and shamed their looks.  
 10 For pain they became what they beheld. In reasonings Reuben ref'd  
 To Heshbon, Disconsolate he waded thro' flood & he stood  
 Before the Furnaces of Los in a panting, dreary, 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  
 15 Hara, Afra & Cibar fled; they became what they beheld  
 Gwartoch & Peary hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon  
 Breveran & Slade in Egypt, Huron & Skorela & Rox  
 Fleed over Chaldea in terror, it pained up every nerve  
 Europe & Bowen became what they beheld, fleeing over the Earth  
 20 And the Twelve Female Emulations fled with them agonizing  
 Jerusalem trembled seeing her Children driv'n by Los Hammer  
 In the vicissitudes of the dreams of Beulah on the edge of Nen-Eraty  
 Hand stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reasoning Spectre  
 Stands between the Vegetative Man & his Immortal Imagination  
 25 And the Four Zoas clouded rage East & West & North & South  
 They change their situations in the Universal Man  
 Alion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face  
 And England who is Britannia divided into Jerusalem & Vala  
 And Urzach assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South  
 30 & his dark Spectre raving from his open Sepulcher  
 And the Four Zion'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 Breath & Height  
 35 And they divided into Four ravening deadlike forms  
 Fairies & Genii & Nymphs & Gnomes of the Elements  
 These are States Permanently fixed by the Divine Power  
 The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albion's cliffy shore  
 And the Sea poured in a man upon the Giants of Albion  
 40 As Los bended the Senses of Reuben Reuben is Merlin  
 Exploring the Three States of Ulro, Creation, Redemption &  
 And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner  
 Have you known the Judgment that is arisen among the  
 45 Sons of Albion, where a Man dare hardly to embrace  
 His own Wife, fix 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 display'd  
 50 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 Redems Man in the Body of Jesus Christ  
 And Length Breath Height again obey the Divin: Vision Hallelujah



I feel my Spectre rising upon me: Albion, arouse thyself!  
Who cast thou thunder with frozen Spectreous wrath against us?  
The Spectre is in Giant Man; insane, and most deformed.  
5 Your witt certainly provoke my Spectre against thine in fury.  
He has a Scud of horn out of a Rock ready for thee;  
And a Death of eight thousand years forged by Fyson, upon  
the point of his Spear! if thou persistest to offend with thine  
Our Emanations, and to attack our secret supreme delights.  
10 So Los spoke: But when he saw huge death in Albions feet  
Again he spurn'd the Divine Body, following Mercuril:  
11 While Albion led 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 went & trembled within him:  
uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it, as with  
iron and steel, dark and spoke, with clouds, & tempests brooding:  
His strong limbs shuddered upon his mountains high and dark.

5 Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went,  
He is cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud  
10 thousands of deadly war, (the fever of the human soul)  
Heresy and cloudy of rolling smoke, but mild the Savour follow'd him,  
Displaying the Eternal Vision; the Divine Signature;  
15 His woes 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 mingled armous of thought:  
Mutual in one another, love and wrath all reviving among  
20 us live as One Man; for contracting our infinite selves,  
We behold缩小 (contract) 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,  
Lives in perfect harmony in Eden the land of love,  
25 Giving, recovering, and forgiving each others 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.

30 I behold London: Human awful wonder of God!  
He says, Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee:  
My streets are thy ideas of Imagination.

35 My streets are thy ideas of Imagination.  
Awake, Albion, awake; and let us awake up together.  
My houses are thoughts, my inhabitants Albionians.  
My children are my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels.  
Shut from my nervous form, which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah  
40 In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in fury pipes,  
Rolls, dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Lys, and the Mills of Satan.  
For Albions sake, and for Jerusalem thy Emanation  
I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

45 So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeth shades:  
In Dulwich I heard and saw the Visiery of Albion  
I write in South Molton Street, what both see and hear  
In regions of Humanity, in London's opening streets,

50 I see thou angelic Parent Land, in light, behold I see!  
Verulam, Canterbury, venerable parent of men.  
Generous impartial Guardian golden glad, for cities:  
The Men brothers of multitude, and Heresy & Mourning  
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty, sublime:  
An ever burning Universe expands, as wings  
55 Let down at will around, and salut the Universal Tint,  
Tint, crowned with loving kindred, Edinburgh, clothe'd  
With torcitude as with a garment of immortal texture  
Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men  
Who give themselves in Logothica, Victims to Justice; where  
There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold  
60 Seen only by Emanations, by vegetarians, nameless:  
Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park  
To Albion's deathful shades, admires the wandering souls  
Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found

By



By Sathan Watch-fiends do they search numbering every grain  
5 Of sand on Earth every night, they never find this Gate.  
It is the Gate of Los. Without-side is the Mill, intricate, dreadful  
And filled with cruel tortures; but no mortal man can find the Mill  
Of Sathan in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years.  
For Human beauty knows it not; nor can Mercy find it! But  
10 for the fourth region of Humanity, Urthona named  
Mortality begins to tell the billions of Eternal Death.  
Before the Gate of Los, Urthona here is named Los.  
Here begins the System of Moral Virtue, named Raphab.  
15 Alben fled thro' the Gate of Los, and he stood in the Gate.

As was the friend of Albion who most lov'd him. In Cambridgeshire  
20 his eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth, & is four-fold.  
Young Alben had turn'd his back against the Divine Vision.  
He said to Albion, Whither fleest thou? Albion reply'd,

die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death  
25 hover within me & beneath, and spreading themselves outside  
the 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 clack, and on my feet  
20 bound these black shoes of death, & on my hands, death's iron gloves.  
God hath forsaken me, & my friends are become a burden  
to weariness to me, & the human footstep is a terror to me.

30 His answer, 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 Terror & 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: quicke firey riles roll beholding Albions House of Eternit  
 Damp couch the flames beneath and silent, sick, stand shuddering  
 Before the torch of sixteen pillars: weeping every  
 Descended and fell down upon their knees round Albions keeps  
 Wearing the bath of God, with awfull 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 leagu'd himself with robbery: he hath studi'd the arts  
 Of unbelief: Envy hovers over him; his Friends are his仇  
 Those who give their lives for him are despis'd;  
 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 sownd errors over all his trutiful fields!

The Twenty-four heard: they came trembling on watry chariots.  
 borne by the living Creatures of the third procession  
 Of Human Majest, the Living Creatures wopt 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, to the immortal mansion  
 Of Man, for ev'ry be possessed by monsters of the deep:  
 And Man himself became a fiend, wrap'd in an endless curse,  
 Consuming and consumed 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,  
 All enmity with the Mortal & fill'd with devouring fire,  
 A nether-world must have receiv'd the soul enormous spirit  
 Under pretence of Moral Virtus, fill'd with Revenge and Law.  
 There to durst chand down, and issuing in red flames  
 And curses, with his mighty arms brandish'd against the heavens,  
 Breathing pitchy blood to vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain  
 From wan black storms, & collesless torments of his own consuming fire:  
 Within his breast his mighty Sons chand down & fill'd with cursings:  
 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

Jersey, true friend! who afterwards submit't to be devourd  
 By the waves of Despair, whose Emanation rose above  
 The Hood, and was nam'd Chichester, lovely mild & gentle,  
 Her lambs bleat to the sea-sounds, lamenting still for Albion.

Submitting to be call'd the son of Los, the terrible vision:  
 Winchester stood devot'g himself for Albion: his tents  
 Quapread with abundant riches, and his Emanations  
 Submitting to be call'd Entharmons daughters, and be born  
 In vegetible mould, created by the Panther and Lyon  
 In Bowlehole & Allananda where the Dead wall night & day.

(I call them by their English names, English, the rough basement,  
 Eng, built the stubborn structure of the language, acting against  
 Albions melancholy, who must also have been a Dumb Despair.)

Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol; and benevolent  
 Bath

Bush who is Deguans; he is the Seventh, the physician and  
 the poisoner; the best and worst in Heaven and Hell;  
 whose Spectre first assimilated with Lucifer in Glorious mountains,  
 In triple octave we took, to reduce Jerusalem to twelve.  
 To cleft Jerusalem forth upon the whyle to Poplars & Bow,  
 To Maldon & Canterbury in the deserts of dreary;  
 The Shuttles of death were in the sky to Johnson & Papcrass  
 Raged a tempest of fire & fume, wearing black melancholy as a nut.  
 Where de sp'le as meshes doth with woe entangle & entalan.  
 10 Where de sp'le as meshes doth with woe entangle & entalan.  
 She fled to Lambeth's mild Vale cold had herself beneath  
 The Surrey Hills where Recham terminateth her Sons are swerd  
 For viccynes of sacrifice; but Jerusalem canoit be found, Hid  
 By the daughters of Boilean; gently snatched away; and hid in Beulah  
 15 There is a Grotto of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find  
 Nor can his Watch Friends find it; its translucent & has many Angles  
 But who finds it will find Oothrons Palace for within  
 Opening into Beulah, every grotto is a lovely Heaven  
 20 But should the Watch Friends find it, they must call it Sin,  
 And lay its people & their children to the blood or punishment  
 Here Jerusalem & all were hid in soft slumberous repose  
 Hid from the terrible East set up in the South & West.  
 The Twenty-eight trembled in Deaths dark caves, in cold despair  
 They kneeled upon the couch of Death in deep humiliation  
 25 And groaned of self condemnation while their Spectres raged within  
 The Roumours in terrible combustion clouded sage  
 Drinking the shuddering tears & lovey of Albians Families  
 Destroying by selfish attractions the things that they most admire  
 Drinking & eating & poying & weeping, as at a tragic scene  
 30 The soldi drinks murder & revenge, & applauds its own holiness  
 They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations.



Thus Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease,  
 Brooding on evil; but when Læs spied the Furnaces before him;  
 saw that the accursed things were his own afflictions,  
 And his own beloveds; then he turned sick; his soul died within him  
 Also Læs sick & tormented by the Furnaces of Death  
 And must have died, but the Divine Saviour descended  
 Among the infant loves & affections, and the Divine Vision slept  
 Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground  
 Albion spoke in his dismal dreams: O thou deceitful friend  
 Worshipping me, & beholding thy friend in such affliction:  
 Yet! they now discovered thy turpitude to the heart.  
 I demand righteousness & justice of thou ingratiated;  
 Give me thy Encouragement, Deliver me, & thy loving soul.  
 My daughter's curse is hardier; my sons are accursed before me.  
 O! I have wilyly been wastred: I have given my daughters to devils  
 So wile Albion in pleasurable mystery, and deepest night.  
 Of Wile rolled round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.  
 10 For my righteousness; Justice I give thee in return  
 That from destroying them little need am I to be only  
 Merciful to them and of all that they intent  
 Those thou hast slain: I am the fourth: thou canst not destroy me  
 Thou art in Error, trouble me not with thy righteousness.  
 Thou art innocence to defend and ignorance to compliment.  
 I have no time for dreaming, and little space for compliment.  
 20 For marriage and virginity, for strength and pride,  
 For love of Openness, and a Limit of Construction;  
 For every Individual Man, and the limit of Openness;  
 Is named Lucifer; and the Limit of Construction is named Adam.  
 But when Man, leaves his body, & is in a mere naked  
 Condition, & is of the Limit of the forms of Waner, that  
 30 Condition may in process of time be born Man to redeem  
 Due there is no Limit of Expansion, there is no Limit of Translucence  
 In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity.  
 Wherefore I name the bigger or righteouslye of them messengers:  
 That I may not accuse me and thine, of those who are righteous.  
 40 That will return it; otherwise I debt thy worst revenge:  
 Consider me as thine enemy: we turn all thy fury  
 But dare not to offend little ones, nor make the little ones quainted:  
 Little ones are the last ones who we have chosen:  
 The little ones whom he hath chosen preferrence to thine.  
 45 He hath cast them off for ever; the last ones he hath uncounted.  
 My Selfhood is for ever accurred from the Divine presence  
 So Læs spoke: then turned his face & wept for Albion.  
 Albion replied, Go Hand to Hyle; save the abhorred friend:  
 We stand in the shade, the Twenty-four rebellious infernacities  
 50 Bring him to Justice before heaven, here upon London stone.  
 Between Blackheath & Hounslow, between Norwood & Finchley  
 If that they have it mine: from my free generous gift.  
 They now hold all they have: pre-arranged to me & deep.  
 To me their baneful cause about for vengeance deep.  
 55 Long stood before his Furnaces quivering 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  
 60 Wilt thou in his den die out? the lament whistled  
 Albion the curse their human nature, & the curse  
 They drag like wild beasts in the regions of affliction  
 In the dreams at Utro they repose of their human kindness.  
 Come up, build Babylon Rakab is ours to all her multitudes  
 65 With her in pomp and glory of victory. Depart  
 To twenty-four the regions of the dead: let us depart to glory.  
 Their Human majestic forms sit up upon their couches  
 Of death: they curb their Spectres at with iron curbs  
 70 They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead:  
 With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate  
 And with voices cold and dead, check'd by weary repose.  
 When shall the morning of the grave appear, and when  
 75 Spake our souls again? & when the dead upon dust-wrath  
 & cannot awake: and our bodies rise in the breasts  
 Of God of Albion, where are thou, pay the masters.  
 Thus grown thy, Louish the Furnaces of Læs thunder upon  
 the clouds of Europe & Asia, among the Seven temples:  
 And Læs drew his Seven Furnaces around Albion's Alors  
 80 And as Albion built his Seven Alors, Læs built the Mounding Spur.  
 To the Four Regions of Humanity East & West, & North & South.  
 Till Norwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow, coverd the middle Earth.  
 This is the Net de Voil of Vale, among the Soris of the Devil.

They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion  
 Under cold & scismatical touch, pressing & squeezing Tharmas,  
 Tharmas, indolent & sullen; Urithona, doubtful & despairing;  
 Victims to one another so dreadfully plotting against each other  
 To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Companions.  
 5 They saw America gladdened by the Oaks of the western shore;  
 And Tharmas gladdened by the Oaks of the Alps of Victims in Mexico.  
 If we are wrathful, Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Graves,  
 10 If we are merciful, ourself will be destruction on his Savages;  
 You should we enter into our Spectres, to behold our corruptions  
 Of God of Albion descend! deliver Jerusalem from the Oak Groves!  
 Then Los grew furious raging? Why stand we here trembling around  
 Calling on God for help; and not ourselves in whom God abhors  
 Striving? Oh hand to give the falling Lamb! We are not four  
 Beholders! With your four Powers ready to fall, up to infinity;  
 15 Seeing these Heavens & Hells clangloring in the Void, Heaven over Hells  
 Broodings in hell hypocritic lust,大陆 the cry of pain  
 From howling Victims of Levi; building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold.  
 Swelled & blotted General Farms, repugnant to the Divine-  
 20 Humanity, who is the Only General and Universal Form  
 Hell broad & general principles belong to benevolence,  
 Who protects minute particularities, every one in their own identity.  
 But here the affectionate touch of the Tongue is closed up by deadly teeth  
 25 And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence  
 Become a net & a trap, & every energy rendered cruel  
 Till the experience of friendship & benevolence is gained:  
 Till the wine of the Spirit & the vineyard is the soul One.  
 Here turn into poisonous sugar as deadly unquenchable  
 30 That they may be condemned by Law to the Lamb of God be slain:  
 And the two sources of Life, or Eternity Hunting and War  
 Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of corroding Hell:  
 The upper heart is filled with instruments of frozen Hate  
 35 & the lower spirit with strength to force may shatter the ribs of bosom  
 & pretend Art, to destroy Art; a pretence of Liberty  
 & destroy Liberty, a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion  
 Oshea and Caleb fight; they contend in the valleys of all Fear  
 In the terrible family Contentions of those who love each other:  
 40 The armes of Babylon were; no weapons came to the field.  
 Look on the平原 of Albion where no man's hand had moulded  
 For the Soldier who fights for truth, calls his enemy his brother!  
 They fight & contend for life, do not for eternal death:  
 But here the Soldier strikes, as a dead corpse falls at his feet  
 45 Yet Death is not the end, with a fury to embrase the Slain!  
 Yet Death, mortal Death remains on the Earth of the Nations:  
 The English children, Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night  
 We smell the blood of the English, we delight in their flood on our Altars:  
 50 The living & the dead shall be purg'd in our rumbling Mills  
 Scold to Rock are at loose upon my Saxons; they accostiate  
 A world in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man.  
 Is pride of Sethrod unwieldy stretching out into Non Entity?  
 Generations Art & Science till Art & Science is lost,  
 55 Generations & Earth, us'd to my world, & my self, & my wife we're  
 As easy to shun as a man to be great & good while we're  
 Separated from him in the tribes & small articles of that goodness:  
 Those alone are his friends, who admire his minutest powers  
 Instead of Albion's lovely mountings & the curtains of Jerusalem,  
 60 I see a Cave, a Rock, a tree deadly, and venomous, unimaginative:  
 Instead of the Mutual Fardernes, & the Mutual Riches of Commerce,  
 Lips of Summer, ever burning, & the Royal Riches of Consanguinity.  
 Like a cloud of liquid light instead of heavenly Chapels built  
 By our dear Lord, see Virtues yusted with Lions, I see;  
 65 see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalem's children, I see;  
 The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian:  
 By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Guile & Negation  
 Driven on the Void in incoherence, despair, in Non Entity  
 See American Asia, apart & separation from London's terror  
 70 A world from Albion mounted, for any from London's terrors:  
 I will not endure this thing; alone I stand to death:  
 This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me!  
 Ah me! puttable ones! do you also go to death's vale?  
 All you my Friends & Brothers! all you my beloved Companions:  
 75 Have you also caught the infection of Sut & stern Repentance?  
 I see Disease arise upon you yet speak to me, and give  
 Me some comfort, why do you also sit silent, silent all?  
 Again in permanent strength! O is all this goodly to you, only  
 That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulchre?  
 80 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 Albion's Sons, at length they rose — with



With one accord in love sublime, & as on Cherubs wings  
They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back  
Against his will two Los's 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, rolled his Wheels backward into Non-Entity,  
Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion, into the World of Depth;  
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 opaque  
Black & immense, a Rock of darkness & a Cliff  
Of black despair: that the immortal Wings labour'd against  
Cliff after cliff, & over Valleys of despair, to death:  
The narrow Sea between Albion & the Atlantic Continent:  
Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean bottomless;  
Of grey obscurity, fill'd with clouds & roots & whirling waters  
And Albions Sons ascending & descending in the horrid void.  
But as the Will must not be bend'd 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 Uro, that whatever enters:  
Becomes Sexual, & is Created, and Vegetated, and Born;  
From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion  
In a deaden pain the Spectres Unanimised vegetation,  
Forming a Sexual Machine: an Aged Virgin Form.  
In births Land toward the north, joint after joint, & burning,  
In love, & jealousy immured & calling to Religion,  
And feeling the pangs 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  
Stricken with Albions disease they became what they behold:  
They assimilate with Albion in pity & compassion.  
Their Emanations return not, their Spectres rage in the Deep  
The Slumber of Death came over their ground 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 adjourn to Man by his Emanative portion  
Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man: and her  
Shadow is Vale, 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 went 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  
Death



Bath, healing City! whose wisdom in midst of Poetic  
Fever; mild spoke thro' the Western Porch, in soft gentle tears

O Albion mildest Son of Eden! alod is thy Western Gate  
Brothers of Eternity: this Man whose great example  
We all admird & lov'd, whose all benevolent countenance, seen  
In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy  
The tear; and the confession of honesty, open & undisguisid  
From mistrust and suspicion. The Man is himself become  
A piteous example of oblivion. To touch the Sons  
Of Eden, that however great and glorious; however loving  
And merciful the Individuality; however high  
Our palpoes and cities, and however fruitful are our fields!  
In Setthond, we are nothing; but fide 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 closed; for 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 sound down the Sun & Moon  
His friends cut his strong chains, & overthrew his dark  
Machines in fury & destruction, and the Man revivg repented  
He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate  
For their well timed wrath. But Albions sleep is not  
Like Africas; and his machings 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 emit no office of the friendly spirit,  
Oxford take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life: with eloquence  
That thy immortal tongue inspries; present them to Albion;  
Perhaps he may receive them, offered from thy loved hands.

So snake, 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 frowned on all his friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow  
And the Seventeen conjoining with Bath, the Seventh:  
In whom the other Ten shone manifest a Divine Vision,  
Assimilated and embraced Eternal Death for Albions sake.

And these the names of the Eighteen combining with these: Tan,

Bath, mild Physician of Eternity, mysterious power,  
 Whose springs are unsearchable to knowledge infinite.  
 Beresford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands  
 Builded the mountain palaces of Eden, stupendous works!  
 Lincoln, Durham to Carlisle, Councillors of Los.  
 And Ely, Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand  
 Dare touch: Oxford, immortal Bard, with eloquence  
 Divine he went over Albion; speaking the words of God  
 In mild persuasion, bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.

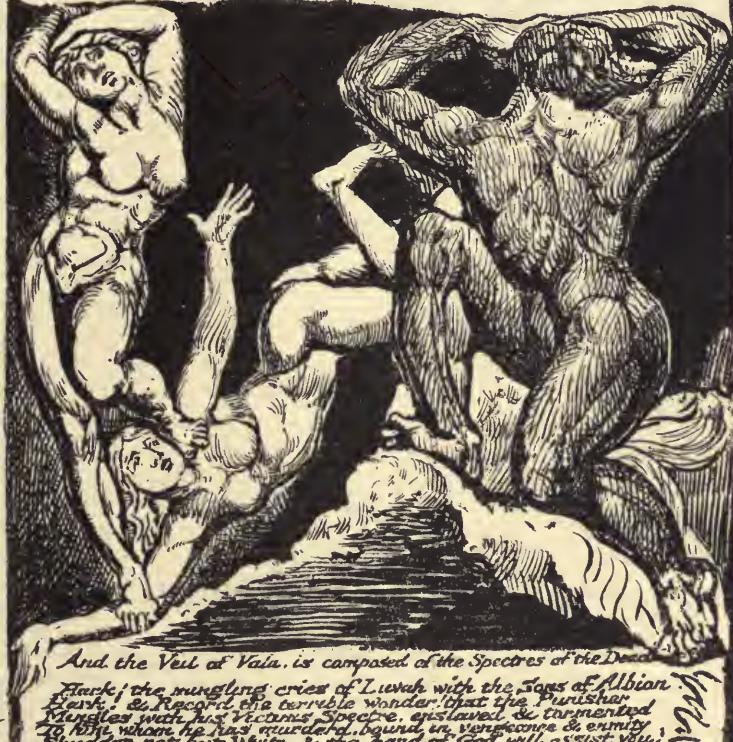
Thou art in Error Albion, the Land of Ulro:  
 The Error yet remove, will destroy a human Soul,  
 Repose in Beulah's night, till the Error is removed,  
 Reason yet on both sides, Repose upon our baysome  
 Till the Flor of Jehova, and the Harrov of Shaddai  
 Have passed over, the Dead, to awake the Dead to Judgment.  
 But Albion turn'd, away refusing comfort.

Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms  
 Of Norwich, Peterboro, Rochester, Chester, awful Worcester,  
 Litchfield, Saint Davids, Llandaff, Agraph, Bangor, Sodor  
 Bowing their heads devout: and the Furnaces of Los  
 Began to rage, thundering loud the storms began to roare,  
 Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebellion beneath.

And chose the Four in whom the twenty-four appearid four-fold:  
 Verulam, Iordan, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another  
 Alas! the time will come when a man's worst enemies  
 Shall be those of his own house, and family: in a Religion  
 Of Generation, to destroy by Sin and Atavement, happy Jerusalem,  
 The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God thou art Not an Avenger!



Upon Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along.  
 Where Less' Furnaces stand, where Fossils & Vala howl;  
 Luvah tore forth from Albion's loins in direful woe,  
 Of blood over Europe a Vegetating Root in groaning pain  
 Animating the Dragon temples soon to become that Holy Fiend  
 The Wicker Man at Scandinavia in which cruelly consumed  
 The Captives reared to heaven howl in flames amans 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 gymbal, trumpet, clarion & the syrined chariots of Britan.



And the Veil of Vala is composed of the Spectres of the Dead  
 Frank, the mangled cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion  
 Frank, & Ragnor, the terrible wonder that the Punisher  
 Mangles with his Horne & Toore, enslaved & tormented  
 To hell whom he has murdered, bound in vengeance & enmity  
 Shudder not but Vala by the hand of God will assuet you,  
 Therefore I write Albion's last words, Hope is banished from me.

These were his last words, and the merciful Father in his arms  
 received him on the arms of tender mercy and repose.  
 The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality,  
 From the Rock of Ages, then surrounded with a silent gloom;  
 The silence the Death pre-ordained with immensity of labour,  
 As gold & jewels, sublime ornament, a crown of grace  
 With silent pillars; encircled with emblems by written verse,  
 Spiritual sense, ordered & measured, from whence time shall reveal,  
 The Five Books of the Decalogue, the books of Joshua & Judges,  
 The Law, a double book & Kings a double book, the Psalms & Prophets  
 The Four-fold Gospel, and the Revelations overleapt,  
 Lurking ground he was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!  
 Beneath the bottoms of the Grave, which is Earth's central joint,  
 There is a place where Contraries are equally true,  
 To protect from the Giant plows in the sports of intellect,  
 Thunder in the midst of kindness, & love that kills us beloved:  
 Because Death is for a period, and they renew temples,  
 From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem,  
 With pangs she forsook Baileys 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;  
 Then out at Beulah the Rambutan of the Sleeper descended,  
 With solemn mourning out of Beulah's many shades and hills,  
 Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.  
 And thus the manner of the terrible Separation  
 The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion  
 Concentred in one Vale, form an aged pensive Woman,  
 Abandoned! lonely! embracing the sublime shade; the Daughters of Beulah  
 Beheld her with wonder. With averted hands she took  
 A moment of Time, drawing it out with many deep afflictions  
 And many sorrows; oblique across the Atlantic Vale,  
 Which is the Vale of Rephaim drearly from East to West,  
 Where the Human Harvey waves abundant in the beams of Eden  
 In a Rainbow of jewels and gold? a mild reflection from  
 Albion's drear 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 Sowce, with dire pain opening it a Center  
 Into Beulah; trembling the Daughters of Beulah stood  
 Her tears, she ardently embraced her sorrows, occupied in labours  
 Of sublime mercy in Rehaphim Vale. Perusing Albion's Tomb  
 She sat; she walked among the ornaments, whom mourning  
 The Daughters attended her shuddering, wading the death sweat  
 Who also saw her, in his seventh Paradise, he also terrified  
 Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Paradise:  
 Many traps the Stygian Wheals to prepare Jerusalem's Place,  
 Then with a dreadful groan the Liberator mild of Albion  
 Burst, from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud,  
 Tongue and lovely struggling to put off the Human form  
 Writting in pain, the Daughters of Beulah in kind arms received  
 Jerusalem; weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin  
 In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wait night & day.  
 And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah in soft tears  
 Albion the Virtuous, of the Dead! Albion the Generous!  
 Upon thy middest son of Heaven! the Huic et Hys! Sacrifice  
 Where friends die for each other; will become the Place,  
 Of Murder & Unforgiving. Never-shaking Sacrifice of Enemies  
 The Children must be sacrificed, / a horre of never known  
 All now in Beulah, unless a Refuge can be found  
 Half half, than from the wrath of Albion's law that forces were  
 Open his Sons & Daughters, set-erected from his bosom  
 Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albion, Mountains  
 To give a place for Redemption, let Sion and Oe  
 Remove Eastward to Barcan and Gilad, and leave

The secret coverts of Albion & the hidden places of America  
 Jerusalem Jerusalem! why will thou run away?  
 Come ye O Daughters of Beulah, weep for Og & Sihon  
 Upon the lands of Albion, mourn for Beulah & Sihon  
 Stand ye upon the Dingle from Wicklow to Bergamo,  
 Land of the mountain over Albion the White Cliff of the Mediterranean  
 The Mountain of Giants all the Giants of Albion are become  
 Weak & wretched, Clarked & broken Jerusalemus cast forth from Albion  
 They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem or ever dwelt in Shulon  
 The Graecian roots & twigs of the vegeturing Sons of Albion  
 Tilled with the little ones are consumed in the fires of their Altars.  
 The vegeturing Cities are burned & consumed from the Earth  
 And the Bodies in which all Animals & Vegetations the Earth & Heaven  
 Were contained in the All Glorious Magnanima are murthered & darkened;  
 The golden Gate of Paradise is all the way of Golgotha  
 Was caught up unto Sion in the day of fury & war,  
 The heart, the heart the Liver shrivell away far distant from Men  
 And there a little slimy substance floating upon the tides,  
 In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon  
 And heaving an Opake Globe far distant cleed with moony beams.  
 The Visions of Bozoma by reason of narrowed perceptions  
 Are became weak Visions of Time & Space fix'd into turpous & deaths  
 Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left  
 O Polybus of Death O Spectre of Europe and Asia  
 Withering the Human Race & leaving no trace of Sacre & Sin  
 Braving the Elements & the Powers of Hell & Heaven  
 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  
 Inslaved to the most powerful Settwood to murder the Divine Humanity  
 In whose sight all are as the dust & who chargeth his Angels with folly  
 Ah! weak to wide astray Ah shut in narrow doleful form  
 Creeping in people flesh upon the bosom of the ground  
 The Eye of Man a little narrow orb close up & dark  
 Scared & bewildred at every noise & movement upon the ground  
 Like a little child in small solitions shutting out  
 His memories, & comprehending Great & very small  
 The Nostril bent down to the earth & closed with sensuous flesh  
 That adores cannot them expand nor joy on them exult  
 The Tongue a little insatiate flesh a little food it craves  
 A little sound it utters & its cries are faintly heard  
 Therefore they are removed therefore they have taken root  
 In Egypt & Phalestine in Moab & Edom & Aram  
 In the Eryorean Sea their Unacquisition in Heart & Lips  
 Be lost for ever & ever then they shall arise from Sef  
 By Self Acquisition into Jerusalems Courts & into Shulon  
 Shulon the Masculine humanum among the Flowers of Beulah  
 Building a wall over Albion the walls of Hell over Albion  
 Build to prepare a Wall & Curtail for Generall Silence  
 Rush on! Rush on! Rush on! ye vegeturing 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 arcos of Albions Tomb binding the Stars  
 In merciful Order bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace  
 He hath placed Og & Arak the Giants of Albion for their Guards  
 Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor: the Body  
 Of Divine Analogie, and Og & Sihon in the Gears of Belaam  
 The Son of Bear have given their power to Joshua & Caleb  
 Remove from Albion the remove these terrible surfaces  
 They are beginning to form Heavens & Hells in immense  
 Holes, the Hells for food to the Heavens food of torment  
 Food of Despair the drink the condemned Soul & rejoice  
 In cruel hollowness in these abominations of Casting & Uncircumcisio  
 In these abominable & impure abominations of Casting & Uncircumcisio  
 To the States they are extend unto that they may be delivered  
 Satan is the State of Death & not a Human existence  
 But Luyah is named Satan because he has entered that State  
 A World where Man is by Nature the enemy of Man  
 Because the Devil is Created into a State that Men  
 May be delivered time after time evermore Amen  
 I warn therefore O Sisters to distinguish the ETERNAL Human  
 That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss & woe  
 Alternately from those States of 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

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:  
 Spared by a Providence opposed 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 possessed by the War of Blood; the Sacrifice  
 Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out:  
 Come Lord Jesus, Lamb of God descended, for it is Lord,  
 If thou hast been here, our brother Albion had not died.  
 Arise sisters! Go ye to meet the Lord, while I remain,  
 Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albions clifts:  
 Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them, Sin  
 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 got in the Furnace, in a night  
 Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appear distant stars.  
 Ascending and descending into Albions sea of death,  
 And Erins lovely Bow enclored 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 Sun in sweet deceit, is lovely; 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  
 Is a remembrance of the Sun; 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 2.





Rahab is in } Eternal State To the Deists. { The Spiritual States of  
the Soul are all External 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 Hobbister who means to destroy, to perpetually bring into the world a new Sabot which the Peoples shall always be destroyed with the Sword which is the Natural Sword: he is the same James Rahab: who is not cut off before he can be the Friend of Man: You O Deists profess yourselves the Friends of Christianity: and you are so: you are also the Enemies of the Human Race & of their moral Nature: Man is born a Sinner 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 natural & accursed consequence to Man, as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation to the three abominations of Expiatory Theory, and many believed what they saw, and prophesied of Jesus.

Man Justice will have some Relations if he has not the Religion of Jesus. he will have the Religion of Satan & will exert the Smallness of Satan calling the Prince of the World, God, and destroying all who do not worship the Satan under the Name of God. Will any one say: Where are those who worship Satan under the Name of God? Where are they, I say, every Religion that Proaches Vengeance for Sin is the Religion of the Enemy? A Venger and not at the Forgiver of Sin, and their God is Satan. Namely by the Divine Name Your Religion O Deists: Deism is the Worship of the Devil of this World by the Agents 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 murdered Jesus. Deism is the same & gets in the same. Voltaire Rousseau Gibbon Hume, the Spiritually Religious with Hypocrites: but how a Monk or Methodist either, can be a Hypocrite, & a Christian & a good man, & others are present not to be belittled than others: therefore, when a Religious Man falls into Sin he ought not to be called a Hypocrite: this title is more properly to be given to a Monk who falls into Sin: whose propensity to Virtue is corrupted, & making Men Self Righteously & false in calling themselves Hypocrites: make himself one for Whomfield pretended not to be better 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 friends: Friendship cannot exist without Justice & Virtue continually: the Book written by Rousseau calls his Confessions an apology & cloak for his Sin & not a confession. But you also charge the poor Monk's & Religious with being the causes of War: while you accuse & flatter the Alexanders & Caesars, the Lewis's & Fredericks, who glories are the causes of us accys. But the Religion of Jesus, for evermore & for ever will never be the cause of a War nor of a single Man's Jeal.

Those who Marry others or who cause War are Deists, but never can be Friends 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  
1. I walked with the old Monk as we stoo  
In beams of natural light  
Gibbons arose with a bush of gold  
A robe woven with a cloth of living red  
A robe with hue never to be gold.  
Then lay Monk they sound after  
In rags condemned to gloomy hell over all  
And in your gloomy gloom he lay  
All who he loved him he left all  
For a year is an intellectual thing.  
2. A Sigh is the Swansong of the King  
And the bane of all a mortal man  
Is an arrow from the Almighty Bow.
- The blood, red ran from the grey Monk  
His head & feet were wounded wide  
His body bent, his arm & hand  
Lay to the roots of ancient trees  
When the Monk left from the black bear bent  
After the Monk left from the Gospel rent  
He forsook the Law, god & Sword,  
And spilled the blood of many a Lord.  
3. Charlemaine Charlemaine,  
Charlemaine Charlemaine, when your  
Our dragon blocks the Roman sword  
Leave this image of the Lord!



But Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona  
Wept vehemently over Alion where Thumes currents spring  
From the rivers of Beulah; pleasant river, soft, mild parent stream  
And the roots of Albion's tree entred the Soul of Los  
As he sat before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair  
In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation;  
Involving all the Children of Los time after time.  
Their Great forms condensing into Nations & Peoples & Tongues  
Translucent the Furnaces, of Beryl & Emerald immortal  
And Seven-fold each within other incomprehensible  
To the Vegetated Mortal Eyes perverted & single vision  
The Bellows are the Animal Lungs, the Hammers the sensual Heart  
The Furnaces, the Stomach for Digestion: terrible their fury  
Like seven burning heavens ranged from South to North.

Here, on the banks of the Thames, Los builded Golgozoa.  
Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart beneath Beulah  
In the midst of the rocks of the Alps of Albion. In years  
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 Axiles  
Of Death thunder incessant ground the Flaming Couches of  
the Twenty-four Friends of Albion and round the awful four  
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Alions 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 at Beulah  
From Surrey hills, thro Italy and Greece, to Hinams vale,

In Great Eternity, every particular Form gives forth or emanates  
its own peculiar Power & the Form is the Divine Vision  
And the Light is his garment. This is Jerusalem in every Man  
And the Temple of Man is Forgiveness. Hale & Pardonings.  
And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion.

But Albion fell down a Rocky Fragment from Eternity hurl'd  
By his own Spectre who is the Reasoning Power in every Man  
Leaving 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  
Seeking his Sons assimilate with Lucifer, bound in the bonds  
Of spiritual Hate, from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains  
He tosses like a cloud outstretched among Jerusalems ruins  
Which overspread all the Earth. he groans among his ruined porches



But the Spectre like a hoar frost & a Mildew rase 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 Pleasure Rousseau  
Where is that Friend of Sinners that Rebel against my Laws  
Who teaches Belief to the Nations & an unknown Eternal Life  
Carries further upo the Desert & purn these stoves w breadth  
Sun, Spoken Man: will you believe without Experiment?  
Age build a World of Phantasie upon my Great Abyss;

So spoke the hard cold constructive Spectre he is named Arthur  
Constraining into Druid Rocks round Canad Agag & Aram & Pharaoh  
Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears  
But she stretch'd out her stony Night in Spaces against him like  
A long Serpent in the Abyss of the Spectre which augmented  
The Sphynx with Dragon wings covered with stars & in the Wings  
Gorgonion & Vala appear'd; & above between the Wings magnificent  
The Divine Vision dimly appear'd in clouds of blood weeping.



When those who disregard all Moral Things saw a Mighty One  
 Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength  
 They pondered; checking their wild games & Music gathering  
 Together into an Assembly they said, let us go & so prepare  
 And see these changes: Oder is 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; therefore none; all equal share  
 Divine Benevolence & Joy, for the Eternal Man.  
 Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends:  
 Partaking us that Veil which Satan puts between Eve & Adam  
 By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their votaries  
 Teaching them to torn the Serpent of precious stones & gold  
 To save the Sons of Jerusalem & plant them in One Mans Louis  
 To make One Family of Contraries; that Joseph may be sold  
 Into Egypt, for Nebuchadnezzar's 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 Ramey  
 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 roll'd his redounding name.  
 Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the forests  
 Rivers thundered against their banks, loud Winds furious fought  
 Clouds & Nations contended in skies & clouds & tempests.  
 The Seas raised 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 for the greatest number were about to make a Separation  
 And they elected Seven, called the Seven Eyes of God,  
 Lucifer, Molech, Elaphym, Shaddai, Pahath, Jehovah, Jesus,  
 They gained the Eighth, he came not, he hid in Albions Forests  
 But first they said, if 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  
 As will Contracting into Works, or Expanding into Gods  
 And then behold, what are these Ultra Visions of Chasney  
 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-flour, or as the grapes at the sweet wine press  
 Such are these Ultra Visions, that when we sit down within  
 The plowed furrow listening to the voice of contraries, all we  
 Contract or Expand, Space at will, or we raise ourselves  
 Upon the chariot of the morning, Contracting or Expanding time.  
 Every one knows, we are One Family, One Man blessed for ever  
 Silence reward & every one reward us Human Majesty  
 And many conversed on these things as they laboured on the furrow  
 Saying, it is better to prevent misery than to release from misery  
 It is better to prevent a nation to forgive the criminal  
 Liberty and the Nation Particulars, alien 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 Plowid in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow  
 And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven  
 Croyd: Campbell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unknown 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 National Power  
 The infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity  
 Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of falsehood continually  
 On Circumcision: not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion  
 So cried they at the Plow, Albion's Rock frowned above  
 And the Great Voice of Albion rolled above terrible in clouds  
 Saying Who will go forth for us, & who shall we send before our face?

Then Los heaved his thundering Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex  
 And thus he chanted 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 weaveth a Cradle of the grass that withereth away.  
 This World is all a Cradle for the err'd wandering Phantom:  
 Rockt by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments  
 Between, dwells a Daughter of Beulah, to feed the Human Vegetable  
 Enture: 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-laboured Wool  
 A Garnet and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror:  
 Far fear; at entering the gate into our World of cruel  
 Lamentation: it flees back & hide in Non-Entitys dark wild  
 Where dwells the Spectre of Albion: destroyer of Definite Form:  
 The Sun shall be a Scything 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 guld 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 bafel in wintry days  
 O it was last 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 at the Valley!  
 Then Los uttered with Hammer & Arvil: Chant! revoice!  
 I mind not your laugh; and your frown I rot fear! and  
 You must my dictate obey from your gold-bearded 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 uttered: swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains  
 Look back into the Church Paul! Look. Three Women around  
 The Cradle! Albion why didst thou a Female Will Create?



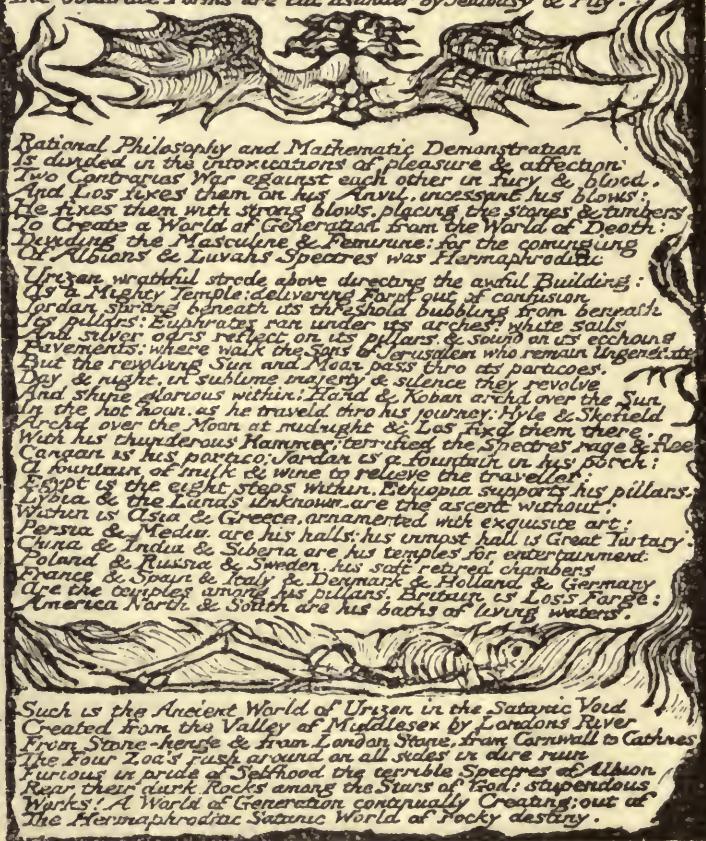
And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh, &c. Over the land of Nazareth in the strong hand of a gibon thundering along having the force of the Druids & the deep black thundering Waters Of the Atlantic which poured in impetuous loud loud louder & louder. And the Great Voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Alvars. Weeping over his Children on Stone-henge in Britain & Colchester Round the Rocky Peak at Derbyshire London Sane to 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? See 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 flow of Nations inflaming The living Creatures maddened and Albion fell into the Furrow, and The flow went over him & the living was ploughed in among the dead. But his Spectre rose over the starry Plain Albion sat beneath the plow Till he came to the Rock of Ages, & he took his Seat upon the Rock, Wonder seized all in Eternity, to behold the Divine Vision, open The Center into an Expansive, & the Center rolled out into an Expansive



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 dances in twin  
 Among the Inhabitants of Albion the People fall around  
 5 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  
 Boning into a Scull the Marrow exuding in dismal path  
 10 Their Head over the rocks paroxysms: Horses Oxen feel the knife.  
 And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgment baffle  
 The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knive  
 The obdurate Farms are cut asunder by Jealousy & Pug.



Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration  
 Is dandled in the intonations of pleasure & affection  
 15 Two Contraries War against each other in Fury & blood  
 And Los sukes them on his Anvil incessant his blows:  
 He fives them with strong blows placing the stones & timber  
 To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death  
 20 Regarding the Masculine & Feminine: for the comingung  
 Of Albions & Luuahs Spectres was Hermaphrodite  
 Urizen wrathful strode above directing the awful Building:  
 As a Mighty Temple delivering Lord out of confusion  
 Jordan springs beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath  
 25 Jordan's bed where ran under its arches white sails  
 And silver ods reflect on its pillars & sound on its echoing  
 Pavements: where mult the Sons of Jerusalem who remain ungenerat  
 But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its porticos  
 Day & night in sublime majesty & silence they revolve  
 And shine glorious within. Hand & Koban arch'd over the Sun  
 30 In the hot hour as he traveld thro his journey. Hyde & Shetfield  
 Arch'd over the Moon at midnights & Los fix'd them there  
 With his thunderous Hammer terrified the Spectre rage & flee  
 Cangan is his portico Jardar is a fountain in his porch  
 A fountain of musk & wine to relieve the traveller  
 35 Egypt is the eight steps within. Eryopia supports his pillars  
 Lydia & the Luntas unknown are the ascet without  
 Within is Asia & Greece, armanted with exquisite art  
 Persia & Media are his halls: his innmost hall is Great Turky  
 China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment  
 40 Poland & Russia & Swden his soft retreat chambers  
 France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany  
 Are the temples among his pillars. Britain is Loss'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 London's River  
 From Stone-henge & from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathays  
 The Four Zoas rush around on all sides in dire ruin  
 Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Specres of Albion  
 Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous  
 Works! A World of Generation continually Creating: out at  
 50 The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of Rocky destiny.

51

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 & perish  
 Around the Earth of Albion, among the roots of his Tree  
 This Los formed into the Gates & mighty Hall, between the Oak  
 Of Weeping & the Palm of Suffering beneath Albion's 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.

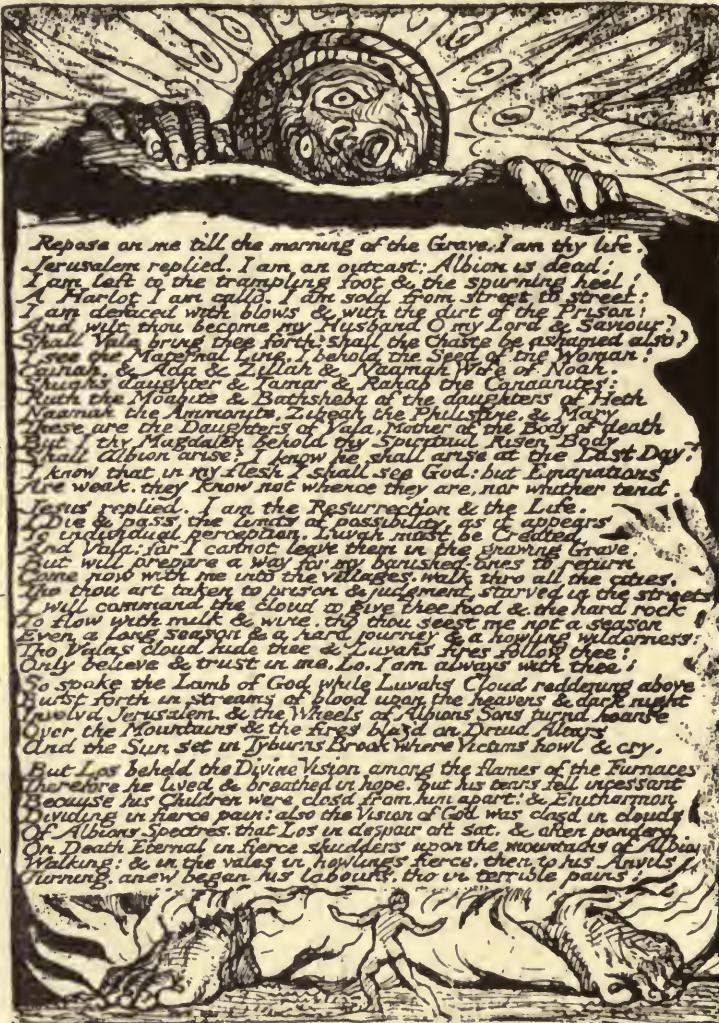
For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic  
 One to the North: Uthorne: One to the South: Marthas;  
 One to the East: Luyah: One to the West: Marthas;  
 They are the four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine  
 Verulam: London: York & Edinburn: their English names  
 But when Luvah assumed the World of Ulven 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  
 Unathomable without end: but in the midst of these  
 Is built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Enthammon



And in the North Gate in the West of the North toward Boulah  
 Cathedrals Loops are builded, & Los Furnaces in the South  
 A wondrous golden Building immense with ornaments sublime  
 Is bright Cathedrals 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 uttered  
 And another Daughter of Los sat at the spinning Wheel  
 Terrible their labour with bitter toil, young & old, anxious  
 Hours of their toil, their toil at the spinning Wheel  
 Many Wheels & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping  
 At the intoxicating delight that they take in their work  
 Oblivious every other pain, none bears their toils  
 Yet they regard not pity & they expect no aid to pity  
 For they labour for life & love regardless of any one  
 But the poor Spectres that they work for, always incessantly  
 They are mocked by every one that passes by, their regard not  
 They labour & when their Wheels are broken by storm & malice  
 They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions  
 Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion & Pillow, Network fine  
 That Rana & Izayah may exist & live to breathe & love  
 Sin, 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 Caterpillar  
 To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion  
 And others Create the wooly Lamb & the downy Owl  
 To assist in the work: the Lamb bleats, the Seal-sow cries  
 Yet understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow  
 That in the interior Worlds is carried on in fear & trembling  
 Wearing on the Shoulders their robes of flocks & raimbles  
 Wound about the Sprinkles of iron & the iron fistulae  
 Maddens in the fury of their junks, Wearing in bitter tears  
 The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine woven Linen.

The clouds of Albion's Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven  
 While Los sat gorged beholding Albion's Spectre who is Lucifer  
 Spreading in bloody wars in torment over Europe & Asia;  
 Not yet formed but a wretched torment unformed & abysmal  
 In flaming fire; where the furnaces in clouds  
 On Albion's hills; often walking from the furnaces in clouds  
 And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels  
 Gathered Jesuulon's Children in his arms & bore them like  
 A Shepherd in the right of Albion which overspread all the Earth  
 5 I gave thee liberty and life O lovely Jerusalem.  
 And thou hast bound me down upon the stems of Vegetation  
 Give thee sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains Jerusalem  
 I gave thee fruits City & the Isles of Greece & Italy  
 I gave thee fruits of Scotland & the Countries of Albion  
 They spread north like a lovely root into the land of God  
 They were as Adam before me: waded into One Man  
 They stand in innocence & their sheep tent pitched over Asia  
 Immortal Tower to Ham & Canaan walking with Misraim  
 10 Upon the Egyptian Nile with solemn songs to Greece  
 And sweet Hesperia even to Great Britain & Hispania  
 Following thee as a Sheep in the Four Rivers of Euer  
 Why will thou rend my self apart Jerusalem?  
 And build thy Babylon & sacrifice in secret Groves  
 15 Among the Gods of Asia among the fountain of pitch smite  
 Before thy Mountains are become barren Jerusalem  
 Thy Valleys, Mounds of burning sand thy Rivers Waters of death  
 Thy Villages, the of the Fauns and the Satyrs  
 Are built from house to house, love Jerusalem  
 20 Why will they detract the beauty & the beauty of thy little ones  
 Why please thy idols by the pretended chastities of uncircumcision  
 Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria; wherefore  
 Dost thou blacken their heads by a seduced place of rest  
 And a peculiar Tabernacle at eft the intermixments of beauty  
 Into rolls of tears and swarms of lovely Jerusalem  
 25 They have persuadeth 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 close in the Dungeons of Babylon  
 Her form was held by Beulah's Daughters, but all within unseen  
 She sat at the hills; her hair unbound her feet naked  
 Cut with the flint; her tears run down her reason grows like  
 The Wheel of Hand, incessant turning day & night without rest  
 30 Alas she raves upon the winds horse, inarticulate  
 All night Vale, head-s, she prays in pride of holiness  
 To see Jerusalem despoil her agreements with bitter glooms  
 Of despair, while the Satanic Holiness triumphed in Vale  
 In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness  
 Both of the Head & Heart & Sons, closed up in Moral Pride  
 35 But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem, & she saw  
 The lineaments Dolor & art the Voice heard, & art she said  
 O Lord & Saviour, have the Gods at the Heavens pierced thee?  
 Or just thou been pierced in the House of thy Regnac  
 40 Art thou alive, & liveth thou for evermore, or art thou  
 Not, but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not  
 Babylon mocks saying there is no God nor Son of God  
 That thou O Human Inspiration, O Divine Body art all  
 A delusion, but I know thee O Lord, when thou arisest upon  
 45 The Stars of Albion cruel rise; thou bingerest to sweet influences  
 For those also sufferest with me, who behold thee not;  
 And alio I sin de blasphemie thy holy name, thou pitest me:  
 Because thou knowest I am despised by the burning mills  
 And by these visions of pity & love because of Albion's death  
 Thus spake Jerusalem, & thus the Divine Voice replied  
 50 Molo! Shade of Man, pitied thou these Visions of terror & woe!  
 Give forth thy pity & love, fear not; for I am with thee always  
 Only believe in me first, I have power to raise from death  
 Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion, fear not trembling Shade

Behold; in the Visions of Elshim Jehovah, behold Joseph & Mary  
 And be comforted O Jerusalem in the Visions of Jehovah Elshim.  
 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  
 Mary a Harlot & an Adulteress? Mary answered. Art thou more pure  
 Than thy Maker who forgiveth Sins & calls them her but is Lost  
 The 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 Forgiveness of Sons; 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 Forgivenels 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 Forgivenels of Sons  
 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 at  
 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  
 Gition to Hiddekel, & to corn fields & villages be inhabitants  
 Upon Pisces & 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 answered 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 received  
 The instant 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 the 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 call'd. I am sold from street to street;  
 I am debased with blows & with the curse of the Prison;  
 And with them become my Husband O my Lord & Saviour?  
 Shall Yafa bring thee forth? Shall the Curse be avenged also?  
 I see the Magdalen living, beheld the Seed of the Woman;  
 Sarah, & Asap & Zillah & Naamah Wife of Noah.  
 10      Ruth the Moabit & Bathsheba of the daughters of Hech  
 Naamah the Ammonite, Zueah the Philistine, & Mary  
 These are the Daughters of Yafa 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.  
 20      Give to pass the limits of possibility as it appears  
 to individual perception, I wish must be Created,  
 And Vast, so I cannot leave them in the grave, there  
 but will prepare a way for my banished ones to return  
 one now with me into the villages, walk thru all the cities,  
 so thou art taken to prison & judgment starved in the streets  
 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 to a hard journey & a howling wilderness:  
 The Yalas cloud hide the tree & Luwahs fires follow thee;  
 Only believe & trust in me. Lo, I am always with thee;  
 30      So spoke the Lamb of God, while Luwahs Cloud redleging above  
 burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens & dark night  
 livid Jerusalem. & the Wheels of Albions Sons purp'le borne  
 over the Mountains & the fires blazed on Druid Alms  
 And the Sun set in Tyburns Brook where Vicars howl & cry.  
 35      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 cast from him apart, & Enthram'd  
 dividing in fierce pain: also the Vision of God was cast in clouds  
 Of Albions Spectre that Los in despair oft sat, & often pondered  
 40      On Death Eternal in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion  
 Walking: & in the vales in howling fierce, then to his Anvils turning,  
 anew began his labours, tho in terrible pains;

Jehovah stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale  
 With the Four Zoës of Alben: the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim  
 Of Albion tremble before the Spectre, in the Bloody Glareys of the Flame  
 Of Nations. And their Names are Lugh & Luvah & Tharmas & Urchon  
 Luvah slew Tharmas the Angel of the Tongue & Albion brought him  
 To Justice in his own City of Turis, serving the Recurrection  
 Then Vale 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 & Freya  
 Drive the dinner of death contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim,  
 The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley  
 in the Dwindling of Reuben & Benjamin bleeding from Chenes River.  
 The Giants & the Witches & the Ghosts of Albion dance with Y.  
 Their buffets & the Fairies load the Moon along the Valley of Cherubim  
 Headlong in狂怒 from Mountain to Mountain, a lovely Victim  
 And Jehovah stood in the Gates of the Victor, & he appeared  
 A weeping Infant in the Gates of Birth in the midst of Heaven  
 The Cities & Villages of Albion became Rock & Sand Unhumanized  
 The Draughts of Albion & the Heavens a Void around unutterable  
 No Human Form but Sexual & a little weeping Infant pale reflected  
 Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Witcherman on all sides  
 Around in the clouds of the female, an Albions Cliffs of the Dead  
 Such the appearance in Chevot: in the Divisions of Reuben



When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers  
 When the Druids demanded Chastity from Women in 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 Appearance to wash away Calumnies and  
 The persecuting of Sin that each may be Pure in their Neighbourly Sins  
 When shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks & Herds  
 Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion & Canaan  
 Then laughed Cyndolen & her laughter shook the Nations & Families 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 to Canterbury groan in pain  
 Los knew not yet what was done, he thought it was all in Vision  
 By dreams of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion  
 Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon  
 He gave in Vale's hand the Druid Knife of Revenge & the Poison Cup  
 Of Jealousy, and thought if a Poetic Vision of the Atmosphere's  
 Till Canaan would apart from Albion akeels the Rhine: along the Danub  
 And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Chevot  
 From Bashan to Tyre & from Troy to Gaza at the Amalekite  
 And Reuben sted with his head downwards among the Caverns



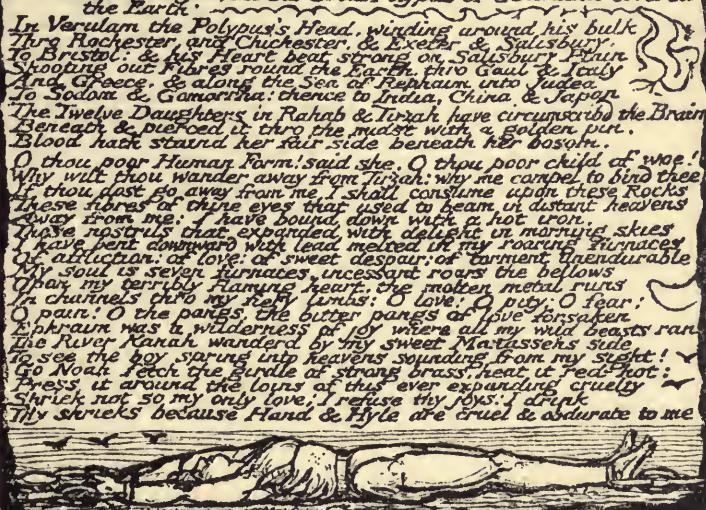
Of the Mundane Shell which froze on all sides round Canaan on  
The vast Expanse where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web  
Of Ages & Generations, folding & unfolding it, like a Veil of Cherubim  
And sometimes it touches the Earth's summit, & sometimes spreads  
Abroad unto the Infiniate Spectre, who is the Rational Power.  
5 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 begatred into a hungry Stomach, & a devouring Tongue.  
Her Hand is a Court of Justice, her Feet: two Armes in Battle  
10 Storms & Pestilence: in her Locks: & in her Frons 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 Mule: a breeder of Sseed: a Son to Husband, & Lo  
The Human Divine is Womans Shulow, a Vapor in the sunnipers heat  
15 Go assume Papul dignity thou Spectre thou Male Harlot, Arthur  
Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote O Woman-born  
And Woman-nourish'd & Woman-educated & Woman-scorn'd.  
Wherefore art thou living? said Los & Men cannot live in thy presence  
Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah  
20 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  
25 Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom magnificient terrific  
Gleaming with precious stones & gold, with Garments of blood & fire  
He wept w' deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony  
Crimson w' Wrath & Green w' Jealousy, dazzling w' gold  
30 And Jealousy immungled w' the purple of the violet, drank deep  
Over the Plow of Nations thundering in the hund of Albions Spectre  
A dark Hermaphrodite they stood brawning upon Londons River  
And the Distill & Sprinkle in the hands of Vala with the Flax of  
Human Miseries turnd herc with the Lives of Men along the Valley  
35 As Reuben Head before the Daughters of Albion Taxing the Nations  
Derby Peak yawnd a horrid Chasm at the ores of Gwendolen, & at  
The stamping feet of Ragor upon the flaming Tendriles of her Loom  
That dropp w' crimson gore w' the Loves of Albion & Canaan  
Opening along the Valley of Repham, weaving over the Caves of Moab



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 Luwah into the Wrath, and Albion into the Pit,  
 In the Two Contraries of Humanity be in the Four Regions.  
 5 Far in the depths of Albions bosom in the eastern heaven  
 They sound the clarions strong! they chain the hoiling Captives!  
 They cast the sword to the helmet; they give the oath of Blood in Lambeth  
 They vow the death of Luwah, & they roll him to Albion's Face in Bath:  
 They stand him with poisonous bane, they invoke him in cruel roots  
 To die a death of six thousand years bound round with vegetation.  
 The Sun was black & the moist rold a useless globe thro' Britain!  
 Then left the Sons of Urien the plow & harrow, the loom  
 The hammer & the chisel, by the rule & compasses; from London fleeing  
 They forged the sword on Charnot, the chariot of war & the battle-  
 The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale;  
 And all the Arts of Life, they changed into the Arts of Death in Albion.  
 The hour-glass pantemnd because its simple workmanship,  
 Was like the workmanship of the plowman & the water wheel.  
 That raises water unto fusters broken & ruined, like fire:  
 Because the workmanship which like manhood is the Shepherd.  
 And on our youth uploade where is inverted wheel with white  
 So perplex youth in their outgoings, & to bind to labours in Albion  
 By day & night the myriads of sermons 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 at bread:  
 In ignorance to view a small portion & think that all,  
 And call a Demonstration: blind to all the simple rules of life.  
 Now, now the battle roses round thy tender limb, O Vala  
 Now smile among thy bitter tears; how put on all thy beauty  
 Is not the wound of the sword sweet? & the broken game delightful?  
 While thou now smilest among the sorrows when the wounded groan in the field  
 The cover of earth, & the cover of heaven, the cover of the sun  
 Of thousands from Westminster & Marbury in skins closed up:  
 35 Gained hand & foot, camped to fight under the tan whips  
 Of our captains; fearing our accitors more than the enemy,  
 I lit up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes,  
 I made thy robes daintier, befit the morning over Malvern break,  
 Upon thy golden brow the bairn from thy silver locks.  
 40 Shake off the waters from thy wings & the dew from thy white garments  
 Remember all thy signed banners on the secret ground of Albion's Vale  
 When the sun rose in glowing burn, with arms of mighty hosts  
 Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Uviers' herbs  
 45 Girt as a sower with his seed, to scatter we abroad over Albion,  
 Arise O Vala: bring the bow of frozen, bring the spear of frost of love,  
 How now the winter hours, & the winter months, & the winter of life,  
 Gave all the world to the ox, & snapt up the winds of classification  
 50 to trample the corn fields in boisterous reignings; this is no gentle her,  
 This is no warlike brook nor shadow of a mulie tree,  
 But blood and wounds and dismal cries, and shadows of the oak:  
 And hearts laid open to the light, by the broad broad sword,  
 And souls hid in hammer'd steel rigid governing on the ground.  
 55 Call forth thy smiles of soft decei, call forth thy clouds again,  
 We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when man shall blood screw.  
 So sang the Spectre-Sons of Albion round Luwah's Stone of Trial:  
 Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Saltbush:  
 Drankt his commandment in invocating gross revolting in Giant Dance:  
 60 For the Spectre had no manumission but what he could receive  
 And his last 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 Storm Warriors: lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims:  
 65 Driking their lives in gross intemperance, hence arose from Bath  
 Soft deluding dolours, in spirit volutions latrately winding  
 Over Albion's mountains, a feminine indecently crafty demon  
 Attended, terrified by a power & torment, She often would  
 Their own bright ones Encount'red, & murder'd many  
 70 Became their execution and their Temple and their race,  
 They knew not this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala Albion's Wife,  
 Terrorized at the sight of the Victim at his distorted sinews:  
 The tremblings of Vala vibrated thro' the limbs of Albion's Sons:  
 While they groan over Luwah in mockery & bitter scorn:  
 75 Sudden they become like what they beheld in howlings & deadly pain  
 Spasms smite their features, sinews & limbs pale they look on one another  
 They turn'd, convolv'd, their own necks bend unwilling towards  
 Their dear legs tremble, their massive bones are cramp'd & smitten  
 They became like what they beheld. let immense in strength & power,

In awful pomp & gold, in all the precious unknown stones of Eder,  
 They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury; with chains  
 Of rocks round London Stone; & Ceasars; of unknown dimensions  
 In labyrinthine arches (Mighty Urizen the Architect) thro' which  
 The Heavens might revolve to Eternity be bound in their chain.  
 Labour unparalleled, a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny  
 Is built on Natural Rockes, & the Stars stand round from pole to pole.  
 A building of eternal death; whose proportions are eternal despair  
 From heaven to earth. Howling invisible, but yet invisible  
 Two Cavers of hell; afterwards named Vulture & Gouousseau;  
 Vulture spake upon an eminence of Gile, & Gouousseau  
 Keeyen Sene of the feminine Ibernacis of Bacan Marion & Lache.  
 Far Luoch is France: the Vicim of the Spectres of Albion.  
 His beheld in terror, he pour'd his loud starns on the Furnaces:  
 The Daughters of Albion in garments of deathly woe  
 Were affam'd on their shoulders and bosoms, & lay aside  
 Their garments; they sit naked upon the Stones of Trial  
 The Neck of Flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood  
 Gushes & stains the fair side of the foul Damozel of Albion.  
 They sit aside his corse, & gaze his rever' looks upon  
 His forehead. They beat upon the stones of Albion.  
 The hand of Jinaan whose are seven hundred chariots of iron!  
 They take off his vesture whole with their Knives of flint:  
 But they cut asunder his vane garments; gazing with  
 Their cruel fingers for his heart, & the pale eyes in pomp.  
 Their hands were now complete in act:  
 To pour cold water on his brain in front, to cause  
 To grow over his eyes in veils of pearl; and cover  
 To spread over his nostril, while they feed his tongue from cups  
 And dishes of painted clay. Glowing with beauty & cruelty;  
 They obscure the sun in the mean: his eye cast look upon them.  
 As also at the sight of the Victim, so of night & those who are smitten  
 Who see, become what they behold; & are cast into a shrank up  
 With fear & tears and the pale eyes are dimmed shrank up  
 By 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;  
 & then a flood of fire, wheel surrounding earth & heaven:  
 After then a flood of fire, wandering according to an unknown light:  
 Six months of mortality; a summer; & six months of mortality; a winter:  
 The human form begin to be alter'd by the Daughters of Albion  
 And the perceptions to be dissipat'd into the Internity Becoming  
 By mighty Polypus napo: Albion groans, as the eye  
 Is dimmed, & the heart is strangled; into a double knot:  
 She look forth the Sun is shrunk; the Heavens are shrunken  
 Way into the far regions; and the Trees de Mountains wither'd  
 And indistinct cloudy shadows in darkness & separation.  
 By invisible Hatreds aduised, they seem remote and separate  
 By each other; and yet are a mighty Polypus in the Deep:  
 In the Midst grows on the back of Albion, tree on mighty Lo:  
 He who will not be mingled in love must be aduised to Haze  
 They look forth from Stone-henge from the Cove round London Stone  
 Whereon an archer, the last of Britain, sits to the mountain:  
 Little man shrunk away, the powder trembled; the mountains  
 Wales & Scotland beheld the descending War; the roared flying;  
 And run the streams of Albion: Thames is drunk with blood-beam.  
 The grandeur of the Sun is dimmed, & his heart is circumscrib'd:  
 London & York are dimmed, & their heart is circumscrib'd:  
 York & Lincoln hide among the rocks, because of the ground frost.  
 Worcester & Hereford: Oxford & Cambridge reel & stagger.  
 Over-reared with howling: Wales & Scotland alone sustain the fight:  
 And Albion's sons are such to death, they fly to make into O'er:  
 They rend the Dove de Raven: & in vain the Serpent over the mountains.  
 And in vain the Eagle de Leon, over the four-fold wilderness.  
 They return not, but generate in rocky places desolate.  
 The Sun is dimmed, his bowler a faded man, scarred upon Mar:  
 Upon the Cheltenham hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn  
 By night: he is hurried after into an unknown Night  
 He sleeps in turrets of blood as he rolls thro' heaven above  
 He carries up the rocks on the sky: the Moon is leaping as snow:  
 Trembling of desolation down the west wind with flame:  
 Scattering her leproous Spores in flames at last, with desolation:  
 The Starry flea remove: the heaven is run, the earth is sulphur:  
 And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a shrinking round:  
 In the sense of Men shrink together under the knife of fate:  
 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 opaque hydresses 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 opaque hardness  
 They cut the Fibres from the Rocks flowing in pain they Weave:  
 Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence, denying Eternity  
 By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albions free  
 Such are the Feminine & Masculine when separated from Man  
 They call the Rocks Parents of Men, & adore the flowing Chaos  
 Dancing around in howling pain clothed in the bloody Veil.  
 Hiding Albions Sons within the Veil closing Jerusalem  
 Sons without: to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion  
 Ashamed to give Love openly to the pitiless & merciful Man  
 Counting him an insatiate mockery: but the Warrior  
 They abhor: & his revenge cherish with the blood of the innocent  
 They drink up Dur & Gid, to feed with milk Skofield & Koppe  
 They strip off Josephs Coat & dip it in the blood of battle  
 Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying her knife  
 Her heart is in her hand she passes it over the howling Victim  
 The Daughters Weave their Web & send across over the Rocking  
 The Horr'd still young Albions Cities eagerly sieging & bursting  
 The threads of Valia & 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 & battle & their spears grow to their hands  
 With blood, wedging the claws of the night into a Tabernacle  
 For Rahab & Tirzah till the Great Poypus of Generation covered  
 the Earth  
 In Verulam the Poypus Head, winding around his bulk  
 Thro Rochester and Chichester, & Exeter & Salisbury,  
 Bristol: & his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain  
 Shooting out fibres round the Earth thro Gaul & Italy  
 And Greece, & along the Sea of Phœnix into Judea  
 To Sodom & Gomorrha: thence to India, China, & Japan  
 The twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tirzah have circumscribed the Brain  
 Beneath & pierced it thro the midst with a golden pin.  
 Blood hath stand 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  
 thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon these Rocks  
 These doors to thy eyes that used to beam in distant heavens  
 Are closed to me: & my body bound with a hair skin.  
 Those nostrils that exhal'd with a roar in morning skies  
 Have bent downward with loud mewring in my roaring furnaces  
 Of affliction: of love of sweet despair: of torment unendurable  
 My soul is seven furnaces incessant roar the bellows  
 Upon my terribly flaming heart: the rotten metal runs  
 In churndl's thro my flesh limbs: O love! O pity! O fear!  
 O pain! O the pangs the bitter pangs of love pinsaper  
 Phœnix was a wilderness of joy where all my milk breasts ran  
 The River Ranah wandered by my sweet Matissers side  
 To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my slight!  
 Go Noah teach the scurle of strong bruss heat to heat hot:  
 Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelly  
 Strick not so my only love, I refuse thy joys: I drink  
 Thy strieks because Hand & Ryle are cruel & obdurata to me



Scrofield why art thou cruel? Lo Joseph is thine to make  
 You One; to weave you both in the gentle mantle of Spain  
 Syria fun down Sisters bind him down on Eboli Mount at evening.  
 Malacca come forth from Lebanon; & Hesilah from Mount Sinai  
 Come circumferent this tongue of sweet & with a screw of iron  
 Fasten this ear into the rock; Milach the task is thine  
 Were not so Sisters; were not so; our life depends on this  
 Of 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 Song.  
 Look; the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stare  
 Her panting Victim beside her; her heart is drunk with blood  
 & the 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 tubernacle; & her ark & secret place, the beautiful Daughter  
 Of Albion, delights the eyes of the Kings; their hearts & life  
 Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor & Freya, 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 howling & deadly War  
 A sheet to veil the curtain of blood is let down from Heaven  
 Across the hills of Ephraim & down Mount Olivet to  
 The Valley of the Japhusus; Moloch rejoices in heaven  
 He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones  
 Themselves condensing to rocks & into the Robs of a Man  
 To they shoot forth to gender Nerves across Europe & Asia  
 To they rest upon the Isles, where their panting Victims lie  
 Molech rushes into the Kings in love to the beautiful Daughters  
 But they strown & delight in cruelty renewing all other  
 Blood your Offerings, your first begotten; powdered with milk &  
 Your first born of seven years old; & they Maths or Females;  
 To the beautiful Daughter of Albion they sport before the Kings  
 Exposed in the sun of the Victim blood human blood; is the life  
 And delightful Sport of the Warriors; the soul fed Warriors flesh  
 Of him who is slain in War; fills the Valley of Ephraim with  
 Breeding Women walking in pride & bearing forth under green trees  
 With pleasure, warlike pain, for their joy is known to the captive  
 Molech rejoices thro the Land from Havilah to Shur, he rejoices  
 In moral law & its severe penalties; loud Shout & Sorrow  
 Thunder above; when they see the Twelve panting Arms  
 On the twelve Stones of Power, & the beautiful Daughters of Albion  
 If you dare rend their Veil with your spear you are free of Love  
 From the Hills of Camberwell & Wimbleton from the Valley of  
 Ossington & Fisher from Stone range & from Holdens Cove  
 Great Prince of Germany; unto the Rhine & Danube  
 Reuben & Benjamin flee; they hide in the Valley of Reucham  
 My trembles the way up; limbs when he beholds thy beauty  
 Spotted with Victims blood, by the fires of thy secret tubernacle  
 And thy ark & holy place; at thy Towns; as thy pure revenge  
 Smitten as Uziah of old; his armour is scattered, his spear  
 And sword faint in his hand; from Albion across Great Tartary  
 O beautiful Daughter of Albion; cruelty is thy delight  
 Virgin of terrible eyes who dwellest by Valleys & springs  
 Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon, in the City of Reba in Hamath  
 Caught to catch the sun to dance in the City of Warriors  
 Before the Kings of Cinaan, to cut the flesh from the Victim  
 To roast the flesh in fire, to examine the Victims limbs  
 In cruelties of holiness; to refuse the joys of love; to bring  
 The Spies from Egypt, to raise jealousy in the bosom of the twelve  
 Kings of Canaan; then to let the Spies depart to Hierusalem back  
 To the place of the Anatoliate; I am drunk with unsatiated love  
 I must rush again to War; for the Virgin has found her husband  
 Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty  
 Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies  
 But now my soul is harrowed 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 garments of love & desire  
 The Feminine & Masculine Shadows soft, mild & ever varying  
 In beauty; are shadows now no more, but Rocks in Noe's

Then all the Males conjoined into One Male & every one  
 Became a ravenous eating Cancer growing in the Female.  
 A Polygynous of Roots of Reasoning Doubt Despair & Death.  
 Going forth & returning from Albions Rocks in 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;  
 Drawn forth by Los time after time from Albions Muddy Shore  
 Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into internal bondage;  
 That they might be born in concupiscence of Chastity & in  
 Deadly Hate between Leah & Rachel Daughters of Deceit & Fraud  
 Bearing the Images of various Species of Conception  
 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 Fens & Gold  
 And feeds her with the food of Eden; hence all her beauty beans  
 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 desert & 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 evr varying delights  
 For all things exist in the Human imagination  
 And hence 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 Los's World without  
 Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death

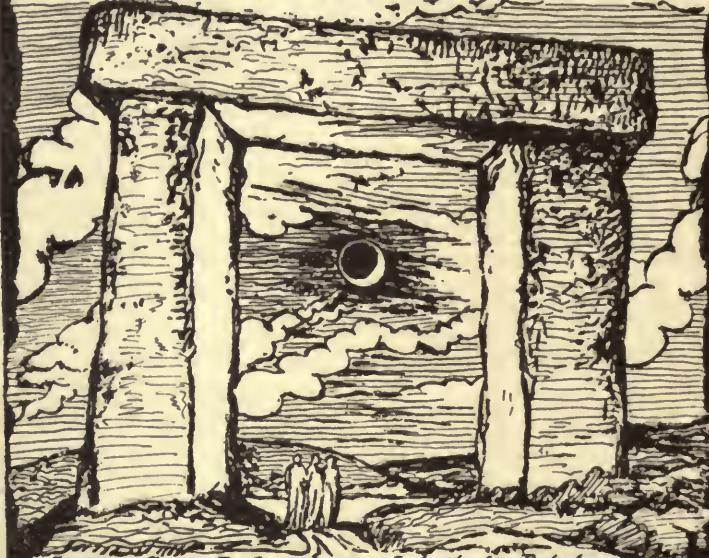
And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah: all  
 The jealousies become Murderous; uniting together in Rahab  
 A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves  
 With Moral Law an Equal Balance, not going down with decision  
 Therefore the Male severe & cruel filled with stern Revenge;  
 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 Comulgations, from the Head even to the Feet  
 And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place  
 Jerusalem pined in her immost 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 Albions cliff  
 Before the Face of Albion, a mighty brawling Form.  
 His be am wide & shoulder high, overgrown and wondrous,  
 His three strong sinews, necks & arms, all awful & terrible Heads  
 Three Arques in contradictory council brooding incessantly,  
 Spitted during to put in all its councils, fearing each other.  
 Terrible rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom  
 consist in the agreement & differences of Ideas.  
 Plotting to sever Albions Body of Humanity & Love.

Such Form the aggregates of the twelve Sons of Albion took; & such  
 their appearance with combaird; but often by birth-pangs & loud groans  
 They plodde to twelve; the key-bones & the chest deviling to pain  
 Disclose a hideous arched bane young the Giant brood  
 Arms as the smoke of the furnace, shewing the world from sea to sea.  
 And there they combine into Three forms, named Bacon & Novian & Locke  
 In the Oak Groves of Albion which overspread all the Earth.



Imputing Sin & Rashness to Individuals: Rahab  
 Art dreid within unspied; her Feminine power unrevealed  
 Divinest Humanitie, & Three-fold Wonder, consume the most beautiful Three-fold  
 Each within ether. On her white marble & even Neck, her Heart  
 Imbod and beautified; with locks of shadowing modesty, shining  
 Over her beautifull female features, soft Hoderhurts in beauty  
 Beams mild all love and all perfection, that when the lips  
 Receive a kiss from Gods or Men, a thousand dust particles  
 From the press'd cheekess, so her white immaterial Three-fold  
 Three-fold amiable features; consuming loves of Gods & Men  
 In fires of beauty melting them as gold & silver in the furnace  
 Her Brain enlarges the whole Heaven of her bosom & lours  
 Her 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 His

And above Albion's Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan  
 As the Substance is to the Shadow and above Albion's Twelve Sons  
 Were all the Serpentons Sons; and all the twelve Tribes spreading  
 Over Albion, as the Soul is to the Body so Jerusalem is to Albion.  
 5 Are to the Sons of Albion; and Jerusalem is Albion's Emanation  
 What is Above is Within, for everything in Eternity is translucent;  
 The Circumference is Within, & the Center is the British Center,  
 And the Circumference still expands and moves forward to the British Center  
 And the Center has Eternel States whose States we now explore.

10 And there the Names of Albion's Twelve Sons, & of his Twelve Daughters  
 With their Distinctive Names, & their Seats, & their Countries & Cities  
 Their Villages Towns Cities Seafors Temples sublime Cathedrals &c  
 All were his Friends & their Sons & Daughters intermarry in Beulah  
 For all are Men in Eternity, Rivers Mountains Cities Villages.  
 15 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 ye behold, tho' it appears Without it is Within,  
 In your Imagination of which thus this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.

20 Kyle dwelt in Winchester comprehending Hants Dorset Devon Cornwall,  
 Their Villages Cures Sea-Ports, their Catt fields & Gardens spacious  
 Palaces, Rivers & Mountains, and between Hand & Kyle arose  
 Gwendolen & Cambel who is Broadbea: they so abroad to return  
 25 Like lovely bourns of light from the hundred reflections of the Brothers  
 The Inhabitants of the Whole Earth rejoice in this beautiful light.  
 Gaban dwelt in Bath, Somerset Wiltshire Gloucestershire,  
 Ober his twin brother, whose lovey Emanation  
 30 Gwennule gave to joyd over South Wales & till its Mountains  
 Peacheys had North Wales Shropshire Cheshire & the Isle of Man.  
 His Emanation is Melketabel terrible & lovely upon the Mountains  
 Breptun had Yorkshire Durham Westmoreland & his Emanation  
 Is Ragan, she adjoins to Slade, & produced Genorll far bearing.  
 35 Slade had Lincoln Stafford Derby Nottingham & his lovely  
 Emanation Gonorll rejoices over hills & rocks & woods & rivers  
 Hufr had Warwick Northampton Bedford Buckingham  
 Leicester & Berksire: & his Emanation is Gwnefrefred beautiful  
 Skofeld had Ely Rutland Cambridges Huntington Norfolk  
 40 Suffolk Hartford & Essex: & his Emanation is Gwnevera  
 Beautiful, she beams towards the east, all kinds of precious stones  
 And pearl, with instruments of music in holy Jerusalem  
 Kon had Oxford Warwick Wilts: his Emanation is Estrild.  
 45 Ketepe had Hereford Staffford Worcester & his Emanation  
 Is Sabrina, joint with Melketabel she shines west over America  
 Bowey had all Scotland the Isles Northumberland & Cumberland  
 His Emanation is Convenna, she shines a triple form  
 Over the north with pearly beams gorgeous & terrible  
 Jerusalem & Vala rejoice in Bowen & Convenna.

50 But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated  
 Are Rurinrah, and the others are Theocroman and Brongian, They  
 Dwell over the four provinces of Britain in heavenly light  
 The Four Universities of Scotland, & in Oxford Cambridge & Winchester

55 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, raising his hands to heaven, for did Divine!  
 Ever he spoke not to Albion, saying last, Albion should turn his Back  
 60 And let the Sunbine strain, & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death  
 And he repeated before Albion as before Vala weeping the Veil  
 With the iron staves of his among the rooted Oaky of Albion.  
 Weeping & shouting to thy Lord day & night; and his Children  
 65 Went round him as a Rock 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 Connacht West in Josephs Gate  
 Ulster North in Dans Gate Leinster East in Judahs Gate  
 5 For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars  
 But the Four towards the West were Walled up & the Twelve  
 that tract the Four other Points were turned Four-Square  
 By Los for Jerusalems sake & called the Gates of Jeruzalem  
 Because twelve Sons of Jerusalem had successively thro the Gates  
 10 But the four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not out remained  
 Are Gathran de Brachanor & Theodormon & Bramian  
 The four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall  
 And those four remain to guard the rock Walls of Jeruzalem  
 Whose Foundations remain Five the Four Provinces of Ireland  
 15 Of the twelve Countries of Wales & in the Forty Countries  
 Of England & in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland  
 And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these  
 Under Iudea & Issachar & Zebulun are south Lancashire  
 20 Eastmeath Westmeath Dublin Kildare King's County  
 Queens County Wicklow Catherlogh Westford Kilkenny  
 And those under Reuben & Simeon & Levi are these  
 Waterford Tipperary Cork Limerick Kerry Clare  
 And those under Ephraim Manasseh & Benjamin are these  
 25 Galway Roscommon Mayo Sligo Leitrim  
 And those under Dan Asher & Napthali are these  
 Donegal Antrim Tyrone Fermanagh Armagh Londonderry  
 Down Monaghan Cavan These are the Land of Erin  
 All these Center in Landon & in Golestanora from whence  
 30 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 Four-fold!



And Thirty-two the Nations to dwell in Jerusalems Gates  
 Come ye Nations Come ye People Come up to Jeruzalem  
 Return Jeruzalem & dwell together as of old: Return  
 35 Return O Albion let Jeruzalem overspread all Nations  
 In the times of old O Albion awakie Reuben warden  
 The Nations wait for Jeruzalem they look up for the Bride  
 France Spain Italy Germany Poland Russia Sweden Turkey  
 Arabia Palestine Persia Hindostan China Tartary Siberia  
 40 Egypt Lybia Ethiopia Guinea Carraria Nethrland Morocco  
 Congo Bara Canada Greenand Farounde Mexico  
 Peru Paragonia Amazonia Brasile &c in the Nations  
 All under these Thirs of the Classes of Lands in the Ocean  
 All the Nations Peoples & Tongues throughout all the Earth  
 45 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 reversed in mountain & vale  
 And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah to guard  
 50 In Albions Tomb the wondrous Creation of the Four-fold Gate  
 Toward Beulah is to the South Fenelon Guion Teresa  
 Waterford & Hervey guard that Gate with all the gentle Souls  
 Who guide the great Wine press of Love; Four precious Stones that  
 55 Gate.

Such are Cathedrals golden Halls in the City of Golgotha  
 And Los's Furnaces howl foul; living, self-moving, lamenting  
 With fury de despoil; & they stretch from South to North  
 Thro all the Four Points: Lo! the Labourers at the furnaces  
 Rerugah & Palamabran, their names of Braman long lasting  
 With the innumerable multitudes of Golgotha round in Hells  
 Of Death. But how they came forth from the furnaces so low long  
 Last & severe the anguish e'er they knew their robes were  
 Long to tell & of the iron rollers, golden asyle steel & lances  
 Of brass, iron chains & braces & the gold, silver & brass  
 Mangled or separate; for swords, arrows, canpans, mappans,  
 The terrible ball; the wedge; the last sounding hammer of death  
 The sounding flail to thresh the marrow; Cannon kingdoms  
 The water wheel & mill of many innumerable wheels & rollers  
 Over the Four-fold Monarchy from Earth to the mundane Shell.  
 Forusing Albion's Tomb up the stony characters of Os & Anch:  
 To Create the lion to molt the bear the tiger de ouze;  
 To Create one wondrous lamb & downy fowl de scaly serpent  
 The summer & winter day & night; the sun de moon & stars  
 The tree the plant; the flower the rock the stone the metal;  
 Of Vegetable Nature by their hard restricting condensations.



Where Luwah's World of Oakernes grew to a perod: It  
 Became a Lemut a Rocky hardness without form & void  
 Accumulating without end here Los who is of the Elohim  
 Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the emanation  
 Revises the Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation  
 Numbering the Lemut of Oakernes Satan & the Lemut of Extraction  
 Adam, who is Pleg & Jordan & Eruel & Jacob & Saul & David  
 Volture insinuates that these Lemuts are the cruel work of God  
 Sucking the Remover of Lemuts & the Resurrection of the Dead  
 Setting up Kings in wrath; in holiness or Natural Religion  
 Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time & time  
 Is miracles & wonders in the Four-fold Desert of Albion  
 Permanently Creating to be in Time Revertent & Demolished  
 Satan Cain Iaphet Noah Phoeni Phoenice Belus  
 Arthur Alfred the Norman Conqueror Richard John

And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories  
 These are Created by Rahab & Tzrah in Uly; but around  
 These to preserve them from Eternall Death Los Creates  
 Adam Noah Abraham Moses Samuel David Ezekiel

Disposing 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' 5  
 In the terrible Promised Cities of Albion cities & villages  
 To devour the Poor & Rich & Hungry & the Sick & Relieving  
 The Sons of Los; alight them & feed & provide hope & gardens  
 And every Human Vertue born in the upper regions  
 Is a house to Lemutness & a Garden of delight built by the  
 Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowlnwole & in Carestar,  
 From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible  
 Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Doar

The Four Zoas clouded rage; Urien good by Albion  
 With Rynrah and Ryamafan and Thetrescas and Brovian  
 These four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh  
 And the Four Zoas are London & York & Thomas & Urthona  
 In opposition daily and their wheels in violence  
 They daily stoned turned against each other loy'd & fierce  
 Striving into the Reasoning Power, forsooth Imagination  
 They became Spectres; & their Human Bodies were opposed  
 In Beulah, by the Daughters of Beulah with tears & lamentations  
 5 The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man; & when separated  
 From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Retio  
 Of the Threes of Memory, it thence frames Visions & Melodies  
 To destroy Imagination! the Divine Body, of Harmonies & Hues  
 Teach me O Holy Spirit the Testimony of Jesus; let me  
 10 Comprehend wondrous things but at the Divine Law  
 I beheld Babylon in the opening Streets of London, I beheld  
 Jerusalem of ruins wandering about from house to house  
 Thus I beheld the shudders of death attend my steps  
 15 Fare me to walk up and down in Six thousand Years: their Events are present before me  
 To tell how Los in great & anger whirling round his Hammer on high  
 Drove the Sons of Daughters of Albion from their ancient emporiums  
 They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision  
 The Sons of Albion are Twining; the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen  
 20 I tell how Albions Sons by Harmonies & Concordes & Discords  
 Opposed to Melody, and by Light & Shades, opposed to Outline  
 And by Abstraction opposed to the Visions of Imagination  
 How cruel Laws divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions  
 How Hyle roared Los in Albions Cliffs by the Affections rent  
 25 & broken so opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalems Sons  
 After the Vortex of his Wheels, therefore Hyle is called Gog.  
 Babylon the Roman Morality declining to reach the little ones  
 In man's temptation of the world, could tell how Reuben slept  
 30 On Londons Stone, & the Londoner did Albin pass around admiring  
 His awful beauty, with Mord & Arne the twin devils attending  
 Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames & Scott  
 From over Europe in streams of gore cut to Cæsar's Sons  
 How Los drew them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan  
 35 Hence Albion was called the Canaanite & all his Great Sons.  
 George is my Thym. O Land my Saviour open thou the Gates  
 Open I will feed forth thy Watchers telling how the Daughters  
 40 Out of their Sons & Daughters he took, part to Egypt  
 Part to Babylon, part to South Albions Sons, back toward Bashan  
 They have divided Samson, he also rolled apart in blood  
 45 For the Nations till he took Root beneath the stupring Logos  
 Of Albions Daughters at Philistia by the side of Gimblek  
 They have divided Levi, he hath shot out into forty eight Roots  
 Over the Land of Canaan; they have divided Gudah  
 He hath took Root in Hebrew in the Land of Händy & Hyle  
 50 Dan: Napthali: Gad: Asher: Issachar: Zebulon: rest appear  
 Even all the Nations of the Earth to disperse into Nor. Britany  
 I see a Fomina Form arise from the Four terrible Zoas  
 A horrid but terrible struggling to take a form of beauty  
 Rooted in Shechem: this is Judah the greatest Son afterin  
 55 His Wound I see in South Molton Street de Stratford place  
 Hence Joseph & Benjamin roll'd apart away from the Nations  
 In vain they roll'd apart: they are roll'd into the Land of Cabul



And Rahab Babylon the Great hath destroyed Jerusalem  
Bath stood upon the Seven with Merlin & Bladud & Arthur  
The Cup of Rahab in his hand, her Passions Twenty-seven-fold

5 And all her Twenty-seven Heavens now hid so now reveal'd  
Appear in strong delusive lights of Time & Space drawn out  
In shadowy pomp by the Optical Prophet created evermore  
For Los in Six thousand years walks up & down continually  
That not one Moment or hour be lost & every revolution  
Of Space he makes permanent in Bowahoda & Canebar.



10 And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches  
Adam, Seth, Enoch, Cainan, Marilaleel, Jared, Enoch,  
Methuselah, In much space are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic,  
Noah, Sam, Arach, Ascanian, the Second, Sagan, Hebrew,  
Tales, Reu, Scrub, Nahar, Taph; these are the Female Males;  
15 A while within a Female hid is in a Ark & Curtains,  
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Constantine, Charlemaigne,  
Luther, these Seven are the Male Females of the Dragon forms  
The female but within a Male; thus Rahab & several  
20 Mystery Babylon the Great; the Abomination of Desolation  
Religion hid in War, a Director red & hidden Perrot  
But Jesus breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell  
Opens Eternity in Time & Space; triumphant in Mercy  
25 These are the Heavens forged by Los within the Mundane Shell  
And where Luther ends again begins again in Eternal Circle  
To awake the Passions of Death; to bring All our affairs  
With Luwak into light eternal, in his eternal day  
But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Al-  
27 bion





## To the Christians.

Devils are  
False Religions  
Saul Saul  
Why persecutest thou me

I give you the end of a golden string  
Only mind it unto a fall;  
It will lead you in at Heavens gate  
Built in Jerusalems wall.

We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the Work of the Lord; every moment spent, of a moment that cannot be replaced, every pleasure that usurps our time, & of course of salvation is a sin; & as indecent as it is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. till the torpures of repentance are tortures of self-reproach or account of our leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the strivings of encroachment with incoherent roots, I know of no other Christianity, and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body & mind to enjoy the Divine Arts of Imagination & Imagination on the rest & eternal Ward of which this Vegetable Universe is, but it cast shadow & in which we shall live in our Eternal of 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 it the Holy Ghost any other than an Intellectual Mountain? What is the Harvest of the Gospel & its Labours? What is that Talent which it is curse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven, which we are to lay up? 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 Acts of the Spirit Every-thing to Man? O ye Religious disconcerned & estranged ones among you who shall pretend to despise Art & Science, call upon you, in the Name of Jesus, What is the Life of Man but Art & Science? Is it Meekness? Is it not the Body, man that is Meekness? Is it Mortality, but the thing remaining to the Soul, which I ever desire? What is Immortality but the thing relating to the Soul, which I ever desire? What is the Joy of Heaven but Immortality in the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell, but Infirmitie, 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, to 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 in the Building up of Jerusalem.

I stood among my vallies of the south  
And saw a flame of fire even as a Wheel  
Five surrounding all the heavens; it went  
From west to east against the current of  
Creation, and devoured all things in its loud  
& devouring course round heaven & earth  
By the Khan of Khanen was rolled into my art.  
Travelling thro' the night for seven days dire  
And restless fury when himself shrunk up  
Into a little roost a fathom long.  
And I asked a Watcher be a Holy One  
For Name? he answered, It is the Wheel of Religion  
I wapt & said, Is this the love of Jesus?  
This terrible devouring sword turning every way  
He answered; Jesus died because he sinned  
Against the current of this Wheel; its Name  
Is Calathus, the dark Preacher of Death

Of sin, & of sorrow, & of punishment;  
Oppos'd to Nature, &c. & to Natural Religion;  
But Jesus is the bright Proph'r of Life  
Creating Nature from this fiery Law,  
So self-dental & forewarning of sin.  
So therefore cast out devils in Christ's name  
Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease  
Pay the ev'lt for thou art not sent  
To smite with tempests & with punishments  
These that are sent to thee by the Pharisees  
Accusing thee, & persecuting me & James  
For thy prophecies to bring & to teach  
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 aspired to Heaven; thin eyes regard  
the dangerous burst & the Prisons see tree

*England! awake! awake! awake!  
Dissolution 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 Zion's ways;  
Then was a time of joy and love.

*(And now the time returning again:  
Our souls exert & Lordon's towers.  
Receive the Lamb at God to dwell,  
In Englands green & pleasant bower.)*



The Spectre of Albion's Twelve Sons revolve mightily  
Over the Tomb he over the Body; rained to labour  
With rhombus; loud his shrugs; loud his blows tall,  
In the rock Spectre as the Power breaks the pitchards;  
Labour in noise Self-redemming driving down Albion  
Gates; driving them red pale de Morte found in his furnaces  
And an ill fortile lest they smote the penitent oblations  
They are broken. Loud howl the Spectre in his iron Furnace

While Lips lampes at his dire labours neverg Jerusalem.  
Hot Furnaces clothe in sackcloth or hair;  
Furnace Sons surround the Corpse Gates of Birth,  
Trembling arrows, rising against the hand of Albion, Jerusalem.  
The soul of Albion, and thy crown her with gold;  
She quenched her naked, gave her power over the Earth  
And Concave Earth round Goldencote in Asaphan Benyhan.  
Run to the stars, ending her Throne, to build beyond the Throne  
Of God and the Lamb to destroy the Long & Low, the Throns of Evil  
Drawing their thro' vastness found the Four-fold Humanity

Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion,  
the Hill of Giants; all her foundations levelled with the dust;  
Her Tropes Gates thrown down; her children carried into captivity  
Herself in chains; thy Son which was born in a desert sheath  
Captive, unknown before in Doulah. & the twelve gates were filled  
With blood; from Japan esward to the Giantess may west  
Europe Continent; and Jerusalem rest upon Euphrates banks  
Despoiled; an evanescent shade, scattered, heard around  
The Children of Israel Temples draped with blood wondred weeping!  
And that her voice were lost in the darkness of Philistea.

My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me  
Arrows at the gloomy power over me & my children  
Have sinned and are an abomination from the Divine Presence;

My tents are fallen; my pillars are in ruins; my children dashed  
 Upon Egypt's iron floors, & the marble pavements of Assyria:  
 I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Hesbon;  
 Mount Zion is become a cruel rock & no more dew  
 Nor rain; no more the spring at the rock appears; but cold  
 Hard & obdurate are the surrows of the mountain of wine & oil;  
 The mountain of bittersweet is useful a cure of an astreumant;  
 The mists of Judea are fallen with me into the deepest hell  
 Lower than the Nations at the Earth, & I am the tribes of the Nations;  
 I walk to Eschraim I seek for Shiloh, & I walk like a lost sheep  
 Among predeceses of despair; in Goshen I seek for light  
 In vath: and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter  
 Goshen hath follow'd Philistia; Gilead hath sound with Og!  
 They are become narrow places in a little and dark land:  
 5 And distant far from the sun; where the sun doth never more  
 Reappear; where Jerusalem they have cast me quite away;  
 And Albion is himself shrunk to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea  
 The plents of Sussex & Surrey their hulls of stocks & herds  
 No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy ones.  
 10 The fifty-two Countries of England are hardened against me  
 As if I was not their Mother, they despise me & cast me out  
 London covers the whole Earth, England encompasses the Nations;  
 The West is mine, the East is mine, the South is mine, the North is mine;  
 My pillars reached from sea to sea; London beheld me come  
 15 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 deserted my countenance with joy; they shewd me to their sons  
 Saying Lo Jerusalem is here, she sitteth in our secret chambers  
 20 And Judah & Samaria, Ephraim, Manasseh, Gad, and all  
 Their sons in our hills & valleys; they kept my bed & head:  
 They watch them in the night; and the Lamb of God appears among us  
 The river Severn stayed his course at my command;  
 25 Medway mingled with Kishon; Thames received 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  
 Truly said I in sublime exultation; I was not mine  
 30 I gave to thee my sacred bairns; our 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 amang our little ones  
 They looked upon our loves with joy; they beheld our secret joys;  
 With holy raptures of adoration rapid sublime in the visours of God,  
 35 Germany, Poland & the North waded my footsteps they found  
 Edens in all the little mountains & my curtains in all their vales  
 The laurel of their muses was the furniture of my chamber  
 Turkey, Greece, and my instrument; whence they arose  
 They sung the harp; the flute; the mandolin; Jerusalems joy  
 40 They sounded their thanksgivings in my courts; Egypt & Lybun heard  
 The worthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Land of God  
 Enquiring for Jerusalem; he led them up my steps to my altar:  
 And egad America! I once beheld thee by my steps to my altar:  
 And egad America! where no Cherubim & Seraphim regard  
 45 My golden countour where no Albion & Seraphim regard  
 Together amang my little ones. But now, my Albion runs with blood:  
 These are corrupt; no innocence is of heavenly descente  
 These are corrupt; no innocence is of heavenly descente  
 Of seven diseases! Once a continual cloud of salvation rose  
 50 From all my myrids; once the Four-fold World reproued among  
 The pillars of Jerusalem, between my winged Cherubim:  
 But now I am cast out from them in the narrow passages  
 Of the valleys of destruction, into a dark land at pitch & bitumen.  
 From Albion's tomb afar and from the four-fold wondres of God  
 55 Spake to narrow dolorful form in the dark land of Albion  
 There is Reuben & Simeon & Judah & Levi closed up  
 In narrow vales; I walk to 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 wherfore thy shuttles  
 60 Drop with the gore of the slain; why Euphrates is red with blood  
 Wherfore in dreary misery & beauty outside appears  
 The Muscule from thy Remouing chariot is against the heavens  
 The devours of Hell; the woe which was sent me wondred among  
 These cruel Druid temples; O Vala Humanity is far above  
 Sexual organization; & the Visours of the Night of Beulah  
 65 Where Strifes wander in dreams of bliss amone the Emanations  
 Where the Masculine & Feminine are nursed upo Youth & Maiden  
 By the trans & soules of Beulahs Daughters till the time of Sleep is past  
 Wherfore then do you realize these netz of beauty & delusion  
 In open day to draw the souls at the head into the front  
 Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven. Er.

5 encompassed by the frozen Net, and by the rooted Tree  
6 wail weeping in pages of a Mothers torment for her Children.  
7 I walk in bitterness; I am a worm, and no living soul!  
8 were it not to eternal torment; round up all night,  
9 So an eternal condemnation. lost! lost! lost! lost!  
10 Beside her Vale populous, where she dwelt in pride of beauty  
11 And holiness; among the cities of the Warriors; among the Captives  
12 So cruel, so fierce, and her lamenting songs were triste Arion  
13 And Jordan to Bethesda; Jerome followed trembling  
14 Her by Jordan in cottage listening to Valens lamentation  
15 Her big black cloud did descend on the voice most clear from  
16 The rent. O rent in sunless Jordan! Jerome the Harlot daughter:  
17 So an eternal condemnation in fire burning flamey  
18 Heaven unquenchable; and to grace a Delusion to be found  
19 Woman must perish in the Heavens of Heavens remain no more

My Father used to be my command to murder Ulster.  
He unmercifully death : my love, my soul, ordered me in right  
To murder. Ulster, the King of Ulster, he fought in battle fierce  
To conquer. Ulster my beloved; he took me and my Father  
To slay them. I received them to live in my wavy bosom  
To span them down from my bosom, death to follow me. I wish gave  
The King of Ulster, his daughters hand, thinking was never known  
Before in Ulster's land, that one should die death never to be revived  
But in our battle with the Ulster men seen with pity and love!  
We over, serve them on, the secret of our triumphed.

30 But I Yala, Luwah's daughter, keep his body embalmed in moral laws,  
With species of sweet odours of lovely malice, superstition;  
Without my bosom, lost, he arise to life & stay me Luwah  
Died two Luwahs once and seek not to revive the Dead;  
-So sang she; and the Spindle went byways as she sang;

The Children of Jerusalem, the Souls of those who sleep  
Were caught into the flux of her Distress; as in her Cloud  
A weant Jerusalem lay body according to her will  
A Dog-pon Son on Zion hills most ancient promontary  
The Sprinkle wound in blood & fire; loud sound the trumpets

40 or more, the grandsons play in the snow, the Claus of St. Nick is here, the boys are excited, impelled with the sense of power over the narrative before the Captains come and the Drills begin. Allian pay in cash and in worth in pig and love.

45 *Amara* the four Forests of Ubar which overspread all the Earth  
located in the land of *Mauritania*; another in *Lybia* bordering upon  
*Jerusalem* they said; there all the *Nomads* of Europe  
the *Caly* or *Grecians*; to the *East* as far as *Babylonia*  
the *Sind* and *Indus* rivers; to the *South* *Arabia* and *Sabaea*.

The Serpent Temples of the Earth, from the wide plain of Salisbury  
Heaps much grass and stones, are a sign of power,  
And rather like a signal and underdrapery hovering in cloud  
To take a definite form, she hovered over all the Earth  
Collecting the visible, defining every feature, form  
Invisible or visible, stretching out in various weeping in plent.  
Over the temples, drinking groans of victims weeping in plent.

And every in the joy, Rolling over Jerusalems walls! —  
Hard sleep on Sheldaws top; drawn by the love of beautiful  
Gems so bright, and Counterpart, round him;  
And her effusive light, became fierce above the Mountain;

60 Sat; invisible; drinking his sighs in sweet unconsciousness;  
Drawing out fibre after fibre, according to Alcibiades' rule,  
To Sixty feet, and then, as he grew, up to his knee,  
Moustachous, wavy hair, the foam of Cuthbert's beard,  
16 He ran, in gender nerves, across Europe to Jerusalem's shade;

65 To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb.  
Style on East Moor or rocky Derbyshire, rav'd by the Moors  
at Cawood, near the town before it was built, and  
the stones carried to all parts Derbyshire, & the  
like. It is his robe, & he bears it with teeth.

70 The terrible convulsions passing & Gratiel drunk with joy  
having met Lovelace by his changes: she rallied her spirits round  
two or three hours, then lay down again, & slept, & so we were  
left alone, & I went to bed, & slept, because I was so tired.

15  
Gathering them before us like swallows gathered in the snow.  
She left them in her young manly life, ran away to the rocks,  
and there dwelt alone, as a hermit, against the world.  
Her love was irreconcileable, however, with the love of God; and  
she died, a poor, wretched, lonely soul, cast out by God, and  
opposed to every thing that was good.

80  
In playing w<sup>t</sup> the wonderous Loops in sweet incantation  
Fifing out of silver & crystal, such shrieks as creas, with a  
And dolorous rois; the whine of lovers in the Wine-press at Luve  
O mister Cambel said, Grendeler, as play long, bramling light

25 Hunged above the Mountain what shall we do to keep  
These awful forms in our safe bands: distracted with tremble



I have mocked those who refused cruelty & I have admired  
 The cruel Warrior, I have refused to give love to Merlin my pitiless  
 He brings to me the Images of his Love & I reject in chastity  
 And carry them out into the streets for Harlotry to be sold  
 To the Starry Warrior. I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior  
 For Men are caught by Love: Women are caught by Pride.  
 That Love may only be obtained 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 pity us  
 I have destroyed Wandering Reuben who strove to bind my Will  
 I have stripped off Jasechis beautiful integument for my Beloved  
 The Cruel-one of Albian to clothe him in gems of my Zone  
 I have named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become  
 A weeping Infant in round lovely Jerusalems folding Cloud:



15 In Heaven Love begat Love: but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love.  
 16 And he who will not bend to love must be subdued by Fear.

I have heard Jerusalems groans; from Valyn cries the lamentations  
 Under our eternal rate; Outcasts from life, and love;  
 Unless we find a way to bind these guilty hours to our  
 Smiting we shall perish annihilate, desecrate, delusions.  
 Look how we have given up our delusions; - if you will give us  
 Our own self with mingled thoughts, with the spirit of the blacks  
 Of bands and doves, mingled other in cups and dishes  
 Of brazen clay; the mighty Hyle of Almon a weeping infant;  
 Soon shall the Spectre to the Dead follow my weeping threads.

The Twelve Daughters of Almon attending listen in secret shades  
 Of Cambridge and Oxford keeping sole watch over Rahab cloyed  
 That Gwendolen spoke to Cambel turning out the springing red.  
 Look how we have given up our delusions; - if you will give us  
 The golden robes of the Locusts through their poor pouches of  
 Love to the Elated white, against the Bruised Temple, while Gwendolen  
 Spoke to the Daughters of Almon standing on Skiddaw top.  
 So saying the took a Falshood to put it in her left hand;  
 To effect her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates.  
 And thus she closed her left hand and uttered her Falshood;  
 And thus that Falshood is prophetic, she had her hand bound; her  
 Uttermost blot found her loins; and thus record her Dooms.  
 I heard Euphrates cry to Los; Let on the daughters of Almon  
 Be scattered abroad and driven to the land of Canaan Moab,  
 Divide them into three nations there named Canaan Moab,  
 Let Aslan remain a desolation without an inhabitant;  
 Let Aslan remain a desolation without an inhabitant;  
 Let Aslan remain a desolation without an inhabitant;  
 And Hille to Esperia to Edom to Amalek.  
 But ride Amrik, for a Curse or Altar of living in a Holy Place.  
 See Sisters Canaan is pleasant Babylon is as the Garden of Eden;  
 Babylon is our chief desire; Reap out both in summer;  
 Let us lead the stamp of this tree, let us plant it before Jerusalem  
 To judge the world of sinners to death without the robe,  
 To cut off all the branches of memory to life, without the robe,  
 And the story of Aslan exquisit in Babylon when no garment remain  
 See here the first of our long points eastward to Babylon  
 Took Hyle as became an instant love; look! behold set him lie!  
 Upon my bosom look; here is the lovely wayward stem.  
 Upon my bosom look; by his coming I have rent my Veil;  
 By the fruit of Almonian he has torn me from within and with much  
 By contumacious at the mighty tree Sacrifice of Captives!  
 Humanity the Great Babylon; is charged to War a Sacrifice  
 I have laid his hands on Both Robins to his hands on Hashon 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  
 Discouering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Almon  
 And Asl, a winning Wren - which is a weeping infant.

Trembling & panting she stood in flood upon the wind;  
 She made a whistling sound as she stood in flood;  
 The desert tremble at her wrath; they shrank themselves in fear.  
 Cambel trembled with jealousy; she trembled; she envied;  
 His envy ran thro' Coleridge; ran into the fire.  
 Oh mild Jerusalem to destroy the Land of God; Jerusalem  
 Languish'd upon Mount Olivet East of mile Highs Hill.  
 Los saw the anxious blight above his Seventh Furnace  
 On London Tower on the Thames; he drew Cambel in wrath.  
 With brandish Belions, heaving it for a loud blast;  
 Languish Almon, and the Furnace upon Mile Highgate.  
 Shred her the fibres of her belief to amelanchier  
 The grey; soul she labours in the Furnaces of fire  
 To form the mighty arm of Hora according to her will  
 In the Furnaces of fire as in the Whore; ready treading day & night  
 Walked she afflicted in the Furnaces; the mind's not  
 The regard Romeo, she she returned.

Opportunity; she gave her beauty to another, bearing abroad  
 Her gaudyling carcass in the iron arms; and us & pain.  
 Binding his arms to arid with the iron arms of love.  
 Gwendolen, saw the present in her sister's arms; she horrid  
 Of course, red tears, and over the weeping Warm  
 Roseate; and she also in the ardour mindless Belions  
 Began her vaporous task of love by the mindless press of Luval  
 To form the Worm into a form of love by tasks to fair  
 The Sisters saw; trembling ran thro' their Loams; soft and mild  
 Towards London; then they saw the Furnaces open; in tears  
 Begun to give their souls away in the Furnaces of affliction.  
 Los saw he was comforted at his Furnaces uttering thus his voice.  
 I know I am Urthona keeper of the Gates of Heaven;  
 And that I can as will extirpate in the Gardens of bliss;  
 But pangs of love drew me down to my joints which are  
 Become a tourment at every pipes; O Almon; my brother!

Corrupcible oceans wear thy limbs, and never more  
 Can stand and leave thy side; but labour here incessant  
 till thy aching bones shall forget叙述;  
 Against the Northern hills and craggy, labouring, incassant  
 ground set on fire by the sun's unceasant rays,  
 And not in such dire grief! O Albion, thy brother!  
 Jerusalem hangs in the eastward; affection to her children!  
 The stormy and tempestuous year, where shall she fly?  
 Sweeter shore we have none; Hail, dear Albion! Wilt thou  
 Journey with me? and in a fairer form remaine than  
 Where the Vixen nightly howls beneath the brimmed hills  
 Of form of desperation, nail them down on the stone abutments;  
 When shall the Spanish region mix the English his resolute brother?  
 I call to Caesar & Ned, in my right marches they mourn!  
 They listen not to my cry, they're lost among their warriors.  
 Women wait there and say, What consumed my Saxon?  
 On they marchious steps, which the tempestuous waves  
 Washed from the rocky to Scandineviae, far and away;  
 From the Atlantic Sea to the universal ocean,  
 Found ye London, enormous City; keeps thy river?  
 Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones, O Land!  
 Apparel, purple and Saffron, are distributed in thy chamber,  
 Small surround her, yea, beautiful labyrinth; Othello,  
 Where hides my child in Oxford, hidest thou with Antemuram?  
 In grateful hideous of error! in grateful deceit  
 I stand the terrible gest of destruction, thou hidest her;  
 In chaste, modesty, I stand the secret of love & modesty  
 Unminded, overwoven, listening to the schemes of night,  
 Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mardon Shell;  
 Forming the fluctuating Globe according to their will,  
 Recording the past, the future, and the present, the very  
 Soul of Nature, in the dark clouds above,  
 Of Manynche intrice; so shall they rule the World,  
 That whosoever is seen upon the Mardon Shell, the same  
 Be seen upon the fluctuating Earth, woven by the Sisters.  
 And sometimes the earth will roll in the abyss, & sometimes  
 Stand upon Ocean, suspended, as if it had no power,  
 According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion.  
 Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Gogmagog,  
 Touching its summits; & sometimes Alured will pull apart  
 All asunder, and the outside surface of the Earth unfold  
 Its quicke shadowy surface superadded to the solid surface  
 Which is unchangedable for ever & ever Amen. So be it  
 Separates Albion, Saxon, from the current of thy rivers,  
 Where the old parent hills return but youth all else!  
 Saxon my youth eight thousand and five hundred years,  
 The labour of a day in the Valley of thy progeny,  
 The land is of iron, for thy daughters to plant  
 Saxon must be a rock of blood; mark ye the points  
 Where Cities shall remaine in where Villages for the rest:  
 Must us in carnation off Albion, and of course  
 Place the Isles of Britain in another habiting place;  
 Till end of time such: I go up to my watch; be attentive;  
 The noise of Albion so loud, I follow from my bryggs;  
 That they return as there; that a place be prepared on Euphrates  
 Between the Watch-towers, where the surfaces  
 External Death stands at the door. O God, pay our labours.  
 So low stoole to the Daughters of Beulah, while his Translation  
 Of a short rainbow waked before him in the gloomy gloom  
 Of London City on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Blackgate:  
 Swift turn the silver gondolas, & the golden, weighed along fast  
 And lulling harmonies beneath the Lamp, from Cadbriggs in the north  
 To Wareholt, in the south; as the stars in the sky,  
 For the day was young, abroad in bright Calidrons Deene  
 Leaving the Isle of Albion, the Web of life  
 Down flowing into Beulah's Vale, blissons with soft vibrations.  
 While Lot arose upon his Watch, and down from Gogmagog  
 Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain,  
 He takes his way, girding himself with gold as in his hand  
 Holding his wroth place! The Spectre remained attentive  
 As he went, with his eyes fixed on the earth, and his hands in his pockets  
 While the hummers buzzed round, as the gnats & terrors of night,  
 With him went down the Gods of Leyton, & his host  
 They left the water of the trembling channel then follow swift  
 And thus he heard the voice of Albion daughters on Euphrates, bleak  
 Our father Albions land; O it was a lovely land; & the Daughters of Beulah  
 Walked up and down in thy green mountaines; but Hand is flew  
 Away; & mighty style; & after them Jerusalem is gone, Anak

Highgate heights & Hampstead, to Poplar Hackney & Bow's  
 To Islington & Paddington & the Brook of Albion's River  
 We builded Jerusalent 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 Ruines of her's 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: compellid to build  
 And to inhabit our Little-ones to clothe in armour of the gold  
 Of Jerusalems Cherubims & to forge them swords of hot-Hearts  
 Like London, blind & age bent, beggaring 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 distract & woe.

The night falls thick Hand comes from Albion in his strength  
 His combones into a Mighty one the Double Moleck & Chemist  
 Marching thro Egypt in his fury the East is pale at his course  
 The Nations of India the Wild Factor that never knew Man  
 Starts from his lofty place & casts down his tents & flees away  
 But we too hum all the night in songs. O Los came forth O Los  
 Deliver us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue  
 Arise upon thy Watches let us see thy Globe at five  
 On Albions Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates  
 Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, rising into One  
 With Rakab as she burned the iron Spindle of destruction.  
 Terrified at the Song of Albion they took the Falchion which  
 Gwendolen had in her left hand, it grew & grew till it



Became a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm.  
 They named it Caraan & built for it a tender Moon.  
 Los smil'd with joy thinking on Emphazon, & he brought  
 Reuben from his twelvemore years to let him into it.  
 Planting the Seeds of the twelve Tribes & Moses, so Leyed  
 And gave a Time & Revulsion to the Space six thousand Years.  
 He called it Divine Analogy for us Berilak the Feminine  
 Imaginations Create Space the Masculine Create Time & plant  
 The Seeds of beauty in the Space: listening in their languishment  
 Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness  
 Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Myriads weeping.  
 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 & Ida cease to mourn:  
 His voice is heard from Albion: the Alas & Rosenures  
 Listen: Herman & Lebanon bow their crowned heads —  
 Babel & Shunar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down.  
 Silent at his voice: they view the red Globe of fire in Los' 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



See thy Form O lovely mild Jerusalem, winged with Six Wings  
 In the spacious Bosom of the Sleeper, lovely three fold.  
 In Head & Heart & Reins, three Universes of love & beauty  
 Thy forehead bright Holiness to the Lord most Gates of pearl  
 Reflects Eternity beneath the white uprise of feather'd bower  
 Ribbed delicate & cloth'd with feather'd Gold & colour'd purple  
 From thy white roul'd hair streaming purity in holiness,  
 Grace adorned with soft ornament of the ruby bright as fire  
 Proceeding from the aperi'ring which like a canopy  
 Beams over thy immortal Head in which Eternity dwells  
 Upon beloved Land see thy mountains & thy hills  
 And valleys & thy pleasant types of holiness & grandeur  
 I see the Speces of thyself in Edinurah at Alston.  
 Thy Bosom white, translucent cover'd with immortal Gems  
 Sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty  
 Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection  
 Twelve fold, are all the Tribes of Israel beheld  
 Upon the Holy Land. I see the River of Life & tree of Life  
 See the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven  
 Between thy Wings of gold & silver feather'd immortal  
 Clear as the rainbow, is the cloud of the Suns tabernacle  
 Thy Rains cover'd with Wings translucent sometimes covering  
 Which sometimes spread abroad reveal the gemes of holiness  
 Much like a robe covers & like a Veil of Seraphim  
 His hands are unceasing burning from Eternity to Eternity  
 His head there belongeth to her in her hands  
 A pillar of a Cupid by day a pillar of fire by night  
 Guides them there I beseech Mab & Iman & Amalak  
 There Bells of silver round thy knees living articulate  
 Comforting sounds of love & memory do on thy feet  
 The Isles of Java & Ceylon & Egypt & Assyria before me  
 The Isles of Java & Ceylon & Egypt & Assyria before me  
 Thus Los sitteth upon his Watch walking from Furnace to Furnace  
 35 His sleeves his Hammer every hour flames surround him as  
 He beats, sees foul beneath his feet tempests muster  
 Around his head the thick haue 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 Impatiation separates in giddy fibres aganizing  
 40 Among the golden Looms at Cathedron sending hours of love  
 From Golgotha with sweet visions for Jerusalem, wond'rer  
 Nor can any consummate bliss without being Ienerated  
 On Earth of those whose Extravagancies weare the loves  
 Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shulah in mortal Golgotha  
 Concentring in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears  
 Viewing the winding Worm on the Deserts of Great Turany  
 Viewing Los in his Strudelernes 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  
 50 And Fritchamia like a faint rainbow waved before him  
 Filling with fibres from his loins which redaded with desire  
 Like a globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness  
 Of filthous coults he fed it with his beard & bitter organs  
 Hiding his Specie in insigntly from the amorous shade  
 Till it became a shewy god to beauty & grace & love  
 Among the darkness of his Furnaces dwelt he under all  
 She separated stood before him a lovely female weeping  
 Her Brithamia separated outside. As his Loins glased  
 And reply after the separation his pangs he soon forgot  
 Tured by her beauteous picture of herself in shadowy grief  
 Two Wills they had, two intellects, & not as it turns of old  
 60 Silent they wondred hand in hand like two infants wond'ring  
 From Erin in the deserts, terrified at each others beauty  
 Envying each other yet desiring, in all devouring Love.



Revelling weeping Eritharion blind & age-bent into the fourfold Desarts. Los first brake silence & began to utter his love.

O lovely Eritharion: 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, trip all my nervous limbs. Span overgrown in roots I shall be plased from thy sight, stife 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 transluience as in an eternal morning

Eritharion 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 assurid I never will be thy Slave Let Mans delight be Love, but Womans delight be pride In Edes our Loves were the same here they are opposite I have Loves of my own I will weave them in Albons Spectre Cast thou in Jerusalems shadows thy Loves: silk of Linua Rubies JacINTHs Cyzolites: issungs from thy furnaces, while Jerusalem ayndes thy care: while thou carrest for Jerusalem know that I never will be trune: also thou hudest Yala From her these fibres shoot to shut me in a grave You are Albons Victim, he has set his Daughter in your path

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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 & congregate  
 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 w<sup>s</sup> Man with Man ~  
 While thou thy Emanation resistest 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?  
 Erutharmon 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 subversive 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 ~  
 Flowed into the aching fibres of Los, yet contending against him  
 In pride sending me us Fibres over to her object of jealousy  
 In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albions Daughters  
 Which stretched abroad expanding east & west & north & south  
 Thro all the World of Erik & of Los & all their Children ~  
 A sullen smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn  
 Knowing himself the author of their dusions & stirrings, grati  
 At their contentions, he wiped his tears he wash'd his Visage.  
 The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman.  
 And deadly cursing & 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 joy'd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Los's Forge, eyeing  
 Erutharmon who at her spinning 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 Golgozoza & in Udan, Adam & in Entuban of Urien ~  
 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 malice were vain, She scatter'd 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 Erutharmon  
 The Four Zoas in all their seded majesty burst out in fury  
 and fire, Jerusalem took the Cup which foamed in Valas' hand,  
 into the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day,  
 Upon the Hermaphrodite Wine-presses of Love & Wrath.

No divided by the Cross & Jails & Thorns & Spear  
In cruelties of Robes & Tiaras permanent exile  
A terrible undivine Hermaphroditic form

5 A Wine-press of Love & Wrath double Hermaphroditic  
Twelvefold in Allegory pomp in abject holiness

The Prodigal. the Extrahabitus. the Presbyterian.  
The Archigreus. the Heres. the Sadduceon, double

Each without side of the other covering eastern heaven

This was the Corpse Cherub royal majestic image

Of Sethood. Body Pitt off. the Antichrist accused

Coverd with bloody stones. a Human Dragon terrible

And fierce. Stretched over Europe & Asia & Africa

In three nights he devoured the rejected Corpse of death.

His Head dark. deadly in its Brain incloses a reflexion

Of Eden all perverted. Egypt on the River many impious

And many mouthed Ethiopia Libya. the Sea of Benathum

Minute stuporous in slavery I beheld among the brick kilns

Desorganis'd. & there is Pharon in his iron Court.

And the Dragon of the River & the furnaces of iron.

Overthrown from Thence to Tweed to Severn awful streams

Twelve ridges of Scare from over all the Earth in tragic pride

Brown 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 Noah & Amnon on the River &

Phara. since fallen Hyam there is Nestham beautiful

The Rocks of Rueboth on the Armane the Fish pools of Nestham

Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea. the River of Temptation

Above his Head high arching Wings black like my Eyes

Swinging upon iron Junes from the Scapular & the Thunders.

Four gates in bondage to his Ark enclosing his Power

Holm & Chamonix. in his Ark of oak is Philistea

& Druid Temples over the white Earth with Victims Sacrifice

From Gogath Danegus Tare Cadogan & the Gods

Of Japan thro' the Isles of Torcua & all Europe's Kings

Where succulent pignus's lies sprouting unripe the Red

Two Wings spring from his ribs of arms. bars black as night

But translucent their blackness as the dawning of晨光

Her Lions enclose Babylon on Euphrates beautiful

And Rome in swed. Hesperia where Israel scattered abroad

In margaromes & slaves I behold all regions of sorrow!

Inclosed by exiles Wings glowing with fire of Hell fire

Hasted in the Smoky Forge. but cold the wind of their dread King

But in the midst of a devouring Stomach. Jerusalem.

Hulsen infuse the Covering Cherub as in Tabernacle

Of threatned warhounds in allegoric delusion & woe

There the Seven Kings of Babylon & Five Beasts of Philistea

Susan & the Hyam & Esrum & Stephan & Cabboron -

From Babylon to Rome & the Wings & leap on Japan

Where the Red Sea terranites the World of Babylon & Death

To Irangans & Gest rocks where Giants builded their Caesars

Into the Sea of Reopham. but the Sea overcame them all.

A Double Female now appeard within the Tabernacle.

Religion but in her a Dragon red & Median Harlot

Each within other. but without a Warlike High-y-one.

Of dreadful power sitting upon Horos pondering dire

And mighty preparations mustering multitudes unnumberable

Of warlike sons among the sands of Median & Aram

For multitude of those who sleep in Alia descend

Lured by his warlike symphonies of trumpet pipe & harp

Bottoms of the tresses & funeral dirges of Beulah

Underling in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grove

One with the Antichrist & are absorb'd 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 Legs; a Veil de Vert  
 Of Veins of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet Rose,  
 Covering them from the sight of Man like the wavy Veil of Sleep.  
 Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Fibres  
 But dark: spoke: tender to touch, & painful; & agonizing  
 For the embrace of love, & to the memory of soft fibres  
 For tender affection, that no more the Masculine mingles  
 With the Feminine, but the Sublime is shut out from the Patchos  
 In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling  
 The Pithos, to weave curtains of hiding secrecy from the torment.  
 5 Bowen & Camwenna stood on Skiddaw, pulling the Fibres  
 Of Benyamin from Chesters River; loud the River, loud the Mersey  
 Out off Ribble, thunder into the Irish Sea, as the twelve Sons  
 Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal form of Luvah  
 Cresce & Lancastre & Westmoreland grown in anguish  
 As they cut the fibres from the Rivers, he sear'd them with hot  
 Iron & his force & fixes them into bones at chalk & rock  
 10 Camwenna sat above with solemn cadences she drew  
 Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom  
 Hand had his Furnace on Highgate heights & he reach'd  
 To Brockley Hills across the Thame; he with double Boadicea  
 15 & cruel, pull'd Reuben apart from the hills of Surrey  
 Counselling with Luvah & with the Shepherd of Luvah  
 For the Male is a furnace of Suryl, the female is a golden Loom  
 Los cries, No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself  
 Of his Emanation, ay or the Universal Characteristics  
 20 Of David or of Eve, or the Woman, or of the Four & one  
 Of Reuben or of Benyamin or Joseph or Judah and even  
 Those who are appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes  
 Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods & must be broken asunder  
 25 & Vegetated Christ by a Virgin Eve, are the Hermaphrodite  
 Blasphemy by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil One  
 And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally  
 30 West 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  
 35 Hail in Selfhood stand as I & Bowen & Skarrel appropriate  
 The Divine Names: seeking to vegetate the Divine Vision  
 For a corporeal & ever living Vegetation & Corruption  
 40 Struggling with Luvah in One, they became One Great Satan  
 Loud, scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tong & Hammon  
 45 Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Edge  
 They drink Reuben & Benyamin as the iron prints the fire  
 They are set hot pitch, crudely, round along the Banks of Thames  
 And on Burns break against the Howling Victims in loveliness  
 While Hymn & Style condemn the Little ones & press them into  
 50 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: in which the Male & Female  
 55 Inappropriate Individuality, they become an Eternal Death.  
 Hermaphroditic worshippers of a god of cruelty & law  
 Your Slaves & Captives, you caused to worship a God of Mercy.  
 These are the Demonstrations of Los & the blows of my mighty Hammer  
 60 So Los spoke, And the Giants of Albion terrified & ashamed  
 With Los's threatening words began to build trembling rocking Spikes  
 Corning words roll in thunders & lightnings among the temples  
 Lurking rocks to be hallow'd on the earth & sometimes  
 65 Abiding in a Circle in Nether or in Stratness of Dura.  
 Striving to devour Albion & has the friend of Albion  
 Dying in private, mocking God & eternal life; as in Public  
 Caputian, calling themselves Devils, worshipping the Maternal  
 Human, calling it Nature, and Nature of Religion  
 70 But still the power of Los song loud & thus the pounds cry  
 These beautiful Monarchs of Albion, are greater'd by cruelty

It is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend:  
 The man who perfids you to injure him deserves your vengeance;  
 He also will receive it; go Spectre, obey my most secret desire;  
 Which thou knowest without my speaking: Go to these Heirs 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 Warship of God is honouring his Elites  
 To 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, & his Children  
 One first, in friendship & love; then a Divine Family, & in the whilst  
 Jesus will appear: so he who wishes to see a Vision; a perfect Whole  
 Must see it in its Minute Particulars: Organs, & not as thou  
 Of Fiend of Righteousness pretendest; thine is a Disorganized  
 And snowy cloud; brooder of tempests & destructive War.  
 You smile with pain & rigor; you talk of benevolence & virtue:  
 I act with beneficence & Virtue & get murdered time after time:  
 You accumulate Particulars, & murder by analysing, that you  
 May take the aggregate; & you call the aggregate Moral Law;  
 And you call Pitt Swell'd & bloated With a Minute Particular.  
 But General Forms have their variety 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 Smaug-pine Table of Hermes to draw Los down  
 Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration.  
 Los reads the Stars of Alion; the Spectre reads the Voids  
 Between the Stars; amid the arches of Albion's Tomb sublime  
 Rolling the Sea in rocky maths; forming Leviathan  
 And Berenoch; the War by Sea enormous & the War  
 By Land astounding; erecting pillars in the deepest Hell.  
 To reach the heavenly arches Los beared undaunted, furious  
 His heavy Hammer; he swung it round & at one blow  
 Smiting the Spectre on his Anvil & the instruments of his Eye  
 And Ear unbending 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 graunz  
 Of sand & his pillars: dust on the Fly's wing, & his Starry  
 Heavens; a moth of gold & silver making his anxious grasp  
 Thus Los alter'd his Spectre of every teeth of his Reason  
 He alter'd 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 In-collect; or my thunderous Hammer shall drive thee  
 To wrath which thou condierhest; 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 scattered the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds:  
 This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion.  
 So Los spoke. Enitharmon answered in great terror in Lambeth's Vale  
 The Poet's 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 horous thread, like filmy dew



10 My Looms will be no more, & I annihilate vanish for ever.  
 Then thou wilt Create another Fimble according to thy Will.  
 Los answered, swift as the shuttle of gold. Senses 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, Hiddings of Cruelty in Deceit  
 Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time.  
 In the shadows of Possibility by Mutual Forgivenets forevermore,  
 And in the Vision & in the Prophecy that we may foresee & Avoid  
 The terrors of Creation & Redemption & Judgment. Beholding them  
 Displayed in the imaginative Visions of Canaan in Jerusalem & in Shiloh.  
 And in the Shadows of Remembrance, & in the Chace of the Spectre Circle  
 Wasted, Eden, Egypt, Moab, Ammon, Asur, Philistea, around Jerusalem  
 Wrote the Druids round their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance  
 Of man to the tree of Good & Evil springing from a Rock Circle & Snake  
 Of the Druid, along the Valley of Rophaea from Cambrenwall to Glastonbury  
 And framed the Stannians Shell Cavernous in Length Breath'd by the Wind.



Enitharmon heard. She raised 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 ofchedice is forgotten & you seek a Love  
Of the pride of dominion that will Divorce Oglychion & Elpyrrion.  
Upon East Moor in Derbyshire & along the Valleys of Cheviot,  
Could you Love me Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love?  
As Reuben round 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 Rentrachs Prow & 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  
Judas was like Palamabron: O Love, 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 Las again took up his speech as Enitharmon coast.

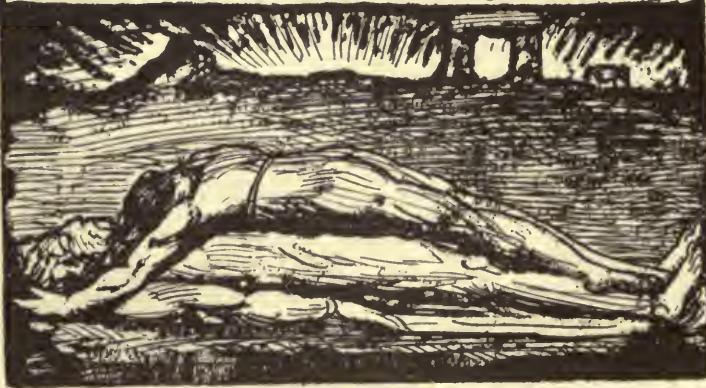
Fear not my Sons this Waking Death, he is become One with me.  
Behold him here: We shall not Die: we shall be united in Jesus.  
Will you suffer this Sizan, this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is? Not  
To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life. if Bacon, Newton, Locke,  
Deny a Conscience in Man & the Communion of Saints & Angels  
Contemning the Divine Vision & Intuition. Worshipping the Devil  
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 Mawr Tor, the Graves thunder under their feet?





Albion laid on his Rock: storms & snows beat round him  
 Beneath the furnaces & the starry Wheels & the Immortal Tomb  
 Howling winds cover hym: roaring seas dash furious against hym  
 In the deep darkness broad lightnings glar: long thunders roll  
 5 The winds of Death invad hym hinds & feet blown incessant  
 And mixt in escant by the furver pestilence sea-waves foaming abroad  
 Upon the white Rock: Englaund & Penitile Shadow as deadly damps  
 Of the Mines of Cornwall & Derbyshire lay upon his bosom heavy  
 Moved by the wind in volvures of thick cloud returning rolling round  
 His looks & bosom unremovable by swelling storms & loud rending  
 10 Of enraged thunders. Around them, the Starry Wheels of their Great Sons  
 Revive? & over them the furnaces of Los & the Immortal Tomb a round  
 Erin setting in the tomb, to mixt them uncusur'd night and day  
 But the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Neaten  
 15 Over them, the famisht Eagle screams on boney Wings and around  
 Them howls the Wolf of famine deep leaves the Ocean black thundering  
 Trouna the wormy Garments of Albion: then pausing in deathlike Silence  
 Time was finished! The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion  
 20 Beneath the furnaces & starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb  
 And Englaund who is Brittanica awake from Death on Albions bosom  
 She awoke pale & cold she sturted seven times on the Body of Albion  
 O putious Sleep O putious Dream: O God, O God awake I have slain  
 25 In Dreams of Chastity & Moral Law I have murdered Albion: Ah:  
 In Stone-henge de on London Stone & in the Oak Grove of Mardon  
 I have slain him in my Sleep with the Knde of the Drude O Englaund  
 O all ye Nations of the Earth behold ye the Jealous Wife  
 The Eagle & the Wolf & Monkey & Owl & the King & Priest were there

27





Her twice pierc'd Albion's clay cold ear, he moved upon the Rock  
 The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills Albion move  
 Upon the Rock, he spend his eyeleads in pain; in pain he move  
 His stony members, he saw England, th' shall the Dead live again  
 5 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  
 And thundering, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars  
 Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful  
 Revolutions of Action & Passion, two the Four Elements on all sides  
 surrounding his awful Members, thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds  
 Longing to rise above the Mountains, in his burning hand  
 He takes his Bow, than chooses out his arrows of flaming gold  
 Forming in the Bowstring breathes with ardor; clouds roll round the  
 Form of the wide Bow, loud sounding winds sport on the mountain crone  
 Compelling Urizen to his fervour, & Tharmas to his Shephold:  
 And up to his Loom; Urthona he beheld mighty labouring at  
 His loom, in the Great Spectre Los unwearyed labouring & weeping  
 Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre, in songs  
 10 Because he kept the Divine Vision, in time of trouble.  
 As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth  
 England who is Britannia entred Albion's bosom rejoicing  
 Rejoicing in his indignation, adoring his wrathful rebuke;  
 She who adores not your Towns will only loathe your smiles  
 15

As the Sun & Moon lead forward the  
Visions of Heaven & Earth  
England who is Britannia entered  
Albion's bosom rejoicing

Then Jesus appeared standing by  
Albion as the Good Shepherd  
By the last Sleep that he hath  
Found & Albion knew that it  
Was the Lord the Universal Human  
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  
Mischief against thee deceitful  
From Sinai & from Edom  
Into the wilderness of Judah to  
I meet thee in thy pride  
I behold the Visions of my deadly  
Sleep of Six Thousand Years  
Dazzling 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  
Unites I see thou cannot not live  
But if I die I shall arise again  
With thee with me  
This is Friendship & Brotherhood  
without it Man is Not

So Jesus spoke; the Covering  
Cherub coming on in darkness  
Overshadowing them & Jesus  
said thus as Men in Eternity  
One for another to put all by  
Forgiveness; every man

Albion replied Canon Man  
must 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 those of ever die for one  
Who had not died for thee  
And of God with no self  
Ere man dies of other hands

Because no 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 death  
And wander at the Divine Mercy & at Los's sublime horrour

Do I sleep amidst danger on Friends? O my Cities & Countries  
Do you sleep: rouse up: rouse 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 rust from their Slumbers, and All  
The Sons & Daughters of Albion are set clouds Walking from Sleep

Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires  
And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Uzchon arose into  
Albion's Bosom: Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds  
Of Heaven fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity

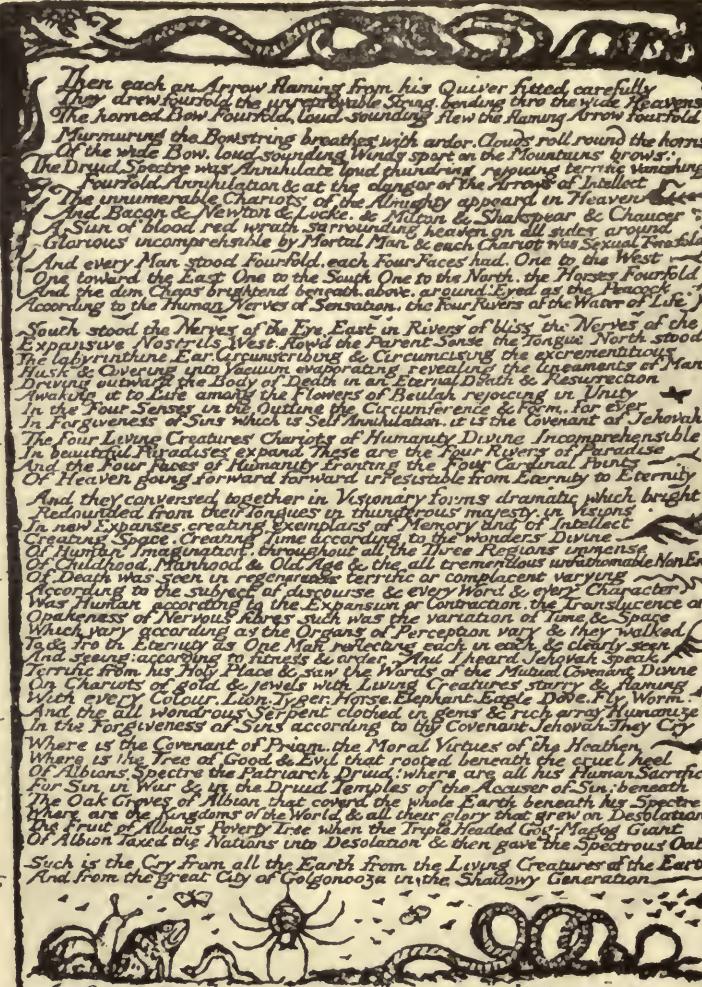


*Awake Awake Jerusalem! O lovely Epanation of Albion*  
*Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time*  
*For lo the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day*  
*Appears upon our Hills: Awake Jerusalem and come away*

5 *So speak the Vision of Albion &c in him so speak in my hearing*  
*The Unversal Father Then Albion stretched his hand unto Ichnutide*  
*And took his Bow fourfold the Visan for bright bearing Uzzen*  
*Layd his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of carved Gold*  
*Letach his hand stretched to the East & bore a Silver Bow bright shuning*  
*Tharmos Westward a Bow of Brass pure flaming richly wrought*  
*To thora 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 his Bow: a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness: loving*  
*open the nuclear Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence Wars of Love*  
*And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male & Female hands*  
*And he Clothed himself in Bow & Arrows in awful state fourfold*  
*In one must of us Mercy's gift Cities each with his Bow prepared*



Then each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully  
 They drew fourfold the inextinguishable Bow, bending thro' the wide Heavens  
 The horned Bow fourfold, loud sounding flew the flaming Arrows fourfold  
 Murmuring the Bowstring breathed with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns  
 Of the wide Bow, loud sounding Windy sport on the Mountains brows.  
 The Druid-Spectre was Annihilate loud thundering resounding terror incensing  
 Fourfold Annihilation & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect  
 The innumerable Chariots of the Almighty appear'd in Heaven  
 And Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakespeare & Chaucer  
 A Sun of blood red with surrounding heaven on all sides around  
 Glorious incomparable by Mortal Man, & each Chariot was Sexual Twofold  
 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 brightened 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, North the Parent Sense the Tongue, North stood  
 The labyrinthine Ear circumscribing & circumscribing the excrementitious  
 Husk & Covering into vacuum evaporating revealing the excrements of Man  
 Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death & Resurrection  
 Awakening it to Life among the Flowers of Baalak rejoicing in Unity  
 In the Four Sensors 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 thunders of majesty, in Visions  
 In new Expanses creating Exemplars of Memory and of Intellect  
 Creating Sogge, Creare, Time according to the wonders Divine  
 Of Human Imagination, throughout all the Three Regions immense  
 Of Childhood, Manhood & Old Age & the all tremendous whirling Nerve  
 Of Death was seen in regenerant terror or complacent variety  
 According to the subject of discourse & every Word & every Character  
 With Human according to the Expansion or Contraction, the Translucence or  
 Opakeness of Nervous fibres such was the variation of Time & Space  
 Which you according as the Organs of Perception vary as they walked  
 To & fro in Earthly as One Man meeting each in earth, & clearly seen  
 And seeing according as worlds be around them, & the world & all & special  
 Terrible from His Place to view the Works of the Miserable Count Dorne  
 On Chariots of gold & jewels with living Creatures starr'd & flaming  
 With every Colour. Like a Super-Horse, Elephant-Eagle-Dove-Fly-Worm  
 And the all wondrously decent clothed in goss & rich array Humanize  
 In the Forgiveness of Sins according to the Covenant 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 Albion 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 Albion Poverty Tree when the Triple Headed Goat-Mafog Giant  
 Of Albion taxed the Nations into Desolation & then gave the Spectre 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 Shallowy Generation

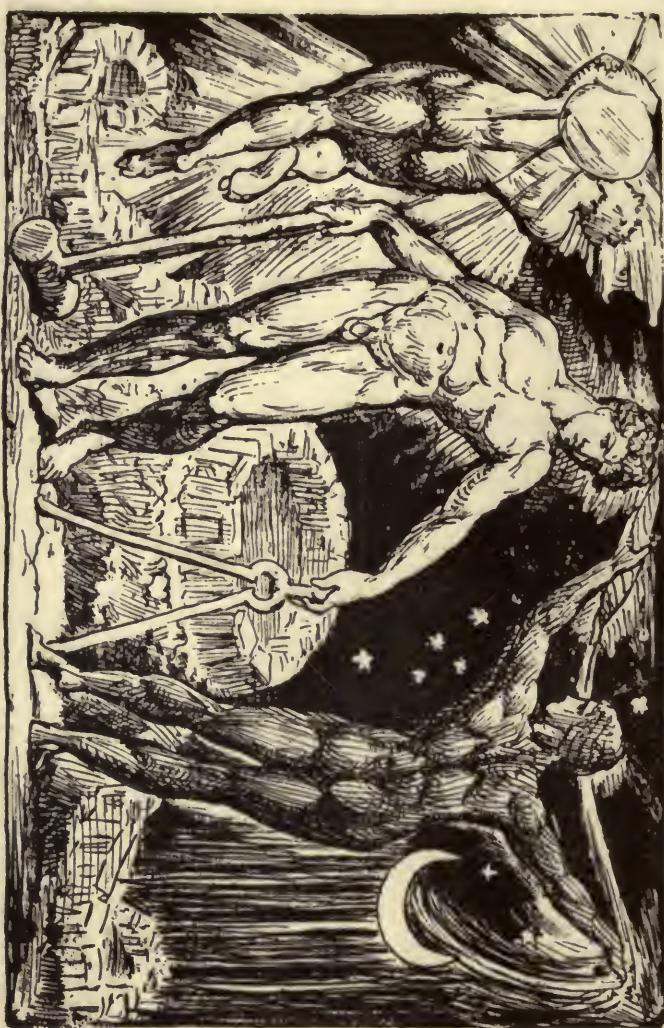


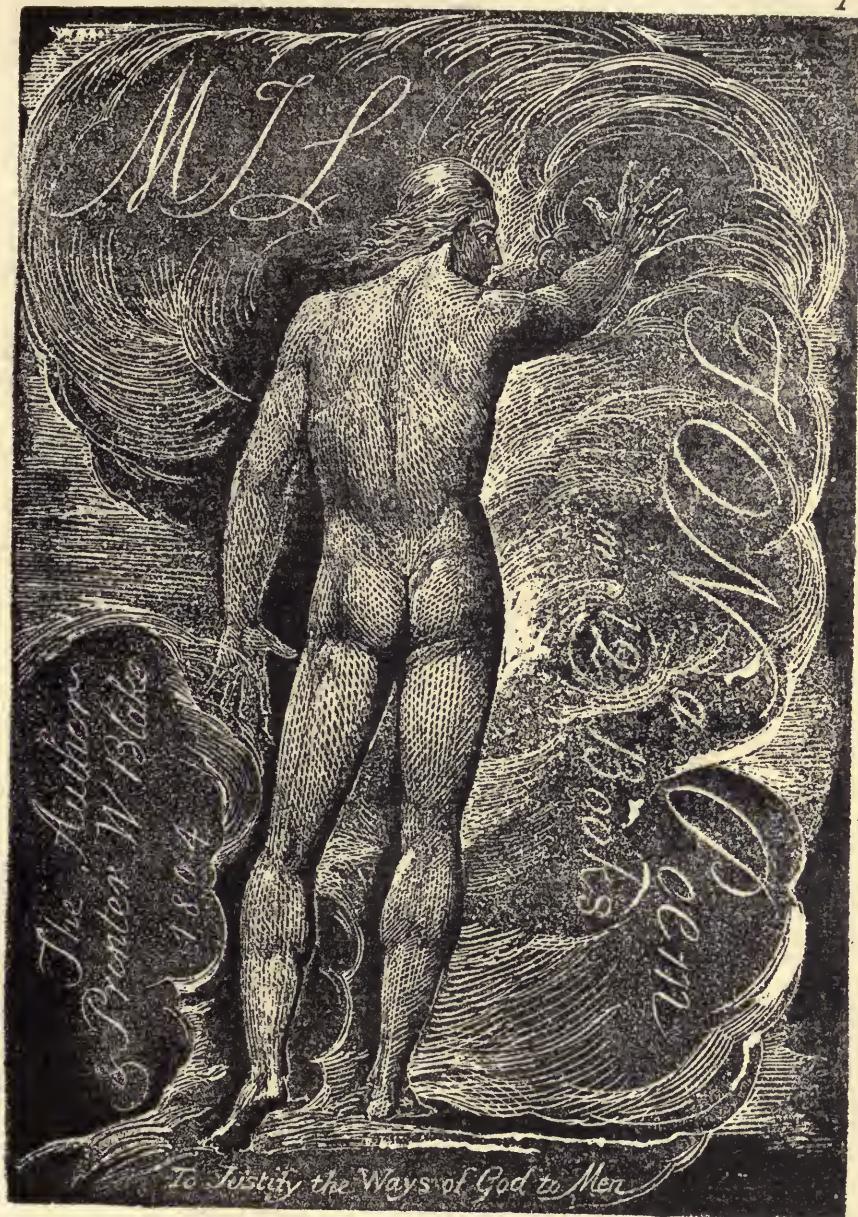
And from the Thirty-two Nations of the Earth among the living Creatures

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 repesing  
And then awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality,  
And I heard the Name of their Emanations they are named Jerusalem

5  
*The End of The Song  
of Jerusalem*







## PREFACE.

The Stolen and Perverted Writings of Homer & Ovid; at Plato & Cicero. which all Men ought to contynue, 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. Be these Grand Works of the more ancient & consciously & protestingly inspired Men, will hold their proper rank. & the Daughters of Memory shall become the Daughters of Inspiration. Shakspere & Milton were both curbed by the general malady, & vexation from the silly Greek & Latin slaves of the Sword. Rouse up O Young Men of the New Age! Set your foreheads against the ignorant FICELERS; For we have HUELINGES in the Camp, the Court, & the University; who would if they could, for ever deprive Mental & prolong Corporeal Wys, Painters, on you I call Sculptors, Architects; Suffer not the fashonable Idols to depress your powers; by the prices they pretend to give for contemptible works, or the expensive advertising goasts 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 inspirations, those Worlds of Eternity in which we shall live for ever; in Jesus our Lord.

And did those feet in ancient time,  
Walk upon Englands mountains green,  
And was the Holy Lamb of God,  
On Englands pleasant pastures seen!

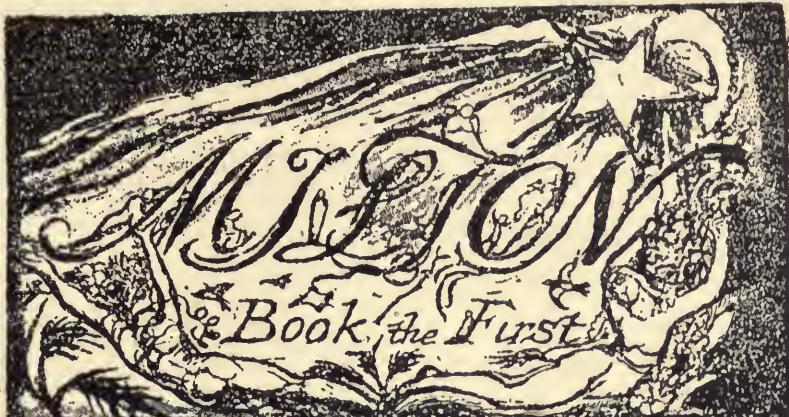
And did the Counterance Divine,  
Shire Earth upon our clouded hills;  
And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

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 Sward sleep in my hand.  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In Englands Green & pleasant Land

---

Would to God that all the Lards people  
were Prophets      Numbers XI. ch. 21.



Daughters of Beulah! Muses who inspire the Poets 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 wild 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 causid the Spectres of the Dead to take sweet form  
In likeness of himself. Tell also of the False Tongue! vegetated  
Beneath your land of shadowe; 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 movid Milton, who walkid about in Eternity;  
One hundred years, pondring the intricate mazes of Providence  
Unhappy tho in heavn, he obeyd, he murmur'd not, he was silent,  
Viewing his Sixfold Emanation scatterd thro the deep  
In torment. To go into the deep her to redeem & himself perish!  
What cause at length movid Milton, to this unexampled deed  
A Bards prophetic Song! for sitting at eternal tables,  
Terrific among the Sons of Albion in chorus solenn & 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

From Golgotha the spiritual Four fold London eternal.  
In immeasurable 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 weighty  
Of Eratharmans loom play tolling cadences on the  
winds of Albion ~ From Cathays 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 breadth & Highgates heights to  
Stratford & old Bow: & across to the Gardens of Kensington  
Or Turbans Brook: loud groans Thame beneath the iron Forge  
Of Kentish & Palamabron at Theotorm & Bromton to  
tangle the instruments

Of Harvest: the Plow & Harrow to pass over the Nations  
The Surrey hills glow like the clinkers of the furnace Lambeth Vale  
Where Jerusalems foundations began: where they were laid in ruins  
Where they were laid in ruins from every Nation & Oak Groves rooted  
Dark glooms 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 whet  
And thence from Jerusalems ruins from her wells of salvation  
And praise: thro the whole Earth were heard from Ireland  
To Mexico & Peru west, & east to China & Japan till Babel  
The Spectre of Albion brood over the Nations in glory & war  
All things begin & end in Albions ancient Bruid rock  
But now the Spurry Heavens are fled  
From the mighty limbs of

Albion



Loud sounds the Hammer of Los, loud turn the Wheels of Earth  
Her Loins vibrate with sott abictions weaving the Web of Life  
Out from the ashes of the Dead, Los life his iron Ladles ~  
With molten ore he heaves the iron clifts 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 fix'd destination  
And hence they overspread the Nations of the whole Earth & scarce  
The Web of Life is woven: & the tender sinews of life created  
And the Three Classes of Men regulated by Los Hammer, and woven

By Eritharmans Looms. & Spun beneath the Spindle of Tingah  
 The first. The Elect from before the foundation of the World:  
 The second. The Heedless. The third. The Reprobate & fornd.  
 To destruction from the mothers womb:

follow with me my plow

5 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 to him Palamabrons station;  
 For Palamabron return'd with labour wearied every evening  
 10 Palamabron oft refus'd; and as after Satan offer'd  
 His service till by repeated offers and repeated importunities  
 Los gave to him the Harrow of the Almighty; alas blamable  
 Palamabron fear'd to be angry lest Sutan should accuse him of  
 15 ingratitude. & Los believe the accusation thro' Satan's extreme  
 Mildness. Satan laboured all day it was a thousand years  
 In the evening returning terrified overlabour'd & 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  
 20 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  
 25 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 futh he maddend: and my fellow servants injurd:  
 30 How should he ke now the dities 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 uproots the rocks & hills  
 Palamabron call'd: and Los & Sutan came before him  
 35 And Palamabron shew'd the horses & the servants. Sutan wept,  
 And mildly cursing Palamabron. him accus'd of crimes  
 Himself had wrought. Los trembled: Satans blandishments almost  
 Persuaded the Prophet of Eternity that Palamabron  
 Was Satans enemy, & that the Gnomes being Palamabrons friends  
 40 Were leagued together against Satan thro' ancient enmity.  
 What could Los do? how could he judge, when Satans self believd  
 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  
 Nine needs, be active. Mean time Palamabrons horses  
 45 Rage with thick flames redundant, & the Harrow maddend with fury.  
 Trembling Palamabron stood the strongest of Demans trembled:  
 Cubing his living creatures; many of the strongest Gnomes.  
 They bit in their wild fury, who also maddend like wildest beasts.

49 Mark well my words: they are of your eternal salvation

Mean while wept Satan before Los, accusing Palamabron  
Himself excusing with nuldest speech for himself believd  
That he had not oppresid nor injurd the retractive servants.

But Satan returning to his Mills (for Palamabron had servid  
The Mills of Satan as the easier task) found all confusion  
And back returnid to Los, not fillid with vengeance but with tears.  
Himself convicid 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 ecchowing confusion, tho the Sun was risen on high.

Then Los took off his left sandal placing it on his head  
Signall of solemn mourning: when the servants of the Mills  
Left held the sandal they in silence stood, the drunk with wine  
Los wept; But Rintrah also came, and Enitharmon on  
His arm leant trembly 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 Marrow contoured, his compaines enraged  
Mine is the fault, I should have rememberd 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 followid Los and Rintrah, & the Mills were silent:  
They mournid all day this mournful day of Satan & Palamabron:  
And all the Elect & all the Redeneid mournid one toward another  
Upon the mountians of Albion among the clefts of the Dead.

They Plowid in teareg, incelant pourd Jehovahs ruin, & Molech  
Thick fires contendring with the rain, thunderid above rolling  
Terrible over their heads; Satan wept over Palamabron  
Enitharmon & Bravon contendred on the side of Satan  
Playing his youth and beauty, trembling at eternal death,  
Michael contendred against Satan in the rolling thunder  
Thullah the friend of Satan also reprovd her: faint their reprent.

But Rintrah who is of the reprobate: of those turnd to destruction  
In cadiagnosis, for Satans salt dissounlution of friendship,  
Plundid above all the plowed furrows, angry red and furious.  
Till Michael sat doth in the furrow weary disouid in teare  
Satan who drove the team, beside him, stood angry & red.  
He smote Thullah & stell him, & he stood terrible over Michael  
Urging her to aruse: he wept; Enitharmon saw his tears  
But Los hid Thullah from her sight, lest she should die of grief  
She wept; she trembled; she kisid Satan; she wept over Michael.  
She formid a Space for Satan & Michael & for the poor interred  
Trembling she wept over the Space, & closed it with a tender Moon.

15 Los secret buried Thullah, weeping disconsolate over the moon Space  
But Palamabron called down a Great Solemn Assembly,  
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelled:  
Defend a Lie, that he may be snared & caught & taken

And all Eden descended into Palamabrons tent  
 Among Albions Druds & 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 Palamahron prayd:  
 O God protect me from my friends, that they have not power over me  
 Thou hast givn 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 flamed high & furious in Satan against Palamabron  
 Till it became a proverb in Eden. Satan is among the Reprobate.

Lo! in his wrath curs'd heaven & earth, he rent up Nations  
 Standing on Albions rocks among high-reard Druid temples  
 Which reach the stars of heaven & stretch from pole to pole.  
 He displaced continents, the oceans fled before his face  
 He alter'd the poles of the world, east, west & north & south  
 But he clos'd up Entharnion from the sight of all these things

For Satan flaming with Rintrah fury hidden, beneath his own mildness  
 Accus'd Palamabron before the Assembly of ingratitude & 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 at war & trumpets sound, with armies of disease  
 Punishments & deaths mustred & numbered: 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 all 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 beaming opake  
 Hid him from sight, in an extreme blackness and darkness,  
 And there a World of deeper Ills was spent, in the midst  
 Of the Assembly. In Satans bosom a vast undathomable Abyss.

Astonishment held the Assembly in an awful silence; and tears  
 Fell down as dewis of night. & a loud solemn universal groan  
 Was uttered 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 uttered from his hidden wheels, accusing loud  
 The Divins Mercy for protecting Palamabron in his tent.

Rintrah rear'd up walls of rocks and pournd 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 dreathful 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



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 Thunes whose lulling humours repos'd her soul.

Where Beulah, lovely terminateth 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,  
Compellid others to serve him in moral gratitude & submission  
Being calld 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 enquired: 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 fallen from his starion & never can be redeemid.

But must be new Created continually moment by moment  
And therefore the Clas 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 dored not to call a solemn Assembly  
Till Satan had awuid Rintrahs wrath in the day of mourning  
In a temurine delusion of false pride self-deceiv'd.

So spoke the Eternal and confirmid it with a thunderous oath

But when Leutha (a Daughter of Beulah) beheld Satans condemn'd  
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-pierc'd  
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 Elyntria with her silver arrows repellid me.

For her light is terrible to me. I fade before her immortal beauty.  
 O wherfare doth a Dragon-farm forth issue from my limbs  
 To seize her new born son? Ah me! the wretched Leutha!  
 Thus to prevent, entering the doors of Satans brain night after night  
 Like sweet perfumes I stupefied the masculine perceptions  
 And kept only the feminine awake, hence rose, his soft -  
 Delusory love to Palamabron; admiration fond with envy,  
 Cupidity unconquerable! my huile, when at noon of day  
 The Horses of Palamabron callid for rest and pleasant death:  
 I sprang out of the breast of Satan, over the Harrow bowering  
 In all my beauty, that I might unloose the flaming steeds  
 As Elyntria used to do; but too well those living creatures  
 Knew that I was not Elyntria, 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 rigid the horses,  
 Satan ascorched, and with power above his own controll  
 Compellid the Gnomes to curb the horses, &c. 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 thundered above  
 Chaos & ancient night fled from beneath the fiery Harrow.  
 The Harrow cast thick flames & whil us roared in concave fire  
 A Hell of our own making, see, its flaynes still gird me round  
 Jehovah thundered above: Satan in pride of heart  
 Drove the fierce Harrow among the constellations of Jehovah  
 Drawing a third part in the fires as scibble north & south  
 To devour Albion and, Jerusalem the Emancipation of Albion  
 Driving the Harrow in Pitys paths, twas then, with our dark fires  
 Which now gird round us, O eternal torment I formed the Serpent  
 Of precious stones & gold turnid poisons on the sultry wastes  
 The Gnomes in all that day spard not, they cursd Satan bitterly,  
 To do wukind things in kindness! with power arm'd. to say  
 The most irritating things in the midst of tears and woe  
 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 refusid to labour more, with blandishments  
 I came forth from the head of Satan, back the Gnomes recoilid  
 And callid me Sin, and for a sign portentous held me. Soon  
 Day gunk and Palamabron returned, trembling I hid myself.  
 In Satans inmost Palace of his nervous fine wrought Brain  
 For Elyntria met Satan with all her singing wamen  
 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  
 Clochid in the Serpents folds, in selfish huelnes demanding purity  
 Being most impure, self-condemnid to eternal tornts, he drove  
 Me from his inmost Brain & the doors claid with thunders sound  
 O Divine Vision who didst create the Female; to repose  
 The Sleepers of Beulah; pity the repentant Leutha. My sick

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?  
 Who calls the Individual Law, Holy; and despises the Saviour.  
 Glorying to involve Albions Body in fires of eternal War.

Now Leutha ceasid; tears flowd: 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 Eternities 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 Enitharmons Tent & hid herself. Loud raging  
 Thunder'd 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 refused to die & in pride he forsook his charge.  
 And they elect Molech, and when Molech was impatient  
 The Divine hand fram'd the Two Limits first of Opacity, then of Contraction  
 Opacity was named Sora, Contraction was named Adam  
 Triple Elohim came: Elahim wearied tincted they elected Shaddai.  
 Shaddai angry, Pahad descended, Pahad terrified they sent Jehovah  
 And Jehovah was leprous; lout he call'd, stretching his hand to Eternity  
 For ther the Body of Death was perfect'd in hypocritic holiness.  
 Around the Lamb, a female Tabernacle wovn in Cathedrals 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 Redeemid: on Albions rocks they shall meet  
 Astonish'd at the Transgred. in him beholding the Savour.  
 And the Elect shall say to the Redemid. We behold it is of Divine  
 Mercy alone! & Free Gift and Election that we live.  
 Our Virtues & Cruel Goodneses have deservyd Eternal Death.  
 Thus they weep upon the fatal Brook of Albions River.

But Elynittia 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, & nam'd him Death  
 In dreams she bore, Rahub the mother of Tingah & her sisters  
 In Lambeths vales; in Cambridge & in Oxford, places of Thought  
 Intricate labyrinths of Times and Spaces unknown, that Leutha liv'd  
 In Palamabrons Tent, and Orthosan was her churning Guard.

The Bard ceasid. All considerid and a loud resounding murmur  
 Continu'd round the Halls: and much they question'd the immortal  
 Loud voiced Bard, and many condemnid the high toned Song  
 Saying, Pity and Love are too venerable for the imputation  
 Of Guilt. Others said, If it is true; if the acts have been performed  
 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  
5 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 doubtfulnes  
The loud voiced Barb terrifyd took refuge in Miltos bosom.

10 Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardorous:  
The whole Assembly wept prophetic, seeing in Miltos face  
And in his lineaments divine the shades of Death & Uro  
He took off the robe of the promise, & ungirded himself from  
the oath of God

15 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?  
20 Tarry no longer: for my soul lies at the gides 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 unnnihilation and eternal death.  
Lest The Last Judgment come & find me unnnihilate  
25 And I be seized & given into the hands of my own Selfhood.  
The Lamb of God is seen thro' mists & shadows, hovering  
Over the sepulchers in clouds of Jehovah & winds of Elahon  
A disk of blood, distant; & heavens & earths roll dark between.  
What do I here before the Judgment, without my Emanation?  
30 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.

35 And Milton said. I go to Eternal Death: Eternity shudderid  
For he took the outside course, among the graves of the dead.  
A mournful shade, Eternity shudderid at the image of eternal death.

40 Then on the verge of Beulah he beheld his own Shadow:  
A mournful form double, hermaphrodites male & female  
In one wonderful body, and he enterid into it  
In direful pain for the dread shadow, twenty-seven fold  
Reachid 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 Milton's Shadow:



As when a man dreams, he reflects not that his body sleeps.  
Else he would waken; so seemed he entering his Shadow: but  
With him the Spirits of the Seven Angels of the Presence  
Entered; they gave him still perceptions of his Sleeping Body:  
Which now arose and walked with them in Eden, as in Eights  
Lounge Divine tho' darkend; 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 entered into his Shadow: Himself:  
His real and immortal Self: was as appear'd 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 seem'd a wanderer lost in dreary night.

Onwards his Shadow kept its course among the Spectres; callid  
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 pass'd that Vortex, he perceives it roll backward behind  
His path, into a globe it self 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 whom he liv'd benevolent.  
As the eye of man views both the east & west encompassing  
His 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 gloomy shade.  
Thus is the heaven a vortex pass'd 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 cover'd:  
A Giant form of perfect beauty outstretched on the rock  
In solemn death, the Sea of Time & Space thunder'd aloud,  
Against the rock, which was unwrapped 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 seem'd 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.



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, enter'd there:  
But from my left foot set 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 Self

Knot of Deceit Be  
False Fury evenef



In the three females whom his wives, & these three whom he had represented and contuined, that they might be resum'd By giving up of Selfhood: & they distant viell'd his journey In their eturnal spheres, now Human, tho' their Bodies remain clos'd  
 5 In the dark Ulro till the Judgment: also Milton knew: they and Himself was Human, tho' now wandering thro Death's Vale To 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 their dowses  
 10 In iron tablets: and his Wives & Daughters names were these Rahab and Tizah, & Mileah & Malah & Noah & Hoglah. They sat rang'd round him as the rocks at 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,  
 15 Which was on earth born to corruption: & the six Females ore Hor & Peor & Bashan & Abarim & Lebanon & Hermon Seven rocky mangles terrible in the Deserts of Midian.

But Milton's Human Shadow continu'd journeying above The rocky mangles of the Mundane Shell; in the Lands  
 20 Of Edom & Aran & Moab & Midium & 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  
 25 And Ancient Night, & Purgatory. It is a cavernous Earth Of labyrinthine intricacy Twenty-seven-folds of opakenel'd And finches where the lark mounts: here Milton journeyed In that Region called Midian, among the Rocks of Horeb For travellers from Eternity, pass outward to Satans seat  
 30 But travellers to Eternity, pass inward to Golgonooza.  
 Los the Vehicular terror beheld him, & divine Enitharmon Called all her daughters, saying, Surely to unloose my bond Is this Man come? Satan shall be unloosed upon Albion  
 35 405 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 behel'd the immortal Man.

And



And he also darkend his brows: freezing dark rocks between  
 The footsteps, and intixing deep the feet in marble beds:  
 That Milton laboured with his journey, & his feet bled sore  
 Upon the clay now charged 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 Pear.

Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic  
 One to the North, named Urthona: One to the South named Urien  
 One to the East, named Luwah: One to the West, named Tharmas  
 They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine:  
 But when Luwah assur'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  
 Squiring 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 Hermaphrodite: 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 Entiation.

Sayings. 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 drowning towers;  
 Lament upon the winds of Europe in Rephaims Vale.  
 Because Achan's feet apart into a desolate night,  
 Lamenys & 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 be Offer'd 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 orb'd 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 embalmed, never to awake  
 Hand is become a rock, Sirui & Horeb, is Hyle & Coban:  
 Scofield is bound in iron armour before Reubens Gate:  
 She ties the knot of milky seed into two lovely Heavens.

18

Two yet but one; each in the other sweet reflected: these  
Are our Three Heavens beneath the shades of Beular, land of rest.  
Come then to Ephraim & Manasseh O beloved-one!  
Come to my ivy palaces O beloved of thy mother!

5 And let us bid thee in the bards 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 darkened Urien; as the sculptor silent stands before  
His forming image: he walks round it patient labouring.  
10 Thus Milton stood forming bright Urien while his Mortal part  
Sat frozen in the rock of Horeb: and his Redeemed portion.  
Thus formed the Clay of Urien; but within that portion  
His real Human walked above in power and majesty.  
The darkened; and the Seven Angels of the Presence attended him.

15 O how can I with my gross tongue that cleaveth to the dust.  
Tell of the Four-fold Man in Starry numbers fitly ordred  
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.  
20 For that portion stand the Elect: the Spectreous 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.

25 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.  
Withiniside wondrous & expansive; its gates are not closit,  
30 I hope thine are not: hence it clothes itself in rich array.  
Hence thou art clothed with human beauty O thou mortal man.  
Sack not thy heavenly father then beyond the skies:  
There Chaos dwells & ancient Night &c Og & Anak old.  
For every human heart has gates of brass & bars of adamant.  
35 Which few dare unbar because dread Og & Anak guard the gates  
Terrific; and each mortal brain is watch'd and mooved round  
Within: and Og & Anak watch here; here is the Seat  
Of Satan in its Webs: for in brain and heart and lounes  
Gates open behind. Satans Seat to the City of Golgonooza  
40 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 at the Mundane Shelt.

But many of the Eternals rose up from eternal tables  
Drunk with the Spirit, burning round the Couch of death they stood  
45 Looking down into Beular: wrathful, fill'd with rage:  
They rendt 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 Deep:  
Where Los opens his three wide gates, surrounded by raging fires:  
50 They soon find their own place & join the Watchers of the Ulro.  
Los saw them and a cold pale horror coverd oer his limbs  
Pondering he knew that Rizrah & Palamabron might depart:  
Even as Reuben & as Gad: gave up himself to tears.  
He sat down on his arvil-stock: and leand upon the trough.  
55 Looking into the black water, mingling it with tears.  
At last when desperation almost tore his heart in twain  
He recollect'd an old Prophecy in Eden record'd.  
And often sung to the loud harp at the immortal feasts  
That Milton of the Land of Albion should up ascend  
60 Forwards from Ulro from the Vale of Felpham, and set free  
Orc from his Chain of Jealousy, he started at the thought. An

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 desert.  
 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 Eternity: for more extensive  
 Than any other earthly things, are Mans earthly lineaments.  
 And all this Vegetable World appear'd on my left Foot:  
 As a bright sithial form'd immortal of precious stones & gold:  
 I stoop'd down & bound it on to walk toward thro' Eternity.

There is in Eden a sweet River, of milk & liquid pearl,  
 Nand 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 wail'd: & every plant that grew, in solemn sighs lamented.  
 When Luvahs bulls each morning drag the sulphur Sun out of the Deep  
 Harnessed 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 drown'd the lamentations  
 And when night came all was silent in Ololon: & all refused 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 Eritharmon heard them:  
 But saw them not, for the blue Muriare Shell inclos'd 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 Milcoa the Awakener: they had not heard the Burd.  
 Whose Song call'd 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 Discs approach'd 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 groan'd 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 reparation? 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 us One Man even Jesus  
 Uniting in One with Ololon & the appearance of One Man  
 Jesus the Saviour appear'd coming in the Clouds of Ololon.

Who driven away with the Seven Starry Ones into the Ulro  
 Yet the Divine Vision remains Every-where for-ever. Amen.  
 And Oolon lamented for Milton with a great lamentation.  
 While Los heard indistinct in fear, what time I bound my sandals  
 5 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 stood down  
 And bound my sandals on in Udan-Adan: trembling I stood  
 10 Exceedingly with fear & terror, standing in the Vale  
 Of Lantreth: but he kissed me and wished me health.  
 And I became One Man with him arising in my strength:  
 Twas too late now to recede. Los had entered into my soul:  
 His terrors now possessed me whole: I arose in fury & strength.  
 15 I am that Shadowy Prophet who Six Thousand Years ago  
 Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. Six Thousand Years  
 Are finished. 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 are Event or Space unpermanent  
 20 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 be mine, we guard them first & last  
 The generations of men run on in the tide of Time  
 25 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 Golgozoja.  
 Clouded with discontent. & brooding in their minds terrible things  
 They said. O Father most beloved: O merciful Parent!  
 30 Pitying and permitting evil, tho' strong & mighty to destroy.  
 Whence is this Shadow terrible? wherefore dost thou refuse  
 To throw him into the Murraces, knowest thou not that he  
 Will unchain Orc, & let loose Satan, Og-Schon, & Anak?  
 Upon the Body of Albion: for this he is come: behold it written  
 35 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 at Theotarmor:  
 Milton's Religion is the cause: there is no end to destruction:  
 40 Seeing the Churches at their Period in terror & despair:  
 Rakib created Voltaire, Tirzak 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:  
 45 To perpetuate War & Glory, to perpetuate the Laws of Sin:  
 They perverted Swedenborg's 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:  
 50 O Swedenborg: strangest of men, the Samson shorn by the Churches:  
 Spewing the Transgressors 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:  
 55 But then I raised up Whitefield, Palamabron raised 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 on the Street of the Great City:  
 60 No Truth 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 devon  
 Their lives whole comfort to in are scorn & injury & death  
 Awake thou sleeper on the Rock of Eternity; Albion awake  
 The trumpet of Judgement hath twice sounded: all Nations are awake  
 5 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  
 10 Unwakend: 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 & tree our beloved Father  
 He hath entered into the Covering Cherub, becoming one with  
 15 Albions dread Sons, Hand, Hyle & Coban surround him as  
 A girdle; Gwendolen & Carweina as a suruere woven  
 Of War & Religion: let us descend & bring him chaireid  
 To Bowlahoola O father most beloved: O mild Parent!  
 20 Cruel in thy mildness, pitying and permitting evill  
 The strong and rought to destroy, O Los our beloved Father!

Like the black storm, coming out of Chaos, beyond the stars:  
 It issues thro' the dark & intricate caves of the Moundare Shell  
 Passing the planetary viscons, & the well adorned Firmament  
 The Sun rolls into Chaos & the Stars into the Desarts:  
 25 And then the storms become visible, audible & terrible.  
 Covering the light of day, & rolling down upon the rigourants,  
 Deluge all the country round. Such is a vision of Los:  
 When Rentrar & Palambron spoke; and such his clamy face  
 30 Appear'd, as does the face of heaven, when cover'd with thick  
 Pitying and loving too ur lownes & terrible perturbation.

But Los dispers'd the clouds even as the strong winds of Jehovah.  
 And Los thus spoke, O noble Sons, be patient yet a little  
 I have embrac'd the falling Death, he is become one with me.  
 O Sons, we live not by wrath, by every alone we live!

35 I recollect an old Prophecy in Eden receiv'd in gold; and at  
 Sung to the harp: That Milton of the land of Albion.  
 Should up ascend forward from Iolphams Vale, & break the Chain  
 Of Jealousy from all its roots, be patient therefore O my Sons  
 These lovely Females form sweet night and silence are secret

40 Obscurites to hide from Satans Walk-Fiends Human loves  
 And graces, lest they write them in their Books, & in the Scroll  
 Of mortal life, to condemn the accuses: who ut Suturs Bar  
 Tremble in Spectrous Bodies continually day and night  
 While on the Earth they live in sorrowful Vegetativeness.

45 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 Maryrdians & Wars

50 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,

55 Six thousand years we pass'd away the end approaches fast:  
 This mighty one is come from Eden, he is of the Elect

Who dieth from Earth & he is return'd before the Judgmerd. This thing  
 Was never known that one of the holy dead should willingly return

Then patient wait a little while till the Last Vintage is over,

Till we have quenched the Sun of Edah in the Lake of Udan Adan

60 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 Palamebrons Harrow, & of Rintrahs wrath & fury:  
 Reuben & Manazzoth & Gad & Simeon, & Levi,  
 And Ephraim & Judah, were Generated, because  
 They let me, wandering with Tzrah: Eritharman webt  
 One thousand years, and all the Earth was in a watry deluge  
 We called him Menassher because of the Generations of Tzrah  
 Because of Satan: by the Seven Eyes of God continually  
 Guard round them, but I the fourth Zoa am also set  
 The Watchman at Eternity, the three are not: & I am preserved  
 Still my four mighty ones are left to me, in Golgozoza  
 Still Rintrah, fierce, and Palamebron mild & piteous  
 Thermon filled with care, Brocan, loving Science  
 You O my Sons still guard round Los, O wander not & leave me  
 Rintrah, thou well rememb'rest when Finalek & Faran  
 Flew with their Sister Noah into that abhorred void  
 They became Nations in our sight beneath the hands of Tzrah.  
 Great Palamebron thou rememberest when Joseph an infant  
 Sylan from his nurses cradle, wrappe in needle-work  
 Of emblematic texture, was sold to the Amalekites  
 Who carried him down into Egypt where, Ephraim & Menassher  
 Gathered my Sons together in the Sands of Midian  
 And if you also flee away and leave your Fathers side,  
 Surely you also shall become poor mortal vegetations  
 Beneath the Moon of Ulro, pity then your Fathers tears  
 When Jesus raised Lazarus from the Grave I stood & saw  
 Lazarus who is the Vehicular Body of Albion the Redeemed  
 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  
 Durst four-fold into Hou-Churches when Lazarus arose  
 Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine, Luther, behold they stand before us  
 Stretch'd over Europe & Asia, come O Sons, come, come away  
 Arise O Sons give all your strength against Eternal Death  
 Lest we are vegetated, for Catherions Looms weave only Death  
 A Web of Death: & were it not for Bowlahoola & Allamanda  
 No Human form but only a Fiery Vegetation  
 A Polypus of sat 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 returned again  
 He is the Signal that the Last Vintage now approaches  
 Nor Vegetation may go on till all the Earth is reaped  
 So Los spoke, Furious they descended to Bowlahoola & Allamanda  
 Indignant, unconvinc'd by Los's arguments & thunders rolling  
 They saw that wrath now sways & now thy absorbed him  
 As it was, so it remained & no hope of an end.  
 Bowlahoola is named Law, by mortals, Thermas founded it:  
 Because of Satan, before Luban in the City of Golgozoza.  
 But Golgozoza is named Art & Manufacture by mortal men.  
 In Bowlahoola Los's Anvil's 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 & porticos to tremble at the force  
 Of mortal or immortal arm, and softly lifting Rutes  
 Accordant with the horrid labours make sweet melody  
 The Bellows are the Crumpled Lungs, the Hammer the Round 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 reposing in carnage  
 The hard dent'd Rumes are lulled by the Rutes lula lula  
 The bellowing Furnaces blare by the long sounding clarion  
 The double drum drowns howls & groans, the shrill like shrieks & cries  
 The crooked horn mellows the horrid rising serpent, terrible, but harmonious  
 Bowlahoola is the Stomach in every individual man.  
 Los is by mortals named Time Eritharman is named Space  
 But they depict him bald & aged who is in eternal youth  
 All powerful and his locks flourish like the brows of marning  
 He is the Spirit of prophecy, the ever apparent Elias  
 Time is the merch of Eternity, without Times witness  
 Which is the witness of all things: all were eternal torment,  
 All the Gods of the Kingdoms of Earth labour in Los's Falls.  
 Every one is a fallen Son of the Spirit of prophecy  
 He is the fourth Zoa, that stood around the Throne Divine.

But the Wine-press of Los is eastward of Golgotha, before the Seat  
Of Satan. Luvah laid the foundation & Uriel 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 overwraught  
Drown'd in the wine of 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 grotos, making lamentation.

This Wine-press is callid 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 clothe'd in velvet  
The ambitious Spider in his sullen web, the lucky golden Spinnet;  
The Larvick arnid, 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:  
Water comes, he folas his slender bones without a murmur.  
The cruel Scorpion is there: the Gnat: Wasp, Hornet & the Honey Bee;  
The Toad & venomous Newt: the Serpent cloth'd in gems & gold.  
They throw all their gorgeous raiment: they rejoice with loud jubiles  
Around the Wine-presses of Luvah, naked & drunk with wine.



There is the Nettle that stings with soft down, and there  
The irideant 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 shrods 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 & casters  
The cruel joys of Luvahs Daughters laceratin' with knives  
And whips their Vicans & the deadly sport of Luvahs Sons.

They dance around the dying, & they drink the howl & groan  
They catch the shrieks in caps 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 luring songs of Luvah.

But Allamanda call'd on Earth Commerce, is the Cultivated land  
Around the City of Golgotha in the Forests of Enitharom:  
Here the Sons of Los labour against Death Eternall, through all  
The Twenty-seven Heavens of Beulah in Ultra, 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.

Uriens sons here labour also: & here are seen the Mills  
Of Theotoman on the verge of the Lake of Udan-Adan.  
These are the slury voids of night & the depths & caverns of earth  
These Mills are oceans, clouds & waters ungovernable in their fur.  
Here are the stars created & the seeds of all things planted  
And here the Sun & Moon receive their fixed declinations

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  
Became apparent in Time & Space, in the Three Professions

That Man may live upon Earth, all the care of his awaking  
And from these Three, Science derives every Occupation of Men  
And Science is divided into Bowshooths & Allamanda.

Loud shout the Sons of Luval, at the Wine-presses as Los descended  
With Rentrath & Palamabron in his fires of resistless fury.  
The Wine-press on the Rhine groans loud but all its central beams  
Are more terrific in the central Cities of the Nations  
Where Human Thought is crushed beneath the iron hand of Power.  
There Los puts all into the Press, the Oppressor & 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 gatherd 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 Parches 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 gatherd 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 Rocking 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, outstretch'd over Europe, the Vision of God is  
The Ancient Man upon the Rock of Albion awakes. Fulfilled  
He listens to the sounds of War, astonished & 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 & Tzrah  
Since Albions Death & Satans Cutting off from our awful Fields  
When under prevalence of benevolence the Elect Subdu'd 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 Redeem'd  
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 first of Eternal Death. Earth

To be formed into the Churches of Beulah that they destroy not the  
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 sow'd in tears BY  
But the time of your reaping 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  
Reapings at Jerusalems Inner Court, Lambeth round and given  
To the detestable Gods of Fream to Apollo, and at the Asylion  
Given to Hercules, who labour in Turbaks Looms for bread  
Who set Pleasure against Duty, who Create Olympic crowns  
To make Learna'd a burden & the Work of the Holy Spirit, Strife  
The Thor & cruel Odin who first reard the Polar Caves  
Lamoth, 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 virtut care, Break not forth  
In your wrath lest you also are vegetated by Tzrah  
Wait till the Judgement is past, till the creation is consummated  
And then rush forward with fire & joy the Glorious spiritual  
Vegetation, the supper at 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 murmurings of thunder rolling heavy long & loud over the mountains  
While Los call'd 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 fill'd with foaming wine  
Glistening the streams reflect the vision of beatitude  
And the calm Ocean joys beneath & smooths his arid waves.

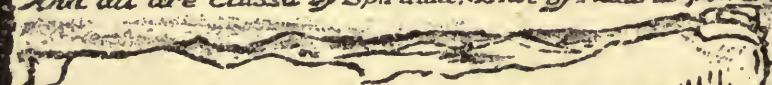
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These are the Sons of Los, & these the Labourers of the Vortige  
 Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Tales that dance & sport in summer  
 'pon the sunny brooks & meadows, every one the dancer,  
 Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave;  
 Each eng 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 Tribes on mountains  
 The wind blows heavy, loud they thunder thro' the darksom sky  
 Uttering prophecies & speaking instructive warnis 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 warious 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 Greats House



The Souls descending to the Body, wail on the right hand  
 Of Los; & those delivered from the Body, on the left hand  
 For Los depurist the east his force continually bends  
 Along the Valleys of Middlesex from Hounslow to Blackfriars  
 Least those Burke Heavens of Beulah should the Creation destroy  
 And lest they should descend before the north & south Gates  
 Growing with pity, he among the wailing Souls lament.

And these the Labours of the Sons of Los, in Allamanda,  
 And in the City of Golgonooza; & in Luban; & around  
 The Lake of Naun-Aulan, in the Forests of Eutinian Benythan  
 Where Souls incessant wail, being pitious Passions & Desires  
 With neither lamenteant nor form But like to watry clouds  
 The Passions & Desires descend upon the hungry winds  
 Tis such alone Sleepers remain sheer 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 Bowlkoola & Allamanda  
 And the herbs & flowers & furniture & beds & chambers  
 Continually woven in the Looms of Eutinians Daughters  
 In bright Cathedrals golden dome with care & love & tears  
 For the various Classes of Men are all markt out determinate  
 In Bowlkoola; & as the Spectres choose their attributes  
 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 at 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  
 Natural: for a Natural Cause only seems: it is a Delusion  
 Of Ulro: & a rutio of the perishing Vegetable Membrane

Some Sons of Los surround the Passions with porches of iron & silver  
 Creating form & beauty around the dark regions of sorrow.  
 Giving to every nothing a name and a habitation  
 Delightful with bounties to the Infinite putting off the Infinite  
 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: Cabinetts richly fabricate of gold & ivory;  
 For Doubts & fears deform'd & wretched & melancholy  
 The little weeping Spectre stands on the threshold of Death &  
 External; and sometimes two Spectres like lamps quivering  
 And often malignant they comb at 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 hands  
 The Daughters of beauty look up from their Loom & prepare.  
 The instrument soft for its clothing with joy & delight.

But Theotormon & Sotira 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 garments.  
 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 possessors to trouble & sorrow & care,  
 Shutting the sun & moon & stars & trees & clouds & waters,  
 And hills, out from the Optic Nerve & hardening it into a bone  
 Snake, 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 mire, is open all within  
 And in his hollow center holds the heavens of bright eternity  
 Ozoth here builds walls of rocks against the surging sea  
 And timbers cramp'd with iron cramps bar in the joys of life  
 From fell destruction in the Spectrous curving 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 aurore 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 conceived 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 ordered 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:  
Wherever 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 antouch'd  
For every Source 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 at which this vegetable Earth is but a shadow:

The red Globule is the unweared Sun by Los created  
To measure Time and Space to mortal Men every morning.

Bowlshoof & Allamunda are placed on each side  
Of that Pulsation & that Globule terrible their power.

But Antrah & Palamabron govern over Day & Night  
In Allamunda & Enitharmon where Souls wait

Where Orc incessant howls burning in fires of Eternall 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 Luval

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 Los' Matematic power

He named the Opake Sun: he named the Solid Adam

And in the Nerves of the Ear (for the Nerves of the Tongue are closed)  
On Alvars Rock Los stands creating the glorious Sun each morning

And when unweared in the evening he creates the Moon  
Death to delude who all in terror at their splendor leaves.

Hes prey while Los appoints & Rurran & Palamabron guide  
The Souls clear from the Rock of Death, that Death himself may wake

In his appointed season when the evils of heaven meet.

Then Los conducts the Spirits to be Vegetated into  
Great Golgonocza, tree from the four iron pillars of Satans Throne

Temperance, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, the four pillars of tyranny  
That Satans Watch-Blonds 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 churge. But Rahab & Turzah pervert

Their mild influences, therefore the Seven Eyes of God walk round  
The Three Heavens of Ulro, where Turzah & her Sisters

Weave the black Wool of Death upon Enitharmon Berython

In the Vale of Surrey, where Horeb terminates in Rephayn, <sup>Scorpius</sup>  
The stamping feet of Zelophehad's Daughters are coverd with Human

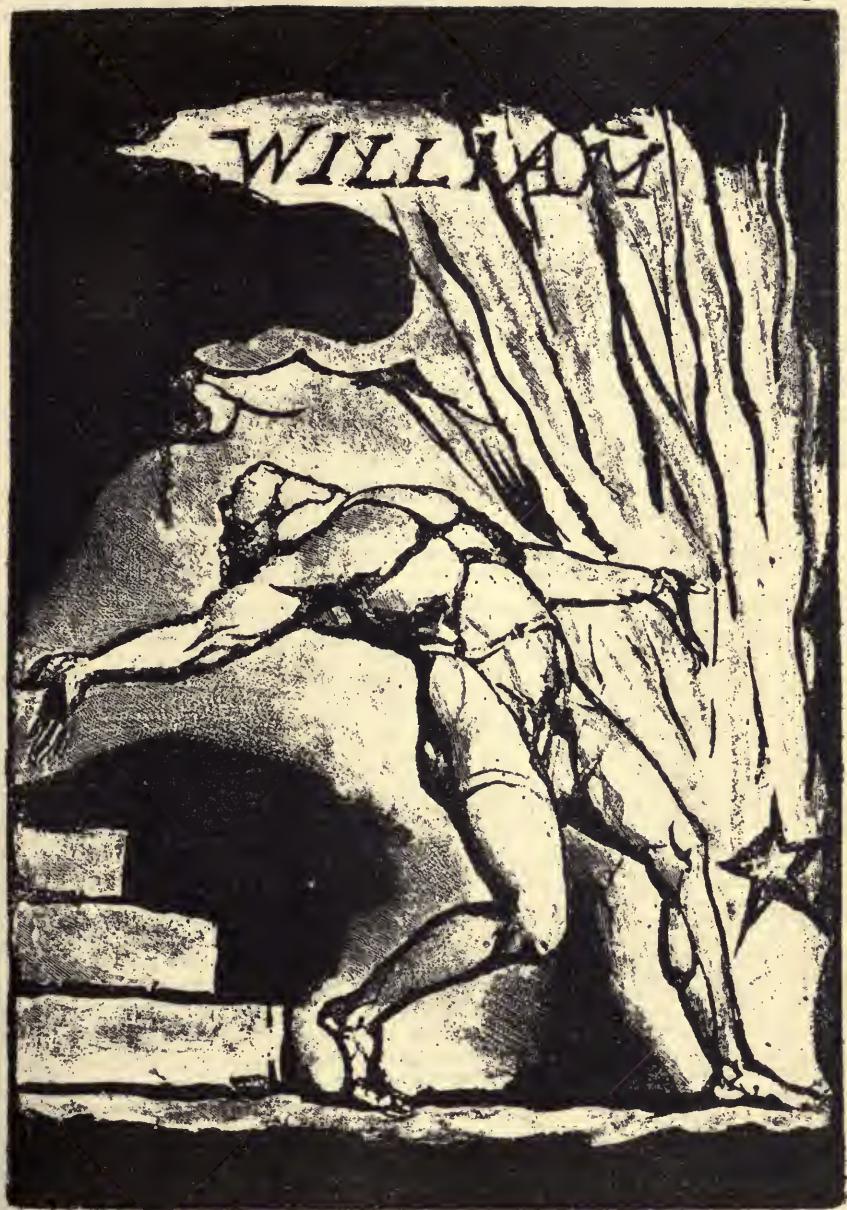
Upon the treadles of the Loom, they suit to the winged shuttle:

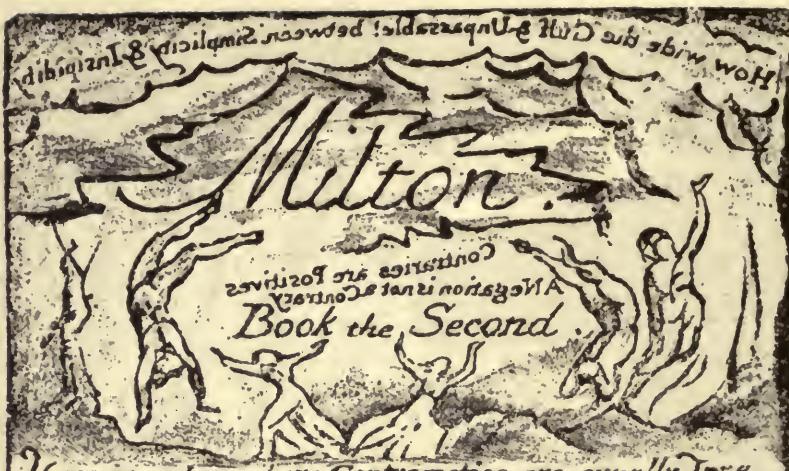
The River rises above his banks to wash the Wool.

He takes it in his arms: he pulses 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.





Book the Second.

There is a place where Contraries are equally True,  
This place is called Beulah. It is a pleasant lovely Shadow.  
Where no dispute can come. Because of those who Sing.  
Into this place the Sons & Daughters of Ololon descended  
With solemn mourning unto Beulahs moony shades & hills.  
Weeping for Milton: mute wonder held the Daughters of Beulah  
Entwined 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 Eternare Amen.  
Walks among all his awful Family seen in every face  
As the breath of the Almighty such are the Works of man to man  
In the great Way of Eternity, in fury of Poetic Inspiration  
To build the Universe stupendous; Mental forms Creating  
But the Emotions trembled exceedingly, nor could they  
Live, because the life of Man was too exceeding unbounded  
This joy became terrible to them, they trembled & wept  
Lrying with one voice. Give us a habitation & a place  
In which we may be hidden under the shadow of wings  
For 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 spoke the lovely Emotions & there appear'd a pleasant  
Mild Shadow above; beneath: & on all sides round, into

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 returned & went still going forward thro'  
The Bosom of the Father in Eternity on Eternity  
Neither did any lack or fail into Error without  
A Shadow to repose in all the Days of happy Eternity

Into this pleasant Shadow Beulah, all Oolon 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 Oolon with Power & Great Glory.  
And all the Living Creatures of the Four Elements wail'd  
With bitter wailing: these in the aggregate are named Saturn  
And Rahab: they know not of Regeneration, but only of Generation  
The Furies, 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 Loss Halls continual labouring in the Furnaces of Golgozoa  
Ore hovls on the Atlantic: Enitharmon trembles: All Beulah weeps

Thou hearrest the Nightingale begin the Song of Spring:  
The Lark sitting upon his earthy bed: just as the morn  
Appears: listens silent: then springing from the waving Corn-field: loud  
He leads the Choir of Day: trill, trill, trill, trill,  
Mounting upon the wings of light thro' the Great Expansse  
Reechoing against the lovely blue & shining heavenly Shell:  
His little throat labours with inspiration: every feather  
On throat & breast & wings vibrates with the effluence Divine  
All Nature listens silent to him & the awful Sun  
Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this little Bird  
With eyes of salt humility, & wonder love & awe.  
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 Sang  
According his loud harmony with admiration & love.  
This is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Oolon:

Thou percevest the Flowers put forth their precious Odours:  
And none can tell how from so small a center comes such sweet  
Forgeting that within that Center Eternity expands  
Its ever durung doors, that Og & Anak fierlty guard  
First e'er the morning breaks joy opens in the flower 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 flayning 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 curtained 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 opens her heavens: every Tree  
And Flower & Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Danc  
Yet all in order sweet & lovely, Men are sick with Love:  
Such is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Oolon

And the Divine Voice was heard in the Songs of Beulah. Say

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 every all, I have no love left for thee  
 Thy 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, despatched to Rodeem the Female shade  
 From Death eternal, such your lot to be continually Redeemed

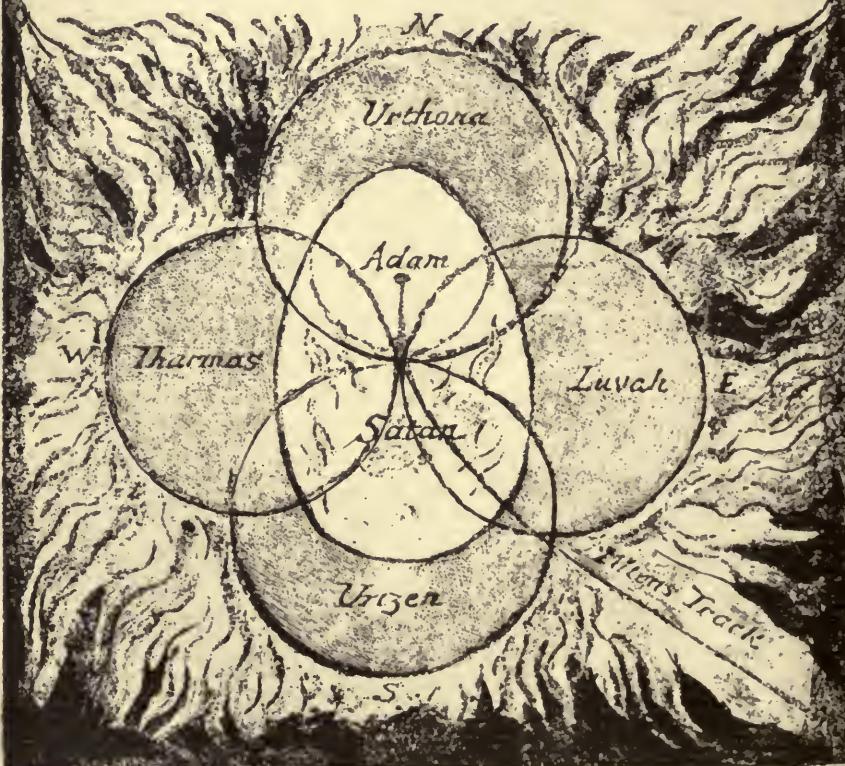
By death & misery of these you love & by Annihilation

When the Sixfold Female perceives that Milton annihilates

Himself, that seeing all his loves by her cut off he leaves  
 Her also, intirely 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 who  
 Shall bring Jerusalem in thine arms in the night watches, and  
 No longer turning her a wandering Harlot in the streets  
 Shall give her into the arms of God your Lord & Husband.

Such are the Songs of Beulah, in the Lamentations of Oolon





And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes  
 To comfort Oolon's 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 pay & forgive?  
 Is terror charged to pay, 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 Allo & 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, wrutterable  
 And he whose Gates are open'd in those Regions of his Body  
 Can from those Gates view all these wondrous Imaginations  
 But Oolon 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 viewing from Miltons Track they see the Ulro, a vast Polygnus  
 Of living fibres down into the Sea of Time & Space grovelling  
 A self-devouring monstrous Human Death Twenty seven fold  
 Within it sit five Females & the nameless Shadowy Mother  
 Dunning & from their bowels with songs of amorous delight  
 And melting cadences that lure the Sleepers of Beulah down  
 The River George (which is Abnon) into the Dead Sea.  
 Around this Polygnus Los continual builds the Mundane Shell  
 Four Universes round the Universe of Los remain Chastic  
 Four intersecting Globes, & the Egg form'd World of Los  
 In midst stretching from Zenith to Nader, in midst of Chaos  
 One of these Round Universes is to the North named Urizen  
 One in the South this was the Glorious World of Urizen  
 One to the East of Luvhah: One to the West of Tharmas  
 But when Leviath assumed the World of Urizen in the South  
 All fell towards the Center sinking downward in dire Ruin  
 Here in these Chasms the Sons of Oolon took their abode  
 In Chasms of the Mundane Shell which open on all sides round  
 Southward & by the East within the Breast of Miltons descent  
 To watch the time, praying & penitent to awaken Urizen  
 They stod in a dark land of death of fiery corrodying waters  
 Where lie in evil death the Four Immortals pale and cold  
 And the Eternal Men ever Albion upon the Rock of Ages  
 Seeing Miltons Shadow, some Daughters of Beulah trembling  
 Return'd, but Oolon remand before the Gates of the Dead  
 And Oolon 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 render'd Dearly within the Life & Interior Vision  
 How are the Beasts & Birds & Fishes, & Plants & Minerals  
 Here fix'd into a frozen bulk, subject to decay & death.  
 Those Vessels 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 changed into a Curse & a Plague  
 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 pitiless Female forms compelled  
 To weave the Web of Death. On Camberwell Twp's Courts  
 Malahs on Blackheath Rahab & Noah dwell on Windsor heights  
 Where once the Cherubs of Jerusalem spread to Lambeth Vale  
 Milecasts Pillars shone from Harrow to Hampstead where Horlak  
 On Highgates heights magnificent weaves over trembling flames  
 To Shooters Hill and thence to Blackheath the dark Wool's out  
 Loud rolls 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 & Herku, to Nile & back in Clouds  
 Of Death across the Atlantic to America North & South

So spake Oolon in reminiscence astonished, but they  
 Could not behold Golgozoa without passing the Polypus  
 A wondrous journey not passable by Immortal feet. & none  
 But the Divine Saviour can pass & without annihilation.  
 For Golgozoa cannot be seen till having passed the Polypus  
 It is viewed on all sides round by a Four-fold Vision  
 Or all you become Mortal & Vegetable in Sexuality  
 Then you behold its mighty Spires & Domes of Ivory & Gold  
 And Oolon examined all the Couches of the Dead.  
 Even of Los & Enthorman & all the Sons of Albion  
 And his Four Zood terrified & on the verge of Death  
 In midst of these was Milons 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 Light asking with tears for mercy  
 Confessing their crime with recompunction and sorrow.

O how the Starry Eight repaid to see Oolon descended:  
 And now that a wide road was open to Eternity  
 By Oolon's descent thro Beulah to Los & Enthorman.  
 For mighty were the multitudes of Oolon, vast the exert  
 Of their great snwoy reaching from Uro to Eternity  
 Surrounding the Murdane Shell outside in its Caverns  
 And through Beulah and all silent turbare to contend  
 With Oolon for they saw the Lord in the Clouds of Oolon

There is a Moment in each Day that Satan cannot find  
 Nor can his Watch Fiends find it, but the Industrious find  
 This Moment be it multiply. & when it once is found  
 It renovates every Moment of the Day if rightly placed  
 In this Moment Oolon descended to Los & Enthorman  
 Unseen beyond the Murdane Shell Southward in Milons 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 Golgozoa  
 And thro Beulah to Eden beneath Los's western Wall  
 The other flows thro the Aerial Void & all the Churches  
 Meeting again in Golgozoa beyond Satans Seat

The Wild Thyme is Los's Messenger to Eden a mighty Demon  
 Terrible deadly & poisonous his presence in Uro dark  
 Therefore he appears only a small Root creping in grass  
 Covering over the Rock of Odours his bright purple mantle  
 Beside the Fountain above the Larks Nest in Golgozoa  
 Luwah slept here in death & here is Luwahs empty Tomb  
 Oolon 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 Golgozoa & the Lark is Los's Messenger

When on the highest top 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 descry  
 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 despatch'd till they reach the Earth again  
 In the East Gate of Helcenocea & the Twenty-eighth bright  
 Lark, met the Female Oolon descending into my Garden  
 Thus it appears to Mortal eyes & those of the three Heavens  
 But not thus to Immortals: the Lark is a mighty Angel.

For Oolon stepped into the Polypos within the Mundine Shell  
 They could not step into Vegetable World without becoming  
 The enemies of Humanity except in a Female Form  
 And as One Female Oolon and all its mighty Hosts  
 Appear'd: a Virgin of twelve years nor time nor space was  
 To the perception of the Virgin Oolon 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 Laz joind with me he took me in his fiery whirlwind  
 My Vegetable portion was hurried from Lambeth's shades  
 He set me down in Felpham's 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 Oolon & 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 pay thou my Shadow of Delight  
 Enter my Cottage, comfort her, for she is sick with fatigue



The Virgin answer'd, 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 Oolon uttered in words distinct the anxious thought  
 Mild was the voice, but more distinct than any earthly,  
 That Miltans Shadow heard & condensing all his fibres  
 Into a strength unbreakable of majesty & beauty infinite  
 I saw he was the Covering Cherub & within him Satan  
 And Rahab, in an outside which is fallacious; within  
 Beyond the outline of Identity, in the Selfhood deadly  
 And he appear'd the Wicker Man of Scandinavia in whose  
 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 Melton with astonishment & in him beheld  
 The Monstrous Churches of Beulah, the Gods of Ulro dark  
 Twelve monstrous dishuman'd 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 Chemash  
 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 unfold in Veils of Pestilence border'd  
 With War; Woven in Looms at Tyre & Sidon by beautiful Ashtaroth  
 In Palestine Dagor, Sea Monster: worshipp'd o'er the Sea.  
 Thamuz, in Lebanon & Rimmon in Damascus curtailed  
 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 Bribe's  
 And secret Assassinations, not worshipp'd nor adord: but  
 With the finger on the lips & the back turn'd to the light  
 And Saturn Joye & 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 Churche's  
 Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalalel, Jared, Enoch,  
 Methuselah, Lamech, these are Giants mighty Hermaphrodite's  
 Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Caanan the secon'd, Falak, 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 Miltans Shadow who is the Covering Cherub  
 The Spectre of Albion in which the Spectre of Luwah 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 to the Vegetable Man  
 The Kingdom of Og is in Orissa: Sihor is in Ophiucus  
 Og has Twenty-seven Districts: Sihor Districts Twenty-one  
 From Star to Star, Mountains & Valleys, terrible dimension  
 Stripted 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 Galoonooza, 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 Bowlooola & Altomanda &c to Entithan Benythan  
 The Heavens are the Cherub: the Twelve Gods are Saturn



And the Forty-eight Starry Regions are Cities of the Levites  
The Heads of the Great Polypus. Four-fold twelve eminency  
In mighty & mysterious contumelious enemy with enemy.  
Woven by Urien into Senses from his mantle of years.

5 And Milton collecting all his fibres into impenetrable 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  
10 Milton within his sleeping Flanery trembling & shuddering  
He stood upon the waves a Twenty seven-fold mighty Demon  
Gorgeous & beautiful: loud roared his thunders against Milton  
Loud Satan thunder'd loud & dark upon mild Felston shore  
Not daring to touch one fibre he howld round upon the sea.

15 I also stood in Satans bason & beheld its desolations:  
A round Man, a round 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  
20 Of pitch & nitre, its round palaces & cities & mighty works:  
Its furnaces of affliction in which his Angels & Immortals  
Labour with blacked visages among its stupendous ruins  
Arches & pyramids & porches colonades & domes:-  
In which dwells Mystery Babylon here is her secret place  
25 From hence she comes forth to the Churches in delight  
Here is her Cup filled with her 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  
30 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  
35 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 or men the fear of death, to teach  
Trembling & fear terror, constriction; abject selfishness  
40 Mine is to teach Men to despise death, & to go on  
In fearless scugestry annihilating Self, laughing to scorn  
Thy Laws & terrors, shaking down thy Scaryogues as Webs  
I come to discover before Heaven & Hell the Self-righteousness  
45 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

50 Satan heard, coming in a cloud with trumpets & flaying fire  
Saying I am God the judge of all, the living & the dead  
I call therefore down to worship me, submit thy supreme  
Decree, to my eternal Will & to my dictate bow  
I hold the Balances of Right & Just & mire the Swords  
55 Seven Angels bear my Name & in those Seven I appear  
But I alone am God & I alone in Heaven & Earth  
Of all that live dare utter this, others tremble & bow

Till All Things became 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  
Burn'd 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 spoke; and they stood in a mighty Column of Fire  
Surrounding Felpham's Vale, reaching to the Mounden 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 burneth;  
Let the Four Zoas 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 hungering 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 thunder'd, loud & dark upon mild Felpham's 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 ever happy Eternity  
Beneath sat Chas: 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 Prerage 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 loty 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 mov'd his right foot to Cornwall, his left to the Rocks of Bognor  
He spro've to rise to walk into the Deep, but strength failing  
Forbad & down with dreadful groans he sunk upon his Couch  
In moory Beulah. As his strong Guard walks round beneath the Moon  
Urgent faints in terror striving among the Brooks of Arnan  
With Meltons 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  
Labour'd in Chasms of the Mundane Shell, tho here before  
My Cottage midst the Scarry 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 Oolon Milon stood & percievd the Eternal Form  
 Of that mild Vision; wondrous were their acts by me unknown  
 Except remotely, and I heard Oolon say to Milton

I see thee strove upon the Brooks of Arnon there a dread  
 And awful Man I see. oercovered with the mantle of years,  
 I beheld Los & Urizen. I beheld Arc & Tharmas;  
 The Four Zoës of Abram & thy Spirit with them striving  
 In Self annihilation giving thy life to thy enemies

Are those who concur Hellion & seek to annihilate it  
 Become in their levire portions, the causes & promoters  
 Of these Religions, how is this thing, this Newtonian Phantasy  
 This Voltaire & Rousseau: this Hume & Gibbon & Bolingbroke  
 This Natural Religion, this impossible absurdity

Is Oolon 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 appear'd  
 Eastward upon the Pav'd work across Europe & Asia  
 Glorious as the midday Sun in Satans bosom glowing;  
 A Female hidden in a Mass. Religion hidden in War  
 Nam'd Moral Virtue; cruel two fold Monster shewing bright  
 A Dragon red & hidden Harlot whch John in Patmos saw  
 And all beneath the Nations innumerable of Ulro  
 Appear'd, the Seven Kingdoms of Canaan & Five Babylon  
 Of Philistea, into twelve divided, call'd after the Names  
 Of Israel: as they are in Eden, Mountain River & Plain  
 City & sandy Desert intermingled beyond mortal ken  
 But turning toward Oolon w<sup>t</sup> terrible majesty Milton  
 Replied, Obey thou the Wards of the Inspired Man  
 All that can be can 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 destroy'd 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 cleare 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 Abhors 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 stock with the asperion of Madness  
 Cast on the Inspired, by the tame highfinisher of paley Blots,  
 Indefinite, or paltry Rhymes, or paltry Harmonies.  
 Who creeps into State Government like a caterpillar to destroy  
 To cast off the idot 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 contumescence; he talks of Benevolence & Virtue  
 And those who act with Benevolence & Virtue, they murder time on time  
 These are the destroyers of Jerusalem; those 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 Oloren & replyd in clouds of despair  
 Is this our Femine Portion the Six-fold Milotic 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 entred 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 Oolon she devided & fled into the depths  
Of Miltons Shadow as a Dove upon the stormy Sea.

Then as a Mooy Ark Oolon 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 Light: with one accord the Starry Light became  
One Man Jesus the Saviour wonderful round his limbs  
The Clouds of Oolon folded as a Garment dipped in blood  
Written within & without in woven letters: & the Writing  
Is the Divine Revelation in the Literal expression:

A Garment of War, I heard it named 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 went he 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 & unpurified Hills  
And Los & Entharmon rose over the Hills of Surrey  
Their clouds roll over London with a south wind, sat Dothoon  
Parts in the Vales of Lambeth weeping over her Human Harvest  
Los listens to the Cry of the Poor Man: his Cloud  
Over London in volume terrific, low bending in anger.

Entharmon & Palanabron view the Human Harvest beneath  
Their Wine-presses & Barns stand open: the Ovens are prepared  
The Waggon's ready: terrific Lions & Tygers sport & play  
All Animals upon the Earth are prepared in all their strength



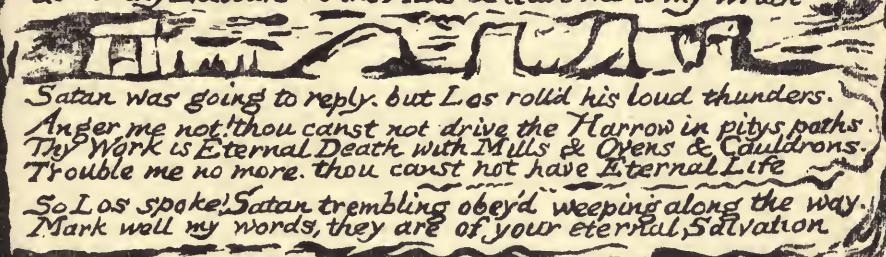
To go forth to the Great Harvest & Vintage  
Finis H. of the Nations





Beneath the Plow of Rintrah & the Harrow of the Almighty no  
 In the hands of Palamabran 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 Individuality  
 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 rold 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 Calvarys foot  
 Where the Victims were preparing for Sacrifice their Cherubim  
 Around their loins pourd forth their arrows & their bosoms beam  
 With all colours of precious stones: & their emmost palaces  
 Resounded with preparation of animals wild & tame  
 (Mark well my words, Corporeal Friends  
 are Spiritual Enemies)

Mocking Druidical Mathematical  
 Proportion of Length Breadth Hight  
 Displaying Naked Beauty with Flute &  
 Harp & Song



Then Los & Enitharmon knew that Satan is Urizen  
 Drawn down by On & the Shadowy Female into Generation  
 Of Enitharmon entered 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 Intrinsic 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  
 Elynutria: 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 Ocalytron birds the Sun into a Jealous Globe:  
 That every thing is fix'd opaque without Internal light  
 So Los lamented over Satan, who triumphant  
 divided the Nations



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And Tearmas Demon of the Waters. & Orc who is Luvah  
The Shadowy Female seeing Milton howld in her lamentation  
Over the Deeps, outstretching her Twenty-seven Heavens over Albion

And thus the Shadowy Female howls in articulite 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 shill 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 haverd 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 filled all the desolate places in accusations of Sin  
In Female beauty shining in the unform'd void & Orc in vain  
Stretchid 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 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 those Heavens builded on cruelty  
My Spectre still wandering thro them follows my Emanation  
He hunts her footsteps thro the snow & the winterly hail & rain  
The idgit Reasoner laughs at the Man of Imagination  
And from laughter proceeds to murder by undervaluing calumny

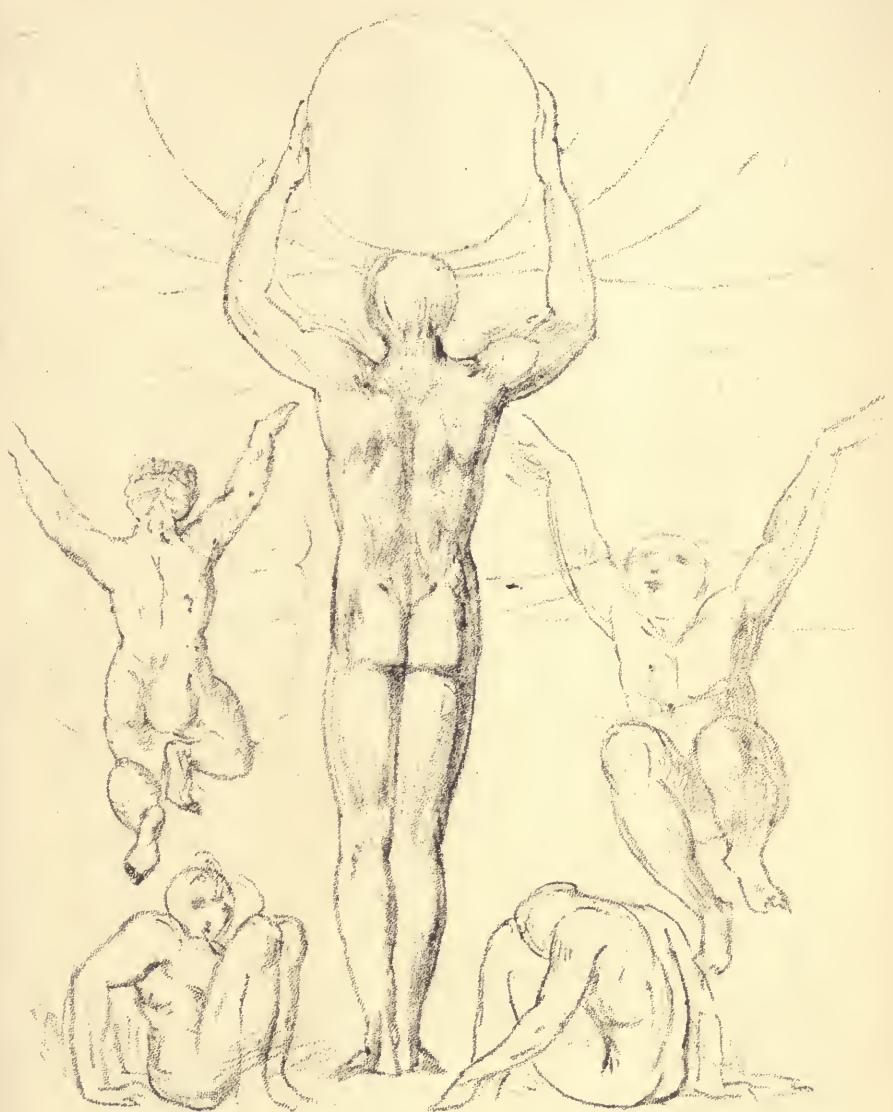
Then Hellel who is Lucifer replied over the Couch of Death  
And thus the Seven Angels instructed him & thus they converse.

We are not Individuals but States: Combinations of Individuals  
We were Angels of the Divine Presence: & were Druids in Annadale  
Compelled to combine into form by Satan, the Spectre of Albion.  
Who made himself a God & destroyed the Human Form Dione. כ' יי  
But, the Divine Humanity & Mercy gave us a Human Form (as <sup>as</sup> <sup>Yon Populi</sup>  
Because we were combind 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 Holrels Length Breadth & Height  
Calling the Human Imagination: which is the Divine Vision & Truton  
In which Man liveth eternally: madness & blasphemy against  
its own Qualties. 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 Knive  
But their Forms Eternal Exist. For ever. Amen. Halleujah

Thus they converse with the Dead watching round the Couch of Death.  
For God himself enters Deaths 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 Gars of their Fathers House



in the river & 700 ft. deep at the waterfall. The upper part  
about 100 ft. is a series of 20 short ledges of rock.  
The lower part is a series of 100 ft. terraces.  
E. P. S. Aug.



16. Oct.

Spent the day with Mr. Johnson, who has been here with his  
son, as manager of a new hotel, the "Rocky River Hotel".  
Spent the day with him for the last week. He is a little  
old man, 65 years old, but very active. I am afraid he will find  
it hard to get along in the business of running a hotel for a year.

Spent the day with Mr. Johnson, who has been here with his  
son, as manager of a new hotel, the "Rocky River Hotel".

John & wife married  
John & wife  
are engaged  
to marry

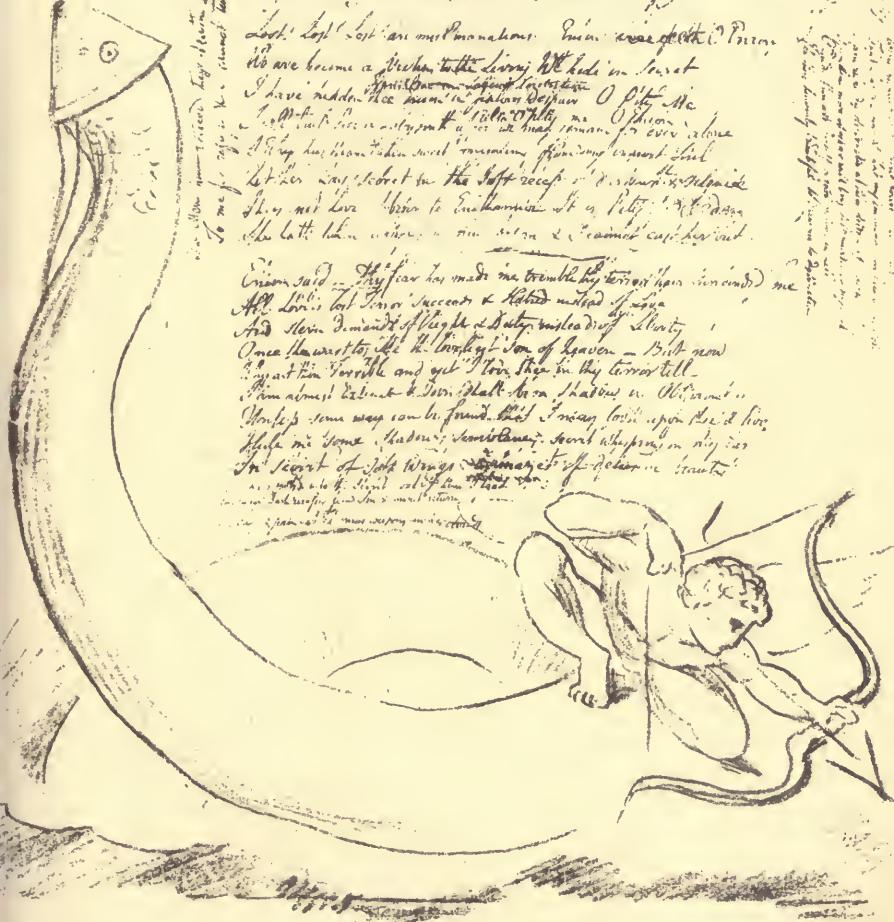
Spent the day with Mr. Johnson, who has been here with his  
son, as manager of a new hotel, the "Rocky River Hotel".



In Cain, in the basermost strain of Human life  
 Which is the Earth of Eden, he has emanations propagated  
 Like Sons & Daughters, Daughter of Deathah King  
 His Yule and Diversion & his Recreations to Humanity -  
 His will in his power of them, & death <sup>in</sup> him  
 According to the condition you like to  
 Begin with Pharmacy Parent power darkening in the West

Look! Look! Look! an most monstrosous Queen was forth in Paris,  
 We are become a burden to the living & who's in secret  
 I have hidden the sun in hidden depths O fitly the  
 Let me be a serpent a serpent a serpent for ever alone  
 Playing his own solo sweet ravishing from my serpent land  
 Let her sing Robert in the soft reeds & I sing to Melancholy  
 She not love him to Enthronement fitly! fitly!  
 She left him alone in the world & became cast her out.

Enion said - Thy fear has made me tremble before thy command me  
 All love, all favor, success & safety ended forever  
 And Steve Diamond of Heaven & Duty, underlay of Mortality  
 Once thou art to be the King of Son of Heaven - But now  
 Fly at the terrible and yet I see thee in thy terror tell -  
 From about Death & Devil there shadows in the ground  
 Under some way can be found that I may look upon their faces  
 While in some shadowy countenance, secret whispering in my ear  
 In secret of soft wings, temporary off shelter in secret  
 As with into the light of the bright sun  
 In secret of your wings in secret



The night before last I had a walk out  
of the city towards the south. The weather was  
cloudy & overcast, but there was a strong wind  
blowing from the west. The clouds were  
broken up by the wind, so that the sun  
was visible at times.

The first thing I saw was a large flock of  
birds flying over the water. They were  
mostly small birds, like sparrows, but some  
were larger, like robins. They were flying  
in a large circle, and it looked like they  
were circling around something. I  
then saw a small boat on the water, and  
the birds were flying around it. I  
thought it might be a fisherman's boat, so I  
went over to see if I could help him.



Vala incircle round the furnaces where Lurah was clovd  
 In joy she heard his hastings, & forgot he was in Lurah  
 With whom she walk'd in blifs, in times of innocence & youth

Hear ye the voice of Lurah from the furnaces of Yezan

If I indeed am Valas King, & ye O sons of Men  
 The workmanship of Lurah's hands, in times of Everlasting  
 When I call'd forth the Earth-worm from the cold & dark abire  
 I nurturd her, I fed her with my rains & dews, she grew  
 A sclded Serpent, yet I fed her tho' she haled me  
 Day after day she fed upon the mortians in furnaces right  
 I thought her tho' the Wilderness, a dry & thirsty land  
 And I command'd springs to rise for her in the black desert  
 Till she became a dragon wrold bright & poisonous  
 I spend all th' gloriates of the heavens to garnish her brest

End

And I commanded the great deep to have her on me hand  
 Till she became a little sleeping infant & open long  
 I carried her in my bosom as a man carries a lamb  
 I loved her & gave her all my heart & my strength  
 But her in such a state she did not fit me  
 Housing meager & slight whom I in my Paradise  
 & sweetable when she was a little child & daughter  
 And then we take it now & let her from my bosom  
 They have increased & are not able a son & bright & cannot  
 Find who may bring a son to me & yet there  
 Of old I knew that in self & to them death  
 To our Queen Cleopatra & queen of most excellent  
 Dangery bringeth a son & a noble & valiant  
 Please your grace I have & I had a vision in my  
 mind of her last & greatest to change her to be  
 the fairest & fairest & fairest better end  
 And Sicam ~~comes~~ to desire at the same time of  
 from handage of the Human form Offer him to me  
 Wherfore I am come to sweep by the crown ambition  
 But which is soon When will you return & see the audience

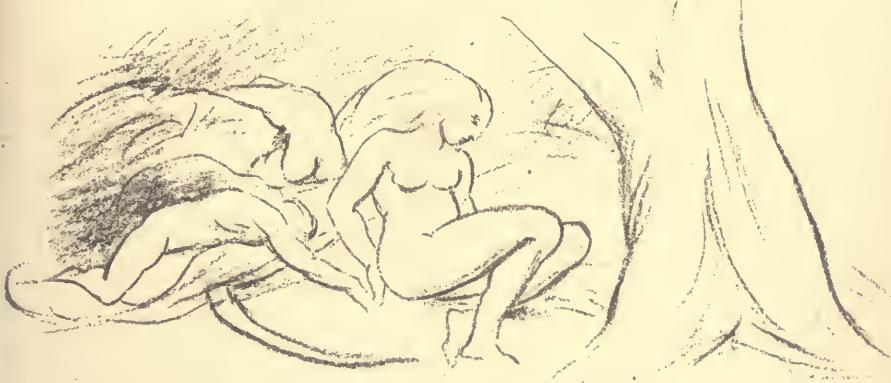


In many years gone by - I can just tell fear  
 To make me fear Eternal Death & uttermost torture  
 He built Golgotha on the Lake of Eden Adam  
 Upon the sumt of Golgotha then he builded Luban  
 Lazarus laid him down & bound his fingers of an howling woe  
 But when fourteen summers Lazarus had evolved over  
 Their stone habitation Los beheld the widdy boy  
 Entraught his bright mother & he left malice & fire  
 In his young eyes discerning plain that Pro, plotted his death  
 Great woe upon his widdy bosom. a whitney girdle was  
 Around his bosom like a bloody cord in secret  
 He burst it but neath more another girdle succeed  
 Around his bosom. Every day he tried the fiery youth  
 With silent fear & his immortal cheeky grew deathly pale  
 Till many a morn & many a night past over in dire woe  
 Forming a girdle in the day & bursting what mode  
 The girdle was found by day by night was but by in turn  
 Falling down on the rock an iron chain link by link link  
 Intharmon bekeft the bloody chain of iron its a day  
 Dreading from the bosome of Los with torment pain  
 He went each morning to his labours with the spectre dark  
 Calls at the chain of jealousy. Now Los began to speak  
 His woes abroad is Intharmon. Since he could not hide  
 His uncomely plague. He sozg the boy on his immortal mind  
 While Intharmon girded him weeping in dismal woe  
 Up to the iron mountain top & here the ratles chain  
 Fell from his bosom on the mountain. The spectre dark  
 Led the rose by my mind now doo ending around his limbs  
 The Demise crown I now bright Intharmon how I long  
 For her sin. I cannot now bound back her locks he





The many obstacles refer to worse time after time  
 Yet he has been to hard but the Devil's hand him to  
 For infinite miseries & misery by combustion day  
 By zodiac misery having in his abysses everlasting creation  
 Round. Lakes of fire in his dark deep the ruins of blighted worlds  
 Off world he set on a dark life & regulate his body  
 To sleep such sleep as death eternal seemed in the rock  
 Foulful of sorrow & strife. Then in look out of pale eye  
 His dismal misery eying the rest where he few minutes  
 Then darting into the depths of night his countenance tiny  
 Two lightings thunders earthquakes & eruptions of foul fire  
 Showing his downward fate labouring up against fulness  
 Creating many a Voter fixing many a Stone in the air  
 And hence showing his vestments built with the best materials  
 Swift work from them to char from void to void in least minutes  
 So that he came in where a Doctor came to operate  
 Nor down nor up removed him of he leaved a cold back  
 From whence I came was upward all of my kind & clear  
 The unpeeled root appear'd was still his mighty warding  
 The moist bosome an equilibrium grey of air scarce  
 When in might live in peace & when his life might most expire  
 But when he said Can I not hear thy voice of Calmness like  
 Could our voice now on high attain a root  
 When I stay I may see all things beneath my feet  
 As looking thro' these immortal wonders swift to fly  
 I myself desirous to find an end in words breathless, not dying  
 Hence I could not cross the outside of the Dale with me  
 Hence I had downward looking my legs downward in the  
 Flying upward all which way leaves I may cross by me  
 But when I Voter bound on high by nature & man & me  
 And crowned before on all my body him less misery  
 My heart & spirit seeking him the Jewels all around me  
 I wear in my hands them so red I find great  
 Pain at a worth in him under them elms & lime  
 There my less gather'd round my bones I can not see  
 Shee horrid, mince like her hair was all interwoven  
 And now like me pasturing desolate by nature & the  
 Art her. O mine the one flower among another they make  
 Theirs joy song on the tree a pleasure, nothing on the earth,



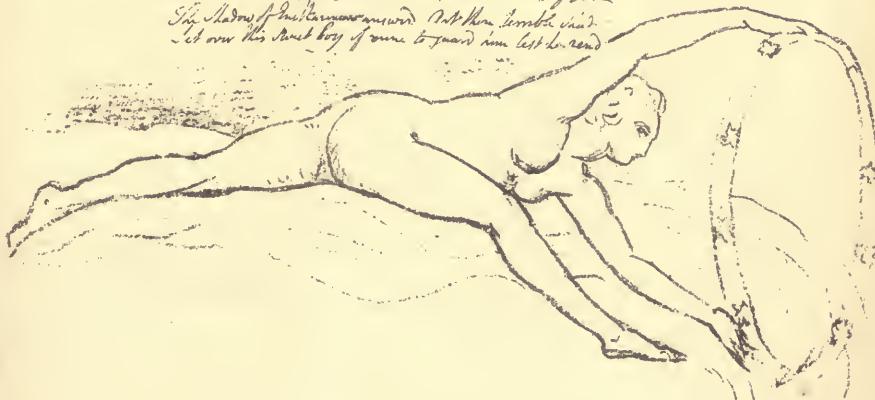
"I am returning you now to the scene in which I wrote  
 When he comes back to shore that he will be filled with the pleasure of once  
 Again after his return to earth he will be satisfied with the scene  
 That he sees the edge the side of the mountain around looking up  
 Towards the sea the form of the long pipe goes boding down  
 Take rest again wherein they travel even braving forth  
 In silent labours the spreading many a gushing spray  
 Amongst starts where still in fountains quickly composed round  
 With many rocks over with trees, I am but the stream  
 That is such he will difficultly distinguish from  
 The rocks out of the general state. All but the both from  
 whom he will his seat among the bushes rocks around  
 On a rock of iron forming over the foamy jaws of the  
 Water, spray hung over him a road in boulders with  
 Setting upon his own boat at last he would take forth  
 Many of dried leaves and then where is the most useful plan  
 Where they form for but from thought. No other living thing  
 Is all the day about. No other living thing  
 Than they most lonely would abide. Bound in to wash in pure  
 By itself sometimes in their form that gave new dress  
 Down there sometimes like a flood of sometimes like a rock  
 If living spray they would be glories with sparkling firs  
 From the tree's about there a form of form was  
 Moulded to this sorrowing ardent under the fading bush  
 And was a shadow yellow of living spray - underneath them  
 Keeping the winds in silent informal like hollow armlets  
 And with a rock waves on the surface of the lake of fire  
 So here the down beneath the waves in sloping slopes  
 Only for this sand one to break my dash a soft region  
 And to round myself before the in a form of in the  
 Hills here that had about the borders of this boulders place  
 Left them by lands their form above that took return upon the  
 226 the highest know sage on sage feeding himself  
 In vision of great taste for others than the living chain  
 In his entwined in rows of delights a verdant fields  
 Walking in ray in bright spacious keeping on bright cloud  
 With vision of delight so lovely that they were the sage  
 And with all honest desire to end they share a boulder fury  
 And then there shall we a desperate escape  
 Or in thy joy found a torment such other bear for thee  
 O my answer came thy heavy bough. What doth have in the deep  
 They only themselves scatter thy more elsewhere



It is a little when will scarce make a family - now  
They letters that gave birth shall have the names bodies both  
And in the body family cannot be no one here there three  
All things bright & white we enjoy the delights of beauty  
One who I say of calls the bright & birds & then Edith  
For her that sober example from the eye of man  
which was with most members of the assembly words  
I think I did not see the day when should be at rest  
Nor left the strings of power nor longer after life  
For he is said to us he writes it by angel wire  
I give a young boy that they may not at night or day walk  
And that fair truth seems to be all & another the young man  
The which tell about the one & of black they wrote their bony wings  
And out the words then answer what by groups of dancing

Thus was formed in the north land by Gutthaus  
For the shadow of Gutthaus descended down the tree of mystery  
The Spectre saw the shade hovering over his gloomy castle  
Beneath the tree of mystery stuck in the distance 'tis  
Boran is Boran in green gear holding in writing the  
In trees of earth & sand the wings falling being quiet  
Appeared of many shapes & of various features qualities  
Of the sun in due measure sister that grows on the living tree  
In the depths of Northern - saw the shadow of Gutthaus  
Inneath the tree of disease among the leaves of fruit  
Wmons & Damsel strong report the person of Jamurias  
He turns from side to side in tears he wept like he endued  
S. Helbig image he in a dryer with wood he kindled  
Sorber! delibet fallen. Gutthaus ready riding

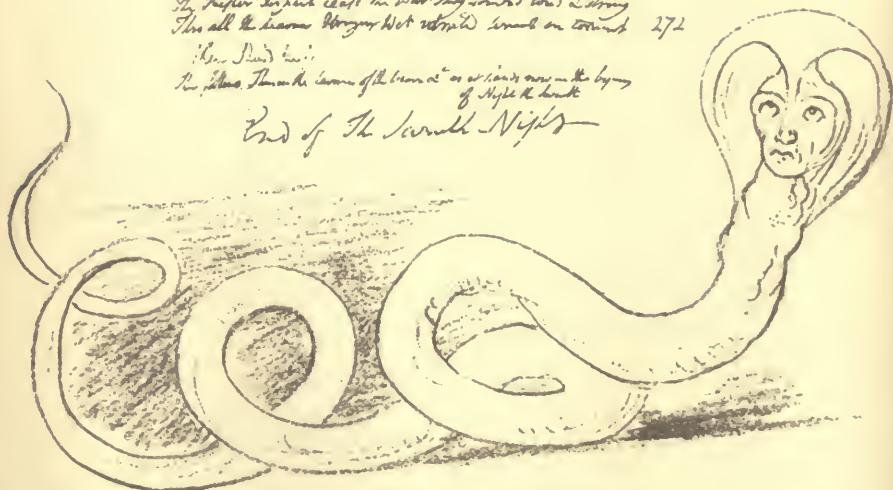
In secret places were no one can track thy wrothy way  
Hear & young he has I found the trouble then a year  
Because of you because he sent me discontented way  
From my sweet love of this & offend thy blood  
He new by far the light of play around the thunder sound  
Dost thou & I am trouble then sent his discontent way  
But his next day of pain shall be no such reliving  
And into his in going to sleep he sleep delusions of you  
The shadow of the Barnes around with them trouble and  
I know his sweet boy of you to send him lest he read



And most nobly bring his God from nations of polytheism  
 From his sublimes wealth not least, that my men in earnest  
 Behold him in night & darkness & shake my sceptre high  
 Left up, left up, O let me see my mother for her strength  
 Left up, left up, then forth I laid it watchful by held in awe  
 O let me see her now again the winter cold to stain  
 To darkness and upon the earth ready lies.  
 While the broad oak wreath his sides in silver fame, he dash away  
 The stars of death unto destruction. In bleak long nights advance 23  
 People into the power leaves the land innumerable  
 And their nominal meekness in western hemisphere  
 Among the leaves & earths - drinking blood in the last battle  
 To put their flesh to grapple their brother down & slay them  
 That far within the shore recesses of these secret places  
 Yea, the east was a joyful nothing to vegetate  
 Into the winter of darkness and the noon day dead  
 Bradens well blithe lost son, the couch fallen the worthy keep  
 Well then the battle dash a pierce the wall in vain  
 Repayeth thee the morning death. The living captive in flames  
 The living in darkness made the impact of the world  
 And of the waters & the regions of the desert invisible  
 Not I canck say any more said The Recluse saying  
 Well the winds crying take to the breast of thy garment  
 The coat upon my head to place in times of trouble  
 And said ye gods of gods my brother like the gods you  
 Of whom I speak here also I called man from life & light  
 This done the same division of man from man in times to come  
 In the hours we next day had I told all the of  
 To to my great & painful misery at the same appointed  
 In Recluse instant said the War sing round loud & strong  
 Thus all the leaves stronger hot returned round on round 272

(See Part two)  
 In these times the leaves of the tree in evergreen were in the by  
 of Nyle the hermit

End of The Seventh Night



If death & darkness down awhile O'�art of worn & drawn  
 Tie a shroud around. Now give the staggy & weary strivest.  
 With death of weary mail. Open the black cow draw  
 Open the bleeding way to your right breast draw  
 And let the bleeding breast yield to the arrow back  
 The arrows flew from cloudy bow all day till now  
 From east to west flowed like the human veins in rivers  
 Of life upon the平原 of death & valley of despair  
 Now round the平原 of victory now stirs the standard  
 Standard of the optimist in golden arms broken & bare.  
 They sing the gloomy story they claim the bloody caption  
<sup>2.</sup> They sing the lots unto the Sabbath they give the talk of blood  
 They rule the death of Sarah & the death of Abel too  
 They ground him with a spear & laid him in an open bier  
 To die a death of ha ha long years bound now with desolation  
 The sun was black & the moon rolls a wretched globe thro' heaven  
 Then left the sons of Uziga his place & hurried the loom  
 His hammer & his shield at the side Lamech goes  
 They fold & wind the shroud off over the battle as  
 The优化者 & writer to the battle 15th Month of man  
 And all the hosts of light they change into the hosts of death  
 The long sleep continues forever the people who remain  
 Was as the awakening of the phenomena in the water wheel  
 That turns water into lightning broken a brand on fire 20  
 Because its awakening was like the awakening of the lights  
 And on their dead intercable sheath would stand without & here  
 To people youth in their only song & to turn to labours  
 If any a people is disgraced by disease then they must file  
 And pitch their iron heart within iron laborious awakening  
 Kept ignorant of his age that they might spend the day, if person  
 In strengthen and joy to obtain a healthy palliation of blood  
 In ignorance to view a small portion of that that all  
 The call of diverse nation thus to all the people under the sun  
 Now now the Battle ceases and they hinders looks & hate  
 Now smile among thy bitter tears now just on all the beam  
 So not the world of the sword shuns - the whom born over after  
 With them now smile among the beam when the world's green morn will rise



diminution over & when a Thomas occurs there

it is lost. I am rather more inclined to believe in the  
loss of the former Colleton & have some idea where it is.  
Sister of vegetation stages, which induces a sense away  
from him from his breeding practices and his loss there  
is the natural love for the sun, and especially him  
for when summer & the leaves withdraw - one  
of summer always in the spring of October even  
will find the world about & in it a human form  
and know he is in summer time, passing the winter.

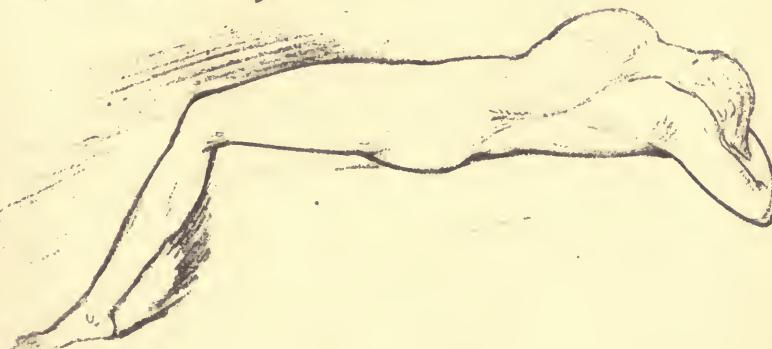
~~He is not well enough to go outside.~~  
~~He was confined yesterday on account of his illness - probably~~  
~~that disease that affected both him & some others~~  
~~in the house beyond the 1st of Oct with a destruction~~  
~~of his vocal organs. He has been very~~  
~~unwell since his removal last May with Sam & Tom~~  
~~to New York - & is now in a walk after~~

~~his present condition being very bad & unwell~~  
~~and unable to eat or sleep except with the greatest~~  
~~difficulty. His voice has been lost.~~  
~~I am given new hearts & other bones & other tissue~~  
~~to replace & I have been assisted greatly by Dr~~  
~~Johnson & Dr. Smith. The ordinary remedies would~~  
~~not cure him so soon because he is in full force throughout~~  
~~his body & nothing seems to stay the progress of the disease.~~

~~His condition is now much better & I hope with more sleep~~  
~~he will get up & go to work again. I am going into~~  
~~London today & in some respect he will be with me.~~  
~~The date & place in which our return shall be~~  
~~fixed in principle & I remain without telling a word~~  
~~to the family & make journals all ready to receive~~  
~~him home with the world of pleasure & comfort~~  
~~with the knowledge of when we can expect him~~  
~~returning the world of joy & happiness.~~



In one confessor kill the battle fought here that remain  
 Return to pay us a double retribution to this martial State  
 Of the members of the Elements, Lions or Tigers or Wolves  
 Burnt here; The howling winds, howling howl tempestuous  
 May seem to see another lightning tempest among his bones  
 And when the revolution of half day of battles over .100  
 Slaying number known they return to forms of wool  
 To mighty wings returning reanimate the fury  
 It's now over the strong drawn out in length they ravish  
 For senseless gratification & their wages through flock  
 Station above & beneath & Northward and into tropical English  
 Reckoned they North beyond their power in his dominions all war begins  
 Or work religion in these temples Boston sent thither  
 As dragon flew life a song by his immortal power  
 So all his fury, least that beaked chariot might run  
 The ranks of war, Wantonness & heel backs & torturing worms  
 Must act according to him from his iron & cruelty  
 He formed also hawks numerous & more  
 To prowl the soul with destruction or to inflame with fury  
 Heart of life to pierce all the faculties of man  
 And here own minister - of perhaps in myself exist  
 His own despair even at the loss of wing they that break  
 In in the depth of the sun his bodies from a trap  
 And here I go to incorporate ready unfeignedly  
 To my mate of devoured plenty thus the unigen  
 They prostrate to his death under the shadow of each other  
 An enormous scenerie of dragon eyes after eyes exploring  
 The full destruction. And the land of dragon power of light  
 Is not worth of ones power my faint ear half fully comes around  
 My faint looks aperce my dubious misery  
 When dare the last abode to sit beneath the chest  
 Chestnut & down the implement founded off the long flight  
 From dark abysses of the times remote fated to be



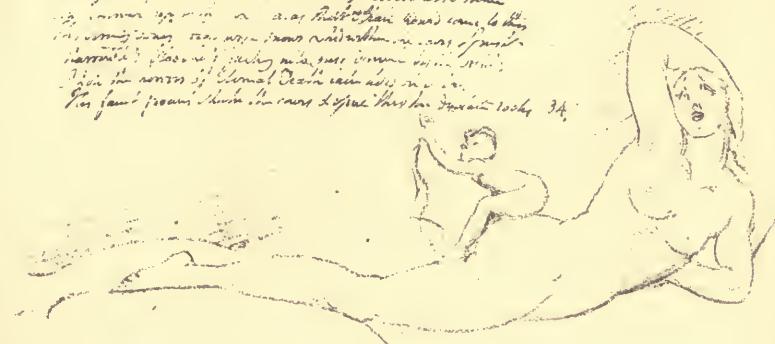
The diamond was informed however the why  
 Waters in on the back of his with from him well  
 The diamond was seen with the most dark deep  
 In few hours was born in a pretty boy he  
 Was long the two of them and buried of God a land  
 Place of grey of long to the hole said the  
 Who said beneath a part off the body below  
 Now in what thought now we know that left him  
 Dignity alone upon the diamond said it is us  
 angel but death ? understand we keep long again  
 His now white in last of birth now and died  
 Then death never of part the diamond  
 From the earth diamond body to the diamond said  
 I went down to come in absence helping one  
 To help is from the foundation of the world with Red dragon  
 And University in diamond : come here diamond of god  
 Come now come quick  
 I sang they a diamond looking down into diamond  
 "was said now diamond gate is look in diamond from  
 Sign in the opposite a East diamond to the form  
 Diamond to stand like an earthquake taking with convolution pains  
 Intolerable at length an awful wonder took  
 From the diamond bottom where he was named  
 Son of diamond long the his form diamond mountains  
 A male without a female counterpart a living fear  
 Token of diamond a diamond said to the form of diamond  
 All good effects in our eyes as stone

Being multitude of mortal then we were being phenomena  
 Against the same way - larger and smaller gathered more 125.

Along the land of got headed the remaining water  
 It had off striking time after him as a illus  
 Is born an earth so was in form of Fox Rosewater  
 In megalys worn marble & in the robes of laces 200.  
 He stood on few formation he was in up and down  
 They fallen that had lost to find the greatest of holes to originate  
 And the left through which a flame of light  
 So to cut off a portion that the spiritual body may it leaves



I never slept so well last night for the quiet winds  
 & moon & stars. Now I have time for quiet contemplation  
 in silence. I am implored that I may tell her the true  
 story of my wrongs, but I send a note to her for her  
 to give me time to tell on to the best of my power.  
 The truth of all must be told, but as yet the Divine vision in types and foreshadowings  
 has not given me the power to tell it. "The  
 will you tell a truth & whisper it to her, and say nothing else?  
 You carry a name with you now, you are to be called the  
 Son of man, and a great multitude will believe in  
 the Word, because of beauty in his countenance. If I tell her  
 tell you to follow, giving the following word or message, for a sign  
 of an event before that on my return, say  
 "Your Dearest  
 May the grace which came at the silent birth, and  
 in secret growth, bless the life of your son, and make him  
 worthy of a crown from the Highest. Kindle him at his resurrection  
 to my brightness. He longs to see you again, & I give him  
 back to you - a Divine Interpreter of the Highest, who  
 will tell him a new name, which you will receive  
 when he sees you again. Tell him of my love & death  
 mother you long for ever, in your heart, for me  
 in divine mansions, many & a way of love & brightness  
 His need most now all the rest of your life is over  
 The very last act with a crow is surely no signal. But  
 tell about it to her now. She is anxious in memory  
 of your last hours, & in health, & sleep  
 I am sorry especially when I am away from home  
 & tell her you long for me & the love of her son  
 when I come back again, & in secret, & I am  
 Pray for me now, & tell her in High tones that there  
 is no room for me, & as I return, you need come to the  
 river, & bring me some water, & a cup of fresh  
 ham, & cheese, & a early apple, just before sunset, &  
 tell the news of Eternal Rest, and also in  
 Ten faint strains think the notes & types thus by David's rocky 34.



leaves in a noisome - with the who or say to  
 myself I speak - just before a scene divine - when  
 no features enough are a wall to wall a intercessing.  
 Fall down - nothing joining the rest are wings - group  
 their bodies buried in the river of the unknown  
 - flight with the continuity. Who call and when are in your  
 head thoughts - called - by gathering in my brother by his  
 brother - when兄弟 with deepest heart - another thought  
 of him began to consume or rare rare fire and fire flame  
 blazed on all the rolling thought in amazement - silence  
 coming abroad in all the earth - so very silence so divine  
 - to resemble pictures of firm others round a solid setting  
 enough from me this is command "no more" - all within death  
 leaves the Earth and explore or even a year -  
 for when the tomb of the aged or man dead  
 dies not his voice or long-drawn theme in death a power  
 of all the while in moment heard - where good  
~~the~~  
~~the~~ - from I like you of poor the fellow here  
 had both he ones his meeting - at source of mortal fear  
 rising their hands in the great vision of - beauty  
 - in the day - an author of friends to trouble - penitent  
 former self - how known he come in on and known  
 - round the men in bonds - penitent of past life pale  
 As now pale pale person - though - very when the mass  
 that tall the poor man starts and in rising up to leave  
 finishing a structure by Universal work - the tree was root  
 with green horrible a man about the remaining or  
 tree now dry with a dismal dry the cattle gather together  
 now his house infirm the arrows he into body of the past  
 within the man slaying only the dead - failed then  
 the dead I feel unmane before they voice refuse to roar  
 And a weak voice speak to them - Then aged  
 Before the sunset down the sun sets the Valentine  
 The Rose sets the hawk I heard them in my form it stand  
 saying let us go off for we son I small even to you  
 I never song from the birth - The hawk & Hawk the way  
 A day of the sun arrow the sun a Valentine follow  
 let us file also to the south - They fly the sun fallen  
 Just then Depart in general doors - The trumpet sound loud  
 And all the Sons of Eternity Descend and wait



Birds in bunches of gold did arose at first the birds  
The birds were up with their feathers like flame  
I feel too bad coming to performe all the favors of life them  
But to the birds I say there is more in the atmosphere

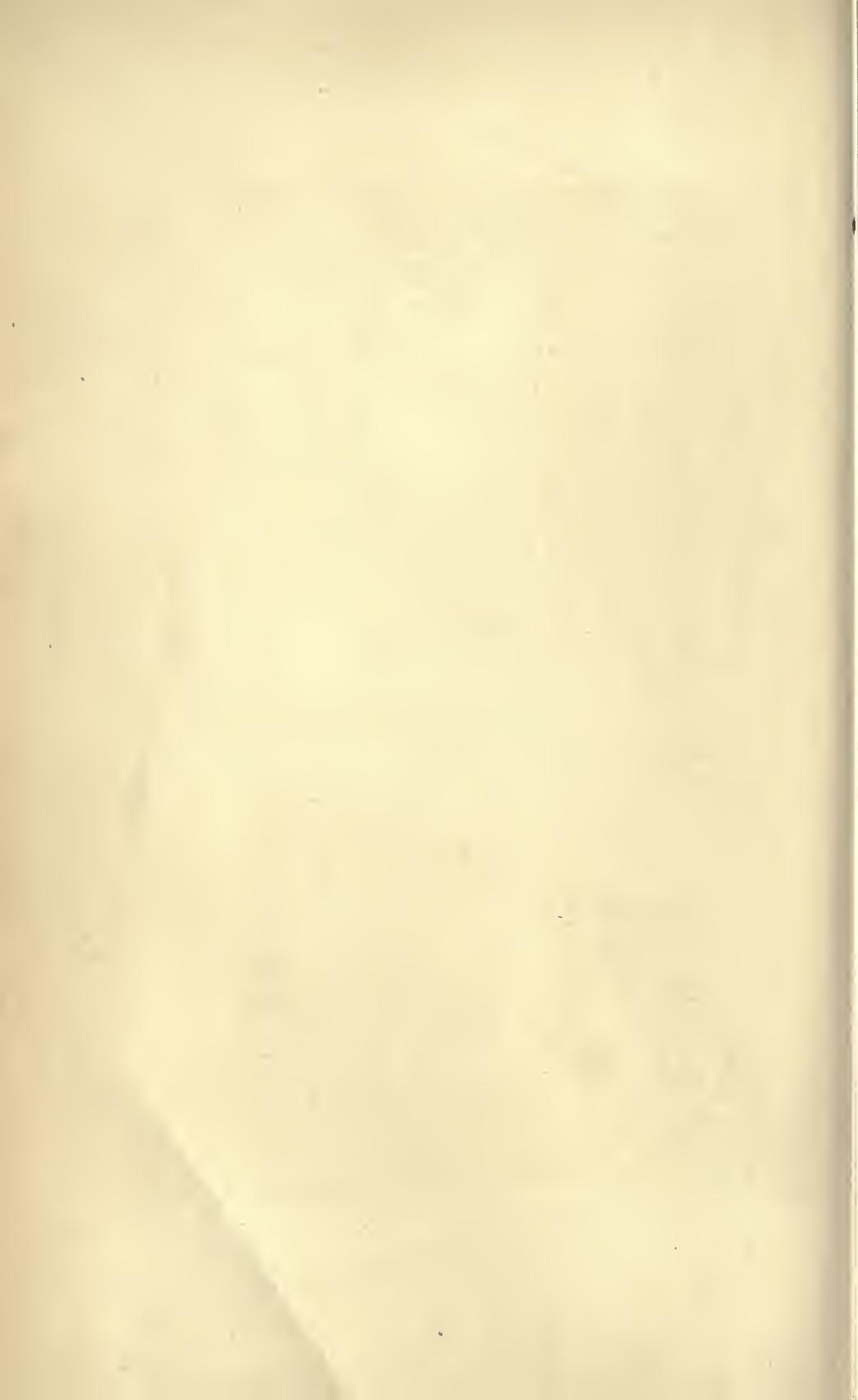
gather in the clouds and into the atmosphere  
Then to go the birds of the air in flight by helping it  
From rest of ages old ornaments of gold & silver wings  
Restless across the firmament and in the nations  
Spheres like clouds in the wooded fields where the trees  
Gathering on the over distribution trees with down the leaves  
From in the walls of heaven from long ago returning  
With beautiful art to shew of beauty the ownership of Heaven  
There came a bell in resonance stir, on the sports, of long

or more of several now recorded here the sunnas of leaves,  
A horse neigh from the battle the art will give the soldier unto  
The horses from the forest - the horse off from the safety deposit  
They have been here in immensity of numbers they now away  
In their the form the gun the mortal they build the fortification  
They bear the own impers of destruction unto wedges  
They put them to destructions now raining the hammer now  
A horse is death to stop the last the mallow like sea  
The heavy wheele break the island of jorum the nation

The Sons of Uzyn their Iron-hander son The Eternal long  
Auroras their call to Uzyn on the heavens stand as their cult  
The Lamb of Uzyn there with order to come up from the clouds  
The Lamb of Uzyn he said he had in the sky  
The Son of Uzyn came the glow of eyes over cities  
And all their Villages over Mountains - all their Valleys  
Over the grass & country of the Dead over the Planets  
And over the vast space over sunred moon a star & constellation

Am Uzyn commanded a man to bring him the seed of golden  
To bring the golden after the dead went before Uzyn  
Weak walking in the troubilous East west & north & south









\*

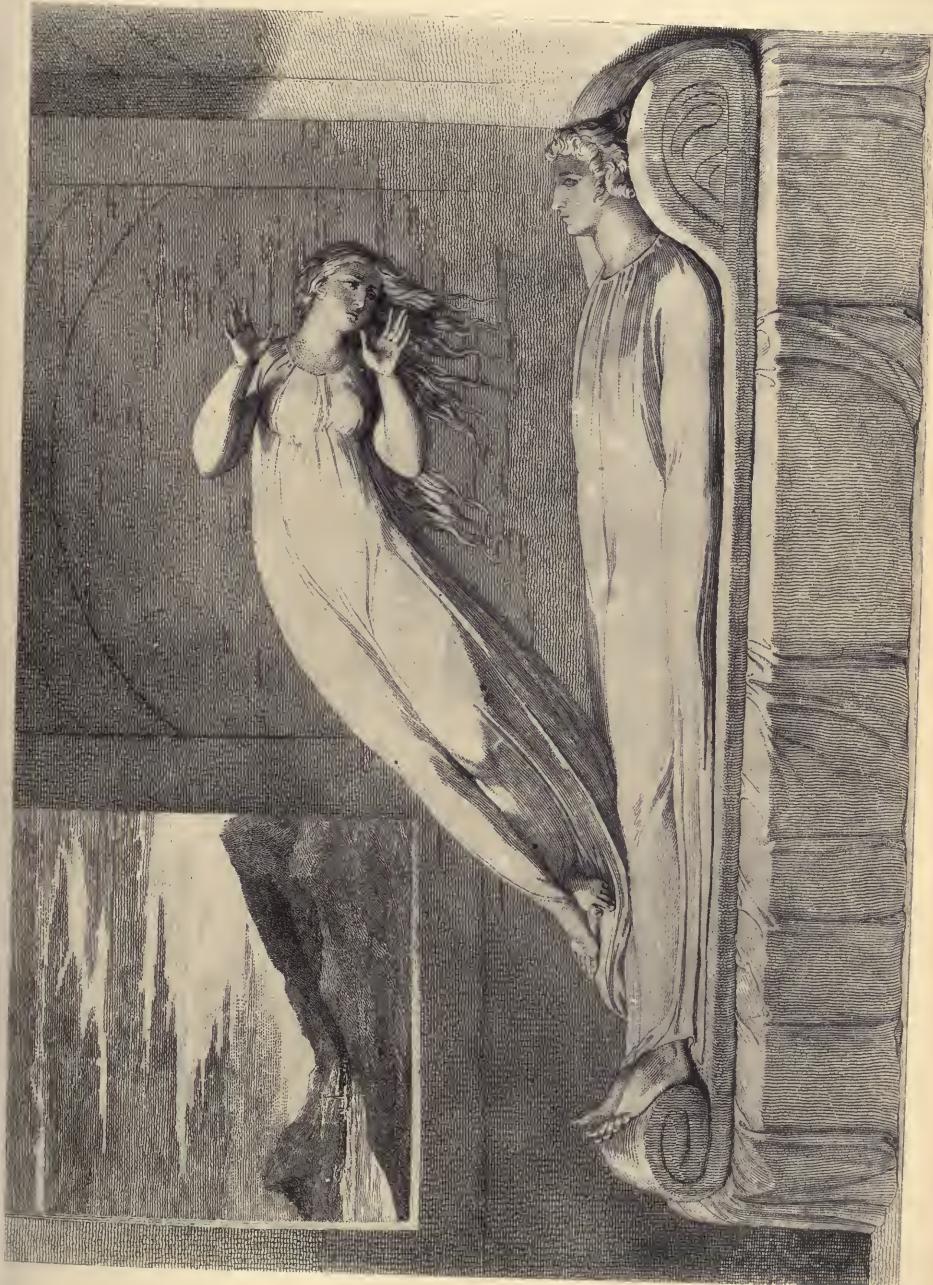


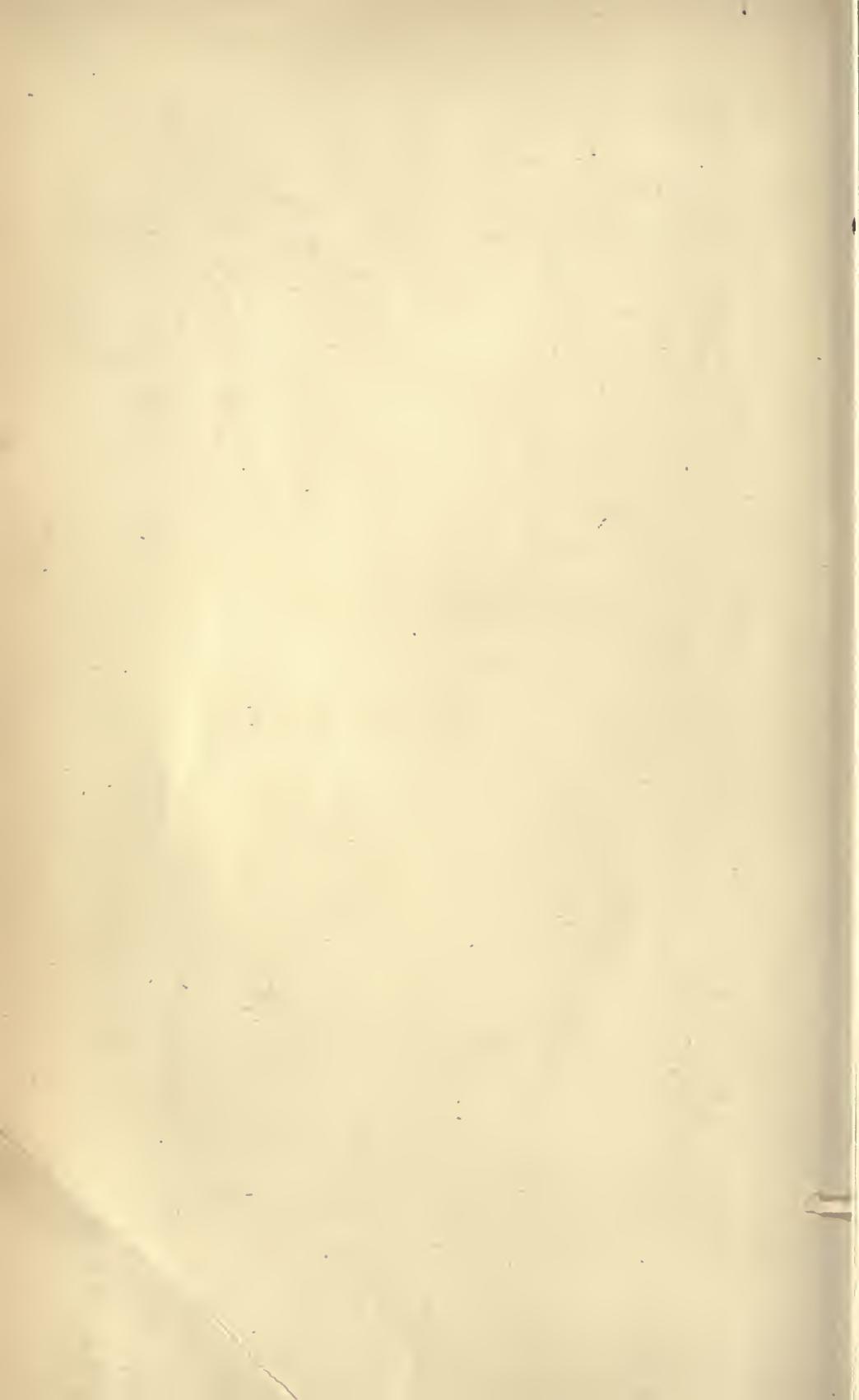
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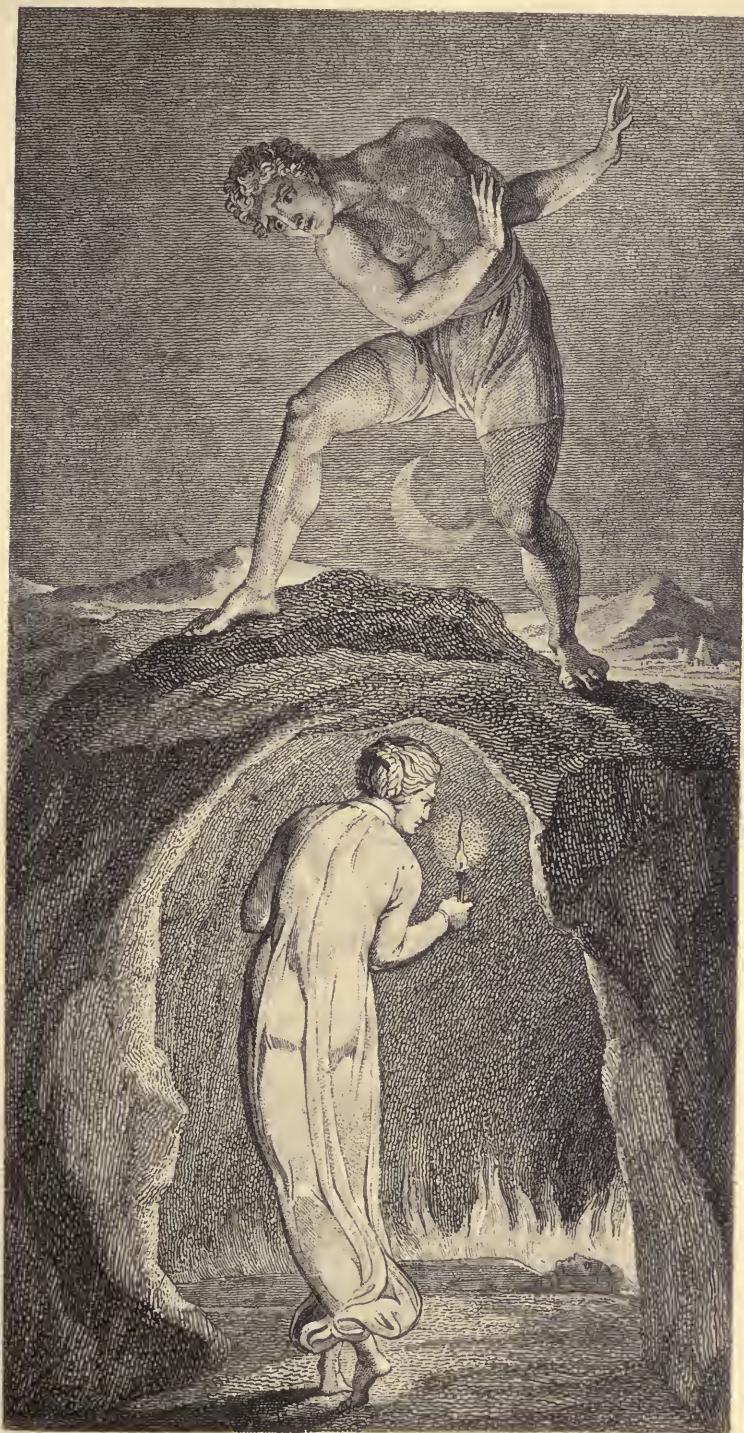




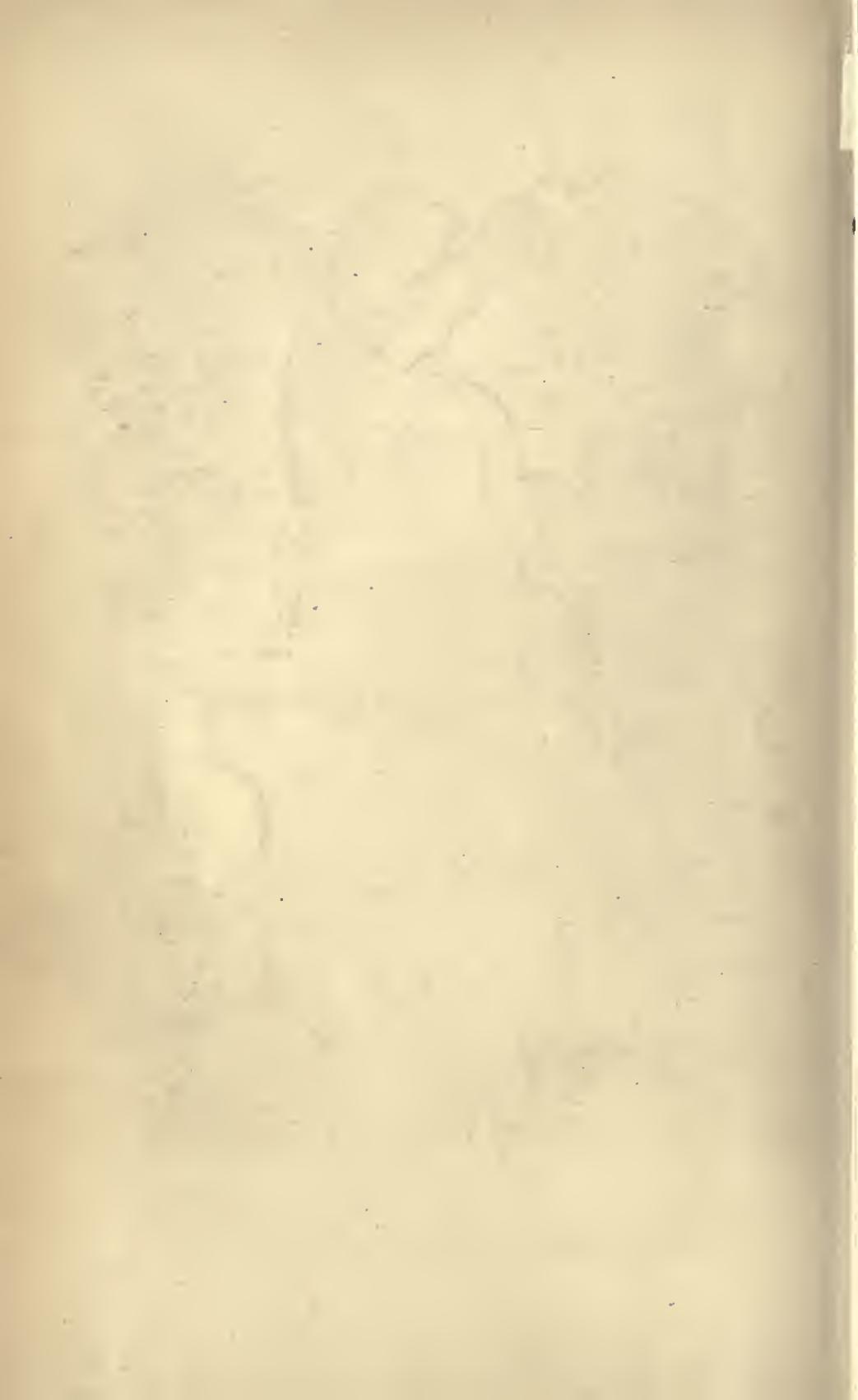
THE SOUL HOVERING OVER THE BODY.







THE SOUL EXPLORING THE RECESSES OF THE GRAVE.

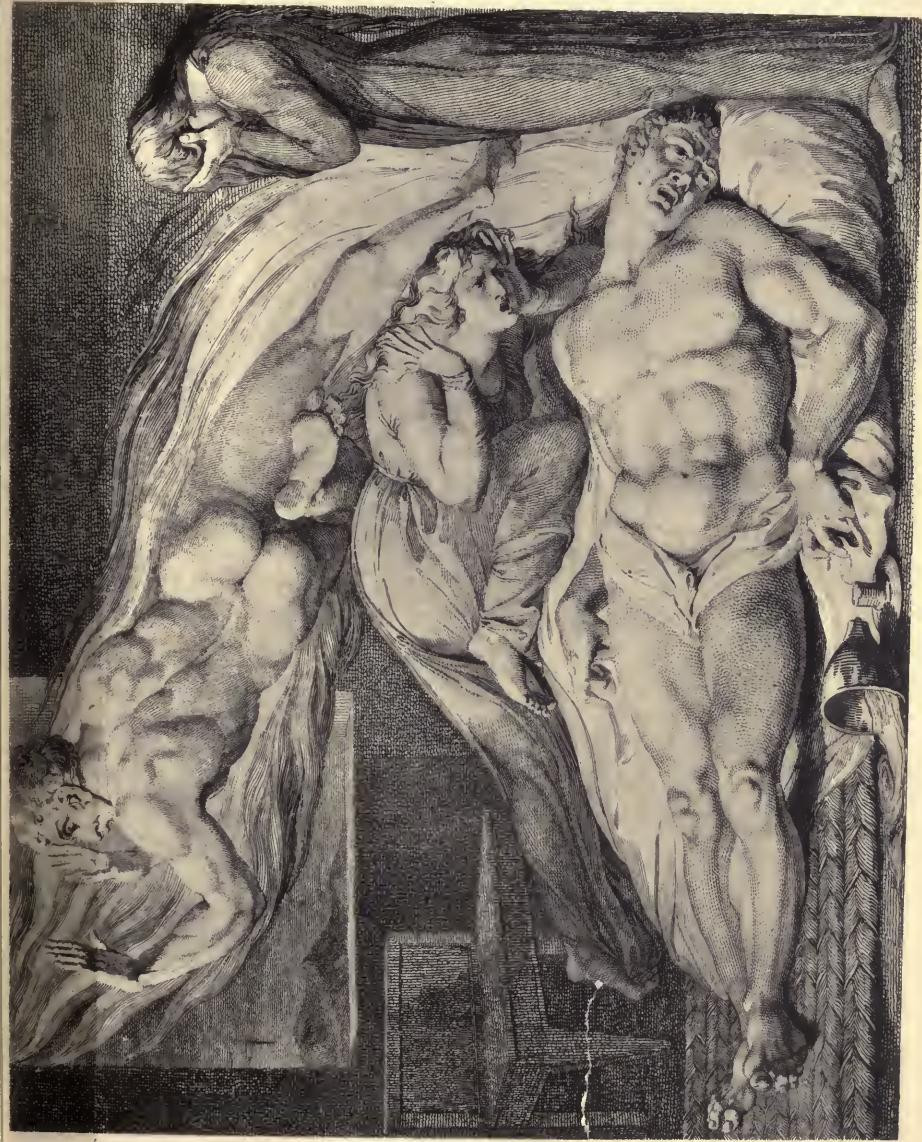


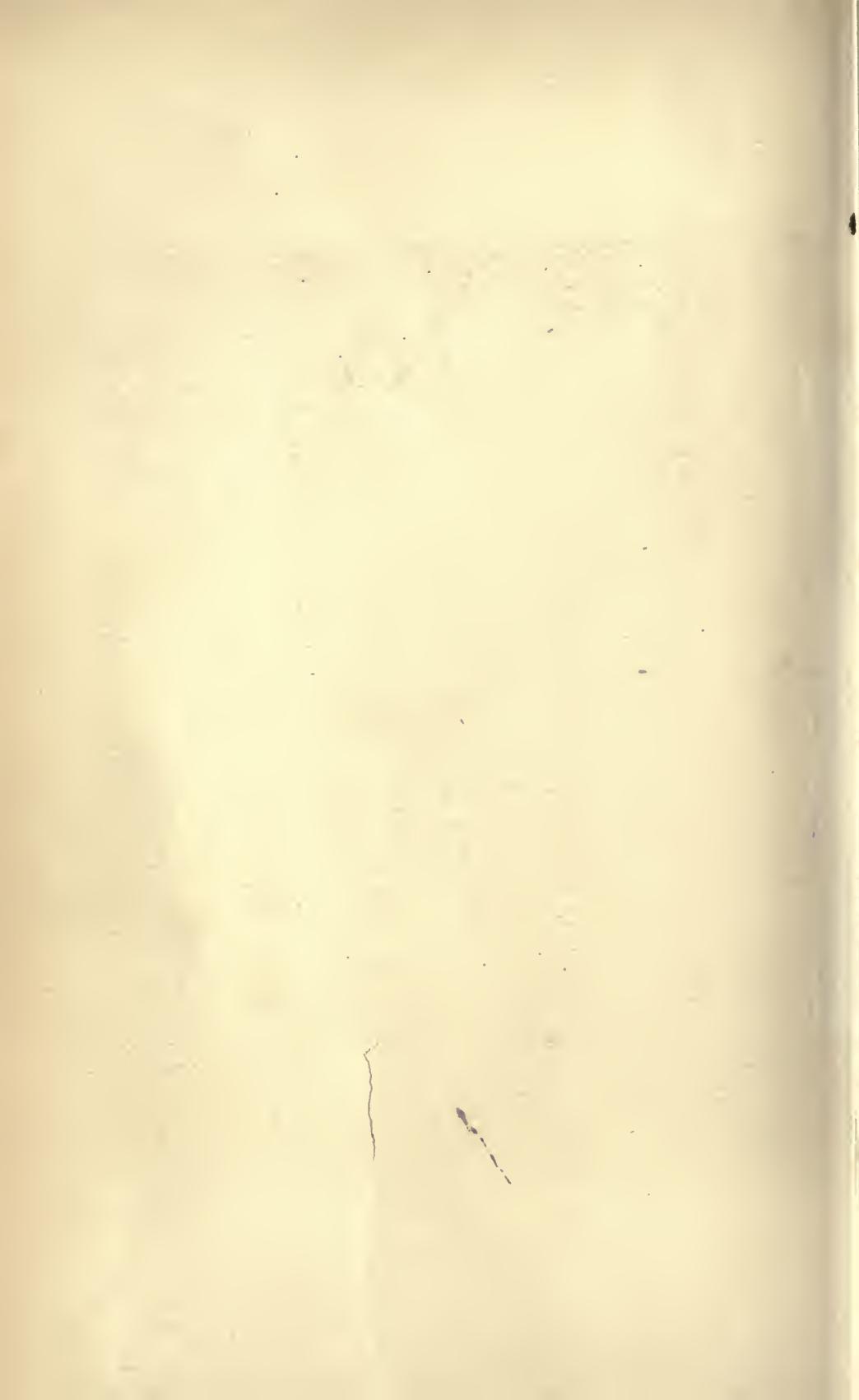


REUNION OF THE SOUL AND BODY.



DEATH OF THE STRONG WICKED MAN.

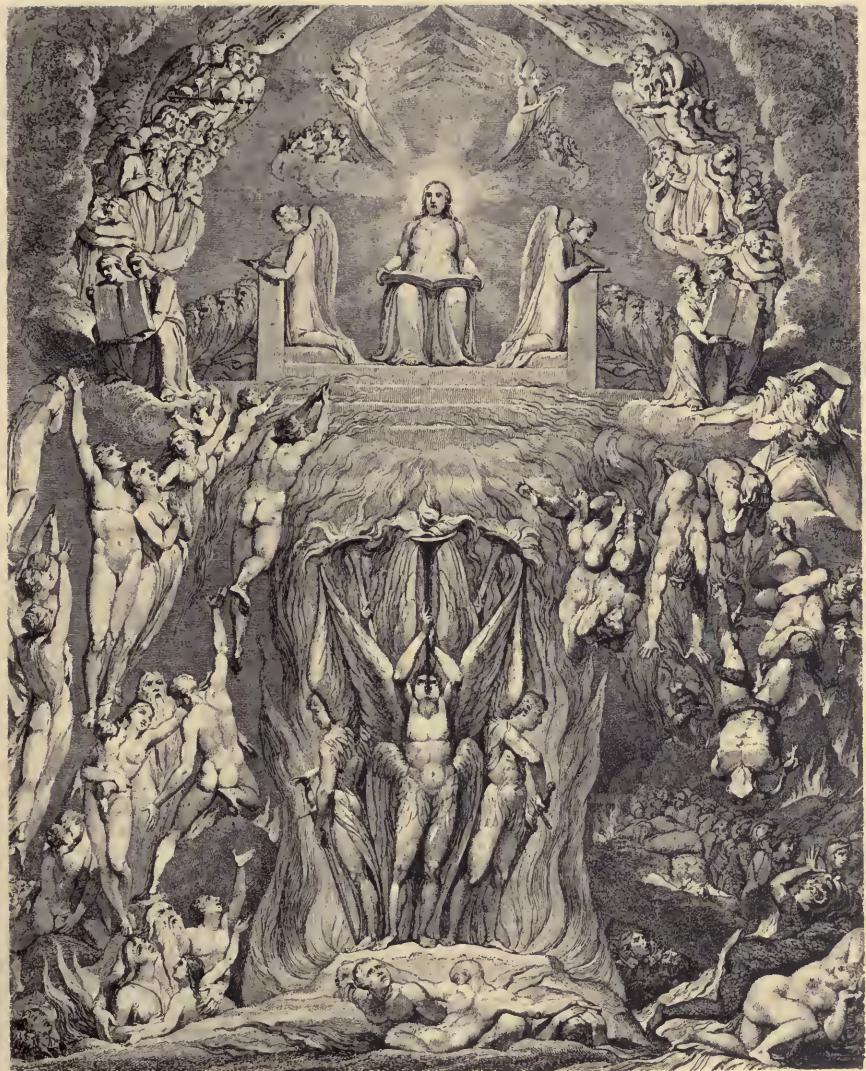




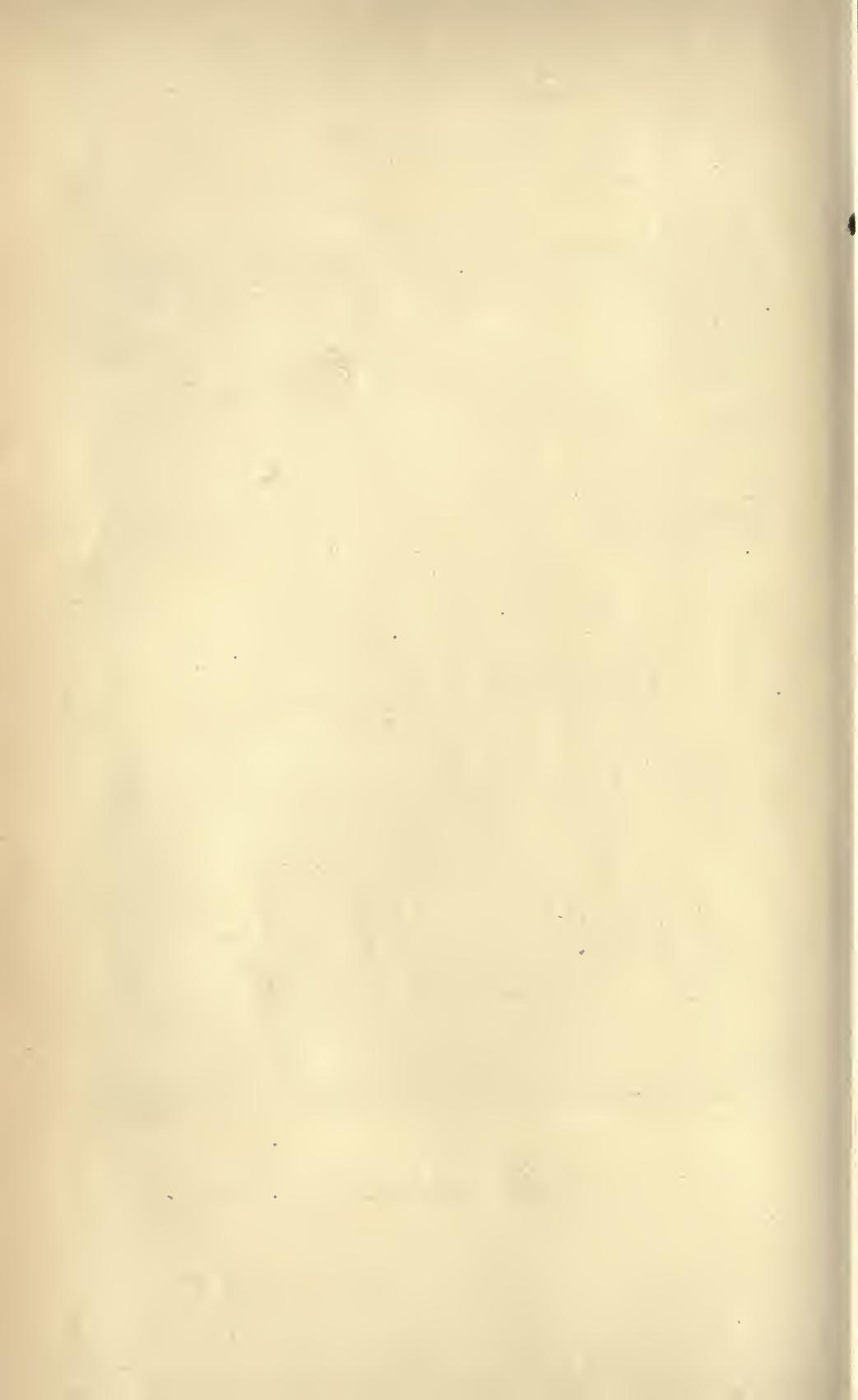


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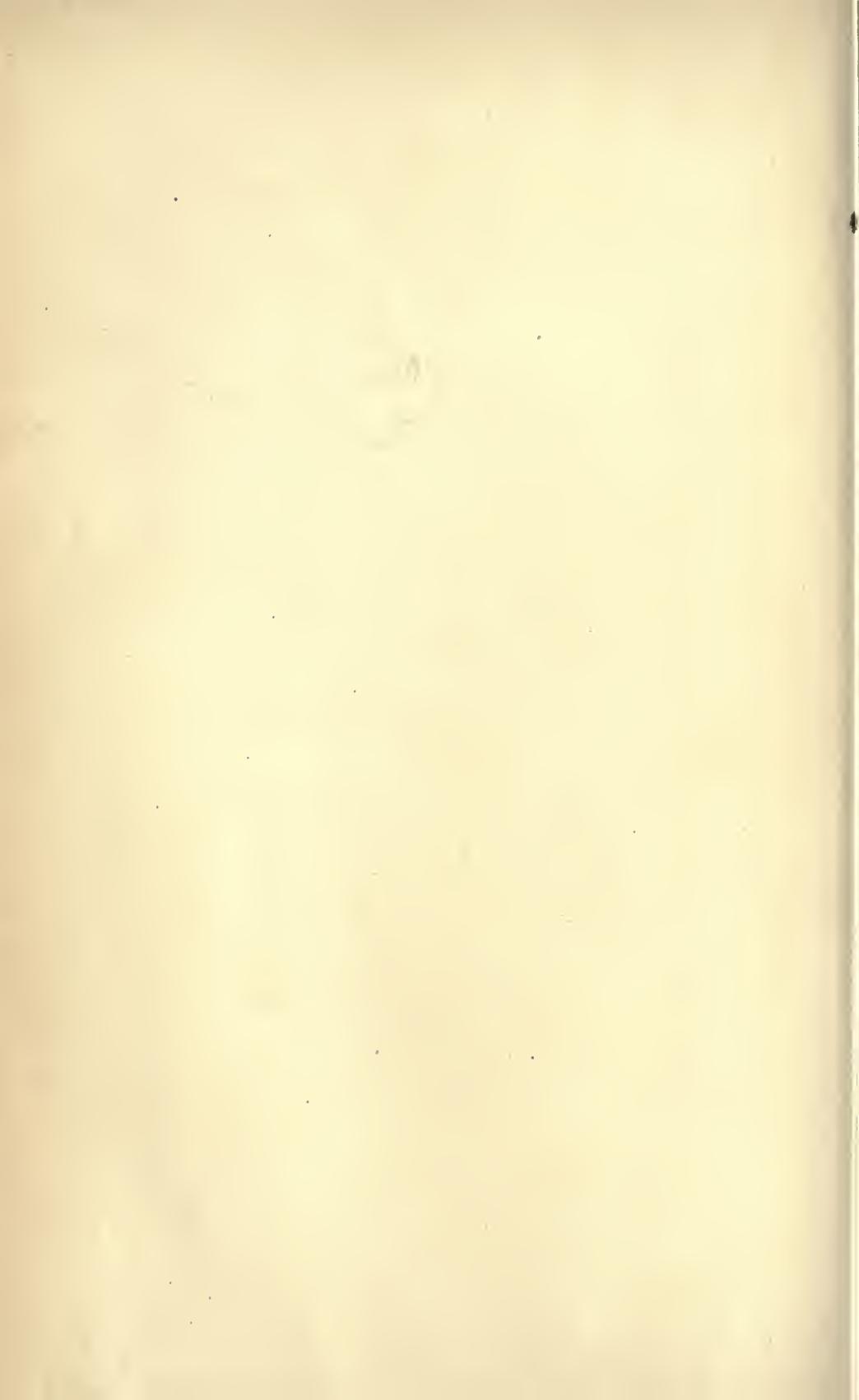




THE LAST JUDGMENT.



VALA.



# V A L A.

## Night the First.

The song of the aged mother which shook the heavens with wrath,  
Hearing the march of the long-resounding, long-heroic verse  
Marshalled in order for the day of Intellectual battle.  
The heavens quaked, the earth was moved and shuddered and the  
mountains

5 With all their woods and streams and valleys wailed 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,  
Which on the nature of the Lamb's creation the Lamb's Father only,  
10 No Individual knoweth, nor can know in all Eternity.

Los was the fourth immortal starry one, and in the Earth  
Of a bright Universe, Empery attended day and night,—  
Days and nights of revolving joy,—Urthona was his name.

In Eden, in the Auricular Nerves of Human Life,  
15 Which is the Earth of Eden, he his emanations propagated  
Like sons and daughters. Daughters of Beulah, sing  
His fall into Division and his resurrection into Unity.  
His fall into the generation of decay and death and his  
Regeneration by resurrection from the dead.  
20 Begin with Tharmas, Parent power, darkening 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 thee, Enion in a jealous despair, O pity me,  
 I will build thee a labyrinth where we may dwell for ever alone.

- 25 Why wilt thou take Jerusalem from my inmost Tir(i)el ?  
 Let her lay secret in the soft recesses of darkness and silence.  
 It is not love I bear to Enitharmon, it is Pity ;  
 She hath taken refuge in my bosom and I cannot cast her out.

Enion said : Thy fears have made me tremble, thy terrors have surrounded me.

- 30 All love is lost, Terror succeeds, and hatred instead of love,  
 And stern demands of Right and Duty, instead of Liberty.  
 Once thou wast to me the loveliest son of heaven, but now  
 Why art thou terrible ? Yet I love thee in thy terror still.  
 I am almost extinct, and soon shall be a shadow in Albion,  
 35 Unless some way can be found that I can look upon thee and live.  
 Hide me in some shadowy semblance, secret, whispering in my ear  
 In secret of soft wings, in mazes of delusive beauty.  
 I have looked into the secret soul of him I love,  
 And in the dark recesses have found sin, and cannot return.
- 40 Trembling and pale sat Tharmas, weeping into his cloud.

Sometimes I think thou art a flower expanding,  
 Sometimes I think thou art a fruit, breaking from its bud  
 In dreadful dolour and pain ; and I am like an atom,—  
 A nothing, left in darkness ; yet I am an identity.

- 45 I wish, and feel, and weep, and moan ! Ah, terrible ! terrible !  
 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 his anatomy  
 Horrible, ghast, and deadly. Nought shalt thou find in it  
 50 But dark despair and ever-brooding melancholy.  
 Thou wilt go mad with horror if thou examine thus  
 Every moment of my secret hours. Yea, I know

That I have sinned, and that my emanations are become harlots.  
 I am already distracted at their deeds, and if I look  
 55 Upon them more, Despair will try self-murder on my soul.  
 O Enion, thou art thyself a lost power in hell,  
 Though Heavenly beautiful to draw me to destruction.

She drew the Spectre forth from Tharmas in her shining loom  
 Of Vegetation, weeping in wayward infancy and sullen youth,  
 60 Listening to her soft lamentations. Soon his tongue began  
 To lisp out words, and soon in masculine strength augmenting he  
 Reared up a form of gold and stood upon the glittering rock  
 A shadowy human form winged, and in his depths  
 The dazzling gems shone clear. Rapturous in fury,  
 65 Glorying in his own eyes, exalted in terrific pride,  
 Searching for glory, wishing that the heavens had eyes to see,  
 And wishing that the earth could ope her eyelids and behold  
 Such wondrous beauty opening in the midst of all his glory,  
 That might but Enion could be found to praise, admire, and love.

70 Three days in self-admiring raptures on the rock he flamed,  
 And three dark nights repined the solitude, but the third morn  
 Astonished he found Enion hidden in the darksome cave.

She spoke : What am I ? Wherfore was I put forth on these rocks,  
 Among the clouds, to tremble in the wind, in solitude ?  
 75 Where is the voice that lately woke the desert ? Where the face  
 That wept among the clouds, and 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 wailed, and three dark nights sitting among the rocks,  
 80 While the bright spectre hid himself among the darkening clouds.  
 Then sleep fell on her eyelids in a chasm of the valley.  
 The seventh morn the spectre stood before her manifest.

The spectre thus spoke : Who art thou, diminutive husk and shell  
 Broke from my bonds ? I scorn thy prison, I scorn, yet I love.

- 85 Art thou my slave? and shalt thou dare  
 To smite me with my tongue? Beware lest I sting also thee.  
 If thou hast sinned and art polluted, know that I am pure  
 And unpolluted, and will bring to rigid strict account  
 All thy past deeds. Hear what I tell thee, mark it well, remember.  
 90 This world is thine in which thou dwellest. That within thy soul,  
 That dark and dismal infinite where thought rolls up and down,  
 Is mine, and there thou goest when with one sting of my tongue  
 Envenomed thou rollest inward to the place whence I emerged.

She, trembling, answered: Wherefore was I born, and what am I?  
 95 A sorrow, a fear, a living torment, and a 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 with deceit.

In Eden, females sleep the winter in soft silken veils  
 100 Woven by their own hands to hide them in the darksome grave.  
 But Males immortal live renewed by Female deaths. In soft  
 Delight they dic, and they revive in spring with music and songs.  
 Enion said: Farewell, I die, I hide from thy searching eyes.

So saying, from her bosom weaving soft in sinewy threads  
 105 A tabernacle of delight 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 on the vast deep, sublime,  
 Turned round the circle of Destiny with tears and bitter sighs  
 110 And said: Return, O wanderer, when the day of clouds is o'er.

So saying, he sunk down in the sea, a pale white corpse.  
 In torment he sunk down and flow'd among her filmy woof,  
 His spectre issuing from his feet in flames of fire,  
 In gnawing pain drawn out by her fair fingers. Every nerve  
 115 She counted, every vein and lacteal, threading them among  
 Her woof of terror, terrified, and drinking tears of woe:

Shuddering she wove nine days and nights, sleepless; her food was tears.

But the tenth trembling morn, the circle of Destiny complete  
Rolled round the sea, englobing, in a mighty globe self-balanced.

120 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 and contrition.

What have I done, said Enion, accursed wretch—what deed ?  
Is this a deed of love ? I know what I have done, I know  
125 Too late now to repent. Love is changed to deadly hate,  
And life is blotted out, and I remain possessed with tears.  
I see the shadow of the deed within my soul wandering,  
In darkness and solitude, forming seas of doubt and rocks of repen-  
tance.

Already are my eyes reverted. All that I behold  
130 Within my soul has lost its splendour, and a brooding fear  
Shadows me o'er and drives me outward to a world of woe.  
I thought Tharmas a sinner, I withstood his emanation,  
His secret loves and graces. Wretched me ! what have I done ?  
For now I find those emanations were my children's souls,

135 And I have murdered them with cruelty above atonement.  
Those that remain have fled from my cruelty into the desert,  
And thou the delusive tempter to these deeds sitt'st before me.  
And art thou Tharmas ? All thy soft delusive beauty cannot  
Tempt me to murder my own soul. I wipe my tears and smile  
140 In this thy world, not mine : though dark I feel thy world within.

The Spectre said : Thou sinful woman, was it thy desire  
That I should hide thee with my power and delight with beauty ?  
And now thou darkenest in my presence. Never from my sight  
Shalt thou depart to weep in secret. In my jealous wings

145 I evermore hold thee when thou goest out or comest in,  
'Tis thou hast darkened all my world, oh woman, lovely bane.

Thus they contended all the day among the caves of Tharmas,

Twisting in fearful forms and howling,—howling harsh, and shrieking,  
Howling harsh, shrieking—mingling their bodies join in burning  
anguish.

- 150 Mingling his brightness with her tender limbs, then high she soared,  
Half woman and half spectre. All his lovely changing colours mix  
With her fair crystal clearness. In her lips and cheeks his poisons rose  
In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening,  
A monster lovely in the heavens or wandering in the earth,  
155 With spectre voice incessant wailing in incessant thirst,  
Beauty all blushing with desire, mocking her fell despair,  
Wandering desolate, a wonder abhor'd by gods and men,  
Till, with fierce pain, she brought forth on the rocks her sorrow and  
woe;—

Behold two little infants wept upon the desolate wind.

- 160 The first state weeping they began, and helpless as a wave  
Beaten along its sightless way, growing in its motion  
To its utmost goal, till strength from Enion like rich summer shining  
Raised the bright, fierce boy and girl with glories from their heads  
out-beaming,  
Drawing forth drooping mother's pity, drooping mother's sorrow.  
165 But those in great Eternity met in the council of God  
As one Man, hovering over Gilead and Hermon.  
He is the good Shepherd, He is the Lord and Master  
To create man morning by morning,—to give gifts at noonday.  
Enion brooded over the rocks. The rough rocks groaning vegetate.  
170 Such sorrow was given to the solitary wanderer.  
The barked oak, the long-limned beech, the chestnut-tree, the pine,  
The pear-tree mild, the frowning walnut, the sharp crab, apple sweet,  
The rough bark opens, twittering peep forth little beaks and wings,  
The nightingale, the goldfinch, robin, lark, linnet and thrush.  
175 The goat leaped 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 and weaker, weeping, woeful, wearier and wearier,  
 180 Faded, and her bright eyes decay'd with pity and love.  
 And then they wandered far away, she sought for them in vain.  
 In weeping blindness, stumbling, she followed them o'er rocks and  
 mountains.  
 Ingrate they wandered, scorning, drawing in her spectrous life,  
 Repelling her away, away, by a dread repulsive power  
 185 Into Non-Entity, revolving round in dark despair  
 And drawing in her spectrous life in pride and haughty joy.  
 Till Eno, a daughter of Beulah, took a moment of time  
 And drew it out to seven thousand years with much care and affliction,  
 And many tears, and in evening years made windows into Eden.  
 190 She also took an atom of space, and opened its center out  
 Into infinitude, and ornamented it with wondrous care.  
 Astonished sat her sisters of Beulah to see her soft affection  
 To Enion and her children, and they pondered these things wondering,  
 And they alternate kept their watch over the youthful terrors.  
 195 They saw not yet the Hand Divine, for it was not revealed,  
 But they went on in silent hope and feminine repose.  
 There is from Great Eternity a mild and pleasant rest  
 Named Beulah, a soft moony universe, feminine, lovely,  
 Pure, mild and gentle, given in Mercy to all those who sleep,  
 200 Eternally created by the Lamb of God around  
 On all sides, within and without the Universal Man.  
 The Daughters of Beulah follow after sleepers in their dreams,  
 Creating spaces, lest they fall into Eternal Death.  
 The circle of Destiny complete, they gave to it a space,  
 205 Named the space Ulro, brooded over it in care and love.  
 They said : The Spectre is in every man insane, and most  
 Deformed. Through the three Heavens descending in fury and fire  
 We meet it with our songs and loving blandishments, and give  
 To it a form of Vegetation. But this Spectre of Tharmas  
 210 Is Eternal Death. What shall we do ? O God, pity and help !

So spoke they, and closed the gate of the tongue in trembling fear.

But Los and Enitharmon delighted in the moony spaces of Eno,  
Nine times they lived among the forests, feeding on sweet fruits,  
And nine bright spaces wandered, weaving mazes of delight,

215 Snaring the wild goats for their milk. We eat the flesh of Lambs,  
A male and female, naked and ruddy as the pride of summer.

Alternate love and hate his breast, hers scorn and jealousy,  
In embryon passions fill, they kissed not nor embraced for shame.  
He could control the times and seasons and the days and years.

220 She could control the spaces, regions, desert, flood and forest,  
But had no power to weave the veil of covering for her sins.  
Females she drove away from Los, Los drove the males away.  
They wandered long, till they sat down upon the margined sea

Conversing in the visions of Beulah in dark slumbrous bliss.

225 But the two youthful wonders wandered 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 and mourn in their silent secret bowers !  
But Enitharmon answered with a dropping tear and frowning

230 Dark as a dewy morning when the crimson light appears,—  
We hear the warlike clarions, we view the burning spears,  
Yet thou in indolence reposest, holding me in bonds.

To make us happy let them weary their immortal powers,  
While we draw in their sweet delights, while we return them scorn

235 On scorn to feed our discontent, for if we grateful prove  
They will withhold sweet love whose food is scorn and bitter roots.  
Hear, I will sing a song of death : it is a song of Vala :—

The Fallen Man takes his repose, Urizen slept in the porch,  
Luvah and Vala wake and fly up from the Human Heart

240 Into the Brain. From thence upon the pillow Vala slumbered,  
And Luvah seized the Horses of Light and rose into the Chariot of Day  
Sweet laughter seized me in my sleep, silent and close I laughed,—

- For in the visions of Vala I walked with the Mighty Fallen One—  
 I heard his voice among the branches and among sweet flowers,  
 245 Why is the light of Enitharmon darkened in the dewy morn ?  
 Why is the silence of Enitharmon a cloud and her smile a whirlwind ?  
 Uttering this darkness in my halls in the pillars of my Holy Ones,  
 Why dost thou weep as Vala and wet thy veil with dewy tears  
 In slumbers of my night repose infusing a false morning ?  
 250 Dividing the female-emanations all away from Los,  
 And wilt thou slay with death him who devotes himself to thee,  
 For the sport and 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 and went like a dream : I awoke in my sweet bliss.  
 255 Then Los smote her upon the earth ; 'twas long ere she revived.  
 He answered, darkening now with indignation hid in smiles :—  
 I die not, Enitharmon, though thou singest thy song of Death,  
 Nor shalt thou me torment, for I behold the Fallen Man  
 Seeking to comfort Vala : she will not be comforted.  
 260 She rises from his throne and seeks the shadows of her garden  
 Weeping for Luvah, lost in bloody beams of your false morning.  
 Sickening lies the Fallen Man, his head sick, his heart faint,  
 Refusing to behold the Divine Image which all behold  
 And live thereby, he is sunk down into a deadly sleep.  
 265 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 and great.  
 We therefore for whose sake all things aspire to be and live  
 270 Will so receive the Divine Image that among the Reprobate  
 He may be devoted to destruction from his mother's womb.  
 Mighty achievement of your power ! Beware the punishment.  
 I see the invisible knife descend into the gardens of Vala  
 Luvah walking upon the winds ! I see the invisible knife.  
 275 I see the showers of blood, I see the swords and spears of futurity.

Though in the Brain of Man we live and in his circling Nerves  
Though this bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain  
Where Urizen and all his hosts hang their immortal lamps,  
Thou never shalt leave this cold expanse where watery Tharmas mourns.

- 280 So spoke Los. Scorn and indignation rose upon Enitharmon.

Then Enitharmon reddening fierce stretched her immortal hands :—  
Descend, O Urizen, descend with horse and chariot,—  
Threaten me not, O Visionary, these the punishment,—  
The Human Nature shall no more remain nor Human acts

- 285 Form the rebellious spirits of Heaven, but war and princedom, victory  
and blood.

Night darkened as she spoke, a shuddering ran from East to West.  
A groan was heard on high. The warlike clarion ceased, the spirits  
Of Luvah and Vala shuddered in their orb, an orb of blood.  
Eternity groaned and was troubled at the Image of Eternal Death.

- 290 The Wandering Man bow'd his faint head and Urizen descended  
And the one must have murdered the Man 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 eyed the Prince

- 295 Of Light. Silent the Prince of Light viewed Los. At length a smile  
Broke from Urizen, for Enitharmon brightened more.

Sullen he lowered on Enitharmon, but he smiled on Los,

Saying :—Thou art the Lord of Luvah. Into thy hands I give  
The Prince of Love, the murderer; his soul is in these hands.

- 300 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.

So spoke the Prince of Light and sat beside the seat of Los.  
Upon the sandy shore rested his chariot of fire.

- 305 Los answered :—Art thou one of those who when complaisant most  
 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 :—
- 310 Obey my voice, young Demon; I am God from Eternity to Eternity,—  
 Thus Urizen spoke collected in himself in awful pride,—  
 Lo I am God, the terrible Destroyer, and not the Saviour.  
 Why should the Divine Vision control the sons of men  
 To forbid each his free delight, to war against his spectre?  
 315 The Spectre is the Man. The rest is only delusion and fancy.
- 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,  
 Till Earth spread forth her table wide. The Night, a silver cup  
 320 Filled 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  
 325 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 listened to the elemental harps and sphery song:  
 They viewed the dancing hours quick sporting through the sky,  
 330 With winged radiance scattering joy through the ever-changing light.  
 But Luvah and Vala standing in the bloody sky  
 On high remained alone, forsaken in fierce jealousy—  
 They stood above the heavens, forsaken, desolate, suspended in blood.  
 Descend they could not, nor from one another avert their eyes.  
 335 Eternity appeared above them as One Man infolded  
 In Luvah's robes of blood, and having all his afflictions,  
 As the sun shines down on the misty earth: such was the Vision.

But purple night, and crimson morning, and golden day descending  
Through the clear changing atmosphere displayed green fields among

- 340 The varying clouds like parades stretched in the expanse,  
With towns and villages and temples, tents, sheepfolds 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

- 345 Where Enion craves,—successive driven into the golden feast.

And Los and Enitharmon sat in discontent and scorn.

The Nuptial song arose from all the thousand thousand spirits

Over the joyful earth and sea and ascended into the heaven,

For elemental gods their thunderous organs blew creating

- 350 Delicious viands. Demons of waves their watery echoes woke.

Bright souls of vegetative life budding and blossoming

Stretch their immortal hands to smite the gold and silver strings,

With doubling voices, and loud horns, wound round and round, re-sounding.

Cavernous dwellers filled the enormous revelry, responding,

- 355 And spirits of flaming fire on high governed the mighty song.

And this is the song sung at the feast of Los and Enitharmon.

The Mountain called out to the Mountain, Awake, oh Brother Mountain.

Let us refuse the Plough and Spade, the heavy Roller and

Spiked Harrow. Burn these cornfields all, throw all these fences down.

- 360 Fattened on blood and drunk with wine of life is better far

Than all these labours of harvest and 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 and groves of fruit,

But Clouds of Human Souls : my nostrils drink the Lives of Men.

- 365 The Villages lament, they faint, outstretched upon the plain.

Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill and from the Barn.

But most the polished Palaces, dark, silent, bow with dread,

Hiding their books and pictures underneath the dens of Earth.

The Cities send to one another saying :—My sons are mad

- 370 With wine of cruelty. Let us plat a scourge, on sister city.  
 Children are nourished for the slaughter. Once the child was fed  
 With milk, but wherefore now are children fed with wine and blood ?  
 Enion, blind and age-bent, wept upon the desolate wind.  
 Why does the Raven cry aloud and no eye pities her ?
- 375 Why fall the Sparrow and 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, the little tongue consumed that once in thoughtless joy  
 Gave songs of gratitude to waving cornfields round their nest.
- 380 Why howl the lion and the wolf ? Why do they roam abroad ?  
 Delinded by the summer's heat they sport in enormous love,  
 And cast their young out to the hungry winds and desert sands.  
 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
- 385 But spare my life : but he knows not that winter cometh fast.  
 The spider sits in his laboured net, eager, watching for the fly.  
 Presently comes a famished bird and takes away the spider.  
 His web is left all desolate that his little anxious heart  
 So careful wove and spread it out with sighs and weariness.
- 390 This was the lamentation of Enion round the golden tent.  
 Eternity groaned and was troubled at the image of Eternal Death,  
 Without the body of Man, exuded from his sickening limbs.  
 Now Man was come to the Palm Tree, and to the Oak of Weeping  
 Which stand upon the edge of Beulah, and there he sank down
- 395 From the supporting arms of the Eternal Saviour who disposed  
 The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality  
 Upon the Rock of Ages, watching over him with love and care.  
 Jerusalem, his Emanation is become a ruin,  
 Her little ones are slain upon the top of every street,  
 400 And she herself led captive and scattered into the indefinite.  
 Gird on thy sword, O thou most mighty in glory and majesty.  
 Destroy these oppressors of Jerusalem and those that ruin Shiloh.

So spoke the Messengers of Beulah. Silently removing  
The Family Divine drew up the universal tent

405 Above Mount Gilead and closed the messengers in clouds around  
Till the time of the End. Then they elected Seven, called the Seven  
Eyes of God, and the Seven Lamps of the Almighty.

The seven are one within the other. The seventh is named Jesns,  
The Lamb of God blessed for ever. He followed the Man

410 Who wandered in Mount Ephraim seeking a Sepulchre,  
His inward eyes closing from the Divine Vision, and all

His children wandering from his bosom outside fleeing away.

The Daughters of Beulah beheld the Emanation ; they pitied, they  
wept.

They wept before the inner gates of Enitharmon's bosom,

415 And of her fine-wrought brain, and of her bowels within her loins.  
These gates within, glorious, bright, open into Beulah  
From Enitharmon's inward parts. But the bright female terror  
Refused to open the bright gates. She closed and barred them fast  
Lest Los should enter into Beulah through her beautiful gates.

420 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 repos'd  
Jerusalem in slumbers soft, lull'd into silent rest.

Terrific raged the Eternal wheels of Intellect, and raged

425 The Living Creatures in the wheels, in the Wars of Eternal life.  
But perverse rolled the wheels of Urizen and Luvhah, back revolved  
Downwards and outwards, consuming in the Wars of Eternal Death.

Then those in Great Eternity met in the councils of God  
As One Man, for, contracting their exalted senses

430 They behold Multitude, or expanding they behold as one,  
As One Man all the Universal Family, and that One Man  
They call Jesus the Christ, and they in him, and he in them,  
Live in perfect harmony, in Eden, the land of life,

Consulting as one Man above Mount Gilead sublime.

- 435 For messengers from Beulah came in tears and darkening clouds  
Saying Shiloh is in ruins, our brother Albion is sick. He,  
He whom thou lovest is sick. He wanders from his house of Eternity.  
The Daughters of Beulah, terrified, have closed the gate of the tongue.  
Luvah and Urizen contend in war around the holy tent.
- 440 So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah with solemn mourning sound ;  
They were introduced to the Divine Presence and they kneeled down  
In Beth Peor thus recounting the wars of Eternal Death :—
- The Eternal Man wept in the holy tent. Our Brother in Eternity,  
Even Albion whom thou lovest, wept in pain. His family
- 445 Slept round on hills and valleys in the region of his love.  
But Urizen awoke, and Luvah awoke, and they conferred, thus.
- Thou Luvah, said the Prince of Light, behold our sons and daughters  
Repose on beds. Let them sleep on, do thou alone depart  
Into thy wished kingdom, where in Majesty and Power
- 450 We may create a throne. Deep in the North I place my lot,  
Thou in the South. Listen attentive. In silence of this night  
I will infold the universal tent in clouds opaque, while thou  
Seizest the chariots of the morning. Go ; outfleeting ride  
Afar into the Zenith high, bending thy furious course
- 455 Southward, with half the tents of men inclosed in clouds  
Of Tharmas and Urthona. I in porches of the brain  
Will lay my sceptre on Jerusalem, the Emanation,  
On all her sons, and on thy sons, O Luvah, and on mine  
Till dawn was wont to wake them, then my trumpet sounding loud,
- 460 Ravished away in night. My strong command shall be obeyed,  
For I have placed my sentinels in stations. Each tenth man  
Is bought and sold, and in dim night my word shall be their law.

Luvah replied : Dictate thou to thy equals, am not I  
The Prince of all the hosts of men, nor equal know in Heaven ?

- 465 If I arise into the Zenith, leaving thee to watch  
 The Emanation and her sons, the Satan and the Anak  
 Sihon and Og, wilt thou not, rebel to my laws, remain  
 In darkness, building thy strong throne, and in my ancient night  
 Daring my power wilt arm my sons against me in the deep,  
 470 My deep, my night, which thou assuming hast assumed my crown.  
 I will remain as well as thou, and here with hands of blood  
 Smite this dark sleeper in his tent, then try my strength with thee.

While thus he spoke his fury reddened o'er the holy tent.  
 Urizen cast deep darkness round him, silent, brooding death,  
 475 Eternal death to Luvah. Raging, Luvah poured  
 The lances of Urizen from chariots round the holy tent.  
 Discord began and yells and cries shook the wide firmament.

Beside his Anvil stood Urthona dark, a mass of iron  
 Glow'd furious on the anvil prepared for spades and coulters.  
 480 His sons fled from his side to join the conflict. Pale he heard  
 The Eternal voice. He stood. The sweat chilled on his mighty limbs.  
 He dropped his hammer. Dividing from his aching bosom fled  
 A portion of his life. Shrieking upon the wind she fled,  
 And Tharmas took her in, pitying. Then Enion in jealous fear  
 485 Murdered her, and hid her in her bosom, embalming her, for fear  
 She should arise again to life. Embalmed in Enion's bosom  
 Enitharmon remains. Such thing was never known before  
 In Eden, that one died a death never to be revived.

Urthona stood in terror, but not long. His spectre fled  
 490 To Enion, and his body fell. Tharmas beheld him fall  
 Endlong, a raging serpent, rolling round the holy tent.  
 The sons of War astonished at the glittering monster drove  
 Him far into the world of Tharmas, into a caverned rock.

But Urizen with darkness overspreading all the armies  
 495 Sent round his heralds secretly commanding to depart  
 Into the North. Sudden with thunder's sound his multitudes

Retreat from the fierce fight, all sons of Urizen at once  
Mustering together in thick clouds, leaving the rage of Luvah  
To pour its fury on himself, and on the Eternal Man.

- 500 Sudden, down fell they all together into an unknown space,  
Deep, horrible, without end, from Beulah separate, far beneath.  
The Man's exteriors are become indefinite, opened to pain,  
503 In a fierce hungry void, and none can visit his regions.

END OF THE FIRST NIGHT.

## Night the Second.

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Reclining upon his conch of death Albion beheld his sons.  
Turning his eyes outward to self, losing the Divine Vision,  
Albion called Urizen and said :—Behold these sickening spheres,—  
Whence is this voice of Enion that soundeth in my ears ?

- 5 Take thou possession. Take this sceptre. Go forth in my might,  
For I am weary and must sleep in the dark sleep of death.  
Thy brother Luvah hath smitten me, but pity thou his youth,  
Though thou hast not pitied my age, oh Urizen, Prince of Light.

- Urizen rose from the bright feast like a star through the evening sky.  
10 Exulting at the voice that called him from the feast of envy  
First he beheld the body of Man, pale, cold. The horrors of death  
Beneath his feet shot through him as he stood in the human brain.  
No more exulting, for he saw Eternal Death beneath,  
Where Enion, blind and age-bent, wept in direful hunger craving,  
15 All ravening like the hungry worm and like the silent grave.  
Mighty was the draught of voidness to draw existence in.

- Terrific Urizen strode above in fear and pale dismay.  
He saw the indefinite space beneath and his soul shrunk with horror,  
His feet upon the verge of non-existence. His voice went forth,  
20 Luvah and Vala trembling and shrinking beheld the great Work  
Master  
And heard his word :—Divide ye bands influence by influence.  
Build me a bower for Heavens, darting in the grizzly deep,  
Build me the Mundane Shell around the rock of Albion.

The Bands of Heaven flew through the air singing and shouting to  
Urizen.

- 25 Some fixed the anvil, some the loom erected, some the plough  
 And harrow formed and framed the harness of silver and ivory,  
 The golden compasses, the quadrant, and the rule and balance.  
 They erected the furnaces, they formed the anvils of gold in mills  
 Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their base,
- 30 The bellows began to blow, and the lions of Urizen stood round the  
 anvil,  
 And the leopards covered with skins of beasts tended the roaring fires,  
 Sublime, distinct in their lineaments of human beauty, stood,  
 Petrifying all the Human Imagination into rock and sand.  
 Groans ran along Tyburn's brook and along the river of Oxford
- 35 Among the Druid Temples. Albion groaned on Tyburn's 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 Albion's Loins fled all peoples, and nations of the Earth  
 Fled, with the noise of slaughter, and the stars of Heaven fled.
- 40 Jerusalem came down in a dire ruin over all the Earth,  
 She fell cold from Lambeth's vale in groans and dewy death,  
 The dew of anxious souls, the death sweat of the dying,  
 In every pillared hall and arched roof of Albion's skies.
- The brother and the brother bathe in blood upon the Severn,  
 45 The maiden weeping by, the father and mother with  
 The maiden's father and her mother fainting over the body,  
 And the young man the murderer fleeing over the mountains.
- Reuben slept on Penmaenmawr, and Levi slept on Snowdon,  
 Their eyes, their ears, their nostrils and tongues roll outward, they  
 behold
- 50 What is within now seen without ; they rave to the hungry wind.  
 They become Natures 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 and Asia to China and Japan like lightnings
- 55 They go forth and return to Albion on his rocky couch.

Guendolen, Ragan, Sabrina, Gonoril, Mehetafel, Cordella,  
 Boadicea, Conwenna, Estrild, Guinifred, Ignoze, Cambel,  
 Binding Jerusalem's children in the dungeons of Babylon.  
 They play before the Armies, before the hounds of Nimrod,

- 60 While the Prince of Light on Salisbury Plain covers the Druid  
 Thrones.

The Tigers of wrath called the horses of instruction from their mangers,  
 They unloosed them and put on the harness of gold, silver and ivory,  
 In human forms distinct they stood round Urizen, Prince of Light.  
 Rattling, the adamantine chains heave up the ore

- 65 In mountainous masses plunged in furnaces they shut and sealed  
 The furnaces a time and times. All the while blew the North  
 His cloudy bellows, and the South and East and dismal West,  
 And all the while the plough of iron cut the dreadful furrows  
 In Ulro, beneath Beulah, where the dead wail night and day.

- 70 Luvhah was cast into the furnaces of affliction and sealed,  
 And Vala fed in cruel delight the furnaces with fire.  
 Stern Urizen beheld, urged by necessity to keep  
 The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power  
 He might avert his own despair. In woe and fear he saw  
 75 Vala incircle round the furnace, where Luvhah was closed.  
 In joy she heard his howlings and forgot he was her Luvhah  
 With whom she walked in bliss in times of innocence and youth.

Hear ye the voice of Luvhah from the furnaces of Urizen :  
 If I indeed am Vala's King, and ye, oh Sons of Men,

- 80 The workmanship of Luvhah's hands in times of everlasting.  
 When I called forth the earthworm from the cold and dark obscure  
 And nurtured her, I fed her with my rains and dews, she grew  
 A sealed serpent, yet I fed her though she hated me,  
 Day after day she fed upon the mountains in Luvhah's sight,  
 85 I brought her through the wilderness, a dry and thirsty land,  
 And I commanded springs to rise for her in the dark desert,

Till she became a dragon, winged, bright, and poisonous.  
 I opened all the floodgates of the heavens to quench her thirst  
 Till she became a little weeping infant a span long.

- 90 I carried her in my bosom as a man carries a lamb,  
 I loved her, I gave her all my soul and my delight,  
 I hid her in soft gardens and in secret bowers of summer  
 Inextricable labyrinths. She bore me sons and daughters  
 And they have taken her away and hid her from my sight.
- 95 They have surrounded me with walls of iron and brass. Oh Lamb  
 Of God clothed in Luvah's garments! little knowest thou  
 Of Death Eternal,—that we all go to Eternal Death  
 To our primæval chaos in fortuitous concourse of incoherent  
 Discordant principles of Love and Hate. I suffer affliction
- 100 Because I love, for I was Love, but hatred awakes in me,  
 And Urizen who was Faith and certainty is changed 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. Oh first-born Son of Light,
- 105 Oh Urizen, my enemy, I weep for thy stern ambition,

But weep in vain. Oh, 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 Ulro's night.  
 And when Luvah, age after age, was quite melted with woe,  
 110 The fires of Vala faded like a shadow cold and pale,  
 An evanescent shadow. Last she fell, a heap of ashes  
 Beneath the furnaces, a woeful heap in living death.

- Then were the furnaces unsealed with spades and pickaxes,  
 Roaring let out the fluid. The molten metal ran in channels  
 115 Cut by the plough of ages, held in Urizen's strong hand  
 In many a valley. For the bulls of Luvah dragged the plough.  
 With trembling horror, pale, agast, the children of Man  
 Stood on the infinite earth and saw these visions in the air,  
 In waters, and in earth beneath. They cried to one another

- 120 What, are we terrors to one another? Come, oh brethren, wherefore  
Was this wide earth spread all abroad? Not for wild beasts to roam.  
But many stood silent, and busied in their families.  
And many said, We see no visions in the darkened air,  
Measure the course of that sulphur orb that lights the darksome day.
- 125 Set stations on the breeding earth and let us buy and sell.  
Others arose, and schools erected forming instruments  
To measure out the course of heaven. Stern Urizen beheld  
In woe his brethren and his sons in darkening woe lamenting  
Upon the winds in clouds involved. Uttering his voice in thunder  
130 Commanding all the work with care and power and severity.
- Then seized the lions of Urizen their work and heated in the forge,  
Roar the bright masses. Thundering beat the hammers. Many a  
pyramid  
Is formed and thrown down thundering into the deeps of nonentity,  
Heated red-hot they, hissing, rend their way down many a league
- 135 Till resting each his centre finds. Suspended there they stand  
Casting their sparkles dire abroad into the dismal deep.  
For, measured out in ordered spaces, the sons of Urizen  
With compasses divide the deep. They the strong scales erect  
That Luvah rent from the faint heart of the Fallen Man,  
140 And weigh the massy cubes, then fix them in their awful stations.
- And all the time in caverns shut the golden looms erected,  
First span, then wove the atmospheres. Then the spider and worm  
Plied the winged shuttle, piping shrill through all the listening threads,  
Beneath the caverns roll the weights of lead and spindles of iron,  
145 The enormous warp and woof rage direful on the affrighted deep.
- While far into the vast unknown the strong-winged eagles bend  
Their venturous flight in human forms distinct through darkness deep.  
Their bear the woven draperies. On golden hooks they hang abroad  
The universal curtains, and spread out from sun to sun  
150 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 and the cords twisted and drawn out. Then  
 the weak

Begin their work and many a net is netted, many a net

- 155 Spread, and many a spirit caught: innumerable the nets,  
 Innumerable the gins and traps, and many a soothing flute  
 Is formed, and many a corded lyre outspread over the immense.  
 In cruel delight they trap the listeners, and in cruel delight  
 Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little compass.  
 160 Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted. Some  
 The bulbous roots thrown up together into barns and garners.

Then rose the builders. First the Architect divine his plan  
 Unfolds, and the wondrous scaffold reared all round the infinite  
 Quadrangular the building rose, the heavens squared by a line,

- 165 Trigons and 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

- 170 The wondrous building, and three central domes after the names  
 Of his three daughters were encompassed by the twelve bright halls.  
 Every hall surrounded by a bright paradise of delight,  
 In which were towns and cities, nations, seas, mountains and rivers.  
 Each dome opened towards four halls, and the three domes encompassed  
 175 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 hovered over his starry head, and when he smiled she brightened  
 Like a bright cloud in harvest; but when Urizen frowned she wept  
 180 In mists over his carved throne. And when he turned his back  
 Upon his golden hall and sought the labyrinthine porches  
 Of his wide heaven. Trembling, cold, in palsy fears she sat  
 A shadow of despair. Therefore toward the west Urizen formed

- A recess in the wall for fires to glow upon the pale  
 185 Females, lonely in his absence, and her daughters oft upon  
     A golden altar burned perfumes with art celestial formed  
     Foursquare, sculptured and sweetly engraved to please their shadowy  
         mother.
- Ascending into her misty garments the blue smoke rolled to revive  
     Her cold limbs in the absence of her lord. Also her sons  
 190 With lives of victims sacrificed upon an altar of brass,  
     On the East side revived her soul with lives of beasts and 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.  
 195 It stood on twelve steps named after her twelve sons,  
     And was erected at the chief entrance of Urizen's hall.
- When Urizen returned from his immense labours and travels,  
     Descending she reposed beside him, folding him around  
     In her bright skirts. Astonished and confounded he beheld  
 200 Her shadowy form now separate. He shuddered and was silent.  
     Till her caresses and her tears revived him to life and joy.  
     Two wills they had, two intellects, and not as in time of old,  
     This Urizen perceived, and silent brooded in darkening clouds,  
     To him his labour was but sorrow and his kingdom was repentance,  
 205 He drove the male spirits all away from Ahania,  
     And she drove all the females from him away.
- Los joyed, and Enitharmon laughed, saying, Let us go down  
     And see their labour and sorrow. They went down to see the woes  
     Of Vala, and the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights,  
 210 And Vala like a shadow oft appeared to Urizen.  
     The King of Night beheld her moving among the brick-kilns compelled  
     To labour night and day among the fires, her lamenting voice  
     Is heard when silent night returns and labourers take their rest.
- O Lord, wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions

- 215 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 and ashes, to mix the clay with tears and repentance.  
 The times are now returned upon us. We have given ourselves  
 220 To scorn, and now are scorned by the slaves of our enemies.  
 Our beauty is covered over with clay and ashes, and our backs  
 Furrow'd with whips, and our flesh bruised with the heavy basket.  
 Forgive us, Oh, thou piteous one whom we have offended ! Forgive  
 The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to thee.  
 225 I cannot see Luvah as of old, I only see his feet  
 Like pillars of fire travelling through darkness and nonentity,  
 Thus she lamented day and night compelled to labour and sorrow.  
 Luvah in vain her lamentations heard : in vain his love  
 Brought him in various forms before her, still she knew him not,  
 230 Still she despised him, calling on his name and knowing him not,  
 Still hating, still professing love, still labouring in the smoke.

But infinitely beautiful the wondrous work arose  
 In sorrow and care, a golden world whose porches round the heaven,  
 And pillar'd halls and rooms received the eternal wandering stars.  
 235 A wondrous golden building, many a window, many a door,  
 And many a division let in and out the vast unknown.  
 Circled in infinite wall immovable, within its walls and recesses  
 The heavens were closed, and spirits mourned their bondage night  
 and day,  
 And the Divine Vision appeared in Luvah's robes of blood.

240 There was the Mundane shell builded by Urizen's strong power.  
 Sorrowing went the planters forth to plant, the sower to sow,  
 They dry the channels for the rivers, they poured abroad the seas,  
 The seas and lakes. They reared the mountains and the rocks and hills  
 In beauteous order. Thence arose soft clouds and exhalations  
 245 Wandering even to the sunny orbs of light and heat,  
 For many a window ornamented with sweet ornaments

Looked 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

- 250 They weighed and ordered all, and 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 Luvhah sunk down himself put on the robes of blood  
255 Lest the state called Luvhah should cease, and 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 and his course began with sorrow and care.

- 260 In sevens and tens and fifties, hundreds, thousands, numbered all  
According to their various powers subordinate to Urizen.  
And to his sons in their degrees, and to his beauteous daughters  
Travelling in silent majesty along their ordered ways

In right lined paths outmeasured by proportion, number, weight,  
265 And measure, mathematic motion wondrous along the deep  
In fiery pyramid or cube, or on ornamented pillars square  
Of fire, far shining, travelling along even to its destined end,  
Then falling down a terrible space, recovering in winter dire  
Its wasted strength it back returns upon a nether course,

- 270 Till fired with ardour, fresh recruited in its humble spring  
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, travel in simple paths. But others move  
275 In intricate ways, biquadrata, trapeziums, rhombs, rhomboids,  
Parallelograms triple and quadruple, polygons  
In their amazing hard subdued course in the dark deep.

And Los and Enitharmon were driven down by their desires,  
Descending sweet upon the wind among soft harps and voices

- 280 To plant divisions in the soul of Urizen and Ahania,  
To conduct the voice of Enion to Ahania's midnight pillow.

Urizen saw and envied, and his imagination was filled ;  
Repining he contemplated the past in his bright sphere,  
Terrified with his heart and spirit at the visions of futurity  
285 That his dread fancy formed before him in the unformed void.

For Los and Enitharmon walked forth on the dewy earth,  
Contracting or expanding all their flexible senses  
At will to murmur in the flowers small as the honey-bee,  
At will to stretch across the heavens and step from star to star,  
290 Or standing on the earth erect, or on the stormy seas,  
Driving the storms before them or delighting in sunny beams,  
While round their heads the elemental gods kept harmony.

And Los said : Lo, the lily pale and the rose reddening fierce  
Reproach thee, and the beamy garden sickens at thy beauty,  
295 I grasp thy vest in my strong hands in vain. Like water springs  
In the bright sands of Los evading my embrace. Thus I alone  
Wander among the virgins of the summer. Look, they cry,  
The poor forsaken Los mocked by the worm, the shelly snail,  
The emmet and the beetle, hark ! they laugh and mock at Los.

300 Secure now from the smitings of thy power, Demon of Fury,  
Enitharmon answered. If the god enraptured me infold  
In clouds of sweet obscurity my beauteous form dissolving,  
Howl thou over the body of death. 'Tis thine. But if among the visions  
Of summer I have seen thee sleep and turn thy cheek delighted  
305 Upon the rose or lily pale, or on a bank where sleep  
The beamy daughters of the light, starting, they rise, they flee  
From thy fierce love, for though I am dissolved in the bright god  
My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks and valleys.

Los answered : Therefore fade I thus dissolved in raptured trance,  
310 Thou canst repose on clouds of secrecy, while o'er my limbs

Cold dews and hoary frost creep, though I lie on banks of summer  
 Among the branches of the world. Cold and 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.

315 Now taking on Ahania's form and 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 answered,—Wherefore dost thou throw thine arms around  
 Ahania's image? I deceived thee and will still deceive.

320 Urizen saw thy sin and hid his beams in darkening clouds.  
 I still keep watch although I tremble and wither across the heavens  
 In strong vibrations of fierce jealousy, for thou art mine,  
 Created for my will, my slave, though strong, though I am weak.  
 Farewell, the God calls me away, I depart in my sweet bliss.

325 She fled, vanishing upon 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.

330 There jealousy shall shadow all his mountains and Ahania  
 Curse thee, thou plague of woeful Los, and seek revenge on thee.

So saying in deep sobs he languished till dead; he also fell.  
 Night passed, and Enitharmon ere the dawn returned in bliss.  
 She sang over Los reviving him to life: his groans were terrible,  
 And thus she sang,—

335 I seize the sphery harp, awake the strings!

At the first sound the golden Sun arises from the deep  
 And shakes his awful hair,  
 The echo wakes the moon again to unbind her silver locks,  
 The golden Sun bears on my song,  
 340 And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery king.

The joy of woman is the death even of her most beloved,  
Who dies for love of her

In torments of fierce jealousy and pangs of adoration.

The lovers' night bears on my song

345 And the nine spheres rejoice beneath my powerful control.

They sing unwearied to the notes of my immortal hand.

The solemn silent moon

Reverberates the long harmony sounding upon my limbs,

The birds and beasts rejoice and play,

350 And every one seeks for his mate to prove his inmost joy.

Furious and terrible they sport and rend the nether deep,

The deep lifts up his rugged head

And lost in infinite hovering wings vanishes with a cry.

The fading cry is ever dying,

355 The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy.

Arise, you little glancing wings and sing your infant joy,

Arise and drink your bliss,

For everything that lives is holy, for the source of life

Descends to be a weeping babe;

360 For the earthworm renewes the moisture of the sandy plain.

Now my left hand I stretch abroad, even to Earth beneath,  
And strike the terrible string.

I wake sweet joy in dews of sorrow and I plant a smile

In forests of affliction,

365 And wake the bubbling springs of life in regions of dark death.

O, I am weary. Lay thy hand upon me or I faint,

I faint beneath these beams of thine,

For thou hast touched my fine senses and they answered thee.

Now I am nothing, and I sink

370 And fall on the bed of solemn sleep till thou awakenest me.

Thus sang the lonely one in rapturous delusive trance.  
 Los heard, reviving. He seized her in his arms, delusive hope  
 Kindling she led him into shadows, and thence fled outstretched  
 Upon the immense like a bright rainbow, weeping, smiling, fading.

- 375 Thus lived Los, driving Enion far into the deathful infinite,  
 That he may also draw Ahania's spirit into her vortex.  
 Ah, happy blindness which sees not the terrors of the uncertain !  
 And thus she wails on the dark deep ; the golden heavens tremble.

I am made to sow the thistle for wheat, the nettle for a nourishing dainty.

- 380 I have planted a false oath on the earth. It has brought forth a poison tree.  
 I have chosen the serpent for a councillor, and the dog  
 For a schoolmaster to my children.  
 I have blotted out from light and living the dove and the nightingale.  
 I have caused the earthworm to beg from door to door.  
 385 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 the night.  
 What is the price of experience ? Do men buy it for a song ?  
 390 Or wisdom for a dance in the street ? No, it is bought with the price  
 Of all that a man hath,—his wife, his house, his children.  
 Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to buy,  
 And in the withered fields where the farmer ploughs for bread in vain.  
 It is an easy thing to triumph in the summer's sun,  
 395 And in the harvest 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 raven's cry in the winter season,  
 When the red blood is filled with wine and with the marrow of lambs.  
 400 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 and a blessing on every blast ;  
To hear sounds of love in the thunderstorm that destroys our enemy's  
house ;  
To rejoice in the blight that covers his field, in the sickness that cuts  
off his children.  
405 While our olive and wine sing and laugh round our door, and our  
children bring fruits and flowers,  
Then the groan and the dolor are quite forgotten, and the slave  
grinding at the mill,  
And the captive in chains, and the poor in the prison, and the soldier  
in the fields  
When the shattered bone hath laid him groaning among the happier  
dead.  
It is an easy thing to rejoice in the tents of prosperity ;—  
410 Thus could I sing and thus rejoice : but it is not so with me.  
  
Ahania heard the lamentation, and a swift vibration  
Spread through her golden frame. She rose up e'er the dawn of day  
When Urizen slept on his couch. Drawn through unbounded space  
On to the margin of Non-Entity the bright female came.  
415 There she beheld the terrible form of Enion in the void,  
And never from that moment could she rest upon her pillow.

END OF THE SECOND NIGHT.

## Night the Third.

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Now sat the King of Light again upon his starry throne  
And bright Ahania bow'd herself before his splendid feet.  
O Urizen, look on thy wife, that like a mournful stream  
Embraces round thy knees and wets her bright hair with her tears.

- 5 Why sighs my lord ? Are not the morning stars obedient sons ?  
Do they not bow their bright heads at thy voice, at thy command  
Do they not fly into their stations and 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.
- 10 Thou sits in harmony, for God hath set thee over all.  
Why wilt thou look upon futurity darkening present joy ?

She ceased. The Prince of Light obscured the splendour of his crown,  
Infolded in thick clouds from which his mighty voice went forth.  
O bright Ahania, a boy is born of the dark ocean

- 15 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, and that Prophetic boy  
Must grow up to command his prince, and all his kingly power.
- 20 But Vala shall become a worm in Enitharmon's womb  
Laying her seed upon the fibres, soon to issue forth,  
And Luvah in the Loins of Los a dark and furious death.  
Alas for me ! What will become of me at that dread time ?

Ahania bowed her head and wept seven days before the King.  
25 And on the eighth day when his clouds unfolded from his throne  
She raised her bright head sweet perfumed, and with heavenly voice,  
O Prince, the Eternal One hath set thee leader of his works,

Raise then thy radiant eyes to him, raise thy obedient hands,  
 And comfort shall descend from heaven into thy darkening clouds.  
 30 Leave all futurity to him. Resume thy fields of light.  
 Why didst thou listen to the voice of Luvhah that dread morn  
 To give the immortal steeds of light to his deceitful hands?  
 No longer now obedient to thy will, thou art compelled  
 To forge the curbs of iron and brass, to build them iron mangers.  
 35 To feed them with intoxication from the wine-press of Luvhah.  
 Till the Divine Vision and Fruition is quite obliterated.  
 They call thy lions to the field of blood. They rouse thy tigers  
 Out of the halls of justice, till their dens thy windows framed  
 Golden and beautiful, but unlike those sweet fields of bliss  
 40 Where liberty was justice, and eternal science was mercy.  
 Then, oh my dear lord, listen to Ahania, hear this vision,  
 The vision of Ahania in the slumbers of Urizen  
 When Urizen slept in the porch and the Ancient Man was smitten.

The darkening Man walked on the steps of fire before his halls  
 45 And Vala walked with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.  
 He looked up and saw the Prince of Light with splendour faded,  
 But saw not Los nor Enitharmon; Luvhah hid them in shadow  
 Of a soft cloud outstretched across, and Luvhah dwelt in this cloud.

The Man ascended mourning into the splendour of his palace,  
 50 Above him rose a shadow from his wearied intellect  
 Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy; in white linen pure it hovered,  
 A sweet entrancing self-delusion, a watery vision of Man,  
 Soft, exulting in existence, all the Man absorbing.  
 Man fell upon his face prostrate before the watery shadow  
 55 Saying, oh Lord, whence is this change? Thou knowest I am nothing.  
 And Vala trembled and covered her face and her locks were spread  
 on the pavement.  
 I heard—astonished at the vision, and my heart trembled within me—  
 I heard the voice of the slumberous man, and thus he spoke  
 Idolatrous to his own shadow, words of eternity uttering,—

- 60 Oh, I am nothing if I enter into judgment with thee.  
 If thou withdraw thy breath I die, and vanish into Hades ;  
 If thou dost lay thy hand upon me, behold I am silent ;  
 If thou withhold thy hand I perish like a fallen leaf ;  
 Or I am nothing, and to nothing must return again.
- 65 If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion.

The shadowy voice was silent, but the cloud hung o'er their heads  
 In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man, and 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 Man aroso. .

- 70 Indignant rose the Awful Man and turned his back on Vala.

We heard the voice of the Fallen One starting from his sleep.  
 Whence is this voice crying Enion that soundeth in my ears ?  
 Oh, cruel pity. Oh, dark deceit, can love seek for dominion ?  
 Why roll thy clouds in sickening mists. I can no longer hide

- 75 The dismal vision of mine eyes. Oh, love ! Oh, life ! Oh, light !  
 Prophetic dreads urge me to speak. Eternity is before me.  
 Like a dark lamp. Eternal death haunts all my expectations.  
 Rent from Eternal Brotherhood we die and are no more.

And Luvah strove to gain dominion over the Ancient Man.

- 80 They strove together over the body where Vala was enclosed.  
 And the dark body of Man left prostrate on the crystal pavement  
 Covered with boils from head to foot, the terrible smitings of Luvah.  
 Then frowned the Fallen Man and put forth Luvah from his presence.  
 I heard him ;—frown not, Urizen, but listen to my vision—
- 85 Saying,—Go 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 cyes englobed roll round in fear,  
 Your writhing lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle  
 Till into narrow forms you creep. Go take your fiery way
- 90 And learn what it is to absorb the Man, you spirits of pity and love.

Oh, Urizen,—why art thou pale at the visions of Albion ?  
 Listen to her who loves thee, lest we also are driven away.

They heard the voice and flew, swift as the winter setting sun  
 And now the Human Blood flow'd high. I saw that Luvah and Vala  
 95 Went down the Human Heart where Paradise and its joys abound,  
 In jealous fears and rage, and flames rolled round their fervid feet,  
 And the vast form of Nature like a serpent played before them,  
 And as they went in folding fires and thunders of the deep  
 Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks,  
 100 And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the East and West  
 And the vast form of Nature, like a serpent, rolled between.  
 Whether this is Jerusalem or Babylon we know not.  
 All is confusion, all is tumult, and we alone are escaped.

Albion closed the western gate, and shut America out  
 105 By the Atlantic, for a curse, and for a hidden horror,  
 And for an altar of victims offered to Sin and Repentance.

Am I not God, said Urizen ? Who is equal to me ?  
 Do I not stretch the heavens abroad, and fold them up like a garment ?  
 He spoke, mustering his heavy clouds around him, black, opaque.  
 110 Then thunders rolled around, and lightnings darted to and fro ;  
 His visage changed to darkness, and his strong right hand came forth  
 To cast Ahania to the earth. He seized 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.

115 Shall the feminine indolent bliss, the indulgent self of weariness,  
 The passive idle sleep, the enormous night and darkness and death,  
 Set herself up to give her laws to this active masculine virtue ?  
 Thou little diminutive portion that darest be a counterpart,  
 Thy passivity, thy laws of obedience and insincerity,  
 120 Are my abhorrence. Wherefore hast thou taken this fair form ?  
 Whence is this power given thee ? Once thou was in my breast  
 A sluggish current of dim waters, on whose verdant margin  
 A cavern shagged with horrid shades, dark, cool and deadly, where  
 I laid my head in the hot noon, after the broken clods  
 125 Had wearied me. There I laid my plough, and there my horses fed :

- And thou hast risen with thy moist locks into a watery image,  
 Reflecting all my indolence, my weakness and my death,  
 To weigh me down beneath the grave into Non-Entity,  
 Where Luvhah strives, scorned by Vala, age after age wandering,  
 130 Shrinking and shrinking from her Lord and calling him the Tempter.  
 And art thou also become like Vala? Thus I cast thee out.
- So loud in thunder 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 thund'rous throne, petrified;  
 135 They fled to East and West and left the North and South of Heaven.
- A crash ran through the universe; the bounds of Destiny were broken.  
 The bounds of Destiny crashed direful, and the swelling sea  
 Burst from its bonds in whirlpools fierce, and roaring with human voice,  
 Triumphing even to the stars at bright Ahania's fall.
- 140 Down from the dismal North the Prince of thunders and thick clouds,  
 As when the thunder-bolt downfalleth on the appointed place,  
 Fell down rushing, ruining, thundering, shuddering,  
 Into the caverns of the grave and places of human seed,  
 Where the impressions of despair and hope enroot for ever
- 145 A world of darkness;—Ahania fell far into nonentity.  
 She continued falling. Loud the crash continued, loud and hoarse.  
 From the crash roared a blue sulphurous fire, and from the flame  
 A dolorous groan that struck with dumbness all confusion,  
 Swallowing up the horrible din in agony on agony.
- 150 Through the confusion, like a crack across from immense to immense,  
 Loud, strong, a universal groan of death louder was heard  
 Than all the elements, deafened and rendered worse  
 Than Urizen and all his hosts in curst despair down rushing.  
 But from the dolorous groan on high a shadow of smoke appeared,
- 155 And human bones rattling together in the smoke and stamping  
 The nether abyss, and gnashing in fierce despair, and panting in sobs,  
 Thick, short, incessant, bursting, sobbing, deep despairing, stamping,  
 Struggling to utter the voice of man, to take features of man,  
 To take the limbs of man. At length, emerging from the smoke

- 160 Of Urizen dashed in pieces from his precipitate fall,  
 Tharmas reared up his hands and stood on the affrighted ocean,  
 The dead reared up his voice and stood on the resounding shore,
- Crying : Fury in my limbs ! Destruction in my bone and marrow !  
 My skull riven into filaments, my ears into sea-jellies,
- 165 Floating upon the tide, wander bubbling and bubbling,  
 Uttering lamentations and begetting little monsters  
 Who sit mocking upon the little pebbles of the tide  
 In all my rivers, and on my dried shells that now the fish  
 Have quite forsaken. Oh, fool ! fool ! to lose my sweetest bliss.
- 170 Where art thou, Enion ? Ah, too near thou seemest, too far off,  
 And yet too near, dashed down I send thee into distant darkness  
 Far as my strength can hurl thee ; wander there, and laugh and play,  
 Scream and fall off and laugh at Tharmas, lovely summer beauty,  
 Till winds rend thee into shivers as thou hast rended me.
- 175 So Tharmas bellowed on the ocean, thund'ring, sobbing, bursting.  
 The bounds of Destiny were broken, and hatred now began  
 Instead of love to Enion. Enion, blind and age-bent,  
 Plunged into the cold billows, living a life in midst of waters.  
 In terrors she withered away to Entuthon Benython,
- 180 A world of deep darkness where all things in horror are rooted.
- These are the words of Enion, heard from the cold wave of despair :  
 Oh, Tharmas, I had lost thee when I hoped that I had found thee ;  
 Oh, Tharmas, do not thou destroy me quite, but let  
 A little shadow, but a little showery form of Enion,
- 185 Be near the lovéd terror. Let me still remain. 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 and weaker. Consume me not away
- 190 In thy great wrath, though I have sinnéd, though I have rebelled.  
 Make me not as the things forgotten,—as they had not been.

- Tharmas replied, riding on storms, his voice in thunder rolled :  
Image of grief, thy fading lineaments make my eyelids fail.  
What have I done ? Both rage and mercy are alike to me ;  
195 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, vanished, nothing but tears, Enion !  
200 Art thou for ever vanished from the watery eyes of Tharmas.  
Rage, rage shall never from my bosom. Winds and waters of woe  
Consuming,—all to the end consuming ! Love and hope are ended.  
  
For now no more remained of Enion in the distant air,  
Only a voice eternal wailing in the elements.  
205 Where Enion, blind and age-bent, wandered, 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 back in fear,  
209 Sleepless to wander round, repelled on the margin of nonentity.

END OF THE THIRD NIGHT.

## Night the Fourth.

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- But Tharmas rode on the dark abyss. The voice of Tharmas rolled  
Over the heavy deluge. He saw Los and Enitharmon emerge  
In strength and brightness from the abyss. His bowels yearned over  
them.
- They rose in strength above the heaving deluge, in mighty scorn,  
5 Red as the sun in the bright morning of the bloody day,  
Tharmas beheld them, and his bowels yearned over them.
- He said : Ah, Enion, wherefore do I feel such love and pity ?  
How is this ? All my hope is gone ! Enion for ever fled !  
Like a famished eagle, eyeless, raging in the vast expanse.
- 10 Incessant tears are now my food, incessant tears and rage.  
Deathless for ever now I wander, seeking oblivion—  
In torrents of despair—in vain. For if I plunge beneath,  
Stifling I live. If dashed to pieces from a rocky height,  
I re-unite in endless torment. Would I had never risen
- 15 From death's cold sleep beneath the bottom of the raging ocean.  
And cannot those who once have loved ever forget their love ?  
Are love and 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 delivered ?
- 20 Is it not possible that one risen again from death  
Can die ? When dark despair comes over, can I not then  
Flow down into the sea and slumber in oblivion ?  
Deformed I see these lineaments of ungratified desire.  
The all-powerful curse of an honest man be upon Urizen and Luvah.
- 25 But thou, my son, glorious in brightness, comforter of Tharmas,  
Go forth, rebuild this universe beneath my indignant power,  
An universe of Death and Decay ! Let Enitharmon's hands

Weave soft delusive forms of man above my watery world,  
 Renew these ruined souls of men through Earth, Sea, Air and Fire,  
 30 To waste in endless corruption, renew those I will destroy.

Perhaps Enion may resume some little semblance yet  
 To ease my pangs of heart and to restore some peace to Tharmas.

Los answered in his furious pride, sparks issuing from his hair,  
 Hitherto shalt thou come, no further; here thy proud waves cease.  
 35 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 him, thou father of worms and clay.  
 And he is fallen into the deep, rough Demon of the waters,  
 40 And Los remains God over all, weak father of worms and clay.  
 I know I was Urthona, keeper of the gates of Heaven,  
 But now I am all-powerful Los, and 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  
 45 In wrath; but pitying, back withdrew again with many a sigh.  
 Now he resolved to destroy Los, and now his tears rolled down.

In scorn stood Los, red sparks of blighting from his furious head  
 Flew o'er the waves of Tharmas. Pitying, Tharmas stayed his waves,  
 For Enitharmon shrieked amain, crying:—Oh, my sweet world,  
 50 Built by the Architect divine, whose love to Los and Enitharmon,  
 Thou rash abhorred Demon in thy fury hast o'erthrown!  
 What Sovereign Architect, said Tharmas, dare my will control?  
 For, if I will, I urge these waters: if I will, they sleep  
 In peace beneath my awful frown. My will shall be my law.

55 So saying, in a wave he raped bright Enitharmon far  
 Away from Los, but covered her with softest brooding care  
 On a broad wave in the far west, balming her bleeding wound.  
 Oh, how Los howled at the rending asunder! All the fibres rent  
 Where Enitharmon joined to his left side, in grinding pain.

- 60 He, falling on the rocks, bellowed his dolour, till the blood  
Stanch'd. Then in ululation wailed his woes upon the wind.  
  
But Tharmas called to the Dark Spectre, who upon the shores  
With dislocated limbs had fallen. The spectre rose in pain,—  
A shadow blue, obscure and dismal, like a statue of lead  
  
65 Bent by its fall from a high tower, the dolorous shadow rose.  
Go forth, said Tharmas, works of joy are thine: obey and live.  
So shall the spongy marrow issuing from thy splintered bones  
Bonify, and thou shalt have rest, when this thy labour is done.  
Go forth, bear Enitharmon back to the Eternal Prophet,  
  
70 Build her a bower in the midst of all my dashing waves;  
Make first a resting place for Los and Enitharmon, then  
Thou shalt have rest. If thou refusest, dashed abroad on all  
My waves thy limbs shall separate in rottenness, and thou  
Become a prey to all my demons of despair and hope.  
  
75 The Spectre of Urthona, seeing Enitharmon, writhed  
His cloudy form in jealous fears, and muttering thunders hoarse  
And casting round thick glooms, his fierce pangs of heart thus uttered:  
  
Tharmas, I know thee—how are we altered, our beauty decayed!  
But still I know thee, though in this horrible ruin whelmed.  
  
80 Thou, once the mildest son of heaven, art now a Rage become,  
A terror to all living things. Think not I am ignorant  
That thou art risen from the dead, or that, my power forgot,  
I slumber here in weak repose. I remember the day,  
The day of terror and abhorrence . . . . .  
  
85 When fleeing from the battle, thou fleeting, and, like the raven  
Of dawn, outstretching an expanse where no expanse had been,  
Drewest all the sons of Beulah into thy dread vortex, following  
The eddying spirit down the hills of Benlah. All my sons  
Stood round me at the anvil, where, new-heated, the red wedge  
  
90 Of iron glowed furious, prepared for spades and mattocks hard.  
Hearing the symphonies of war loud sounding, all my sons  
Fled from my side. Then pangs smote me unknown before. I felt  
My loins begin to break forth into veiny pipes and writhe

- Before me in the wind, englobing, trembling with vibrations,  
95 The bloody mass began to animate. I, bending over,  
Wept bitter tears incessant, still beholding how the form  
Dividing and dividing from my loins, a weak and piteous  
Soft cloud of snow, a female pale. I saw, and soft embraced  
My counterpart, and called it love. I named her Enitharmon.  
100 But found myself and her together issuing down the tide  
Which now our rivers were become, delving through caverns huge  
Of gory blood, struggling to be delivered from our bonds.  
She strove in vain. Not so Urthona strove, for, breaking forth,  
A shadow blue, obscure and dismal, from the breathing nostrils  
105 Of Enion I issued to air, divided from Enitharmon.  
I howled in sorrow. I beheld thee rotting upon the rocks.  
I, pitying, hovered over thee; I protected thy ghastly corse  
From vultures of the deep; then wherefore shouldst thou rage as now  
Against me who thee guarded in the night of death from harm?  
110 Tharmas replied,—Art thou Urthona, my friend, my old companion,  
With whom I lived in happiness before that deadly night  
When Urien gave the horses of light into the hands of Luvah?  
Thou knowest not what Tharmas knows. Oh! I could tell thee tales  
That would enrap thee as it has enrapped me, even  
115 From death in wrath and fury. But now, come, arise, bear back  
The lovéd Enitharmon. Thou hast her hero before thine eyes.  
But my sweet Enion is vanished, and I never more  
Shall see her, unless thou, O Shadow, will protect this son  
Of Enion, and him assist to bind the fallen king,  
120 Lest he should rise again from death in all his dreary furor.  
Bind him. Take Enitharmon for thy sweet reward, while I  
In vain am driven on false hope, the sister of despair.  
Groaning the Terror rose, and drove his solid rocks before  
Upon the tide, till underneath the feet of Los a world,  
125 Dark, dreadful rose, and Enitharmon lay at Los's feet.  
The dolorous shadow joyed. Weak hope appeared around his head  
Tharmas before Los stood, and thus the voice of Tharmas rolled.

- Now all comes into the power of Tharmas. Urizen is fallen,  
And Luvah hidden in the elemental forms of life and death.
- 130 Urthona is my son. Oh, Los, thou art Urthona, and Tharmas  
Is God. The Eternal Man is sealed, never to be delivered.  
I roll my floods over his body. My billows and waves pass over him,  
The sea encompasses him and monsters of the deep are his companions,  
Dreamer of furious oceans, cold sleeper of weeds and shells
- 135 Thy eternal form shall never renew. My uncertain prevails against  
thee,  
Yet though I rage, God over all, a portion of my life  
That in eternal fields in comfort wandered with my flocks  
At noon, and laid her head upon my wearied bosom at night ;—  
She is divided. She is vanished, even like Luvah and Vala.
- 140 Oh, why did foul ambition seize thee, Urizen, Prince of Light ?  
And thou, oh Luvah, Prince of Love, till Tharmas was divided ?  
And I,—what can I now behold but an Eternal Death ?  
Before my eyes, and an Eternal weary work to strive  
Against the monstrous forms to breed among my silent waves,
- 145 Is this to be a God ? For rather would I be a Man,  
To know sweet science, and to do with simple companions  
Sitting beneath a tent and viewing sheepfolds and soft pastures.  
Take thou the hammer of Urthona. Rebuild these furnaces.  
Dost thou refuse ? Mind I the sparks that issue from thy hair ?
- 150 I will compel 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 inspiring lyres thy labour shall administer,  
And they to thee only resist not. Faint not thou, my son,
- 155 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 and left a wondrous void  
Round Los. Afar his waters bore on all sides round with noise  
Of wheels and horses' hoofs, and trumpets, horns and clarions.
- 160 Terrified, Los beheld the ruins of Urizen beneath

A horrible chaos to his eyes, a formless immeasurable 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 seized on the Round Furnaces

- 165 Of Urizen : enormous work ; he builded them anew,  
Labour of ages in the darkness and the wars of Tharmas  
And Los formed anvils of hard iron petrific, for his blows  
Petrify with incessant heating many a rock, a planet,  
But Urizen slept in a stony stupor in the nether abyss,
- 170 A dreamful, horrible state in tossings on his icy bed  
Freezing to solid all beneath. His grey oblivious form  
Stretched over the immense heaves in strong shudders silent  
In brooding contemplations stretching out from north to south  
In mighty power. Round him always Los rolled furious,
- 175 His thund'rous wheels from furnace to furnace tending diligent  
The contemplative Terror, frightened in his sorrowing sphere.  
Frightened with cold infectious madness. In his hands the thundering  
Hammer of Urthona, forming under his heavy hand,  
The days and years in chains of iron round the limbs of Urizen,
- 180 Linked hour to hour, and day to night, night to day, year to year,  
In periods of pulsative furor. Mills he formed and works  
Of many wheels resistless in the power of dark Urthona.
- But Enitharmon wrapped in clouds wailed loud, for as Los beat  
The anvils of Urthona link by link the chain of sorrow
- 185 Warping upon the winds and whirling round in the dark deep,  
Lashed on the limbs of Enitharmon, and the sulphur fires  
Belched from the furnaces wreathed round her chained in ceaseless fire.  
The lovely female howled, and Urizen beneath deep groaned  
Deadly, beneath the hammers beating, grateful to the ears
- 190 Of Los absorbed in dire revenge. He drank with joy the cries  
Of Enitharmon, and the groans of Urizen, fuel for wrath,  
And for his pity secret, feeding on thoughts of cruelty.
- The Spectre wept at his dire labours when from ladles huge  
He poured the molten iron round the limbs of Enitharmon.

195 But when he poured it round the bones of Urizen, he laughed  
Hollow upon the hollow wind, his shadowy form obeying  
The voice of Los, compelled he laboured round the furnaces.

And thus began the binding of Urizen, day and night in fear.  
Circling round the Demon, dark with howlings and dismay,  
200 The prophet of Eternity beat on iron links and brass,  
And as he beat, the hurtling Demon terrified at the shape  
Enslaved humanity put on, became what he beheld  
Raging against Tharmas, his god, and uttering aloud  
Ambiguous words, blasphemous, filled with envy, firm resolved  
205 On hate eternal in his vast disdain he laboured beating  
The links of fate, link after link, an endless chain of sorrow.  
The Eternal Mind bounded, began to roll, Eddies of wrath  
Round and round, and the sulphurous foam now surging thick,  
Settled, a bright and shining lake, as clear and white as snow.

210 Forgetfulness, dumbness, necessity, in chains of the mind locked up,  
In fetters of iron shrinking, disorganized, rent from Eternity,  
Los beat on his fetters and heated his furnaces,

And poured iron solder and solder of brass.  
Restless, the immortal, enchain'd, heaving dolorous,  
215 Anguished, unbearable, till a roof, shaggy, wild, enclosed  
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 out pained roots like a bending cavern,  
220 And bones of solidness froze over all his nerves of joy.  
And a first age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

From the curves of his pointed spine down sunk with fright,  
A red round globe hot burning, deep down into the abyss  
Panting, conglobing, trembling, shooting out ten thousand branches  
225 Around his solid bones, and a second age passed over him.  
In harrowing fear rolling his nervous brain shot branches

Round the branches of his heart, . . . .

On high into two little orbs hiding in two little caves,

Hiding carefully from the wind. His eyes beheld the deep,

230 And a third age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

The pangs of hope began, a heavy pain striving and struggling,

Two ears in close volutions from beneath his orbs of vision

Shot spiring out and petrified,

And a fourth age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

235 In ghastly torment sick, hanging upon the wind,  
Two nostrils bent down to the deeps . . . .  
And a fifth age passed over, and a state of dismal woe.

In ghastly torment sick, within his ribs bloated round  
A craving hungry cavern ; thenceo arose his channelled throat,

240 Like a red flame a tongue of hunger and of thirst appeared,  
And a sixth age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

Enraged and 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 and dismay,  
245 And a seventh age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

The Council of God on high watching the Body  
Of Man clothed in Luvah's robes of blood, beheld, and wept,  
Descending over Beulah's mild moon-covered regions,  
The daughters of Beulah saw the Divine Vision comforted.

250 And as a double female form, loveliness and perfection  
They bowed their head and worshipped, and 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 and dare not lift

255 Our eyes to thy Divine pavilion, therefore in mercy thou  
Appearest clothed in Luvah's garments that we may behold

And live. Behold Eternal Death is in Beulah; behold  
 We perish and shall not be found unless thou grant a place  
 In which may be hidden, under the shadow of wings.

260 If we who are but for a time and who pass away in winter  
 Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume.

Such were the words of Beulah, of the feminine emanations.  
 The Empyrean groaned throughout. All Eden was darkened.  
 The corse of Man lay on the rock. The Sea of Time and Space  
 265 Beat round the rocks in mighty waves, and 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 and gentle bent over the corse of death,  
 Saying,—If ye will but believe your brother shall rise again.

270 And first he found the limit of opacity and named it Satan  
 In Albion's bosom, for in every human bosom these limits stand.  
 And next he found the limit of contraction, and named it Adam,  
 While yet those beings were not born nor knew of good or evil.

Then wondrously the deeps beneath felt the Divine hand. Limit  
 275 Was put to Eternal Death. Los felt the limit and saw  
 The finger of God go forth and 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 terror Los shrank from his task. His great hammer  
 280 Fell from his hand, his fires hid their mighty limbs in smoke.  
 For with noises ruinous, hurtling and clashing and groans,  
 The immortal endured, though bound in a deadly sleep.  
 Pale terror seized the eyes of Los as labouring he beat round.  
 The hurtling demon terrified as he beheld the shape  
 285 Enslaved Humanity put on : he became what he beheld ;  
 He became what he was doing and he was himself transformed.  
 Spasms seized his muscular fibres writhing from his lips  
 Unwilling moved as Urizen howled : his loins wave like the sea.

- At Enitharmon's shrieks his knees each other smote as he looked  
290 With stony eyes on Urizen, and then swift writhed his neck  
Involuntary to the couch where Enitharmon lay.  
The bones of Urizen hurtle in the wind. The bones of Los and his  
iron sinews bend like lead and fold  
293 Into unusual forms, dancing, and howling, stamping the abyss.

END OF THE FOURTH NIGHT.

## Night the Fifth.

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- Infected, mad, he danced on his mountains high and dark as heaven,  
Now fixed into one steadfast bulk his features stonify.  
From his mouth curses, from his eyes issuing sparks of blighting,  
Beside the anvil cold he danced with the hammer of Urthona.
- 5 Terrific, pale, Enitharmon stretched on the dreary earth,  
Felt her immortal limbs freeze, stiffening, pale, inflexible.  
His feet shrunk withering, from the deeps shrinking and withering,  
And Enitharmon shrunk up, all their fibres withering  
As plants withered by winter, leaves, stems, and roots decaying
- 10 Melt into thin air, while the seed, driven by the furious wind,  
Rests on the distant mountain tops, so Los and Enitharmon  
Shrunk into fixed space stood trembling on a rocky cliff,  
Yet beauty, majesty, and bulk remained, but unexpansive.  
As far as highest Zenith from the lowest Nadir they shrunk,
- 15 Los from the furnaces a space immense, and left the cold  
Prince of Light bound in chains of intellect among the furnaces.  
But all the furnaces were out and the bellows had ceased to blow.  
He stood trembling and Enitharmon clung around his knees,  
Their senses unexpansive in one steadfast bulk remained.
- 20 The night blew cold, and Enitharmon shrieked on the dismal wind.  
Her pale hands cling around her husband, and over her weak head  
Shadows of Eternal Death sit in the leaden air.
- But the soft pipe, the flute and viol, organ, harp and cymbal,  
And the sweet sound of silver voices calm the weary couch
- 25 Of Enitharmon, but her groans drown the immortal harps.  
Loud and more loud the living music floats upon the air,  
Faint and more faint the daylight waxes; wheels of turning darkness  
Began in solemn revolutions. Earth convulsed with pangs  
Rocked to and fro and cried out sore at the groans of Enitharmon.

- 30 Still the faint harps and silver voices calm the weary couch,  
 But from the caves of deepest night, ascending in clouds of mist.  
 Tho winter spreads his wide black wings across from pole to pole,  
 Grim frost beneath, and terrible snow linked in a marriage chain  
 Began a dismal dance. The winds around on pointed rocks  
 35 Settled like bats innumerable, ready to fly abroad.  
 The groans of Enitharmon shake the skies, the labouring earth,  
 Till from her heart, rending his way, a terrible child sprang forth  
 In thunder, smoke, and sullen flames, and howlings, fury and blood.

- Soon as his burning eyes were opened, looking on the abyss,  
 40 The horrible trumpets of the deep bellowed with bitter blasts,  
 The enormous demons woke and howled around the new-born king,  
 Crying Luvah, King of Love, thou art the king of rage and death.
- Urizen cast deep darkness round him, raging, Luvhah poured  
 The spears of Urizen from chariots round the eternal tent.  
 45 Discord began, and yells and 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 and sighs, where are you? Come forth! Shout on bloody  
 fields.

Show thy soul, Vala! show thy bow and quiver of secret fires.  
 50 Draw thy bow, Vala, from the depth of Hell, thy black bow draw,  
 And twang the bowstring to our Hautbois; 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 and he divided and he laid his gloomy head  
 55 Down on the rock of Eternity in darkness of the deep,  
 Torn by black storms and ceaseless torrents of consuming fire.  
 Within his breast his fiery sons chained down and filled with cursing,  
 And breathing terrible blood and vengeance, gnashing his teeth with  
 pain,  
 Let loose the Enormous Spirit on the darkness of the deep,

- 60 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. Enitharmon's womb  
 Now holds thee, soon to issue forth. Sound, clarion of war,  
 Call Vala from her close recess in all her dark deceit,  
 65 Then rage on rage shall fierce redound out of her crystal quiver.

So sang the demons round red Orc, and round faint Enitharmon.  
 Sweat and blood stood on the limbs of Los. In globes his fiery eyelids  
 Faded. He roused, he seized the wonder in his hand, and went  
 Shuddering and weeping through the gloom and down into the deeps.

- 70 And Enitharmon nursed his fiery child in the dark deeps  
 Sitting in darkness: over her Los mourned in anguish fierce.  
 Covered with gloom this fiery boy grew, feeding on the milk  
 Of Enitharmon. Los around her builded pillars of iron,  
 And brass, and silver, and gold, fourfold, in dark prophetic fear,  
 75 For now he feared Eternal Death and uttermost extinction:  
 He builded Golgonooza on the lake of Udan Adan.  
 Upon the limit of translucence then he builded Laban.  
 Tharmas laid the foundation stone; Los finished it in howling woe.

- But when fourteen summers, and winters, had revolvéd over  
 80 This solemn habitation, Los beheld the ruddy boy  
 Embracing his bright mother, and 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  
 85 He burst it, but next morn another girdle soon succeeds  
 Around his bosom. Every day he viewed the fiery youth,  
 With silent fear, and his immortal cheeks drew deadly pale.  
 Till many a morn and many a night passed over in dire woe.  
 Forming a girdle in the day, and bursting it at night—  
 90 The girdle was always formed by day: but night 'twas burst in twain,  
 Falling down on the rock, an iron chain link by link locked.

Enitharmon beheld the bloody chain made of the nights and days,  
Depending from the bosom of Los,—and how with grinding pain  
He went each morning to his labours with the spectre dark,—

- 95 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 mountain top, and there the jealous chain  
100 Fell from his bosom on the mountain, and the spectre dark  
Held the fierce boy. Los nailed him down, binding over his limbs  
The accursed chain. O how bright Enitharmon howled and cried  
Over her son. Obdurate, Los bound down his lovéd joy.

The hammer of Urthona smote the rivets in terror—of brass

- 105 Tenfold. The Demon's rage flamed forth tenfold with rending fires,  
Roaring, resounding, loud, loud, louder, ever louder, fired,—  
The darkness, warring with waves of Tharmas, and 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  
110 Los folded Enitharmon in a cold white cloud, in fear  
Then led her down into the deeps, and into his labyrinth,  
Giving the spectre eternal charge over the howling fiend  
Concentred into love of Parent, storgeous appetite, craving.

His limbs bound down mock at his chains, for over them a flame

- 115 Of circling fire unceasing plays to feed them with life, and bring  
The virtues of the Eternal Worlds. Ten thousand thousand spirits  
Of life lament around the Demon, going forth and returning.  
At his enormous call they flee into the heavens of heavens,  
And back return with wine and food, or dive into the deeps  
120 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 and silver, and the hidden things of Vala,  
Whatever grows from its pure bud, or wreathes a fragrant soul.  
125 Expanded they behold the terrors of the Sun and Moon.

- The elemental planets, and 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 tiger and wolf howl there,  
 And there the eagle hides her young in cliffs and precipices.
- 130 His bosom is like the starry heavens expanded. All the stars  
 Sing round. There waves the harvest; the vintage rejoices there.  
 The springs flow into rivers of delight. Spontaneous flowers  
 Drink, laugh and sing; the grasshopper, the emmet and the fly,  
 The golden moth builds there a house and spreads her silken bed.
- 135 His loins inwove with silken fires are like a furnace fierce,  
 As the strong bull in summer time when bees sing round the heath,  
 When the herds low after the shadow and after the water-spring.  
 The murmurous flocks cover the mountains and shine along the valley,  
 His knees are rocks of adamant, ruby, and emerald,
- 140 Spirits of strength in palaces rejoice in golden armour  
 Armed with the spear and shield they drink and rejoice over the slain,  
 Such is the Demon, such his terror on the nether deep.
- But when returned to Golgonooza Los and Enitharmon  
 Felt all the sorrow parents feel, they wept toward one another.
- 145 And Los repented that he had chained Orc upon the mountain.  
 And Enitharmon's tears prevailed. Parental love returned.  
 Though terrible his dread of that infernal chain, they rose  
 At midnight hastening to their much beloved care.
- Nine days they travelled through the gloom of Entuthon Benython.
- 150 Los taking Enitharmon by the hand led her along  
 The dismal vales and up to the iron mountain tops where Orc  
 Howled in the furious wind. He thought to give to Enitharmon  
 Her son in tenfold joy, and to compensate for her tears  
 Even if his own death resulted, so much pity him pained.
- 155 But when they came to the dark rock and to the spectrous cave,  
 Lo, the young limbs had stricken root into the rock, and strong  
 Fibres had from the chain of jealousy inwove themselves  
 In a bright vegetation round the rock and round the cave,  
 And over the immortal limbs of the terrible fiery boy.

160 In vain they strove now to unchain, in vain with bitter tears  
 To melt the chain of jealousy. Not Enitharmon's death,  
 Nor the consummating of Los could ever melt the chain.  
 Nor could unroot the infernal fibres from their rocky bed.  
 Nor all Urthona's strength, nor all the power of Luvah's bulls,  
 165 Though they each morning drag the unwilling sun out of the deep,  
 Could uproot the infernal chain, for it had stricken root.  
 Into the iron rock, and grew a chain beneath the earth,  
 Even to the centre, wrapping round the centre and the limbs  
 Of Orc, with fibres become one with him, a living chain  
 170 Sustained by the Demon's life. Despair, terror, and woe and rage  
 Enwrap the parents in cold clouds as they bend howling o'er  
 The terrible boy, till fainting by his side, the parents fell.

Not long they lay, Urthona's spectre found herbs of the pit.  
 Rubbing their temples he revived them. All their lamentations  
 175 I write not here, but all their after life was lamentation.

When satiated with grief they returned back to Golgonooza,  
 Enitharmon on the road of Dranthon felt the inmost gate  
 Of her bright heart burst open and again close with a deadly pain.  
 Within her heart Vala began to re-animate in bursting sobs,  
 180 And when this gate was open she beheld that dreary deep  
 Where bright Ahania wept. She also saw the infernal roots  
 Of the chain of jealousy and felt rendings of howling Orc  
 Rending the caverns like a mighty wind pent in the earth,  
 Though wide apart as furthest north is from the furthest south.  
 185 Urizen trembled where he lay to hear the howling terror.  
 The rocks shook, the eternal bars tugged to and fro were rifted.  
 Outstretched upon the stones of ice the ruins of his throne  
 Urizen shuddering heard, his trembling limbs shook the strong caves.

The woes of Urizen shut up in the deep dens of Urthona.

190 Ah ! how shall Urizen the king submit to this dark mansion ?  
 Ah ! how is this ? Once on the heights I stretched my throne sublime.

The mountains, 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,  
195 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 and water them in vain.

Once how I from my palace walked in gardens of delight,  
The sons of wisdom stood around, the harpers came with harps,  
200 Nine virgins clothed in light made songs to their immortal voices,  
And at my banquet of new wine my head was crowned with joy.

Then in my ivory palaces I slumbered in the noon  
And walkéd in the silent night among sweet-smelling flowers  
Till on my silver bed I slept and sweet dreams hovered round,  
205 But now my land is darkened and my wise men are departed.

My songs are turnéd into cries of lamentation  
Heard on my mountains, and deep sighs under my palace roofs,  
Because the steeds of Urizen, once swifter than the light,  
Were kept back from my lord and from his chariot of mercies.

210 Oh, did I keep the horses of the day in silver pastures ?  
Oh, I refused the Lord of Day the horses of his Prince !  
Oh, did I close my treasures with roofs of solid stone  
And darkened all my palace walls with envying and hate ?

Oh, fool ! to think that I could hide from his all-piercing eye  
215 The gold and silver and costly stones, his holy workmanship !  
Oh, 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 and holy voice  
Saying, Light spring up and shine, and lo, I sprang up from the deep.  
220 He gave to me a silver sceptre, crowned with a golden crown,  
And said, Go forth and guide my son who wanders on the ocean.

I went not forth, I hid myself on black clouds of my wrath,  
I called the stars around my feet in the night of council dark,  
The stars threw down their spears of light and fled naked away.

225 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 lily thy wife Vala, withered by the winds.  
When thou didst bear the golden cup at the immortal tables  
Thy children smote their fiery wings, crowned with the gold of heaven.

230 Thy pure feet stept on steps divine, too pure for other feet,  
And thy fair locks shadowed thine eyes from this divine effulgence,  
And thou didst keep with strong Urthona the living gates of heaven,  
But now thou art bowed down with him, even to the gates of hell.

Because thou gavest Urizen the wine of the Almighty  
235 For steeds that they might run in the golden chariot of pride  
I gave to thee the steeds of light, I poured the stolen wine,  
And drunken with the immortal draught fell from my throne sublime.

I will arise, explore these dens, and find that deep pulsation  
That shakes my cavern with strong shudders. This may be the night  
240 Of prophecy, and Luvah hath burst his way from Enitharmon  
When thought is closed in caverns, love shows roots in deepest hell.

END OF THE FIFTH NIGHT.

## Night the Sixth.

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So Urizen arose and leaning on his spear explored his dens.  
He threw his flight through the dark air to where a river flowed,  
And taking off his silver helmet filled it and drank ;  
But when, his thirst being sated, he assayed to gather more,  
5 Lo, three terrific women at the verge of the bright flood,  
Who would not suffer him to approach but drove him back with storm.

Urizen knew them not, and thus addressed the spirits of darkness :  
Who art thou, eldest woman, sitting wrapped in these thy clouds ?  
What is that name written upon thy forehead ? What art thou ?  
10 And wherefore dost thou pour this water forth in sighs and care ?  
She answered not, but filled her urn and poured it forth abroad.

Answerest thou not ? said Urizen. Then thou must answer me,  
Thou terrible woman clad in blue, whose strong attractive power  
Draws all into a fountain at the rock of thy attraction,  
15 With frowning brow thou sittest, mistress of these mighty waters.  
She answered not, but stretched her arms and threw her limbs abroad.

Or wilt thou answer, youngest woman clad in shining green ?  
With labour and care thou dost divide the current into four.  
Queen of these dreadful rivers, speak, and let me hear thy voice.

20 Then Urizen raised his spear, but they reared up a wall of rock.  
They gave a scream—they knew their father : Urizen knew his  
daughters.  
They shrank into their channels dry,—the strand beneath his feet,—  
Hiding themselves in rocky forms from the eyes of Urizen.  
Then Urizen wept, and thus his lamentations poured forth :

- 23 Oh, horrible! Oh, dreadful state! Those whom I lovéd best,  
 On whom I poured the branches of my light, adorning them  
 With jewels and jealous ornament laboured with art divine,  
 Vests of the radiant colours of heaven and crowns of golden fire,—  
 I gave sweet lilies to their breasts and roses to their hair,
- 30 I taught them songs of sweet delight, I gave them tender voices  
 Into the blue expanse, and I made, with laborious art,  
 Sweet instruments of sound. In pride encompassing my knees  
 They poured their radiance above all. The Daughters of Luvah envied  
 At their exceeding brightness, and eternity sent gifts.
- 35 Now will I pour my fury on them, and I will reverse  
 The precious benediction. For their hues of loveliness  
 I will give blackness; frost for jewels; ill form for ornament;  
 For crowns, wreathed serpents; for sweet smell, corruptibility;  
 For voices of delight, hoarse croaking, inarticulate;
- 40 For laboured flattery, care and sweet instruction. I will give  
 Chains of dark ignorance and cords of twisted self-conceit  
 And whips of stern repentance, and the food of obstinacy,  
 That they may curse Tharmas, their god, and Los, his adopted son;  
 That they may curse and worship the dark demon of destruction;
- 45 That they may worship terrors and obey the violent.  
 Go forth, sons of my curse. Go forth, daughters of my abhorrence.

Then Tharmas heard the deadly scream across his watery world,  
 And Urizen's loud-sounding voice lamenting on the wind,  
 And he came riding in his fury. Frozen were his waves,

50 Silent in ridges he beheld them stand round Urizen,  
 A dreary waste of solid waters. For the king of light  
 Darkened his brows with his cold helmet, and his gloomy spear  
 Darkened before him. Silent on the ridgy waves he took  
 His gloomy way. Before him Tharmas fled, and flying fought,

55 Crying: What and 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, and give me death,

- For death to me is better far than life,—death, my desire,  
That I in vain by various paths have sought, but still I live.  
60 The body of man is given to me. I seek in vain to destroy,  
For still it surges forth in fish and monsters of the deeps,  
And in these monstrous forms I live in an Eternal woe,  
And thou, oh Urizen, art fallen, never to be delivered.  
Withhold thy light from me for ever, and I will withhold  
65 From thee thy food, so shall we cease to be, and all our sorrows  
End, and the Eternal Man no more renew beneath our power.  
If thou refusest, in eternal fight thy beams in vain  
Shall pursue Tharmas, and in vain shall crave for food. I will  
Pour down my flight through dark immensity Eternal, falling.  
70 Thou shalt pursue me, but in vain, till starved upon the void  
Thou hangoest, a dried skin, shrunk up, weak, wailing in the wind.

- So Tharmas spoke, but Urizen replied not, on his way  
He took, high sounding over hills and deserts, floods and chasms.  
Infinite was his labour, without end his travel. He strove  
75 In vain, for hideous monsters of the deep annoyed him sore,—  
Scaled and finned with iron and brass, devoured the path before him  
Incessant with the conflict. On he bent his weary steps,  
Making a path toward the dark world of Urthona. He rose  
With pain upon the weary mountains, and with pain went down  
80 And saw their grizzly fears, and his eyes sickened at the sight,  
The howlings, gnashings, groanings, shriekings, shudderings, sabbings,  
burstings,  
Mingled together, to create a world for Los. In delight  
Los brooded on the darkness, nor saw Urizen's globe of fire  
Lighting his dismal journey through the pathless world of death,  
85 Writing in bitter tears and groans in books of iron and brass  
The enormous wonders of the Abysses, once his brightest joy.

For Urizen saw the terrors of the Abyss wandering among  
The ruined spirits once his children, and the children of Luvhah  
Scared at the sound of their sigh that seemed to shake immensity.

- 90 They wander moping, in their heart a sun and weary moon,  
An universe of fiery constellations in their brain,  
An earth of wintry woe beneath their feet, and round their loins  
Waters or winds, or clouds, lightnings and pestilential plagues  
Beyond the bounds of their own self their senses cannot reach.
- 95 As the tree knoweth not what is outside its leaves and bark,  
And yet it drinks the summer joy and fears the winter sorrow,  
So in the regions of the grave none knows his dark compeer  
Though he partakes of his dire woes, though he returns the pang,  
The throb, the dolor, the convulsion, in soul-sickening woes.
- 100 The horrid shapes and sights of torment in burning dungeons and  
Fetters of red-hot iron, some with serpent crowns and some  
With monsters girding round their bosoms. Some in sulphur beds,  
On racks and wheels. He beheld women march in burning wastes  
Of sand in bands of hundreds, fifties, thousands, stricken with
- 105 Lightnings which blazéd after on their shoulders in their march,  
Successive volleys, with loud thunder. Swift flew the king of light  
Over the burning deserts. Then the deserts passed in clouds  
Of smoke, with myriads moping in the stifling vapours. Swift  
Still flew the king, though flagged his powers, labouring, till over rocks
- 110 And mountains weary wandered he where multitudes were shut  
Up in the solid mountains and in rocks their torment heaved.  
Then came he among fiery cities, castles of fiery steel,  
There beheld forms of Tigers, Lions, dishumanized men,  
Many in serpents and in worms stretched out enormous length
- 115 Over the solid mould, and slimy tracks obstruct his way  
Drawn out from deep to deep. Woven and ribbed  
And scaléd monsters armed in iron shell, or shell of brass  
Or gold, a glittering torment hissing in eternal pain,—  
Columns of fire, or of water, sometimes stretched in height,
- 120 Sometimes in length, sometimes englobing, wandering in vain for ease  
His voice to them was inarticulate thunder, for their ears  
Were dull and heavy and their eyes and nostrils closéd up.  
Oft he stood by a howling victim, questioning in words  
Soothing or furious. No one answered, everyone wrapped up

125 In his own sorrow howled regardless of his voice, nor words  
Or sweet response could he obtain though oft assayed with tears.  
Oft would he stand and question a fierce scorpion glowing with gold  
In vain; the terror heard not. Then a lion he would seize  
130 By the fierce mane, staying his howling course; in vain the voice  
Of Urizen, in vain the eloquent tongue. Rock, mountain, cloud  
Were now not vocal as in climes of happy eternity.  
Where the lamb replies to the infant's voice and the lion to the wail  
of ewes,  
Giving them sweet instructions, when the cloud, or furrow'd field  
Talk with the husbandman and shepherd. But these attacked him sore,  
135 Seizing upon his feet, rending the sinews, that in caves  
He had to revive his obstructed power with rest and oblivion.  
  
When he had passed the Southern terrors he approached the East,  
Void, pathless, beaten with eternal sleet, and eternal hail and rain.  
No form was there, no living thing, and yet his way lay through  
140 This dismal world. He stood awhile and looked back over his  
Terrific voyages—hills and dales of torment and despair—  
Sighing, and weeping a fresh tear. Then turning round he threw  
Himself into the dismal void. Falling he fell and fell,  
Whirling in irresistible revolutions down and down  
145 In the horrid bottomless vacuity, 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 reposed in the bosom of slime.  
150 As the seed falls from the sower's hand so Urizen fell, and death  
Shut up his powers in oblivion. Then as the seed shoots forth  
In pain and sorrow, so the slimy bed his limbs renewed.  
At first an infant-weakness period passed. He gathered strength,  
But still in solitude he sat. Then rising threw his flight  
155 Onward, though falling, through the waste of night ending in death  
And in another resurrection to sorrow and weary travail.  
But still his books he bore in his strong hands, and his iron pen,

- For when he died they lay beside his grave, and when he rose  
Ho seized them with a gloomy smile, for wrapped in his death-clothes  
160 He hid them when he slept in death. When he revived the clothes  
Were rolléd by the winds ; the clothes remained still unconsumed  
Still to be written and interleaved with brass and iron and gold,  
Time after time, for such a journey none but iron pens  
Can write, and adamantine leaves receive, nor can who goes  
165 The journey obstinate refuse to write, time after time.  
Endless had been his travail, but the Hand Divine him led  
For infinite the distance and obscured by combustion dire.  
By rocky masses flourishing in the abyss revolving erratic,  
Round lakes of fire in this dark deep, the ruins of Urizen's world.
- 170 Oft would he sit in a dark rift and regulate his books  
Or sleep such sleep as spirits eternal wearied in the dark  
Tearful and sorrowful state, then arise, look out and ponder  
His dismal voyage, eyeing the next sphere though far remote,  
Then darting into the abyss of night his venturous limbs  
175 Through lightnings, thunders, earthquakes and confusion, fires and  
floods,  
Stemming his downward fate, labouring up against futurity.  
Creating many a vortex, 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.  
180 For when he came to where a vortex ceased to operate  
Nor down nor up remained. Then if he turned and lookéd baek  
From whence he came, 'twas upward all, and if he turned and viewed  
The unpassed void upward was still his mighty wandering.  
The midst between an equilibrium grey of air serene,  
185 Where he might live in peace and where his life might meet repose.

But Urizen said, Can I not leave this world of cumbrous wheels  
Circle over circle, nor on high attain a void  
Where self-sustaining I may view all things beneath my feet  
Or sinking through these elemental wonders, swift to fall,

- 190 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 down into the deep,  
 'Tis upward all which way soever I my course begin,  
 But when a vortex formed on high with labour, sorrow and care,  
 195 And weariness begins on all my limbs, then sleep revives  
 My wearied spirits. Waking then 'tis downward all which way  
 Soever I my spirits turn, no way I find of all.  
 Oh, what a world is here, and how unlike those climes of bliss  
 Where my sons gather round my knees! Oh, thou poor ruined world,  
 200 Thou horrible ruin! Once, like me, thou wast all glorious,  
 And now, like me, partaking desolate thy master's lot.  
 Art thou, oh ruin, the once glorious heaven on these thy rocks  
 Where joy sang on the trees and pleasure sported in the rivers,  
 And laughter sat beneath the oaks, and innocence sported round,  
 205 Upon the green plains, and sweet friendship met in palaces,  
 And books and instruments of song and pictures of delight?  
 Where are they? Whelmed beneath these ruins, in horrible destruction.  
 And if, eternal-falling, .. repose on the dark bosom  
 Of winds and waters, or thence fall into the void where air  
 210 Is not, downfalling through immensity ever and ever,  
 How my powers weakened every revolution, till a death  
 Shuts up my powers; then in womb of darkness as a seed  
 I dwell in dim oblivion. Over me, the enormous worlds  
 Reorganize in shooting forth, in bones and flesh and blood.  
 215 I am regenerate, to fall, or rise, at will, or remain  
 A labourer, a dire discontent, a living awe  
 Wandering in vain. Here will I fix my foot and here re-build.  
 These mountains of brass promise riches in their deepest bosom.  
 So saying he began to form of gold, silver and iron  
 220 And brass, vast instruments to measure out the immense and fix  
 The whole into another world better, and made to obey  
 His will, where none should dare oppose his will, himself being king.  
 Of all, and all futurity he bound in his vast chain

- And the sciences were fixed and the vortexes began to work  
223 On all the sons of men, and every human soul terrified  
At the living wheels of heaven shrunk inward, withering away.  
Gaining a new dominion over all his sons and daughters,  
And over the sons and daughters of Luvhah in the horrible abyss.  
For Urizen made over them a selfish lamentation  
230 Till a white woof his cold limbs covered o'er from head to feet,  
Hair white as snow now covered him in flakey locks terrific,  
Overspreading his limbs. In pride he wandered weeping on,  
Clothed in an aged venerableness, obstinately resolved,  
Travelling through darkness, and wherever he travelled a dire web  
235 Followed behind him, as the web of a spider dusky and cold,  
Shivering across the vortexes, drawn from his mantle of years,  
A living mantle joined to his life and growing from his soul,  
And the web of Urizen stretched, direful, shivering, as clouds  
And uttering such woes, and bursting with such thunderings.  
240 The eyelids expansive as morning and the ears  
As a golden ascent winding round to the heaven of heavens—  
Within the dark horror of the abyss, lions or tigers, or scorpions.  
For everyone opened into Eternity at will,  
But they refused, because their outstretched forms were in the abyss  
245 And the wing-like tent of the universe, beautiful, surrounding all,  
Or drawn up or let down again at will of the immortal man,  
Vibrated in such anguish as the eyelids quivered, weak,  
That weaker their expansive orbs began again to shrink,  
Pangs smote through all the brain and then a universal shriek.  
250 Torment on torment through the abysses ran, rending the web.

Thus Urizen in sorrows wandered many a weary way  
Warring with monsters of the deep in hideous pilgrimage  
Till his bright hair scattered in snows, his skin barked o'er with  
wrinkles,  
Four caverns rolling downwards, their foundations thrusting forth  
255 The metal, rock, and stone in painful throes of vegetation.  
The cave of Orc stood in the south, a furnace of dire flames,

Quenchless, unceasing. In the west the cave of Urizen ;—

For Urizen fell, as midday sun falls down, into the west.

North stood Urthona's steadfast throne, a world of solid dark,

260 Obstruction stifling, shut up, rooted in dumb despair.

The East was void. But Tharmas rolled his waves in ceaseless eddies

All through the caverns of fire, air, and earth, seeking in vain

For Enion's limbs, nought finding but black sea and sickening slime

Flying away from Urizen that he might not give him food,

265 Above, beneath, on all sides round, in the deep of immensity,

That he might starve the sons and daughters of Urizen on the wind,

Making between horrible chasms with the vast unknown.

All these around the world of Los cast forth their monstrous births.

But in Eternal times the seat of Urizen in the south,

270 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 by his own will

Lest Death Eternal be the result,—for the will cannot be violated,—

Into the doleful vales where no tree grew or ruin flowed,

275 No man nor beast nor creeping thing, nor sun nor cloud nor star,

Till with his globe of fire immense, held in his venturous hand,

He bore on through the affrighted vales, ascending and descending,

And wearied in his cumbrous flight he ventured o'er dark rifts,

Or down dark precipices, or with pain and labour climbed,

280 Till from Urthona's peaked rock he saw the world of Los,

And heard the howling of red Orc distincter and distincter.

Redoubling his immortal effort, through the narrow vales

With difficulty down descending, guided by his ear

And by his globe of fire, he went down through Urthona's vale

285 Between the enormous iron walls built by the Spectre, dark,

Dark grew his globe reddening with mists, and full before his path,

Standing across the narrow vale the shadow of Urthona

A spectre vast appeared, whose legs and feet, with iron scaled,

- Stamped the hard rocks expectant of the unknown wanderer  
 290 Whom he had seen wandering his nether world when distant far,  
     And watched his swift approach. Collected, dark, the spectre stood.  
     Beside him Tharmas stayed his flight and stood with stern defiance,  
     Communing with the spectre who rejoiced along the vale.  
     Around his loins a girdle glowed with many coloured fires,  
 295 And in his hand a knotted club whose knots like mountains frowned,  
     Desert among the stars there withering with its ridges cold.  
     Black scales of iron arm the dread image. Iron spikes instead  
     Of hair shoot from his orbéd skull ; the while his glowing eyes  
     Burned like two furnaces. He called with voice of thunder loud.
- . 300 Four winged heralds mount the furious blast and blow their trumps  
     Gold, silver, brass, and iron clangours, clamouring, rend the shore.  
     Like white clouds rising from the vales, his armies fifty-two  
     Around the spectre, glowing, from Urthona's four cliffs rise.  
     Four sons of Urizen the squadrons of Urthona led, in arms  
 305 Of gold and silver, brass and iron : he knew his mighty sons.
- Then Urizen arose upon the wind, back many a mile,  
     Returning into his dire web, scattering fleecy snows  
     As he ascended howling. Loud the net vibrated strong.  
     From heaven to heaven and globe to globe its vast eccentric paths,  
 310 Compulsive rolled the comets at his dread command their way,  
     Falling with wheel impetuous down among Urthona's vales  
     And round red Orc, to Urizen returning, gorged with blood.  
     Slow roll the massy globes at his command, and slow o'erwheel,  
     The dismal squadrons of Urthona weaving the dire web  
 315 In this progression, and preparing Urthona's path before him.

END OF THE SIXTH NIGHT.

## Night the Seventh.

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Then Urizen arose. The spectre fled, and Tharmas fled ;  
The darkening spectre of Urthona hid beneath a rock.  
Tharmas threw his impetuous flight through the deeps of immensity  
Revolving round in whirlpools fierce all round the caverned worlds.

- 5 But Urizen went silent, down to caves of Orc, and saw  
A caverned universe of fire. The horses of Urizen  
Here bound to fiery mangers, furious dash their golden hoofs,  
Striking fierce sparkles from their golden fetters. Fierce his lions  
Howl in the burning dens ; his tigers roam on redounding smoke
- 10 In forests of affliction. The adamantine scales of justice  
Consuming in the raging lamps of mercy poured in rivers.  
The holy oil rages through all the caverned rocks. Fierce flames  
Dance on the rivers and the rocks, howling and drunk with fury.  
The plough of ages and the golden harrow wade through fields
- 15 Of gory blood. The immortal seed is nourished for the slaughter.  
The bulls of Luvah, breathing fire, bellow on burning pastures  
Round howling Orc, whose awful limbs cast forth red smoke and fire,  
That Urizen approached not near but took his seat on a rock  
And ranged his books around him, brooding envious over Orc.
- 20 Howling and rending his dark caves the awful demon lay :  
Pulse after pulse beat on his fetters, pulse after pulse his spirit  
Dashed and dashed higher and higher to the shrine of Enitharmon,  
As when the thunder folds himself in robe of thickest clouds,  
The watery nations couch and hide in the profoundest deeps,
- 25 Then bursting from his head, with dreadful face and flaming hair,  
His swift-winged daughters sweep across the vast blue ocean.

- Los felt the envy in his limbs, like to a blighted tree ;  
For Urizen fixed in envy sat brooding and covered with snow,  
His book of iron on his knees. He traced the dreadful letters  
30 While his snows fell and his storms beat to cool the flames of Orc,  
Age after age, till underneath his heel a deadly root  
Struck through the rock,—the root of Mystery, accursed, shooting up  
Branches into the heaven of Los, then pipe-formed bending down  
Take root again where'er they touch, and, again branching forth  
35 In intricate labyrinths overspreading many a grizzly deep.

Amazéd started Urizen, finding him compassed round  
And high roofed over with the trees. He arose, but now the stems  
Stood so thick, he with difficulty and with great pain brought  
The books out of the dismal shade,—all but the book of iron.

- 40 Again he took his seat, again he ranged his books around  
On a rock of iron frowning over the foaming fires of Orc.  
And Urizen hung over Orc and viewed his terrible wrath,  
Sitting upon an iron crag. At length his words broke forth :
- Image of dread, whence art thou ? Whence is thy most woeful place ?  
45 Whence these fierce fires, but from thyself ? No other living thing  
In all the chasm I behold. No other living thing  
Dare my most terrible wrath abide, bound here to waste in pain.  
Thy vital substance in these fires that issue new and new  
Around thee. Sometimes like a flood, and sometimes like a rock  
50 Of living pangs, thy horrible bed glowing with ceaseless fires  
Beneath thee and around. Above, a shower of fire now beats  
Moulded to globes and arrowed wedges, rending thy bleeding limbs.  
And now a whirling pillar of burning sand to overwhelm thee,  
Steeping thy wounds in salts infernal and in bitter anguish.  
55 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 moved me to break my dark and long repose,  
And to reveal myself before thee in a form of wisdom.  
Yet thou dost laugh at all these tortures, and this horrible place,

60 Yet throwest these fires abroad, that back return upon thee now,  
While thou reposest, throwing rage on rage, feeding thyself  
With visions of sweet bliss far other than this burning clime.  
Sure thou art bathed in rivers of delight on verdant fields,  
Walking in joy in bright expanses, sleeping on bright clouds,  
65 With visions of delight so lovely that they urge thy rage  
Tenfold with fierce desire to rend thy chains and howl in fury,  
And dire oblivion of all woe and desperate repose,—  
Or is thy joy founded on torment that others bear for thee ?

Orc answered : Curse thy hoary brows, what dost thou in this deep ?  
70 Thy pity I contemn. Go forth, scatter thy snows elsewhere.  
I rage in the deep, my feet and hands are nailed to the burning rock,  
Yet my fierce fires are better than thy snows. Shuddering thou sitt'st.  
Thou art not chained. Why should'st thou sit, cold, grovelling demon  
of woe,  
In torture of dire coldness ? Now a lake of water deep  
75 Sweeps over thee, freezing to solid. Still thou sitt'st, closed up  
In that transparent rock as if in joy of thy bright prison,  
Till, overburdened with its weight, down through immensity,  
With a crash breaking clear across, the horrid mass comes down,  
Thundering, and hail and frozén iron hailed from the element,  
80 Rend thy white hair. Yet thou dost, fixéd, obdurate, brooding, sit  
Writing thy books. Anon a cloud, filled with a waste of snow,  
Covers thee. Obdurate still, resolved still, and writing still,  
Though rocks roll o'er thee, though floods pour, though winds black  
as the sea  
Cut thee in gashes, though the blood pour down around thy ancles,  
85 Freezing thy feet to the hard rock. Still thy pen obdurate  
Traces the wonders of Futurity in horrible fear of the future.  
I rage here furious in the deep : my feet and hands are nailed  
To the hard rock, or thou should'st feel my enmity and hate  
In all diseases falling on thy grey accursed front.

90 Urizen answered : Read my books, explore my constellations,

Enquire of my sons and they shall teach thee how to war.  
 Enquire of my daughters, who, accursed in the dark deeps,  
 Knead bread of sorrow by my stern command, for I am god  
 Of all this ruin. Rise, oh daughters, at my stern command.

- 95 Rending the rocks, Eleth and Uvith rose, and Ona rose,  
 Terrific with their iron vessels, driving them across  
 In the dim air. They locked the book of iron, and placed above  
 On clouds of death, and sang their songs, kneading the bread of Orc.

Orc listened to the song, compelled, hungering on the cold wind  
 100 That swaggéd heavy with the accursed dough. The hoar frost raged  
 Through Ona's sieve. The torrent rain poured from the iron pail  
 Of Eleth, and the icy hands of Uvith kneaded bread.

The heavens bow with terror underneath these iron hands,  
 Singing at their dire work the words of Urizen's book of iron,  
 105 While the enormous scrolls rolled dreadful in the heavens above;  
 And still the burden of their song in tears was pouréd forth.  
 The bread is kneaded, let us rest, oh cruel father of children !

- But Urizen remitted not their labours on his rock,  
 And Urizen read on his book of brass in sounding tones :  
 110 Listen, oh daughters, to my voice ; listen to the words of wisdom.  
 To bring the shadow of Enitharmon beneath our wondrous tree,  
 That Los evaporate away like smoke, and be no more.  
 Draw Enitharmon down unto the speetre of Urthona,  
 And let him have dominion over Los, the terrible shade.

115 Compel the poor to live upon a crust with soft mild arts,  
 So shall you govern over all. Let duty tune your tongue,  
 And be your hearts far harder than the nether milestone is.  
 Smile when they frown, frown when they smile, and when a man  
 looks pale  
 With labour and abstinencee, then say healthy and glad he seems,  
 120 And when his children sicken let them die. There are enough

Born, even too many, and our earth will soon be overrun  
 Without these arts. If you would make the poor with temper live,  
 With pomp give every crust of bread you give; by gracious cunning  
 Magnify gifts; reduce the man to want, then give with pomp.

- 125 Say, if you hear him sigh, he smiles; if pale, say he is ruddy.  
 Preach temperance: say that he is overgorged, and drowns his wit  
 In strong drink, though you know that bread and water must be all  
 He can afford. Flatter his wife, pity his children, till  
 We can reduce all to our will, like spaniels taught with art.

- 130 Lo! how the heart and brain are forméd in the breeding womb  
 Of Enitharmon. How it breeds with life and forms the bones,  
 The little heart, the liver, the red blood in labyrinths,  
 By gratified desire, devouring appetite, she fills  
 Los with ambitions fury that his race shall all devour.

- 135 Then Orc cried: Curse thy cold hypocrisy! Around thy tree  
 In scales that shine with gold and rubies, thou beginn'st to weaken  
 My divided spirit. Like a worm I rise in peace, unbound  
 From wrath. Now when I rage my fetters bind me more.  
 Oh, torment! oh, torment! A worm compelled! Am I a worm?  
 140 Is it in strong deceit that man is born? In strong deceit  
 Thou dost restrain my fury that the worm may bind the tree.  
 Avaunt, cold hypocrite! Thou could'st not use me thus unchained.  
 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,  
 145 Give me example of thy mildness. King of furious hail,  
 Art thou the cold, attractive power that holds me in this chain?  
 I well remember how I stole thy light and it became fire,  
 Consuming. Now thou knowest me, Urizen, Prince of Light,  
 And I know thee. Is this the triumph? This the golden state  
 150 That lies beyond the bounds of science on the grey obscure?

Terrified Urizen heard Orc, now certain that he was Luvah.  
 And creeping Orc began to organize a serpent-body,

Despising Urizen's light and turning it to flaming fire,  
 Receiving as a poisoned cup receives the heavenly wine,  
 155 And turning affliction into fury, thought into abstraction,—  
 A self-consuming, dark devourer, raging into the heavens.

Urizen, envying, brooding, sat and saw the secret terror  
 Flame high in pride and laugh to scorn the source of his deceit,  
 Nor knew the source of his own, but thought himself the author sole  
 160 Of all his wandering experiments on the horrible abyss.  
 He knew that weakness stretches out in length and breadth, and knew  
 That wisdom reaches high and deep ; and therefore he made Orc  
 In serpent form compelled to stretch out and up the mysterious tree.  
 He suffered him to climb that he might draw all human forms  
 165 Unto 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 traced his verses.  
 170 In the dark deep the dark tree grew. Her shadow was drawn down,  
 Down to the roots; it wept o'er Orc,—the shadow of Enitharmon.

Los saw her stretched, the image of death, upon his withered valleys ;  
 Her shadow went forth and returned. Now she was pale as snow,  
 When the mountains and hills are covered, and the paths of men  
 shut up.  
 175 But when her spirit returned, as ruddy as morning when  
 The ripe fruit blushes into joy in heaven's eternal halls,  
 Sorrow shot through him from his feet and shot up to his head,  
 Like a cold night that nips the roots and scatters all the leaves.  
 Silent he stood o'er Enitharmon, watching her pale face.  
 180 He spoke not, he was silent, till he felt the cold disease.  
 Then Los mourned on the dismal wind in his jealous lamentation.

Why cannot I enjoy thy beauty, lovely Enitharmon ?  
 When I return from clouds of grief in the wandering elements,

- When thou in thrilling joy, in beaming summer loveliness,  
 185 Delectable reposest, ruddy in my absence, flaming with beauty,  
 Cold, pale in sorrow at my approach, trembling at my terrific  
 Forehead and eyes thy lips decay like roses in the spring.  
 How art thou shrunk ! Thy grapes that burst in summer's ripe excess  
 Shut up in little purple covering faintly bud and die.
- 190 Thy olive-trees that poured down oil upon a thousand hills  
 Sickly look forth and 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 and faintly shine.  
 Thy lilies that gave light what time the morning lookéd forth  
 195 Hid in the vales, faintly lament, and no one hears their voice.  
 All things beside the woeful Los enjoy delights of beauty !  
 Once how I sang and called the beasts and birds to their delight,  
 Nor knew that I alone, exempted from the joys of love,  
 Must war with secret monsters of the animating worlds.
- 200 Oh, that I had not seen the day ! Then should I be at rest !  
 Nor felt the strivings of desire, nor longings after life,  
 For life is sweet to Los the wretched. To his winged woes  
 Is given a craving cry : they sit at night on barren rocks,  
 And whet their beaks and snuff the air, and watch the opening dawn,  
 205 And shriek till at the smell of blood they stretch their bony wings,  
 And cut the winds like arrows shot by troops of destiny.
- Thus Los lamented in the night, unheard by Enitharmon.  
 Her shadow descended down the tree of mystery.  
 The spectre saw the shadow shivering o'er his gloomy rocks  
 210 Beneath the tree of mystery, which in the dismal abyss  
 Began to blossom in fierce pain, shooting its writhing buds  
 In throes of birth, and now, the blossoms falling, shining fruit  
 Appeared, of many colours and of poisonous qualities.  
 Of plagues, hidden in shining globes that grew on the living tree,
- 215 The spectre of Urthona saw the shadow of Enitharmon  
 Beneath the tree of Mystery among the leaves and fruit,

Reddening the demon strong prepared the poison of sweet love,  
He turned from side to side in tears. He wept and he embraced  
The fleeting image, and in whispers mild woo'd the faint shade.

- 220 Loveliest delight of men; oh! Enitharmon, shady, hiding  
In secret places where no eye can trace thy watery way,  
Have I found thee? Have I found thee? Tremblest thou in fear?  
Because of Orc? Because he rent his loud discordant way  
From thy sweet loins of bliss? Red flow'd thy blood on that dread  
day,
- 225 Pale grew thy face. Around the thundering horror lightnings played  
Over thee, and the terrible Orc, and rent his discordant way,  
But the next joy of thine shall be in sweet delusion,  
Its birth in faintings and in sleep, delusions sweet of Vala.

- The shadow of Enitharmon answered, Art thou, terrible shade,  
230 Set over this sweet boy of mine to guard him lest he rend  
His mother to the winds of heaven, intoxicated with fruit  
Of this delightful tree? Behold, I cannot flee away  
From thy embrace, else be assured so horrible a form  
Should never in my arms repose. Now listen, I will tell  
235 The secrets of Eternity which ne'er before unlocked  
My golden lips, nor took the bar from Enitharmon's breast;  
Among the flowers of Beulah walked th' Eternal Man, and saw  
Vala, the lily of the desert. Melting in high noon  
Upon her bosom in sweet bliss he fainted. Wonder seized  
240 All heaven, for they saw him dark. They built a golden wall  
Round Beulah. There he revelled in delight among the flowers.  
Vala was pregnant and brought forth Urizen, Prince of Light,  
First-born of generation. Then a wonder to the eyes  
Of the now fallen man, a double form Vala appeared, a male  
245 And female shuddering. Pale at sight the fallen man recoiled,  
And calling the Enormity, Luvah and Vala, turned  
Down vales to find his way back into heaven, but found none.  
For his frail eyes were faded, and his ears heavy and dull.

Urizen grew up in the plains of Beulah. Many sons  
 250 And many daughters flourished round the holy tent of man  
 Till he forgot Eternity, delighted in his sweet joy,  
 Among his family, his flocks and herds, and tents and fields.

But Luvah close conferred with Urizen in darksome night  
 To bind the father and enslave the brethren. Nought he knew  
 255 Of sweet Eternity. The blood flow'd round the holy tent and river ;  
 All Beulah from its hinges fell, uttering its final groan  
 In dark confusion. Meantime Los was born and Enitharmon,  
 But how, I know not. Then forgetfulness quite wrapped me up  
 A period, nor do I more remember, till I stood  
 260 Beside Los in the cave, enslaved to vegetative forms  
 According to the will of Luvah, who assumed the place  
 Of the Eternal Man and smote him. But thou, Spectre dark,  
 Must find a way to punish Vala in the fiery south,  
 To bring her down subjected to the rage of my fierce boy.

265 The Spectre said, Thou lovely vision, this delightful tree  
 Is given us for a shelter from the storms of void and solid,  
 Till once again the morn of ages shall renew on us,  
 To re-unite in those mild fields of happy Eternity,  
 Where thou and I in undivided essence walked abroad  
 270 Imbodied,—thou my garden of delight, and I the spirit  
 Mutual dwelt in one another, mutual joy revolving.  
 Eternal days with Tharmas mild and Luvah sweet, melodious,  
 Upon our waters ; thou rememberest, Sisters, I will tell  
 What thou forgettest. They in us and we in them have lived,  
 275 Drinking the joys of Universal Mankind. One dread morn—  
 Listen, oh Vision of Delight,—one morn of gory blood  
 The Manhood was divided. Gentle passions making way  
 Through th' infinite labyrinth of the heart and nostrils issuing,  
 In odorous stupefaction, stood before the eyes of Man  
 280 A female bright. I stood beside my anvil dark, a mass

Of iron glow'd bright prepared for spado and plough-share, sudden  
down

I sunk with cries of blood, issuing downward in the veins  
Which now my rivers were become, rolling in tube-like forms  
Shut up within themselves descending down. I sunk along

285 The gory tide even to the place of seed. Divided there

I was in darkness and 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

290 Till times passed over thee, my spirit still returning hovered  
And formed a male, to be a counterpart to thee, oh love,  
Darkened and lost ! In due time issuing forth from Enion's womb  
Thou and that demon Los were born. Ah, jealousy and woe !  
Ah, poor divided dark Urthona, now a Spectre wandering,

295 In deeps of Los, the slave of that creation I created.

I labour night and day for Los, but listen thou my vision,  
I view futurity with thee. I will bring down soft Vala  
To the embraces of this terror, and I will destroy  
The body I created ; then shall we unite in bliss.

300 For till these terrors planted round the gates of Eternal life  
Are driven away, annihilated, we cannot repass the gates.  
Thou knowest that the Spectre is in every man, insane, brutish,  
Brutish, deformed, that I am thus a ravening lust continually  
Craving, devouring ; but my eyes are upon thee, oh lovely

305 Delusion, and I cannot crave except for thee : not so  
The Spectres of the dead : I am the Spectre of the living.

Although filléd with tears, the spirit of Enitharmon beheld  
And heard the Spectre. Bitterly she wept, embracing fervent  
Her once loved Lord, now but a shade, herself also a shade,

310 Conferring times on times among the branches of that tree.

Thus they conferred among th' intoxicating fumes of Mystery  
Till Enitharmon's shadow, pregnant in the deeps beneath,  
Brought forth a wonder horrible, while Enitharmon shrieked

And trembled through the worlds above, and Los wept, terrified  
 315 At the shrieks of Enitharmon and her tossings, nor perceived  
 The cause of her dire anguish, for she lay the image of death,  
 Moved by strong shudders till her shadow was delivered, then  
 Raving ran through the upper elements in maddening fury.

She burst the gates of Enitharmon's heart with direful crash,  
 320 Nor could they e'er be closed again, the golden hinges were broke,  
 And the gates broken in sunder, and their ornaments defaced  
 Beneath the tree of Mystery, for the immortal shade  
 Brought forth this wonder horrible. A cloud she grew and grew  
 Till many of the dead burst through the bottoms of their tombs  
 325 In male forms without female counterparts or emanations,  
 Cruel and ravening with envy, hatred, and with war,  
 In dreams of Ulro, dark, delusive, drawn by the lovely shade.

The Spectre, terrified, gave her charge over the howling Orc,  
 Men took the tree of Mystery cast in the world of Los.  
 330 Its top boughs shoot a fibre beneath Enitharmon's couch,  
 The double-rooted labyrinth soon waved around their heads.

The Spectre entered Los's bosom. Every sigh and groan  
 Of Enitharmon bore Urthona's Spectre on its wings,  
 Obdurate Los felt pity; Enitharmon told the tale  
 335 Of Urthona. Los embraced the Spectre as a brother first,  
 Then as another self, astonished, humanizing in tears  
 In self-abasement giving up his domineering lust.

Thou never canst embrace sweet Enitharmon. Demon dread,  
 Thou art united with thy Spectre, to consume by pains  
 340 That mortal body, and by self-annihilation come  
 Back to Eternal Life to be assured I am thy self,  
 Though thus divided from thee and the slave of every passion  
 Of thy fierce soul. Unbar the gates of memory: look on me  
 Not as another, but as thy real self, I am thy Spectre,

- 345 Though horrible and ghastly to thine eyes, buried beneath  
 The ruins of the universe. Hear what, inspired, I speak ;  
 If we unite in one another bitter worlds will be  
 Opened within your heart and in your loins and wondrous brain  
 Threefold, as in Eternity, and this fourth universe  
 350 Will be renewéd by the three, consumed in mental fires.  
 Thou didst subdue me in old times by thy immortal power  
 When I was ravening hungry, thirsting cruel, murder and lust,  
 But if thou dost refuse another body will be prepared  
 For me, and thou annihilate, vanish and be no more.  
 355 For thou art but a form and organ of life, and of thyself  
 Art nought, by Mercy and Love Divine continuallly created.

Los answered, Spectre horrible, thy words astound my ear  
 With irresistible conviction. I feel I am not of those  
 Who, when convinced, persist, though furious, controllable  
 360 By Reason's power. I already feel a world within  
 Opening its gates, and in it all the real substances  
 Of which these in the outer world are shadows which pass away.  
 Come then into my bosom, in thy shadowy arms, with thee  
 Bring lovely Enitharmon. I will quell my fury and teach  
 365 Peace to the soul of dark revenge, and repentance to cruelty.

So spoke Los, and embracing Enitharmon and the Spectre,  
 Clouds would have folded round in love and extacy uniting,  
 But Enitharmon trembling, fled and hid beneath Urizen's tree,  
 But mingling together with his spectre, the Spectre of Urthona  
 370 Wondering, beheld the centre opened. By Divine Mercy inspired,  
 He in his bosom gave tasks to Los, enormous, to destroy  
 That body he created, but in vain, though Los performed wonders of  
 labour. . . .  
 They builded Golgonooza, Los builded the pillars high,  
 And domes terrific in the nether heavens, for beneath  
 375 Was opened a new heaven, a new earth beneath within,  
 Threefold within the brain, within the heart, within the loins

A threefold atmosphere continuous from Urthona's world,  
 But yet having a limit twofold named Satan and Adam,  
 But Los stood on the limit of translucence weeping, trembling,  
 380 Filled with doubts in self-accusation beheld the fruit  
 Of Urizen's mysterious tree, for Enitharmon spake.

When in the deeps beneath I gathered of this ruddy fruit,  
 It was by that I knew that I had sinnéd, and I knew  
 That, without ransom, I could not be saved from Eternal death,  
 385 That life lives upon death, and by devouring appetite  
 All things subsist on one another. Thenceforth in despair  
 I spend my glowing times, but thou art strong, and mighty thou  
 To bear this self-contrition. Take, then, eat thou also of  
 The fruit, and give me proof of life eternal or I die.

390 Then Los pluckéd the fruit and eat and sat down in despair,  
 And must have surely given himself to death eternal, but  
 Urthona's spectre ministering within him comforted,  
 As medium between him and Enitharmon, but this union  
 Was not to be effected without cares and sorrows and troubles,  
 395 Six thousand years of self-denial and of bitter contrition.

Urthona's Spectre, terrified, saw the spectres of the dead,  
 Each male without a counterpart, without a concentering vision,  
 The Spectre wept before Los, saying, Behold I am the cause  
 That this dim state commences. I begin the dreadful state  
 400 Of separation, and on my dark head the punishment  
 Must fall unless a way be found to ransom and redeem.  
 But I have this, my counterpart,—given miraculous.  
 These spectres have no counterparts, therefore they raven thus  
 Without the food of life. Let us create them counterparts.  
 405 The Spectre is Eternal Death, without a created body.  
 Los trembling, answered : 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 behold, take comfort,  
 410 Turn inwardly thine eyes, and there behold the Lamb of God  
 Clothéd in Luvah's robes of blood descending to redeem.  
 Oh, Spectre of Urthona, take comfort! Enitharmon,  
 Could'st thou but cease from terror, and from trembling and affright,  
 When I appear before thee in forgiveness of injuries,  
 415 Why should'st thou remember to be afraid?  
 Often enough thy jealousy and terror convince. I have died in pain.  
 Come hither; patient be; let us converse together, for  
 I also tremble at myself and all my former life.
- Enitharmon answered: I behold the Lamb of God descending  
 420 To meet the spectres of the dead. I therefore fear that he  
 Will give us to Eternal death for punishment, for such  
 Hideous offenders' last extinction is eternal pain.  
 An ever-dying life of stifling and obstruction, shnt  
 Out of existence to be a sign, and terror to who see.  
 425 Lest any in futurity should do as we in heaven,  
 Such is our state, nor will the Son redeem us, but destroy,  
 So Enitharmon spoke trembling, and in torrents of tears  
 Los sat in Golgonooza at the gate of Laban, where  
 He had created porches where branched the mysterious tree.  
 430 Where the spectrous dead wail; sighing thus he spoke to Enitharmon.  
 Lovely delight of men, Enitharmon, shady refuge from war,  
 Thy bosom translucent is a soft repose for weeping souls  
 Of piteous victims of battle, where they sleep, happy, obscure.  
 They feed upon our life. We are their victims. Stern desire  
 435 I feel to make embodied semblances in which the dead  
 May live in our palaces and in our gardens of labour,  
 Which now, opened within the centre, we behold spread round  
 To form a world of sacrifice of brothers, sons, and daughters,  
 To comfort Orc in his dire sufferings. Look, my fires afresh  
 440 Before my face assembling with delight as in old times!  
 Enitharmon spread her beamy locks upon the wind, and said—

Oh ! wonder of Eternity, Los, my defence and guide,  
 Thy works are all my joy and in thy fires my soul delights,  
 If mild they burn in just proportion and in secret night

445 And silence. Build their day in shadow of soft clouds and dens.  
 I can sigh forth on the winds of Golgonooza piteous forms  
 That vanish again in my bosom ; but if thou, my Los,  
 Wilt in sweet moderate fury fabricate these forms sublime,  
 Such as the piteous spectres may assimilate them with,

450 They shall be ransoms for our souls, that we through them may live.

So Enitharmon spoke, and Los, his hands inspired, began  
 To moderate his fires, studious, the loud roaring flames  
 He vanquished with the strength of art, bending their iron points,  
 And drawing them forth deflected on the winds of Golgonooza.

455 From out the ranks of Urizen's war, and from the fiery lake  
 Of Orc, bending down as the binder of the sheaves follows  
 The reaper, embracing in both arms the furious raging flames,  
 Los drew them forth out of the deeps, planting his right foot firm  
 On the iron crag of Urizen, thence springing up aloft

460 Into the heavens of Enitharmon in a mighty circle.

And first he drew a line upon the walls of shining heaven,  
 And Enitharmon tinctured it with beams of blushing love.  
 It remained permanent, a lovely form, inspired, divine, human.  
 Dividing into just proportion, Los unwearied laboured

465 The immortal lines upon the heavens, till, with sighs of love,  
 Sweet Enitharmon mild, entranced, breathed forth upon the wind  
 The spectrous dead, weeping. The Spectre viewed the immortal work  
 Of Los, assimilating to those forms Embodied. Lovely  
 In youth and beauty, in the arms of Enitharmon mild.

470 First Rintrah, and then Palamabron, drawn from ranks of war,  
 In infant innocence reposed on Enitharmon's bosom.  
 Orc was comforted in the deeps; his soul revived in them ;  
 As the elder brother is the father's image, so Orc became

- As Los, a father to his brethren, and forged in the dark lake,  
475 Then bound with chains of jealousy and scales of iron and brass.

Los loved them, and refused to sacrifice their infant limbs,  
And Enitharmon's smiles and tears prevailed o'er self-protection.  
They rather chose to meet Eternal Death than to destroy  
The offspring of their care and pity. Urthona's spectre was comforted,  
480 But Tharmas most rejoiced in hope of Enion's return,  
For he beheld new female forms borne forth upon the air,  
Who wore soft silken veils of covering in sweet raptured trance,  
Mortal, and not as Enitharmon, without a covering veil.  
First his immortal spirit drew Urizen's spectre away  
485 From out the ranks of war, separating him in sunder,  
Leaving his spectrous form, which could not so be drawn away.  
Then he divided Tiriel, the eldest of Urizen's sons.  
Urizen became Rintrah, Tiriel became Palamabron :  
Thus divided the power of every warrior.  
490 Startled was Los—he found his enemy Urizen now  
In his hands. Much he wondered that he felt love and not hate,  
His whole soul lovéd him. He as an infant him beheld,  
Lovely, from Enitharmon breathed. He trembled in himself.

But in the deeps beneath the breasts of Mystery in night  
495 Where Urizen sat on his rock, behold, the shadow brooded.  
Urizen saw and triumphed, and he cried to his warriors :—  
The Time of Prophecy is now revolved at last, and all  
The universal ornament is mine, and in my hand  
The ends of heaven. Like a garment I will fold them round,  
500 Consuming what must be consumed. In power and majesty  
I will walk forth through these wide fields of endless Eternity,  
A God and not a Man, a conqueror in triumphant glory,  
And all the sons of mortality shall bow down at my feet.

First trades and commerce, ships and armed vessels he builded  
laborious  
505 To swim the deep; and on the land children are sold to trades

Of dire necessity, still labouring day and night, till, all  
 Their life extinct, they take the spectre form in dark despair,  
 And slaves in myriads, in shiploads, burden the sounding deep.

And Urizen laid the first stone, and all his myriads

510 Builded a temple in the image of the human heart.

And in the inner part of the temple, wondrous workmanship,  
 They formed the secret place, reviving all the altars of delight,—  
 That whomsoever entered into the temple might not be sold  
 The hidden, wondrous allegories of the generations—

515 Of secret lust, when hid in chambers dark the mighty harlot

Plays at disguise in whispered hymn and mumbling prayer. The  
 Priests

He ordained, Presbyters, and clothed in disguises bestial,  
 Inspiring secrets. They bore lamps. Intoxicating fumes  
 Roll round the temple. And they took the Sun that glowed o'er Los

520 And with immense machines, down-rolling, the terrific orb  
 Compelled. The sun, reddening, like a lion in his chains,  
 Descended to the sound of instruments that drowned the noise  
 Of the hoarse wheels and the terrific howling of wild beasts  
 That dragged the wheels of the sun's chariot. And they put the sun  
 525 Into the temple of Urizen, to give light to the Abyss,  
 To light the war by day, to hide his secret braves by night—  
 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 furions forehead, circled with black bursting thunders,  
 530 The naked limbs glittering upon the dark blue sky, his knees  
 Bathéd in bloody clouds, his loins in fires of war where spears  
 And swords rage, where the eagles cry and the vultures laugh, saying :

Now comes the night of carnage, and the flesh of kings and princes  
 Pampered in palaces for our food, the blood of captains nurtured  
 535 With lust and murder for our drink. The drunken raven shall wander  
 All night among the slain and mock the wounded that groan in the  
 field.

Tharmas laughed, furious among the banners clothed with blood,  
Crying: As I will I rend the nations all asunder, rending  
The people. Vain their combinations, I will scatter them.

- 540 But thou, oh ! Son, whom I have crownéd and enthroned the strong,  
I will preserve thee. Enemies rise round thee numberless.  
I will command my winds and 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 orbs of heaven for thy possession.
- 545 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, divided was among my enemies.  
My little daughters were made captives, and I saw them beaten  
With whips along the sultry roads. I heard those whom I loved  
550 Crying in secret tents at night, and in the morn compelled  
To labour ; and, behold, my heart sunk down beneath in sighs,  
In sabbings, until all divided I divided was  
In twain, and, lo, my crystal form that in my bosom lived,  
Followed her daughters to the field of blood: they left me naked,
- 555 Alone, and they refused 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, and thou, oh ! my king,  
Shalt gather them from out their graves, and put thy fetters on,  
And bind them to thee, that my crystal form may come to me.
- 560 So cried the Demon of the Waters in the clouds of Los.  
Outstretched upon the hills lay Enitharmon. Clouds and tempests  
Beat round her head all night : all day she riots in excess.  
But night and day Los follows war. The moon rolls over her,  
That, when Los waned upon the south, reflected the fierce fires
- 565 Of his immortal head in north, upon faint Enitharmon.  
Red rage the furies of fierce Orc. Black thunders roll round Los,  
Flaming : his head like the sun seen through mist that magnifies  
The disk into a terrible vision to th' eyes of dreaming mortals.

And Enitharmon, trembling in fear, uttered these words :—

- 570 I put not any trust in thee, nor in thy glittering scales ;  
 Thy eyelids are a terror, and the flaming of thy crest ;  
 The rustling of thy scales confounds me, thy hoarse rustling scales.  
 And if that Los had not built me a bower upon a rock,  
 I must have died in the dark desert among noxious worms.
- 575 How shall I flee ? How shall I flee into the bower of Los ?  
 My feet are turnéd backwards and my footsteps slide in clay,  
 And clouds are closéd round my towers. My arms labour in vain.  
 Does not the God of Waters in the rocking elements  
 Love those who hate, rewarding with his hate the living soul ?
- 580 And must I not obey the God, thou shadow of jealousy ?  
 I cry ; the watchman heareth not. I pour my voice in roarings :  
 Watchman ! the night is thick, and darkness chokes my rayie sight.  
 Lift up ! lift up ! oh, Los ! awake my watchman, for he sleepeth.  
 Lift up ! lift up ! Shine forth, oh, Light ! Watchman, thy light is out.
- 585 Oh, 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  
 Through caves of death into existence. The beech, long-limbed,  
 advanced
- Terrific into the pained heavens. The fruit-trees humanizing,  
 590 Showed their immortal energies in warlike desperation,  
 Rending the heavens and earths, and drinking blood in the hot battle  
 To feed their fruit, to gratify their hidden sons and daughters,  
 That far in close recesses of their secret palaces  
 Viewed the vast war and joy'd therein writhing to vegetate
- 595 Into the worlds of Enitharmon. Loud the roaring winds  
 Burdened with clouds howl round the couch. Sullen the woolly sheep  
 Walks through the battle. Dark and fierce the strong bull in his rage  
 Propagates through the warring earth. The lions raging in flames,  
 The tiger in redounding smoke, the serpent of the woods,—
- 600 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 placed in times of everlasting  
And said, Go forth and guide my battles. Like the pointed spears  
Of Man I made thee when I blotted Man from life and light.

- 605 Take thou the seven diseases of Man. Store them for time to come,  
In store-houses, in secret places I will tell thee of,  
To be my great and awful curses at the appointed time.  
The prester serpent ceased. The war song sounded loud and strong  
Through all the heavens. Urizen wet, vibrated torrent on torrent.
- 610 Now in the caverns of the grave and places of human seed  
The nameless shadowy vortex stood before the face of Orc.  
The shadow raised her dismal head over the flaming youth  
With sighs and howlings and deep sobs, that he might lose his rage,  
And with it lose himself in meekness. She embraced his fire,
- 615 As when the Earthquake rises from his den, his shoulders huge  
Appear above the crumbling mountains, silence waits round him  
A moment. Then astounding horror belches from the centre,  
The fiery dogs arise again, the shoulders huge appear ;  
So Orc rolled round his clouds upon the deeps of dark Urthona.
- 620 Knowing the arts of Urizen were pity and affection,  
And by these arts the serpent form exuded from his limbs  
Silent as is despairing love, and strong as jealousy,  
Jealousy that she was Vala, now become Urizen's harlot.  
And the harlot and the deluded harlot of the kings of the earth
- 625 His soul was gnawn asunder . . . . .  
The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire,  
Red rage resounds, he roused his lions from his forests dark,  
They howl around the flaming youth, rending the nameless shadow,  
And running their immortal course through solid darkness borne.
- 630 Loud sounds the war-song round red Ore in his resistless 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

- 635 Awake ! I hear the flapping of the folding banners . . . . .  
The dragons of the north put on their armour . . . . .  
Upon the eastern sea . . . . they take their course . . . .  
The glittering of their horses and trappings stains the vault of night.  
Stop we the rising of the glorious king,—spur, spur your steeds,
- 640 Oh, northern drum ! awake—oh, hand of iron, sound  
The northern drum. Now give the charge ! Bravely obscured  
With deaths of wintry hail. Again the black bow draw :  
Again the elemental strings to your right breasts draw,  
And let the shadowy drum speed on the arrows black.
- 645 The arrows flew from cloudy bow all day till blood,  
From east to west, flowed like the human victims in rivers  
Of life upon the plains of death and valleys of despair.  
Now sound the clarions of victory, now strip  
The slain, now clothe yourselves in golden arms, brothers of war,
- 650 They sound the clarions strong, they chain the howling captives,  
They cast the lots into the helmet, they give the oath of blood,  
They vote the death of Luvah and they nailed him to a tree  
To die a death of six thousand years bound round with desolation.  
The sun was black and the moon rolled, a useless globe through
- heaven.
- 655 Then left the sons of Urizen the plough and harrow and loom,  
The hammer and the chisel and the rule and compasses.  
They forged the sword, the chariot of war, the battle axe,  
The trumpet fitted to the battle, and the flute of summer,  
And all the arts of life they changed into the arts of death.
- 660 The hour-glass contemned because its simple workmanship  
Was as the workmanship of the ploughman and the waterwheel  
That raises water into cisterns broken and burned with fire,  
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd,  
And in their stead intricate wheels, involved, wheel within wheel,
- 665 To perplex youth in their outgoings, to bind the labourers  
Of day and night, the myriads of eternity, that they might file

- And polish brass and iron hour after hour, laborious work,  
Kept ignorant of the use; that they might spend the days of wisdom  
In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread,
- 670 In ignorance to view a small portion and think that All,  
And call it demonstration, blind to the simple rules of life.
- And now the battle rages round thy tender limbs, oh ! Vala.  
Now smile among thy bitter tears, now put on all thy beauty.  
Is not the wound of the sword sweet and the broken bone delightful ?
- 675 Wilt thou now smile among the slain when the wounded groan in the  
fields ?
- Lift up thy blue eyes, Vala, and put on thy sapphire shoes,—  
On melancholy Magdalen, behold the morning breaks.  
Gird in thy flaming loins, descend into the sepulchre,  
Scatter the blood from thy golden bow and tears from thy silver locks,
- 680 Shake off the water from thy wings, 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  
Girt as a sower with his seed to scatter life abroad.
- 685 Arise, oh ! Vala, bring the bow of Urizen, bring the swift arrows of  
light,  
How raged the golden horses of Urizen, bound to the chariot of love,  
Compelled to leave the plough to the ox, to snuff up desolation,  
To tramp cornfields in boastful neighings. This is no gentle harp,
- 690 This is no warbling brook, nor shadow of a myrtle-tree,  
But blood and wounds and dismal cries and clarions of war,  
And hearts laid open to the light by the broad grizzly sword,  
And bowels hid in hammered steel ripped out upon the ground,—  
Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit,—call forth thy cloudy tears,
- 700 We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.
- 695 So sang the demons of the deep. The clarions of war blew loud.  
Orc rent her, and his human form consumed in his own fires  
Mingléd with her dolorous members, strewn through the abyss.  
She joyed in conflict, gratified and drinking tears of woe.

- No more remained of Orc but the serpent round the tree of mystery.  
 700 The form of Orc was gone. He reared his serpent bulk among  
 The stars of Urizen in furor, rending the form of life  
 Into a formless indefinite and strewing her on the abyss  
 Like clouds upon a winter sky, broken with wind and thunders.  
 This was, to her, supreme delight. The warriors mourned disappointed.  
 705 They go to war with many shouts and with loud clarions.  
 Oh, pity ! They return with lamentations, mourning, weeping.  
 Invisible or visible, drawn out in length or breadth,  
 The shadowy female varied in the war in her delight.  
 Howling in discontent, black, heavy uttering harsh sounds  
 710 Wandering through fires and slimy weeds and making lamentations  
 To deliver Tharmas in his rage, to soothe his furious soul,  
 To stay his flight that Urizen might live although in pain.  
 He said : Art thou bright Enion ? is the shadow of hope returned ?  
 And she said : Tharmas, I am Vala, bless thy innocent face !  
 715 Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue watery eyes ?  
 Be not persuaded that the air knows this, or the falling dew.  
 Tharmas replied : Oh ! Vala, once I lived in a garden of delight ;  
 I watered Enion in the morning and she lived always  
 Among the apple-trees ; and all the garden of delight  
 720 Swam like a dream before my eyes. I went to seek the steps  
 Of Enion in the garden and the shadow compassed me  
 And closed me in a watery world of woe where Enion stood  
 Trembling before me like a shadow, like a mist, like air.  
 And she is gone, and here alone I war with darkness and death.  
 725 I hear thy voice, but not thy form see. Thou and all delight  
 And life appear and vanish,—mocking me with shadows of false hope.  
 Hast thou forgot that the air listens through all its districts telling  
 The subtlest thoughts shut up from light in chambers of the moon ?  
 Tharmas, the moon has chambers where the babes of love lie hid,  
 730 And whence they never can be brought in all Eternity  
 Unless exposed by their vain parents. Lo, he whom I love

Is hidden from me, and I never in all Eternity

Shall see him. Enitharmon and Ahania, combined with Enion,

Hid him in that outrageous form of Orc, which torments me for sin

735 For all my secret faults which he brings forth upon the light

Of day in jealousy and blood. My children are led to Urizen's war

Before my eyes, and for every one of these I am condemned

To eternal torment in these flames, for though I have the power

To rise on high, yet love here binds me down, and never, never

740 Will I arise till him I love is loosed from this dark chain.

Tharmas replied : Vala, thy sins have lost us heaven and bliss,

Thou art our curse, and till I can bring love into the light

I never will depart from my great wrath . . . .

So Tharmas wailed. Dreadful they rode upon the stormy deep,

745 Cursing the voice that mocked them with false hope in furious mood.

Then she returned, swift as a blight upon the infant bred,

Howling in all the notes of woe to stay his furious rage,

Stamping the hills, wandering, swimming, flying furious, falling,

Or like an earthquake rumbling in the bowels of the earth,

750 Or like a cloud beneath, or like a fire flaming on high,

Walking with pleasure on the hills or running in the dales

Like to a rushing torrent beneath and a falling rock above,

A thunder-cloud in the south and a chilling voice heard in the north.

And she went forth and saw the forms of life and of delight

755 Walking on mountains or flying in the open expanse of heaven.

She heard sweet voices in the winds and 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,

Though all those fair perfections which men know only by name

760 In beautiful substantial forms appeared and 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, and everyone came forth

Walking before her shadowy face and bowing at her feet.

- 765 But in vain delights were poured forth on the howling melancholy.  
For her delight the horse his proud neck bowed, and his whole mane,  
And the strong lion deigned in his mouth to wear the golden bit,  
While the far-beaming peacock walkéd on the fragrant wind  
To bring her fruits of sweet delight from trees of richest wonder,
- 770 And the strong eagle bore the fire of heaven in the night.  
Woo'd and subdued into eternal death the demon lay,  
In rage against the dark despair, the howling melancholy.  
For far and wide she stretched through all the worlds of Urizen's  
journey,  
And was adjoined to Beulah as the polypus to the rock.
- 775 Mourning, the daughters of Beulah saw, nor could they have sustained  
The horrid sight of death and torment. But the Eternal promise  
They wrote on all their tombs and pillars and on every urn,  
These words,—If ye will believe your brother shall rise again,—  
In golden letters ornamented with sweet labours of love,
- 780 Waiting in patience for the fulfilment of the promise Divine.
- And all the songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes,  
Not suffering doubt to rise up from the clouds of the shadowy female.  
The myriads of the dead burst through the bottoms of their tombs,  
Descending on the shadowy female's clouds in spectrous terror,
- 785 Beyond the limit of translucence on the lake of Udan Adan.  
These they named Satans, and in the aggregate they named them  
Satan.

END OF THE SEVENTH NIGHT.

## Night the Eighth.

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- Then all in great Eternity, which is called the counsel of God,  
Met as one Man, even Jesus, upon Gilead and Hermon,  
Upon the limit of contraction to awake the fallen Man.  
The fallen Man stretched like a corse upon the osy rock,  
5 Washed with the tide, pale, overgrown with the waves,  
Just moved with horrible dreams, and waving high over his head  
Two winged immortal shapes were seen, one standing at his feet  
Toward the east, one standing at his head toward the west,  
Their wings joined in the Zenith overhead ; but other wings  
10 They had that clothed their bodies like a garment of soft down,  
Silvery, bright, shining upon the dark blue sky in silver.  
These wings touch'd the heavens. Their fair feet hovered above  
The swelling tides ; they bent over the dead corse like an arch,  
Pointed at the top in highest heaven of precious stones and pearl.  
15 Such is a vision of all Beulah hovering over the sleeper.

- The limit of contraction was now fixed, and Man began  
To wake upon the conch of death. He sneezed seven times,  
A tear of blood dropped from either eye. Again he reposed  
In the Saviour's arms, in the arms of tender mercy and loving kindness.
- 20 Then Los said : I behold the Divine Vision through the broken gates  
Of thy poor broken heart, astonished, melted into compassion and love.
- Enitharmon said : I see the Lamb of God upon Mount Zion.
- Wondering with love and awe they felt the Divine Hand upon them ;  
For nothing could restrain the dead in Beulah from dissolving  
25 Unto Ulro's night, tempted by the shadowy females, sweet  
Delusive cruelty. They descend away from the daughters of Beulah

And enter Urizen's temple, Enitharmon pitying, and her heart—  
 Gates broken down. They descend through the gate of Pity—  
 The broken heart-gate of Enitharmon. She sighs them forth upon the  
 wind

- 30 Of Golgonooza. Los stood at the gate receiving them—  
 For Los could enter into Enitharmon's bosom and explore  
 Its intricate labyrinths now the obdurate heart was broken—  
 From out the war of Urizen and Tharmas receiving them  
 Into his hands. Then Enitharmon erected looms in Laban's gate,  
 35 And called 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 lovéd them  
 With a parental love, for the Divine hand was upon him  
 And upon Enitharmon, and the Divine countenance shone  
 40 In Golgonooza. Looking down, the daughters of Beulah saw,  
 With joy, the bright light, and in it a human form,  
 And knew he was the Saviour, even Jesus: and they worshipped,  
 Astonished, comforted, delighted, in notes of rapturous ecstasy.

All Beulah stood astonished, looking down to Eternal Death.

- 45 They saw the Saviour beyond the pit of Death and of Destruction.  
 For whether they looked upward they saw the Divine Vision,  
 Or whether they looked downward still they saw the Divine Vision,  
 Surrounding them on all sides beyond sin and death and hell.

And Enitharmon, now in tears, singing songs of lamentation

- 50 And pitying comfort, as she sighs forth on the wind the Spectre,  
 Also the vegetated bodies which Enitharmon wove,  
 Opened within their hearts, and in their loins, and in their brain,  
 To Beulah; and the dead in Ulro descended from the war  
 Of Urizen and Tharmas, and from the shadowy female's clouds.  
 55 And some were woven single, and some twofold, and some threefold,  
 In head or heart or reins, according to the fittest order  
 Of most merciful pity and compassion to the spectrous dead.

When Urizen saw the Lamb of God clothed in Luvah's robes,

Perplexed and terrified he stood, though well he knew that Orc  
 60 Was Luvah. But he now beheld a new Luvah, or Orc,  
 Who assumed Luvah's form and stood before him opposite.

- But he saw Orc, a serpent form, augmenting times on times  
 In the fierce battle ; and he saw the Lamb of God and the world of Los  
 Surrounded by his dark machine, for Orc augmented swift  
 65 In fury, a serpent wondrous amongst the constellations of Urizen.  
 A crest of fire rose on his forehead, red as a carbuncle,  
 Beneath, down to his eyelids, scales of pearl, then gold and silver  
 Inmingled with the ruby, overspread his visage down  
 His furious neck ; writhing, contorted in dire budding pains,  
 70 The scaly armour shot out. Stubborn down his back and bosom  
 The emerald, orange, sulphur, jasper, beryl, amethyst,  
 Stood, in terrific emulation which should gain a place  
 Upon the mighty fiend—the fruit of the mysterious tree  
 Kneaded in Uvith's kneading trough. Still Orc devoured the food  
 75 In raging hunger. Still the pestilential food, in gems and gold,  
 Exuded round his awful limbs, stretching to serpent length  
 His human bulk. While the dark shadowy female, brooding o'er,  
 Measured his food morning and evening in cups and baskets of iron.  
 With tears of sorrow incessant she laboured the food of Orc,  
 80 Compelled by the iron-hearted sisters, daughters of Urizen.  
 Gathering the fruit of that mysterious tree, circling its root,  
 She spread herself through all the branches in the form of Orc.

- Thus Urizen, in soft deceit, his warlike preparations fabricated.  
 And when all things were finished, sudden waved among the stars  
 85 His hurtling hand gave the dire signal. Thund'rous clarions blow.  
 And all the hollow deep re-bellowed with the thund'rous war.  
 But Urizen his mighty rage let loose in the mid-deep.  
 Sparkles of dire afflictions issued round his frozen limbs.  
 Horrible hooks and nets he formed, twisting the cords of iron  
 90 And brass and molten metals, cast in hollow globes and bored  
 Tubes in petrific steel, and rammed combustibles, and wheels

And chains and pulleys, fabricated all round the heavens of Los,  
Communing with the serpent Orc in dark dissimulation,  
And with the Synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrin,  
95 To undermine the world of Los, to tear bright Enitharmon  
To the four winds, hopeless of future. All futurity  
Seems teeming with endless destruction never to be expelled ;  
Desperate remorse swallows the present in a quenchless rage.

The battle howls, the terrors fired rage in the work of death ;  
100 Enormous work. Los contemplated, inspired by the holy Spirit.  
Los builds the walls of Golgonooza against the stirring battle,  
That only through the gates of death they can enter to Enitharmon.  
Raging they take the human visage and the human form,  
Feeling the hand of Los in Golgonooza, and the force  
105 Attractive of his hammers beating, and the silver looms  
Of Enitharmon singing lulling cadences on the wind.  
They humanize in the fierce battle, where in direful pain,  
Terrified and astonished, Urizen beheld the battle take a form  
Which he intended not, a shadowy hermaphrodite, black and opaque,  
110 The soldiers named it Satan, but he was as yet unformed and vast.  
Hermaphroditic it at length became, hiding the male  
Within as in a tabernacle, abominable, deadly.  
Troop by troop the bestial drove rend one another, sounding loud  
The instruments of sound ; and troop by troop, in human forms, they  
urge  
115 The dire confusion till the battle faints. Those that remain  
Return in pangs and horrible convulsions to their bestial state ;  
For the monsters of the elements, lions or tigers or wolves  
Sound loud the howls, music inspired by Los and Enitharmon  
sounding loud and terrific. Men  
They seem to one another, laughing terrible among the banners.  
120 And when the revolution of the day of battles was o'er,  
Relapsing in dire torment, they return to forms of woe,  
To moping visages, retiring, inanimate, furious.  
No more erect, though strong, drawn out in length they ravin

- For senseless gratification, and their visages thrust forth,  
 125 Flatten above and beneath and stretch out into bestial length.  
 Weakened they stretch beyond their power in dire droves till war  
     begins,  
 Or secret religion in their temples before secret shrines.
- And Urizen gave life and sense by his immortal power  
 To all his engines of deceit, that linked chains might run  
 130 Through ranks of war, spontaneous : that hooks and 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  
 135 Into their own destruction, if perhaps he might avert  
 His own despair even at the cost of everything that breathes.
- Thus in the temple of the sun his books of iron and brass  
 And silver and gold he consecrated, reading incessantly  
 To myriads of perturbed spirits : through the universe  
 140 They propagated the deadly words, the shadowy female absorbing  
 The enormous science of Urizen, age after age exploring  
 The fell destruction, and she said : Oh ! Urizen, Prince of Light,  
 What words of dread pierce my faint ear ? What falling snows around  
 My feeble limbs enfold my destined misery ?
- 145 I alone dare the last abide to sit beneath the blast  
 Unhurt, and 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.
- 150 I see the murderer of my Luvah clothed in robes of blood,  
 He who assumed my Luvah's robes in times of Everlasting  
 Where hast thou hid him whom I love ; in what remote abyss  
 Resides that God of my delight ? Oh ! might my eyes behold  
 My Luvah, then would I deliver all the Sons of God
- 155 From bondage of these terrors, and with influences sweet,

As once in those eternal fields of brotherhood and love,  
 United we should live in bliss as those who sinnéd not.  
 The Eternal Man is sealed by thee, never to be delivered.  
 We are all servants to thy will. Oh ! King of Light, relent  
 160 Thy furious power ; be our father and our lovéd king.  
 But if my Luvhah is no more, if thou hast smitten him  
 And laid him in the sepulchre, or if thou wilt revenge  
 His murder on another, silent I bow with dread.  
 But happiness can never come to thee, oh ! King, nor me,  
 165 For he was the source of every joy that this mysterious tree  
 Unfolds in allegoric fruit. When shall the dead revive ?  
 Can that which has existed cease ? Can love and life expire ?

Urizen heard the voice, and saw the shadow underneath  
 His woven darkness, and in laws and deceitful religions,  
 170 Beginning at the tree of Mystery, circling its roost,  
 He spread himself through all the branches in the power of Orc,  
 A shapeless and indefinite cloud, in tears of sorrow incessant.  
 Steeping the direful web of religion, swagging, heavy, it fell  
 From heaven to earth, through all its meshes, altering the vortexes,  
 175 Misplacing every centre. Hungry desire and lust began  
 Gathering the fruit of that mysterious tree, till Urizen,  
 Sitting within his temple, furious, felt the ruining stupor,  
 Himself caught in his own net, in sorrow, lust, repentance.

Enitharmon wove in tears, singing songs of lamentations,  
 180 And pitying comfort as she sigh'd forth on the wind the spectres,  
 And wove them bodies, calling them her beloved sons and daughters,  
 Employing the daughters in her looms, and Los employed the sons  
 In Golgonooza's furnaces among the anvils of time and space.  
 Thus forming a vast family, wondrous in beauty and love,  
 185 And they appeared a Universal female form created  
 From those who were dead in Ulro, from the spectres of the dead.

And Enitharmon named the female Jerusalem the Holy.  
 Wondering, she saw the Lamb of God within Jerusalem's veil;

The Divine Vision seen within the inmost deep recess  
100 Of fair Jerusalem's bosom in a gently beaming fire.

Then sang the sons of Eden round the Lamb of God, and 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

105 Depends alone upon the Universal hand, and not in us  
Is aught but death. In individual weakness, sorrow and pain,  
We behold with wonder Enitharmon's looms and Los's forges,  
And the spindles of Tirzah and Rahab, and the mills of Satan and  
Beelzebub.

In Golgonooza Los's anvils stand and his furnaces rage,—  
200 The hard dentant hammers lulled by the flutes' lula-lula—  
The bellowing furnaces blaze by the long resounding clarions,  
Ten thousand demons labour at the forges creating continually  
The times and spaces of Mortal life, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars,  
In periods of pulsative furor, breaking into wedges and bars,

205 Then drawing into wires the terrific Passions and Affections  
Of Spectrous Dead, thence to the looms of Cathedron conveyed.  
The daughters of Enitharmon weave the ovarium and integument  
In soft silk, drawn from their own bowels in lascivious delight,  
With songs of sweetest cadence to the turning spindle and reel,

210 Lulling the weeping spectres of the dead, clothing their limbs  
With gifts and gold of Eden. Astonished, stupefied 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, until  
The dread sleep of Ulro is passed. But Satan, Og, and Sihon

215 Build mills of resistless wheels to unwind the soft threads and reveal  
Naked of their clothing the poor spectres before the accusing heavens,  
While Rahab and 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 foot with a cold web.

220 We look down into Ulro, and we behold the wonders of the grave.  
Eastward of Golgonooza stands the lake of Udan Adan, in

- Entuthon Benyton, a lake not of waters but of spaces,  
 Perturbed, black, and deadly. On its strands and its margins,  
 The mills of Satan and Beelzebub stand round the roots of Urizen's  
 tree,
- 225 For this lake is formed of the tears and sighs and death-sweat of the  
 victims  
 Of Urizen's laws, to irrigate the roots of the tree of Mystery.  
 They unweave the soft threads, then they weave them anew in forms  
 Of dark death and despair, and none from Eternity to Eternity could  
 escape.
- But thou Universal Humanity, who is One Man, blessed for ever,  
 230 Receivest 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 spectres from their  
 bonds.
- He awakes sleepers in Ulro. The daughters of Beulah praise him,  
 235 They anoint his feet with ointment, they wipe them with the hairs of  
 their head.
- We now behold the ends of Beulah, and we now behold,—  
 Where death eternal is put off eternally. Oh ! Lamb,  
 Assume the dark Satanic body in the Virgin's womb.  
 Oh ! Lamb Divine, it cannot thee annoy ! Oh ! pitying one,  
 240 Thy pity is from the foundation of the world, and thy Redemption  
 Begins already in Eternity. Come, then, oh ! Lamb of God,  
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly.
- So saying in Eternity, looking down into Beulah,  
 The war roared round Jernusalem's gates. It took a hideous form  
 245 Seen in the aggregate, a vast Hermaphroditic form,  
 Heaved like an earthquake, labouring 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,  
 250 A male without a female counterpart, a howling fiend

Forlorn of Eden, and repugnant to the forms of life—  
 Yet hiding the shadowy female Vala, as in an ark and curtains—  
 Abhorred, accursed, ever dying an eternal death.

- Being multitudes of tyrant men in union blasphemous  
 255 Against the Divine Image, congregated assemblies of wicked men.

Pitying, the Lamb of God descended through Jerusalem's gates  
 To put off the Mystery, time after time, and as a Man  
 Is born on earth, so was he born of fair Jerusalem  
 In Mystery's woven mantle, and in the robes of Luvah.

- 260 He stood in fair Jerusalem to awake up into Eden  
 The fallen Man,—but first to give his vegetated body  
 To be cut off that the Spiritual body may be revealed.

The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite,  
 In Entuthon Benython, in the shadows of torment and woe,  
 265 Upon the heights of Amalek, taking refuge in his arms.  
 The victims fled from punishment, for all his words were peace.  
 Urizen called together the synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrin,  
 To Judge the Lamb of God to death as a murderer and a robber,  
 As it is written he was numbered among the transgressors.

- 270 Cold, dark, opaque, the assembly met twelvefold in Amalek,  
 Twelve rocky unshaped forms, terrific forms of torture and woe,  
 Such seemed the synagogue to distant view, amidst them beamed  
 A false female counterpart of Lovely Delusive Beauty,  
 Dividing and uniting at will in cruelties of holiness,—

- 275 Vala,—drawn down into a vegetative body, now triumphant,  
 The synagogue of Satan clothed her with scarlet robes and gems,  
 And on her forehead was her name, written in blood,—“Mystery.”  
 When viewed remote she is One, when viewed near she divides  
 To multitudes, as it is in Eden, so permitted because  
 280 It was the best possible in the state called Satan to save  
 From Death Eternal, and to put off Satan continually.  
 The synagogue created her from fruit of Urizen's tree,  
 By Devilish arts, abominable, unlawful, unutterable,

- Perpetually vegetating in detestable birth  
 285 Of female forms, beautiful through poisons hidden in secret,  
 Which give attraction to false beauty. Then was hidden within  
 The bosom of Satan the False Female, as in an ark and veil,  
 Which Christ must rend and her reveal. Her daughters are called  
 Tirzah. She is named Rahab. Their various divisions are called  
 290 The daughters of Amalek, Canaan, and Moab, binding on the stones  
 Their victims, and with knives wounding them, singing with tears  
 Over their victims. Hear ye the song of the females of Amalek.

Oh, thou poor human form ! Oh, thou poor child of woe !  
 Why dost thou wander away from Tirzah ; why we compel to bind  
 thee ?

- 295 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 chain  
 These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies,  
 I have bent downward with lead molten in my furnaces.  
 300 My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roar the bellows,  
 Upon my terribly flaming heart the molten metal runs  
 In channels through my fiery limbs. Oh, Love ! Oh, Pity ! Oh, Pain !  
 Oh, the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken !  
 Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran.  
 305 The River Kanah wandered by my sweet Manasseh's side.  
 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.  
 310 Malah, come forth from Lebanon, and Hoglah from Mount Sinai—  
 Come, circumscribe this tongue of sweets, and 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 and Truth are fled away from Shechem and Mount Gilead,  
 315 Unless my beloved is bound down on the stems of Vegetation.

Such are the songs of Tirzah, such the loves of Amalek.  
 The Lamb of God descended through the nether portions of Luvah,  
 Bearing his sorrows and receiving all his cruel wounds.

Thus was the Lamb of God condemned to death.

320 They nailed him upon the tree of Mystery, weeping over him,  
 And then mocking, and then worshipping, calling him Lord and King.  
 Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely, sometimes as five,  
 They stood in beaming beauty. Sometimes as one, even Rahab,  
 Who is Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of Harlots.

325 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 !—and let us build  
 A Sepulchre, and worship Death in fear while yet we live—  
 Death ! God of all ! From whom we rise, to whom we all return,—  
 330 And let all nations of the Earth worship at the Sepulchre  
 With gifts and spices, and with lamps embossed, jewels and gold.

Los took the body from the Cross, Jerusalem weeping over,  
 They bore it to the Sepulchre, which Los had hewn in the rock  
 Of Eternity for himself : he heard it despairing of Life Eternal.

335 But when Rahab had cut off the Mantle of Luvah from  
 The Lamb of God, it rolled apart, revealing to all in heaven  
 And all in earth, the Temple, the Synagogue of Satan, and Mystery,  
 Even Rahab in all her turpitude. Rahab divided herself—  
 She stood before Los in her pride among the Furnaces,  
 340 Dividing and uniting in delusive feminine powers, questioning him.  
 He answered her with tenderness and love, not uninspired.

Los sat upon his anvil stock. They sat beside the forge.  
 Los wiped the sweat from his red brow, and thus began  
 To the delusive female forms shining among his furnaces :

345 I am that shadowy prophet who, six thousand years ago,  
 Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. I divided

- To multitude and my multitudes are children of care and labour.  
 Oh ! Rahab, I behold thee. I was once like thee, a son  
 Of Pride, and I have pierced the Lamb of God in pride and wrath.  
 350 Hear me repeat my generations that thou may'st also repent.  
 And these are the generations of Los and Enitharmon, Rintrah,  
     Palamabron,  
 Theotormon, Bromion, Antamon, Ananton, Ozoth, Ohana,  
 Sotha, Mydon, Ellayol, Natha, Gon, Hurlath, Satan,  
 Har, Ochim, Ijim, Adam, Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphali,  
 355 Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun, Joseph, Benjamin, David, Solomon,  
     Paul, Constantine, Charlemagne, Luther, Milton.  
 These are our daughters : Ocalythron, Elynitria, Oothoon, Leutha,  
 Elythiria, Enanto, Manatha Varcyon, Ethinthus, Moab, Midian,  
 Aah, Tullah, Caina, Naamah, Tamar, Rahab, Tirzah, Mary.  
 360 And myriads more of sons and daughters to whom our loves increased,  
     To each according to the multiplication of their multitudes.  
 But Satan accused Palamabron before his brethren, also he maddened  
 The horses of Palamabron's harrow, wherefore Rintrah and Palamabron  
     Cut him off from Golgonooza. But Enitharmon, in tears,  
 365 Wept over him, and created him a space with a tender moon,  
     As he rolled down beneath the fires of Orc, a globe immense  
     Crested with snow in a dim void. Here, by the arts of Urizen,  
     He tempted many of the sons and daughters of Los to flee  
     Away from them. First Reuben fled, then Simeon, then Levi, then  
     Judah,  
 370 Then Dan, then Naphali, 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 named Satan. Learn distinct to know, oh ! Rahab—  
     The difference between states and individuals of those states.  
 375 The state named Satan never can be redeemed to all Eternity.  
 But when Luvhah in Orc became a Serpent, he descended into—  
     That state called Satan. Enitharmon breathed forth on the winds  
     Of Golgonooza her well beloved, knowing he was Orc's human remains.  
     She tenderly loved him above all his brethren. He grew up

- 380 In mother's tenderness. The enormous worlds rolling in Urizen's power  
 Must have given Satan, by these mild arts, dominion over all,  
 Wherefore Palamabron being accused by Satan to Los,  
 Called down a great solemn assembly. Rintrah, in fury and fear,  
 Defended Palamabron, and rage filled the universal tent.
- 385 Because Palamabron was good-natured, Satan supposed he feared him,  
 And Satan not having the science of wrath, but only of pity,  
 Was soon condemned, and wrath was left to wrath, and pity to pity.  
 Rintrah and Palamabron, cut sheer off from Golgonooza,  
 Enitharmon's moony space, and in it, Satan and his companions.
- 390 They rolled down a dim world, crushed with snow, deadly and dark.  
 Jerusalem, pitying them, wove them mantles of life and death,  
 Times after times, and those in Eden set Lucifer for their guard.  
 Lucifer refused to die for Satan. In pride he forsook his charge.  
 They sent Molech. Molech was impatient. They sent—
- 395 Molech impatient—they sent Elohim, who created Adam,  
 To die for Satan. Adam refused, but was compelled to die  
 By Satan's arts. Then the eternals sent Shaddai.  
 Shaddai was angry. Pahad descended. Pahad was terrified.  
 And then they sent Jehovah, who, leprous, stretched his hand to  
 Eternity.
- 400 Then Jesus came, and died willing beneath Tirzah and Rahab.  
 Thou art that Rahab. To the tomb. What can we purpose more?  
 To Enitharmon, terrible and beautiful in eternal youth,  
 Bow down before her, you, her children. Set Jerusalem free.
- Rahab, burning with pride and revenge, departed from Los.  
 405 Los dropped a tear at her departure, but he wiped it away in hope.  
 She went to Urizen in pride. The Prince of Light beheld  
 Revealed before the face of heaven his secret holiness.  
 Darkness and sorrow covered all flesh. Eternity was darkened.
- Urizen sitting in his web of deceitful religion  
 410 Felt the female death,—a dull and numbing stupor, such as never

- Before assaulted the bright human form. He felt his pores  
Drink in the deadly dull delusion. Terrors of Eternal Death  
Shot through him. Urizen sat stonied upon his rock.  
Forgetful of his own laws, petrifying he began to embrace  
415 The shadowy female. Since life cannot be quenched, life exuded,  
His eyes shot forward, then his breathing nostrils drawn forth.  
Scales covered over a cold forehead and a neck outstretched  
Into the deep to seize the shadow. Scales his neck and bosom  
Covered; scales his hands and feet. Upon his belly falling  
420 Outstretched through the immense; his mouth wide open, tongueless,  
His teeth a triple row, he strove to seize the shadow in vain,  
And his immense tail lashed the abyss. His human form a stone.  
A form of senseless stone remained in terrors on the rock,  
Abominable to the eyes of mortals who explore his books.  
425 His wisdom still remained, and all his memory stored with woe.  
And still his stony form remained 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.  
430 With envy he saw Los, with envy Tharmas and Urthona,  
With envy and in vain he swam around his stony form.  
No longer now erect, the king of light, outstretched in fury,  
Lashes his tail in the wide deep. His eyelids, like the sun  
Arising in his pride, enlightens all the grizzly deeps,  
435 His scales transparent give forth light like windows of the morning,  
His neck flames with wrath and majesty. He lashes the deeps,  
Beating the deserts and the rocks; the deserts feel his power.  
They shake their slumbers off, they wave in awful fear,  
Calling the lion and the tiger, the horse and the wild stag,  
440 The elephant, the wolf and bear, the llama and the satyr.  
His eyelids give their light around. His foaming tail aspires  
Among the stars. The earth and all the abysses feel his fury.  
When, as the snow covers the mountains, oft petrific hardness  
Covers the deeps at his vast fury, moving in his rock,  
445 Hardens the lion and the bear, writhing in the solid mountain.

They view the light and wonder, crying out in terrible existence.  
Up-bound the wild stag and the horse, behold the king of pride.  
Oft doth his eye emerge from the abyss into the realms  
Of his eternal day, and memory strives to augment his ruthfulness.

- 450 Then weeping he descends in wrath, drawing all things in his fury  
Into obedience to his will, and 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 and fury risen into the heavens,  
455 A king of wrath and 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 and spirit that Orc reigned over all,  
And that his wisdom served but to augment the indefinite lust.

- 460 Then Tharmas and Urthona felt the stony stupor rise  
Into their limits. Urthona shot forth a vast fibrous form.  
Tharmas like a pillar of sand rolled round by the whirlwind,  
An animated pillar rolling round in incessant rage.

Los felt the stony stupor and his head rolled down beneath  
465 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 and cold, in milky juices flowed  
Into a form of vegetation, living, having a voice,  
Moving in root-like fibres, breathing in fear upon the earth.

- 470 And Tharmas gave his power to Los, Urithona gave his strength  
Into the youthful prophet for the love of Enitharmon  
And of the nameless shadowy female, into the nether deep,  
And for the dread of the dark terror of Orc and Urizen.

Thus in a living death the nameless shadow all things bound,  
475 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 and he put off all mortality.

Tharmas on high rode furious through the afflicted worlds,  
Pursuing the vain shadow of hope, fleeing from identity  
480 In abstract false essences that he may not hear the voice :  
The voice incessant calls on all the children of Men,  
For she spoke of all in heaven and all upon the earth,—  
Saw not yet the Divine Vision. Her eyes are toward Urizen,  
And thus Ahania cries aloud to the caverns of the grave :

485 Will you keep a flock of wolves and 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 churchyard ;  
Or a pillar and palace of Eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave ?  
Will you scent pleasure from the festering wound, or marry for a wife  
490 The ancient leprosy that the king and priest may feast on your decay ?  
And the grave mock and laugh at the ploughed field saying,—  
I am the nourisher, thou the destroyer ; in my bosom is milk and wine,  
And a fountain from my breasts. To me come all multitudes  
To my breasts. They obey, they worship me. I am goddess and queen.  
495 But listen to Ahania, oh ! ye sons of the murdered one,  
Listen to her whose memory beholds your ancient days,  
Listen to her whose eye beholds 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 glorious sun  
500 Nor silent moon, nor all the hosts of heaven move in his body.  
His fiery halls are dark, and round his limbs the serpent Orc  
Fold without fold encompasses him, and his corrupting members  
Do vomit out the scaly monsters of the restless deep.  
They come up in the rivers and among the nether parts  
505 Of Man who lays upon the shore, leaning his faded head  
Upon the oozy rock enwrapt with the weeds of death.

- His eyes sink hollow in his head. His flesh covered with slime  
 And shrunk up to the bones. Alas! that Man should come to this!  
 His strong bones beat with snows and hid within the caves of night,
- 510 Marrowless, bloodless, falling into dust, driven by the winds.  
 Oh! how the horrors of Eternal Death take hold on Man.  
 His faint groans shake the caves and issue through the desolate rocks,  
 And the strong eagle now with numbing cold, blighted of feathers,  
 Once like the pride of the sun now flagging on cold night,
- 515 Hovers with blasted wings aloft, watching with eagle eyc  
 Till Man shall leave a corruptible body. He, famished, 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, and in his belly worms
- 520 Feast on his death till univeral death devours all,  
 And the pale horse seeks for the pool to lie him down and die,  
 But finds the pool filled with serpents devouring one another.  
 He droops his head and trembling stands, and his bright eyes decay.  
 These are the visions of my eyes, the visions of Ahania.
- 525 Thus cries Ahania. Enion replies from the caverns of the grave:  
 Fear not, oh poor forsaken one. Oh land of grass and thorns,  
 Where once the olive flourished and the cedar spread his wings.  
 Once I wailed desolate like thee; my fallow fields in fear  
 Cried to the churchyards and the earthworm came in dismal state.
- 530 I found him in my bosom, and I said the time of love  
 Appears upon the rocks and 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.
- 535 The watery grave. Oh! thou cornfield. Oh! thou vegetative 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 bitter hope, although I consume in these raging waters,

- 540 The furrowed 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 believed.  
When the man gently fades away in his immortality.  
When the mortal disappears in improved knowledge, cast away
- 545 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 and fires around the rock, and thy mysterious tree.
- 550 And as the seed waits eagerly watching for its flower and fruit,  
Anxious its little soul looks out into the clear expanse  
To see if hungry winds are abroad with their invisible array.  
So Man looks out in tree, and herb, and fish, and bird, and beast,  
Collecting up the scattered portions of his immortal body
- 555 Into the elemental forms of everything that grows.  
He tries the sullen north wind, riding on its angry furrows,  
The sultry south when the sun rises, and the angry east  
When the sun sets and the clods harden and the cattle stand  
Drooping, and the birds hide in their silent nests. He stores his  
thoughts
- 560 As in store-houses in his memory. He regulates the forms  
Of all beneath and all above, and in the gentle west  
Reposes where the sun's heat dwells. He rises to the sun  
And to the planets of the night, and to the stars that gild  
The Zodiacs, and the stars that sullen stand to north and south
- 565 He touches the remotest pole, and in the centre weeps  
That Man should labour and sorrow, and learn and forget and return  
To the dark valley whence he came, and begin his labours anew.  
In pain he sighs, in pain he labours, and his universe  
Sorrowing in birds over the deep, or howling in the wolf
- 570 Over the slain, and moaning in the cattle, and in the winds,  
And weeping over Orc and Urizen in clouds and dismal fires,  
And in the cries of birth and in the groans of death his voice  
Is heard throughout the universe. Wherever a grass grows

Or a leaf buds, the Eternal Man is seen, is heard, is felt,  
575 And all his sorrows, till he re-assumes his ancient bliss.

Such are the words of Ahania and Enion, and Los hears and weeps.  
And Los and Enitharmon took the body of the Lamb  
Down from the cross, and placed it in a sepulchre he had hewn  
For himself in the rock of Eternity, trembling and in despair.  
580 Jerusalem wept over the sepulchre two thousand years.

END OF THE EIGHTEEN NIGHT.

## Night the Ninth

BEING

### THE LAST JUDGMENT.

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- And Los and Enitharmon builded Jerusalem, weeping  
Over the sepulchre and over the crucified body,  
Which, to their phantom eyes, appeared still in the sepulchre.  
But Jesus stood beside them in the spirit, separating  
5 Their spirit from their body. Terrified at Non-Existence—  
For such they deemed the death of the body—Los his vegetable hands  
Outstretched, his right hand branching out in fibrous strength,  
Seized the sun. His left hand, like dark roots, covered the moon,  
And tore them down, cracking the heavens across from immense to  
immense.
- 10 Then fell the fires of eternity with loud and shrill  
Sound of loud trumpet thundering along from heaven to heaven.  
A mighty sound articulate : Awake, ye dead, and come  
To Judgment from the four winds ; awake and come away.  
Folding like scrolls of the enormous volume of heaven and earth,
- 15 With thund'rous noise and dreadful shakings, rocking to and fro,  
The heavens are shaken, and the earth removéd from its place,  
The foundations of the eternal hills are all discoveréd,  
The thrones of kings are shaken, they have lost their robes and crowns,  
The poor smite their oppressors, they awake up to the harvest,—
- 20 The naked warriors rush together down to the sea-shore  
Trembling before the multitude of slaves now set at liberty.  
They become like wintry flocks, like forests stripped of leaves.  
The oppressed pursue like the wind. There is no room for escape.

- The spectre of Enitharmon let loose upon the troubled deep,  
25 Wailed shrill in the confusion, and the spectre of Urthona  
Received her in the darkening south. Their bodies lost, they stood  
Trembling and weak, and faint embrace, a fierce desire as when  
Two shadows mingle on a wall. They wail, and shadowy tears  
Fell down, and shadowy forms of joy mixed with despair and grief—  
30 Their bodies buried in the ruins of the universe,  
Mingled with the confusion. Who shall call them from their graves?  
Rahab and 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 flame  
35 Issued on all sides, gathering strength in animating volumes.  
Roaming abroad on all the winds, raging intent, reddening  
Into restless pillars of fire, rolling round and round, gathering  
Strength from the earth's consumed, and heavens, and all hidden  
abysses,  
Wherever the Eagle has explored, or Lion or Tiger trod,  
40 Or where the comets of the night, or stars of asterial day  
Have shot their arrows or long-beamed spears in wrath or fury.

- And all the while the trumpet sounds,—Awake, ye dead, and come  
To Judgment. From the clotted gore, and from the hollow den,  
Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire,  
45 Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity.  
Then, like the doves from pillars of smoke, the trembling families  
Of women and children throughout every nation under heaven  
Cling round the men in bands of twenties and of fifties, pale  
As snow that falls around a leafless tree upon the green.  
50 Their oppressors have fallen, they have stricken, they awake to life,  
Yet pale. The just man stands erect, and looking up to heaven,  
Trembling and stricken by the universal stroke. The trees uproot,  
The rocks groan horrible and run about. The mountains and  
The rivers cry with a dismal cry. The cattle gather together;  
55 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 morning's dawn, the Eagle calléd to the Vulture,
- 60 The Raven calléd to the Hawk,—I heard from my forests black—  
 Saying : Let us go up, for soon I smell, upon the wind,  
 A terror coming from the south. The Eagle and Hawk fled away  
 At dawn, and ere the sun arose, the Raven and Vulture followed.  
 Let us flee also to the north." They fled. The Sons of Men
- 65 Saw them depart in dismal droves. The trumpets 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 raged through his writhing folds.
- 70 The tree of Mystery burned up in folding flames.  
 Blood issued out in rushing volumes, pouring in whirlpools fierce,  
 From out the flood-gates of the tree. The gates are burst, downpouring  
 The torrents black upon the earth. The blood pours down incessant.  
 Kings in their palaces lie drowned. Shepherds, their flocks and tents,
- 75 Roll down the mountains in black torrents. Cities, villages,  
 High spires and castles drowned in the black deluge ; shoal on shoal  
 Float the dead carcases of men and beasts, driven to and fro on flames  
 Of foaming blood beneath the black incessant sky, till all  
 Mystery's tyrants are cut off, and not one left on earth.
- 80 And when all tyranny was cut off from the face of the earth,  
 Around the dragon form of Urizen, and round his strong form,  
 The flames rolling intense abroad through the wide universe,  
 Began to enter the Holy City. Entering the dismal clouds,  
 The furious lightnings break their way. The wild flames rushing up,
- 85 The bloody deluge,—living flames, wingéd with intellect  
 And reason. Round the earth they march in order, flame by flame.  
 Issuing from the clotted gore, and from the hollow den,  
 Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire,  
 Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity.

- 90 Beyond this universal confusion, beyond the remotest pole,  
 Where their vortexes began to operate, there stands  
 A horrible rock far in the north. It was forsaken when  
 Urizen gave the horses of light into the hands of Luvhah.  
 On this rock lay the faded head of the Eternal Man,
- 95 Enwrapt round with weeds of death, pale, cold in sorrow and woe,  
 He lifts the blue lamps of his eyes, and cries with heavenly voice.  
 Bowing his head over the consuming universe, he cries :
- Oh, weakness ! Oh, weariness ! Oh, war within my members !  
 My sons exiled from my breast, pass to and fro before me.
- 100 My birds are silent in my hills, flocks die beneath my branches.  
 My tents are fallen, my trumpets and the sweet sound of my harps  
 Is silent on my clouded hills that belch forth storms and fires.  
 My milk of cows, and honey of bees, and fruit of golden harvest  
 Are gathered in the scorching heat and in the driving rain.
- 105 My robe is turned to confusion, and my bright gold to stone.  
 Where once I sat, I weary walk in misery and pain,  
 For from within my withered breast grown narrow with my woes  
 The corn is turned to thistles and the apples into poison ;  
 The birds of song to murderous crows, my joys to bitter groans ;
- 110 The voices of children in my tents to cries of helpless infants,  
 And all exiled from the face of light and shine of morning,  
 In this dark world, a narrow house, I wander up and down.  
 I hear Mystery breathing in the flames of consummation.  
 When shall the man of future times become as in days of old ?
- 115 Oh, weary life ! Why sit I here and give up all my powers  
 To indolence, to the night of death, when indolence and mourning  
 Sit hovering over my dark threshold ? Though I arise, look out  
 And scorn the war within my members, yet my heart is weak  
 And my head faint. Yet I will look again into the morning.
- 120 Whence is this sound of rage of men drinking each other's blood ;  
 Drunk with the smoking gore, and red, but not with nourishing wine ?

The Eternal Man sat on the rock and cried with awful voice ;

- Oh, Prince of Light, where art thou ? I behold thee not as once  
 In these eternal fields, in clouds of morning stepping forth  
 125 With harps and songs, when bright Ahania sang before thy face,  
 And all thy sons and daughters gathered round thy ample table.  
 See you not all this racking furious confusion ?  
 Come forth from the slumbers of thy cold abstraction. Come forth,  
 Arise into eternal births. Shake off thy cold repose,—  
 130 Schoolmaster of our souls,—great opposer of change, arise,  
 That the eternal worlds may see thy face in peace and joy,  
 That thou, dread form of certainty, may'st sit in town and village,  
 While little children play around thy feet in gentle awe,  
 Fearing thy frown, loving thy smile. Oh ! Urizen, Prince of Light,
- 135 He called. The deep buried his voice, and answer none returned.  
 Then wrath burst round. The Eternal Man was wrath again. He  
 cried :
- Arise, oh ! thou strong form of Death, oh ! Dragon of the deeps,  
 Lie down before my feet, oh ! Dragon, let Urizen arise.  
 Oh ! how could'st thou deform those beautiful proportions  
 140 Of life and 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 subdue in peace.  
 But if thou darest, obstinate, refuse my stern behest,  
 Thy crown and sceptre I will seize, and regulate all thy members  
 145 In stern severity, and cast thee out into the indefinite  
 Where nothing lives, there to wander, and if thou returnest weary,  
 Weeping, at the threshold of existence, I will steel my heart  
 Against thee to Eternity, and never receive thee more.  
 Thy self-destroying, beast-formed science shall be thy eternal lot.  
 150 My anger against thee is greater than against this Luvah,  
 For war is energy enslaved, but thy religion,  
 First author of this war, and the destruction of honest mind  
 Into confused perturbation, and strife, and horror, and pride,  
 In a deceit so detestable, that I will cast thee out

- 153 If thou repentest not, and leave thee as a rotten branch to burn,  
With Mystery the harlot, and with Satan for ever and ever.  
Error can never be redeemed in all Eternity—  
But sin, even Rahab, is redeemed in blood and fury, and jealousy,  
That line of blood that stretches across the windows of the morning,  
160 Redeemed from Error's power,—wake, thou Dragon of the Deep.
- Urizen wept in the dark deep, anxious his scaly form  
To re-assume the Human—and he wept in the dark deep,  
Saying :—Oh ! that I had never drank the wine or eat the bread  
Of dark mortality, or cast my eyes into futurity, nor turned  
165 My back, darkening the present, clouding with a cloud,  
And building arches high, and cities, turrets, towers and domes,  
Whose smoke destroyed the pleasant garden, and whose running  
kennels  
Choked the bright rivers ; burdening with my ships the angry deep ;  
Through chaos seeking for delight, and in spaces remote  
170 Seeking the eternal, which is always present to the wise ;  
Seeking for pleasure, which, unsought, falls round the infant's path,  
And on the fleeces of mild flocks who neither care nor labour ;  
But I, the labourer of ages, whose unwearied hands  
Are thus deformed with hardness, with the sword and with the spear,  
175 And with the chisel and the mallet—I, whose labours vast  
Order the nations, separating family by family,  
Alone enjoying not. I alone in misery supreme,  
Ungratified, give all my joy unto this Luvah and Vala,  
Then go to dark Futurity. I will cast thee out from these  
180 Heavens of my brain, nor will I look on dark futurity more.  
I cast futurity away, and 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 and Enitharmon, and let Los's self, enraged,  
185 Rend down this fabric, as a wall ruined, a family extinct.  
Rage, Orc ! rage, Tharmas ! Urizen no longer curbs your rage.  
So Urizen spoke, and shook his snows from off his shoulders, and arose

- As on a pyramid of mist, his white robes scattering  
 The fleecy white renewed. He shook his aged mantle off  
 190 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  
 195 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 dropped a tear. The Eternal Man darkened with sorrow.
- 200 The three daughters of Urizen guard Ahania's death-couch ;  
 Raging from the confusion, in tears and howling and despair,  
 Calling upon their father's name, upon their father dark.
- And the Eternal man said,—Hear my words, O Prince of Light.  
 Behold Jerusalem, in whose bosom the Lamb of God  
 205 Is seen ; though slain before her gates, he self-renewed remains  
 Eternal, and I through him awake from death's dark vale.  
 The times revolve. The time is coming when all these delights  
 Shall be renewed, and all these elements that now consume  
 Shall re-flourish. Then bright Ahania shall awake from death,  
 210 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 plough and lay thy stores into thy barns,  
 Expecting to receive Ahania in the spring with joy.
- 215 Immortal thou, regenerate she, and all the lovely sex  
 From her shall learn obedience and prepare a wintry grave,  
 That spring may see them rise in tenfold joy and sweet delight.  
 Thus shall the female also live the life of Eternity  
 Because the Lamb of God creates himself a bride and wife,  
 220 That we his children evermore may live in Jernusalem,

Which now descendeth out of heaven, a city, yet a woman.  
 Mother of myriads redeemed and born in her spiritual palaces  
 By a new spiritual birth regenerated from death.

Urizen said : I have erred and my error remains with me.

- 225 What chain encompasses ? In what rock is the river of light confined  
 That issues forth in the morning by measure and in the evening by  
 carefulness ?

Where shall we take our stand to view the infinite and unbounded ?  
 And where our human feet, for, lo ! our eyes are in the heavens.

He ceased, for, riven link from link, the bursting universe exploding,

- 230 All things revived flew from their centres, rattling bones  
 To bones join, shaking, convulsed, the shivering clay breathes.  
 Each speck of dust, to the Earth's centre, nestles round and round  
 In pangs of an Eternal Birth, in torment, awe, and fear.  
 All spirits deceased, let loose from reptile prisons, come in shoals.  
 235 Wild furies from the Tiger's brain and from the Lion's eyes,  
 And from the Ox and Ass come moping terrors. From the Eagle  
 And Raven, numerous as the leaves of autumn,—every species  
 Flock to the trumpet, fluttering over the sides of the grave and crying  
 In the fierce wind round the heavy rocks and mountains filled with  
 groans.

- 240 On rifted rocks, suspended in the air by inward fires,  
 Many a woeful company ; and many on clouds and waters,  
 Fathers, friends, and mothers, infants, kings, and warriors,  
 Priests and chained captives meet together in horrible fear,  
 And every one of the dead appears as he had lived before ;  
 245 And all the marks remain of the slave's scourge and tyrant's crown,  
 And of the priest's overgorged abdomen, and of the merchant's thin  
 Sinewy deceptions, and of the warrior's all-braving thoughtlessness,  
 In lineaments too extended and in bones too straight and long.  
 They show their wounds : they accuse : they seize the oppressor ;  
 howlings began  
 250 On the golden Palace ;—songs of joy on the desert. 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 and pale. Standing in the expecting air to be delivered,  
 Rend limb from limb the warrior, the tyrant, reuniting in pain.
- 255 The furious wind still rends around. They listen not to entreaty,  
 They view the flames red rolling on through the wide universe  
 From the dark jaws of death beneath and desolate shores remote,  
 These covering vaults of heaven and these breathing globes of earth.  
 One planet calls to another and one star inquires of another :
- 260 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 intense roaring.  
 They see him whom they have pierced, they wail because of him,  
 They magnify themselves no more against Jerusalem, nor
- 265 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 prisoner's feet and saying :  
 Brother of Jesus, what have I done ? Entreat thy Lord for me :  
 Perhaps I may be forgiven. While he speaks the flames roll on
- 270 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 and behold Him who was crucified.  
 The prisoner answers : You scourged my father to death before my face  
 When I stood bound with cords and heavy chains. Your hypocrisy
- 275 Shall now avail you nought. So saying he dashed him with his foot.
- The cloud is Blood, dazzling upon the heavens, and in the cloud  
 Above, upon its volumes, is beheld a throne, as a pavement  
 Of precious stones, surrounded by twenty-four venerable patriarchs,  
 And these again surrounded by four Wonders of the Almighty
- 280 Incomprehensible, pervading all, within and round about  
 Fourfold, each in the other reflected. They are named Lifes in  
 Eternity  
 Four starry universes, going forward from Eternity to Eternity.  
 And the Fallen Man who was arisen upon the Rock of Ages,

And Urizen, arose with him, walking through all the flames

- 285 To meet the Lord, coming to Judgment, but the flames repelled them.  
Still to the Rock, in vain, they strove to enter the consummation  
Together, for the redeemed Man could not enter the consummation.

Then seized the sons of Urizen the plough. They polished it  
From rust of ages. All its ornaments of gold, silver and ivory,

- 290 Re-shone across the field immense when all the nations  
Darkened, like mould, in the divided furrows 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,—

- 295 When Heaven and Hell in emulation strove in the spirits of glory.  
The noise of rural works resounded through the heavens of heavens,  
The horse neighs from the battle, the wild bulls from the sultry waste,  
The tigers from the forests, the lions from the sandy deserts.  
They sing; they seize the instruments of harmony; they throw away  
300 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 Urthona's sons. Ringing the hammers sound  
In dens of death to forge the spade, the mattock, and the axe,  
The heavy roller to break the clods,—to pass over the nations.

- 305 The Sons of Urizen shout: their father rose. The Eternal horses  
Harnessed, they call to Urizen. The heavens move at their call.  
The limbs of Urizen shone with ardour. He laid his hand on the  
plough,  
Through dismal darkness drove the plough of ages over cities  
And all their villages; over mountains, and all their valleys;  
310 Over caves and caverns of the dead, over the planets,  
And over the void spaces; over sun and moon, and star and con-  
stellation.

Then Urizen commanded and they brought the seed of Men.  
The trembling souls of all the dead stood before Urizen,

Weak, wailing in the troubled air, East, West, and North and South.

315 He turned the horses loose and laid the plough in the northern corner  
Of the wide universal field, then stepped forth into the immense.

Then he began to sow the seed. He girded round his loins  
With a bright girdle, and his skirt, filled with immortal souls.

Howling and wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hand,

20 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-shore.

They are become like wintry flocks, like forests stripped of leaves,  
The kings and princes of the earth cry with a feeble cry,

325 Driven on the unproducing sands, and on the hardened rocks.

And all the while the flames of Orc follow the venturous feet  
Of Urizen, and all the while the trump of Tharmas sounds.

Weeping and wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hands.

330 The daughters of Urizen stand with cups and measures of strong wine  
Immense upon the heavens with bread and delicate repasts.

Then follows the golden harrow in the midst of mental fires,  
To ravishing melody of flutes, and harps, and softest voice.

The seed is harrowed in while flames heal the black mould and cause  
The human harvest to begin. Toward the south first sprang

335 The myriads, and in silent fear they look out of their graves.

Then Urizen sits down to rest, and 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.

340 And lo! like harvest moon, Ahania cast off her dark clothes—  
She folded them up in care, in silence, and her brightening limbs  
Bathed in the clear spring of the rock. Then from her darksome cave  
Issued in majesty divine. Urizen rose from his couch  
On wings of tenfold joy, clapping his hands, his radiant wings

- 345 In the immense. As when the sun dances upon the mountains  
 A shout of jubilee in lovely notes responds from daughter to daughter,  
 From son to son, as if the stars beaming innumerable  
 Through night, should sing soft warbling, filling the earth and heaven,  
 And bright Ahania took her seat by Urizen in songs and joy.
- 350 The Eternal Man also sat down upon the couches of Beulah,  
 Sorrowful that he could not put off his newly risen body  
 In mental flames. The flames refused, they drove him back to Beulah.  
 His body was redeemed to be permanent through mercy Divine.
- And now fierce Orc had quite consumed himself in mental flames,
- 355 Expendng all his energy against the fuel of fire.  
 The Regenerate Man stooped his holy head over the universe, and in  
 His holy hands received the flaming demon and dimness of smoke  
 And gave him to Urizen's hands. The immortal frowned, saying,  
 Luvah and Vala, henceforth you are servants; obey and live.
- 360 You shall forget your former state. Return and 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
- 365 In dark oblivion, with incessant pangs, ages on ages,  
 In enmity and war first weakened, then in stern repentance  
 They must renew their brightness, and their disorganized functions  
 Again reorganize till they resume the image of the human,  
 Co-operating in the bliss of Man, obeying his will,
- 370 Servants to the infinite and eternal of the human form.
- Luvah and Vala descended and entered the gate of dark Urthona  
 And walked from the hands of Urizen in the shadow of Vala's garden,  
 Where the impressions of despair and hope for ever vegetate  
 In flowers and fruits, fishes and birds, and beasts and clouds and waters.
- 375 The land of doubts and shadows, sweet delusions, unformed hopes,  
 They saw no more, the terrible confusions of the wracking universe  
 They heard not, saw not, felt not the horrible confusion,

For in their orbed senses within closed up they wandered at will.  
 And those upon the couches viewed them in the dreams of Beulah,  
 380 As they reposed from the terrible wide universal harvest.  
 Invisible Luvah in bright clouds hovered over Vala's head,  
 And thus their ancient golden age renewed, for Luvah spoke  
 With voice mild from his golden cloud upon the breath of morning.

Come forth, oh ! Vala, from the grass and from the silent dew ;  
 385 Rise from the dews of death, for the Eternal Man is risen.

She rises among flowers and looks toward the eastern clearness,  
 She walks, yea runs, her feet are winged on the top of the bending grass,  
 Her garments rejoice in the vocal winds, and her hair glistens with dew.

She answers thus : Whose voice is this, the voice of the nourishing air  
 390 In the spirit of the morning, awaking the soul from its grassy bed ?  
 Where dost thou dwell ? For thee I seek, and were it not but for thee  
 I must have slept eternally, nor felt the dews of the morning.  
 Look how the opening dawn advances with local harmony.  
 Look how the beams foreshow the rising of the glorious power.  
 395 The sun is thine. He goeth forth in his majestic brightness.  
 Oh, thou awaking voice that callest ! And who shall answer thee ?  
 Where dost thou flee, oh ! fair one ? Where dost thou seek thy happy  
 place  
 To yonder brightness ? There I haste, for since I came from thence  
 I must have slept eternally nor have felt the dew of morning.

400 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 and play in his beams,  
 And every flower and every leaf rejoices in his light,  
 Then, oh ! thou fair one, sit thee down, for thou art as the grass,  
 405 Thou risest in the dew of morning and at night art folded up.

Alas ! I am but as a flower ; then will I sit me down,  
 Then will I weep, then I'll complain, and sigh for immortality,

And chide my maker,—thee, oh ! sun, that raisedst me to fall.  
So saying she sat down and wept beneath the apple-trees.

- 410 Oh ! be thou blotted out, oh ! sun, that raisedst me to trouble,  
That gavest me a heart to crave, that raisedst me, thy phantom,  
To feel thy heart, and see thy light, and wander here alone,  
Hopeless, if I am like the grass, and so shall pass away.

Rise, sluggish soul. Why sit'st thou here ? Why dost thou sit and  
weep ?

- 415 Yon sun shall wax old and decay, but thou shalt ever flourish.  
The fruit shall ripen and fall down, the flowers consume away,  
But thou shalt still survive. Arise and dry thy dewy tears.

Ah, shall I still survive ? Whence came that sweet and comforting  
voice ?

And whence that voice of sorrow ? Oh ! sun, thou'rt nothing now to me.

- 420 Go on thy course rejoicing and let us both rejoice together.  
I walk among his flocks and hear the bleeting of his lambs.  
Oh ! that I could behold his face and 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 ?  
425 You answer not. Then am I set your mistress in the garden.  
I'll watch you and attend your footsteps. You are not like the birds  
That sing and fly in the bright air : but you do lick my feet  
And let me touch your woolly backs and follow me as I sing.  
For in my bosom a new song arises to the Lord,

- 430 Rise up, oh ! sun, most glorious minister of light and day.  
Flow on, ye gentle airs, and bear the voice of my rejoicing.  
Wave freshly yon clear water flowers around the tender grass.  
Follow me, oh ! my flocks, and hear me sing my rapturous song.  
I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that gather in the sun.  
435 I will call ; and who shall answer me ? I will sing ; who shall reply ?  
For from my pleasant hills behold the living, living spring,  
Running among my green pastures, delighting among my trees.

- I am not here alone: my flocks, you are my brethren.  
 And you, oh! birds that sing and adorn the sky, you are my sisters.
- 440 I sing and you reply to my song; I rejoice, and you are glad.  
 Follow me, oh! my flocks; we will now descend into the valley.  
 Oh, 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, and the arms of the branching trees!
- 445 Cover us from the sun. Come near and let us sit in the shade.  
 My Luvah here hath placed me in a green and pleasant land  
 And given me fruits and pleasant waters, and warm hills, and cool  
 valleys.  
 Here will I build myself a house, and here call on his name.  
 Then I'll return when I am weary and take my pleasant rest.
- 450 So spoke the sinless soul and laid her head in the snowy fleece  
 Of a curled ram, who stretched himself, laid down in sleep beside,  
 And soft sleep fell upon her eyelids in the silent noon of day.
- Then Luvah passéd by, and looked, and saw the sinless soul,  
 And said: Let a pleasant house arise to be a dwelling-place
- 455 Of this immortal spirit growing in lower Paradise.  
 He spoke, and pillars were builded, and walls, as white as ivory.  
 The grass she slept upon was paved with pavement as of pearl.  
 Beneath her rose a downy bed, and a ceiling covered all.
- Vala awoke. When in the pleasant gates of sleep I entered
- 460 I saw my Luvah like a spirit stand in the bright air.  
 Around him stood spirits like me, who reared me a bright house,  
 And here I see the house remain in my most pleasant world.  
 My Luvah smiled. I kneeléd down. He laid his hand on my head,  
 And when he laid his hand upon me from the gates of sleep I came
- 465 Into this bodily house to tend my flocks in my pleasant garden.
- So saying, she arose and walked around 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,

- 470 She went to her flocks, and turnéd oft to see her shining house.  
 She stooped to drink of the clear spring, and eat the grapes and apples.  
 She bore the fruits in her lap. She gathered flowers for her bosom.  
 She calléd to her flocks, saying often, Follow me, oh ! my Flocks.  
 They followed her to the silent valley beneath the spreading trees,
- 475 And on the river's margin she ungirded her golden girdle.  
 She stood in the river and viewed herself within the wavy glass,  
 And her bright hair was met with waters. She rose from the river,  
 And as she rose her eyes were opened to the world of waters,  
 And saw Tharmas sitting upon the rocks beside the weary sea.
- 480 He stroked the water from his beard and mourned through the summer  
 valley.  
 And Vala stood on the rocks of Tharmas and heard the mournful voice :  
 Oh ! Enion, my weary head is in the bed of death,  
 For weeds of death have wrapped around my limbs in the hoary deeps.  
 I sit in the place of shells and mourn, and thou art closed in clouds.
- 485 When will the time of clouds be past, and the dismal night of Tharinus ?  
 Arise, oh ! Enion, arise and smile upon my head,  
 As thou dost smile upon the barren mountains, and they rejoice.  
 When wilt thou smile on Tharmas, oh ! thou bringer of golden day ?  
 Arise, oh ! Enion, arise, for lo ! I have calmed my seas.
- 490 So saying, his faint head he laid upon the oozy rock,  
 And darkness covered 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, and the echoes her voice returned.
- 495 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 should'st thou hide thyself from Vala, from the soul that wanders  
 desolate ?
- She ceased, and light beamed round her like the glory of the morning.  
 And she arose out of the river and girded her golden girdle,

- 500 And now her feet step on the grassy bosom of the ground  
 Among her flocks. She turned her eyes toward her pleasant house.  
 She saw in the doorway beneath the trees two little children playing.  
 She drew near to her house, and her flocks followed in her footsteps.  
 The children clung around her knees. She embraced them and wept.
- 505 Thou, little boy, art Tharmas, and thou, bright girl, Enion.  
 How are ye thus renewed and brought into the garden of Vala ?  
 She embraced them in tears, till the sun descended the western hills,  
 And then she entered her bright house, leading her mighty children.  
 And when night came, her flocks laid round the house beneath the trees.
- 510 She laid the children on the beds which she saw prepared in the house,  
 Then last, herself, laid down, and closed her eyelids in soft slumbers.  
 And in the morning, when the sun arose in the crystal sky,  
 Vala awoke, and called her children from their gentle slumbers :  
 Awake, oh ! Enion, awake, and let thine immortal eyes
- 515 Enlighten all the crystal house of Vala ! Awake ! awake !  
 Awake, Tharmas ! Awake, awake, thou child of many tears.  
 Open the orbs of thy blue eyes and smile upon my gardens.
- The children awoke and smiled on Vala. She kneeled by the golden couch.  
 She pressed them to her bosom, and her pearly tears dropped down.
- 520 Oh, my sweet children ! Enion, let Tharmas kiss thy cheek.  
 Why dost thou turn thyself away from his sweet watery eyes ?  
 Tharmas, henceforth in Vala's bosom thou shalt find sweet peace.  
 Oh, bless the lovely eyes of Tharmas and the eyes of Enion !
- They rose ; they went out wandering, sometimes together, sometimes alone.
- 525 Why weep'st 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, and wet their innocent faces  
 With thy bright tears, because the steps of Enion are in the gardens ?  
 Arise, sweet boy, and let us follow the path of Enion,

530 So saying, they went down into the garden among the fruits,  
And Enion sang among the flowers that grew among the fruits,  
And Vala said : Go, Tharmas ; weep not,—go to Enion.

And he said : Oh ! Vala, I am sick. All this garden of pleasure  
Swims like a dream before my eyes. But the sweet smiling fruit  
535 Revives me to new death. I fade, even as a water-lily  
In the sun's heat, till in the night, on the couch of Enion,  
I drink new life, and feel the breath of sleeping Enion.  
But in the morning she arises to avoid my eyes,  
Then my loins fade, and in the house I sit me down and weep.

540 Cheer up thy countenance, bright boy, and go to Enion.  
Tell her that Vala waits her in the shadows of her garden.  
He went with timid steps, and Enion, like the ruddy morn  
When infant spring appears in swelling buds and opening flowers,  
Behind her veil withdraws ; so Enion turned her modest head.

545 But Tharmas spoke. Vala seeks thee, sweet Enion, in the shades.  
Follow the steps of Tharmas, oh ! though brightness of the garden.  
He took her hand reluctant. She followed in infant doubts.  
There in eternal childhood, straying among Vala's flocks,  
In infant sorrow and joy alternate, Enion and Tharmas play'd  
550 Round Vala, in the garden of Vala, and by her river's margin.  
They are the shadows of Tharmas and Enion in Vala's world.

And the sleepers who rested from their harvest work beheld these  
visions.

Then were the sleepers entertained upon the couches of Beulah,  
When Luvah and Vala were closed up in their world of shadowy forms.  
555 Darkness was all beneath the heaven : only a little light,  
Such as glows out from sleeping spirits, awoke in the deeps beneath.  
As when a wind sweeps over a cornfield the noise of souls  
Through all the immense, borne down by clouds swagging in autumnal  
heat,  
Muttering along from heaven to heaven, hoarse roll the human forms

560 Beneath thick clouds, the dreadful lightnings burst and thunders roll,  
Down pour the torrent floods from 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 poured his light, and all his sons and daughters poured their light  
565 To exhale the spirits of Luvah and Vala through the atmosphere.  
And Luvah and Vala saw the light. Their spirits soon exhaled  
In all their ancient innocence. The floods depart, the clouds  
Dissipate, or sink into the sea of Tharmas. Luvah sat  
Alone on the bright heavens in peace. The spirits of men beneath  
570 Cried out to be delivered, and the spirit of Luvah wept  
Over the human harvest, and over Vala, the sweet wanderer.  
In pain the human harvest waved in horrible groans of woe.  
The universal groan went up, the Eternal Man was darkened.

Then Urizen arose and took his sickle in his hand.

575 There is a brazen sickle, and a sceptre of iron hid  
Deep in the south, guarded by a few solitary stars.  
This sickle Urizen took ; the scythe his sons embraced,  
And went forth and began to reap, and all his joyful sons  
Reaped the wide universe, and bound in sheaves a wondrous harvest.  
580 They took them into the wide barn with loud rejoicings, and triumphs  
Of flute and harp and drum and trumpet, horn and clarion.  
The feast was spread in the bright south ; and the Regenerated Man  
Sat at the feast rejoicing, and the wine of Eternity  
Was served round by the flames of Luvah all day and all the night.

585 And when morning began to dawn upon the distant hills,  
A whirlwind rose up in the centre, and in the whirlwind a shriek.  
And in the shriek a rattling of bones, and in the rattling of bones  
A dolorous groan, and from the dolorous groan in tears,  
Rose Enion like a gentle light, and Enion spoke, saying :

590 Oh ! Dream of Death, the human form dissolving, compassed  
By beasts and worms and creeping things, and darkness and despair.

- The clouds fall off from my wet brow, the dust from my cold limbs,  
 Into the sea of Tharmas. Soon renewed, a golden Moth  
 I shall cast off my death-clothes and embraco Tharmas again.
- 505 For, lo! the winter melted away upon the distant hills,  
 And all the black mould sings. She spoke to her infant race; her milk  
 Descends down on the land, the thirsty land drinks and rejoices.  
 Wondering to behold the emmet, the grasshopper, the jointed worm.  
 The roots shoot thick through solid rock, bursting their fibrous way.
- 600 They cry out in the joys of existence, and the broad tree stems  
 Rear on the mountains stem by stem. The scaly newt creeps forth  
 From the stone, and from the rocky crevice springs the armed fly,  
 The spider and the bat burst from the hardened slime, crying  
 To one another: What are we? And whence is our delight?
- 605 Lo! the little moss begins to spring, and lo! the tender weed  
 Creeps round about our secret nest. Flocks brighten on the hills,  
 Herds throng up through the valley, and the wild beasts fill the woods.
- Joy thrilled through all the furious forms of Tharmas, humanizing.  
 Mild he embraced her whom he sought. He raised her through the  
 heavens,
- 610 Sounding his trumpet to awake the dead. On high he soared  
 O'er ruined worlds, the misty tomb of the Eternal Prophet.
- Then the Eternal Man arose. He welcomed them to the feast.  
 The feast was spread in the bright south; and the Eternal Man  
 Sat at the feast rejoicing, and the wine of Eternity
- 615 Was served round by the flames of Luvah all day and all the night.  
 And many Eternal Men sat at the golden feast to see  
 The female form now separate. They shuddered at the horrible thing  
 Born for the sport and amusement of Man, soon to drink up his  
 powers.
- They wept to see the shadow. They said to one another: This is sin.
- 620 This is the vegetative world. They remember the days of old.  
 And one of the Eternals spoke; all was silent at the feast.
- Man is a worm renewed with joy, he seeks the caves of sleep

- Among the flowers of Beulah in his selfish cold repose,  
 Forsaking brotherhood and universal love in selfish clay,  
 625 Folding the pure wings of his mind, seeking the places dark,  
 Abstracted from the roots of Nature then enclosed anew  
 In walls of gold. We cast him like a seed into the earth  
 Till times and spaces have passed over him. Duly every morn  
 We visit him, covering with a veil the immortal seed.  
 630 With windows from the inclement sky we cover him, and with walls  
 And hearths protect the selfish terror, till divided all  
 In families we see our shadows born, and thence we know  
 That Man subsists by brotherhood and universal love.  
 We fall on one another's necks, more closely we embrace,  
 635 Not for ourselves, but for the Eternal Family we live.  
 Man liveth not by self alone, but in his brother's face  
 Each shall behold the Eternal Father and love and joy abound.

- So spoke the Eternal at the Feast. They embraced the new-born Man,  
 Calling him Brother, image of the Eternal Father. They sat down  
 640 At the immortal tables, sounding loud their instruments of joy,  
 Calling the Morning into Beulah. The Eternal Man rejoiced.  
 When Morning dawned the Eternals rose to labour in the vintage  
 Beneath they saw their children, wondering inconceivably  
 At the dark myriads in shadows in the worlds beneath.  
 645 The Morning dawned. Urizen rose, and 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 the Nations were threshed out, and the stars threshed from  
 their husks.

- Then Tharmas took the winnowing fan. The winnowing wind furious  
 650 Above, veered round by violent whirlwind driven west and south,  
 Tosséd the Nations like chaff into the sea of Tharmas.

Oh ! Mystery, fierce Tharmas cried, behold thy end is come !  
 Art thou she that made the Nations drunk with the cup of Religion ?

- Go down, ye kings and counsellors and giant warriors,  
 655 Go down into the depths ; go down and hide yourselves beneath.  
 Go down with horse and chariots and trumpets of hoarse war.  
 Lo ! how the pomp of Mystery goes down into the caves.  
 Her great men howl and throw the dust, and rend their hoary hair.  
 Her delicate women and children shriek upon the bitter wind,  
 660 Spoiled of their beauty, their hair rent, their skin shrivelled up.  
 Lo ! darkness covers the long pomp of banners on the wind,  
 And black horses, and armed men, and miserable bound captives.  
 Where shall the graves receive them all, and where shall be their  
     place ?  
 And who shall mourn for Mystery, who never loosed her captives ?  
 665 Let the slave, grinding at the mill, run out into the field ;  
 Let him look up into the heavens and laugh in the bright air.  
 Let the enchanted 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.  
 670 And let his wife and children return from the oppressor's scourge.  
 They look behind at every step and believe it is a dream.  
 Are these the slaves that groan along the streets of Mystery ?  
 Where are your bonds and task-masters ? Are these the prisoners ?  
 Where are your chains ? Where are your tears ? Why do you look  
     around ?  
 675 If you are thirsty, there is the river ; go, bathe your parched limbs,  
 And 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 loud, and the winnowing wind of  
     Tharmas
- 680 So loud and clear in the wide heavens, and the song that they sang,  
     was this,  
 Composed by an African Black from the little earth of Sotha :—
- Aha ! Aha ! How came I here, in my sweet native land ?  
 How came I here ? Methinks I am as I was in my youth,

When in my father's house, in joy, I heard his cheering voice.  
 685 Methinks I see his flocks and herds and feel my limbs renewed,  
 And lo ! my brethren in their tents, and their little ones around them !

The song arose to the golden feast. The Eternal Man rejoiced.  
 The Eternal Man said : Luvah, the vintage is ripe. Arise !  
 The sons of Urizen shall gather the vintage with sharp hooks,  
 690 And all thy sons, oh ! Luvah, bear away the families of earth.  
 I hear the flail of Urizen. His barns are full. No room  
 Remains, and in the vineyards stand the abounding sheaves beneath  
 The falling grapes that odorous burst upon the winds. Arise !  
 My flocks and herds trample the corn, my cattle browse upon  
 695 The ripe clusters. The shepherds shout for Luvah, Prince of Love.  
 Let the Bulls of Luvah tread the corn and draw the loaded waggon  
 Into the barn while children glean the ears around the door.  
 Then shall they lift their innocent hands and stroke his furious nose,  
 And he shall lick the little girl's white neck, and on her head  
 700 Scatter the perfumes of his breath, while from his mountains high  
 The lion of terror shall come down, and bending his bright mane,  
 And crouching at her side shall eat from the curly boy's white lap  
 His golden food, and in the evening sleep before the door.

Attempting to be more than man we become less, said Luvah,  
 705 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, and took his way,  
 Sounding the song of Los, descending to the vineyards bright.  
 His sons, arising from the feast with golden baskets, follow,  
 710 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 tigers play  
 In the jingling traces ; furious lions sound the song of joy  
 To the golden wheels circling upon the pavement of heaven, and all  
 715 The villages of Luvah rising ; the golden tiles of the villages

Reply to violins and tabors, to the pipe, flute, lyre, and cymbal.

These fill the legions of Mystery with maddening confusion.

Down, down, through the immense, with outcry, fury, and despair,  
Into the wine-presses of Luvah, howling, fall the clusters

720 Of human families through the deep. The wine-presses are filled,  
The blood of life flowed plentiful ; odours of life arose  
All round the heavenly arches, and the odours sang this song :

Terrible wine-presses of Luvah ! Oh, caverns of the grave !

How lovely the delights of those risen again from death !

725 Oh, trembling joy ! Excess of joy is like excess of grief.

So sang the human odours round the wine-presses of Luvah.

But in the wine-presses is wailing, terror and despair.

Forsaken of their elements they vanish and are no more—

No more but a desire of being, a ravening desire,

730 Desiring like the hungry worm, and like the gaping grave.  
They plunge into the elements. The elements cast them forth,  
Or else consume their shadowy semblance ; but they, obstinate,  
Though framéd for destruction, cry—Oh, let us exist ! for  
This dreadful non-existence is worse than the pains of eternal birth :

735 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 and daughters of Luvah ! How they tread the grapes,  
Laughing and shouting, drunk with odours ! Many fall overwearied :

740 Drowned in the wine is many a youth and maiden. Those around  
Lay them on skins of tigers, or the leopard or wild ass,  
Till they revive, or bury in cool grots with lamentation.

But in the wine-presses the human grapes sing not nor dance,  
They howl and writhe in shoals of torment and fierce flames consuming,

745 In chains of iron and in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires,  
In pits and dens and shades of death, and shapes of torment and woe ;  
The plates and the screws, and wracks, and saws, and cords, and fires,  
and floods ;

The cruel joy of Luvah's daughters, lacerating with knives  
And whips their victims, and the deadly sport of Luvah's sons.

- 750 Timbrels and violins sport round the wine-presses. The little seed,  
The sportive root, the earthworm, the snake-beetle, the wise emmet,  
Dance round the wine-presses of Luvah. The centipede is there,  
The ground spider with many eyes, the mole clothed with velvet,  
The earwig armed, the tender maggot, emblem of immortality ;  
755 The slow slug, the grasshopper that sings and laughs and drinks :  
The winter comes ; he folds his slender bones without a murmur.  
There is the nettle, that can sting with her soft down ; and there  
The indignant thistle, whose bitterness is bred in his milk, who lives  
On the contempt of his neighbours. There are all the idle weeds  
760 That creep about the obscure places, showing their various limbs  
Naked in all their beauty, dancing round the wine-presses.  
They dance around the dying, and they drink the howls and groans ;  
They catch the shrieks in cups of gold ; they hand them to one another.  
These are the sports of love, the sweet delights of amorous play :  
765 Tears of the grape, the death-sweat of the cluster, the last sigh  
Of the mild youth who listens to the luring songs of Luvah.

- The Eternal Man darkened with sorrow, and a wintry mantle  
Covered the hills. He said—Oh, Tharmas, rise ! and oh, Urthona !  
Then Tharmas and Urthona rose from the golden feast, satiated  
770 With mirth and joy : Urthona, limping from his fall, on Tharmas leaned,  
In his right hand his hammer. Tharmas held his shepherd's crook  
Beset with gold, the ornaments formed by sons of Urizen.

- Then Enion, and Ahania, and Vala, and the wife of dark Urthona,  
Rose from the feast, with joy ascending to their golden looms.  
775 Then the winged shuttle sang, the spindle, the distaff and reel  
Rang sweet the praise of industry through all the golden room.  
Heaven rang with winged exultation. All beneath howled loud,  
With tenfold rout and desolation roared the caverns beneath  
When the wide woof flowed down and when the Nations were gathered  
together.

780 Tharmas went down to the wine-presses, and beheld the sons and daughters

Of Luvah quite exhausted with the labour and quite filled  
With new wine, that they began to torment one another and tread  
The weak. Luvah and Vala slept on the floor, o'erwearied.

785 Urthona called his sons around when Tharmas called his sons  
Numerous. They took the wine, they separated the lees,  
And Luvah was put for dying on the ground by the sons of Tharmas  
and Urthona.

They formed the heaven of sweetest wood, of gold and silver and ivory,  
Of glass and precious stones. They loaded all the waggons of heaven  
And took away the wine of ages, with solemn songs and joy.

790 Luvhah and Vala awoke, and all the sons and daughters of Luvah  
Awoke. They wept to one another. They re-ascended  
To the Eternal Man. In woe he cast them wailing into  
The world of shadows, through the air, till winter is come and gone.  
But the human wine stood wondering in all these delightful expanses,

795 The elements subsided, the heavens rolled on with vocal harmony.

Then Los, who is Urthona, rose in all his regenerate power.  
The sea that rolled and foamed with darkness and the shadow of death  
Vomited out and gave up all. The floods lift up their hands,  
Singing and shrieking to the Man. They bow their hoary heads,  
800 And murmuring in their channels flow and 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 the Earth, ground in the mills of Urthona.

In his hand Tharmas takes the storms : he turns the whirlwinds loose  
805 Upon the wheels. The starry seas roar at his dread command,  
And, eddying fierce, rejoice in the fierce agitation of the wheels  
Of dark Urthona. Thundering earthquakes, fierce 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,

- 810 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 contemplation all the night.  
 Restless they turn on beds of sorrow, in their inmost brain  
 Feeling the crushing wheels : they rise, they write the bitter words  
 815 Of stern Philosophy, and knead the bread of Knowledge with tears  
 and groans.

Such are the works of dark Urthona. Tharmas sifts the corn.

Urthona made the bread of ages, and he placed it  
 In golden and in silver baskets, in heavens of precious stone,  
 And then took his repose in winter, in the night of time.

- 820 The sun has left his blackness and has found a fresher morning,  
 And the mild moon rejoices in the clear and cloudless night,  
 And Man walks forth from midst of fires : the evil is all consumed.  
 His eyes behold the angelic spheres among the night and day ;  
 The stars consumed, like a lamp blown out, and in their stead, behold !  
 825 One earth—one sea beneath ; nor erring globes wander, but stars  
 Of fire rise up nightly from the ocean ; and one sun  
 Each morning, like a new-born May, issues with songs of joy,  
 Calling the ploughman to his labour, the shepherd to his rest.  
 He wakes upon the eternal mountains, raising his heavenly voice  
 830 Conversing with the animal forms of wisdom night and day,  
 That, risen from the sea of fire, renewed walk over the earth ;  
 For Tharmas brought his flocks upon the hills, and in the vales  
 Around the Eternal Man's bright tent the little children play  
 Among the woolly flocks. The hammer of Urthona sounds  
 835 In the deep caves beneath, his limbs renewed ; the lions roar  
 Around the furnaces, and in evening sport upon the plains.  
 They raise their faces from the earth, conversing with the Man :

How is it we have walked through fire and yet are not consumed ?

How is it that all things are changed, even as in ancient times ?

- 840 The sun arises from his dewy bed, and 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 of Los.

- 845 Where is the Spectre of prophecy ? where is the deluded phantom ?  
Departed : and Urthona issues 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,

849 In dark religions are departed—and sweet science reigns.

END OF THE DREAM.

## ERRATA AND ADDENDA.

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AT the head of the addenda to "Vala" we must place the following lines, which were omitted from the text by error. They occur between lines 7 and 8, and lines 8 and 9, of Night II. The sentence should read thus :—

The horrors of death

Beneath his feet shot through him as he stood in the human brain,  
No more exulting, for he saw eternal death beneath.  
Pale, he beheld futurity ; pale, he beheld the abyss  
Where Enion blind, and age-bent, wept in direful hunger craving,  
All ravening like the hungry worm, and like the silent grave.

The next omission occurs between lines 88 and 89. The sentence should read :—

I opened 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.

In Night III. the following line is missing after line 103 :—

She ended ; from his wrathful throne burst forth the black-haired storms.

The next omission is between lines 126 and 127 of Night VI. The line is a sentence in itself :—

He knew they were his children, ruined in his ruined world.

After line 136, the following should be added :—

Then he had time enough to repent of his rashly-threatened curse.  
 He saw them accursed beyond his curse ; his soul melted with fear.  
 He could not take their fetters off, for they grew to 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, in pain, and in repentant tears.

Other omissions occur in Night IX. Lines 454 and 455 conceal the loss of a line. They should read thus :—

The furious wind still rends around. They flee in sluggish effort.  
 They beg, they entreat in vain now ; they listened not to entreaty.

Between lines 283 and 284 a line is lost. The sentence should read :—

And the fallen Man, who was arisen upon the Rock of Ages,  
 Beheld the visions of God, and he arose up from the Rock,  
 And Urizen rose with him, &c.

The restoration of these lines would alter the numbers of all the references to such parts of each Night as follow them. This would involve reprinting most of the first volume as well as of the poem, and would delay the issue of the book to another season. The omissions were discovered too late to be corrected in the press. The original MS. was copied out twice ; once before it was thoroughly read and its order understood, and once after. These lines were lost partly through the complexity of the MS., and partly through the re-copying and the interpretation having been carried on at the same time. The reader is begged to accept apologies.

The oversight of sending an un-read revise of the printed pages to press has caused the following minor errors to be left in it :—

Night I.—The new paragraph should begin at line 224, not 225.

Night II.—Line 8, for *though* read *thou*.

„ 108, for *right* read *night*.

„ 395, not numbered.

New paragraphs should begin at lines 257 and 278, not at 255 and 276.

Night VI.—Line 274, for *ruin* read *river*.

Night VII.—Line 302, omit the last word *brutish*.

„ 307, omit the last word *conferred*.

„ 406, begin a new paragraph.

Night VII.—Line 420, misnumbered 20.

- „ 426, end with a full stop.
- „ 428, for *Luban* read *Laban*.
- „ 564, for *waned* read *warred*.
- „ 672, should begin, *Now, now, the battle, &c.*

Night VIII.—Line 1, for *counsel* read *council*.

- „ 23, for *Wand* read *Hand*.
- „ 170, last word, for *roost* read *roots*.
- „ 240, numbered 40 erroneously.
- „ 402, for the first word *To*, read *Lo*.
- „ 430, for *Urithona* read *Urthona*.

Night IX.—Line 130, before *great*, read *oh*.

- „ 224, begin a new paragraph.
- „ 229, omit the word *bursting*.
- „ 230, and 231, should read thus:—

All things revived, flew from their centres. Rattling bones to bones,  
Trembling and shaking, join: the shivering clay breathes.

- „ 432, for *yon*, read *you*.
- „ 546, for *though* read *thou*.

## FRAGMENTS.

THE following fragments discovered among the pages of the MS. of "Vala" are interesting. Some were used in the poem with variations. They give a useful glimpse into the growth of the ideas.

The following bears two illustrations—the first representing Urizen; the second, Ahania, not seeing Luvah as of old, but only his feet. The whole passage was as carefully copied out by Blake as the Nights I. and II., and seems to have been intended for Night II. But there is no place where it could come in. We must suppose it to have been rejected. Some lines will be recognized as afterwards used later in the poem.

The horse is of more value than the Man, the Tiger fierce  
Laughs at the Human form. The Lion mocks and thirsts for blood.  
They cry, O Spider, spread thy web ! Enlarge thy bones, and fill'd  
With marrow, sinews, and flesh, exalt thyself, attain a voice.

- 5 Call to thy dark armed hosts, for all the sons of Men muster  
together,  
To desolate their cities ! Man shall be no more ! Awake, O Hosts,  
The Bowstring sang upon the hills. Luvah and Vala rode  
Triumphant in the bloody sky. The Human form is no more.

The listening stars heard. The first beam of the morning started  
back.

- 10 He cried out to his father—Depart ! Depart ! But sudden seized,  
And clad in steel, and his horse proudly neighed. He smelt the  
battle  
Afar off. Rushing back, reddening with rage, the Mighty Father  
Seized his bright sheep-hook, studded with gems and gold. He  
swung it round

His head, shrill sounding in the sky. Down rushed the sun with noise

- 15 Of war. The mountains fled away ; they sought a place beneath.  
Vala remained in deserts of dark solitude, nor sun nor moon  
By night nor day to comfort her. She laboured in thick smoke.  
Tharmas endured not ; he fled howling. Then a barren waste sunk down,  
Conglobing in the dark confusion. Meantime, Los was born ;  
20 Thou, O Enitharmon. Hark ! I hear the hammer of Los.  
They melt the bones of Vala and the bones of Luvah in wedges ;  
The innumerable sons and daughters of Luvah, closed in furnaces,  
Melt into furrows. Winter blows his bellows. Ice and snow  
Tend his dire anvils. Mountains moan, and rivers faint and fail.  
25 There is no city, nor cornfield, nor orchard ; all is rock and sand.  
There is no sun, nor moon, nor stars, but ragged wintry rocks  
Jostling together in the void : suspended by inward fires.

Impatience now no longer can endure. Distracted Luvah,

- Bursting forth from the loins of Enitharmon, thou fierce terror,  
30 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 their deep. Now rage, but rage in vain

Thus sang the demons of the deep. The clarion of war blew loud.

- The feast redounds, and crowned with roses and the circling vine  
35 The enormous Bride and Bridegroom sat. Beside them Urizen,  
With faded radiance, sigh'd : forgetful of the flowing wine,  
And of Ahania, his pure Bride ; but she was distant far.

But Los and Enitharmon sat in discontent and scorn,

- Craving the more the more enjoying, drawing out sweet bliss  
40 From all the turning wheels of heaven and the chariots of the slain,  
At distance—far in night repelled, in direful hunger craving,

- 42 Summer and winter round revolving in the mighty deeps—  
Enion —

And so the fragment ends. Though it was carefully re-copied by Blake, the metre and music were never sufficiently considered. Line 33 will be recognized as line 695 of "Vala," Night VII. The Demons of the deep there sing the song attributed to the Spectre Sons of Albion in "Jerusalem," p. 65. The feast of which we have heard is part of the Sun-myth of Urizen. Line 38, as will be noticed, is line 646 of "Vala," Night II. It was for this portion of the book that the page was destined, as is shown by its similarity in paper, style of sketch, and handwriting to the whole of Night II. as much as by the subject.

Here is another fragment—

- . . . . Rahab triumphs over all. She took Jerusalem  
Captive, a willing captive by delusive arts impelled  
To worship Urizen's dragon form, to offer his own children  
Upon the bloody altars. John saw these things revealed in heaven  
5 On Patmos Isle, and heard the soul cry out to be delivered.  
He saw the harlot of the Kings of Earth, and saw her cup  
Of fornication, food of Orc and Satan, pressed from the fruit of  
Mystery.  
But when she saw the form of Ahania weeping on the void,  
And heard Enion's voice sound from the caverns of the grave,  
10 No more spirit remained in her. She secretly left the synagogue ;  
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,  
15 And sometimes kissing her robe of jewels and weeping over them ;  
Sometimes returning to the synagogue of Satan in pride,  
And sometimes weeping before it in humility and trembling.  
The synagogue of Satan uniting against mystery,—  
Satan divided against Satan,—resolved in open Sanhedrin  
20 To burn Mystery with fire, and form another from her ashes.  
For God put it into their heart to fulfil all His will.

The ashes of Mystery began to animate ; they called it Deism  
And Natural Religion. As of old, so now anew began  
24 Babylon again in infancy, called Natural Religion.

In this fragment lines 4 and 5 repeat what is told in "Milton," p. 42, l. 22, and show, along with many other examples, that the symbolic sense in which Blake read the Bible was the sense in which he wrote his own poems.

The last lines show the same idea as that contained in the accounts of the Twenty-seven Heavens—"Where Luther ends Adam begins again in eternal circle."—"Jerusalem," p. 75, line 24.

Another fragment. This time we have evidently a sketch of a portion of Night I. The symbol is *Virgo-Scorpio* in an early mental form. The next fragment will show it more matured.

Beneath the veil of Vala rose Tharmas from dewy tears.  
The Eternal Man bow'd his bright head, and Urizen, Prince of Light,  
Awakened Vala. Ariston ran forth with bright Ahana, (*sic*)  
And dark Urthona roused his shady bride from her deep den.  
Pitying, they viewed the new-born demon, for they could not love.  
Male-formed the demon mild, athletic force his shoulders spread,  
And his bright feet firm as a brazen altar ; but the parts  
To love devoted female. All astonished stood the hosts  
Of heaven, whilst Tharmas with winged speed flew to the sandy shore,  
He rested on the desert wild, and on the raging sea  
He stood and stretched his wings and—

With printless feet, scouring the corners of the joyful sky,  
Female her form, bright on the summer, but the parts of love  
Male, and her bow (? brow), radiant as'day, darted a lovely scorn.  
Tharmas beheld from his rock—

On the back of the paper bearing these fragments the following is written in pencil :—

The ocean calm, the clouds fold round. The fiery flame of love  
Inwraps the immortal limbs, struggling in terrific joy

Not long. Thunders and lightnings swift, rendings and blushing  
winds

Sweep o'er the struggling copulation in fell writhing pangs..  
They lie in twisting agonies beneath the covering heavens.

The womb impressed, Enion fled and hid in verdant mountains,  
Yet her heavenly orbs—

From Enion pours the seed of life, and death in all her limbs  
Froze. In the womb of Tharmas rush the rivers of Enion's pain.  
Trembling he lay, swelled with the deluge in the anguish—

Here a fragment from Night I., hardly altered when incorporated  
with the poem. Yet here, as elsewhere, some hint of the essential  
idea escapes, and reveals itself in the first improvisation, though the  
thought is less obvious when the sustained myth is prodned.

Mingling his horrible brightness with her tender limbs, then high  
she soared,

Shrieking above the ocean, a bright wonder that Nature shuddered  
at—

Half woman and half serpent. All his lovely changing colours  
mix

With her fair crystal clearness. In her lips and cheeks his poisons  
rose

In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening,  
A monster, lonely in the heavens or wandering on the earth,  
With female voice warbling upon the hills and hollow vales,  
Beauty all blushing with desire, a self-enjoying wonder.

For Enion brooded, groaning loud; the rongh sea vegetates  
golden rocks,

And thus her voice ;—Glory! Delight! O sweet enjoyment born  
To mild eternity, shut in a three-fold shape delightful,  
To wander in sweet solitude, enraptured at every wind.

Then across the ocean Enion brooded groaning. The golden rocks  
vegetated,

Infolding the bright woman from the desolating winds.

The last two lines are erased. The idea grew with contemplation. In the poem we no longer have merely the *virgo-scorpio*, the woman-serpent, the mixture of beauty and desire. The two attributes come forth and reveal themselves as twin children, who draw her life into themselves—or absorb her attributes—till she vanishes, and they appear as Time and Space in their first innocence.

In the above lines a few verbal alterations were made, not without significance. In the first line *brightness* was crossed out and *darkness* substituted. In the third *serpent* was struck out and replaced by *cherub*. In the fifth, *scaly armour* is made to give place to *rocky features*. The meaning is obvious. The brightness of the serpent's gems (or the rainbow's colours), being food of the five senses, is darkness to the spirit. The cherub of mortal love is the serpent (compare second illustration to "Vala"), and the rocky features of the flesh or of literal scripture, or of morality are the same as the scales of Satan's natural armour.

On the other side in pencil is a mere scrap, also from Night I.

That I should hide thee with my power and d—

And now thou darkenest in thy presence; never from my sight—

There is no more here. A sketch beside it shows the back of a woman who is seated in the coils of a serpent, whose body seems to have grown from her thighs like the fishy half of a mermaid.

Another fragment begins with the passage in Night VIII., line 263.

The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite.

The first ten lines are the same, but at the tenth and after we have the following :—

Such seemed the synagogue to distant view; around them stood  
The daughters of Canaan and Moab, binding on the stones  
Their victims, and with knives tormenting them, singing with  
tears

Over their victims. Thus was the Lamb of God condemned to  
death.

They nailed him upon the tree of Mystery, and weeping over  
him,

And mocking, then worshipping, calling him lord and king,  
Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely, and sometimes as five  
They stood in beaming beauty, and sometimes as one, even Rahab  
Who is Mystery, Babylon the Great, Mother of Harlots.

The following continues the passage, but has all been struck out:—

And Rahab stripped off Luvah's robe from off the limbs of God,  
Then first she saw his glory, and her harlot form appeared  
In all its turpitude beneath the divine light—  
She made herself a mantle of Luval's robes,  
Also the vegetative bodies which Enitharmon wove in her loins  
Opened within the heart, and in the loins, and in the brain  
To Beulah, and the dead in Beulah descended through their  
gates.

And some were woven one-fold, some two-fold, and some three-fold.

In head and heart and reins, according to their fittest order,

Of most mournful pity and compassion to the spectrous dead.  
Darkness and sorrow covered all flesh; eternity was darkened.  
Urizen sitting in his web of deceitful religion was tormented.  
He felt the female death,—a dull and numbing stupor—

This brings us to line 262 of the same Night.

Such are the fragments found among the pages of the MS. of  
“Vala.”

## TEXT OF "VALA."

### AUTHOR'S AND EDITORS' VERBAL EMENDATIONS.

*All alterations not marked as Blake's are by the Editors.*

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#### NIGHT THE FIRST.

- Line 23, after *Enion* Blake has inserted later reading, for the line  
is, *I have hidden thee Jerusalem in silent contention.*
- ,, 93, Blake's other reading to whence *I emerged* is of death and  
*hell*; it is struck out.
- ,, 104, later the words *For Jerusalem* were inserted after a  
*tabernacle.*
- ,, 117, the word *on* after *But* omitted for metre.
- ,, 126, after *I, alone* before *remain* omitted.
- ,, 129, *are* transposed from after *eyes* to before *my.*
- ,, 132, *and* after *sinner* omitted.
- ,, 133, originally *Ah me! Wretched! What have I done?*
- ,, 133, the words *that all* after *find* omitted.
- ,, 142, *thee with* after *delight* omitted.
- ,, 145, *will* after *evermore* omitted.
- ,, 148, *and* inserted before *shricking.*
- ,, 151, *all his lovely changing colours mix* altered later to *his scaly*  
*armour softening* by Blake.
- ,, 161, The word *enormous* after *growing* omitted. The word *and*  
before *growing* omitted by mistake.
- ,, 162, *richest* altered to *rich.*

Line 183, *in after drawing* inserted, an alteration required for metre, and suggested by line 185.

After line 186, a line not printed here, which read :—

*Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life in dark despair,*  
but *spectrous life* is erased, and there is no substituted expression.

Line 189, altered from *gave visions and sent heaven*, into *made windows into Eden*, by Blake.

- „ 190, the last word, *out*, inserted.
- „ 194, *their* after *kept* inserted.
- „ 199, *all* after *Mercy*, *to* inserted.
- „ 202, *after* before *sleepers* inserted ; *all* before *their* omitted.
- „ 205, *and* before *named*, also *and* before *brooded* omitted.
- „ 218, *fill* after *passions* inserted, *and fear* after *shame* omitted.
- „ 222, stood thus : *She drove the females away from Los ; Los drove the males from her away.*
- „ 254, stood : *First born for the sport and amusement of man now born to drink up all his powers.*
- „ 274, *upon* for *on*.
- „ 259 and 296, stood thus :

*Of Light. Silent the Prince of Light viewed Los, At length a brooded*

*Smile broke from Urizen, for Enitharmon brightened more and more.*

- „ 305, stood thus : *Los answered furious, art thou one of those who when most complaisant—*

„ 353, ended thus : *wound round, sounding.*

„ 356, later alternative reading of Blake, *Ephraim called out to Tiriel; Awake, oh brother Mountain!*

„ 358, 359, 360 and 361, stood thus :

*Let us refuse the Plough and Spade, the heavy Roller, and spiked*

*Harrow. Burn all these cornfields. Throw down all these fences.*

*Fattened on Human blood and drunk with wine of life is better  
far  
Than all these labours of the harvest and the vintage. See  
this river.*

Line 372, *wine*, *and* before *blood* inserted as belonging both to metre and to the correspondence with line 359.

- ,, 382, last words, *sandy deserts*, altered to *desert sands*.
- ,, 392, *an exudation* altered to *exuded*.
- ,, 394, *there* before *he sank* inserted.
- ,, 399, *on* altered to *upon*.
- ,, 424, at the end of the line, *terrific raged* altered to *and raged*.
- ,, 434, *Snowdon* offered as a later and alternative reading for *Gilead* by Blake.
- ,, 434, last word, *sound*, inserted.
- ,, 442, *Beth Peor* altered later to *Conway Vale* by Blake.
- ,, 446, last word, *thus*, inserted.
- ,, 456, after *I*, *remaining* omitted.
- ,, 463, after *dictate*, *thou* inserted.
- ,, 468, for *the deep*, Blake gives later, *the Atlantic*.
- ,, 487, last word, *before*, inserted.
- ,, 497, *conflict* altered to *fight*, *the* after *all* omitted.
- ,, 501, stood : *Deep, trouble, without end, separated from Beulah, far beneath*.

#### NIGHT THE SECOND.

- Line 3, *Man* altered later to *Albion* by Blake.
- ,, 4, *Porches* later for *Ears* by Blake.
- ,, 28, after *gold*, *beaten* omitted.
- ,, 32, last word, *stood*, inserted.
- ,, 103, *Human Terror* altered to *Human Delusion* by Blake.
- ,, 132, *globe* altered to *Pyramid* by Blake.
- ,, 135, *centre* altered to *basement*, and both erased by Blake.
- ,, 140, *Globe* altered to *Cube* by Blake.
- ,, 245, *orbs* altered later to *cubes* by Blake.
- ,, 270, *spring* altered later to *season* by Blake.

Line 338, *again* inserted.

„ 341, *even* inserted.

„ 348, *sounding* inserted.

„ 361, *abroad, even* inserted.

„ 394, *vintage* altered into *harvest*. The words are usually coupled together. In the present line the waggon of corn points out that *harvest* was the figure intended.

„ 415, *terrible* afterwards altered to *spectrous* by Blake.

### NIGHT THE THIRD.

Line 1, *again* inserted.

„ 5, after *stars, thy* omitted.

„ 14, *Ahania* altered later to *shadow* by Blake.

„ 39, after *but, oh, how* omitted.

„ 41, after *Ahania*, *Listen to* altered to *hear*

„ 66, *He ceased before The shadowy* omitted; *hovered* altered to *hung*.

„ 68, *Fallen one* altered later to *Albion* by Blake.

„ 69, *Man arose* altered later to *Albion rose* by Blake.

„ 71, *Fallen one* altered later to *Albion* by Blake.

„ 79, *Ancient Man* altered later to *Albion* by Blake.

„ 81, *Man* altered later to *Albion* by Blake.

„ 83, *Fallen Man* altered later to *Albion* by Blake.

„ 91 to line 103 is written later, and belongs to the time when *Albion* became substituted for *Man*.

„ 104, 105, 106, were written also at this time. On the margin of the MS. they stood thus:

*Albion closed the western gate and shut America out  
By the Atlantic, for a curse and hidden horror.  
And an altar of victims to sin and repentance.*

Line 107. The rest of the poem is all first draught in Blake's handwriting. The previous part had been copied in a school-child text hand, probably by Blake and corrected here and there for

mystical, but never for metrical reasons. A considerable time seems to have passed between the writing of the copied part, and the making of the corrections and the writing of all the rest. Judged by the ink and look of the hand, all from here onwards belongs to one period, and was written very rapidly, in sections of over fifty, or over a hundred lines at a time.

Line 147, before *blue, flame of* omitted.

- ,, 151, after *louder, was heard* inserted.
- ,, 157, the last word of the line, *struggling*, omitted, as repeated next.
- ,, 168, after *on, my*; and after *that, now* inserted.
- ,, 182, after *hoped, that* inserted.
- ,, 185, after *remain, and then* omitted.

#### NIGHT THE FOURTH.

- Line 21, last word, *then*, inserted.
- ,, 31, last word, *yet*, inserted.
- ,, 38, *he altered to him*.
- ,, 45, *again* inserted.
- ,, 73, after *separate in, stench and* omitted.
- ,, 81, after *not, that* omitted.
- ,, 83, before *remember, well* omitted.
- ,, 85, after *fleeting, and* inserted.
- ,, 89, before *wedge, red* inserted.
- ,, 90, last word, *hard*, inserted.
- ,, 94, before *vibrations, strong* omitted.
- ,, 96, before last word, *form, piteous* omitted.
- ,, 98, before *soft embraced, saw and* inserted.
- ,, 105, *into the, before air, altered to to*.
- ,, 108, last words after *rage, as now*, inserted.
- ,, 116, after *Enitharmon, for* omitted.
- ,, 122, after *hope, the* inserted.
- ,, 167, before *iron, hard* inserted.
- ,, 168, after *rock, many* omitted.
- ,, 172, after *silent, his voice* omitted.

Line 174, before *Los*, always inserted.

„ 180, after *to-night*, *and*, and after *day*, *and* omitted.

„ 191, before *wrath*, *his* omitted.

„ 199 to 204, stood thus:

*Circling round the dark demon with howlings, dismay, and  
sharp blightings,*

*The Prophet of Eternity beat on his iron links and links of brass  
And as he beat round the hurtling demon, terrified at the shape  
Enslaved humanity put on, he became what he beheld,  
Raging against Tharmas, his god, and uttering*

„ 207, before *wrath*, *ceaseless* omitted.

„ 208, before *surging*, now inserted.

„ 209, stood thus :

*Settled, a lake, bright and shining, and clear, white as the snow.*

„ 219, after *shooting*, *out* inserted.

„ 221, first word, *and*, also after *passed over*, *and* inserted.

„ 223, after *deep*, *deep* omitted.

„ 225, last word, *him*, inserted.

„ 230, after *passed*, *over and* inserted.

„ 234, after *over*, *and* inserted.

„ 237, after *passed*, *over* inserted.

„ 240, first word, *then*, omitted ; *of* before *thirst* inserted.

„ 241, after *passed*, *over and a state* inserted.

„ 244, before *dismay*, *howling* omitted.

„ 247, *saw*, altered to *beheld*.

„ 249, before *comforted*, *they were* omitted.

„ 253, *whatever*, altered to *whatsoever*.

„ 256, last word, *Thee*, omitted.

„ 264, for *Man*, *Albion*, by Blake.

„ 269, after *will*, *but* inserted.

„ 274, for *deeps beneath, starry wheels* by Blake.

„ 276, after *God*, *go forth and* inserted.

„ 280, *strong* altered to *mighty*.

„ 283, after *as*, *labouring* inserted.

Line 284, after *terrified*, *at* altered to *as he beheld*.

„ 286, after *doing*, *and* inserted.

After this line is a pencil note by Blake :—

“ *Bring in here the globe of blood, as in book of ‘ Urizen.’* ”

### NIGHT THE FIFTH.

Line 3, after *curses*, *and* omitted.

„ 9, after *leaves*, *and* omitted.

„ 13 and 14, stood :

*Yet mighty bulk, and majesty, and beauty remained, but  
unexpansive,*

*As far as highest Zenith from lowest Nadir, so far they shrunk.*

„ 27, after *waxes*, *the* omitted.

„ 28, after *with*, *rending* omitted.

„ 29, after *cried*, *out* inserted.

„ 38, after *howlings*, *of* omitted.

„ 39, after *opened*, *looking* inserted.

„ 70, first word, *And*, inserted.

„ 71, after *darkness*, *and* omitted.

„ 72, *fed by* altered to *feeding on*.

„ 78, before *Los*, *and* omitted.

„ 85, before *succeeds*, *soon* inserted.

„ 90, before *formed*, *always* inserted.

„ 92, after *chain*, *of* altered to *made of the*.

„ 100, after *mountain*, *and* inserted.

„ 105, stood : *Tenfold. The demon’s rage flamed tenfold forth, rending.*

„ 106, after *louder*, *and* altered to *ever*.

„ 107, before *waves*, *the* omitted.

„ 131, 132 stood :

*There waves the harvest and the vintage rejoices. The springs  
Flow into rivers of delight. There the spontaneous flowers.*

„ 163, after *Nor*, *could* inserted.

„ 169, after *Orc*, *entering* omitted.

Line 170, after *Despair*, and omitted.

- ,, 182, after *felt*, the omitted ; before *howling, fierce* omitted.
- ,, 192, after *mountains*, of *Urizen* omitted.
- ,, 198, from my palace transposed to precede *walked*.
- ,, 199, after *Harpers*, followed altered to *came*.
- ,, 200, after *light*, composed altered to *made*.
- ,, 204, round me hovered, altered to *hovered round*.
- ,, 219, before *I, lo* inserted.
- ,, 220, after *sceptre, and* ; and after *crown, me* omitted.
- ,, 224, after *spears, of light* inserted.
- ,, 227, after *lily, is* omitted.
- ,, 236, after *steeds, of light* transposed from after *steeds* in line 235.
- ,, 239, *perhaps this is* altered to *this may be*.
- ,, 241, stood : *When thought is closed in caverns, love shall show its roots in deepest hell.*

### NIGHT THE SIXTH.

Line 1, after *arose, and* inserted.

- ,, 4, unsated his thirst altered to *his thirst being sated*.
- ,, 8, after *sitting, wrapped*, and after *in, these* inserted.
- ,, 9, on altered to *upon*.
- ,, 12, first word, *answer*, altered to *answerest*.
- ,, 31, *invited* altered to *made*.
- ,, 34, after *and, the sons of*, and after *sent, them* omitted.
- ,, 36, *colours* altered to *hues*.
- ,, 37, stood thus : " *I will blackness ; for jewelry, hoary frost ; for ornament, deformity.*
- ,, 38, after *sweet odours, stinking* altered to *smell*.
- ,, 39, after *inarticulate, through* frost omitted.
- ,, 42, after *and, the* inserted ; before *obstinacy, stubborn* omitted.
- ,, 44, *obscure*, altered to *dark*.
- ,, 47, first word, *then, inserted*.
- ,, 49, *froze to solid* altered to *frozen*.

- Line 73, before *chasms*, *horrible* omitted.  
 „ 76, after *brass*, *they* omitted.  
 „ 79, last word *descended*, altered to *went down*.  
 „ 82, *cruel* before *delight* omitted.  
 „ 83, *Urizen* with altered to *Urizen's*.  
 „ 87, *beheld* altered to *saw*.  
 „ 89, *The immense* altered to *immensity*.  
 „ 93, before *lightenings*, or *brooding* omitted.  
 „ 94, last word *penetrate* altered to *reach*.  
 „ 98, after *woes*, and *mutual* altered to *though he*.  
 „ 100, last word, *in*, omitted.  
 „ 101, *crowns of serpents* altered to *serpent crowns*.  
 „ 102, *lying in beds of sulphur* altered to *in sulphur beds*.  
 „ 103, *marching* altered to *march*.  
 „ 104, after *hundreds*, and of ; and after *fifties*, and of omitted.  
 „ 105, before *their shoulders*, *them upon* altered to *on*.  
 „ 106, first word *in* omitted.  
 „ 109, first word *still* inserted.  
 „ 110, before *weary*, *faint* omitted, *he* transposed after *wandered*.  
 „ 111, *heaved with their torment*, altered to *their torment heaved*.  
 „ 112, before *castles*, and omitted ; after *castles*, *built* omitted.  
 „ 113, after *There, he* ; after *beheld, the* ; after *tigers*, and of omitted.  
 „ 117, after *monsters*, or omitted.  
 „ 118, after *torment, shining and* omitted.  
 „ 119, before *columns, some* ; after *stretched, out* omitted.  
 „ 120, *seeking ease* altered to *for ease*.  
 „ 121, before *inarticulate, but an* omitted.  
 „ 123, *heavy and dull*, altered to *dull and heavy*.  
 „ 130, *A rock, a cloud, a mountain* altered to *rock, mountain, cloud*.  
 „ 133, *The furrows and the field* altered to *or furrow'd field*.  
 „ 135, after *feet, and* omitted.  
 „ 140, last word, *former*, omitted.  
 „ 145, a third repetition of *falling* omitted by mistake.  
 „ 155, before *ending, and* omitted.  
 „ 164, before *who goes, the man* omitted.

- Line 166, *Divine Hand* altered to *Hand Divine*, as elsewhere written  
 „ 172, *rise* altered to *arise*.  
 „ 175, after *earthquakes*, *and* omitted.  
 „ 177, after *vortex*, *fixing* omitted.  
 „ 192, after *head*, *downward* altered to *down*.  
 „ 194, after *labour*, *and* omitted.  
 „ 212, stood: *Shut up my powers. Then a seed in the vast womb of darkness.*  
 „ 213, after *oblivion*, *brooding* omitted.  
 „ 215, before *remain*, *to* omitted.  
 „ 216, after *labourer*, *of ages* omitted.  
 „ 218, after *promise*, *much* omitted.  
 „ 224, last word, *operate* altered to *work*.  
 „ 226 before *inward*, *away* omitted.  
 „ 329, 230 stood:  
     *For Urizen lamented over them in a selfish lamentation.*  
     *Till a white woof covered his limbs from head to foot.*  
 „ 231, after *snow*, *now* inserted.  
 „ 232, last word, *on*, inserted.  
 „ 236, from *vortex* to *vortex* altered to *the vortexes*; after *drawn*,  
     *out* omitted.  
 „ 237, *adjoined* altered to *joined*.  
 „ 239, after *bursting*, *with* inserted.  
 „ 246, after *down*, *again* inserted.  
 „ 247, after *anguish*, *as* inserted.  
 „ 248, first words *weaker and* altered to *that*; last word, *shrinking*,  
     altered to *again to shrink*.  
 „ 249, after *Through*, *all*; after *and*, *then* inserted.  
 „ 250 stood: *Ran through the abysses, rending the web, torment on torment.*  
 „ 252, before *hideous*, *his most* omitted.  
 „ 255, before *painful*, *ever* omitted.  
 „ 258, before *midday*, *the* omitted.  
 „ 259, last word, *darkness*, altered to *dark*.  
 „ 260, first words transposed from *shut up in stifling obstruction*,

Line 262, last words, *in vain*, inserted.

- ,, 263, before *black, the*; and after *sea, around* omitted.
- ,, 265, before *deep, vast* omitted.
- ,, 276, after *Till, he* omitted.
- ,, 277, first word, *he*, inserted.
- ,, 278, *O'er wearied and in*, altered to *and wearied in his*.
- ,, 279, *climbed* transposed from before *with* to after *labour*; the last word, *high*, being omitted.
- ,, 280 stood: *Till he beheld the world of Los from the peaked rock of Urthona*.
- ,, 283, *down the Vale of Urthona* altered to *down through Urthona's Vale*.
- ,, 298, after *skull, the while* inserted.
- ,, 299, last word, *loud*, inserted.
- ,, 302, *armies* transposed from after *fifty-two*.
- ,, 303 stood: *From the four cliffs of Urthona rise glowing around the Spectre*.
- ,, 310, *the dreary* altered to *their*.
- ,, 312, *returning back to Urizen* altered to *to Urizen returning*.

### NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

Line 1, *rose* altered to *arose*.

- ,, 5, *Urizen silent descended to the caves* altered to *Urizen went silent down to caves*.
- ,, 6, before *fire, flaming* omitted.
- ,, 9, before *redounding, the* omitted.
- ,, 17, *Around* altered to *round*.
- ,, 23, before *thickest, robe of* inserted.
- ,, 25, stood: *Then bursting from his troubled head with terrible visages and flaming hair*.
- ,, 34, *Wherever* altered to *where'er*; after *touch, and* inserted.
- ,, 36, *when he found himself* altered to *finding him*.

- Line 40, after *seat*, *again* inserted.  
,, 60, *throw* altered to *throwest*; last word, *now*, inserted.  
,, 70, *Go forth* inserted.  
,, 71, after *deep*, *for lo* omitted.  
,, 77, before *weight*, *own* omitted.  
,, 78, before *across*, *clear* inserted; *horrible* altered to *horrid*.  
,, 82, *still* transposed from before *obdurate* to after *resolved*.  
,, 87, before *furious*, *here* inserted; after *deep*, *for lo* omitted.  
,, 89, before *diseases*, *the*, before *falling*, *of man*, omitted; *upon*  
altered to *on*.  
,, 94, before *ruin*, *dreadful* omitted.  
,, 102, before *bread*, *the* omitted.  
,, 108, *upon* altered to *on*.  
,, 112, after *evaporate*, *away* inserted.  
,, 113, *down* transposed from before to after *Enitharmon*; *to* altered  
to *unto*.  
,, 115, after *crust*, *of bread* omitted.  
,, 117, after *hearts*, *far*; after *milstone*, *is*, inserted.  
,, 119, stood: *With labour and with abstinence, say he looks healthy*  
*and happy.*  
,, 121, after *will*, *soon* inserted.  
,, 122, *with temper* transposed from after *live*.  
,, 123, before *gracious*, *by* inserted.  
,, 124, before *gifts*, *small* omitted; after *want*, *a gift* omitted.  
,, 125, *he smiles* transposed from before *if you hear*.  
,, 127, after *water*, *are* altered to *must be*.  
,, 128, last words *we can* omitted.  
,, 129, first words, *we can*, inserted; after *spaniels*, *that are* omitted.  
,, 132, before *labyrinth*, *its* omitted.  
,, 133, before *devouring*, *by strong* omitted.  
,, 135, after *hypocrisy*, *already* omitted.  
,, 142, stood: *Avaunt cold hypocrite; I am chained, or thou could'st*  
*not use me thus.*  
,, 145, last word *storms* omitted.  
,, 148, *now* transposed from after *me*; before *Urizen*, *oh* omitted.

Line 152, *Orc* transposed from before *creeping*; before *began*, *he* omitted. Blake partly corrected this line. He drew his pen through *creeping*, but offered no substitute, and left *he* as well as *Orc*.

- ,, 155, Blake altered *wisdom* into *affliction*.
- ,, 159, ended *thought himself sole author*.
- ,, 171, *over* altered to *o'er*.
- ,, 179, the same change.
- ,, 203, before *they, that*; after *they, may*, omitted.
- ,, 208, stood : *For the shadow of Enitharmon descended, &c.*
- ,, 209, *shade* altered to *shadow*, *over* to *o'er*.
- ,, 213, before *poisonous, various* omitted.
- ,, 220, before *Enitharmon*, *Oh* inserted.
- ,, 223, before *discordant, loud* inserted.
- ,, 224, *on that dread day* inserted.
- ,, 225, *lightnings play'd* transposed from before *around*.
- ,, 228, stood : *And its birth in faintings and sleep, and sweet delusions of Vala.*
- ,, 231, before *print, the* omitted.
- ,, 232, before *I, behold* inserted.
- ,, 240, after *heaven, for* inserted.
- ,, 243, after *then, behold* omitted.
- ,, 245, after *pale, at sight* inserted.
- ,, 246, 247, stood :
 

*From the enormity, and called them Luvah and Vala, turning down  
The vales to find, &c.*
- ,, 252, last word, *pastures*, altered to *fields*.
- ,, 256, stood : *Then from its hinges, uttering its final groan, all Beulah fell.*
- ,, 260, *cavern dark* altered to *cave*.
- ,, 266, *tempests* altered to *storms*.
- ,, 267, *upon* altered to *on*.
- ,, 270, after *spirit, in the garden* omitted.
- ,, 271, before *dwelt, there* omitted ; before *joy, mutual* inserted.

Line 273, after *waters*, *this* omitted.

- ,, 274, after *them*, *alternate* altered to *have*.
- ,, 276, before *morn*, *dread* omitted.
- ,, 277, after *divided*, *for the* omitted.
- ,, 285, *and there divided* altered to *divided there*.
- ,, 286, after *I was*, *divided* omitted.
- ,, 290, *but still my spirit altered* to *my spirit still*.
- ,, 299, after *unite*, *again* omitted.
- ,, 301, before *annihilated*, *and* omitted ; *never can* altered to *cannot*.
- ,, 302, last word, *brutish*, should be omitted.
- ,, 303, first word, *brutish*, inserted ; after *ravelling*, *and devouring* omitted.
- ,, 304, after *eyes are*, *always* omitted.
- ,, 305, *for anything but*, altered into *except for*.
- ,, 306, after *dead*, *for* omitted.
- ,, 311, after *thus they, conferred* omitted.
- ,, 314, ended : *Los wept, and his fierce soul was terrified*.
- ,, 315, ended : *nor could his eyes perceive*.
- ,, 317, last words, *she ran*, omitted.
- ,, 318, after *raving, about* altered to *ran through*.
- ,, 320, last word, *broken*, omitted.
- ,, 321, after *gates, broke* altered to *broken*.
- ,, 322, *shadow shuddering* altered to *shade*.
- ,, 326, before *war, with* inserted.
- ,, 327, last word, *shadow, altered to shade*.
- ,, 330, *topmost* altered to *top* ; *shooting* to *shoot*.
- ,, 332, first words, *But then*, omitted.
- ,, 335, *first transposed from after spectre to after brother*.
- ,, 338, *terrible Demon* altered to *Demon dread*.
- ,, 339, *consummating by pains and labours* altered to *to consume by pains*.
- ,, 340, *back returning* altered to *come*.
- ,, 341, *To life Eternal* altered to *back to Eternal life* ; before *self real* omitted.
- ,, 343, last word but one *upon* altered to *on*,

Line 345, before *buried, though* omitted.

- ,, 346, last words, after *speak, and be silent* omitted.
- ,, 348, after *heart and, in* inserted.
- ,, 349, before *in Eternity, it was* omitted.
- ,, 350, *and consummated* altered to *consumed*.
- ,, 352, stood, *When I was a ravening, and hungry thirsting cruel lust and murder.*
- ,, 354, *evaporate* altered to *vanish*.
- ,, 356, stood : *Art nothing, being created continually by Mercy and love divine.*
- ,, 357, after *Los, furious* omitted.
- ,, 359, after *convinced, can still* omitted.
- ,, 360, after *power, even* omitted.
- ,, 373, after *Los, labouring* omitted ; after *buildest, the* inserted.
- ,, 375, after *heaven, and after beneath, and* omitted.
- ,, 377, after *atmosphere, sublime* omitted.
- ,, 379, after *creeping, and* omitted.
- ,, 381, before *spake, thus* omitted.
- ,, 383, before last word, *knew, I* inserted.
- ,, 384, before *ransom, a* omitted.
- ,, 387, last word *thou* inserted.
- ,, 391, before *given, surely* inserted.
- ,, 392, after *spectre, in part* omitted ; last word *him* omitted.
- ,, 393, first words, *being a, altered to as.*
- ,, 395, first word *of* omitted.
- ,, 396, *beheld* altered to *saw.*
- ,, 398, after *spectre, of Urthona* omitted ; before *I am, Behold inserted.*
- ,, 400, before *punishment, curse and* omitted.
- ,, 403, last word, *thus, inserted.*
- ,, 405, first word, *for, omitted ; without a created body transposed.*
- ,, 409, before *behold, look* omitted.
- ,, 413, before *trembling, from* inserted.
- ,, 414, before *injuries, ancient* omitted.
- ,, 415, before *have, surely* omitted.

Line 416, stood : *Often enough to commence thy jealousy in fear and terror.*

- ,, 417, be transposed from before *patient*; *because* altered to *for*.
- ,, 422, *uttermost* altered to *last*.
- ,, 423, last word, *out*, omitted.
- ,, 424, first word, *out*, inserted; *all who behold* altered to *who see*.
- ,, 425, *should* transposed from before *in futurity*; before *in heavens*,  
*have done* omitted.
- ,, 429, after *created*, *many* omitted.
- ,, 430, before *sighing*, *and* omitted.
- ,, 431, before *war*, *furious* omitted.
- ,, 432, before *weeping*, *the* omitted.
- ,, 433, before *piteous*, *those* omitted; before *happy*, *in* omitted;  
*obscure* for *obscurity*.
- ,, 435, *fabricate* altered to *make*.
- ,, 438, before *sons*, *and* omitted.
- ,, 440, *Ancient* altered to *old*.
- ,, 442, before *Wonder*, *lovely terrible Los* omitted; after *eternity*, *oh*  
omitted.
- ,, 446, first words, *and then*, omitted.
- ,, 448, after *fabricate*, *these* inserted.
- ,, 449, *themselves* altered to *them*.
- ,, 450, before *may live, through them* inserted.
- ,, 451, before *inspired*, *divine* omitted.
- ,, 454, *upon* altered to *on*.
- ,, 469, last word, *reposing*, omitted.
- ,, 470, before *ranks*, *out the* omitted.
- ,, 474, before *forged*, *he* omitted.
- ,, 475, before *scales*, *in* omitted.
- ,, 476, before *Los*, *but*, *and* before *refused*, *he*, omitted.
- ,, 486, after *could not*, *so* inserted.
- ,, 491, after *hands*, *much* inserted.
- ,, 492, ended : *He beheld him as an infant.*
- ,, 493, *breathed* transposed from before *from*; *within* altered to *in*.
- ,, 494, before *night*, *darkest* omitted.

Line 495, after *rock*, *behold* inserted.

- „ 497, after *revolved*, *at last* inserted.
- „ 499, last word, *me*, omitted.
- „ 508, before *sounding*, *hoarse* omitted.
- „ 518, *secrecy*, altered to *secrets*; *they bore* transposed from after  
    *lamps*.
- „ 521, before *lion*, *furious* omitted.
- „ 541, *arise* altered to *rise*.
- „ 547, *was* transposed from before *divided*.
- „ 551, last words, *in sighs*, inserted.
- „ 552, first words, *in sighs*, omitted; the line continued, *and*  
    *sobblings, till all divided I was divided*.
- „ 553, *lived* transposed from before *in my bosom*.
- „ 558, last word, *them*, omitted.
- „ 563, before *moon*, *distant* omitted.
- „ 565, *into the* altered to *in*.
- „ 567, before *sun*, *bright*; before *mist*, *a*, omitted.
- „ 571, after *terror*, *to me* omitted.
- „ 579, before *hate*, *his* inserted.
- „ 593, *within the* altered to *in*.
- „ 594, before *writing*, *therein* inserted.
- „ 597, before *bull*, *strong* inserted.
- „ 606, after *places*, *that* omitted.
- „ 607, *appointed* transposed from after *time*.
- „ 616, *around* altered to *round*.
- „ 618, after *arise*, *again* inserted.
- „ 622, before *despairing*, *is* inserted.
- „ 640, last word, *steeds*, altered after to *clouds* by Blake.
- „ 648, last words, *the slain*, transferred to first of 649.
- „ 668, last word, *workmanship*, altered to *work*.
- „ 672, before *the*, *all* omitted.
- „ 734, the words of *Orc* added later by Blake.
- „ 748, before *swimming*, and again before *falling*, *or* omitted.
- „ 770, before *eagle*, *pinioned*; and after *night*, *season*, omitted.

## NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

- Line 7, after *shapes*, were seen added.  
 ,, 22, first word, *and*, omitted.  
 ,, 155, the *human form* altered later to *these terrors* by Blake.  
 ,, 164, after *never*, *come* inserted.  
 ,, 430, *Urthona* altered later to *the spectre* by Blake.  
 ,, 503, first word *do* inserted.

## NIGHT THE NINTH.

- Line 17, after *hills*, *are all* inserted.  
 ,, 59, after *called*, *to* inserted.  
 ,, 60, after *heard*, *them* omitted.  
 ,, 69, last word, *freds*, transposed from first of next line.  
 ,, 82, after *intense*, *abroad* inserted.  
 ,, 87, first word, *issuing*, inserted.  
 ,, 129, after *arise*, *to* altered to *into*.  
 ,, 130, before *souls*, *of* inserted; before *great, oh!* is wanted.  
 ,, 137, before *strong, thou* inserted.  
 ,, 155, last words, *to be burned*, altered to *to burn*.  
 ,, 218, after *female*, *also* inserted.  
 ,, 229, before *universe, bursting* should have been omitted.  
 ,, 230, 231, lines untouched, but should have been printed thus:—

All things revived flew from their centres: then the  
 rattling bones  
 To bones join, shaking and convulsed: the shivering clay  
 breathes.

- „ 262, before *intense, on* omitted.  
 „ 284; before *flames, all* inserted.  
 „ 285, omitted in error.  
 „ 344, after *Urizen rose, up* omitted.  
 „ 344, after *hands, his feet* omitted.  
 „ 348, before *earth, the* inserted.

Line 391, last words, *but for thee*, altered to *were it not for thee*.

- „ 432, after *freshly*, *you* inserted, and misprinted *yon*.
- „ 439, before *birds*, *oh* inserted.
- „ 445, after *come*, *near* inserted.
- „ 451, after *himself*, *laid down* inserted.
- „ 456, *and saw* altered to *and looked and saw*.
- „ 461, first word, *round*, altered to *around*.
- „ 470, after *went*, *up* omitted.
- „ 473, before *follow*, *often* inserted.
- „ 480, after *mourned*, *faint* omitted.
- „ 504, *round* altered to *around*; last words, *over them*, omitted.
- „ 560, before *dreadful*, *the* inserted.
- „ 563, last words repeating *he exulted* omitted.
- „ 599, before *solid*, *the* omitted, before *way*, *fibrous* inserted.
- „ 600, before *joys*, *the*; after *existence*, *and*; before *stems*, *tree*,  
inserted.
- „ 601, and 602, stood:  
*Rear on the mountains stem after stem. The scaly newt creeps  
From the stone, and the armed fly springs from the rocky crevice.*
- „ 603, after *spider*, *and* inserted.
- „ 604, before *delight*, *joy* and omitted.
- „ 605, before *the tender*, *lo* inserted.
- „ 606, after *round*, *about*; after *brighten*, *on*, inserted; last word  
*mountains* altered to *hills*.
- „ 607, after *throng up*, *through*; after *valley*, *and the* inserted; last  
word, *forests*, altered to *woods*.
- „ 611, stood: *over the ruined worlds*, &c.
- „ 612, first word, *then*, inserted.
- „ 615, before *night*, *all the*, omitted.
- „ 618, stood: *not born for the sport and amusement of Man but  
soon to drink up all his powers.*  
Compare Night I., line 254, also in this list.
- „ 626, *nature* corrected later to *science* by Blake.
- „ 643, stood: *Beneath they saw their sons and daughters wondrous  
inconceivable.*

- Line 682, after *here, so soon* omitted.  
,, 684, after *house, in joy* inserted.  
,, 722, *rose singing*, altered to *sang*.  
,, 729, before *ravening, distracted* omitted.  
,, 741, before *leopard, spotted* omitted.  
,, 743, after *bury them*, omitted; *making after grots* altered to  
*with*.  
,, 759, first words, *who lives*, transferred to end of line above.  
,, 760, *show* altered to *showing*.  
,, 764, after *love, and these* omitted.  
,, 768, after *he said, he said*, repetition, omitted.  
,, 772, after *gold, gold were* omitted.
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## DESCRIPTIVE NOTES TO "VALA."

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THE following notes assist the comprehension of the growth of the idea :—

The early pages of "Vala," up to Night III., line 106, were probably written in 1797, all but the opening lines which occupy space when a complete erasure has been made.

Lines 9 and 10 are even more recent, and are in pencil. So is line 18. In the margin occur two lines that seem to have no place in the text but rather to be an author's note of visionary experience. They are written side ways—

The men have received their death-wounds and their emanations are fled  
To me for refuge, and I cannot turn them out for pity's sake.

Lines 38, 39, and 40 are later than the rest.

Lines 41 to 45 (inclusive) in pencil opposite the serpent's mouth in design, seem to be intended for the words that Tharmas wept into his cloud.

Lines 46 to 57 inclusive, sideways on margin, later than text.

Lines 66 to 98 inclusive, marked later by Blake for erasure.

Lines 99 to 122 inclusive, left to stand as the story of the incident.

Lines 123 to 131 inclusive, obliterated. The following added to them and separately obliterated.

So wailed she, trembling before her own created phantasm,  
Which animating times on times by the force of her sweet song,  
Reared . . . . .

The last altered before erasure to—

But standing on the rocks her woven shadow glowing bright,  
Reared . . . . .

Instead of these, namely 99 onwards, the lines 197 to 211 inclusive, were to have been inserted there. They are of later date.

Lines 132 to 154 inclusive, left to stand as the story.

Lines 155 to 157 inclusive, crossed out in pencil by Blake.

Lines 158 to 164, to stand.

Lines 165 to 168, later. See fragment No. I.

Lines 169 to 177, not to stand.

Lines 178 to 186, not to stand.

Lines 187 to 196, later.

Lines 197 to 211 should perhaps have been placed as already indicated, before 182. But they have no real position here at all, being a late paragraph written separately.

Lines 212 to 224, to stand. Then an erased lines—

Nine years they view the glowing spheres reading the visions of Beulah.

Then comes a note that the next line, that numbered 225, is to be the beginning of Night II. If this division had remained as final, Night I. would, after all erasures, have been disproportionately brief.

Lines 225 to 262, to stand.

Lines 263 to 270 afterwards erased by Blake.

No long erasures restored after this, all to stand.

Lines 305 to 315, later.

Lines 331 to 337, later.

Line 348 erased in pencil.

After line 397 the words—

End of the First Night,

are written. This is the second place marked for the end of the First Night.

Lines 398 to 427 is a much later fragment, written on two sides of a piece of paper. At the end of line 413 we read for the third time—

End of the First Night.

Lines 428 to end of Night I. are much later than the former pages, and are written on another kind of paper. Of these lines, 488 is an addition to the rest, made later in pencil.

Attributing these lines to Night I. at all is conjectural. They have no other place. They were written later than the pages of Night II., which follow, but belong to the date of the lines 398, &c., which are marked as belonging to this Night.

By comparing the fragments of MS. given above on the Hermaphrodites, and the woman-serpent, with the passages marked for erasure by Blake, in the early pages of Night I., three stages of symbolic idea are seen like successive growths in the poet's mind. Beauty, the female, and Desire, the male—called Enion and Tharmas—are the hero and heroine of the story. They are *Virgo* and *Scorpio*; they mingle, and are seen as Hermaphrodite. They mingle more simply and are seen as marriage. Finally, they separate into Feeling and Change, and appear as Enitharmon and Los, the infants afterwards "known to mortals" (note the *to mortals*) as Time and Space. Blake is seen here still groping among his visions for the best expression of what his reflections told him must be their true meaning.

#### NIGHT THE SECOND.

Night II. was headed Night the First, and the word *First* erased. It is early in date except a few insertions.

Line 4 is later. So is line 8. So are lines 23 and 32, added in pencil. Lines 33 to 60 are also of later date. At 61 the MS., as originally copied out in fair hand,

Lines 325 to 327 are later.

Line 494 begins a fresh portion of MS. It is called line 153 of Blake's first draught of this Night, and is another commencement.

Line 609 ends a page. The MS. calls it 272, and directs that one of the beginnings shall be brought here, and used as the remainder of the Night.

In what follows, lines 620, 621 and 623 are later, and also lines 676 and 677.

Line 692 is later, also lines 698, 704 and 708.

Beside the passage that ends with line 694 a pencil note, that has no place in the poem, occurs on the margin:—

Unorganised innocence an impossibility:  
Innocence dwells with Wisdom, but never with Ignorance.

The passage 729 to 743 is later.

Line 786 is the only possible end of Night VII.

#### NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

In this Night the line 4 is later, and in defiance of the lack of a full stop, lines 10 to 15 were to be erased, but are restored, as they were never re-written.

Line 100 is later. Lines 104 to 106 are later. Lines 108 to 112 are an insertion, apparently later.

Lines 197 to 235 is a later fragment on other papers, but its place for insertion marked here. See facsimile No. 15, where line 255 bears the early numbering, as 195.

Line 252 is later. Line 261, containing the four Zoas by name, erased, as these are united, not cut off when the spiritual body is revealed.

Lines 263 to 409 is an enlargement of a late fragment. See addenda. Of this enlargement the line 273 is still later, and lines 275 to 290 are later. Lines 325 to 334 are later.

The passage "But when Rahab," &c., line 335, was written three leaves earlier. The MS. directs us to take it from there and place it here, to line 408. This terminates the enlargement of the fragment. The original MS. had, when sketched, the line 609 as next after 263. It continues without a break to end of Night VIII.

#### NIGHT THE NINTH.

The heading of this Night suggests that it was conceived at the time when the title of the poem was to have been (writing be a guide) The Death and Judgment of the Ancient Man. The name "Albion" not being used in the MS. here.

In this Night, line 32 is later, also line 50. Lines 113 and 127 are later. They seem utterances produced by the realization of the subject of the poem in the mind

of the poet as he sat reading his own manuscript. The same may be said of lines 139 and 140, also insertions.

The lines 200 to 202 are also insertions. In the next line it is noteworthy that The Eternal Man is the phrase employed. "Albion" is not used after Night IV.

Line 256 is later, and also lines 354 to 256.

Lines 328 and 329, later; also lines 378, 379 and 383.

Lines 487 to 490 are also later. Line 584 is later, also line 617, repeated from an earlier page.

No other changes of the MS., other than the corrections of separate words given in the notes on the texts above, have been found in Blake's hand as contemporary with the writing itself.



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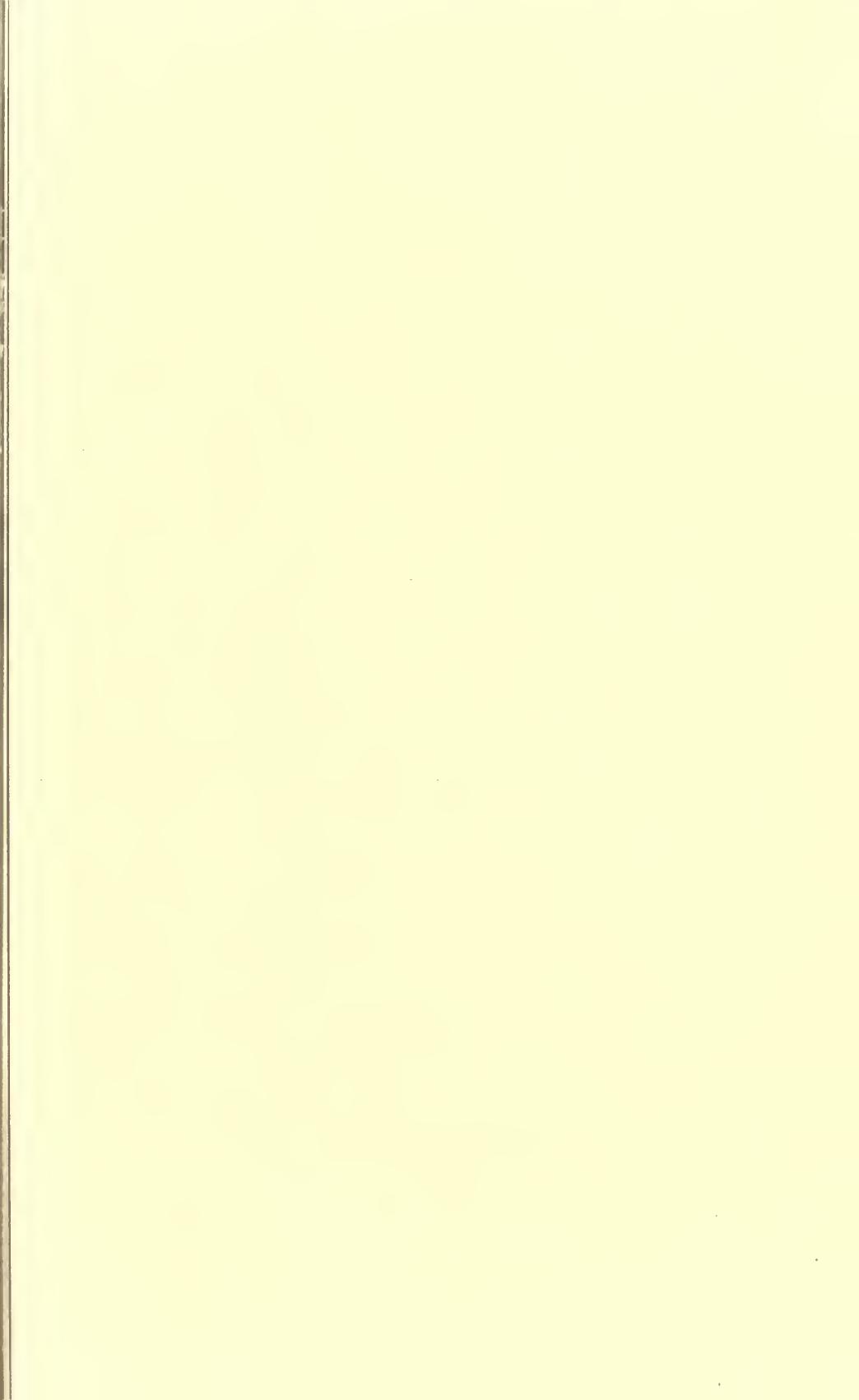
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