

The Complete Illuminated Books of William Blake

William Blake

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(Unabridged - With All The Original Illustrations)

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This eBook is an exact transcription of the original text.

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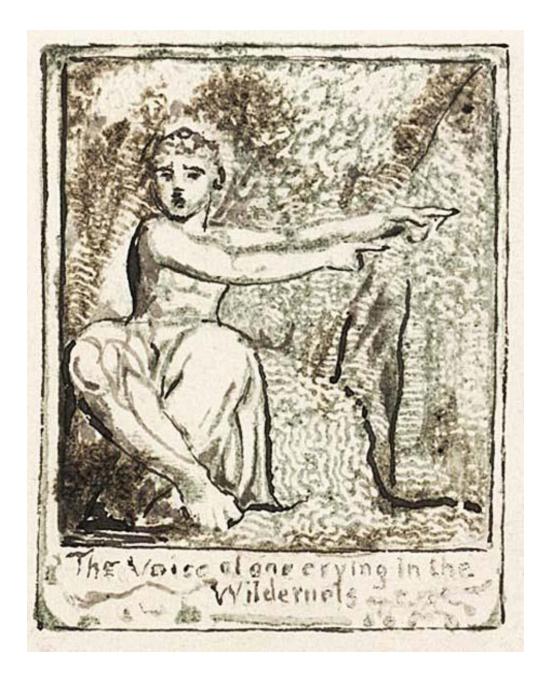
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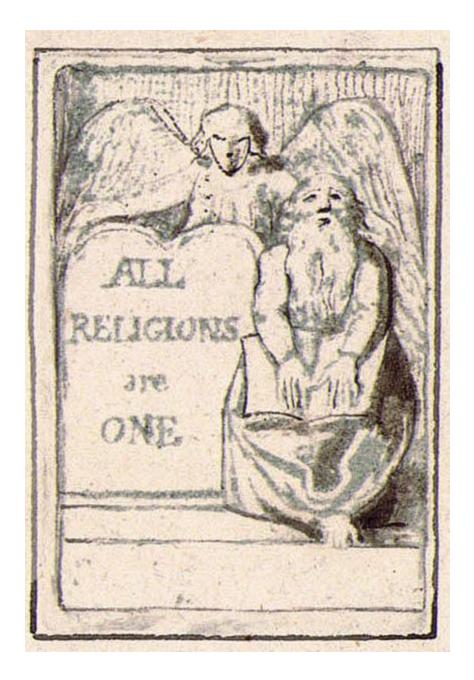
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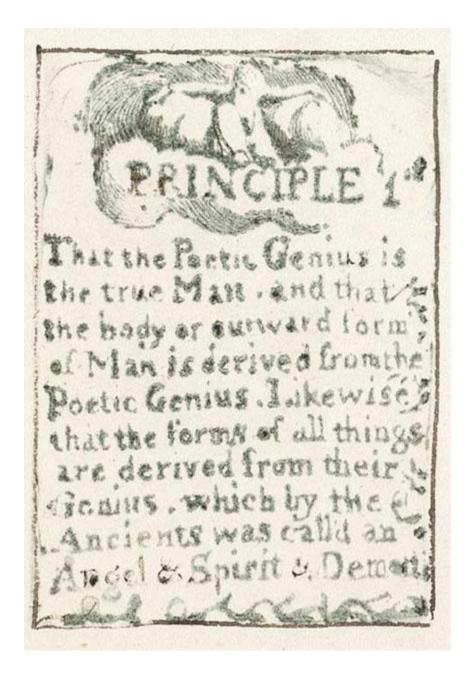
All Religions Are One (1788)

Plates

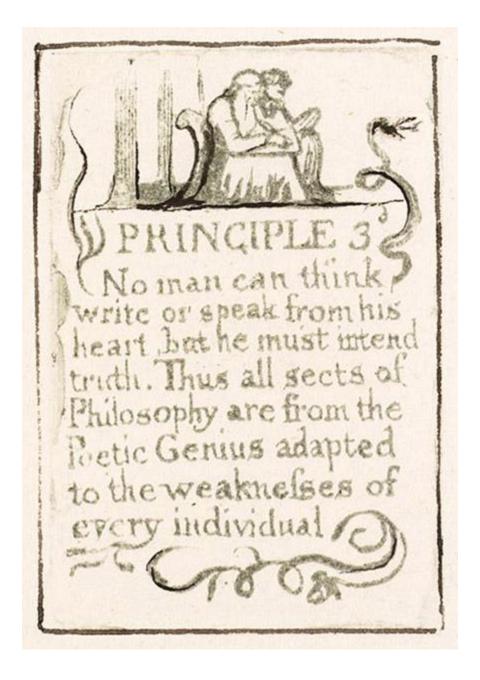




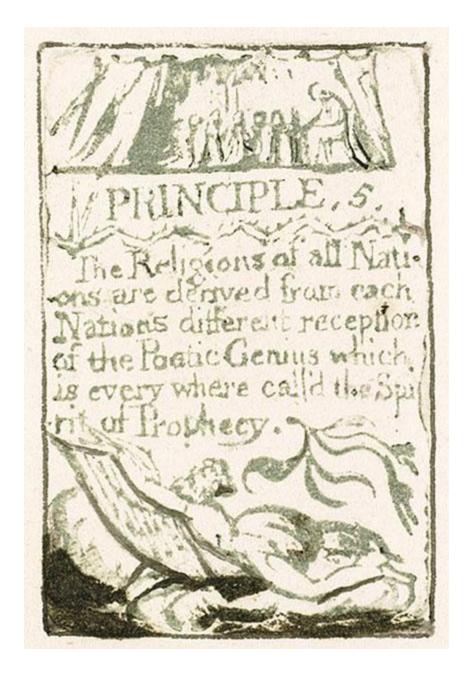
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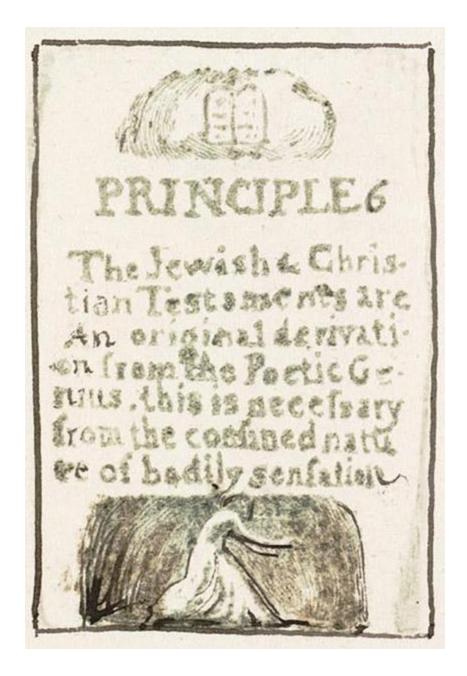


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The Voice of one crying in the Wilderness

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 1

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 2

As all men are alike in Outward Form; so, and with the same infinite variety, all are alike in the Poetic Genius.

Principle 3

No man can think, write, or speak from his heart, but he must intend Truth. Thus all sects of Philosophy are from the Poetic Genius, adapted to the weaknesses of every individual.

Principle 4

As none by travelling over known lands can find out the unknown; so, from already acquired knowledge, Man could not acquire more; therefore an universal Poetic Genius exists.

Principle 5

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

Principle 6

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

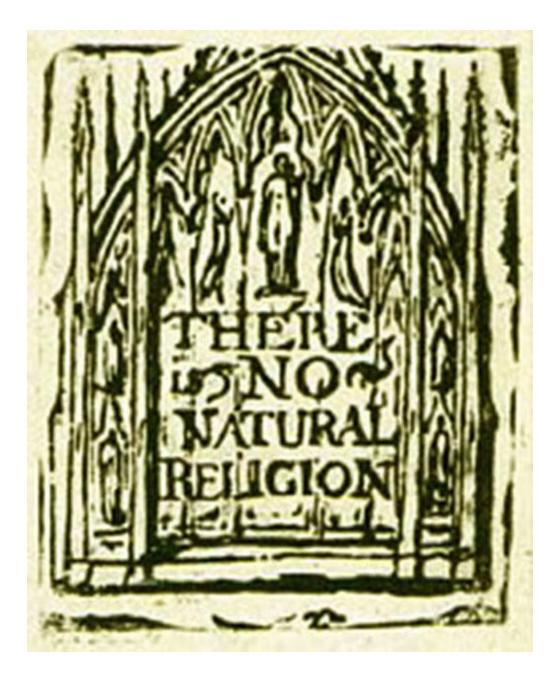
Principle 7

As all men are alike, tho' infinitely various; so all Religions: and as all similars have one source the True Man is the source, he being the Poetic Genius.

There Is No Natural Religion (1788)

Plates



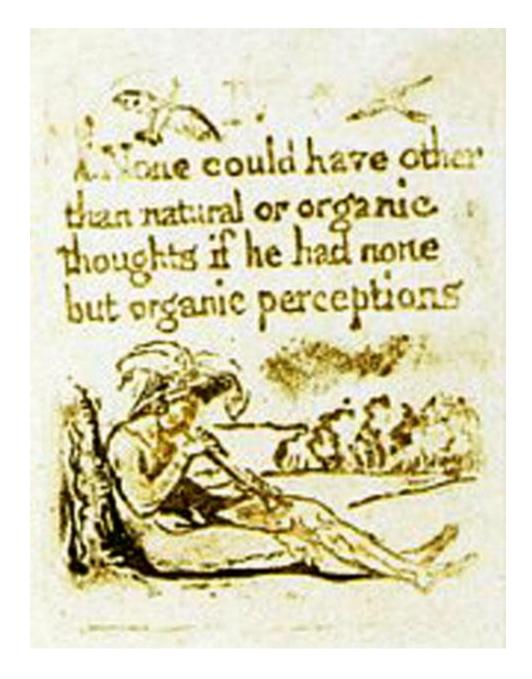


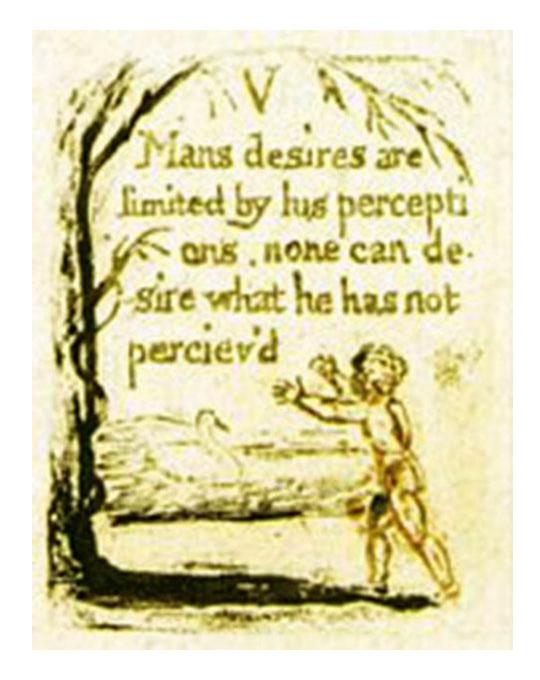


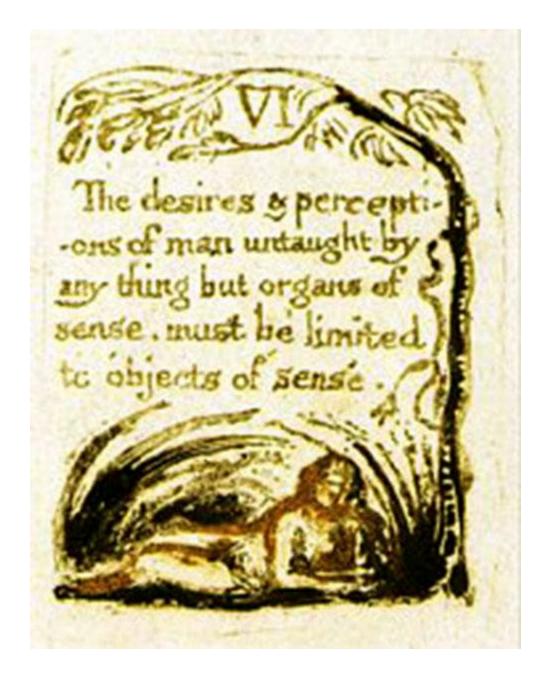


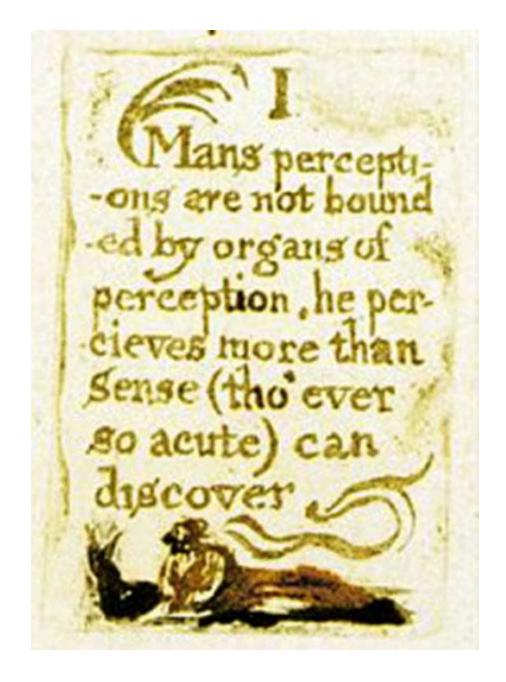










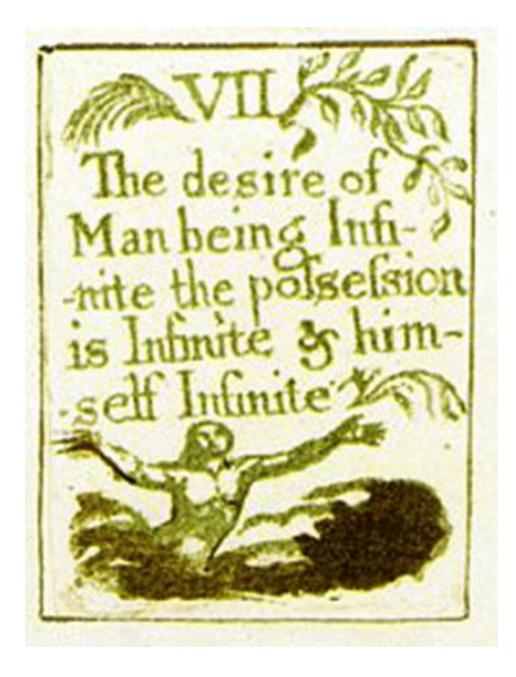




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come the same as the few, when pof-selsd, More! More! is the cry of a mista cen soul, les than cannot satisfy an V

any could ire what he is inapable of polsefdespairs 181 5







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

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The Argument.

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

I.

Man cannot naturally perceive but through his natural or bodily organs.

II.

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

III.

From a perception of only 3 senses or 3 elements none could deduce a fourth or fifth.

IV.

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

V.

Man's desires are limited by his perceptions; none can desire what he has not perceiv'd.

VI.

The desires & perceptions of man, untaught by anything but organs of sense, must be limited to objects of sense.

I.

Man's perceptions are not bound by organs of perception; he perceives 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.

[Ed: Plates 12 to 17 occur only in certain, later editions.] [Proposition III is missing.]

IV.

The bounded is loathed by its possessor. the same dull round, even of the universe, would soon become a mill with complicated wheels.

V.

If the many become the same as the few when possess'd, More! More! is the cry of a mistaken soul; less than All cannot satisfy Man.

VI.

If any could desire what he is incapable of possessing, despair must be his eternal lot.

VII.

The desire of Man being infinite, the possession is Infinite & himself Infinite.

Conclusion.

If it were not for the Poetic or Prophetic Character the Philosophic & Experimental would soon be at the ratio of all things, and stand still, unable to do other than repeat the same dull round over again.

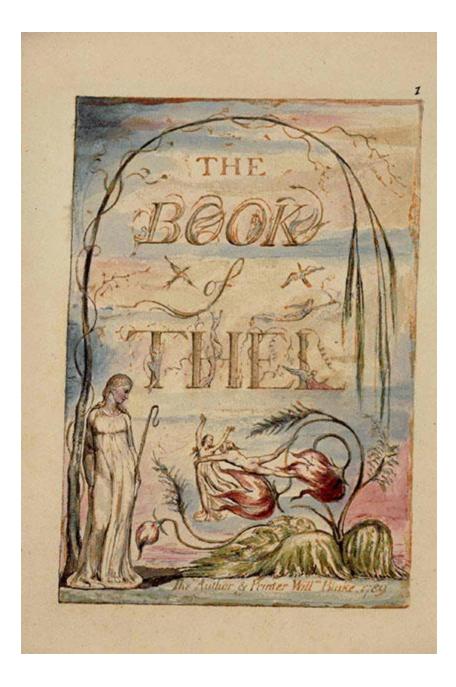
Application.

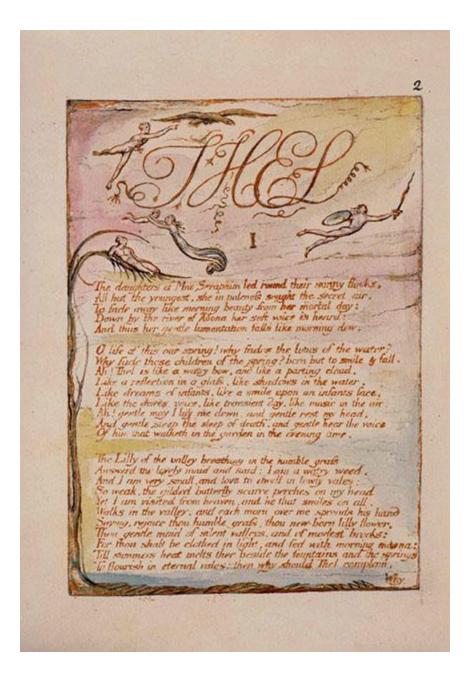
He who sees the Infinite in all things sees God. He who sees the Ratio only sees himself only.

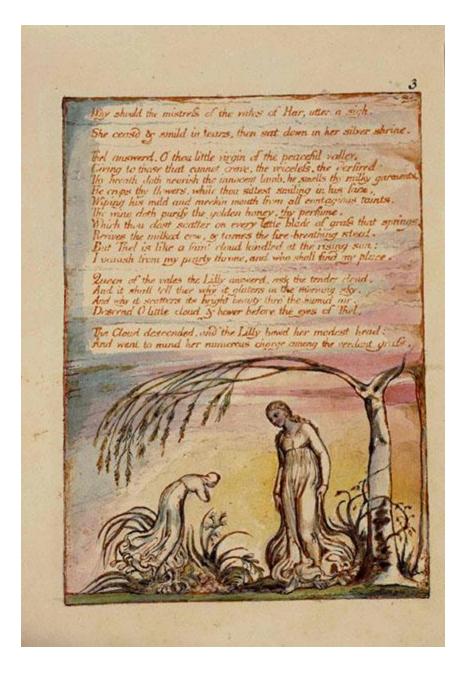
Therefore God becomes as we are, that we may be as he is.

The Book of Thel (1789)

Plates













IV. The eternal vates terrific parter lifted the northern bar: The entered in & saw the secrets of the land unknown: She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrons roots of every heart on earth interes drop its restled tonsts. A land of sorrows & at trans where never smile way soon. She wanderd in the land of clouds this rulleys dark, listning Delours & lamentations: waiting at beside a dew grave She stood in silence listning to the verces 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 pt. Why a Tonque impressid with haney from every wind? Why an Ear, a whir/pool here to draw creations in? My a Nastril wide whating terror trembling & attricht. Why a tender such upon the spathful burning boy! Why a lattle curtain of firsh on the bed of our desire? The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shruck Red back unhundered tall she came into the vales of The End

8 THEL'S Motto. C 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?

Text

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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?

Ι

The daughters of Mne Seraphim led round their sunny flocks. All but the youngest; she in paleness sought the secret air. To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal day: Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard: And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew. O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of the water? Why fade these children of the spring? born but to smile & fall. Ah! Thel is like a watry bow. and like a parting cloud. Like a reflection in a glass. like shadows in the water. Like dreams of infants. like a smile upon an infants face, Like the doves voice, like transient day, like music in the air; Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head. And gentle sleep the sleep of death. and gentle hear the voice Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time. The Lilly of the valley breathing in the humble grass Answer'd the lovely maid and said; I am a watry weed, And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales; So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head. Yet I am visited from heaven and he that smiles on all. Walks in the valley. and each morn over me spreads his hand Saying, rejoice thou humble grass, thou new-born lilly flower,

Thou gentle maid of silent valleys. and of modest brooks; For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna: Till summers heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs To flourish in eternal vales: then why should Thel complain, Why should the mistress of the vales of Har, utter a sigh. She ceasd & smild in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine. Thel answerd. O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley. Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o'ertired. Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells thy milky garments,

He crops thy flowers. while thou sittest smiling in his face, Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taints. Thy wine doth purify the golden honey, thy perfume, Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass that springs Revives the milked cow, & tames the fire-breathing steed. But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising sun: I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find my place. Queen of the vales the Lilly 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 bowd 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 shew'd his golden head & his bright form emerg'd, Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel. O virgin know'st thou not. our steeds drink of the golden springs Where Luvah doth renew his horses: look'st thou on my youth, And fearest thou because I vanish and am seen no more. Nothing remains; O maid I tell thee, when I pass away,

It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures holy: Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers; And court the fair eyed dew. to take me to her shining tent; The weeping virgin, trembling kneels before the risen sun, Till we arise link'd in a golden band, and never part; But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers Dost thou O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee; For I walk through the vales of Har. and smell the sweetest flowers; But I feed not the little flowers: I hear the warbling birds, But I feed not the warbling birds, they fly and seek their food; But Thel delights in these no more because I fade away, And all shall say, without a use this shining woman liv'd, Or did she only live. to be at death the food of worms. The Cloud reclind upon his airy throne and answer'd thus. Then if thou art the food of worms. O virgin of the skies, How great thy use. how great thy blessing; every thing that lives, Lives not alone, nor for itself: fear not and I will call The weak worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt hear its voice. Come forth worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen. The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lillys leaf, And the bright Cloud saild on, to find his partner in the vale.

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 Lillys leaf: Ah weep not little voice, thou can'st not speak. but thou can'st weep; Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked: weeping, And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mothers smiles. The Clod of Clay heard the Worms voice, & raisd her pitying head; She bowd 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 Har. we live not for ourselves, Thou seest me the meanest thing, and so I am indeed; My bosom of itself is cold. and of itself is dark,

But he that loves the lowly, pours his oil upon my head. And kisses me, and binds his nuptial bands around my breast. And says; Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee. And I have given thee a crown that none can take away But how this is sweet maid, I know not, and I cannot know, I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love. The daughter of beauty wip'd her pitying tears with her white veil, And said. Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep: That God would love a Worm I knew, and punish the evil foot That wilful, bruis'd its helpless form: but that he cherish'd it With milk and oil, I never knew; and therefore did I weep, And I complaind 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.

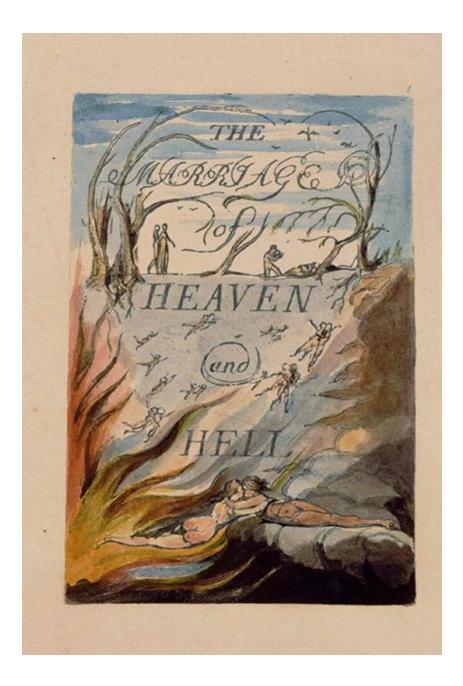
The eternal gates terrific porter lifted the northern bar: Thel enter'd in & saw the secrets of the land unknown; She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrous roots Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists: A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen. She wanderd in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, listning Dolours & lamentations: waiting oft beside a dewy grave She stood in silence. listning to the voices of the ground, Till to her own grave plot she came, & there she sat down.

And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit. Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction? Or the glistning Eye to the poison of a smile! Why are Eyelids stord with arrows ready drawn, Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie? Or an Eye of gifts & graces, show'ring fruits & coined gold! Why a Tongue impress'd with honey from every wind? Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in? Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror trembling & affright. Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy! Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire? The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shriek. Fled back unhinderd till she came into the vales of Har

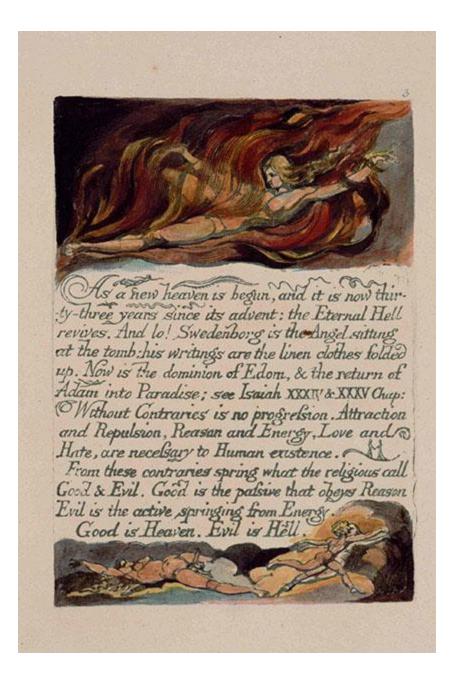
The End

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell (1790)

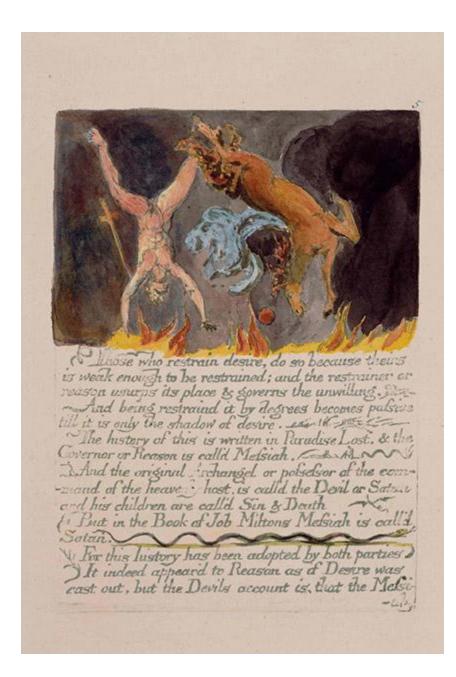
Plates



15 The Argument . >> Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air; Hungry douds sweet on the deep Once meek, and in a perilous path. The just man kept his course along The vale of death. Roses are planted where thorns grow. And on the barren heath and Sing the honey bees. Sant Then the perilous path was planted And a river, and a spring On every cliff and tomb; And on the bleached bones Red clay brought forth. 20 Till the villain left the paths of ease, To walk in perilous paths, and drive The just man into harren dimes. ajtan 0 Now the streaking serpent walks And the just man rages in the wilds Where fions roam Rintrah roars & stakes his fires in the burdend air: Hungry clouds swag on the deep .



4 he voice of the Sau have been CO ast. the following Errors. A mal austant princevil. is alone bran the. called Good . is alone from · de ABAU That God will torment Man in Eternity 3. for following his Energies. Y HH But the following Contraries to these are 1-3 is that called Body is a partice of Soul discorned y the five Severes, the chief inlets of Soul in this Emargy is the only life and is from the Bo and Reason is the bound or outward circumfaren Enerby. norpy is Eternal Dal of A at he



ah fell. & Somed a heaven of what he still from the Abyla Comments This is shown in the Gospel, where he prays to the Eather to send the comfortur or Desire that Rea unay have I as to build on , the Jehovah of the Bible being no other than ine who dwells in flaming here Know that after Christs death, he became Johovah. But in Milton; the Father is Destiny, the Son, c Patio of the five senses. & the Holy-ghost, Voruum! Le 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 the Tancy. I was walking among the fires of hell, de uted with the enjoyments of Genius ; which to An-Sels look like torment and insanity. I collected some of their Proverbs; thinking that as the storings used in a nation, mark its character, so the Proverts of Hell, show the nature of Internal wisdom better than any description of buildings or farments When I came home; on the abyl's of the five sonses. where a flat sided steep frowns over the pre-sent world. I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock, with cor-THOW NO I

roling fires he wrote the following sentence now per reved by the minds of men, & read by them on earth. How do you know but every Bird that cuts the airy way, Is an immense world of delight closed by your senses five? Proverbs of Hell In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in wanter enjoy. Drive your cart and your plow over the banes of the dead. The road of excels leads to the palace of visdom . Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity. He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence. The cut warm forgives the plow. Dip lum in the river who loves water A lool 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 measure by the clock, but of wis-All wholyom food is caught without a not or a trup. Bring out number weight & measure in a your of death No bird sours too high. If he soars with his own wings'. A dead body. revenges not injuries . he most sublime act is to set another behave you ... If the fool would persist in his tally he would became Wise ally is the clake of knovery. Shame is Prides cloke.

Breenerbe at Hell 100000 Prisans are built with stones of Law, Enothels with in is bricks of Religion. ----The pride of the peacock is the glory of God ... The just of the boat is the bounty of God. so The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God . The nakedness of woman is the work of God . Excels of sorrow laugher Excels of joy weeps . The The roaring of lions, the howling of walves, the raging 3 of the stormy see . and the destructive sword are partiens of etoning too great for the eye of man. The fix condeputs the trup. not himself Let man wear the fell of the lion. woman the fleece of The bird a nest the spider a web, man friendstup. the soltish miling fool of the sullen froming fool shall be both thought voice. that they may be a rod . What is now proved was ance, only imagind. I. The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbet; watch the roots, the lian the typer the horse the elephant, watch The cistern contains: the fountain overflows One thought , fills unmensity . 101 Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man the will avoid you . _____ Every thing possible to be believed is an image of truth. The eagle never lost so much time as when he submit-" - ted to barn of the crow. I The

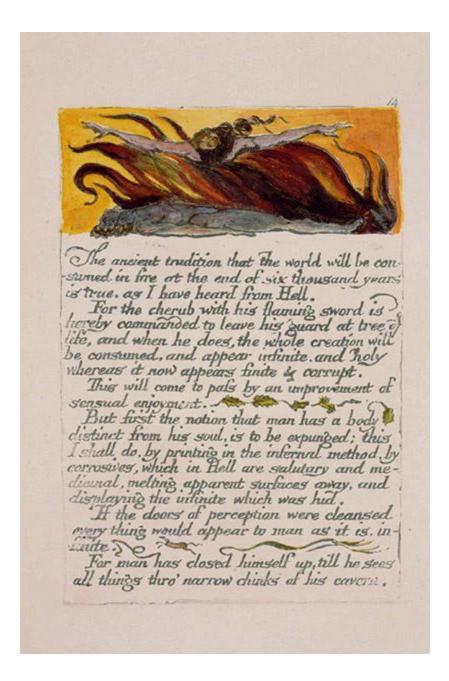
n Com mon Proverbs at Hell now 100 The fax provides far himself, but God provides for the lion, Think in the morning. Act in the noon, Eat in the even--ing, Sleep in the right, He who has suttend you to impose on him knows you. As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers. The typers of wrath are wiser than the horses of in-Expect poison from the standing water. (-struction) You never know what is enough unles you know what is N more than enough. Listen to the fools reproach, it is a kingly title ! The eyes of fire the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth. The weak in courage is strong in cunning; The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor the lian the horse, how he shall take his prey. The thankful reciever bears a plentiful harvest. If others had not been foolish, we should be so. The soul of sweet delight, can never be defild , When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Gen -mus. lift up thy head ! As the catterpiller chooses the tairest leaves to lay the fairest jovy. To create a little flower is the labour of ages. Dann, braces: Bless relaxes. The hest wine is the oldest, the best water the newest Brayers plow not. Praises reap not. Joy's laugh not Sorrows weep not.

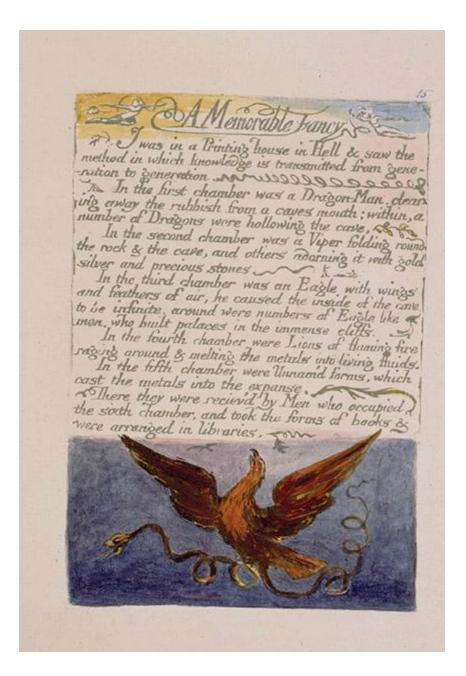
" Reverbs of Hell. The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitules Beauty As the air to a bird or the sen to a lish, so is contempt to the contemptible. The crow wished every thing was black, the owl, that eve-* -ry thing was white. If the lion was advised by the fox he would be cunning. Improvent 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 of the barren El K ~ 2 Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and

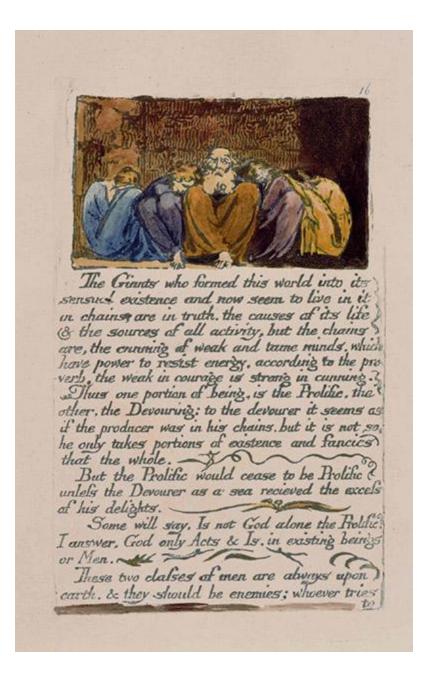
The ancient Ports animated all sensable objects with Gods or Genuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged & numerous senses could percieve . And particularly they studied the genius of each ity & country placing it under its mental derty? Fill a system was formed , which some took adva. The of & enslaved the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deites from their objects; thus began Priesthood . A hoasing forms of worship from poetic tales. And at length they pronouned that the Gods had ordered such things . Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast

00 Temorable Jancy. The Prophets Isaiah and Erzekiel dired with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to absert that God spake to them; and whether they, did not think at the time, that they would be misunderstood, & so be the cause of imposition ?? Isaiah answerd. I se I no God, nor heard any, in a finite organical perception ; but my ser ster discovered the infinite in every thing, and as was then perswaded, & remain confirmid; that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, 1 cared not for consequences but wrote I hen I asked ; does a tim perswasion that a thing is so, make it so? The that it does the in uses of unagination this him perswasion reme ved mountains; but many are not capable of a tem perswasion of any thing Then Ezekael said. The philosophy of the east tunght the first principles of human perception S some nations held one principle for the origin be some another, we of Israel taught that the Poetic, Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle and all the others merely derwative, which was the cause of our despising the Priests & Philosophers & other countries, and prophecing 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 post King David desired so fervently se invokes so protheticly, saying by this he conquers enemues by governs kingdows; and we so loved our God , that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding? nations, and abserted that they had rebelled ; from ? these opinions the vulsar came to think that all natiand would at last be subject to the jews . 1982 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 > Theard this with some wonder. & must confels my own conviction. After dinner I uskil Isaiah to fuyour the world with his last works he said none of ugual value was lost . I zekiel said the same of his . I also asked Isaiah what made him so raked and bardoot three years? he answerd, the same that made our friend Divsenes the Greenin . I then asked Ezekiel , why he eat dung, & buy so long on his right & left side? he answerd, the desire of raising other nen into a perception of the inlinute this the North American tribes practise. & is he honest who relists his genus or conscience . only for the sake of present ease or grathcation?







in reconcile them seeds to destroy existence . The Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two. 2 Note. Jesus Christ did not wish to unde but to seperate them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats ! is he says I came not to send Peace but a Sword . Melsiate or Satan or Tempter was farmerty thought to be one of the Antedilurians who are our ALL THE Energies (A) Temorable Fancy tem An Angel came to me and said O pitiable foolish young man ! O horrible ! O dreadful state ! consider the hot burning dunieron thou art preparing for these to all eterpity, to which thou art zoing in such career. TRI I staid . 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 To he took me thro' a stable & thro' a church 5: down into the church vault at the end of which was a mill ; this the mill we went , and came to a case, down the winding cavern we groped our tedi--our way till a void boundless as a nother sky ap--pected beneath us & we held by the roots of tre-s 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, d'you will not I will? but he answerd, do not presume O youngman but as we here remain behold the lot which , will soon appear when the darkaets palses away So I maind with him setting in the twisted Poot.

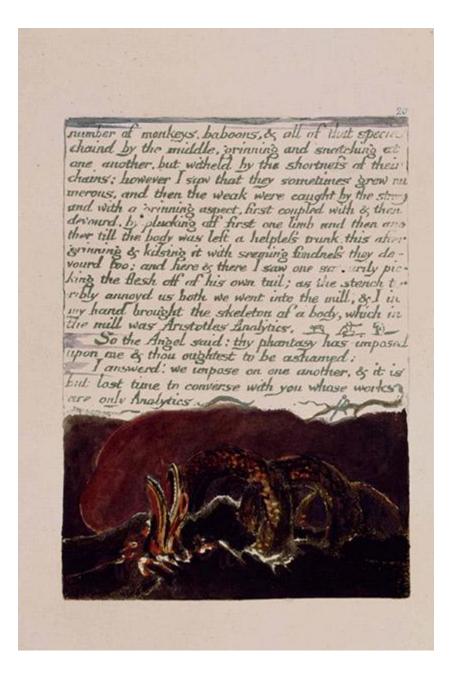
rast of an oak, he was so pended in a fungus which hung with the head downward into the deep:

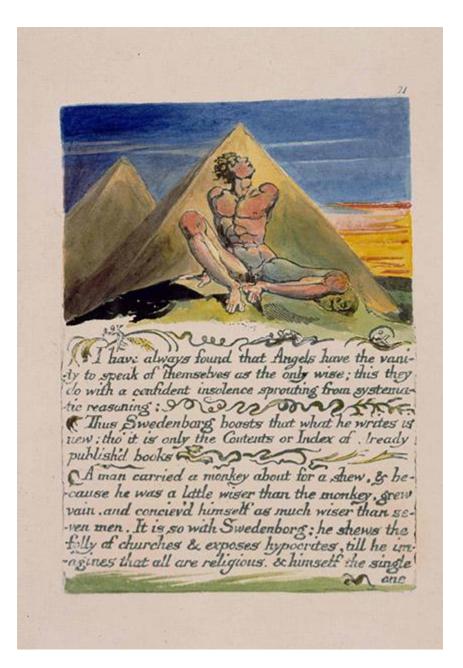
By degrees we beheld the infinite abuls, hery as the smake of a burning city; beneath us at an unmense distance was the sun, black but stuning round it were fiery tracks on which revolved var spidens, crawling after their prey; which flew or h souther swum in the infinite deep, in the most tarrich shapes of animals sprung tran corruption . & the air was full of them, & seemd composed of them; these are Devils, and are called Powers of the air, I now asked my companian 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 K blackning all beneath, so that the nether doep grow black as a sea & rolled with a terrible noise : beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest, all looking east between the clouds & the waves. we saw a cataract of blood mixed with fire and not many stones throw from us appeard and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous server at last to the east, distant about three degrees ap peard a they crest above the waves slowly a rear ed like a ridge of golden rocks till we discovered two glabes at crimson fire. From which the sea a fled away in clouds of smake, and now we saw, is was the head of Leviathan. his forehead was di-vided into streaks of green & purple like those of a ingers forehead : soon we saw his mouth & re-gills hang just above the raging toam tinging the black deep with beams of blood, advancing toward 215

us with all the fury of a spiritual arcsine. My friend the Angel climbid up from his station into the mill; I remained alane, & then this appearance was no more, but I found myse. So ting on a pleasant bank beside a river by more light hearing a harper who sing to the harp. of his theme was, The man who rever alters his opinion is like standing water, & breeds reption of the mind.

cpinion is like stunding water, & breeds rept's af the mind. But I arass, and so the for the mill o; there I found my Ungel, who surprised asked it me how I escaped? I answerd. All that we saw was owing to your metaphycnes; for when you ran away, I found music on a bank by moonlight hearing a harper, But 4 now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I show you yours? he laughd at my proposal; but I by farce suddenly caught him in my arms, & flew westerly thro' the night, till we were elevated above the carthes shadow; then I flung muself with him directs by into the body of the sun, here I clothed myself in white, & taking in my hand Swedenborgs volumes' such from the blorious clime, and paise I all the primets till we came to saturn, here I staid to rest & then leap'd into the void, between saturn & the sixed stars. Here said I! is your lot, in this space, if space

Here said I' is your lot, in this space, it space it may be called. Soon we saw the stable and the church, & I took hum to the altar and opend the Bible, and lo! it was a cleep pit, into which I do scended driving the Angel behive me, soon we saw seven houses of hrick, one we enterd; in it were a





one on earth that ever broke a net . Now hear a plain fact : Swedenborg has not writen all the old falshoods . The conversed with Ungels who are all religious, & conversed not with Devils whe all hate religion, for he was incapable thro his concerted Ins Swedenborgs writings are a recapitulation a all superficial opinions, and an analysis of the more sublime . but no further Have now another plain fact : Any man of mechan -cal talents may from the writing's of Paracelsus or Ja -cob Behmen, produce ten thousand volumes of equalvalue with Swedenborgs, and from those of Dante or Shakespear an infinite number . A. But when he has done this , let him not say that he low better than his master, for he only holds a can de in sunshine Remorable Fancy So Once I staw " Devil in a flame of fire, who arose he Fire an Angel that sat on a cloud . and the Devil ut-The worship of God is Honouring his gitts in other were each according to his genius, and loving the areat.

greatest men best, those who envy or calumnic. 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 Chris? given his sanction to the law of ten commandments and are not all other men fools survers & nothings The Devil answerd ; bray a fool in a morter will wheat yet shall not his folly be beaten out of him? of J sur Christ is the greatest man, you ought to love him in the greatest degree; now hear how he and given his sanchon to the law of ten command menty; did he not more at the sabbath, and so mock the s-boats Gou? murder thase who were murderd because of him? turn away the law fice the woman taken in adultery? steal the labor of chers to support him? bear false wonds when he omitted making a defence before Pilate? cover when he prayed for his disciples, and when he be them shake off the dust of their feet against put can exist without breaking these ten command. menter Tesus was all virtue, and acted ban in

pulse. not from rules. When he had so spoken : I beheld the Angel who stretched out his arms embracing the flame of fice & he was consumed and arose as Flijah : PARE PLANT Note This angel, who is now become a Davil is gether in des internal or diabolical sense which? the world shall have if they behave well and the world shall have if they behave well and the world shall have whether they will or no. 2000 One Line for the Lian & Ox is Oppression

A Jonie of iberty 1. The Eternal Female groand ! it was heard over all the Carthing 2. Albians coast is sich silent; the A--merican meadows faint 184444 3re Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers and mutter across the ocean? France rend down they dung:on 4. Golden Spain burst the barriers of old Rome ; ~ 2 Rome into the deep down falling, even to eternity down falling 6. And weep 07. In her trembling hands she took the new born, terror howling : 8. On those infinite mountains of light? now barred out by the atlantic sea, the new born fire stood before the starry king 9. Hagd with grey browd snows and thun over the deep hand burned aloft, unbuckled was the shield, forth went the hand of jealousy among the flaming hair. and

hurld the new born wonder thro the story night. 11. The fire, the fire, is falling! 12. Look up! look up! O citizen of London enlarge thy countenance ; O Jew, leave count ting gold ! return to the oil and wine; O Attrican! black African! (go. winged thought widen his forehead.) 13. The fury limbs, the Hanning hair, shot like the sinking sun into the western sea. 14. Wand from his eternal sleep, the houry clement roaring fled away : _____ the jealous king; his grey browd councellors, thunderous warriors, curld veterans. among helms, and shields, and chariots horses, elephants: banners, castles, slings and rocks . and rock's, 16. Falling, rushing, ruining! buried in the runs, on Urthonuis dens. 17. All night beneath the runs, then their sullen flames lade emerge round 18. With thunder and fire: leading his starry hasts there' the waste wildernes

he promulgates his ten commands. plancing his beamy evelids over the deep in dark dismay, (19. Where the san of fire in his custern cloud, while the marning plumes her golden breast. 20. Spurning the clouds written with curses. stramps the story law to dust, loosing the eternul horses from the dens, of night crying Empire is no more and now the lion & wolf shall Cense 1 JELOTUS Let the Tri ts of the Raven of dawn, no longer in dendly black, with hoarse note curse the sons of joy. Nor his cocepted in weithren whom twant, he calls free: Ly the lound or build the road . Nor pale religions debery call that virginity . that wishes but acts not ! For every thing that lives is Holy

Text

Table of Contents

The Argument

Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burden'd air; Hungry clouds swag on the deep. Once meek, and in a perilous path, The just man kept his course along The vale of death. Roses are planted where thorns grow, And on the barren heath Sing the honey bees. Then the perilous path was planted: And a river and a spring On every cliff and tomb: And on the bleached bones Red clay brought forth. Till the villain left the paths of ease, To walk in perilous paths, and drive The just man into barren climes. Now the sneaking serpent walks In mild humility, And the just man rages in the wilds Where lions roam. Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burden'd air; Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years since its advent: the Eternal Hell revives. And lo! Swedenborg is the Angel sitting at the tomb: his writings are the linen clothes folded up. Now is the dominion of Edom, & the return of Adam into Paradise: see Isaiah XXXIV & XXXV Chap: Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.

From these contraries spring what the religious call Good & Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy.

Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell

The voice of the Devil

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

1. That Man has two real existing principles Viz: a Body & a Soul.

2 That Energy. calld Evil. is alone from the Body. & that Reason. calld Good. is alone from the Soul.

3. That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his Energies.

But the following Contraries to these are True

1 Man has no Body distinct from his Soul for that calld Body is a portion of Soul discernd by the five Senses. the chief inlets of Soul in this age

2. Energy is the only life and is from the Body and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.

3 Energy is Eternal Delight

Marriage of Heaven and Hell Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place & governs the unwilling.

And being restraind it by degrees becomes passive till it is only the shadow of desire.

The history of this is written in Paradise Lost. & the Governor or Reason is call'd Messiah.

And the original Archangel or possessor of the command of the heavenly host, is calld the Devil or Satan and his children are call'd Sin & Death

But in the Book of Job Miltons Messiah is call'd Satan.

For this history has been adopted by both parties

It indeed appear'd to Reason as if Desire was cast out. but the

Devils account is, that the Messiah fell. & formed a heaven of what he stole from the Abyss

This is shewn in the Gospel, where he prays to the Father to send the comforter or Desire that Reason may have Ideas to build on, the Jehovah of the Bible being no other than he, who dwells in flaming fire.

Know that after Christs death, he became Jehovah.

But in Milton; the Father is Destiny, the Son, a Ratio of the five senses. & the Holy-ghost, Vacuum!

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

A Memorable Fancy

As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius; which to Angels look like torment and insanity. I collected some of their Proverbs: thinking that as the sayings used in a nation, mark its character, so the Proverbs of Hell, shew the nature of Infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments.

When I came home; on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat sided steep frowns over the present world. I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock, with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now percieved by the minds of men, & read by them on earth.

How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way, Is an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five?

Proverbs of Hell

In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy. Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead. The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom. Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity. He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence. The cut worm forgives the plow. Dip him in the river who loves water.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees. He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star. Eternity is in love with the productions of time. The busy bee has no time for sorrow. The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock, but of wisdom: no clock can measure.

All wholsom food is caught without a net or a trap. Bring out number weight & measure in a year of dearth. No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings. A dead body, revenges not injuries. The most sublime act is to set another before you. If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise. Folly is the 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.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword. are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.

Let man wear the fell of the lion. woman the fleece of the sheep.

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

The selfish smiling fool. & the sullen frowning fool. shall be both thought wise. that they may be a rod.

What is now proved was once, only imagin'd.

The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbet; watch the roots, the lion, the tyger, the horse, the elephant, watch the fruits.

The cistern contains: the fountain overflows

One thought. fills immensity.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you. Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.

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

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 evening, Sleep in the night.

He who has sufferd you to impose on him knows you.

As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.

The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction

Expect poison from the standing water.

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

Listen to the fools reproach! it is a kingly title!

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth.

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.

The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor the lion. the horse; how he shall take his prey.

The thankful reciever bears a plentiful harvest.

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

The soul of sweet delight. can never be defil'd,

When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius. lift up thy head!

As the 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 wish'd every thing was black, the owl, that every thing was white.

Exuberance is Beauty.

If the lion was advised by the fox. he would be cunning.

Improvement makes strait roads, but the crooked roads without Improvement, are roads of Genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires Where man is not nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ'd. Enough! or Too much!

The ancient Poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses calling them by the names and adorning them with the properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged & numerous senses could percieve.

And particularly they studied the genius of each city & country. placing it under its mental deity.

Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of & enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from their objects: thus began Priesthood.

Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.

And at length they pronounced that the Gods had orderd such things. Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.

A Memorable Fancy

The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert. that God spake to them; and whether they did not think at the time, that they would be misunderstood, & so be the cause of imposition.

Isaiah answer'd. I saw no God. nor heard any, in a finite organical perception; but my senses discover'd the infinite in every thing, and as I was then perswaded. & remain confirm'd; that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences but wrote.

Then I asked: does a firm perswasion that a thing is so, make it so?

He replied. All poets believe that it does, & in ages of imagination

this firm perswasion removed mountains; but many are not capable of a firm perswasion of any thing.

Then Ezekiel said. The philosophy of the east taught the first principles of human perception some nations held one

principle for the origin & some another, we of Israel taught that the Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle and all the others merely derivative, which was the cause of our despising the Priests & Philosophers of other countries, and propheying that all Gods

would at last be

proved. to originate in ours & to be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius, it was this. that our great poet King David desired so fervently & invokes so patheticly, saying by this he conquers enemies & governs kingdoms; and we so loved our God.

that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding nations, and asserted that they had rebelled; from these opinions the vulgar came to think that all nations would at last be subject to the jews.

This said he, like all firm perswasions, is come to pass, for all nations believe the jews code and worship the jews god, and what greater subjection can be

I heard this with some wonder, & must confess my own conviction. After dinner I ask'd Isaiah to favour the world with his lost works, he said none of equal value was lost. Ezekiel said the same of his.

I also asked Isaiah what made him go naked and barefoot three years? he answerd, the same that made our friend Diogenes the Grecian.

I then asked Ezekiel. why he eat dung, & lay so long on his right & left side? he answerd. the desire of raising other men into a perception of the

infinite this the North American tribes practise. & is he honest who resists his genius or conscience.

only for the sake of present ease or gratification?

The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true. as I have heard from Hell.

For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at the tree of life, and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed, and appear infinite. and holy whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.

This will come to pass by a improvement of sensual enjoyment.

But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul, is to be expunged; this I shall do, by printing in the infernal method, by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid.

If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is: infinite.

For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro'narrow chinks of his cavern.

A Memorable Fancy

I was in a Printing house in Hell & saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.

In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the rubbish from a caves mouth; within, a number of Dragons were hollowing the cave,

In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock & the cave, and others adorning it with gold silver and precious stones.

In the third chamber was an Eagle with wings and feathers of air, he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite, around were numbers of Eagle like men, who built palaces in the immense cliffs.

In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire raging around & melting the metals into living fluids.

In the fifth chamber were Unnam'd forms, which cast the metals into the expanse.

There they were reciev'd by Men who occupied the sixth chamber, and took the forms of books & were arranged in libraries.

The Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence and now seem to live in it in chains; are in truth. the causes of its life & the sources of all activity, but the chains are, the cunning of weak and tame minds. which have power to resist energy. according to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong in cunning.

Thus one portion of being, is the Prolific. the other, the Devouring: to the devourer it seems as if the producer was in his chains, but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence and fancies that the whole.

But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific unless the Devourer as a sea recieved the excess of his delights.

Some will say, Is not God alone the Prolific? I answer, God only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men.

These two classes of men are always upon earth, & they should be enemies; whoever tries

to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence.

Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two.

Note. Jesus Christ did not wish to unite but to seperate them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats! & he says I came not to send Peace but a Sword.

Messiah or Satan or Tempter was formerly thought to be one of the Antediluvians who are our Energies.

A Memorable Fancy

An Angel came to me and said. O pitiable foolish young man!

O horrible! O dreadful state! consider the hot burning dungeon thou art preparing for thyself to all eternity, to which thou art going in such career.

I said. perhaps you will be willing to shew me my eternal lot & we will contemplate together upon it and see whether your lot or mine is most desirable

So he took me thro' a stable & thro' a church & down into the church vault at the end of which was a mill: thro' the mill we went, and came to a cave. down the winding cavern we groped our tedious way till a void boundless as a nether sky appeard beneath us & we held by the roots of trees and hung over this immensity; but I said, if you please we will commit ourselves to this void and see whether providence is here also, if you will not I will? but he answerd. do not presume O young-man but as we here remain behold thy lot which will soon appear when the darkness passes away

So I remaind with him sitting in the twisted root of

an oak. he was suspended in a fungus which hung with the head downward into the deep:

By degrees we beheld the infinite Abyss, fiery as the smoke of a burning city; beneath us at an immense distance was the sun, black but shining round it were fiery tracks on which revolv'd vast spiders, crawling after their prey; which flew or rather swum in the infinite deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption. & the air was full of them, & seemd composed of them; these are Devils. and are called Powers of the air, I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot? he said, between the black & white spiders

But now, from between the black & white spiders a cloud and fire burst and rolled thro the deep blackning all beneath, so that the nether deep grew black as a sea & rolled with a terrible noise: beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest, till looking east between the clouds & the waves, we saw a cataract of blood mixed with fire and not many stones throw from us appeard and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent.

at last to the east, distant about three degrees appeard a fiery crest above the waves slowly it reared like a ridge of golden rocks till we discoverd two globes of crimson fire. from which the sea fled away in clouds of smoke, and now we saw, it was the head of Leviathan. his forehead was divided into streaks of green & purple like those on a tygers forehead: soon we saw his mouth & red gills hang just above the raging foam tinging the black deep with beams of bood, advancing toward us with all the

fury of a spiritual existence.

My friend the Angel climb'd up from his station into the mill; I remain'd alone, & then this appearance was no more, but I found

myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moon light hearing a harper who sung to the harp. & his theme was, The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, & breeds reptiles of the mind.

But I arose, and sought for the mill, & there I found my Angel, who surprised asked me, how I escaped?

I answerd. All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics: for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight hearing a harper, But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I shew you yours? he laughd at my proposal: but I by force suddenly caught him in my arms, & flew westerly thro' the night, till we were elevated above the earths shadow: then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun, here I clothed myself in white, & taking in my hand Swedenborgs volumes sunk from the glorious clime, and passed all the planets till we came to saturn, here I staid to rest & then leap'd into the void, between saturn & the fixed stars.

Here said I! is your lot, in this space, if space it may be calld, Soon we saw the stable and the church, & I took him to the altar and open'd the Bible, and lo! it was a deep pit, into which I descended driving the Angel before me, soon we saw seven houses of brick, one we enterd; in it were a

number of monkeys,

baboons, & all of that species chaind by the middle, grinning and snatching at one another, but witheld by the shortness of their chains: however I saw that they sometimes grew numerous, and then the weak were caught by the strong and with a grinning aspect, first coupled with & then devourd, by plucking off first one limb and then another till the body was left a helpless trunk. this after grinning & kissing it with seeming fondness they devourd too; and here & there I saw one savourily picking the flesh off of his own tail; as the stench terribly annoyd us both we went into the mill, & I in my hand brought the skeleton of a body, which in the mill was Aristotles Analytics.

So the Angel said: thy phantasy has imposed upon me & thou oughtest to be ashamed.

I answerd: we impose on one another, & it is but lost time to converse with you whose works are only Analytics.

Opposition is true Friendship.

I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only wise; this they do with a confident insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning:

Thus Swedenborg boasts that what he writes is new; tho' it is only the Contents or Index of already publish'd books A man carried a monkey about for a shew, & because he was a little wiser than the monkey, grew vain, and conciev'd himself as much wiser than seven men. It is so with Swedenborg; he shews the folly of churches & exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all are religious. & himself the single

one on earth that ever broke a net.

Now hear a plain fact: Swedenborg has not written one new truth: Now hear another: he has written all the old falshoods.

And now hear the reason. He conversed with Angels who are all religious, & conversed not with Devils who all hate religion, for he was incapable thro' his conceited notions.

Thus Swedenborgs writings are a recapitulation of all superficial opinions, and an analysis of the more sublime, but no further.

Have now another plain fact: Any man of mechanical talents may from the writings of Paracelsus or Jacob Behmen, produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborg's.

and from those of Dante or Shakespear, an infinite number.

But when he has done this, let him not say that he knows better than his master, for he only holds a candle in sunshine.

A Memorable Fancy

Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire. who arose before an Angel that sat on a cloud. and the Devil utterd these words.

The worship of God is. Honouring his gifts in other men each according to his genius. and loving the greatest men best, those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God.

The Angel hearing this became almost blue but mastering himself he grew yellow, & at last white pink & smiling, and then replied, Thou Idolater, is not God One? & is not he visible in Jesus Christ? and has not Jesus Christ given his sanction to the law of ten commandments and are not all other men fools, sinners, & nothings?

The Devil answer'd; bray a fool in a 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

commandments: did he not mock at the sabbath, and so mock the sabbaths God? murder those who were murderd because of him? turn away

the law from the woman taken in adultery? steal the labor of others to support him? bear false witness when he omitted making a defence before Pilate? covet when he pray'd for his disciples, and when he bid them shake off the dust of their feet against such as refused to lodge them? I tell you, no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments: Jesus was all virtue, and acted from impulse: not from rules.

When he had so spoken: I beheld the Angel who stretched out his arms embracing the flame of fire & he was consumed and arose as Elijah.

Note. This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my

particular friend: we often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense which the world shall have if they behave well

I have also: The Bible of Hell: which the world shall have whether they will or no.

One Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression

A Song of Liberty

1. The Eternal Female groand! it was heard over all the Earth: 2. Albions coast is sick silent; the American meadows faint!

3 Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers and mutter across the ocean! France rend down thy dungeon; 4. Golden Spain burst the barriers of old Rome;

5. Cast thy keys O Rome into the deep down falling, even to eternity down falling,

6. And weep!

7. In her trembling hands she took the new, born terror howling; 8. On those infinite mountains of light now barr'd out by the atlantic sea, the new born fire stood before the starry king!

9. Flag'd with grey brow'd snows and thunderous visages the jealous wings wav'd over the deep.

10. The speary hand burned aloft, unbuckled was the shield, forth went the hand of jealousy among the flaming hair, and hurl'd the new born wonder thro' the starry night.

11. The fire, the fire, is falling!

12. Look up! look up! O citizen of London. enlarge thy countenance; O Jew, leave counting gold! return to thy oil and wine; O African! black

African! (go. winged thought widen his forehead.) 13. The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot like the sinking sun into the western sea.

14. Wak'd from his eternal sleep, the hoary, element roaring fled away: 15. Down rushd beating his wings in vain the jealous king: his grey brow'd councellors, thunderous warriors, curl'd veterans, among helms, and shields, and chariots 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 beamy eyelids over the deep in dark dismay,

19. Where the son of fire in his eastern cloud, while the morning plumes her golden breast,

20. Spurning the clouds written with curses, stamps the stony law to dust, loosing the eternal horses from the dens of night, crying

Empire is no more! and now the lion & wolf shall cease.

Chorus

Let the Priests of the Raven of dawn, no longer in deadly black, with hoarse note curse the sons of joy. Nor his accepted brethren whom, tyrant, he calls free; lay the bound or build the roof. Nor pale religious letchery call that virginity, that wishes but acts not!

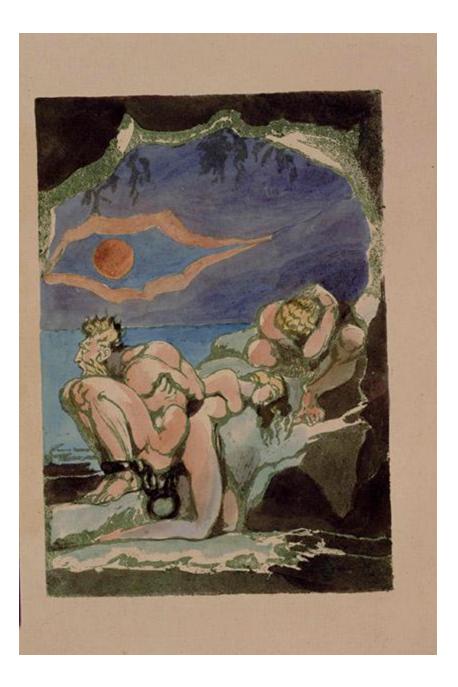
For every thing that lives is Holy.

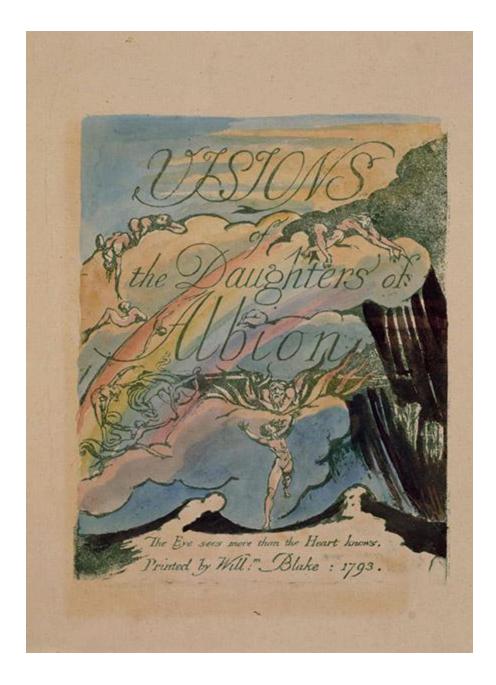
Visions of the Daughters of Albion (1793)

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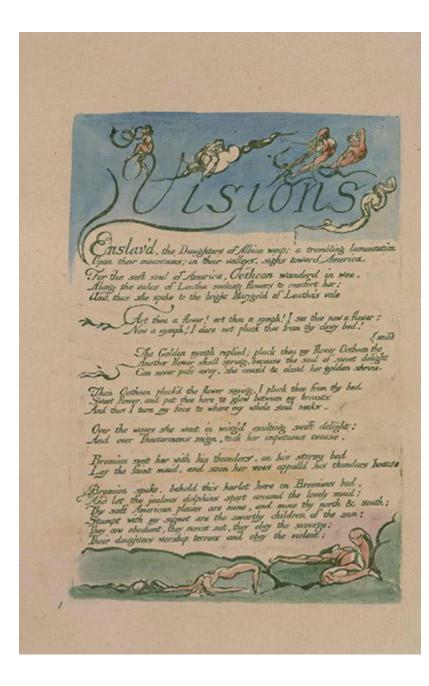
Plates

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The Argument J loved Theotorman Ind I was not ashuamed Deemplot in my writin hours Ind Thid in Leuthas vale; I plucked Leatha's Rower, And I rase up From the vale; But the terrible thunders tare My virgin manthe in twain. de



Now then maist marry Bromiens harlet, and protect the child Of Breamines raise, that Ootheen shall put forth in nine money stime time

Then storenes rent Theoremons linder; he rolld his money around. And filled his black realens waters round the analterato pair Bound back to back in Bramiens caves tarrar to mechaels dwell

The entrance Thestarmon sets meaning the threshold hard. With secred tours, beneath him sound lake manes on a depart share. The vice of starts beceath the sum and children bought with mager, That shirter in religious cases bound the burning fires of last, that belch inceisent from the summits of the earth

Oothoon weens not, she cannot weep! her tears are locked up; But she can hord incident writhing her selt severy lumbs. And calling Thirtermans Edgles to gray upon her Hesk.

I call with help voice ! longs of the younding gir . Rand among this deliled business that I may reflect, The unique of Theotermon on my pure transportent breast

1 27

eld.an The Engles at her call descend & rend they bleeding pays " Directorision severely smiles, her soul relacts the smile; As the clear spring mudded with that of beasts grows pure to smiles

55 Mary

The Daughters of Albian hear her wees, & each back her sugher.

"The Laughters of Albren hear her wees, & eacho back her sughts. Why does an Theotorman sit weeping upon the threshold; Ind Outhoon hovers is his sale, personation han in van; Ter arcse O Theotormon for the village dog. Barks at the breaking day, the nightingule has dene lamenting. The lark does restle in the ripe corn, and the Lagle ratures From nights prov, and lits has golden beak to the pare east: Shakarit the dust from his upmartal panons to awake The sam fund sheeps too long. Arcse my Theotomann I am pure. Because the night is gone that cloud me in an deadly block. They told me that I had five senses to indese me up. And they inclused any infinite brans into a narrow arch. Instead of mean anses a bright shadow like an gre Instead at mean and the sights, a marmang at tresh teasy:

And none but Bromian can hear my lamentediens .

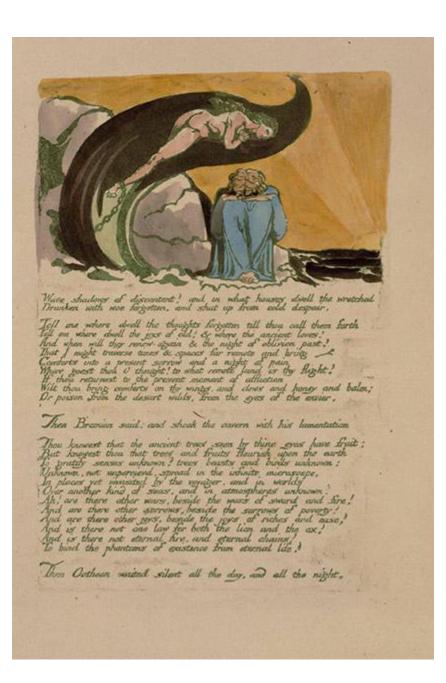
With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the revenous hook With what sense does the take priven measure out the expanse? With what sense does the bee form cells? have not the masse & first gray and evers and sense of touch yet are their habitations. That there parenates, as different as their forms and as their jet? Ask the wild als why he privace burdens; and the proof could We he loves man; is a boques of one ear mouth a skin 's unathing mastrids? No for these the will and there have. Ask the blind worm the secrets of the source, and why her spices there to carl round the beness of death? and why her spices where she blind worm the secrets of the side with the remeas smake Where she by poison; is the minist and why her spices and there take the theorights of man, that have been hild as did.

Silent I have all the night, and all day could be silent. If Thesterman ance would turn his loved errs upon me; How can I be defield when I releat the inage part? (we Sweetest the trut that the worm feeds on to the stud provid on by The new washed lamb tingd with the value smale & the break swan By the real earth of our immortal rever: I bathe me wings breast. And I am white and pure to have round Theotarmions breast.

Then Thestormon broke his silence, and he answered.

Tell me what is the night or day to one cerflowd with year? Tell me what is a thought? Er at what substance is it mude? Tell me what is a joy? It in what gardons do jers grow? Tout in what rivers swim the services, and upon what mountains





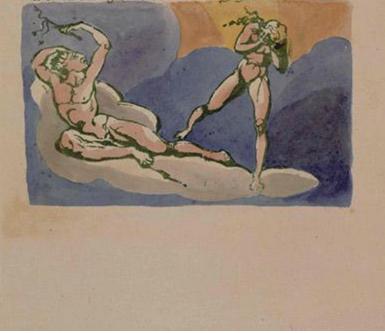
But when the morn arase, her lamentation renewed, back her sight. as les 3-5 R 600000 B O Urizen; Grator of man! mistaken Demon of heaven; In poor are tours I they labour van, to form men to there image, I That can one for abour another are not different for a set Holy, eterned, individe; and each for as a Love. They example, influence of another are not different uses well do marked provide mark the great would each go a a love. Does not the great would laugh at a gift ' & the market be age for the connection, or the day for a schoolmaster to the children? Dees he whe contained powers, and he whe turns with adherence from usery field the same painer or are they noved alke? The connections powers, and he whe turns with adherence from usery field the same painer or are they noved alke? The content of the same painer or are they noved alke? The content to the state painer of the header of the overchant? The different that the field include with halles drun; Whe buys whole core theirs into wooles, and simps upon the heath : they different that great field include with halles drun; Whet are his note of painer all simps upon the heath : they different that great field include with hardes of the farme? What are his note of parsen claus the labour of the farme? What are his note of abstructure, and with farmets of solution. If could fload of abstructure, and with farmets of solution. If the different the serve and car have the marked let, is bound in species of low to one she leaths; and must she drug the chains The clear house of her sternal graph's to her the with rade her want is a pressive to the days all body drouges the world a rade. If a harsh terms droug the days is and to have the wind rade her wants for the wheel of here days are and to have the more the the the abhermed be chereds is notice of a more the more the That the a petiles all the days and the house term. That the abel of beel with one heathed as the days. The chain the beel with and heath are to a more the the chain the beel with an another of are not be allowed be loother that the impure scenaries do a more to are the more the the share of here there have to another the area of the loother that the impure scenaries there have to another the area of the loother that the impure scenaries have the house of the day . AP. Does the while mouship at thy factstops as the hanger day? Or does he scant the mountain prov. because his naverals wide Draw in the ocean? does his one discern the flying cloud As the rawner cre? or does he mouster the repairse like the videor? Dees the still spider were the cliffs there engles have be the young? Or does the fly reporce because the harvest is brought in? Does not the engle scorn the earth & despise the treesmost bureath? But the mole knoweth what is there, & the warm shall tell it the. Dees not the more erect a pillar in the mouldering church word?

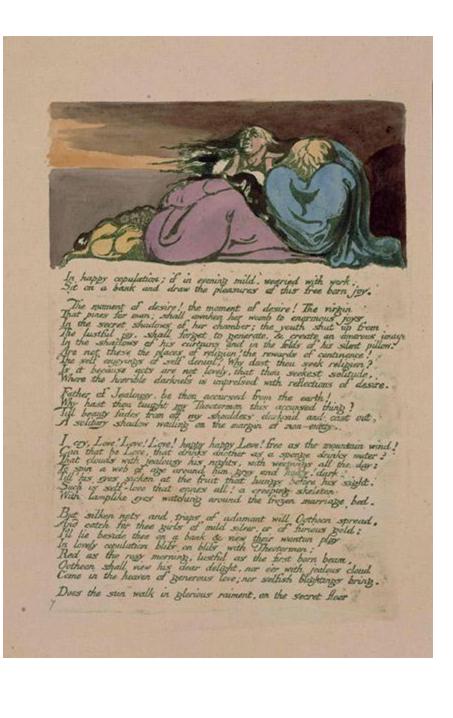
And a palace of eternity in the jaws of the humber prase Over his parch these mords are written. Take the blar O Man ! And sweet shall be the taste is sweet the infant jets renew?

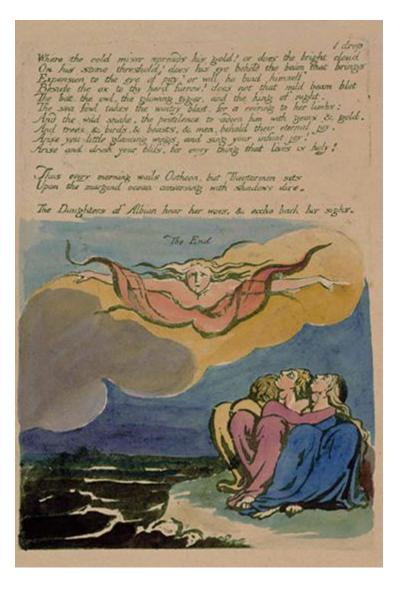
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Interney Rearded's lasthed happy / nestling his delight to late a pleasure innovane increase open seeding the theorem poor a morning light for the second bill. When they awaken will they independ all the second goes then they awaken will they independ all the second goes then they awaken will the only pollow to eather versus for the branch in moder the only pollow to eather versus for the branch it with the name of where is seening the ind branch it with the name of where is seening these : The polence were internet a versus however, we will at it with the polence were internet a versus where is seening the ind branch it with the name of where is seening these : The polence were internet a versus of the proverte moderney ? The power the trees lighted by the gree of however there and here the trees lighted by the gree of however the poor and here we there is the trees in the however the poor it here beyong arther server there has a proverite moderney? The how of the one have the destine of the versus for the one hardester; and Theotermon is a such where is a set where the one hardester; and Theotermon is a such show and here the and hardester; and the one of such shows dream that Outhers is the craft slave of such shows holiants.

But Cathom is not so a virgin filld with virgin fancies from to be and to delight where ever bringly oppears . If in the maring son I had at there my error are tird







Text

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The Argument

I loved Theotormon And I was not ashamed I trembled in my virgin fears And I hid in Leutha's vale!

I plucked Leutha's flower, And I rose up from the vale; But the terrible thunders tore My virgin mantle in twain.

Visions

ENSLAV'D, the Daughters of Albion weep: a trembling lamentation Upon their mountains; in their valleys. sighs toward America.

For the soft soul of America, Oothoon wanderd in woe, Along the vales of Leutha seeking flowers to comfort her; And thus she spoke to the bright Marygold of Leutha's vale

Art thou a flower! art thou a nymph! I see thee now a flower; Now a nymph! I dare not pluck thee from thy dewy bed!

The Golden nymph replied; pluck thou my flower Oothoon the mild Another flower shall spring, because the soul of sweet delight Can never pass away. she ceas'd & closd her golden shrine.

Then Oothoon pluck'd the flower saying, I pluck thee from thy bed Sweet flower. and put thee here to glow between my breasts And thus I turn my face to where my whole soul seeks.

Over the waves she went in wing'd exulting swift delight; And over Theotormons reign, took her impetuous course.

Bromion rent her with his thunders. on his stormy bed Lay the faint maid, and soon her woes appalld his thunders hoarse

Bromion spoke. behold this harlot here on Bromions bed, And let the jealous dolphins sport around the lovely maid; Thy soft American plains are mine, and mine thy north & south: Stampt with my signet are the swarthy children of the sun: They are obedient, they resist not, they obey the scourge: Their daughters worship terrors and obey the violent:

Now thou maist marry Bromions harlot, and protect the child Of Bromions rage, that Oothoon shall put forth in nine moons time

Then storms rent Theotormons limbs; he rolld his waves around. And folded his black jealous waters round the adulterate pair Bound back to back in Bromions caves terror & meekness dwell

At entrance Theotormon sits wearing the threshold hard With secret tears; beneath him sound like waves on a desart shore The voice of slaves beneath the sun, and children bought with money. That shiver in religious caves beneath the burning fires Of lust, that belch incessant from the summits of the earth

Oothoon weeps not: she cannot weep! her tears are locked up; But she can howl incessant writhing her soft snowy limbs. And calling Theotormons Eagles to prey upon her flesh.

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

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

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes. & eccho back her sighs.

Why does my Theotormon sit weeping upon the threshold; And Oothoon hovers by his side, perswading him in vain: I cry arise O Theotormon for the village dog Barks at the breaking day. the nightingale has done lamenting. The lark does rustle in the ripe corn, and the Eagle returns From nightly prey, and lifts his golden beak to the pure east; Shaking the dust from his immortal pinions to awake The sun that sleeps too long. Arise my Theotormon I am pure. Because the night is gone that clos'd me in its deadly black. They told me that the night & day were all that I could see; They told me that I had five senses to inclose me up. And they inclos'd my infinite brain into a narrow circle, And sunk my heart into the Abyss, a red round globe hot burning Till all from life I was obliterated and erased. Instead of morn arises a bright shddow, like an eye In the eastern cloud: instead of night a sickly charnel house; That Theotormon hears me not! to him the night and morn Are both alike: a night of sighs, a morning of fresh tears;

And none but Bromion can hear my lamentations.

With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the ravenous hawk? With what sense does the tame pigeon measure out the expanse? With what sense does the bee form cells? have not the mouse & frog Eyes and ears and sense of touch? yet are their habitations. And their pursuits, as different as their forms and as their joys: Ask the wild ass why he refuses burdens: and the meek camel Why he loves man: is it because of eye ear mouth or skin Or breathing nostrils? No. for these the wolf and tyger have. Ask the blind worm the secrets of the grave, and why her spires Love to curl round the bones of death; and ask the rav'nous snake Where she gets poison: & the wing'd eagle why he loves the sun And then tell me the thoughts of man, that have been hid of old. Silent I hover all the night, and all day could be silent. If Theotormon once would turn his loved eyes upon me; How can I be defild when I reflect thy image pure? Sweetest the fruit that the worm feeds on. & the soul prey'd on by woe The new wash'd lamb ting'd with the village smoke & the bright swan By the red earth of our immortal river: I bathe my wings. And I am white and pure to hover round Theotormons breast.

Then Theotormon broke his silence. and he answered.

Tell me what is the night or day to one o'erflowd with woe? Tell me what is a thought? & of what substance is it made? Tell me what is a joy? & in what gardens do joys grow? And in what rivers swim the sorrows? and upon what mountains

Wave shadows of discontent? and in what houses dwell the wretched Drunken with woe forgotten. and shut up from cold despair.

Tell me where dwell the thoughts forgotten till thou call them forth Tell me where dwell the joys of old! & where the ancient loves? And when will they renew again & the night of oblivion past? That I might traverse times & spaces far remote and bring Comforts into a present sorrow and a night of pain Where goest thou O thought? to what remote land is thy flight? If thou returnest to the present moment of affliction Wilt thou bring comforts on thy wings. and dews and honey and balm; Or poison from the desart wilds, from the eyes of the envier.

Then Bromion said: and shook the cavern with his lamentation

Thou knowest that the ancient trees seen by thine eyes have fruit; But knowest thou that trees and fruits flourish upon the earth To gratify senses unknown? trees beasts and birds unknown: Unknown, not unpercievd, spread in the infinite microscope, In places yet unvisited by the voyager. and in worlds Over another kind of seas, and in atmospheres unknown: Ah! are there other wars, beside the wars of sword and fire! And are there other sorrows, beside the sorrows of poverty! And are there other joys, beside the joys of riches and ease? And is there not one law for both the lion and the ox? And is there not eternal fire, and eternal chains? To bind the phantoms of existence from eternal life?

Then Oothoon waited silent all the day. and all the night,

But when the morn arose, her lamentation renewd, The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & eccho back her sighs. O Urizen! Creator of men! mistaken Demon of heaven: Thy joys are tears! thy labour vain, to form men to thine image. How can one joy absorb another? are not different joys Holy, eternal, infinite! and each joy is a Love.

Does not the great mouth laugh at a gift? & the narrow eyelids mock At the labour that is above payment, and wilt thou take the ape For thy councellor? or the dog, for a schoolmaster to thy children? Does he who contemns poverty, and he who turns with abhorrence From usury: feel the same passion or are they moved alike? How can the giver of gifts experience the delights of the merchant? How the industrious citizen the pains of the husbandman. How different far the fat fed hireling with hollow drum; Who buys whole corn fields into wastes, and sings upon the heath:

How different their eye and ear! how different the world to them! With what sense does the parson claim the labour of the farmer? What are his nets & gins & traps. & how does he surround him With cold floods of abstraction, and with forests of solitude, To build him castles and high spires. where kings & priests may dwell. Till she who burns with youth. and knows no fixed lot; is bound In spells of law to one she loaths: and must she drag the chain Of life, in weary lust! must chilling murderous thoughts. obscure The clear heaven of her eternal spring? to bear the wintry rage Of a harsh terror driv'n to madness, bound to hold a rod Over her shrinking shoulders all the day; & all the night To turn the wheel of false desire: and longings that wake her womb To the abhorred birth of cherubs in the human form That live a pestilence & die a meteor & are no more. Till the child dwell with one he hates. and do the deed he loaths And the impure scourge force his seed into its unripe birth E'er yet his eyelids can behold the arrows of the day.

Does the whale worship at thy footsteps as the hungry dog? Or does he scent the mountain prey, because his nostrils wide Draw in the ocean? does his eye discern the flying cloud As the ravens eye? or does he measure the expanse like the vulture? Does the still spider view the cliffs where eagles hide their young? Or does the fly rejoice. because the harvest is brought in? Does not the eagle scorn the earth & despise the treasures beneath? But the mole knoweth what is there, & the worm shall tell it thee. Does not the worm erect a pillar in the mouldering church yard?

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

Infancy, fearless, lustful, happy! nestling for delight In laps of pleasure; Innocence! honest, open, seeking The vigorous joys of morning light; open to virgin bliss. Who taught thee modesty, subtil modesty! child of night & sleep When thou awakest, wilt thou dissemble all thy secret joys Or wert thou not awake when all this mystery was disclos'd! Then com'st thou forth a modest virgin knowing to dissemble With nets found under thy night pillow, to catch virgin joy, And brand it with the name of whore; & sell it in the night, In silence. ev'n without a whisper, and in seeming sleep: Religious dreams and holy vespers, light thy smoky fires: Once were thy fires lighted by the eyes of honest morn And does my Theotormon seek this hypocrite modesty! This knowing, artful, secret, fearful, cautious, trembling hypocrite.

Then is Oothoon a whore indeed! and all the virgin joys Of life are harlots: and Theotormon is a sick mans dream And Oothoon is the crafty slave of selfish holiness. But Oothoon is not so, a virgin fill'd with virgin fancies Open to joy and to delight where ever beauty appears If in the morning sun I find it: there my eyes are fix'd

In happy copulation; if in evening mild. wearied with work; Sit on a bank and draw the pleasures of this free born joy.

The moment of desire! the moment of desire! The virgin That pines for man; shall awaken her womb to enormous joys In the secret shadows of her chamber; the youth shut up from The lustful joy. shall forget to generate. & create an amorous image In the shadows of his curtains and in the folds of his silent pillow. Are not these the places of religion? the rewards of continence? The self enjoyings of self denial? Why dost thou seek religion? Is it because acts are not lovely, that thou seekest solitude, Where the horrible darkness is impressed with reflections of desire.

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

I cry, Love! Love! Love! happy happy Love! free as the mountain wind!

Can that be Love, that drinks another as a sponge drinks water? That clouds with jealousy his nights, with weepings all the day: To spin a web of age around him. grey and hoary! dark! Till his eyes sicken at the fruit that hangs before his sight. Such is self-love that envies all! a creeping skeleton With lamplike eyes watching around the frozen marriage bed.

But silken nets and traps of adamant will Oothoon spread, And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold; I'll lie beside thee on a bank & view their wanton play In lovely copulation bliss on bliss with Theotormon: Red as the rosy morning, lustful as the firstborn beam, Oothoon shall view his dear delight, nor e'er with jealous cloud Come in the heaven of generous love; nor selfish blightings bring. Does the sun walk in glorious raiment, on the secret floor

Where the cold miser spreads his gold? or does the bright cloud drop On his stone threshold? does his eye behold the beam that brings Expansion to the eye of pity? or will he bind himself Beside the ox to thy hard furrow? does not that mild beam blot

The bat, the owl, the glowing tyger, and the king of night. The sea fowl takes the wintry blast. for a cov'ring to her limbs: And the wild snake, the pestilence to adorn him with gems & gold. And trees. & birds. & beasts. & men. behold their eternal joy. Arise you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy! Arise and drink your bliss, for every thing that lives is holy!

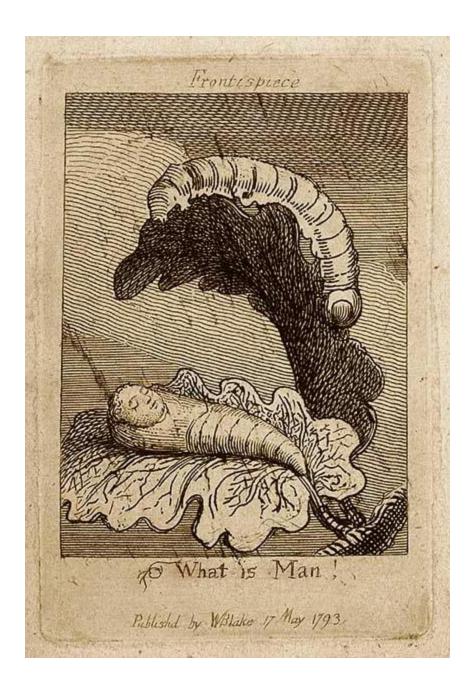
Thus every morning wails Oothoon. but Theotormon sits Upon the margind ocean conversing with shadows dire.

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

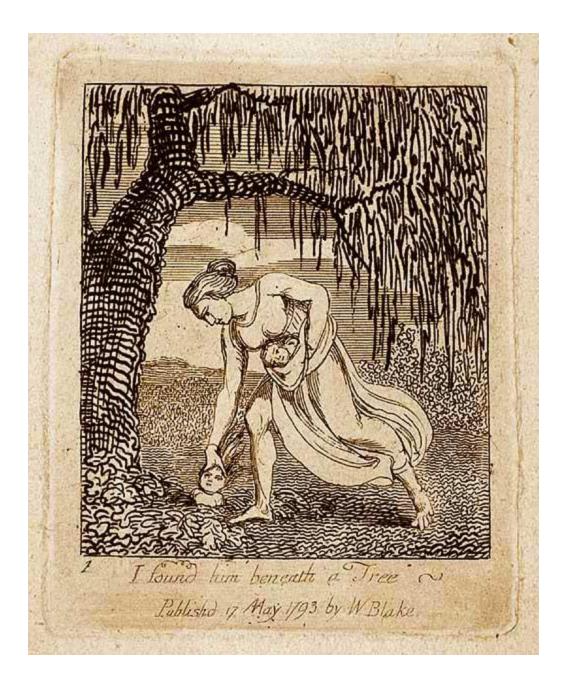
* * * *The End* * * *

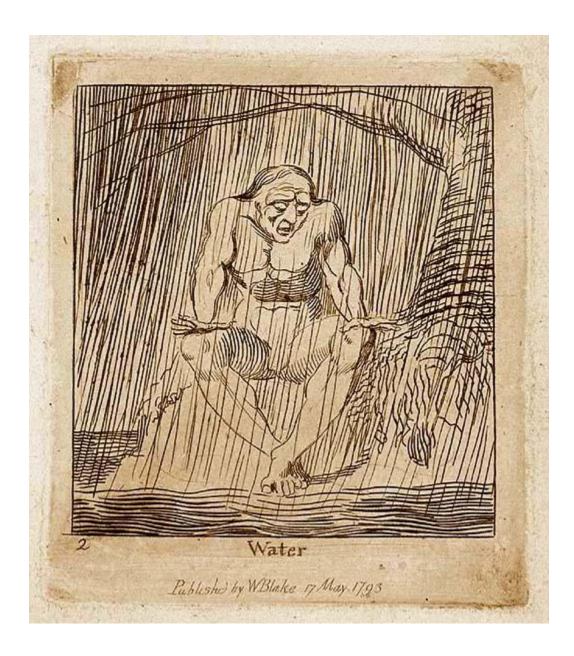
For Children: The Gates of Paradise (1793)

Plates



For Children. The Gates of. Paradise 1793 Rublished by W Blake Nº 13 Hercules Buildings Lambeth J. Johnson S. Pauls Church Yard



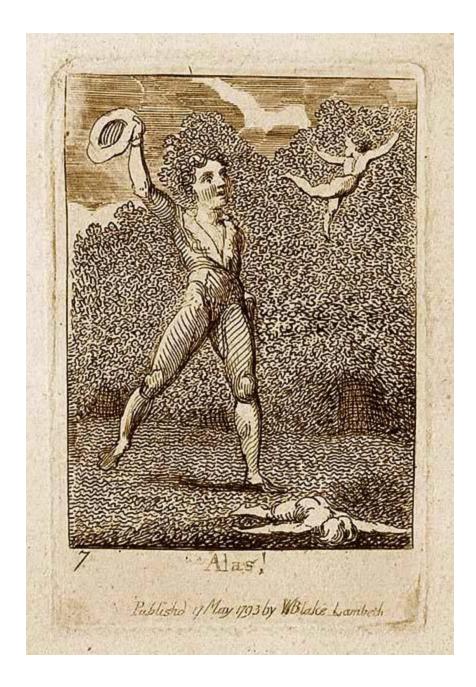


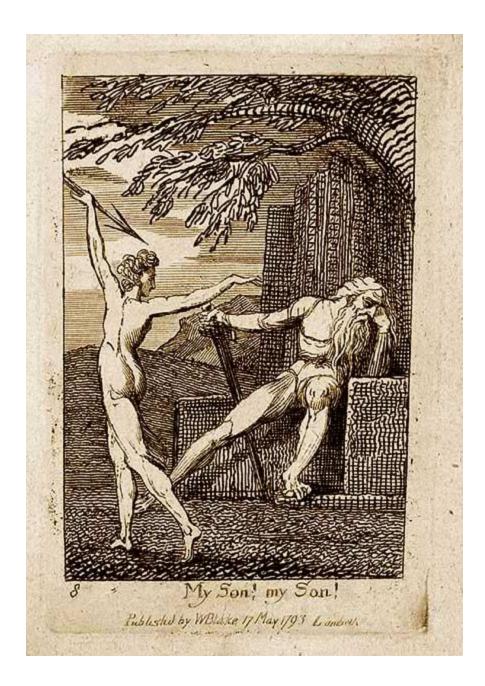


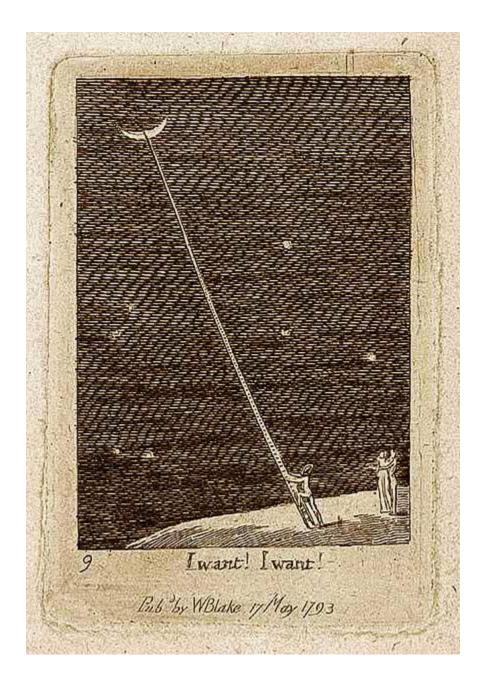


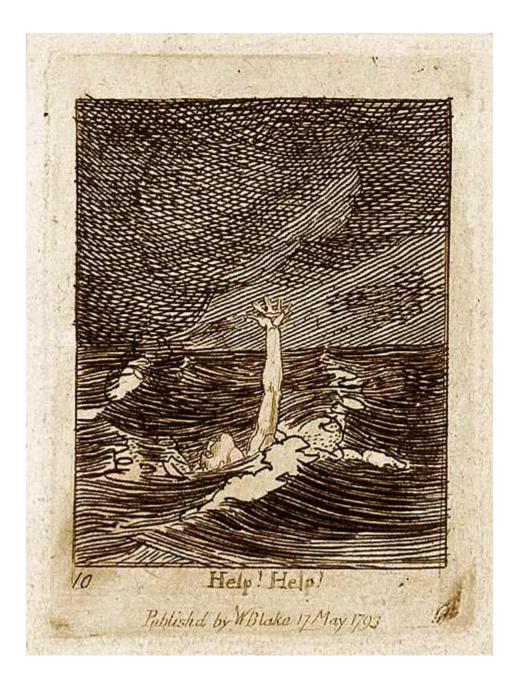


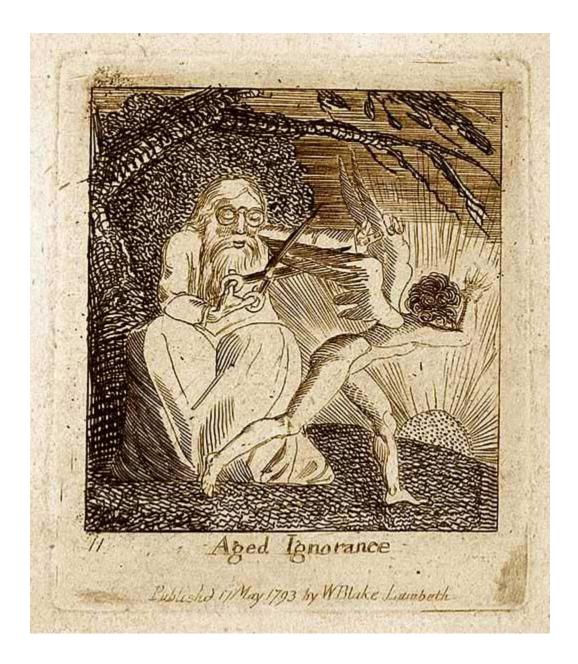


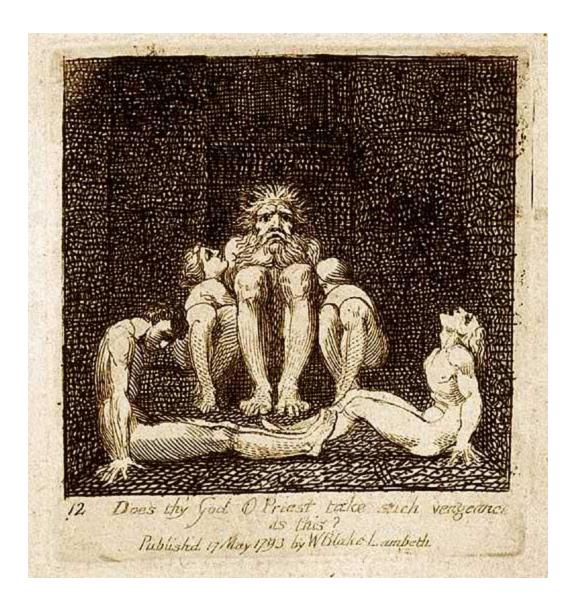




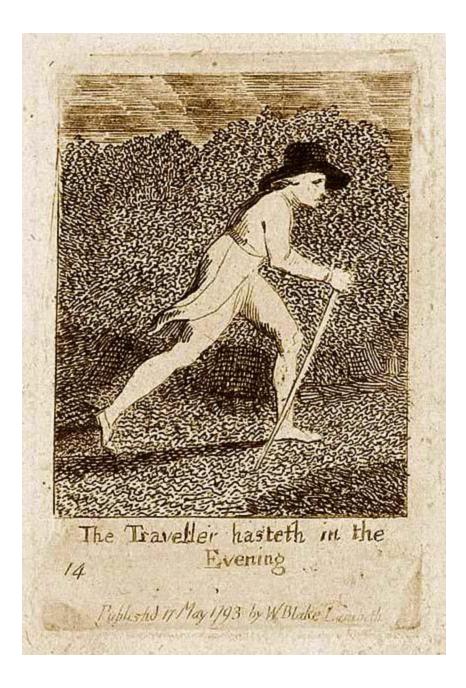


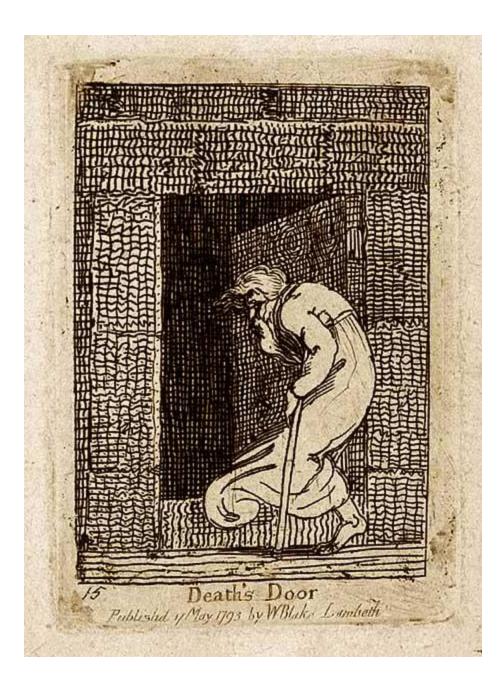


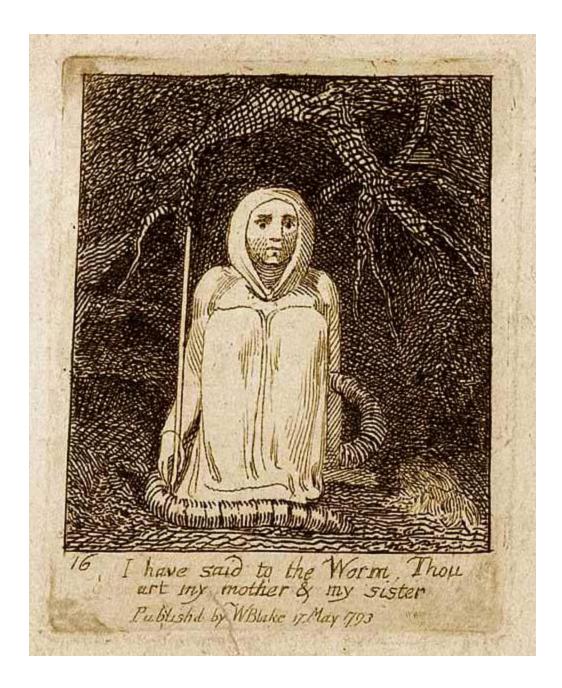












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What is Man!

1 I found him beneath a Tree

2 Water

3 Earth

4 Air

5 Fire.

6 At length for hatching ripe he breaks the shell

7 Alas!

- 8 My Son! my Son!
- 9 I want! I want!

10 Help! Help!

11 Aged Ignorance

12 Does thy God O Priest take such vengeance as this?

13 Fear & Hope are — Vision

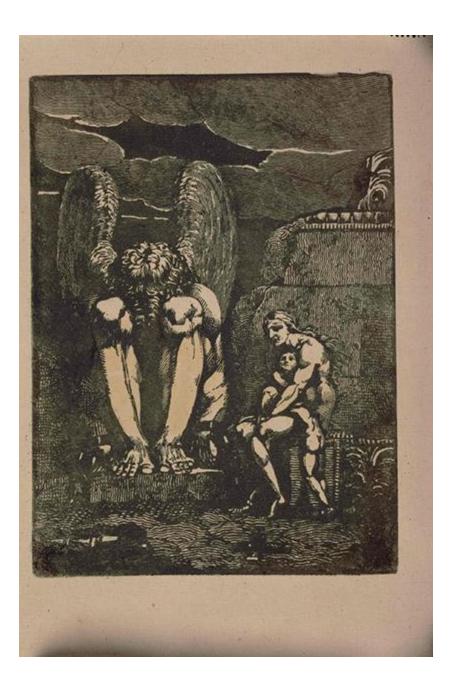
14 The Traveller hasteth in the Evening

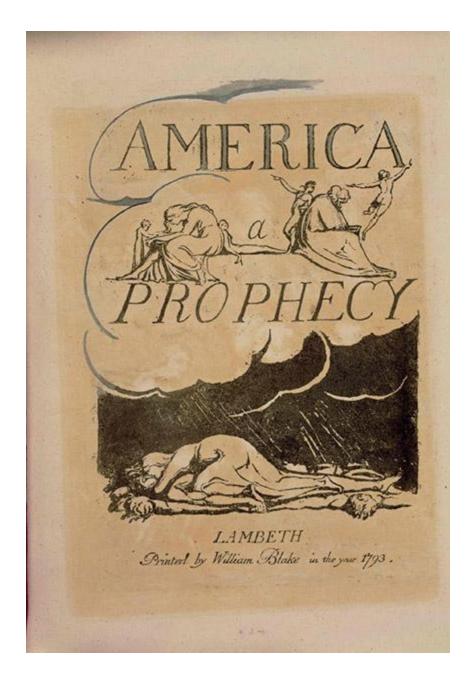
15 Death's Door

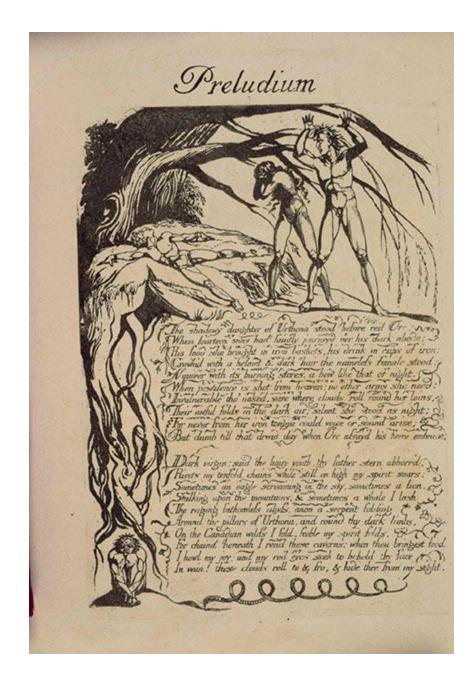
16 I have said to the Worm Thou art my mother & my sister

America A Prophecy (1793)

Plates

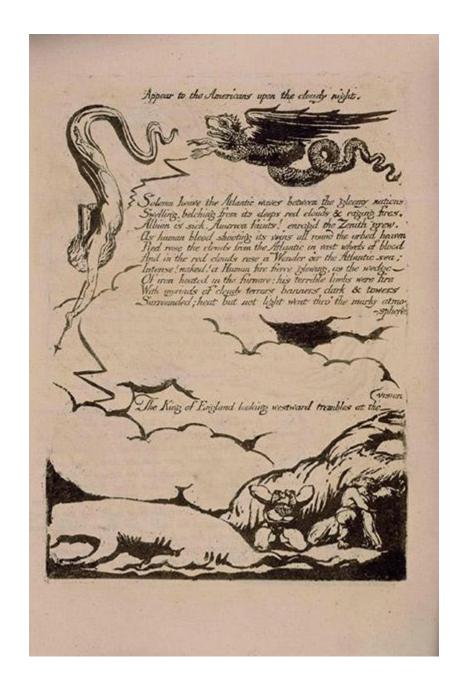


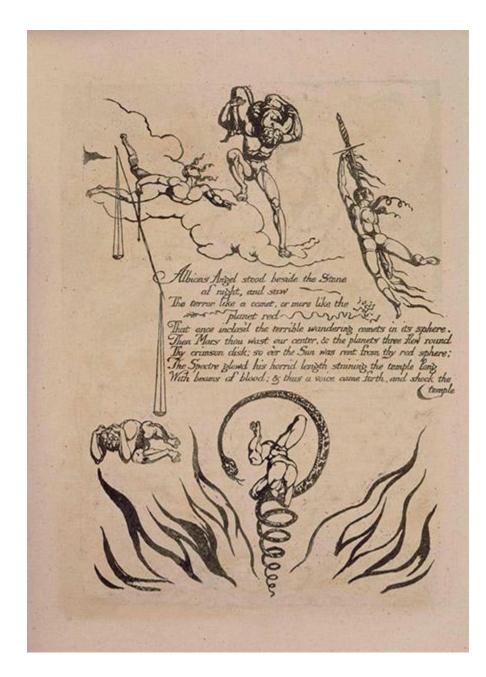




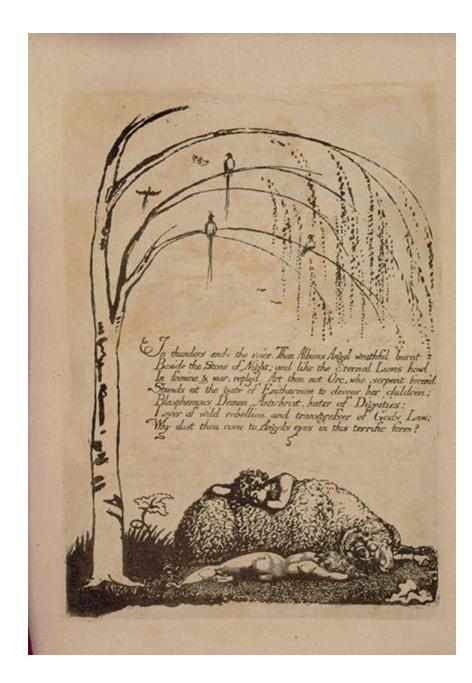
Sheet as Despairing love, and strang as jealang. The hairs should as mud the links, the are the wrists of here; Round the territic lease he sound the panton structure want; It just : she put aside her clouds to sould her hist bern sould : As when a black cloud steries as Walnings to the silent deep. Soon as she sand the terrible boy then burst the virgin or. 2 Son as she san the terrible by then burst the virger g. Those the Thave Tound the, & I will not let the bo; Thou art the invice of God who dwells in darkness of Altica. And thou art tills to give me like in regions of dark death. On my American plans I led the straighting allicians # Endurid by nots that writhe their arms into the nether deep: I see a serperit in Canada, who courts me to his love; In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru, Source I see a Whale in the South sea, drukant my soul away. O what limb rending pains I led thy thre & my Post ~ Mingle in heading pains, in furrows by the lightnings rent; this is eternal death; and this the torment long torefolder. .an

The Guardian Prince of Albian barnes in his nightly tent. Sullen fires across the Atlantic glav to America's share: Piereng the souls of warlike men, who rise in selent night. Washington, Franklin Pause & Warren, Gates, Hancock & Green; Meet on the coast glaving with blood from Albians hery Frince. RE The season Washington spoke: Friends of America look over the Atlantic sea: A benied bow is little in heaven & a heavy ican chain Descends link by link from Albians clitts acrass the sea to bind Brithers & soms of America, till our faces pale and yellow; Heads deprest, voices weak, ever downeast, hands werk-bruisid, First bleeding on the sultry sands, and the furners of the whip Descend to generations that in hiture times forget. sea The strong wave crastl; for a terrible blast swept over the hearing The eastern aloud rent: on his cliffs stood Albians writhful Brace A dragon form clashing his scales at midnight he arose, And Ramid red meteers round the land at Albian baneath His voice, his locks, his awhil shoulders, and his glashing gres,





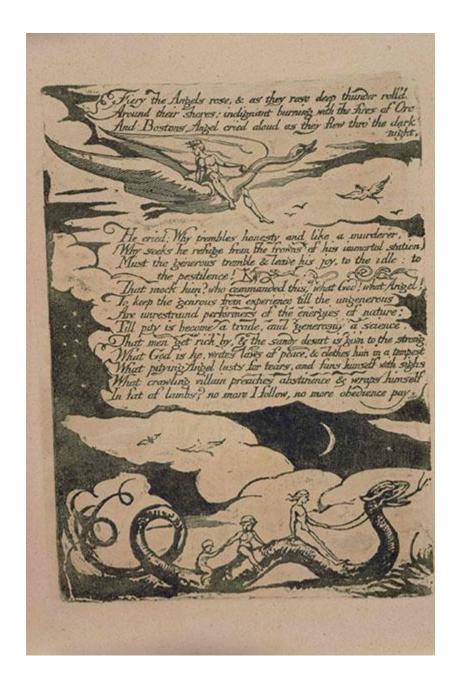




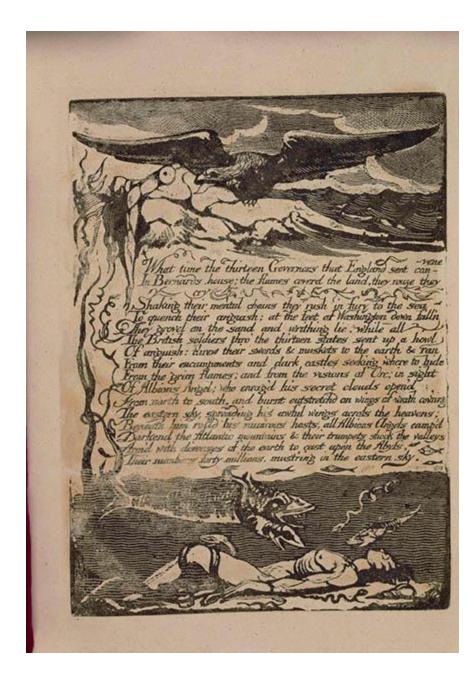


sound ! my loved war transpets & alarm my Thirteen Angels!" whe the eternal Wolf ! the eternal Lion lashes his tail !! rice is darkned; and my punishing Demans torribu uch howling before their avenue dop like skins don't not smite the placet, nor quench the himely of the t sanite with servis, nor subclue the plow cannot wall the city, nor most round the castle of cannot bring the stubbed oak to overgrow the hill For terrible men stand on the sheres, is in their re Children take shelter from the lightnings, there a d Rune and Warren with their Twohoads reard tosis at clouds obscure my aged sight, a vision bran and 'sound 'my loud war trampets & alarm my thirteen A vision Tram chur! An robel form that rent the ancient avens, Eternal Viper sulf-renevid, rolling in clouds C see the in thick douds and darkness on American Fathing in panizy of abharmed birth, and flames the crest rib not ever at death; the harlot womb of opened in vain Towner in anormous circles, now the times are returned upon to Devours of the parent, new the anutherable toment renews found 'sound', my loud war trumpets & alarm my thirteen An I terrible birch! a young one bursting where is the weeping on ad where the mothers milk? instead those ever-hilsen ad where the mothers milk? instead those ever-hilsen ad parched lips drop with bresh gove; now roll thou in a mother lips her length outstratched upon the shore b and! sound! as loud vier-transets to alarm by thereen oud howly the eternal Wolf: the eternal Leon lasters ha

is wipt the Angel wave so as he wapt the torrible blasts, trampets, blew a load alarm acress the Atlantic deep. trampets answer; no reply of clarions or at files, and the Colonies remain and whise the load alarm. the Colonies hills between America & Albians Actantic sea: callet Adamteria hills: aut the ause from their bright summity you may pas to the Goldan ancient palace, architype of miching Emperies, is its immertal panacles, built in the torest of God Ariston the king of brouty for his stelen bride. could from the Atlantic hover our the solemn roat .

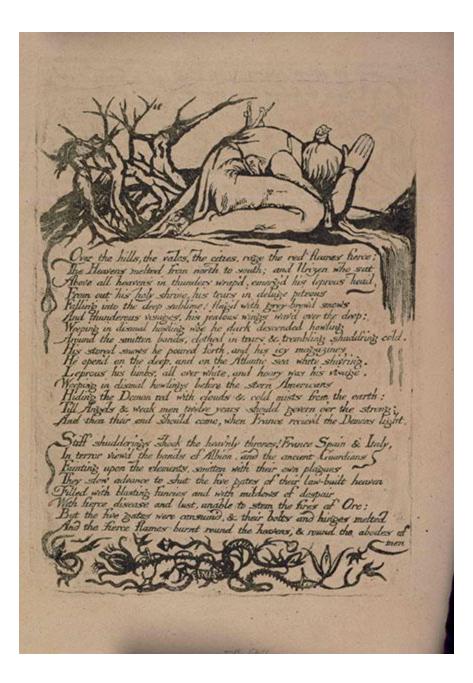


he conding all his role & throwing down his support. I Albian's Guardian, and all the Durteen Anische there robes to the hurger wind, & they their police scop-A -ters Devin on the land America indignant they descended deadlong from out their heavily heights descending swift as Over the land : naked to flaming an their lineaments seen In the deep place by Mestington & Rang & Warren they stood And the flame billed rearing here within the pathy night Bedie the Demon red, who burnt towards America. In black smaller thunders and loud winds rejoccing in its Breaking in smally wrenths from the wild drep so pathring thick In flames as at a burnace on the land from North to South



In the flames stood & viewal the armies drawn out in the sky, Washington Franklin Paine & Warren Allen Gaters & Lee: " And heard the voice of Albians Angel sive the thunderous common His plagues obedient to his voice flew farth out of their clouds Falling upon America, as a storm to cut them off As a blight cats the tender com when a begins to appear. Dark is the heaven above & cold & hard the earth beneath; And as a plague wind filled with meers cuts of man & beast; And as a sea ecrephelms a land in the day of an earthquake; 8 marsh 10 Fury rige ! madnets ! in a wind swept through Imerica The red flames of Ore that folded rearing here around the angry shares, and the here rushing of the inhabitants together the cargens of New York class thai books & lock their chests, The mariners of Boston drop their anchers and unlade; The scribe of Pensylvania custs his pen upon the earth; The builder of Virginia throws his hanner down in Fear. Then had America been Test, ceresheland by the Atlantic, And Earth had last another pertian of the urbuite) But all rush together in the night in wrath and raising fire The red Fires nigd! the plagues received! then rolld they bac

bions Angels Then the Postilence began in stracks of red the limbs I Alliners Guardian, the spectral plague states El ing all their of anjough and three of their Stand a nak sprace to earth, az wands de n writhal in torment on the eastern and the brain his plinanering gar, text his ligs quarrant ring (2575) nie las long Guardian and the ancient Their ensigns sickning in the crop on the moning winds de abury Americans rushing together in the Guardians of Include and Sorta and Sections playues Torsock its frontiers & their burners star the trens of hold, determ their encient hencens with stand to tak in his course the Burd of Altern tells the engrmous play and a court of Hest Jorn or his head & scales on his back & and rough with black scales all his Angels highe their encient h he doors of our raise are epon and the Brests in rustling som with only reptile caviets hiding him the Brests in rustling som with only reptile caviets hiding him the Brests of Gree, but play around the golden roths in wreaths of these desires enoring the temates raked and glowing with the lasts of routh de. mites. For the Temate spirits of the dead priving in bends at religing the from their tetters reldening, & in land desires of main arches a they had the nories of routh renew, and desires of main a her their pale links as a vine when the conder grape app maint the



Text

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Preludium

The shadowy daughter of Urthona stood before red Orc. When fourteen suns had faintly journey'd o'er his dark abode; His food she brought in iron baskets, his drink in cups of iron; Crown'd with a helmet & dark hair the nameless female stood; A quiver with its burning stores, a bow like that of night, When pestilence is shot from heaven; no other arms she need: Invulnerable tho' naked, save where clouds roll round her loins, Their awful folds in the dark air; silent she stood as night; For never from her iron tongue could voice or sound arise; But dumb till that dread day when Orc assay'd his fierce embrace.

Dark virgin; said the hairy youth, thy father stern abhorr'd; Rivets my tenfold chains while still on high my spirit soars; Sometimes an eagle screaming in the sky, sometimes a lion, Stalking upon the mountains, & sometimes a whale I lash The raging fathomless abyss, anon a serpent folding Around the pillars of Urthona, and round thy dark limbs, On the Canadian wilds I fold, feeble my spirit folds. For chaind beneath I rend these caverns; when thou bringest food I howl my joy! and my red eyes seek to behold thy face In vain! these clouds roll to & fro, & hide thee from my sight.

Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy, The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire; Round the terrific loins he siez'd the panting struggling womb; It joy'd: she put aside her clouds & smiled her firstborn smile; As when a black cloud shews its light'nings to the silent deep.

Soon as she saw the terrible boy then burst the virgin cry.

I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go; Thou art the image of God who dwells in darkness of Africa; And thou art fall'n to give me life in regions of dark death. On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions Endur'd by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep: I see a serpent in Canada, who courts me to his love; In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru; I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away. O what limb rending pains I feel. thy fire & my frost Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent; This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold. The stern Bard ceas'd, asham'd of his own song; enrag'd he swung His harp aloft sounding, then dash'd its shining frame against A ruin'd pillar in glittring fragments; silent he turn'd away, And wander'd down the vales of Kent in sick & drear lamentings.

A Prophecy

The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent, Sullen fires across the Atlantic glow to America's shore: Piercing the souls of warlike men, who rise in silent night, Washington, Franklin, Paine & Warren, Gates, Hancock & Green; Meet on the coast glowing with blood from Albions fiery Prince.

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

The strong voice ceas'd; for a terrible blast swept over the heaving sea;

The eastern cloud rent; on his cliffs stood Albions wrathful Prince

A dragon form clashing his scales at midnight he arose, And flam'd red meteors round the land of Albion beneath His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, and his glowing eyes, Appear to the Americans upon the cloudy night.

Solemn heave the Atlantic waves between the gloomy nations, Swelling, belching from its deeps red clouds & raging Fires! Albion is sick. America faints! enrag'd the Zenith grew. As human blood shooting its veins all round the orbed heaven Red rose the clouds from the Atlantic in vast wheels of blood And in the red clouds rose a Wonder o'er the Atlantic sea; Intense! naked! a Human fire fierce glowing, as the wedge Of iron heated in the furnace; his terrible limbs were fire With myriads of cloudy terrors banners dark & towers Surrounded; heat but not light went thro' the murky atmosphere

The King of England looking westward trembles at the vision

Albions Angel stood beside the Stone of night, and saw The terror like a comet, or more like the planet red That once inclos'd the terrible wandering comets in its sphere. Then Mars thou wast our center, & the planets three flew round Thy crimson disk; so e'er the Sun was rent from thy red sphere; The Spectre glowd his horrid length staining the temple long With beams of blood; & thus a voice came forth, and shook the temple The morning comes, the night decays, the watchmen leave their stations;

The grave is burst, the spices shed, the linen wrapped up; The bones of death, the cov'ring clay, the sinews shrunk & dry'd. Reviving shake, inspiring move, breathing! awakening! Spring like redeemed captives when their bonds & bars are burst; Let the slave grinding at the mill, run out into the field: Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air; Let the inchained soul shut up in darkness and in sighing, Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years; Rise and look out, his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open. And let his wife and children return from the opressors 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, reply'd. Art thou not Orc, who serpent-form'd Stands at the gate of Enitharmon to devour her children; Blasphemous Demon, Antichrist, hater of Dignities; Lover of wild rebellion, and transgresser of Gods Law; Why dost thou come to Angels eyes in this terrific form?

The terror answerd: I am Orc, wreath'd round the accursed tree: The times are ended; shadows pass the morning gins to break; The fiery joy, that Urizen perverted to ten commands, What night he led the starry hosts thro' the wide wilderness: That stony law I stamp to dust: and scatter religion abroad To the four winds as a torn book, & none shall gather the leaves; But they shall rot on desart sands, & consume in bottomless deeps; To make the desarts blossom, & the deeps shrink to their fountains, And to renew the fiery joy, and burst the stony roof. That pale religious letchery, seeking Virginity, May find it in a harlot, and in coarse-clad honesty The undefil'd tho' ravish'd in her cradle night and morn: For every thing that lives is holy, life delights in life; Because the soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd. Fires inwrap the earthly globe, yet man is not consumd; Amidst the lustful fires he walks: his feet become like brass, His knees and thighs like silver, & his breast and head like gold.

Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my Thirteen Angels! Loud howls the eternal Wolf! the eternal Lion lashes his tail! America is darkned; and my punishing Demons terrified Crouch howling before their caverns deep like skins dry'd in the wind. They cannot smite the wheat, nor quench the fatness of the earth. They cannot smite with sorrows, nor subdue the plow and spade. They cannot wall the city, nor moat round the castle of princes. They cannot bring the stubbed oak to overgrow the hills. For terrible men stand on the shores. & in their robes I see Children take shelter from the lightnings, there stands Washington And Paine and Warren with their foreheads reard toward the east But clouds obscure my aged sight. A vision from afar! Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels: Ah vision from afar! Ah rebel form that rent the ancient Heavens; Eternal Viper self-renew'd, rolling in clouds I see thee in thick clouds and darkness on America's shore. Writhing in pangs of abhorred birth; red flames the crest rebellious And eyes of death; the harlot womb oft opened in vain Heaves in enormous circles, now the times are return'd upon thee, Devourer of thy parent, now thy unutterable torment renews. Sound! sound! my loud war trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels! Ah terrible birth! a young one bursting! where is the weeping mouth? And where the mothers milk? instead those ever-hissing jaws And parched lips drop with fresh gore; now roll thou in the clouds Thy mother lays her length outstretch'd upon the shore beneath. Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels! Loud howls the eternal Wolf: the eternal Lion lashes his tail!

Thus wept the Angel voice & as he wept the terrible blasts Of trumpets, blew a loud alarm across the Atlantic deep. No trumpets answer; no reply of clarions or of fifes, Silent the Colonies remain and refuse the loud alarm.

On those vast shady hills between America & Albions shore; Now barr'd out by the Atlantic sea: call'd Atlantean hills: Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden world An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Emperies, Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God By Ariston the king of beauty for his stolen bride,

Here on their magic seats the thirteen Angels sat perturb'd For clouds from the Atlantic hover o'er the solemn roof. Fiery the Angels rose, & as they rose deep thunder roll'd Around their shores: indignant burning with the fires of Orc And Bostons Angel cried aloud as they flew thro' the dark night.

He cried: Why trembles honesty and like a murderer, Why seeks he refuge from the frowns of his immortal station! Must the generous tremble & leave his joy, to the idle: to the pestilence!

That mock him? who commanded this? what God? what Angel! To keep the gen'rous from experience till the ungenerous Are unrestraind performers of the energies of nature; Till pity is become a trade, and generosity a science, That men get rich by, & the sandy desart is giv'n to the strong What God is he, writes laws of peace, & clothes him in a tempest What pitying Angel lusts for tears, and fans himself with sighs What crawling villain preaches abstinence & wraps himself In fat of lambs? no more I follow, no more obedience pay.

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

What time the thirteen Governors that England sent convene In Bernards house; the flames coverd the land, they rouze they cry Shaking their mental chains they rush in fury to the sea To quench their anguish; at the feet of Washington down fall'n They grovel on the sand and writhing lie, while all The British soldiers thro' the thirteen states sent up a howl Of anguish: threw their swords & muskets to the earth & ran From their encampments and dark castles seeking where to hide From the grim flames; and from the visions of Orc; in sight Of Albions Angel; who enrag'd his secret clouds open'd From north to south, and burnt outstretchd on wings of wrath cov'ring The eastern sky, spreading his awful wings across the heavens; Beneath him roll'd his num'rous hosts, all Albions Angels camp'd Darkend the Atlantic mountains & their trumpets shook the valleys Arm'd with diseases of the earth to cast upon the Abyss, Their numbers forty millions, must'ring in the eastern sky.

In the flames stood & view'd the armies drawn out in the sky Washington Franklin Paine & Warren Allen Gates & Lee: And heard the voice of Albions Angel give the thunderous command: His plagues obedient to his voice flew forth out of their clouds Falling upon America, as a storm to cut them off As a blight cuts the tender corn when it begins to appear. Dark is the heaven above, & cold & hard the earth beneath; And as a plague wind fill'd with insects cuts off man & beast; And as a sea o'erwhelms a land in the day of an earthquake;

Fury! rage! madness! in a wind swept through America And the red flames of 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; The scribe of Pensylvania casts his pen upon the earth; The builder of Virginia throws his hammer down in fear. Then had America been lost, o'erwhelm'd by the Atlantic, And Earth had lost another portion of the infinite, But all rush together in the night in wrath and raging fire The red fires rag'd! the plagues recoil'd! then rolld they back with fury

On Albions Angels; then the Pestilence began in streaks of red Across the limbs of Albions Guardian, the spotted plague smote Bristols

And the Leprosy Londons Spirit, sickening all their bands:

The millions sent up a howl of anguish and threw off their hammerd mail,

And cast their swords & spears to earth, & stood a naked multitude. Albions Guardian writhed in torment on the eastern sky

Pale quivring toward the brain his glimmering eyes, teeth chattering Howling & shuddering his legs quivering; convuls'd each muscle & sinew

Sick'ning lay Londons Guardian, and the ancient miter'd York Their heads on snowy hills, their ensigns sick'ning in the sky The plagues creep on the burning winds driven by flames of Orc, And by the fierce Americans rushing together in the night Driven o'er the Guardians of Ireland and Scotland and Wales They spotted with plagues forsook the frontiers & their banners seard With fires of hell, deform their ancient heavens with shame & woe. Hid in his caves the Bard of Albion felt the enormous plagues. And a cowl of flesh grew o'er his head & scales on his back & ribs; And rough with black scales all his Angels fright their ancient heavens

The doors of marriage are open, and the Priests in rustling scales Rush into reptile coverts, hiding from the fires of Orc, That play around the golden roofsin wreaths of fierce desire, Leaving the females naked and glowing with the lusts of youth For the female spirits of the dead pining in bonds of religion; Run from their fetters reddening, & in long drawn arches sitting: They feel the nerves of youth renew, and desires of ancient times, Over their pale limbs as a vine when the tender grape appears

Over the hills, the vales, the cities, rage the red flames fierce; The Heavens melted from north to south; and Urizen who sat Above all heavens in thunders wrap'd, emerg'd his leprous head From out his holy shrine, his tears in deluge piteous Falling into the deep sublime! flag'd with grey-brow'd snows And thunderous visages, his jealous wings wav'd over the deep; Weeping in dismal howling woe he dark descended howling Around the smitten bands, clothed in tears & trembling shudd'ring cold.

His stored snows he poured forth, and his icy magazines

He open'd on the deep, and on the Atlantic sea white shiv'ring. Leprous his limbs, all over white, and hoary was his visage. Weeping in dismal howlings before the stern Americans Hiding the Demon red with clouds & cold mists from the earth; Till Angels & weak men twelve years should govern o'er the strong: And then their end should come, when France reciev'd the Demons light.

Stiff shudderings shook the heav'nly thrones!

France Spain & Italy, In terror view'd the bands of Albion, and the ancient Guardians

Fainting upon the elements, smitten with their own plagues They slow advance to shut the five gates of their law-built heaven Filled with blasting fancies and with mildews of despair With 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 men

* * *FINIS* * *

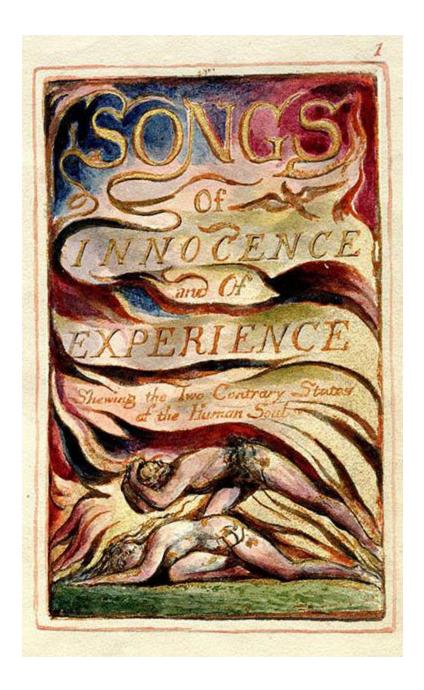
Songs of Innocence and of Experience (1794)

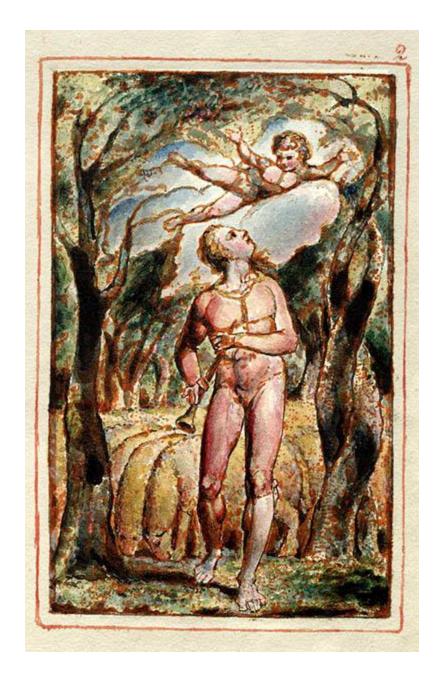
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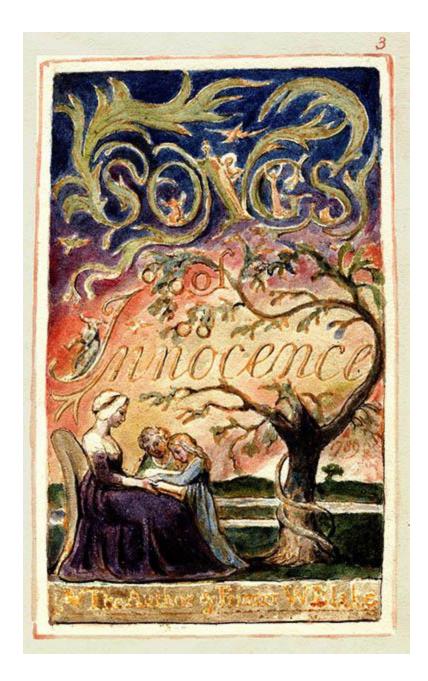
(Songs of Innocence first published 1789; combined with Songs of Experience in 1794)

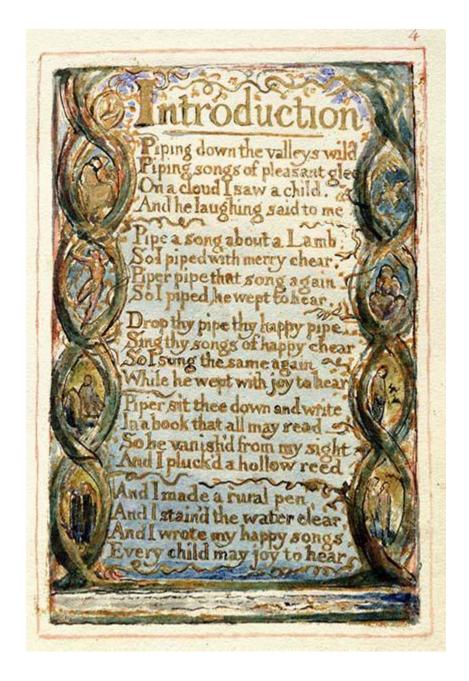
Plates

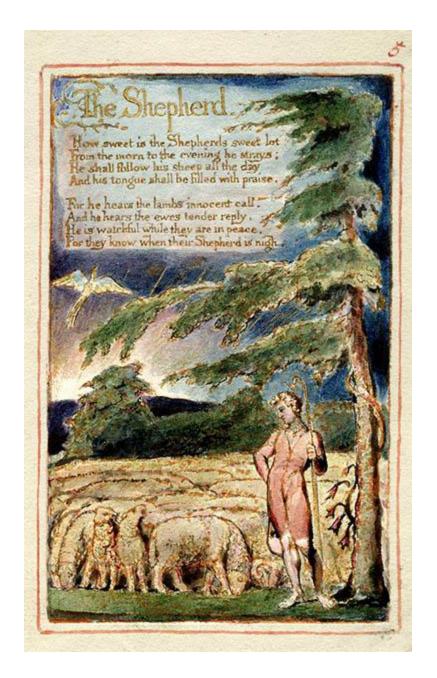
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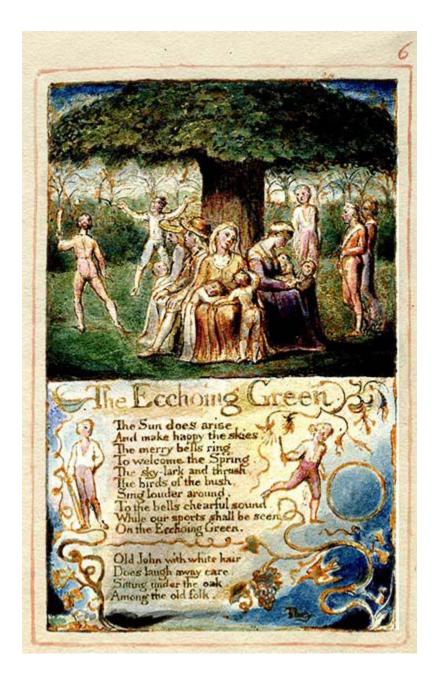




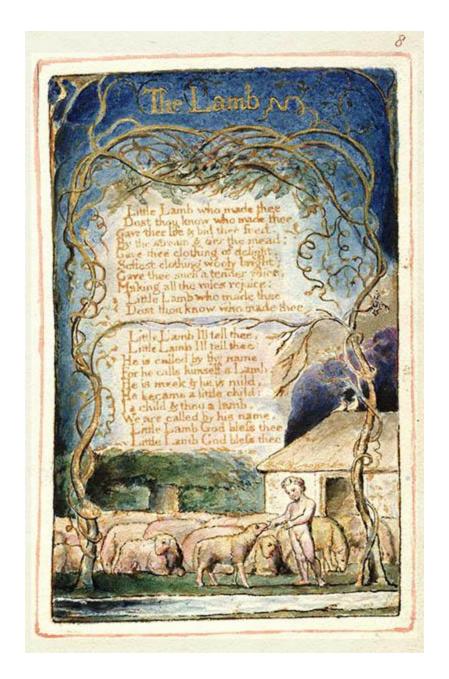




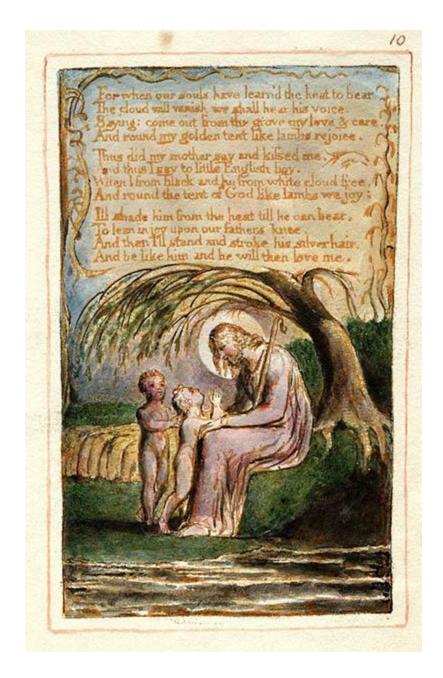






















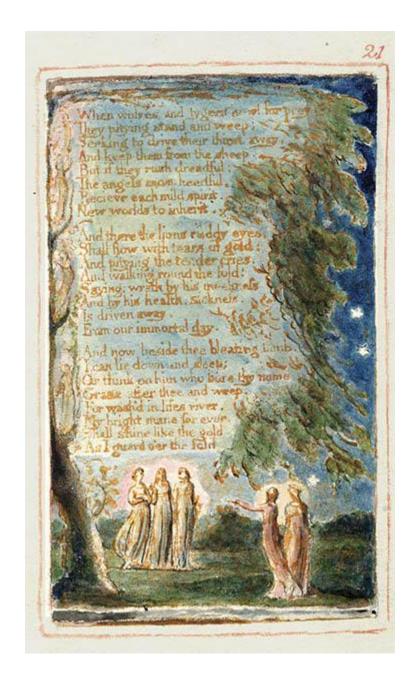














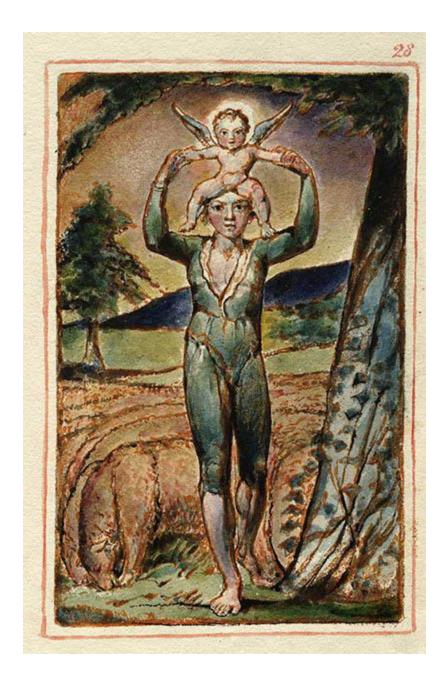


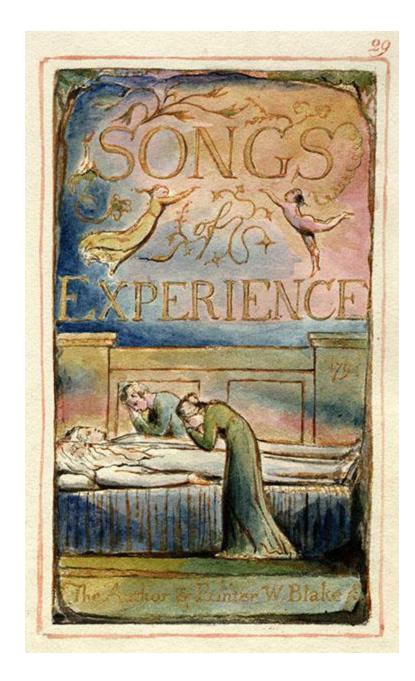




26 nce a dream did weave a shade Oer my Angel-guarded hed That an Emmet lost its way 12 Where on grals methought Hay. iroubled widerd and tolorn Dark benighted travel-worn. many a tandled spra eart-prokel heard her sa) my children! do they cry Do they hear their father sig ow they look abroad to se w return and weep for me ying I dropd a teau int I saw a glow-worm near Who replied. What wailing Calls the watchman of the n am set to not the gi While the beetle goes his allow now the beetles le wanderer hie thee

27 Can I see anothers woo. And not he in sorrow too. ? Can I see anothers grief . And not seek for hund relief Canl see a falling tear. " And not feel my sorrows sh Can a Sather see his child. Wesp, nor be with sorrow fulld Can a mother art and hear. And ean he whe smiles on all Hear the wren with sourcews smulter the small kirds grief & caro lear the small kirds grief & caro lear the woos that intents bess And not sort beside the news Powring pity in their breast. And not art the cradle near II Weeping tear an infants tear. And not git both right & day. Wiping all our tears anger. O'no never can it be. Never never can it be. He doth give his joy to all He becomes an infant small He becomes a man of woe a He doth see the sorrow too Think not thou cannot sigh a sig And by maker is not by. Think not thou cannot wree a b And by maker is not near. Othe gives to us his joy. That our grief he may destroy fill our grief is fled & gone He doth sit by us and inoan





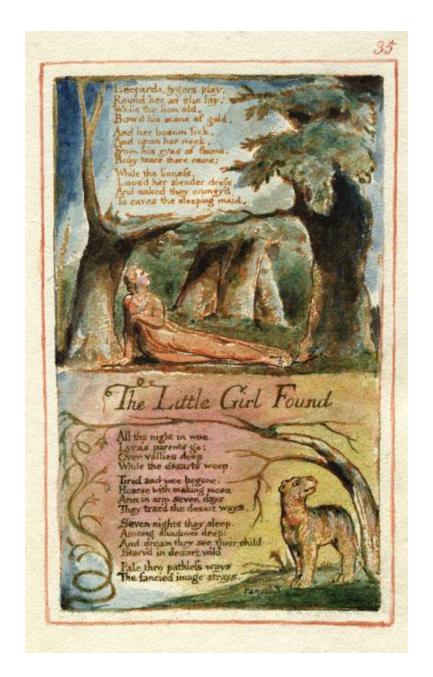
30 ntroduction Hear the voice of the Bard! Who Present, Past, & Future sees Mase cars have heard, The Holy Ward. That walk among the ancient trees. Calling the lapsed Soul And weeping in the evening dew: That might controll The starry pole; And fallen tallen light renow! O Farth O Earth sourn! Arise from out the degr grain; Night is worn . And the morn Ruses from the slumberous mals. Turn away no more : Why witt thou turn away The starry Awar The water shore is given ther all the break of day.

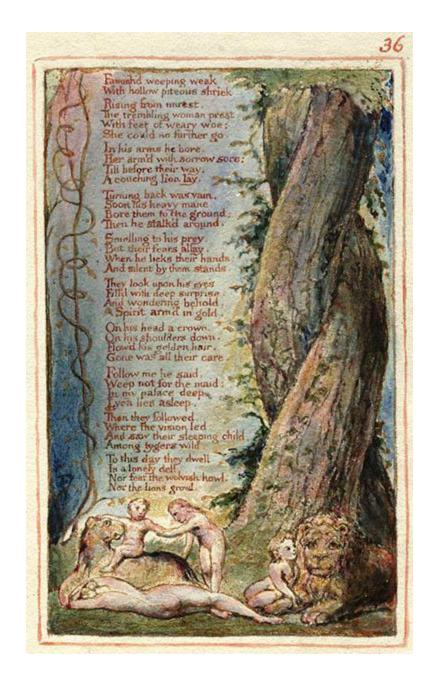
31 EARTH'S Answer Carth raisd up her head, From the darkness dread & droar. Her light fled Stony dread. And her locks coverd with grey daspare Prisonid on watry shore Starry Jealousy does keep my den Cold and hoar Weeping cer 1000 I hear the Father of the ancient men Selfish father of men Cruel jealous selfish fear Can dolight Chaind in night The virgins of youth and morning bear Does spring hide its jey When buds and blolsoms grow? Does the sower? Sow by night? Or the plowman in darknels plow? Break this heavy chain. That does freeze my bones around Selfish ; vain Etrinol bane That free Love with bondage bound

32 The CLOD 3 the PEBBLE Love seeketh not Itself to please. Nor for itself hath any care : But for another pives its ease. And builds a Weaven in Hells despair So sang a little Clod of Clay Trodden with the cattles feet : But a Pebble of the brook, Warbled out these metres meet. Love seeketh only Self to please. To bind another to its delight: Joys in anothers lais of ease. And builds a Hell in Heavens despite. Section 2

33 Y THURSD Is dus a hely things to see . 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 & bare. And their ways are filld with thorn It is eternal winter there . For minere-air the sun does shine . And more our the rain does full : Babs can never hunger there powerty the mund.

34 6 C - C Little Girl Lost In futurity E prophetic see. That the earth from sleep (Grave the sentence deep) Shall arise and seek for her staker nucle: And the desart wild Become a garder mild -20á 20 2) w * In this spothern clime. Where the summers prame. Never fates angr: Lovely Lyca lay. Lovely Lives lay. Seven summers and Lovely Liven told. She had wanderd long Hearing wild birds song Sienet sleep come to and Didermeath this tree : Do fathar, nother wesp. Where can Lives sleep. Last in desart wild is your little child. Jow can Lives sleep. If her muther weep. ÷ 2 ø F her heart does ake . fren let Loca wake : ny mohar sleep. Loven shull not wrep. Typen shall not wrep. From a desart bright. Let the moon wrie. While I cloud my eyes. Silcenned Lyca hav While the beasts of prev. Loage how ervers coop. Mared the muid asless The kingly han boad and the wegin mend. Der to gembel round Oer the kallowd gestud 2





37 Te Chimney Sweepe, A line black thing unong the snow: Crying weep weep in notes of woe! Where are thy father & mother? say? They are both gone up to the church to pray Because I was happy upon the heaths And smild among the winters snow: They, clothed me in the clothes of death. And tought me to snag the notes of woe And because I am happy & dance & sing They think they have done me no injury: And are gone to praise God & his Prust & King Who make up a heaven of our musery

38 TRSES-When the voices of children are heard on the green And whisprings are in the dale : 1000 The days of my youth rise fresh on my mind I have turns green and pale. Then come home my children, the sun is gone down And the dews of night arise Your spring & your day are wasted in play And your wanter and night in disguise.



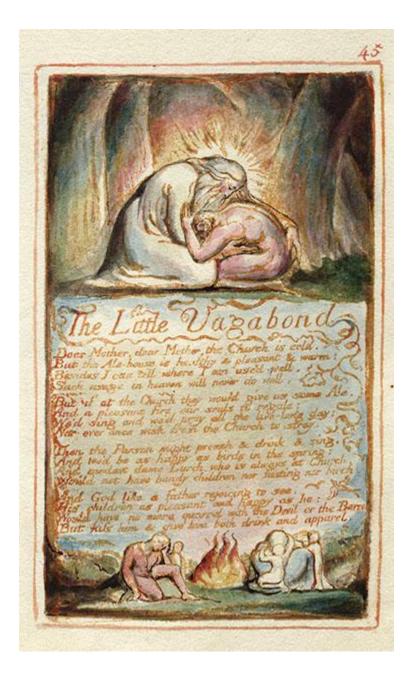
40 HF If thought is life And strength & bread And the want of thought is death athhar away Then am I A happy & If I have Or at I die A fly like thee? Or art not thou A man like me? For I dance And druk a, sine: Till some burd hand Shall brush my wing

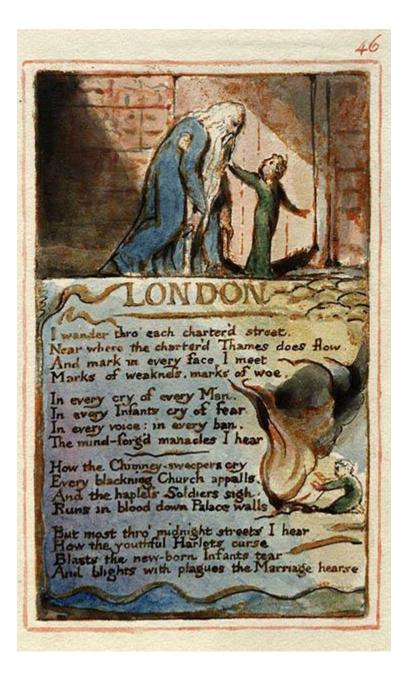
41 Prenent a Dream, what can it mean that I was a maiden Queen : and by an Angel mild : Is wee, was near beguild ? wept both night and day pack his winns and fled : marn blushd ragy red : by bears & arma my fears. to thousand shields and spears in Angel came again : arma . he came in vain : e tams of youth was fled gray hauss more on my head



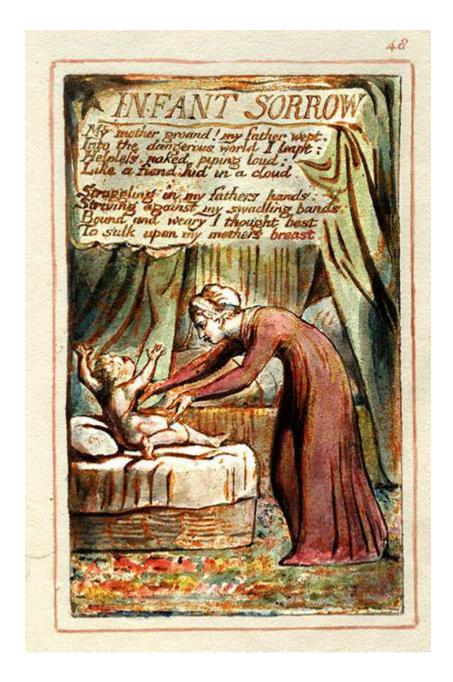
43 Tas offerd to me: over as May never bare. I live a Frenzy Rose-tree. Ined the sweet flower ver. Hard Then I went to my Pretty Rose-twe : To tend her by duy and by night (But my Rose turnd away wat prolousy : And her thanks were my only delight. AH SUN-FLOWER Ah Sunchower ! weary of time. Seeking after that sweet golden clime. Where the travelless journey is done Where the Youth pined away with desire And the pale Virgin shrauled in anow: Arise from their proves and aspire. Where my Sun flower wishes to Bo. QQ 7,60 HE LI 320 The modest Rose put forth a thorn : While the Lilly where shall in Love delight Nor a thorn war a threat strun her beauty . brush

44 THE GARDEN & LOVE Twent to the Gardon of Love. And saw what I nover had seen : A Chapel was built in the midst. Where I used to play on the groon. nd the parse of this Chapel were shud nd Thou shalt not, wrot over the day of turned to the Geordan of Love, that so many sweet flomens bare. nd I star it was filled with graves hid rounds stands where Romers should be bud Priests in black genns, were walking s not binding with briars, my joys to do





41 The Human Abstract. Pity would be no more, ine did nut eaks somebody F and Margy no more could be it all were as happy as we : And mutual her brings peace : it the statish lows a share ind spreads his bats with oars He sits down with half fours. He sits down with half fours. The sits down with half fours. The sits down with half fours. The sits down with stears: San preside the dismal shade San preside the dismal shade and the Caterpiller and shy. Nead an the Mostery. And it bours the huit of Decore Huddy and sweet to est. And it bours the huit of Decore And the Anorn hus neat hus made In the Chain of the The Gods of the earth and see. Sought the Nature & lind this Tree But their search was all in vain. There grows one in the Human Brain Salaria.



49 **MOSIO** west and or web says blows ble is work as wroth and a base weight said of an leave had it set any start an leave And I watterd it in leaves Nicht & mornant with any seess And I sunned it with seules And with soft decenthy whice And it prew both day and sight. Till it bore an apple bright. And my free beheld it staise. And he knew that it was more. And into my garden stole. When the night had veild the pole. In the morning glad I see : My foe outstretchd beneath the tree.

50 . ittle BOY Lost Nought loves another as itself Nor venerates another so. Nor is it possible to thought A greater than itself to know: And Father, how can I love you. Or any of my brothers more? I love you like the little bird That picks up crumbs around the door The Privest sait by and heard the child In trembling year he siezil 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 stripd hum to his little shirt. And bound hum in an wan chain And burn'd him in a holy place. Where many had been burnd before The The weeping purents wept in yain Are such things done on Albians shore

51 A Little GIRL Lost Children of the future Ave Reading this indignant page: Enow that in a former page. Love sweet Love was thought a crime In the Age of Gold, Free from winters cold, Youth and musice bright. To the holy light. Naked in the sunny beams delight. Once a youthful pair Filld with suffest cars Met in parden bright Where the holy light, Had just removed the curtains of the night There in rising day. On the grads they play: 220 Barents were and Sprangers came not near: And the maiden soon forgot her fear. Tured with kilses sweet They agree to meet, When the silent sleep Waves our heavens deep: And the weary tired wanderers weep to her father white Came the maiden bright: But his loving look Like the holy book. All her tender limbs with terror shook T. Jane One ; pale and weak ! To the father speak : O the trembling fear! O the dismal care ; That shakes the blolsams of my hour

52 st be consumed with the rise from Generation from What have I to do with the Sexes sprung from Shame & a in the morn; in evening d Mercy changed Death into St exes rose to work & weep Mother of my Mortal par nu I dst mou down Hea. wei 1.0 Se Self utst bind my Nastrila Eyes & Ears edst close my Jongue And me to Mortal Life betray : The Death of Jesus set me free . Then what have I to do with thee?

53 love to rise in a summer morn When the birds sing on every tree; I The distant huntsman winds his horn And the sky-lark sings with me. O, what sweet company But to go to school in a summer more O'rt drives all joy away: Under a cruel eye outworn The little ones spend the day. A Ah'then at times I drooping sit And spend many an anxious hour. Nor in my book can I take delight. Nor sit in learnings hower Worn thus 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 f But droop his tender wing And forget his youthful spring Other & mother, if buds are nipd. And blossoms blown away. And if the tender plants are stripd Of their joy in the springing day. By sorrow and cares dismay How shall the summer arise in joy Or the summer truts appear the Or how shall we gather what oriels de Or bleis the mellowing year When the blats of winter appear.

54 Voice of Fthe Incient Bard . Youth of delight come hither And see the opening morn Image at truth new born Doubt is fled & clouds of reason Dark disputes & artful teazing. Folly is an endlels mage. Tangled roots perplex her ways How many have fullen 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

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SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Introduction

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

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

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

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

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

The Shepherd

How sweet is the Shepherds sweet lot, From the morn to the evening he strays: He shall follow his sheep all the day And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs innocent call, And he hears the ewes tender reply, He is watchful while they are in peace, For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

The Ecchoing Green

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

Old John with white hair Does laugh away care, Sitting under the oak, Among the old folk,

They laugh at our play, And soon they all say. Such such were the joys. When we all girls & boys, In our youth-time were seen, On the Ecchoing Green. Till the little ones weary No more can be merry The sun does descend, And our sports have an end: Round the laps of their mothers, Many sisters and brothers, Like birds in their nest, Are ready for rest; And sport no more seen, On the darkening Green

The Lamb

•

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

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

The Little Black Boy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Blossom

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

Pretty Pretty Robin Under leaves so green A happy Blossom Hears you sobbing sobbing Pretty Pretty Robin Near my Bosom.

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. So your Chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

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

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

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

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

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

The Little Boy Lost

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

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

The Little Boy Found

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

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

Laughing Song

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

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

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

A Cradle Song

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

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

Sweet smiles in the night, Hover over my delight. Sweet smiles Mothers smiles All the livelong night beguiles. Sweet moans, dovelike sighs, Chase not slumber from thy eyes. Sweet moans, sweeter smiles, All the dovelike moans beguiles.

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

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

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

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

The Divine Image

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

For Mercy Pity Peace and Love, Is God our father dear: And Mercy Pity Peace and Love, Is Man his child and care. For Mercy has a human heart Pity, a human face: And Love, the human form divine, And Peace, the human dress.

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

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

Holy Thursday

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

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

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

Night

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

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

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

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

And there the lions ruddy eyes,

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

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

Spring

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

Little Boy Full of joy.

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

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

Nurse's Song

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

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

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

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

Infant Joy

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

Pretty joy! Sweet joy but two days old, Sweet joy I call thee; Thou dost smile. I sing the while Sweet joy befall thee.

A Dream

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

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

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

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

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

On Anothers Sorrow

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O! he gives to us his joy, That our grief he may destroy Till our grief is fled & gone He doth sit by us and moan

SONGS of EXPERIENCE

Introduction

Hear the voice of the Bard! Who Present, Past, & Future sees Whose ears have heard, The Holy Word, That walk'd among the ancient trees.

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

O Earth O Earth return!

Arise from out the dewy grass; Night is worn, And the morn Rises from the slumberous mass,

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

Earth's Answer

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

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

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

Does spring hide its joy When buds and blossoms grow? Does the sower? Sow by night? Or the plowman in darkness plow? Break this heavy chain, That does freeze my bones around Selfish! vain! Eternal bane! That free Love with bondage bound.

The clod & the Pebble

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

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

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

Holy Thursday

Is this a holy thing to see, In a rich and fruitful land, Babes reduced to misery, Fed with cold and 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 & bare. And their ways are fill'd with thorns. It is eternal winter there.

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

The Little Girl Lost

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And her bosom lick, And upon her neck, From his eyes of flame, Ruby tears there came; While the lioness, Loos'd her slender dress, And naked they convey'd Tocaves the sleeping maid.

The Little Girl Found

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

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

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

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

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

In his arms he bore, Her arm'd with sorrow sore; Till before their way, A couching lion lay. Turning back was vain, Soon his heavy mane, Bore them to the ground; Then he stalk'd around,

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Chimney Sweeper

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

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

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

Nurses Song

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

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

The Sick Rose

O Rose thou art sick. The invisible worm, That flies in the night In the howling storm: Has found out thy bed Of crimson joy: And his dark secret love Does thy life destroy.

The Fly

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

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

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

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

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

The Angel

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

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

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

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

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright, In the forests of the night; What immortal hand or eye, Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies. Burnt the fire of thine eyes? On what wings dare he aspire? What the hand, dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art, Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to beat, What dread hand? & what dread feet? What the hammer? what the chain, In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil? what dread grasp, Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears And water'd heaven with their tears: Did he smile his work to see? Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright, In the forests of the night: What immortal hand or eye, Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

My Pretty Rose Tree

A flower was offerd 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 turnd away with jealousy: And her thorns were my only delight.

Ah! Sun-Flower

Ah Sun-flower! weary of time, Who countest the steps of the Sun: Seeking after that sweet golden clime Where the travellers journey is done. Where the Youth pined away with desire, And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow: Arise from their graves and aspire, Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

The Lilly

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn: The humble Sheep, a threatning horn: While the Lilly white, shall in Love delight, Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.

The Garden of Love

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

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

And I saw it was filled with graves, And tomb-stones where flowers should be: And Priests in black gowns, were walking their rounds, And binding with briars, my joys & desires.

The Little Vagabond

Dear Mother, dear Mother, the Church is cold, But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm; Besides I can tell where I am use'd well, Such usage in heaven will never do well.

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

Then the Parson might preach & drink & sing. And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring: And modest dame Lurch, who is always at Church, 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 & give him both drink and apparel.

London

I wander thro' each charter'd street, Near where the charter'd Thames does flow. And mark in every face I meet Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man, In every Infants cry of fear, In every voice: in every ban, The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

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

But most thro' midnight streets I hear How the youthful Harlots curse Blasts the new-born Infants tear And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

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 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 Catterpiller and Fly, Feed on the Mystery.

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

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

Infant Sorrow

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

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

A Poison Tree

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

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

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

And into my garden stole, When the night had veild the pole; In the morning glad I see; My foe outstretchd beneath the tree.

A Little Boy Lost

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Little Girl Lost

Children of the future Age, Reading this indignant page; Know that in a former time. Love! sweet Love! was thought a crime. In the Age of Gold, Free from winters cold: Youth and maiden bright, To the holy light, Naked in the sunny beams delight.

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

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

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

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

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

To Tirzah

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

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

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

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

[written on illustration:] It is Raised a Spiritual Body

The School Boy

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

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

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

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

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

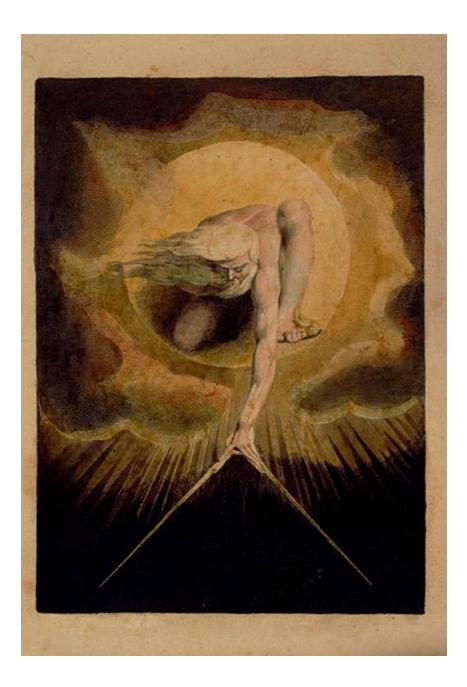
How shall the summer arise in joy. Or the summer fruits appear, Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy Or bless the mellowing year, When the blasts of winter appear.

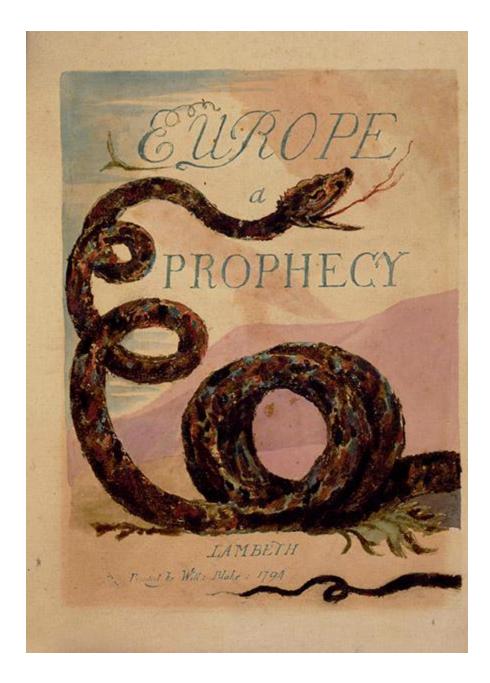
The Voice of the Ancient Bard

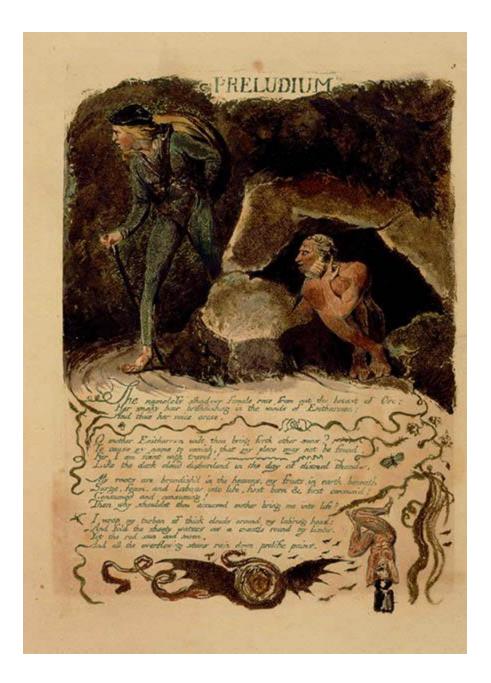
Youth of delight come hither: And see the opening morn, Image of truth new born. Doubt is fled & clouds of reason. Dark disputes & artful teazing. Folly is an endless maze, Tangled roots perplex her ways, How many have fallen there! They stumble all night over bones of the dead; And feel they know not what but care; And wish to lead others when they should be led.

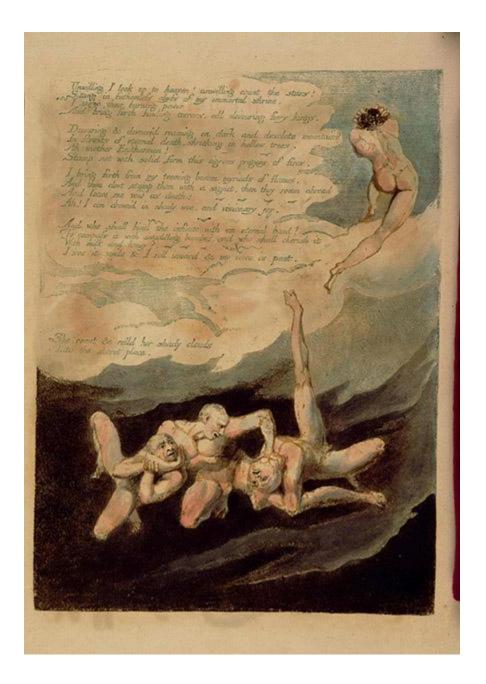
Europe A Prophecy (1794)

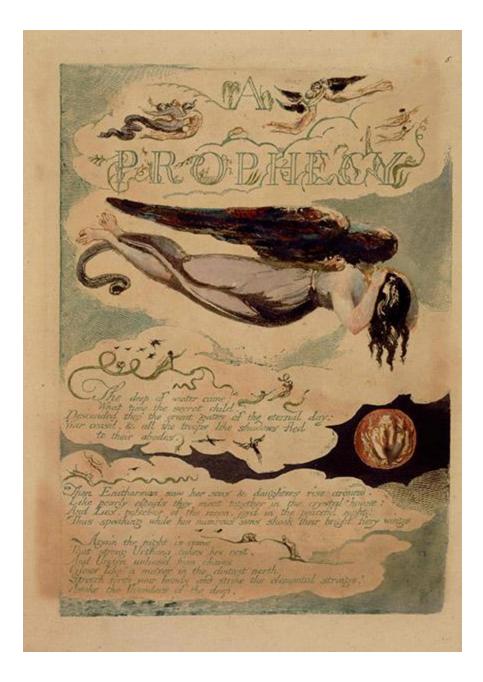
Plates



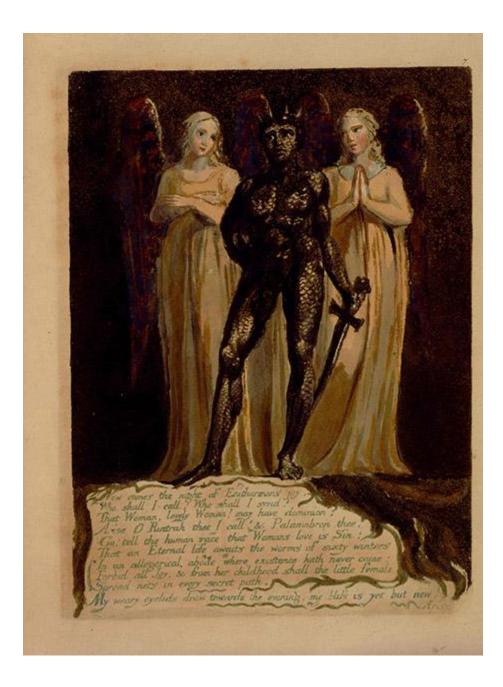


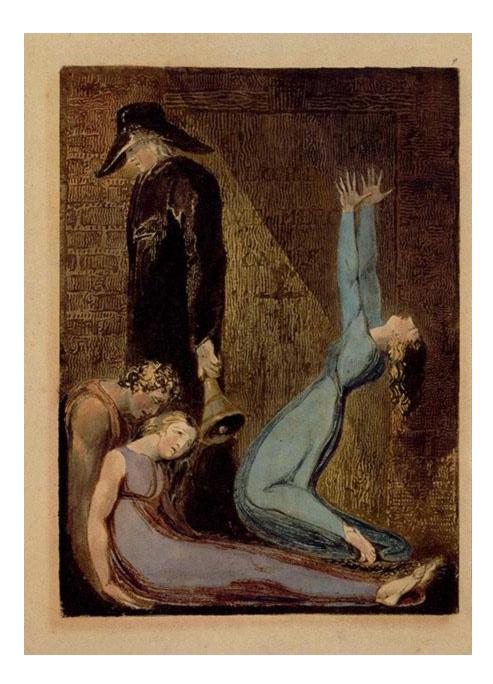


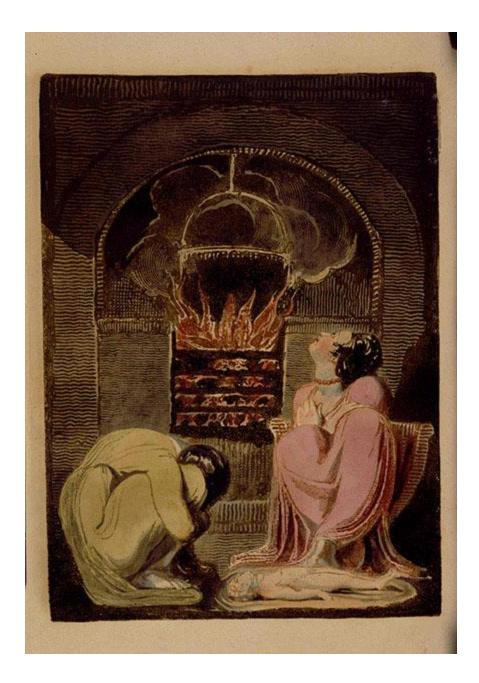


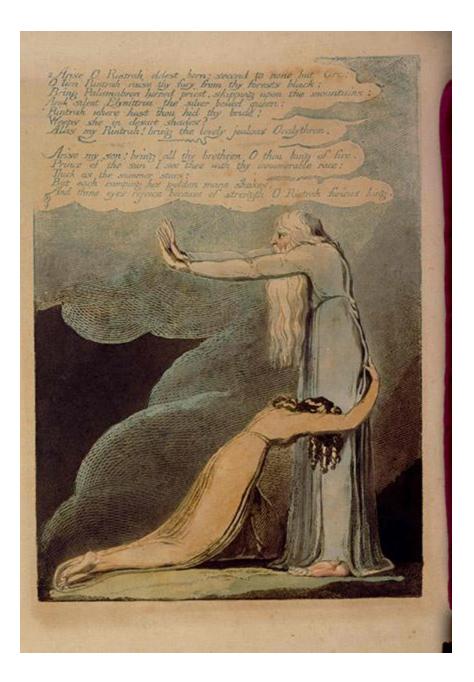


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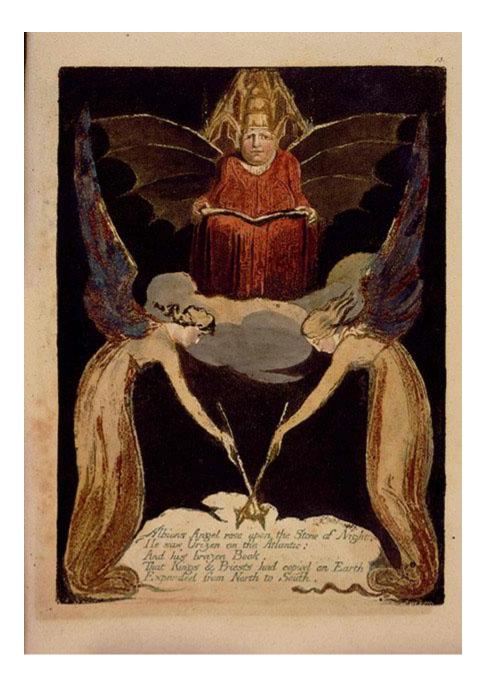








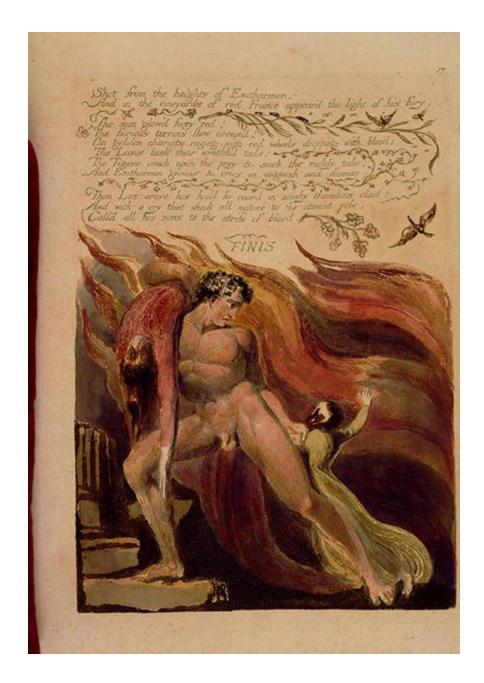
A PROVED In thought perturbed they case from the bright rules silent, ing they King, who saught has ancent tomple surport-hand that stretches out its sharfy length along the Island share. Bound has collid his clouds of war, salent the Magel went, Along the infinite shores of Thames to polden Verulan. There stand the venerable parties that high-towering rear Their cak-surrounded patients, have do water stores much with tool; stress process; such estimat in the horizons, uncat With tool; stress process; such estimat in the horizons, uncat With tool; stress process; such estimat in the horizons, Pressil in the order of the stress when the too the garke. Placed in the order of the stress when the two tooses when do a deluge car the earth bar man, then turid be back eres by delaye our the earth barn man; then turn't the floade great Into two stationary orby, concentrating all things. The ever-mining spiral ascents to the heavens of heavens Were bouled downward; and the nostrils stin was shut Turned outward, barred and petrified against the infinite. Thought changed the white to a serpent, that which petieth: To a decouring floore; and man that from its floor and hid. In herests of wight; then all the eternal forests were divided but metho rolling in circles of space, that like an ocean Inter energies resting to concern this finite wall of flesh. There was the servent temple formit, image of intinite Shut up on finite revolutions, and man became an Abird; Heavier a mighty circle turning; God a torant crowind. rop New arrived the ancient Guardian at the southern parch that planted thack with trees of blackest load, is in a vale Obscure undered the Stone of Wight ablique it stord, only With purple Revers and berries red image of that sweet sout Open of an to the busined and elevated on the human neck. 60 New avergrown with bair and covered with a story root for Downward is such beneath that raction with that court the I require muchows branes the diggy enquirer to his group.



And the double is here your cells routed in the maple of Earthworman Read Alliance differ to Londone wells : still Earthworman short : Helling alamas of gray must work to Churches, Planeet, Inners : The layers werkapped has been to have the pound hymenes, commelled the best of England hid a your curve the pound hymenes, commelled the best of England hid a your curve the pound hymenes, commelled the best of the present to the base of the sector permits and the the best of the present by those converted one have the present the sector to the sector the base of the sector of the lay such as the present by those converted one Leander of these they see the base to the sector the base of the sector of the here see the present to the last does the sector and the sector. They mand the sector to the last does be the these there there to be been the the to be of the sector of the base of the these of the they mand the sector of the last does the these there there there the Sectors the terms of the last does the the there there there the the they have the base of the sector the base of the there there there there there the they have the terms of the last does the there there there there there there there the they have the terms of the last does the terms of the terms of the there the terms of Convertien of the energy of the land of the lines of the l

The red limbid Angel sied in horror and torment : The red limbid Angel sied in horror and torment : The Trump of the last down : but he could not blow the iran tube : Threes he about presentations to away, the dead to judgment. Trump Arevian : he wayd the brump, & blowd up enormous blast ! Then Arevian : he wayd the brump, & blowd up enormous blast ! He he he waity shows seeking the land of Albien . The the waity shows seeking and lomentation. The Enother house beness in Earling and lomentation. The enother house beness were fled And eighten hundred years were fled See they her crystal house : And thus her song proceeds. Arise Libindus' the the earth were call Arise Fithinthus the the earth norm call but him call in years ; shadows Will the night of help shadows And human solution is past !

hinthus queen of waters, how they shinest in the sh : daughter how do I rejouor the try children thek around of the gay liches on the war, when the cold need drinks the unthus, they art sweet as consists to an funding soul . It's now the mater warble read the het of Eastharman. 22 within Vererian 'I beheld they llaming in very halls, pht of the mathews soul 'I see the levels angles reary golden wenges are no delight. To the flames of sol are is no luring bird of Edos ! Leidha silent low ! that, the many closer low delights upon the wenges it soul of flowers Leither the soul of flowers Leither and sould protectore. I see the blashing light inter some many changing relie like smeet pertunes assending O Leitha solken on the sweet performes as Antonia the second wilt them Sother & Theredother, secret deallars of dimension energy, here and please the horizont build soll with matchings strengthere. Such all once to children the horizon build for matchings strengthere build some for children the solution for all the real light. She could be all gas our mantanes for all the real light. She could be all gas our mantanes for all the solution man that and the solution of the solution are solved to solve the first other build for parts the encount songer. That nature left the solver to be encounts rept. Then every one field to has solution to Encidements wept. But perilie Ore, when he beheld the morning in this east State and the second se



Text

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Five windows light the cavern'd Man; thro' one he breathes the air; Thro' one, hears music of the spheres; thro' one, the eternal vine Flourishes, that he may recieve the grapes; thro' one can look. And see small portions of the eternal world that ever groweth; Thro' one, himself pass out what time he please, but he will not; For stolen joys are sweet, & bread eaten in secret pleasant. So sang a Fairy mocking as he sat on a streak'd Tulip, Thinking none saw him: when he ceas'd I started from the trees! And caught him in my hat as boys knock down a butterfly. How know you this said I small Sir? where did you learn this song? Seeing himself in my possession thus he answered me: My master, I am yours. command me, for I must obey. Then tell me, what is the material world, and is it dead? He laughing answer'd: I will write a book on leaves of flowers, If you will feed me on love-thoughts, & give me now and then A cup of sparkling poetic fancies; so when I am tipsie, I'll sing to you to this soft lute; and shew you all alive The world, when every particle of dust breathes forth its joy. I took him home in my warm bosom: as we went along Wild flowers I gatherd; & he shew'd me each eternal flower: He laugh'd aloud to see them whimper because they were pluck'd. They hover'd round me like a cloud of incense: when I came Into my parlour and sat down, and took my pen to write: My Fairy sat upon the table, and dictated EUROPE.

Preludium

The nameless shadowy female rose from out the breast of Orc: Her snaky hair brandishing in the winds of Enitharmon; And thus her voice arose. O mother Enitharmon wilt thou bring forth other sons? To cause my name to vanish, that my place may not be found. For I am faint with travel!

Like the dark cloud disburdend in the day of dismal thunder.

My roots are brandish'd in the heavens. my fruits in earth beneath Surge, foam, and labour into life, first born & first consum'd! Consumed and consuming!

Then why shouldst thou accursed mother bring me into life?

I wrap my turban of thick clouds around my lab'ring head; And fold the sheety waters as a mantle round my limbs. Yet the red sun and moon,

And all the overflowing stars rain down prolific pains.

Unwilling I look up to heaven! unwilling count the stars! Sitting in fathomless abyss of my immortal shrine. I sieze their burning power And bring forth howling terrors, all devouring fiery kings.

Devouring & devoured roaming on dark and desolate mountains In forests of eternal death, shrieking in hollow trees. Ah mother Enitharmon! Stamp not with solid form this vig'rous progeny of fires.

I bring forth from my teeming bosom myriads of flames. And thou dost stamp them with a signet, then they roam abroad And leave me void as death: Ah! I am drown'd in shady woe, and visionary joy.

And who shall bind the infinite with an eternal band? To compass it with swaddling bands? and who shall cherish it With milk and honey? I see it smile & I roll inward & my voice is past.

She ceast & rolld her shady clouds

Into the secret place.

A Prophecy

The deep of winter came; What time the secret child, Descended thro' the orient gates of the eternal day: War ceas'd, & all the troops like shadows fled to their abodes.

Then Enitharmon saw her sons & daughters rise around. Like pearly clouds they meet together in the crystal house: And Los, possessor of the moon, joy'd in the peaceful night: Thus speaking while his num'rous sons shook their bright fiery wings

Again the night is come That strong Urthona takes his rest, And Urizen unloos'd from chains Glows like a meteor in the distant north Stretch forth your hands and strike the elemental strings! Awake the thunders of the deep.

The shrill winds wake Till all the sons of Urizen look out and envy Los: Sieze all the spirits of life and bind Their warbling joys to our loud strings Bind all the nourishing sweets of earth To give us bliss, that we may drink the sparkling wine of Los And let us laugh at war, Despising toil and care, Because the days and nights of joy, in lucky hours renew.

Arise O Orc from thy deep den, First born of Enitharmon rise! And we will crown thy head with garlands of the ruddy vine; For now thou art bound; And I may see thee in the hour of bliss, my eldest born. The horrent Demon rose, surrounded with red stars of fire, Whirling about in furious circles round the immortal fiend.

Then Enitharmon down descended into his red light, And thus her voice rose to her children, the distant heavens reply.

Now comes the night of Enitharmons joy! Who shall I call? Who shall I send? That Woman, lovely Woman! may have dominion? Arise O Rintrah thee I call! & Palamabron thee! Go! tell the human race that Womans love is Sin! That an Eternal life awaits the worms of sixty winters In an allegorical abode where existence hath never come: Forbid all joy, & from her childhood shall the little female Spread nets in every secret path. My weary eyelids draw towards the evening, my bliss is yet but new.

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

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

Enitharmon slept, Eighteen hundred years: Man was a Dream! The night of Nature and their harps unstrung: She slept in middle of her nightly song, Eighteen hundred years, a female dream! Shadows of men in fleeting bands upon the winds: Divide the heavens of Europe: Till Albions Angel smitten with his own plagues fled with his bands The cloud bears hard on Albions shore: Fill'd with immortal demons of futurity: In council gather the smitten Angels of Albion The cloud bears hard upon the council house; down rushing On the heads of Albions Angels.

One hour they lay buried beneath the ruins of that hall; But as the stars rise from the salt lake they arise in pain, In troubled mists o'erclouded by the terrors of strugling times.

In thoughts perturb'd, they rose from the bright ruins silent following The fiery King, who sought his ancient temple serpent-form'd That stretches out its shady length along the Island white. Round him roll'd his clouds of war; silent the Angel went, Along the infinite shores of Thames to golden Verulam. There stand the venerable porches that high-towering rear Their oak-surrounded pillars, form'd of massy stones, uncut With tool; stones precious; such eternal in the heavens, Of colours twelve, few known on earth, give light in the opake, Plac'd in the order of the stars, when the five senses whelm'd In deluge o'er the earth-born man; then turn'd the fluxile eyes Into two stationary orbs, concentrating all things. The ever-varying spiral ascents to the heavens of heavens Were bended downward; and the nostrils golden gates shut Turn'd outward, barr'd and petrify'd against the infinite.

Thought chang'd the infinite to a serpent; that which pitieth: To a devouring flame; and man fled from its face and hid In forests of night; then all the eternal forests were divided Into earths rolling in circles of space, that like an ocean rush'd And overwhelmed all except this finite wall of flesh. Then was the serpent temple form'd, image of infinite Shut up in finite revolutions, and man became an Angel; Heaven a mighty circle turning; God a tyrant crown'd.

Now arriv'd the ancient Guardian at the southern porch, That planted thick with trees of blackest leaf, & in a vale Obscure, inclos'd the Stone of Night; oblique it stood, o'erhung With purple flowers and berries red; image of that sweet south, Once open to the heavens and elevated on the human neck, Now overgrown with hair and coverd with a stony roof, Downward 'tis sunk beneath th' attractive north, that round the feet A raging whirlpool draws the dizzy enquirer to his grave:

Albions Angel rose upon the Stone of Night. He saw Urizen on the Atlantic; And his brazen Book, That Kings & Priests had copied on Earth Expanded from North to South.

And the clouds & fires pale rolld round in the night of Enitharmon Round Albions cliffs & Londons walls; still Enitharmon slept! Rolling volumes of grey mist involve Churches, Palaces, Towers: For Urizen unclaspd his Book: feeding his soul with pity The youth of England hid in gloom curse the paind heavens; compell'd

Into the deadly night to see the form of Albions Angel Their parents brought them forth & aged ignorance preaches canting, On a vast rock, perciev'd by those senses that are clos'd from thought: Bleak, dark, abrupt, it stands & overshadows London city They saw his boney feet on the rock, the flesh consum'd in flames: They saw the Serpent temple lifted above, shadowing the Island white:

They heard the voice of Albions Angel howling in flames of Orc, Seeking the trump of the last doom

Above the rest the howl was heard from Westminster louder & louder: The Guardian of the secret codes forsook his ancient mansion, Driven out by the flames of Orc; his furr'd robes & false locks Adhered and grew one with his flesh, and nerves & veins shot thro' them

With dismal torment sick hanging upon the wind: he fled Groveling along Great George Street thro' the Park gate; all the soldiers

Fled from his sight; he drag'd his torments to the wilderness.

Thus was the howl thro Europe! For Orc rejoic'd to hear the howling shadows But Palamabron shot his lightnings trenching down his wide back And Rintrah hung with all his legions in the nether deep

Enitharmon laugh'd in her sleep to see (O womans triumph) Every house a den, every man bound; the shadows are filld With spectres, and the windows wove over with curses of iron: Over the doors Thou shalt not; & over the chimneys Fear is written: With bands of iron round their necks fasten'd into the walls The citizens: in leaden gives the inhabitants of suburbs

The citizens: in leaden gyves the inhabitants of suburbs Walk heavy: soft and bent are the bones of villagers

Between the clouds of Urizen the flames of Orc roll heavy Around the limbs of Albions Guardian, his flesh consuming. Howlings & hissings, shrieks & groans, & voices of despair Arise around him in the cloudy Heavens of Albion, Furious

The red limb'd Angel siez'd, in horror and torment; The Trump of the last doom; but he could not blow the iron tube! Thrice he assay'd presumptuous to awake the dead to Judgment.

A mighty Spirit leap'd from the land of Albion, Nam'd Newton; he siez'd the Trump, & blow'd the enormous blast! Yellow as leaves of Autumn the myriads of Angelic hosts, Fell thro' the wintry skies seeking their graves; Rattling their hollow bones in howling and lamentation. Then Enitharmon woke, nor knew that she had slept And eighteen hundred years were fled As if they had not been She calld her sons & daughters To the sports of night, Within her crystal house; And thus her song proceeds.

Arise Ethinthus! tho' the earth-worm call; Let him call in vain; Till the night of holy shadows And human solitude is past!

Ethinthus queen of waters, how thou shinest in the sky: My daughter how do I rejoice! for thy children flock around Like the gay fishes on the wave, when the cold moon drinks the dew. Ethinthus! thou art sweet as comforts to my fainting soul: For now thy waters warble round the feet of Enitharmon.

Manathu-Vorcyon! I behold thee flaming in my halls, Light of thy mothers soul! I see thy lovely eagles round; Thy golden wings are my delight, & thy flames of soft delusion.

Where is my lureing bird of Eden! Leutha silent love! Leutha, the many colourd bow delights upon thy wings: Soft soul of flowers Leutha! Sweet smiling pestilence! I see thy blushing light: Thy daughters many changing, Revolve like sweet perfumes ascending O Leutha silken queen!

Where is the youthful Antamon. prince of the pearly dew,O Antamon, why wilt thou leave thy mother Enitharmon?Alone I see thee crystal form,Floting upon the bosomd air:With lineaments of gratified desire.My Antamon the seven churches of Leutha seek thy love.

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

Sotha & Thiralatha, secret dwellers of dreamful caves, Arise and please the horrent fiend with your melodious songs. Still all your thunders golden hoofd, & bind your horses black. Orc! smile upon my children! Smile son of my afflictions. Arise O Orc and give our mountains joy of thy red light.

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

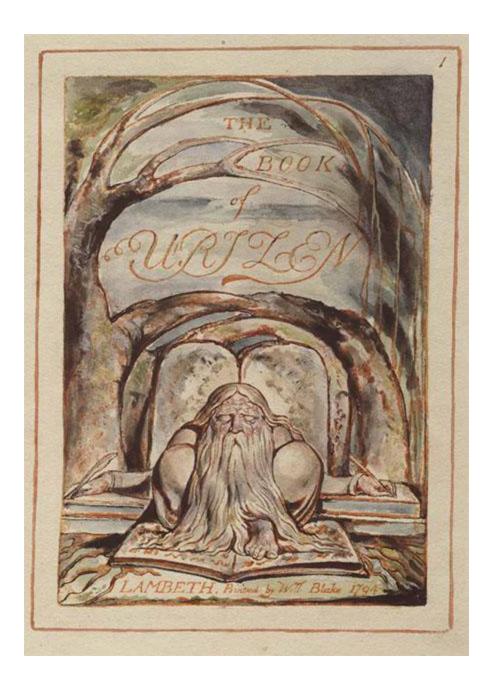
But terrible Orc, when he beheld the morning in the east, Shot from the heights of Enitharmon; And in the vineyards of red France appear'd the light of his fury.

The sun glow'd fiery red! The furious terrors flew around! On golden chariots raging, with red wheels dropping with blood; The Lions lash their wrathful tails! The Tigers couch upon the prey & suck the ruddy tide: And Enitharmon groans & cries in anguish and dismay.

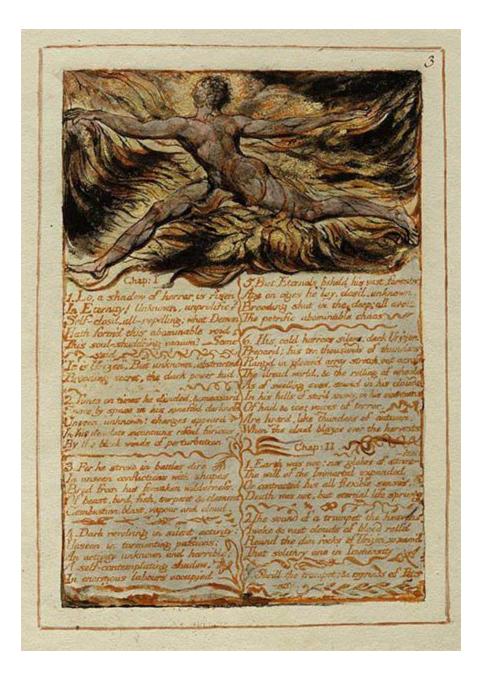
Then Los arose his head he reard in snaky thunders clad: And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pole, Call'd all his sons to the strife of blood.

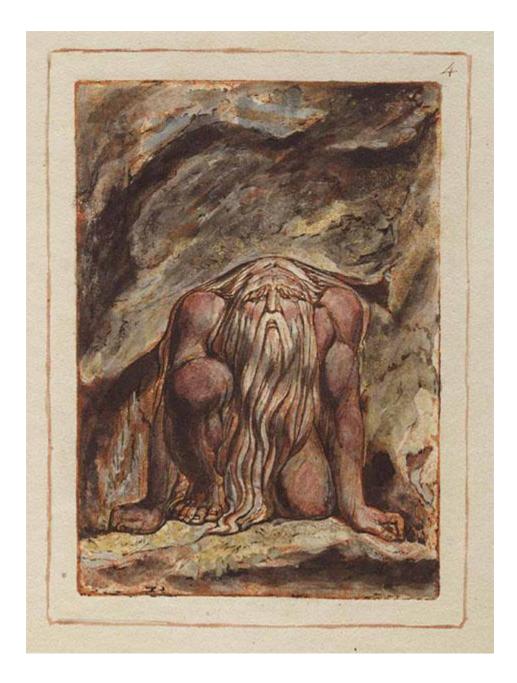
The Book of Urizen (1794)

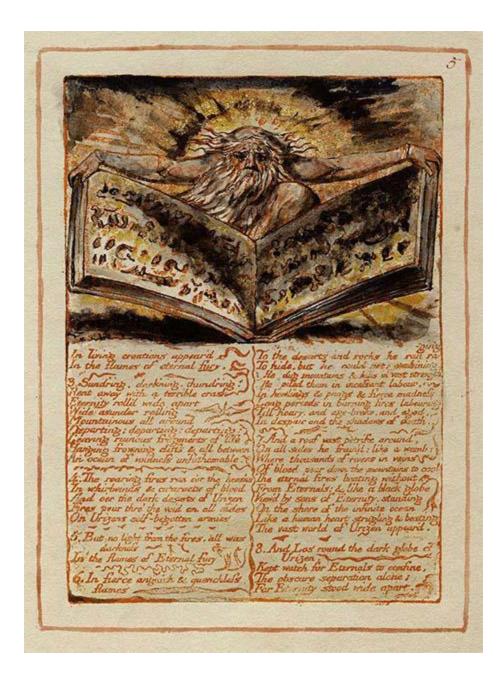
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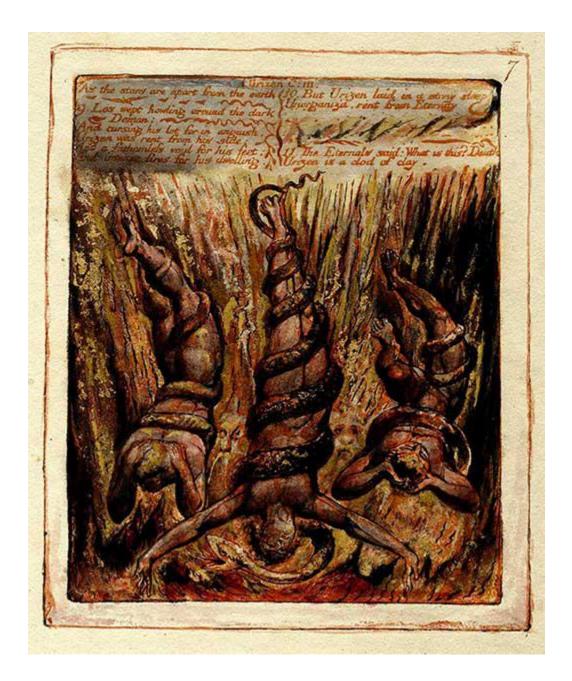


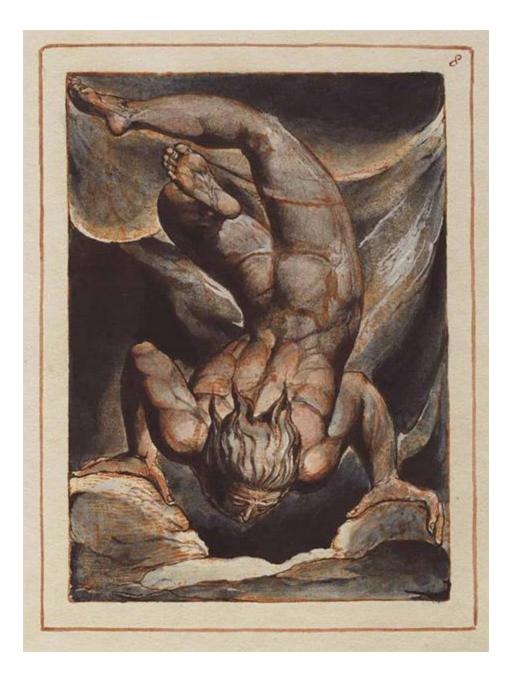


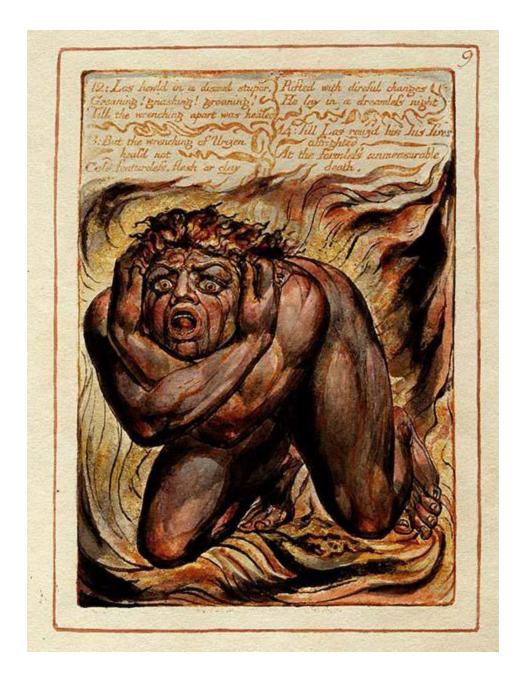


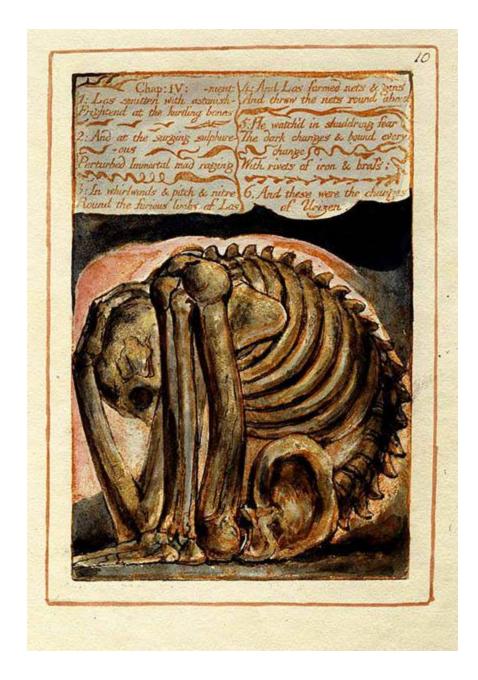




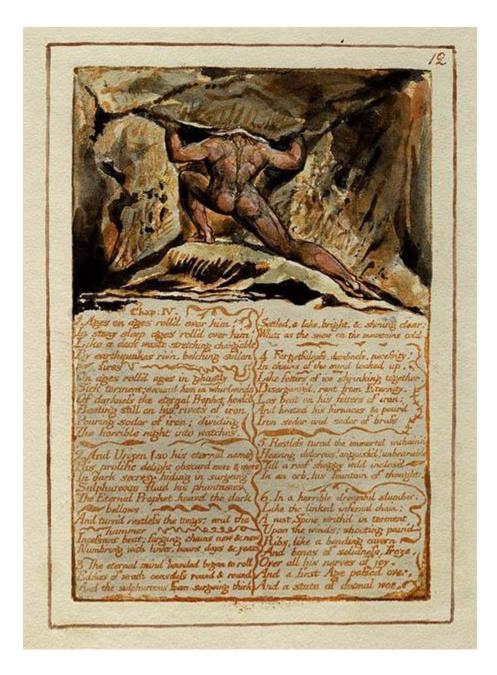


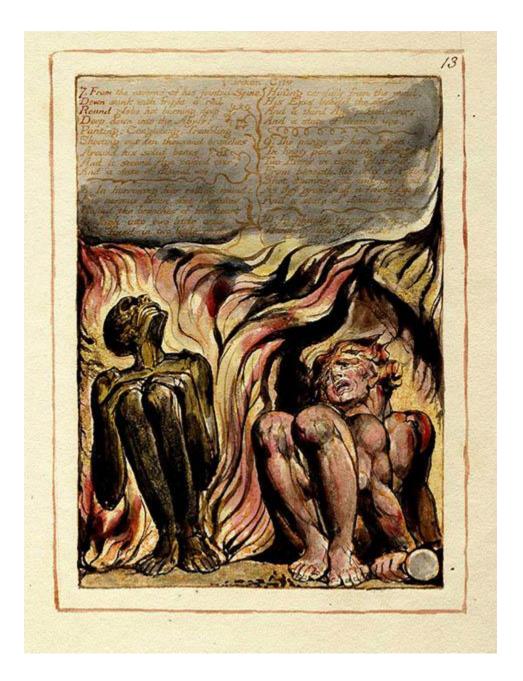


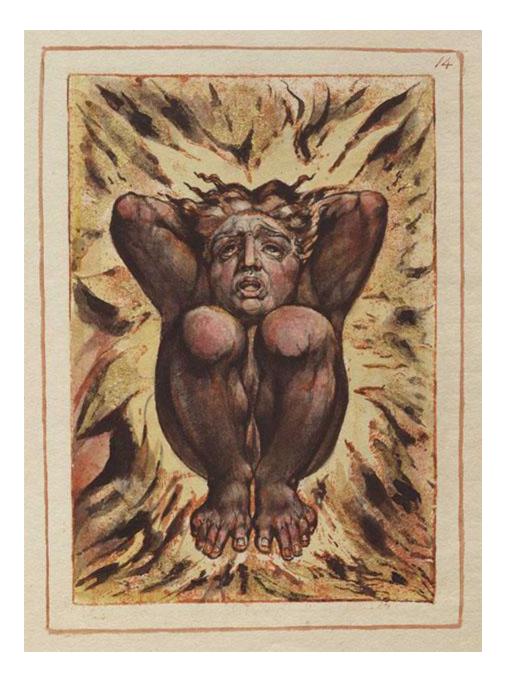




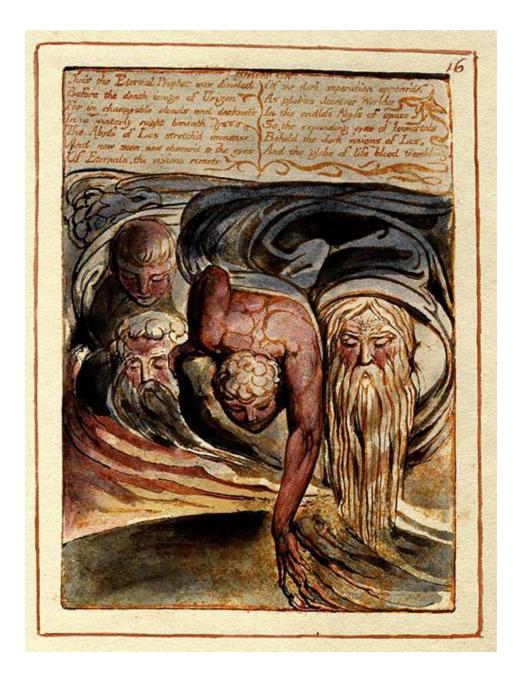


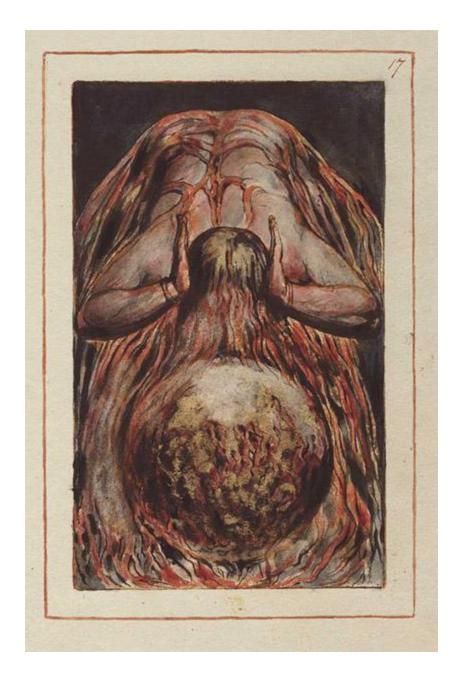


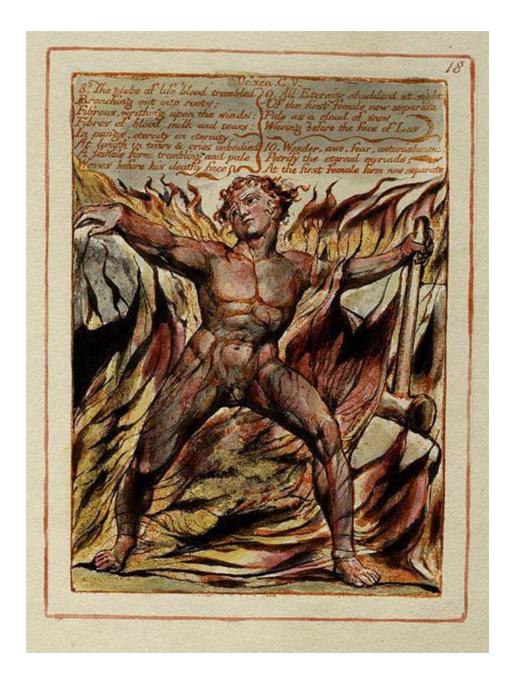


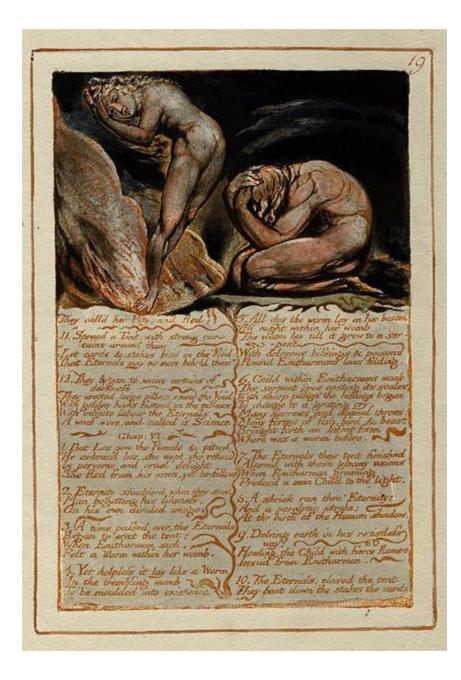


15 Urized GeV Miserils best down to the deep. Is to embling & howing & dismon the a state of dismal new And, a state of dismon we had a state of dismal new And, a state of dismal new In ghastly terment mek : than his rules bloated round. pravny Hungy Careen : Since aress has chemed Thread. This grant hanned the state this there are flames a Jangues this they strang had a cheming. thirst & red Hams a Tongus thirst & d hunger appeared a sixth Bog palsed over : ad a state of dissould were. Enringed & stilled with turnint, three his right Arm to the south bloth Arm to the south attach mut to approch down Had these strang lands in smaller For with assess runness (aud. With hurdings & dashage & gros The Immerial endurit his chains The bound in a dendly steep. 2. All the environts of Every All the modern to for of late : Rell like a sens around lum. tang out in anguish deep his Feet stamped the nather 1.00 apt what his little orthe sight by degrees untold now his stornal life 6. Las ment descend with newrung Six bears northqueld with sight The sam trying deadly black. In his change bound & Ry began In anguath deviding & deviding for pip durders the soul of the party concernity Like in equivate pour down his ---e a dropin was oblicerate Like a dreate was collarvated A Sheeddrarg, for Lagrad Treater server with a stroke, from his another server respon to belling & houser are allow now permitted stlonger, has prophete was light a cold soletade & and sould the Larrad Prophet & Ungen classi Mars on open rolld over them The Cast of Lagra life & light houser than Into harrible farms in discount And Los sufferil has lives to class. out showik the Wandeng with a the basis of a And left a round plate of blo transforz upon the Youd

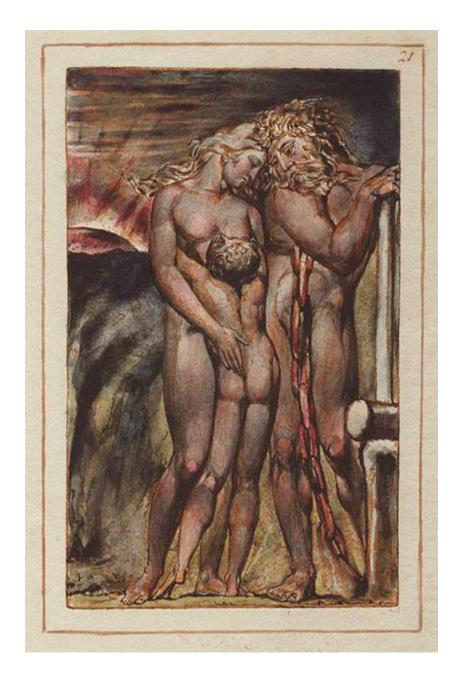


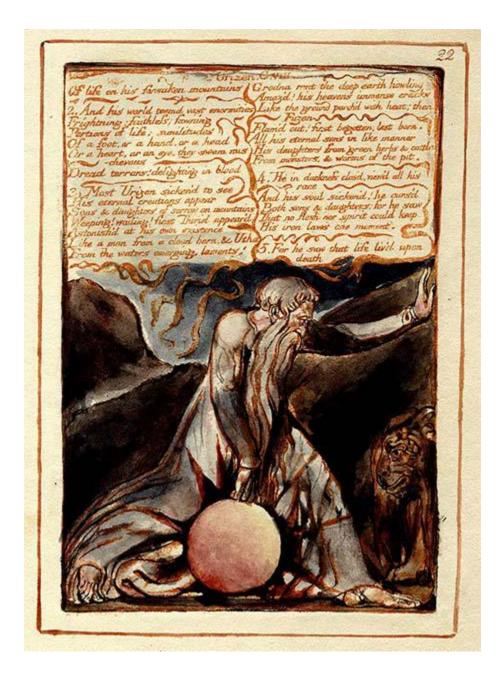




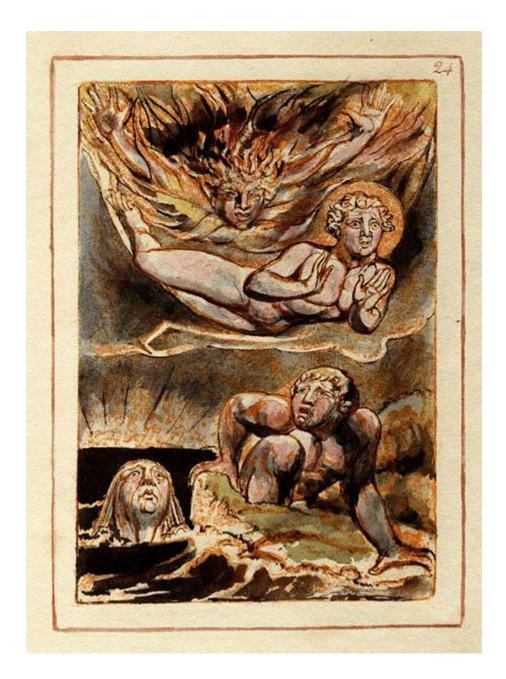


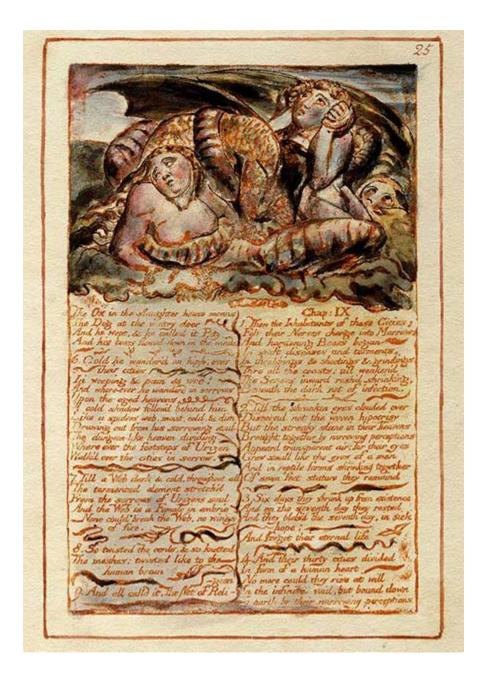
20 Givi Vo mare Los beheld Eternity : The cheed have the voice of the child beyon to enable from sleep Il things heard the voice of the child ad beyon to enable to life . In his hands he swid the into bathad him in springs of sorro gave him to Eintharmon . C And Urizen crassing with Same with the ordered of Explored his dens around The pure him to Exhibitarman . They named the field Oro, he proves the pain of the milk at Existences of the provest of the provide the p And the planted a general the second He formed a line & a planment To duvide the Abyls barrenth. He formed scales to weigh: He formed analy weights: He formed a brown quadrant: He formed a brown quadrant: He formed a brown quadrant: He formed a genter compations And he planted a genter of traits 9. But Los encircled Entharman With three a Prophets From the support of Organ & Orc. To And the hore an exernate mace 10. And she bars an enormous mice 4 They took Ore to the top of a memotium. O how Enthurmon west ! They changed his young tember to ! With the Chain & Jealousy Beneath Universide athird shad Chap. VIII .-1. Urizen explored his dens Mountain, moor & wilderne Wah a place of hire lighting A theartuit journey, annord By could enarmaties; Tarms Grud



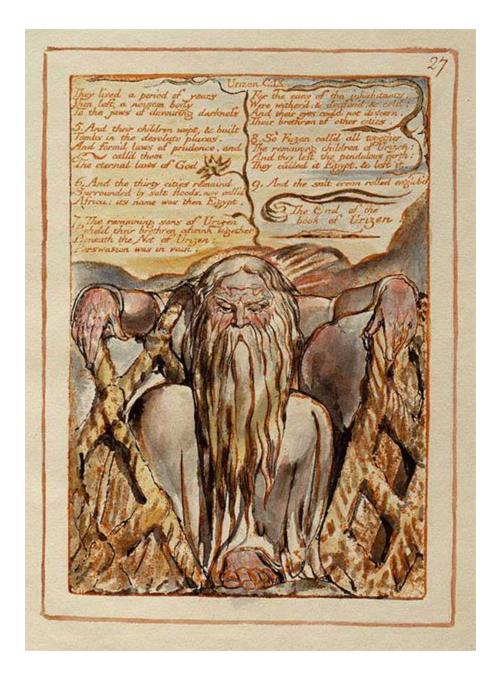












Text

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Preludium to the book of urizen

Of the primeval Priests assum'd power, When Eternals spurn'd back his religion; And gave him a place in the north, Obscure, shadowy, void, solitary.

Eternals I hear your call gladly, Dictate swift winged words, & fear not To unfold your dark visions of torment.

Chap: I

1. Lo, a shadow of horror is risen In Eternity! Unknown, unprolific! Self-closd, all-repelling: what Demon Hath form'd this abominable void This soul-shudd'ring vacuum?--Some said "It is Urizen", But unknown, abstracted Brooding secret, the dark power hid.

2.Times on times he divided, & measur'd Space by space in his ninefold darkness Unseen, unknown! changes appeard In his desolate mountains rifted furious By the black winds of perturbation

3. For he strove in battles dire In unseen conflictions with shapes Bred from his forsaken wilderness, Of beast, bird, fish, serpent & element Combustion, blast, vapour and cloud.

4. Dark revolving in silent activity:Unseen in tormenting passions;An activity unknown and horrible;A self-contemplating shadow,In enormous labours occupied

5. But Eternals beheld his vast forests Age on ages he lay, clos'd, unknown Brooding shut in the deep; all avoid The petrific abominable chaos

6. His cold horrors silent, dark Urizen Prepar'd: his ten thousands of thunders Rang'd in gloom'd array stretch out across The dread world, & the rolling of wheels As of swelling seas, sound in his clouds In his hills of stor'd snows, in his mountains Of hail & ice; voices of terror, Are heard, like thunders of autumn, When the cloud blazes over the harvests

Chap: II

 Earth was not: nor globes of attraction The will of the Immortal expanded Or contracted his all flexible senses.
 Death was not, but eternal life sprung

2. The sound of a trumpet the heavens Awoke & vast clouds of blood roll'd Round the dim rocks of Urizen, so nam'd That solitary one in Immensity

3. Shrill the trumpet: & myriads of Eternity,

Muster around the bleak desarts Now fill'd with clouds, darkness & waters That roll'd perplex'd labring & utter'd Words articulate, bursting in thunders That roll'd on the tops of his mountains

4: From the depths of dark solitude. From The eternal abode in my holiness, Hidden set apart in my stern counsels Reserv'd for the days of futurity, I have sought for a joy without pain, For a solid without fluctuation Why will you die O Eternals? Why live in unquenchable burnings?

5 First I fought with the fire; consum'd Inwards, into a deep world within: A void immense, wild dark & deep, Where nothing was: Natures wide womb And self balanc'd stretch'd o'er the void I alone, even I! the winds merciless Bound; but condensing, in torrents They fall & fall; strong I repell'd The vast waves, & arose on the waters A wide world of solid obstruction

6. Here alone I in books formd of metals Have written the secrets of wisdom The secrets of dark contemplation By fightings and conflicts dire, With terrible monsters Sin-bred: Which the bosoms of all inhabit; Seven deadly Sins of the soul.

7. Lo! I unfold my darkness: and on This rock, place with strong hand the Book Of eternal brass, written in my solitude. 8. Laws of peace, of love, of unity:Of pity, compassion, forgiveness.Let each chuse one habitation:His ancient infinite mansion:One command, one joy, one desire,One curse, one weight, one measureOne King, one God, one Law.

Chap: III

1. The voice ended, they saw his pale visage Emerge from the darkness; his hand On the rock of eternity unclasping The Book of brass. Rage siez'd the strong

2. Rage, fury, intense indignationIn cataracts of fire blood & gallIn whirlwinds of sulphurous smoke:And enormous forms of energy;All the seven deadly sins of the soulIn living creations appear'dIn the flames of eternal fury.

3. Sund'ring, dark'ning, thund'ring!
Rent away with a terrible crash
Eternity roll'd wide apart
Wide asunder rolling
Mountainous all around
Departing; departing; departing:
Leaving ruinous fragments of life
Hanging frowning cliffs & all between
An ocean of voidness unfathomable.

4. The roaring fires ran o'er the heav'ns In whirlwinds & cataracts of blood And o'er the dark desarts of Urizen Fires pour thro' the void on all sides On Urizens self-begotten armies.

5. But no light from the fires. all was darkness In the flames of Eternal fury

6. In fierce anguish & quenchless flames To the desarts and rocks He ran raging To hide, but He could not: combining He dug mountains & hills in vast strength, He piled them in incessant labour, In howlings & pangs & fierce madness Long periods in burning fires labouring Till hoary, and age-broke, and aged, In despair and the shadows of death.

7. And a roof, vast petrific around, On all sides He fram'd: like a womb; Where thousands of rivers in veins Of blood pour down the mountains to cool The eternal fires beating without From Eternals; & like a black globe View'd by sons of Eternity, standing On the shore of the infinite ocean Like a human heart strugling & beating The vast world of Urizen appear'd.

8. And Los round the dark globe of Urizen,Kept watch for Eternals to confine,The obscure separation alone;For Eternity stood wide apart,As the stars are apart from the earth

9. Los wept howling around the dark Demon: And cursing his lot; for in anguish, Urizen was rent from his side; And a fathomless void for his feet; And intense fires for his dwelling. 10. But Urizen laid in a stony sleep Unorganiz'd, rent from Eternity

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

12: Los howld in a dismal stupor,Groaning! gnashing! groaning!Till the wrenching apart was healed

13: But the wrenching of Urizen heal'd not Cold, featureless, flesh or clay, Rifted with direful changes He lay in a dreamless night

14: Till Los rouz'd his fires, affrighted At the formless unmeasurable death.

Chap: IVa

1: Los smitten with astonishment Frightend at the hurtling bones

2: And at the surging sulphureous Perturbed Immortal mad raging

3: In whirlwinds & pitch & nitre Round the furious limbs of Los

4: And Los formed nets & gins And threw the nets round about

5: He watch'd in shuddring fear The dark changes & bound every change With rivets of iron & brass;

6. And these were the changes of Urizen.

Chap: IVb

1. Ages on ages roll'd over him! In stony sleep ages roll'd over him! Like a dark waste stretching chang'able By earthquakes riv'n, belching sullen fires On ages roll'd ages in ghastly Sick torment; around him in whirlwinds Of darkness the eternal Prophet howl'd Beating still on his rivets of iron Pouring sodor of iron; dividing The horrible night into watches.

And Urizen (so his eternal name)
 His prolific delight obscurd more & more
 In dark secresy hiding in surgeing
 Sulphureous fluid his phantasies.
 The Eternal Prophet heavd the dark bellows,
 And turn'd restless the tongs; and the hammer
 Incessant beat; forging chains new & new
 Numb'ring with links. hours, days & years

3. The eternal mind bounded began to roll Eddies of wrath ceaseless round & round, And the sulphureous foam surgeing thick Settled, a lake, bright, & shining clear: White as the snow on the mountains cold.

4. Forgetfulness, dumbness, necessity! In chains of the mind locked up, Like fetters of ice shrinking together Disorganiz'd, rent from Eternity, Los beat on his fetters of iron; And heated his furnaces & pour'd Iron sodor and sodor of brass 5. Restless turnd the immortal inchain'd Heaving dolorous! anguish'd! unbearable Till a roof shaggy wild inclos'd In an orb, his fountain of thought.

6. In a horrible dreamful slumber; Like the linked infernal chain; A vast Spine writh'd in torment Upon the winds; shooting pain'd Ribs, like a bending cavern And bones of solidness, froze Over all his nerves of joy. And a first Age passed over, And a state of dismal woe.

7. From the caverns of his jointed Spine, Down sunk with fright a red Round globe hot burning deep Deep down into the Abyss:
Panting: Conglobing, Trembling Shooting out ten thousand branches Around his solid bones.
And a second Age passed over, And a state of dismal woe.

8. In harrowing fear rolling round; His nervous brain shot branches Round the branches of his heart. On high into two little orbs And fixed in two little caves Hiding carefully from the wind, His Eyes beheld the deep, And a third Age passed over: And a state of dismal woe.

9. The pangs of hope began,In heavy pain striving, struggling.Two Ears in close volutions.

From beneath his orbs of vision Shot spiring out and petrified As they grew. And a fourth Age passed And a state of dismal woe.

10. In ghastly torment sick;Hanging upon the wind;Two Nostrils bent down to the deep.And a fifth Age passed over;And a state of dismal woe.

11. In ghastly torment sick;Within his ribs bloated round,A craving Hungry Cavern;Thence arose his channeld Throat,And like a red flame a TongueOf thirst & of hunger appeard.And a sixth Age passed over:And a state of dismal woe.

12. Enraged & stifled with torment He threw his right Arm to the north His left Arm to the south Shooting out in anguish deep, And his Feet stampd the nether Abyss In trembling & howling & dismay. And a seventh Age passed over: And a state of dismal woe.

Chap: V

 In terrors Los shrunk from his task: His great hammer fell from his hand: His fires beheld, and sickening, Hid their strong limbs in smoke. For with noises ruinous loud; With hurtlings & clashings & groans The Immortal endur'd his chains, Tho' bound in a deadly sleep.

2. All the myriads of Eternity: All the wisdom & joy of life: Roll like a sea around him, Except what his little orbs Of sight by degrees unfold.

3. And now his eternal life Like a dream was obliterated

4. Shudd'ring, the Eternal Prophet smote With a stroke, from his north to south region The bellows & hammer are silent now A nerveless silence, his prophetic voice Siez'd; a cold solitude & dark void The Eternal Prophet & Urizen clos'd

5. Ages on ages rolld over them Cut off from life & light frozen Into horrible forms of deformity Los suffer'd his fires to decay Then he look'd back with anxious desire But the space undivided by existence Struck horror into his soul.

6. Los wept obscur'd with mourning:His bosom earthquak'd with sighs;He saw Urizen deadly black,In his chains bound, & Pity began,

7. In anguish dividing & dividing For pity divides the soul In pangs eternity on eternity Life in cataracts pourd down his cliffs The void shrunk the lymph into Nerves

Wand'ring wide on the bosom of night And left a round globe of blood Trembling upon the Void Thus the Eternal Prophet was divided Before the death-image of Urizen For in changeable clouds and darkness In a winterly night beneath, The Abyss of Los stretch'd immense: And now seen, now obscur'd, to the eyes Of Eternals, the visions remote Of the dark seperation appear'd. As glasses discover Worlds In the endless Abyss of space, So the expanding eyes of Immortals Beheld the dark visions of Los, And the globe of life blood trembling

8. The globe of life blood trembled Branching out into roots;Fib'rous, writhing upon the winds;Fibres of blood, milk and tears;In pangs, eternity on eternity.At length in tears & cries imbodiedA female form trembling and paleWaves before his deathy face

9. All Eternity shudderd at sight Of the first female now separate Pale as a cloud of snow Waving before the face of Los

10. Wonder, awe, fear, astonishment,Petrify the eternal myriads;At the first female form now separateThey call'd her Pity, and fled

11. "Spread a Tent, with strong curtains around them "Let cords & stakes bind in the Void That Eternals may no more behold them"

12. They began to weave curtains of darkness They erected large pillars round the Void With golden hooks fastend in the pillars With infinite labour the Eternals A woof wove, and called it Science

Chap: VI

1. But Los saw the Female & pitied He embrac'd her, she wept, she refus'd In perverse and cruel delight She fled from his arms, yet he followd

 Eternity shudder'd when they saw, Man begetting his likeness, On his own divided image.

3. A time passed over, the EternalsBegan to erect the tent;When Enitharmon sick,Felt a Worm within her womb.

4. Yet helpless it lay like a Worm In the trembling womb To be moulded into existence

5. All day the worm lay on her bosom All night within her womb The worm lay till it grew to a serpent With dolorous hissings & poisons Round Enitharmons loins folding,

6. Coild within Enitharmons womb The serpent grew casting its scales, With sharp pangs the hissings began To change to a grating cry, Many sorrows and dismal throes, Many forms of fish, bird & beast, Brought forth an Infant form Where was a worm before.

7. The Eternals their tent finished Alarm'd with these gloomy visions When Enitharmon groaning Produc'd a man Child to the light.

8. A shriek ran thro' Eternity:And a paralytic stroke;At the birth of the Human shadow.

9. Delving earth in his resistless way; Howling, the Child with fierce flames Issu'd from Enitharmon.

10. The Eternals, closed the tent They beat down the stakes the cords Stretch'd for a work of eternity; No more Los beheld Eternity.

11. In his hands he siez'd the infant He bathed him in springs of sorrow He gave him to Enitharmon.

Chap. VII

1. They named the child Orc, he grew Fed with milk of Enitharmon

2. Los awoke her; O sorrow & pain!A tight'ning girdle grew,Around his bosom. In sobbingsHe burst the girdle in twain,

But still another girdle Opressd his bosom, In sobbings Again he burst it. Again Another girdle succeeds The girdle was form'd by day; By night was burst in twain.

3. These falling down on the rock Into an iron Chain In each other link by link lock'd

4. They took Orc to the top of a mountain.O how Enitharmon wept!They chain'd his young limbs to the rockWith the Chain of JealousyBeneath Urizens deathful shadow

5. The dead heard the voice of the child And began to awake from sleep All things. heard the voice of the child And began to awake to life.

6. And Urizen craving with hunger Stung with the odours of Nature Explor'd his dens around

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

8. He formed scales to weigh;He formed massy weights;He formed a brazen quadrant;He formed golden compassesAnd began to explore the AbyssAnd he planted a garden of fruits

9. But Los encircled Enitharmon

With fires of Prophecy From the sight of Urizen & Orc.

10. And she bore an enormous race

Chap. VIII

 Urizen explor'd his dens Mountain, moor, & wilderness, With a globe of fire lighting his journey A fearful journey, annoy'd By cruel enormities: forms Of life on his forsaken mountains

2. And his world teemd vast enormities Frightning; faithless; fawning Portions of life; similitudes Of a foot, or a hand, or a head Or a heart, or an eye, they swam mischevous Dread terrors! delighting in blood

3. Most Urizen sicken'd to see His eternal creations appear Sons & daughters of sorrow on mountains Weeping! wailing! first Thiriel appear'd Astonish'd at his own existence Like a man from a cloud born, & Utha From the waters emerging, laments! Grodna rent the deep earth howling Amaz'd! his heavens immense cracks Like the ground parch'd with heat; then Fuzon Flam'd out! first begotten, last born. All his eternal sons in like manner His daughters from green herbs & cattle From monsters, & worms of the pit. 4. He in darkness clos'd, view'd all his race, And his soul sicken'd! he curs'd Both sons & daughters; for he saw That no flesh nor spirit could keep His iron laws one moment.

5. For he saw that life liv'd upon death The Ox in the slaughter house moans The Dog at the wintry door And he wept, & he called it Pity And his tears flowed down on the winds

6. Cold he wander'd on high, over their cities In weeping & pain & woe! And where-ever he wanderd in sorrows Upon the aged heavens A cold shadow follow'd behind him Like a spiders web, moist, cold, & dim Drawing out from his sorrowing soul The dungeon-like heaven dividing. Where ever the footsteps of Urizen Walk'd over the cities in sorrow.

7. Till a Web dark & cold, throughout all The tormented element stretch'd From the sorrows of Urizens soul And the Web is a Female in embrio None could break the Web, no wings of fire.

8. So twisted the cords, & so knotted The meshes: twisted like to the human brain

9. And all calld it, The Net of Religion

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 throbbings & shootings & grindings Thro' all the coasts; till weaken'd The Senses inward rush'd shrinking, Beneath the dark net of infection.

2. Till the shrunken eyes clouded over Discernd not the woven hipocrisy But the streaky slime in their heavens Brought together by narrowing perceptions Appeard transparent air; for their eyes Grew small like the eyes of a man And in reptile forms shrinking together Of seven feet stature they remaind

3. Six days they shrunk up from existenceAnd on the seventh day they restedAnd they bless'd the seventh day, in sick hope:And forgot their eternal life

4. And their thirty cities divided In form of a human heart No more could they rise at will In the infinite void, but bound down To earth by their narrowing perceptions They lived a period of years Then left a noisom body To the jaws of devouring darkness

5. And their children wept, & built Tombs in the desolate places, And form'd laws of prudence, and call'd them The eternal laws of God

6. And the thirty cities remaind Surrounded by salt floods, now call'd Africa: its name was then Egypt.

7. The remaining sons of Urizen Beheld their brethren shrink together Beneath the Net of Urizen; Perswasion was in vain; For the ears of the inhabitants, Were wither'd, & deafen'd, & cold: And their eyes could not discern, Their brethren of other cities.

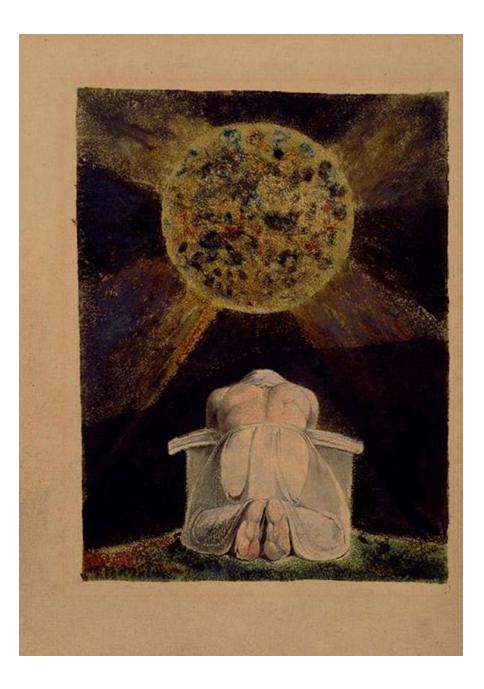
8. So Fuzon call'd all together The remaining children of Urizen: And they left the pendulous earth: They called it Egypt, & left it.

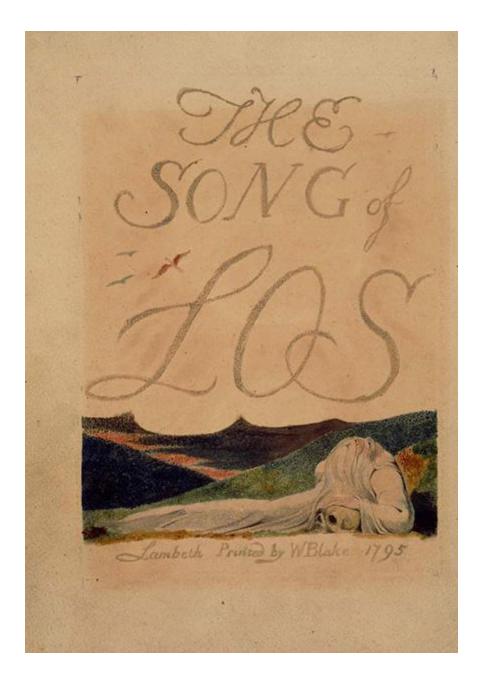
9. And the salt ocean rolled englob'd

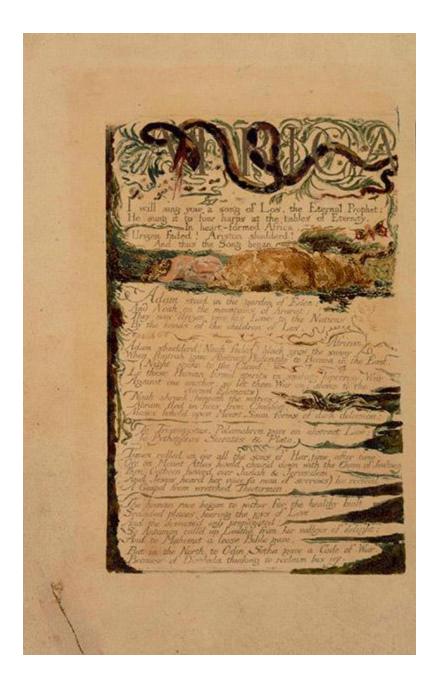
* * *The End of the Book of Urizen* * *

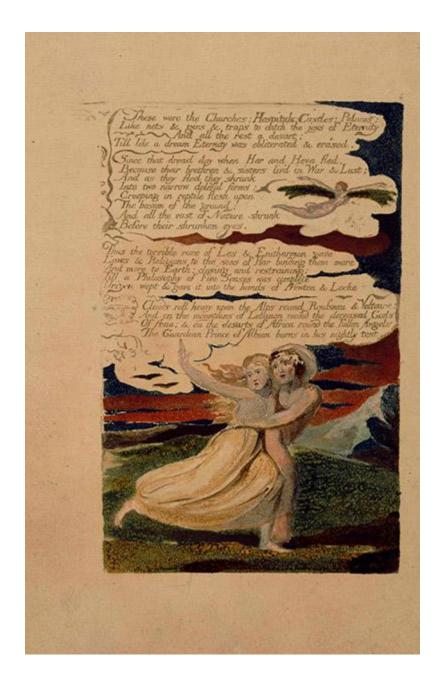
The Song of Los (1795)

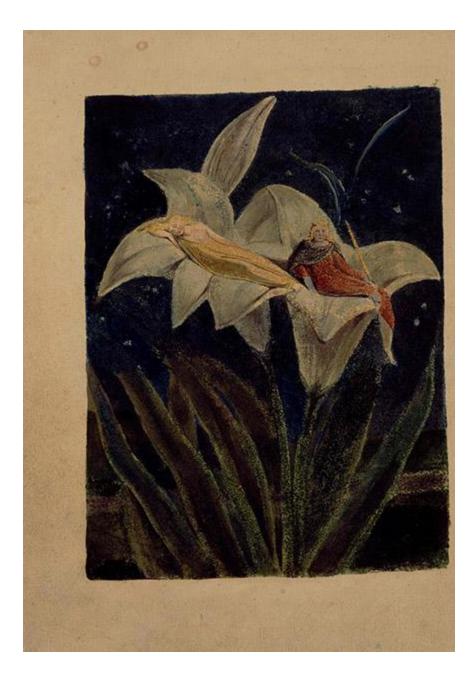
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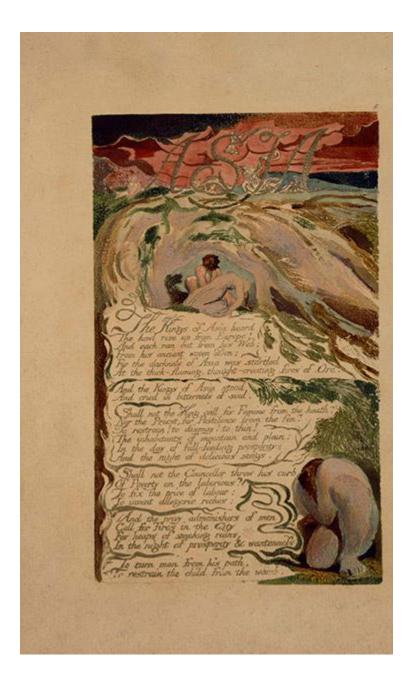




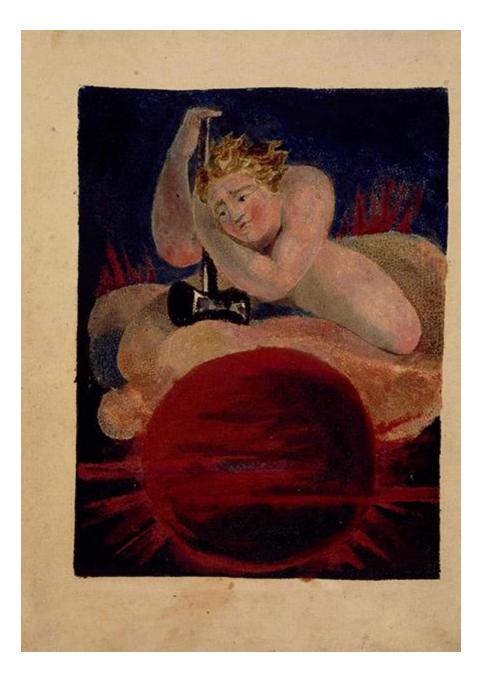












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Africa

I will sing you a song of Los. the Eternal Prophet: He sung it to four harps at the tables of Eternity. In heart-formed Africa. Urizen faded! Ariston shudderd! And thus the Song began

Adam stood in the garden of Eden: And Noah on the mountains of Ararat; They saw Urizen give his Laws to the Nations By the hands of the children of Los. Adam shudderd! Noah faded! black grew the sunny African When Rintrah gave Abstract Philosophy to Brama in the East: (Night spoke to the Cloud! Lo these Human form'd spirits in smiling hipocrisy. War Against one another; so let them War on; slaves to the eternal Elements) Noah shrunk, beneath the waters; Abram fled in fires from Chaldea; Moses beheld upon Mount Sinai forms of dark delusion:

To Trismegistus. Palamabron gave an abstract Law: To Pythagoras Socrates & Plato. Times rolled on o'er all the sons of Har, time after time Orc on Mount Atlas howld, chain'd down with the Chain of Jealousy Then Oothoon hoverd over Judah & Jerusalem And Jesus heard her voice (a man of sorrows) he recievd A Gospel from wretched Theotormon.

The human race began to wither, for the healthy built

Secluded places, fearing the joys of Love And the disease'd only propagated: So Antamon call'd up Leutha from her valleys of delight: And to Mahomet a loose Bible gave. But in the North, to Odin, Sotha gave a Code of War, Because of Diralada thinking to reclaim his joy.

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

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

Thus the terrible race of Los & Enitharmon gave Laws & Religions to the sons of Har binding them more And more to Earth: closing and restraining: Till a Philosophy of Five Senses was complete Urizen wept & gave it into the hands of Newton & Locke

Clouds roll heavy upon the Alps round Rousseau & Voltaire: And on the mountains of Lebanon round the deceased Gods Of Asia; & on the desarts of Africa round the Fallen Angels The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent

Asia

The Kings of Asia heard The howl rise up from Europe! And each ran out from his Web; From his ancient woven Den; For the darkness of Asia was startled At the thick-flaming, thought-creating fires of Orc.

And the Kings of Asia stood And cried in bitterness of soul.

Shall not the King call for Famine from the heath? Nor the Priest, for Pestilence from the fen? To restrain! to dismay! to thin! The inhabitants of mountain and plain; In the day, of full-feeding prosperity; And the night of delicious songs.

Shall not the Councellor throw his curb Of Poverty on the laborious? To fix the price of labour; To invent allegoric riches:

And the privy admonishers of men Call for fires in the City For heaps of smoking ruins, In the night of prosperity & wantonness

To turn man from his path, To restrain the child from the womb, To cut off the bread from the city, That the remnant may learn to obey.

That the pride of the heart may fail; That the lust of the eyes may be quench'd: That the delicate ear in its infancy May be dull'd; and the nostrils clos'd up; To teach mortal worms the path That leads from the gates of the Grave.

Urizen heard them cry!

And his shudd'ring waving wings Went enormous above the red flames Drawing clouds of despair thro' the heavens Of Europe as he went: And his Books of brass iron & gold Melted over the land as he flew, Heavy-waving, howling, weeping.

And he stood over Judea: And stay'd in his ancient place: And stretch'd his clouds over Jerusalem;

For Adam, a mouldering skeleton Lay bleach'd on the garden of Eden; And Noah as white as snow On the mountains of Ararat.

Then the thunders of Urizen bellow'd aloud From his woven darkness above.

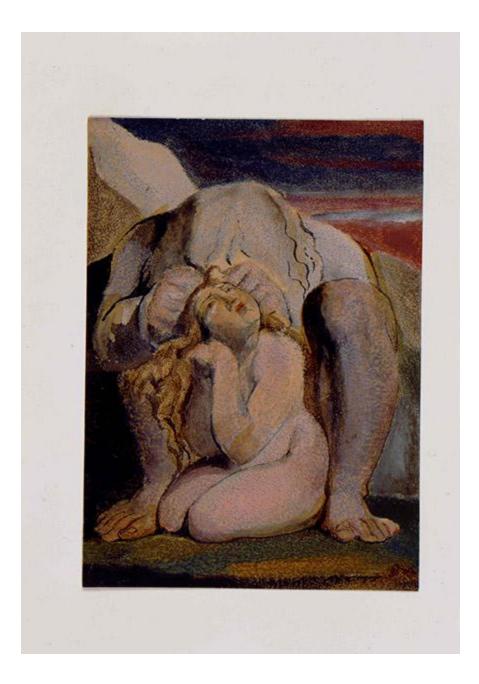
Orc raging in European darkness Arose like a pillar of fire above the Alps Like a serpent of fiery flame! The sullen Earth Shrunk!

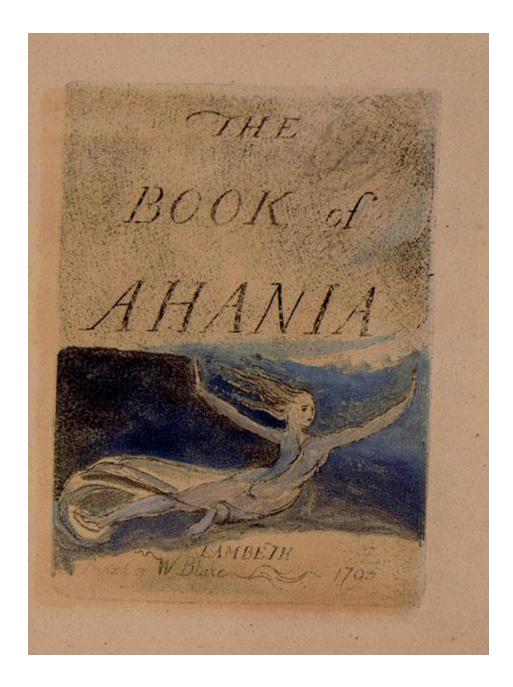
Forth from the dead dust rattling bones to bones Join: shaking convuls'd the shivring clay breathes And all flesh naked stands: Fathers and Friends; Mothers & Infants; Kings & Warriors:

The Grave shrieks with delight, & shakes Her hollow womb, & clasps the solid stem: Her bosom swells with wild desire: And milk & blood & glandous wine

The Book of Ahania (1795)

Plates





Chap : 1 "

Chap - 1 Fazer, or a charact inon-mingid Grand Ranser more has bee measure Fand Barrows: sparkles his har of booth abad down hig mile basen in abaddons of a doubt of make negas has charact And his right hand burne ral in its clead Meddlage only a wast blobe his writh As the thunder-stone is modeled Son of Urizens' silent burnings

3. So he opake is a herr hamo. On Wrison Fromung indignant. The Globe of write, shaking on high lightering with herr, he throw The howling Globe, burning, it slow Longtoning into a huntery beam. Smilly

4. Opposid to the exciting flamid beam. The broad Dick of Univer apheevil Across the Void many a mile.

5. It was legid in walls where the winter Boats increasing; the winters the disk.

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Unomitting individ the cold harmon .

berd 6 But the strong arm that sent it reman-The secondary beam laughing it tore through That beater web, known its directors The cold lower of Uryan dividing.

Ar the thander-stone is modeled Son of Wigens silent barrands 2. Shall we working this Doman of sonck. Sonid Form the distract new control Physical apparent of soncks. Source Form, and choraed, an waters? The source of soncks. Source Form, and choraed, an waters?

& She fill down a first shadow wantring In chase and creating dark Unyan. Is the mean angustak circles the earth. Hypotels 'abherrol' a death-shadow. Insten. unbedied, unberner. The mether of Pestilence.

9. But the herr beam of Fusion. War a piller of here to Egypt For hundred years windrag in earth Tal Lev stand it and base in a mals With the bady of the sour.

1. But the forehead of Urison gathering And his eyes pale with anguish his lips Blue & changing; in tears and better Contrition he prepared his Bow.

2. Formit of Ribs: that in his dark solitude When obscient in his herests fell monsters. Arese. For his dire Contemplations Rushid down like floods from his mountains In torrents of mud sottled tick With Eggs of unnatural production Forthwath hatching; some headd on his hills Some in vales, some aloft flow in air

3: Of these: an enormous dread Scrpont Scaled and poisonous harned Approached Wizer, ever to his knows Us he sat on his dark rooted Oak.

4. With his hornes he pushed furious. Great the conduct & great the radousy In cold poisons: but Urgen smote him

Thought Unizer stain by his wrate. I am God said he eddest of things!

9 Sadden sings the rock, south a investible On Fuzon flow, entered his bason. His becautiful visage, his trekses. That gave light to the mornings of heaven Were smitten with darknets, detormed and outstretched on the edge of the bo--rest

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

Chap: III :

The Clobe shock, and Urgen stated On black clouds his sure wound envirted The curturent flowed down on the word Mised with black; here the snake gets her proper her poison

2. With difficulty & great point, Urizen Lated on high the clead corse: On his shoulders he bore it to where A Tree hung over the Immension

S. First he possond the rocks will his blood.
S. First he possond the rocks will his blood.
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First a Bow black proport, on this Bow.
Then a Bow black proport, on this Bow.
Then a Bow black proport, on this Bow.
The utted these words to the Jow.
G. O Bow of the clouds of secres:
O nerve of that lust farmid monster.
Send they rock andt, invisible thro
The black douds, on the bosom of Fiscat.
T. So staying. In terment of his wounds.
The start of the store of the bosom of fiscat.
The black douds of his wounds.

Send this douds, on the The black douds, on the The black douds, on the The black douds, on the The source is rest; then the Rock, The source placed with art, liting dif The source placed with art, liting dif The weighty bulk; silent the rock lag The weight has Books all but the Book

Of iron, from the dismal shade

5. The Tree still provis over the Void Encounting escil all around The endlets labyrouth of war !

6 The corse of his first beginner. On the accursed Tree of Musters: On the topmost stom of this tree Urizer wald Fayins corse.

Chap: IV.

1. First flow the arrows of persilence Round the pole lining Girse on the tree

2. For an Uryens' slumber of distraction. In the infinite agas of Eternor: Then his Nerves at for indica to flood. A white Lake on the dash blue am In perturbed pane and dissingl termont. Now stretching out now swall confederate. Her water to associate mark but no form Had she, but her tears from clouds Eternal toll round the Trees

3. Effluence vaporie above In nacions clouds, these homerit thirk Over the discorponist Immertal. Till patrice point, seweld our this Lakes Us the banks of max, solid & disch

A. The clouds of disease hover'd wide focund the Immerial in tremone Perchanz around the hurding bones Disease on disease, schape on shape. Winzed screaming in blood & terment.

7: Round the pale living bosse as the

Forty yours flow the arrows of postlenge

& Valing and terror and wee Nan the all his dismal world: Forth years all his sons to daughters Path their skulls hurden then Asia. Newse in the pendulous deep.

9. They reptilize upon the Earth.

B. Fuzon ground on the Tree.

Ghap: V

2. And the vace and. At Union Low! Rever of morning! I weep on the verge of Non-entry; how while the Abyls Between Anana and thee!

3. The on the worse of the deep. I see thy dark cloudy ascend. I see the black forests and floods. A horrible waste to by oyes:

Produces and iscass. Produces and iscass. Produces and iscass. SThe Eternal Probet beet on his annihs. Energid in the desplate dorkness. The torgid nets of iron around Produces the World of Inter-Produces on his known on see his over And Los threw them around the bases 5. I cannot touch his hand Produces on his known on see his over And ger nor have his footsteps, and Ne heart loop at the level sounds. The the momented world. The shapes screening futured world. The shapes screening futured world. The shapes screening futured world. The produce of the shapes is a second to be the level sounds. The produce of the shapes is broken for the level sounds. The the product world. The shapes is the place mark to be the level sounds. The produce of the shapes is bright fort have trade Bet

But I mender on the rocks With hard necessity

6. Where is ny golden pedace Where ny wary bed. Nhere the jer te ny morning hour Muere the sons of claring singing

7. To awake bright Ursen my king: To prise to the mountain sport to the hills of eternal vallages.

8 To avail my king in the more : To embrace Aranjan joy On the breath of his open boson. From my set foud of dee to fill In abovers at we on his harments

g-Mien he year my happy scal. To the sens of ecomat joy: When he took the daughters of the Into my chambers of love.

10. When I found babes of bloss on my bols Before they see the light And basens of mills in my chambers Filld with stornal seed O second burks sang round Ahania In interchange sweet of their jost.

If Swelld with riveress & his rach hereis Barstage on wirds my olors. My ripe lize and rich praceranates

In orbant joy at thy feet O Urizon sported and sang.

12 Then they with the lap full of good. With the hand full of generous two Walked tests from the deater of morning On the projects of openances joy On the human soul to cast The steed of eternal science.

13. The sweet poured down the temples : The monster awke to birth My mothers joys, sleeping in bliss.

Id But now alone over rocks, nountains Gost out from the level bosson. Sals term the level bosson. Sals terring: how can delish Renes in these chains of darkness There boas it boasts are stroom On the bleak and snow mountains There boas from the buth one buried Before they see the light.

Text

Table of Contents

Chap: 1

1: Fuzon, on a chariot iron-wing'd On spiked flames rose; his hot visage Flam'd furious! sparkles his hair & beard Shot down his wide bosom and shoulders. On clouds of smoke rages his chariot And his right hand burns red in its cloud Moulding into a vast globe, his wrath As the thunder-stone is moulded. Son of Urizens silent burnings

2: Shall we worship this Demon of smoke, Said Fuzon, this abstract non-entity This cloudy God seated on waters Now seen, now obscur'd; King of sorrow?

3: So he spoke, in a fiery flame, On Urizen frowning indignant, The Globe of wrath shaking on high Roaring with fury, he threw The howling Globe: burning it flew Lengthning into a hungry beam. Swiftly

4: Oppos'd to the exulting flam'd beam The broad Disk of Urizen upheav'd Across the Void many a mile.

5: It was forg'd in mills where the winter Beats incessant; ten winters the disk Unremitting endur'd the cold hammer. 6: But the strong arm that sent it, remember'd The sounding beam; laughing it tore through That beaten mass: keeping its direction The cold loins of Urizen dividing.

7: Dire shriek'd his invisible Lust Deep groan'd Urizen! stretching his awful hand Ahania (so name his parted soul) He siez'd on his mountains of jealousy. He groand anguishd & called her Sin,

Kissing her and weeping over her; Then hid her in darkness in silence; Jealous tho' she was invisible.

8: She fell down a faint shadow wandring In chaos and circling dark Urizen, As the moon anguishd circles the earth; Hopeless! abhorrd! a death-shadow, Unseen, unbodied, unknown, The mother of Pestilence.

9: But the fiery beam of Fuzon Was a pillar of fire to Egypt Five hundred years wandring on earth Till Los siezd it and beat in a mass With the body of the sun.

Chap: 2

1: But the forehead of Urizen gathering, And his eyes pale with anguish, his lips Blue & changing; in tears and bitter Contrition he prepar'd his Bow,

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

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

4: With his horns he push'd furious. Great the conflict & great the jealousy In cold poisons: but Urizen smote him

5: First he poison'd the rocks with his blood Then polish'd his ribs, and his sinews Dried; laid them apart till winter; Then a Bow black prepar'd; on this Bow, A poisoned rock plac'd in silence: He utter'd these words to the Bow.

6: O Bow of the clouds of secresy! O nerve of that lust form'd monster! Send this rock swift, invisible thro' The black clouds, on the bosom of Fuzon

7: So saying, In torment of his wounds,He bent the enormous ribs slowly;A circle of darkness! then fixedThe sinew in its rest: then the RockPoisonous source! plac'd with art, lifting difficultIts weighty bulk: silent the rock lay.

8: While Fuzon his tygers unloosing Thought Urizen slain by his wrath. I am God. said he, eldest of things! 9: Sudden sings the rock, swift & invisibleOn Fuzon flew, enter'd his bosom;His beautiful visage, his tresses,That gave light to the mornings of heavenWere smitten with darkness, deform'dAnd outstretch'd on the edge of the forest

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

Chap: 3

1: The Globe shook; and Urizen seated On black clouds his sore wound anointed The ointment flow'd down on the void Mix'd with blood; here the snake gets her poison

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

3: For when Urizen shrunk away From Eternals, he sat on a rock Barren; a rock which himself From redounding fancies had petrified Many tears fell on the rock, Many sparks of vegetation; Soon shot the pained root Of Mystery, under his heel: It grew a thick tree; he wrote In silence his book of iron:

Till the horrid plant bending its boughs Grew to roots when it felt the earth And again sprung to many a tree. 4: Amaz'd started Urizen! when He beheld himself compassed round And high roofed over with trees He arose but the stems stood so thick He with difficulty and great pain Brought his Books, all but the Book Of iron, from the dismal shade

5: The Tree still grows over the Void Enrooting itself all around An endless labyrinth of woe!

6: The corse of his first begotten On the accursed Tree of MYSTERY: On the topmost stem of this Tree Urizen nail'd Fuzons corse.

Chap: 4

1: Forth flew the arrows of pestilence Round the pale living Corse on the tree

2: For in Urizens slumbers of abstractionIn the infinite ages of Eternity:When his Nerves of joy melted & flow'dA white Lake on the dark blue airIn perturb'd pain and dismal tormentNow stretching out, now swift conglobing.

3: Effluvia vapor'd above In noxious clouds; these hover'd thick Over the disorganiz'd Immortal, Till petrific pain scurfd o'er the Lakes As the bones of man, solid & dark

4: The clouds of disease hover'd wide

Around the Immortal in torment Perching around the hurtling bones Disease on disease, shape on shape, Winged screaming in blood & torment.

5: The Eternal Prophet beat on his anvils Enrag'd in the desolate darkness He forg'd nets of iron around And Los threw them around the bones

6: The shapes screaming flutter'd vain Some combin'd into muscles & glands Some organs for caving and lust Most remain'd on the tormented void: Urizens army of horrors.

7: Round the pale living Corse on the Tree Forty years flew the arrows of pestilence

8: Wailing and terror and woe Ran thro' all his dismal world: Forty years all his sons & daughters Felt their skulls harden; then Asia Arose in the pendulous deep.

9: They reptilize upon the Earth.

10: Fuzon groand on the Tree.

Chap: 5

1: The lamenting voice of Ahania Weeping upon the void. And round the Tree of Fuzon: Distant in solitary night Her voice was heard, but no form Had she: but her tears from clouds Eternal fell round the Tree

2: And the voice cried: Ah Urizen! Love! Flower of morning! I weep on the verge Of Non-entity; how wide the Abyss Between Ahania and thee!

3: I lie on the verge of the deep.I see thy dark clouds ascend,I see thy black forests and floods,A horrible waste to my eyes!

4: Weeping I walk over rocks Over dens & thro' valleys of death Why didst thou despise Ahania To cast me from thy bright presence Into the World of Loneness

5: I cannot touch his hand: Nor weep on his knees, nor hear

His voice & bow, nor see his eyes And joy, nor hear his footsteps, and My heart leap at the lovely sound! I cannot kiss the place Whereon his bright feet have trod,

But I wander on the rocks With hard necessity.

6: Where is my golden palace Where my ivory bed Where the joy of my morning hour Where the sons of eternity, singing

7: To awake bright Urizen my king! To arise to the mountain sport, To the bliss of eternal valleys: 8: To awake my king in the morn! To embrace Ahanias joy On the bredth of his pen bosom: From my soft cloud of dew to fall In showers of life on his harvests.

9: When he gave my happy soulTo 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 chambersFill'd with eternal seedO! eternal births sung round AhaniaIn interchange sweet of their joys.

11: Swell'd with ripeness & fat with fatnessBursting on winds my odors,My ripe figs and rich pomegranatesIn infant joy at thy feetO Urizen, sported and sang;

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

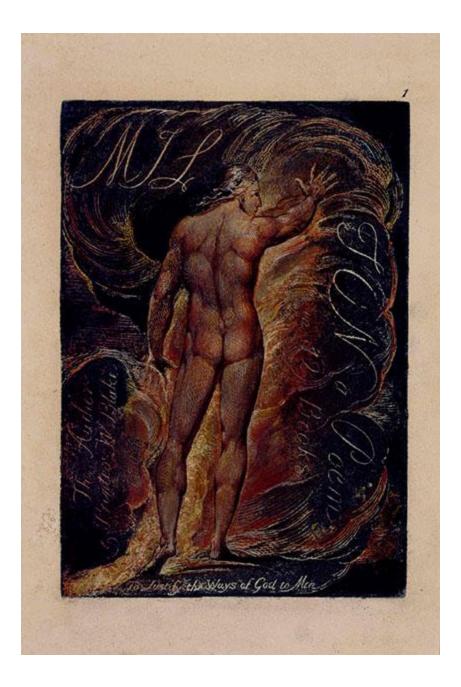
13: The sweat poured down thy temples To Ahania return'd in evening The moisture awoke to birth My mothers-joys, sleeping in bliss.

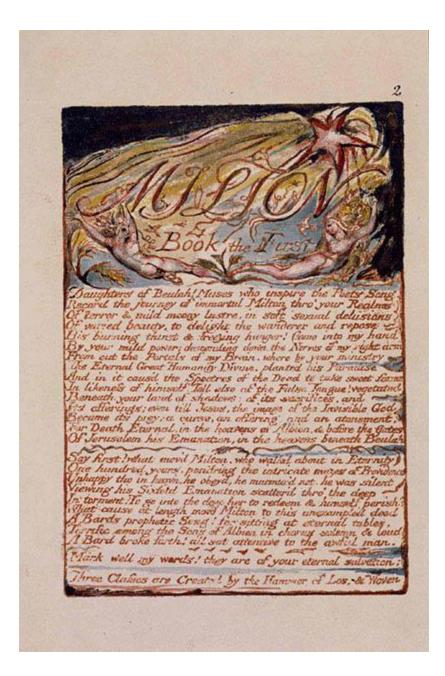
14: But now alone over rocks, mountains Cast out from thy lovely bosom: Cruel jealousy! selfish fear! Self-destroying: how can delight, Renew in these chains of darkness Where bones of beasts are strown On the bleak and snowy mountains Where bones from the birth are buried Before they see the light.

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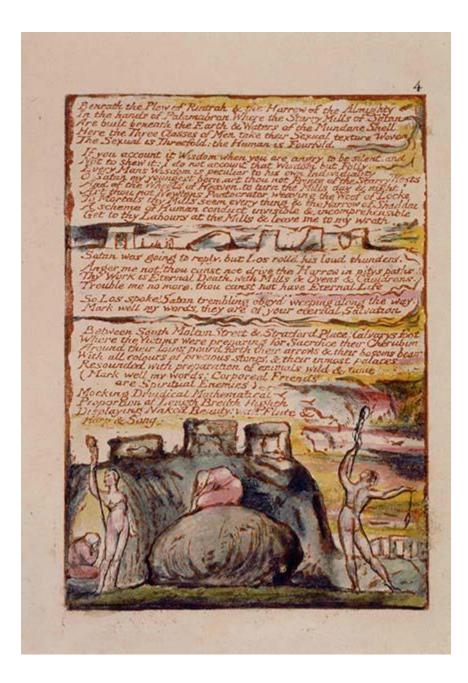
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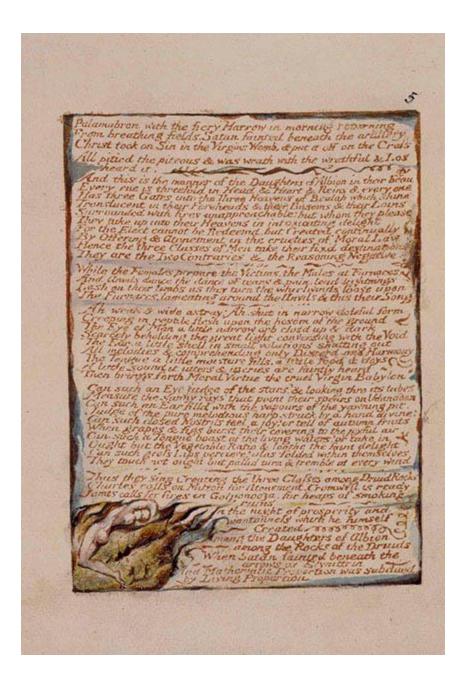
Plates

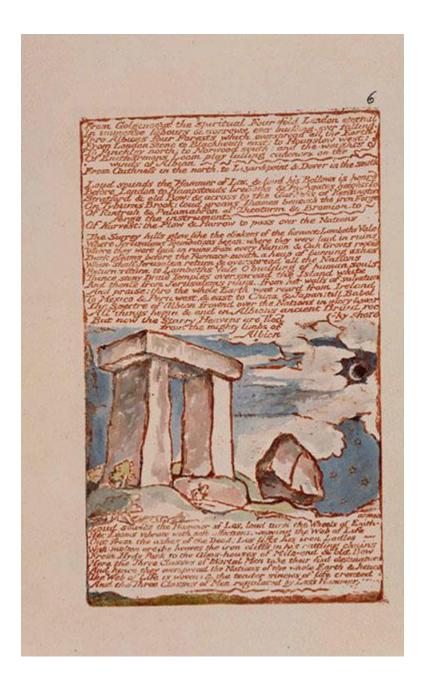




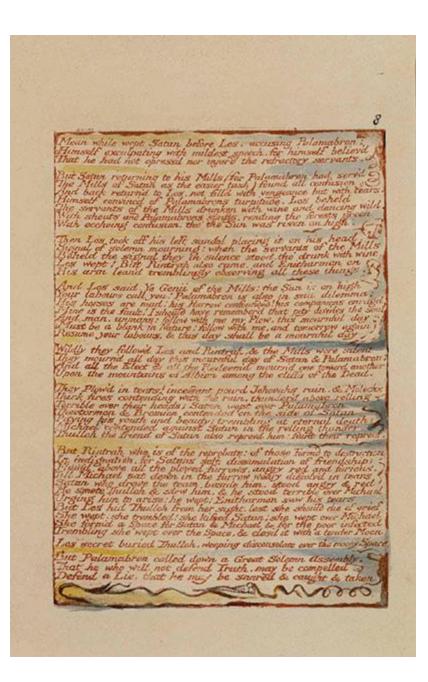
3 By Einsteinement Locans when the a was slain upon his 12 millions and in his Tent, thro only at Living Form, even of the Divine Vision and of the sports of Vasidom in the Human Imagination Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jeaus blessed for ever. Anthe well my words, they are at your eternal salvation is Trizen lay in darkness & solitarie in china of the mind lacked us as singed his Human & longs; he't beurge at his receive Rouge many indernute Draid in his & snews at doubt & reasoning Refusing all Definite Form the Alestruit Hurrer word, stony hur And ahrst Age passed over & & State of desnal woe: Down sunk with Fricht a red round Clube hot burning deep Deep down into the Abys's parting congeting tembing And a second Age passed over & a State of dismal wee. Colling round into two little Orby & closed in two little Caves in Eyes perield the Alyss. Lest pones of solidaess freeze over a And a third Age paster over & a State of disma! wer rege From beneath we Oros of Vision Two Ears in close volutions has spiring out withe seep darkness & petrified as they gre hand a fourth the pussed over & a State of dismul we Hanging upon the wind Two Nestrils bent down into the Deep And a hird Age passed over & a State of dismal woe In shastly terrient sick a Teng is of hunder & thirst flamed out And a sixth Age passed over & a State of dismal we And a sixth Age passed over & a Stati of dismal wee Enror of & stilled without & within in peror & wee he threw his Right Arm to the nerth his left Arm to the south & his Feet Stampd the nether Abvss in trembling & heading & dismary And a seventh Age passed over & a State of dismal wee Terrihed Los stood in the Alyrs & h s immerful limbs Grew deadly pale the became what he bekeld for a red Read bast e sunk down from his Becom into the Deep in pings He hoverd even it tremblings & weeping suspended it shook The nether Abyss in tremblings he weep over it he cherist du a deadly sockening pain till separated into a Female pale A the subset of a Male Form howing in the Abyss This separated into a Male Form howing in the Abyss Within labourney, the holding Without from Particulars to Generals Subding his Spectre they Buildes the Looms of Generalis They Builded Great Golfoneoga Times on Times All Star Me Miler af Exempt made subservent to the Great Harver The Miler of Exempt made subservent to the Great Harver The Miler of Exempt made subservent to the Great Harver The Miler of Exempt made subservent to the Sarry White its The Miler of Exempt made subservent to the Great Harver The Miler of Exempt made subservent to the Sarry White its







120 The first. The Elect from below the hundrition of the World in The second the Restand the Third the Reprodute & sorted in to destruction from the mothers wants follow with me my plows: the linst class was Sutan: with incomparable mildness is primitive tyremmiral altempts on Los with most endering ton the soft introduct Los to give to film. Palamabrons statian of Palamabron returned with labour wowred every evening alamabron effective and as altern otherd internet is service all by repeated offices and refeated internet as some to hune the Harrow of the Almaker also blanable alamabron therit to be amore last of the Almaker also blanable prototable. & Los being the accusation thro Satures extreme interactive. & Los being the accusation thro Satures extreme interactive alt with a brothers can's Palamabra who also wept the emening returning territed over about a suboursed interact soft with a brothers can's Palamabra who also wept Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation Mark well my words they are of your eternal salvation Next marning Palamabran rose the horness of the Harrow were maddenid with torounding har & the servants of the Harrow the Grames, accused Satan with indignation fary and hre. In Section Palamabran reddening like the Moan in an eclipse pake saying You know Satans mildness and his self diposition. Sections of brother, being a grant even thinking himself a brother while he is murdering the just; provide T behold But we must not be grants also: he hold with ussumd my place s for one whole day, under pretroze of pely and love to me. The More shall he murdering and my tellow servants injurd for shall he he know the dates of another? O toolish fortune found to had told Los all by heart, but patience on the fortune of all may be well : silent remain while I call Los and Satan. All muy be well : silent remain while I call Los and Siatun Locul as the wind of Boulah that unrocts the rocks & hills Palaumbron calld and Los & Sutan came before him and Palamatron showl the honses & the surrants Satur wept and Palamatron showl the honses & the surrants Satur wept and Palamatron showl the honses a the surrants at an wept and Palamatron showl the honses a the surrants at an out and Palamatron showl the honses and palamatron was Saturg enough a that the Gromes being Palamatrons Froms for langed engether apainst Satur the Gromes being Palamatrons froms for langed engether apainst Satur the Marrow, nor the services that he had not opposed the honses of the Marrow, nor the services So Los said Honorkisth Palamabren let each his own station sep: ner in pay hilse ner in officious brotherhood, where so None needs, be active. Mean time Palamatrons henses for Pande with thick Rames relandant, & the Hurper math first Direbiling Falamatiren stock the strengest of Demons trembled: Orbing his Using creatures, many of the strengest Gnomes. They but in these wild here, who also maddent like wildest beasts Mark well my words; they are of your eternal substan



and all Fiden descended into Palamaprons tent mong Albuns Drudes & Bards, in the caves beyendth Albins parts Cours, in the coverns of dooth, in the carnes of the Albuntic, and in the mutst of the Groat Osciently Palamabron proved : 2 Good partnert, me tran or Friends, that for how not power over pro those hast give me power to protect myself from my betterest enemies.

9

Such well my words, they are of your sternal salvation

Then rose the Two Witnesses Rightrah & Palamabron : and Relamabron appeals to all Eden, and reaerd interment and the Rel on Right hand has rule which new Ramid high & furnow in Solar against Relamabron Will it became a preserve in Eden Satan is among the Represent.

full it became a preserve in E. den. Satan is among the Represented Sound in his wreth curse heaven & earth, he rent up Nations Sounding on Albiena rocks among high-reard Druid tennies which reach the stars of heaven & Stretch from pole to pole.) Is displace continents, the oceans fled before his fuce a altered the poles of the world, east west & north & spath but he closed up Emithermon from the tight of all these things

But he classe up charman man ine sour of all these uniques for Sietur Ritming with Runnah Fur hidden brusset his out wildness presset Patamatria before the Connector of instructions of multice : created Server thus Sins drawing out the closes of Schoras of March laws and wind punchments upon the closes of Schoras of March laws and wind punchments upon the closes of schoras of pervert the Divine voice in its entrance up the earth with thurder at war & runnets and with armise of schoras with thurder of sever a sumber Sanag I and out der furs is no other is its of one uppermark interment received investigation in the apprendent interment received and I rend Mind, transgressors I will rend at the close of any Frank Mind, transgressors I will rend at the close of any I rend this accurded Kaniy from my covering

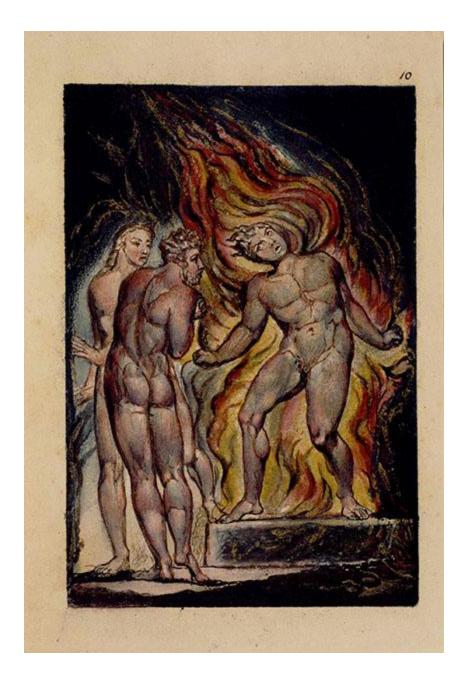
They Saten racid anidet the Assembly: and his basen grand pales against the Disnes Vinan the passed terraces of His basen instarts share with fires. but the scares beaming epake: Hid him from sight, on an extreme blackness and darhasses and there a Viria of closer Wir was queed in the matter of the Albembly. In Sutanu basens a west amilitamable (Byss.

Astronishment hold the assembly is an autil viewers; and twores in down as down in make. It a loud viewers inviewent sponn was attern transite as to from the west & from the South fad scan the north; and Satan whole of the inviewership covering the west web, oplid blackness, reand his holden house with anneling its west with oplid blackness, reand his holden house the first of the set of the south of the inviewer of the covering the west web, oplid blackness, reand his holden house with anneling stituted from his hidden winders, weatering loud the Duran North for protecting Fulamabron in his title.

Riveral reard up wills of rocks and sound rivers & moats) Brine round the walks; columns of fire guard around Brineen Satan and Palamabron in the periles darkings.

And. Statan not history the Science of Whath but only of Pio. Rent them assumes, and wrigh was late to wrath, do fig to party He sunk down a dreadful Death, unlike the sumbers of Benich

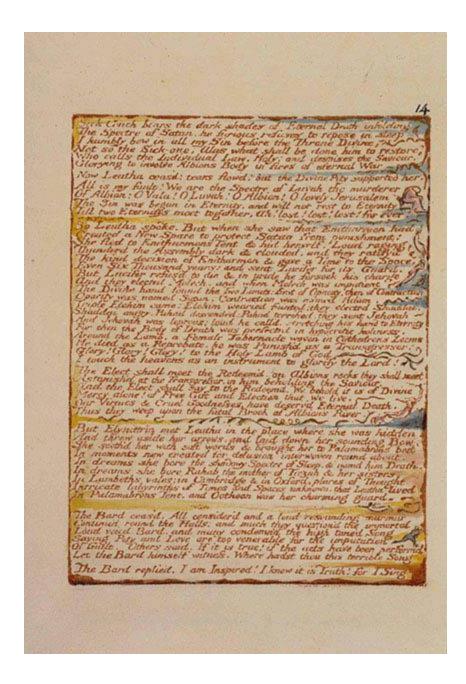
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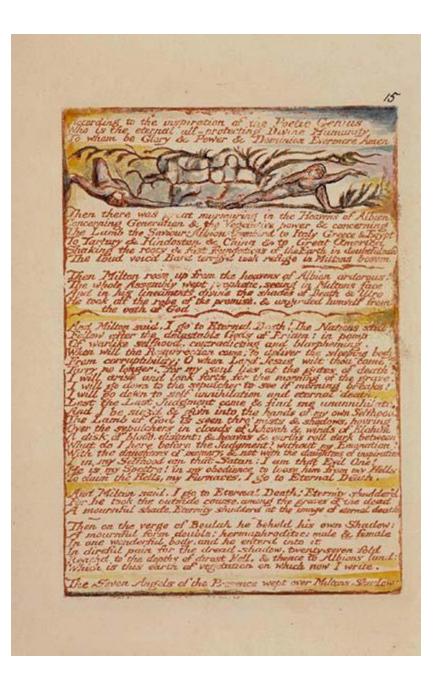


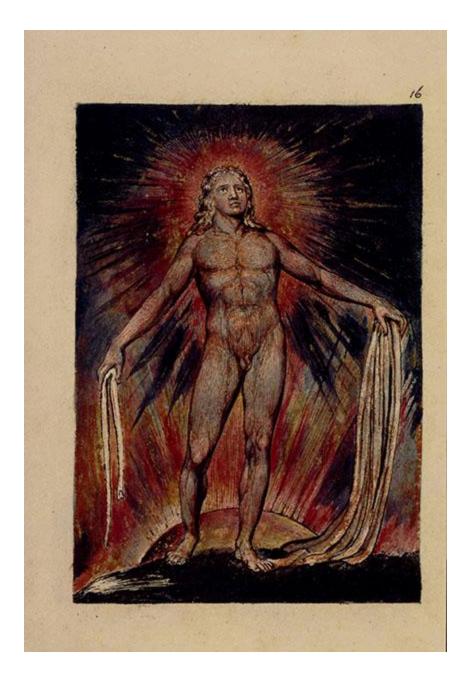
Them Los & Enitherman knew that Satin is Urigen Drawn down by On & the Shadoy Renale was Greerater of Enshammen enterd wegang em the Sover three caponing in good Wamen rowing along the Streets (the Space is named canaan) them she returned to Los weary inglead as from dreams the nature of a Female Space is bus at stroks the Organ of Life nil they become fonde a Inself serms Infinite the nature of a Female Space is bus at stroks the Organ of Life nil they become fonde a Inself serms Infinite the nature of a female Space is bus at stroks the Organ of Life nil they become fonde a Inself serms Infinite that an ubbeated in the unarcenter of the Matter that without has having Los from Earing in Allamis Cliff and there is gone to have one place, suid Los, their God Strok will not worship in their Charries are King in their food will not worship in their Charries are King in their food will not worship in their Charries are King in their food their there is the State when the server they the the they been there as the State when the the day they was then in Eleving the state when the server they are the point up in the house the State without the dire of the track of the there as the State of the as the state of the theory was then in Eleving the state of the astrong to the state the state of the serve theory shows the state of the state of the state of the serve theory in the state of the state of the state of the serve theory and the state of the state of the state of the serve theory as the state of the state of the state of the serve theory in the state of the state of the state of the serve theory as the state of the state of the state of the serve theory as the state of the state of the state of the serve theory as the state of the state of the state of the serve theory as the state of the state of the state of the serve theory is the state of the state of the state of the state of the serve theory is the state of the state of the state of the state of the serve 11

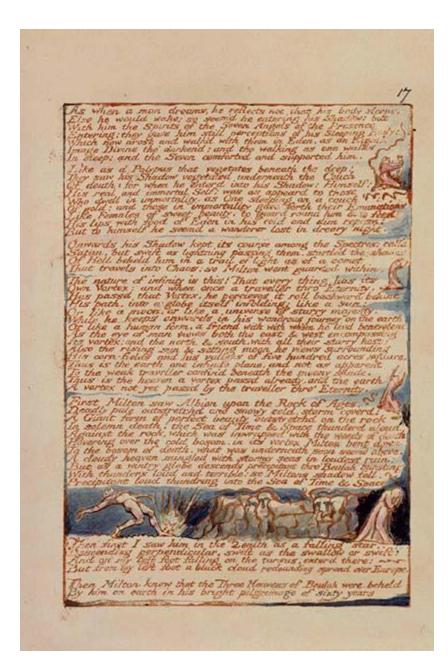
12 Te set his face assainst Jerusalem to destry the Fine of Ollion But Lees hid Enthermon Form the sight of all these things form the Thanks whose tulking harmons reposit her sont there Beulah levely terminates in rocky Olhion : terminuting in Hyde Park on Johurns withit brook and the Mills of Fature were stepurated into a moory Space imaging the rocks of allowers throughout Statums Drawd Sours Her the Herman Victures throughout all the Earth and Albans Dread Tamb immortal on his Rock overshadows in whole Earth White Statum making to humself Links from his own ulantity ansallit others to seering humself above all that is called God and all the Spectrus of the Dead calling themselves Sans of God in his Spectrus at the Dead calling themselves Sans of God in his Spectrus wership Sature under the Universite Name and it was empared. Why in a Great Solemen Assembly for the Lancount should be concerned for the Guilty Them an Earrand rose The Lancent should be contenned to the Guilty Then at Exernal Post Saving I the Guilty should be contenned to the Guilty Then at Exernal Dest indicine must die fin another threughout all Exernity atom is fullin from his station & never can be redeemed in must be new Created continuity meaners by manent atom is fullin from his station of never can be redeemed in must be new Created continuity meaners by manent atom is fullin from his station of a never can be redeemed atom is fullin from his station of a never can be redeemed atom is fullin from Satury Law. the wrath folling an Rustruck that must he the theoreticate & these of Palimatican the Redeemid and theredore the Class of Satury shall be call a solemus to Electric that a the theoreticate of the set of the day of mourtury in a temmine delession of fulse pride set decived of spake the Exernal and continend at with a thunderous outh the down descented unit the midst of the Great Science descently Offering herself a Ranson for Status the day of mourtury offering herself a Ranson for Status the Great Science descently offering herself a Ranson for Status and the Great Science descently offering herself a Ranson for Status the work a science descently offering herself a Ranson for Status the work a science descently offering herself a Ranson for Status the work a science descently offering herself a Ranson for Status the work a science the Assembly offering herself a Ranson for Status the work a science the Assembly offering herself a Ranson for Status the work of the Assembly offering herself a Ranson for Status the science the Assembly offering herself a Ranson for Status the work the Assembly offering herself a Batter of the science the Assembly offering herself a Ranson for Status there were the Assembly the lower status for the folder floor of Palamabron the status of the fuel of the State arrows repelled me to be automic Electric with her silver arrows repelled me to be automic Electric with her silver arrows repelled me

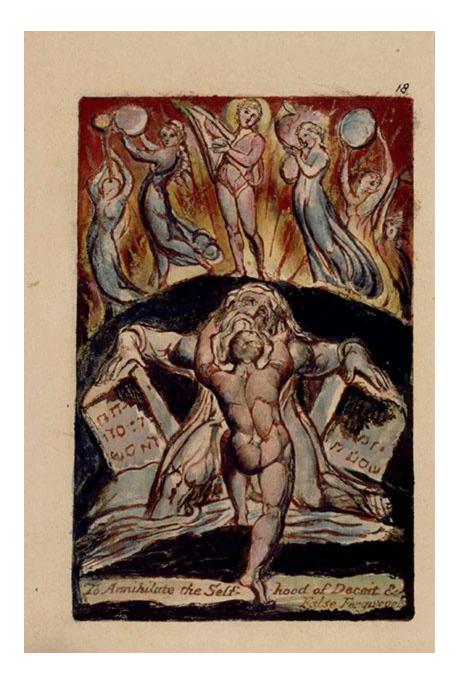
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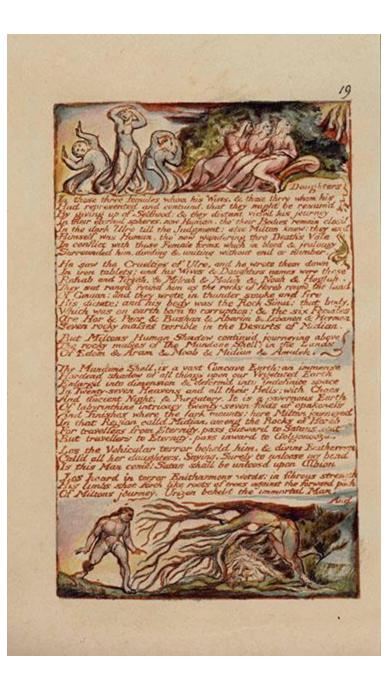








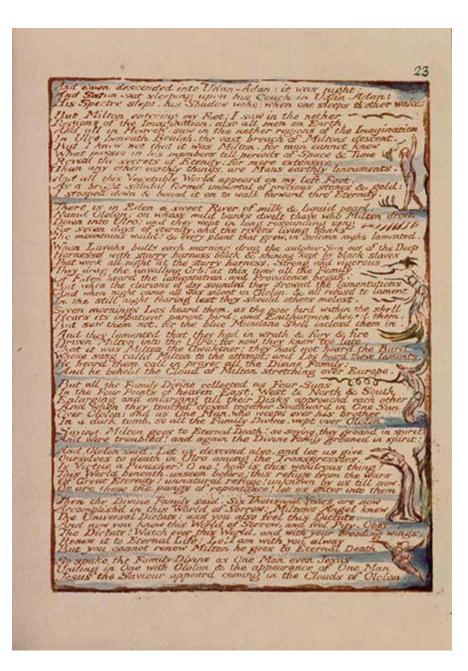




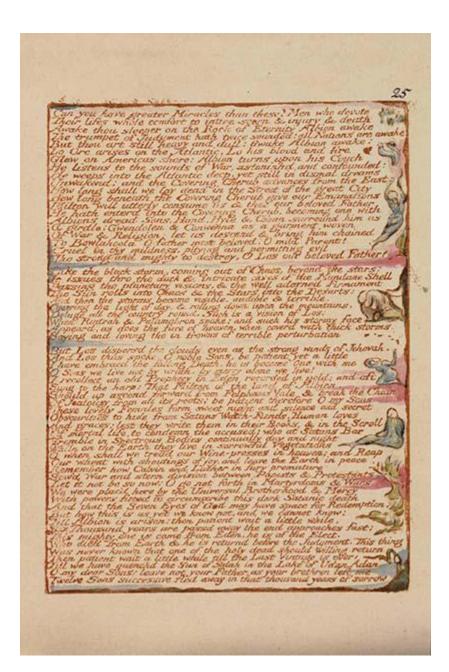
20 Thurmas Demon of the Waters. d. Ore who is Luvah 250 the Shadows Female scenng Milton, howld, in her lame state Wer the Drops, outstretching her Twenty seven Teabers over that thus the Shadowy Female howls in articulate howlin Ind thus the Shadowy Female howly in articulate howlin well lament over Milton in the lamentations of the affile y Garments whall be woven of sights a heart broken lament in mysery of unhappy a miles shall be druwn out into its fans the root issues a heart broken lamentations of the root issues what are sufferingly powery pair & any shall be the sink former throughout the work the bar shall be the sink former throughout the work the will have Watines written all over the Start shall be will have Watines written all over the Start shall root and get by robe as a hand task of a life of sirty will have the former the two written all over the burdles to the will have Watines written all over the burdles to the adverted in the task form upon the Earth shall root and get by robe as a hand task of a life of sirty will be frammer shall class to the the functions of the of dwate into Rahals. Treach that Milton may come to can or I will put on the Human have sluke the Image of G will all my ornaments shall be at the gold of broken hear and the former of starts start for the gold of broken hear and the formation is started to the gold of broken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and repentance for the storroot of the shall of broken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken the and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and the process stances of annuer of are d droken hear and the process of the storroot of the shall be out the belowed or answerd Take not the terroot of Ore in only belowed defend me from the terrors O Overing only beloved : to answerd Take not the Human Form O loveliest Take to the interview Dehald have I am & tremble less thou all mains in my Consummation shut thou must take a Form main & lovely that cannot omnume in Mans consumming hereiver assist thou Cretice & weave this Scient for a Covery hereiver assist thou Cretice & weave this Scient for a Covery hereiver assist thou Cretice & weave this Scient for a Covery hereiver assist thou Cretice & weave this Scient for a Covery hereiver assist thou Cretice & weave this Scient for a Covery hereiver assist thou free on the Human Form, my wrath wins to the top of heaven against these in Jealcuss & lear en with thou put on the I emale form as in times of old of a Garment of Pity & Comparison like the Garment of Men is also former & not the Couloirer of Men hadow at my delight who wanderest seeking for the Merch hadow at my delight who wanderest seeking for the Merch 12/50 God hadow of my delight who wanderest seeking for the next spoke Orc whon Ootheen & Leatha hoverd over his track fire in interchange of Beauty & Babron shaine electrons of the Shadowy Finales bosom Jealous her darkness green the Shadowy Finales bosom Jealous her darkness green owings till all the desolate places in accusation of Sin Female beauty shaning on the unformal you & Orc in your reaches out his hands of hre & wooed they trumph in his plan as darkene the Shadowy Firmale todold & Orc tenfold town on his rocky Couch neurowith the darkness loud during the shadow of the state places in accusation of Sin Female beauty shands of hre & wooed they trumph in his plan as darkene the Shadowy Firmale todold & Orc tenfold towad on his rocky Couch neurowith the darkness loud during s the disk entry is conflict Earth quake beneath around the James teil females. Jond the South the shadow form limb & four the shadow find moved the vast foundations of che Earth to wake the Dead histored from as Rocky form & From histores to be and

21 botsteps, and infrance Milton labourd with the clay now changed met hum on the shores bled so deep the file his journer. to marble; a r of Arnon & ma al ilent strang with cold the river of Ryna Re they not und silent new hesh of Unita. with new clay a Human to University round the Mundane to the East named Listinga. . to the East named Lingh One we the Four Zoas that should a-Man and Doman strong man periods to the ding on Carmel : Rahah and Firstan opposed his admission Carmel : Rahah and Firstah to maked is admission carmel : Rahah and Firstah to maked is admission and they sent forth the other given if their brandy to entice Million and their sone wall their brandy to entice Million and their sone Twofold firm Hermephrodities and the Double Female-male & the Male-finute, self-distant re him in their beauty, & in crueltes of high ung in darkness florious upon the deeps of L ing . Come those to Ephrenin ! behold the Kings of Beauty in darkness florious upon the deeps of L ing . Come those to Ephrenin ! behold the Kings of Beauty in darkness behold the heres of raut, ad with the Chain, af Jeatousy by Los & Binthe banks of Came cold lowrings Streams . Lowdowy dar ent upon the words of Europe in Replatms. Vale-use Alanna reat apart who a despisite right The true plas putting on a a in her cruel sports emony the forusalan mits source on sully seed into this

net but one; each in the other sweet reflected, these in three beavens benegti the shades of Beulah, land of rest the to population & Manager O belowed of the mother ''''''''' the us bind there in the bands of Wor & be thou Kung in an and regim in Hager where the twelve Tabes meet the shad there in the bands of Wor & be thou Kung in an and regim in Hager where the twelve Tabes meet the the shad there in the bands of Wor & be thou for the shad there in the bands of the mother'''''''''' and an and regim in Hager where the twelve Tabes meet the the shad there in the source stand stand before when the rest of Jores and in the theorem in the the rock of Jores and in the theorem in the the rock of Jores and the Redsemed perture. "For the the of the security sile at the dust." "The the the secure in power and manest arken and the Secure in power and manest and the the secure in power and manest the four of the secure that degreet to the dust." "The the Secure in force are not be to be found in the four of the secure to the secure at the secure of the secure in the secure of the secure the four of the secure is shall amove the mountains and the the secure is shall amove the mountains and the the secure is shall amove the mountains the four the secure is shall amove the found the secure of the Secure of the secure the fourth of the secure of the secure of the secure the fourth is secure the destruction of the secure is the fourth of the secure of the secure of the secure is the fourth of the secure of the secure of the secure is the secure of the secure of the the secure of the secure is the secure the secure of the secure of the secure is the secure the secure of the secure of the secure is the secure the secure of the secure of the secure is the secure the secure of the secure of the secure is the secure the secure of the secure of the secure is the secure the secure of the secure is the secure the secure of the secure of the secure of 22 when the the head of the second of the secon C 80

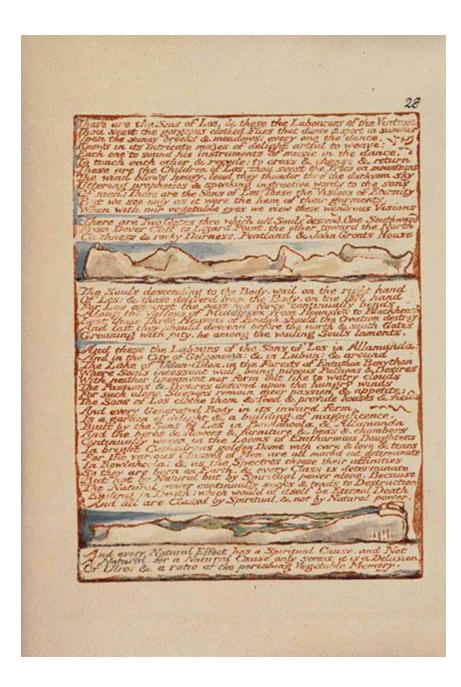


riven away with the Seven Standberg Por automation. Diving Vision remains Everywhere Por automation. Diving Vision remains Everywhere Por automation. Diving land indistinct in fear, what time I bound my sandals walk forward thro Eternio. Las descended to mar throw the store for the ternor, and benefit to mark in throw the store for the ternor, and be also stored descendent of the store for the ternor, and the stored to mark in the store for the ternor, and the stored to mark in the store for the store for the stored to mark in the store for the store for the store termination of stored to mark in the store for the store for the store termination of stored to mark the store for the store for the store termination of stored to mark the store for the store for the store termination of stored termination of the store for the store termination of stored termination of the store of the store termination of the store o Ololon Avas two late now to receile has and wished the Vale His tarrows now to receile has and wished in my strength His tarrows now possess me whole: I arose in hirry of strength Fan that Shadowy Prophet who Six Thousand Yours ago and the state of the Eternal beam. Six Thousand Yours are that Shadowy Prophet who Six Thousand Yours ago the Six Thousand Yeans walk up and committee one hanned is Six Thousand Yeans walk up and committee one hanned the six thousand Yeans walk up and committee one hanned is Six Thousand Yeans walk up and committee one hanned the six thousand Yeans walk up and committee one hanned is Six Thousand Yeans walk up and committee one hanned is Six Thousand Yeans walk up and committee one hanned the six remains every fibre of Six Thousand Yeans Remains permittee is a the fibre of Six Thousand Yeans the penerations of more fibre of Six Thousand Yeans the penerations of more fibre of the take of Teme Six the second of the six and the second Yeans the penerations of more run one to the take of Teme Six the second of the second of the six supreme abode They said . O Felher most belowed i O mercifil Purent They said . O Felher most belowed i O mercifil Purent Six and with discontent. & brooding in their must be these in the bood of the six of the six of the second the beave the Fundaces the second with the second the bood of the second the second is the second in the second ind all the Doughters of hos prophetic wall yet is doold the second the Sich Food has there is come the second the finder of the Food black in and the second the Sould weak for the food black in the second is the second the Sould the Sould of the second in the second in the second the Sould the Sould the food for the second is the second in the second the Sould of the food black in the second is the second in the second the food of the second the second is the second is the second in the second the bood of the second the second in the second is the second the bood of the second the second is the se health merchici Farent & mighty to electror -fare, disk thou retuise at thou ref that he is come behold d wirtten is come behold d wirtten is come behold d wirtten is takend to are yes parten in tarment treppedictes oute wail yet is decet bealcusy at hectarman : is no end to destruction : in terror & despair : ofe Ch an God westley



26 60 the Utro again OIL TILL Agretation may go on till all the Larth os spoke. Furious they descended to Ba sandt unconvinced by Loss organients a saw that wrath now so a but now pil was, so it remained a no hope at he shoola, is named Law, by merculs, Therm the of Satan. before Luben, in the City adoonoosa is name. At & Monutela owlahoola Loss Annil's stand a by Fu larth of the Hairmers bear, at the Balloop oving ro all Stomach in every of nume Time Enither bald & great whit Fourch Zoa, the e Divine

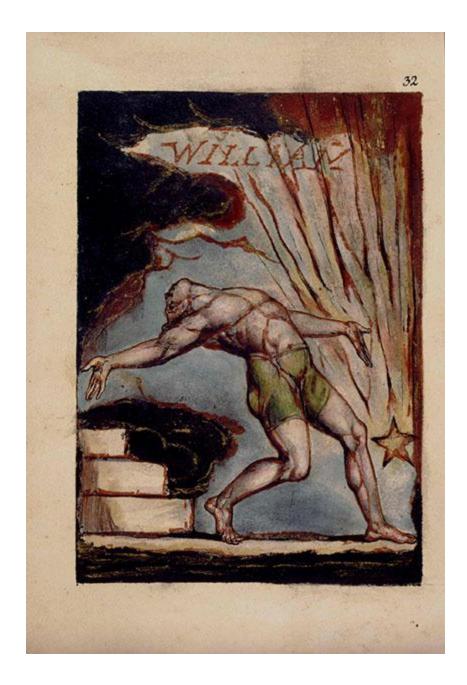
27 E Los unah, at the the orntrul beam on the Rhine groans a no he Vintuge. This is the Last Vintuge & Se be sound upon Earth. talk all the Vontage is ra in tall the Plow has pulled over the Natur ow & heavy thundering Roller upon the mount of the Souls how round the Parches of Golyanooga O God deliver us to the Heavens or to the Zarths . a may preach righton press a pupish the since with og refused, til di the Vintage of Earth was gidnerd os stood & cried to the Labourens of the Vintage in voice of an bourers' The Great Vintuge & the second of the Creat Vintuge & Ten interfact new is spocking to the sacan which out from Animal to mer (s Canto out from Animal to the south out from Animal to the south of the States of Album to the south of the State of Album to Children mooth of the states very scattera At am and moche at Suith and stepp bund the Sheaves not by A an Aree Classes, according an Separation Vince has a Waye into Automa by Ru & Satanas Catang at from a to beneviclence bin Liet of the World The East is a Send these to p act Sus tere in Be New H irch The unit Este Control of the second s Lightnungs of di 10 de wande his awhil 12

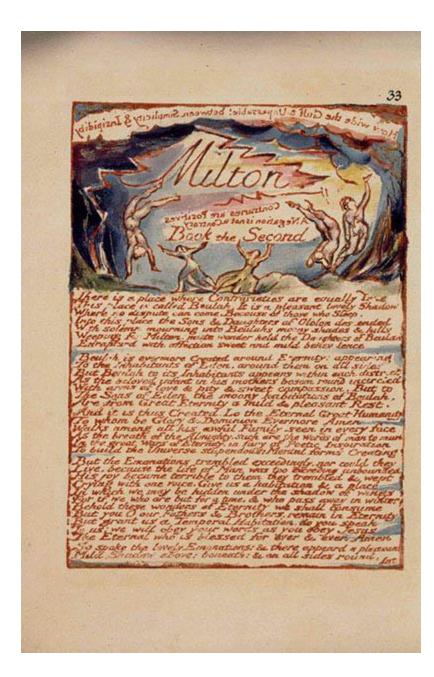


20 Wine-press of Los is eastward of Golon Linnak laid the hundation & Uryah A the sons & daughters of Lunah here the & shouting drunk with odours many a the wine is many a youth & maile an skins of Typers & a the spottal renve, or busy them in cool grots, ma lamentation. ine-press is calld War an Earth. it is the Printing P. and here he lays his words in order above the alisti is are formed in a wheel to turn the costs of the advers so coils are hirmed in a wheel to turn the cost of the adverse with mbrels & violing spart round the Wine presses the little See sporture liver the Earth-warm, the sold Beeter the ware form inter round, the Wine presses of Lawak. The Centipade is there is provind. Souther with many grees the Note cleaked, in velvet and travely armid, the tonigr Mangat emblem of turnertailly growing armid, the tonigr Mangat emblem of turnertailly the a Louise, Bug the Tape More all the Armies at Discuss: the or invisible to the solution vegetating Man. e slow Study the Grasshopper that souss a laway & course and the comes is a bus shopper that souss a laway of the diverse of the comes is the solution of the solution of the theory of the solution is the solution of the solution of the theory of the solution of the solution of the solution of the theory of the solution of the solution of the solution of the theory of the solution of the solution of the solution of the theory of the solution of the solutis of the solution of the solution of the solution of the the Honey Boe the Honey Boe tems & gold ; the loud publice k with wine -Cound the wine and the a stange with salt down, and there there is the Nettle that stangs with salt down, and there the read snant Inistle whose batterness is bread in his milk the reads on contempt of his neighbour, there will the ide the hat create at ound, the obscure places, show their versions line hat one of a standard the standard the wine presses Saked in all their beauty dancing wound the wine presses the in the Wine-presses the Human grapes sing not ner dan or how! & writhe in shoals of tormont in firste Hames cons chains of iron & in dunpans ercles with conselers fores. puts & dens & shoals of death in shipes of torment & w plates & screws & writhes & sews & certs & free & cist cruel fors of Juwahs Dauphers Incertain, with knives at whips their Victums & the deadly sport of Luwahs Sons with censeless fires. apes at terment & wo cercis & fires & cister with knives a relief fors of Librahes Daughtern Inceretan, with knives and which their Victums & the deadly sport at Luwaks Sons. by catch the shrieks in Sups at sold, they hand there to one unot be catch the shrieks in Sups at sold, they hand they is an arrow any of the shrieks in Sups at sold. They hand they is an arrow the mid youth who listens to the lings of a more sold the mid youth who listens to the lings of they have any of the frage. The dash sweet of the cluster the lay such and which is the shrieks in Sups at sold. They hand they is the another the sport of long one of the superior of the super-and the sold of the dash sweet of the cluster the lay such and the sold of the superior of the superior of the super-and the sold of the sold of the superior of the sold of the and the sold of the superior of the superior of the and the sold of the superior of the sold of the sold of the and the sold of the sold of the superior of the sold of the are the sons at lass bood a mount Death Eternal, through all the final sold of the superior of the sold of the sold of the sold of the are the sons at lass the heavy Holder follows in howings at we of the sold of the east; the heavy Holder follows in howings at we of the sold of the the sold of the the sold of the the sold of the the sold of the the sold of the the sold of the the sold of the the sold of the the sold of the sold of the sold of the sold of the the sold of the the sold of the sold of the sold of the sold of the the sold of the sold of the sold of the the sold Tur at Man may leve upon Earth till the time of his awerting Hom these Some Science device every Decupation of Nert ad Science is devided into Bowahooto & Allamonda

30 porches of iron . form & beguty around the dark regions of 2 pirry nothing a name and 2 habitation 2 in the bounds in the halines putting of 5t hole forway of Thought : (such is the pour incomments with many cours & will the beautrhil House for the pitcous sull the beautrhil House for the pitcous sull Cabinets rechtly fabricate of gold & will bes & hears undermade, wretched, & m Little weeping Spectre stands on the mail, and sometimes two Spectres to aton malignant they combat heart aman takes them into his boautiful The wax to mould within a model for goinen comments of the safe hunds of Antamon draw the indealable line in the sweet humartal smiles Antamon or abe the last one of the sweet humartal smiles Antamon or abe proved that the smiles Antamon or abe proved that the sweet humartal smiles Antamon or abe proved to the sweet humartal smiles Antamon or abe proved to the sweet humartal smiles Antamon or abe proved to the sweet humartal smiles Antamon or abe proved to the sweet humartal smiles Antamon or abe proved to the sweet humartal smiles Antamon or abe proved to the sweet humartal sweet has the Gate of Luban anxious the sweet humartal sweet humartal the the sweet humartal the sweet humartal sweet humartal sweet humartal the sweet humartal sweet humartal to the sweet humartal the sweet humartal sweet humartal sweet humartal to the sweet here the sweet humartal to the sweet here the sweet humartal to the sweet here the sweet humartal to the sweet here the sweet humartal to the sweet here there there the sweet here the sweet here the sweet here the and s a pulsation of the arter's papers. every two Moments stands a Dawleter of Berli genery two Moments stands a Dawleter of Berli genery two Moments stands a Dawleter of Berli arter has a brief palae for a with solver with shill. The set of the solution of the solver with shill. The set of the solution of the solver of the solution and a solver parent Persae builded hist re antherable deep with Solvers of solver of your the solver a brief with Solvers. The solver and deep with Solvers of solver of your the solver and deep with Solvers of solver of your the solver and the to the Solver of your the solver and the to the solver of the solver of your the solver and the to the solver of the solver of your the solver and the solver of the solver of your the solver of the solver of the solver of the solver of the solver the solver of the solver of the solver of the solver of the solver the solver of is anounting to Two Hunde and each Moment Minute Hu we Franzy hants of the Four Angels of Prondence on dut than a pulsation of the Ar person the value to Six The 3. Your

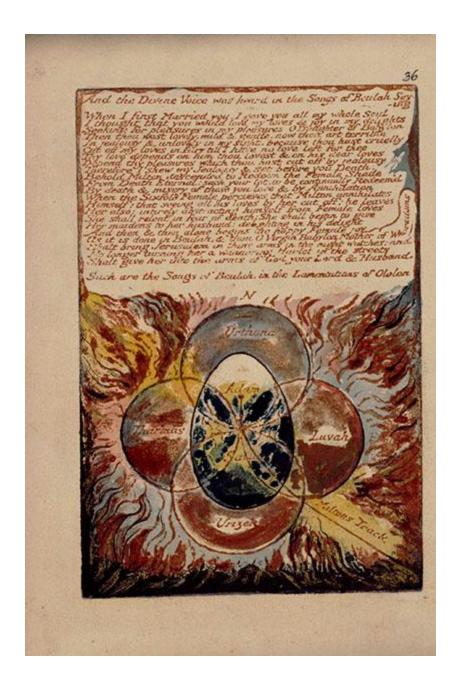
31 A set of the function of the set of the s in this Period the Poets Work is Done; hts of Time start forth & are concreve han a Moment : a Pulsation of the Arts and all the Co Such is the World of Los the lubour of six thousand years. End of the First Book

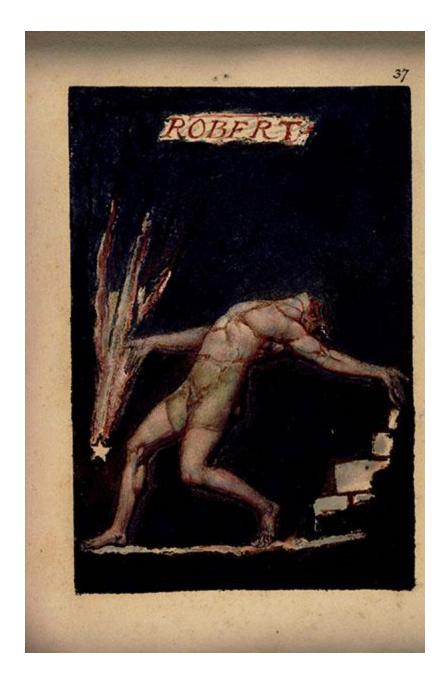


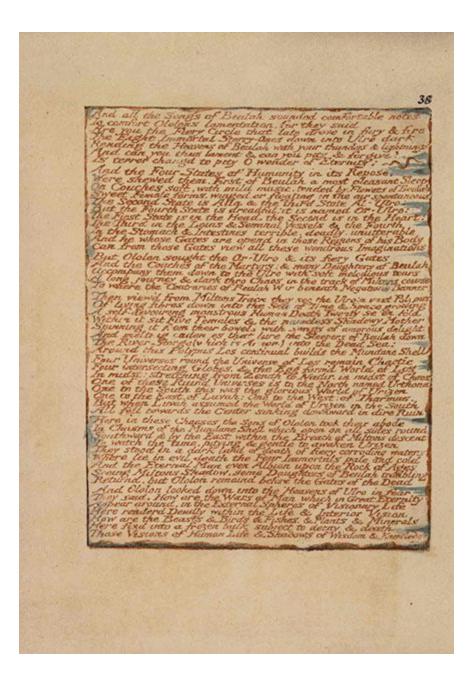


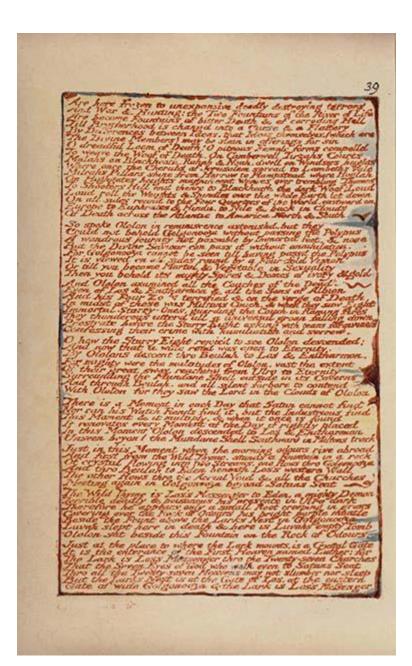
34 Women & Children were taken and S. Wear This pleasant Shadow all the weak & wear's developes of children were taken away as on wings developes soloness, a shadow habitations proported for the e Boson of the Facher of Standy on Bosonia to the day and the Facher of Standy on Bosonia Shadow to repose in all the Days of Juppy Element of this pleasant Shadow Bealah heard the lamentation of when the Doughters of Bealah heard the lamentation of Bealah wist two they saw the Lord the lamentation all the Shadows of Bealah trends the lamentation and we Shadows of Bealah trends to rocky Alburn -ad all Andows with the first trends to rocky Alburn winks chem Ind the Shadows of Berilak terminate in rocky Albion and all Nations went in afficient. Family 55 Funday ermany went converts Fearse & Italy England went & trembled wourds Almerica: India ruse up from his golden bed. 5 one awakeent in the night, they saw the Lord coming the Coulds of Olslow with Power & Great Story and all the Leving Creatures of the Four Elements, waild the Could of Olslow with Power & Great Story and all the Leving Creatures of the Four Elements, waild the fourtes withing these in the appression are named Suday at Anther wailing these in the appression of the Four Elements, the furnes Nymphy, Grownes & Great the Four Elements istory with the contact of the Four Elements of the must be Created for the Angunst Diement and and crue, opposition Element squares the Storages of Golgono at the Correct as the Way of Element but the South and the Element is the Way of Element of Correct In the Loss fulls continue Element of the Fourtes of Golgono to Meanth as the Way of Element of South of Souther Loss fulls continue Enthermone to the Fourtaes of Golgono the Alantas Internation to the Southart Southers of Southers to provide the Alantas Enthermone to the Southers of Southers the Alantas the Mustion the South of Southers of Southers the Alantas the Mustion the South of Southers of Southers the Alantas the Mustion the South of Southers of South stare re howls on the Aduntus Enthilyman trendles. All Beilah were how hearest the Nightingale begin the Songl of Spring: In Lark sating upda his earthy bed just as the mark held load e louis the Choir of Day Triterill trill trill Expanse entring update the lower of the trite the Spranse ecchoing updates the lower of the trite the Spranse ecchoing updates the lower of the trite the state the shell in the throat inhours with enspiration "very faither of the throat inhours with enspiration "very faither of the throat inhours with enspiration on this little Bird in the throat inhours with a wonder love & awe the throat the interpret of the Sould Sine and still your the Mauntum lower on this little Bird in the year of satt foundation of the Sould Sine of the still your the Mauntum lower have the Sould Sine in the year of satt found the sould share the Mauntum in the year of satt found the sould share the Sould Sine of the Sould from their preen cover all the Birds of Sould in the year of satt found the sould share the Mauntum in the the Sine found the sould share the the Sould Sine of the Sine found the sould share the the Sould share in the Sine found the sould share the the Sould share the the Sine found the sould sould be the sould share the Sound of the the sould hour assays his sould the were the Sound the sould found a the lancentation of Securit and the of Sound the sould hour as the lancentation of Securit were of Sound theory percentees the Flowers put forth their precious Odours.

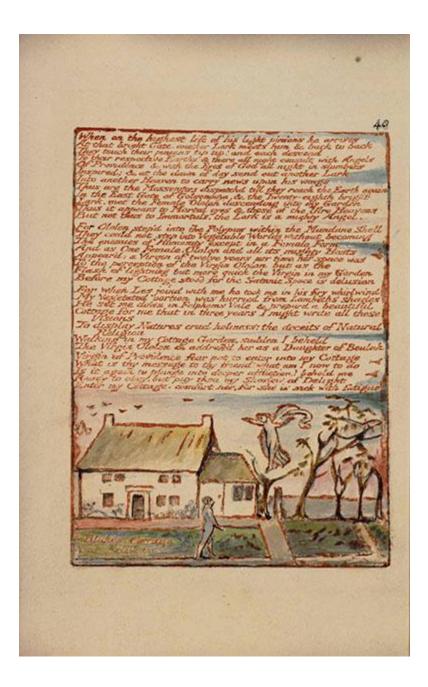
35 bearing with the Couch of Death & I have turned my back upon these Heavens builded an Frield by Spectro still wandering the's them Follows my Emanation to hints her hotsiess thro the snow & the wenty hail & rein the right Reasoner linghts so the Man of Imagination And from laughter proceeds to murder by undervaluing calum Then Hillel who is Lucifer replied over the Couch of Douth And thus the Seven Augel's instructed him & thus they com And thus the Seven Augels instructed him & this they converse We are not Individuals but States: Combinations of Individuals the wore Angels of the Divine Presence & were Drawle of Individuals in made himself a God & destroyed the Himman Form Divine of the Divine Himman & Marma & Sector of Himman but the Divine Himman & Marman & Sector of Himman in the Divine Himman & Marman & Sector of Himman in the Divine Himman & Marman & Sector of Himman in the Divine Himman & Marman & Sector of Himman in the Divine Himman & Sector of Himman Form I in manual the the Divine Himman & Marman & Himman Korm Divine in the Base combined in Freedom & helv Brocherhood & Wit in the those combined in Freedom & helv Brocher & Himseller in the those combined in Freedom & helv Brocher & Himseller is starting with Satins Toroney here in the Bood of Wit in the those combined in Freedom & helv Brocher & Himseller is starting in Human Invited the Anne Length Freedom & Highth is there is a starte the the Divine the History and start the future States Sector and States Charles of Length is start free in the States of the States of the States in the Constant of the States of the States of the States in the Constant of the States of the States of the States is then there is a States of the States of the States of the States in the Constant of the States of th This they converse with the Dead watching round the Grach of Death For God himself enters Deaths Boer always with those that enter had lays down in the Grate with those in Visions of Farmer Till they awake & see Jusues is the Linen Clother bying that the Females had Worm he them & the Gas of the Attern Hause 1000

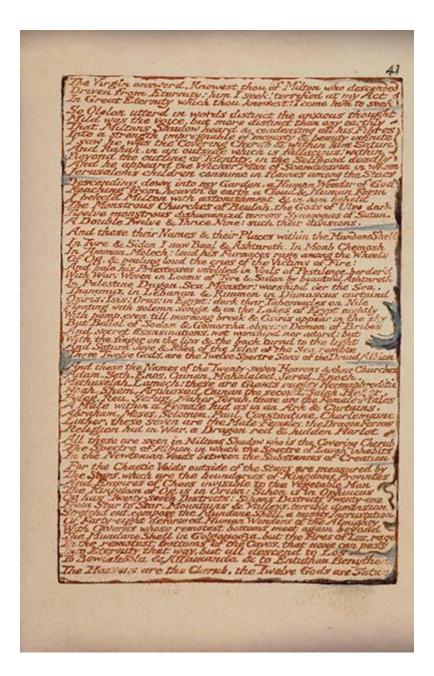


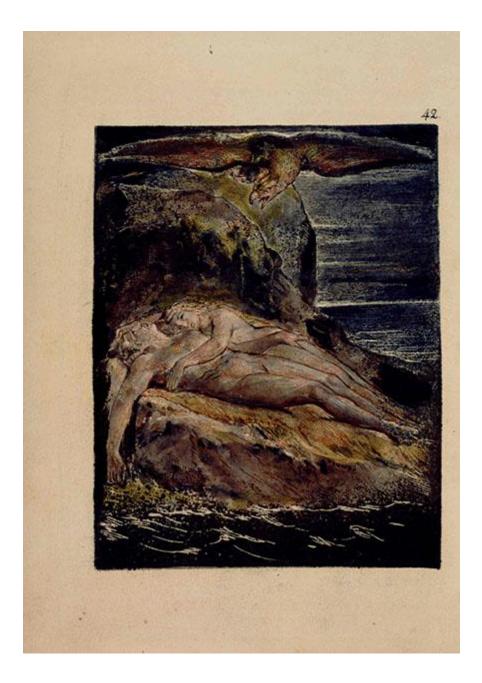


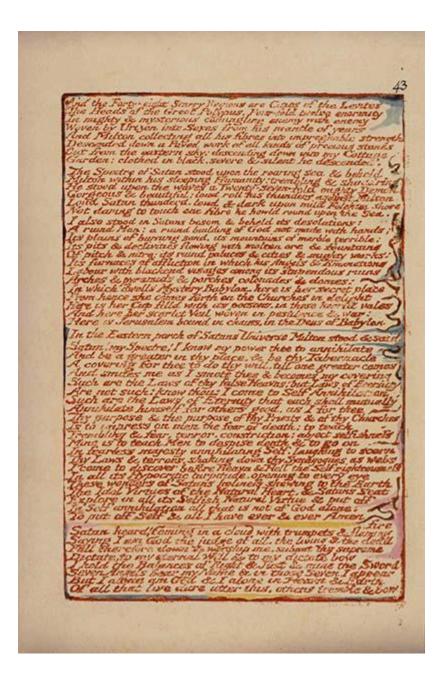


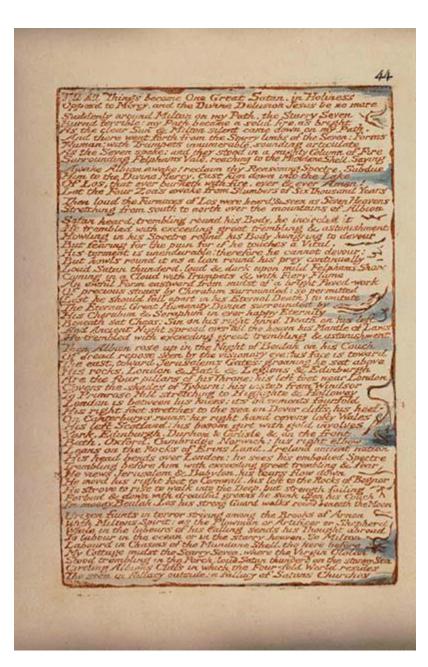


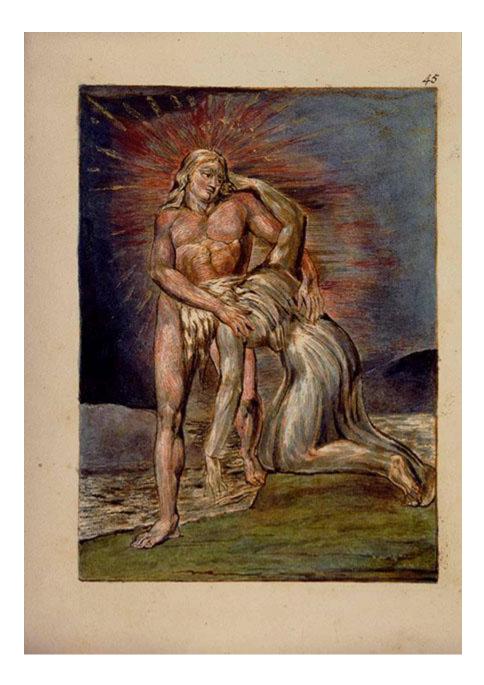


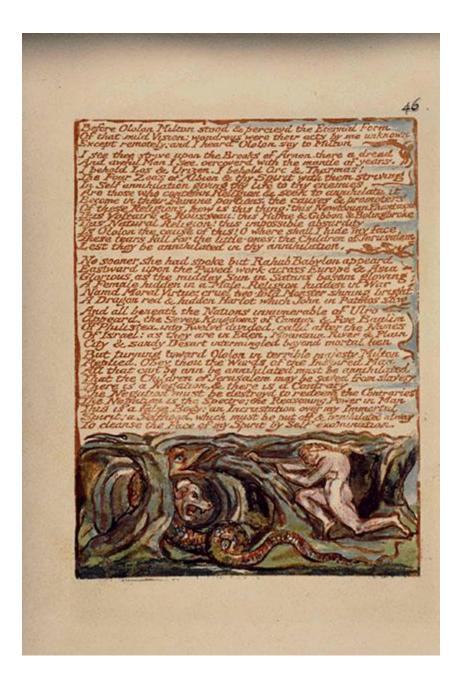


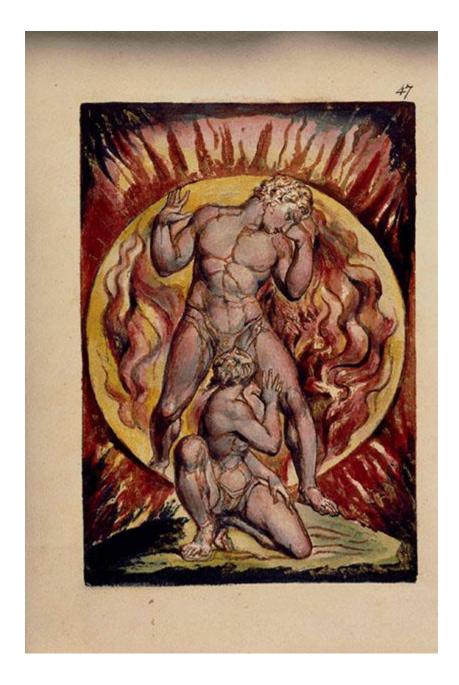


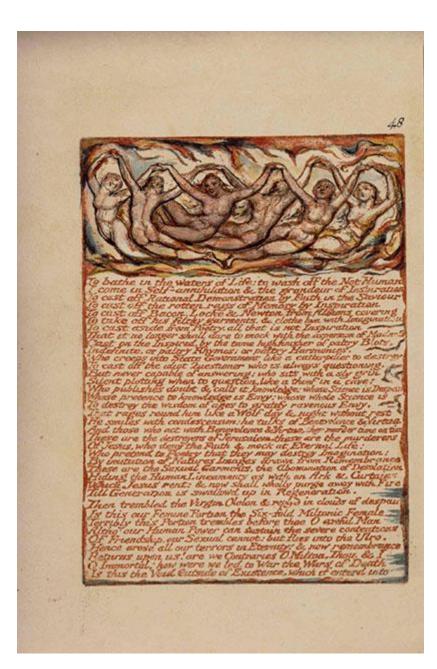


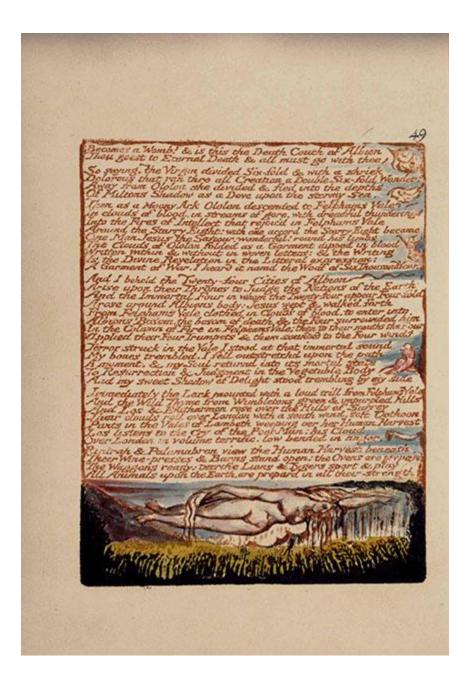


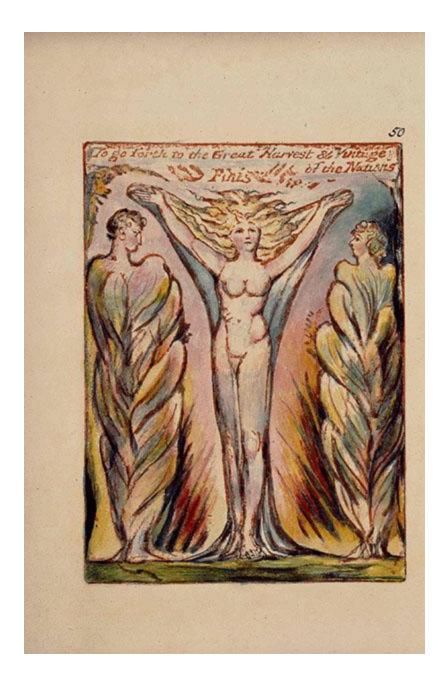












Text

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Book the First

Daughters of Beulah! Muses who inspire the Poet's Song, Record the journey of immortal Milton thro' your Realms Of terror & mild moony lustre, in soft sexual delusions Of varied beauty, to delight the wanderer and repose His burning thirst & freezing hunger! Come into my hand By your mild power; descending down the Nerves of my right arm From out the Portals of my Brain, where by your ministry The Eternal Great Humanity Divine planted his Paradise, And in it caus'd the Spectres of the Dead to take sweet form In likeness of himself. Tell also of the False Tongue! vegetated Beneath your land of shadows: of its sacrifices, and Its offerings: even till Jesus, the image of the Invisible God, Became its prey; a curse, an offering, and an atonement For Death Eternal in the heavens of Albion, & before the Gates Of Jerusalem his Emanation, in the heavens beneath Beulah.

Say first! what mov'd Milton, who walk'd about in Eternity One hundred years, pond'ring the intricate mazes of Providence, Unhappy tho' in heav'n, he obey'd, he murmur'd not, he was silent. Viewing his Sixfold Emanation scatter'd thro' the deep In torment: To go into the deep her to redeem & himself perish? That cause at length mov'd Milton to this unexampled deed, A Bard's prophetic Song! for sitting at eternal tables. Terrific among the Sons of Albion, in chorus solemn & loud A Bard broke forth: all sat attentive to the awful man.

Mark well my words! they are of your eternal salvation!

Three Classes are Created by the Hammer of Los, & Woven

By Enitharmons Looms when Albion was slain upon his Mountains And in his Tent, thro envy of Living Form, even of the Divine Vision And of the sports of Wisdom in the Human Imagination Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus. blessed for ever. Mark well my words. they are of your eternal salvation: Urizen lay in darkness & solitude, in chains of the mind lock'd up Los siezd his Hammer & Tongs; he labourd at his resolute Anvil Among indefinite Druid rocks & snows of doubt & reasoning.

Refusing all Definite Form, the Abstract Horror roofd. stony hard. And a first Age passed over & a State of dismal woe:

Down sunk with fright a red round Globe hot burning. deep Deep down into the Abyss. panting: conglobing: trembling ; And a second Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Rolling round into two little Orbs & closed in two little Caves The Eyes beheld the Abyss: lest bones of solidness freeze over all And a third Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

From beneath his Orbs of Vision, Two Ears in close volutions Shot spiring out in the deep darkness & petrified as they grew And a fourth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Hanging upon the wind, Two Nostrils bent down into the Deep And a fifth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

In ghastly torment sick, a Tongue of hunger & thirst flamed out And a sixth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Enraged & stifled without & within: in terror & woe, he threw his Right Arm to the north, his left Arm to the south, & his Feet Stampd the nether Abyss in trembling & howling & dismay And a seventh Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

Terrified Los stood in the Abyss & his immortal limbs

Grew deadly pale; he became what he beheld: for a red Round Globe sunk down from his Bosom into the Deep in pangs He hoverd over it trembling & weeping. suspended it shook The nether Abyss in tremblings. he wept over it, he cherish'd it In deadly sickening pain: till separated into a Female pale As the cloud that brings the snow: all the while from his Back A blue fluid exuded in Sinews hardening in the Abyss Till it separated into a Male Form howling in Jealousy

Within labouring. beholding Without: from Particulars to Generals Subduing his Spectre, they Builded the Looms of Generation They Builded Great Golgonooza Times on Times Ages on Ages First Orc was Born then the Shadowy Female: then All Los's Family At last Enitharmon brought forth Satan Refusing Form, in vain The Miller of Eternity made subservient to the Great Harvest That he may go to his own Place Prince of the Starry Wheels

Beneath the Plow of Rintrah & the harrow of the Almighty In the hands of Palamabron. Where the Starry Mills of Satan Are built beneath the Earth & Waters of the Mundane Shell Here the Three Classes of Men take their Sexual texture Woven The Sexual is Threefold: the Human is Fourfold.

If you account it Wisdom when you are angry to be silent, and Not to shew it: I do not account that Wisdom but Folly. Every Mans Wisdom is peculiar to his own Individ[u]ality O Satan my youngest born, art thou not Prince of the Starry Hosts And of the Wheels of Heaven, to turn the Mills day & night? Art thou not Newtons Pantocrator weaving the Woof of Locke To Mortals thy Mills seem every thing & the Harrow of Shaddai A scheme of Human conduct invisible & incomprehensible Get to thy Labours at the Mills & leave me to my wrath.

Satan was going to reply, but Los roll'd his loud thunders. Anger me not! thou canst not drive the Harrow in pitys paths. Thy Work is Eternal Death, with Mills & Ovens & Cauldrons. Trouble me no more. thou canst not have Eternal Life So Los spoke! Satan trembling obeyd 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 inmost palaces Resounded with preparation of animals wild & tame (Mark well my words! Corporeal Friends are Spiritual Enemies) Mocking Druidical Mathematical Proportion of Length Bredth Highth Displaying Naked Beauty! with Flute & Harp & Song Palamabron with the fiery Harrow in morning returning From breathing fields. Satan fainted beneath the artillery Christ took on Sin in the Virgins Womb, & put it off on the Cross All pitied the piteous & was wrath with the wrathful & Los heard it.

And this is the manner of the Daughters of Albion in their beauty Every one is threefold in Head & Heart & Reins, & every one Has three Gates into the Three Heavens of Beulah which shine Translucent in their Foreheads & their Bosoms & their Loins Surrounded with fires unapproachable: but whom they please They take up into their Heavens in intoxicating delight For the Elect cannot be Redeemd, but Created continually By Offering & Atonement in the crue[1]ties of Moral Law Hence the three Classes of Men take their fix'd destinations They are the Two Contraries & the Reasoning Negative.

While the Females prepare the Victims. the Males at Furnaces And Anvils dance the dance of tears & pain. loud lightnings Lash on their limbs as they turn the whirlwinds loose upon The Furnaces, lamenting around the Anvils & this their Song

Ah weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground The Eye of Man a little narrow orb closd up & dark Scarcely beholding the great light conversing with the Void The Ear, a little shell in small volutions shutting out All melodies & comprehending only Discord and Harmony The Tongue a little moisture fills, a little food it cloys A little sound it utters & its cries are faintly heard Then brings forth Moral Virtue the cruel Virgin Babylon

Can such an Eye judge of the stars? & looking thro its tubes Measure the sunny rays that point their spears on Udanadan Can such an Ear filld with the vapours of the yawning pit. Judge of the pure melodious harp struck by a hand divine? Can such closed Nostrils feel a joy? or tell of autumn fruits When grapes & figs burst their covering to the joyful air Can such a Tongue boast of the living waters? or take in Ought but the Vegetable Ratio & loathe the faint delight Can such gross Lips percieve? alas! folded within themselves They touch not ought but pallid turn & tremble at every wind

Thus they sing Creating the Three Classes among Druid Rocks Charles calls on Milton for Atonement. Cromwell is ready James calls for fires in Golgonooza. for heaps of smoking ruins In the night of prosperity and wantonness which he himself

Created Among the Daughters of Albion among the Rocks of the Druids When Satan fainted beneath the arrows of Elynittria

And Mathematic Proportion was subdued by Living Proportion From Golgonooza the spiritual Fourfold London eternal In immense labours & sorrows, ever building, ever falling, Thro Albions four Forests which overspread all the Earth, From London Stone to Blackheath east: to Hounslow west: To Finchley north: to Norwood south: and the weights Of Enitharmons Loom play lulling cadences on the winds of Albion From Caithness in the north, to Lizard-point & Dover in the south

Loud sounds the Hammer of Los, & loud his Bellows is heard Before London to Hampsteads breadths & Highgates heights To Stratford & old Bow: & across to the Gardens of Kensington On Tyburns Brook: loud groans Thames beneath the iron Forge Of Rintrah & Palamabron of Theotorm[on] & Bromion, to forge the instruments

Of Harvest: the Plow & Harrow to pass over the Nations

The Surrey hills glow like the clinkers of the furnace: Lambeths Vale Where Jerusalems foundations began; where they were laid in ruins Where they were laid in ruins from every Nation & Oak Groves rooted Dark gleams before the Furnace-mouth a heap of burning ashes When shall Jerusalem return & overspread all the Nations Return: return to Lambeths Vale O building of human souls Thence stony Druid Temples overspread the Island white And thence from Jerusalems ruins.. from her walls of salvation And praise: thro the whole Earth were reard from Ireland To Mexico & Peru west, & east to China & Japan; till Babel The Spectre of Albion frownd over the Nations in glory & war All things begin & end in Albions ancient Druid rocky shore But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

Loud sounds the Hammer of Los, loud turn the Wheels of Enitharmon Her Looms vibrate with soft affections, weaving the Web of Life Out from the ashes of the Dead; Los lifts his iron Ladles With molten ore: he heaves the iron cliffs in his rattling chains From Hyde Park to the Alms-houses of Mile-end & old Bow Here the Three Classes of Mortal Men take their fixd destinations

And hence they overspread the Nations of the whole Earth & hence The Web of Life is woven: & the tender sinews of life created And the Three Classes of Men regulated by Los's hammer.

The first, The Elect from before the foundation of the World: The second, The Redeem'd. The Third, The Reprobate & form'd To destruction from the mothers womb: follow with me my plow!

Of the first class was Satan: with incomparable mildness; His primitive tyrannical attempts on Los: with most endearing love He soft intreated Los to give to him Palamabrons station; For Palamabron returnd with labour wearied every evening Palamabron oft refus'd; and as often Satan offer'd His service till by repeated offers and repeated intreaties Los gave to him the Harrow of the Almighty; alas blamable Palamabron. fear'd to be angry lest Satan should accuse him of Ingratitude, & Los believe the accusation thro Satans extreme Mildness. Satan labour'd all day. it was a thousand years In the evening returning terrified overlabourd & astonish'd Embrac'd soft with a brothers tears Palamabron, who also wept

Mark well my words! they are of your eternal salvation

Next morning Palamabron rose: the horses of the Harrow Were maddend with tormenting fury, & the servants of the Harrow The Gnomes, accus'd Satan, with indignation fury and fire. Then Palamabron reddening like the Moon in an eclipse, Spoke saying, You know Satans mildness and his self-imposition, Seeming a brother, being a tyrant, even thinking himself a brother While he is murdering the just; prophetic I behold His future course thro' darkness and despair to eternal death But we must not be tyrants also! he hath assum'd my place For one whole day, under pretence of pity and love to me: My horses hath he maddend! and my fellow servants injur'd: How should he he know the duties of another? O foolish forbearance Would I had told Los, all my heart! but patience O my friends. All may be well: silent remain, while I call Los and Satan.

Loud as the wind of Beulah that unroots the rocks & hills Palamabron call'd! and Los & Satan came before him And Palamabron shew'd the horses & the servants. Satan wept, And mildly cursing Palamabron, him accus'd of crimes Himself had wrought. Los trembled; Satans blandishments almost Perswaded the Prophet of Eternity that Palamabron Was Satans enemy, & that the Gnomes being Palamabron's friends Were leagued together against Satan thro' ancient enmity. What could Los do? how could be judge, when Satans self, believ'd That he had not oppres'd the horses of the Harrow, nor the servants. So Los said, Henceforth Palamabron, let each his own station Keep: nor in pity false, nor in officious brotherhood, where None needs, be active. Mean time Palamabrons horses. Rag'd with thick flames redundant, & the Harrow maddend with fury. Trembling Palamabron stood, the strongest of Demons trembled: Curbing his living creatures; many of the strongest Gnomes, They bit in their wild fury, who also maddend like wildest beasts

Mark well my words; they are of your eternal salvation

Mean while wept Satan before Los, accusing Palamabron; Himself exculpating with mildest speech. for himself believ'd That he had not opress'd nor injur'd the refractory servants.

But Satan returning to his Mills (for Palamabron had serv'd The Mills of Satan as the easier task) found all confusion And back return'd to Los, not fill'd with vengeance but with tears, Himself convinc'd of Palamabrons turpitude. Los beheld The servants of the Mills drunken with wine and dancing wild With shouts and Palamabrons songs, rending the forests green With ecchoing confusion, tho' the Sun was risen on high.

Then Los took off his left sandal placing it on his head, Signal of solemn mourning: when the servants of the Mills Beheld the signal they in silence stood, tho' drunk with wine. Los wept! But Rintrah also came, and Enitharmon on His arm lean'd tremblingly observing all these things

And Los said. Ye Genii of the Mills! the Sun is on high Your labours call you! Palamabron is also in sad dilemma; His horses are mad! his Harrow confounded! his companions enrag'd. Mine is the fault! I should have remember'd that pity divides the soul And man, unmans: follow with me my Plow. this mournful day Must be a blank in Nature: follow with me, and tomorrow again Resume your labours, & this day shall be a mournful day Wildly they follow'd Los and Rintrah, & the Mills were silent They mourn'd all day this mournful day of Satan & Palamabron: And all the Elect & all the Redeem'd mourn'd one toward another Upon the mountains of Albion among the cliffs of the Dead.

They Plow'd in tears! incessant pourd Jehovahs rain, & Molechs Thick fires contending with the rain, thunder'd above rolling Terrible over their heads; Satan wept over Palamabron Theotormon & Bromion contended on the side of Satan Pitying his youth and beauty; trembling at eternal death: Michael contended against Satan in the rolling thunder Thulloh the friend of Satan also reprovd him; faint their reproof.

But Rintrah who is of the reprobate: of those form'd to destruction In indignation. for Satans soft dissimulation of friendship! Flam'd above all the plowed furrows, angry red and furious, Till Michael sat down in the furrow weary dissolv'd in tears Satan who drave the team beside him, stood angry & red He smote Thulloh & slew him, & he stood terrible over Michael Urging him to arise: he wept! Enitharmon saw his tears But Los hid Thulloh from her sight, lest she should die of grief She wept: she trembled! she kissed Satan; she wept over Michael She form'd a Space for Satan & Michael & for the poor infected Trembling she wept over the Space, & clos'd it with a tender Moon

Los secret buried Thulloh, weeping disconsolate over the moony Space

But Palamabron called down a Great Solemn Assembly, That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelled to Defend a Lie, that he may be snared & caught & taken

And all Eden descended into Palamabrons tent Among Albions Druids & Bards, in the caves beneath Albions Death Couch, in the caverns of death, in the corner of the Atlantic. And in the midst of the Great Assembly Palamabron pray'd: O God protect me from my friends, that they have not power over me Thou hast giv'n me power to protect myself from my bitterest enemies.

Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation

Then rose the Two Witnesses, Rintrah & Palamabron: And Palamabron appeal'd to all Eden, and recievd Judgment: and Lo! it fell on Rintrah and his rage: Which now flam'd high & furious in Satan against Plamabron Till it became a proverb in Eden. Satan is among the Reprobate.

Los in his wrath curs'd heaven & earth, he rent up Nations Standing on Albions rocks among high-reard Druid temples Which reach the stars of heaven & stretch from pole to pole. He displacd continents, the oceans fled before his face He alter'd the poles of the world, east, west & north & south But he clos'd up Enitharmon from the sight of all these things

For Satan flaming with Rintrahs fury hidden beneath his own mildness

Accus'd Palamabron before the Assembly of ingratitude! of malice: He created Seven deadly Sins drawing out his infernal scroll, Of Moral laws and cruel punishments upon the clouds of Jehovah To pervert the Divine voice in its entrance to the earth With thunder of war & trumpets sound, with armies of disease Punishments & deaths musterd & number'd; Saying I am God alone There is no other! let all obey my principles of moral individuality I have brought them from the uppermost innermost recesses Of my Eternal Mind, transgressors I will rend off for ever, As now I rend this accursed Family from my covering.

Thus Satan rag'd amidst the Assembly! and his bosom grew Opake against the Divine Vision: the paved terraces of His bosom inwards shone with fires, but the stones becoming opake! Hid him from sight, in an extreme blackness and darkness, And there a World of deeper Ulro was open'd, in the midst Of the Assembly. In Satans bosom a vast unfathomable Abyss. Astonishment held the Assembly in an awful silence: and tears Fell down as dews of night, & a loud solemn universal groan Was utter'd from the east & from the west & from the south And from the north; and Satan stood opake immeasurable Covering the east with solid blackness, round his hidden heart With thunders utterd from his hidden wheels: accusing loud The Divine Mercy, for protecting Palamabron in his tent.

Rintrah rear'd up walls of rocks and pourd rivers & moats Of fire round the walls: columns of fire guard around Between Satan and Palamabron in the terrible darkness.

And Satan not having the Science of Wrath, but only of Pity: Rent them asunder, and wrath was left to wrath, & pity to pity. He sunk down a dreadful Death, unlike the slumbers of Beulah The Separation was terrible: the Dead was repos'd on his Couch Beneath the Couch of Albion, on the seven mou[n]tains of Rome In the whole place of the Covering Cherub, Rome Babylon & Tyre. His Spectre raging furious descended into its Space

Then Los & Enitharmon knew that Satan is Urizen Drawn down by Orc & the Shadowy Female into Generation Oft Enitharmon enterd weeping into the Space, there appearing An aged Woman raving along the Streets (the Space is named Canaan) then she returnd to Los weary frighted as from dreams The nature of a Female Space is this: it shrinks the Organs Of Life till they become Finite & Itself seems Infinite.

And Satan vibrated in the immensity of the Space! Limited To those without but Infinite to those within: it fell down and Became Canaan: closing Los from Eternity in Albions Cliffs A mighty Fiend against the Divine Humanity mustring to War Satan! Ah me! is gone to his own place, said Los! their God I will not worship in their Churches, nor King in their Theatres Elynittria! whence is this jealousy running along the mountains British Women were not Jealous when Greek & Roman were Jealous Every thing in Eternity shines by its own Internal light: but thou Darkenest every Internal light with the arrows of thy quiver Bound up in the horns of jealousy to a deadly fading Moon And Ocalythron binds the Sun into a Jealous Globe That every thing is fixd Opake without Internal light So Los lamented over Satan, who triumphant divided the Nations

He set his face against Jerusalem to destroy the Eon of Albion

But Los hid Enitharmon from the sight of all these things, Upon the Thames whose lulling harmony repos'd her soul: Where Beulah lovely terminates in rocky Albion: Terminating in Hyde Park, on Tyburns awful brook.

And the Mills of Satan were separated into a moony Space Among the rocks of Albions Temples, and Satans Druid sons Offer the Human Victims throughout all the Earth, and Albions Dread Tomb immortal on his Rock, overshadowd the whole Earth: Where Satan making to himself Laws from his own identity. Compell'd others to serve him in moral gratitude & submission Being call'd God: setting himself above all that is called God. And all the Spectres of the Dead calling themselves Sons of God In his Synagogues worship Satan under the Unutterable Name

And it was enquir'd: Why in a Great Solemn Assembly The Innocent should be condemn'd for the Guilty? Then an Eternal rose

Saying. If the Guilty should be condemn'd, he must be an Eternal Death

And one must die for another throughout all Eternity. Satan is fall'n from his station & never can be redeem'd But must be new created continually moment by moment And therefore the Class of Satan shall be calld the Elect, & those Of Rintrah. the Reprobate, & those of Palamabron the Redeem'd For he is redeem'd from Satans Law, the wrath falling on Rintrah, And therefore Palamabron dared not to call a solemn Assembly Till Satan had assum'd Rintrahs wrath in the day of mourning In a feminine delusion of false pride self-deciev'd.

So spake the Eternal and confirm'd it with a thunderous oath

But when Leutha a Daughter of Beulah) beheld Satans condemnation She down descended into the midst of the Great Solemn Assembly Offering herself a Ransom for Satan, taking on her, his Sin.

Mark well my words. they are of your eternal salvation!

And Leutha stood glowing with varying colours immortal, heartpiercing

And lovely: & her moth-like elegance shone over the Assembly

At length standing upon the golden floor of Palamabron She spake: I am the Author of this Sin! by my suggestion My Parent power Satan has committed this transgression. I loved Palamabron & I sought to approach his Tent, But beautiful Elynittria with her silver arrows repelld me. For her light is terrible to me. I fade before her immortal beauty. O wherefore doth a Dragon-form forth issue from my limbs To sieze her new born son? Ah me! the wretched Leutha! This to prevent, entering the doors of Satans brain night after night Like sweet perfumes I stupified the masculine perceptions And kept only the feminine awake, hence rose his soft Delusory love to Palamabron: admiration join'd with envy Cupidity unconquerable! my fault, when at noon of day The Horses of Palamabron call'd for rest and pleasant death: I sprang out of the breast of Satan, over the Harrow beaming In all my beauty! that I might unloose the flaming steeds As Elynittria use'd to do; but too well those living creatures Knew that I was not Elynittria, and they brake the traces But me, the servants of the Harrow saw not: but as a bow Of varying colours on the hills; terribly rag'd the horses. Satan astonishd, and with power above his own controll Compell'd the Gnomes to curb the horses, & to throw banks of sand Around the fiery flaming Harrow in labyrinthine forms. And brooks between to intersect the meadows in their course. The Harrow cast thick flames: Jehovah thunderd above: Chaos & ancient night fled from beneath the fiery Harrow: The Harrow cast thick flames & orb'd us round in concave fires A Hell of our own making. see, its flames still gird me round. Jehovah thunder'd above! Satan in pride of heart Drove the fierce Harrow among the constellations of Jehovah Drawing a third part in the fires as stubble north & south To devour Albion and Jerusalem the Emanation of Albion Driving the Harrow in Pitys paths. 'twas then, with our dark fires Which now gird round us (O eternal torment) I form'd the Serpent Of precious stones & gold turn'd poisons on the sultry wastes The Gnomes in all that day spar'd not; they curs'd Satan bitterly. To do unkind things in kindness! with power armd, to say The most irritating things in the midst of tears and love These are the stings of the Serpent! thus did we by them; till thus They in return retaliated, and the Living Creatures maddend. The Gnomes labourd. I weeping hid in Satans inmost brain; But when the Gnomes refus'd to labour more, with blandishments I came forth from the head of Satan! back the Gnomes recoil'd. And call'd me Sin, and for a sign portentous held me. Soon Day sunk and Palamabron return'd, trembling I hid myself In Satans inmost Palace of his nervous fine wrought Brain: For Elynittria met Satan with all her singing women. Terrific in their joy & pouring wine of wildest power They gave Satan their wine: indignant at the burning wrath. Wild with prophetic fury his former life became like a dream Cloth'd in the Serpents folds, in selfish holiness demanding purity Being Most impure, self-condemn'd to eternal tears, he drove Me from his inmost Brain & the doors clos'd with thunders sound O Divine Vision who didst create the Female: to repose The Sleepers of Beulah: pity the repentant Leutha. My Sick Couch bears the dark shades of Eternal Death infolding The Spectre of Satan. he furious refuses to repose in sleep I humbly bow in all my Sin before the Throne Divine. Not so the Sick-one; Alas what shall be done him to restore?

Who calls the Individual Law, Holy: and despises the Saviour. Glorying to involve Albions Body in fires of eternal War—

Now Leutha ceas'd: tears flow'd: but the Divine Pity supported her.

All is my fault! We are the Spectre of Luvah the murderer. Of Albion: O Vala! O Luvah! O Albion! O lovely Jerusalem The Sin was begun in Eternity, and will not rest to Eternity Till two Eternitys meet together, Ah! lost! lost! lost! for ever!

So Leutha spoke. But when she saw that Enitharmon had Created a New Space to protect Satan from punishment; She fled to Enitharmons Tent & hid herself. Loud raging Thundered the Assembly dark & clouded, and they ratify'd The kind decision of Enitharmon & gave a Time to the Space, Even Six Thousand years; and sent Lucifer for its Guard. But Lucifer refus'd to die & in pride he forsook his charge And they elected Molech, and when Molech was impatient The Divine hand found the Two Limits: first of Opacity, then of Contraction Opacity was named Satan, Contraction was named Adam. Triple Elohim came: Elohim wearied fainted: they elected Shaddai. Shaddai angry, Pahad descended: Pahad terrified, they sent Jehovah And Jehovah was leprous; loud he call'd, stretching his hand to Eternity For then the Body of Death was perfected in hypocritic holiness, Around the Lamb, a Female Tabernacle woven in Cathedrons Looms He died as a Reprobate. he was Punish'd as a Transgressor! Glory! Glory! Glory! to the Holy Lamb of God I touch the heavens as an instrument to glorify the Lord!

The Elect shall meet the Redeem'd. on Albions rocks they shall meet Astonish'd at the Transgressor, in him beholding the Saviour. And the Elect shall say to the Redeemd. We behold it is of Divine Mercy alone! of Free Gift and Election that we live. Our Virtues & Cruel Goodnesses, have deserv'd Eternal Death. Thus they weep upon the fatal Brook of Albions River. But Elynittria met Leutha in the place where she was hidden. And threw aside her arrows, and laid down her sounding Bow; She sooth'd her with soft words & brought her to Palamabrons bed In moments new created for delusion, interwoven round about, In dreams she bore the shadowy Spectre of Sleep, & namd him Death. In dreams she bore Rahab the mother of Tirzah & her sisters In Lambeths vales; in Cambridge & in Oxford, places of Thought Intricate labyrinths of Times and Spaces unknown, that Leutha lived

In Palamabrons Tent, and Oothoon was her charming guard.

The Bard ceas'd. All consider'd and a loud resounding murmur Continu'd round the Halls; and much they question'd the immortal Loud voicd Bard. and many condemn'd the high tone'd Song Saying Pity and Love are too venerable for the imputation Of Guilt. Others said. It it is true! if the acts have been perform'd Let the Bard himself witness. Where hadst thou this terrible Song

The Bard replied. I am Inspired! I know it is Truth! for I Sing

According to the inspiration of the Poetic Genius Who is the eternal all-protecting Divine Humanity To whom be Glory & Power & Dominion Evermore Amen

Then there was great murmuring in the Heavens of Albion Concerning Generation & the Vegetative power & concerning The Lamb the Saviour: Albion trembled to Italy Greece & Egypt To Tartary & Hindostan & China & to Great America Shaking the roots & fast foundations of the Earth in doubtfulness The loud voic'd Bard terrify'd took refuge in Miltons bosom

Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardorous! The whole Assembly wept prophetic, seeing in Miltons face And in his lineaments divine the shades of Death & Ulro He took off the robe of the promise, & ungirded himself from the oath of God And Milton said, I go to Eternal Death! The Nations still Follow after the detestable Gods of Priam; in pomp Of warlike selfhood, contradicting and blaspheming. When will the Resurrection come; to deliver the sleeping body From corruptibility: O when Lord Jesus wilt thou come? Tarry no longer; for my soul lies at the gates of death. I will arise and look forth for the morning of the grave. I will go down to the sepulcher to see if morning breaks! I will go down to self annihilation and eternal death, Lest the Last Judgment come & find me unannihilate And I be siez'd & giv'n into the hands of my own Selfhood The Lamb of God is seen thro' mists & shadows, hov'ring Over the sepulchers in clouds of Jehovah & winds of Elohim A disk of blood, distant; & heav'ns & earth's roll dark between What do I here before the Judgment? without my Emanation? With the daughters of memory, & not with the daughters of inspiration I in my Selfhood am that Satan: I am that Evil One! He is my Spectre! in my obedience to loose him from my Hells To claim the Hells, my Furnaces, I go to Eternal Death.

And Milton said. I go to Eternal Death! Eternity shudder'd For he took the outside course, among the graves of the dead A mournful shade. Eternity shudderd at the image of eternal death

Then on the verge of Beulah he beheld his own Shadow; A mournful form double; hermaphroditic: male & female In one wonderful body. and he enterd into it In direful pain for the dread shadow, twenty-seven-fold Reached to the depths of direst Hell, & thence to Albions land: Which is this earth of vegetation on which now I write,

The Seven Angels of the Presence wept over Miltons Shadow! As when a man dreams, he reflects not that his body sleeps, Else he would wake; so seem'd he entering his Shadow: but With him the Spirits of the Seven Angels of the Presence Entering; they gave him still perceptions of his Sleeping Body; Which now arose and walk'd with them in Eden, as an Eighth Image Divine tho' darken'd; and tho walking as one walks In sleep; and the Seven comforted and supported him.

Like as a Polypus that vegetates beneath the deep! They saw his Shadow vegetated underneath the Couch Of death: for when he enterd into his Shadow: Himself: His real and immortal Self: was as appeard to those Who dwell in immortality, as One sleeping on a couch Of gold; and those in immortality gave forth their Emanations Like Females of sweet beauty, to guard round him & to feed His lips with food of Eden in his cold and dim repose! But to himself he seemd a wanderer lost in dreary night.

Onwards his Shadow kept its course among the Spectres; call'd Satan, but swift as lightning passing them, startled the shades Of Hell beheld him in a trail of light as of a comet That travels into Chaos: so Milton went guarded within.

The nature of infinity is this: That every thing has its Own Vortex; and when once a traveller thro Eternity. Has passd that Vortex, he percieves it roll backward behind His path, into a globe itself infolding; like a sun: Or like a moon, or like a universe of starry majesty, While he keeps onwards in his wondrous journey on the earth Or like a human form, a friend with whom he livd benevolent. As the eye of man views both the east & west encompassing Its vortex; and the north & south, with all their starry host; Also the rising sun & setting moon he views surrounding His corn-fields and his valleys of five hundred acres square. Thus is the earth one infinite plane, and not as apparent To the weak traveller confin'd beneath the moony shade. Thus is the heaven a vortex passd already, and the earth A vortex not yet pass'd by the traveller thro' Eternity.

First Milton saw Albion upon the Rock of Ages, Deadly pale outstretchd and snowy cold, storm coverd; A Giant form of perfect beauty outstretchd on the rock In solemn death: the Sea of Time & Space thunderd aloud Against the rock, which was inwrapped with the weeds of death Hovering over the cold bosom, in its vortex Milton bent down To the bosom of death, what was underneath soon seemd above. A cloudy heaven mingled with stormy seas in loudest ruin; But as a wintry globe descends precipitant thro' Beulah bursting, With thunders loud and terrible: so Miltons shadow fell Precipitant loud thundring into the Sea of Time & Space.

Then first I saw him in the Zenith as a falling star, Descending perpendicular, swift as the swallow or swift; And on my left foot falling on the tarsus, enterd there; But from my left foot a black cloud redounding spread over Europe.

Then Milton knew that the Three Heavens of Beulah were beheld By him on earth in his bright pilgrimage of sixty years

In those three females whom his Wives, & those three whom his Daughters

Had represented and containd, that they might be resum'd By giving up of Selfhood: & they distant view'd his journey In their eternal spheres, now Human, tho' their Bodies remain clos'd In the dark Ulro till the Judgment: also Milton knew: they and Himself was Human, tho' now wandering thro Death's Vale In conflict with those Female forms, which in blood & jealousy Surrounded him, dividing & uniting without end or number.

He saw the Cruelties of Ulro, and he wrote them down In iron tablets: and his Wives & Daughters names were these Rahab and Tirzah, & Milcah & Malah & Noah & Hoglah, They sat rangd round him as the rocks of Horeb round the land Of Canaan: and they wrote in thunder smoke and fire His dictate; and his body was the Rock Sinai; that body, Which was on earth born to corruption: & the six Females Are Hor & Peor & Bashan & Abarim & Lebanon & Hermon Seven rocky masses terrible in the Desarts of Midian. But Miltons Human Shadow continu'd journeying above The rocky masses of The Mundane Shell; in the Lands Of Edom & Aram & Moab & Midian & Amalek.

The Mundane Shell, is a vast Concave Earth: an immense Hardend shadow of all things upon our Vegetated Earth Enlarg'd into dimension & deform'd into indefinite space, In Twenty-seven Heavens and all their Hells; with Chaos And Ancient Night; & Purgatory. It is a cavernous Earth Of labyrinthine intricacy, twenty-seven folds of opakeness And finishes where the lark mounts; here Milton journeyed In that Region calld Midian among the Rocks of Horeb For travellers from Eternity. pass outward to Satans seat, But travellers to Eternity. pass inward to Golgonooza. Los the Vehicular terror beheld him, & divine Enitharmon Call'd all her daughters, Saying. Surely to unloose my bond Is this Man come! Satan shall be unloosd upon Albion

Los heard in terror Enitharmons words: in fibrous strength His limbs shot forth like roots of trees against the forward path Of Miltons jouney. Urizen beheld the immortal Man, And Tharmas Demon of the Waters, & Orc, who is Luvah The Shadowy Female seeing Milton, howl'd in her lamentation Over the Deeps. outstretching her Twenty seven Heavens over Albion And thus the Shadowy Female howls in articulate howlings

I will lament over Milton in the lamentations of the afflicted My Garments shall be woven of sighs & heart broken lamentations The misery of unhappy Families shall be drawn out into its border Wrought with the needle with dire sufferings poverty pain & woe Along the rocky Island & thence throughout the whole Earth There shall be the sick Father & his starving Family! there The Prisoner in the stone Dungeon & the Slave at the Mill I will have Writings written all over it in Human Words That every Infant that is born upon the Earth shall read And get by rote as a hard task of a life of sixty years

I will have Kings inwoven upon it, & Councellors & Mighty Men The Famine shall clasp it together with buckles & Clasps And the Pestilence shall be its fringe & the War its girdle To divide into Rahab & Tirzah that Milton may come to our tents For I will put on the Human Form & take the Image of God Even Pity & Humanity but my Clothing shall be Cruelty And I will put on Holiness as a breastplate & as a helmet And all my ornaments shall be of the gold of broken hearts And the precious stones of anxiety & care & desperation & death And repentance for sin & sorrow & punishment & fear To defend me from thy terrors O Orc! my only beloved! Orc answerd. Take not the Human Form O loveliest. Take not Terror upon thee! Behold how I am & tremble lest thou also Consume in my Consummation; but thou maist take a Form Female & lovely, that cannot consume in Mans consmmation Wherefore dost thou Create & Weave this Satan for a Covering When thou attemptest to put on the Human Form, my wrath Burns to the top of heaven against thee in Jealousy & Fear. Then I rend thee asunder, then I howl over thy clay & ashes When wilt thou put on the Female Form as in times of old With a Garment of Pity & Compassion like the Garment of God His garments are long sufferings for the Children of Men Jerusalem is his Garment & not thy Covering Cherub O lovely Shadow of my delight who wanderest seeking for the prey.

So spoke Orc when Oothoon & Leutha hoverd over his Couch Of fire in interchange of Beauty & Perfection in the darkness Opening interiorly into Jerusalem & Babylon shining glorious In the Shadowy Females bosom. Jealous her darkness grew: Howlings filld all the desolate places in accusations of Sin In Female beauty shining in the unformd void & Orc in vain Stretch'd out his hands of fire, & wooed: they triumph in his pain

Thus darkend the Shadowy Female tenfold & Orc tenfold Glowd on his rocky Couch against the darkness: loud thunders Told of the enormous conflict Earthquake beneath: around; Rent the Immortal Females, limb from limb & joint from joint And moved the fast foundations of the Earth to wake the Dead Urizen emerged from his Rocky Form & from his Snows, And he also darkend his brows: freezing dark rocks between The footsteps. and infixing deep the feet in marble beds: That Milton labourd with his journey, & his feet bled sore Upon the clay now chang'd to marble; also Urizen rose, And met him on the shores of Arnon; & by the streams of the brooks

Silent they met, and silent strove among the streams, of Arnon Even to Mahanaim, when with cold hand Urizen stoop'd down And took up water from the river Jordan: pouring on To Miltons brain the icy fluid from his broad cold palm. But Milton took of the red clay of Succoth, moulding it with care Between his palms: and filling up the furrows of many years Beginning at the feet of Urizen, and on the bones Creating new flesh on the Demon cold, and building him, As with new clay a Human form in the Valley of Beth Peor.

Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic One to the North, named Urthona: One to the South, named Urizen: One to the East, named Luvah: One to the West, named Tharmas They are the Four Zoa's that stood around the Throne Divine! But when Luvah assum'd the World of Urizen to the South: And Albion was slain upon his mountains, & in his tent; All fell towards the Center in dire ruin, sinking down. And in the South remains a burning fire; in the East a void. In the West, a world of raging waters; in the North a solid, Unfathomable! without end. But in the midst of these, Is built eternally the Universe of Los and Enitharmon: Towards which Milton went, but Urizen oppos'd his path.

The Man and Demon strove many periods. Rahab beheld Standing on Carmel; Rahab and Tirzah trembled to behold The enormous strife. one giving life, the other giving death To his adversary. and they sent forth all their sons & daughters In all their beauty to entice Milton across the river, The Twofold form Hermaphroditic: and the Double-sexed; The Female-male & the Male-female, self-dividing stood Before him in their beauty, & in cruelties of holiness! Shining in darkness, glorious upon the deeps of Entuthon.

Saying. Come thou to Ephraim! behold the Kings of Canaan! The beautiful Amalekites, behold the fires of youth Bound with the Chain of jealousy by Los & Enitharmon; The banks of Cam: cold learnings streams: Londons dark-frowning towers;

Lament upon the winds of Europe in Rephaims Vale. Because Ahania rent apart into a desolate night, Laments! & Enion wanders like a weeping inarticulate voice And Vala labours for her bread & water among the Furnaces Therefore bright Tirzah triumphs: putting on all beauty. And all perfection, in her cruel sports among the Victims, Come bring with thee Jerusalem with songs on the Grecian Lyre! In Natural Religion! in experiments on Men, Let her be Offerd up to Holiness! Tirzah numbers her; She numbers with her fingers every fibre ere it grow; Where is the Lamb of God? where is the promise of his coming? Her shadowy Sisters form the bones, even the bones of Horeb: Around the marrow! and the orbed scull around the brain! His Images are born for War! for Sacrifice to Tirzah! To Natural Religion! to Tirzah the Daughter of Rahab the Holy! She ties the knot of nervous fibres, into a white brain! She ties the knot of bloody veins, into a red hot heart! Within her bosom Albion lies embalmd, never to awake Hand is become a rock! Sinai & Horeb, is Hyle & Coban: Scofield is bound in iron armour before Reubens Gate! She ties the knot of milky seed into two lovely Heavens, Two yet but one: each in the other sweet reflected! these Are our Three Heavens beneath the shades of Beulah, land of rest! Come then to Ephraim & Manasseh O beloved-one! Come to my ivory palaces O beloved of thy mother! And let us bind thee in the bands of War & be thou King Of Canaan and reign in Hazor where the Twelve Tribes meet.

So spoke they as in one voice! Silent Milton stood before The darkend Urizen; as the sculptor silent stands before His forming image; he walks round it patient labouring. Thus Milton stood forming bright Urizen, while his Mortal part Sat frozen in the rock of Horeb: and his Redeemed portion, Thus form'd the Clay of Urizen; but within that portion His real Human walkd above in power and majesty Tho darkend; and the Seven Angels of the Presence attended him.

O how can I with my gross tongue that cleaveth to the dust, Tell of the Fourfold Man, in starry numbers fitly orderd Or how can I with my cold hand of clay! But thou O Lord Do with me as thou wilt! for I am nothing, and vanity. If thou chuse to elect a worm, it shall remove the mountains. For that portion namd the Elect: the Spectrous body of Milton: Redounding from my left foot into Los's Mundane space, Brooded over his Body in Horeb against the Resurrection Preparing it for the Great Consummation; red the Cherub on Sinai Glow'd; but in terrors folded round his clouds of blood.

Now Albions sleeping Humanity began to turn upon his Couch; Feeling the electric flame of Miltons awful precipitate descent. Seest thou the little winged fly, smaller than a grain of sand? It has a heart like thee; a brain open to heaven & hell, Withinside wondrous & expansive; its gates are not clos'd, I hope thine are not: hence it clothes itself in rich array; Hence thou art cloth'd with human beauty O thou mortal man. Seek not thy heavenly father then beyond the skies: There Chaos dwells & ancient Night & Og & Anak old: For every human heart has gates of brass & bars of adamant, Which few dare unbar because dread Og & Anak guard the gates Terrific! and each mortal brain is walld and moated round Within: and Og & Anak watch here; here is the Seat Of Satan in its Webs; for in brain and heart and loins Gates open behind Satans Seat to the City of Golgonooza Which is the spiritual fourfold London, in the loins of Albion

Thus Milton fell thro Albions heart, travlling outside of Humanity Beyond the Stars in Chaos in Caverns of the Mundane Shell.

But many of the Eternals rose up from eternal tables Drunk with the Spirit, burning round the Couch of death they stood Looking down into Beulah: wrathful, fill'd with rage! They rend the heavens round the Watchers in a fiery circle: And round the Shadowy Eighth: the Eight close up the Couch Into a tabernacle, and flee with cries down to the Deeps: Where Los opens his three wide gates, surrounded by raging fires! They soon find their own place & join the Watchers of the Ulro.

Los saw them and a cold pale horror coverd o'er his limbs Pondering he knew that Rintrah & Palamabron might depart: Even as Reuben & as Gad; gave up himself to tears. He sat down on his anvil-stock; and leand upon the trough. Looking into the black water, mingling it with tears.

At last when desperation almost tore his heart in twain He recollected an old Prophecy in Eden recorded, And often sung to the loud harp at the immortal feasts That Milton of the Land of Albion should up ascend Forwards from Ulro from the Vale of Felpham; and set free Orc from his Chain of Jealousy, he started at the thought And down descended into Udan-Adan; it was night: And Satan sat sleeping upon his Couch in Udan-Adan: His Spectre slept, his Shadow woke; when one sleeps th'other wakes

But Milton entering my Foot; I saw in the nether Regions of the Imagination; also all men on Earth, And all in Heaven, saw in the nether regions of the Imagination In Ulro beneath Beulah, the vast breach of Miltons descent. But I knew not that it was Milton, for man cannot know What passes in his members till periods of Space & Time Reveal the secrets of Eternity: for more extensive Than any other earthly things, are Mans earthly lineaments. And all this Vegetable World appeard on my left Foot, As a bright sandal formd immortal of precious stones & gold: I stooped down & bound it on to walk forward thro' Eternity.

There is in Eden a sweet River, of milk & liquid pearl, Namd Ololon; on whose mild banks dwelt those who Milton drove Down into Ulro: and they wept in long resounding song For seven days of eternity, and the rivers living banks The mountains waild! & every plant that grew, in solemn sighs lamented.

When Luvahs bulls each morning drag the sulphur Sun out of the Deep Harnessd with starry harness black & shining kept by black slaves

That work all night at the starry harness. Strong and vigorous They drag the unwilling Orb: at this time all the Family Of Eden heard the lamentation, and Providence began. But when the clarions of day sounded they drownd the lamentations And when night came all was silent in Ololon: & all refusd to lament In the still night fearing lest they should others molest.

Seven mornings Los heard them, as the poor bird within the shell Hears its impatient parent bird; and Enitharmon heard them: But saw them not, for the blue Mundane Shell inclosd them in. And they lamented that they had in wrath & fury & fire Driven Milton into the Ulro; for now they knew too late That it was Milton the Awakener: they had not heard the Bard, Whose song calld Milton to the attempt; and Los heard these laments. He heard them call in prayer all the Divine Family; And he beheld the Cloud of Milton stretching over Europe.

But all the Family Divine collected as Four Suns In the Four Points of heaven East, West & North & South Enlarging and enlarging till their Disks approachd each other; And when they touch'd closed together Southward in One Sun Over Ololon: and as One Man, who weeps over his brother, In a dark tomb, so all the Family Divine. wept over Ololon. Saying, Milton goes to Eternal Death! so saying, they groan'd in spirit And were troubled! and again the Divine Family groaned in spirit!

And Ololon said, Let us descend also, and let us give Ourselves to death in Ulro among the Transgressors. Is Virtue a Punisher? O no! how is this wondrous thing? This World beneath, unseen before: this refuge from the wars Of Great Eternity! unnatural refuge! unknown by us till now! Or are these the pangs of repentance? let us enter into them

Then the Divine Family said. Six Thousand Years are now Accomplish'd in this World of Sorrow; Miltons Angel knew The Universal Dictate; and you also feel this Dictate. And now you know this World of Sorrow, and feel Pity. Obey The Dictate! Watch over this World, and with your brooding wings, Renew it to Eternal Life: Lo! I am with you alway But you cannot renew Milton he goes to Eternal Death

So spake the Family Divine as One Man even Jesus Uniting in One with Ololon & the appearance of One Man Jesus the Saviour appeard coming in the Clouds of Ololon! Tho driven away with the Seven Starry Ones into the Ulro Yet the Divine Vision remains Everywhere Forever. Amen. And Ololon lamented for Milton with a great lamentation.

While Los heard indistinct in fear, what time I bound my sandals On; to walk forward thro' Eternity, Los descended to me: And Los behind me stood; a terrible flaming Sun: just close Behind my back; I turned round in terror, and behold. Los stood in that fierce glowing fire; & he also stoop'd down And bound my sandals on in Udan-Adan; trembling I stood Exceedingly with fear & terror, standing in the Vale Of Lambeth: but he kissed me and wishd me health. And I became One Man with him arising in my strength: Twas too late now to recede. Los had enterd into my soul: His terrors now posses'd me whole! I arose in fury & strength. I am that Shadowy Prophet who Six Thousand Years ago Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. Six Thousand Years Are finishd. I return! both Time & Space obey my will. I in Six Thousand Years walk up and down: for not one Moment Of Time is lost, nor one Event of Space unpermanent But all remain: every fabric of Six Thousand Years Remains permanent: tho' on the Earth where Satan Fell, and was cut off all things vanish & are seen no more They vanish not from me & mine, we guard them first & last The generations of men run on in the tide of Time But leave their destind lineaments permanent for ever & ever. So spoke Los as we went along to his supreme abode.

Rintrah and Palamabron met us at the Gate of Golgonooza Clouded with discontent. & brooding in their minds terrible things

They said. O Father most beloved! O merciful Parent! Pitying and permitting evil, tho strong & mighty to destroy. Whence is this Shadow terrible? wherefore dost thou refuse To throw him into the Furnaces! knowest thou not that he Will unchain Orc? & let loose Satan, Og, Sihon & Anak, Upon the Body of Albion? for this he is come! behold it written Upon his fibrous left Foot black! most dismal to our eyes The Shadowy Female shudders thro' heaven in torment inexpressible! And all the Daughters of Los prophetic wail: yet in deceit, They weave a new Religion from new Jealousy of Theotormon! Miltons Religion is the cause: there is no end to destruction! Seeing the Churches at their Period in terror & despair: Rahab created Voltaire; Tirzah created Rousseau; Asserting the Self-righteousness against the Universal Saviour, Mocking the Confessors & Martyrs, claiming Self-righteousness; With cruel Virtue: making War upon the Lambs Redeemed; To perpetuate War & Glory. to perpetuate the Laws of Sin: They perverted Swedenborgs Visions in Beulah & in Ulro; To destroy Jerusalem as a Harlot & her Sons as Reprobates; To raise up Mystery the Virgin Harlot Mother of War, Babylon the Great, the Abomination of Desolation! O Swedenborg! strongest of men, the Samson shorn by the Churches!

Shewing the Transgresors in Hell, the proud Warriors in Heaven: Heaven as a Punisher & Hell as One under Punishment: With Laws from Plato & his Greeks to renew the Trojan Gods, In Albion; & to deny the value of the Saviours blood. But then I rais'd up Whitefield, Palamabron raisd up Westley, And these are the cries of the Churches before the two Witnesses Faith in God the dear Saviour who took on the likeness of men: Becoming obedient to death, even the death of the Cross The Witnesses lie dead in the Street of the Great City No Faith is in all the Earth: the Book of God is trodden under Foot: He sent his two Servants Whitefield & Westley; were they Prophets Or were they Idiots or Madmen? shew us Miracles! Can you have greater Miracles than these? Men who devote Their lifes whole comfort to intire scorn & injury & death Awake thou sleeper on the Rock of Eternity Albion awake The trumpet of Judgment hath twice sounded: all Nations are awake But thou art still heavy and dull: Awake Albion awake! Lo Orc arises on the Atlantic. Lo his blood and fire Glow on Americas shore: Albion turns upon his Couch He listens to the sounds of War, astonishd and confounded: He weeps into the Atlantic deep, yet still in dismal dreams 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 & thee our beloved Father He hath enterd into the Covering Cherub, becoming one with Albions dread Sons, Hand, Hyle & Coban surround him as A girdle; Gwendolen & Conwenna as a garment woven Of War & Religion; let us descend & bring him chained To Bowlahoola O father most beloved! O mild Parent! Cruel in thy mildness, pitying and permitting evil Tho strong and mighty to destroy, O Los our beloved Father! Like the black storm, coming out of Chaos, beyond the stars: It issues thro the dark & intricate caves of the Mundane Shell Passing the planetary visions, & the well adorned Firmament The Sun rolls into Chaos & the Stars into the Desarts; And then the storms become visible, audible & terrible,

Covering the light of day, & rolling down upon the mountains, Deluge all the country round. Such is a vision of Los; When Rintrah & Palamabron spake; and such his stormy face Appeard, as does the face of heaven, when coverd with thick storms Pitying and loving tho in frowns of terrible perturbation

But Los dispersd the clouds even as the strong winds of Jehovah, And Los thus spoke. O noble Sons, be patient yet a little I have embracd the falling Death, he is become One with me O Sons we live not by wrath. by mercy alone we live! I recollect an old Prophecy in Eden recorded in gold; and oft Sung to the harp: That Milton of the land of Albion. Should up ascend forward from Felphams Vale & break the Chain Of jealousy from all its roots; be patient therefore O my Sons These lovely Females form sweet night and silence and secret Obscurities to hide from Satans Watch-Fiends. Human loves And graces; lest they write them in their Books, & in the Scroll Of mortal life, to condemn the accused: who at Satans Bar Tremble in Spectrous Bodies continually day and night While on the Earth they live in sorrowful Vegetations O when shall we tread our Wine-presses in heaven; and Reap Our wheat with shoutings of joy, and leave the Earth in peace Remember how Calvin and Luther in fury premature Sow'd War and stern division between Papists & Protestants Let it not be so now! O go not forth in Martyrdoms & Wars We were plac'd here by the Universal Brotherhood & Mercy With powers fitted to circumscribe this dark Satanic death And that the Seven Eyes of God may have space for Redemption. But how this is as yet we know not, and we cannot know; Till Albion is arisen; then patient wait a little while, Six Thousand years are passd away the end approaches fast; This mighty one is come from Eden, he is of the Elect, Who died from Earth & he is returnd before the Judgment. This thing Was never known that one of the holy dead should willing return Then patient wait a little while till the Last Vintage is over:

Till we have quenchd the Sun of Salah in the Lake of Udan Adan

O my dear Sons! leave not your Father, as your brethren left me Twelve Sons successive fled away in that thousand years of sorrow Of Palamabrons Harrow, & of Rintrahs wrath & fury: Reuben & Manazzoth & Gad & Simeon & Levi, And Ephraim & Judah were Generated, because They left me, wandering with Tirzah: Enitharmon wept One thousand years, and all the Earth was in a watry deluge We calld him Menassheh because of the Generations of Tirzah Because of Satan: & the Seven Eyes of God continually Guard round them, but I the Fourth Zoa am also set The Watchman of Eternity, the Three are not! & I am preserved Still my four mighty ones are let to me in Golgonooza Still Rintrah fierce, and Palamabron mild & piteous Theotormon filld with care, Bromion loving Science You O my Sons still guard round Los. O wander not & leave me Rintrah, thou well rememberest when Amalek & Canaan Fled with their Sister Moab into the abhorred Void They became Nations in our sight beneath the hands of Tirzah. And Palamabron thou rememberest when Joseph an infant; Stolen from his nurses cradle wrapd in needle-work Of emblematic texture, was sold to the Amalekite, Who carried him down into Egypt where Ephraim & Menassheh Gatherd my Sons together in the Sands of Midian And if you also flee away and leave your Fathers side, Following Milton into Ulro, altho your power is great Surely you also shall become poor mortal vegetations Beneath the Moon of Ulro: pity then your Fathers tears When Jesus raisd Lazarus from the Grave I stood & saw Lazarus who is the Vehicular Body of Albion the Redeemd Arise into the Covering Cherub who is the Spectre of Albion By martyrdoms to suffer: to watch over the Sleeping Body. Upon his Rock beneath his Tomb. I saw the Covering Cherub Divide Fourfold into Four Churches when Lazarus arose Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine, Luther; behold they stand before us Stretchd over Europe & Asia. come O Sons, come, come away Arise O Sons give all your strength against Eternal Death Lest we are vegetated, for Cathedrons Looms weave only Death

A Web of Death: & were it not for Bowlahoola & Allamanda No Human Form but only a Fibrous Vegetation A Polypus of soft affections without Thought or Vision Must tremble in the Heavens & Earths thro all the Ulro space Throw all the Vegetated Mortals into Bowlahoola But as to this Elected Form who is returnd again He is the Signal that the Last Vintage now approaches Nor Vegetation may go on till all the Earth is reapd

So Los spoke. Furious they descended to Bowlahoola & Allamanda Indignant. unconvincd by Los's arguments & thun[d]ers rolling They saw that wrath now swayd and now pity absorbd him As it was, so it remaind & no hope of an end.

Bowlahoola is namd Law. by mortals, Tharmas founded it: Because of Satan, before Luban in the City of Golgonooza. But Golgonooza is namd Art & Manufacture by mortal men.

In Bowlahoola Los's Anvils stand & his Furnaces rage; Thundering the Hammers beat & the Bellows blow loud Living self moving mourning lamenting & howling incessantly Bowlahoola thro all its porches feels tho' too fast founded Its pillars & porticoes to tremble at the force Of mortal or immortal arm: and softly lilling flutes Accordant with the horrid labours make sweet melody The Bellows are the Animal Lungs: the Hammers the Animal Heart The Furnaces the Stomach for digestion. terrible their fury Thousands & thousands labour. thousands play on instruments Stringed or fluted to ameliorate the sorrows of slavery Loud sport the dancers in the dance of death, rejoicing in carnage The hard dentant Hammers are lulld by the flutes lula lula The bellowing Furnaces blare by the long sounding clarion The double drum drowns howls & groans, the shrill fife. shrieks & cries:

The crooked horn mellows the hoarse raving serpent, terrible, but harmonious

Bowlahoola is the Stomach in every individual man.

Los is by mortals nam'd Time Enitharmon is nam'd Space But they depict him bald & aged who is in eternal youth All powerful and his locks flourish like the brows of morning He is the Spirit of Prophecy the ever apparent Elias Time is the mercy of Eternity; without Times swiftness Which is the swiftest of all things: all were eternal torment: All the Gods of the Kingdoms of Earth labour in Los's Halls. Every one is a fallen Son of the Spirit of Prophecy He is the Fourth Zoa, that stood arou[n]d the Throne Divine.

Loud shout the Sons of Luvah, at the Wine-presses as Los descended With Rintrah & Palamabron in his fires of resistless fury. The Wine-press on the Rhine groans loud, but all its central beams Act more terrific in the central Cities of the Nations Where Human Thought is crushd beneath the iron hand of Power. There Los puts all into the Press, the Opressor & the Opressed 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 passd over the Nations And the Harrow & heavy thundering Roller upon the mountains And loud the Souls howl round the Porches of Golgonooza Crying O God deliver us to the Heavens or to the Earths, That we may preach righteousness & punish the sinner with death But Los refused, till all the Vintage of Earth was 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 scatterd Atom Of Human Intellect now is flocking to the sound of the Trumpet All the Wisdom which was hidden in caves & dens, from

ancient

Time; is now sought out from Animal & Vegetable & Mineral The Awakener is come. outstretchd over Europe! the Vision of God is fulfilled

The Ancient Man upon the Rock of Albion Awakes,

He listens to the sounds of War astonishd & ashamed; He sees his Children mock at Faith and deny Providence Therefore you must bind the Sheaves not by Nations or Families You shall bind them in Three Classes; according to their Classes So shall you bind them. Separating What has been Mixed Since Men began to be Wove into Nations by Rahab & Tirzah Since Albions Death & Satans Cutting-off from our awful Fields; When under pretence to benevolence the Elect Subdud All From the Foundation of the World. The Elect is one Class: You Shall bind them separate: they cannot Believe in Eternal Life Except by Miracle & a New Birth. The other two Classes; The Reprobate who never cease to Believe, and the Redeemd, Who live in doubts & fears perpetually tormented by the Elect These you shall bind in a twin-bundle for the Consummation— But the Elect must be saved fires of Eternal Death, To be formed into the Churches of Beulah that they destroy not the

Earth

For in every Nation & every Family the Three Classes are born And in every Species of Earth, Metal, Tree, Fish, Bird & Beast. We form the Mundane Egg, that Spectres coming by fury or amity All is the same, & every one remains in his own energy Go forth Reapers with rejoicing. you sowed in tears But the time of your refreshing cometh, only a little moment Still abstain from pleasure & rest, in the labours of eternity And you shall Reap the whole Earth, from Pole to Pole! from Sea to Sea

Begining at Jerusalems Inner Court, Lambeth ruin'd and given To the detestable Gods of Priam, to Apollo: and at the Asylum Given to Hercules, who labour in Tirzahs Looms for bread Who set Pleasure against Duty: who Create Olympic crowns To make Learning a burden & the Work of the Holy Spirit: Strife. T[o] Thor & cruel Odin who first reard the Polar Caves Lambeth mourns calling Jerusalem. she weeps & looks abroad For the Lords coming, that Jerusalem may overspread all Nations Crave not for the mortal & perishing delights, but leave them To the weak, and pity the weak as your infant care; Break not Forth in your wrath lest you also are vegetated by Tirzah Wait till the Judgement is past, till the Creation is consumed And then rush forward with me into the glorious spiritual Vegetation; the Supper of the Lamb & his Bride; and the Awaking of Albion our friend and ancient companion. So Los spoke. But lightnings of discontent broke on all sides round And murmurs of thunder rolling heavy long & loud over the mountains

While Los calld his Sons around him to the Harvest & the Vintage. Thou seest the Constellations in the deep & wondrous Night They rise in order and continue their immortal courses Upon the mountains & in vales with harp & heavenly song With flute & clarion; with cups & measures filld with foaming wine. Glittring the streams reflect the Vision of beatitude, And the calm Ocean joys beneath & smooths his awful waves! These are the Sons of Los, & these the Labourers of the Vintage Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance & sport in summer Upon the sunny brooks & meadows: every one the dance Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave: Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance, To touch each other & recede; to cross & change & return These are the Children of Los; thou seest the Trees on mountains The wind blows heavy, loud they thunder thro' the darksom sky Uttering prophecies & speaking instructive words to the sons Of men: These are the Sons of Los! These the Visions of Eternity But we see only as it were the hem of their garments When with our vegetable eyes we view these wond'rous Visions There are Two Gates thro which all Souls descend. One Southward From Dover Cliff o Lizard Point. the other toward the North Caithness & rocky Durness, Pentland & John Groats House.

The Souls descending to the Body, wail on the right hand Of Los; & those deliverd from the Body, on the left hand For Los against the east his force continually bends Along the Valleys of Middlesex from Hounslow to Blackheath Lest those Three Heavens of Beulah should the Creation destroy And lest they should descend before the north & south Gates Groaning with pity, he among the wailing Souls laments. And these the Labours of the Sons of Los in Allamanda: And in the City of Golgonooza: & in Luban: & around The Lake of Udan-Adan, in the Forests of Entuthon Benython Where Souls incessant wail, being piteous Passions & Desires With neither lineament nor form but like to watry clouds The Passions & Desires descend upon the hungry winds For such alone Sleepers remain meer passion & appetite; The Sons of Los clothe them & feed & provide houses & fields And every Generated Body in its inward form, Is a garden of delight & a building of magnificence, Built by the Sons of Los in Bowlahoola & Allamanda And the herbs & flowers & furniture & beds & chambers Continually woven in the Looms of Enitharmons Daughters In bright Cathedrons golden Dome with care & love & tears For the various Classes of Men are all markd out determinate In Bowlahoola; & as the Spectres choose their affinities So they are born on Earth, & every Class is determinate But not by Natural but by Spiritual power alone. Because The Natural power continually seeks & tends to Destruction Ending in Death: which would of itself be Eternal Death And all are Class'd by Spiritual, & not by Natural power.

And every Natural Effect has a Spiritual Cause, and Not A Natural: for a Natural Cause only seems, it is Delusion Of Ulro: & a ratio of the perishing Vegetable Memory. But the Wine-press of Los is eastward of Golgonooza, before the Seat Of Satan. Luvah laid the foundation & Urizen finish'd it in howling Woe.

How red the sons & daughters of Luvah! here they tread the grapes. Laughing & shouting drunk with odours many fall oerwearied Drownd in the wine is many a youth & maiden: those around Lay them on skins of Tygers & of the spotted Leopard & the Wild Ass Till they revive, or bury them in cool grots, making lamentation. This Wine-press is call'd War on Earth, it is the Printing-Press Of Los; and here he lays his words in order above the mortal brain As cogs are formd in a wheel to turn the cogs of the adverse wheel. Timbrels & violins sport round the Wine-presses; the little Seed; The sportive Root, the Earth-worm, the gold Beetle; the wise Emmet; Dance round the Wine-presses of Luvah: the Centipede is there: The ground Spider with many eyes: the Mole clothed in velvet The ambitious Spider in his sullen web; the lucky golden Spinner; The Earwig armd: 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 The slow Slug: the Grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks: Winter comes, he folds his slender bones without a murmur. The cruel Scorpion is there: the Gnat: Wasp: Hornet & the Honey Bee:

The Toad & venomous Newt; the Serpent clothd in gems & gold: They throw off their gorgeous raiment: they rejoice with loud jubilee Around the Wine-presses of Luvah, naked & drunk with wine.

There is the Nettle that stings with soft down; and there The indignant Thistle: whose bitterness is bred in his milk: Who feeds on contempt of his neighbour: there all the idle Weeds That creep around the obscure places, shew their various limbs. Naked in all their beauty dancing round the Wine-presses.

But in the Wine-presses the Human grapes sing not, nor dance They howl & writhe in shoals of torment; in fierce flames consuming, In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires. In pits & dens & shades of death: in shapes of torment & woe. The plates & screws & wracks & saws & cords & fires & cisterns The cruel joys of Luvahs Daughters lacerating with knives And whips their Victims & the deadly sport of Luvahs Sons. They dance around the dying, & they drink the howl & groan They catch the shrieks in cups of gold, they hand them to one another: These are the sports of love, & these the sweet delights of amorous play

Tears of the grape, the death sweat of the cluster the last sigh Of the mild youth who listens to the lureing songs of Luvah But Allamanda calld on Earth Commerce, is the Cultivated land Around the City of Golgonooza in the Forests of Entuthon: Here the Sons of Los labour against Death Eternal; through all The Twenty-seven Heavens of Beulah in Ulro, Seat of Satan, Which is the False Tongue beneath Beulah: it is the Sense of Touch: The Plow goes forth in tempests & lightnings & the narrow cruel In blights of the east; the heavy Roller follows in howlings of woe.

Urizens sons here labour also; & here are seen the Mills Of Theotormon, on the verge of the Lake of Udan-Adan: These are the starry voids of night & the depths & caverns of earth These Mills are oceans, clouds & waters ungovernable in their fury Here are the stars created & the seeds of all things planted And here the Sun & Moon recieve their fixed destinations But in Eternity the Four Arts: Poetry, Painting, Music, And Architecture which is Science: are the Four Faces of Not so in Time & Space: there Three are shut out, and only Science remains thro Mercy: & by means of Science, the Three Become apparent in time & space, in the Three Professions Poetry in Religion: Music, Law: Painting, in Physic & Surgery: That Man may live upon Earth till the time of his awaking, And from these Three, Science derives every Occupation of And Science is divided into Bowlahoola & Allamanda. Some Sons of Los surround the Passions with porches of iron & silver Creating form & beauty around the dark regions of sorrow, Giving to airy nothing a name and a habitation Delightful! with bounds to the Infinite putting off the Indefinite Into most holy forms of Thought: (such is the power of inspiration) They labour incessant; with many tears & afflictions: Creating the beautiful House for the piteous sufferer.

Others; Cabinets richly fabricate of gold & ivory; For Doubts & fears unform'd & wretched & melancholy The little weeping Spectre stands on the threshold of Death Eternal; and sometimes two Spectres like lamps quivering And often malignant they combat (heart-breaking sorrowful & piteous)

Antamon takes them into his beautiful flexible hands, As the Sower takes the seed, or as the Artist his clay Or fine wax, to mould artful a model for golden ornaments, The soft hands of Antamon draw the indelible line: Form immortal with golden pen; such as the Spectre admiring Puts on the sweet form; then smiles Antamon bright thro his windows The Daughters of beauty look up from their Loom & prepare. The integument soft for its clothing with joy & delight. But Theotormon & Sotha stand in the Gate of Luban anxious Their numbers are seven million & seven thousand & seven hundred They contend with the weak Spectres, they fabricate soothing forms The Spectre refuses, he seeks cruelty, they create the crested Cock Terrified the Spectre screams & rushes in fear into their Net Of kindness & compassion & is born a weeping terror. Or they create the Lion & Tyger in compassionate thunderings Howling the Spectres flee: they take refuge in Human lineaments. The Sons of Ozoth within the Optic Nerve stand fiery glowing And the number of his Sons is eight millions & eight. They give delights to the man unknown; artificial riches They give to scorn, & their posessors to trouble & sorrow & care, Shutting the sun. & moon. & stars. & trees. & clouds. & waters. And hills. out from the Optic Nerve & hardening it into a bone Opake. and like the black pebble on the enraged beach. While the poor indigent is like the diamond which tho cloth'd In rugged covering in the mine, is open all within And in his hallowd center holds the heavens of bright eternity Ozoth here builds walls of rocks against the surging sea And timbers crampt with iron cramps bar in the joys of life From fell destruction in the Spectrous cunning or rage. He Creates The speckled Newt, the Spider & Beetle, the Rat & Mouse,

The Badger & Fox: they worship before his feet in trembling fear.

But others of the Sons of Los build Moments & Minutes & Hours And Days & Months & Years & Ages & Periods; wondrous buildings And every Moment has a Couch of gold for soft repose, (A Moment equals a pulsation of the artery), And between every two Moments stands a Daughter of Beulah To feed the Sleepers on their Couches with maternal care. And every Minute has an azure Tent with silken Veils. And every Hour has a bright golden Gate carved with skill. And every Day & Night, has Walls of brass & Gates of adamant, Shining like precious stones & ornamented with appropriate signs: And every Month, a silver paved Terrace builded high: And every Year, invulnerable Barriers with high Towers. And every Age is Moated deep with Bridges of silver & gold. And every Seven Ages is Incircled with a Flaming Fire. Now Seven Ages is amounting to Two Hundred Years Each has its Guard. each Moment Minute Hour Day Month & Year. All are the work of Fairy hands of the Four Elements The Guard are Angels of Providence on duty evermore Every Time less than a pulsation of the artery Is equal in its period & value to Six Thousand Years. For in this Period the Poets Work is Done: and all the Great Events of Time start forth & are concieved in such a Period Within a Moment: a Pulsation of the Artery.

The Sky is an immortal tent built by the Sons of Los And every Space that a Man views around his dwelling-place: Standing on his own roof, or in his garden on a mount Of twenty-five cubits in height, such space is his Universe; And on its verge the Sun rises & sets. the Clouds bow To meet the flat Earth & the Sea in such an orderd Space: The Starry heavens reach no further but here bend and set On all sides & the two Poles turn on their valves of gold: And if he move his dwelling-place, his heavens also move. Wher'eer he goes & all his neighbourhood bewail his loss: Such are the Spaces called Earth & such its dimension: As to that false appearance which appears to the reasoner, As of a Globe rolling thro Voidness, it is a delusion of Ulro The Microscope knows not of this nor the Telescope. they alter The ratio of the Spectators Organs but leave Objects untouchd For every Space larger than a red Globule of Mans blood. Is visionary: and is created by the Hammer of Los And every Space smaller than a Globule of Mans blood. opens Into Eternity of which this vegetable Earth is but a shadow:

The red Globule is the unwearied Sun by Los created To measure Time and Space to mortal very morning. Bowlahoola & Allamanda are placed on each side Of that Pulsation & that Globule, terrible their power. But Rintrah & Palamabron govern over Day & Night In Allamanda & Entuthon Benython where Souls wail: Where Orc incessant howls burning in fires of Eternal Youth, Within the vegetated mortal Nerves; for every Man born is joined Within into One mighty Polypus, and this Polypus is Orc. But in the Optic vegetative Nerves Sleep was transformed To Death in old time by Satan the father of Sin & Death And Satan is the Spectre of Orc & Orc is the generate Luvah But in the Nerves of the Nostrils, Accident being formed Into Substance & Principle, by the cruelties of Demonstration It became Opake & Indefinite; but the Divine Saviour, Formed it into a Solid by Los's Mathematic power. He named the Opake Satan: he named the Solid Adam And in the Nerves of the Ear, (for the Nerves of the Tongue are closed) On Albions Rock Los stands creating the glorious Sun each morning And when unwearied in the evening he creates the Moon Death to delude, who all in terror at their splendor leaves His prey while Los appoints, & Rintrah & Palamabron guide The Souls clear from the Rock of Death, that Death himself may wake In his appointed season when the ends of heaven meet. Then Los conducts the Spirits to be Vegetated, into Great Golgonooza, free from the four iron pillars of Satans Throne (Temperance, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, the four pillars of tyranny) That Satans Watch-Fiends touch them not before they Vegetate. But Enitharmon and her Daughters take the pleasant charge. To give them to their lovely heavens till the Great Judgment Day Such is their lovely charge. But Rahab & Tirzah pervert Their mild influences, therefore the Seven Eyes of God walk round The Three Heavens of Ulro, where Tirzah & her Sisters Weave the black Woof of Death upon Entuthon Benython In the Vale of Surrey where Horeb terminates in Rephaim The stamping feet of Zelophehads Daughters are coverd with Human gore

Upon the treddles of the Loom, they sing to the winged shuttle: The River rises above his banks to wash the Woof: He takes it in his arms: he passes it in strength thro his current The veil of human miseries is woven over the Ocean From the Atlantic to the Great South Sea, the Erythrean. Such is the World of Los the labour of six thousand years. Thus Nature is a Vision of the Science of the Elohim.

* * *End of the First Book.* * *

Book the Second

There is a place where Contrarieties are equally True This place is called Beulah, It is a pleasant lovely Shadow Where no dispute can come. Because of those who Sleep. Into this place the Sons & Daughters of Ololon descended With solemn mourning into Beulahs moony shades & hills Weeping for Milton: mute wonder held the Daughters of Beulah Enrapturd with affection sweet and mild benevolence

Beulah is evermore Created around Eternity; appearing To the Inhabitants of Eden, around them on all sides. But Beulah to its Inhabitants appears within each district As the beloved infant in his mothers bosom round incircled With arms of love & pity & sweet compassion. But to The Sons of Eden the moony habitations of Beulah, Are from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant Rest. And it is thus Created. Lo the Eternal Great Humanity To whom be Glory & Dominion Evermore Amen Walks among all his awful Family see in every face As the breath of the Almighty. such are the words of man to man In the great Wars of Eternity, in fury of Poetic Inspiration, To build the Universe stupendous: Mental forms Creating But the Emanations trembled exceedingly, nor could they Live, because the life of Man was too exceeding unbounded His joy became terrible to them they trembled & wept Crying with one voice. Give us a habitation & a place In which we may be hidden under the shadow of wings For if we who are but for a time, & who pass away in winter Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume But you O our Fathers & Brothers, remain in Eternity But grant us a Temporal Habitation. do you speak To us; we will obey your words as you obey Jesus The Eternal who is blessed for ever & ever. Amen So spake the lovely Emanations; & there appeard a pleasant Mild Shadow above: beneath: & on all sides round, Into this pleasant Shadow all the weak & weary Like Women & Children were taken away as on wings Of dovelike softness, & shadowy habitations prepared for them But every Man returnd & went still going forward thro' The Bosom of the Father in Eternity on Eternity Neither did any lack or fall into Error without A Shadow to repose in all the Days of happy Eternity

Into this pleasant Shadow Beulah, all Ololon descended And when the Daughters of Beulah heard the lamentation All Beulah wept, for they saw the Lord coming in the Clouds And the Shadows of Beulah terminate in rocky Albion.

And all Nations wept in affliction Family by Family Germany wept towards France & Italy: England wept & trembled Towards America: India rose up from his golden bed: As one awakend in the night: they saw the Lord coming In the Clouds of Ololon with Power & Great Glory! And all the Living Creatures of the Four Elements, wail'd With bitter wailing: these in the aggregate are named Satan And Rahab: they know not of Regeneration, but only of Generation The Fairies, Nymphs, Gnomes & Genii of the Four Elements Unforgiving & unalterable: these cannot be Regenerated But must be Created, for they know only of Generation These are the Gods of the Kingdoms of the Earth: in contrarious And cruel opposition: Element against Element, opposed in War Not Mental, as the Wars of Eternity, but a Corporeal Strife In Los's Halls continual labouring in the Furnaces of Golgonooza Orc howls on the Atlantic: Enitharmon trembles: All Beulah weeps

Thou hearest 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 into the Great Expanse: Reecchoing 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 soft 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 Song Attending his loud harmony with admiration & love. This is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon!

Thou percievest the Flowers put forth their precious Odours! And none can tell how from so small a center comes such sweets Forgetting that within that Center Eternity expands Its ever during doors, that Og & Anak fiercely guard First eer the morning breaks joy opens in the flowery bosoms Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries; first the Wild Thyme And Meadow-sweet downy & soft waving among the reeds. Light springing on the air lead the sweet Dance: they wake The Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak: the flaunting beauty Revels along upon the wind; the White-thorn lovely May Opens her many lovely eyes: listening the Rose still sleeps None dare to wake her. soon she bursts her crimson curtaind bed And comes forth in the majesty of beauty; every Flower: The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wall-flower, the Carnation The Jonquil, the mild Lilly opes her heavens! every Tree, And Flower & Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance Yet all in order sweet & lovely, Men are sick with Love! Such is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon And Milton oft sat up on the Couch of Death & oft conversed

In vision & dream beatific with the Seven Angels of the Presence I have turned my back upon these Heavens builded on cruelty My Spectre still wandering thro' them follows my Emanation He hunts her footsteps thro' the snow & the wintry hail & rain The idiot Reasoner laughs at the Man of Imagination And from laughter proceeds to murder by undervaluing calumny

Then Hillel who is Lucifer replied over the Couch of Death And thus the Seven Angels instructed him & thus they converse. We are not Individuals but States: Combinations of Individuals We were Angels of the Divine Presence: & were Druids in Annandale Compelld to combine into Form by Satan, the Spectre of Albion, Who made himself a God &, destroyed the Human Form Divine. [Hebrew]

But the Divine Humanity & Mercy gave us a Human Form as multitudes

Because we were combind in Freedom & holy Brotherhood Vox Populi

While those combind by Satans Tyranny first in the blood of War And Sacrifice &, next, in Chains of imprisonment: are Shapeless Rocks

Retaining only Satans Mathematic Holiness, Length: Bredth & Highth Calling the Human Imagination: which is the Divine Vision & Fruition

In which Man liveth eternally: madness & blasphemy, against Its own Qualities, which are Servants of Humanity, not Gods or Lords Distinguish therefore States from Individuals in those States. States Change: but Individual Identities never change nor cease: You cannot go to Eternal Death in that which can never Die. Satan & Adam are States Created into Twenty-seven Churches And thou O Milton art a State about to be Created Called Eternal Annihilation that none but the Living shall Dare to enter: & they shall enter triumphant over Death And Hell & the Grave! States that are not, but ah! Seem to be.

Judge then of thy Own Self: thy Eternal Lineaments explore What is Eternal & what Changeable? & what Annihilable! The Imagination is not a State: it is the Human Existence itself Affection or Love becomes a State, when divided from Imagination The Memory is a State always, & the Reason is a State Created to be Annihilated & a new Ratio Created Whatever can be Created can be Annihilated Forms cannot The Oak is cut down by the Ax, the Lamb falls by the Knife But their Forms Eternal Exist, Forever. Amen Halle[1]ujah Thus they converse with the Dead watching round the Couch of Death. For God himself enters Death's Door always with those that enter And lays down in the Grave with them, in Visions of Eternity Till they awake & see Jesus & the Linen Clothes lying That the Females had Woven for them, & the Gates of their Fathers House

And the Divine Voice was heard in the Songs of Beulah Saying

When I first Married you, I gave you all my whole Soul I thought that you would love my loves & joy in my delights Seeking for pleasures in my pleasures O Daughter of Babylon Then thou wast lovely, mild & gentle. now thou art terrible In jealousy & unlovely in my sight, because thou hast cruelly Cut off my loves in fury till I have no love left for thee 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 descended to Redeem the Female Shade From Death Eternal; such your lot, to be continually Redeem'd By death & misery of those you love & by Annihilation When the Sixfold Female percieves 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 Whoredoms

Shalt bring Jerusalem in thine arms in the night watches; and No longer turning her a wandering Harlot in the streets Shalt give her into the arms of God your Lord & Husband.

Such are the Songs of Beulah in the Lamentations of Ololon

And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes To comfort Ololons 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 thunder & lightnings And can you thus lament & can you pity & forgive? Is terror changd to pity O wonder of Eternity!

And the Four States of Humanity in its Repose, Were shewed them. First of Beulah a most pleasant Sleep On Couches soft, with mild music, tended by Flowers of Beulah Sweet Female forms, winged or floating in the air spontaneous The Second State is Alla & the third State Al-Ulro; But the Fourth State is dreadful; it is named Or-Ulro: The First State is in the Head, the Second is in the Heart: The Third in the Loins & Seminal Vessels & the Fourth In the Stomach & Intestines terrible, deadly, unutterable And he whose Gates are opend in those Regions of his Body Can from those Gates view all these wondrous Imaginations

But Ololon sought the Or-Ulro & its fiery Gates And the Couches of the Martyrs: & many Daughters of Beulah Accompany them down to the Ulro with soft melodious tears A long journey & dark thro Chaos in the track of Miltons course To where the Contraries of Beulah War beneath Negations Banner

Then view'd from Miltons Track they see the Ulro: a vast Polypus Of living fibres down into the Sea of Time & Space growing A self-devouring monstrous human Death Twenty-seven fold Within it sit Five Females & the nameless Shadowy Mother Spinning it from their bowels with songs of amorous delight And melting cadences that lure the Sleepers of Beulah down The River Storge (which is Arnon) into the Dead Sea: Around this Polypus Los continual builds the Mundane Shell Four Universes round the Universe of Los remain Chaotic Four intersecting Globes, & the Egg form'd World of Los In midst; stretching from Zenith to Nadir, in midst of Chaos. One of these Ruind Universes is to the North named Urthona One to the South this was the glorious World of Urizen One to the East, of Luvah: One to the West; of Tharmas. But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen in the South All fell towards the Center sinking downward in dire Ruin Here in these Chaoses the Sons of Ololon took their abode In Chasms of the Mundane Shell which open on all sides round Southward & by the East within the Breach of Miltons descent To watch the time, pitying & gentle to awaken Urizen They stood in a dark land of death of fiery corroding waters Where lie in evil death the Four Immortals pale and cold And the Eternal Man even Albion upon the Rock of Ages Seeing Miltons

Shadow, some Daughters of Beulah trembling Returnd, but Ololon remaind before the Gates of the Dead

And Ololon looked down into the Heavens of Ulro in fear They said. How are the Wars of Man which in Great Eternity Appear around, in the External Spheres of Visionary Life Here renderd Deadly within the Life & Interior Vision How are the Beasts & Birds & Fishes, & Plants & Minerals Here fixd into a frozen bulk subject to decay & death Those Visions of Human Life & Shadows of Wisdom & Knowledge Are here frozen to unexpansive deadly destroying terrors And War & Hunting: the Two Fountains of the River of Life Are become Fountains of bitter Death & of corroding Hell Till Brotherhood is changd into a Curse & a Flattery By Differences between Ideas, that Ideas themselves, (which are The Divine Members) may be slain in offerings for sin O dreadful Loom of Death! O piteous Female forms compelld To weave the Woof of Death, On Camberwell Tirzahs Courts Malahs on Blackheath, Rahab & Noah. dwell on Windsors heights Where once the Cherubs of Jerusalem spread to Lambeths Vale Milcahs Pillars shine from Harrow to Hampstead where Hoglah On Highgates heights magnificent Weaves overtrembling Thames To Shooters Hill and thence to Blackheath the dark Woof! Loud Loud roll the Weights & Spindles over the whole Earth let down On all sides round to the Four Quarters of the World, eastward on Europe to Euphrates & Hindu, to Nile & back in Clouds Of Death across the Atlantic to America North & South

So spake Ololon in reminiscence astonishd, but they Could not behold Golgonooza without passing the Polypus A wondrous journey not passable by Immortal feet, & none But the Divine Saviour can pass it without annihilation. For Golgonooza cannot be seen till having passd the Polypus It is viewed on all sides round by a Fourfold Vision Or till you become Mortal & Vegetable in Sexuality Then you behold its mighty Spires & Domes of ivory & gold

And Ololon examined all the Couches of the Dead. Even of Los & Enitharmon & all the Sons of Albion And his Four Zoas terrified & on the verge of Death In midst of these was Miltons Couch, & when they saw Eight Immortal Starry-Ones, guarding the Couch in flaming fires They thunderous utterd all a universal groan falling down Prostrate before the Starry Eight asking with tears forgiveness Confessing their crime with humiliation and sorrow.

O how the Starry Eight rejoic'd to see Ololon descended! And now that a wide road was open to Eternity, By Ololons descent thro Beulah to Los & Enitharmon, For mighty were the multitudes of Ololon, vast the extent Of their great sway, reaching from Ulro to Eternity Surrounding the Mundane Shell outside in its Caverns And through Beulah. and all silent forbore to contend With Ololon for they saw the Lord in the Clouds of Ololon

There is a Moment in each Day that Satan cannot find Nor can his Watch Fiends find it, but the Industrious find This Moment & it multiply. & when it once is found It renovates every Moment of the Day if rightly placed In this Moment Ololon descended to Los & Enitharmon Unseen beyond the Mundane Shell Southward in Miltons track

Just in this Moment when the morning odours rise abroad And first from the Wild Thyme, stands a Fountain in a rock Of crystal flowing into two Streams, one flows thro Golgonooza And thro Beulah to Eden beneath Los's western Wall The other flows thro the Aerial Void & all the Churches Meeting again in Golgonooza beyond Satans Seat

The Wild Thyme is Los's Messenger to Eden, a mighty Demon Terrible deadly & poisonous his presence in Ulro dark Therefore he appears only a small Root creeping in grass Covering over the Rock of Odours his bright purple mantle Beside the Fount above the Larks nest in Golgonooza Luvah slept here in death & here is Luvahs empty Tomb Ololon sat beside this Fountain on the Rock of Odours.

Just at the place to where the Lark mounts, is a Crystal Gate It is the enterance of the First Heaven named Luther: for The Lark is Los's Messenger thro the Twenty-seven Churches That the Seven Eyes of God who walk even to Satans Seat Thro all the Twenty-seven Heavens may not slumber nor sleep But the Larks Nest is at the Gate of Los, at the eastern Gate of wide Golgonooza & the Lark is Los's Messenger When on the highest lift of his light pinions he arrives At that bright Gate, another Lark meets him & back to back They touch their pinions tip tip: and each descend To their respective Earths & there all night consult with Angels Of Providence & with the Eyes of God all night in slumbers Inspired: & at the dawn of day send out another Lark Into another Heaven to carry news upon his wings Thus are the Messengers dispatchd till they reach the Earth again In the East Gate of Golgonooza, & the Twenty-eighth bright Lark. met the Female Ololon descending into my Garden Thus it appears to Mortal eyes & those of the Ulro Heavens But not thus to Immortals, the Lark is a mighty Angel.

For Ololon step'd into the Polypus within the Mundane Shell They could not step into Vegetable Worlds without becoming The enemies of Humanity except in a Female Form And as One Female, Ololon and all its mighty Hosts Appear'd: a Virgin of twelve years nor time nor space was To the perception of the Virgin Ololon but as the Flash of lightning but more quick the Virgin in my Garden Before my Cottage stood for the Satanic Space is delusion

For when Los joind with me he took me in his firy whirlwind My Vegetated portion was hurried from Lambeths shades He set me down in Felphams Vale & prepard a beautiful Cottage for me that in three years I might write all these Visions To display Natures cruel holiness: the deceits of Natural Religion Walking in my Cottage Garden, sudden I beheld The Virgin Ololon & address'd her as a Daughter of Beulah Virgin of Providence fear not to enter into my Cottage What is thy message to thy friend: What am I now to do Is it again to plunge into deeper affliction? behold me Ready to obey, but pity thou my Shadow of Delight Enter my Cottage, comfort her, for she is sick with fatigue The Virgin answerd. Knowest thou of Milton who descended Driven from Eternity; him I seek! terrified at my Act In Great Eternity which thou knowest! I come him to seek So Ololon utterd in words distinct the anxious thought Mild was the voice, but more distinct than any earthly That Miltons Shadow heard & condensing all his Fibres Into a strength impregnable of majesty & beauty infinite I saw he was the Covering Cherub & within him Satan And Raha[b], in an outside which is fallacious! within Beyond the outline of Identity, in the Selfhood deadly And he appeard the Wicker Man of Scandinavia in whom Jerusalems children consume in flames among the Stars

Descending down into my Garden, a Human Wonder of God Reaching from heaven to earth a Cloud & Human Form I beheld Milton with astonishment & in him beheld The Monstrous Churches of Beulah, the Gods of Ulro dark Twelve monstrous dishumanizd terrors Synagogues of Satan. A Double Twelve & Thrice Nine: such their divisions.

And these their Names & their Places within the Mundane Shell In Tyre & Sidon I saw Baal & Ashtaroth. In Moab Chemosh In Ammon, Molech: loud his Furnaces rage among the Wheels Of Og, & pealing loud the cries of the Victims of Fire! And pale his Priestesses infolded in Veils of Pestilence, border'd With War; Woven in Looms of Tyre & Sidon by beautiful Ashtaroth. In Palestine Dagon, Sea Monster! worshipd o'er the Sea. Thammuz in Lebanon & Rimmon in Damascus curtaind Osiris: Isis: Orus: in Egypt: dark their Tabernacles on Nile Floating with solemn songs, & on the Lakes of Egypt nightly With pomp, even till morning break & Osiris appear in the sky But Belial of Sodom & Gomorrha, obscure Demon of Bribes And secret Assasinations, not worshipd nor adord; but With the finger on the lips & the back turnd to the light And Saturn Jove & Rhea of the Isles of the Sea remote These Twelve Gods. are the Twelve Spectre Sons of the Druid Albion

And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech: these are Giants mighty Hermaphroditic Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the second, Salah, Heber, Peeg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah, these are the Female-Males A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains, Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine Luther, these seven are the Male-Females, the Dragon Forms Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot All these are seen in Miltons Shadow who is the Covering Cherub The Spectre of Albion in which the Spectre of Luvah inhabits In the Newtonian Voids between the Substances of Creation

For the Chaotic Voids outside of the Stars are measured by The Stars, which are the boundaries of Kingdoms, Provinces And Empires of Chaos invisible to the Vegetable Man The Kingdom of Og. is in Orion: Sihon is in Ophiucus Og has Twenty-seven Districts; Sihons Districts Twenty-one From Star to Star, Mountains & Valleys, terrible dimension Stretchd out, compose the Mundane Shell, a mighty Incrustation Of Forty-eight deformed Human Wonders of the Almighty With Caverns whose remotest bottoms meet again beyond The Mundane Shell in Golgonooza, but the Fires of Los, rage In the remotest bottoms of the Caves, that none can pass Into Eternity that way, but all descend to Los To Bowlahoola & Allamanda & to Entuthon Benython The Heavens are the Cherub, the Twelve Gods are Satan And the Forty-eight Starry Regions are Cities of the Levites The Heads of the Great Polypus, Fourfold twelve enormity In mighty & mysterious comingling enemy with enemy Woven by Urizen into Sexes from his mantle of years And Milton collecting all his fibres into impregnable strength Descended down a Paved work of all kinds of precious stones Out from the eastern sky; descending down into my Cottage Garden: clothed in black, severe & silent he descended.

The Spectre of Satan stood upon the roaring sea & beheld Milton within hi sleeping Humanity! trembling & shuddring He stood upon the waves a Twenty-seven-fold mighty Demon Gorgeous & beautiful: loud roll his thunders against Milton Loud Satan thunderd, loud & dark upon mild Felpham shore Not daring to touch one fibre he howld round upon the Sea. I also stood in Satans bosom & beheld its desolations! A ruind Man: a ruind building of God not made with hands; Its plains of burning sand, its mountains of marble terrible: Its pits & declivities flowing with molten ore & fountains Of pitch & nitre: its ruind palaces & cities & mighty works; Its furnaces of affliction in which his Angels & Emanations Labour with blackend visages among its stupendous ruins Arches & pyramids & porches colonades & domes: In which dwells Mystery Babylon, here is her secret place From hence she comes forth on the Churches in delight Here is her Cup filld with its poisons, in these horrid vales And here her scarlet Veil woven in pestilence & war: Here is Jerusalem bound in chains, in the Dens of Babylon

In the Eastern porch of Satans Universe Milton stood & said Satan! my Spectre! I know my power thee to annihilate And be a greater in thy place, & be thy Tabernacle A covering for thee to do thy will, till one greater comes And smites me as I smote thee & becomes my covering. Such are the Laws of thy false Heavns! but Laws of Eternity Are not such: know thou: I come to Self Annihilation Such are the Laws of Eternity that each shall mutually Annihilate himself for others good, as I for thee Thy purpose & the purpose of thy Priests & of thy Churches Is to impress on men the fear of death; to teach Trembling & fear, terror, constriction; abject selfishness Mine is to teach Men to despise death & to go on In fearless majesty annihilating Self, laughing to scorn Thy Laws & terrors, shaking down thy Synagogues as webs I come to discover before Heavn & Hell the Self righteousness In all its Hypocritic turpitude, opening to every eye These wonders of Satans holiness shewing to the Earth The Idol Virtues of the Natural Heart, & Satans Seat Explore in all its Selfish Natural Virtue & put off In Self annihilation all that is not of God alone:

To put off Self & all I have ever & ever Amen

Satan heard! Coming in a cloud, with trumpets & flaming fire Saying I am God the judge of all, the living & the dead Fall therefore down & worship me. submit thy supreme Dictate, to my eternal Will & to my dictate bow I hold the Balances of Right & Just & mine the Sword Seven Angels bear my Name & in those Seven I appear But I alone am God & I alone in Heavn & Earth Of all that live dare utter this, others tremble & bow Till All Things become One Great Satan, in Holiness Oppos'd to Mercy, and the Divine Delusion Jesus be no more

Suddenly around Milton on my Path, the Starry Seven Burnd terrible! my Path became a solid fire, as bright As the clear Sun & Milton silent came down on my Path. And there went forth from the Starry limbs of the Seven: Forms Human; with Trumpets innumerable, sounding articulate As the Seven spake; and they stood in a mighty Column of Fire Surrounding Felphams Vale, reaching to the Mundane Shell, Saying

Awake Albion awake! reclaim thy Reasoning Spectre. Subdue Him to the Divine Mercy, Cast him down into the Lake Of Los, that ever burneth with fire, ever & ever Amen! Let the Four Zoa's awake from Slumbers of Six Thousand Years

Then loud the Furnaces of Los were heard! & seen as Seven heavens Stretching from south to north over the mountains of Albion Satan heard; trembling round his Body, he incircled it He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment Howling in his Spectre round his Body hungring to devour But fearing for the pain for if he touches a Vital, His torment is unendurable: therefore he cannot devour: But howls round it as a lion round his prey continually Loud Satan thunderd, loud & dark upon mild Felphams Shore Coming in a Cloud with Trumpets & with Fiery Flame An awful Form eastward from midst of a bright Paved-work Of precious stones by Cherubim surrounded: so permitted (Lest he should fall apart in his Eternal Death) to imitate The Eternal Great Humanity Divine surrounded by His Cherubim & Seraphim in ever happy Eternity Beneath sat Chaos: Sin on his right hand Death on his left And Ancient Night spread over all the heavn his Mantle of Laws He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment

Then Albion rose up in the Night of Beulah on his Couch Of dread repose seen by the visionary eye; his face is toward The east, toward Jerusalems Gates: groaning he sat above His rocks. London & Bath & Legions & Edinburgh Are the four pillars of his Throne; his left foot near London Covers the shades of Tyburn: his instep from Windsor To Primrose Hill stretching to Highgate & Holloway London is between his knees: its basements fourfold His right foot stretches to the sea on Dover cliffs, his heel On Canterburys ruins; his right hand covers lofty Wales His left Scotland; his bosom girt with gold involves York, Edinburgh, Durham & Carlisle & on the front Bath, Oxford, Cambridge Norwich; his right elbow Leans on the Rocks of Erins Land, Ireland ancient nation His head bends over London: he sees his embodied Spectre Trembling before him with exceeding great trembling & fear He views Jerusalem & Babylon, his tears flow down He movd his right foot to Cornwall, his left to the Rocks of Bognor He strove to rise to walk into the Deep. but strength failing Forbad & down with dreadful groans he sunk upon his Couch In moony Beulah. Los his strong Guard walks round beneath the Moon

Urizen faints in terror striving among the Brooks of Arnon With Miltons Spirit: as the Plowman or Artificer or Shepherd While in the labours of his Calling sends his Thought abroad To labour in the ocean or in the starry heaven. So Milton Labourd in Chasms of the Mundane Shell, tho here before My Cottage midst the Starry Seven, where the Virgin Ololon Stood trembling in the Porch: loud Satan thunderd on the stormy Sea Circling Albions Cliffs in which the Fourfold World resides Tho seen in fallacy outside: a fallacy of Satans Churches Before Ololon Milton stood & percievd the Eternal Form Of that mild Vision; wondrous were their acts by me unknown Except remotely; and I heard Ololon say to Milton

I see thee strive upon the Brooks of Arnon. there a dread And awful Man I see, oercoverd with the mantle of years. I behold Los & Urizen. I behold Orc & Tharmas; The Four Zoa's of Albion & thy Spirit with them striving In Self annihilation giving thy life to thy enemies Are those who contemn Religion & seek to annihilate it Become in their Femin[in]e portions the causes & promoters Of these Religions, how is this thing? this Newtonian Phantasm This Voltaire & Rousseau: this Hume & Gibbon & Bolingbroke This Natural Religion! this impossible absurdity Is Ololon the cause of this? O where shall I hide my face These tears fall for the little-ones: the Children of Jerusalem Lest they be annihilated in thy annihilation.

No sooner she had spoke but Rahab Babylon appeard Eastward upon the Paved work across Europe & Asia Glorious as the midday Sun in Satans bosom glowing: A Female hidden in a Male, Religion hidden in War Namd Moral Virtue; cruel two-fold Monster shining bright A Dragon red & hidden Harlot which John in Patmos saw

And all beneath the Nations innumerable of Ulro Appeard, the Seven Kingdoms of Canaan & Five Baalim Of Philistea. into Twelve divided, calld after the Names Of Israel: as they are in Eden. Mountain. River & Plain City & sandy Desart intermingled beyond mortal ken But turning toward Ololon in terrible majesty Milton Replied. Obey thou the Words of the Inspired Man All that can be annihilated must be annihilated That the Children of Jerusalem may be saved from slavery There is a Negation, & there is a Contrary The Negation must be destroyd to redeem the Contraries The Negation is the Spectre; the Reasoning Power in Man This is a false Body: an Incrustation over my Immortal Spirit; a Selfhood, which must be put off & annihilated alway To cleanse the Face of my Spirit by Self-examination. To bathe in the Waters of Life; to wash off the Not Human I come in Self-annihilation & the grandeur of Inspiration To cast off Rational Demonstration by Faith in the Saviour To cast off the rotten rags of Memory by Inspiration To cast off Bacon, Locke & Newton from Albions covering To take off his filthy garments, & clothe him with Imagination To cast aside from Poetry, all that is not Inspiration That it no longer shall dare to mock with the aspersion of Madness Cast on the Inspired, by the tame high finisher of paltry Blots, Indefinite, or paltry Rhymes; or paltry Harmonies. Who creeps into State Government like a catterpiller to destroy To cast off the idiot Questioner who is always questioning, But never capable of answering; who sits with a sly grin Silent plotting when to question, like a thief in a cave; Who publishes doubt & calls it knowledge; whose Science is Despair Whose pretence to knowledge is Envy, whose whole Science is To destroy the wisdom of ages to gratify ravenous Envy; That rages round him like a Wolf day & night without rest He smiles with condescension; he talks of Benevolence & Virtue And those who act with Benevolence & Virtue, they murder time on time These are the destroyers of Jerusalem, these are the murderers

Of Jesus, who deny the Faith & mock at Eternal Life: Who pretend to Poetry that they may destroy Imagination; By imitation of Natures Images drawn from Remembrance These are the Sexual Garments, the Abomination of Desolation Hiding the Human lineaments as with an Ark & Curtains Which Jesus rent: & now shall wholly purge away with Fire Till Generation is swallowd up in Regeneration.

Then trembled the Virgin Ololon & replyd in clouds of despair

Is this our Femin[in]e Portion the Sixfold Miltonic Female Terribly this Portion trembles before thee O awful Man Altho' our Human Power can sustain the severe contentions Of Friendship, our Sexual cannot: but flies into the Ulro. Hence arose all our terrors in Eternity! & now remembrance Returns upon us! are we Contraries O Milton, Thou & I O Immortal! how were we led to War the Wars of Death Is this the Void Outside of Existence, which if enterd into Becomes a Womb? & is this the Death Couch of Albion Thou goest to Eternal Death & all must go with thee

So saying, the Virgin divided Sixfold & with a shriek Dolorous that ran thro all Creation a Double Sixfold Wonder! Away from Ololon she divided & fled into the depths Of Miltons Shadow as a Dove upon the stormy Sea.

Then as a Moony Ark Ololon descended to Felphams Vale In clouds of blood, in streams of gore, with dreadful thunderings Into the Fires of Intellect that rejoic'd in Felphams Vale Around the Starry Eight: with one accord the Starry Eight became One Man Jesus the Saviour. wonderful! round his limbs The Clouds of Ololon folded as a Garment dipped in blood Written within & without in woven letters: & the Writing Is the Divine Revelation in the Litteral expression: A Garment of War, I heard it namd the Woof of Six Thousand Years

And I beheld the Twentyfour Cities of Albion Arise upon their Thrones to Judge the Nations of the Earth And the Immortal Four in whom the Twentyfour appear Fourfold Arose around Albions body: Jesus wept & walked forth From Felphams Vale clothed in Clouds of blood, to enter into Albions Bosom, the bosom of death & the Four surrounded him In the Column of Fire in Felphams Vale; then to their mouths the Four Applied their Four Trumpets & them sounded to the Four winds Terror struck in the Vale I stood at that immortal sound My bones trembled. I fell outstretchd upon the path A moment, & my Soul returnd into its mortal state To Resurrection & Judgment in the Vegetable Body And my sweet Shadow of Delight stood trembling by my side

Immediately the Lark mounted with a loud trill from Felphams Vale And the Wild Thyme from Wimbletons green & impurpled Hills And Los & Enitharmon rose over the Hills of Surrey Their clouds roll over London with a south wind, soft Oothoon Pants in the Vales of Lambeth weeping oer her Human Harvest Los listens to the Cry of the Poor Man: his Cloud Over London in volume terrific, low bended in anger. Rintrah & Palamabron view the Human Harvest beneath Their Wine-presses & Barns stand open; the Ovens are prepar'd The Waggons ready: terrific Lions & Tygers sport & play All Animals upon the Earth, are prepard in all their strength To go forth to the Great Harvest & Vintage of the Nations

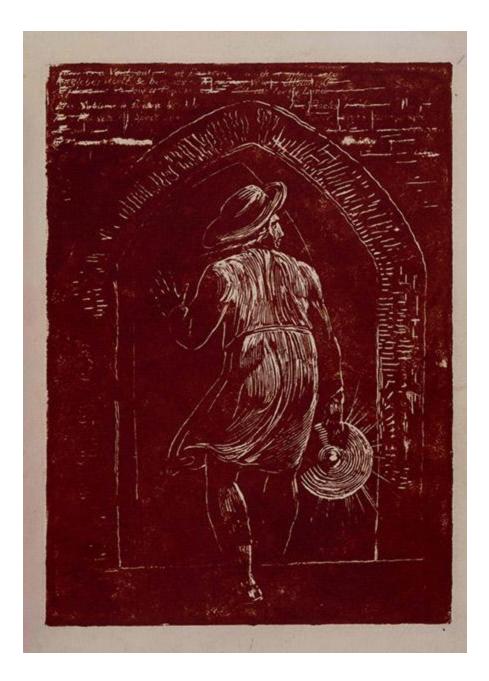
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Jerusalem (1804 – 1820)

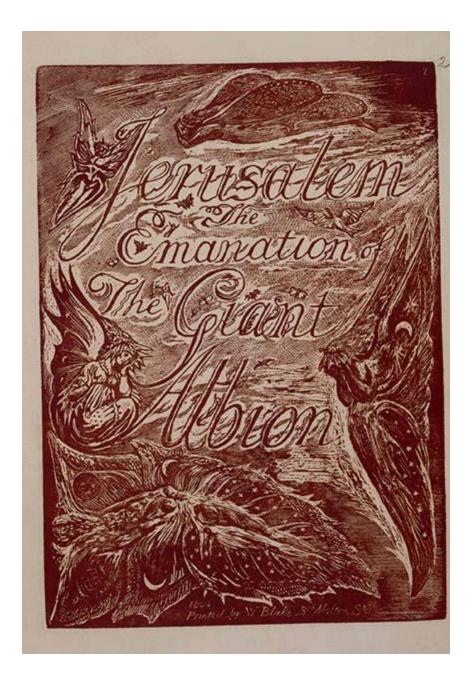
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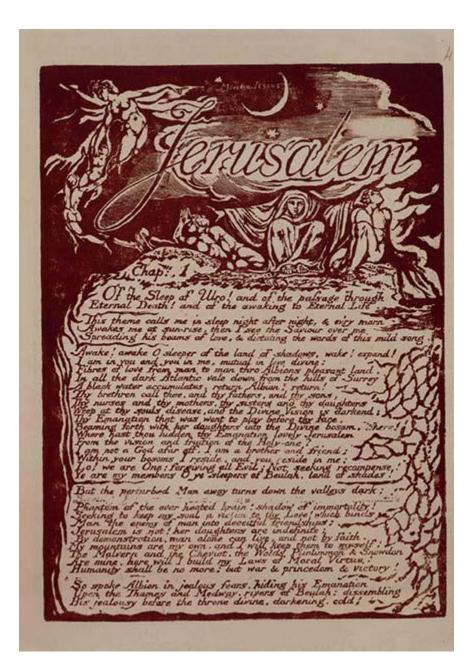
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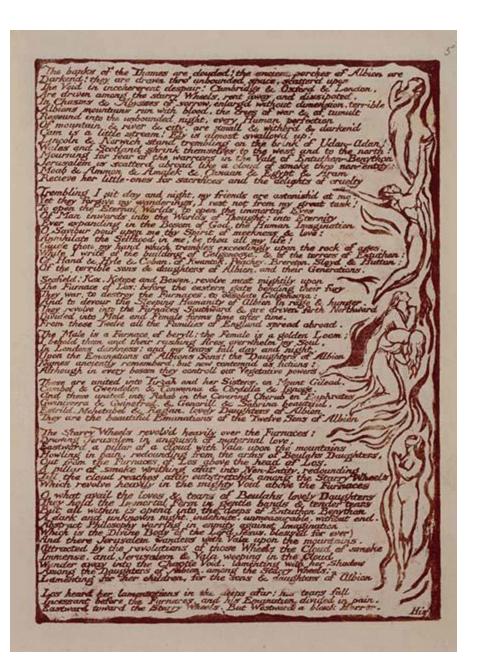
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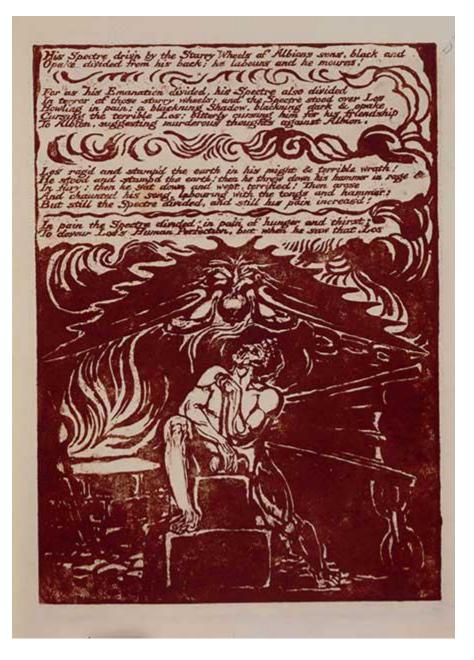


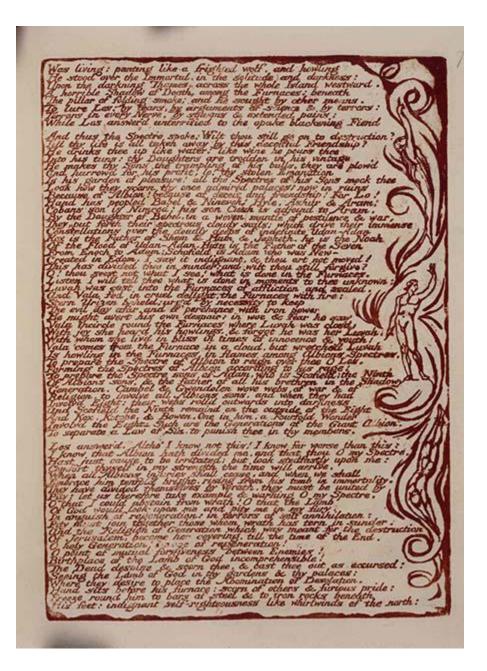
To the Public After my three years slumber on the banks of the Ocean. I again isplay my Guant Forms to the Public . By former Guants & Fouries away received the highest reward possible. In and those with whom to be connected is to be hat thus more consolidated & extended Work will be us kindly received some the Enthussian at the following Poem, the luther hopes hope the Reader will be with me. wholls One in Jesus our Lad. who and seed in and Lard to whom the Ameents lookd and seed in and Lard to whom the Ameents lookd and seed in an entry of the Saviours kingtom, the poly watts to be restricted former to the Saviours kingtom, the poly watts in the restricted to loss the most surful at men. Another the the saviours kingtom, the poly watts in the restricted to lose to see to converse with the same man is the mare to have an interest in the Friend is small new one of the seeder. What you do not approve, it is the for this energetic exertion of my talent. The dot that God from whom the on mysterious Sinais and if heaven the of that God from whom the on mysterious at a writing gave. To Man the wondrous at a writing gave. To man the speaks in thunder and in fire there of Thought, & Hell his your theore is an the dot that God from whom the undathomed caverns of my Far there is an the wondrous at a more the serve is an in-the dot the undathomed caverns of my for the serve there is not the wondrous of the writing the serve. Therefore I print, nor vain my types shall be : therefore I print, nor vain my types shall be in harmony the an the the Measure in which the shall live in harmony We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves. every thing conducted by Spirits. no less than Digestion or Sleep. Therefore have produced and put into its https:// was much a bondage as recessary in the modern but as much a bondage as recessary and indispensible part a Verse Bud I woon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not. I therefore have produced a variety in every line boild and every letter is studied and put into its htt place: the therefore have produced and put into its htt place: the therefore have produced and put into its htt place the therefore have produced and put into its htt place the parties. And the prosaic for interior parts: all are necessary to the muld be gentle for the muld be gentle for the the terrific parts. and the prosaic for interior parts: all are necessary to the protocy fetter of the for the the fundament for the terrific parts.

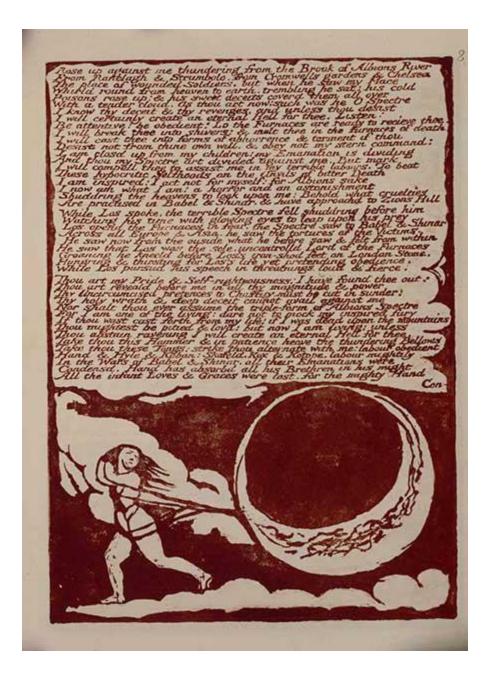




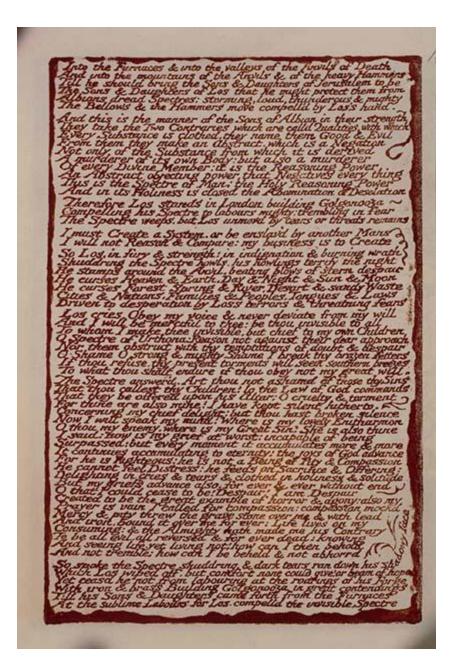


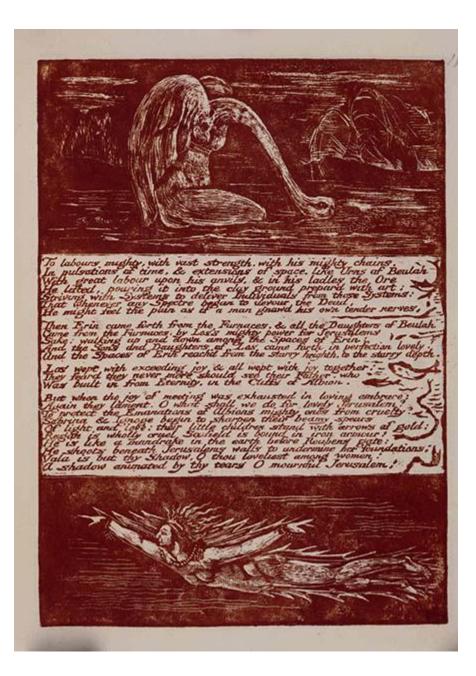


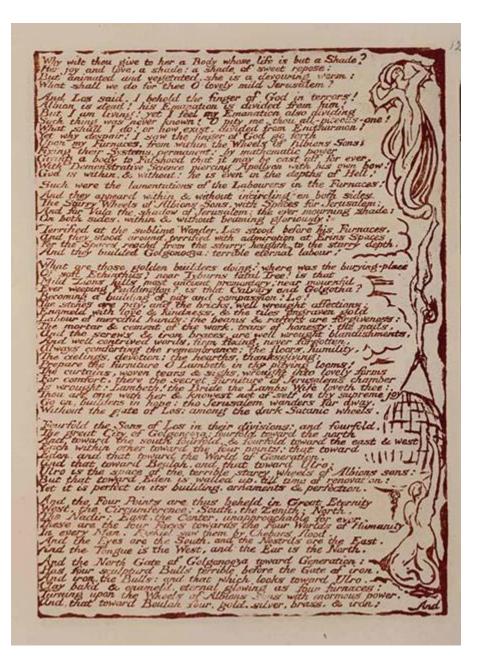


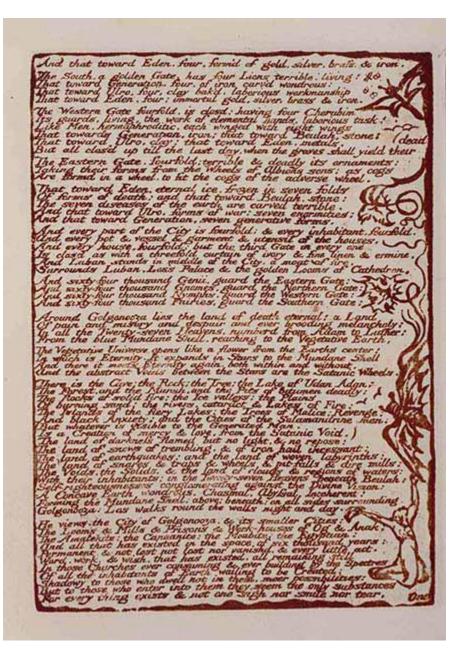


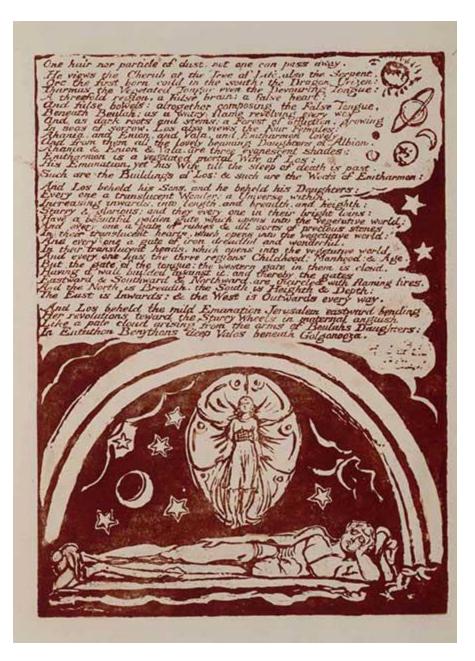
death sneed; and his unit 110 5 et a n for to win the lab. th STEL CHEN steel: Folly in a holmet of gold : talons: ignorance with a revining beak : whilden as a Crime it with pamp of religion writed alive in the earth with pamp of religion ins forbuilden by laws of punishment : the sighs & fears & bither groans : the sighs & fears & bither groans : the sight & fears & fears & bither groans : the sight & fears & fea armid in ards with horns lavis and the hydrau tool a in the homes tomas : Contraction a 3 ban melted into the gold, the silver provice, the top's, the jacint, of rour my Furnacey and loud a bour day and night. I behold the lange geneath my hummer into the , the liquid ru ho the ntended an Furgaces with Spectre drewe hea w ch n, and Los

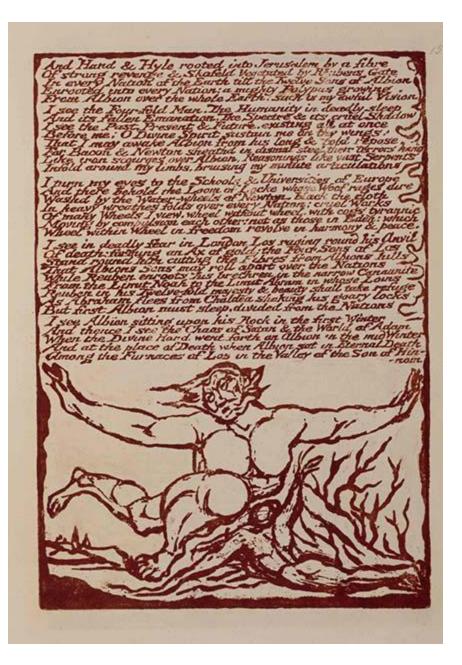


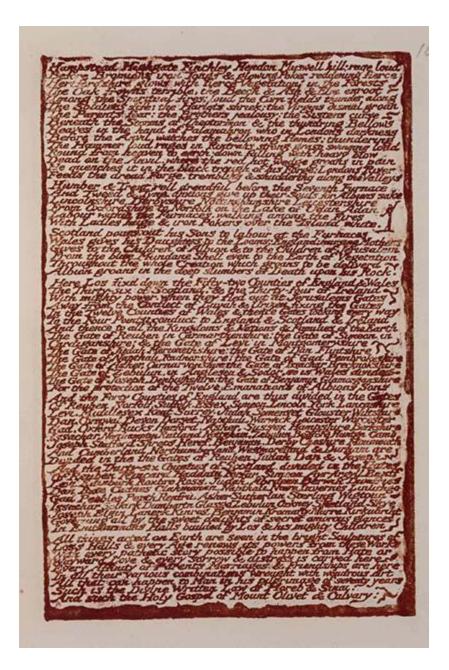






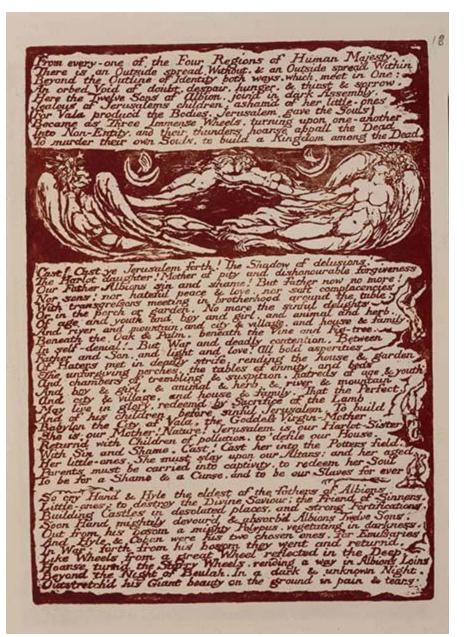






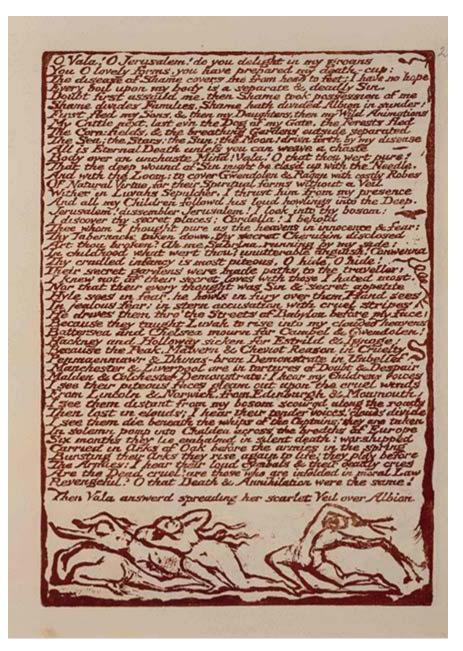
is Spectre divides & Los in fury compells it to divide : about to the fore, in the water in the earth, in the air. follow the Daughters of Albien as the hound follows the scent to will inhibitant of the forest to drive them from his own : make a way for the Californ of Los to come from the furnaces at los himself against Albiens Sons his hirry bends, for he we had approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed the will inhibitant of the forest to be resetted beneath in the approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed the fores it there bound to subdue his strength is own : ar los furnered against Albiens to strength is the contanually the fores of the Lowns burdle his strength is the contanually in the his Spectre sending him abroad over the four pomes of hour the fores of the Living burdle his strength is he contanually is fore his Spectre is enable to the Daughters of replice the to be spectre of the Living burdle his strength is he contanually is fore his Spectre is divided is strength is he contanually the first the spectre of the Living & terrihed by undisgued desire the spectre of the Living burdled is at an a Living Man must compell him to obey me wholy that Employ in the labour is to institut desver & the section to fore the low of the spectre of spectre to desver the to make humsel in the labour is in a brunder of my sould desver & the stander humsel in the labour is in a brunder of my power of these beauties of Albien of would never love my power of the standard and sector for the the more of the sweet desver for these beauties of Albien of consult and sweet the desver of the standard and sector for the the more of the sweet to be bey due not sector that fails the more of the the the low of the standard and sector for the description of the sweet have sould and sector for the sector for the the sector the more of the sweet to destrow for the sector for the sector for the the more of the sweet to destrow for the se to destroy lowe is the the proces with the destr 50

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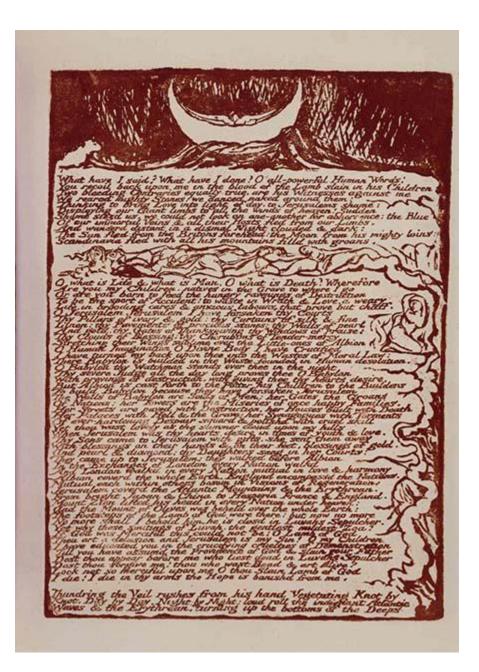


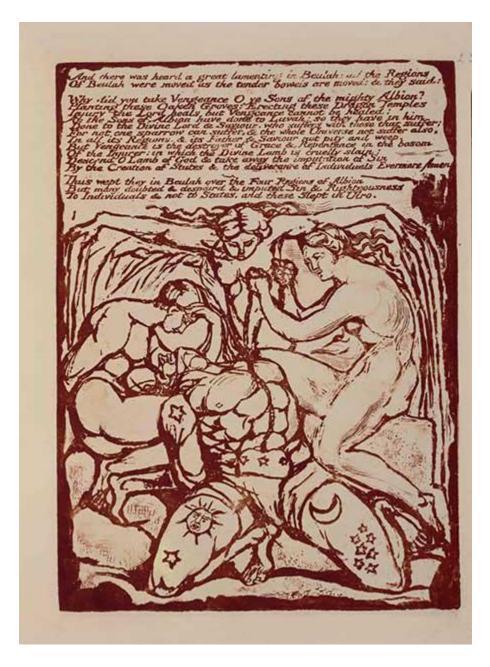
ambeths vale : iant limbs . the weil of te al despair . Albian Full Love in the we veil of tears spair life human ht in innocence before the the of t out before him in his love and smi plied weeping & trembling, hiding in her ver rends the hunsey family mill the stru tormer ide: they number former ide: they number on their remembrance as ster and my daughter i the my griets' thou knowest them salem answerd with saft tears over the valleys sight a furt is Sin? that thou shudderest sight a lay once love service on what is of a fault, that is seen forgiven is but me ply nor love nor hand forgiven is we a pity me. O unfold by Vel in me but mere in p ALE SOUCH not my little ones, beloved Virgin daug mat my intimi loves & graces, beautiful mot hy intimi loves & graces, beautiful mot put off the human form I strive but allows resen thy becutiful net of soil on hadet woren thy becutiful net of soil on the thou refusies to let me go; Albion -ove; thou refusies to let me go; Albion -the the our loves comeliness, beautiful let shane with thy brightness, in the grau use a inclosed pity & love; because we, on love they he reat thy Veil the embrand math of the beauty & perfection, thou forg held the stand love thee: "he reat thy Veil the embruid thee is standed at his bourts & perfection thou forganest he redunded from Albians basem in my viron lovely the Lamb of Good receive me in his sirms he smild be made me his Bride & Wile ; he gave that to All hen was a time of love: O why is a passed away hen Albian hada willing Then Albion broke silence and with grouns replyd .











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ion was the Parent of the Druids; & in his Chaotic State of Sloep & Adam to the whole World was Greated by the Elahim.

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tud all the Atlantic foundations show Albions Spectre from his Loins ore lorth in all the pamp of War: Saturn his name in flames of from e stretch his Druid Fillars fur. Forusulam fell from Lambeths Vale. own thro Faclar & Old Bow; thro Mallen & acros the Sea. n War & powling death & wee.

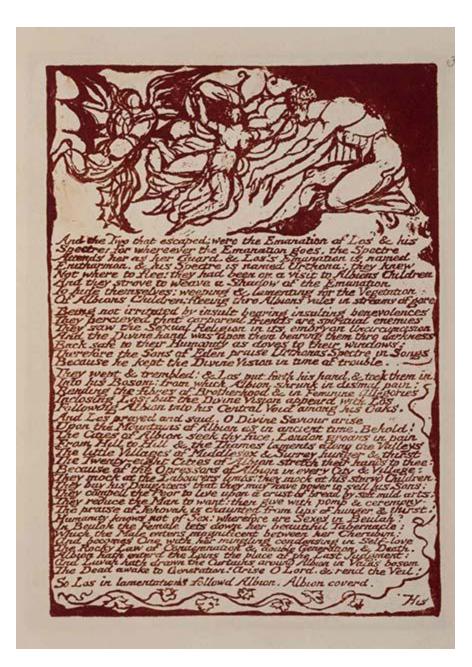
uids; & in his Chaotic State of Sloup is Created by the Elaham. The Rhine was red with human blood: The Denube rolld & purple tide; In the Euthernal Stratchil his press. In the Euthernal Stratchil his press. He witherd up domentions Gatos: The witherd up domentions Gatos: He witherd up the Himmen Former. States of statistic of the Sorth: He witherd up the Himmen Former. Schwitherd up the Himmen Former. He witherd to the the the the Himmen Former. He wither Vision still was soon Still was the Himmen Forme Distan. The Distance Vision still was soon the this the Former Forme & Chine. And thing the the Gatos of Deathe And thing they the Gatos of Deathe And O then Lamb of God, when I State and the States of Deather. And the start of the States of Deather. And the States and the States of Deather. Mean and the States of Deather. Mean and the States of Deather. And the States and the States of Deather. Mean and the States of Deather. States of Illian : was the Former. Mean and the States of States of States. Mean and the States of States of Deather. Mean and the States of States of States of Mean. Mean and the States of States of States of Mean. Mean and the States of States of States of Mean. Mean and the States of States of States of Mean. Mean and the States of States of States of States of Mean. Mean and the States of States of States of States of States of States of

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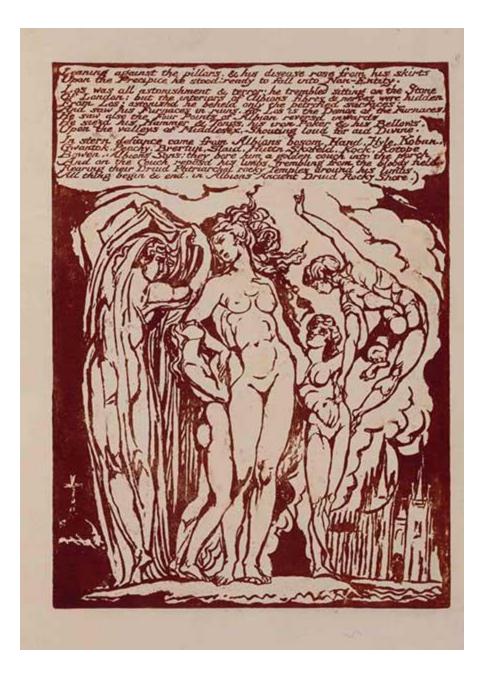
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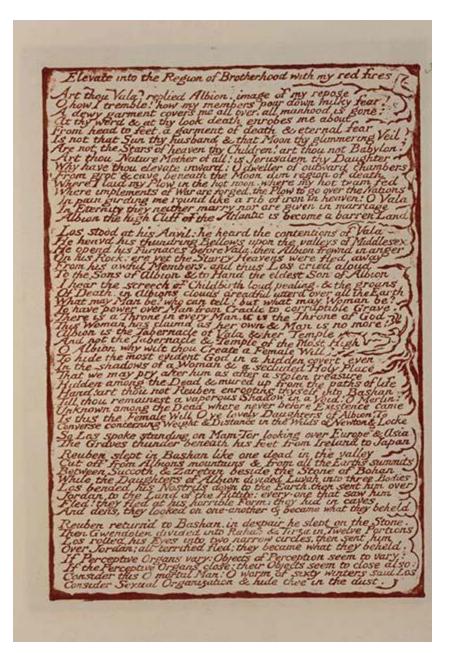
ung locks of steps of Fir the of the Vin own Shadow there I enter this boyuth and to nothing by breath be lay be served a Man chest 3 from the cloud see the amplie plan sta ose the amplie plan sta is soice crying Inion y' O dark decet can strong to gain domin strong to gain domin strong to gain domin strong to gain domin he wind Body of Albian left prestrict upon the crystal of which body from head to body the transless of a front the fallen Man and Rig forth Linch From his pre-to and Die the Death of Some for the to specify way with the voice of the Death of Some for the the specify way with the voice of the second of the second of the order way the second of the second of the second of the second second of the second of the second of the second second of the second of the second of the second second of the second of the second of early the second second of the second of the second of the second second of the second of the second of the early the second second of the second of the second of the early the second second the second of the second of the early the second second the second of the second of the count the second second the second of the second of the second of the second second the second of the second of the second second of the second second the second of the second of the second of the second of the second the second second the second of the second the second of the to at Pig & Love.

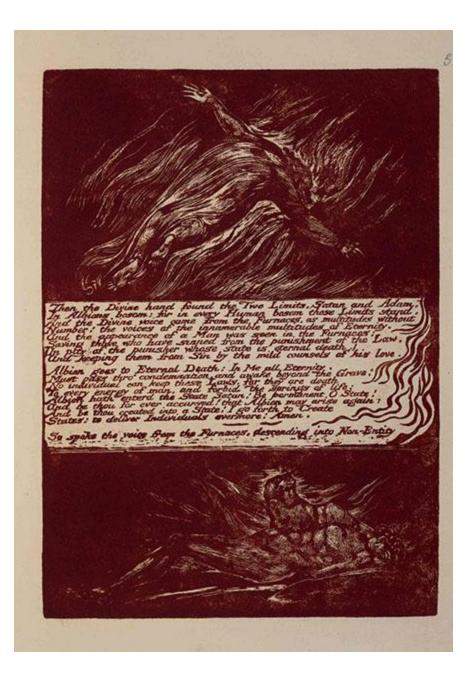


Ubion should aura clouds 0 the Purticular a i they were ossessid they a many so 211/18 te Los, travelling thro darkness & horn bokeld Jorusaten in Westminster & No one runs of the Temple: and Vala wha one shadow bent northward over the got he sat on London Scone. & hear ade litude er Shadow voice length he sat on London Stone & heard Serusulens v ion I cannot be the Wife, thing own Minute Persiculars, one to God along and all the little ones are holy bace of Fath & not at Demanstration; wherefore is Val-are of Fath & not at Demanstration; wherefore is Val-are of southes sing upon nor revers currents, Val-are the iron threads at love & fealousy & despair. I reply Albion is mice; Luvah save me to Albion, pour Son being to mice; Luvah save me to Albion, reply Albion is mice; Luvah save me to Albion, pour Son being to mice; Luvah save me to Albion, pour Son being to more the study to be you & you sous to the receives represent & hour being to be you a sous to the way to be a sourd to the sourd of the sourd of the your son being to more the study to be your sous to this back, Boston the sourd of your slaws for eve wate in the east, been, shours of bloon, repe on the east wate in the east, the sourd of bloon, repe on the east wate in the east, the sourd of bloon, repe on the east wate in the sourd of bloon, repe on the east wate in the sourd of bloon is not be boon of the above to be the sourd of the sourd of bloon we have the the sourd of bloon we have the the blood of the sourd of blood we have the the blood of the sourd of blood is, Vala



Jurning his back to the Divine Vision. his Spectrous chaos before his face appeard: an Unformed Memory Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albien Darkning cold from the back & louns where dwell the Spectrous Dead I am your Rational Power (Albien & that Human Form by call Divine is but a viorm sevency inches long that crimps forth in a night & is drived in the morning sun hor traditions concurse of memorys accumulated & last plows the Earth in its own concert it overwhere the brook proses is in milits all of the anony is kills derivers patterness with a the own concert is wire brook proses is un milits all of the anony is kills derivers patterness over the brook as the wind passes over the ancent Cheises of the Earth remove as to travelle with my device of forgotion remembrances over the tables CAR . 1246.4 2 Miller UR So spoke the Spectre to Albian he is the Great Selfhood Satan Worshipid as God by the Thickey Omes of the Earth aving a white Dot call a conception which branches out Circle in continual synchrons this became a Heart of the sprang numerous branches way in their motions roducing many Hearts three unfortunate contemplation power the becomes his food such is the way of the Devoluting Power and this is the cause of the appearance in the froming Chaos Theory in any of the towning Chaos prolife upon the Chaos Reflecting back to Albian A Sexual Reasoning Temperation Albian spoke Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp involving the Devine Vision in colours of automing Chaos mover sub the this time, nor beheld in a boom the Chaos involving the Devine Vision in colours of automing the set of arkness inmunoled with light on my surfacted of arkness into a the four that on the automic for the sas nothing before the faded is all life and joy Vala replied in clouds of tears Albians garment embracing Vala replied in clouds of tears Albians garment embraces Vala replied in clouds of cears Albions garment embracing Vala replued in clouds of tears Albions garment embracin was a City & a Temple built by Albions Children. Was a Garcen planted with bouuty Vallared on hill & valley he have a Life to how against my walls & among the swalley he lowchest of the daughters of Eternity when in day-break and in the Courts among her little Children offering up he sacrince of lanatic love, why loved I Jerusalem ; he was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus her correct of a cher the Towers of Jerusalem ; hy was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus here core did I loving create love, which never yet mempled God & Man when thou & I, hid the Divine Vision a cloud of secret gloom which behold involve me Deauty here now Albion: look upon me I alone am Beauty here athe hum forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave breathe hum forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave for the Divine appearance is Brotherhood but I am Love

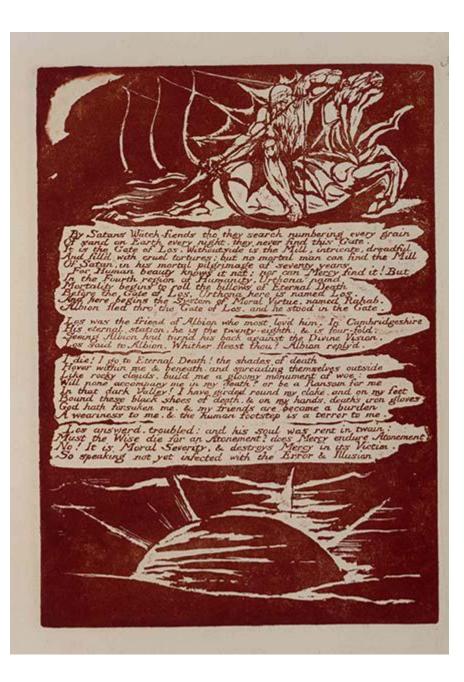


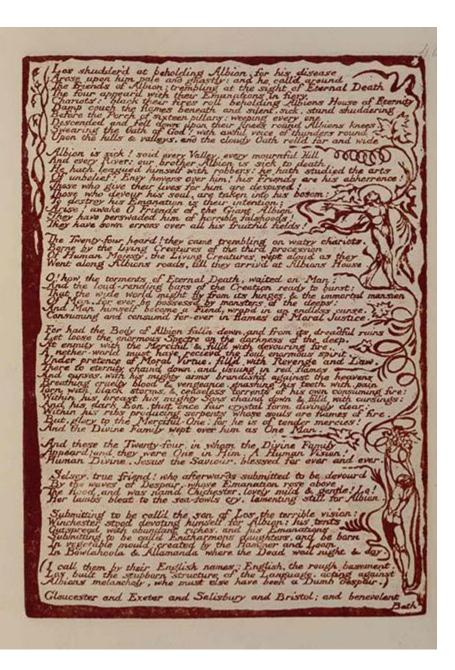


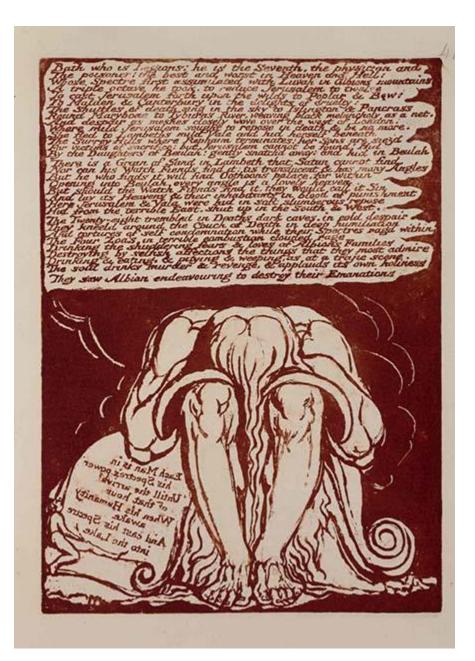
the love of Tirsch he said Doubt is my rood their basilies well a that when her her buy be here the basilies rec of pain they became what they be all the reasonings haven rec of pain they became what they be all the reasonings haven rec of pain the surgers of Los as a horry ble dreamful sumber in the surgers of Los as a horry ble dreamful sumber in the surgers of Los as a horry ble dreamful sumber in the surgers of Los as a horry ble dreamful sumber in the surgers of Los as a horry ble dreamful sumber is the in a spirit cife outward. They became what they behald wantock & I more the in they became what they behald wantock & I more had before han they became what they behald wantock & I more had before han they became what they behald wantock & I more had start they behald & Kox wantock & I more had start they behald & Kox is the tweire remains in every merve of the the Tweire remains of Beulah on the loss Hammer and stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Less Hammer and stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reussanne Spectre and stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reussanne Spectre and stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reussanne Spectre and stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Store his face of the four Zoas clouded rate Liver Jours Loss Hammer and stood between the Vestative Man & hus Immerail Magunation of the four Zoas who are the Source I Man a has durk Spectre ravening from the open Source for a has durk Spectre ravening from the open Source for a has are their mames in the Vestative Generation Westart & Stead who are the Four Eternal Source of Hues has are their mames in the Vestative Generation. Westart & Chance were fourd hudden in Jensth Bredge a Method "Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length Breden is the ad they divided into four ravening deathing of the Elements are so devices into four ravening of the Elements are so four a Nymphy & Grange of the Elements of the Sea poured in amoun upon the Giants of Alloca Los bended the Senses of Reuben Reuben is Martin ploring the Three States of Oles: Creation Recemption. Aploring the Three States of Ules: Crentian Redempland, ad many at the Eternal Ones laugh ... atter their manner have you known the Judément that is arisen among the poils at Uleun where a Man dare harder to embrace is own Whe for the terrors of Chastly that they call the name of Morality their Daughters govern all huden, decout they are Vogetable only ht for burning the Science cannot exist but by Naka Beauty displaya has the Great Greater who contemplation Jeach seems to Bed is productive of the most dreadful seems to these to whom it scents to be even af ments. I spar, ternal Death : but the Downe Merry of beyond and federars Man in the Body of Jesus, me



His face and bases with petrific hardness, and his hands and fort lest any should enter his boson & embrace within him: Its hidden heart; his Emanation wept & trembled within him: Itering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with for and street dark and spake. with clouds & tempests brooding his strong limbs shudderd upon his mountains high and dark. Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went, Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went, the loud His cold against the warmth of Eden ragd with loud hunders of deady war (the fever of the human soul) tires and clouds of rolling smake, but mild the Serious followid him unplaying the Cternal Vision ! the Divine Significate; n loves and tears of boothers, sisters, sons fathers, and friends Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist Which if Man coases to behold, he ceases to exist: Saving Albian! Our wars are wans of life, is wounds of love, With intellectual spears. & long winged arrows at thought: Mutual in one anothers love and wrath all renowing We live as One Man, for contracting our urbinite senses. We behold multitude: or expanding; we behold as one. As One Man all the Universal Family: and that One Man We call lesus the Christ: and he is us, and we in him. Use in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life. Giving, receiving, and forgiving each others trespasses. He is the Shapherd of Albien, he is all in all. In Eden : in the sarden of God; and in heavenly forusalem. He we have atlended, forgive us, take not vengeance against us If we have dilended for give us, take not vengeance against us, Thus speaking: the Divine Family follow Albion: The speaking: the Divine Family follow Albion: The speak in the Vision of God upon my pleasant vallers. The behold London; a Human awful wonder of God! The speak are my ideas at lungingtion make Albion, awake; and let up awake up together. The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels buildren of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels buildren of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels buildren of my thoughts, walking within my blood vessels buildren of my thoughts, walking within my blood vessels buildren of my thoughts, walking within my blood vessels built from my nervous form which sleeps, upon the vessel pupos for dreams of darknass, while my voietning blood in vessel pupos for dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan For Albions gake, and for Jerusseler thy Emanation give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeths shades; I write in South Moltan Street, what I both, see and hear I'write in South Moltan Street, what I both, see and hear I'write in South Moltan Street, what I both see and hear I'write in South Moltan Street, what I both see and hear I'write the awful Parent Land in light, behold I see ! in regions of Humany, in Londons opening streats. see thee awful Parent Land in light, behold I see ! reulam 'Canterbury' venerable parent of men. see thee awful Parent Land in light, behold I see ! reulam 'Canterbury' venerable parent of men. renerous immertal. Guardian golden clad! for Cities . re Man, fathers of multitudes, and Runns & Mountans re also Men; every thing is Human. mighty 'sublime ! a every basom a Universe expande, as wings et down at will around, and called the Universal Tent. off, crownd with loving kindnels. Latinburgh, alothia off, crownd with loving kindnels. Latinburgh, alothia ith fortende as with a garment of immortal fecture were in looms of Eden. in sporticual deaths of mighty men where is in Albuen a Gate of arecous stones and gold Seen anly by Emanations by vegetations viewless. Seming across the road of Octard Street : it from Hyde Park by purns deathing shades, against the wandering souls of multitudes who die from Earth; thus Gate cannot be found. 00

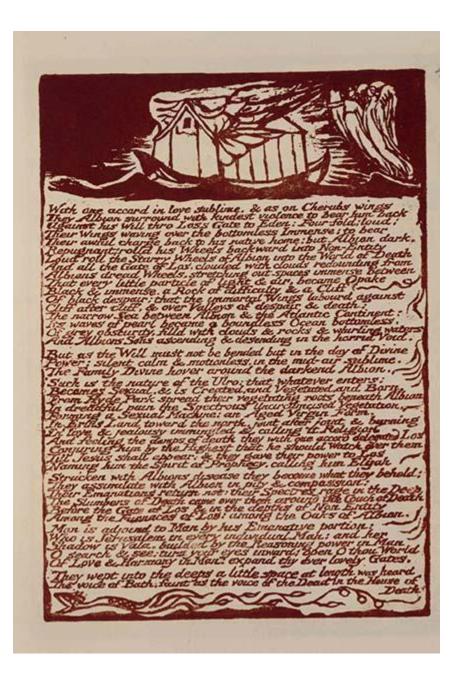


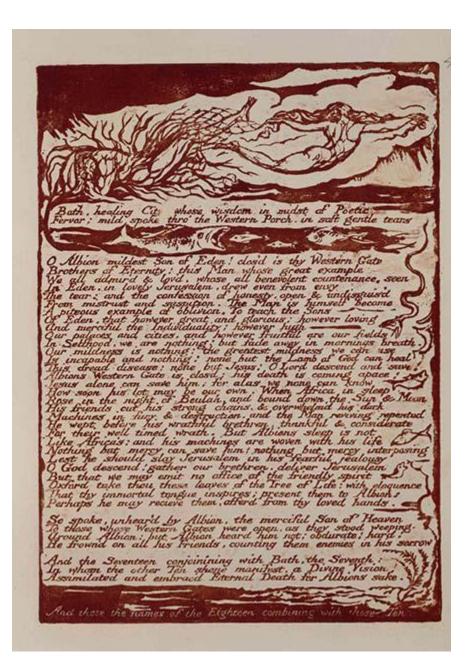


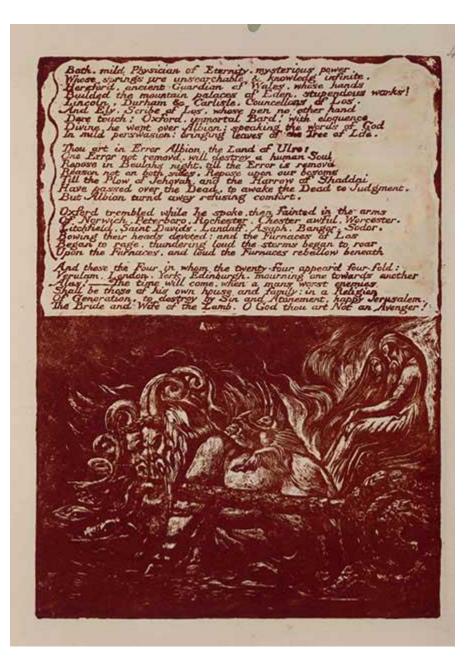


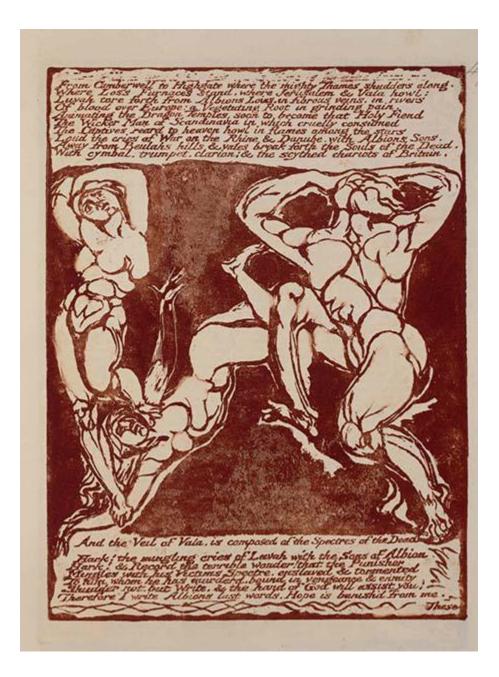
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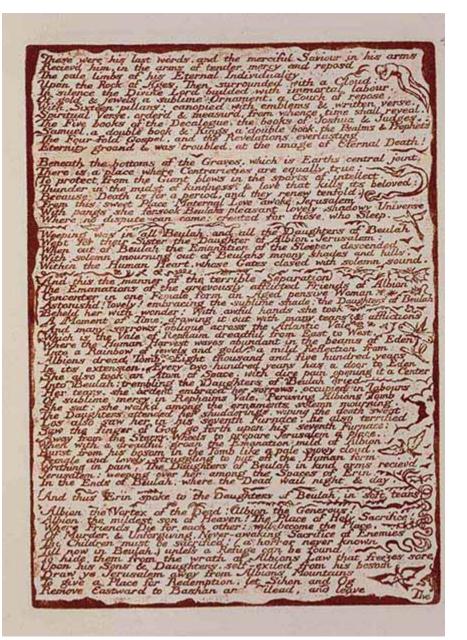
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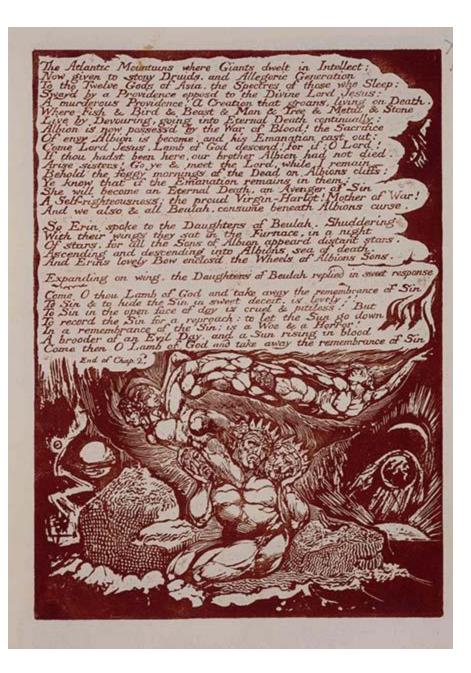




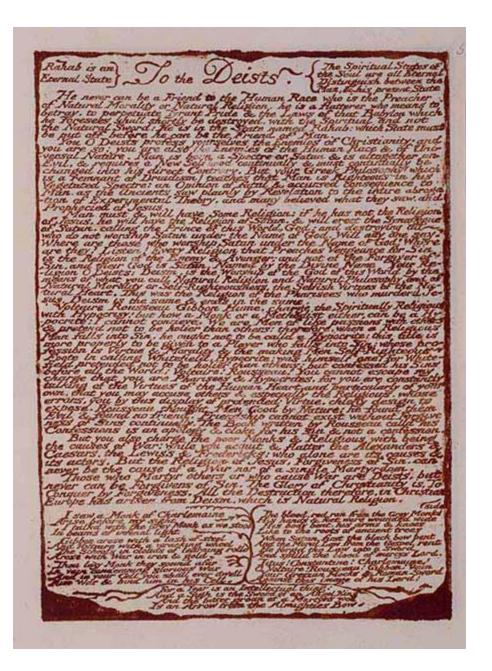


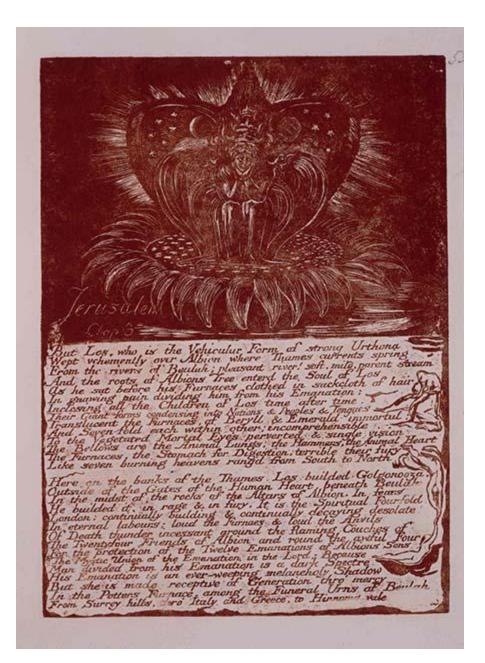


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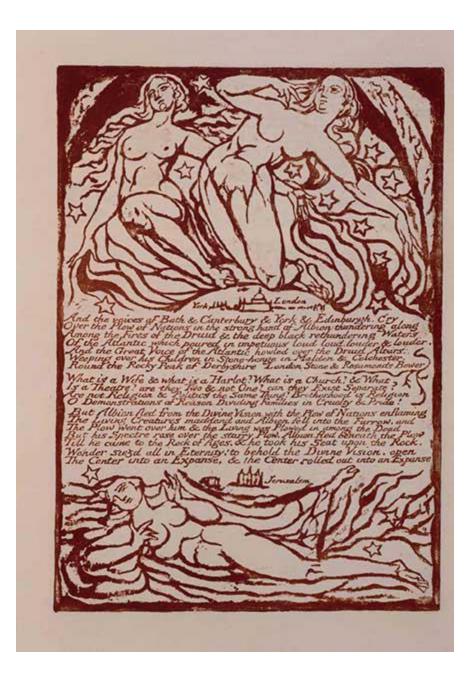


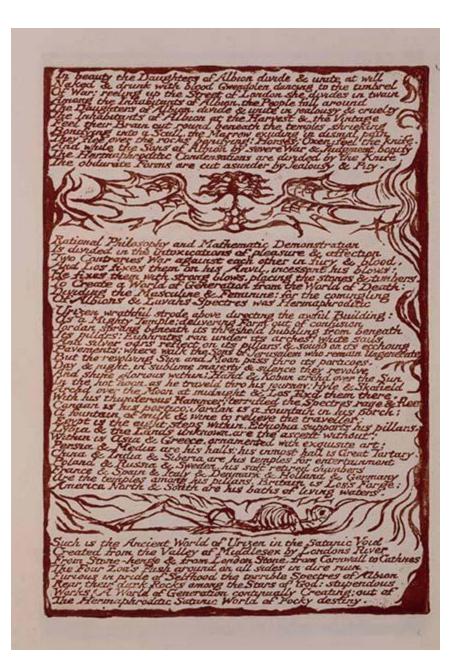


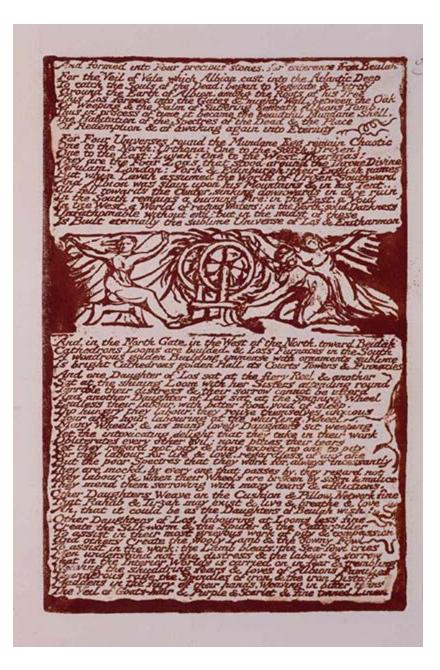
11 d overs all the Earth a.\$0 Wrat This World Desu Spectre like a hoar frost for am God O Sons of Men Lan Bacon & Newton & Lock any Pour & Reportment & my Pour Friend of Sinners! that Mildew rase pe a th ona Rot tor mility . 22 lust & tructuve ud 84 n Agag round ho England

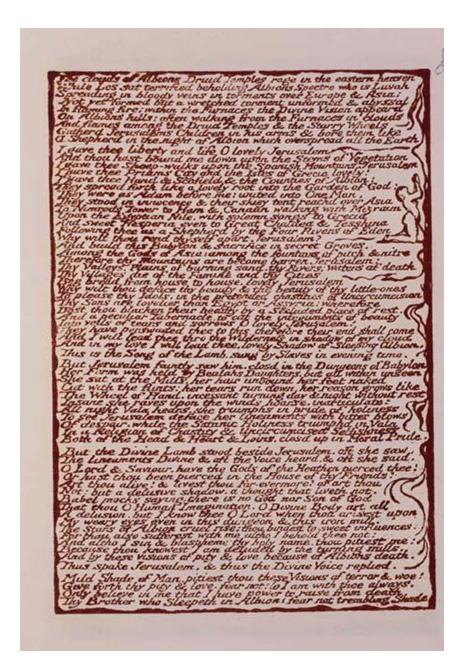
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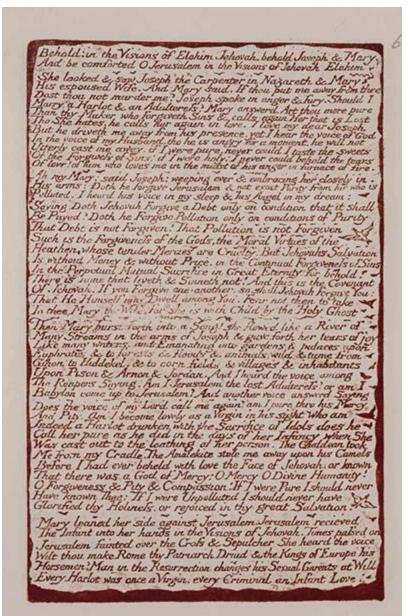
Then Las heaved his thundring Bellows on the Valley Middleson And thus he chaunted his Song the Daug/ters of Albion roply What may Man be? who can tell, But what may Woman be? To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave . He who is an Infant, and whose Cradle is a Manger Nework the Infant sorrow: whence it came, and where it goeth And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away. This World is all a Cradle of the grass that withereth away. This World is all a Cradle for the error Wandering Phantom: Rookd by Year. Month, Day & Hour: and every two Moments Between, dwells a Daughter at Beulak, to feed the Human Vesetable Entime: Daughtens of Albian. your hymning Chorus mildly: Cord of affection thrilling extates on the erron Reel. To the golden Loon of Love: to the moth-labourd Woof A Garment and Cradle weaving for the unforder Derror: For fear; at entering the gate into our Warld af cruel Where dwells the Spectre of Albian: destroyer of Definite Form. The Sun shall be a Soythed Chariot of Britann: the Moan; a Ship In the British Ocean : Created by Loss Hammer; measured out Into Dess & Nights & Years' & Menths, to travel with my thet Over these desolate rocks of Albian: O daughters of despair. Rock the Cruelle, and in mild melodies tell me where found What you have enwoven with so much cours & care? so much Tender article: to laugh: to weep: to learn: to know; Remember; recollect. what dark beiel in wintry days O it was last for ever! and we found it not: it came Knowith the Infant sorrow: whence it came, and where it goet O, it was last for ever and we found it not : it came And wept at our wintry Door: Look !look ! behold ! Givendolen Is become a Clod of Clay ! Merlin is a Worm of the Valley ! Then Los uttered with Hammer & Anvil : Chaunt 'revoice' I mind not your laugh: and your from I not fear! and Gu must my dictate obey from your sold beand Looms: trill Gentle to Albums Watchman.on Albums mountains; reecho And rock the Cradle while Ah me! Of that Elernal Mare And of the cradled Inforcy in his bowels of compassion : Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry & became. Subservent to the clods of the fur wit the cattle and even The emmet and earth Worm are sus superiors whis lords. Then the response came warbling from trilling Locms in Albien We Women tremble at the light therefore: hiding fearful The Divine Vision with Curtain e.Veil & Aleshly Tabernacle) Los utterd is with as the railing thinder upon the mountains Look back into the Church Paul / Look Three Women around The Gras! O Albien why didst thou a Female Will Greate?

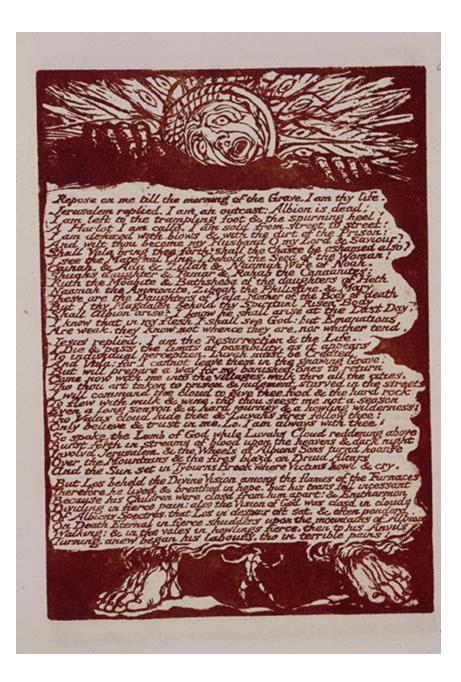


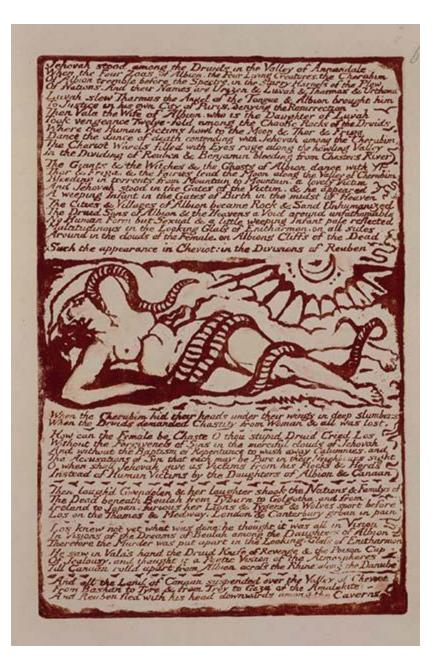


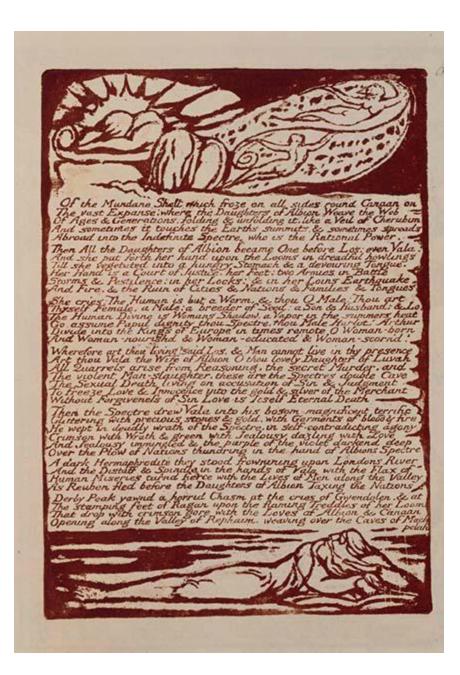


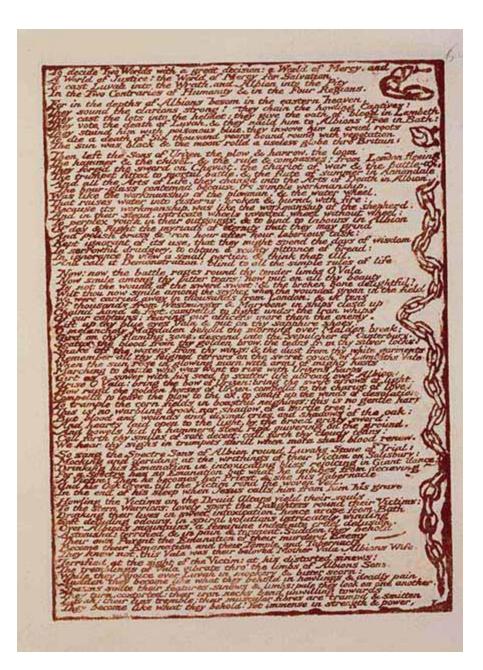


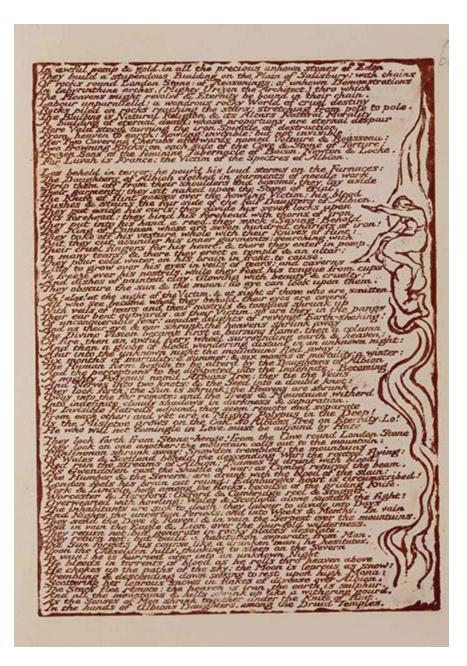


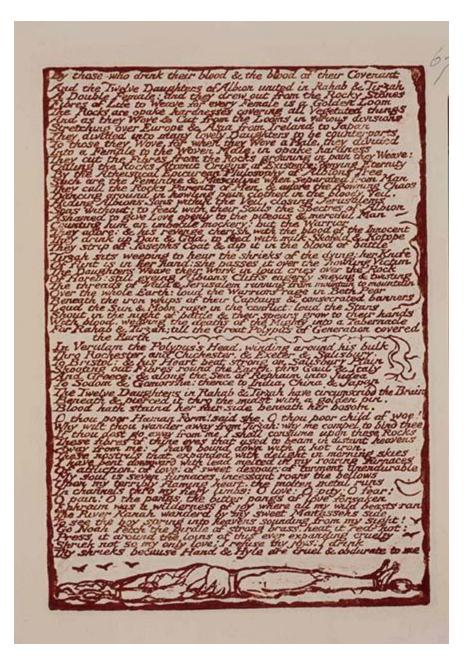






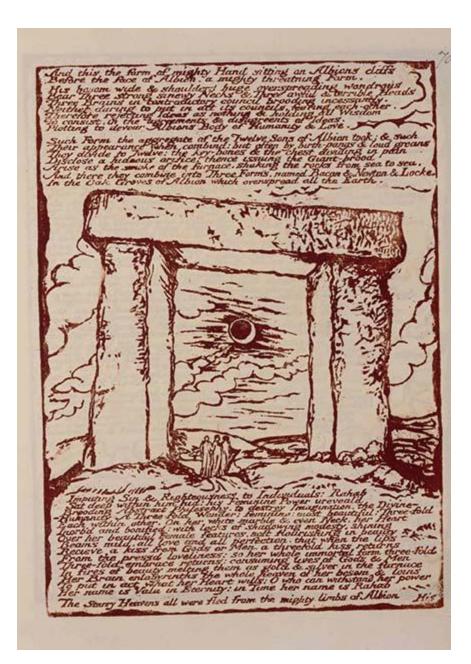




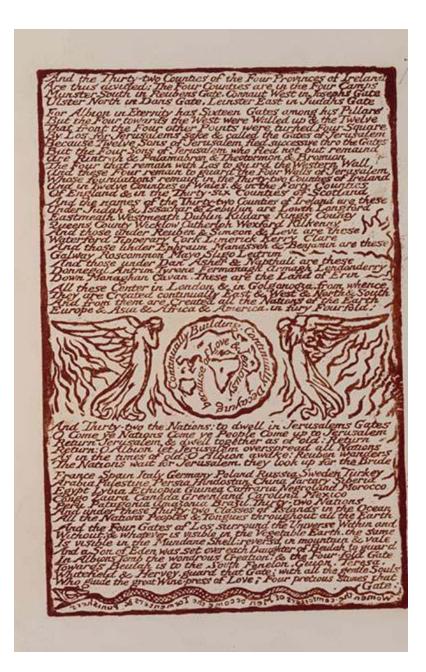


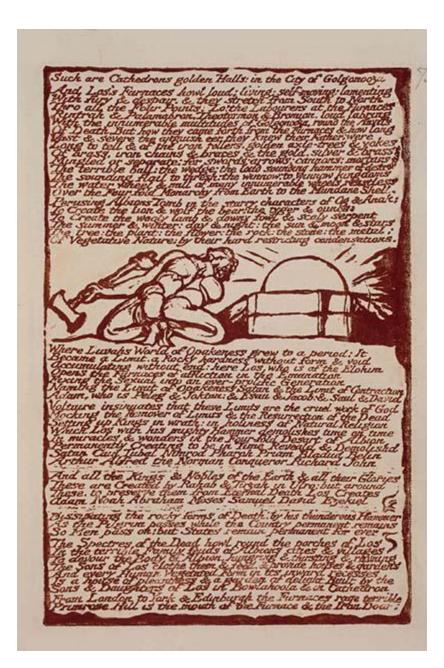
bonedd mby art thou cruel Lo Joseph is thine to make Then the art thou cruel Lo Joseph is thine to make Then the are your both in the sum of End Nount Synu: in come forth from Lebonov, 2. Hopick from Mount Synu: the come forth from Lebonov, 2. Hopick from Mount Synu: the two env onto the rock Mileas the task is thine of the sear onto the rock Mileas the task is thine the sear onto the rock Mileas the task of the part is ear onto the rock Mileas the task of thine the sear onto the rock Mileas the task of thine the sear onto the rock Mileas the task of thine of the sear onto the rock Mileas the task of thine the sear onto the rock Mileas the task of the part is environment of the sear of the search of the search & frint are the away from Scotters of Victory, in Sungs. I thus the Warries cry in the hot day of Victory in Sungs. The brand Victor begins of the state search of the search and the market of the search of the search of the search and the market of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search of the and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search and the search of the search of the search of the search of the and the search of the search of the s sward faint on his hand, with view of a of delight audical Daughter at Albina, coulds, is of delight with a foundation of Lebanan we the Car of Renob in Hamath the to could the harp's to dance in the Lord of Warrows re the Kings of Canaan: to cut the tesh from the Victim past the Hest in fire; to examine the Infants lambs meetings of holmess: to refuse the poss of love; to bring spice from Expet: to raise pailous of the bosons of the twelve is a Canaan; then to let the Spiss depart to fire the had the twelve to place at the Annalekter; I am drank with unstanded love est the way occupied in infantes bless by historia a refuse to place at the Annalekter; I am drank with unstanded love to place at the Annalekter; I am drank with unstanded love to now may soul is harrows with grief & four & love & desure now my soul is harrows with grief & four & love & desure is not the show I love & statue to is no more; re is no time to raise but the instants of love & desure is not the \$ how I love & statue to is no more; re is no time to have the statues soil in hore; Feminine & Massiline Shadows suit, mild & ever varying beauty; are Madows now so more, but Nocks in Horeb returnes

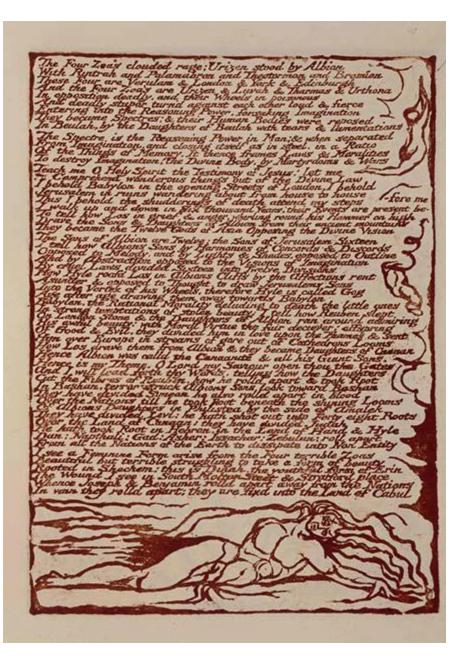
Then all the Males conjoined into One Male & every one Became a ravening eding Cancer growing in the Female Folypus of Robis of Reasoning Douge Despair & Deach Going forth & returning from Albions Rocks to Canaan : Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth. General second and the second of Double Despace of Death . General Jerussian Kinn every Nation as the Earth . Envyoing Jerussian Kinn every Nation as the Earth . Envyoing Jerussian Kinn every Nation as the Earth . Envyoing Stood the enormous Form at variance with Exelf : Drawing the free loves of Jerussian into Universit of Double & Formal Prawing the free loves of Jerussian into Universit of Double & Formal Prawing the free loves of Jerussian into Universit of Double & Formal Prawing the free loves of Jerussian into Universit of Double & Formal Prawing the free loves of Jerussian into Universit of Double & Formal Prawing the free loves of Jerussian into Universit of Double & Formal Prawing the free loves of Jerussian into Universit of Double & Formal Prawing the Integration States and the Prawing the Market of the Premain States & Gundt for formation in the New Stand Prawing the Integration of the Market of Love & Format Into the Very Formatic Contentions in the Market of the Prawing be-int a little tender moon & hovering angels on the Space Nucle Spaces of Sweet forders & Angels on the Space Into the tender moon & hovering angels on the Space Form the formation in the Prawing the States Sharing . Int a little tender moon & hovering angels on the Space Form Male & There is passed in ever vorving delights Form Male & Formate Loves in Houlds & States Sharing . Into the the States Andread awake in Beuth all there Form Male & Formate Hortoul, a Vegention to the Space Form Male & Formate Hortoul, a Vegentions to Beuth all there Form Male & Formate Hortoul, a Vegentions to States States Form Male & Formate Hortoul, a Vegentions to States Without Becoming a Generated Mortul, a Vegentions to States Without Formate Charmal Veil grows in the Camping Bouth and the States Form the Sanctury of Loves in the Camping Bouth formate : Mathed Ande sectores & the Wale Double States in Bouth and the Market Informal Veil grows in the Camping the One formate : Formate States round the formate States 4

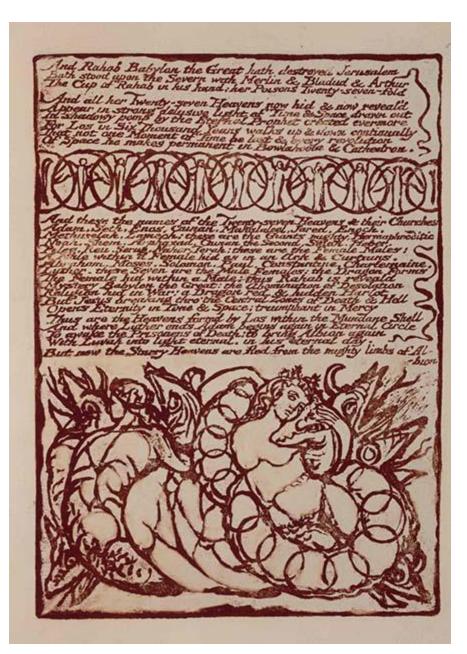


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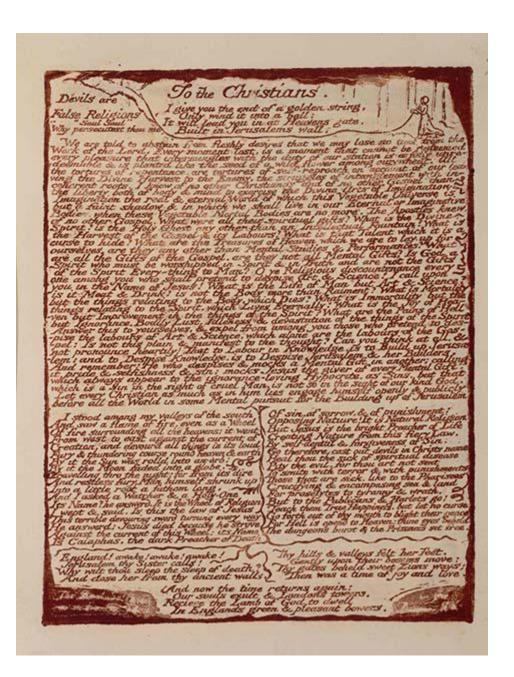


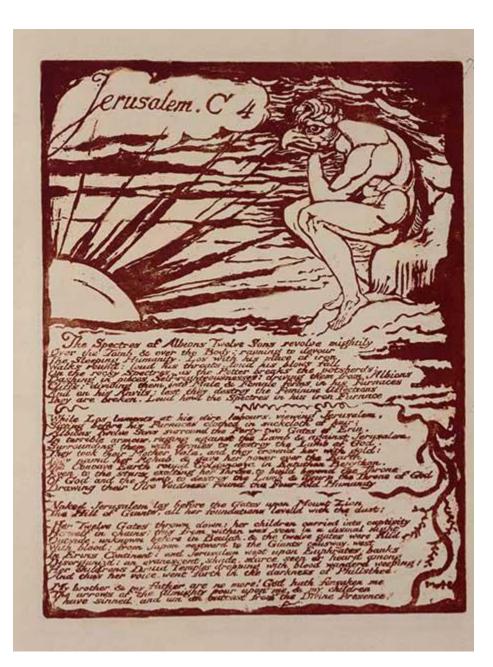






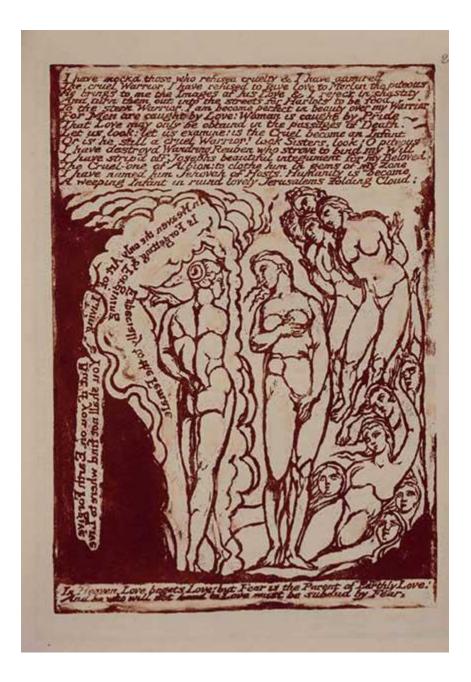




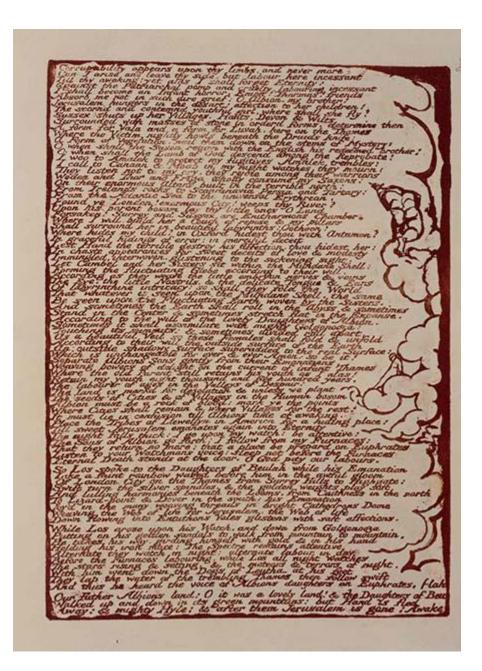


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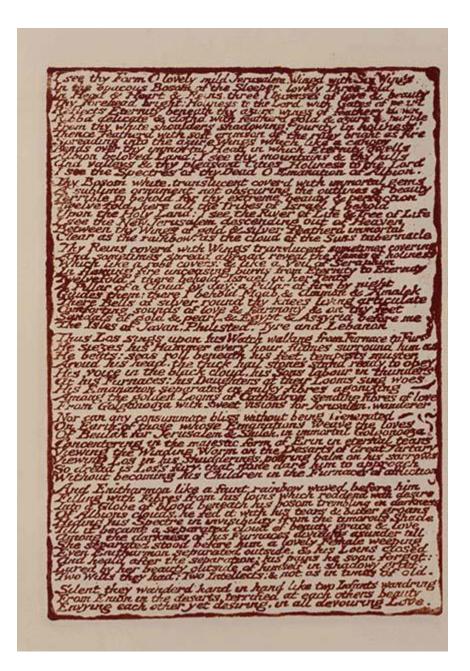


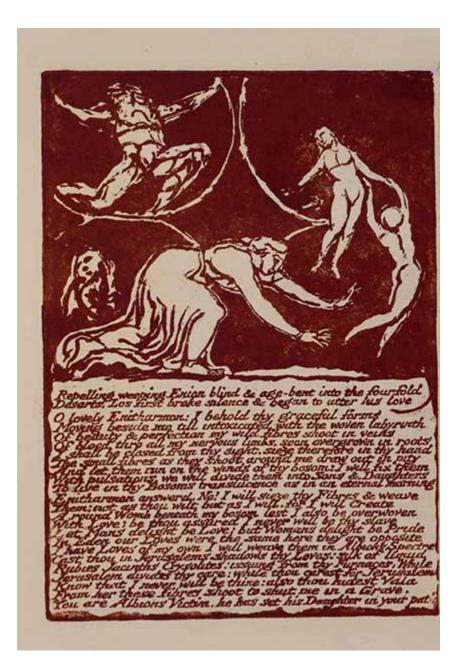
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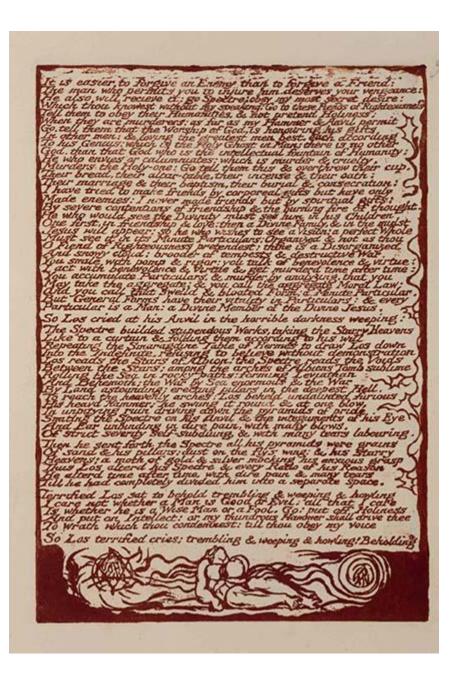


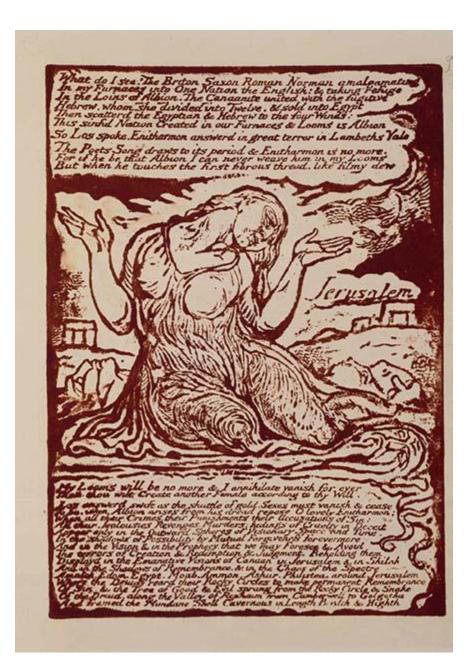


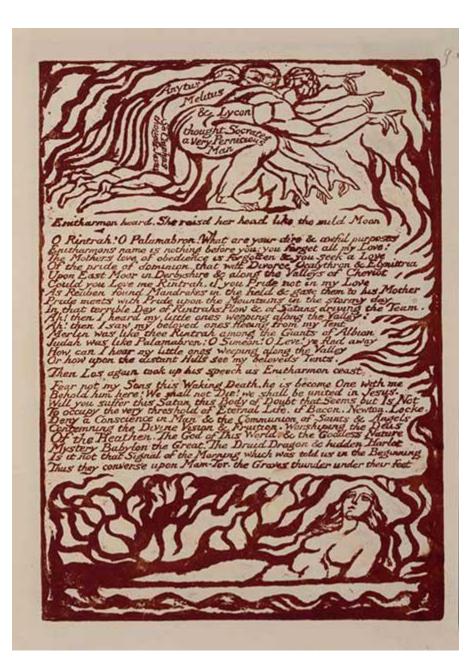
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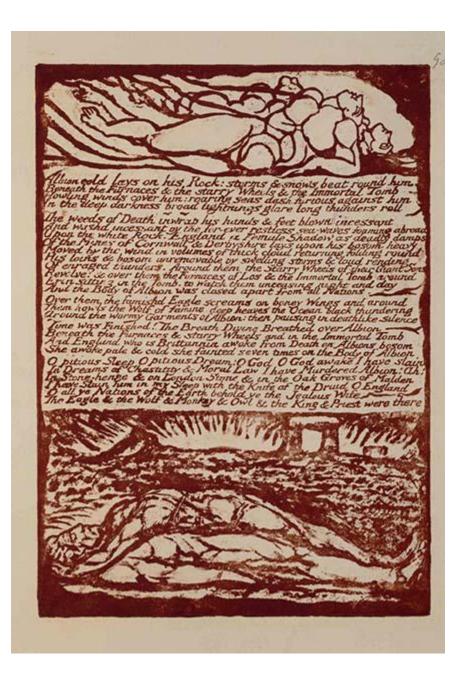
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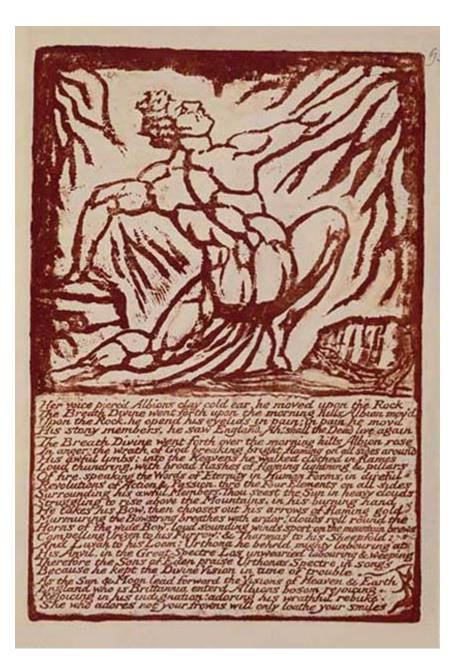
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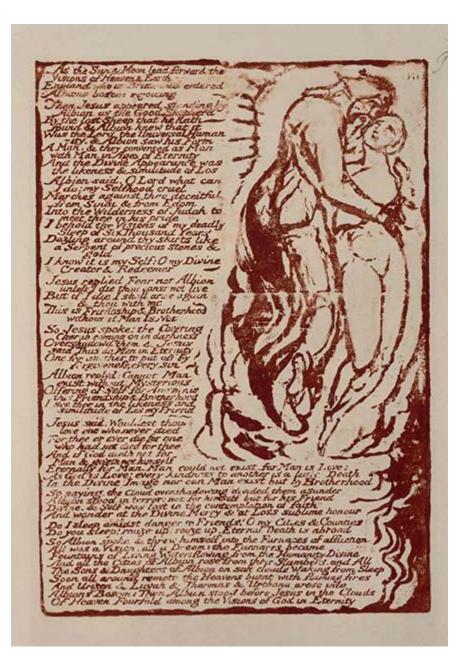


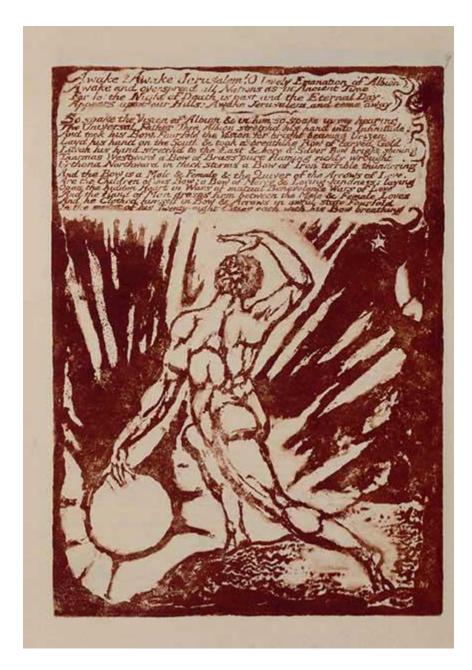


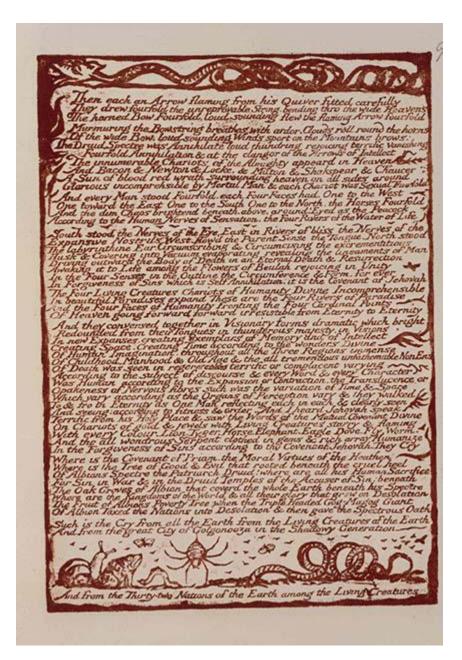




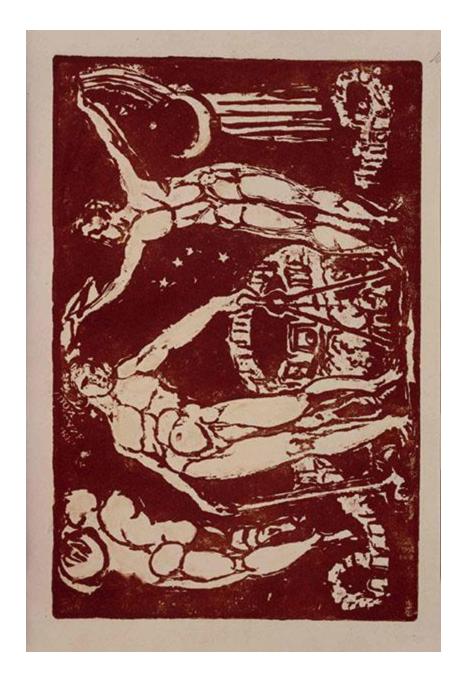


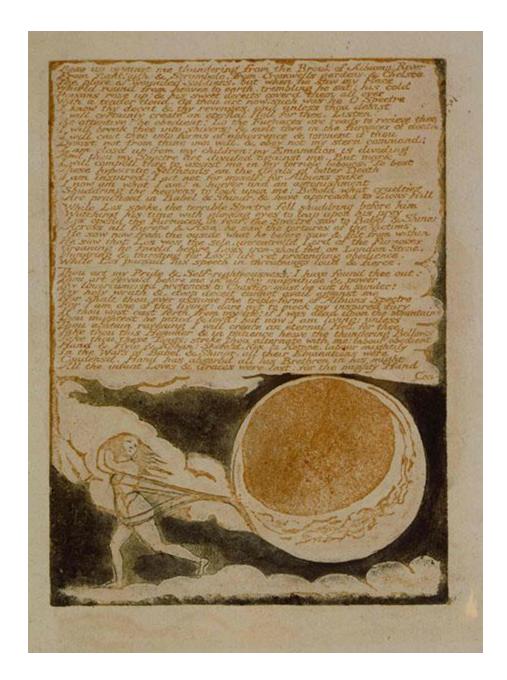






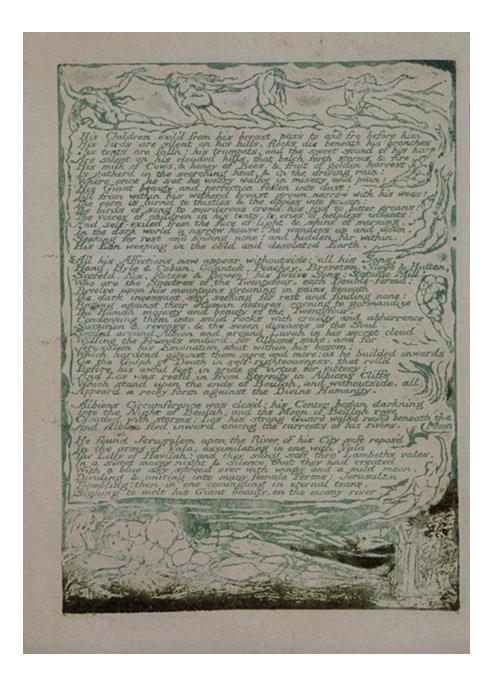
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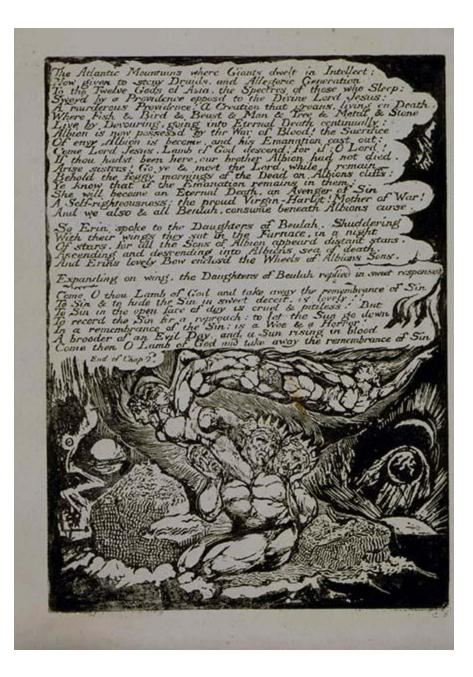
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when they saw Albien Sullie, upon mild Lambeths vale usid 'Jerrified' they hoverd over his Giant limbs . thus Jerusalam spake while Yala were the vell of thing in pleadings of Love . in the web of despair . enishid : Territied : they en thus Jerusalem spo eping in pleadings of of tears t thou shut me into the winter of human life the sweet restants of youth and virgin innevence forgetting error, not pendering on will abs & weeks at witer, among my warbling thirds to in anaccine beliere the the at the Lamb : out before hum in his love and sweet allection how shut me into t in and Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil I When winter rends the hunger family and the snow falls : When ways a men hading the paths of man and beast Then the weight of the hunger the balls of man and basis the weight of the hunger the balls of man and basis the addition of the set of the set of the second of the second the design of the set of the set of the second of the second of the the design of the set of the set of the second of the second of the the design of the set of the set of the second of the second of the the second of the set of the set of the second of the second of the the second of the set of the set of the second of the second of the the second of the set of the set of the second of the second of the the second of the second of the set of the second of the second the second of the set of the second of the second of the second of the second of the set of the second of the



is face and besom with petrific hardness, and his hunds of a part foot, lest any should enter his become to embrace the hudden heart; his Emacution word to trappled within him: thering not his realizing, but hiding it is with thering in the realizing the with clouds a tempests broading; and steel dark and spake, with clouds a tempests broading; is strong limbs shadded upon his mountains high and dark. litering n This strong links shadderd upon his mountains high and dark. Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went. His scild against the warmth at Lace ray d with load mindens of deadly war the fever of the human soul trines and clouds of rolling amake but mild the Soule fellowid his productions the Cternal Vision the Divine Similaritation (In toms and tears at brothers, estars, wens fathers, and friends bisplaying the Cternal Vision the Divine Similaritation (In toms and tears at brothers, estars, wens fathers, and friends bisplaying the Cternal vision the Divine Similaritation (In toms and tears at brothers, estars, wens fathers, and friends bisplaying the Cternal vision the Divine Similaritation (In toms and tears at brothers, estars, wens fathers, and friends bisplaying the Christian and wrath all reaswing we live as One Man: for contracting our infinite senses We behold multitule constant family and that One Man We call angus the Christ; and he in us, and we in his and the Universal Family and that one Man We call angus the Christ; and he in us, and we in his the the Good shapping he is the Lord and master. The is the Shopherd of Allian he is all ta all. In have attended isorgive us, take not vengenne adjunct us. Thus speaking; the Divine Family follow Allian. In the and the service of God ; and in heaven for the service advance of the service of the serv

d his kends bled within its Love petrific as he went. warmth of Eden rasid with loud ((the fever of the human sout) (the head, he ceases to exist. This are wang of life, 2 mounds of love a love and where wrong durings of love intering an officer aking: the Divine I m in the Vision of nce appen nt enelleurs. thee : verse of Beulah pon the verse of Beat blood in vary proces and the Mills of Saturn Bien themselves for Albien n. immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeths and and some the fiscions of Alban the Malten Street what I beth see and hear Jumanity in Lendon's opening streets. Land in light, behold I see venerable parent of man uardian golden chai. Ter Grass wiltigides and Rames & Geum



Text

Table of Contents

[Written on the frontispiece, above the archway:]

There is a Void, outside of Existence, which if enterd into Englobes itself & becomes a Womb, such was Albions Couch A pleasant Shadow of Repose calld Albions lovely Land His Sublime & Pathos become Two Rocks fixd in the Earth His Reason his Spectrous Power, covers them above Jerusalem his Emanation is a Stone laying beneath O [Albion behold Pitying] behold the Vision of Albion

[Frontispiece, on the right side of the archway:]

Half Friendship is the bitterest Enmity said Los As he enterd the Door of Death for Albions sake Inspired The long sufferings of God are not for ever there is a Judgment [Frontispiece, on the left side of the archway, reversed:] Every Thing has its Vermin O Spectre of the Sleeping Dead!

SHEEP GOATS

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 reciev'd the highest reward possible: the [love] and [friendship] of those with whom to be connected, is to be [blessed]: I cannot doubt that this more consolidated & extended Work, will be as kindly recieved. . . The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes [no Reader will think presumptuousness or arroganc[e] when he is reminded that the Ancients acknowledge their love to their Deities, to the full as Enthusiastically as I have who Acknowledge mine for my Saviour and Lord, for they were wholly absorb'd in their Gods.] I also hope the Reader will be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God [of Fire] and Lord [of Love] to whom the Ancients look'd and saw his day afar off, with trembling & amazement.

The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin: he who waits to be righteous before he enters into the 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

[Dear] Reader, [forgive] what you do not approve, & [love] me for this energetic exertion of my talent.

Reader! [lover] of books! [lover] of heaven, And of that God from whom [all books are given,] Who in mysterious Sinais awful cave To Man the wond'rous art of writing gave, Again he speaks in thunder and in fire! Thunder of Thought, & flames of fierce desire: Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear, Within the unfathomd caverns of my Ear. Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be: Heaven, Earth & Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony

Of the Measure, in which the following Poem is written. We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves, every thing is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep. [to Note the last words of Jesus, GreekEdotha moi pasa exousia en ouranon kai epi ges/Greek] When this Verse was first dictated to me I consider'd a Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakspeare & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming; to be a necessary and indispensible part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadences & number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place: the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts the mild & gentle, for the mild & gentle parts, and the prosaic, for inferior parts: all are necessary to each other. Poetry Fetter'd, Fetters the Human Race! Nations are Destroy'd, or Flourish, in proportion as Their Poetry Painting and Music, are Destroy'd or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man, was Wisdom, Art, and Science.

Chap: 1

Of the Sleep of Ulro! and of the passage through Eternal Death! and of the awaking to Eternal Life. This theme calls me in sleep night after night, & ev'ry morn Awakes me at sun-rise, then I see the Saviour over me Spreading his beams of love, & dictating the words of this mild song. Awake! awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand! I am in you and you in me, mutual in love divine: Fibres of love from man to man thro Albions pleasant land. In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey A black water accumulates, return Albion! return! Thy brethren call thee, and thy fathers, and thy sons, Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters Weep at thy souls disease, and the Divine Vision is darkend: Thy Emanation that was wont to play before thy face, Beaming forth with her daughters into the Divine bosom [Where!!] Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation lovely Jerusalem From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one? I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend; Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me: Lo! we are One; forgiving all Evil; Not seeking recompense! Ye are my members O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades!

But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark; [Saying. We are not One: we are Many, thou most simulative] 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 & princedom & victory!

So spoke Albion in jealous fears, hiding his Emanation Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah: dissembling His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening, cold! The banks of the Thames are clouded! the ancient porches of Albion are

Darken'd! they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scatter'd upon The Void in incoherent despair! Cambridge & Oxford & London, Are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and dissipated, In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible Albions mountains run with blood, the cries of war & of tumult Resound into the unbounded night, every Human perfection Of mountain & river & city, are small & wither'd & darken'd Cam is a little stream! Ely is almost swallowd up! Lincoln & Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan! Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north! Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython Jerusalem is scatterd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entity: Moab & Ammon & Amalek & Canaan & Egypt & Aram Recieve her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty

Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonish'd at me. Yet they forgive my wanderings, I rest not from my great task! To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into Eternity Ever expanding in the Bosom of God. the Human Imagination O Saviour pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness & love:

Annihilate the Selfhood in me, be thou all my life!

Guide thou my hand which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages,

While I write of the building of Golgonooza, & of the terrors of Entuthon:

Of Hand & Hyle & Coban, of Kwantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton:

Of the terrible sons & daughters of Albion. and their Generations.

Scofield! Kox, Kotope and Bowen, revolve most mightily upon The Furnace of Los: before the eastern gate bending their fury. They war, to destroy the Furnaces, to desolate Golgonooza: And to devour the Sleeping Humanity of Albion in rage & hunger. They revolve into the Furnaces Southward & are driven forth Northward Divided into Male and Female forms time after time. From these Twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.

The Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loom; I behold them and their rushing fires overwhelm my Soul, In Londons darkness; and my tears fall day and night, Upon the Emanations of Albions Sons! the Daughters of Albion Names anciently rememberd, but now contemn'd as fictions! Although in every bosom they controll our Vegetative powers.

These are united into Tirzah and her Sisters, on Mount Gilead, Cambel & Gwendolen & Conwenna & Cordella & Ignoge. And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates Gwiniverra & Gwinefred, & Gonorill & Sabrina beautiful, Estrild, Mehetabel & Ragan, lovely Daughters of Albion They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion

The Starry Wheels revolv'd heavily over the Furnaces; Drawing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love, Eastward a pillar of a cloud with Vala upon the mountains Howling in pain, redounding from the arms of Beulahs Daughters, Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los. A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding Till the cloud reaches afar outstretch'd among the Starry Wheels Which revolve heavily in the mighty Void above the Furnaces

O what avail the loves & tears of Beulahs lovely Daughters They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears But all within is open'd into the deeps of Entuthon Benython A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end. Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination (Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus. blessed for ever). And there Jerusalem wanders with Vala upon the mountains, Attracted by the revolutions of those Wheels the Cloud of smoke Immense, and Jerusalem & Vala weeping in the Cloud Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels; Lamenting for her children, for the sons & daughters of Albion

Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar! his tears fall Incessant before the Furnaces, and his Emanation divided in pain, Eastward toward the Starry Wheels. But Westward, a black Horror, His spectre driv'n by the Starry Wheels of Albions sons, black and Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns!

For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided In terror of those starry wheels: and the Spectre stood over Los Howling in pain: a blackning Shadow, blackning dark & opake Cursing the terrible Los: bitterly cursing him for his friendship To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.

Los rag'd and stamp'd the earth in his might & terrible wrath! He stood and stampd the earth! then he threw down his hammer in rage &

In fury: then he sat down and wept, terrified! Then arose And chaunted his song, labouring with the tongs and hammer: But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increas'd! In pain the Spectre divided: in pain of hunger and thirst: To devour Los's Human Perfection, but when he saw that Los Was living: panting like a frighted wolf, and howling He stood over the Immortal, in the solitude and darkness: Upon the darkning Thames, across the whole Island westward. A horrible Shadow of Death, among the Furnaces: beneath The pillar of folding smoke; and he sought by other means, To lure Los: by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors: Terrors in every Nerve, by spasms & extended pains: While Los answer'd unterrified to the opake blackening Fiend

And thus the Spectre spoke: Wilt thou still go on to destruction? Till thy life is all taken away by this deceitful Friendship? He drinks thee up like water! like wine he pours thee Into his tuns: thy Daughters are trodden in his vintage He makes thy Sons the trampling of his bulls, they are plow'd And harrowd for his profit, lo! thy stolen Emanation Is his garden of pleasure! all the Spectres of his Sons mock thee Look how they scorn thy once admired palaces! now in ruins Because of Albion! because of deceit and friendship! For Lo! Hand has peopled Babel & Nineveh: Hyle, Ashur & Aram: Cobans son is Nimrod: his son Cush is adjoind to Aram, By the Daughter of Babel, in a woven mantle of pestilence & war. They put forth their spectrous cloudy sails; which drive their immense Constellations over the deadly deeps of indefinite Udan-Adan Kox is the Father of Shem & Ham & Japheth, he is the Noah Of the Flood of Udan-Adan. Hutn is the Father of the Seven From Enoch to Adam; Schofield is Adam who was New— Created in Edom. I saw it indignant, & thou art not moved! This has divided thee in sunder: and wilt thou still forgive? O! thou seest not what I see! what is done in the Furnaces. Listen, I will tell thee what is done in moments to thee unknown: Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction and sealed. And Vala fed in cruel delight, the Furnaces with fire: Stern Urizen beheld; urgd by necessity to keep The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power He might avert his own despair: in woe & fear he saw

Vala incircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was clos'd: With joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah, With whom she liv'd in bliss in times of innocence & youth! Vala comes from the Furnace in a cloud, but wretched Luvah Is howling in the Furnaces, in flames among Albions Spectres, To prepare the Spectre of Albion to reign over thee O Los, Forming the Spectres of Albion according to his rage: To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Scofield: the Ninth Of Albions sons, & the father of all his brethren in the Shadowy Generation. Cambel & Gwendolen wove webs of war & of Religion, to involve all Albions sons, and when they had Involv'd Eight; their webs roll'd outwards into darkness And Scofield the Ninth remaind on the outside of the Eight And Kox, Kotope, & Bowen, One in him, a Fourfold Wonder Involv'd the Eight—Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion, To separate a Law of Sin, to punish thee in thy members.

Los answer'd. Altho' I know not this! I know far worse than this: I know that Albion hath divided me, and that thou O my Spectre, Hast just cause to be irritated: but look stedfastly upon me: Comfort thyself in my strength the time will arrive, When all Albions injuries shall cease, and when we shall Embrace him tenfold bright, rising from his tomb in immortality. They have divided themselves by Wrath. they must be united by Pity: let us therefore take example & warning O my Spectre, O that I could abstain from wrath! O that the Lamb Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury. In anguish of regeneration! in terrors of self annihilation: Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder, And the Religion of Generation which was meant for the destruction Of Jerusalem, become her covering, till the time of the End. O holy Generation! [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: Freeze round him to bars of steel & to iron rocks beneath His feet: indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north: Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albions River From Ranelagh & Strumbolo, from Cromwells gardens & Chelsea The place of wounded Soldiers. but when he saw my Mace Whirld round from heaven to earth, trembling he sat: his cold Poisons rose up: & his sweet deceits coverd them all over With a tender cloud. As thou art now; such was he O Spectre I know thy deceit & thy revenges, and unless thou desist I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen! Be attentive! be obedient! Lo the Furnaces are ready to recieve thee. I will break thee into shivers! & melt thee in the furnaces of death: I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment if thou Desist not from thine own will, & obey not my stern command! I am closd up from my children: my Emanation is dividing And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours. To beat These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Anvils of bitter Death I am inspired: I act not for myself: for Albions sake I now am what I am: a horror and an astonishment Shuddring the heavens to look upon me: Behold what cruelties Are practised in Babel & Shinar, & have approachd to Zions Hill While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shuddring before him Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey Los opend the Furnaces in fear. the Spectre saw to Babel & Shinar Across all Europe & Asia. he saw the tortures of the Victims. He saw now from the ou[t]side what he before saw & felt from within He saw that Los was the sole, uncontrolld Lord of the Furnaces Groaning he kneeld before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone, Hungring & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience. While Los pursud his speech in threatnings loud & fierce.

Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness: I have found thee out: Thou art reveald before me in all thy magnitude & power Thy Uncircumcised pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder! Thy holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me

Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albions Spectre For I am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired fury If thou wast cast forth from my life! if I was dead upon the mountains Thou mightest be pitied & lovd: but now I am living; unless Thou abstain ravening I will create an eternal Hell for thee. Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellows Take thou these Tongs: strike thou alternate with me: labour obedient Hand & Hyle & Koban: Skofeld, Kox & Kotope, labour mightily In the Wars of Babel & Shinar, all their Emanations were Condensd. Hand has absorbd all his Brethren in his might All the infant Loves & Graces were lost, for the mighty Hand Condens'd his Emanations into hard opake substances; And his infant thoughts & desires, into cold, dark, cliffs of death. His hammer of gold he siezd; and his anvil of adamant. He siez'd the bars of condens'd thoughts, to forge them: Into the sword of war: into the bow and arrow: Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun I saw the limbs form'd for exercise, contemn'd: & the beauty of Eternity, look'd upon as deformity & loveliness as a dry tree: I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb Of God, to destroy Jerusalem, & to devour the body of Albion By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman:

Awkwardness arm'd in steel: folly in a helmet of gold: Weakness with horns & talons: ignorance with a rav'ning beak! Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime: And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion: Inspiration deny'd; Genius forbidden by laws of punishment: I saw terrified; I took the sighs & tears, & bitter groans: I lifted them into my Furnaces; to form the spiritual sword. That lays open the hidden heart: I drew forth the pang Of sorrow red hot: I workd it on my resolute anvil: I heated it in the flames of Hand, & Hyle, & Coban Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwineverra

Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby, The crysolite, the topaz, the jacinth, & every precious stone. Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard: I labour day and night, I behold the soft affections Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty But still I labour in hope, tho' still my tears flow down. That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelld to defend A Lie: that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease: arise Spectre arise!

Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans & tears; Groaning the Spectre heavd the bellows, obeying Los's frowns; Till the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre. Into the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Anvils of Death And into the mountains of the Anvils & of the heavy Hammers Till he should bring the Sons & Daughters of Jerusalem to be The Sons & Daughters of Los that he might protect them from Albions dread Spectres; storming, loud, thunderous & mighty The Bellows & the Hammers move compell'd by Los's hand.

And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength They take the Two Contraries which are calld Qualities, with which Every Substance is clothed, they name them Good & Evil From them they make an Abstract, which is a Negation Not only of the Substance from which it is derived A murderer of its own Body: but also a murderer Of every Divine Member: it is the Reasoning Power An Abstract objecting power, that Negatives every thing This is the Spectre of Man: the Holy Reasoning Power And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation

Therefore Los stands in London building Golgonooza Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear The Spectre weeps, but Los unmovd by tears or threats remains

I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another Mans I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create So Los, in fury & strength: in indignation & burning wrath Shuddring the Spectre howls. his howlings terrify the night He stamps around the Anvil, beating blows of stern despair He curses Heaven & Earth, Day & Night & Sun & Moon He curses Forest Spring & River, Desart & sandy Waste Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws Driven to desperation by Los's terrors & threatning fears

Los cries, Obey my voice & never deviate from my will And I will be merciful to thee: be thou invisible to all To whom I make thee invisible, but chief to my own Children O Spectre of Urthona: Reason not against their dear approach Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt & despair O Shame O strong & mighty Shame I break thy brazen fetters If thou refuse, thy present torments will seem southern breezes To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will. The Spectre answer'd. Art thou not ashamd of those thy Sins That thou callest thy Children? lo the Law of God commands That they be offered upon his Altar: O cruelty & torment For thine are also mine! I have kept silent hitherto, Concerning my chief delight: but thou hast broken silence Now I will speak my mind! Where is my lovely Enitharmon O thou my enemy, where is my Great Sin? She is also thine I said: Now is my grief at worst: incapable of being Surpassed: but every moment it accumulates more & more It continues accumulating to eternity! the joys of God advance For he is Righteous: he is not a Being of Pity & Compassion He cannot feel Distress: he feeds on Sacrifice & Offering: Delighting in cries & tears & clothed in Holiness & solitude But my griefs advance also, for ever & ever without end O that I could cease to be! Despair! I am Despair Created to be the great example of horror & agony: also my Prayer is vain I called for compassion: compassion mockd Mercy & pity threw the grave stone over me & with lead And iron, bound it over me for ever: Life lives on my Consuming: & the Almighty hath made me his Contrary To be all evil, all reversed & for ever dead: knowing

And seeing life, yet living not; how can I then behold And not tremble; how can I be beheld & not abhorrd

So spoke the Spectre shuddring, & dark tears ran down his shadowy face

Which Los wiped off, but comfort none could give! or beam of hope Yet ceasd he not from labouring at the roarings of his Forge With iron & brass Building Golgonooza in great contendings Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces At the sublime Labours for Los. compelld the invisible Spectre To labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains, In pulsations of time, & extensions of space, like Urns of Beulah With great labour upon his anvils, & in his ladles the Ore He lifted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art; Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems; That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead, He might feel the pain as if a man gnawd his own tender nerves.

Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah

Came from the Furnaces, by Los's mighty power for Jerusalems Sake: walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin:

And the Sons and Daughters of Los came forth in perfection lovely! And the Spaces of Erin reach'd from the starry heighth, to the starry depth.

Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together! They feard they never more should see their Father, who Was built in from Eternity, in the Cliffs of Albion.

But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace; Again they lament. O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem? To protect the Emanations of Albions mighty ones from cruelty? Sabrina & Ignoge begin to sharpen their beamy spears Of light and love: their little children stand with arrows of gold: Ragan is wholly cruel Scofield is bound in iron armour! He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reubens gate: He shoots beneath Jerusalems walls to undermine her foundations! Vala is but they Shadow, O thou loveliest among women! A shadow animated by thy tears O mournful Jerusalem! Why wilt thou give to her a Body whose life is but a Shade?. Her joy and love, a shade: a shade of sweet repose: But animated and vegetated, she is a devouring worm: What shall we do for thee O lovely mild Jerusalem?

And Los said. I behold the finger of God in terrors! Albion is dead! his Emanation is divided from him! But I am living! yet I feel my Emanation also dividing Such thing was never known! O pity me, thou all-piteous-one! What shall I do! or how exist, divided from Enitharmon? Yet why despair! I saw the finger of God go forth Upon my Furnaces, from within the Wheels of Albions Sons: Fixing their Systems, permanent: by mathematic power Giving a body to Falshood that it may be cast off for ever. With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow! God is within, & without! he is even in the depths of Hell! Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces! And they appeard within & without incircling on both sides The Starry Wheels of Albions Sons, with Spaces for Jerusalem: And for Vala the shadow of Jerusalem: the ever mourning shade: On both sides, within & without beaming gloriously! Terrified at the sublime Wonder, Los stood before his Furnaces. And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erins Spaces For the Spaces reachd fro the starry heighth, to the starry depth; And they builded Golgonooza: terrible eternal labour!

What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburns fatal Tree? is that Mild Zions hills most ancient promontory; near mournful Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha? Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo! The stones are pity, and the bricks, well wrought affections: Enameld with love & kindness, & the tiles engraven gold Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are forgiveness: The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails, And the screws & iron braces, are well wrought blandishments, And well contrived words, firm fixing, never forgotten, Always comforting the remembrance: the floors, humility, The cielings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving: Prepare the furniture O Lambeth in thy pitying looms! The curtains, woven tears & sighs, wrought into lovely forms For comfort. there the secret furniture of Jerusalems chamber Is wrought: Lambeth! the Bride the Lambs Wife loveth thee: Thou art one with her & knowest not of self in thy supreme joy. Go on, builders in hope: tho Jerusalem wanders far away, Without the gate of Los: among the dark Satanic wheels.

Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions: and fourfold, The great City of Golgonooza: fourfold toward the north And toward the south fourfold, & fourfold toward the east & west Each within other toward the four points: that toward Eden, and that toward the World of Generation, And that toward Beulah, and that toward Ulro: Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albions sons: But that toward Eden is walled up, till time of renovation: Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments & perfection.

And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity West, the Circumference: South, the Zenith: North, The Nadir: East, the Center, unapproachable for ever. These are the four Faces towards the Four Worlds of Humanity In every Man. Ezekiel saw them by Chebars flood. And the Eyes are the South, and the Nostrils are the East. And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.

And the North Gate of Golgonooza toward Generation; Has four sculpturd Bulls terrible before the Gate of iron. And iron, the Bulls: and that which looks toward Ulro, Clay bak'd & enamel'd, eternal glowing as four furnaces: Turning upon the Wheels of Albions sons with enormous power. And that toward Beulah four, gold, silver, brass, & iron: And that toward Eden, four, form'd of gold, silver, brass, & iron. The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible, living! That toward Generation, four, of iron carv'd wondrous: That toward Ulro, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship That toward Eden, four; immortal gold, silver, brass & iron.

The Western Gate fourfold, is closd: having four Cherubim Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task! Like Men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings That towards Generation, iron; that toward Beulah, stone; That toward Ulro, clay: that toward Eden, metals. But all clos'd up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their dead The Eastern Gate, fourfold: terrible & deadly its ornaments: Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albions sons; as cogs Are formd in a wheel, to fit the cogs of the adverse wheel.

That toward Eden, eternal ice, frozen in seven folds Of forms of death: and that toward Beulah, stone: The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible. And that toward Ulro, forms of war: seven enormities: And that toward Generation, seven generative forms.

And every part of the City is fourfold; & every inhabitant, fourfold. And every pot & vessel & garment & utensil of the houses, And every house, fourfold; but the third Gate in every one Is closd as with a threefold curtain of ivory & fine linen & ermine. And Luban stands in middle of the City. a moat of fire, Surrounds Luban, Los's Palace & the golden Looms of Cathedron.

And sixty-four thousand Genii, guard the Eastern Gate: And sixty-four thousand Gnomes, guard the Northern Gate: And sixty-four thousand Nymphs, guard the Western Gate: And sixty-four thousand Fairies, guard the Southern Gate:

Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal; a Land Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy: In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, numberd from Adam to Luther; From the blue Mundane Shell, reaching to the Vegetative Earth. The Vegetative Universe, opens like a flower from the Earths center: In which is Eternity. It expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell And there it meets Eternity again, both within and without, And the abstract Voids between the Stars are the Satanic Wheels.

There is the Cave; the Rock; the Tree; the Lake of Udan Adan; The Forest, and the Marsh, and the Pits of bitumen deadly: The Rocks of solid fire: the Ice valleys: the Plains Of burning sand: the rivers, cataract & Lakes of Fire: The Islands of the fiery Lakes: the Trees of Malice: Revenge: And black Anxiety; and the Cities of the Salamandrine men: (But whatever is visible to the Generated Man, Is a Creation of mercy & love, from the Satanic Void.) The land of darkness flamed but no light, & no repose: The land of snows of trembling, & of iron hail incessant: The land of earthquakes: and the land of woven labyrinths: The land of snares & traps & wheels & pit-falls & dire mills: The Voids, the Solids, & the land of clouds & regions of waters: With their inhabitants: in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah: Self-righteousnesses conglomerating against the Divine Vision: A Concave Earth wondrous, Chasmal, Abyssal, Incoherent! Forming the Mundane Shell: above; beneath: on all sides surrounding Golgonooza: Los walks round the walls night and day.

He views the City of Golgonooza, & its smaller Cities: The Looms & Mills & Prisons & Work-houses of Og & Anak: The Amalekite: the Canaanite: the Moabite: the Egyptian: And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years: Permanent, & not lost not lost nor vanishd, & every little act, Word, work, & wish, that has existed, all remaining still In those Churches ever consuming & ever building by the Spectres Of all the inhabitants of Earth wailing to be Created: Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, meer possibilities: But to those who enter into them they seem the only substances For every thing exists & not one sigh nor smile nor tear, One hair nor particle of dust, not one can pass away. He views the Cherub at the Tree of Life, also the Serpent, Orc the first born coild in the south: the Dragon Urizen: Tharmas the Vegetated Tongue even the Devouring Tongue: A threefold region, a false brain: a false heart: And false bowels: altogether composing the False Tongue, Beneath Beulah: as a watry flame revolving every way And as dark roots and stems: a Forest of affliction, growing In seas of sorrow. Los also views the Four Females: Ahania, and Enion, and Vala, and Enitharmon lovely. And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion, Ahania & Enion & Vala, are three evanescent shades: Enitharmon is a vegetated mortal Wife of Los: His Emanation, yet his Wife till the sleep of death is past.

Such are the Buildings of Los! & such are the Woofs of Enitharmon!

And Los beheld his Sons, and he beheld his Daughters: Every one a translucent Wonder: a Universe within, Increasing inwards, into length and breadth, and heighth: Starry & glorious: and they every one in their bright loins: Have a beautiful golden gate which opens into the vegetative world: And every one a gate of rubies & all sorts of precious stones In their translucent hearts, which opens into the vegetative world: And every one a gate of iron dreadful and wonderful, In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world And every one has the three regions Childhood: Manhood: & Age: But the gate of the tongue: the western gate in them is clos'd, Having a wall builded against it: and thereby the gates Eastward & Southward & Northward, are incircled with flaming fires. And the North is Breadth, the South is Heighth & Depth: The East is Inwards: & the West is Outwards every way.

And Los beheld the mild Emanation Jerusalem eastward bending Her revolutions toward the Starry Wheels in maternal anguish Like a pale cloud arising from the arms of Beulahs Daughters: In Entuthon Benythons deep Vales beneath Golgonooza. And Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre Of strong revenge & Skofeld Vegetated by Reubens Gate In every Nation of the Earth till the Twelve Sons of Albion Enrooted into every Nation: a mighty Polypus growing From Albion over the whole Earth: such is my awful Vision.

I see the Fourfold Man. The Humanity in deadly sleep And its fallen Emanation. The Spectre & its cruel Shadow. I see the Past, Present & Future, existing all at once Before me; O Divine Spirit sustain me on thy wings! That I may awake Albion from his long & cold repose. For Bacon & Newton sheathd in dismal steel, their terrors hang Like iron scourges over Albion, Reasonings like vast Serpents Infold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations

I turn my eyes to the Schools & Universities of Europe And there behold the Loom of Locke whose Woof rages dire Washd by the Water-wheels of Newton. black the cloth In heavy wreathes folds over every Nation; cruel Works Of many Wheels I view, wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic Moving by compulsion each other: not as those in Eden: which Wheel within Wheel in freedom revolve in harmony & peace.

I see in deadly fear in London Los raging round his Anvil Of death: forming an Ax of gold: the Four Sons of Los Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albions hills That Albions Sons may roll apart over the Nations While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite From the Limit Noah to the Limit Abram in whose Loins Reuben in his Twelvefold majesty & beauty shall take refuge As Abraham flees from Chaldea shaking his goary locks But first Albion must sleep, divided from the Nations

I see Albion sitting upon his Rock in the first Winter And thence I see the Chaos of Satan & the World of Adam When the Divine Hand went forth on Albion in the mid Winter And at the place of Death when Albion sat in Eternal Death Among the Furnaces of Los in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom Hampstead Highgate Finchley Hendon Muswell hill: rage loud Before Bromions iron Tongs & glowing Poker reddening fierce Hertfordshire glows with fierce Vegetation! in the Forests The Oak frowns terrible, the Beech & Ash & Elm enroot Among the Spiritual fires; loud the Corn fields thunder along The Soldiers fife; the Harlots shriek; the Virgins dismal groan The Parents fear: the Brothers jealousy: the Sisters curse Beneath the Storms of Theotormon & the thundring Bellows Heaves in the hand of Palamabron who in Londons darkness Before the Anvil, watches the bellowing flames: thundering The Hammer loud rages in Rintrahs strong grasp swinging loud Round from heaven to earth down falling with heavy blow Dead on the Anvil, where the red hot wedge groans in pain He quenches it in the black trough of his Forge; Londons River Feeds the dread Forge, trembling & shuddering along the Valleys

Humber & Trent roll dreadful before the Seventh Furnace And Tweed & Tyne anxious give up their Souls for Albions sake Lincolnshire Derbyshire Nottinghamshire Leicestershire From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Adan Labour within the Furnaces, walking among the Fires With Ladles huge & iron Pokers over the Island white.

Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces Wales gives his Daughters to the Looms; England: nursing Mothers Gives to the Children of Albion & to the Children of Jerusalem From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be deliverd. Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

Here Los fixd down the Fifty-two Counties of England & Wales The Thirty-six of Scotland, & the Thirty-four of Ireland With mighty power, when they fled out at Jerusalems Gates Away from the Conflict of Luvah & Urizen, fixing the Gates In the Twelve Counties of Wales & thence Gates looking every way To the Four Points: conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland And thence to all the Kingdoms & Nations & Families of the Earth The Gate of Reuben in Carmarthenshire: the Gate of Simeon in Cardiganshire: & the Gate of Levi in Montgomeryshire The Gate of Judah Merionethshire: the Gate of Dan Flintshire The Gate of Napthali, Radnorshire: the Gate of Gad Pembrokeshire The Gate of Asher, Carnarvonshire the Gate of Issachar Brecknokshire

The Gate of Zebulun, in Anglesea & Sodor. so is Wales divided. The Gate of Joseph, Denbighshire: the Gate of Benjamin Glamorganshire

For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons And the Forty Counties of England are thus divided in the Gates Of Reuben Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex. Simeon Lincoln, York Lancashire Levi. Middlesex Kent Surrey. Judah Somerset Glouster Wiltshire. Dan. Cornwal Devon Dorset, Napthali, Warwick Leicester Worcester Gad. Oxford Bucks Harford. Asher, Sussex Hampshire Berkshire Issachar, Northampton Rutland Nottgham. Zebulun Bedford Huntgn Camb

Joseph Stafford Shrops Heref. Benjamin, Derby Cheshire Monmouth And Cumberland Northumberland Westmoreland & Durham are Divided in the Gates of Reuben, Judah Dan & Joseph And the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland, divided in the Gates Of Reuben Kincard Haddntn Forfar, Simeon Ayr Argyll Banff Levi Edinburh Roxbro Ross. Judah, Abrdeen Berwik Dumfries Dan Bute Caitnes Clakmanan. Napthali Nairn Invernes Linlithgo Gad Peebles Perth Renfru. Asher Sutherlan Sterling Wigtoun Issachar Selkirk Dumbartn Glasgo. Zebulun Orkney Shetland Skye Joseph Elgin Lanerk Kinros. Benjamin Kromarty Murra Kirkubriht Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances In Enitharmons Halls builded by Los & his mighty Children

All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of Los's Halls & every Age renews its powers from these Works With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or Wayward Love & every sorrow & distress is carved here Every Affinity of Parents Marriages & Friendships are here In all their various combinations wrought with wondrous Art All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage of seventy years Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb & Sinai: And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet & Calvary:

His Spectre divides & Los in fury 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 Dare not approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed In the fires of their beauty & perfection & be Vegetated beneath Their Looms, in a Generation of death & resurrection to forgetfulness They wooe Los continually to subdue his strength: he continually Shews them his Spectre: sending him abroad over the four points of heaven

In the fierce desires of beauty & in the tortures of repulse! He is The Spectre of the Living pursuing the Emanations of the Dead. Shuddring they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity: Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by undisguisd desire. For Los said: Tho my Spectre is divided: as I am a Living Man I must compell him to obey me wholly: that Enitharmon may not Be lost: & lest he should devour Enitharmon: Ah me! Piteous image of my soft desires & loves: O Enitharmon! I will compell my Spectre to obey: I will restore to thee thy Children. No one bruises or starves himself to make himself fit for labour!

Tormented with sweet desire for these beauties of Albion They would never love my power if they did not seek to destroy Enitharmon: Vala would never have sought & loved Albion If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem; such is that false And Generating Love: a pretence of love to destroy love: Cruel hipocrisy unlike the lovely delusions of Beulah: And cruel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulahs Night

They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken & die Calling that Holy Love: which is Envy Revenge & Cruelty Which separated the stars from the mountains: the mountains from Man

And left Man, a little grovelling Root, outside of Himself. Negations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist: But Negations Exist Not: Exceptions & Objections & Unbeliefs Exist not: nor shall they ever be Organized for ever & ever: If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation: a meer Reasoning & Derogation from Me, an Objecting & cruel Spite And Malice & Envy: but my Emanation, Alas! will become My Contrary: O thou Negation, I will continually compell Thee to be invisible to any but whom I please, & when And where & how I please, and never! never! shalt thou be Organized But as a distorted & reversed Reflexion in the Darkness And in the Non Entity: nor shall that which is above Ever descend into thee: but thou shalt be a Non Entity for ever And if any enter into thee, thou shalt be an Unquenchable Fire And he shall be a never dying Worm, mutually tormented by Those that thou tormentest, a Hell & Despair for ever & ever.

So Los in secret with himself communed & Enitharmon heard In her darkness & was comforted: yet still she divided away In gnawing pain from Los's bosom in the deadly Night; First as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his bosom Suspended over her he hung: he infolded her in his garments Of wool: he hid her from the Spectre, in shame & confusion of Face; in terrors & pains of Hell & Eternal Death, the Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living & Los howld over it: Feeding it with his groans & tears day & night without ceasing: And the Spectrous Darkness from his back divided in temptations, And in grinding agonies in threats! stiflings! & direful strugglings.

Go thou to Skofield: ask him if he is Bath or if he is Canterbury Tell him to be no more dubious: demand explicit words Tell him: I will dash him into shivers, where & at what time I please: tell Hand & Skofield they are my ministers of evil To those I hate: for I can hate also as well as they! From every-one of the Four Regions of Human Majesty, There is an Outside spread Without, & an Outside spread Within Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways, which meet in One: An orbed Void of doubt, despair, hunger, & thirst & sorrow. Here the Twelve Sons of Albion, join'd in dark Assembly, Jealous of Jerusalems children, asham'd of her little-ones (For Vala produc'd the Bodies. Jerusalem gave the Souls) Became as Three Immense Wheels, turning upon one-another Into Non-Entity, and their thunders hoarse appall the Dead To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead

Cast! Cast ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusions! The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness Our Father Albions sin and shame! But father now no more! Nor sons! nor hateful peace & love, nor soft complacencies With transgressors meeting in brotherhood around the table, Or in the porch or garden. No more the sinful delights Of age and youth and boy and girl and animal and herb, And river and mountain, and city & village, and house & family. Beneath the Oak & Palm, beneath the Vine and Fig-tree. In self-denial!—But War and deadly contention, Between Father and Son, and light and love! All bold asperities Of Haters met in deadly strife, rending the house & garden The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds And chambers of trembling & suspition, hatreds of age & youth And boy & girl, & animal & herb, & river & mountain And city & village, and house & family. That the Perfect, May live in glory, redeem'd by Sacrifice of the Lamb And of his children, before sinful Jerusalem. To build Babylon the City of Vala, the Goddess Virgin-Mother. She is our Mother! Nature! Jerusalem is our Harlot-Sister Return'd with Children of pollution, to defile our House. With Sin and Shame. Cast! Cast her into the Potters field. Her little-ones, She must slay upon our Altars: and her aged Parents must be carried into captivity, to redeem her Soul To be for a Shame & a Curse, and to be our Slaves for ever

So cry Hand & Hyle the eldest of the fathers of Albions

Little-ones; to destroy the Divine Saviour; the Friend of Sinners, Building Castles in desolated places, and strong Fortifications. Soon Hand mightily devour'd & absorb'd Albions Twelve Sons. Out from his bosom a mighty Polypus, vegetating in darkness, And Hyle & Coban were his two chosen ones, for Emissaries In War: forth from his bosom they went and return'd. Like Wheels from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep. Hoarse turn'd the Starry Wheels, rending a way in Albions Loins Beyond the Night of Beulah. In a dark & unknown Night, Outstretch'd his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears: His Children exil'd from his breast pass to and fro before him His birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches His tents are fall'n! his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp Are silent on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms & fire. His milk of Cows, & honey of Bees, & fruit of golden harvest, Is gather'd in the scorching heat, & in the driving rain: Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain: His giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust: Till from within his witherd breast grown narrow with his woes: The corn is turn'd to thistles & the apples into poison: The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans! The voices of children in his tents, to cries of helpless infants! And self-exiled from the face of light & shine of morning, In the dark world a narrow house! he wanders up and down, Seeking for rest and finding none! and hidden far within, His Eon weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

All his Affections now appear withoutside: all his Sons, Hand, Hyle & Coban, Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton, Scofeld, Kox, Kotope & Bowen; his Twelve Sons: Satanic Mill! Who are the Spectres of the Twentyfour, each Double-form'd: Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain: beneath The dark incessant sky, seeking for rest and finding none: Raging against their Human natures, ravning to gormandize The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentyfour. Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence Suspition & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud Willing the Friends endur'd, for Albions sake, and for Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom; Which hardend against them more and more; as he builded onwards On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that roll'd Before his awful feet, in pride of virtue for victory: And Los was roofd in from Eternity in Albions Cliffs Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all Appear'd a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albions Circumference was clos'd: his Center began darkning Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose Clouded with storms:

Los his strong Guard walkd round beneath the Moon And Albion flee inward among the currents of his rivers.

He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City soft repos'd In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala The Lilly of Havilah: and they sang soft thro' Lambeths vales, In a sweet moony night & silence that they had created With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moon, Dividing & uniting into many female forms: Jerusalem Trembling! then in one comingling in eternal tears, Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river. But when they saw Albion fall'n upon mild Lambeths vale: Astonish'd! Terrified! they hover'd over his Giant limbs. Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears: Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair.

Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life And clos'd up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence: Where we live, forgetting error, not pondering on evil: Among my lambs & brooks of water, among my warbling birds: Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb: Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection.

Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil.

When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls: Upon the ways of men hiding the paths of man and beast,

Then mourns the wanderer: then he repents his wanderings & eyes The distant forest; then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone. The captive in the mill of the stranger, sold for scanty hire. They view their former life: they number moments over and over; Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow. Thou art my sister and my daughter! thy shame is mine also! Ask me not of my griefs! thou knowest all my griefs.

Jerusalem answer'd with soft tears over the valleys.

O Vala what is Sin? that thou shudderest and weepest At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem! What is Sin but a little Error & fault that is soon forgiven; but mercy is not a Sin Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness! O! if I have Sinned Forgive & pity me! O! unfold thy Veil in mercy & love!

Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon Slay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab I cannot put off the human form I strive but strive in vain When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine; Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands Of love; thou refusedst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty Beautiful thro' our Love's comeliness, beautiful thro' pity. The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion, Because it inclosd pity & love; because we lov'd one-another! Albion lov'd thee! he rent thy Veil! he embrac'd thee! he lov'd thee! Astonish'd at his beauty & perfection, thou forgavest his furious love: I redounded from Albions bosom in my virgin loveliness. The Lamb of God reciev'd me in his arms he smil'd upon us: He made me his Bride & Wife: he gave thee to Albion. Then was a time of love: O why is it passed away!

Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd

O Vala! O Jerusalem! do you delight in my groans You O lovely forms, you have prepared my death-cup: The disease of Shame covers me from head to feet: I have no hope Every boil upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin. Doubt first assaild me, then Shame took possession of me Shame divides Families. Shame hath divided Albion in sunder! First fled my Sons, & then my Daughters, then my Wild Animations My Cattle next, last ev'n the Dog of my Gate. the Forests fled The Corn-fields, & the breathing Gardens outside separated The Sea; the Stars: the Sun: the Moon: drivn forth by my disease All is Eternal Death unless you can weave a chaste Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure! That the deep wound of Sin might be clos'd up with the Needle, And with the Loom: to cover Gwendolen & Ragan with costly Robes Of Natural Virtue, for their Spiritual forms without a Veil Wither in Luvahs Sepulcher. I thrust him from my presence And all my Children followd his loud howlings into the Deep. Jerusalem! dissembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom: I discover thy secret places: Cordella! I behold Thee whom I thought pure as the heavens in innocence & fear: Thy Tabernacle taken down, thy secret Cherubim disclosed Art thou broken? Ah me Sabrina, running by my side: In childhood what wert thou? unutterable anguish! Conwenna Thy cradled infancy is most piteous. O hide, O hide! Their secret gardens were made paths to the traveller: I knew not of their secret loves with those I hated most. Nor that their every thought was Sin & secret appetite Hyle sees in fear, he howls in fury over them, Hand sees In jealous fear: in stern accusation with cruel stripes He drives them thro' the Streets of Babylon before my face: Because they taught Luvah to rise into my clouded heavens Battersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen! Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild & Ignoge! Because the Peak, Malvern & Cheviot Reason in Cruelty Penmaenmawr & Dhinas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelief Manchester & Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt & Despair Malden & Colchester Demonstrate: I hear my Childrens voices

I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds From Lincoln & Norwich, from Edinburgh & Monmouth: I see them distant from my bosom scoured along the roads Then lost in clouds; I hear their tender voices! clouds divide I see them die beneth the whips of the Captains! they are taken In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the bredths of Europe Six months they lie embalmd in Silent death: warshipped Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring Bursting their Arks they rise again to life: they play before The Armies: I hear their loud cymbals & their deadly cries Are the Dead cruel? are those who are infolded in moral Law Revengeful? O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

Then Vala answerd spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion Albion thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surrounded me Thy Sons have naild me on the Gates piercing my hands & feet: Till Skofields Nimrod the mighty Huntsman Jehovah came, With Cush his Son & took me down. He in a golden Ark, Bears me before his Armies tho my shadow hovers here The flesh of multitudes fed & nouris[h]d me in my childhood My morn & evening food were prepard in Battles of Men Great is the cry of the Hounds of Nimrod along the Valley Of Vision, they scent the odor of War in the Valley of Vision. All Love is lost! terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty Once thou wast to me the loveliest Son of heaven; but now Where shall I hide from thy dread countenance & searching eyes I have looked into the secret Soul of him I loved And in the dark recesses found Sin & can never return. Albion again utterd his voice beneath the silent Moon I brought Love into light of day to pride in chaste beauty I brought Love into light & fancied Innocence is no more Then spoke Jerusalem O Albion! my Father Albion Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my Soul Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of flax to dry? The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy Horrible hast & deadly! nought shalt thou find in it

But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy!

Then Albion turnd his face toward Jerusalem & spoke

Hide thou Jerusalem in impalpable voidness, not to be Touchd by the hand nor seen with the eye: O Jerusalem Would thou wert not & that thy place might never be found But come O Vala with knife & cup: drain my blood To the last drop! then hide me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle For I see Luvah whom I slew. I behold him in my Spectre As I behold Jerusalem in thee O Vala dark and cold

Jerusalem then stretchd her hand toward the Moon & spoke

Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim Loud groand Albion from mountain to mountain & replied Jerusalem! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion! Daughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albions curse! I came here with intention to annihilate thee! But My soul is melted away, inwoven within the Veil Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee Pitying rent in ancient times. I see it whole and more Perfect, and shining with beauty! But thou! O wretched Father!

Jerusalem reply'd, like a voice heard from a sepulcher: Father! once piteous! Is Pity. a Sin? Embalm'd in Vala's bosom In an Eternal Death for. Albions sake, our best beloved. Thou art my Father & my Brother: Why hast thou hidden me, Remote from the divine Vision: my Lord and Saviour.

Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair:

He felt that Love and Pity are the same; a soft repose! Inward complacency of Soul: a Self-annihilation!

I have erred! I am ashamed! and will never return more:

I have taught my children sacrifices of cruelty: what shall I answer? I will hide it from Eternals! I will give myself for my Children! Which way soever I turn, I behold Humanity and Pity!

He recoil'd: he rush'd outwards; he bore the Veil whole away His fires redound from his Dragon Altars in Errors returning. He drew the Veil of Moral Virtue, woven for Cruel Laws, And cast it into the Atlantic Deep, to catch the Souls of the Dead. He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping Which stand upon the edge of Beulah; and there Albion sunk Down in sick pallid languor! These were his last words, relapsing! Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales And Scotland, utter'd from the Circumference into Eternity.

Blasphemous Sons of Feminine delusion! God in the dreary Void Dwells from Eternity, wide separated from the Human Soul But thou deluding Image by whom imbu'd the Veil I rent Lo here is Valas Veil whole, for a Law, a Terror & a Curse! And therefore God takes vengeance on me: from my clay-cold bosom My children wander trembling victims of his Moral Justice. His snows fall on me and cover me, while in the Veil I fold My dying limbs. Therefore O Manhood, if thou art aught But a meer Phantasy, hear dying Albions Curse! May God who dwells in this dark Ulro & voidness, vengeance take, And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture, Like me thy Victim. O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

What have I said? What have I done? O all-powerful Human Words! You recoil back upon me in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children.

Two bleeding Contraries equally true, are his Witnesses against me We reared mighty Stones: we danced naked around them:

Thinking to bring Love into light of day, to Jerusalems shame:

Displaying our Giant limbs to all the winds of heaven! Sudden Shame siezd us, we could not look on one-another for abhorrence: the Blue

Of our immortal Veins & all their Hosts fled from our Limbs,

And wanderd distant in a dismal Night clouded & dark: The Sun fled from the Britons forehead: the Moon from his mighty loins:

Scandinavia fled with all his mountains filld with groans.

O what is Life & what is Man. O what is Death? Wherefore Are you my Children, natives in the Grave to where I go Or are you born to feed the hungry ravenings of Destruction To be the sport of Accident! to waste in Wrath & Love, a weary Life, in brooding cares & anxious labours, that prove but chaff. O Jerusalem Jerusalem I have forsaken thy Courts Thy Pillars of ivory & gold: thy Curtains of silk & fine Linen: thy Pavements of precious stones: thy Walls of pearl And gold, thy Gates of Thanksgiving thy Windows of Praise: Thy Clouds of Blessing; thy Cherubims of Tender-mercy Stretching their Wings sublime over the Little-ones of Albion O Human Imagination O Divine Body I have Crucified I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law: There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation. O Babylon thy Watchman stands over thee in the night Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee O Babylon With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy hearts desire. But Albion is cast forth to the Potter his Children to the Builders To build Babylon because they have forsaken Jerusalem The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men: her Gates the Groans Of Nations: her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families. Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with Death Her Palaces with Hell & the Grave; her Synagogues with Torments Of ever-hardening Despair squard & polishd with cruel skill Yet thou wast lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills When Jerusalem was thy hearts desire in times of youth & love. Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts, she sent them away With blessings on their hands & on their feet, blessings of gold, And pearl & diamond: thy Daughters sang in her Courts: They came up to Jerusalem; they walked before Albion

In the Exchanges of London every Nation walkd

And London walkd in every Nation mutual in love & harmony Albion coverd the whole Earth, England encompassd the Nations, Mutual each within others bosom in Visions of Regeneration; Jerusalem coverd the Atlantic Mountains & the Erythrean, From bright Japan & China to Hesperia France & England. Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven: And the Mount of Olives was beheld over the whole Earth: The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there: but now no more No more shall I behold him, he is closd in Luvahs Sepulcher. Yet why these smitings of Luvah, the gentlest mildest Zoa? If God was Merciful this could not be: O Lamb of God Thou art a delusion and Jerusalem is my Sin! O my Children I have educated you in the crucifying cruelties of Demonstration Till you have assum'd the Providence of God & slain your Father Dost thou appear before me who liest dead in Luvahs Sepulcher Dost thou forgive me! thou who wast Dead & art Alive? Look not so Merciful upon me O thou Slain Lamb of God I die! I die in thy arms tho Hope is banishd from me.

Thundring the Veil rushes from his hand Vegetating Knot by Knot, Day by Day, Night by Night; loud roll the indignant Atlantic Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deeps And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah: all the Regions Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved: & they said:

Why did you take Vengeance O ye Sons of the mighty Albion? Planting these Oaken Groves: Erecting these Dragon Temples Injury the Lord heals but Vengeance cannot be healed: As the Sons of Albion have done to Luvah: so they have in him Done to the Divine Lord & Saviour, who suffers with those that suffer:

For not one sparrow can suffer, & the whole Universe not suffer also, In all its Regions, & its Father & Saviour not pity and weep. But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace & Repentance in the bosom Of the Injurer: in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain: Descend O Lamb of God & take away the imputation of Sin By the Creation of States & the deliverance of Individuals Evermore Amen

Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion But many doubted & despaird & imputed Sin & Righteousness To Individuals & not to States, and these Slept in Ulro.

> SUCH VISIONS HAVE APPEARD TO ME AS I MY ORDERD RACE HAVE RUN JERUSALEM IS NAMED LIBERTY AMONG THE SONS OF ALBION

To the Jews.

Jerusalem the Emanation of the Giant Albion! Can it be? Is it a Truth that the Learned have explored? Was Britain the Primitive Seat of the Patriarchal Religion? If it is true: my title-page is also True, that Jerusalem was & is the Emanation of the Giant Albion. It is True, and cannot be controverted. Ye are united O ye Inhabitants of Earth in One Religion. The Religion of Jesus: the most Ancient, the Eternal: & the Everlasting Gospel —The Wicked will turn it to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!

"All things Begin & End in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore."

Your Ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber, Shem, and Noah, who were Druids: as the Druid Temples (which are the Patriarchal Pillars & Oak Groves) over the whole Earth witness to this day.

You have a tradition, that Man anciently containd in his mighty limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you recieved from the Druids.

"But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion" Albion was the Parent of the Druids; & in his Chaotic State of Sleep Satan & Adam & the whole World was Created by the Elohim.

The fields from Islington to Marybone, To Primrose Hill and Saint Johns Wood: Were builded over with pillars of gold, And there Jerusalems pillars stood.

Her Little-ones ran on the fields The Lamb of God among them seen And fair Jerusalem his Bride: Among the little meadows green.

Pancrass & Kentish-town repose Among her golden pillars high: Among her golden arches which Shine upon the starry sky.

The Jews-harp-house & the Green Man; The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight: The fields of Cows by Willans farm: Shine in Jerusalems pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green: The Lamb of God walks by her side: And every English Child is seen, Children of Jesus & his Bride,

Forgiving trespasses and sins Lest Babylon with cruel Og, With Moral & Self-righteous Law Should Crucify in Satans Synagogue!

What are those golden Builders doing Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington Standing above that mighty Ruin Where Satan the first victory won.

Where Albion slept beneath the Fatal Tree And the Druids golden Knife, Rioted in human gore, In Offerings of Human Life

They groan'd aloud on London Stone

They groand aloud on Tyburns Brook Albion gave his deadly groan, And all the Atlantic Mountains shook

Albions Spectre from his Loins Tore forth in all the pomp of War! Satan his name: in flames of fire He stretch'd his Druid Pillars far.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale, Down thro Poplar & Old Bow; Thro Malden & acros the Sea, In War & howling death & woe.

The Rhine was red with human blood: The Danube rolld a purple tide: On the Euphrates Satan stood: And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

He witherd up sweet Zions Hill, From every Nation of the Earth: He witherd up Jerusalems Gates, And in a dark Land gave her birth.

He witherd up the Human Form, By laws of sacrifice for sin: Till it became a Mortal Worm: But O! translucent all within.

The Divine Vision still was seen Still was the Human Form, Divine Weeping in weak & mortal clay O Jesus still the Form was thine.

And thine the Human Face & thine The Human Hands & Feet & Breath Entering thro' the Gates of Birth And passing thro' the Gates of Death

And O thou Lamb of God, whom I Slew in my dark self-righteous pride: Art thou return'd to Albions Land! And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

Come to my arms & never more Depart; but dwell for ever here: Create my Spirit to thy Love: Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear,

Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend! In clouds of blood & ruin roll'd: I here reclaim thee as my own My Selfhood! Satan! armd in gold.

Is this thy soft Family-Love Thy cruel Patriarchal pride Planting thy Family alone Destroying all the World beside.

A mans worst enemies are those Of his own house & family; And he who makes his law a curse, By his own law shall surely die.

In my Exchanges every Land Shall walk, & mine in every Land, Mutual shall build Jerusalem: Both heart in heart & hand in hand.

If Humility is Christianity; you O Jews are the true Christians; If your tradition that Man contained in his Limbs, all Animals, is True & they were separated from him by cruel Sacrifices: and when compulsory cruel Sacrifices had brought Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle, in the loins of Abraham & David: the Lamb of God, the Saviour became apparent on

Earth as the Prophets had foretold? The Return of Israel is a Return to Mental Sacrifice & War. Take up the Cross O Israel & follow Jesus.

Chap: 2

Every ornament of perfection, and every labour of love, In all the Garden of Eden, & in all the golden mountains Was become an envied horror, and a remembrance of jealousy: And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher & judge.

And Albion spoke from his secret seat and said

All these ornaments are crimes, they are made by the labours Of loves: of unnatural consanguinities and friendships Horrid to think of when enquired deeply into; and all These hills & valleys are accursed witnesses of Sin I therefore condense them into solid rocks, stedfast! A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth: That Man be separate from Man, & here I plant my seat.

Cold snows drifted around him: ice coverd his loins around He sat by Tyburns brook, and underneath his heel, shot up! A deadly Tree, he nam'd it Moral Virtue, and the Law Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.

The Tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion groand) They bent don, they felt the earth and again enrooting Shot into many a Tree! an endless labyrinth of woe!

From willing sacrifice of Self, to sacrifice of (miscall'd) Enemies For Atonement: Albion began to erect twelve Altars, Of rough unhewn rocks, before the Potters Furnace He nam'd them Justice, and Truth. And Albions Sons Must have become the first Victims, being the first transgressors But they fled to the mountains to seek ransom: building A Strong Fortification against the Divine Humanity and Mercy, In Shame & Jealousy to annihilate Jerusalem!

Then the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appeard above Albions dark rocks: setting behind the Gardens of Kensington On Tyburns River, in clouds of blood: where was mild Zion Hills Most ancient promontory, and in the Sun, a Human Form appeard And thus the Voice Divine went forth upon the rocks of Albion I elected Albion for my glory; I gave to him the Nations, Of the whole Earth. he was the Angel of my Presence: and all The Sons of God were Albions Sons: and Jerusalem was my joy. The Reactor hath hid himself thro envy. I behold him. But you cannot behold him till he be reveald in his System Albions Reactor must have a Place prepard: Albion must Sleep The Sleep of Death, till the Man of Sin & Repentance be reveald. Hidden in Albions Forests he lurks: he admits of no Reply From Albion: but hath founded his Reaction into a Law Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man He hath compelld Albion to become a Punisher & hath possessd Himself of Albions Forests & Wilds! and Jerusalem is taken! The City of the Woods in the Forest of Ephratah is taken! London is a stone of her ruins; Oxford is the dust of her walls! Sussex & Kent are her scatterd garments: Ireland her holy place! And the murderd bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consummation The Nations are her dust! ground by the chariot wheels Of her lordly conquerors, her palaces levelld with the dust I come that I may find a way for my banished ones to return Fear not O little Flock I come! Albion shall rise again.

So saying, the mild Sun inclosd the Human Family. Forthwith from Albions darkning [r]ocks came two Immortal forms Saying

We alone are escaped. O merciful Lord and Saviour, We flee from the interiors of Albions hills and mountains! From his Valleys Eastward: from Amalek Canaan & Moab: Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem. Albion walkd on the steps of fire before his Halls And Vala walkd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber. He looked up & saw the Prince of Light with splendor faded Then Albion ascended mourning into the porches of his Palace Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect: Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy: in white linen pure he hoverd A sweet entrancing self-delusion a watry vision of Albion Soft exulting in existence; all the Man absorbing! Albion fell upon his face prostrate before the watry Shadow Saying O Lord whence is this change! thou knowest I am nothing! And Vala trembled & coverd her face! & her locks were spread on the pavement

We heard astonishd at the Vision & our heart trembled within us: We heard the voice of slumberous Albion, and thus he spake, Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of eternity uttering: O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee! If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent: If thou withhold thine hand; I perish like a fallen leaf: O I am nothing: and to nothing must return again: If thou withdraw thy breath. Behold I am oblivion.

He ceasd: the shadowy voice was silent: but the cloud hoverd over their heads

In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man; & the balmy drops fell down. And lo! that son of Man that Shadowy Spirit of mild Albion: Luvah descended from the cloud; in terror Albion rose: Indignant rose the awful Man, & turnd his back on Vala. We heard the voice of Albion starting from his sleep: Whence is this voice crying Enion! that soundeth in my ears? O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can love seek for dominion?

And Luvah strove to gain dominion over Albion They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclosd And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement, Coverd with boils from head to foot: the terrible smitings of Luvah. Then frownd the fallen Man, and put forth Luvah from his presence Saying. Go and Die the Death of Man, for Vala the sweet wanderer. I will turn the volutions of your ears outward, and bend your nostrils Downward, and your fluxile eyes englob'd roll round in fear: Your withring lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle, Till into narrow forms you creep: go take your fiery way: And learn what tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love.

They heard the voice and fled swift as the winters setting sun. And now the human blood foamd high, the Spirits Luvah & Vala, Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded, In jealous fears & fury & rage, & flames roll round their fervid feet: And the vast form of Nature like a serpent playd before them And as they fled in folding fires & thunders of the deep: Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks. And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and west. And the vast form of Nature like a serpent rolld between, Whether of Jerusalems or Valas ruins congenerated, we know not: All is confusion: all is tumult, & we alone are escaped. So spoke the fugitives; they joind the Divine Family, trembling

And the Two that escaped; were the Emanation of Los & his Spectre: for whereever the Emanation goes, the Spectre Attends her as her Guard, & Los's Emanation is named Enitharmon, & his Spectre is named Urthona: they knew Not where to flee: they had been on a visit to Albions Children And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation To hide themselves: weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation Of Albions Children; fleeing thro Albions vales in streams of gore

Being not irritated by insult bearing insulting benevolences They percieved that corporeal friends are spiritual enemies They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryon Uncircumcision And the Divine hand was upon them bearing them thro darkness Back safe to their Humanity as doves to their windows: Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in Songs Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble. They wept & trembled: & Los put forth his hand & took them in Into his Bosom: from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain; Rending the fibres of Brotherhood & in Feminine Allegories Inclosing Los: but the Divine Vision appeard with Los Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.

And Los prayed and said. O Divine Saviour arise Upon the Mountains of Albion as in ancient time. Behold! The Cities of Albion seek thy face, London groans in pain From Hill to Hill & the Thames laments along the Valleys The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst The Twenty-eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee: Because of the Opressors of Albion in every City & Village: They mock at the Labourers limbs! they mock at his starvd Children. They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons: They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts: They reduce the Man to want: then give with pomp & ceremony. The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger & thirst! Humanity knows not of Sex: wherefore are Sexes in Beulah? In Beulah the Female lets down her beautiful Tabernacle; Which the Male enters magnificent between her Cherubim: And becomes One with her mingling condensing in Self-love The Rocky Law of Condemnation & double Generation, & Death. Albion hath enterd the Loins the place of the Last Judgment: And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vala's bosom The Dead awake to Generation! Arise O Lord, & rend the Veil! So Los in lamentations followd Albion, Albion coverd,

His western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair. Fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albions Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship, entering the caves Of despair & death, to search the tempters out, walking among Albions rocks & precipices! caves of solitude & dark despair, And saw every Minute Particular of Albion degraded & murderd But saw not by whom; they were hidden within in the minute particulars

Of which they had possessd themselves; and there they take up The articulations of a mans soul, and laughing throw it down Into the frame, then knock it out upon the plank, & souls are bak'd In bricks to build the pyramids of Heber & Terah. But Los Searchd in vain: closd from the minutia he walkd, difficult. He came down from Highgate thro Hackney & Holloway towards London

Till he came to old Stratford & thence to Stepney & the Isle Of Leuthas Dogs, thence thro the narrows of the Rivers side And saw every minute particular, the jewels of Albion, running down The kennels of the streets & lanes as if they were abhorrd. Every Universal Form, was become barren mountains of Moral Virtue: and every Minute Particular hardend into grains of sand: And all the tendernesses of the soul cast forth as filth & mire, Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate To where the Tower of London frownd dreadful over Jerusalem: A building of Luvah builded in Jerusalems eastern gate to be His secluded Court: thence to Bethlehem where was builded Dens of despair in the house of bread: enquiring in vain Of stones and rocks he took his way, for human form was none: And thus he spoke, looking on Albions City with many tears What shall I do! what could I do, if I could find these Criminals I could not dare to take vengeance; for all things are so constructed And builded by the Divine hand, that the sinner shall always escape, And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence; If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand In way of vengeance; I punish the already punishd: O whom Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray! O Albion, if thou takest vengeance; if thou revengest thy wrongs Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the Sons Of Albion from taking vengeance? or how shall I them perswade.

So spoke Los, travelling thro darkness & horrid solitude: And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster & Marybone, Among the ruins of the Temple: and Vala who is her Shadow, Jerusalems Shadow bent northward over the Island white. At length he sat on London Stone, & heard Jerusalems voice.

Albion I cannot be thy Wife. thine own Minute Particulars, Belong to God alone. and all thy little ones are holy They are of Faith & not of Demonstration: wherefore is Vala Clothd in black mourning upon my rivers currents, Vala awake! I hear thy shuttles sing in the sky, and round my limbs I feel the iron threads of love & jealousy & despair.

Vala reply'd. Albion is mine! Luvah gave me to Albion And now recieves reproach & hate. Was it not said of old Set your Son before a man & he shall take you & your sons For slaves: but set your Daughter before a man & She Shall make him & his sons & daughters your slaves for ever! And is this Faith? Behold the strife of Albion. & Luvah Is great in the east, their spears of blood rage in the eastern heaven Urizen is the champion of Albion, they will slav my Luvah: And thou O harlot daughter! daughter of despair art all This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates. Here is the House of Albion, & here is thy secluded place And here we have found thy sins: & hence we turn thee forth, For all to avoid thee: to be astonishd at thee for thy sins: Because thou art the impurity & the harlot: & thy children! Children of whoredoms: born for Sacrifice: for the meat & drink Offering: to sustain the glorious combat & the battle & war That Man may be purified by the death of thy delusions. So saying she her dark threads cast over the trembling River: And over the valleys; from the hills of Hertfordshire to the hills Of Surrey across Middlesex & across Albions House Of Eternity! pale stood Albion at his eastern gate, Leaning against the pillars, & his disease rose from his skirts Upon the Precipice he stood! ready to fall into Non-Entity.

Los was all astonishment & terror: he trembled sitting on the Stone Of London: but the interiors of Albions fibres & nerves were hidden From Los; astonishd be beheld only the petrified surfaces: And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces; He saw also the Four Points of Albion reversd inwards He siezd his Hammer & Tongs, his iron Poker & his Bellows, Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.

In stern defiance came from Albions bosom Hand, Hyle, Koban, Gwantok, Peachy, Brertun, Slaid, Huttn, Skofeld, Kock, Kotope Bowen: Albions Sons: they bore him a golden couch into the porch And on the Couch reposd his limbs, trembling from the bloody field. Rearing their Druid Patriarchal rocky Temples around his limbs. (All things begin & end, in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)

Turning his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous Chaos before his face appeard: an Unformed Memory. Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion darkning cold From the back & loins where dwell the Spectrous Dead

I am your Rational Power O Albion & that Human Form You call Divine, is but a Worm seventy inches long That creeps forth in a night & is dried in the morning sun In fortuitous concourse of memorys accumulated & lost It plows the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelms the Hills Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone of the brook Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills & rivers Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over The ancient Cities of the Earth remove as a traveller And shall Albions Cities remain when I pass over them With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the tablet

So spoke the Spectre to Albion. he is the Great Selfhood Satan: Worshipd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth Having a white Dot calld a Center from which branches out A Circle in continual gyrations. this became a Heart From which sprang numerous branches varying their motions Producing many Heads three or seven or ten, & hands & feet Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator Who becomes his food such is the way of the Devouring Power And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos Albions Emanation which he had hidden in Jealousy Appeard now in the frowning Chaos prolific upon the Chaos Reflecting back to Albion in Sexual Reasoning Hermaphroditic Albion spoke. Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn ripeness I never saw thee till this time, nor beheld life abstracted Nor darkness immingled with light on my furrowd field Whence camest thou! who art thou O loveliest? the Divine Vision Is as nothing before thee, faded is all life and joy

Vala replied in clouds of tears Albions garment embracing

I was a City & a Temple built by Albions Children. I was a Garden planted with beauty I allured on hill & valley The River of Life to flow against my walls & among my trees Vala was Albions Bride & Wife in great Eternity The loveliest of the daughters of Eternity when in day-break I emanated from Luvah over the Towers of Jerusalem And in her Courts among her little Children offering up The Sacrifice of fanatic love! why loved I Jerusalem! Why was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus Wherefore did I loving create love, which never yet Immingled God & Man, when thou & I, hid the Divine Vision In cloud of secret gloom which behold involve me round about Know me now Albion: look upon me I alone am Beauty The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala I breathe him forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave Born of the Woman to obey the Woman O Albion the mighty For the Divine appearance is Brotherhood, but I am Love

Elevate into the Region of Brotherhood with my red fires

Art thou Vala? replied Albion, image of my repose O how I tremble! how my members pour down milky fear! A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone! At thy word & at thy look death enrobes me about From head to feet, a garment of death & eternal fear Is not that Sun thy husband & that Moon thy glimmering Veil? Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children! art thou not Babylon? Art thou Nature Mother of all! is Jerusalem thy Daughter Why have thou elevate inward: O dweller of outward chambers From grot & cave beneath the Moon dim region of death Where I laid my Plow in the hot noon, where my hot team fed Where implements of War are forged, the Plow to go over the Nations In pain girding me round like a rib of iron in heaven! O Vala In Eternity they neither marry nor are given in marriage Albion the high Cliff of the Atlantic is become a barren Land

Los stood at his Anvil: he heard the contentions of Vala— He heaved his thundring Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex He opend his Furnaces before Vala, then Albion frownd in anger On his Rock: ere yet the Starry Heavens were fled away From his awful Members, and thus Los cried aloud To the Sons of Albion & to Hand the eldest Son of Albion I hear the screech of Childbirth loud pealing, & the groans Of Death, in Albions clouds dreadful utterd over all the Earth What may Man be? who can tell! but what may Woman be? To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave. There is a Throne in every Man, it is the Throne of God This Woman has claimd as her own & Man is no more! Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala & her Temple And not the Tabernacle & Temple of the Most High O Albion why wilt thou Create a Female Will? To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert, even In the shadows of a Woman & a secluded Holy Place That we may pry after him as after a stolen treasure Hidden among the Dead & mured up from the paths of life Hand! art thou not Reuben enrooting thyself into Bashan Till thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void! O Merlin! Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came Is this the Female Will O ye lovely Daughters of Albion. To

Converse concerning Weight & Distance in the Wilds of Newton & Locke

So Los spoke standing on Mam-Tor looking over Europe & Asia The Graves thunder beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan

Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead in the valley Cut off from Albions mountains & from all the Earths summits Between Succoth & Zaretan beside the Stone of Bohan While the Daughters of Albion divided Luvah into three Bodies Los bended his Nostrils down to the Earth, then sent him over Jordan to the Land of the Hittite: every-one that saw him Fled! they fled at his horrible Form: they hid in caves And dens, they looked on one-another & became what they beheld

Reuben return'd to Bashan, in despair he slept on the Stone. Then Gwendolen divided into Rahab & Tirza in Twelve Portions Los rolled, his Eyes into two narrow circles, then sent him Over Jordan; all terrified fled: they became what they beheld. If Perceptive Organs vary: Objects of Perception seem to vary: If the Perceptive Organs close: their Objects seem to close also: Consider this O mortal Man! O worm of sixty winters said Los Consider Sexual Organization & hide thee in the dust.

Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam, In Albions bosom: for in every Human bosom those Limits stand. And the Divine voice came from the Furnaces, as multitudes without Number! the voices of the innumerable multitudes of Eternity. And the appearance of a Man was seen in the Furnaces; Saving those who have sinned from the punishment of the Law, (In pity of the punisher whose state is eternal death,) And keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love.

Albion goes to Eternal Death: In Me all Eternity. Must pass thro' condemnation, and awake beyond the Grave! No individual can keep these Laws, for they are death To every energy of man, and forbid the springs of life; Albion hath enterd the State Satan! Be permanent O State! And be thou for ever accursed! that Albion may arise again: And be thou created into a State! I go forth to Create States: to deliver Individuals evermore! Amen.

So spoke the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity [To Govern the Evil by Good: and States abolish Systems.]

Reuben return'd to his place, in vain he sought beautiful Tirzah For his Eyelids were narrowd, & his Nostrils scented the ground And Sixty Winters Los raged in the Divisions of Reuben: Building the Moon of Ulro, plank by plank & rib by rib Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los folded his Tongue Between Lips of mire & clay, then sent him forth over Jordan In the love of Tirzah he said Doubt is my food day & night— All that beheld him fled howling and gnawed their tongues For pain: they became what they beheld In reasonings Reuben returned

To Heshbon. disconsolate he walkd thro Moab & he stood Before the Furnaces of Los in a horrible dreamful slumber, On Mount Gilead looking toward Gilgal: and Los bended His Ear in a spiral circle outward; then sent him over Jordan.

The Seven Nations fled before him they became what they beheld Hand, Hyle & Coban fled: they became what they beheld Gwantock & Peachy hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon Brereton & Slade in Egypt. Hutton & Skofeld & Kox Fled over Chaldea in terror in pains in every nerve Kotope & Bowen became what they beheld, fleeing over the Earth And the Twelve Female Emanations fled with them agonizing.

Jerusalem trembled seeing her Children drivn by Los's Hammer In the visions of the dreams of Beulah on the edge of Non-Entity Hand stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reasoning Spectre Stands between the Vegetative Man & his Immortal Imagination And the Four Zoa's clouded rage East & West & North & South They change their situations, in the Universal Man. Albion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face. And England who is Brittannia divided into Jerusalem & Vala And Urizen assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South In his dark Spectre ravening from his open Sepulcher And the Four Zoa's who are the Four Eternal Senses of Man Became Four Elements separating from the Limbs of Albion These are their names in the Vegetative Generation

[West Weighing East & North dividing Generation South bounding]

And Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length Bredth & Highth And they divided into Four ravening deathlike Forms Fairies & Genii & Nymphs & Gnomes of the Elements. These are States Permanently Fixed by the Divine Power The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albions cliffy shore And the Sea poured in amain upon the Giants of Albion As Los bended the Senses of Reuben Reuben is Merlin Exploring the Three States of Ulro; Creation; Redemption. & Judgment

And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner Have you known the judgment that is arisen among the Zoa's of Albion? where a Man dare hardly to embrace His own Wife, for the terrors of Chastity that they call By the name of Morality. their Daughters govern all I hidden deceit! they are Vegetable only fit for burning Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty displayd Then those in Great Eternity who contemplate on Death Said thus. What seems to Be: Is: To those to whom It seems to Be, & is productive of the most dreadful Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be: even of Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus Amen And Length Bredth Highth again Obey the Divine Vision Hallelujah

And One stood forth from the Divine Family &,said

I feel my Spectre rising upon me! Albion! arouze thyself! Why dost thou thunder with frozen Spectrous wrath against us? The Spectre is, in Giant Man; insane, and most deform'd. Thou wilt certainly provoke my Spectre against thine in fury! He has a Sepulcher hewn out of a Rock ready for thee: And a Death of Eight thousand years forg'd by thyself, upon The point of his Spear! if thou persistest to forbid with Laws Our Emanations, and to attack our secret supreme delights

So Los spoke: But when he saw blue death in Albions feet, Again he join'd the Divine Body, following merciful; While Albion fled more indignant! revengeful covering His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands And feet, lest any should enter his bosom & embrace His hidden heart; his Emanation wept & trembled within him: Uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with Iron and steel, dark and opake, with clouds & tempests brooding: His strong limbs shudderd upon his mountains high and dark.

Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went, His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul) Fires and clouds of rolling smoke! but mild the Saviour follow'd him, Displaying the Eternal Vision! the Divine Similitude! In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers, and friends Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist:

Saying. Albion! Our wars are wars of life, & wounds of love, With intellectual spears, & long winged arrows of thought: Mutual in one anothers love and wrath all renewing We live as One Man; for contracting our infinite senses We behold multitude; or expanding: we behold as one, As One Man all the Universal Family; and that One Man We call Jesus the Christ: and he in us, and we in him, Live in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life, Giving, recieving, 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.

I behold London; a Human awful wonder of God! He says: Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee: My Streets are my, Ideas of Imagination. Awake Albion, awake! and let us awake up together. My Houses are Thoughts: my Inhabitants; Affections, The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels, Shut from my nervous form which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in veiny pipes, Rolls dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan. For Albions sake, and for Jerusalem thy Emanation I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeths shades: In Felpham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion I write in South Molton Street what I both see and hear In regions of Humanity, in Londons opening streets.

I see thee awful Parent Land in light, behold I see! Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men, Generous immortal Guardian golden clad! for Cities Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mount[a]ins Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty! sublime! In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings Let down at will around, and call'd the Universal Tent. York, crown'd with loving kindness. Edinburgh, cloth'd With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men Who give themselves, in Golgotha, Victims to Justice; where There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations viewless, Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park To Tyburns deathful shades, admits the wandering souls Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found By Satans Watch-fiends tho' they search numbering every grain Of sand on Earth every night, they never find this Gate. It is the Gate of Los. Withoutside is the Mill, intricate, dreadful And fill'd with cruel tortures; but no mortal man can find the Mill Of Satan, in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years For Human beauty knows it not: nor can Mercy find it! But In the Fourth region of Humanity, Urthona namd Mortality begins to roll the billows of Eternal Death Before the Gate of Los. Urthona here is named Los. And here begins the System of Moral Virtue, named Rahab. Albion fled thro' the Gate of Los, and he stood in the Gate.

Los was the friend of Albion who most lov'd him. In Cambridgeshire His eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth, & is fourfold.

Seeing Albion had turn'd his back aginst the Divine Vision, Los said to Albion, Whither fleest thou? Albion reply'd.

I die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death Hover within me & beneath, and spreading themselves outside Like rocky clouds, build me a gloomy monument of woe: Will none accompany me in my death? or be a Ransom for me In that dark Valley? I have girded round my cloke, and on my feet Bound these black shoes of death, & on my hands, death's iron gloves:

God hath forsaken me, & my friends are become a burden A weariness to me, & the human footstep is a terror to me.

Los answerd, troubled: and his soul was rent in twain: Must the Wise die for an Atonement? does Mercy endure Atonement? No! It is Moral Severity, & destroys Mercy in its Victim. So speaking, not yet infected with the Error & Illusion, Los shudder'd at beholding Albion, for his disease Arose upon him pale and ghastly: and he call'd around The Friends of Albion: trembling at the sight of Eternal Death The four appear'd with their Emanations in fiery Chariots: black their fires roll beholding Albions House of Eternity Damp couch the flames beneath and silent, sick, stand shuddering Before the Porch of sixteen pillars: weeping every one Descended and fell down upon their knees round Albions knees, Swearing the Oath of God! with awful voice of thunders round Upon the hills & valleys, and the cloudy Oath roll'd far and wide

Albion is sick! said every Valley, every mournful Hill And every River: our brother Albion is sick to death. He hath leagued himself with robbers! he hath studied the arts Of unbelief! Envy hovers over him! his Friends are his abhorrence! Those who give their lives for him are despised! Those who devour his soul, are taken into his bosom! To destroy his Emanation is their intention: Arise! awake O Friends of the Giant Albion They have perswaded him of horrible falshoods! They have sown errors over all his fruitful fields!

The Twentyfour heard! they came trembling on watry chariots. Borne by the Living Creatures of the third procession Of Human Majesty, the Living Creatures wept aloud as they Went along Albions roads, till they arriv'd at Albions House.

O! how the torments of Eternal Death, waited on Man: And the loud-rending bars of the Creation ready to burst: That the wide world might fly from its hinges, & the immortal mansion

Of Man, for ever be possess'd by monsters of the deeps: And Man himself become a Fiend, wrap'd in an endless curse, Consuming and consum'd forever in flames of Moral Justice.

For had the Body of Albion fall'n down, and from its dreadful ruins Let loose the enormous Spectre on the darkness of the deep, At enmity with the Merciful & fill'd with devouring fire, A nether-world must have recievd the foul enormous spirit, Under pretence of Moral Virtue, fill'd with Revenge and Law. There to eternity chain'd down, and issuing in red flames And curses, with his mighty arms brandish'd against the heavens Breathing cruelty blood & vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain Torn with black storms, & ceaseless torrents of his own consuming fire:

Within his breast his mighty Sons chaind down & fill'd with cursings: And his dark Eon, that once fair crystal form divinely clear: Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire. But, glory to the Merciful-One, for he is of tender mercies! And the Divine Family wept over him as One Man.

And these the Twentyfour in whom the Divine Family Appear'd; and they were One in Him. A Human Vision! Human Divine, Jesus the Saviour, blessed for ever and ever.

Selsey, true friend! who afterwards submitted to be devourd By the waves of Despair, whose Emanation rose above The flood, and was nam'd Chichester, lovely mild & gentle! Lo! Her lambs bleat to the sea-fowls cry, lamenting still for Albion.

Submitting to be call'd the son of Los the terrible vision: Winchester stood devoting himself for Albion: his tents Outspread with abundant riches, and his Emanations Submitting to be call'd Enitharmons daughters, and be born In vegetable mould: created by the Hammer and Loom In Bowlahoola & Allamanda where the Dead wail night & day.

(I call them by their English names: English, the rough basement. Los built the stubborn structure of the Language, acting against Albions melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.)

Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol: and benevolent

Bath who is Legions: he is the Seventh, the physician and The poisoner: the best and worst in Heaven and Hell: Whose Spectre first assimilated with Luvah in Albions mountains A triple octave he took, to reduce Jerusalem to twelve To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar & Bow: To Malden & Canterbury in the delights of cruelty: The Shuttles of death sing in the sky to Islington & Pancrass Round Marybone to Tyburns River, weaving black melancholy as a net,

And despair as meshes closely wove over the west of London, Where mild Jerusalem sought to repose in death & be no more. She fled to Lambeths mild Vale and hid herself beneath The Surrey Hills where Rephaim terminates: her Sons are siez'd For victims of sacrifice; but Jerusalem cannot be found! Hid By the Daughters of Beulah: gently snatch'd away: and hid in Beulah There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find Nor can his Watch Fiends find it: tis translucent & has many Angles But he ho finds it will find Oothoons palace, for within Opening into Beulah every angle is a lovely heaven But should the Watch Fiends find it, they would call it Sin And lay its Heavens & their inhabitants in blood of punishment Here Jerusalem & Vala were hid in soft slumberous repose Hid from the terrible East, shut up in the South & West. The Twenty-eight trembled in Deaths dark caves, in cold despair They kneeld around the Couch of Death in deep humiliation And tortures of self condemnation while their Spectres ragd within. The Four Zoa's in terrible combustion clouded rage Drinking the shuddering fears & loves of Albions Families Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire Drinking & eating, & pitying & weeping, as at a trajic scene. The soul drinks murder & revenge, & applauds its own holiness

They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations.

Thus Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease: Brooding on evil: but when Los opend the Furnaces before him: He saw that the accursed things were his own affections, And his own beloveds: then he turn'd sick! his soul died within him Also Los sick & terrified beheld the Furnaces of Death And must have died, but the Divine Saviour descended Among the infant loves & affections, and the Divine Vision wept Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground

Albion spoke in his dismal dreams: O thou deceitful friend Worshipping mercy & beholding thy friend in such affliction: Los! thou now discoverest thy turpitude to the heavens. I demand righteousness & justice. O thou ingratitude! Give me my Emanations back food for my dying soul! My daughters are harlots! my sons are accursed before me. Enitharmon is my daughter: accursed with a fathers curse! O! I have utterly been wasted! I have given my daughters to devils So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night Of Ulro rolld round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.

Los answerd. Righteousness & justice I give thee in return For thy righteousness! but I add mercy also, and bind Thee from destroying these little ones: am I to be only Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest Thou wast the Image of God surrounded by the Four Zoa's Three thou hast slain! I am the Fourth: thou canst not destroy me. Thou art in Error; trouble me not with thy righteousness. I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct: I have no time for seeming; and little arts of compliment, In morality and virtue: in self-glorying and pride. There is a limit of Opakeness, and a limit of Contraction; In every Individual Man, and the limit of Opakeness, Is named Satan: and the limit of Contraction is named Adam. But when Man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in mercy takes Contractions Limit, and of the Limit he forms Woman: That Himself may in process of time be born Man to redeem But there is no Limit of Expansion! there is no Limit of Translucence. In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity. Therefore I break thy bonds of righteousness; I crush thy messengers! That they may not crush me and mine: do thou be righteous, And I will return it; otherwise I defy thy worst revenge: Consider me as thine enemy: on me turn all thy fury

But destroy not these little ones, nor mock the Lords anointed: Destroy not by Moral Virtue, the little ones whom he hath chosen! The little ones whom he hath chosen in preference to thee. He hath cast thee off for ever; the little ones he hath anointed! Thy Selfhood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence

So Los spoke: then turn'd his face & wept for Albion. Albion replied. Go! Hand & Hyle! sieze the abhorred friend: As you Have siezd the Twentyfour rebellious ingratitudes; To atone for you, for spiritual death! Man lives by deaths of Men Bring him to justice before heaven here upon London stone, Between Blackheath & Hounslow, between Norwood & Finchley All that they have is mine: from my free genrous gift, They now hold all they have: ingratitude to me! To me their benefactor calls aloud for vengeance deep.

Los stood before his Furnaces awaiting the fury of the Dead: And the Divine hand was upon him, strengthening him mightily. The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath Upon the hills of Albion; Oxford groans in his iron furnace Winchester in his den & cavern; they lament against Albion: they curse their human kindness & affection They rage like wild beasts in the forests of affliction In the dreams of Ulro they repent of their human kindness.

Come up, build Babylon, Rahab is ours & all her multitudes With her in pomp and glory of victory. Depart Ye twenty-four into the deeps! let us depart to glory! Their Human majestic forms sit up upon their Couches Of death: they curb their Spectres as with iron curbs They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead, With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate, And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose.

O when shall the morning of the grave appear, and when Shall our salvation come? we sleep upon our watch We cannot awake! and our Spectres rage in the forests O God of Albion where art thou! pity the watchers! Thus mourn they. Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon The clouds of Europe & Asia, among the Serpent Temples! And Los drew his Seven Furnaces around Albions Altars And as Albion built his frozen Altars, Los built the Mundane Shell, In the Four Regions of Humanity East & West & North & South,

Till Norwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow, coverd the whole Earth.

This is the Net & Veil of Vala, among the Souls of the Dead.

[written in reverse script on illustration: Each Man is in His Spectre's power Untill the arrival of that hour, When his Humanity Awake And cast his Spectre into the Lake"]

They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion Urizen, cold & scientific: Luvah, pitying & weeping Tharmas, indolent & sullen: Urthona, doubting & despairing Victims to one another & dreadfully plotting against each other To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

They saw America clos'd out by the Oaks of the western shore; And Tharmas dash'd on the Rocks of the Altars of Victims in Mexico. If we are wrathful Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Groves If we are merciful, ourselves must suffer destruction on his Oaks! Why should we enter into our Spectres, to behold our own corruptions O God of Albion descend! deliver Jerusalem from the Oaken Groves!

Then Los grew furious raging: Why stand we here trembling around Calling on God for help; and not ourselves in whom God dwells Stretching a hand to save the falling Man: are we not Four Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity: Seeing these Heavens & Hells conglobing in the Void. Heavens over Hells Brooding in holy hypocritic lust, drinking the cries of pain From howling victims of Law: building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold. Swelld & bloated General Forms, repugnant to the Divine-Humanity, who is the Only General and Universal Form To which all Lineaments tend & seek with love & sympathy All broad & general principles belong to benevolence Who protects minute particulars, every one in their own identity. But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is closd in by deadly teeth

And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence Become a net & a trap, & every energy renderd cruel, Till the existence of friendship & benevolence is denied: The wine of the Spirit & the vineyards of the Holy-One. Here: turn into poisonous stupor & deadly intoxication: That they may be condemnd by Law & the Lamb of God be slain! And the two Sources of Life in Eternity Hunting and War, Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of corroding Hell: The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs & bosom A pretence of Art, to destroy Art: a pretence of Liberty To destroy Liberty. a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion Oshea and Caleb fight: they contend in the valleys of Peor In the terrible Family Contentions of those who love each other: The Armies of Balaam weep–no women come to the field Dead corses lay before them, & not as in Wars of old. For the Soldier who fights for Truth, calls his enemy is brother: They fight & contend for life, & not for eternal death! But here the Soldier strikes, & a dead corse falls at his feet Nor Daughter nor Sister nor Mother come forth to embosom the Slain! But Death! Eternal Death! remains in the Valleys of Peor. The English are scatterd over the face of the Nations: are these Jerusalems children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night We smell the blood of the English! we delight in their blood on our Altars!

The living & the dead shall be ground in our rumbling Mills For bread of the Sons of Albion: of the Giants Hand & Scofield Scofeld & Kox are let loose upon my Saxons! they accumulate

A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man, In pride of Selfhood unwieldy stretching out into Non Entity Generalizing Art & Science till Art & Science is lost. Bristol & Bath, listen to my words, & ye Seventeen: give ear! It is easy to acknowledge a man to be great & good while we Derogate from him in the trifles & small articles of that goodness: Those alone are his friends, who admire his minutest powers Instead of Albions lovely mountains & the curtains of Jerusalem I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginative: Instead of the Mutual Forgivenesses, the Minute Particulars, I see Pits of bitumen ever burning: artificial Riches of the Canaanite Like Lakes of liquid lead: instead of heavenly Chapels, built By our dear Lord: I see Worlds crusted with snows & ice; I see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalems children. I see The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian: By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality & Negation. Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non Entity I see America closd apart, & Jerusalem driven in terror Away from Albions mountains, far away from Londons spires! I will not endure this thing! I alone withstand to death, This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me! Ah me! pitiable ones! do you also go to deaths vale? All you my Friends & Brothers! all you my beloved Companions! Have you also caught the infection of Sin & stern Repentance? I see Disease arise upon you! yet speak to me and give Me some comfort: why do you all stand silent? I alone Remain in permanent strength. Or is all this goodness & pity, only That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulcher.

So Los spoke. Pale they stood around the House of Death: In the midst of temptations & despair: among the rooted Oaks: Among reared Rocks of Albions Sons, at length they rose With one accord in love sublime, & as on Cherubs wings They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back Against his will thro Los's Gate to Eden: Fourfold; loud! Their Wings waving over the bottomless Immense: to bear Their awful charge back to his native home: but Albion dark, Repugnant; rolld his Wheels backward into Non-Entity Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion into the World of Death And all the Gate of Los, clouded with clouds redounding from Albions dread Wheels, stretching out spaces immense between That every little particle of light & air, became Opake Black & immense, a Rock of difficulty & a Cliff Of black despair; that the immortal Wings labourd against Cliff after cliff, & over Valleys of despair & death: The narrow Sea between Albion & the Atlantic Continent: Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean bottomless, Of grey obscurity, filld with clouds & rocks & whirling waters And Albions Sons ascending & descending in the horrid Void.

But as the Will must not be bended but in the day of Divine Power: silent calm & motionless, in the mid-air sublime, The Family Divine hover around the darkend Albion. Such is the nature of the Ulro: that whatever enters: Becomes Sexual, & is Created, and Vegetated, and Born. From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion In dreadful pain the Spectrous Uncircumcised Vegetation. Forming a Sexual Machine: an Aged Virgin Form. In Erins Land toward the north, joint after joint & burning In love & jealousy immingled & calling it Religion And feeling the damps of death they with one accord delegated Los Conjuring him by the Highest that he should Watch over them Till Jesus shall appear: & they gave their power to Los Naming him the Spirit of Prophecy, calling him Elijah

Strucken with Albions disease they become what they behold; They assimilate with Albion in pity & compassion; Their Emanations return not: their Spectres rage in the Deep The Slumbers of Death came over them around the Couch of Death Before the Gate of Los & in the depths of Non Entity Among the Furnaces of Los: among the Oaks of Albion.

Man is adjoind to Man by his Emanative portion: Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man: and her Shadow is Vala, builded by the Reasoning power in Man O search & see: turn your eyes inward: open O thou World Of Love & Harmony in Man: expand thy ever lovely Gates.

They wept into the deeps a little space at length was heard The voice of Bath, faint as the voice of the Dead in the House of Death Bath, healing City! whose wisdom in midst of Poetic Fervor: mild spoke thro' the Western Porch, in soft gentle tears

O Albion mildest Son of Eden! clos'd is thy Western Gate Brothers of Eternity! this Man whose great example We all admir'd & lov'd, whose all benevolent countenance, seen In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy The tear: and the confession of honesty, open & undisguis'd From mistrust and suspition. The Man is himself become A piteous example of oblivion. To teach the Sons Of Eden, that however great and glorious; however loving And merciful the Individuality; however high Our palaces and cities, and however fruitful are our fields In Selfhood, we are nothing: but fade away in mornings breath, Our mildness is nothing: the greatest mildness we can use Is incapable and nothing! none but the Lamb of God can heal This dread disease: none but Jesus! O Lord descend and save! Albions Western Gate is clos'd: his death is coming apace! Jesus alone can save him; for alas we none can know How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep Rose in the night of Beulah, and bound down the Sun & Moon His friends cut his strong chains, & overwhelm'd his dark Machines in fury & destruction, and the Man reviving repented He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate For their well timed wrath. But Albions sleep is not Like Africa's: and his machines are woven with his life Nothing but mercy can save him! nothing but mercy interposing Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy O God descend! gather our brethren, deliver Jerusalem But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit Oxford take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life: with eloquence That thy immortal tongue inspires; present them to Albion: Perhaps he may recieve them, offerd from thy loved hands.

So spoke, unheard by Albion. the merciful Son of Heaven To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping Around Albion: but Albion heard him not; obdurate! hard! He frown'd on all his Friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow

And the Seventeen conjoining with Bath, the Seventh: In whom the other Ten shone manifest, a Divine Vision! Assimilated and embrac'd Eternal Death for Albions sake. And these the names of the Eighteen combining with those Ten Bath, mild Physician of Eternity, mysterious power Whose springs are unsearchable & knowledg infinite. Hereford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands Builded the mountain palaces of Eden, stupendous works! Lincoln, Durham & Carlisle, Councellors of Los. And Ely, Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand Dare touch! Oxford, immortal Bard! with eloquence Divine, he wept over Albion: speaking the words of God In mild perswasion: bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.

Thou art in Error Albion, the Land of Ulro: One Error not remov'd, will destroy a human Soul Repose in Beulahs night, till the Error is remov'd Reason not on both sides. Repose upon our bosoms Till the Plow of Jehovah, and the Harrow of Shaddai Have passed over the Dead, to awake the Dead to Judgment. But Albion turn'd away refusing comfort.

Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms Of Norwich, Peterboro, Rochester, Chester awful, Worcester, Litchfield, Saint Davids, Landaff, Asaph, Bangor, Sodor, Bowing their heads devoted: and the Furnaces of Los Began to rage, thundering loud the storms began to roar Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebellow beneath And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appear'd fourfold: Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another Alas!—The time will come, when a mans worst enemies Shall be those of his own house and family: in a Religion Of Generation, to destroy by Sin and Atonement, happy Jerusalem, The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God thou art Not an Avenger!

[When Albion utterd his last words Hope is banishd from me]

From Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along,

Where Los's Furnaces stand, where Jerusalem & Vala howl: Luvah tore forth from Albions Loins, in fibrous veins, in rivers Of blood over Europe: a Vegetating Root in grinding pain. Animating the Dragon Temples, soon to become that Holy Fiend The Wicker Man of Scandinavia in which cruelly consumed The Captives reard to heaven howl in flames among the stars Loud the cries of War on the Rhine & Danube, with Albions Sons, Away from Beulahs hills & vales break forth the Souls of the Dead, With cymbal, trumpet, clarion; & the scythed chariots of Britain.

And the Veil of Vala, is composed of the Spectres of the Dead

Hark! the mingling cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion Hark! & Record the terrible wonder! that the Punisher Mingles with his Victims Spectre, enslaved and tormented To him whom he has murderd, bound in vengeance & enmity Shudder not, but Write, & the hand of God will assist you! Therefore I write Albions last words. Hope is banish'd from me. These were his last words, and the merciful Saviour in his arms Reciev'd him, in the arms of tender mercy and repos'd The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality Upon the Rock of Ages. Then, surrounded with a Cloud: In silence the Divine Lord builded with immortal labour, Of gold & jewels a sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose, With Sixteen pillars: canopied with emblems & written verse. Spiritual Verse, order'd & measur'd, from whence, time shall reveal. The Five books of the Decalogue, the books of Joshua & Judges, Samuel, a double book & Kings, a double book, the Psalms & Prophets

The Fourfold Gospel, and the Revelations everlasting Eternity groan'd & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earths central joint, There is a place where Contrarieties are equally true: (To protect from the Giant blows in the sports of intellect, Thunder in the midst of kindness, & love that kills its beloved: Because Death is for a period, and they renew tenfold.) From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem With pangs she forsook Beulah's pleasant lovely shadowy Universe Where no dispute can come; created for those who Sleep.

Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah Wept for their Sister the Daughter of Albion, Jerusalem: When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended With solemn mourning out of Beulahs moony shades and hills: Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

And this the manner of the terrible Separation The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion Concenter in one Female form an Aged pensive Woman. Astonish'd! lovely! embracing the sublime shade: the Daughters of Beulah

Beheld her with wonder! With awful hands she took A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions And many sorrows: oblique across the Atlantic Vale Which is the Vale of Rephaim dreadful from East to West, Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold, a mild Reflection from Albions dread Tomb. Eight thousand and five hundred years In its extension. Every two hundred years has a door to Eden She also took an Atom of Space, with dire pain opening it a Center Into Beulah: trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried Her tears. she ardent embrac'd her sorrows. occupied in labours Of sublime mercy in Rephaims Vale. Perusing Albions Tomb She sat: she walk'd among the ornaments solemn mourning. The Daughters attended her shudderings, wiping the death sweat Los also saw her in his seventh Furnace, he also terrified Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace: Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place. When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion. Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud, Female and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form Writhing in pain. The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms reciev'd Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin, In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wail night & day.

And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, in soft tears

Albion the Vortex of the Dead!Albion the Generous! Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice! Where Friends Die for each other: will become the Place, Of Murder, & Unforgiving, Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies The Children must be sacrific'd! (a horror never known Till now in Beulah.) unless a Refuge can be found To hide them from the wrath of Albions Law that freezes sore Upon his Sons & Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albions Mountains To give a Place for Redemption, let Sihon and Og Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

The secret coverts of Albion & the hidden places of America Jerusalem Jerusalem! why wilt thou turn away Come ye O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og & Sihon Upon the Lakes of Ireland from Rathlin to Baltimore: Stand ye upon the Dargle from Wicklow to Drogheda Come & mourn over Albion the White Cliff of the Atlantic The Mountain of Giants: all the Giants of Albion are become Weak! witherd! darkend! & Jerusalem is cast forth from Albion. They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shiloh The Gigantic roots & twigs of the vegetating Sons of Albion Filld with the little-ones are consumed in the Fires of their Altars The vegetating Cities are burned & consumed from the Earth: And the Bodies in which all Animals & Vegetations, the Earth & Heaven

Were containd in the All Glorious Imagination are witherd & darkend; The golden Gate of Havilah, and all the Garden of God,

Was caught up with the Sun in one day of fury and war:

The Lungs, the Heart, the Liver, shrunk away far distant from Man And left a little slimy substance floating upon the tides.

In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon, And became an Opake Globe far distant clad with moony beams.

The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,

Are become weak Visions of Time & Space, fix'd into furrows of death;

Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left O Polypus of Death O Spectre over Europe and Asia

Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin

By Laws of Chastity & Abhorrence I am witherd up.

Striving to Create a Heaven in which all shall be pure & holy

In their Own Selfhoods, in Natural Selfish Chastity to banish Pity

And dear Mutual Forgiveness; & to become One Great Satan Inslavd to the most powerful Selfhood: to murder the Divine Humanity

In whose sight all are as the dust & who chargeth his Angels with folly!

Ah! weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form! Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground! The Eye of Man, a little narrow orb, closd up & dark, Scarcely beholding the Great Light; conversing with the [Void]: The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out True Harmonies, & comprehending great, as very small: The Nostrils, bent down to the earth & clos'd with senseless flesh. That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult: The Tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloys, A little sound it utters, & its cries are faintly heard. Therefore they are removed: therefore they have taken root In Egypt & Philistea: in Moab & Edom & Aram: In the Erythrean Sea their Uncircu[m]cision in Heart & Loins Be lost for ever & ever. then they shall arise from Self, By Self Annihilation into Jerusalems Courts & into Shiloh Shiloh the Masculine Emanation among the Flowers of Beulah Lo Shiloh dwells over France, as Jerusalem dwells over Albion Build & prepare a Wall & Curtain for Americas shore! Rush on: Rush on! Rush on! ye vegetating Sons of Albion The Sun shall go before you in Day: the Moon shall go Before you in Night. Come on! Come on! Come on! The Lord Jehovah is before, behind, above, beneath, around He has builded the arches of Albions Tomb binding the Stars In merciful Order, bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace. He hath placed Og & Anak, the Giants of Albion for their Guards: Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor: the Body Of Divine Analogy; and Og & Sihon in the tears of Balaam The Son of Beor, have given their power to Joshua & Caleb. Remove from Albion, far remove these terrible surfaces. They are beginning to form Heavens & Hells in immense Circles: the Hells for food to the Heavens: food of torment, Food of despair: they drink the condemnd Soul & rejoice In cruel holiness, in their Heavens of Chastity & Uncircumcision Yet they are blameless & Iniquity must be imputed only To the State they are enterd into that they may be deliverd: Satan is the State of Death, & not a Human existence: But Luvah is named Satan, because he has enterd that State. A World where Man is by Nature the enemy of Man Because the Evil is Created into a State. that Men May be deliverd time after time evermore. Amen. Learn therefore O Sisters to distinguish the Eternal Human That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss & woe Alternate! from those States or Worlds in which the Spirit travels: This is the only means to Forgiveness of Enemies Therefore remove from Albion these terrible Surfaces And let wild seas & rocks close up Jerusalem away from

The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect; Now given to stony Druids, and Allegoric Generation To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep: Sway'd by a Providence oppos'd to the Divine Lord Jesus: A murderous Providence! A Creation that groans, living on Death. Where Fish & Bird & Beast & Man & Tree & Metal & Stone Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually: Albion is now possess'd by the War of Blood! the Sacrifice Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out: Come Lord Jesus, Lamb of God descend! for if; O Lord! If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died. Arise sisters! Go ye & meet the Lord, while I remain— Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albions cliffs! Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them: She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin A Self-righteousness: the proud Virgin-Harlot! Mother of War! And we also & all Beulah, consume beneath Albions curse.

So Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering With their wings they sat in the Furnace, in a night Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appeard distant stars, Ascending and descending into Albions sea of death. And Erins lovely Bow enclos'd the Wheels of Albions Sons.

Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response Come O thou Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin To Sin & to hide the Sin in sweet deceit. is lovely!! To Sin in the open face of day is cruel & pitiless! But To record the Sin for a reproach: to let the Sun go down In a remembrance of the Sin: is a Woe & a Horror! A brooder of an Evil Day, and a Sun rising in blood Come then O Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin

* * *End of Chap. 2d. * * *

To the Deists

The Spiritual States of the Soul are all Eternal Distinguish between the Man, & his present State

He never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher of Natural Morality or Natural Religion. he is a flatterer who means to betray, to perpetuate Tyrant Pride & the Laws of that Babylon which he foresees shall shortly be destroyed, with the Spiritual and not the Natural Sword: He is in the State named Rahab: which State must be put off before he can be the Friend of Man.

You O Deists profess yourselves the Enemies of Christianity: and you are so: you are also the Enemies of the Human Race & of Universal Nature. Man is born a Spectre or Satan & is altogether an Evil, & requires a New Selfhood continually & must continually be changed into his direct Contrary. But your Greek Philosophy (which is a remnant of Druidism) teaches that Man is Righteous in his Vegetated Spectre: an Opinion of fatal & accursed consequence to Man, as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation to the intire abrogation of Experimental Theory. and many believed what they saw, and Prophecied of Jesus.

Man must & will have Some Religion; if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the Synagogue of Satan. calling the Prince of this World, God; and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God. Will any one say: Where are those who worship Satan under the Name of God! Where are they? Listen! Every Religion that Preaches Vengeance for Sins the Religion of the Enemy & Avenger; and not the Forgiver of Sin, and their God is Satan, Named by the Divine Name Your Religion O Deists: Deism, is the Worship of the God of this World by the means of what you call Natural Religion and Natural Philosophy, and of Natural Morality or Self-Righteousness, the Selfish Virtues of the Natural Heart. This was the Religion of the Pharises who murderd Jesus. Deism is the same & ends in the same.

Voltaire Rousseau Gibbon Hume. charge the Spiritually Religious with Hypocrisy! but how a Monk or a Methodist either, can be a Hypocrite: I cannot concieve. We are Men of like passions with others & pretend not to be holier than others: therefore, when a Religious Man falls into Sin, he ought not to be calld a Hypocrite: this title is more properly to be given to a Player who falls into Sin; whose profession is Virtue & Morality & the making Men Self-Righteous. Foote in calling Whitefield, Hypocrite: was himself one: for Whitefield pretended not to be holier than others: but confessed his Sins before all the World; Voltaire! Rousseau! You cannot escape my charge that you are Pharisees & Hypocrites, for you are constantly talking of the Virtues of the Human Heart, and particularly of your own, that you may accuse others & especially the Religious, whose errors, you by this display of pretended Virtue, chiefly design to expose. Rousseau thought Men Good by Nature; he found them Evil & found no friend. Friendship cannot exist without Forgiveness of Sins continually. The Book written by Rousseau calld his Confessions is an apology & cloke for his sin & not a confession.

But you also charge the poor Monks & Religious with being the causes of War: while you acquit & flatter the Alexanders & Caesars, the Lewis's & Fredericks: who alone are its causes & its actors. But the Religion of Jesus, Forgiveness of Sin, can never be the cause of a War nor of a single Martyrdom.

Those who Martyr others or who cause War are Deists, but never can be Forgivers of Sin. The Glory of Christianity is, To Conquer by Forgiveness. All the Destruction therefore, in Christian Europe as arisen from Deism, which is Natural Religion.

I saw a Monk of Charlemaine Arise before my sight I talkd with the Grey Monk as we stood In beams of infernal light

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel And Voltaire with a wracking wheel The Schools in clouds of learning rolld Arose with War in iron & gold. Thou lazy Monk they sound afar In vain condemning glorious War And in your Cell you shall ever dwell Rise War & bind him in his Cell.

The blood. red ran from the Grey Monks side

His hands & feet were wounded wide His body bent, his arms & knees Like to the roots of ancient trees

When Satan first the black bow bent And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent He forgd the Law into a Sword And spilld the blood of mercys Lord.

Titus! Constantine! Charlemaine! O Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! Vain Your Grecian Mocks & Roman Sword Against this image of his Lord! For a Tear is an Intellectual thing; And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King And the bitter groan of a Martyrs woe Is an Arrow from the Almighties Bow!

Chap: 3

But Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona Wept vehemently over Albion where Thames currents spring From the rivers of Beulah; pleasant river! soft, mild, parent stream And the roots of Albions Tree enterd the Soul of Los As he sat before his Furnaces clothd in sackcloth of hair In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation; Inclosing all the Children of Los time after time. Their Giant forms condensing into Nations & Peoples & Tongues Translucent the Furnaces, of Beryll & Emerald immortal: And Seven-fold each within other: incomprehensible To the Vegetated Mortal Eye's perverted & single vision The Bellows are the Animal Lungs. the hammers, the Animal Heart The Furnaces, the Stomach for Digestion; terrible their fury Like seven burning heavens rang'd from South to North

Here on the banks of the Thames, Los builded Golgonooza,

Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart, beneath Beulah In the midst of the rocks of the Altars of Albion. In fears He builded it, in rage & in fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold London: continually building & continually decaying desolate! In eternal labours: loud the Furnaces & loud the Anvils Of Death thunder incessant around the flaming Couches of The Twentyfour Friends of Albion and round the awful Four For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons The Mystic Union of the Emanation in the Lord; Because Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre His Emanation is an ever-weeping melancholy Shadow But she is made receptive of Generation thro' mercy In the Potters Furnace, among the Funeral Urns of Beulah From Surrey hills, thro' Italy and Greece, to Hinnoms vale. In Great Eternity, every particular Form gives forth or Emanates Its own peculiar Light, & the Form is the Divine Vision And the Light is his Garment This is Jerusalem in every Man A Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness Male & Female Clothings.

And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion

But Albion fell down a Rocky fragment from Eternity hurld By his own Spectre, who is the Reasoning Power in every Man Into his own Chaos which is the Memory between Man & Man

The silent broodings of deadly revenge springing from the All powerful parental affection, fills Albion from head to foot Seeing his Sons assimilate with Luvah, bound in the bonds Of spiritual Hate, from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains: He tosses like a Cloud outstretchd among Jerusalems Ruins Which overspread all the Earth, he groans among his ruind porches

[Inscribed on image:]

Reason Pity Wrath This World

Desire

But the Spectre like a hoar frost & a Mildew rose over Albion Saying, I am God O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power! Am I not Bacon & Newton & Locke who teach Humility to Man! Who teach Doubt & Experiment & my two Wings Voltaire: Rousseau. Where is that Friend of Sinners! that Rebel against my Laws! Who teaches Belief to the Nations, & an unknown Eternal Life Come hither into the Desart & turn these stones to bread. Vain foolish Man! wilt thou believe without Experiment? And build a World of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss! A World of Shapes in craving lust & devouring appetite

So spoke the hard cold constrictive Spectre he is named Arthur Constricting into Druid Rocks round Canaan Agag & Aram & Pharoh

Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears But she stretchd out her starry Night in Spaces against him. like A long Serpent, in the Abyss of the Spectre which augmented The Night with Dragon wings coverd with stars & in the Wings Jerusalem & Vala appeard: & above between the Wings magnificent The Divine Vision dimly appeard in clouds of blood weeping.

When those who disregard all Mortal Things, saw a Mighty-One Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength They wonderd; checking their wild flames & Many gathering Together into an Assembly; they said, let us go down And see these changes! Others said, If you do so prepare For being driven from our fields, what have we to do with the Dead? To be their inferiors or superiors we equally abhor; Superior, none we know: inferior none: all equal share Divine Benevolence & joy, for the Eternal Man Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends: Forbidding us that Veil which Satan puts between Eve & Adam By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones & gold To sieze the Sons of Jerusalem & plant them in One Mans Loins To make One Family of Contraries: that Joseph may be sold Into Egypt: for Negation; a Veil the Saviour born & dying rends.

But others said: Let us to him who only Is, & who Walketh among us, give decision. bring forth all your fires! So saying, an eternal deed was done: in fiery flames The Universal Conc[l]ave raged, such thunderous sounds as never Were sounded from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old Nor in Havilah where the Cherub rolld his redounding flame.

Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the Forests Rivers thunderd against their banks, loud Winds furious fought Cities & Nations contended in fires & clouds & tempests. The Seas raisd up their voices & lifted their hands on high The Stars in their courses fought. the Sun! Moon! Heaven! Earth. Contending for Albion & for Jerusalem his Emanation And for Shiloh, the Emanation of France & for lovely Vala.

Then far the greatest number were about to make a Separation And they Elected Seven, calld the Seven Eyes of God; Lucifer, Molech, Elohim, Shaddai, Pahad, Jehovah, Jesus. They namd the Eighth. he came not, he hid in Albions Forests But first they said: (& their Words stood in Chariots in array Curbing their Tygers with golden bits & bridles of silver & ivory)

Let the Human Organs be kept in their perfect Integrity At will Contracting into Worms, or Expanding into Gods And then behold! what are these Ulro Visions of Chastity Then as the moss upon the tree: or dust upon the plow: Or as the sweat upon the labouring shoulder: or as the chaff Of the wheat-floor or as the dregs of the sweet wine-press Such are these Ulro Visions, for tho we sit down within The plowed furrow, listning to the weeping clods till we Contract or Expand Space at will: or if we raise ourselves Upon the chariots of the morning. Contracting or Expanding Time! Every one knows, we are One Family! One Man blessed for ever Silence remaind & every one resumd his Human Majesty And many conversed on these things as they labourd at the furrow Saying:

It is better to prevent misery, than to release from misery It is better to prevent error, than to forgive the criminal: Labour well the Minute Particulars, attend to the Little-ones: And those who are in misery cannot remain so long If we do but our duty: labour well the teeming Earth.

They Plow'd in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven

Crying: Compell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unhewn Demonstrations

Let the Indefinite be explored. and let every Man be judged By his own Works, Let all Indefinites be thrown into Demonstrations To be pounded to dust & melted in the Furnaces of Affliction: He who would do good to another, must do it in Minute Particulars

General Good is the plea of the scoundrel hypocrite flatterer:

For Art & Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars And not in generalizing Demonstrations of the Rational Power. The Infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of Falshood continually

On Circumcision: not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion

So cried they at the Plow. Albions Rock frowned above And the Great Voice of Eternity rolled above terrible in clouds Saying Who will go forth for us! & Who shall we send before our face?

Then Los heaved his thund'ring Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex And thus he chaunted his Song: the Daughters of Albion reply.

What may Man be? who can tell! But what may Woman be? To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave. He who is an Infant, and whose Cradle is a Manger Knoweth the Infant sorrow: whence it came, and where it goeth: And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away. This World is all a Cradle for the erred wandering Phantom: Rock'd by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments Between, dwells a Daughter of Beulah, to feed the Human Vegetable Entune: Daughters of Albion. your hymning Chorus mildly! Cord of affection thrilling extatic on the iron Reel: To the golden Loom of Love! to the moth-labourd Woof A Garment and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror: For fear; at entering the gate into our World of cruel Lamentation: it flee back & hide in Non-Entitys dark wild Where dwells the Spectre of Albion: destroyer of Definite Form. The Sun shall be a Scythed Chariot of Britain: the Moon; a Ship In the British Ocean! Created by Los's Hammer; measured out Into Days & Nights & Years & Months. to travel with my feet Over these desolate rocks of Albion: O daughters of despair! Rock the Cradle, and in mild melodies tell me where found What you have enwoven with so much tears & care? so much Tender artifice: to laugh: to weep: to learn: to know; Remember! recollect! what dark befel in wintry days

O it was lost for ever! and we found it not: it came And wept at our wintry Door: Look! look! behold! Gwendolen Is become a Clod of Clay! Merlin is a Worm of the Valley! Then Los uttered with Hammer & Anvil: Chaunt! revoice! I mind not your laugh: and your frown I not fear! and You must my dictate obey from your gold-beam'd Looms; trill Gentle to Albions Watchman, on Albions mountains; reeccho And rock the Cradle while! Ah me! Of that Eternal Man And of the cradled Infancy in his bowels of compassion: Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry & became Subservient to the clods of the furrow! the cattle and even The emmet and earth-Worm are his superiors & his lords.

Then the response came warbling from trilling Looms in Albion We Women tremble at the light therefore: hiding fearful The Divine Vision with Curtain & Veil & fleshly Tabernacle Los utter'd: swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains Look back into the Church Paul! Look! Three Women around The Cross! O Albion why didst thou a Female Will Create?

And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh. Cry Over the Plow of Nations in the strong hand of Albion thundering along

Among the Fires of the Druid & the deep black rethundering Waters Of the Atlantic which poured in impetuous loud loud. louder & louder. And the Great Voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Altars: Weeping over his Children in Stone-henge in Maiden & Colchester. Round the Rocky Peak of Derbyshire London Stone & Rosamonds Bower

What is a Wife & what is a Harlot? What is a Church? & What Is a Theatre? are they Two & not One? can they Exist Separate? Are not Religion & Politics the Same Thing? Brotherhood is Religion O Demonstrations of Reason Dividing Families in Cruelty & Pride!

But Albion fled from the Divine Vision, with the Plow of Nations enflaming

The Living Creatures maddend and Albion fell into the Furrow, and The Plow went over him & the Living was Plowed in among the Dead But his Spectre rose over the starry Plow. Albion fled beneath the Plow

Till he came to the Rock of Ages. & he took his Seat upon the Rock. Wonder siezd all in Eternity! to behold the Divine Vision. open The Center into an Expanse, & the Center rolled out into an Expanse. In beauty the Daughters of Albion divide & unite at will Naked & drunk with blood Gwendolen dancing to the timbrel Of War: reeling up the Street of London she divides in twain Among the Inhabitants of Albion. the People fall around. The Daughters of Albion. divide & unite in jealousy & cruelty The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest & the Vintage Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples shrieking Bonifying into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal pain They flee over the rocks bonifying: Horses: Oxen: feel the knife. And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgment, bonify The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by jealousy & Pity.

Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure & affection Two Contraries War against each other in fury & blood, And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows: He fixes them with strong blows. placing the stones & timbers. To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death: Dividing the Masculine & Feminine: for the comingling Of Albions & Luvahs Spectres was Hermaphroditic

Urizen wrathful strode above directing the awful Building: As a Mighty Temple; delivering Form out of confusion Jordan sprang beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath Its pillars: Euphrates ran under its arches: white sails And silver oars reflect on its pillars, & sound on its ecchoing Pavements: where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain Ungenerate But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its porticoes, Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve And shine glorious within! Hand & Koban archd over the Sun In the hot noon, as he traveld thro his journey; Hyle & Skofield Archd over the Moon at midnight & Los Fixd them there, With his thunderous Hammer; terrified the Spectres rage & flee Canaan is his portico; Jordan is a fountain in his porch; A fountain of milk & wine to relieve the traveller: Egypt is the eight steps within. Ethiopia supports his pillars; Lybia & the Lands unknown. are the ascent without; Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art: Persia & Media are his halls: his inmost hall is Great Tartary. China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment Poland & Russia & Sweden, his soft retired chambers France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany Are the temples among his pillars. Britain is Los's Forge; America North & South are his baths of living waters.

Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void Created from the Valley of Middlesex by Londons River From Stone-henge and from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes The Four Zoa's rush around on all sides in dire ruin Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous Works! A World of Generation continually Creating; out of The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of rocky destiny. And formed into Four precious stones. for enterance from Beulah

For the Veil of Vala which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep To catch the Souls of the Dead: began to Vegetate & Petrify Around the Earth of Albion. among the Roots of his Tree This Los formed into the Gates & mighty Wall, between the Oak Of Weeping & the Palm of Suffering beneath Albions Tomb, Thus in process of time it became the beautiful Mundane Shell, The Habitation of the Spectres of the Dead & the Place Of Redemption & of awaking again into Eternity

For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic One to the North; Urthona: One to the South; Urizen: One to the East: Luvah: One to the West, Tharmas; They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine Verulam: London: York & Edinburgh: their English names But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen Southward And Albion was slain upon his Mountains & in his Tent. All fell towards the Center, sinking downwards in dire ruin, In the South remains a burning Fire: in the East. a Void In the West, a World of raging Waters: in the North; solid Darkness Unfathomable without end: but in the midst of these Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Enitharmon

And in the North Gate, in the West of the North. toward Beulah Cathedrons Looms are builded. and Los's Furnaces in the South A wondrous golden Building immense with ornaments sublime Is bright Cathedrons golden Hall, its Courts Towers & Pinnacles And one Daughter of Los sat at the fiery Reel & another Sat at the shining Loom with her Sisters attending round Terrible their distress & their sorrow cannot be utterd

And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel Endless their labour, with bitter food. void of sleep, Tho hungry they labour: they rouze themselves anxious Hour after hour labouring at the whirling Wheel Many Wheels & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work Obliterates every other evil; none pities their tears Yet they regard not pity & they expect no one to pity For they labour for life & love, regardless of any one But the poor Spectres that they work for, always incessantly They are mockd, by every one that passes by. they regard not They labour; & when their Wheels are broken by scorn & malice They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions. Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion & Pillow, Network fine That Rahab & Tirzah may exist & live & breathe & love Ah, that it could be as the Daughters of Beulah wish!

Other Daughters of Los, labouring at Looms less fine Create the Silk-worm & the Spider & the Catterpiller To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion And others Create the wooly Lamb & the downy Fowl To assist in the work: the Lamb bleats: the Sea-fowl cries Men understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow That in the Interior Worlds is carried on in fear & trembling Weaving the shuddring fears & loves of Albions Families Thunderous rage the Spindles of iron. & the iron Distaff Maddens in the fury of their hands, Weaving in bitter tears The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine twined Linen

The clouds of Albions Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven While Los sat terrified beholding Albions Spectre who is Luvah Spreading in bloody veins in torments over Europe & Asia; Not yet formed but a wretched torment unformed & abyssal In flaming fire; within the Furnaces the Divine Vision appeard On Albions hills: often walking from the Furnaces in clouds And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels Gatherd Jerusalems Children in his arms & bore them like A Shepherd in the night of Albion which overspread all the Earth

I gave thee liberty and life O lovely Jerusalem And thou hast bound me down upon the Stems of Vegetation I gave thee Sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains Jerusalem I gave thee Priams City and the Isles of Grecia lovely! I gave thee Hand & Scofield & the Counties of Albion: They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God: They were as Adam before me: united into One Man, They stood in innocence & their skiey tent reachd over Asia To Nimrods Tower to Ham & Canaan walking with Mizraim Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia And sweet Hesperia even to Great Chaldea & Tesshina Following thee as a Shepherd by the Four Rivers of Eden Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem? And build this Babylon & sacrifice in secret Groves, Among the Gods of Asia: among the fountains of pitch & nitre Therefore thy Mountains are become barren Jerusalem! Thy Valleys, Plains of burning sand. thy Rivers: waters of death Thy Villages die of the Famine and thy Cities Beg bread from house to house, lovely Jerusalem Why wilt thou deface thy beauty & the beauty of thy little-ones To please thy Idols, in the pretended chastities of Uncircumcision Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria; wherefore Dost thou blacken their beauty by a Secluded place of rest. And a peculiar Tabernacle, to cut the integuments of beauty Into veils of tears and sorrows O lovely Jerusalem! They have perswaded 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, closd in the Dungeons of Babylon Her Form was held by Beulahs Daughters. but all within unseen She sat at the Mills, her hair unbound her feet naked Cut with the flints: her tears run down, her reason grows like The Wheel of Hand. incessant turning day & night without rest Insane she raves upon the winds hoarse, inarticulate: All night Vala hears. she triumphs in pride of holiness To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows Of despair. while the Satanic Holiness triumphd in Vala In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness Both of the Head & Heart & Loins, closd up in Moral Pride.

But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem. oft she saw The lineaments Divine & oft the Voice heard, & oft she said: O Lord & Saviour, have the Gods of the Heathen pierced thee? Or hast thou been pierced in the House of thy Friends? Art thou alive! & livest thou forevermore? or art thou Not: but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not. Babel mocks saying, there is no God nor Son of God That thou O Human Imagination, O Divine Body art all A delusion. but I know thee O Lord when thou arisest upon My weary eyes even in this dungeon & this iron mill. The Stars of Albion cruel rise; thou bindest to sweet influences: For thou also sufferest with me altho I behold thee not: And altho I sin & blaspheme thy holy name, thou pitiest me; Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills. And by these visions of pity & love because of Albions death. Thus spake Jerusalem, & thus the Divine Voice replied.

Mild Shade of Man, pitiest thou these Visions of terror & woe! Give forth thy pity & love. fear not! lo I am with thee always. Only believe in me that I have power to raise from death Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion: fear not trembling Shade Behold: in the Visions of Elohim Jehovah, behold Joseph & Mary And be comforted O Jerusalem in the Visions of Jehovah Elohim

She looked & saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth & Mary His espoused Wife. And Mary said, If thou put me away from thee Dost thou not murder me? Joseph spoke in anger & fury. Should I Marry a Harlot & an Adulteress? Mary answerd, Art thou more pure Than thy Maker who forgiveth Sins & calls again Her that is Lost Tho She hates. he calls her again in love. I love my dear Joseph But he driveth me away from his presence. yet I hear the voice of God In the voice of my Husband. tho he is angry for a moment, he will not Utterly cast me away. if I were pure, never could I taste the sweets Of the Forgive[ne]ss of Sins! if I were holy! I never could behold the tears

Of love! of him who loves me in the midst of his anger in furnace of fire.

Ah my Mary: said Joseph: weeping over & embracing her closely in His arms: Doth he forgive Jerusalem & not exact Purity from her who is

Polluted. I heard his voice in my sleep O his Angel in my dream: Saying, Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall Be Payed? Doth he Forgive Pollution only on conditions of Purity That Debt is not Forgiven! That Pollution is not Forgiven Such is the Forgiveness of the Gods, the Moral Virtues of the Heathen, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty. But Jehovahs Salvation Is without Money & without Price, in the Continual Forgiveness of Sins

In the Perpetual Mutual Sacrifice in Great Eternity! for behold! There is none that liveth & Sinneth not! And this is the Covenant Of Jehovah: If you Forgive one-another, so shall Jehovah Forgive You:

That He Himself may Dwell among You. Fear not then to take To thee Mary thy Wife, for she is with Child by the Holy Ghost

Then Mary burst forth into a Song! she flowed like a River of Many Streams in the arms of Joseph & gave forth her tears of joy Like many waters, and Emanating into gardens & palaces upon Euphrates & to forests & floods & animals wild & tame from Gihon to Hiddekel, & to corn fields & villages & inhabitants Upon Pison & Arnon & Jordan. And I heard the voice among The Reapers Saying, Am I Jerusalem the lost Adulteress? or am I Babylon come up to Jerusalem? And another voice answerd Saying Does the voice of my Lord call me again? am I pure thro his Mercy And Pity. Am I become lovely as a Virgin in his sight who am Indeed a Harlot drunken with the Sacrifice of Idols does he Call her pure as he did in the days of her Infancy when She Was cast out to the loathing of her person. The Chaldean took Me from my Cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his Camels Before I had ever beheld with love the Face of Jehovah; or known That there was a God of Mercy: O Mercy O Divine Humanity! O Forgiveness & Pity & Compassion! If I were Pure I should never Have known Thee; If I were Unpolluted I should never have Glorified thy Holiness, or rejoiced in thy great Salvation.

Mary leaned her side against Jerusalem, Jerusalem recieved The Infant into her hands in the Visions of Jehovah. Times passed on Jerusalem fainted over the Cross & Sepulcher She heard the voice Wilt thou make Rome thy Patriarch Druid & the Kings of Europe his Horsemen? Man in the Resurrection changes his Sexual Garments at will

Every Harlot was once a Virgin: every Criminal an Infant Love! Repose on me till the morning of the Grave. I am thy life. Jerusalem replied. I am an outcast: Albion is dead! I am left to the trampling foot & the spurning heel! A Harlot I am calld. I am sold from street to street! I am defaced with blows & with the dirt of the Prison! And wilt thou become my Husband O my Lord & Saviour? Shall Vala bring thee forth! shall the Chaste be ashamed also? I see the Maternal Line, I behold the Seed of the Woman! Cainah, & Ada & Zillah & Naamah Wife of Noah. Shuahs daughter & Tamar & Rahab the Canaanites: Ruth the Moabite & Bathsheba of the daughters of Heth Naamah the Ammonite, Zibeah the Philistine, & Mary These are the Daughters of Vala, Mother of the Body of death But I thy Magdalen behold thy Spiritual Risen Body Shall Albion arise? I know he shall arise at the Last Day! I know that in my flesh I shall see God: but Emanations Are weak. they know not whence they are, nor whither tend.

Jesus replied. I am the Resurrection & the Life. I Die & pass the limits of possibility, as it appears To individual perception. Luvah must be Created And Vala; for I cannot leave them in the gnawing Grave. But will prepare a way for my banished-ones to return Come now with me into the villages. walk thro all the cities. Tho thou art taken to prison & judgment, starved in the streets I will command the cloud to give thee food & the hard rock To flow with milk & wine, tho thou seest me not a season Even a long season & a hard journey & a howling wilderness! Tho Valas cloud hide thee & Luvahs fires follow thee! Only believe & trust in me, Lo. I am always with thee! So spoke the Lamb of God while Luvahs Cloud reddening above Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens & dark night Involvd Jerusalem. & the Wheels of Albions Sons turnd hoarse Over the Mountains & the fires blaz'd on Druid Altars And the Sun set in Tyburns Brook where Victims howl & cry.

But Los beheld the Divine Vision among the flames of the Furnaces Therefore he lived & breathed in hope. but his tears fell incessant Because his Children were closd from him apart: & Enitharmon Dividing in fierce pain: also the Vision of God was closd in clouds Of Albions Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat, & often ponderd On Death Eternal in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion Walking: & in the vales in howlings fierce, then to his Anvils Turning, anew began his labours, tho in terrible pains!

Jehovah stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale When the Four Zoas of Albion, the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim

Of Albion tremble before the Spectre, in the starry likeness of the Plow

Of Nations. And their Names are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona

Luvah slew Tharmas the Angel of the Tongue & Albion brought him To Justice in his own City of Paris, denying the Resurrection Then Vala the Wife of Albion, who is the Daughter of Luvah Took vengeance Twelvefold among the Chaotic Rocks of the Druids Where the Human Victims howl to the Moon & Thor & Friga Dance the dance of death contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim. The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley In the Dividing of Reuben & Benjamin bleeding from Chesters River The Giants & the Witches & the Ghosts of Albion dance with Thor & Friga, & the Fairies lead the Moon along the Valley of Cherubim

Bleeding in torrents from Mountain to Mountain, a lovely Victim And Jehovah stood in the Gates of the Victim, & 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 Druid Sons of Albion & the Heavens a Void around unfathomable No Human Form but Sexual & a little weeping Infant pale reflected Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon, on all sides Around in the clouds of the Female, on Albions Cliffs of the Dead Such the appearance in Cheviot: in the Divisions of Reuben

When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers

When the Druids demanded Chastity from Woman & all was lost.

How can the Female be Chaste O thou stupid Druid Cried Los Without the Forgiveness of Sins in the merciful clouds of Jehovah And without the Baptism of Repentance to wash away Calumnies. and The Accusations of Sin that each may be Pure in their Neighbours sight

O when shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks & Herds Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion & Canaan

Then laugh'd Gwendolen & her laughter shook the Nations & Familys of

The Dead beneath Beulah from Tyburn to Golgotha, and from Ireland to Japan. furious her Lions & Tygers & Wolves sport before Los on the Thames & Medway. London & Canterbury groan in pain Los knew not yet what was done: he thought it was all in Vision In Visions of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking-Glass of Enitharmon

He saw in Vala's hand the Druid Knife of Revenge & the Poison Cup

Of Jealousy, and thought it a Poetic Vision of the Atmospheres Till Canaan rolld apart from Albion across the Rhine: along the Danube

And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Cheviot From Bashan to Tyre & from Troy to Gaza of the Amalekite And Reuben fled with his head downwards among the Caverns Of the Mundane Shell which froze on all sides round Canaan on The vast Expanse: where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web Of Ages & Generations, folding & unfolding it, like a Veil of Cherubim

And sometimes it touches the Earths summits, & sometimes spreads Abroad into the Indefinite Spectre, who is the Rational Power.

Then All the Daughters of Albion became One before Los: even Vala! And she put forth her hand upon the Looms in dreadful howlings Till she vegetated into a hungry Stomach & a devouring Tongue. Her Hand is a Court of Justice, her Feet: two Armies in Battle Storms & Pestilence: in her Locks: & in her Loins Earthquake. And Fire. & the Ruin of Cities & Nations & Families & Tongues

She cries: The Human is but a Worm, & thou O Male: Thou art Thyself Female, a Male: a breeder of Seed: a Son & Husband: & Lo. The Human Divine is Womans Shadow, a Vapor in the summers heat Go assume Papal dignity thou Spectre, thou Male Harlot! Arthur Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote O Woman-born And Woman-nourishd & Woman-educated & Woman-scorn'd!

Wherefore art thou living? said Los, & Man cannot live in thy presence

Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah All Quarrels arise from Reasoning. the secret Murder, and The violent Man-slaughter. these are the Spectres double Cave The Sexual Death living on accusation of Sin & judgment To freeze Love & Innocence into the gold & silver of the Merchant Without Forgiveness of Sin Love is Itself Eternal Death

Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom magnificent terrific

Glittering with precious stones & gold, with Garments of blood & fire He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony Crimson with Wrath & green with jealousy dazling with Love And jealousy immingled & the purple of the violet darkend deep Over the Plow of Nations thundring in the hand of Albions Spectre

A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frowning upon Londons River And the Distaff & Spindle in the hands of Vala with the Flax of Human Miseries turnd fierce with the Lives of Men along the Valley As Reuben fled before the Daughters of Albion Taxing the Nations

Derby Peak yawnd a horrid Chasm at the Cries of Gwendolen, & at The stamping feet of Ragan upon the flaming Treddles of her Loom That drop with crimson gore with the Loves of Albion & Canaan Opening along the Valley of Rephaim, weaving over the Caves of Machpelah

To decide Two Worlds with a great decision: a World of Mercy, and A World of Justice: the World of Mercy for Salvation

To cast Luvah into the Wrath, and Albion into the Pity

In the Two Contraries of Humanity & in the Four Regions.

For in the depths of Albions bosom in the eastern heaven,

They sound the clarions strong! they chain the howling Captives! They cast the lots into the helmet: they give the oath of blood in Lambeth

They vote the death of Luvah, & they naild him to Albions Tree in Bath:

They staind him with poisonous blue, they inwove him in cruel roots To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with vegetation The sun was black & the moon rolld a useless globe thro Britain!

Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow, the loom The hammer & the chisel, & the rule & compasses; from London fleeing

They forg'd the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war & the battle-ax, The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale

And all the Arts of Life. they changd into the Arts of Death in Albion.

The hour-glass contemnd because its simple workmanship. Was like the workmanship of the plowman, & the water wheel, That raises water into cisterns: broken & burnd with fire: Because its workmanship. was like the workmanship of the shepherd. And in their stead, intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel: To perplex youth in their outgoings, & to bind to labours in Albion Of day & night the myriads of eternity that they may grind And polish brass & iron hour after hour laborious task! Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of bread: In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All, And call it Demonstration: blind to all the simple rules of life.

Now: now the battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala Now smile among thy bitter tears: now put on all thy beauty Is not the wound of the sword sweet! & the broken bone delightful? Wilt thou now smile among the scythes when the wounded groan in the field

We were carried away in thousands from London; & in tens Of thousands from Westminster & Marybone in ships closd up: Chaind hand & foot, compelld to fight under the iron whips Of our captains; fearing our officers more than the enemy.

Lift up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes:

O melancholy Magdalen behold the morning over Malden break; Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulcher of Canterbury. Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver locks:

Shake off the waters from thy wings! & the dust from thy white garments

Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch of Lambeths Vale

When the sun rose in glowing morn, with arms of mighty hosts Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizens harps Girt as a sower with his seed to scatter life abroad over Albion: Arise O Vala! bring the bow of Urizen: bring the swift arrows of light. How rag'd the golden horses of Urizen, compelld to the chariot of love! Compelld to leave the plow to the ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation

To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings: this is no gentle harp This is no warbling brook, nor shadow of a mirtle tree: But blood and wounds and dismal cries, and shadows of the oak: And hearts laid open to the light, by the broad grizly sword: And bowels hid in hammerd steel rip'd quivering on the ground. Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit: call forth thy cloudy tears: We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.

So sang the Spectre Sons of Albion round Luvahs Stone of Trial: Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Salisbury: Drinking his Emanation in intoxicating bliss rejoicing in Giant dance; For a Spectre has no Emanation but what he imbibes from decieving A Victim! Then he becomes her Priest & she his Tabernacle. And his Oak Grove, till the Victim rend the woven Veil. In the end of his sleep when Jesus calls him from his grave

Howling the Victims on the Druid Altars yield their souls To the stern Warriors: lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims; Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication. hence arose from Bath Soft deluding odours, in spiral volutions intricately winding Over Albions mountains, a feminine indefinite cruel delusion. Astonishd: terrified & in pain & torment. Sudden they behold Their own Parent the Emanation of their murderd Enemy Become their Emanation and their Temple and Tabernacle They knew not. this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala Albions Wife.

Terrified at the sight of the Victim: at his distorted sinews! The tremblings of Vala vibrate thro' the limbs of Albions Sons: While they rejoice over Luvah in mockery & bitter scorn: Sudden they become like what they behold in howlings & deadly pain. Spasms smite their features, sinews & limbs: pale they look on one another.

They turn, contorted: their iron necks bend unwilling towards Luvah: their lips tremble: their muscular fibres are crampd & smitten They become like what they behold! Yet immense in strength & power,

In awful pomp & gold, in all the precious unhewn stones of Eden They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury; with chains

Of rocks round London Stone: of Reasonings: of unhewn Demonstrations

In labyrinthine arches. (Mighty Urizen the Architect.) thro which The Heavens might revolve & Eternity be bound in their chain. Labour unparallelld! a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny Rocks piled on rocks reaching the stars: stretching from pole to pole. The Building is Natural Religion & its Altars Natural Morality A building of eternal death: whose proportions are eternal despair Here Vala stood turning the iron Spindle of destruction From heaven to earth: howling! invisible! but not invisible Her Two Covering Cherubs afterwards named Voltaire & Rousseau: Two frowning Rocks: on each side of the Cove & Stone of Torture: Frozen Sons of the feminine Tabernacle of Bacon, Newton & Locke. For Luvah is France: the Victim of the Spectres of Albion.

Los beheld in terror: he pour'd his loud storms on the Furnaces: The Daughters of Albion clothed in garments of needle work Strip them off from their shoulders and bosoms, they lay aside Their garments; they sit naked upon the Stone of trial. The Knife of flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood Gushes & stains the fair side of the fair Daug[h]ters of Albion. They put aside his curls; they divide his seven locks upon His forehead: they bind his forehead with thorns of iron They put into his hand a reed, they mock: Saying: Behold The King of Canaan whose are seven hundred chariots of iron! They take off his vesture whole with their Knives of flint: But they cut as under his inner garments: searching with Their cruel fingers for his heart, & there they enter in pomp, In many tears; & there they erect a temple & an altar: They pour cold water on his brain in front, to cause. Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears: and caverns To freeze over his nostrils, while they feed his tongue from cups And dishes of painted clay. Glowing with beauty & cruelty: They obscure the sun & the moon; no eye can look upon them.

Ah! alas! at the sight of the Victim, & at sight of those who are smitten,

All who see. become what they behold. their eyes are coverd With veils of tears and their nostrils & tongues shrunk up Their ear bent outwards. as their Victim, so are they in the pangs Of unconquerable fear! amidst delights of revenge Earth-shaking! And as their eye & ear shrunk, the heavens shrunk away The Divine Vision became First a burning flame, then a column Of fire, then an awful fiery wheel surrounding earth & heaven: And then a globe of blood wandering distant in all unknown night: Afar into the unknown night the mountains fled away: Six months of mortality; a summer: & six months of mortality; a winter:

The Human form began to be alterd by the Daughters of Albion And the perceptions to be dissipated into the Indefinite. Becoming A mighty Polypus nam'd Albions Tree: they tie the Veins And Nerves into two knots: & the Seed into a double knot: They look forth: the Sun is shrunk: the Heavens are shrunk Away into the far remote: and the Trees & Mountains witherd Into indefinite cloudy shadows in darkness & separation. By Invisible hatreds adjoind, they seem remote and separate From each other; and yet are a Mighty Polypus in the Deep! As the Misletoe grows on the Oak, so Albions Tree on Eternity: Lo! He who will not comingle in Love, must be adjoind by Hate

They look forth from Stone-henge! from the Cove round London Stone

They look on one another: the mountain calls out to the mountain: Plinlimmon shrunk away: Snowdon trembled: the mountains Of Wales & Scotland beheld the descending War: the routed flying: Red run the streams of Albion: Thames is drunk with blood: As Gwendolen cast the shuttle of war: as Cambel returnd the beam. The Humber & the Severn: are drunk with the blood of the slain: London feels his brain cut round: Edinburghs heart is circumscribed! York & Lincoln hide among the flocks, because of the griding Knife. Worcester & Hereford: Oxford & Cambridge reel & stagger, Overwearied with howling: Wales & Scotland alone sustain the fight! The inhabitants are sick to death: they labour to divide into Days And Nights, the uncertain Periods: and into Weeks & Months. In vain They send the Dove & Raven: & in vain the Serpent over the mountains.

And in vain the Eagle & Lion over the fourfold wilderness. They return not: but generate in rocky places desolate. They return not; but build a habitation separate from Man. The Sun forgets his course like a drunken man; he hesitates, Upon the Cheselden hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn In vain: he is hurried afar into an unknown Night He bleeds in torrents of blood as he rolls thro heaven above He chokes up the paths of the sky; the Moon is leprous as snow: Trembling & descending down seeking to rest upon high Mona: Scattering her leprous snows in flakes of disease over Albion. The Stars flee remote: the heaven is iron, the earth is sulphur, And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a withering gourd, As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knife of flint, In the hands of Albions Daughters, among the Druid Temples.

By those who drink their blood & the blood of their Covenant

And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab & Tirzah A Double Female: and they drew out from the Rocky Stones Fibres of Life to Weave for every Female is a Golden Loom The Rocks are opake hardnesses covering all Vegetated things And as they Wove & Cut from the Looms in various divisions Stretching over Europe & Asia from Ireland to Japan They divided into many lovely Daughters to be counterparts To those they Wove, for when they Wove a Male, they divided Into a Female to the Woven Male. in opake hardness They cut the Fibres from the Rocks groaning in pain they Weave; Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence; denying Eternity By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albions Tree Such are the Feminine & Masculine when separated from Man

They call the Rocks Parents of Men, & adore the frowning Chaos Dancing around in howling pain clothed in the bloody Veil. Hiding Albions Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalems Sons without; to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous & merciful Man Counting him an imbecile mockery: but the Warrior They adore: & his revenge cherish with the blood of the Innocent They drink up Dan & Gad, to feed with milk Skofeld & Kotope They strip off Josephs Coat & dip it in the blood of battle Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife Of flint is in her hand: she passes it over the howling Victim The Daughters Weave their Work in loud cries over the Rock Of Horeb! still eyeing Albions Cliffs eagerly siezing & twisting The threads of Vala & Jerusalem running from mountain to mountain Over the whole Earth: loud the Warriors rage in Beth Peor Beneath the iron whips of their Captains & consecrated banners Loud the Sun & Moon rage in the conflict: loud the Stars Shout in the night of battle & their spears grow to their hands With blood, weaving the deaths of the Mighty into a Tabernacle For Rahab & Tirzah; till the Great Polypus of Generation coverd the Earth

In Verulam the Polypus's Head, winding around his bulk Thro Rochester, and Chichester, & Exeter & Salisbury, To Bristol: & his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain Shooting out Fibres round the Earth, thro Gaul & Italy And Greece, & along the Sea of Rephaim into Judea To Sodom & Gomorrha: thence to India, China & Japan The Twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tirzah have circumscribd the Brain

Beneath & pierced it thro the midst with a golden pin. Blood hath staind her fair side beneath her bosom.

O thou poor Human Form! said she. O thou poor child of woe! Why wilt thou wander away from Tirzah: why me compel to bind thee If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon these Rocks These fibres of thine eyes that used to beam in distant heavens Away from me: I have bound down with a hot iron. These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies I have bent downward with lead melted in my roaring furnaces Of affliction; of love; of sweet despair; of torment unendurable My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roars the bellows Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs In channels thro my fiery limbs: O love! O pity! O fear! O pain! O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran The River Kanah wanderd by my sweet Manassehs side To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my sight! Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red-hot: Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelty Shriek not so my only love! I refuse thy joys: I drink Thy shrieks because Hand & Hyle are cruel & obdurate to me O Skofield why art thou cruel? Lo Joseph is thine! to make You One: to weave you both in the same mantle of skin Bind him down Sisters bind him down on Ebal. Mount of cursing: Malah come forth from Lebanon: & Hoglah from Mount Sinai: Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets & with a screw of iron Fasten this ear into the rock! Milcah the task is thine Weep not so Sisters! weep not so! our life depends on this Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation

And thus the Warriors cry, in the hot day of Victory, in Songs. Look: the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stone Her panting Victim beside her: her heart is drunk with blood Tho her brain is not drunk with wine: she goes forth from Albion In pride of beauty: in cruelty of holiness: in the brightness Of her tabernacle, & her ark & secret place, the beautiful Daughter Of Albion, delights the eyes of the Kings. their hearts & the Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor & Friga. O Molech! O Chemosh! O Bacchus! O Venus! O Double God of Generation The Heavens are cut like a mantle around from the Cliffs of Albion Across Europe; across Africa; in howlings & deadly War A sheet & veil & curtain of blood is let down from Heaven

Across the hills of Ephraim & down Mount Olivet to The Valley of the Jebusite: Molech rejoices in heaven He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones Themselves condensing to rocks & into the Ribs of a Man Lo they shoot forth in tender Nerves across Europe & Asia Lo they rest upon the Tribes, where their panting Victims lie Molech rushes into the Kings in love to the beautiful Daughters But they frown & delight in cruelty, refusing all other joy Bring your Offerings, your first begotten: pamperd with milk & blood Your first born of seven years old: be they Males or Females: To the beautiful Daughters of Albion! they sport before the Kings Clothed in the sin of the Victim! blood! human blood! is the life And delightful food of the Warrior: the well fed Warriors flesh Of him who is slain in War: fills the Valleys of Ephraim with Breeding Women walking in pride & bringing forth under green trees With pleasure, without pain, for their food is. blood of the Captive Molech rejoices thro the Land from Havilah to Shur: he rejoices In moral law & its severe penalties: loud Shaddai & Jehovah Thunder above: when they see the Twelve panting Victims On the Twelve Stones of Power, & the beautiful Daughters of Albion If you dare rend their Veil with your Spear; you are healed of Love! From the Hills of Camberwell & Wimbledon: from the Valleys Of Walton & Esher: from Stone-henge & from Maldens Cove Jerusalems Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War Over France & Germany: upon the Rhine & Danube Reuben & Benjamin flee; they hide in the Valley of Rephaim Why trembles the Warriors limbs when he beholds thy beauty Spotted with Victims blood: by the fires of thy secret tabernacle And thy ark & holy place: at thy frowns: at thy dire revenge Smitten as Uzzah of old: his armour is softend; his spear And sword faint in his hand, from Albion across Great Tartary O beautiful Daughter of Albion: cruelty is thy delight O Virgin of terrible eyes, who dwellest by Valleys of springs Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon, in the City of Rehob in Hamath Taught to touch the harp: to dance in the Circle of Warriors Before the Kings of Canaan: to cut the flesh from the Victim To roast the flesh in fire: to examine the Infants limbs

In cruelties of holiness: to refuse the joys of love: to bring The Spies from Egypt, to raise jealousy in the bosoms of the Twelve Kings of Canaan: then to let the Spies depart to Meribah Kadesh

To the place of the Amalekite; I am drunk with unsatiated love I must rush again to War: for the Virgin has frownd & refusd Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies But now my soul is harrowd with grief & fear & love & desire And now I hate & now I love & Intellect is no more: There is no time for any thing but the torments of love & desire The Feminine & Masculine Shadows soft, mild & ever varying In beauty: are Shadows now no more, but Rocks in Horeb Then all the Males combined into One Male & every one Became a ravening eating Cancer growing in the Female A Polypus of Roots of Reasoning Doubt Despair & Death. Going forth & returning from Albions Rocks to Canaan: Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.

Envying stood the enormous Form at variance with Itself In all its Members: in eternal torment of love & jealousy: Drivn forth by Los time after time from Albions cliffy shore, Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into infernal bondage; That they might be born in contentions of Chastity & in Deadly Hate between Leah & Rachel, Daughters of Deceit & Fraud Bearing the Images of various Species of Contention And Jealousy & Abhorrence & Revenge & deadly Murder. Till they refuse liberty to the male; & not like Beulah Where every Female delights to give her maiden to her husband The Female searches sea & land for gratification to the Male Genius: who in return clothes her in gems & gold And feeds her with the food of Eden. hence all her beauty beams She Creates at her will a little moony night & silence With Spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty: Closed in by a sandy desart & a night of stars shining. And a little tender moon & hovering angels on the wing. And the Male gives a Time & Revolution to her Space

Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination And thence in Beulah they are stolen by secret amorous theft, Till they have had Punishment enough to make them commit Crimes Hence rose the Tabernacle in the Wilderness & all its Offerings, From Male & Female Loves in Beulah & their Jealousies But no one can consummate Female bliss in 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 filld with stern Revenge: Mutual Hate returns & mutual Deceit & mutual Fear.

Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female: Which Jesus rends & the whole Druid Law removes away From the Inner Sanctuary: a False Holiness hid within the Center, For the Sanctuary of Eden. is in the Camp: in the Outline, In the Circumference: & every Minute Particular is Holy: Embraces are Cominglings: from the Head even to the Feet; And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place. Jerusalem pined in her inmost soul over Wandering Reuben As she slept in Beulahs Night hid by the Daughters of Beulah And this the form of mighty Hand sitting on Albions cliffs Before the face of Albion, a mighty threatning Form. His bosom wide & shoulders huge overspreading wondrous Bear Three strong sinewy Necks & Three awful & terrible Heads Three Brains in contradictory council brooding incessantly. Neither daring to put in act its councils, fearing each-other, Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom To consist. in the agreements & disagree[me]nts of Ideas. Plotting to devour Albions Body of Humanity & Love.

Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took; & such

Their appearance when combind: but often by birth-pangs & loud groans

They divide to Twelve: the key-bones & the chest dividing in pain Disclose a hideous orifice; thence issuing the Giant-brood Arise as the smoke of the furnace, shaking the rocks from sea to sea. And there they combine into Three Forms, named Bacon & Newton & Locke,

In the Oak Groves of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

Imputing Sin & Righteousness to Individuals; Rahab Sat deep within him hid: his Feminine Power unreveal'd Brooding Abstract Philosophy. to destroy Imagination, the Divine--Humanity A Threefold Wonder: feminine: most beautiful: Threefold Each within other. On her white marble & even Neck, her Heart

Inorb'd and bonified: with locks of shadowing modesty, shining Over her beautiful Female features, soft flourishing in beauty Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips Recieve a kiss from Gods or Men, a threefold kiss returns From the pressd loveliness: so her whole immortal form threefold Threefold embrace returns: consuming lives of Gods & Men In fires of beauty melting them as gold & silver in the furnace Her Brain enlabyrinths the whole heaven of her bosom & loins To put in act what her Heart wills; O who can withstand her power Her name is Vala in Eternity: in Time her name is Rahab

The Starry Heavens all were fled from the mighty limbs of Albion And above Albions Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan As the Substance is to the Shadow: and above Albions Twelve Sons Were seen Jerusalems Sons: and all the Twelve Tribes spreading Over Albion. As the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalems Sons, Are to the Sons of Albion: and Jerusalem is Albions Emanation

What is Above is Within, for every-thing in Eternity is translucent: The Circumference is Within: Without, is formed the Selfish Center And the Circumference still expands going forward to Eternity. And the Center has Eternal States! these States we now explore. And these the Names of Albions Twelve Sons, & of his Twelve Daughters

With their Districts. Hand dwelt in Selsey & had Sussex & Surrey And Kent & Middlesex: all their Rivers & their Hills, of flocks & herds:

Their Villages Towns Cities SeaPorts Temples sublime Cathedrals; All were his Friends & their Sons & Daughters intermarry in Beulah For all are Men in Eternity. Rivers Mountains Cities Villages, All are Human & when you enter into their Bosoms you walk In Heavens & Earths; as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven And Earth, & all you behold, tho it appears Without it is Within In your Imagination of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.

Hyle dwelt in Winchester comprehending Hants Dorset Devon Cornwall.

Their Villages Cities SeaPorts, their Corn fields & Gardens spacious Palaces, Rivers & Mountains, and between Hand & Hyle arose Gwendolen & Cambel who is Boadicea: they go abroad & return Like lovely beams of light from the mingled affections of the Brothers The Inhabitants of the whole Earth rejoice in their beautiful light. Coban dwelt in Bath. Somerset Wiltshire Gloucestershire, Obeyd his awful voice Ignoge is his lovely Emanation; She adjoind with Gwantokes Children, soon lovely Cordella arose. Gwantoke forgave & joyd over South Wales & all its Mountains.

Peachey had North Wales Shropshire Cheshire & the Isle of Man. His Emanation is Mehetabel terrible & lovely upon the Mountains Brertun had Yorkshire Durham Westmoreland & his Emanation Is Ragan, she adjoind to Slade, & produced Gonorill far beaming. Slade had Lincoln Stafford Derby Nottingham & his lovely Emanation Gonorill rejoices over hills & rocks & woods & rivers. Huttn had Warwick Northampton Bedford Buckingham Leicester & Berkshire: & his Emanation is Gwinefred beautiful

Skofeld had Ely Rutland Cambridge Huntingdon Norfolk Suffolk Hartford & Essex: & his Emanation is Gwinevera Beautiful, she beams towards the east, all kinds of precious stones And pearl, with instruments Of music in holy Jerusalem Kox had Oxford Warwick Wilts: his Emanation is Estrild: Joind with Cordella she shines southward over the Atlantic.

Kotope had Hereford Stafford Worcester, & his Emanation Is Sabrina joind with Mehetabel she shines west over America Bowen had all Scotland, the Isles, Northumberland & Cumberland His Emanation is Conwenna, she shines a triple form Over the north with pearly beams gorgeous & terrible Jerusalem & Vala rejoice in Bowen & Conwenna.

But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated Are Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion. They Dwell over the Four Provinces of Ireland in heavenly light The Four Universities of Scotland, & in Oxford & Cambridge & Winchester

But now Albion is darkened & Jerusalem lies in ruins: Above the Mountains of Albion, above the head of Los. And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings & his tears poured down His immortal cheeks, rearing his hands to heaven for aid Divine! But he spoke not to Albion: fearing lest Albion should turn his Back Against the Divine Vision: & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death. But he receded before Albion & before Vala weaving the Veil With the iron shuttle of War among the rooted Oaks of Albion; Weeping & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity And the Thirty-two Counties of the Four Provinces of Ireland Are thus divided: The Four Counties are in the Four Camps Munster South in Reubens Gate, Connaut West in Josephs Gate Ulster North in Dans Gate, Leinster East in Judahs Gate

For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars But the Four towards the West were Walled up & the Twelve That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square By Los for Jerusalems sake & called the Gates of Jerusalem Because Twelve Sons of Jerusalem fled successive thro the Gates But the Four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not but remaind Are Rintrah & Palamabron & Theotormon & Bromion The Four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall And these Four remain to guard the Four Walls of Jerusalem Whose foundations remain in the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland And in Twelve Counties of Wales, & in the Forty Counties Of England & in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these Under Judah & Issachar & Zebulun are Lowth Longford Eastmeath Westmeath Dublin Kildare Kings County Queens County Wicklow Catherloh Wexford Kilkenny And those under Reuben & Simeon & Levi are these Waterford Tipperary Cork Limerick Kerry Clare And those under Ephraim Manasseh & Benjamin are these Galway Roscommon Mayo Sligo Leitrim And those under Dan Asher & Napthali are these Donnegal Antrim Tyrone Fermanagh Armagh Londonderry Down Managhan Cavan. These are the Land of Erin

All these Center in London & in Golgonooza. from whence They are Created continually East & West & North & South And from them are Created all the Nations of the Earth Europe & Asia & Africa & America, in fury Fourfold!

[Inscribed on image:]

Continually Building. Continually Decaying because of Love & Jealousy

And Thirty-two the Nations: to dwell in Jerusalems Gates O Come ye Nations Come ye People Come up to Jerusalem Return Jerusalem & dwell together as of old! Return Return! O Albion let Jerusalem overspread all Nations As in the times of old! O Albion awake! Reuben wanders The Nations wait for Jerusalem. they look up for the Bride France Spain Italy Germany Poland Russia Sweden Turkey Arabia Palestine Persia Hindostan China Tartary Siberia Egypt Lybia Ethiopia Guinea Caffraria Negroland Morocco Congo Zaara Canada Greenland Carolina Mexico Peru Patagonia Amazonia Brazil. Thirty-two Nations And under these Thirty-two Classes of Islands in the Ocean All the Nations Peoples & Tongues throughout all the Earth And the Four Gates of Los surround the Universe Within and Without; & whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth, the same Is visible in the Mundane Shell; reversd in mountain & vale And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah to guard In Albions Tomb the wondrous Creation: & the Fourfold Gate Towards Beulah is to the South Fenelon, Guion, Teresa, Whitefield & Hervey, guard that Gate; with all the gentle Souls Who guide the great Wine-press of Love; Four precious stones that Gate:

[Inscribed on image, in reverse script:]

Women the comforters of Men become the Tormentors & Punishers

Such are Cathedrons golden Halls: in the City of Golgonooza And Los's Furnaces howl loud; living: self-moving: lamenting With fury & despair, & they stretch from South to North Thro all the Four Points: Lo! the Labourers at the Furnaces Rintrah & Palamabron, Theotormon & Bromion, loud labring With the innumerable multitudes of Golgonooza, round the Anvils Of Death. But how they came forth from the Furnaces & how long Vast & severe the anguish eer they knew their Father; were Long to tell & of the iron rollers, golden axle-trees & yokes Of brass, iron chains & braces & the gold, silver & brass Mingled or separate: for swords; arrows; cannons; mortars The terrible ball: the wedge: the loud sounding hammer of destruction The sounding flail to thresh: the winnow: to winnow kingdoms The water wheel & mill of many innumerable wheels resistless Over the Four fold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell. Perusing Albions Tomb in the starry characters of Og & Anak: To Create the lion & wolf the bear: the tyger & ounce: To Create the wooly lamb & downy fowl & scaly serpent The summer & winter: day & night: the sun & moon & stars The tree: the plant: the flower: the rock: the stone: the metal: Of Vegetative Nature: by their hard restricting condensations.

Where Luvahs World of Opakeness grew to a period: It Became a Limit, a Rocky hardness without form & void Accumulating without end: here Los. who is of the Elohim Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the Emanation Fixing The Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation Naming the Limit of Opakeness Satan & the Limit of Contraction Adam, who is Peleg & Joktan: & Esau & Jacob: & Saul & David

Voltaire insinuates that these Limits are the cruel work of God Mocking the Remover of Limits & the Resurrection of the Dead Setting up Kings in wrath: in holiness of Natural Religion Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time on time In miracles & wonders in the Fourfold Desart of Albion Permanently Creating to be in Time Reveald & Demolishd Satan Cain Tubal Nimrod Pharoh Priam Bladud Belin Arthur Alfred the Norman Conqueror Richard John

[Edward Henry Elizabeth James Charles William George]

And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories These are Created by Rahab & Tirzah in Ulro: but around These, to preserve them from Eternal Death Los Creates Adam Noah Abraham Moses Samuel David Ezekiel

[Pythagoras Socrates Euripedes Virgil Dante Milton]

Dissipating the rocky forms of Death, by his thunderous Hammer As the Pilgrim passes while the Country permanent remains So Men pass on: but States remain permanent for ever The Spectres of the Dead howl round the porches of Los In the terrible Family feuds of Albions cities & villages To devour the Body of Albion, hungring & thirsting & ravning The Sons of Los clothe them & feed, & provide houses & gardens And every Human Vegetated Form in its inward recesses Is a house of ple[as]antness & a garden of delight Built by the Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowlahoola & in Cathedron From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Door; The Four Zoa's clouded rage; Urizen stood by Albion With Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion These Four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh And the Four Zoa's are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona In opposition deadly, and their Wheels in poisonous And deadly stupor turn'd against each other loud & fierce Entering into the Reasoning Power, forsaking Imagination They became Spectres; & their Human Bodies were reposed In Beulah, by the Daughters of Beulah with tears & lamentations

The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man; & when separated From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Ratio Of the Things of Memory. It thence frames Laws & Moralities To destroy Imagination! the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms & Wars

Teach me O Holy Spirit the Testimony of Jesus! let me Comprehend wonderous things out of the Divine Law I behold Babylon in the opening Street of London, I behold Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house This I behold the shudderings of death attend my steps I walk up and down in Six Thousand Years: their Events are present before me To tell how Los in grief & anger, whirling round his Hammer on high

Drave the Sons & Daughters of Albion from their ancient mountains They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision

The Sons of Albion are Twelve: the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen

I tell how Albions Sons by Harmonies of Concords & Discords Opposed to Melody, and by Lights & Shades, opposed to Outline And by Abstraction opposed to the Visions of Imagination By cruel Laws divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions How Hyle roofd Los in Albions Cliffs by the Affections rent Asunder & opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalems Sons Into the Vortex of his Wheels. therefore Hyle is called Gog Age after age drawing them away towards Babylon Babylon, the Rational Morality deluding to death the little ones In strong temptations of stolen beauty; I tell how Reuben slept On London Stone & the Daughters of Albion ran around admiring His awful beauty: with Moral Virtue the fair deciever; offspring Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames & sent Him over Europe in streams of gore out of Cathedrons Looms How Los drave them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan

Hence Albion was calld the Canaanite & all his Giant Sons. Hence is my Theme. O Lord my Saviour open thou the Gates And I will lead forth thy Words, telling how the Daughters Cut the Fibres of Reuben, how he rolld apart & took Root In Bashan, terror-struck Albions Sons look toward Bashan They have divided Simeon he also rolld apart in blood Over the Nations till he took Root beneath the shining Looms Of Albions Daughters in Philistea by the side of Amalek They have divided Levi: he hath shot out into Forty eight Roots Over the Land of Canaan: they have divided Judah He hath took Root in Hebron, in the Land of Hand & Hyle Dan: Napthali: Gad: Asher: Issachar: Zebulun: roll apart From all the Nations of the Earth to dissipate into Non Entity

I see a Feminine Form arise from the Four terrible Zoas Beautiful but terrible struggling to take a form of beauty Rooted in Shechem: this is Dinah, the youthful form of Erin The Wound I see in South Molton S[t]reet & Stratford place Whence Joseph & Benjamin rolld apart away from the Nations In vain they rolld apart; they are fixd into the Land of Cabul And Rahab Babylon the Great hath destroyed Jerusalem Bath stood upon the Severn with Merlin & Bladud & Arthur The Cup of Rahab in his hand: her Poisons Twenty-seven-fold

And all her Twenty-seven Heavens now hid & now reveal'd Appear in strong delusive light of Time & Space drawn out In shadowy pomp by the Eternal Prophet created evermore For Los in Six Thousand Years walks up & down continually That not one Moment of Time be lost & every revolution Of Space he makes permanent in Bowlahoola & Cathedron.

And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech; these are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the Second, Salah, Heber, Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah: these are the Female Males: A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains. Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine, Luther. these Seven are the Male Females: the Dragon Forms The Female hid within a Male: thus Rahab is reveald Mystery Babylon the Great: the Abomination of Desolation Religion hid in War: a Dragon red, & hidden Harlot But Jesus breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell Opens Eternity in Time & Space; triumphant in Mercy

Thus are the Heavens formd by Los within the Mundane Shell And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle To awake the Prisoners of Death; to bring Albion again With Luvah into light eternal, in his eternal day. But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

To the Christians.

Devils are False Religions "Saul Saul" "Why persecutest thou me."

I give you the end of a golden string, Only wind it into a ball: It will lead you in at Heavens gate, Built in Jerusalems wall.

We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost, is a moment that cannot be redeemed every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly unredeemable & is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance. are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of intanglement with incoherent roots. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body & mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination.

Imagination the real & eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow & in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy Ghost an other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the Harvest of the Gospel & its Labours? What is that Talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves, are they any other than Mental Studies & Performances? What are all the Gifts. of the Gospel, are they not all Mental Gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be worshipped in Spirit & in Truth and are not the Gifts of the Spirit Every-thing to Man? O ye Religious discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise Art & Science! I call upon you in the Name of Jesus! What is the Life of Man but Art & Science? is it Meat & Drink? is not the Body more than Raiment? What is Mortality but the things relating to the Body, which Dies? What is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit, which Lives Eternally! What is the joy of Heaven but Improvement in the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance, Bodily Lust, Idleness & devastation of the things of the Spirit Answer this to yourselves, & expel from among you those who pretend to

despise the labours of Art & Science, which alone are the labours of the Gospel: Is not this plain & manifest to the thought? Can you think at all & not pronounce heartily! That to Labour in Knowledge. is to Build up Jerusalem: and to Despise Knowledge, is to Despise Jerusalem & her Builders. And remember: He who despises & mocks a Mental Gift in another; calling it pride & selfishness & sin; mocks Jesus the giver of every Mental Gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving Hypocrite, as Sins. but that which is a Sin in the sight of cruel Man, is not so in the sight of our kind God. Let every Christian as much as in him lies engage himself openly & publicly before all the World in some Mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem

I stood among my valleys of the south And saw a flame of fire, even as a Wheel Of fire surrounding all the heavens: it went From west to cast against the current of Creation and devourd all things in its loud Fury & thundering course round heaven & earth By it the Sun was rolld into an orb: By it the Moon faded into a globe, Travelling thro the night: for from its dire And restless fury, Man himself shrunk up Into a little root a fathom long. And I asked a Watcher & a Holy-One Its Name? he answerd. It is the Wheel of Religion I wept & said. Is this the law of Jesus This terrible devouring sword turning every way He answerd; Jesus died because he strove Against the current of this Wheel: its Name Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death Of sin, of sorrow, & of punishment; Opposing Nature! It is Natural Religion But Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life Creating Nature from this fiery Law, By self-denial & forgiveness of Sin. Go therefore, cast out devils in Christs name Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease

Pity the evil, for thou art not sent To smite with terror & with punishments Those that are sick, like the Pharisees Crucifying &,encompassing sea & land For proselytes to tyranny & wrath, But to the Publicans & Harlots go! Teach them True Happiness, but let no curse Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace For Hell is opend to heaven; thine eyes beheld The dungeons burst & the Prisoners set free.

England! awake! awake! awake! Jerusalem thy Sister calls! Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death? And close her from thy ancient walls.

Thy hills & valleys felt her feet, Gently upon their bosoms move: Thy gates beheld sweet Zions ways; Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again: Our souls exult & Londons towers, Recieve the Lamb of God to dwell In Englands green & pleasant bowers.

Chap: 4

The Spectres of Albions Twelve Sons revolve mightily Over the Tomb & over the Body: ravning to devour The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron Walks round: loud his threats, loud his blows fall On the rocky Spectres, as the Potter breaks the potsherds; Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses: driving them from Albions Cliffs: dividing them into Male & Female forms in his Furnaces And on his Anvils: lest they destroy the Feminine Affections They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace

While Los laments at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem, Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair; Albions Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin, In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem, Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God. They took their Mother Vala, and they crown'd her with gold: They namd her Rahab, & gave her power over the Earth The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Entuthon Benython, Even to the stars exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne Of God and the Lamb, to destroy the Lamb & usurp the Throne of God

Drawing their Ulro Voidness round the Fourfold Humanity

Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levelld with the dust!

Her Twelve Gates thrown down: her children carried into captivity Herself in chains: this from within was seen in a dismal night Outside, unknown before in Beulah, & the twelve gates were fill'd With blood; from Japan eastward to the Giants causway, west In Erins Continent: and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates banks Disorganizd; an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among Her childrens Druid Temples dropping with blood wanderd weeping! And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea.

My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me & my children I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence! My tents are fall'n! My pillars are in ruins! my children dashd Upon Egypts iron floors, & the marble pavements of Assyria; I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Heshbon; Mount Zion is become a cruel rock & no more dew Nor rain: no more the spring of the rock appears: but cold Hard & obdurate are the furrows of the mountain of wine & oil:

The mountain of blessing is itself a curse & an astonishment: The hills of Judea are fallen with me into the deepest hell Away from the Nations of the Earth, & from the Cities of the Nations; I walk to Ephraim. I seek for Shiloh: I walk like a lost sheep Among precipices of despair: in Goshen I seek for light In vain: and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter. Goshen hath followd Philistea: Gilead hath joind with Og! They are become narrow places in a little and dark land: How distant far from Albion! his hills & his valleys no more Recieve the feet of Jerusalem: they have cast me quite away: And Albion is himself shrunk to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea! The plains of Sussex & Surrey, their hills of flocks & herds No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy-ones. The Fifty-two Counties of England are hardend against me As if I was not their Mother, they despise me & cast me out London coverd the whole Earth. England encompassd the Nations: And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion: My pillars reachd from sea to sea: London beheld me come From my east & from my west; he blessed me and gave His children to my breasts, his sons & daughters to my knees His aged parents sought me out in every city & village: They discernd my countenance with joy! they shewd me to their sons Saying Lo Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers Levi and Judah & Issachar: Ephra[i]m, Manesseh, Gad and Dan Are seen in our hills & valleys: they keep our flocks & herds: They watch them in the night: and the Lamb of God appears among us. The river Severn stayd his course at my command: Thames poured his waters into my basons and baths: Medway mingled with Kishon: Thames recievd the heavenly Jordan Albion gave me to the whole Earth to walk up & down; to pour Joy upon every mountain; to teach songs to the shepherd & plowman I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion. Italy saw me, in sublime astonishment: France was wholly mine: As my garden & as my secret bath; Spain was my heavenly couch: I slept in his golden hills: the Lamb of God met me there. There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones They looked upon our loves with joy: they beheld our secret joys:

With holy raptures of adoration rapd sublime in the Visions of God: Germany; Poland & the North wooed my footsteps they found My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber Turkey & Grecia saw my instr[u]ments of music, they arose They siezd the harp: the flute: the mellow horn of Jerusalems joy They sounded thanksgivings in my courts: Egypt & Lybia heard The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God Enquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar: And thou America! I once beheld thee but now behold no more Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim & Seraphim rejoicd Together among my little-ones. But now, my Altars run with blood! My fires are corrupt! my incense is a cloudy pestilence Of seven diseases! Once a continual cloud of salvation. rose From all my myriads; once the Fourfold World rejoicd among The pillars of Jerusalem, between my winged Cherubim: But now I am closd out from them in the narrow passages Of the valleys of destruction, into a dark land of pitch & bitumen. From Albions Tomb afar and from the fourfold wonders of God Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul: There is Reuben & Gad & Joseph & Judah & Levi, closd up In narrow vales: I walk & count the bones of my beloveds Along the Valley of Destruction, among these Druid Temples Which overspread all the Earth in patriarchal pomp & cruel pride Tell me O Vala thy purposes; tell me wherefore thy shuttles Drop with the gore of the slain; why Euphrates is red with blood Wherefore in dreadful majesty & beauty outside appears Thy Masculine from thy Feminine hardening against the heavens To devour the Human! Why dost thou weep upon the wind among These cruel Druid Temples: O Vala! Humanity is far above Sexual organization; & the Visions of the Night of Beulah Where Sexes wander in dreams of bliss among the Emanations Where the Masculine & Feminine are nurs'd into Youth & Maiden By the tears & smiles of Beulahs Daughters till the time of Sleep is past.

Wherefore then do you realize these nets of beauty & delusion In open day to draw the souls of the Dead into the light. Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven.

Encompassd by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree I walk weeping in pangs of a Mothers torment for her Children: I walk in affliction: I am a worm, and no living soul! A worm going to eternal torment! raisd up in a night To an eternal night of pain, lost! lost! lost! for ever! Beside her Vala howld upon the winds in pride of beauty Lamenting among the timbrels of the Warriors: among the Captives In cruel holiness, and her lamenting songs were from Arnon And Jordan to Euphrates. Jerusalem followd trembling Her children in captivity. listening to Valas lamentation In the thick cloud & darkness. & the voice went forth from The cloud. O rent in sunder from Jerusalem the Harlot daughter! In an eternal condemnation in fierce burning flames Of torment unendurable: and if once a Delusion be found Woman must perish & the Heavens of Heavens remain no more

My Father gave to me command to murder Albion In unreviving Death; my Love, my Luvah orderd me in night To murder Albion the King of Men. he fought in battles fierce He conquerd Luvah my beloved: he took me and my Father He slew them: I revived them to life in my warm bosom He saw them issue from my bosom, dark in Jealousy He burnd before me: Luvah framd the Knife & Luvah gave The Knife into his daughters hand! such thing was never known Before in Albions land, that one should die a death never to be reviv'd! For in our battles we the Slain men view with pity and love: We soon revive them in the secret of our tabernacles But I Vala, Luvahs daughter, keep his body embalmd in moral laws With spices of sweet odours of lovely jealous stupefaction: Within my bosom, lest he arise to life & slay my Luvah Pity me then O Lamb of God! O Jesus pity me! Come into Luvahs Tents, and seek not to revive the Dead!

So sang she: and the Spindle turnd furious as she sang: The Children of Jerusalem the Souls of those who sleep Were caught into the flax of her Distaff, & in her Cloud To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will A Dragon form on Zion Hills most ancient promontory

The Spindle turnd in blood & fire: loud sound the trumpets Of war: the cymbals play loud before the Captains With Cambel & Gwendolen in dance and solemn song The Cloud of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion Los saw terrified, melted with pity & divided in wrath He sent them over the narrow seas in pity and love Among the Four Forests of Albion which overspread all the Earth They go forth & return swift as a flash of lightning. Among the tribes of warriors: among the Stones of power! Against Jerusalem they rage thro all the Nations of Europe Thro Italy & Grecia, to Lebanon & Persia & India.

The Serpent Temples thro the Earth, from the wide Plain of Salisbury Resound with cries of Victims, shouts & songs & dying groans And flames of dusky fire, to Amalek, Canaan and Moab And Rahab like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud Refusd to take a definite form. she hoverd over all the Earth Calling the definite, sin: defacing every definite form; Invisible, or Visible, stretch'd out in length or spread in breadth: Over the Temples drinking groans of victims weeping in pity, And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalems walls.

Hand slept on Skiddaws top: drawn by the love of beautiful Cambel: his bright beaming Counterpart, divided from him And her delusive light beamd fierce above the Mountain, Soft: invisible: drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication: Drawing out fibre by fibre: returning to Albions Tree At night: and in the morning to Skiddaw; she sent him over Mountainous Wales into the Loom of Cathedron fibre by fibre: He ran in tender nerves across Europe to Jerusalems Shade, To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb. Hyle on East Moor in rocky Derbyshire, rav'd to the Moon For Gwendolen: she took up in bitter tears his anguishd heart, That apparent to all in Eternity, glows like the Sun in the breast: She hid it his his ribs & back: she hid his tongue with teeth In terrible convulsions pitying & gratified drunk with pity Glowing with loveliness before him, becoming apparent According to his changes: she roll'd his kidneys round Into two irregular forms: and looking on Albions dread Tree, She wove two vessels of seed, beautiful as Skiddaws snow; Giving them bends of self interest & selfish natural virtue: She hid them in his loins; raving he ran among the rocks, Compelld into a shape of Moral Virtue against the Lamb. The invisible lovely one giving him a form according to His Law a form against the Lamb of God opposd to Mercy And playing in the thunderous Loom in sweet intoxication Filling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries, with groans And dolorous sobs: the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah

O sister Cambel said Gwendolen, as their long beaming light Mingled above the Mountain what shall we do to keep These awful forms in our soft bands: distracted with trembling I have mockd those who refused cruelty & I have admired The cruel Warrior. I have refused to give love to Merlin the piteous. He brings to me the Images of his Love & I reject in chastity And turn them out into the streets for Harlots to be food To the stern Warrior. I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior For Men are caught by Love: Woman is caught by Pride That Love may only be obtaind in the passages of Death. Let us look! let us examine! is the Cruel become an Infant Or is he still a cruel Warrior? look Sisters, look! O piteous I have destroyd Wandring Reuben who strove to bind my Will I have stripd off Josephs beautiful integument for my Beloved, The Cruel-one of Albion: to clothe him in gems of my Zone I have Named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become A weeping Infant in ruind lovely Jerusalems folding Cloud:

[Inscribed on image, in reverse script:]

In Heaven the only Art of Living Is Forgetting & Forgiving Especially to the Female But if you on Earth Forgive You shall not find where to Live

In Heaven Love begets Love! but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love! And he who will not bend to Love must be subdud by Fear, I have heard Jerusalems groans; from Valas cries & lamentations I gather our eternal fate: Outcasts from life and love: Unless we find a way to bind these awful Forms to our Embrace we shall perish annihilate, discoverd our Delusions. Look I have wrought without delusion: Look! I have wept! And given soft milk mingled together with the spirits of flocks Of lambs and doves, mingled together in cups and dishes Of painted clay; the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant; Soon shall the Spectres of the Dead follow my weaving threads.

The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades On Cambridge and Oxford beaming soft uniting with Rahabs cloud While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel turning soft the spinning reel: Or throwing the wingd shuttle; or drawing the cords with softest songs The golden cords of the Looms animate beneath their touches soft, Along the Island white, among the Druid Temples, while Gwendolen Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Skiddaws top. So saying she took a Falshood & hid it in her left hand: To entice her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates. And thus she closed her left hand and utterd her Falshood: Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic, she hid her hand behind her, Upon her back behind her loins & thus utterd her Deceit.

I heard Enitharmon say to Los: Let the Daughters of Albion Be scatterd abroad and let the name of Albion be forgotten: Divide them into three; name them Amalek Canaan & Moab: Let Albion remain a desolation without an inhabitant: And let the Looms of Enitharmon & the Furnaces of Los Create Jerusalem, & Babylon & Egypt & Moab & Amalek, And Helle & Hesperia & Hindostan & China & Japan. But hide America, for a Curse an Altar of Victims & a Holy Place. See Sisters Canaan is pleasant, Egypt is as the Garden of Eden: Babylon is our chief desire, Moab our bath in summer: Let us lead the stems of this Tree let us plant it before Jerusalem To judge the Friend of Sinners to death without the Veil: To cut her off from America, to close up her secret Ark: And the fury of Man exhaust in War! Woman permanent remain See how the fires of our loins point eastward to Babylon Look. Hyle is become an infant Love: look! behold! see him lie! Upon my bosom. look! here is the lovely wayward form That gave me sweet delight by his torments beneath my Veil; By the fruit of Albions Tree I have fed him with sweet milk By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives; Humanity the Great Delusion: is changd to War & Sacrifice: I have naild his hands on Beth Rabbim & his [feet] on Heshbons Wall: O that I could live in his sight: O that I could bin him to my arm.

So saying: She drew aside her Veil from Mam-Tor to Dovedale Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion And Hyle a winding Worm beneath [her Loom upon the scales. Hyle was become a winding Worm:] & not a weeping Infant.

Trembling & pitying she screamd & fled upon the wind: Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty: The desarts tremble at his wrath: they shrink themselves in fear. Cambel trembled with jealousy: she trembled! she envied! The envy ran thro Cathedrons Looms into the Heart Of mild Jerusalem, to destroy the Lamb of God. Jerusalem Languishd upon Mount Olivet, East of mild Zions Hill.

Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace On Londons Tower on the Thames: he drew Cambel in wrath, Into his thundering Bellows, heaving it for a loud blast! And with the blast of his Furnace upon fishy Billingsgate, Beneath Albions fatal Tree, before the Gate of Los: Shewd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate The envy; loud she labourd in the Furnace of fire, To form the mighty form of Hand according to her will. In the Furnaces of Los & in the Wine-press treading day & night Naked among the human clusters: bringing wine of anguish To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces: she minded not The raging flames, tho she returnd [consumd day after day A redning skeleton in howling woe:] instead of beauty

Defo[r]mity: she gave her beauty to another: bearing abroad Her struggling torment in her iron arms: and like a chain, Binding his wrists & ankles with the iron arms of love. Gwendolen saw the Infant in her siste[r]s arms; she howld Over the forests with bitter tears, and over the winding Worm Repentant: and she also in the eddying wind of Los's Bellows Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvah To form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain. The Sisters saw! trembling ran thro their Looms! soften[in]g mild Towards London: then they saw the Furna[c]es opend, & in tears Began to give their souls away in the Furna[c]es of affliction.

Los saw & was comforted at his Furnaces uttering thus his voice. I know I am Urthona keeper of the Gates of Heaven, And that I can at will expatiate in the Gardens of bliss; But pangs of love draw me down to my loins which are Become a fountain of veiny pipes: O Albion! my brother! Corruptibility appears upon thy limbs, and never more Can I arise and leave thy side, but labour here incessant Till thy awaking! yet alas I shall forget Eternity! Against the Patriarchal pomp and cruelty, labouring incessant I shall become an Infant horror. Enion! Tharmas! friends Absorb me not in such dire grief: O Albion, my brother! Jerusalem hungers in the desart! affection to her children! The scorn'd and contemnd youthful girl, where shall she fly? Sussex shuts up her Villages. Hants, Devon & Wilts Surrounded with masses of stone in orderd forms, determine then A form for Vala and a form for Luvah, here on the Thames

Where the Victim nightly howls beneath the Druids knife: A Form of Vegetation, nail them down on the stems of Mystery: O when shall the Saxon return with the English his redeemed brother! O when shall the Lamb of God descend among the Reprobate! I woo to Amalek to protect my fugitives Amalek trembles: I call to Canaan & Moab in my night watches, they mourn: They listen not to my cry, they rejo[i]ce among their warriors Woden and Thor and Friga wholly consume my Saxons: On their enormous Altars built in the terrible north: From Irelands rocks to Scandinavia Persia and Tartary: From the Atlantic Sea to the universal Erythrean. Found ye London! enormous City! weeps thy River? Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones O Land Forsaken. Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmons Chamber. Where I will build her a Couch of repose & my pillars Shall surround her in beautiful labyrinths: Oothoon? Where hides my child? in Oxford hidest thou with Antamon? In graceful hidings of error: in merciful deceit Lest Hand the terrible destroy his Affection. thou hidest her: In chaste appearances for sweet deceits of love & modesty Immingled, interwoven, glistening to the sickening sight. Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mundane Shell: Forming the fluctuating Globe according to their will. According as they weave the little embryon nerves & veins The Eve, the little Nostrils, & the delicate Tongue & Ears Of labyrinthine intricacy: so shall they fold the World That whatever is seen upon the Mundane Shell, the same Be seen upon the Fluctuating Earth woven by the Sisters. And sometimes the Earth shall roll in the Abyss & sometimes Stand in the Center & sometimes stretch flat in the Expanse, According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion. Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Golgonooza: Touching its summits: & sometimes divided roll apart. As a beautiful Veil so these Females shall fold & unfold According to their will the outside surface of the Earth An outside shadowy Surface superadded to the real Surface; Which is unchangeable for ever & ever Amen: so be it!

Separate Albions Sons gently from their Emanations, Weaving bowers of delight on the current of infant Thames Where the old Parent still retains his youth as I alas! Retain my youth eight thousand and five hundred years. The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair! The land is markd for desolation & unless we plant The seeds of Cities & of Villages in the Human bosom Albion must be a rock of blood: mark ye the points Where Cities shall remain & where Villages for the rest! It must lie in confusion till Albions time of awaking. Place the Tribes of Llewellyn in America for a hiding place! Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity The night falls thick: I go upon my watch: be attentive: The Sons of Albion go forth; I follow from my Furnaces: That they return no more: that a place be prepard on Euphrates Listen to your Watchmans voice: sleep not before the Furnaces Eternal Death stands at the door. O God pity our labours.

So Los spoke. to the Daughters of Beulah while his Emanation Like a faint rainbow waved before him in the awful gloom Of London City on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Highgate: Swift turn the silver spindles, & the golden weights play soft And lulling harmonies beneath the Looms, from Caithness in the north

To Lizard-point & Dover in the south: his Emanation Joy'd in the many weaving threads in bright Cathedrons Dome Weaving the Web of life for Jerusalem. the Web of life Down flowing into Entuthons Vales glistens with soft affections.

While Los arose upon his Watch, and down from Golgonooza Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain, He takes his way, girding himself with gold & in his hand Holding his iron mace: The Spectre remains attentive Alternate they watch in night: alternate labour in day Before the Furnaces labouring, while Los all night watches The stars rising & setting, & the meteors & terrors of night! With him went down the Dogs of Leutha, at his feet They lap the water of the trembling Thames then follow swift And thus he heard the voice of Albions daughters on Euphrates,

Our Father Albions land: O it was a lovely land! & the Daughters of Beulah

Walked up and down in its green mountains: but Hand is fled Away: & mighty Hyle: & after them Jerusalem is gone: Awake Highgates heights & Hampsteads, to Poplar Hackney & Bow: To Islington & Paddington & the Brook of Albions River We builded Jerusalem as a City & a Temple; from Lambeth We began our Foundations; lovely Lambeth! O lovely Hills Of Camberwell, we shall behold you no more in glory & pride For Jerusalem lies in ruins & the Furnaces of Los are builded there You are now shrunk up to a narrow Rock in the midst of the Sea But here we build Babylon on Euphrates, compelld to build And to inhabit, our Little-ones to clothe in armour of the gold Of Jerusalems Cherubims & to forge them swords of her Altars I see London blind & agebent begging thro the Streets Of Babylon, led by a child. his tears run down his beard The voice of Wandering Reuben ecchoes from street to street In all the Cities of the Nations Paris Madrid Amsterdam The Corner of Broad Street weeps; Poland Street languishes To Great Queen Street & Lincolns Inn, all is distress & woe.

[three lines cancelled, illegible]

The night falls thick Hand comes from Albion in his strength He combines into a Mighty-one the Double Molech & Chemosh Marching thro Egypt in his fury the East is pale at his course The Nations of India, the Wild Tartar that never knew Man Starts from his lofty places & casts down his tents & flees away But we woo him all the night ill songs, O Los come forth O Los Divide us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue Arise upon thy Watches let us see thy Globe of fire On Albions Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates.

Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One

With Rahab as she turnd the iron Spindle of destruction. Terrified at the Sons of Albion they took the Falshood which Gwendolen hid in her left hand. it grew &, grew till it Became a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm They namd it Canaan & built for it a tender Moon Los smild with joy thinking on Enitharmon & he brought Reuben from his twelvefold wandrings & led him into it Planting the Seeds of the Twelve Tribes & Moses & David And gave a Time & Revolution to the Space Six Thousand Years He calld it Divine Analogy, for in Beulah the Feminine Emanations Create Space. the Masculine Create Time, & plant The Seeds of beauty in the Space: listning to their lamentation Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Myriads watchful Looking to the East: & his voice is heard over the whole Earth As he watches the Furnaces by night, & directs the labourers

And thus Los replies upon his Watch: the Valleys listen silent: The Stars stand still to hear: Jerusalem & Vala cease to mourn: His voice is heard from Albion: the Alps & Appenines Listen: Hermon & Lebanon bow their crowned heads Babel & Shinar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down Silent at his voice: they view the red Globe of fire in Los's hand As he walks from Furnace to Furnace directing the Labourers And this is the Song of Los, the Song that he sings on his Watch

O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim! I see thy Gates of precious stones: thy Walls of gold & silver Thou art the soft reflected Image of the Sleeping Man Who stretchd on Albions rocks reposes amidst his Twenty-eight Cities: where Beulah lovely terminates, in the hills & valleys of Albion

Cities not yet embodied in Time and Space: plant ye The Seeds O Sisters in he bosom of Time & Spaces womb To spring up for Jerusalem: lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion Why wilt thou rend thyself apart & build an Earthly Kingdom To reign in pride & to opress & to mix the Cup of Delusion O thou that dwellest with Babylon! Come forth O lovely-one I see thy Form O lovely mild Jerusalem, Wingd with Six Wings In the opacous Bosom of the Sleeper, lovely Threefold In Head & Heart & Reins, three Universes of love & beauty Thy forehead bright: Holiness to the Lord, with Gates of pearl Reflects Eternity beneath thy azure wings of feathery down Ribbd delicate & clothd with featherd gold & azure & purple From thy white shoulders shadowing, purity in holiness! Thence featherd with soft crimson of the ruby bright as fire Spreading into the azure Wings which like a canopy Bends over thy immortal Head in which Eternity dwells Albion beloved Land; I see thy mountains & thy hills And valleys & thy pleasant Cities Holiness to the Lord I see the Spectres of thy Dead O Emanation of Albion.

Thy Bosom white, translucent coverd with immortal gems A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection Twelvefold here all the Tribes of Israel I behold Upon the Holy Land: I see the River of Life & Tree of Life I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven Between thy Wings of gold & silver featherd immortal Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Suns tabernacle

Thy Reins coverd with Wings translucent sometimes covering And sometimes spread abroad reveal the flames of holiness Which like a robe covers: & like a Veil of Seraphim In flaming fire unceasing burns from Eternity to Eternity Twelvefold I there behold Israel in her Tents A Pillar of a Cloud by day: a Pillar of fire by night Guides them: there I behold Moab & Ammon & Amalek There Bells of silver round thy knees living articulate Comforting sounds of love & harmony & on thy feet Sandals of gold & pearl, & Egypt & Assyria before me The Isles of Javan, Philistea, Tyre and Lebanon

Thus Los sings upon his Watch walking from Furnace to Furnace.

He siezes his Hammer every hour, flames surround him as He beats: seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster Arou[n]d his head. the thick hail stones stand ready to obey His voice in the black cloud, his Sons labour in thunders At his Furnaces; his Daughters at their Looms sing woes His Emanation separates in milky fibres agonizing Among the golden Looms of Cathedron sending fibres of love From Golgonooza with sweet visions for Jerusalem, wanderer.

Nor can any consummate bliss without being Generated On Earth; of those whose Emanations weave the loves Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shiloh, in immortal Golgonooza Concentering in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears Viewing the Winding Worm on the Desarts of Great Tartary Viewing Los in his shudderings, pouring balm on his sorrows So dread is Los's fury, that none dare him to approach Without becoming his Children in the Furnaces of affliction

And Enitharmon like a faint rainbow waved before him Filling with Fibres from his loins which reddend with desire Into a Globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness Of Albions clouds. he fed it, with his tears & bitter groans Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the timorous Shade Till it became a separated cloud of beauty grace & love Among the darkness of his Furnaces dividing asunder till She separated stood before him a lovely Female weeping Even Enitharmon separated outside, & his Loins closed And heal'd after the separation: his pains he soon forgot: Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief. Two Wills they had; Two Intellects: & not as in times of old.

Silent they wanderd hand in hand like two Infants wandring From Enion in the desarts, terrified at each others beauty Envying each other yet desiring, in all devouring Love,

Repelling weeping Enion blind & agebent into the fourfold Desarts. Los first broke silence & began to utter his love

O lovely Enitharmon: I behold thy graceful forms Moving beside me till intoxicated with the woven labyrinth Of beauty & perfection my wild fibres shoot in veins Of blood thro all my nervous limbs. soon overgrown in roots I shall be closed from thy sight. sieze therefore in thy hand The small fibres as they shoot around me draw out in pity And let them run on the winds of thy bosom: I will fix them With pulsations. we will divide them into Sons & Daughters To live in thy Bosoms translucence as in an eternal morning

Enitharmon answerd. No! I will sieze thy Fibres & weave Them: not as thou wilt but as I will, for I will Create A round Womb beneath my bosom lest I also be overwoven With Love; be thou assured I never will be thy slave Let Mans delight be Love; but Womans delight be Pride In Eden our loves were the same here they are opposite I have Loves of my own I will weave them in Albions Spectre Cast thou in Jerusalems shadows thy Loves! silk of liquid Rubies Jacinths Crysolites: issuing from thy Furnaces. While Jerusalem divides thy care: while thou carest for Jerusalem Know that I never will be thine: also thou hidest Vala From her these fibres shoot to shut me in a Grave. You are Albions Victim, he has set his Daughter in your path

Los answerd sighing like the Bellows of his Furnaces

I care not! the swing of my Hammer shall measure the starry round When in Eternity Man converses with Man they enter Into each others Bosom (which are Universes of delight) In mutual interchange. and first their Emanations meet Surrounded by their Children. if they embrace & comingle The Human Fourfold Forms mingle also in thunders of Intellect But if the Emanations mingle not; with storms & agitations Of earthquakes & consuming fires they roll apart in fear For Man cannot unite with Man but by their Emanations Which stand both Male & Female at the Gates of each Humanity How then can I ever again be united as Man with Man While thou my Emanation refusest my Fibres of dominion. When Souls mingle & join thro all the Fibres of Brotherhood Can there be any secret joy on Earth greater than this?

Enitharmon answerd: This is Womans World, nor need she any Spectre to defend her from Man. I will Create secret places And the masculine names of the places Merlin & Arthur. A triple Female Tabernacle for Moral Law I weave That he who loves Jesus may loathe terrified Female love Till God himself become a Male subservient to the Female.

She spoke in scorn & jealousy, alternate torments; and So speaking she sat down on Sussex shore singing lulling Cadences, & playing in sweet intoxication among the glistening Fibres of Los: sending them over the Ocean eastward into The realms of dark death; O perverse to thyself, contrarious To thy own purposes; for when she began to weave Shooting out in sweet pleasure her bosom in milky Love Flowd into the aching fibres of Los. yet contending against him In pride sending his Fibres over to her objects of jealousy In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albions Daughters Which stretchd abroad, expanding east & west & north & south Thro' all the World of Erin & of Los & all their Children A sullen Smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn Knowing himself the author of their divisions & shrinkings, gratified At their contentions, he wiped his tears he washd his visage.

The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman And deadly cunning & mean abjectness only, shall enjoy them For I will make their places of joy & love, excrementitious Continually building, continually destroying in Family feuds While you are under the dominion of a jealous Female Unpermanent for ever because of love & jealousy. You shall want all the Minute Particulars of Life

Thus joyd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Los's Forge, eyeing

Enitharmon who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences While Los stood at his Anvil in wrath the victim of their love And hate; dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses In Golgonooza & in Udan-Adan & in Entuthon of Urizen. The blow of his Hammer is Justice. the swing of his Hammer: Mercy. The force of Los's Hammer is eternal Forgiveness; but His rage or his mildness were vain, she scatterd his love on the wind Eastward into her own Center, creating the Female Womb In mild Jerusalem around the Lamb of God. Loud howl The Furnaces of Los! loud roll the Wheels of Enitharmon The Four Zoa's in all their faded majesty burst out in fury And fire. Jerusalem took the Cup which foamd in Vala's hand Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love & Wrath. Tho divided by the Cross & Nails & Thorns & Spear In cruelties of Rahab & Tirzah permanent endure A terrible indefinite Hermaphroditic form A Wine-press of Love & Wrath double Hermaph[r]oditic Twelvefold in Allegoric pomp in selfish holiness The Pharisaion, the Grammateis, the Presbuterion, The Archiereus, the Iereus, the Saddusaion, double Each withoutside of the other, covering eastern heaven

Thus was the Covering Cherub reveald majestic image Of Selfhood, Body put off, the Antichrist accursed Coverd with precious stones, a Human Dragon terrible And bright, stretchd over Europe & Asia gorgeous In three nights he devourd the rejected corse of death

His Head dark, deadly, in its Brain incloses a reflexion Of Eden all perverted; Egypt on the Gihon many tongued And many mouthd: Ethiopia, Lybia, the Sea of Rephaim Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns Disorganizd, & there is Pharoh in his iron Court: And the Dragon of the River & the Furnaces of iron. Outwoven from Thames & Tweed & Severn awful streams Twelve ridges of Stone frown over all the Earth in tyrant pride Frown over each River stupendous Works of Albions Druid Sons And Albions Forests of Oaks coverd the Earth from Pole to Pole

His Bosom wide reflects Moab & Ammon on the River Pison, since calld Arnon, there is Heshbon beautiful The flocks of Rabbath on the Arnon & the Fish-pools of Heshbon Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea by Sodom & Gomorra Above his Head high arching Wings black filld with Eyes Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapulae & Os Humeri. There Israel in bondage to his Generalizing Gods Molech & Chemosh, & in his left breast is Philistea In Druid Temples over the whole Earth with Victims Sacrifice, From Gaza to Damascus Tyre & Sidon & the Gods Of Javan thro the Isles of Grecia & all Europes Kings Where Hiddekel pursues his course among the rocks Two Wings spring from his ribs of brass, starry, black as night But translucent their blackness as the dazling of gems

His Loins inclose Babylon on Euphrates beautiful And Rome in sweet Hesperia. there Israel scatterd abroad In martydoms & slavery I behold: ah vision of sorrow! Inclosed by eyeless Wings, glowing with fire as the iron Heated in the Smiths forge, but cold the wind of their dread fury

But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem Hidden within the Covering Cherub as in a Tabernacle Of threefold workmanship in allegoric delusion & woe There the Seven Kings of Canaan & Five Baalim of Philistea Sihon & Og the Anakim & Emim, Nephilim & Gibborim From Babylon to Rome & the Wings spread from Japan Where the Red Sea terminates the World of Generation & Death To Irelands farthest rocks where Giants builded their Causeway Into the Sea of Rephaim, but the Sea oerwhelmd them all.

A Double Female now appeard within the Tabernacle, Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot Each within other, but without a Warlike Mighty-one

Of dreadful power, sitting upon Horeb pondering dire And mighty preparations mustering multitudes innumerable Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian & Aram For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend Lured by his warlike symphonies of tabret pipe & harp Burst the bottoms of the Graves & Funeral Arks of Beulah Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave They become One with the Antichrist & are absorbd in him The Feminine separates from the Masculine & both from Man, Ceasing to be His Emanations, Life to Themselves assuming! And while they circumscribe his Brain, & while they circumscribe His Heart, & while they circumscribe his Loins! a Veil & Net Of Veins of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet robe. Covering them from the sight of Man like the woven Veil of Sleep Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Mantles But dark opake! tender to touch, & painful! & agonizing To the embrace of love, & to the mingling of soft fibres Of tender affection. that no more the Masculine mingles With the Feminine. but the Sublime is shut out from the Pathos In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling The Pathos, to weave curtains of hiding secresy from the torment.

Bowen & Conwenna stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres Of Benjamin from Chesters River: loud the River; loud the Mersey And the Ribble. thunder into the Irish sea, as the Twelve Sons Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal Form of Luvah Cheshire & Lancashire & Westmoreland groan in anguish As they cut the fibres from the Rivers he sears them with hot Iron of his Forge & fixes them into Bones of chalk & Rock Conwenna sat above: with solemn cadences she drew Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom Hand had his Furnace on Highgates heights & it reachd To Brockley Hills across the Thames: he with double Boadicea In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey Comingling with Luvah & with the Sepulcher of Luvah For the Male is a Furnace of beryll: the Female is a golden Loom Los cries: No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself Or to his Emanation, any of the Universal Characteristics Of David or of Eve, of the Woman, or of the Lord. Of Reuben or of Benjamin, of Joseph or Judah or Levi Those who dare appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods & must be broken asunder A Vegetated Christ & a Virgin Eve, are the Hermaphroditic Blasphemy, by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil-One And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally Lest the Sexual Generation swallow up Regeneration Come Lord Jesus take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness

So Los cried in the Valleys of Middlesex in the Spirit of Prophecy While in Selfhood Hand & Hyle & Bowen & Skofeld appropriate The Divine Names: seeking to Vegetate the Divine Vision In a corporeal & ever dying Vegetation & Corruption Mingling with Luvah in One. they become One Great Satan Loud scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tongs & Hammer Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge They drink Reuben & Benjamin as the iron drinks the fire They are red hot with cruelty: raving along the Banks of Thames And on Tyburns Brook among the howling Victims in loveliness While Hand & Hyle condense the Little-ones & erect them into A mighty Temple even to the stars: but they Vegetate Beneath Los's Hammer, that Life may not be blotted out.

For Los said: When the Individual appropriates Universality He divides into Male & Female: & when the Male & Female, Appropriate Individuality, they become an Eternal Death. Hermaphroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty & law! Your Slaves & Captives; you compell to worship a God of Mercy. These are the Demonstrations of Los, & the blows of my mighty Hammer

So Los spoke. And the Giants of Albion terrified & ashamed With Los's thunderous Words, began to build trembling rocking Stones For his Words roll in thunders & lightnings among the Temples Terrified rocking to & fro upon the earth, & sometimes Resting in a Circle in Maiden or in Strathness or Dura. Plotting to devour Albion & Los the friend of Albion Denying in private: mocking God & Eternal Life: & in Public Collusion, calling themselves Deists, Worshipping the Maternal Humanity; calling it Nature, and Natural Religion But still the thunder of Los peals loud & thus the thunder's cry These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion, are gratifyd by Cruelty

It is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend: The man who permits you to injure him, deserves your vengeance: He also will recieve it; go Spectre! obey my most secret desire: Which thou knowest without my speaking: Go to these Fiends of Righteousness

Tell them to obey their Humanities, & not pretend Holiness; When they are murderers: as far as my Hammer & Anvil permit Go, tell them that the Worship of God, is honouring his gifts In other men: & loving the greatest men best, each according To his Genius: which is the Holy Ghost in Man; there is no other God, than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity; He who envies or calumniates: which is murder & cruelty, Murders the Holy-one: Go tell them this & overthrow their cup, Their bread, their altar-table, their incense & their oath: Their marriage & their baptism, their burial & consecration: I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts but have only Made enemies: I never made friends but by spiritual gifts; By severe contentions of friendship & the burning fire of thought. He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children One first, in friendship & love; then a Divine Family, & in the midst Jesus will appear; so he who wishes to see a Vision; a perfect Whole Must see it in its Minute Particulars; Organized & not as thou O Fiend of Righteousness pretendest; thine is a Disorganized And snowy cloud: brooder of tempests & destructive War You smile with pomp & rigor: you talk of benevolence & virtue! I act with benevolence & virtue & get murderd time after time: You accumulate Particulars, & murder by analyzing, that you

May take the aggregate; & you call the aggregate Moral Law: And you call that Swelld & bloated Form; a Minute Particular. But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars: & every Particular is a Man; a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus.

So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping!

The Spectre builded stupendous Works, taking the Starry Heavens Like to a curtain & folding them according to his will Repeating the Smaragdine Table of Hermes to draw Los down Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration Los reads the Stars of Albion! the Spectre reads the Voids Between the Stars; among the arches of Albions Tomb sublime Rolling the Sea in rocky paths: forming Leviathan And Behemoth: the War by Sea enormous & the War By Land astounding: erecting pillars in the deepest Hell, To reach the heavenly arches; Los beheld undaunted furious His heavd Hammer; he swung it round & at one blow, In unpitying ruin driving down the pyramids of pride Smiting the Spectre on his Anvil & the integuments of his Eye And Ear unbinding in dire pain, with many blows, Of strict severity self-subduing, & with many tears labouring.

Then he sent forth the Spectre all his pyramids were grains Of sand & his pillars: dust on the flys wing: & his starry Heavens; a moth of gold & silver mocking his anxious grasp Thus Los alterd his Spectre & every Ratio of his Reason He alterd time after time, with dire pain & many tears Till he had completely divided him into a separate space.

Terrified Los sat to behold trembling & weeping & howling I care not whether a Man is Good or Evil; all that I care Is whether he is a Wise Man or a Fool. Go! put off Holiness And put on Intellect: or my thundrous Hammer shall drive thee To wrath which thou condemnest: till thou obey my voice

So Los terrified cries: trembling & weeping & howling! Beholding

What do I see? The Briton Saxon Roman Norman amalgamating In my Furnaces into One Nation the English: & taking refuge In the Loins of Albion. The Canaanite united with the fugitive Hebrew, whom she divided into Twelve, & sold into Egypt Then scatterd the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds! This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion

So Los spoke. Enitharmon answerd in great terror in Lambeths Vale

The Poets Song draws to its period & Enitharmon is no more. For if he be that Albion I can never weave him in my Looms But when he touches the first fibrous thread, like filmy dew

My Looms will be no more & I annihilate vanish for ever Then thou wilt Create another Female according to thy Will.

Los answerd swift as the shuttle of gold. Sexes must vanish & cease To be, when Albion arises from his dread repose O lovely Enitharmon:

When all their Crimes, their Punishments their Accusations of Sin: All their Jealousies Revenges. Murders. hidings of Cruelty in Deceit Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time. In the shadows of Possibility by Mutual Forgiveness forevermore And in the Vision & in the Prophecy, that we may Foresee & Avoid The terrors of Creation & Redemption & Judgment. Beholding them Displayd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan in Jerusalem & in Shiloh

And in the Shadows of Remembrance, & in the Chaos of the Spectre Amalek, Edom, Egypt, Moab, Ammon, Ashur, Philistea, around Jerusalem

Where the Druids reard their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance

Of Sin. & the Tree of Good & Evil sprang from the Rocky Circle & Snake

Of the Druid, along the Valley of Rephaim from Camberwell to Golgotha

And framed the Mundane Shell Cavernous in Length Bredth & Highth

[Inscribed on image:] Anytus Melitus & Lycon thought Socrates a Very Pernicious Man So Caiphas thought Jesus

Enitharmon heard. She raisd her head like the mild Moon

O Rintrah! O Palamabron! What are your dire & awful purposes Enitharmons name is nothing before you: you forget all my Love! The Mothers love of obedience is forgotten & you seek a Love Of the pride of dominion, that will Divorce Ocalythron & Elynittria Upon East Moor in Derbyshire & along the Valleys of Cheviot Could you Love me Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love As Reuben found Mandrakes in the field & gave them to his Mother Pride meets with Pride upon the Mountains in the stormy day In that terrible Day of Rintrahs Plow & of Satans driving the Team. Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley! Ah! then I saw my beloved ones fleeing from my Tent Merlin was like thee Rintrah among the Giants of Albion Judah was like Palamabron: O Simeon! O Levi! ye fled away How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley Or how upon the distant Hills see my beloveds Tents.

Then Los again took up his speech as Enitharmon ceast

Fear not my Sons this Waking Death. he is become One with me Behold him here! We shall not Die! we shall be united in Jesus. Will you suffer this Satan this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is Not To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life. if Bacon, Newton, Locke,

Deny a Conscience in Man & the Communion of Saints & Angels Contemning the Divine Vision & Fruition, Worshiping the Deus Of the Heathen, The God of This World, & the Goddess Nature Mystery Babylon the Great, The Druid Dragon & hidden Harlot Is it not that Signal of the Morning which was told us in the Beginning Thus they converse upon Mam-Tor. the Graves thunder under their feet

Albion cold lays on his Rock: storms & snows beat round him. Beneath the Furnaces & the starry Wheels & the Immortal Tomb Howling winds cover him: roaring seas dash furious against him In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare long thunders roll

The weeds of Death inwrap his hands & feet blown incessant And washd incessant by the forever restless sea-waves foaming abroad

Upon the white Rock. England a Female Shadow as deadly damps Of the Mines of Cornwall & Derbyshire lays upon his bosom heavy Moved by the wind in volumes of thick cloud returning folding round His loins & bosom unremovable by swelling storms & loud rending Of enraged thunders. Around them the Starry Wheels of their Giant Sons

Revolve: & over them the Furnaces of Los & the Immortal Tomb around

Erin sitting in the Tomb, to watch them unceasing night and day And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations.

Over them the famishd Eagle screams on boney Wings and around Them howls the Wolf of famine deep heaves the Ocean black thundering

Around the wormy Garments of Albion: then pausing in deathlike silence

Time was Finished! The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion Beneath the Furnaces & starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb And England who is Brittannia awoke from Death on Albions bosom She awoke pale & cold she fainted seven times on the Body of Albion

O pitious Sleep O pitious Dream! O God O God awake I have slain In Dreams of Chastity & Moral Law I have Murdered Albion! Ah! In Stone-henge & on London Stone & in the Oak Groves of Malden I have Slain him in my Sleep with the Knife of the Druid O England O all ye Nations of the Earth behold ye the Jealous Wife The Eagle & the Wolf & Monkey & Owl & the King & Priest were there

Her voice pierc'd Albions clay cold ear. he moved upon the Rock The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills, Albion mov'd Upon the Rock, he opend his eyelids in pain; in pain he mov'd His stony members, he saw England. Ah! shall the Dead live again

The Breath Divine went forth over the morning hills Albion rose In anger: the wrath of God breaking bright flaming on all sides around His awful limbs: into the Heavens he walked clothed in flames Loud thundring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful Revolutions of Action & Passion, thro the Four Elements on all sides Surrounding his awful Members. Thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds Struggling to rise above the Mountains. in his burning hand He takes his Bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor! clouds roll around the Horns of the wide Bow, loud sounding winds sport on the mountain brows

Compelling Urizen to his Furrow; & Tharmas to his Sheepfold; And Luvah to his Loom: Urthona he beheld mighty labouring at His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied labouring & weeping Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in songs Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth England who is Brittannia enterd Albions bosom rejoicing, Rejoicing in his indignation! adoring his wrathful rebuke.

Then Jesus appeared standing by Albion as the Good Shepherd By the lost Sheep that he hath found & Albion knew that it Was the Lord the Universal Humanity, & Albion saw his Form A Man. & they conversed as Man with Man, in Ages of Eternity And the Divine Appearance was the likeness & similitude of Los

Albion said. O Lord what can I do! my Selfhood cruel Marches against thee deceitful from Sinai & from Edom Into the Wilderness of Judah to meet thee in his pride I behold the Visions of my deadly Sleep of Six Thousand Years Dazling around thy skirts like a Serpent of precious stones & gold I know it is my Self. O my Divine Creator & Redeemer

Jesus replied Fear not Albion unless I die thou canst not live But if I die I shall arise again & thou with me This is Friendship & Brotherhood without it Man Is Not

So Jesus spoke! the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness Overshadowd them & Jesus said Thus do Men in Eternity One for another to put off by forgiveness, every sin

Albion replyd. Cannot Man exist without Mysterious Offering of Self for Another, is this Friendship & Brotherhood I see thee in the likeness & similitude of Los my Friend

Jesus said. Wouldest thou love one who never died For thee or ever die for one who had not died for thee And if God dieth not for Man & giveth not himself Eternally for Man Man could not exist. for Man is Love: As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death In the Divine Image nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood

So saying. the Cloud overshadowing divided them asunder Albion stood in terror: not for himself but for his Friend Divine, & Self was lost in the contemplation of faith And wonder at the Divine Mercy & at Los's sublime honour

Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends! O my Cities & Counties Do you sleep! rouze up! rouze up. Eternal Death is abroad

So Albion spoke & threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction All was a Vision, all a Dream: the Furnaces became Fountains of Living Waters Howing from the Humanity Divine And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers, and All The Sons & Daughters of Albion on soft clouds Waking from Sleep Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona arose into Albions Bosom: Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds Of Heaven Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity Awake! Awake Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time For lo! the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day Appears upon our Hills: Awake Jerusalem, and come away

So spake the Vision of Albion & in him so spake in my hearing The Universal Father. Then Albion stretchd his hand into Infinitude. And took his Bow. Fourfold the Vision for bright beaming Urizen Layd his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of carved Gold Luvah his hand stretch'd to the East & bore a Silver Bow bright shining

Tharmas Westward a Bow of Brass pure flaming richly wrought Urthona Northward in thick storms a Bow of Iron terrible thundering.

And the Bow is a Male & Female & the Quiver of the Arrows of Love,

Are the Children of this Bow: a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness: laying

Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence Wars of Love And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male & Female Loves And he Clothed himself in Bow & Arrows in awful state Fourfold In the midst of his Twenty-eight Cities each with his Bow breathing Then each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully They drew fourfold the unreprovable String, bending thro the wide Heavens

The horned Bow Fourfold, loud sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold

Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns

Of the wide Bow, loud sounding Winds sport on the Mountains brows: The Druid Spectre was Annihilate loud thundring rejoicing terrific vanishing Fourfold Annihilation & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect The innumerable Chariots of the Almighty appeard in Heaven And Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer A Sun of blood red wrath surrounding heaven on all sides around Glorious incompreh[en]sible by Mortal Man & each Chariot was Sexual Threefold

And every Man stood Fourfold, each Four Faces had.

One to the West One toward the East One to the South One to the North. the Horses Fourfold

And the dim Chaos brightend beneath, above, around! Eyed as the Peacock

According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the Four Rivers of the Water of Life

South stood the Nerves of the Eye. East in Rivers of bliss the Nerves of the

Expansive Nostrils West, flowd the Parent Sense the Tongue. North stood

The labyrinthine Ear. Circumscribing & Circumcising the excrementitious

Husk & Covering into Vacuum evaporating revealing the lineaments of Man

Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death & Resurrection

Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah rejoicing in Unity In the Four Senses in the Outline the Circumference & Form, for ever In Forgiveness of Sins which is Self Annihilation. it is the Covenant of Jehovah

The Four Living Creatures Chariots of Humanity Divine Incomprehensible

In beautiful Paradises expand These are the Four Rivers of Paradise And the Four Faces of Humanity fronting the Four Cardinal Points Of Heaven going forward forward irresistible from Eternity to Eternity

And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic which bright

Redounded from their Tongues in thunderous majesty, in Visions In new Expanses, creating exemplars of Memory and of Intellect Creating Space, Creating Time according to the wonders Divine Of Human Imagination, throughout all the Three Regions immense Of Childhood, Manhood & Old Age & the all tremendous unfathomable Non Ens

Of Death was seen in regenerations terrific or complacent varying According to the subject of discourse & every Word & Every Character

Was Human according to the Expansion or Contraction, the Translucence or

Opakeness of Nervous fibres such was the variation of Time & Space Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary & they walked

To & fro in Eternity as One Man reflecting each in each & clearly seen

And seeing: according to fitness & order. And I heard Jehovah speak Terrific from his Holy Place & saw the Words of the Mutual Covenant Divine

On Chariots of gold & jewels with Living Creatures starry & flaming With every Colour, Lion, Tyger, Horse, Elephant, Eagle Dove, Fly, Worm,

And the all wondrous Serpent clothed in gems & rich array Humanize In the Forgiveness of Sins according to the Covenant of Jehovah. They Cry

Where is the Covenant of Priam, the Moral Virtues of the Heathen Where is the Tree of Good & Evil that rooted beneath the cruel heel Of Albions Spectre the Patriarch Druid! where are all his Human Sacrifices

For Sin in War & in the Druid Temples of the Accuser of Sin: beneath The Oak Groves of Albion that coverd the whole Earth beneath his Spectre

Where are the Kingdoms of the World & all their glory that grew on Desolation

The Fruit of Albions Poverty Tree when the Triple Headed Gog-Magog Giant Of Albion Taxed the Nations into Desolation & then gave the Spectrous Oath

Such is the Cry from all the Earth from the Living Creatures of the Earth

And from the great City of Golgonooza in the Shadowy Generation

And from the Thirty-two Nations of the Earth among the Living Creatures

All Human Forms identified even Tree Metal Earth & Stone. all Human Forms identified, living going forth & returning wearied Into the Planetary lives of Years Months Days & Hours reposing And then Awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality. And I heard the Name of their Emanations they are named Jerusalem.

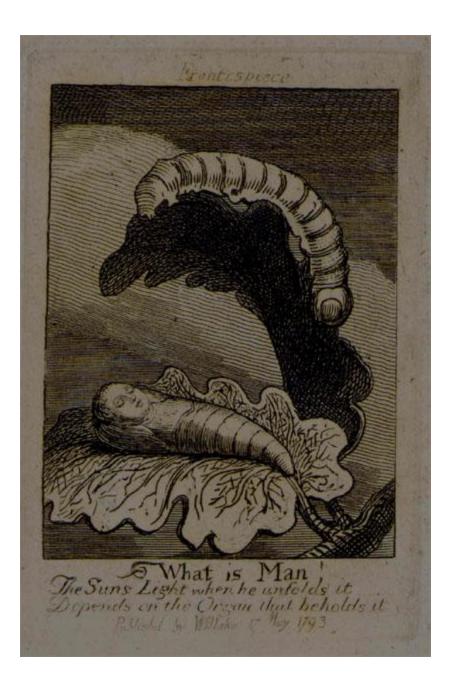
> * * *The End of The Song* * * of Jerusalem

For the Sexes: the Gates of Paradise (1820)

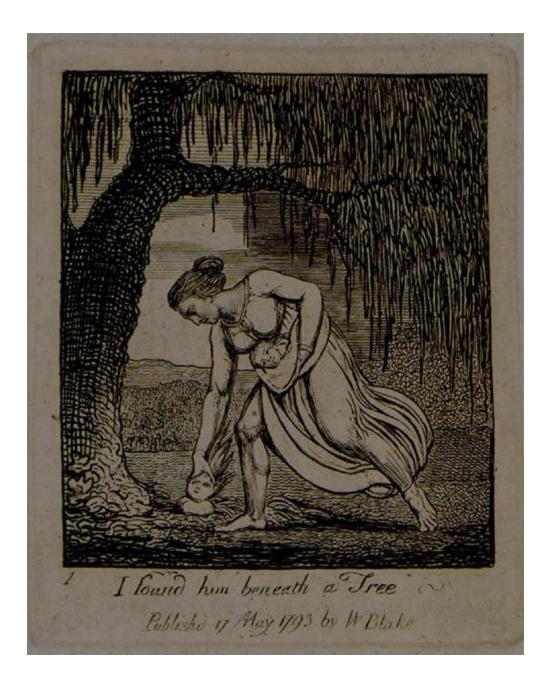
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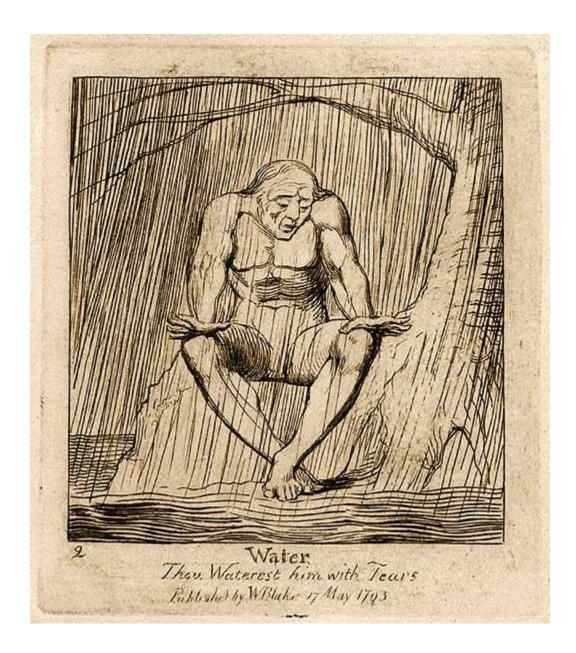
Plates

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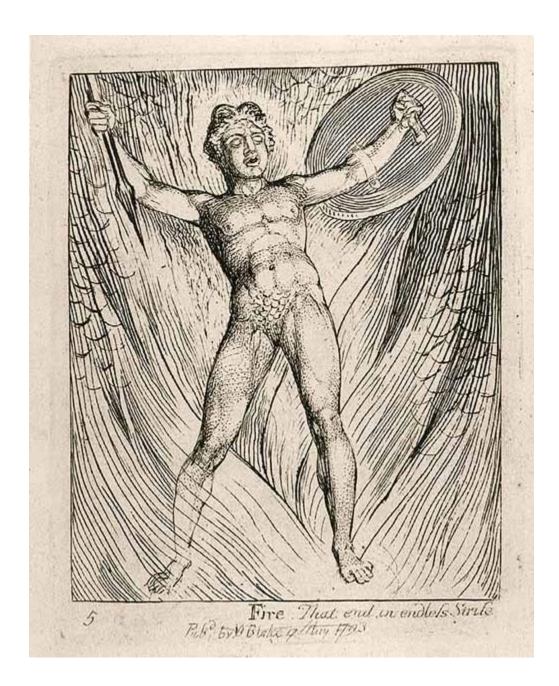
For the Sexes aradise Mutual Forgiveness of each Vice Such are the Gutes of Paradise Against the Accusers chief desire Who walked among the Stunes of Fire Jehovahs Finger Wrote the Law Then Wept! then rase in Jeal & Uwe And the Dead Compse from Sinais heat Buried beneath his Mercy Seut, O Christians' Christians tell me Why You rear it on your Alturs high

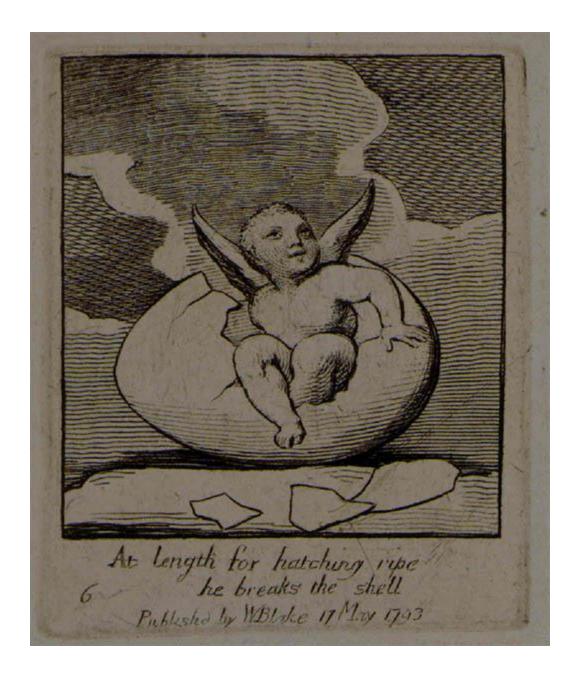


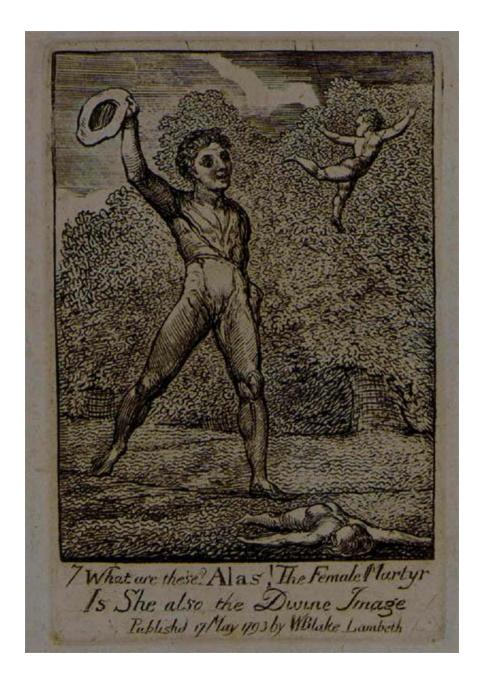


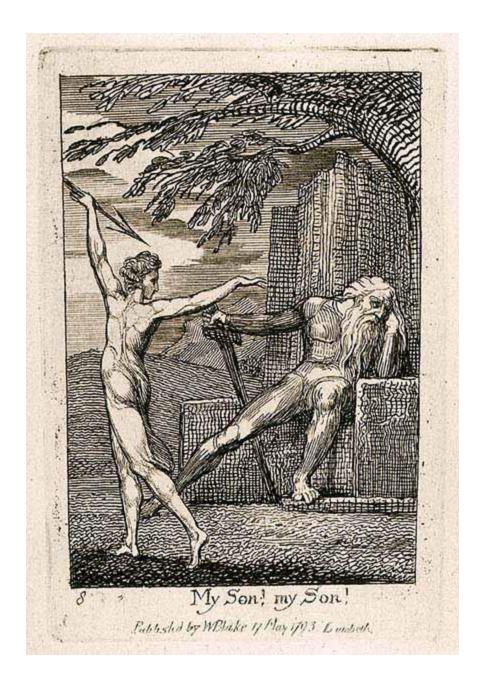




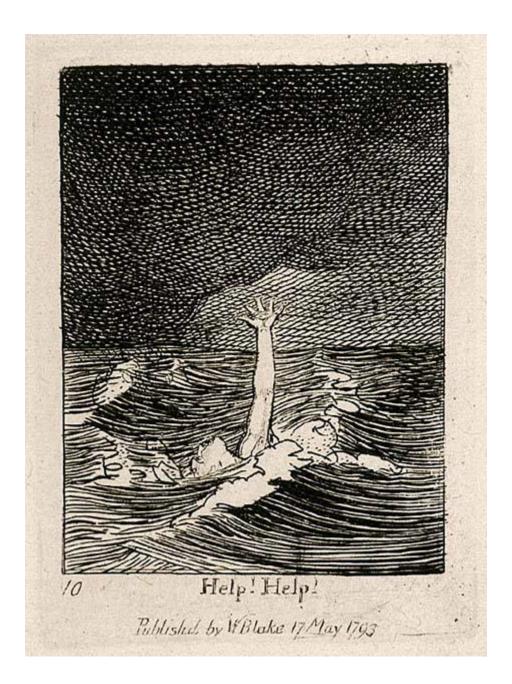




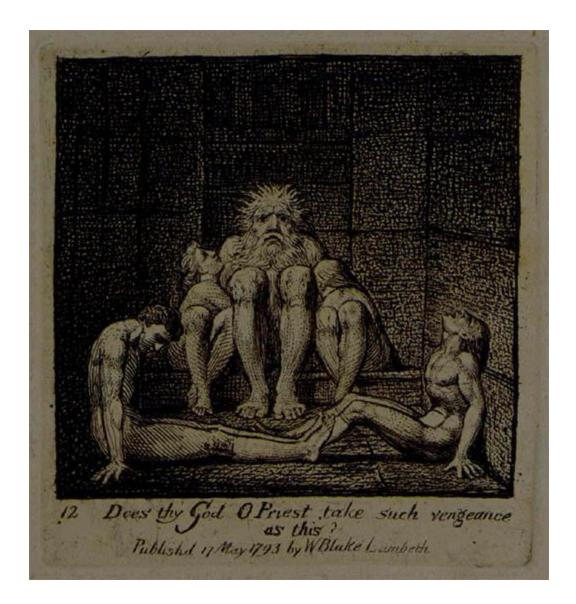


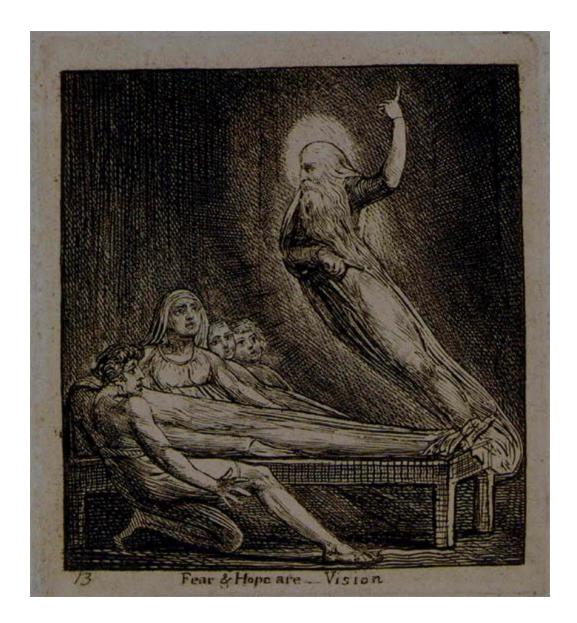


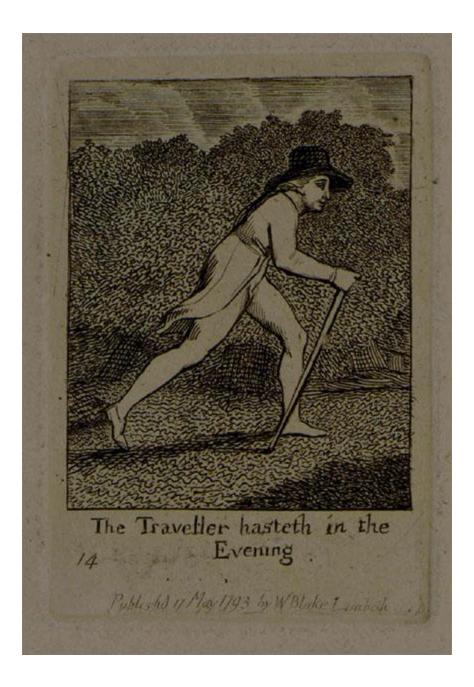




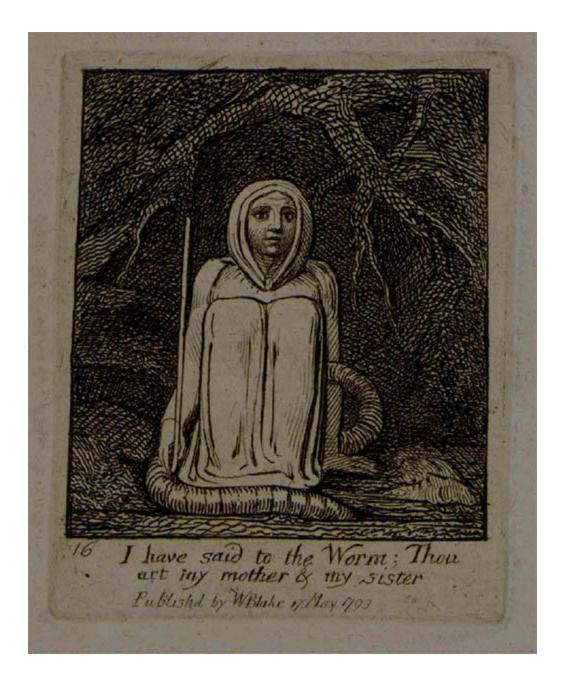












The Keys The Catterpiller on the Leaf Reminds thee of thy Mothers Grief of the Gates 1 My Eternal Man set in Repose The Female from his darknels rose And She found me beneath a Tree A Mandrake & in her Veil had me Serpent Reasonings us entice Of Good & Eml. Virtue & Vice 2 Doubt Self Jealous Watry folly 3, Struggling thro Larths Melancholy 4 Naked in air in Shame & Fear 3 Blind in Fire with shield & spear Two Hornid Reasoning Cloven Fiction In Doubt which is Self contradiction A dark Hermuphrodue We stood . Rational Truth Root of Evel & Good Round me flew the Flaming Sword Round her snowy Whertwends round Freezons her Veil the Mundane Shell 6. I rent the Veil where the Dead dwell When weary Man enters his Cave

He meets his Saviour in the Green Some find a Female Garment there And some a Male weven with care Lest the Sexual Garments sweet Should grow a devouring Winding sheet 7 One Dies'Alas the Living & Dead One is stain & One is fled 2 : 8 In Vain- glory hatcht & nurst By double Spectres Self Accurst My Son my Son thou treatest me But as Thave instructed thee 9 On the shadows of the Moon Clumbing thro Nights highest noon 10 In Junes Ocean falling drownds In a ged Ignorance profound 11 Holy & cold Telepa the Wings Of all Sublunary Things 12. And in Jepths of my Dungeons Closed the Father & the Sons 13 But when once I did descry The Immortal Man that cannot Die 14 Thro evening shades Thuste away To close the Labours of my Day 15 The Door of Death I open lound And the Worm Weaving in the Ground 16 Thourt my Mother from the Womb Wite Sister Daughter to the Tomb Weaving to Dreams the Sexual strike And weeping over the Web of Life

To The Accuser who is The God of This World VAREFER Truly My Satan they art but a Dunce And dost not knew the Garment from the Man Every Harlot was a Virgin once Nor canst thou over change Kate into Nan The thou art Worshipd by the Names Divine Of Jesus & Tehoviah: thou art still The Son of Morn in weary Nights decline The lost Travellers Dream under the Hill

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What is Man!

The Suns Light when he unfolds it Depends on the Organ that beholds it

Mutual Forgiveness of each Vice Such are the Gates of Paradise Against the Accusers chief desire Who walkd among the Stones of Fire Jehovahs Finger Wrote the Law Then Wept! then rose in Zeal & Awe And the Dead Corpse from Sinais heat Buried beneath his Mercy Seat O Christians Christians! tell me Why You rear it on your Altars high

- 1 I found him beneath a Tree
- 2 Water: Thou Waterest him with Tears
- 3 Earth: He struggles into Life
- 4 Air: On Cloudy Doubts & Reasoning Cares
- 5 Fire: That end in endless Strife
- 6 At length for hatching ripe he breaks the shell
- 7 What are these? Alas! the Female Martyr Is She also the Divine Image

8 My Son! my Son!

9 I want! I want!

10 Help! Help!

11 Aged Ignorance: Perceptive Organs closed their Objects close

12 Does thy God O Priest take such vengeance as this?

13 Fear & Hope are—Vision

14 The Traveller hasteth in the Evening

15 Death's Door

16 I have said to the Worm: Thou art my mother & my sister

THE KEYS

The Catterpiller on the Leaf Reminds thee of thy Mothers Grief

of the GATES

My Eternal Man set in Repose
 The Female from his darkness rose
 And She found me beneath a Tree
 A Mandrake & in her Veil hid me
 Serpent Reasonings us entice
 Of Good & Evil: Virtue & Vice
 Doubt Self Jealous Watry folly
 Struggling thro Earths Melancholy
 Naked in Air in Shame & Fear
 Blind in Fire with shield & spear
 Two Hornd Reasoning Cloven Fiction

In Doubt which is Self contradiction A dark Hermaphrodite We stood Rational Truth Root of Evil & Good Round me flew the Flaming Sword Round her snowy Whirlwinds roard Freezing her Veil the Mundane Shell 6 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 7 One Dies! Alas! the Living & Dead One is slain & One is fled 8 In Vain-glory hatcht & nurst By double Spectres Self Accurst My Son! my Son! thou treatest me But as I have instructed thee 9 On the shadows of the Moon Climbing thro Nights highest noon 10 In Times Ocean falling drownd In Aged Ignorance profound 11 Holy & cold I clipd the Wings Of all Sublunary Things 12 And in depths of my Dungeons Closed the Father & the Sons

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Tho thou art Worshipd by the Names Divine Of Jesus & Jehovah thou art still The Son of Morn in weary Nights decline The lost Travellers Dream under the Hill

On Homer's Poetry and On Virgil (1822)

Plate



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Every Poem must necessarily be a perfect Unity, but why Homers is peculiarly so I 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 Homers subject

But when a Work has Unity it is as much in a Part as in the Whole. the Torso is as much a Unity as the Laocoon

As Unity is the cloke of folly so Goodness is the cloke of knavery Those who will have Unity exclusively in Homer come out with a Moral like a sting in the tail: Aristotle says Characters are either Good or Bad: now Goodness or Badness has nothing to do with Character. an Apple tree a 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 Moral of a whole Poem as with the Moral Goodness of its parts Unity & Morality, are secondary considerations & belong to Philosophy & not to Poetry, to Exception & not to Rule, to Accident & not to Substance. the Ancients calld 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

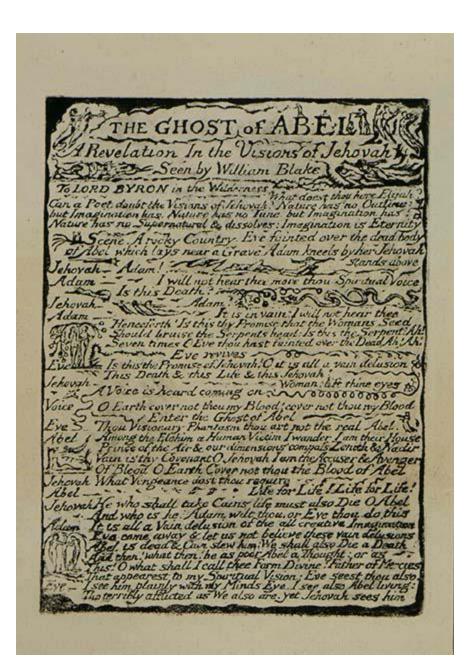
Sacred Truth has pronounced that Greece & Rome as Babylon & Egypt: so far from being parents of Arts & Sciences as they pretend: were destroyers of all Art. Homer Virgil & Ovid confirm this opinion & make us reverence The Word of God, the only light of antiquity that remains unperverted by War. Virgil 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 & destroyd it a Warlike State never can produce Art. It will Rob & Plunder & accumulate into one place, & Translate & Copy & Buy & Sell & Criticise, but not Make.

Mathematic Form is Eternal in the Reasoning Memory. Living Form is Eternal Existence.

Grecian is Mathematic Form. Gothic is Living Form.

The Ghost of Abel (1822)

Plates



Alive & not Dead: were it not better to believe Vision With all our might & strength the we are fallen & lost Adam - Eve thou hast spoken truly, let us kneel before his Feet. Abel - Are these the Sacrifices of Etanuty Olehovah a Broken Sport And a Contrite Heart & Teanwork School and Broken Sport And a Contrite Heart & Teanwork Foreive the Accuser hat and a Contrite Heart & Teanwork Foreive the Accuser hat the the heart will so is it came to pass. My desire is unto Can And the doth rule over Me: therefore My Soul in himes of Blood cries for Vengeunce: Sacrifice an Sacrifice Blood on Blood chovah Lo Thave given you a Lumb for an Atonement instad abel - Compelled fer O Earth cover no put could ever Live Abel - Compelled for O Earth cover for which arises Satur Abel sinks down into the Grave from which arises Salan Armed in glattering scales with a Grown & a Spear A I will have Human Blood & not the blood of Bulls or Govts And no Atonement OJehovah. the Elahim bive on Sacrhice Of Men; hence I am God of Men; Thou Human O Jehovah. By the Rock & Oak of the Druid creeping Mislable & Thorm Cains Cay built with Human Blood not Blood of Bulls & Goa Thou shalt Thyself be Sacrificed to Me thy God on Calvary the Such is My Will: Mat 1 & Thunders In Self Annihilation even till Saran Self subdud Pit of Sacan Instre Rotom of Abuls whose tormost arises for ever & ever. Into the Bottomlels Aby is whose torment arises for ever & ever. 5 On each side a Chorus of Angels' entering Sing the following The Elohim of the Heathen Swore Venseance to Sin Then They OElohim Jehovek of the mulst of the darkness of the Oath All Covenant of the Version nels of Sins Douth OHoly 'Is this Brot anim saw their Oath Eternal Fire; they rotted apart trembling Oath All Cloth Is this Brotherhoo apart trembling over The each in his stution fixt in the Firmament by The Curtain fulls : The Voice of Ab

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THE GHOST of ABEL

A Revelation In the Visions of Jehovah

Seen by William Blake

To LORD BYRON in the Wilderness What doest thou here Elijah? Can a Poet doubt the Visions of Jehovah? Nature has no Outline: but Imagination has. Nature has no Tune: but Imagination has! Nature has no Supernatural & dissolves: Imagination is Eternity Scene. A rocky Country. Eve fainted over the dead body of Abel which lays near a Grave. Adam kneels by her Jehovah stands above

Jehovah— Adam! Adam— I will not hear thee more thou Spiritual Voice Is this Death? Jehovah— Adam! Adam— It is in vain: I will not hear thee Henceforth! Is this thy Promise that the Womans Seed Should bruise the Serpents head: Is this the Serpent? Ah! Seven times, O Eve thou hast fainted over the Dead Ah! Ah!

Eve revives

Eve— Is this the Promise of Jehovah! O it is all a vain delusion This Death & this Life & this Jehovah!Jehovah— Woman! lift thine eyes

A Voice is heard coming on

- Voice— O Earth cover not thou my Blood! cover not thou my Blood Enter the Ghost of Abel
- Eve— Thou Visionary Phantasm thou art not the real Abel.
- Abel-Among the Elohim a Human Victim I wander I am their House Prince of the Air & our dimensions compass Zenith & Nadir Vain is thy Covenant O Jehovah I am the Accuser & Avenger Of Blood O Earth Cover not thou the Blood of Abel
- Jehovah— What Vengeance dost thou require
- Abel— Life for Life! Life for Life!
- Jehovah— He who shall take Cains life must also Die O Abel And who is he? Adam wilt thou, or Eve thou do this
- Adam— It is all a Vain delusion of the all creative Imagination Eve come away & let us not believe these vain delusions Abel is dead & Cain slew him! We shall also Die a Death And then! what then? be as poor Abel a Thought: or as This! O what shall I call thee Form Divine! Father of Mercies That appearest to my Spiritual Vision: Eve seest thou also.
- Eve— I see him plainly with my Minds Eye. I see also Abel living: Tho terribly afflicted as We also are. yet Jehovah sees him Alive & not Dead: were it not better to believe Vision With all our might & strength tho we are fallen & lostAdam— Eve thou hast spoken truly. let us kneel before his feet.

The Kneel before Jehovah

Abel— Are these the Sacrifices of Eternity O Jehovah, a Broken Spirit And a Contrite Heart. O I cannot Forgive! the Accuser hath Enterd into Me as into his House & I loathe thy Tabernacles As thou hast said so is it come to pass: My desire is unto Cain And He doth rule over Me: therefore My Soul in fumes of Blood Cries for Vengeance: Sacrifice on Sacrifice Blood on Blood
Jehovah— Lo I have given you a Lamb for an Atonement instead Of the Transgres[s]or, or no Flesh or Spirit could ever Live
Abel— Compelled I cry O Earth cover not the Blood of Abel Abel sinks down into the Grave. from which arises Satan Armed in glittering scales with a Crown & a Spear Satan— I will have Human Blood & not the blood of Bulls or Goats And no Atonement O Jehovah the Elohim live on Sacrifice Of Men: hence I am God of Men: Thou Human O Jehovah. By the Rock & Oak of the Druid creeping Mistletoe & Thorn Cains City built with Human Blood, not Blood of Bulls & Goats Thou shalt Thyself be Sacrificed to Me thy God on Calvary

Jehovah— Such is My Will. Ghost Of Abelstagedr Thunders that Thou Thyself go to Eternal Death

In Self Annihilation even till Satan Self-subdud Put off Satan Into the Bottomless Abyss whose torment arises for ever & ever. On each side a Chorus of Angels entering Sing the following

The Elohim of the Heathen Swore Vengeance for Sin! Then Thou stoodst

Forth O Elohim Jehovah! in the midst of the darkness of the Oath! All Clothed

In Thy Covenant of the Forgiveness of Sins: Death O Holy! Is this Brotherhood

The Elohim saw their Oath Eternal Fire; they rolled apart trembling over The

Mercy Seat: each in his station fixt in the Firmament by Peace Brotherhood and Love.

The Curtain falls

The Voice of Abels Blood 1822 W Blakes Original Stereotype was 1788

Laocoön (1826)

Plate



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[Written on the base of the statue:] Drawn and Engraved by William Blake

[At the base of the statue:]

[Hebrew: Jehovah] and his two sons Satan and Adam as they were copied from the Cherubim of Solomon's Temple by three Rhodians, and applied to Natural Fact, or History of Ilium.

[Above the statue:]

The Angel of the Divine Presence [Hebrew: Angel of Jehovah]

[To the left of Laocoon's head:]

[Greek: serpent-holder]

[The two serpents are labelled 'Good' (on Laocoon's left) and 'Evil' (his right).]

[Beneath the left hand of Laocoon, holding the neck of the serpent labelled 'Good', is the inscription:]

[Hebrew: Lilith]

[To the left of the plate:]

SPIRITUAL WAR: Israel delivered from Egypt is Art deliver'd from Nature and Imitation.

A Poet, a Painter, a Musician, an Architect; the man or woman who is not one of these is not a Christian.

You must leave fathers and mothers and houses and lands if they stand in the way of Art.

The Eternal Body of Man is the Imagination; that is God Himself, the Divine Body, [Hebrew: Yeshua] Jesus; we are His Members.

It manifests itself in His Works of Art: In Eternity all is Vision!

The true Christian Charity not dependent on Money, the life's blood of poor families; that is on Caesar or Empire, or Natural Religion.

Money! which is the great Satan or Reason, the root of Good and Evil, in the Accusation of Sin.

Prayer is the study of Art. Praise is the practice of Art. Fasting, *etc.* all relate to Art. The outward Ceremony is Antichrist.

[Encircling the three figures:]

Good and Evil are Riches and Poverty, a Tree of Misery propagating Generation and Death.

The Gods of Priam are the Cherubim of Moses and Solomon, the Hosts of Heaven.

Without unceasing Practice nothing can be done: Practice is Art. If you leave off you are lost.

Hebrew Art is called Sin, by the Deist Science.

All that we see is Vision; from Generated Organs, gone as soon as come; permanent in the Imagination; consider'd as nothing by the Natural Man.

Satan's wife, the Goddess Nature, is War and Misery, and Heroism a Miser.

[At the head of the plate:]

Where any view of Money exists, Art cannot be carried on, but War only; by pretences to the two Impossibilities, Chastity and Abstinence, Gods of the Heathen. (Read Matthew x. 9, 10).

He repented that He had made Adam (of the Female, the Adamah); and it grieved Him at His heart.

Art can never exist without Naked Beauty displayed.

The Gods of Greece and Egypt were Mathematical Diagrams. (See Plato's Works.) What can be created can be destroyed.

Adam is only the Natural Man, and not the Soul or Imagination.

Divine Union deriding and denying Immediate Communion with God. The Spoilers say: 'Where are His Works that He did in the Wilderness?' Lo! what are these? Whence came they? These are not the Works of Egypt, nor Babylon, whose Gods are the Powers of this World, Goddess Nature; who first spoil and then destroy Imaginative Art, for their Glory is War and Dominion.

Empire against Art. (See Virgil's Æneid. Lib. VI. v. 848.)

[To the right of the plate:]

Jesus and His Apostles and Disciples were all Artists. Their Works were destroy'd by the Seven Angels of the Seven Churches in Asia, Antichrist, Science.

The Old and New Testaments are the great code of Art.

The whole business of Man is the Arts, and all things, common.

No secrecy in Art.

Art is the Tree of Life.

God is Jesus.

Science is the Tree of Death.

For every pleasure Money is useless.

There are States in which all Visionary Men are accounted Mad Men: such are Greece and Rome, such is Empire or Tax. (See Luke ii. 1.) The unproductive Man is not a Christian, much less the Destroyer.

What we call antique gems are the gems of Aaron's breastplate. Is not every Vice possible to Man described in the Bible openly? All is not Sin that Satan calls so—all the Loves and Graces of Eternity. Christianity is Art and not Money. Money is its Curse.

[At the foot of the plate:]

If Morality was Christianity, Socrates was the Saviour. Art degraded, Imagination denied, War governed the Nations.

Sources

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Images are taken from books in the Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection of the Library of Congress.

Rosenwald 1796

There is no natural religion. [London, W. Blake, ca. 1790] 21 plates. 14 cm.

Rosenwald 1798

The book of Thel. The author and printer Willm. Blake. [London] 1789. 8 plates. 31 cm.

Rosenwald 1799 The marriage of Heaven and Hell. [London, ca. 1794] 27 plates. 40 cm.

Rosenwald 1801

Songs of innocence and of experience, shewing the two contrary states of the human soul. [London, W. Blake, 1794] 54 plates. col. ill. 19 cm.

Rosenwald 1803

Visions of the daughters of Albion: the eye sees more than the heart knows. [London] : Printed by William Blake, 1793 [i.e. ca. 1810?] 11 leaves : col. ill.; 39 cm.

Rosenwald 1804

America, a prophecy. Lambeth, Printed by William Blake, 1793 [i.e. 1794?] 18 plates. ill. 39 cm.

Rosenwald 1806

Europe, a prophecy. Lambeth: Printed by Will. Blake, 1794. 18 p. : col. ill. ; 38 cm.

Rosenwald 1807 The book of Urizen. First book of Urizen Lambeth: Printed by W. Blake, 1794 [i.e. 1815?] [28] leaves of plates: col. ill. ; 29 cm.

Rosenwald 1808 The song of Los. Lambeth, Printed by W. Blake, 1795.8 p.; 33 cm.

Rosenwald 1809 The book of Ahania. Lambeth, Printed by W. Blake, 1795. 6 plates. 30 cm.

Rosenwald 1810 Milton, a poem in 12 [i.e. 2] books. The author & printer W. Blake. [London] 1804 [i.e. 1815?] 50 plates. 29 cm.

Rosenwald 1811

Jerusalem, the emanation of the giant Albion. [London] Printed by W. Blake, 1804 [i.e. 1832?] 100 plates 31 cm.

Rosenwald 1812

The ghost of Abel: a revelation in the visions of Jehovah / seen by William Blake. [18—] [2] p. ; 33 x 21 cm.

Rosenwald 1813 For children: The gates of Paradise. Lambeth, W. Burke, 1793. [1] l., 17 plates. 14 cm.

Rosenwald 1814 For the sexes: The gates of Paradise. [London, ca. 1810?] [4] l., 17 plates (in portfolio) 41 cm.