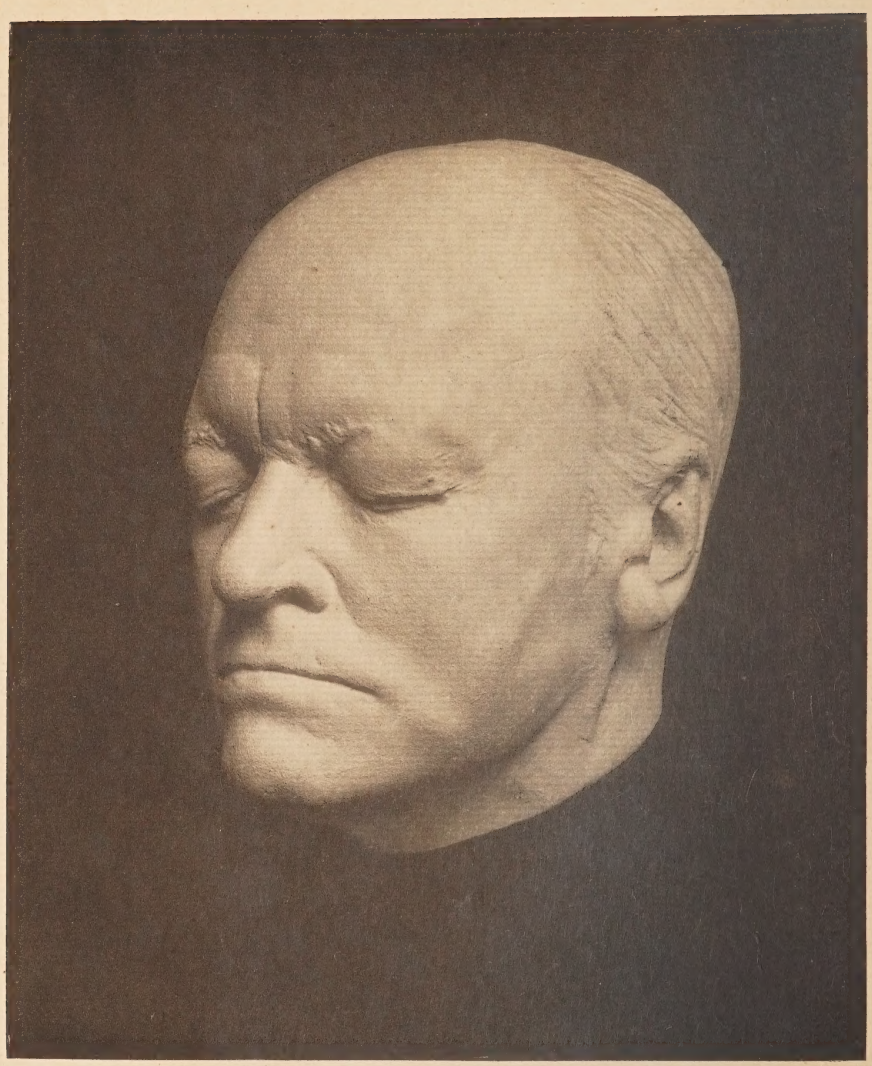
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THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

VOLUME I


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William Blake

From the life mask by Deville, 1823

Emery Walker phot.

THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

EDITED IN THREE VOLUMES
BY GEOFFREY KEYNES
VOLUME I



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EDITOR'S PREFACE

EDITOR'S PREFACE

WILLIAM BLAKE *was born on November 28th, 1757, and it is now almost a hundred years since he died at the age of seventy on August 12th, 1827. His life had been one of incessant labour with intellect and imagination in the service of art, which he believed to be the supreme manifestation of the human spirit. He had known periods of depression and even of despair, but many times during his life he had expressed the conviction that his works would live, and that nothing would ultimately dim the lustre of his fame. The conviction has proved true, but despite universal regard for a few of his lyrical poems his fame as a painter and engraver has outstripped his fame as poet, philosopher and mystic.*

For nearly forty years after his death, he was almost completely forgotten both as painter and poet, until in 1863 the publication of Alexander Gilchrist's Life *ended this period of neglect. Since that date appreciation of Blake's writings has grown steadily, until at the present time there is an insistent demand for every word that can be recovered, whether to add to the bulk of his creative work, to elucidate the facts of his life, or to reveal the development of his mind. This demand the present edition of his writings is designed to satisfy.*

THE TEXT

WHILE *Blake's fame as a writer has grown, the text on which this fame is based can only be said to have evolved. Through painful stages the actual words he wrote and some of the meaning that he wished them to convey have struggled to the surface. The responsibility for this rests partly upon Blake himself by reason of the wilful obscurity in which he chose to shroud so much of his meaning; but apart from this, his text has suffered more than that of most writers from the apparently uncontrollable impulse shewn by some of his editors to make the words convey a meaning desired by them instead of that which he intended. An additional misfortune lies in the almost unbelievable carelessness with which several of his manuscripts were transcribed for the press.*

For the text contained in these volumes I may be charged with pedantry. My defence is that some reaction in this direction was necessary if readers of Blake's works were ever to be given the opportunity of arriving at their author's real meaning. The evolution of the text must proceed through this

stage of meticulous accuracy so that it may be cleared of the editorial accretions of the last sixty years and emerge clean and bright for the benefit of future generations. I do not claim to be the pioneer in the performance of this necessary task. To Dr. John Sampson of Liverpool University every succeeding editor of Blake owes a very great debt, for his edition of the shorter poems published in 1905 *by the Clarendon Press not only shewed how corrupt was the existing text, but established a satisfactory text of these poems, and set an example of accurate scholarship which might never afterwards be disregarded. With this model before me, I have worked wherever possible from original sources, so that, with the exception of a number of the letters to William Hayley and of a few other pieces of minor importance, this edition presents an entirely new text. I am indebted to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for permission to print, according to the text given in the second edition of Gilchrist's* Life *published in* 1880, *those letters of which the originals cannot now be traced. Statements as to the source from which every component part of the text has been derived will be found in the notes at the end of each volume.*

I have aimed at presenting in these volumes the first complete edition of Blake's writings, but this ideal is at present unattainable. A number of letters, which are known to have existed, cannot now be found, and short extracts from them as printed in a sale-room catalogue, are all that can be given. There are one or two other instances of no great importance where the available texts are fragmentary.

In arriving at this approximation to completeness I have found myself under constant obligations to the owners of original manuscripts and books, and to none more than to Mr. W. A. White of New York. His generosity in providing photographs of every piece of Blake's writing in his possession, including the whole of the Rossetti MS., *has given me advantages which were not enjoyed by most of my predecessors. Many difficulties have also been removed by the ready permission given me by Mr. H. E. Huntington to include all the original material contained in his library. The Publications Committee of The Grolier Club of New York have allowed me to reprint all the new material which first appeared in my* Bibliography of Blake, 1921. *Acknowledgement of the numerous other courtesies received would make too long a list, but they will be found fully recorded in the notes.*

Many of the pieces included in this edition are now published for the first time; but most of them are not of great importance, and it would serve no useful purpose to give a full list of them here. Mention, however, may be made of a number of letters, including a long one to Blake's brother James, which is of considerable biographical value, of the Annotations to Bishop Watson's Apology for the Bible *and to Berkeley's* Siris, *which throw*

light on Blake's religious and philosophical beliefs, and of fifty-six lines supplementing the poem known as The Everlasting Gospel. *Of greater interest are those longer works of which the present text so far differs from that hitherto printed that they may almost be regarded as being published for the first time. In this category are* Vala, or The Four Zoas *and* Milton. The Four Zoas, *a poem of supreme importance to the understanding of Blake, has already been printed twice, but in texts so corrupt that they can scarcely be regarded as reproducing Blake's work at all. The greater part of* Milton *has also been printed more than once, an accurate text having been edited by Mr. A. G. B. Russell and Mr. E. R. D. Maclagan in* 1907; *but the recent discovery of an example of the book embodying Blake's final additions and rearrangements has made a more satisfactory text now available.*

Although it cannot be said of many of Blake's prose-writings that they have actually remained unpublished, they have as a whole been very much neglected. Thus his early burlesque known as An Island in the Moon *has only once been printed and then in a very inaccurate form. His writings on art entitled* Public Address *and* A Vision of the Last Judgment *have never been re-edited since they were first transcribed by D. G. Rossetti for Gilchrist's* Life *in* 1863. *Even the* Descriptive Catalogue, *containing Blake's celebrated critique of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," has only once been reprinted in full since it was published in* 1809. *Special interest is here given to its reappearance by the inclusion of reproductions of all the surviving pictures which it describes. No collected edition of Blake's prose works has ever before been attempted.*

THE ARRANGEMENT

AFTER *a careful consideration of the best method of presenting so varied a collection of writings, I came to the conclusion that an arrangement based on chronology rather than on any other system was to be preferred. Blake's writings, whether in rhymed or blank verse, or in prose, are so interdependent that any other attempt at classification must result in the violent and arbitrary separation of pieces which properly should come together. The development of Blake's symbolic system and of his doctrines is also elucidated by this plan. It must be admitted that only an approximation to an accurate chronological arrangement can be attained, for it is inevitable that the shorter poems should be presented in large groups and that a work such as* Jerusalem, *the composition of which occupied many years, cannot be placed with any precision. Further, the dates assigned to some of the pieces are necessarily conjectural.*

It may also seem objectionable to some readers that an author's letters to his friends and acquaintances, sometimes representing very different levels of mind, should be interspersed among his creative work. The same might be said, however, of some of the doggerel and personal epigrams in the Rossetti MS., *which no one would wish to detach from their author's context. Even with all these possible objections, the chronological plan has commended itself to my judgment as the best that can be found.*

THE METHOD OF PRESENTMENT

THE *plan of this edition, to which reference has already been made, has demanded that the text of Blake's manuscripts should be accurately reproduced with indications of all his corrections and deletions. These are often of great interest and importance as shewing his methods of composition and the connexion of his ideas, and their omission would have forced me greatly to exceed my conception of the duties of Blake's editor by necessitating decisions regarding preferences in alternative readings and as to the rearrangements of stanzas. I might, in fact, have been led into such excesses as I have already condemned in some other editors. Corrections could have been recorded in footnotes, or in the notes at the end of the volumes, but either plan would in my view have been more irksome to the reader than that which has been adopted. The presence of voluminous footnotes on almost every page would, moreover, have spoiled the typographical design of the book. Further justification for the inclusion of Blake's corrections in the text is to be found in the facts that he himself often made a fair copy of a poem of which the manuscript had become too much tortured by alterations, and that many such poems were included in their final states in a printed text. In such cases the poems have been here given in full in each place as they occur, and the reader is free to turn to the perfected form should he find the earlier versions to be of small interest. Thus the poem entitled "* The Tyger *" is printed twice as it appears in the* Rossetti MS. *and a third time among the* Songs of Experience. *I have also tried to ensure that the corrections shall be clearly indicated by the employment of square brackets, and it will be found that with a little practice the eye can be trained to ignore these interpolations.*

EMENDATIONS

THESE *volumes contain very few editorial emendations. Those that have been made will be found in texts such as that of the* Poetical Sketches *which suffered at the hands of a compositor and manifestly had not been corrected by their author. All such emendations have been recorded in*

the notes. Blake's manuscripts are here reproduced as far as possible with absolute fidelity to the original, and any alterations or insertions that have been made by the editor are indicated by brackets.

SPELLING

FIDELITY *to the original manuscripts or printed texts has also necessitated the reproduction of Blake's peculiarities of spelling, his use of capitals, and his abbreviations. He was throughout his life almost, if not quite, consistent in his irregular and archaic spellings, and the reader of this edition will have to accustom himself to the sight of "recieve" for "receive," "perswade" for "persuade," "lilly" for "lily," "desart" for "desert," "tyger" for "tiger," and so on. Blake was not altogether consistent in his prose writings in his use of ed and 'd in past participles. In his poetry or blank verse, however, his consistency in this respect is almost always to be relied upon, and it may usually be assumed that where ed is printed, it should be sounded. This fact has obviated the use of accents, which I should, in any case, have preferred to leave to the reader's judgment.*

USE OF CAPITALS

IN *the profusion of his use of capitals Blake rivalled some of the authors of the seventeenth century. He certainly had in his mind some idea of indicating emphasis, and for that reason I believe that I am justified in preserving this peculiarity, though it cannot be claimed that he followed any very systematic plan. Moreover, Blake's calligraphy has rendered absolute certainty in this matter impossible, for there is often room for doubt whether a capital or small letter is intended. This is specially troublesome in his writing of the letters s, c, d, and k. Some mistakes therefore in this respect have probably been made; fortunately it is not a matter of great importance, though inattention to this point has led some other editors to credit Blake with having used a capital when writing a pronoun which referred to the Deity. This he scarcely ever did, though he usually employed one when writing Me or My.*

ABBREVIATIONS

A FEW *abbreviations, such as "tho'" for "though," and "thro'" for "through," are usually found in the original texts, but without the apostrophe which has here been supplied; Blake has also very frequently used an ampersand. Previous editors have for the most part ignored these peculi-*

arities of calligraphy. It may therefore be assumed that, wherever in the present text they do not appear, or are only partially reproduced, as in many of the letters to Hayley, I have been unable to make use of an original text, and have had recourse to that of an earlier editor.

PUNCTUATION

MANY *questions of very great difficulty have been introduced by the necessity for supplying punctuation to Blake's works. Editorial responsibility could not be evaded on the plea of "fidelity to the original," for Blake's use of stops is the most perplexing feature of his writings. His manuscripts, indeed, are almost entirely without punctuation or inverted commas, and even his etched texts are remarkable, in this respect, chiefly for his abuse of the colon, which he inserts on any and every occasion, often with the effect of rendering passages unintelligible. I was therefore compelled to exercise editorial discretion, even at the risk of conveying meanings other than those Blake may have intended. The magnitude of this task of supplying punctuation, the responsibility involved, and the absolute necessity for undertaking it, can only be appreciated by means of an examination of the manuscript of* The Four Zoas *or the etched plates of* Jerusalem. *No compromise was possible if Blake's meaning, or sometimes, indeed, any meaning at all, was to emerge. Only a patient attempt to understand Blake's methods of expression and construction could be used as a basis, while preserving all those other peculiarities of his hand already mentioned. I fear that in the execution of this task I may often have failed, but, while wishing in no way to detract from the excellent and accurate work of such editors as Mr. A. G. B. Russell and Mr. E. R. D. Maclagan, I believe that the texts of the longer poems here presented are, if still imperfect, at all events more intelligible than any that have hitherto been printed. The responsibility for this difficult part of the work has been shared by Mr. Max Plowman, and in deciding upon the punctuation of many an obscure passage we have both gained confidence by finding how often we have arrived independently at the same conclusion. Practice has also made the task seem easier, and it may therefore be found that there are in this respect more imperfections in Volume I than in Volumes II and III; but it may be pointed out that in printing from a typographical source, as in the* Poetical Sketches *and* The French Revolution, *the punctuation supplied by the contemporary compositor has been allowed to stand except where obvious alterations were demanded by the sense.*

FACSIMILES

ONE *further difficulty in presenting Blake's text has been introduced by his habit of weaving words or a sentence into the composition of a design on the plates of the illuminated books, or of deliberately etching a sentence, or even a stanza, in reversed writing. This edition of Blake's works does not pretend to be in any sense a facsimile; it seeks only to present his text, although I fully recognize how important the designs may often be as a help in its interpretation. It was, however, necessary to make some exceptions in order to overcome the difficulty referred to, and portions of a few prints from the* Songs of Experience, Milton, *and* Jerusalem *have been reproduced on copper and printed in their appropriate positions in the text. The same has been done for the book of emblems known as* The Gates of Paradise, *where the designs are essential to the understanding of the text.*

THE NOTES

THE *brevity of the notes at the end of these volumes may be a source of disappointment to some readers and of relief to others. For the benefit of the former, I may here emphasize the fact that this edition seeks to establish the text of Blake's writings, not to provide any interpretation of their meaning beyond what can be derived from the perusal of those texts themselves. Blake's writings stand in much greater risk of being overburdened with explanatory matter than of being left to speak for themselves, and I would rather refer readers to the work of others, such as Mr. S. Foster Damon's* William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols, *than attempt to make any excursion of my own into the field of interpretation. My notes have therefore been strictly limited to textual points, statements as to the sources from which the text has been derived, bibliographical data, necessary explanations of facts or of proper names, and acknowledgements. The bibliographical data have been made as short as possible, the information being available in a greatly amplified form in my* Bibliography of Blake, *printed for The Grolier Club of New York in* 1921. *For various reasons, as explained above, I have reduced footnotes to a minimum. The notes are for the most part not essential to the understanding of the text, and are therefore conveniently placed at the end of the volumes, except in the case of the Letters where more immediate explanation of matters therein mentioned seemed to be necessary.*

THE PLATES

ALTHOUGH *this edition has as its primary aim the establishment of the text of Blake's writings, it seemed fitting to illustrate the volumes with some of Blake's designs which have a definite bearing on the text. Those that have been taken from the illuminated books are limited to the full-page plates. All these are reproduced together with four smaller subjects from* Thel, *taken from examples elaborated by Blake as separate designs. In reprinting Blake's* Descriptive Catalogue *I have taken the opportunity of reproducing all of the pictures which were included in the exhibition and are still extant. The print of* The Laocoon *has been reproduced although it consists largely of text, because what relation there may be between sentences placed in proximity on the print can only be discerned by examination of the print itself.*

These volumes contain in all fifty-eight plates in collotype, a method of reproduction particularly well suited to Blake's designs.

The inclusion of the frontispiece in Volume I needs no justification. A life-mask of a great poet and artist is a possession which has a unique quality even among the wealth of personal record contained in the National Portrait Gallery. This cast of Blake's head was made by the phrenologist, Deville, in 1823, *and remained in the collection of Blake's friend, John Linnell, until* 1918, *when it was acquired by the nation. It has been photographed and engraved for this book by Mr. Emery Walker. It provides a lively impression of the features and personality of the remarkable man whose writings are here for the first time collected.*

GEOFFREY KEYNES.

London,
May 1925.

THE TEXT

POETICAL SKETCHES

1769-1778

Printed 1783

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

TO SPRING

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

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

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

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

TO SUMMER

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

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

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

TO AUTUMN

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

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

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

TO WINTER

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

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

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

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

TO THE EVENING STAR

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

TO MORNING

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

FAIR ELENOR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus having spoke, she raised up her head,
And saw the bloody napkin by her side,
Which in her arms she brought; and now, tenfold
More terrified, saw it unfold itself.

Her eyes were fix'd; the bloody cloth unfolds,
Disclosing to her sight the murder'd head
Of her dear lord, all ghastly pale, clotted
With gory blood; it groan'd, and thus it spake:

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

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

She sat with dead cold limbs, stiffen'd to stone;
She took the gory head up in her arms;
She kiss'd the pale lips; she had no tears to shed;
She hugg'd it to her breast, and groan'd her last.

SONG

HOW sweet I roam'd from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
'Till I the prince of love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

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

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

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

S O N G

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

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

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat:
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

S O N G

LOVE and harmony combine,
And around our souls intwine,
While thy branches mix with mine,
And our roots together join.

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

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

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

There his charming nest doth lay,
There he sleeps the night away;
There he sports along the day,
And doth among our branches play.

SONG

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

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

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

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

I love our neighbours all,
  But, Kitty, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall;
  But thou art all to me.

SONG

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

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

MAD SONG

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

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

Like a fiend in a cloud,
  With howling woe,
After night I do croud,
  And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east,
From whence comforts have increas'd;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

SONG

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

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

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

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

But that sweet village, where my black-ey'd maid
Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night's shade,
Whene'er I enter, more than mortal fire
Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.

SONG

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

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

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

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

TO THE MUSES

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

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

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

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

GWIN, KING OF NORWAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Like the tall ghost of Barraton,
  Who sports in stormy sky,
Gwin leads his host, as black as night,
  When pestilence does fly,

With horses and with chariots—
  And all his spearmen bold
March to the sound of mournful song,
  Like clouds around him roll'd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The river Dorman roll'd their blood
  Into the northern sea,
Who mourn'd his sons, and overwhelm'd
  The pleasant south country.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER

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

For brutish Pan in vain might thee assay
  With tinkling sounds to dash thy nervous verse,
Sound without sense; yet in his rude affray,
  (For ignorance is Folly's leasing nurse,
  And love of Folly needs none other's curse;)

Midas the praise hath gain'd of lengthen'd ears,
For which himself might deem him ne'er the worse
To sit in council with his modern peers,
And judge of tinkling rhimes, and elegances terse.

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

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

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

And thou, O warrior maid invincible,
  Arm'd with the terrors of Almighty Jove!
Pallas, Minerva, maiden terrible,
  Lov'st thou to walk the peaceful solemn grove,
  In solemn gloom of branches interwove?
Or bear'st thy Egis o'er the burning field,
  Where, like the sea, the waves of battle move?
Or have thy soft piteous eyes beheld
  The weary wanderer thro' the desert rove?
  Or does th' afflicted man thy heav'nly bosom move?

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF

WHEN silver Snow decks Susan's cloaths,
And jewel hangs at th' shepherd's nose,
The blushing bank is all my care,
With hearth so red, and walls so fair;
" Heap the sea-coal; come, heap it higher,
" The oaken log lay on the fire:"
The well-wash'd stools, a circling row,
With lad and lass, how fair the show!
The merry can of nut-brown ale,
The laughing jest, the love-sick tale,
'Till, tir'd of chat, the game begins.
The lasses prick the lads with pins;
Roger from Dolly twitch'd the stool,
She, falling, kiss'd the ground, poor fool!
She blush'd so red, with side-long glance
At hob-nail Dick, who griev'd the chance.
But now for Blind-man's Buff they call;
Of each incumbrance clear the hall—
Jenny her silken 'kerchief folds,

And blear-ey'd Will the black lot holds;
Now laughing, stops, with " Silence! hush!"
And Peggy Pout gives Sam a push.——
The Blind-man's arms, extended wide,
Sam slips between:—" O woe betide
" Thee, clumsy Will!"—but titt'ring Kate
Is pen'd up in the corner strait!
And now Will's eyes beheld the play;
He thought his face was t'other way.——
" Now, Kitty, now; what chance hast thou,
" Roger so near thee? Trips, I vow!"
She catches him—then Roger ties
His own head up—but not his eyes;
For thro' the slender cloth he sees,
And runs at Sam, who slips with ease
His clumsy hold, and, dodging round,
Sukey is tumbled on the ground!——
" See what it is to play unfair!
" Where cheating is, there's mischief there."
But Roger still pursues the chace,——
" He sees! he sees!" cries softly, Grace;
" O Roger, thou, unskill'd in art,
" Must, surer bound, go thro' thy part!"
Now Kitty, pert, repeats the rhymes,
And Roger turns him round three times;
Then pauses ere he starts——but Dick
Was mischief bent upon a trick:
Down on his hands and knees he lay,
Directly in the Blind-man's way——
Then cries out, " Hem!" Hodge heard, and ran
With hood-wink'd chance—sure of his man;
But down he came.—Alas, how frail
Our best of hopes, how soon they fail!
With crimson drops he stains the ground;
Confusion startles all around!

Poor piteous Dick supports his head,
And fain would cure the hurt he made;
But Kitty hasted with a key,
And down his back they strait convey
The cold relief—the blood is stay'd,
And Hodge again holds up his head.
Such are the fortunes of the game,
And those who play should stop the same
By wholesome laws, such as—all those
Who on the blinded man impose
Stand in his stead; as, long a-gone,
When men were first a nation grown,
Lawless they liv'd—till wantonness
And liberty began t' increase,
And one man lay in another's way;
Then laws were made to keep fair play.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD

PERSONS

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

Scene: *The Coast of France,* King Edward *and Nobles before it. The Army.*

King.

O THOU, to whose fury the nations are
But as dust, maintain thy servant's right!
Without thine aid, the twisted mail, and spear,
And forged helm, and shield of seven times beaten brass,
Are idle trophies of the vanquisher.
When confusion rages, when the field is in a flame,
When the cries of blood tear horror from heav'n,
And yelling death runs up and down the ranks,
Let Liberty, the charter'd right of Englishmen,
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
Enerve my soldiers; let Liberty
Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.
The enemy fight in chains, invisible chains, but heavy;
Their minds are fetter'd; then how can they be free?
While, like the mounting flame,
We spring to battle o'er the floods of death,
And these fair youths, the flow'r of England,
Vent'ring their lives in my most righteous cause.
O sheathe their hearts with triple steel, that they
May emulate their fathers' virtues!

And thou, my son, be strong; thou fightest for a crown
That death can never ravish from thy brow,
A crown of glory; but from thy very dust
Shall beam a radiance, to fire the breasts
Of youth unborn! Our names are written equal
In fame's wide trophied hall; 'tis ours to gild
The letters, and to make them shine with gold
That never tarnishes: whether Third Edward,
Or the Prince of Wales, or Montacute, or Mortimer,
Or ev'n the least by birth, shall gain the brightest fame,
Is in his hand to whom all men are equal.
The world of men are like the num'rous stars,
That beam and twinkle in the depth of night,
Each clad in glory according to his sphere;—
But we, that wander from our native seats,
And beam forth lustre on a darkling world,
Grow larger as we advance! and some perhaps
The most obscure at home, that scarce were seen
To twinkle in their sphere, may so advance,
That the astonish'd world, with up-turn'd eyes,
Regardless of the moon, and those that once were bright,
Stand only for to gaze upon their splendor!

[*He here knights the* PRINCE, *and other young Nobles.*

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

SCENE: *English Court.* LIONEL, DUKE OF CLARENCE; QUEEN PHILIPPA, LORDS, BISHOP, *etc.*

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

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

Be England's trade our care; and we, as tradesmen,
Looking to the gain of this our native land.
Clarence. O my good Lord, true wisdom drops like honey
From your tongue, as from a worship'd oak!
Forgive, my Lords, my talkative youth, that speaks
Not merely what my narrow observation has
Pick'd up, but what I have concluded from your lessons:
Now, by the Queen's advice, I ask your leave
To dine to-morrow with the Mayor of London:
If I obtain your leave, I have another boon
To ask, which is, the favour of your company;
I fear Lord Percy will not give me leave.
Percy. Dear Sir, a prince should always keep his state,
And grant his favours with a sparing hand,
Or they are never rightly valued.
These are my thoughts, yet it were best to go;
But keep a proper dignity, for now
You represent the sacred person of
Your father; 'tis with princes as 'tis with the sun,
If not sometimes o'er-clouded, we grow weary
Of his officious glory.
Clarence. Then you will give me leave to shine sometimes,
My Lord?
Lord. Thou hast a gallant spirit, which I fear
Will be imposed on by the closer sort! [*Aside.*
Clarence. Well, I'll endeavour to take
Lord Percy's advice; I have been used so much
To dignity, that I'm sick on't.
Queen Philippa. Fie, Fie, Lord Clarence; you proceed not to business,
But speak of your own pleasures.
I hope their Lordships will excuse your giddiness.
Clarence. My Lords, the French have fitted out many
Small ships of war, that, like to ravening wolves,
Infest our English seas, devouring all

Our burden'd vessels, spoiling our naval flocks.
The merchants do complain, and beg our aid.
Percy. The merchants are rich enough;
Can they not help themselves?
Bishop. They can, and may; but how to gain their will,
Requires our countenance and help.
Percy. When that they find they must, my Lord, they will:
Let them but suffer awhile, and you shall see
They will bestir themselves.
Bishop. Lord Percy cannot mean that we should suffer
This disgrace; if so, we are not sovereigns
Of the sea; our right, that Heaven gave
To England, when at the birth of nature
She was seated in the deep, the Ocean ceas'd
His mighty roar; and, fawning, play'd around
Her snowy feet, and own'd his awful Queen.
Lord Percy, if the heart is sick, the head
Must be aggriev'd; if but one member suffer,
The heart doth fail. You say, my Lord, the merchants
Can, if they will, defend themselves against
These rovers: this is a noble scheme,
Worthy the brave Lord Percy, and as worthy
His generous aid to put it into practice.
Percy. Lord Bishop, what was rash in me, is wise
In you; I dare not own the plan. 'Tis not
Mine. Yet will I, if you please,
Quickly to the Lord Mayor, and work him onward
To this most glorious voyage, on which cast
I'll set my whole estate.
But we will bring these Gallic rovers under.
Queen Philippa. Thanks, brave Lord Percy; you have the thanks
Of England's Queen, and will, ere long, of England. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE: *At Cressy.* SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH *and* LORD AUDLEY, *meeting.*

Audley. Good morrow, brave Sir Thomas; the bright morn
Smiles on our army, and the gallant sun
Springs from the hills like a young hero
Into the battle, shaking his golden locks
Exultingly; this is a promising day.
Dagworth. Why, my Lord Audley, I don't know.
Give me your hand, and now I'll tell you what
I think you do not know—Edward's afraid of Philip.
Audley. Ha, Ha, Sir Thomas! you but joke;
Did you e'er see him fear? At Blanchetaque,
When almost singly he drove six thousand
French from the ford, did he fear then?
Dagworth. Yes, fear; that made him fight so.
Audley. By the same reason I might say, 'tis fear
That makes you fight.
Dagworth. Mayhap you may; look upon Edward's face—
No one can say he fears. But when he turns
His back, then I will say it to his face,
He is afraid; he makes us all afraid.
I cannot bear the enemy at my back.
Now here we are at Cressy; where, to-morrow,
To-morrow we shall know. I say, Lord Audley,
That Edward runs away from Philip.
Audley. Perhaps you think the Prince too is afraid?
Dagworth. No; God forbid! I'm sure he is not—
He is a young lion. O I have seen him fight,
And give command, and lightning has flashed
From his eyes across the field; I have seen him
Shake hands with death, and strike a bargain for
The enemy; he has danc'd in the field
Of battle, like the youth at morrice play.
I'm sure he's not afraid, nor Warwick, nor none,
None of us but me; and I am very much afraid.

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

Enter Sir John Chandos.

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

Chandos. Here comes the king himself; tell him your thoughts
Plainly, Sir Thomas.

Dagworth. I've told him before, but his disorder
Makes him deaf.

Enter KING EDWARD *and* BLACK PRINCE.

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

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

Dagworth. Your Grace had better make
Them all Generals.

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

Dagworth. I have a small petition to your Majesty.

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

Dagworth. I hope your Majesty cannot refuse so great
A trifle; I've gilt your cause with my best blood,

And would again, were I not forbid
By him whom I am bound to obey; my hands
Are tied up, my courage shrunk and wither'd,
My sinews slacken'd, and my voice scarce heard;
Therefore I beg I may return to England.

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

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

King. Sir Thomas, now I understand your mirth,
Which often plays with Wisdom for its pastime,

And brings good counsel from the breast of laughter.
I hope you'll stay, and see us fight this battle,
And reap rich harvest in the fields of Cressy;
Then go to England, tell them how we fight,
And set all hearts on fire to be with us.
Philip is plum'd, and thinks we flee from him,
Else he would never dare to attack us. Now,
Now the quarry's set! and Death doth sport
In the bright sunshine of this fatal day.

Dagworth. Now my heart dances, and I am as light
As the young bridegroom going to be married.
Now must I to my soldiers, get them ready,
Furbish our armours bright, new plume our helms,
And we will sing, like the young housewives busied
In the dairy; my feet are wing'd, but not
For flight, an please your grace.

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

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

These are the minds that glory in the battle,
And leap and dance to hear the trumpet sound.
King. Sir Thomas Dagworth, be thou near our person;
Thy heart is richer than the vales of France:
I will not part with such a man as thee.
If Philip came arm'd in the ribs of death,
And shook his mortal dart against my head,
Thoud'st laugh his fury into nerveless shame!
Go now, for thou art suited to the work,
Throughout the camp; enflame the timorous,
Blow up the sluggish into ardour, and
Confirm the strong with strength, the weak inspire,
And wing their brows with hope and expectation:
Then to our tent return, and meet to council. [*Exit* DAGWORTH.
Chandos. That man's a hero in his closet, and more
A hero to the servants of his house
Than to the gaping world; he carries windows
In that enlarged breast of his, that all
May see what's done within.
Prince. He is a genuine Englishman, my Chandos,
And hath the spirit of Liberty within him.
Forgive my prejudice, Sir John; I think
My Englishmen the bravest people on
The face of the earth.
Chandos. Courage, my Lord, proceeds from self-dependence:
Teach man to think he's a free agent,
Give but a slave his liberty, he'll shake
Off sloth, and build himself a hut, and hedge
A spot of ground; this he'll defend; 'tis his
By right of nature: thus set in action,
He will still move onward to plan conveniences,
'Till glory fires his breast to enlarge his castle,
While the poor slave drudges all day, in hope
To rest at night.
King. O Liberty, how glorious art thou!

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

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

In the wild tempest; condemn my 'vent'rous youth,
That plays with danger, as the innocent child
Unthinking plays upon the viper's den;
I am a coward in my reason, Chandos.

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

Prince. Then if we must tug for experience,
Let us not fear to beat round Nature's wilds,
And rouze the strongest prey; then if we fall,
We fall with glory; I know the wolf
Is dangerous to fight, not good for food,
Nor is the hide a comely vestment; so
We have our battle for our pains. I know
That youth has need of age to point fit prey,
And oft the stander-by shall steal the fruit
Of th' other's labour. This is philosophy;
These are the tricks of the world; but the pure soul
Shall mount on native wings, disdaining
Little sport, and cut a path into the heaven of glory,

Leaving a track of light for men to wonder at.
I'm glad my father does not hear me talk;
You can find friendly excuses for me, Chandos;
But do you not think, Sir John, that if it please
Th' Almighty to stretch out my span of life,
I shall with pleasure view a glorious action,
Which my youth master'd.

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

SCENE *in* SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH'S *Tent.* DAGWORTH *and* WILLIAM *his Man.*

Dagworth. Bring hither my armour, William;
Ambition is the growth of ev'ry clime.

William. Does it grow in England, Sir?

Dagworth. Aye, it grows most in lands most cultivated.

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

Dagworth. Aye, but the oaks are not.

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

Dagworth. Ambition.

William. Is it a little creeping root that grows in ditches?

Dagworth. Thou dost not understand me, William.

It is a root that grows in every breast;
Ambition is the desire or passion that one man
Has to get before another in any pursuit after glory;
But I don't think you have any of it.

William. Yes, I have; I have a great ambition to know every thing, Sir.

Dagworth. But when our first ideas are wrong, what follows must all be wrong of course; 'tis best to know a little, and to know that little aright.

William. Then, Sir, I should be glad to know if it was not ambition that brought over our King to France to fight for his right?

Dagworth. Tho' the knowledge of that will not profit thee much, yet I will tell you that it was ambition.

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

Dagworth. Now, William, thou dost thrust the question home; but I must tell you, that guilt being an act of the mind, none are guilty but those whose minds are prompted by that same ambition.

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

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

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

Dagworth. Thou art an endless moralist.

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

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

Enter PETER BLUNT.

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

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

Peter. O aye, I forgot to tell that; he has got the same name as Sir John Chandos, that the prince is always with—the wise man, that knows us all as well as your honour, only e'nt so good natur'd.

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

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

Dagworth. Go, Peter, get you gone; flattery is delicious, even from the lips of a babbler. [*Exit* PETER.

William. I never flatter your honour.

Dagworth. I don't know that.

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

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

SCENE: SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH'S *Tent.* SIR THOMAS DAGWORTH *—to him*

Enter SIR WALTER MANNY.

Sir Walter. Sir Thomas Dagworth, I have been weeping
Over the men that are to die to-day.

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

Sir Walter. I know this breathing flesh must lie and rot,
Cover'd with silence and forgetfulness.—
Death wons in cities' smoke, and in still night,
When men sleep in their beds, walketh about!
How many in walled cities lie and groan,
Turning themselves upon their beds,
Talking with death, answering his hard demands!
How many walk in darkness, terrors are round
The curtains of their beds, destruction is
Ready at the door! How many sleep
In earth, cover'd with stones and deathy dust,
Resting in quietness, whose spirits walk
Upon the clouds of heaven, to die no more!
Yet death is terrible, tho' borne on angels' wings!
How terrible then is the field of death,
Where he doth rend the vault of heaven,
And shake the gates of hell!
O Dagworth, France is sick! the very sky,
Tho' sunshine light it, seems to me as pale
As the pale fainting man on his death-bed,
Whose face is shewn by light of sickly taper!
It makes me sad and sick at very heart,
Thousands must fall to-day!

Dagworth. Thousands of souls must leave this prison-house
To be exalted to those heavenly fields,
Where songs of triumph, palms of victory,
Where peace, and joy, and love, and calm content,
Sit singing in the azure clouds, and strew

Flowers of heaven's growth over the banquet-table;
Bind ardent Hope upon your feet like shoes,
Put on the robe of preparation,
The table is prepar'd in shining heaven,
The flowers of immortality are blown;
Let those that fight, fight in good stedfastness,
And those that fall shall rise in victory.

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

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

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

SCENE, *in the Camp. Several of the Warriors met at the King's Tent with a* MINSTREL, *who sings the following song:*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

" Liberty shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,
" Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean;
" Or, tow'ring, stand upon the roaring waves,
" Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands;
" While, with her eagle wings, she covereth
" Fair Albion's shore, and all her families."

PROLOGUE,

INTENDED FOR A DRAMATIC PIECE OF

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

O FOR a voice like thunder, and a tongue
To drown the throat of war!—When the senses
Are shaken, and the soul is driven to madness,
Who can stand? When the souls of the oppressed
Fight in the troubled air that rages, who can stand?
When the whirlwind of fury comes from the
Throne of God, when the frowns of his countenance
Drive the nations together, who can stand?
When Sin claps his broad wings over the battle,
And sails rejoicing in the flood of Death;
When souls are torn to everlasting fire,
And fiends of Hell rejoice upon the slain,
O who can stand? O who hath caused this?
O who can answer at the throne of God?
The Kings and Nobles of the Land have done it!
Hear it not, Heaven, thy Ministers have done it!



Plate I

WAR

PROLOGUE TO KING JOHN

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

A WAR SONG

TO ENGLISHMEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE COUCH OF DEATH

THE veiled Evening walked solitary down the western hills, and Silence reposed in the valley; the birds of day were heard in their nests, rustling in brakes and thickets; and the owl and bat flew round the darkening trees: all is silent when Nature takes her repose.—In former times, on such an evening, when the cold clay breathed with life, and our ancestors, who now sleep in their graves, walked on the stedfast globe, the remains of a family of the tribes of Earth, a mother and a sister were gathered to the sick bed of a youth: Sorrow linked them together, leaning on one another's necks alternately—like lilies, dropping tears in each other's bosom, they stood by the bed like reeds bending over a lake, when the evening drops trickle down. His voice was low as the whisperings of the woods when the wind is asleep, and the visions of Heaven unfold their visitation. " Parting is hard, and death is terrible; " I seem to walk through a deep valley, far from the light of day, " alone and comfortless! The damps of death fall thick upon me! " Horrors stare me in the face! I look behind, there is no returning; " Death follows after me; I walk in regions of Death, where no " tree is; without a lantern to direct my steps, without a staff to " support me."—Thus he laments through the still evening, till the curtains of darkness were drawn! Like the sound of a broken pipe, the aged woman raised her voice. " O my son, my son, I " know but little of the path thou goest! But lo, there is a God, " who made the world; stretch out thy hand to Him." The youth replied, like a voice heard from a sepulchre, " My hand is feeble,

" how should I stretch it out? My ways are sinful, how should I " raise mine eyes? My voice hath used deceit, how should I call " on Him who is Truth? My breath is loathsome, how should he " not be offended? If I lay my face in the dust, the grave opens " its mouth for me; if I lift up my head, sin covers me as a cloak! " O my dear friends, pray ye for me! Stretch forth your hands, " that my helper may come! Through the void space I walk " between the sinful world and eternity! Beneath me burns eternal " fire! O for a hand to pluck me forth! " As the voice of an omen heard in the silent valley, when the few inhabitants cling trembling together: as the voice of the Angel of Death, when the thin beams of the moon give a faint light, such was this young man's voice to his friends! Like the bubbling waters of the brook in the dead of night, the aged woman raised her cry, and said, " O Voice, that " dwellest in my breast, can I not cry, and lift my eyes to Heaven? " Thinking of this, my spirit is turned within me into confusion! " O my child, my child! is thy breath infected? So is mine. As " the deer, wounded by the brooks of water, so the arrows of sin " stick in my flesh; the poison hath entered into my marrow."— Like rolling waves, upon a desert shore, sighs succeeded sighs; they covered their faces, and wept! The youth lay silent—his mother's arm was under his head; he was like a cloud tossed by the winds, till the sun shine, and the drops of rain glisten, the yellow harvest breathes, and the thankful eyes of the villagers are turned up in smiles. The traveller that hath taken shelter under an oak, eyes the distant country with joy! Such smiles were seen upon the face of the youth; a visionary hand wiped away his tears, and a ray of light beamed around his head! All was still. The moon hung not out her lamp, and the stars faintly glimmered in the summer sky; the breath of night slept among the leaves of the forest; the bosom of the lofty hill drank in the silent dew, while on his majestic brow the voice of Angels is heard, and stringed sounds ride upon the wings of night. The sorrowful pair lift up their heads, hovering Angels are around them, voices of comfort are heard over the Couch of Death, and the youth breathes out his soul with joy into eternity.

CONTEMPLATION

WHO is this, that with unerring step dares tempt the wilds, where only Nature's foot hath trod? 'Tis Contemplation, daughter of the grey Morning! Majestical she steppeth, and with her pure quill on every flower writeth Wisdom's name. Now lowly bending, whispers in mine ear, "O man, how great, how "little thou! O man, slave of each moment, lord of eternity! seest "thou where Mirth sits on the painted cheek? doth it not seem "ashamed of such a place, and grow immoderate to brave it out? "O what an humble garb true Joy puts on! Those who want "Happiness must stoop to find it; it is a flower that grows in every "vale. Vain foolish man, that roams on lofty rocks, where, 'cause "his garments are swoln with wind, he fancies he is grown into a "giant! Lo then, Humility, take it, and wear it in thine heart; "lord of thyself, thou then art lord of all. Clamour brawls along "the streets, and destruction hovers in the city's smoak; but on these "plains, and in these silent woods, true joys descend: here build thy "nest; here fix thy staff; delights blossom around; numberless "beauties blow; the green grass springs in joy, and the nimble air "kisses the leaves; the brook stretches its arms along the velvet "meadow, its silver inhabitants sport and play; the youthful sun "joys like a hunter roused to the chace: he rushes up the sky, and "lays hold on the immortal coursers of day; the sky glitters with the "jingling trappings! Like a triumph, season follows season, while "the airy music fills the world with joyful sounds." I answered, "Heavenly goddess! I am wrapped in mortality, my flesh is a "prison, my bones the bars of death; Misery builds over our cottage "roofs, and Discontent runs like a brook. Even in childhood Sorrow "slept with me in my cradle; he followed me up and down in the "house when I grew up; he was my school-fellow: thus he was "in my steps and in my play, till he became to me as my brother. "I walked through dreary places with him, and in church-yards; "and I oft found myself sitting by Sorrow on a tomb-stone!"

SAMSON

SAMSON, the strongest of the children of men, I sing; how he was foiled by woman's arts, by a false wife brought to the gates of death! O Truth, that shinest with propitious beams, turning our earthly night to heavenly day, from presence of the Almighty Father! thou visitest our darkling world with blessed feet, bringing good news of Sin and Death destroyed! O white-robed Angel, guide my timorous hand to write as on a lofty rock with iron pens the words of truth, that all who pass may read.—Now Night, noon-tide of damned spirits, over the silent earth spreads her pavilion, while in dark council sat Philista's lords; and where strength failed, black thoughts in ambush lay. Their helmed youth and aged warriors in dust together lie, and Desolation spreads his wings over the land of Palestine; from side to side the land groans, her prowess lost, and seeks to hide her bruised head under the mists of night, breeding dark plots. For Dalila's fair arts have long been tried in vain; in vain she wept in many a treacherous tear. "Go on, fair traitress; do thy guileful work; "ere once again the changing moon her circuit hath performed, "thou shalt overcome, and conquer him by force unconquerable, "and wrest his secret from him. Call thine alluring arts and honest-"seeming brow, the holy kiss of love, and the transparent tear; "put on fair linen, that with the lily vies, purple and silver; neglect "thy hair, to seem more lovely in thy loose attire; put on thy "country's pride, deceit; and eyes of love decked in mild sorrow, "and sell thy Lord for gold."—For now, upon her sumptuous couch reclined, in gorgeous pride, she still intreats, and still she grasps his vigorous knees with her fair arms.—"Thou lov'st me not! "thou'rt war, thou art not love! O foolish Dalila! O weak "woman! it is death cloathed in flesh thou lovest, and thou hast "been incircled in his arms!—Alas, my Lord, what am I calling "thee? Thou art my God! To thee I pour my tears for sacrifice

" morning and evening: My days are covered with sorrow, shut
" up, darkened. By night I am deceived! Who says that thou
" wast born of mortal kind? Destruction was thy father, a lioness
" suckled thee, thy young hands tore human limbs, and gorged
" human flesh! Come hither, Death; art thou not Samson's
" servant? 'Tis Dalila that calls, thy master's wife; no, stay,
" and let thy master do the deed: one blow of that strong arm
" would ease my pain; then should I lay at quiet, and have rest.
" Pity forsook thee at thy birth! O Dagon furious, and all ye gods
" of Palestine, withdraw your hand! I am but a weak woman.
" Alas, I am wedded to your enemy! I will go mad, and tear my
" crisped hair; I'll run about, and pierce the ears o' th' gods!
" O Samson, hold me not; thou lovest me not! Look not upon
" me with those deathful eyes! Thou wouldst my death, and death
" approaches fast."—Thus, in false tears, she bath'd his feet, and thus she day by day oppressed his soul: he seemed a mountain, his brow among the clouds; she seemed a silver stream, his feet embracing. Dark thoughts rolled to and fro in his mind, like thunder clouds troubling the sky; his visage was troubled; his soul was distressed.—" Though I should tell her all my heart,
" what can I fear? Though I should tell this secret of my birth,
" the utmost may be warded off as well when told as now." She saw him moved, and thus resumes her wiles.—" Samson, I'm thine;
" do with me what thou wilt; my friends are enemies; my life is
" death; I am a traitor to my nation, and despised; my joy is
" given into the hands of him who hates me, using deceit to the
" wife of his bosom. Thrice hast thou mocked me, and grieved my
" soul. Didst thou not tell me with green withes to bind thy nervous
" arms, and after that, when I had found thy falshood, with new
" ropes to bind thee fast? I knew thou didst but mock me. Alas,
" when in thy sleep I bound thee with them to try thy truth, I cried,
" ' The Philistines be upon thee, Samson! ' Then did suspicion wake
" thee; how didst thou rend the feeble ties! Thou fearest nought,
" what shouldst thou fear? Thy power is more than mortal, none
" can hurt thee; thy bones are brass, thy sinews are iron! Ten

" thousand spears are like the summer grass; an army of mighty
" men are as flocks in the vallies; what canst thou fear? I drink
" my tears like water; I live upon sorrow! O worse than wolves
" and tygers, what canst thou give when such a trifle is denied me?
" But O at last thou mockest me, to shame my over-fond inquiry!
" Thou toldest me to weave thee to the beam by thy strong hair;
" I did even that to try thy truth: but when I cried, 'The Philistines
" 'be upon thee!' then didst thou leave me to bewail that Samson
" loved me not."—He sat, and inward griev'd; he saw and lov'd the beauteous suppliant, nor could conceal aught that might appease her; then, leaning on her bosom, thus he spoke: " Hear,
" O Dalila! doubt no more of Samson's love; for that fair breast
" was made the ivory palace of my inmost heart, where it shall lie
" at rest; for sorrow is the lot of all of woman born: for care was I
" brought forth, and labour is my lot: nor matchless might, nor
" wisdom, nor every gift enjoyed, can from the heart of man hide
" sorrow.—Twice was my birth foretold from heaven, and twice
" a sacred vow enjoined me that I should drink no wine, nor eat
" of any unclean thing, for holy unto Israel's God I am, a Nazarite
" even from my mother's womb. Twice was it told, that it might
" not be broken. 'Grant me a son, kind Heaven', Manoa cried;
" but Heaven refused! Childless he mourned, but thought his
" God knew best. In solitude, though not obscure, in Israel he
" lived, till venerable age came on: his flocks increased, and plenty
" crowned his board: beloved, revered of man! But God hath
" other joys in store. Is burdened Israel his grief? The son of
" his old age shall set it free! The venerable sweetner of his life
" receives the promise first from Heaven. She saw the maidens
" play, and blessed their innocent mirth; she blessed each new-
" joined pair; but from her the long-wished deliverer shall spring.
" Pensive, alone she sat within the house, when busy day was
" fading, and calm evening, time for contemplation, rose from the
" forsaken east, and drew the curtains of heaven; pensive she sat,
" and thought on Israel's grief, and silent prayed to Israel's God;
" when lo, an angel from the fields of light entered the house!

" His form was manhood in the prime, and from his spacious brow
" shot terrors through the evening shade! But mild he hailed her
" ——' Hail, highly favoured!' said he, ' for lo, thou shalt conceive,
" ' and bear a son, and Israel's strength shall be upon his shoulders,
" ' and he shall be called Israel's Deliverer! Now therefore drink
" ' no wine, and eat not any unclean thing, for he shall be a Nazarite
" ' to God.'—Then as a neighbour, when his evening tale is told,
" departs, his blessing leaving, so seemed he to depart: she
" wondered with exceeding joy, nor knew he was an angel. Manoa
" left his fields to sit in the house, and take his evening's rest from
" labour—the sweetest time that God has allotted mortal man.
" He sat, and heard with joy, and praised God who Israel still doth
" keep. The time rolled on, and Israel groaned oppressed. The
" sword was bright, while the plow-share rusted, till hope grew
" feeble, and was ready to give place to doubting: then prayed
" Manoa—' O Lord, thy flock is scattered on the hills! The wolf
" ' teareth them, Oppression stretches his rod over our land, our
" ' country is plowed with swords, and reaped in blood! The echoes
" ' of slaughter reach from hill to hill! Instead of peaceful pipe, the
" ' shepherd bears a sword; the ox goad is turned into a spear!
" ' O when shall our Deliverer come? The Philistine riots on our
" ' flocks, our vintage is gathered by bands of enemies! Stretch
" ' forth thy hand, and save.'——Thus prayed Manoa. The aged
" woman walked into the field, and lo, again the angel came!
" Clad as a traveller fresh risen on his journey, she ran and called
" her husband, who came and talked with him.——' O man of
" ' God,' said he, ' thou comest from far! Let us detain thee while
" ' I make ready a kid, that thou mayest sit and eat, and tell us of
" ' thy name and warfare; that when thy sayings come to pass, we
" ' may honour thee.' The Angel answered, ' My name is wonderful;
" ' enquire not after it, seeing it is a secret: but, if thou wilt, offer an
" ' offering unto the Lord.' "

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA

Engraved 1773

JOSEPH of Arimathea among The Rocks of Albion. [*At the top of the engraving.*]

This is One of the Gothic Artists who Built the Cathedrals in what we call the Dark Ages, Wandering about in sheep skins & goat skins, of whom the World was not worthy; such were the Christians in all Ages.

Michael Angelo Pinxit. Engraved by W. Blake 1773 from an old Italian Drawing. [*At the bottom of the engraving.*]

[THEN SHE BORE PALE DESIRE]

Written before 1777

THEN she bore Pale desire, father of Curiosity, a Virgin ever young. And after, Leaden Sloth, from whom came Ignorance, who brought forth wonder. These are the Gods which came from fear, for Gods like these nor male nor female are, but single Pregnate, or, if they list, together mingling bring forth mighty pow'rs. She knew them not; yet they all war with Shame, And strengthen her weak arm. Now day arose, the Golden Sun his mighty Race began, Refreshing the Cold earth with beaming Joy. But Pride awoke, nor knew that Joy was born, and taking Pois'nous Seed from her own Bowels in the Monster Shame infus'd; forth came Ambition, crawling like a toad. Pride Bears it in her Bosom, and the Gods all bow to it. So Great its Power that Pride, inspir'd by it, Prophetic



Plate II

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA AMONG THE ROCKS OF ALBION

saw the Kingdoms of the World & all their Glory, Giants of Mighty arm, before the flood, Cain's city built with Murder. Then Babel mighty Rear'd him to the Skies, Babel with thousand tongues. Confusion it was call'd and Given to Shame; this Pride observing only Griev'd, but knew not that the rest was Giv'n to Shame as well as this.

Then Nineveh & Babylon and costly tyre and ev'n Jerusalem was shewn, the holy City. Then Athens' learning, & the Pride of Greece; and, further from the Rising Sun, was Rome, seated on seven hills, the mistress of the world, Emblem of Pride. She saw the Arts their treasures Bring, and luxury his bounteous table spread. But now a cloud o'ercasts and back to th'East, to Constantine's Great City, Empire fled, Ere long to bleed & die, A sacrifice done by a Priestly hand. So, once, the Sun his Chariot drew back to prolong a Good King's life. The cloud o'erpast & Rome now shone again, Miter'd and crown'd with triple crown. Then Pride was better Pleas'd. She saw the World fall down in Adoration [Nor could Refrain but Cry'd, " this is the blest time " when Pride shall hold the sway " *del.*]. But now, full to the Setting Sun, a Sun arose out of the Sea; it rose, & shed Sweet Influence o'er the Earth. Pride feared for her City, but not long, for looking stedfastly, she saw that Pride Reign'd here. Now Direful Pains accost her, and still pregnant, so Envy came, & Hate, twin progeny. Envy hath a serpent's head of fearful bulk, hissing with hundred tongues; her pois'nous breath breeds Satire, foul contagion, from which none are free. O'erwhelm'd by ever-During Thirst she swalloweth her own Poison, which consumes her nether Parts, from Whence a River Springs. Most Black & loathsom through the land it Runs, Rolling with furious Noise; but at the last it settles in a lake called Oblivion. 'Tis at this River's fount where ev'ry mortal's Cup is Mix't. My cup is fill'd with Envy's Rankest Draught [and Death is in the Pot *del.*]; a miracle, No less, can set me Right. Desire still pines but for one Cooling Drop, and 'tis deny'd; while others in Contentment's downy Nest do sleep, it is the cursed thorn wounding my breast that makes me sing. How-

ever sweet, 'tis Envy that Inspires my Song. Prickt by the fame of others how I mount, and my complaints are Sweeter than their Joys; but O, could I at Envy Shake my hands, my notes should Rise to meet the New born Day. Hate, Meager hag, sets Envy on, Unable to Do ought herself, but Worn away, a Bloodless Daemon; the Gods all Serve her at her will. So great her Power is, like fabled hecate, she doth bind them to her law. Far in a Direful cave she lives unseen, Clos'd from the Eye of Day, to the hard Rock transfixt by fate, and here she works her witcheries, that when she Groans she shakes the Solid Ground. Now Envy she controlls with numming trance, & Melancholy, sprung from her dark womb. There is a Melancholy, O how lovely 'tis, whose heaven is in the heavenly Mind, for she from heaven came, and where she goes heaven still doth follow her. She brings true Joy once fled, & Contemplation is her Daughter. Sweet Contemplation! [She teacheth knowledge how to know *del.*] She brings humility to man. " Take her," she says, " & wear her in thine heart, lord of thyself, thou then " art lord of all." [humility, her Daughter *del.*] 'Tis Contemplation teacheth knowledge truly how to know, And Reinstates him on his throne, once lost; how lost, I'll tell. But stop the motley song. I'll shew how Conscience came from heaven. But O, who listens to his Voice. 'Twas Conscience who brought Melancholy down, Conscience was sent, a Guard to Reason, Reason once fairer than the light, till foul'd in Knowledge's dark Prison house. For knowledge drove sweet Innocence away, and Reason would have follow'd, but fate suffer'd not. Then down came Conscience with his lovely band. The Eager song goes on, telling how Pride against her father Warr'd & Overcame. Down his white Beard the silver torrents Roll and swelling sighs burst forth, his Children all in arms appear to tear him from his throne. Black was the deed, most Black. Shame in a Mist sat Round his troubled head, & fill'd him with confusion. Fear as a torrent wild Roar'd Round his throne; the mighty pillars shake. Now all the Gods in black'ning Ranks appear, like a tempestuous thunder Cloud. Pride leads them on. Now they surround the God and bind him fast. Pride

bound him, then usurp'd o'er all the Gods. She Rode upon the swelling wind, And scatter'd all who durst t'oppose; but Shame opposing fierce and hovering over her in the darkning storm, She brought forth Rage. And Shame bore honour, & made league with Pride. Meanwhile Strife, Mighty Prince, was born. Envy in direful Pains him bore; then Envy brought forth Care. Care sitteth in the wrinkled brow. Strife, shapeless, sitteth under thrones of kings, like smould'ring fire, or in the Buzz of cities flies abroad. Care brought forth Covet, Eyeless & prone to th'Earth, and Strife brought forth Revenge. Hate, brooding in her Dismal den, grew Pregnant, & [brought forth *del.*] bore Scorn & Slander. Scorn waits on Pride, but Slander flies around the World to do the Work of hate, her drudge & Elf. But Policy doth drudge for hate, as well as Slander, & oft makes use of her, Policy, son of Shame. Indeed hate controlls all the Gods at will. Policy brought forth Guile & fraud; these Gods last nam'd live in the Smoke of cities, on Dusky wing breathing forth Clamour & Destruction. Alas, in cities where's the man whose face is not a mask unto his heart? Pride made a Goddess fair, or Image rather, till knowledge animated it; 'twas call'd Self love. The Gods admiring loaded her with Gifts, as once Pandora. She 'mongst men was sent, and worser ills attended her by far. She was a Goddess Powerful & bore Conceit & Emulation. Conceit and Shame bore honour & made league with Pride, & Policy doth dwell with her, by whom she had Mistrust and Suspition; [by Shame she had a Son call'd Honour who bore Revenge *del.*] then [Self love *del.*] bore a Daughter called Emulation, who married honour; these follow her around the World. Go see the city, friends Join'd Hand in Hand. Go see the Natural tie of flesh & blood. Go see more strong the ties of marriage love—thou scarce shall find, but Self love stands Between.

[WOE, CRIED THE MUSE]

Written before 1777

WOE, cried the muse, tears Started at the Sound. Grief percht upon my brow and thought Embrac'd Her. "What "does this mean," I cried, "when all around Summer hath spred "her Plumes and tunes her [*word del.*] Notes, When Buxom Joy doth "fan his wings & Golden Pleasures Beam around my head? Why, "Grief, dost thou accost me?" The Muse then struck her Deepest [note *del.*] string & Sympathy Came forth. She spre'd her [shadowy *del.*] awful Wings & gave me up; my Nerves with trembling Curdle all my blood, & ev'ry piece of flesh doth Cry out Woe. [*Word del.*] How soon the Winds sing round the Dark'ning Storm, ere while so fair; and now they fall & beg the skies will weep. A Day like this laid Elfrid in the Dust, sweet Elfrid, fairer than the Beaming Sun, O soon cut off i'th' morning of her days; 'twas the Rude thunder stroke that clos'd her Eyes, and laid her lilied Beauties on the Green. The dance was broke, the Circle just Begun; the flower was Pluck'd & yet it was not blown. "But what art thou?" I could no more till mute attention struck my [trembling *del.*] list'ning Ear. It spoke: "I come my friend to take my last farewell, Sunk by the "hand of Death in Wat'ry tomb. O'er yonder [suffering *del.*] lake "[*several words del.*] the winds their sad complainings bear for Conrade "lost, untimely lost, thy Conrade once. When living thee I lov'd ev'n "unto Death; now Dead, I'll guard thee from approaching ill; "farewell my time is gone." It said no more, but vanished ever from my sight.

. . . swift as the Nightly Blast that Blights the Infant Bird [*not marked for insertion*].

[AN ISLAND IN THE MOON]

Written about 1787

IN the Moon is a certain Island near by a mighty continent, which small island seems to have some affinity to England, &, what is more extraordinary, the people are so much alike, & their language so much the same, that you would think you was among your friends. In this Island dwells three Philosophers—Suction the Epicurean, Quid the Cynic, & Sipsop the Pythagorean. I call them by the names of those sects, tho' the sects are not ever mention'd there, as being quite out of date; however, the things still remain, and the vanities are the same. The three Philosophers sat together thinking of nothing. In comes Etruscan Column the Antiquarian, & after an abundance of Enquiries to no purpose, sat himself down & described something that nobody listen'd to. So they were employ'd when Mrs. Gimblet came in. The corners of her mouth seem'd—I don't know how, but very odd, as if she hoped you had not an ill opinion of her,—to be sure, we are all poor creatures! Well, she seated [herself] & seem'd to listen with great attention while the Antiquarian seem'd to be talking of virtuous cats. But it was not so; she was thinking of the shape of her eyes & mouth, & he was thinking of his eternal fame. The three Philosophers at this time were each endeavouring to conceal his laughter (not at them but) at his own imagination.

This was the situation of this improving company when, in a great hurry, Inflammable Gass the Wind-finder enter'd. They seem'd to rise & salute each other. Etruscan Column & Inflammable Gass fix'd their eyes on each other; their tongues went in question & answer, but their thoughts were otherwise employ'd. " I don't like his eyes," said Etruscan Column. " He's a foolish " puppy," said Inflammable Gass, smiling on him. The 3 Philosophers—the Cynic smiling, the Epicurean seeming studying the flame of the candle, & the Pythagorean playing with the cat—listen'd with open mouths to the edifying discourses.

" Sir," said the Antiquarian, " I have seen these works, & I do

" affirm that they are no such thing. They seem to me to be the most " wretched, paltry, flimsy stuff that ever——"

" What d'ye say? What d'ye say? " said Inflammable Gass. " Why—why, I wish I could see you write so."

" Sir," said the Antiquarian, " according to my opinion the " author is an errant blockhead."

" Your reason—Your reason? " said Inflammable Gass. " Why " —why, I think it very abominable to call a man a blockhead that " you know nothing of."

" Reason, Sir? " said the Antiquarian. " I'll give you an " example for your reason. As I was walking along the street I saw " a vast number of swallows on the [top of an house *del.*] rails of an " old Gothic square They seem'd to be going on their passage, as " Pliny says. As I was looking up, a little *outré* fellow, pulling me by " the sleeve, cries, ' Pray, Sir, who do all they belong to? ' I turn'd " myself about with great contempt. Said I, ' Go along, you fool! ' " ' Fool! ' said he, ' who do you call fool? I only ask'd you a civil " ' question.' I had a great mind to have thrash'd the fellow, only he " was bigger than I."

Here Etruscan Column left off—Inflammable Gass, recollecting himself [said], " Indeed I do not think the man was a fool, for he " seems to me to have been desirous of enquiring into the works of " nature! "

" Ha! Ha! Ha! " said the Pythagorean.

It was re-echo'd by Inflammable Gass to overthrow the argument.

Etruscan Column then, star[t]ing up & clenching both his fists, was prepared to give a formal answer to the company. But Ob[t]use Angle, entering the room, having made a gentle bow, proceeded to empty his pockets of a vast number of papers, turned about & sat down, wiped his [head *del.*] face with his pocket handkerchief, & shutting his eyes, began to scratch his head.

" Well, gentlemen," said he, " what is the cause of strife? "

The Cynic answer'd, " They are only quarreling about Vol- " taire."

" Yes," said the Epicurean, " & having a bit of fun with him."

" And," said the Pythagorean, " endeavoring to incorporate " their souls with their bodies."

Obtuse Angle, giving a grin, said, " Voltaire understood nothing " of the Mathematics, and a man must be a fool i'faith not to under- " stand the Mathematics."

Inflammable Gass, turning round hastily in his chair, said, " Mathematics! He found out a number of Queries in Philosophy."

Obtuse Angle, shutting his eyes & saying that he always understood better when he shut his eyes [replied], " [It is not of use to " make *del.*] In the first place, it is of no use for a man to make " Queries, but to solve them; for a man may be a fool & make " Queries, but a man must have good sound sense to solve them. A " query & an answer are as different as a strait line & a crooked " one. Secondly——"

" I—I—I—aye! Secondly, Voltaire's a fool," says the Epicurean.

" Pooh! " says the Mathematician, scratching his head with double violence, " It is not worth Quarreling about."

The Antiquarian here got up, &, hemming twice to shew the strength of his Lungs, said, " But, my Good Sir, Voltaire was im- " mersed in matter, & seems to have understood very little but what " he saw before his eyes, like the Animal upon the Pythagorean's " lap, always playing with its own tail."

" Ha! Ha! Ha! " said Inflammable Gass. " He was the Glory of " France. I have got a bottle of air that would spread a Plague."

Here the Antiquarian shrugg'd up his shoulders, & was silent [talk'd for half an hour *del.*] while Inflammable Gass talk'd for half an hour.

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

Mrs. Gimblet drew her mouth downwards.

CHAP 2[d]

TILLY LALLY, the Siptippidist, Aradobo, the Dean of Morocco, Miss Gittipin, Mrs. Nannicantipot, Mrs. Sistagatist, [*two lines del.*] Gibble Gabble, the wife of Inflammable Gass, [*three words del.*] & Little Scopprell enter'd the room.

(If I have not presented you with every character in the piece, call me [Ass* Arse *del.*] Ass.)

CHAP 3[d]

IN the Moon, as Phebus stood over his oriental Gardening, " O ay, come, I'll sing you a song," said the Cynic.

" ' The trumpeter shit in his hat,' " said the Epicurean.
" ——& clapt it on his head," said the Pythagorean.
" I'll begin again," said the Cynic.

" Little Phebus came strutting in
" With his fat belly & his round chin,
" What is it you would please to have?
" Ho! Ho!
" I won't let it go at only so & so."

Mrs. Gimblet look'd as if they meant her. Tilly Lally laught like a cherry clapper. Aradobo ask'd, " Who was Phebus, Sir? "

Obtuse Angle answer'd quickly, " He was the God of Physic, " Painting, Perspective, Geometry, Geography, Astronomy, Cookery, " Chymistry [*word del.*], Mechanics, Tactics, Pathology, Ohrascology, " Theology, Mythology, Astrology, Osteology, Somatology—in short, " every art & science adorn'd him as beads round his neck."

Here Aradobo look'd Astonish'd & ask'd if he understood Engraving.

Obtuse Angle Answer'd, indeed he did.

" Well," said the other, " he was as great as Chatterton."

Tilly Lally turn'd round to Obtuse Angle & ask'd who it was that was as great as Chatterton. [Obtuse Angle answer'd *del.*]

" Hay! How should I know? " Answer'd Obtuse Angle. " Who " was it, Aradobo? "

" Why sir," said he, " the Gentleman that the song was about."

" Ah," said Tilly Lally, " I did not hear it. What was it, Obtuse " Angle? "

" Pooh," said he. " Nonsense! "

" Mhm," said Tilly Lally.

" It was Phebus," said the Epicurean.

" Ah, that was the Gentleman," said Aradobo.

" Pray, Sir," said Tilly Lally, " who was Phebus? "

Obtuse Angle answer'd, " The heathen in the old ages us'd to " have Gods that they worship'd, & they us'd to sacrifice to them. " You have read about that in the bible."

" Ah," said Aradobo, " I thought I had read of Phebus in the " Bible."

" Aradobo, you should always think [of what you *del.*] before " you speak," said Obtuse Angle.

" Ha! Ha! Ha! He means Pharaoh," said Tilly Lally.

" I am asham'd of you,—making use of the names in the Bible," said Mrs. Sistagatist.

" I'll tell you what, Mrs. Sinagain. I don't think there's any " harm in it," said Tilly Lally.

" No," said Inflammable Gass. " I have got a camera obscura " at home. What was it you was talking about? "

" Law! " said Tilly Lally. " What has that to do with Pharoah? "

" Pho! nonsense! hang Pharoh & all his hosts," said the Pythagorean. " Sing away, Quid."

Then the Cynic sung—

" Honour & Genius is all I ask,
" And I ask the Gods no more.
" No more, No more, } the three Philosophers
" No more, No more." } bear Chorus.

Here Aradobo sucked his under lip.

CHAP 4

" HANG names! " said the Pythagorean. " What's Pharoh better " than Phebus, or Phebus than Pharoh? "

" Hang them both," said the Cynic.

" Don't be prophane," said Mrs. Sistagatist.

" Why? " said Mrs. Nannicantipot, " I don't think it's prophane " to say ' Hang Pharoh.' "

" Oh," said Mrs. Sinagain. " I'm sure you ought to hold your " tongue, for you never say any thing about the scriptures, & you " hinder your husband from going to church."

" Ha, ha! " said Inflammable Gass. " What! don't you like to " go to church? "

" No," said Mrs. Nannicantipot. " I think a person may be as " good at home."

" If I had not a place of profit that forces me to go to church," said Inflammable Gass, " I'd see the parsons all hang'd,—a parcel " of lying——"

" O! " said Mrs. Sistagatist. " If it was not for churches & " chapels I should not have liv'd so long. There was I, up in a " Morning at four o'clock, when I was a Girl. I would run like the " dickins till I was all in a heat. I would stand till I was ready to sink " into the earth. Ah, Mr. Huffcap would kick the bottom of the " Pulpit out with Passion—would tear off the sleeve of his Gown & " set his wig on fire & throw it at the people. He'd cry & stamp " & kick & sweat, and all for the good of their souls."

" I'm sure he must be a wicked villain," said Mrs. Nannicantipot, " a passionate wretch. If I was a man I'd wait at the bottom of " the pulpit stairs & knock him down & run away! "

" You would, you Ignorant jade? I wish I could see you hit any " of the ministers! You deserve to have your ears boxed, you do."

" I'm sure this is not religion," answers the other.

Then Mr. Inflammable Gass ran & shov'd his head into the fire & set his [head *del.*] hair all in a flame, & ran about the room —— No, no, he did not; I was only making a fool of you.

Chap 5

Obtuse Angle, Scopprell, Aradobo, & Tilly Lally are all met in Obtuse Angle's study.

" Pray," said Aradobo, " is Chatterton a Mathematician? "

" No," said Obtuse Angle. " How can you be so foolish as to " think he was? "

" Oh, I did not think he was—I only ask'd," said Aradobo.

" How could you think he was not, & ask if he was? " said Obtuse Angle.

" Oh no, Sir. I did think he was, before you told me, but after- " wards I thought he was not."

Obtuse Angle said, " In the first place you thought he was [not " *del.*], & then afterwards when I said he was not, you thought he " was not. [*Several words del.*] Why, I know that——"

" Oh no, sir, I thought that he was not, but I ask'd to know " whether he was."

" How can that be? " said Obtuse Angle. " How could you ask " & think that he was not? "

" Why," said he, " it came into my head that he was not."

" Why then," said Obtuse Angle, " you said that he was."

" Did I say so? Law! I did not think I said that."

" Did not he? " said Obtuse Angle.

" Yes," said Scopprell.

" But I meant——" said Aradobo, " I—I—I can't think. Law! " Sir, I wish you'd tell me how it is."

Then Obtuse Angle put his chin in his hand & said, " Whenever " you think, you must always think for yourself."

" How, sir? " said Aradobo. " Whenever I think, I must " think myself? I think I do. In the first place——" said he with a grin.

" Poo! Poo! " said Obtuse Angle. " Don't be a fool."

Then Tilly Lally took up a Quadrant & ask'd, " [*several words* " *del.*] Is not this a sun-dial? "

" Yes," said Scopprell, " but it's broke."

At this moment the three Philosophers enter'd, and low'ring darkness hover'd over the assembly.

" Come," said the Epicurean, " let's have some rum & water, " & hang the mathematics! Come, Aradobo! Say some thing."

Then Aradobo began, " In the first place I think, I think in the " first place that Chatterton was clever at Fissie Follogy, Pistinology, " Aridology, Arography, Transmography, Phizography, Hogamy, " Hatomy, & hall that, but, in the first place, he eat every little, " wickly—that is, he slept very little, which he brought into a con- " sumsion; & what was that that he took? Fissic or somethink,— " & so died! "

So all the people in the book enter'd into the room, & they could not talk any more to the present purpose.

Chap 6

They all went home & left the Philosophers. Then Suction Ask'd if Pindar was not a better Poet than Ghiotto was a Painter.

" Plutarch has not the life of Ghiotto," said Sipsop.

" No," said Quid, " to be sure, he was an Italian."

" Well," said Suction, " that is not any proof."

" Plutarch was a nasty ignorant puppy," said Quid. " I hate " your sneaking rascals. There's Aradobo in [*word del.*] ten or " twelve years will be a far superior genius."

" Ah! " said the Pythagorean, " Aradobo will make a very " clever fellow."

" Why," said Quid, " I think that [a *del.*] any natural fool would " make a clever fellow, if he was properly brought up."

" Ah, hang your reasoning! " said the Epicurean. " I hate " reasoning. I do everything by my feelings."

" Ah! " said Sipsop, " I only wish Jack [*name del.*] Tearguts had " had the cutting of Plutarch. He understands Anatomy better than " any of the Ancients. He'll plunge his knife up to the hilt in a single " drive, and thrust his fist in, and all in the space of a Quarter of an " hour. He does not mind their crying, tho' they cry ever so. He'll " swear at them & keep them down with his fist, & tell them that

" he'll scrape their bones if they don't lay still & be quiet. What the
" devil should the people in the hospital that have it done for nothing
" make such a piece of work for? "

" Hang that," said Suction; " let us have a song."

Then the Cynic sang—

1.

" When old corruption first begun,
" Adorn'd in yellow vest,
" He committed on flesh a whoredom—
" O, what a wicked beast!

2.

" From then a callow babe did spring,
" And old corruption smil'd
" To think his race should never end,
" For now he had a child.

3.

" He call'd him surgery, & fed
" The babe with his own milk,
" For flesh & he could ne'er agree,
" She would not let him suck.

4.

" And this he always kept in mind,
" And form'd a crooked knife,
" And ran about with bloody hands
" To seek his mother's life.

5.

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

6.

" She soon grew pregnant & brought forth
" Scurvy & spott'd fever.
" The father grin'd & skipt about,
" And said, ' I'm made for ever!

7.

" ' For now I have procur'd these imps
" ' I'll try experiments.'
" With that he tied poor scurvy down
" & stopt up all its vents.

8.

" And when the child began to swell,
" He shouted out aloud,
" ' I've found the dropsy out, & soon
" ' Shall do the world more good.'

9.

" He took up fever by the neck
" And cut out all its spots,
" And thro' the holes which he had made
" He first discover'd guts."

" Ah," said Sipsop, " you think we are rascals—& we think you " are rascals. I do as I chuse. What is it to any body what I do? I " am always unhappy too. When I think of Surgery—I don't know. " I do it because I like it. My father does what he likes & so do I. " I think, somehow, I'll leave it off. There was a woman having " her cancer cut, & she shriek'd so that I was quite sick."

Chap 7

" Good-night," said Sipsop.

" Good-night," said the other two.

Then [they *del.*] Quid & Suction were left alone. Then said Quid, " I think that Homer is bombast, & Shakespeare is too wild, &

" Milton has no feelings: they might be easily outdone. Chatterton " never writ those poems! A parcel of fools, going to Bristol! If I was " to go, I'd find it out in a minute, but I've found it out already."

" If I don't knock them all up next year in the Exhibition, I'll be " hang'd," said Suction. " Hang Philosophy! I would not give a " farthing for it! Do all by your feelings, and never think at all " about it. I'm hang'd if I don't get up to-morrow morning by four " o'clock & work Sir Joshua."

" Before ten years are at an end," said Quid, " how I will work " those poor milksop devils,—an ignorant pack of wretches! "

So they went to bed.

Chap 8

Steelyard the Lawgiver, sitting at his table, taking extracts from Hervey's Meditations among the tombs & Young's Night thoughts [*several words del.*].

" He is not able to hurt me," said he, " more than making me " Constable or taking away the parish business. Hah!

" [O, what a scene is here! What a disguise! *del.*]
" ' My crop of corn is but a field of tares ',

" says Jerome. Happiness is not for us, poor crawling reptiles of the " earth. Talk of happiness & happiness! It's no such thing. Every " person has a something.

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

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

" ' The wreck of matter & the crush of worlds ',

" as Young says."

Obtuse Angle enter'd the Room.

" What news, Mr. Steelyard? "

" I am reading Thison & Aspasio," said he.

Obtuse Angle took up the books one by one.

" I don't find it here," said he.

" O no," said the other, " it was the meditations! "

Obtuse Angle took up the book & read till the other was quite tir'd out.

Then Scopprell & Miss Gittipin coming in, Scopprell took up a book & read the following passage:—

" An Easy of Huming Understanding, by John Lookye Gent."

" John Locke," said Obtuse Angle.

" O, ay—Lock," said Scopprell [*several words del.*].

" Now here," said Miss Gittipin,—" I never saw such company " in my life. You are always talking of your books. I like to be where " we talk. You had better take a walk, that we may have some " pleasure. I am sure I never see any pleasure. There's Double " Elephant's Girls, they have their own way; & there's Miss " Filligreework, she goes out in her coaches, & her footman & her " maids, & Stormonts & Balloon hats, & a pair of Gloves every day, " & the Sorrows of Werter, & Robinsons, & the Queen of France's " Puss colour, & my Cousin Gibble Gabble says that I am like " nobody else. I might as well be in a nunnery. There they go in " Postchaises & Stages to Vauxhall & Ranelagh. And I hardly " know what a coach is, except when I go to Mr. Jacko's. He knows " what riding is, [& he does not *del.*] & his wife is the most agreeable " woman. You hardly know she has a tongue in her head, and he is " the funniest fellow, & I do believe he'll go in partnership with his " master, & they have black servants lodge at their house. I never " saw such a place in my life. He says he has six & twenty rooms in " his house, and I believe it, & he is not such a liar as Quid thinks " he is." [but he is always Envying *del.*]

" Poo! Poo! Hold your tongue. Hold your tongue," said the Lawgiver.

This quite provok'd Miss Gittipin, to interrupt her in her favourite topic, & she proceeded to use every Provoking speech that ever she could, & he bore it more like a Saint than a Lawgiver,

and with great solemnity he address'd the company in these words:—

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

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

" Then," said Miss Gittipin, " Mr. Scopprell, do you know the " song of Phebe and Jellicoe? "

" No, Miss," said Scopprell.

Then she repeated these verses, while Steelyard walk'd about the room:

" Phebe, dressed like beautie's Queen,
" Jellicoe in faint pea green,
" Sitting all beneath a grot
" Where the little lambkins trot;

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

" Happy people, who can be
" In happiness compar'd with ye?
" The Pilgrim with his crook & hat
" Sees your happiness compleat."

" A charming song, indeed, Miss," said Scopprell. [That was all for *del.*] here they receiv'd a summons for a merry making at the Philosopher's house.

CHAP 9

"I SAY, this evening we'll all get drunk—I say—dash!—an "Anthem, an Anthem!" said Suction.

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

Quid. "'Oho', said Dr. Johnson
"To Scipio Africanus,
"'If you don't own me a Philosopher,
"'I'll kick your Roman Anus'."

Suction. "'Aha', To Dr. Johnson
"Said Scipio Africanus,
"'Lift up my Roman Petticoat
"'And kiss my Roman Anus'."

"And the Cellar goes down with a step." (Grand Chorus.)

"Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Hooooo, my poooooor siiides! "I, I should die if I was to live here!" said Scopprell. "Ho, Ho, "Ho, Ho, Ho!"

1st Vo. "Want Matches?"
2nd Vo. "Yes, yes, yes."
1st Vo. "Want Matches?"
2nd Vo. "No."

1st Vo. "Want Matches?"
2nd Vo. "Yes, yes, yes."
1st Vo. "Want Matches?"
2nd Vo. "No."

Here was great confusion & disorder. Aradobo said that the boys in the street sing something very pretty & funny about London—O no, about Matches. Then Mrs. Nannicantipot sung:

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

Then sung Scopprell:

" I ask the Gods no more,—
" no more, no more."

" Then," said Suction, " come, Mr. Lawgiver, your song "; and the Lawgiver sung:

" As I walk'd forth one may morning
" To see the fields so pleasant & so gay,
" O there did I spy a young maiden sweet,
" Among the Violets that smell so sweet,
" Smell so sweet,
" Smell so sweet,
" Among the Violets that smell so sweet."

" Hang your Violets! Here's your Rum & water [*word del.*]. " O ay," said Tilly Lally, "Joe Bradley & I was going along one day " in the sugar-house. Joe Bradley saw—for he had but one eye—saw " a treacle jar. So he goes of his blind side & dips his hand up to " the shoulder in treacle. ' Here, lick, lick, lick! ' said he. Ha! Ha! " Ha! Ha! For he had but one eye. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! "

Then sung Scopprell:

" And I ask the Gods no more,—
" no more, no more,
" no more, no more.

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

Then she sung:

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

" Charming! Truly elegant! " said Scopprell.

" And I ask the gods no more! "

" Hang your serious songs!" said Sipsop, & he sung as follows:—

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

" Hang Italian songs! Let's have English! " said Quid. " [Sing " a Mathematical Song . . . *del.*] English genius for ever! Here I go:

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

" Hail, finger-footed lovely Creatures!
" The females of our human Natures,
" Formed to suckle all Mankind.
" 'Tis you that come in time of need;
" Without you we shoud never Breed,
" Or any Comfort find.

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

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

" Then come ye maidens, come ye swains,
" Come & be cured of all your pains
" In Matrimony's Golden cage."

" [None of *del.*] Go & be hanged! " said Scopprell. " How can " you have the face to make game of matrimony? " [*Two and a half lines del.*]

Then Quid call'd upon Obtuse Angle for a Song, & he, wiping his face & looking on the corner of the ceiling, sang:

" To be, or not to be
" Of great capacity,
" Like Sir Isaac Newton,
" Or Locke, or Doctor South,
" Or Sherlock upon death?
" I'd rather be Sutton.

" For he did build a house
" For aged men & youth,
" With walls of brick & stone.
" He furnish'd it within
" With whatever he could win,
" And all his own.

" He drew out of the Stocks
" His money in a box,
  " And sent his servant
" To Green the Bricklayer
" And to the Carpenter:
  " He was so fervent.

" The chimneys were three score,
" The windows many more,
  " And for convenience
" He sinks & gutters made,
" And all the way he pav'd
  " To hinder pestilence.

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

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

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

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

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

Here they gave a shout, & the company broke up.

Chap 10

Thus these happy Islanders spent their time. But felicity does not last long, for being met at the house of Inflammable Gass the windfinder, the following affairs happen'd.

" Come, Flammable," said Gibble Gabble, " & let's enjoy our-
" selves. Bring the Puppets."

" Hay,—Hay," said he, "you—sho—why—ya, ya. How can you
" be so foolish? Ha! Ha! Ha! She calls the experiments puppets! "

Then he went up stairs & loaded the maid with glasses, & brass tubes, & magic pictures.

" Here, ladies & gentlemen," said he, " I'll shew you a louse,
" or a flea, or a butterfly, or a cockchafer, the blade bone of a tittle-
" back. No, no. Here's a bottle of wind that I took up in the bog-
" house, and—O dear, O dear, the water's got into the sliders! Look
" here, Gibble Gabble! Lend me your handkerchief, Tilly Lally."

Tilly Lally took out his handkerchief, which smear'd the glass worse than ever. Then he screw'd it on. Then he took the sliders, & then he set up the glasses for the Ladies to view the pictures. Thus he was employ'd, & quite out of breath. While Tilly Lally & Scopprell were pumping at the air-pump, Smack went the glass.

" Hang! " said Tilly Lally.

Inflammable Gass turn'd short round & threw down the table & Glasses, & Pictures, & broke the bottles of wind, & let out the Pestilence. He saw the Pestilence fly out of the bottle, & cried out, while he ran out of the room:

" Come out! Come out! We are putrified! We are corrupted!
" Our lungs are destroy'd with the Flogiston. This will spread a
" plague all thro' the Island! "

He was downstairs the very first. On the back of him came all the others in a heap.

So they need not bidding go.

Chap 11

Another merry meeting at the house of Steelyard the Lawgiver. After supper, Steelyard & Obtuse Angle had pump'd Inflammable Gass quite dry. They play'd at forfeits, & try'd every method to get good humour.

Said Miss Gittipin, " Pray, Mr. Obtuse Angle, sing us a song."

Then he sung:

" Upon a holy thursday, their innocent faces clean,
" The children walking two & two in grey & blue & green,
" Grey headed beadles walk'd before with wands as white as snow,
" Till into the high dome of Paul's they like thames' waters flow.

" O what a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of London town!
" Seated in companies, they sit with radiance all their own.
" The hum of multitudes were there, but multitudes of lambs,
" [And all in order sit waiting the chief chanter's commands *del.*]
" Thousands of little girls & boys raising their innocent hands.

" [Then like a mighty wind they raise to heav'n the voice of song,
" Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heav'n among,
" When the whole multitude of innocents their voices raise
" Like angels on the throne of heav'n, raising the voice of praise *del.*]

" [Let Cherubim & Seraphim now raise their voices high *del.*]
" Then like a mighty wind they raise to heav'n the voice of song,
" Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heav'n among.
" Beneath them sit the rev'rend men, the guardians of the poor;
" Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door."

After this they all sat silent for a quarter of an hour, & Mrs. Nannicantipot said, " It puts me in Mind of my [Grand *del.*] " mother's song,

" When the tongues of children are heard on the green,
" And laughing [upon *del.*] is heard on the hill,
" My heart is at rest within my breast,
" And every thing else is still.

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

" ' No, No, let us play, for it is yet day,
" ' And we cannot go to sleep [till it's dark *del.*]
" ' [The flocks are at play & we can't go away *del.*]
" ' Besides in the sky the little birds fly,
" ' And the meadows are cover'd with sheep.'

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

Then [*word del.* Tilly Lally sung; Quid *del.*] sung Quid:

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

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

Here nobody could sing any longer, till Tilly Lally pluck'd up a spirit, & he sung:

" I say, you Joe,
" Throw us the ball.
" I've a good mind to go,
" And leave you all.

" I never saw such a bowler,
" To bowl the ball in a [turd *del.*] tansey,
" And to clean it with my handkercher
" Without saying a word.

" That Bill's a foolish fellow,
" [He hit me with the bat *del.*]
" He has given me a black eye.
" He does not know how to handle a bat
" Any more than a dog or a cat.

" He has knock'd down the wicket
" And broke the stumps,
" And runs without shoes to save his pumps."

Here a laugh began, and Miss Gittipin sung:

" Leave, O leave me to my sorrows,
" Here I'll sit & fade away;
" Till I'm nothing but a spirit,
" And I lose this form of clay.

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

The Lawgiver all the while sat delighted to see them in such a serious humour. " Mr. Scopprell," said he, " you must be " acquainted with a great many songs."

" Oh, dear sir! Ho, Ho, Ho, I am no singer. I must beg of one " of these tender-hearted ladies to sing for me."

They all declined, & he was forced to sing himself:

" There's Dr. Clash
" And Signior Falalasole:
" O they sweep in the cash
" Into their purse hole.
" Fa me la sol, La me fa sol.

[*two lines del.*]

" Great A, little A,
" Bouncing B.
" Play away, Play away,
" You're out of the key.
" Fa me la sol, La me fa sol.

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

" Gentlemen, Gentlemen!
" Rap, rap, rap,
" Fiddle, Fiddle, Fiddle,
" Clap, Clap, Clap.
" Fa me la sol, La me fa sol."

" Hm," said the Lawgiver, " Funny enough! Let's have " Handel's water piece." Then Sipsop sung:

" A crowned king,
" On a white horse sitting,
" With his trumpets sounding,
" And Banners flying,

Thro' the clouds of smoke he makes his way,
And the shout of his thousands fills his heart with rejoicing & victory:
And the shout of his thousands fills his heart with rejoicing & victory.
Victory! Victory! 'twas William, the prince of Orange,—

[*Here a leaf, or more, is missing.*]

" —thus Illuminating the Manuscript."

" Ay," said she, " that would be excellent."

" Then," said he, " I would have all the writing Engraved " instead of Printed, & at every other leaf a high finish'd print— " all in three Volumes folio— & sell them a hundred pounds apiece. " They would print off two thousand."

" Then," said she, " whoever will not have them will be " ignorant fools & will not deserve to live."

" Don't you think I have something of the Goat's face? " says he.

" Very like a Goat's face," she answer'd.

" I think your face," said he, " is like that noble beast the Tyger. " Oh, I was at Mrs. Sicknacker's, & I was speaking of my abilities, " but their nasty hearts, poor devils, are eat up with envy. They " envy me my abilities, & all the women envy your abilities."

" My dear, they hate people who are of higher abilities than " their nasty, filthy [souls *del.*] selves. But do you outface them, " & then strangers will see that you have an opinion."

" Now I think we should do as much good as we can when we " are at Mr. Femality's. Do you snap, & take me up, and I will " fall into such a passion. I'll hollow and stamp, & frighten all " the People there, & show them what truth is."

At this Instant Obtuse Angle came in.

" Oh, I am glad you are come," said Quid.

POEMS WRITTEN IN A COPY OF "POETICAL SKETCHES"

Composed about 1787

SONG 1ST BY A SHEPHERD

WELCOME, stranger, to this place,
Where joy doth sit on every bough,
Paleness flies from every face;
We reap not what we do not sow.

Innocence doth like a rose
Bloom on every maiden's cheek;
Honour twines around her brows,
The jewel health adorns her neck.

SONG 2ND BY A YOUNG SHEPHERD

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

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

When the painted Birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread;
Come live and be merry and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of ha, ha, he.

SONG BY AN OLD SHEPHERD

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

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

Blow, boisterous wind, stern winter frown,
Innocence is a winter's gown;
So clad, we'll abide life's pelting storm
That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

ANNOTATIONS TO LAVATER'S "APHORISMS ON MAN" LONDON MDCCLXXXVIII

Written about 1788

[*Blake's remarks are here printed in larger type after the aphorisms to which they refer. Passages underlined by Blake are printed in italic.*]

1.

Know, in the first place, that mankind agree in essence, as they do in their limbs and senses.

2.

Mankind differ as much in essence as they do in form, limbs, and senses—and only so, and not more.

This is true Christian philosophy far above all abstraction.

3.

As in looking upward each beholder thinks himself the centre of the sky; so Nature formed her individuals, that each must see himself the centre of being.

Let me refer here to a remark on aphorism 533 & another on 630.

8.

Who pursues means of enjoyment contradictory, irreconcilable, and self-destructive, is a fool, or what is called a sinner—*Sin and destruction of order are the same.*

A golden sentence.

11.

The less you can enjoy, the poorer, the scantier yourself—the more you can enjoy, the richer, the more vigorous.

You enjoy with wisdom or with folly, as the gratification of your appetites capacitates or unnerves your powers.

False, for weak is the joy that is never wearied.

13.

Joy and grief decide character. What exalts prosperity? what imbitters grief? what leaves us indifferent? what interests us? As the interest of *man, so his God—as his God, so he.*

All gold!

14.

What is a man's interest? what constitutes his God, the ultimate of his wishes, his end of existence? Either that which on every occasion he communicates with the most unrestrained cordiality, or hides from every profane eye and ear with mysterious awe; to which he makes every other thing a mere appendix; —the vortex, the centre, the comparative point from which he sets out, on which he fixes, to which he irresistably returns;—that, at the loss of which you may safely think him inconsolable;—that which he rescues from the gripe of danger with equal anxiety and boldness.

Pure gold!

. . . of thousands it may be decided what loss, what gain, would affect them most. And suppose we cannot pronounce on others, cannot we determine on ourselves? This the sage of Nazareth meant when he said, "Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also"—The object of your love is your God.

This should be written in gold letters on our temples.

16.

The greatest of characters, no doubt, was he, who, free of all trifling accidental helps, could see objects through one grand immutable medium, always at hand, and proof against illusion and time, reflected by every object, and invariably traced through all the fluctuation of things.

This was Christ.

20.

Distinguish with exactness, in thyself and others, between WISHES and WILL, in the strictest sense.

Who has many wishes has generally but little will. Who has energy of will has few diverging wishes. Whose will is bent with energy on ONE, MUST renounce the wishes for MANY things. Who cannot do this is not stamped with the majesty of human nature.

Admirable.

The energy of choice, the unison of various powers for one is only WILL, *born under the agonies of self-denial and renounced desires.*

Regeneration.

21.

Calmness of will is a sign of grandeur. The vulgar, far from hiding their WILL, blab their wishes—a single spark of occasion discharges the child of passions into a thousand crackers of desire.

Uneasy.

23.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has VIGOUR; who can produce more and *better*, has TALENTS; *who can produce what none else can, has* GENIUS.

28.

The glad gladdens—who gladdens not is not glad. Who is fatal to others is so to himself—to him, heaven, earth, wisdom, folly, virtue, *vice, are equally* so—to such an one tell neither good nor bad of yourself.

32.

Let the degree of egotism be the measure of confidence.

Uneasy.

36.

Who begins with severity, in judging of another, ends commonly with falsehood.

False! Severity of judgment is a great virtue.

37.

The smiles that encourage severity of judgment, hide malice and insincerity.

False! Aphorisms should be universally true.

39.

Who, without pressing temptation, tells a lie, will, without pressing temptation, act ignobly and meanly.

Uneasy.

False! A man may lie for his own pleasure, but if any one is hurt by his lying, will confess his lie: see no. 124.

40.

Who, under pressing temptations to lie, adheres to truth, nor to the profane betrays aught of a sacred trust, is near the summit of wisdom and virtue.

Excellent.

43.

As the present character of a man, so his past, so his future. Who knows intuitively the history of the past, knows his destiny to come.

44.

You can depend on no man, on no friend, but him who can depend on himself. *He only* who acts consequentially *toward himself* will act so toward others, and VICE VERSA.

Man is for ever the same; the same under every form, in all situations and relations that admit of free and unrestrained exertion. The same regard which you have for *yourself, you have for others, for nature, for the invisible* NUMEN, *which you call God—Who has witnessed one free* and unconstrained act of yours, has witnessed all.

54.

Frequent laughing has been long called a sign of a little mind—whilst the scarcer smile of harmless quiet has been complimented as the mark of a noble heart—But to abstain from laughing, and exciting laughter, merely not to offend, or to risk giving offence, or not to debase the inward dignity of character —is a power unknown to many a vigorous mind.

I hate scarce smiles: I love laughing.

59.

A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity.

Damn sneerers!

60.

Who courts the intimacy of a *professed sneerer, is a professed knave.*

61.

I know not which of these two I should wish to avoid most; the scoffer at virtue and religion, who, with heartless villainy, butchers innocence and truth; *or the pietist, who crawls, groans, blubbers, and secretly says to gold, thou art* my hope! and to his belly, thou art my god!

I hate crawlers.

62.

All moral dependence on him, who has been guilty of ONE *act of positive cool villainy,* against an acknowledged, virtuous and noble character, is credulity, imbecility, or insanity.

Is being like him, rather.

63.

The most stormy ebullitions of passion, *from blasphemy to murder, are less terrific than one single act of cool villany: a still* RABIES *is more dangerous than the paroxisms of a fever—Fear the boisterous savage of passion less than the sedate grin of villany.*

Bravo!

66.

Can he love truth who can take a knave to his bosom?

No!

67.

There are offences against individuals, to all appearance trifling, which are capital offences against the human race—fly him who can commit them.

68.

There ought to be a perpetual whisper in the ear of plain honesty—take heed not even to pronounce the name of a knave—he will make the very sound of his name a handle of mischief. And do you think a knave begins mischief to leave off? Know this—whether he overcome or be foiled, he will wrangle on.

Therefore pronounce him a knave: why should honesty fear a knave?

69.

Humility and love, whatever obscurities may involve religious tenets, constitute the essence of true religion. *The humble is formed to adore; the loving to associate with eternal love.*

Sweet!

70.

Have you ever seen a vulgar mind warm or humble? or a proud one that could love?—where pride begins, love ceases—as love, so humility—as both, so the still real power of man.

Pride may love.

71.

Every thing may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night—the more rare humility and love united, the more radiant where they meet.

All this may be mimicked very well; this Aphorism certainly was an oversight, for what are all crawlers but mimickers of humility & love?

73.

Modesty is silent when it would not be improper to speak: the humble, without being called upon, never recollects to say any thing of himself.

Uneasy.

78.

The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

80.

Thousands are hated, *whilst none are ever loved, without a real cause. The amiable alone can be loved.*

81.

He who is loved and commands love, when he corrects or is the cause of uneasiness, must be loveliness itself; and

82.

He who can love him, in the moment of correction, is the most amiable of mortals.

83.

He, to whom you may tell any thing, may see every thing, and will betray nothing.

86.

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another, the more free is he: who is free makes free.

Rather uneasy.

92.

Who instantly does the best that can be done, what no other could have done, and what all must acknowledge to be the best, is a genius and a hero at once.

Uneasy.

93.

The discovery of truth, by slow progressive meditation, is wisdom—*Intuition of truth, not preceded by perceptible meditation, is genius.*

94.

The degree of genius is determined by its velocity, clearness, depth, simplicity, copiousness, extent of glance (COUP D'OEIL), and instantaneous intuition of the whole at once.

Copiousness of glance.

96.

Dread more the blunderer's friendship than the calumniator's enmity.

I doubt this.

97.

He only, who can give durability to his exertions, has genuine power and energy of mind.

Uneasy. Sterling!

98.

Before thou callest a man hero or genius, investigate whether his exertion has features of indelibility; for all that is celestial, all genius, *is the offspring of immortality.*

Uneasy. Sterling!

99.

Who despises all that is despicable, is made to be impressed with all that is grand.

107.

Who takes from you, ought to give in his turn, or he is a thief; I distinguish taking and accepting, robbing and receiving: many give already by the mere wish to give; their still unequivocal wish of improvement and gratitude, whilst it draws *from us, opens treasures within us, that might have remained locked up, even to ourselves.*

Noble & Generous.

114.

Who writes as he speaks, speaks as he writes, looks as he speaks and writes—is honest

115.

A habit of sneering marks the egotist, or the fool, or the knave—or all three.

—all three!

121.

Who knows not how to wait with YES, will often be with shame reduced to say NO—Letting "I DARE NOT wait upon I WOULD."

Uneasy.

124.

Who has a daring eye, tells downright truths and downright lies.

Contrary to N. 39, but most True.

141.

Many trifling inattentions, neglects, indiscretions—are so many unequivocal proofs of dull frigidity, hardness, or extreme egotism.

Rather uneasy.

150.

As your enemies and your friends, so are you.

Very uneasy.

151.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

Uneasy: I fear I have not many enemies.

157.

Say not you know another entirely, till you have divided an inheritance with him.

! !

163.

Who, at the pressing solicitation of bold and noble confidence, hesitates one moment before he consents, proves himself at once inexorable.

Uneasy: I do not believe it.

164.

Who, at the solicitations of cunning, self-interest, silliness, or impudence, hesitates one moment before he refuses, proves himself at once a silly giver.

Uneasy.

168.

Whenever a man undergoes a considerable change, in consequence of being observed by others, whenever he assumes another gait, another language, than what he had before he thought himself observed, be advised to guard yourself against him.

Rather uneasy.

170.

I am prejudiced in favour of him who can solicit boldly, without impudence—he has faith in humanity—he has faith in himself. No one, who is not accustomed to give grandly, can ask nobly and with boldness.

176.

As a man's salutation, so the total of his character: in nothing do we lay ourselves so open as in our manner of meeting and salutation.

177.

Be afraid of him who meets you with friendly aspect, and, in the midst of a flattering salutation, *avoids your direct open look.*

185.

All finery is a sign of littleness.

Not always.

200.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint—the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

Bravo!

201.

There are more heroes than saints; (heroes I call rulers over the minds and destinies of men); more saints than humane characters. Him, who humanises all that is within and around himself, adore: I know but of one such by tradition.

Sweet!

203.

Who seeks those that are greater than himself, their greatness enjoys, and forgets his greatest qualities in their greater ones, is already truly great.

I hope I do not flatter my self that this is pleasant to me.

219.

None love without being loved; *and none* beloved *is without loveliness.*

225.

The friend of *order has made half his way to virtue.*

226.

There is no mortal truly wise and restless at once—wisdom is the repose of minds.

Rather uneasy.

242.

The connoisseur in painting discovers an original by some great line, though covered with dust, and disguised by daubing; so he who studies man discovers a valuable character by some original trait, though unnoticed, disguised, or debased—ravished at the discovery, he feels it his duty to restore it to its own genuine splendour. *Him who, in spite of contemptuous pretenders, has the boldness to do this, choose for your friend.*

244.

Who writes what he should tell, and dares not tell what he writes, is either like a wolf in sheep's clothing, or like a sheep in a wolf's skin.

Some cannot tell what they can write, tho' they dare.

248.

Know that the great art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of MAN in him: humanity has power over all that is human; the most inhuman man still remains man, and never CAN throw off all taste for what becomes a man—but you must learn to wait.

None can see the man in the enemy; if he is ignorantly so, he is not truly an enemy; if maliciously, not a man. I cannot love my enemy, for my enemy is not man, but beast or devil, if I have any. I can love him as a beast & wish to beat him.

253.

Who welcomes the look of the good is good himself.

254.

I know deists, whose religiousness I venerate, and atheists, whose honesty and nobleness of mind I wish for; but I have not yet seen the man who could have tempted *me to think him honest whom I knew publicly acted the Christian whilst privately he was a positive deist.*

Bravo!

256.

He who laughed at you till he got to your door, flattered you as you opened it—felt the force of your argument whilst he was with you—applauded when he rose, and, after he went away, blasts you—has the most indisputable title to an archdukedom in hell.

Such a one I can never forgive while he continues such a one.

261.

Ask not only, am I hated? but, by whom?—am I loved? but why?—*as the* GOOD *love thee, the* BAD *will hate thee.*

Uneasy.

272.

Who can *act or perform* as if each work *or action were the first, the last, and only one in his life, is great* in his sphere. [*the last three words deleted.*]

276.

We can do all by speech and silence. He, who understands the double art of speaking opportunely to the moment, and of saying not a syllable more or less than it demanded—and he who can wrap himself up in silence when every word would be in vain—will understand to connect energy with patience.

Uneasy.

278.

Let the unhappiness you feel at another's *errors*, and the happiness you *enjoy in their perfections, be the measure of your progress in wisdom and virtue.*

Excellent!

279.

Who becomes every day more sagacious, in observing his own faults, and the perfections of another, without either envying him or despairing of himself, is ready to mount the ladder on which angels ascend and descend.

Noble!

282.

The more there is of mind in your solitary employments, the more dignity there is in your character.

285.

He, who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity. [*scored in the margin.*]

287.

The most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesman, cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his vigour with humanity. [*the last nine words deleted.*]

Unsophisticated!

289.

Between the best and the worst, there are, you say, innumerable degrees—and you are right; but admit that I am right too, in saying that the best and the worst differ only in one thing—*in the object of their love.*

Would to God that every one would consider this.

290.

What is it you love in him you love? what is it you hate in him you hate? Answer this closely to yourself, pronounce it loudly, and you will know yourself and him.

All Gold.

292.

If you see one cold and vehement at the same time, set him down for a fanatic.

i.e., hypocrite.

295.

Who can hide magnanimity, stands on the supreme degree of human nature, and is admired by the world of spirits.

301.

He has not a little of the devil in him who prays and bites.

There is no other devil; he who bites without praying is only a beast.

302.

He who, when called upon to speak a *disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice,* and never ceases *nibbling.*

Damn such!

305.

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them.

An excellent rule.

308.

Want of friends argues either want of humility or courage, or both.

Uneasy.

309.

He who, at a table of forty covers, thirty-nine of which are exquisite, and one indifferent, lays hold of that, and with a "damn your dinner" dashes it in the landlord's face, should be sent to Bethlem or to Bridewell—and whither he, who blasphemes a book, a work of art, or perhaps a man of nine-and-thirty good and but one bad quality, and calls those fools or flatterers who, engrossed by the superior number of good qualities, would fain forget the bad one. [*queried by Blake.*]

To hell till he behaves better! mark that I do not believe there is such a thing litterally, but hell is the being shut up in the possession of corporeal desires which shortly weary the man, *for* ALL LIFE *IS HOLY.*

328.

Keep him at least three paces distant who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child.

The best in the book!

333.

Between passion and lie there is not a finger's breadth.

Lie is the contrary to Passion.

334.

Avoid, *like a serpent, him who writes impertinently, yet speaks politely.*

A dog! get a stick to him!

338.

Search carefully if one patiently finishes what he boldly began.

Uneasy.

339.

Who comes from the kitchen smells of its smoke; *who adheres to a sect has something of its cant:* The college-air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity him who herds with literary pedants.

341.

Call him truly religious who believes in something higher, more powerful, more living, than visible *nature; and who, clear as* his own *existence, feels his conformity to that superior being.*

342.

Superstition always inspires littleness, religion grandeur of mind: the superstitious raises beings inferiour to himself to deities. [Superstition *altered to* Hipocrisy; superstitious *to* hypocrite.]

No man was ever truly superstitious who was not truly religious as far as he knew.

True superstition is ignorant honesty & this is beloved of god and man.

I do not allow that there is such a thing as superstition taken in the strict sense of the word.

A man must first decieve himself before he is thus Superstitious and so he is a hypocrite.

Hipocrisy is as distant from superstition as the wolf from the lamb.

343.

Who are the saints of humanity? those whom perpetual habits of goodness and of grandeur have made nearly unconscious that what they do is good or grand—heroes with infantine simplicity.

This is heavenly.

345.

The jealous is possessed by a "fine mad devil"* and a dull spirit at once.

Pity the jealous!

352.

He alone has *energy that cannot be deprived of it.*

353.

Sneers are the blasts that precede quarrels.

Hate the sneerer!

354.

Who loves will not be adored.

False!

359.

No great character cavils.

365.

He can love who can forget all and nothing.

366.

The purest religion is the most refined Epicurism. He, who in the smallest given time can enjoy *most of what he never shall repent, and what furnishes* enjoyments, still more unexhausted, still less changeable—is the most religious and the most voluptuous of men.

True Christian philosophy.

370.

The generous, who is always just—and the just, who is always generous—*may, unannounced, approach the throne of God.*

375.

Let me once more, in other words, repeat it—he is the king of kings who longs for nothing, *and wills but* ONE *at once.*

---

*Shakspeare.

376.

Spare the lover without flattering his passion; to make the pangs of love the butt of ridicule, is unwise and harsh—soothing meekness and wisdom subdue in else unconquerable things.

And consider that LOVE IS LIFE.

377.

There is none so bad to do the twentieth part of the evil he might, nor any so good as to do the tenth part of the good it is in his power to do. Judge of yourself by the good you might do and neglect—and of others by the evil they might do and omit—and your judgment will be poised between too much indulgence for yourself and too much severity on others.

Most Excellent!

380.

To him who is simple, and inexhaustible, *like nature, simple and inexhausted nature resigns her sway.*

383.

How can he be pious who loves not the beautiful, whilst piety is nothing but the love of beauty? Beauty we call the MOST VARIED ONE, the MOST UNITED VARIETY. Could there be a man who should harmoniously unite each variety of knowledge and of powers—were he not the most beautiful? were he not your *god*?

This is our Lord.

385.

The unloved cannot love.

Doubtful.

386.

Let the object of love be careful to lose none of its loveliness. [*Marked with a cross.*]

389.

We cannot be great, if we calculate how great we and how little others are, and calculate not how great others, how minute, how impotent ourselves.

Uneasy.

391.

He loves unalterably who keeps within the bounds of love; who always shews somewhat less than what he *is possessed of*—nor ever utters a *syllable*, or gives a hint, of *more than* what in fact remains *behind*—is just and friendly in the same degree.

396.

Who kindles love loves warmly.

400.

There is a manner of forgiving so divine, that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.

This I cannot concieve.

401.

Expect the secret resentment of him whom your forgiveness has impressed with a sense of his inferiority; expect the resentment of the woman whose proffered love you have repulsed; yet surer still expect the unceasing rancour of envy against the progress of genius and merit—renounce the hopes of reconciling him: but know, that whilst you steer on, mindless of his grin, allruling destiny will either change his rage to awe, or blast his powers to their deepest root.

If you expect his resentment you do not forgive him *now*, tho' you did once; forgiveness of enemies can only come upon their repentance.

407.

Whatever is visible is the vessel or veil of the invisible past, present, future—as man penetrates to this more, or perceives it less, he raises or depresses his dignity of being.

A vision of the Eternal Now.

408.

Let none turn over books, or roam the stars *in quest of God, who sees him not in man.*

409.

He alone is good, who, though possessed of energy, prefers virtue, *with the appearance of weakness, to the invitation of acting brilliantly ill.*

Noble! But Mark! Active Evil is better than Passive Good.

410.

Clearness, rapidity, comprehension of look, glance (what the French call COUP D'OEIL), is the greatest, simplest, most inexhausted gift a mortal can receive from heaven: who has that has all; and who has it not has little of what constitutes the good and great.

Uneasy: doubtful.

413.

As the presentiment of the possible, deemed impossible, so genius, so heroism —*every genius, every hero, is a prophet.*

414.

He who goes one step beyond his real faith, or presentiment, is in danger of deceiving himself and others.

Uneasy.

416.

He, who to obtain much will suffer little or nothing, can never be called great; and none ever little, who, to obtain one great object, will suffer much.

The man who does this is a Sectary: therefore not great.

419.

You beg as you question; you give as you answer.

Excellent!

424.

Love sees what no eye sees; *love hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the heart of man love prepares for its object.*

Most Excellent!

426.

Him, who arrays malignity in good nature and treachery in familiarity, a miracle of Omnipotence alone can make an honest man.

No Omnipotence can act against order.

427.

He, who sets fire to one part of a town to rob more safely in another, is, no doubt, a villain: what will you call him, who, to avert suspicion from himself, accuses the innocent of a crime he knows himself guilty of, and means to commit again?

Damn him!

432.

The richer you are, the more calmly you bear the reproach of poverty: *the more genius you have, the more easily you bear the imputation of mediocrity.*

435.

There is no instance of a miser becoming a prodigal without losing his intellect; but there are thousands of prodigals becoming misers; *if, therefore, your turn be profuse, nothing is so much to be avoided as avarice*: and, if you be a miser, procure a physician who can cure an irremediable disorder.

Excellent!

437.

Avarice has sometimes been the flaw of great men, but never of great minds; great men produce effects that cannot be produced by a thousand of the vulgar; but great minds are stamped *with expanded benevolence,* unattainable by most.

440.

He is much greater and more authentic, who produces one thing entire and perfect, than he who does many by halves.

Uneasy.

444.

Say what you please of your humanity, no wise man will ever believe a syllable while I and MINE are the two only gates at which you sally forth and enter, and through which alone all must pass who seek admittance.

Uneasy.

447.

Who hides love, to bless with unmixed happiness, is great, like the king of heaven.

I do not understand this or else I do not agree to it. I know not what hiding love means.

449.

Trust not him with your secrets, who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.

Uneasy, yet I hope I should not do it.

450.

A woman whose ruling passion *is not vanity, is superior to any man of equal faculties.*

Such a woman I adore.

451.

He who has but one way of seeing every thing, is as important for him who studies man as fatal to friendship.

This I do not understand.

452.

Who has written will write again, says the Frenchman; he who has written against you will write against you again: he who has begun certain things is under the curse of leaving off no more. [*The second clause is deleted; the word* curse *is altered to* blessing.]

460.

Nothing is more impartial than the stream-like public; always the same and never the same; of whom, sooner or later, each misrepresented character obtains justice, and each calumniated, honour: he who cannot wait for that, is either ignorant of human nature, or feels that he was not made for honour.

Uneasy.

462.

The obstinacy of the indolent and weak is less conquerable than that of the fiery and bold.

463.

Who, with calm wisdom alone, imperceptibly directs the obstinacy of others, will be the most eligible friend or the most dreadful enemy.

This must be a grand fellow.

465.

He is condemned to depend on no man's modesty and honour who dares not depend on his own.

Uneasy.

477.

The frigid smiler, crawling, indiscreet, obtrusive, brazen-faced, is a scorpion whip of destiny—avoid him!

& never forgive him till he mends.

486.

Distrust your heart and the durability of your fame, if from the stream of occasion you snatch a handful of foam; deny the stream, and give its name to the frothy bursting bubble.

Uneasy: this I lament that I have done.

487.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride? or luxury? or ambition? or egotism? no; I shall say indolence—who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest.

Pride, fullness of bread, & *abundance of Idleness* was the sin of Sodom. See Ezekiel, Ch. xvi, 49 ver.

489.

An entirely honest man, in the severe sense of the word, exists no more than an entirely dishonest knave: the best and the worst are only approximations of those qualities. Who are those that never contradict themselves? yet honesty never contradicts itself: who are those that always contradict themselves? yet knavery is mere self-contradiction. Thus the knowledge of man determines not the things themsleves, but their proportions, the quantum of congruities and incongruities.

Man is a twofold being, one part capable of evil & the other capable of good; that which is capable of good is not also capable of evil, but that which is capable of evil is also capable of good. This aphorism seems to consider man as simple & yet capable of evil: now both evil & good cannot exist in a simple being, for thus 2 contraries would spring from one essence, which is impossible; but if man is consider'd as only evil & god only good, how then is regeneration effected which turns the evil to good? by casting out the evil by the good? See Matthew xii Ch., 26, 27, 28, 29 v.

496.

Sense seeks and finds the thought; the thought seeks and finds genius.

& vice versa, genius finds thought without seek^{g} & thought thus produc'd finds sense.

503.

No wheedler loves.

No fumbler Kisses.

506.

The poet, who composes not before the moment of inspiration, and as that leaves him ceases—composes, and he alone, for all men, all classes, all ages.

Most Excellent!

507.

He, who has frequent moments of complete existence, is a hero, though not laurelled; is crowned, and without crowns, a king: he only who has enjoyed immortal moments can reproduce them.

O that men would seek immortal moments! O that men would converse with God!

508.

The greater that which you can hide, the greater yourself.

Pleasant!

514.

He, who cannot forgive a trespass of malice to his enemy, has never yet tasted the most sublime enjoyment of love.

Uneasy: this I know not.

518.

You may have hot enemies without having a warm friend; but not a fervid friend without a bitter enemy. The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold friends, cold enemies—half friends, half enemies—fervid enemies, warm friends.

Very Uneasy indeed, but *truth*.

521.

He, who reforms himself, has done more toward reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.

Excellent!

523.

He will do great things who can avert his words and thoughts from past irremediable evils.

Not if evils are past sins, for these a man should never avert his thoughts from.

526.

He, who is ever intent on great ends, has an eagle-eye for great means, and scorns not the smallest.

Great ends never look at means, but produce them spontaneously.

532.

Take from LUTHER his roughness and fiery courage; from CALVIN his hectic obstinacy; from ERASMUS his timid prudence; hypocrisy and fanaticism from CROMWELL; from HENRY IV his sanguine character; mysticism from FENELON; from HUME his all-unhinging wit; love of paradox and brooding suspicion from ROUSSEAU; naivetè and elegance of knavery from VOLTAIRE; from MILTON the extravagance of his all-personifying fancy; from RAFAELLE his dryness and nearly hard precision; and from RUBENS his supernatural luxury of colours:—deduct this oppressive EXUBERANCE from each; rectify them according to your own taste—what will be the result? your own correct, pretty, flat, useful—for me, to be sure, quite convenient vulgarity. And why this amongst maxims of humanity? that you may learn to know this EXUBERANCE, this LEVEN, of each great character, and its effects on contemporaries and posterity—that you may know where d, e, f, is, there must be a, b, c: he alone has knowledge of man, who knows the ferment that raises each character, and makes it that which it shall be, and some thing more or less than it shall be.

Deduct from a rose its redness, from a lilly its whiteness, from a diamond its hardness, from a spunge its softness, from an oak its heighth, from a daisy its lowness, & rectify every thing in Nature as the Philosophers do, & then we shall return to Chaos, & God will be compell'd to be Eccentric if he Creates, O happy Philosopher.

Variety does not necessarily suppose deformity, for a rose & a lilly are various & both beautiful. Beauty is exuberant, but not of ugliness, but of beauty, and if ugliness is adjoin'd to beauty it is not the exuberance of beauty; so, if Rafael is hard & dry, it is not his genius but an accident acquired, for how can Substance and Accident be predicated of the same Essence? I cannot concieve. But substance gives tincture to the accident, and makes it physiognomic. Aphorism 47 * speaks of the heterogeneous, which all extravagance is, but exuberance not.

533.

I have often, too often, been tempted, at the daily relation of new knaveries, to despise human nature in every individual, till, on minute anatomy of each trick, I found that the knave was only an ENTHUSIAST or MOMENTARY FOOL. This discovery of momentary folly, symptoms of which assail the wisest and the best, has thrown a great consolatory light on my inquiries into man's moral nature: by this the theorist is enabled to assign to each class and each individual its own peculiar fit of vice or folly; and, by the same, he has it in his power to contrast the ludicrous or dismal catalogue with the more pleasing one of sentiment and virtue, more properly their own.

Man is the ark of God; the mercy seat is above, upon the ark; cherubims guard it on either side, & in the midst is the holy law; man is either the ark of God or a phantom of the earth & of the water; if thou seekest by human policy to guide this ark, remember Uzzah, II Sam[l] vi ch: knaveries are not human nature; knaveries are knaveries. See N. 554; this aphorism seems to me to want discrimination.

534.

He, who is master of the fittest moment to crush his enemy, and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a conqueror.

This was old George the second.

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* Man has an inward sense of consequence—of all that is pertinent. This sense is the essence of humanity: this, developed and determined, characterises him—this, displayed, is his education. The more strict you are in observing what is pertinent and impertinent, (or heterogeneous) in character, actions, works of art and literature—the wiser, nobler, greater, the more humane yourself.

539.

A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a woman of common talents not jealous, an accomplished woman, who scorns to shine—are four wonders, just great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.

Let the men do their duty & the women will be such wonders; the female life lives from the light of the male: see a man's female dependants, you know the man.

543.

Depend not much upon your rectitude, if you are uneasy in the presence of the good;

Easy.

nor trust to your humility if you are mortified when you are not noticed.

Uneasy.

549.

He, who hates [*altered to* loves] the wisest and best of men, hates [*altered to* loves] the Father of men; for, where is *the Father of men to be seen but in the most perfect of his children?*

This is true worship.

552.

He, who adores an impersonal God, has none; and, without guide or rudder, launches on an immense abyss that first absorbs his powers, and next himself.

Most superlatively beautiful & most affectionately Holy & pure; would to God that all men would consider it.

554.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature; art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature; *and what nature will he honour who honours not the human?*

Human nature is the image of God.

556.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed—*nature never pretends.*

557.

Do you think *him a common man who can make what is common exquisite?*

559.

Whose promise may you depend upon? his who dares refuse what he knows he cannot perform; who promises calmly, strictly, conditionally, and never excites a hope which he may disappoint.

560.

You promise as you speak.

562.

Avoid him *who speaks softly, and writes sharply.*

Ah rogue! I could be thy hangman!

566.

Neither patience nor inspiration can give wings to a snail—you waste your own force, you destroy what remained of energy in the indolent, by urging him to move beyond his rate of power.

573.

Your humility is equal to your desire of being unnoticed, unobserved in your acts of virtue.

True humility.

574.

There are certain light characteristic momentary features of man, which, in spite of masks and all exterior mummery, represent him as he is and shall be. If once in an individual you have discovered one ennobling feature, let him debase it, *let it at times shrink from him, no matter; he will, in the end, prove superior to thousands of his critics.*

The wise man falleth 7 times in a day, and riseth again, &c.

576.

The man who has and uses but one scale for every thing, for himself and his enemy, the past and the future, the grand and the trifle, for truth and error, virtue and vice, religion, superstition, infidelity; for nature, art, and works of genius and art—is truly wise, just, great.

This is most true, but how does this agree with 451?

577.

The infinitely little constitutes the infinite difference in works of art, and in the degrees of morals and religion; the greater the rapidity, precision, acuteness, with which this is observed and determined, the more authentic, the greater the observer.

Uneasy.

580.

Range him high amongst your saints, who, with all-acknowledged powers, and his own stedfast scale for every thing, can, on the call of judgment or advice, submit to transpose *himself into another's situation, and to adopt* his point of sight.

582.

No communications and no gifts can exhaust genius, or impoverish charity.

Most Excellent.

585.

Distrust yourself if you fear the eye of the sincere; *but be afraid of neither God or man, if you have no reason to distrust yourself.*

586.

Who comes as he goes, and is present as he came and went, is sincere.

588.

He loves grandly (I speak of friendship) who is not jealous when he has partners of love.

Uneasy, but I hope to mend.

590.

He knows himself greatly who never opposes his genius.

Most Excellent!

596.

"Love as if you could hate and might be hated";—a maxim of detested prudence in real friendship, the bane of all tenderness, the death of all familiarity. Consider the *fool who follows it as nothing inferior to him who at every bit of bread trembles at the thought of its being poisoned.*

Excellent!

597.

"Hate as if you could love or should be loved";—him who follows this maxim, if all the world were to declare an idiot and enthusiast, I shall esteem, of all men, the most eminently formed for friendship.

Better than Excellent!

600.

Distinguish with exactness, if you mean to know yourself and others, what is so often mistaken—the SINGULAR, *the* ORIGINAL, *the* EXTRAORDINARY, *the* GREAT, *and the* SUBLIME *man: the* SUBLIME *alone unites the singular, original, extraordinary, and great, with his own uniformity and simplicity: the* GREAT, *with many powers, and uniformity of ends, is destitute of that superior calmness* and inward harmony which soars above the atmosphere of praise: the EXTRAORDINARY is distinguished by copiousness, and a wide range of energy: the ORIGINAL need not be *very rich, only* that which he produces is unique, and has the exclusive stamp of individuality: the SINGULAR, as such, is placed between originality and whim, and often makes a trifle the medium of fame.

601.

Forwardness nips affection in the bud.

The more is the pity.

602.

If you mean to be loved, give more than what is asked, but not more than what is wanted; and ask less than what is expected. [*the last clause deleted.*]

This whole aphorism is an oversight; this is human policy, as it is call'd.

603.

Whom smiles and tears make equally lovely, all hearts may court.

Altered to read: Whom smiles and frowns make equally lovely, only good hearts can or dare court.

604.

Take here the grand secret—if not of pleasing all, yet of displeasing none —court mediocrity, avoid originality, and sacrifice to fashion.

& go to hell.

605.

He who pursues the glimmering steps of hope, with stedfast, not presumptuous, eye, may pass the gloomy rock, on either side of which superstition [*altered to* hypocrisy] and incredulity their dark abysses spread.

Superstition has been long a bugbear by reason of its being united with hypocrisy; but let them be fairly seperated & then superstition will be honest feeling, & God, who loves all honest men, will lead the poor enthusiast in the paths of holiness.

606.

The public seldom forgive twice.

Let us take their example.

607.

Him who is hurried on by the furies of immature, impetuous wishes, stern repentance shall drag, bound and reluctant, back to the place from which he sallied: where you hear the crackling of wishes expect intolerable vapours or repining grief.

Uneasy.

608.

He submits to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.

& such a one I dare love.

609.

Venerate four characters; the sanguine, who has checked volatility *and the rage for pleasure; the choleric, who has subdued passion and pride; the phlegmatic, emerged from indolence; and the melancholy, who has dismissed avarice, suspicion, and asperity.*

4 most holy men.

610.

All *great minds sympathize.*

612.

Men carry their character not seldom in their pockets: you might decide on more than half of your acquaintance, had you will or right to turn their pockets inside out.

I seldom carry money in my pockets; they are generally full of paper. [*several words erased*]

615.

Not he who forces himself on opportunity, but he who watches its approach, and welcomes its arrival by immediate use, is wise.

616.

Love and hate are the genius of invention, the parents of virtue and of vice—*forbear to decide on yourself till you have had opportunities of warm attachment or deep dislike.*

True Experience.

619.

Each heart is a world of nations, classes, and individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; . . . the world that surrounds you is the magic glass of the world, and of its forms within you; the brighter you are yourself, so much brighter are your friends—so much more polluted your enemies. Be assured then, that to know yourself perfectly you have only to set down a true statement of those that ever loved or hated you.

Uneasy because I cannot do this.

623.

Avoid connecting yourself with characters whose good and bad sides are unmixed, and have not fermented together; they resemble phials of vinegar and oil, or pallets set with colours: they are either excellent at home and intolerable abroad, or insufferable within doors and excellent in public: . . .

Most Excellent!

624.

The fool separates his object from all surrounding ones; all abstraction is temporary folly.

Uneasy, because I once thought otherwise but now know it is truth.

626.

Let me repeat it—He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing *what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on, like Samson, and "tells neither father nor mother of it."*

This is Excellent.

630.

A GOD, an ANIMAL, a PLANT, are not companions of man; nor is the FAULTLESS —then judge with lenity of all; the coolest, wisest, best, all without exception, have their points, their moments of enthusiasm, fanaticism, absence of mind, faint-heartedness, stupidity—if you allow not for these, your criticisms on man will be a mass of accusations or caricatures.

It is the God in *all* that is our companion & friend, for our God himself says: " you are my brother, my sister & my mother," & St. John: " Whoso dwelleth in love dwelleth in God & God in him," & such an one cannot judge of any but in love, & his feelings will be attractions or repulses. See Aphorisms 549, 554. God is in the lowest effects as well as in the highest causes; for he is become a worm that he may nourish the weak. For let it be remember'd that creation is God descending according to the weakness of man, for our Lord is the word of God & every thing on earth is the word of God & in its essence is God.

633.

You think to meet with some additions here to your stock of moral knowledge—and not in vain, I hope: but know, a great many rules cannot be given by him who means not to offend, and many of mine have perhaps offended already; believe me, for him who has an open ear and eye, every minute teems with observations of precious import, yet scarcely communicable to the most faithful friend; so incredibly weak, so vulnerable in certain points, is man; forbear to meddle with these at your first setting out, and make amusement the minister of reflection: sacrifice all egotism—sacrifice ten points to one, if that one have the value of twenty; and if you are happy enough to impress your disciple with respect for himself, with probability of success in his exertions of growing better; and, above all, with the idea of your disinterestedness—you may perhaps succeed in making one proselyte to virtue.

—lovely!

Those who are offended with any thing in this book would be

offended with the innocence of a child & for the same reason, because it reproaches him with the errors of acquired folly.

635.

Keep your heart from him who begins his acquaintance with you by indirect flattery of your favourite paradox or foible.

Unless you find it to be his also, previous to your acquaintance.

636.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence—forget it, forgive it—but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.

This is a paradox.

638.

Let the cold, who offers the nauseous mimickry of warm affection, meet with what he deserves—a repulse; but from that moment depend on his irreconcilable enmity.

Uneasy because I do not know how to do this, but I will try to do it the first opportunity.

640.

The moral enthusiast, who in the maze of his refinements loses or despises the plain paths of honesty and duty, is on the brink of crimes.

Most True!

I hope no one will call what I have written cavilling because he may think my remarks of small consequence. For I write from the warmth of my heart, & cannot resist the impulse I feel to rectify what I think false in a book I love so much & approve so generally.

Man is bad or good as he unites himself with bad or good spirits: tell me with whom you go & I'll tell you what you do.

As we cannot experience pleasure but by means of others [*words del.*], who experience either pleasure or pain thro' us, And as all of us on earth are united in thought, for it is impossible to think

without images of somewhat on earth—So it is impossible to know God or heavenly things without conjunction with those who know God & heavenly things; therefore all who converse in the spirit, converse with spirits. [*several words del.*]

For these reasons I say that this Book is written by consultation with Good Spirits, because it is Good, & that the name Lavater is the amulet of those who purify the heart of man.

There is a strong objection to Lavater's principles (as I understand them) & that is He makes every thing originate in its accident; he makes the vicious propensity not only a leading feature of the man, but the stamina on which all his virtues grow. But as I understand Vice it is a Negative. It does not signify what the laws of Kings & Priests have call'd Vice; we who are philosophers ought not to call the Staminal Virtues of Humanity by the same name that we call the omissions of intellect springing from poverty.

Every man's leading propensity ought to be call'd his leading Virtue & his good Angel. But the Philosophy of Causes & Consequences misled Lavater as it has all his Cotemporaries. Each thing is its own cause & its own effect. Accident is the omission of act in self & the hindering of act in another; This is Vice, but all Act [from Individual propensity *inserted and del.*] is Virtue. To hinder another is not an act; it is the contrary; it is a restraint on action both in ourselves & in the person hinder'd, for he who hinders another omits his own duty at the same time.

Murder is Hindering Another.

Theft is Hindering Another.

Backbiting, Undermining, Circumventing, & whatever is Negative is Vice. But the origin of this mistake in Lavater & his cotemporaries is, They suppose that Woman's Love is Sin; in consequence all the Loves & Graces with them are Sins.

ANNOTATIONS TO SWEDENBORG'S "WISDOM OF ANGELS CONCERNING DIVINE LOVE AND DIVINE WISDOM" LONDON MDCCLXXXVIII

Written about 1789

THERE can be no Good Will. Will is always Evil; it is Experience to others or suffering. If God is anything he is Understanding. He is the Influx from that into the Will. Good to others or his instant Understanding comes [?] to Will continually, but never comes . . ., because Man is only Evil . . .

Understanding or Heaven . . . Man; it is acquir'd by means of Suffering & Distress & Experience. Will, Desire, Love, Pain, Envy, & . . . are Natural, but Understanding is Acquir'd . . .

[*The remainder of this passage, which is written in pencil on the fly-leaf, is illegible. The subsequent annotations are marginal, and are here printed after the corresponding passages from Swedenborg's text, these being given in smaller type. Words underlined by Blake are printed in italic.*]

Page 2.

Doth it not happen that in Proportion as the Affection which is of Love groweth cold, the Thought, Speech and Action grow cold also? And that in Proportion as it is heated, they also are heated? But this a wise Man perceiveth, not from a Knowledge that Love is the Life of Man, but from Experience of these Facts.

They also perceive this from Knowledge, but not with the natural part.

Page 3.

No one knoweth what is the Life of Man, unless he knoweth that it is Love.

This was known to me & thousands.

Page 7.

That the Divine or God is not in Space . . . cannot be comprehended by any merely natural Idea, but it may by a spiritual Idea: The Reason why

it cannot be comprehended by a natural Idea is because in that Idea there is Space.

What a natural Idea is.

Nevertheless, Man may comprehend this by natural Thought, if he will only admit into such Thought somewhat of spiritual Light.

Mark this.

A spiritual Idea doth not derive any Thing from Space, but it derives every Thing appertaining to it from State.

Poetic idea.

Pages 8-9.

Hence it may appear, that Man from a *merely natural* Idea cannot comprehend that the Divine is every where, and yet not in Space; and yet that Angels and Spirits clearly comprehend this; consequently *that Man also may*, if so be he will admit something of spiritual Light into his Thought; the Reason why Man may comprehend it is because his Body doth not think, but his Spirit, therefore not his natural but his spiritual Part.

Observe the distinction here between Natural & Spiritual as seen by Man. Man may comprehend, but not the natural or external man.

Page 10.

It hath been said, that in the spiritual World Spaces appear equally as in the natural World. . . . Hence it is that the Lord, although he is in the Heavens with the Angels everywhere, nevertheless appears high above them as a Sun: And whereas the Reception of Love and Wisdom constitutes Affinity with him, therefore those Heavens appear nearer to him where the Angels are in a nearer Affinity from Reception, than where they are in a more remote Affinity.

He who Loves feels love descend into him & if he has wisdom may perceive it is from the Poetic Genius, which is the Lord.

Page 11.

In all the Heavens there is no other Idea of God than that of a Man.

Man can have no idea of any thing greater than Man, as a cup cannot contain more than its capaciousness. But God is a man, not because he is so perceiv'd by man, but because he is the creator of man.

Page 12.

"The Gentiles, particularly the Africans . . . entertain an Idea of God as of a Man, and say that no one can have any other Idea of God: When they hear that many form an Idea of God as existing in the Midst of a Cloud, they ask where such are. . . . "

Think of a white cloud as being holy, you cannot love it; but think of a holy man within the cloud, love springs up in your thoughts, for to think of holiness distinct from man is impossible to the affections. Thought alone can make monsters, but the affections cannot.

Page 13.

They who are wiser than the common People pronounce God to be invisible.

Worldly wisdom, or demonstration by the senses is the cause of this.

Page 14.

The Negation of God constitutes Hell, and in the Christian World the Negation of the Lord's Divinity.

The Negation of the Poetic Genius.

Page 15.

When Love is in Wisdom, then it existeth. These two are such a ONE, that they may be distinguished indeed in Thought, but not in Act.

Thought without affection makes a distinction between Love & Wisdom, as it does between body & spirit.

Page 24.

What Person of Sound Reason doth not perceive, that the Divine is not divisible. . . . If another, who hath no Reason, should say that it is possible there may be several Infinities, Uncreates, Omnipotents and Gods, provided they have the same Essence, and that thereby there is one Infinite, Uncreate, Omnipotent and God—is not one and the same Essence one and the same Identity?

Answer: Essence is not Identity, but from Essence proceeds Identity & from one Essence may proceed many Identities, as from one Affection may proceed many thoughts. Surely this is an oversight.

That there is but one Omnipotent, Uncreate & God I agree, but that there is but one Infinite I do not; for if all but God is not Infinite, they shall come to an End, which God forbid.

If the Essence was the same as the Identity, there could be but one Identity, which is false. Heaven would upon this plan be but a Clock; but one & the same Essence is therefore Essence & not Identity.

Page 33.

Appearances are the first Things from which the human Mind forms its Understanding, and it cannot shake them off but by an Investigation of the Cause, and if the Cause is very deep, it cannot investigate it, *without keeping the Understanding some Time in spiritual Light*. . . .

This Man can do while in the body.

It cannot be demonstrated except by such Things as a Man can perceive by his bodily Senses.

Demonstration is only by bodily Senses.

Page 40.

With respect to God, it is not possible that he can love and be reciprocally beloved by others, in whom . . . there is any Thing Divine; for if there was any Thing Divine in them, then it would not be beloved by others, but it would love itself.

False. Take it so or the contrary, it comes to the same, for if a thing loves it is infinite. Perhaps we only differ in the meaning of the words Infinity & Eternal.

Page 56.

Man is only a Recipient of Life. From this Cause it is, that Man, from his own hereditary Evil, reacts against God; but so far as he believes that all his Life is from God, and every Good of Life from the Action of God, and every Evil of Life from the Reaction of Man, Reaction thus becomes correspondent with Action, and Man acts with God as from himself.

Good & Evil are here both Good & the two contraries Married.

Page 57.

But he who knows how to elevate his Mind above the Ideas of Thought which are derived from Space and Time, such a Man passes from Darkness to Light, and becomes wise in Things spiritual and Divine . . . and then by Virtue of that Light he shakes off the Darkness of natural Light, and removes *its Fallacies* from the Center to the Circumference.

When the fallacies of darkness are in the circumference they cast a bound about the infinite.

Page 58.

Now inasmuch as the Thoughts of the Angels derive nothing from Space and Time, but from States of Life, it is evident that they do not comprehend what is meant when it is said, that the Divine fills Space, for they do not know what Space is, but that they comprehend clearly, when it is said, without any Idea of Space that the Divine fills all Things.

Excellent.

Page 131.

That without two Suns, the one living and the other dead, there can be no Creation.

False philosophy according to the letter, but true according to the spirit.

Page 133.

It follows that the one Sun is living and that the other Sun is dead, also that the dead Sun itself was created by the living Sun from the Lord.

How could Life create death?

The reason why a dead Sun was created is to the End that in the Ultimate all Things may be fixed. . . . On this and no other Ground Creation is founded. The terraqueous Globe . . . is as it were the Basis and Firmament.

They exist literally about the sun & not about the earth.

That all Things were created from the Lord by the living Sun, *and nothing by the dead Sun*, may appear from this Consideration. . . .

The dead sun is only a phantasy of evil Man.

Page 146.

It is the same upon Earth with Men, but with this Difference, that the Angels feel that Heat and see that Light, whereas Men do not. . . .

He speaks of Men as meer earthly Men, not as receptacles of spirit, or else he contradicts N. 257 [p. 220].

Now forasmuch as Man, whilst he is in natural Heat and Light, knoweth nothing of spiritual Heat and Light in himself, and this cannot be known but by Experience from the spiritual World. . . .

This is certainly not to be understood according to the letter, for it is false by all experience. Who does not or may not know of love & wisdom in himself?

Page 181.

From these Consideration as Conclusion is drawn, that the Whole of Charity and Faith is in Works. . . .

The Whole of the New Church is in the Active Life & not in Ceremonies at all.

Pages 195-6.

These three Degrees of Altitude are named Natural, Spiritual and Celestial. . . . Man, at his Birth, first comes into the natural Degree, and this increases in him by Continuity according to the Sciences, and according to the Understanding acquired by them, to the Summit of Understanding which is called Rational.

Study Sciences till you are blind, Study intellectuals till you are cold, Yet science cannot teach intellect. Much less can intellect teach Affection. How foolish then is it to assert that Man is born in only one degree, when that one degree is reception of the 3 degrees, two of which he must destroy or close up or they will descend; if he closes up the two superior, then he is not truly in the 3^{d}, but descends out of it into meer Nature or Hell. See N. 239. Is it not also evident that one degree will not open the other, & that science will not open intellect, but that they are discrete & not continuous so as to explain each other except by correspondence, which has nothing to do with demonstration; for you cannot

demonstrate one degree by the other; for how can science be brought to demonstrate intellect without making them continuous & not discrete?

Page 196.

Man, so long as he lives in the World, does not know any Thing of the opening of these Degrees in himself.

See N. 239 [p. 198].

Page 198.

In every Man there is a natural, spiritual and celestial Will and Understanding, in Power from his Birth, and in Act whilst they are opening.

Mark this; it explains no. 238 [p. 196].

In a Word the Mind of Man . . . is of three Degrees, so that . . . a Man may be elevated thereby to Angelic Wisdom and possess it, while he lives in the World, but nevertheless he does not come into it till after Death, if he becomes an Angel, *and then he speaks Things ineffable and incomprehensible to the natural Man.*

Not to a Man, but to the natural Man.

Page 200.

Every one who consults his Reason, *whilst it is in the Light*, may see that Man's Love is the End of all Things appertaining to him.

Page 204.

And hence it also follows that the Understanding does not lead the Will, or that Wisdom does not produce Love, but that it only teaches and shows the Way, it teaches how a Man ought to live, and shows the Way in which he ought to walk.

Mark this.

Page 219.

From this it is evident, that Man, *so long as he lives in the World, and is thereby in the natural Degree*, cannot be elevated into Wisdom itself, . . .

See Sect. 4 of the next Number.

Page 220.

But still Man, in whom the spiritual Degree is open, comes into that Wisdom when he dies, and may also come into it by laying asleep the Sensations of the Body, and by Influx from above at the Same time into the Spirituals of his Mind.

This is while in the Body.

This is to be understood as unusual in our time, but common in ancient.

The natural Mind of Man consists of spiritual Substances, and at the same Time of natural Substances; from its *spiritual Substances* Thought is produced, but not from its *natural Substances*; . . .

Many perversely understand him as if man, while in the body, was only conversant with natural Substances, because themselves are mercenary & worldly & have no idea of any but worldly gain.

Page 233.

. . . for the natural Man can elevate his Understanding to superior Light as far as he desires it, but he who is principled in Evils and thence in Things false, does not elevate it higher than to the superior Region of his natural Mind; . . .

Who shall dare to say after this that all elevation is of self & is Enthusiasm & Madness, & is it not plain that self-derived intelligence is worldly demonstration?

Page 268.

Forasmuch as the Things, which constitute the Sun of the spiritual World, are from the Lord, and not the Lord, therefore they are not Life in itself, . . .

This assertion that the spiritual Sun is not Life explains how the natural Sun is dead.

This is an Arcanum which the Angels by their spiritual Ideas can see in Thought, and also express in Speech, but not Men by their *natural Ideas*; . . .

How absurd then would it be to say that no man on earth has a spiritual idea after reading N. 257 [p. 220].

Page 269.

That there is such a Difference between the Thoughts of Angels and Men, was made known to me by this Experience. They were told to think of something

spiritually, and afterwards to tell me what they thought of; when this was done and would have told me, they could not, . . .

They could not tell him in natural ideas; how absurd must men be to understand him as if he said the angels could not express themselves at all to him.

Page 276.

Forasmuch as there is such a Progression of the Fibres and Vessels in a Man from first Principles to Ultimates, therefore there is a similar Progression of their States; their States are the Sensations, Thoughts and Affections; these also from their first Principles *where they are in the Light*, pervade to their Ultimates, where they are in Obscurity; or from their first Principles, where they are in Heat, to their Ultimates where they are not *in Heat*.

We see here that the cause of an ultimate is the absence from heat & light.

Page 285.

It is to be observed, that the Heat, Light and Atmospheres of the natural World conduce nothing to this Image of Creation, . . .

Therefore the Natural Earth & Atmosphere is a Phantasy.

The Heat, Light and Atmospheres of the natural World only open Seeds; . . . but this not by Powers derived from their own Sun . . .

Mark this.

Page 286.

. . . but by Powers from the spiritual Sun, . . . *for the Image of Creation is Spiritual*, nevertheless that it may appear, and furnish Use *in the natural World*, . . . it must be clothed in Matter . . .

. . . it is evident, that as there is a Resemblance of Creation in the Forms of Vegetables, so there is also in the Forms of Animals, viz. that there is a Progression from first Principles to Ultimates, and from Ultimates to first Principles.

A going forth & returning.

Page 295.

. . . there doth not exist any Thing in the created Universe, which hath not Correspondence with Something of Man, not only with his Affections and his Thoughts thence derived, but also with the Organs and Viscera of his Body, not with them as Substances, but with them as Uses.

Uses & substances are so different as not to correspond.

Pages 410-411.

Thought indeed exists first, because it is of the natural Mind, but Thought from the Perception of Truth, which is from the Affection *of Truth, exists last; this Thought is the Thought of Wisdom, but the other is Thought from the Memory by the Sight of the natural Mind.*

Note this.

Page 421.

From these Things it may be seen, that Love or the Will joins itself to Wisdom or the Understanding, and not that Wisdom or the Understanding joins itself to Love or the Will.

Mark this.

Page 422.

Thoughts, Perceptions, and Knowledge, thence derived, flow in indeed from the spiritual World, *but still they are not received by the Understanding, but by the Love according to its Affections in the Understanding.*

Mark this.

It appears also as if the Understanding joined itself to Love or the Will, *but this also is a Fallacy*; Love or the Will joins itself to the Understanding and causeth the Understanding to be reciprocally joined to it.

Mark this.

Page 423.

For the Life of Man is his Love, . . . that is, according as he has exalted his Affections by Truths, . . .

Mark this.

Page 424.

From these Considerations it is also evident, *that Love joins itself to the Understanding, and not vice versa.* . . .

Mark this.

Page 425.

He who knows all the Fabric of the Lungs from Anatomy, if he compares them with the Understanding, may clearly see that the *Understanding does nothing from itself*, that it does not *perceive nor think from itself, but all from Affections which are of the Love*, which in the Understanding are called the Affection of knowing, . . .

Mark.

Page 426.

From the Structure of the Lungs . . . *I was fully convinced that the Love by its Affections joins itself to the Understanding, and that the Understanding does not join itself to any Affection of the Love.* . . .

Mark this.

Pages 426-427.

That Wisdom or the Understanding by Means of the Power given it by Love, can be elevated, and receive the Things which are of the Light from Heaven, and perceive them.

Mark this.

Page 429.

. . . when Man shuns Evils as Sins, therefore by these Means Love or the Will also can be elevated, and without these Means it cannot.

Is it not false then, that love receives influx thro' the understanding, as was asserted in the society?

Page 435.

. . . and moreover this Love became impure by Reason of the Separation of celestial Love from it in the Parents.

Therefore it was not created impure & is not naturally so.

Page 436.

. . . so far the Love is purged of its Uncleannesses, and purified, that is, so far it is elevated into the Heat of Heaven, . . . in which the Understanding is.

Therefore it does not receive influx thro' the understanding.

Page 440.

That Love or the Will is defiled in the Understanding, and by it, if they are not elevated together.

Mark this: they are elevated together.

Page 441.

The Understanding is not made spiritual and celestial, but the Love is; . . .

Page 458.

Moreover it was shown in the Light of Heaven, . . . that the interior Compages of this little Brain was . . . in the Order and Form of Heaven; and that its exterior Compages was in Opposition to that Order and Form.

Heaven & Hell are born together.

THERE IS NO NATURAL RELIGION

[FIRST SERIES]

Etched about 1789

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

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

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

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

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

V. Man's desires are limited by his perceptions, none can desire what he has not perciev'd.

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

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

THERE IS NO NATURAL RELIGION

[SECOND SERIES]

Etched about 1789

I. Man's perceptions are not bounded by organs of perception; he percieves more than sense (tho' ever so acute) can discover.

II. Reason, or the ratio of all we have already known, is not the same that it shall be when we know more.

III. [*This proposition has been lost.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALL RELIGIONS ARE ONE

Etched about 1789

The Voice of one crying in the Wilderness

THE *Argument.* As the true method of knowledge is experiment, the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which experiences. This faculty I treat of.

PRINCIPLE 1st. That the Poetic Genius is the true Man, and that the body or outward form of Man is derived from the Poetic Genius. Likewise that the forms of all things are derived from their Genius, which by the Ancients was call'd an Angel & Spirit & Demon.

PRINCIPLE 2d. As all men are alike in outward form, So (and with the same infinite variety) all are alike in the Poetic Genius.

PRINCIPLE 3d. No man can think, write, or speak from his heart, but he must intend truth. Thus all sects of Philosophy are from the Poetic Genius adapted to the weaknesses of every individual.

PRINCIPLE 4th. As none by traveling 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 5th. The Religions of all Nations are derived from each Nation's different reception of the Poetic Genius, which is every where call'd the Spirit of Prophecy.

PRINCIPLE 6th. The Jewish & Christian Testaments are An original derivation from the Poetic Genius; this is necessary from the confined nature of bodily sensation.

PRINCIPLE 7th. As all men are alike (tho' infinitely various), So all Religions &, as all similars, have one source.

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

TIRIEL

Written about 1789

1

AND Aged Tiriel stood before the Gates of his beautiful palace
[But dark were his once piercing eyes *del.*]
With Myratana, once the Queen of all the western plains;
But now his eyes were dark'ned & his wife fading in death.
They stood before their once delightful palace, & thus the Voice
Of aged Tiriel arose, that his sons might hear in their gates:

" Accursed race of Tiriel! behold your [aged *del.*] father;
" Come forth & look on her that bore you! come, you accursed sons!
" In my weak [aged *del.*] arms I here have borne your dying mother.
" Come forth, sons of the Curse, come forth! see the death of Myratana! "

His sons ran from their gates & saw their aged parents stand,
And thus the eldest son of Tiriel rais'd his mighty voice:

" Old man! unworthy to be call'd the father of Tiriel's race!
" For every one of those thy wrinkles, each of those grey hairs
" Are cruel as death & as obdurate as the devouring pit!
" Why should thy sons care for thy curses, thou accursed man?
" Were we not slaves till we rebel'd? Who cares for Tiriel's curse?
" His blessing was a cruel curse. His curse may be a blessing."

He ceast: the aged man rais'd up his right hand to the heavens,
His left supported Myratana, [living *del.*] shrinking in pangs of death:
The orbs of his large eyes he open'd, & thus his voice went forth:

" Serpents, not sons, wreathing around the bones of Tiriel!
" Ye worms of death, feasting upon your aged parent's flesh!

" Listen! & hear your mother's groans! No more accursed Sons
" She bears; she groans not at the birth of Heuxos or Yuva.
" These are the groans of death, ye serpents! These are the groans of death!
" Nourish'd with milk, ye serpents, nourish'd with mother's tears & cares!
" Look at my eyes, blind as the orbless scull among the stones!
" Look at my bald head! Hark! listen, ye serpents, listen!
" What, Myratana! What, my wife! O Soul! O Spirit! O fire!
" What, Myratana! art thou dead? Look here, ye serpents, look!
" The serpents sprung from her own bowels have drain'd her dry as this.
" Curse on your ruthless heads, for I will bury her even here! "

So saying, he began to dig a grave with his aged hands;
But Heuxos call'd a Son of Zazel to dig their mother a grave.

" Old Cruelty, desist! & let us dig a grave for thee.
" Thou hast refus'd our charity, thou hast refus'd our food,
" Thou hast refus'd our clothes, our beds, our houses for thy dwelling,
" Chusing to wander like a Son of Zazel in the rocks.
" Why dost thou curse? is not the curse now come upon your head?
" Was it not you enslav'd the sons of Zazel? & they have curs'd,
" And now you feel it. Dig a grave, & let us bury our mother."

" There, take the body, cursed sons! & may the heavens rain wrath
" As thick as northern fogs around your gates, to choke you up!
" That you may lie as now your mother lies, like dogs cast out,
" The stink of your dead carcases annoying man & beast,
" Till your white bones are bleach'd with age for a memorial.
" No! your remembrance shall perish; for, when your carcases
" Lie stinking on the earth, the buriers shall arise from the east,
" And not a bone of all the sons of Tiriel remain.
" Bury your mother! but you cannot bury the curse of Tiriel."

He ceast & darkling o'er the mountains sought his pathless way.

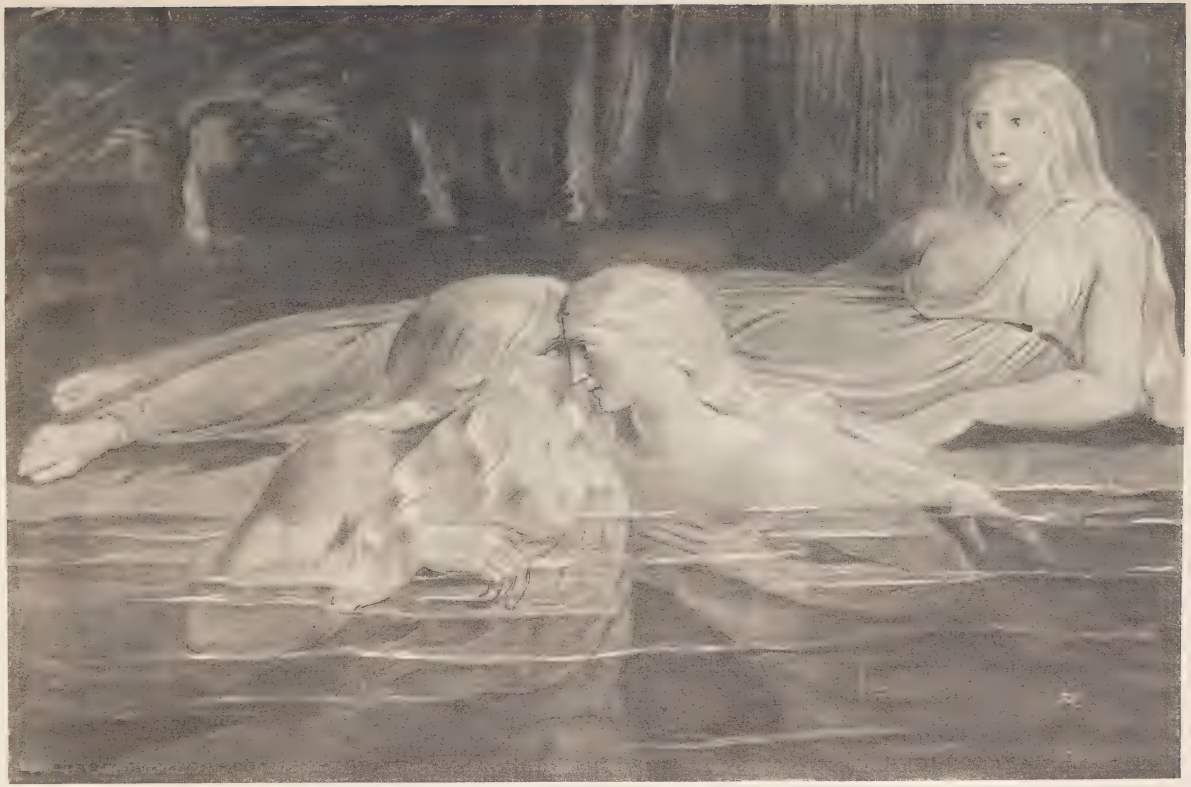


Plate III

HAR AND HEVA BATHING ATTENDED BY MNETHA

2

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

And Har & Heva, like two children, sat beneath the Oak:
Mnetha, now aged, waited on them & brought them food & clothing;
But they were as the shadow of Har & as the years forgotten.
Playing with flowers & running after birds they spent the day,
And in the night like infants slept, delighted with infant dreams.

Soon as the blind wanderer enter'd the pleasant gardens of Har,
[The aged father & mother saw him as they sat at play *del.*]
They ran weeping, like frighted infants, for refuge in Mnetha's arms.
The blind man felt his way & cried: " Peace to these open doors!
" Let no one fear, for poor blind Tiriel hurts none but himself.
" Tell me, O friends, where am I now & in what pleasant place? "

" This is the valley of Har," said Mnetha, " & this the tent of Har.
" Who art thou, poor blind man, that takest the name of Tiriel on thee?
" Tiriel is king of all the west: who art thou? I am Mnetha,
" And this is Har & Heva, trembling like infants by my side."

" I know Tiriel is king of the west, & there he lives in joy.
" No matter who I am; O Mnetha, if thou hast any food,
" Give it me, for I cannot stay; my journey is far from hence."

Then Har said: " O my mother Mnetha, venture not so near him;
" For he is the king of rotten wood & of the bones of death;
" He wanders without eyes & passes thro' thick walls & doors.
" Thou shalt not smite my mother Mnetha, O thou eyeless man! "

" [O venerable, O most piteous, O most woeful day! *del.*]
" A wanderer, I beg for food: you see I cannot weep:
" [But I can kneel down at your door, I am a harmless man. *del.*]
" I cast away my staff, the kind companion of my travel,
" And I kneel down that you may see I am a harmless man."

He kneeled down, & Mnetha said: " Come, Har & Heva, rise!
" He is an innocent old man & hungry with his travel."

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

" God bless thy poor bald pate! God bless thy hollow winking eyes!
" God bless thy shrivel'd beard! God bless thy many-wrinkled forehead!
" Thou hast no teeth, old man, & thus I kiss thy sleek bald head.
" Heva, come kiss his bald head, for he will not hurt us, Heva."

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

" Bless thy poor eyes, old man, & bless the old father of Tiriel!
" Thou art my Tiriel's old father; I know thee thro' thy wrinkles,
" Because thou smellest like the fig-tree, thou smellest like ripe figs.
" How didst thou lose thy eyes, old Tiriel? bless thy wrinkled face!"

[The aged Tiriel could not speak, his heart was full of grief;
He strove against his rising passions, but still he could not speak. *del.*]

Mnetha said: " Come in, aged wanderer! tell us of thy name.
" Why shouldest thou conceal thyself from those of thine own flesh?"

" I am not of this region," said Tiriel dissemblingly,
[Fearing to tell them who he was, because of the weakness of Har. *del.*]
" I am an aged wanderer, once father of a race
" Far in the north; but they were wicked & were all destroy'd,
" And I their father sent an outcast. I have told you all.
" Ask me no more, I pray, for grief hath seal'd my precious sight."

" O Lord! " said Mnetha, " how I tremble! are there then more people,
" More human creatures on this earth, beside the sons of Har? "

" No more," said Tiriel, " but I, remain on all this globe;
" And I remain an outcast; hast thou any thing to drink? "

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

3

They sat & eat, & Har & Heva smil'd on Tiriel.

" Thou art a very old old man, but I am older than thou.
" How came thine hair to leave thy forehead? how came thy face so brown?
" My hair is very long, my beard doth cover all my breast.
" God bless thy piteous face! to count the wrinkles in thy face
" Would puzzle [Har *del.*] Mnetha: bless thy face! for thou art Tiriel."

[Tiriel could scarce dissemble more, & his tongue could scarce refrain,
But still he fear'd that Har & Heva would die of joy & grief. *del.*]

" Tiriel I never saw but once: I sat with him & eat;
" He was as chearful as a prince & gave me entertainment;
" But long I staid not at his palace, for I am forc'd to wander."

" What! wilt thou leave us too?" said Heva: " thou shalt not
leave us too,
" For we have many sports to shew thee & many songs to sing,
" And after dinner we will walk into the cage of Har,
" And thou shalt help us to catch birds & gather them ripe cherries.
" Then let thy name be Tiriel & never leave us more."

" If thou dost go," said Har, " I wish thine eyes may see thy folly.
" My sons have left me; did thine leave thee? O, 'twas very cruel! "

" No! venerable man," said Tiriel, " ask me not such things,
" For thou dost make my heart to bleed: my sons were not like
thine,
" But worse. O never ask me more, or I must flee away! "

" Thou shalt not go," said Heva, " till thou hast seen our singing
birds,
" And heard Har sing in the great cage & slept upon our fleeces.
" Go not! for thou art so like Tiriel that I love thine head,
" Tho' it is wrinkled like the earth parch'd with the summer heat."

Then Tiriel rose up from the seat & said: " God bless these tents!
" [God bless my benefactors, for I cannot tarry longer. *del.*]
" My Journey is o'er rocks & mountains, not in pleasant vales:
" I must not sleep nor rest, because of madness & dismay."

[Then Mnetha led him to the door & gave to him his staff,
And Har & Heva stood & watch'd him till he enter'd the wood,
And then they went & wept to Mnetha; but they soon forgot their
tears. *del.*]

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

Then Tiriel frown'd & answer'd: " Did I not command you, saying,
" ' Madness & deep dismay possess the heart of the blind man,
" ' The wanderer who seeks the woods, leaning upon his staff? ' "

Then Mnetha, trembling at his frowns, led him to the tent door
And gave to him his staff & blest him: he went on his way.

But Har & Heva stood & watch'd him till he enter'd the wood,
And then they went & wept to Mnetha: but they soon forgot their tears.

4

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

" Who art thou, Eyeless wretch, that thus obstruct'st the lion's path?
" Ijim shall rend thy feeble joints, thou tempter of dark Ijim!
" Thou hast the form of Tiriel, but I know thee well enough.
" Stand from my path, foul fiend! is this the last of thy deceits,
" To be a hypocrite & stand in shape of a blind beggar? "

The blind man heard his brother's voice & kneel'd down on his knee.

" O brother Ijim, if it is thy voice that speaks to me,
" Smite not thy brother Tiriel, tho' weary of his life.
" My sons have smitten me already; and, if thou smitest me,
" The curse that rolls over their heads will rest itself on thine.
" 'Tis now seven years since in my palace I beheld thy face.
" [Seven years of sorrow; then the curse of Zazel *del.*] "

" Come, thou dark fiend, I dare thy cunning! know that Ijim
scorns
" To smite thee in the form of helpless age & eyeless policy.
" Rise up! for I discern thee & I dare thy eloquent tongue.
" Come! I will lead thee on thy way & use thee as a scoff."

" O Brother Ijim, thou beholdest wretched Tiriel:
" Kiss me, my brother, & then leave me to wander desolate! "

" No! artful fiend, but I will lead thee; dost thou want to go?
" Reply not, lest I bind thee with the green flags of the brook.
" Ay! now thou art discover'd, I will use thee like a slave."

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

And they went on together, over hills, thro' woody dales,
Blind to the pleasures of the sight & deaf to warbling birds:
All day they walk'd & all the night beneath the pleasant Moon,
Westwardly journeying, till Tiriel grew weary with his travel.

" O Ijim, I am faint & weary, for my knees forbid
" To bear me further: urge me not, lest I should die with travel.
" A little rest I crave, a little water from a brook,
" Or I shall soon discover that I am a mortal man,
" And you will lose your once lov'd Tiriel: alas! how faint I am! "

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

He drank, & Ijim rais'd him up & bore him on his shoulders:
All day he bore him, & when evening drew her solemn curtain,
Enter'd the gates of Tiriel's palace & stood & call'd aloud:

" Heuxos, come forth! I here have brought the fiend that troubles Ijim.
" Look! know'st thou aught of this grey beard, or of these blinded eyes? "

Heuxos & Lotho ran forth at the sound of Ijim's voice,
And saw their aged father borne upon his mighty shoulders.
Their eloquent tongues were dumb, & sweat stood on their trembling limbs:
They knew 'twas vain to strive with Ijim; they bow'd & silent stood.

" What, Heuxos! call thy father, for I [must *del.*] mean to sport to-night.
" This is the hypocrite that sometimes roars a dreadful lion;
" Then I have rent his limbs & left him rotting in the forest
" For birds to eat; but I have scarce departed from the place,
" But like a tyger he would come: & so I rent him too.
" Then like a river he would seek to drown me in his waves;
" But soon I buffetted the torrent: anon like to a cloud
" Fraught with the swords of lightning; but I brav'd the vengeance too.
" Then he would creep like a bright serpent, till around my neck,
" While I was sleeping, he would twine: I squeez'd his pois'nous soul.
" Then like a toad, or like a newt, would whisper in my ears;
" Or like a rock stood in my way, or like a pois'nous shrub.
" At last I caught him in the form of Tiriel, blind & old,
" And so I'll keep him! fetch your father, fetch forth Myratana! "

They stood confounded, and Thus Tiriel rais'd his silver voice:

" Serpents, not sons, [you see . . . your father *del.*] why do you stand? fetch hither Tiriel!
" Fetch hither Myratana! & delight yourselves with scoffs;
" For poor blind Tiriel is return'd, & this much-injur'd head
" Is ready for your bitter taunts: come forth, sons of the curse! "

Mean time the other sons of Tiriel ran around their father,
Confounded at the terrible strength of Ijim: they knew 'twas vain,
Both spear & shield were useless & the coat of iron mail,
When Ijim stretch'd his mighty arm; the arrow from his limbs
Rebounded & the piercing sword broke on his naked [limbs *del.*] flesh.

[Then Ijim said: " Lotho, Clithyma, Makuth, fetch your father!
" Why do you stand confounded thus? Heuxos, why art thou silent? "

" O noble Ijim, thou hast brought our father to (the gates *del.*) our eyes,
" That we may tremble & repent before thy mighty knees.
" O! we are but the slaves of Fortune, & that most cruel man
" Desires our deaths, O Ijim! ('tis one whose aged tongue
" Deceive the noble & *del.*) if the eloquent voice of Tiriel
" Hath work'd our ruin, we submit nor strive against stern fate."

He spoke & kneel'd upon his knee. Then Ijim on the pavement
Set aged Tiriel in deep thought whether these things were so. *del.*]

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

So saying, Ijim gloomy turn'd his back, & silent sought
The [gloom *del.*] secret forests & all night wander'd in desolate ways.

5

And aged Tiriel stood & said: " Where does the thunder sleep?
" Where doth he hide his terrible head? & his swift & fiery daughters,
" Where do they shroud their fiery wings & the terrors of their hair?
" Earth, thus I stamp thy bosom! rouse the earthquake from his den,

" [Display thy *del.*] To raise his dark & burning visage thro' the
cleaving [*word del.*] ground,
" To thrust these towers with his shoulders! let his fiery dogs
" Rise from the center, belching flames & roarings, dark smoke!
" Where art thou, Pestilence, that bathest in fogs & standing lakes?
" Rise up thy sluggish limbs & let the loathsomest of poisons
" Drop from thy garments as thou walkest, wrapt in yellow clouds!
" Here take thy seat in this wide court; let it be strown with dead;
" And sit & smile upon these cursed sons of Tiriel!
" Thunder & fire & pestilence, here you not Tiriel's curse? "

He ceast: the heavy clouds confus'd roll'd round the lofty towers,
Discharging their enormous voices at the father's curse.
The earth trembled; fires belched from the yawning clefts;
And when the shaking ceast, a fog possest the accursed clime.

The cry was great in Tiriel's palace: his five daughters ran
And caught him by the garments, weeping with cries of bitter woe.

" Aye, now you feel the curse, you cry! but may all ears be deaf
" As Tiriel's, & all eyes as blind as Tiriel's to your woes!
" May never stars shine on your roofs! may never sun nor moon
" Visit you, but eternal fogs hover around your walls!
" Hela, my youngest daughter, you shall lead me from this place,
" And let the curse fall on the rest & wrap them up together! "

He ceast, & Hela led her father from the noisom place.
In haste they fled, while all the sons & daughters of Tiriel,
Chain'd in thick darkness, utter'd cries of mourning all the night;
And in the morning, Lo! an hundred men in ghastly death!
The four daughters [& all the children in their silent beds
. . . *del.*] stretch'd on the marble pavement, silent all,
[And *del.*] fall'n by the pestilence!—the rest moped round in
[ghastly *del.*] guilty fears;
And all the children in their beds were cut off in one night.
Thirty of Tiriel's sons remain'd, to wither in the palace,
Desolate, Loathed, Dumb, Astonish'd, waiting for black death.

6

And Hela led her father thro' the silent of the night,
Astonish'd, silent, till the morning beams began to spring.

" Now, Hela, I can go with pleasure & dwell with Har & Heva,
" Now that the curse shall clean devour all those guilty sons.
" This is the right & ready way; I know it by the sound
" That our feet make. Remember, Hela, I have sav'd thee from death;
" Then be obedient to thy father, for the curse is taken off thee.
" I dwelt with Myratana five years in the desolate rock,
" And all that time we waited for the fire to fall from heaven,
" Or for the torrents of the sea to overwhelm you all.
" But now my wife is dead & all the time of grace is past:
" You see the parent's curse. Now lead me where I have commanded."

" O leagued with evil spirits, thou accursed man of sin!
" True, I was born thy [child *del.*] slave! who ask'd thee to save me from death?
" 'Twas for thy self, thou cruel man, because thou wantest eyes."

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

" O cruel! O destroyer! O consumer! O avenger!
" To Har & Heva I will lead thee: then would that they would curse!
" Then would they curse as thou hast cursed! but they are not like thee!

" O! they are holy & forgiving, fill'd with loving mercy,
" Forgetting the offences of their most rebellious children,
" Or else thou wouldest not have liv'd to curse thy helpless children."

" Look on my eyes, Hela, & see, for thou hast eyes to see,
" The tears swell from my stony fountains: wherefore do I weep?
" Wherefore from my blind orbs art thou not siez'd with pois'nous stings?
" Laugh, serpent, youngest venomous reptile of the flesh of Tiriel!
" Laugh! for thy father Tiriel shall give the[e] cause to laugh,
" Unless thou lead me to the tent of Har, child of the curse! "

" Silence thy evil tongue, thou murderer of thy helpless children!
" I lead thee to the tent of Har; not that I mind thy curse,
" But that I feel they will curse thee & hang upon thy bones
" Fell shaking agonies, & in each wrinkle of that face
" Plant worms of death to feast upon the tongue of terrible curses."

" Hela, my daughter, listen! thou art the daughter of Tiriel.
" Thy father calls. Thy father lifts his hand unto the [air *del.*] heavens,
" For thou hast laughed at my tears & curst thy aged father.
" Let snakes rise from thy bedded locks & laugh among thy curls! "

He ceast; her dark hair upright stood, while snakes infolded round
Her madding brows: her shrieks appall'd the soul of Tiriel.

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

7

She, howling, led him over mountains & thro' frighted vales,
Till to the caves of Zazel they approach'd at even tide.
Forth from their caves [the sons of Zazel *del.*] old Zazel & his sons
ran; [& *del.*] when they saw
Their tyrant prince blind, & his daughter howling & leading him,
They laugh'd & mocked; some threw dirt & stones as they pass'd
by;
But when Tiriel turn'd around & rais'd his awful voice,
[They *del.*] Some fled away [& hid themselves *del.*]; but [some *del.*]
Zazel stood still, & thus [scoffing *del.*] begun:

" Bald tyrant, wrinkled, cunning [wretch *del.*], listen to Zazel's
chains!
" 'Twas thou that chain'd thy brother Zazel! where are now thine
eyes?
" Shout, beautiful daughter of Tiriel! thou singest a sweet song!
" Where are you going? come & eat some roots & drink some
water.
" Thy crown is bald, old man; the sun will dry thy brains away,
" And thou wilt be as foolish as thy foolish brother Zazel."

The blind man heard, & smote his breast, & trembling passed on.
They threw dirt after them, till to the covert of a wood
[They *del.*] The howling maiden led her father, where wild beasts
resort,
Hoping to end her [life *del.*] woes; but from her cries the tygers fled.
All night they wander'd thro' the wood, & when the sun arose,
They enter'd on the mountains of Har: at Noon the happy tents
Were frighted by the dismal cries of Hela on the mountains.

But Har & Heva slept fearless as babes on loving breasts.
Mnetha awoke: she ran & stood at the tent door, & saw
The aged wanderer led towards the tents; she took her bow,
And chose her arrows, then advanc'd to meet the terrible pair.

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

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

Then Tiriel stood, saying: " What soft voice threatens such bitter
things?
" Lead me to Har & Heva; I am Tiriel, king of the west."

And Mnetha led them to the tent of Har, and Har & Heva
Ran to the door; when Tiriel felt the ankles of aged Har,
He said: " O weak mistaken father of a lawless race,
" Thy laws, O Har, & Tiriel's wisdom, end together in a curse.
" [Thy God of Love, thy Heaven of Joy *del.*]

" Why is one law given to the lion & the patient Ox?
" [Dost thou not see that men cannot be formed all alike,
" Some nostril'd wide, breathing out blood; some close shut up
" In silent deceit, poisons inhaling from the morning rose,
" With daggers hid beneath their lips & poison in their tongue;
" Or eyed with little sparks of Hell, or with infernal brands
" Flinging flames of discontent & plagues of dark despair;
" Or those whose mouths are graves, whose teeth the gates of eternal
death.
" Can wisdom be put in a silver rod, or love in a golden bowl?
" Is the son of a king warmed without wool? or does he cry with a
voice
" Of thunder? does he look upon the sun & laugh or stretch
" His little hands unto the depths of the sea, to bring forth
" The deadly cunning of the scaly tribe (flatterer *del.*) & spread it
to the morning? *del.*]
" And why men bound beneath the heavens in a reptile form,
" A worm of sixty winters creeping on the dusky ground?
" The child springs from the womb; the father ready stands to form
" The infant head, while the mother idle plays with her dog on her
couch:

" The young bosom is cold for lack of mother's nourishment, & milk
" Is cut off from the weeping mouth with difficulty & pain:
" The little lids are lifted & the little nostrils open'd:
" The father forms a whip to rouze the sluggish senses to act
" And scourges off all youthful fancies from the new-born man.
" Then walks the weak infant in sorrow, compell'd to number foot-
steps
" Upon the sand. And when the [foolish, crawling *del.*] drone has
reach'd his crawling length,
" Black berries appear that poison all round him. Such was Tiriel,
" [Hypocrisy, the idiot's wisdom & the wise man's folly. *del.*]
" Compell'd to pray repugnant & to humble the immortal spirit
" Till I am subtil as a serpent in a paradise,
" Consuming all, both flowers & fruits, insects & warbling birds.
" And now my paradise is fall'n & a drear sandy plain
" Returns my thirsty hissings in a curse on thee, O Har.
" Mistaken father of a lawless race, my voice is past."

He ceast, outstretch'd at Har & Heva's feet in awful death.



Plate IV

THE PIPER

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Etched 1789

INTRODUCTION

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

" Pipe a song about a Lamb! "
So I piped with merry 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.

A DREAM

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

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

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

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

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

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 summer's prime
Never fades away,
Lovely Lyca lay.

Seven summers old
Lovely Lyca told;
She had wander'd 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 gamboll'd round
O'er the hallow'd ground.

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

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

While the lioness
Loos'd her slender dress,
And naked they convey'd
To caves the sleeping maid.

THE LITTLE GIRL FOUND

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

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

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

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

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

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

Turning back was vain:
Soon his heavy mane
Bore them to the ground.
Then he stalk'd around,

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE 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 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 ECCHOING GREEN

THE Sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' 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 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.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER

WHEN my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry " 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! "
So your chimneys I sweep, & in soot I sleep.

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

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

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

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

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

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!

THE SHEPHERD

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

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

NIGHT

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

Farewell, green fields and happy 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 cover'd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep;

But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying " Wrath, by his meekness,
" And by his health, sickness
" 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 life's river,
" My bright mane for ever
" Shall shine like the gold
" As I guard o'er the fold."

A CRADLE SONG

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

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

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, Mother's 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 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,
Appear'd 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.

NURSE'S SONG

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast
And everything else is still.

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

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

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

HOLY THURSDAY

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

O what a multitude they seem'd, 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.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

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

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

SPRING

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

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

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

THE SCHOOLBOY

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

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

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's 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 care's dismay,

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

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! "

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

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

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

" Look on the rising sun: there God does live,
" And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
" And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
" Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

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

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

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

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

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.

THE BOOK OF THEL

Etched 1789

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?

1

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 wat'ry 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 infant's face;
" Like the dove's 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 wat'ry 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 summer's 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 ceas'd & smil'd in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.

Thel answer'd: " 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 answer'd, " 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 bow'd 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."



THEL AND THE LILLY



Plate V

THEL AND THE CLOUD

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 thro' 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 reclin'd 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 Lilly's leaf,
And the bright Cloud sail'd 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 Lilly's leaf.
" Ah! weep not, little voice, thou canst not speak, but thou canst weep.
" Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked, weeping,
" And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mother's smiles."

The Clod of Clay heard the Worm's voice & rais'd her pitying head:
She bow'd 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 complain'd in the mild air, because I fade away,
" And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot."



THEL, THE WORM, AND THE CLOUD



Plate VI

THEL, THE WORM, AND THE MATRON CLAY

" Queen of the vales," the matron Clay answer'd, " I heard thy sighs,
" And all thy moans flew o'er my roof, but I have call'd them down.
" Wilt thou, O Queen, enter my house? 'Tis given thee to enter
" And to return: fear nothing, enter with thy virgin feet."

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 wander'd in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, list'ning
Dolours & lamentations; waiting oft beside a dewy grave
She stood in silence, list'ning 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 glist'ning Eye to the poison of a smile?
" Why are Eyelids stor'd 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 unhinder'd till she came into the vales of Har.

THE END

ANNOTATIONS TO SWEDENBORG'S "WISDOM OF ANGELS CONCERNING DIVINE PROVIDENCE" LONDON MDCCXC

Written about 1790

[*Blake's annotations here follow the passages from Swedenborg to which they refer, these being printed in smaller type. Words scored by Blake are printed in italic.*]

Page v. Translator's Preface

Perhaps there never was a Period in any Age of the World, which required a Vindication and Elucidation of the Divine Providence of the Lord, more than the present. Not that the Divine Providence is at this Day generally denied IN WORD, for none except absolute Atheists do this; but because it is allowed in so partial and confined a Manner and Measure of Operation, as borders upon a Denial, and indeed when rightly considered IS a Denial.

For if we allow a GENERAL Providence, and yet deny a PARTICULAR one, or if we allow a PARTICULAR one, and yet deny a SINGULAR one, that is, one extending to Things and Circumstances most SINGULAR and minute, what is this but denying a GENERAL Providence?

Is not this Predestination?

Pages xviii-xix.

. . . if he [the reader] be one of a sincere and humble Mind . . . his Humility and Sincerity will teach him, that Nothing doth IN GENERAL so contradict Man's natural and favourite Opinions as TRUTH, and that all the grandest and purest Truths of Heaven must needs seem obscure and perplexing to the natural Man at first View—

Lies & Priestcraft. Truth is Nature.

—until his intellectual Eye becomes accustomed to the Light, and can thereby behold it with Satisfaction—

—that is: till he agrees to the Priests' interest.

§ 69.

Page 82.

But the Man who doth not suffer himself to be led to, and enrolled in Heaven, is prepared for his Place in Hell; for Man from himself continually tends to the lowest Hell, but is continually with-held by the Lord; and he, who cannot be with-held, is prepared for a certain Place there, in which he is also enrolled immediately after his Departure out of the World; and this Place there is opposite to a certain Place in Heaven, for Hell is in Opposition to Heaven; wherefore as a Man Angel, according to the Affection of Good and Truth, hath his Place assigned him in Heaven, so a Man Devil, according to the Affection of Evil and the False, hath his Place assigned him in Hell; for two Opposites, disposed in a similar Situation against each other, are contained in Connection. This is the INTIMUM of the Divine Providence concerning Hell.

What is Enrolling but Predestination? Every [day?] he [is] also occu[p]ying that place in Heaven. See N. 185 & 329 at the End. See 277 & 307 & 203, where he says that a Place for Every Man is foreseen and at the same time provided.

§ 185.

Page 254.

That this is the Case, cannot better be known than from the case of Men after Death in the spiritual World, where the greatest Part of those, who in the natural World became great and rich, and in Honours respected themselves alone, and also in Riches, at first speak of God, and of the Divine Providence, as if they acknowledged them in their Hearts; But whereas they then manifestly see the Divine Providence, and from it their final Portion, which is that they are to be in Hell, they connect themselves with Devils there, and then not only deny God, but also blaspheme;

What could Calvin Say more than is Said in this Number? Final Portion is Predestination. See N. 69 & 329 at the End, & 277 & 203, Where he says, A Place for each Man is Foreseen & at the same time Provided.

§ 203.

Pages 280-281.

Since every Man therefore lives after Death to Eternity, and according to his Life here hath his *Place assigned* to him either in Heaven or in Hell, and both these, as well Heaven as Hell, must be in such a Form as to act as one, as was

said before; and no one can occupy any other Place in that Form, but his own, it follows, that the human Race throughout the whole World is under the Auspices of the Lord, and that everyone, from his Infancy even to the End of his Life, is led of Him in the most minute Particulars, and his Place foreseen, and at the same *Time provided.*

Devils & Angels are Predestinated.

§ 220.

Page 317.

. . . Dignities with their Honours are natural and temporary, when a Man personally respects himself in them, and not the State and Uses, for then a Man cannot but think interiorly with himself, that the State was made for him, and not he for the State; he is like a King *who* thinks his Kingdom and all the Men in it are for him, *and not he for the* Kingdom and all the Men of which it consists . . .

He says at N. 201: No King hath such a Government as this; for all Kings are Universal in their Government, otherwise they are No Kings.

[§ 201.

If it should be alledged, that the Divine Providence is an universal Government, and that not any Thing is governed, but only kept in it's Connection, and the Things which relate to Government are disposed by others, can this be called an universal Government? No King hath such a Government as this; for if a King were to allow his Subjects to govern every Thing in his Kingdom, he would no longer be a King, but would only be called a King, therefore would have only a nominal Dignity and no real Dignity: Such a King cannot be said to hold the Government, much less universal Government.]

§ 274.

Page 426.

That a Doubt may be inferred against Divine Providence, because it was not known *heretofore, that Man liveth after Death; and this* was not discovered till now. . . . But yet all who have any *Religion, have in them an inherent Knowledge,* that *Men live after Death*; the Idea that they live as Souls, and not as Men, takes Place only with those who are infatuated by their own Self-derived Intelligence, and with no others.

It was not Known & yet All Know.

§ 277.

Page 434.

That Man is to be withdrawn from Evil, in Order that he may be reformed, is evident without Explanation; for he who is in Evil in the World, the same is in Evil after he goes out of *the World; wherefore if Evil be not removed* in the *World, it cannot be removed afterwards*; where the Tree falls, there it lieth; so also it is with the Life of Man; as it was at his Death, such it remaineth; everyone also is judged according to his Actions, not that they are enumerated, but because he returns to them, and does the like again; for Death is a Continuation of Life; with this Difference, that then Man cannot be reformed.

Predestination after this Life is more Abominable than Calvin's, & Swedenborg is Such a Spiritual Predestinarian—witness this Number & many others, In 69 & 185 & 329 & 307.

Cursed Folly!

§ 307.

Pages 496-497.

. . . That the Wicked, who are in the World, are governed in Hell by the Lord; the Reason is, because Man with Respect to his Spirit is in the spiritual World, and there in some Society, in an infernal Society if he is wicked, and in a celestial Society if good; for the Mind of Man, which in itself is Spiritual, cannot be any where but among Spirits, into whose Society it comes also after Death; that this is the Case, hath also been said and shewn above. But Man is not there like one of the Spirits who is inscribed into the Society, for Man is continually in a State of Reformation, wherefore according to his Life and the Changes thereof, he is translated by the Lord from one Society of Hell to another, if he is wicked; but if he suffers himself to be reformed, he is led out of Hell and introduced into Heaven, and there also he is translated from one Society to another, and this until the Time of his Death, after which he is no longer carried from one Society to another, because he is then no longer in any State of Reformation, but remains in that in which he is according to his Life; wherefore when a Man dies, he is inscribed in his own Place . . .

Predestination!

§ 329.

Page 566.

. . . there is not wanting to any Man a Knowledge of the Means whereby he may be saved, nor the Power of being saved if he will; from which it follows, that all are predestined or intended for Heaven, and none for Hell. But forasmuch as there prevails among some a Belief in Predestination to no Salvation,

which is Predestination to Damnation, and such a Belief is hurtful, and cannot be dispelled, unless Reason also sees the Madness and Cruelty of it, therefore it shall be treated of in the following Series. 1. That any other Predestination, than Predestination to Heaven, is contrary to the Divine Love and it's Infinity. 2. That any other Predestination, than Predestination to Heaven, is contrary to the Divine Wisdom and it's Infinity. 3. That it is an insane Heresy, to suppose that they only are saved who are born within the Church. 4. That it is a cruel Heresy, to suppose that any of the human Race are predestined to be damned.

Read N. 185 & There See how Swedenborg contradicts himself & N. 69. See also 277 & 203 where he Says that a Place for Each Man is foreseen and at the same time provided.

THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL

Etched about 1790

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, call'd Evil, is alone from the Body; & that Reason, call'd 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 call'd Body is a portion of Soul discern'd 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.



Plate VII

THE GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS

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 restrain'd, it by degrees becomes passive, till it is only the shadow of desire.

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

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

But in the Book of Job, Milton's 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 Devil's account is, that the Messiah fell, & formed a heaven of what he stole from the Abyss.

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

Know that after Christ's death, he became Jehovah.

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

Note: The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devil's 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 show 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 wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.
Bring out number, weight & measure in a year of dearth.
No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.
A dead body revenges not injuries.
The most sublime act is to set another before you.
If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

Folly is the cloke of knavery.

Shame is Pride's cloke.

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion.

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.

The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

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

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.

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

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

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

What is now proved was once only imagin'd.

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

The cistern contains: the fountain overflows.

One thought fills immensity.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.

Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.

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

The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion.

Think in the morning. Act in the noon. Eat in the evening. Sleep in the night.

He who has suffer'd you to impose on him, knows you.

As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.

The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.

Expect poison from the standing water.

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

Listen to the fool's 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 caterpiller chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

Damn braces. Bless relaxes.

The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest.

Prayers plow not! Praises reap not!

Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands & feet Proportion.

As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.

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

Exuberance is Beauty.

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

Improve[me]nt 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 pronounc'd that the Gods had order'd 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 spoke 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, and some another: we of Israel taught that the " Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle and all " the others merely derivative, which was the cause of our despising " the Priests & Philosophers of other countries, and prophecying " that all Gods would at last be proved to originate in ours & to " be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius; it was this that our great " poet, King David, desired so fervently & invokes so pathetic'ly, " 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 answer'd: " the same that made our friend Diogenes, " the Grecian."

I then asked Ezekiel why he ate dung, & lay so long on his right & left side? he answer'd, " the desire of raising other men " into a perception of the infinite: this the North American tribes " practise, & is he honest who 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 tree of life; and when he does, the whole creation

will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite & corrupt.

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

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

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

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

A MEMORABLE FANCY

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

In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the rubbish from a cave's 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, received the excess of his delights.

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

These two classes of men are always upon earth, & they should be enemies: whoever tries to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence.

Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two.

Note: Jesus Christ did not wish to unite, but to 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 burn-"ing 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 appear'd 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 answer'd: " 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 remain'd 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, & seem'd 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, black'ning 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 appear'd and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent; at last, to the east, distant about three degrees, appear'd a fiery crest above the waves; slowly it reared like a ridge of golden rocks, till we discover'd 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 tyger's forehead: soon we saw his mouth &

red gills hang just above the raging foam, tinging the black deep with beams of blood, advancing toward us with all the fury of a spiritual existence.

My friend the Angel climb'd up from his station into the mill: I remain'd alone; & then this appearance was no more, but I found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moonlight, 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 answer'd: " All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics; " for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight " hearing a harper. But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I " shew you yours? " he laugh'd at my proposal; but I by force suddenly caught him in my arms, & flew westerly thro' the night, till we were elevated above the earth's shadow; then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun; here I clothed myself in white, & taking in my hand Swedenborg's volumes, sunk from the glorious clime, and passed all the planets till we came to saturn: here I stay'd 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 " call'd." 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 enter'd; in it were a number of monkeys, baboons, & all of that species, chain'd by the middle, grinning and snatching at one another, but withheld by the shortness of their chains: however, I saw that they sometimes grew numerous, and then the weak were caught by the strong, and with a grinning aspect, first coupled with, & then devour'd, 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 devour'd too; and here & there I saw one savourily picking

the flesh off of his own tail; as the stench terribly annoy'd us both, we went into the mill, & I in my hand brought the skeleton of a body, which in the mill was Aristotle's Analytics.

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

I answer'd: " 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 falsehoods.

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

Thus Swedenborg's 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 utter'd 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 great- " est 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 sabbath's God? " murder those who were murder'd 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

Etched about 1790

1

THE Eternal Female groan'd! it was heard over all the Earth.

2. Albion's coast is sick, silent; the American meadows faint!

3. Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers, and mutter across the ocean. 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 rush'd, 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 lechery call that virginity that wishes but acts not!

For everything that lives is Holy.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A POEM IN SEVEN BOOKS

BOOK THE FIRST

Printed 1791

THE dead brood over Europe, the cloud and vision descends over chearful France;
O cloud well appointed! Sick, sick, the Prince on his couch, wreath'd in dim
And appalling mist, his strong hand outstretch'd, from his shoulder down the bone
Runs aching cold into the scepter, too heavy for mortal grasp, no more
To be swayed by visible hand, nor in cruelty bruise the mild flourishing mountains.

Sick the mountains, and all their vineyards weep, in the eyes of the kingly mourner;
Pale is the morning cloud in his visage. Rise, Necker! the ancient dawn calls us
To awake from slumbers of five thousand years. I awake, but my soul is in dreams;
From my window I see the old mountains of France, like aged men, fading away.

Troubled, leaning on Necker, descends the King to his chamber of council; shady mountains
In fear utter voices of thunder; the woods of France embosom the sound;
Clouds of wisdom prophetic reply, and roll over the palace roof heavy.
Forty men, each conversing with woes in the infinite shadows of his soul,

Like our ancient fathers in regions of twilight, walk, gathering round the King;
Again the loud voice of France cries to the morning; the morning prophecies to its clouds.

For the Commons convene in the Hall of the Nation. France shakes! And the heavens of France
Perplex'd vibrate round each careful countenance! Darkness of old times around them
Utters loud despair, shadowing Paris; her grey towers groan, and the Bastile trembles.
In its terrible towers the Governor stood, in dark fogs list'ning the horror;
A thousand his soldiers, old veterans of France, breathing red clouds of power and dominion.
Sudden seiz'd with howlings, despair, and black night, he stalk'd like a lion from tower
To tower; his howlings were heard in the Louvre; from court to court restless he dragg'd
His strong limbs; from court to court curs'd the fierce torment unquell'd,
Howling and giving the dark command; in his soul stood the purple plague,
Tugging his iron manacles, and piercing through the seven towers dark and sickly,
Panting over the prisoners like a wolf gorg'd; and the den nam'd Horror held a man
Chain'd hand and foot, round his neck an iron band, bound to the impregnable wall.
In his soul was the serpent coil'd round in his heart, hid from the light, as in a cleft rock:
And the man was confin'd for a writing prophetic: in the tower nam'd Darkness was a man
Pinion'd down to the stone floor, his strong bones scarce cover'd with sinews; the iron rings

Were forg'd smaller as the flesh decay'd, a mask of iron on his face hid the lineaments
Of ancient Kings, and the frown of the eternal lion was hid from the oppressed earth.
In the tower named Bloody, a skeleton yellow remained in its chains on its couch
Of stone, once a man who refus'd to sign papers of abhorrence; the eternal worm
Crept in the skeleton. In the den nam'd Religion, a loathsome sick woman bound down
To a bed of straw; the seven diseases of earth, like birds of prey, stood on the couch
And fed on the body. She refus'd to be whore to the Minister, and with a knife smote him.
In the tower nam'd Order, an old man, whose white beard cover'd the stone floor like weeds
On margin of the sea, shrivel'd up by heat of day and cold of night; his den was short
And narrow as a grave dug for a child, with spiders' webs wove, and with slime
Of ancient horrors cover'd, for snakes and scorpions are his companions; harmless they breathe
His sorrowful breath: he, by conscience urg'd, in the city of Paris rais'd a pulpit,
And taught wonders to darken'd souls. In the den nam'd Destiny a strong man sat,
His feet and hands cut off, and his eyes blinded; round his middle a chain and a band
Fasten'd into the wall; fancy gave him to see an image of despair in his den,
Eternally rushing round, like a man on his hands and knees, day and night without rest:
He was friend to the favourite. In the seventh tower, nam'd the tower of God, was a man

Mad, with chains loose, which he dragg'd up and down; fed with hopes year by year, he pined
For liberty; vain hopes! his reason decay'd, and the world of attraction in his bosom
Center'd, and the rushing of chaos overwhelm'd his dark soul. He was confin'd
For a letter of advice to a King, and his ravings in winds are heard over Versailles.

But the dens shook and trembled: the prisoners look up and assay to shout; they listen,
Then laugh in the dismal den, then are silent, and a light walks round the dark towers:
For the Commons convene in the Hall of the Nation, like spirits of fire in the beautiful
Porches of the Sun, to plant beauty in the desart craving abyss, they gleam
On the anxious city; all children new-born first behold them; tears are fled,
And they nestle in earth-breathing bosoms. So the city of Paris, their wives and children,
Look up to the morning Senate, and visions of sorrow leave pensive streets.

But heavy brow'd jealousies lower o'er the Louvre, and terrors of ancient Kings
Descend from the gloom and wander thro' the palace, and weep round the King and his Nobles.
While loud thunders roll, troubling the dead, Kings are sick throughout all the earth.
The voice ceas'd: the Nation sat: And the triple forg'd fetters of times were unloos'd.
The voice ceas'd: the Nation sat: but ancient darkness and trembling wander thro' the palace.

As in day of havock and routed battle, among thick shades of discontent,
On the soul-skirting mountains of sorrow, cold waving the Nobles fold round the King;
Each stern visage lock'd up as with strong bands of iron, each strong limb bound down as with marble,
In flames of red wrath burning, bound in astonishment a quarter of an hour.

Then the King glow'd: his Nobles fold round, like the sun of old time quench'd in clouds;
In their darkness the King stood; his heart flam'd, and utter'd a with'ring heat, and these words burst forth:

" The nerves of five thousand years' ancestry tremble, shaking the heavens of France;
" Throbs of anguish beat on brazen war foreheads, they descend and look into their graves.
" I see thro' darkness, thro' clouds rolling round me, the spirits of ancient Kings
" Shivering over their bleached bones; round them their counsellors look up from the dust,
" Crying: ' Hide from the living! Our bonds and our prisoners shout in the open field,
" ' Hide in the nether earth! Hide in the bones! Sit obscured in the hollow scull!
" ' Our flesh is corrupted, and we wear away. We are not numbered among the living. Let us hide
" ' In stones, among roots of trees. The prisoners have burst their dens.
" ' Let us hide; let us hide in the dust; and plague and wrath and tempest shall cease.' "

He ceas'd, silent pond'ring; his brows folded heavy, his forehead was in affliction.

Like the central fire, from the window he saw his vast armies spread
over the hills,
Breathing red fires from man to man, and from horse to horse: then
his bosom
Expanded like starry heaven; he sat down: his Nobles took their
ancient seats.

Then the ancientest Peer, Duke of Burgundy, rose from the
Monarch's right hand, red as wines
From his mountains; an odor of war, like a ripe vineyard, rose
from his garments,
And the chamber became as a clouded sky; o'er the council he
stretch'd his red limbs,
Cloth'd in flames of crimson; as a ripe vineyard stretches over
sheaves of corn,
The fierce Duke hung over the council; around him croud, weep-
ing in his burning robe,
A bright cloud of infant souls; his words fall like purple autumn on
the sheaves:

" Shall this marble built heaven become a clay cottage, this earth
an oak stool, and these mowers
" From the Atlantic mountains mow down all this great starry
harvest of six thousand years?
" And shall Necker, the hind of Geneva, stretch out his crook'd sickle
o'er fertile France
" Till our purple and crimson is faded to russet, and the kingdoms of
earth bound in sheaves,
" And the ancient forests of chivalry hewn, and the joys of the com-
bat burnt for fuel;
" Till the power and dominion is rent from the pole, sword and
scepter from sun and moon,
" The law and gospel from fire and air, and eternal reason and
science

" From the deep and the solid, and man lay his faded head down on the rock
" Of eternity, where the eternal lion and eagle remain to devour?
" This to prevent—urg'd by cries in day, and prophetic dreams hovering in night,
" To enrich the lean earth that craves, furrow'd with plows, whose seed is departing from her—
" Thy Nobles have gather'd thy starry hosts round this rebellious city,
" To rouze up the ancient forests of Europe, with clarions of cloud breathing war,
" To hear the horse neigh to the drum and trumpet, and the trumpet and war shout reply.
" Stretch the hand that beckons the eagles of heaven; they cry over Paris, and wait
" Till Fayette point his finger to Versailles; the eagles of heaven must have their prey! "

He ceas'd, and burn'd silent; red clouds roll round Necker; a weeping is heard o'er the palace.
Like a dark cloud Necker paus'd, and like thunder on the just man's burial day he paus'd;
Silent sit the winds, silent the meadows, while the husbandman and woman of weakness
And bright children look after him into the grave, and water his clay with love,
Then turn towards pensive fields; so Necker paus'd, and his visage was cover'd with clouds.

The King lean'd on his mountains, then lifted his head and look'd on his armies, that shone
Through heaven, tinging morning with beams of blood; then turning to Burgundy, troubled:
" Burgundy, thou wast born a lion! My soul is o'ergrown with distress

" For the Nobles of France, and dark mists roll round me and blot
the writing of God
" Written in my bosom. Necker rise! leave the kingdom, thy life
is surrounded with snares.
" We have call'd an Assembly, but not to destroy; we have given
gifts, not to the weak;
" I hear rushing of muskets, and bright'ning of swords, and visages
redd'ning with war,
" Frowning and looking up from brooding villages and every
dark'ning city.
" Ancient wonders frown over the kingdom, and cries of women
and babes are heard,
" And tempests of doubt roll around me, and fierce sorrows, be-
cause of the Nobles of France.
" Depart! answer not! for the tempest must fall, as in years that are
passed away."

Dropping a tear the old man his place left, and when he was gone
out
He set his face toward Geneva to flee; and the women and children
of the city
Kneel'd round him and kissed his garments and wept: he stood a
short space in the street,
Then fled; and the whole city knew he was fled to Geneva, and
the Senate heard it.

But the Nobles burn'd wrathful at Necker's departure, and wreath'd
their clouds and waters
In dismal volumes, as, risen from beneath, the Archbishop of
Paris arose
In the rushing of scales and hissing of flames and rolling of
sulphurous smoke:

" Hearken, Monarch of France, to the terrors of heaven, and let
thy soul drink of my counsel!

" Sleeping at midnight in my golden tower, the repose of the labours of men
" Wav'd its solemn cloud over my head. I awoke; a cold hand passed over my limbs, and behold
" An aged form, white as snow, hov'ring in mist, weeping in the uncertain light.
" Dim the form almost faded, tears fell down the shady cheeks; at his feet, many cloth'd
" In white robes; strewn in air, censers and harps; silent they lay prostrated;
" Beneath, in the awful void, myriads descending and weeping thro' dismal winds;
" Endless the shady train shiv'ring descended from the gloom where the aged form wept.
" At length, trembling, the vision, sighing in a low voice like the voice of the grasshopper, whisper'd:
" ' My groaning is heard in the abbeys, and God, so long worshipp'd, departs as a lamp
" ' Without oil; for a curse is heard hoarse thro' the land from a godless race
" ' Descending to beasts; they look downward and labour and forget my holy law;
" ' The sound of prayer fails from lips of flesh, and the holy hymn from thicken'd tongues;
" ' For the bars of Chaos are burst; her millions prepare their fiery way
" ' Thro' the orbed abode of the holy dead, to root up and pull down and remove,
" ' And Nobles and Clergy shall fail from before me, and my cloud and vision be no more;
" ' The mitre become black, the crown vanish, and the scepter and ivory staff
" ' Of the ruler wither among bones of death; they shall consume from the thistly field,
" ' And the sound of the bell, and voice of the sabbath, and singing of the holy choir

" ' Is turn'd into songs of the harlot in day, and cries of the virgin in night.
" ' They shall drop at the plow and faint at the harrow, unredeem'd, unconfess'd, unpardon'd;
" ' The priest rot in his surplice by the lawless lover, the holy beside the accursed,
" ' The King, frowning in purple, beside the grey plowman, and their worms embrace together.'
" The voice ceas'd: a groan shook my chamber; I slept, for the cloud of repose returned,
" But morning dawn'd heavy upon me. I rose to bring my Prince heaven utter'd counsel.
" Hear my counsel, O King, and send forth thy Generals; the command of Heaven is upon thee!
" Then do thou command, O King, to shut up this Assembly in their final home;
" Let thy soldiers possess this city of rebels, that threaten to bathe their feet
" In the blood of Nobility, trampling the heart and the head; let the Bastile devour
" These rebellious seditious; seal them up, O Anointed, in everlasting chains."
He sat down: a damp cold pervaded the Nobles, and monsters of worlds unknown
Swam round them, watching to be delivered; When Aumont, whose chaos-born soul
Eternally wand'ring a Comet and swift-falling fire, pale enter'd the chamber.
Before the red Council he stood, like a man that returns from hollow graves:

" Awe-surrounded, alone thro' the army, a fear and a with'ring blight blown by the north,
" The Abbé de Sieyes from the Nation's Assembly, O Princes and Generals of France,

" Unquestioned, unhindered! awe-struck are the soldiers; a dark shadowy man in the form
" Of King Henry the Fourth walks before him in fires; the captains like men bound in chains
" Stood still as he pass'd: he is come to the Louvre, O King, with a message to thee!
" The strong soldiers tremble, the horses their manes bow, and the guards of thy palace are fled! "

Up rose awful in his majestic beams Bourbon's strong Duke; his proud sword from his thigh
Drawn, he threw on the Earth! the Duke of Bretagne and the Earl of Bourgogne
Rose inflam'd, to and fro in the chamber, like thunder-clouds ready to burst.

" What! damp all our fires, O spectre of Henry? " said Bourbon, " and rend the flames
" From the head of our King? Rise, Monarch of France! command me, and I will lead
" This army of superstition at large, that the ardor of noble souls, quenchless,
" May yet burn in France, nor our shoulders be plow'd with the furrows of poverty."

Then Orleans, generous as mountains, arose and unfolded his robe, and put forth
His benevolent hand, looking on the Archbishop who, changed as pale as lead,
Would have risen but could not: his voice issued harsh grating; instead of words harsh hissings
Shook the chamber; he ceas'd abash'd. Then Orleans spoke; all was silent.
He breath'd on them, and said: " O princes of fire, whose flames are for growth, not consuming,

" Fear not dreams, fear not visions, nor be you dismay'd with sorrows which flee at the morning!
" Can the fires of Nobility ever be quench'd, or the stars by a stormy night?
" Is the body diseas'd when the members are healthful? can the man be bound in sorrow
" Whose ev'ry function is fill'd with its fiery desire? can the soul whose brain and heart
" Cast their rivers in equal tides thro' the great Paradise, languish because the feet,
" Hands, head, bosom, and parts of love follow their high breathing joy?
" And can Nobles be bound when the people are free, or God weep when his children are happy?
" Have you never seen Fayette's forehead, or Mirabeau's eyes, or the shoulders of Target,
" Or Bailly the strong foot of France, or Clermont the terrible voice? and your robes
" Still retain their own crimson: mine never yet faded, for fire delights in its form.
" But go, merciless man! enter into the infinite labyrinth of another's brain
" Ere thou measure the circle that he shall run. Go, thou cold recluse, into the fires
" Of another's high flaming rich bosom, and return unconsum'd, and write laws.
" If thou canst not do this, doubt thy theories; learn to consider all men as thy equals,
" Thy brethren, and not as thy foot or thy hand, unless thou first fearest to hurt them."

The Monarch stood up; the strong Duke his sword to its golden scabbard return'd;
The Nobles sat round like clouds on the mountains, when the storm is passing away:

" Let the Nation's Ambassador come among Nobles, like incense of the valley! "

Aumont went out and stood in the hollow porch, his ivory wand in his hand;
A cold orb of disdain revolv'd round him, and covered his soul with snows eternal.
Great Henry's soul shuddered, a whirlwind and fire tore furious from his angry bosom;
He indignant departed on horses of heav'n. Then the Abbé de Sieyes rais'd his feet
On the steps of the Louvre; like a voice of God following a storm, the Abbé follow'd
The pale fires of Aumont into the chamber; as a father that bows to his son,
Whose rich fields inheriting spread their old glory, so the voice of the people bowed
Before the ancient seat of the kingdom and mountains to be renewed.

" Hear, O Heavens of France, the voice of the people arising from valley and hill,
" O'erclouded with power. Hear the voice of vallies, the voice of meek cities,
" Mourning oppressed on village and field, till the village and field is a waste.
" For the husbandman weeps at blights of the fife, and blasting of trumpets consume
" The souls of mild France; the pale mother nourishes her child to the deadly slaughter.
" When the heavens were seal'd with a stone, and the terrible sun clos'd in an orb, and the moon
" Rent from the nations, and each star appointed for watchers of night,

" The millions of spirits immortal were bound in the ruins of sulphur, heaven
" To wander enslav'd; black, deprest in dark ignorance, kept in awe with the whip
" To worship terrors, bred from the blood of revenge and breath of desire
" In beastial forms, or more terrible men; till the dawn of our peaceful morning,
" Till dawn, till morning, till the breaking of clouds, and swelling of winds, and the universal voice;
" Till man raise his darken'd limbs out of the caves of night: his eyes and his heart
" Expand: where is Space? where, O Sun, is thy dwelling? where thy tent, O faint slumb'rous Moon?
" Then the valleys of France shall cry to the soldier: ' Throw down thy sword and musket,
" ' And run and embrace the meek peasant.' Her Nobles shall hear and shall weep, and put off
" The red robe of terror, the crown of oppression, the shoes of contempt, and unbuckle
" The girdle of war from the desolate earth; then the Priest in his thund'rous cloud
" Shall weep, bending to earth, embracing the valleys, and putting his hand to the plow,
" Shall say: ' No more I curse thee; but now I will bless thee: No more in deadly black
" ' Devour thy labour; nor lift up a cloud in thy heavens, O laborious plow,
" ' That the wild raging millions, that wander in forests, and howl in law blasted wastes,
" ' Strength madden'd with slavery, honesty bound in the dens of superstition,
" ' May sing in the village, and shout in the harvest, and woo in pleasant gardens

" ' Their once savage loves, now beaming with knowledge, with gentle awe adorned;
" ' And the saw, and the hammer, the chisel, the pencil, the pen, and the instruments
" ' Of heavenly song sound in the wilds once forbidden, to teach the laborious plowman
" ' And shepherd, deliver'd from clouds of war, from pestilence, from night-fear, from murder,
" ' From falling, from stifling, from hunger, from cold, from slander, discontent and sloth,
" ' That walk in beasts and birds of night, driven back by the sandy desart,
" ' Like pestilent fogs round cities of men; and the happy earth sing in its course,
" ' The mild peaceable nations be opened to heav'n, and men walk with their fathers in bliss.'
" Then hear the first voice of the morning: ' Depart, O clouds of night, and no more
" ' Return; be withdrawn cloudy war, troops of warriors depart, nor around our peaceable city
" ' Breathe fires; but ten miles from Paris let all be peace, nor a soldier be seen! ' "

He ended: the wind of contention arose, and the clouds cast their shadows; the Princes,
Like the mountains of France, whose aged trees utter an awful voice, and their branches
Are shatter'd, till gradual a murmur is heard descending into the valley,
Like a voice in the vineyards of Burgundy when grapes are shaken on grass,
Like the low voice of the labouring man, instead of the shout of joy;
And the palace appear'd like a cloud driven abroad; blood ran down the ancient pillars.

Thro' the cloud a deep thunder, the Duke of Burgundy, delivers the King's command:

" Seest thou yonder dark castle, that moated around, keeps this city of Paris in awe?
" Go command yonder tower, saying: 'Bastile, depart! and take thy shadowy course;
" ' Overstep the dark river, thou terrible tower, and get thee up into the country ten miles.
" ' And thou black southern prison, move along the dusky road to Versailles; there
" ' Frown on the gardens '; and if it obey and depart, then the King will disband
" This war-breathing army; but if it refuse, let the Nation's Assembly thence learn
" That this army of terrors, that prison of horrors, are the bands of the murmuring kingdom."

Like the morning star arising above the black waves, when a ship-wreck'd soul sighs for morning,
Thro' the ranks, silent, walk'd the Ambassador back to the Nation's Assembly, and told
The unwelcome message; silent they heard; then a thunder roll'd round loud and louder;
Like pillars of ancient halls and ruins of times remote, they sat.
Like a voice from the dim pillars Mirabeau rose; the thunders subsided away;
A rushing of wings around him was heard as he brighten'd, and cried out aloud:
" Where is the General of the Nation? " The walls re-echo'd: " Where is the General of the Nation? "

Sudden as the bullet wrapp'd in his fire, when brazen cannons rage in the field,
Fayette sprung from his seat saying " Ready! " Then bowing like clouds, man toward man, the Assembly

Like a council of ardors seated in clouds, bending over the cities of men,
And over the armies of strife, where their children are marshall'd together to battle,
They murmuring divide; while the wind sleeps beneath, and the numbers are counted in silence,
While they vote the removal of War, and the pestilence weighs his red wings in the sky.

So Fayette stood silent among the Assembly, and the votes were given, and the numbers numb'red;
And the vote was that Fayette should order the army to remove ten miles from Paris.

The aged sun rises appall'd from dark mountains, and gleams a dusky beam
On Fayette; but on the whole army a shadow, for a cloud on the eastern hills
Hover'd, and stretch'd across the city, and across the army, and across the Louvre.
Like a flame of fire he stood before dark ranks, and before expecting captains:
On pestilent vapours around him flow frequent spectres of religious men, weeping
In winds; driven out of the abbeys, their naked souls shiver in keen open air;
Driven out by the fiery cloud of Voltaire, and thund'rous rocks of Rousseau,
They dash like foam against the ridges of the army, uttering a faint feeble cry.

Gleams of fire streak the heavens, and of sulphur the earth, from Fayette as he lifted his hand;
But silent he stood, till all the officers rush round him like waves

Round the shore of France, in day of the British flag, when heavy cannons
Affright the coasts, and the peasant looks over the sea and wipes a tear;
Over his head the soul of Voltaire shone fiery; and over the army Rousseau his white cloud
Unfolded, on souls of war, living terrors, silent list'ning toward Fayette.
His voice loud inspir'd by liberty, and by spirits of the dead, thus thunder'd:

" The Nation's Assembly command that the Army remove ten miles from Paris;
" Nor a soldier be seen in road or in field, till the Nation command return."

Rushing along iron ranks glittering, the officers each to his station
Depart, and the stern captain strokes his proud steed, and in front of his solid ranks
Waits the sound of trumpet; captains of foot stand each by his cloudy drum:
Then the drum beats, and the steely ranks move, and trumpets rejoice in the sky.
Dark cavalry, like clouds fraught with thunder, ascend on the hills, and bright infantry, rank
Behind rank, to the soul shaking drum and shrill fife, along the roads glitter like fire.

The noise of trampling, the wind of trumpets, smote the palace walls with a blast.
Pale and cold sat the King in midst of his peers, and his noble heart sunk, and his pulses
Suspended their motion; a darkness crept over his eye-lids, and chill cold sweat

Sat round his brows faded in faint death; his peers pale, like
mountains of the dead
Cover'd with dews of night, groaning, shaking forests and floods.
The cold newt,
And snake, and damp toad on the kingly foot crawl, or croak on
the awful knee,
Shedding their slime; in folds of the robe the crown'd adder builds
and hisses
From stony brows; shaken the forests of France, sick the kings of
the nations,
And the bottoms of the world were open'd, and the graves of
arch-angels unseal'd:
The enormous dead lift up their pale fires and look over the rocky
cliffs.

A faint heat from their fires reviv'd the cold Louvre; the frozen
blood reflow'd.
Awful up rose the king; him the peers follow'd; they saw the
courts of the Palace
Forsaken, and Paris without a soldier, silent; for the noise was
gone up
And follow'd the army, and the Senate in peace sat beneath
morning's beam.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK

LETTER I

TO WILLEY REVELEY

Written in October, 1791,
in answer to a request to make engravings after some drawings by William Pars for Stuart and Revett's "Antiquities of Athens," published in 1794.

MR BLAKE'S Compts. to Mr Reveley; tho' full of work [as Mr R. said he should be by then, the plates were put in hand *del.*] he is glad to embrace the offer of engraving such beautiful things & will do what he can by the end of January.

POEMS AND FRAGMENTS FROM THE ROSSETTI MANUSCRIPT

Written about 1793

I

A FLOWER was offer'd 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
[In the silent of the night *del.*]
To tend it by day & by night
But my rose [was turned from me *del.*]
[was fill'd *del.*] turn'd away with Jealousy
And her thorns were my only delight.

2

[NEVER (seek *del.*) pain to tell thy love
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly. *del.*]

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

Soon as she was gone from me
A traveller came by;
Silently, invisibly
[He took her with a sigh *del.*]
O, was no deny.

3

" LOVE seeketh not itself to please,
" Nor for itself hath any care
" But for another gives its ease
" And builds a heaven in hell's despair."

So sung a little clod of clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

" Love seeketh only self to please
" To bind another to its delight,
" Joys in another's loss of ease
" And builds a hell in heaven's despite."

4

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

Then I went to the heath & the wild
To the thistles & thorns of the waste
And they told me how they were beguil'd,
Driven out, & compel'd to be chaste.

5

I WENT to the garden of love,
And I 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 the chapel were shut,
And " thou shalt not " writ over the door,
And 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 gounds were walking their rounds
And binding with briars my joys & desires.

6

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

I saw a serpent rise between
The white pillars of the door,
And he forc'd & forc'd & forc'd,
[Till he broke the pearly door *del.*]
Down the golden hinges tore.

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

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

7

I ASKED a thief to [fetch *del.*] steal me a peach
[And *del.*] He turned up his eyes.
I ask'd a lithe lady to lie her down
[And *del.*] Holy & meek she cries.

As soon as I went an angel came:
[And *del.*] He wink'd at the thief
And [he *del.*] smil'd at the dame,
And without one word [spoke *del.*] said
Had a peach from the tree,
[And 'twixt earnest & joke *del.*]
And still as a maid
[He *del.*] Enjoy'd the Lady.

8

I HEARD an Angel singing
When the day was springing,
" Mercy, Pity, [& *del.*] Peace
" Is the world's release."

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

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

" And pity no more could be,
" If all were as happy as we."
[Thus he sang & *del.*]
At his curse the sun went down,
And the heavens gave a frown.

[(And *del.*) Down pour'd the heavy rain
Over the new reap'd grain,
And Mercy & Pity & Peace descended
The Farmers were ruin'd & harvest was ended. *del.*]

[And Mercy, Pity, (& *del.*) Peace
Joy'd at their increase
With Poverty's Increase
Are . . .
And by distress increase
Mercy, Pity, Peace,
By Misery to increase
Mercy, Pity, Peace. *del.*]
And Miseries' increase
Is Mercy, Pity, Peace.

9

A CRADLE SONG

1 3 SLEEP, Sleep: in thy sleep
4 Little sorrows sit & weep.
[Thou wilt every secret keep *del.*]
[Cans't thou any secret keep *del.*]
1 Sleep, Sleep, beauty bright
[Thou shalt taste the joys of night *del.*]
2 Dreaming o'er the joys of night

[Yet a little while the moon
Silent . . . *del.*]
3 As thy softest limbs I [touch *del.*] [stroke *del.*] feel
Smiles as of the morning [look *del.*] steal
O'er thy cheek & o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart does rest.

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

2 Sweet Babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace
Secret joys & secret smiles
[Such as burning youth beguiles *del.*]
Little pretty infant wiles.

5 From thy cheek & from thy eye
O'er the youthful harvests nigh
[Female *del.*] Infant wiles & [female *del.*] infant smiles
Heaven & Earth of peace beguiles.

10

CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE

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

And I water'd it in fears
Night & morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew by day & night
Till it bore an apple bright;
[And I gave it to my foe *del.*]
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veil'd the pole.
In the morning Glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

11

I FEAR'D the [roughness *del.*] fury of my wind
Would blight all blossoms fair & true;
And my sun it shin'd & shin'd
[But *del.*] And my wind it never blew.

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

12

WHY should I care for the men of thames,
Or the cheating waves of charter'd streams,
Or shrink at the little blasts of fear
That the hireling blows into my ear?

Tho' born on the cheating banks of Thames,
Tho' his waters bathed my infant limbs,
[I spurn'd his waters away from me *del.*]
The Ohio shall wash his stains from me:
I was born a slave, but I [long *del.*] go to be free.

13

INFANT SORROW

MY mother groan'd, my father wept;
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands
Striving against my swaddling bands,
Bound & weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

When I saw that rage was vain,
And to sulk would nothing gain,
[I began to so *del.*] [Seeking many an artful wile *del.*]
Turning many a trick & wile,
I began to soothe & smile.

And I [grew *del.*] [smil'd *del.*] sooth'd day after day
Till upon the ground I stray;
And I [grew *del.*] smil'd night after night,
Seeking only for delight.

[But upon the nettly ground
No delight was to be found *del.*]
And I saw before me shine
Clusters of the wand'ring vine
[And beyond a mirtle tree *del.*]
And many a lovely flower & tree
Stretch'd [its *del.*] their blossoms out to me.

[But a *del.*] [But many a Priest *del.*]
My father then with holy look,
In [their *del.*] his hands a holy book,
Pronounc'd curses on [his *del.*] my head
[Who the fruit or blossoms shed *del.*]
And bound me in a mirtle shade.

[I beheld the Priests by night;
They embrac'd (my mirtle *del.*) the blossoms bright:
I beheld the Priests by day
(Where beneath my *del.*)
Underneath the vines (he *del.*) they lay *del.*]

[3 Like (a *del.*) to serpents in the night,
4 They (*altered to* He) embrac'd my (mirtle *del.*) blossoms bright *del.*]
1 Like [a *del.*] to [serpents in the *del.*] holy men by day,
2 Underneath [my *del.*] the vines [he *del.*] they lay.

So I smote them & [his *del.*] their gore
Stain'd the roots my mirtle bore;
But the time of youth is fled,
And grey hairs are on my head.

14

SILENT, Silent Night
Quench the holy light
Of thy torches bright.

For possess'd of Day
Thousand spirits stray
That sweet joys betray

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

But an honest joy
Does itself destroy
For a harlot coy.

15

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

16

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

[Oft I've *del.*] Shall I cast it on the sand
And [turn'd *del.*] turn it into fruitful land?
[But *del.*] For on no other ground [can *del.*]
Can I sow my seed,
Without [pulling *del.*] tearing up
Some stinking weed.

17

[THE *del.*] EARTH'S ANSWER

EARTH rais'd up her head
From the darkness dread & drear.
Her [eyes fled *del.*] [orbs dead *del.*] light fled,
Stony dread!
And her locks cover'd with grey despair.

Prison'd on wat'ry shore
Starry jealousy does keep my den
Cold & hoar
Weeping o'er
I hear the [father of the *del.*] ancient men.

[(Cruel *del.*) Selfish father of men
Cruel jealous (weeping *del.*) selfish fear
Can delight,
(Clog'd *del.*) Chain'd in night,
The virgins of youth & morning bear? *del.*]

Does spring hide its [delight *del.*] joy
When buds & blossom grow?
Does the sower [sow *del.*]
[His seed *del.*] Sow by night
Or the plowman in darkness plow?

Break this heavy chain
That does [close *del.*] freeze my bones around.
Selfish, vain!
[Thou my *del.*] Eternal bane,
[Hast my *del.*] That free love with bondage bound.

18

IN A MIRTLE SHADE

[TO a lovely mirtle bound
Blossoms showing all around *del.*]
2 O, how sick & weary I
Underneath my mirtle lie,
Like to dung upon the ground
Underneath my mirtle bound.

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

3 Oft my mirtle sigh'd in vain
To behold my heavy chain
Oft [the priest beheld *del.*] my father saw us sigh,
And laugh'd at our simplicity.

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

19

LONDON

I WANDER thro' each dirty street,
Near where the dirty Thames does flow,
And [see *del.*] mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man
In [every voice of every child *del.*]
every infant's cry of fear
In every voice, in every ban
The [german *del.*] mind forg'd [links I hear *del.*]
manacles I hear.

[But most *del.*] How the chimney sweeper's cry
[Blackens o'er the churches walls *del.*]
Every black'ning church appalls,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace walls.

[But most the midnight harlot's curse
From every dismal street I hear,
Weaves around the marriage hearse
And blasts the new born infant's tear. *del.*]

But most [from every *del.*] thro' wintry streets I hear
How the midnight harlot's curse
Blasts the new born infant's tear,
And [hangs *del.*] smites with plagues the marriage hearse.

But most the shrieks of youth I hear
But most thro' midnight & . . .
How the youthful . . .

20

I [WAS found *del.*] slept in the dark
In the silent night,
I murmur'd my fears
And I felt delight.

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

21

TO NOBODADDY

WHY art thou silent & invisible,
[Man *del.*] Father of Jealousy?
Why dost thou hide thy self in clouds
From every searching Eye?

Why darkness & obscurity
In all thy words & laws,
That none dare eat the fruit but from
The wily serpents jaws?
Or is it because Secresy gains [feminine *del.*]
females' loud applause?

22

THE [rose puts envious *del.*]
[lustful *del.*] modest rose puts forth a thorn,
The [coward *del.*] humble sheep a threat'ning horn,
While the lilly white shall in love delight,
[And the lion increase freedom & peace. *del.*]
[The priest loves war & the soldier peace. *del.*]
Nor a thorn, nor a threat, stain her beauty bright.

23

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisp'rings are in the dale,
The [heart *del.*] days of youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green & pale.

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

24

ARE not the joys of morning sweeter
Than the joys of night?
And are the vig'rous joys of youth
Ashamed of the light?

Let age & sickness silent rob
The vineyards in the night;
But those who burn with vig'rous youth
Pluck fruits before the light.

25

THE TYGER

TYGER, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
[Could *del.*] [Dare *del.*] frame thy fearful symmetry?

2 [In what *del.*] [Burnt in *del.*] distant deeps or skies
[Burnt the *del.*] [The cruel *del.*] fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

3 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

[Could fetch it from the furnace deep
And in thy horrid ribs dare steep
In the well of sanguine woe?
In what clay & in what mould
Were thy eyes of fury roll'd? *del.*]

4 [What *del.*] Where the hammer? [What *del.*] Where the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What [the arm *del.*] [arm *del.*] [grasp *del.*] [clasp *del.*] dread grasp?
[Could *del.*] Dare its deadly terrors [clasp *del.*] [grasp *del.*] clasp?

6 Tyger, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand & eye
Dare [form *del.*] frame thy fearful symmetry?

5 3 And [did he laugh *del.*] dare he [smile *del.*] [laugh *del.*] his work to see?
[What the (shoulder *del.*) ancle? What the knee? *del.*]
4 [Did *del.*] Dare he who made the lamb make thee?
1 When the stars threw down their spears
2 And water'd heaven with their tears

26

TYGER, Tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What Immortal hand & eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Burnt in distant deeps or skies
The cruel fire of thine eyes?
Could heart descend or wings 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?

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 & eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

27

[HOW (*word illegible*) judge is Man
Fair (*words illegible*) began
How Contempt & Scorn

What a world is Man
His Earth . . . *del.*]

28

THE HUMAN IMAGE

PITY could be no more,
[If there was nobody poor *del.*]
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 [nets *del.*] 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 caterpiller & fly
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of deceit,
Ruddy & sweet to eat;
And the raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the Earth & Sea
Sought thro' nature to find this tree;
But their search was all in vain:
[Till they sought in the human brain. *del.*]
There grows one in the human brain.

They said this mystery never shall cease;
The priest [loves *del.*] promotes war & the soldier peace.

29

[*First line del. and illegible*]
LOVE to faults is always blind,
Always is to joy inclin'd,
[Always *del.*] Lawless, wing'd, & unconfin'd,
And breaks all chains from every mind.

Deceit to secresy [inclin'd *del.*] confin'd,
[Modest, prudish, & confin'd *del.*]
Lawful, cautious, [*word del.*] & refin'd;
[Never is to *del.*] To every thing but interest blind
[And chains in fetters every mind *del.*]
And forges fetters for the mind.

30

THERE souls of men are bought & sold,
And [cradled *del.*] milk fed infancy [is sold *del.*] for gold;
And youth to slaughter houses led,
And [maidens *del.*] beauty for a bit of bread.

31

THE WILD FLOWER'S SONG

AS I wander'd the forest,
The green leaves among,
I heard a wild [thistle *del.*] flower
Singing a song:

" I slept in the [dark *del.*] Earth, &c."

[*See No.* 20, *page* 230.]

32

THE SICK ROSE

O ROSE, thou art sick;
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Hath found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
[O, dark secret love
Doth life destroy. *del.*]
And [his *del.*] her dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

33

SOFT SNOW

I WALKED abroad in a snowy day:
I ask'd the soft snow with me to play:
She play'd & she melted in all her prime,
[Ah, that sweet love should be thought a crime! *del.*]
And the winter call'd it a dreadful crime.

34

AN ANCIENT PROVERB

REMOVE away that black'ning church:
Remove away that marriage hearse:
Remove away that [place *del.*] man of blood:
['Twill *del.*] You'll quite remove the ancient curse.

35

TO MY MIRTLE

5 WHY should I be bound to thee,
6 O, my lovely mirtle tree?
[Love, free love, cannot be bound
To any tree that grows on ground. *del.*]
1 To a lovely mirtle bound,
2 Blossoms show'ring all around,
[Like to dung upon the ground,
Underneath my mirtle bound. *del.*]
3 O, how sick & weary I
4 Underneath my mirtle lie.

36

" NOUGHT loves another as itself,
" Nor venerates another so,
" Nor is it possible to Thought
" A greater than itself to know:

" [Then *del.*] And father [I cannot *del.*] how
can I love you
" [Nor del.] Or any of my brothers more?
" I love [myself, so does the bird *del.*]
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:
[The mother follow'd, weeping loud:
" O, that I such a fiend should bear." *del.*]
[Then *del.*] He led him by his little coat
[To show his zealous, priestly care. *del.*]
And all admir'd his 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 bound his little ivory limbs
In a cruel Iron chain. *del.*]
[And *del.*] They strip'd him to his little shirt
& bound him in an iron chain.

[They *del.*] And burn'd him in a holy [fire *del.*] place,
Where many had been burn'd before.
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are Such things done on Albion's shore?

37

MERLIN'S PROPHECY

THE harvest shall flourish in wintry weather
When two virginities meet together:

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

38

D A Y

THE [day *del.*] Sun arises in the East,
Cloth'd in robes of blood & gold;
Swords & spears & wrath increast
All around his [ancles *del.*] bosom roll'd,
Crown'd with warlike fires & raging desires.

39

[THE MARRIAGE RING *del.*] THE FAIRY

" COME hither my sparrows,
" My little arrows.
" If a tear or a smile
" Will a man beguile,
" If an amorous delay
" Clouds a sunshiny day,
" If the [tread *del.*] step of a foot
" Smites the heart to its root,
" 'Tis the marriage ring
" Makes each fairy a king."

So a fairy sung.
From the leaves I sprung.
He leap'd from the spray
To flee away.
But in my hat caught
He soon shall be taught.
Let him laugh, let him cry,
He's my butterfly;
For I've pull'd out the sting
[And *del.*] Of the marriage ring
[*One line del. and illegible.*]

40

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

41

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

42

IN a wife I would desire
What in whores is always found—
The lineaments of Gratified desire.

43

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

44

ETERNITY

HE who bends to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who [just *del.*] kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in [an eternal *del.*] eternity's sun rise.

45

THE KID

THOU, little Kid, didst play
&c.
[*Not found elsewhere.*]

46

THE LITTLE [PRETTY *del.*] VAGABOND

DEAR Mother, Dear Mother, the church is cold
But the alehouse is healthy & pleasant & warm;
Besides I can tell where I am us'd well.
[Such usage in heaven makes all go to hell. *del.*]
The poor parsons with wind like a blown bladder swell.

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

Then the parson might preach, & 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.

Then God, like a father, [that joys for *del.*] rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant & happy as he,
Would have no more quarrel with the devil or the Barrel,
[But shake hands & kiss him & there'd be no more hell. *del.*]
But kiss him & give him both [food *del.*] drink & apparel.

47

THE QUESTION ANSWER'D

WHAT is it men [of *del.*] in women do require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.
What is it women do [of *del.*] in men require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.

48

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 Church to pray.

" Because I was happy upon the heath,
" And smil'd among the winter's [wind *del.*] 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 wrap themselves up in our misery. *del.*]
" Who make up a heaven of our misery."

49

LACEDEMONIAN INSTRUCTION

" COME hither, my boy, tell me what thou seest there."
" A fool tangled in a religious snare."

50

RICHES

THE [*word del.*] countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies & pearls of a loving eye,
The [idle man *del.*] indolent never can bring to the mart,
Nor the [cunning *del.*] secret hoard up in his treasury.

51

AN ANSWER TO THE PARSON

" WHY of the sheep do you not learn peace? "
" Because I don't want you to shear my fleece."

52

HOLY THURSDAY

IS this a holy thing to see
In a rich & fruitful land,
Babes reduced to misery,
Fed with cold & usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so great a number poor?
'Tis a land of poverty.

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak & bare,
And their ways are fill'd with thorns.
'Tis eternal winter there.

But wherever the sun does shine,
And wherever the rain does fall,
Babe can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall.

53

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

So he took his wings & fled;
Then the morn blush'd rosy red;
I dried my tears & arm'd my fears
With ten thousand shields & spears.

Soon my angel came again.
I was arm'd, he came in vain,
[But *del.*] For the time of youth was fled,
And grey hairs were on my head.

54

THE look of love alarms,
Because 'tis fill'd with fire;
But the look of soft deceit
Shall win the lover's hire.

55

[WHICH are beauties sweetest dress? *del.*]
Soft deceit & idleness,
These are beauties sweetest dress.

56

[WOE, alas! my guilty hand
Brush'd across thy summer joy;
All thy gilded, painted pride
Shatter'd, fled . . . *del.*]

1 Little fly,
Thy summer play
My [guilty hand *del.*] thoughtless hand
Hath brush'd away.

[The cut worm
Forgives the plow,
And dies in peace,
And so do thou. *del.*]

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

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

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

[4 Thought is life
And strength & breath;
But the want (of *del.*)
Of Thought is death. *del.*]

4 If thought is life
And strength & breath
And the want [of *del.*]
Of Thought is death;

57

MOTTO TO SONGS OF INNOCENCE & OF EXPERIENCE

THE Good are attracted by Men's perceptions,
And think not for themselves;
Till Experience teaches them to catch
And to cage the Fairies & Elves.

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

58

HER whole Life is an Epigram, smart, smooth, & neatly pen'd,
Platted quite neat to catch applause with a sliding noose at the end.

59

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

1 An old maid early—e'er I knew
Ought but the love that on me grew;
And now I'm cover'd o'er & o'er
And wish that I had been a whore.

60

SEVERAL QUESTIONS ANSWER'D

4 WHAT is it men in women do require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.
What is it women do in men require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.

2 The look of love alarms
Because 'tis fill'd with fire;
But the look of soft deceit
Shall Win the lover's hire.

3 Soft deceit & Idleness,
These are Beauty's sweetest dress.

1 He who bends to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sun rise.

5 An ancient Proverb:
Remove away that black'ning church,
Remove away that marriage hearse,
Remove away that — of blood,
You'll quite remove the ancient curse.

61

1 1 " LET the Brothels of Paris be opened
2 " With many an alluring dance,
3 " To awake the [Pestilence *del.*] Physicians thro' the city,"
4 Said the beautiful Queen of France.

The King awoke on his couch of gold,
As soon as he heard these tidings told:
" Arise & come, both fife & drum,
" And the [Famine *del.*] shall eat both crust & crumb."

[Then old Nobodaddy aloft
Farted & belch'd & cough'd,
And said, " I love hanging & drawing & quartering
" Every bit as well as war & slaughtering.
" (Damn praying & singing,
" Unless they will bring in
" The blood of ten thousand by fighting or swinging." *del.*)

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

The Queen of France just touched this Globe,
And the Pestilence darted from her robe;
[But the bloodthirsty people across the water
Will not submit to the gibbet & halter. *del.*]
But our good Queen quite grows to the ground;
[There is just such a tree at Java found. *del.*]
And a great many suckers grow all around.

[Fayette beside King Lewis stood;
He saw him sign his hand;
And soon he saw the famine rage
About the fruitful land. *del.*]

[Fayette beheld the Queen to smile
And wink her lovely eye;
And soon he saw the pestilence
From street to street to fly. *del.*]

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

[Fayette, Fayette, thou'rt bought & sold,
For well I see thy tears
Of Pity are exchanged for those
Of selfish slavish fears. *del.*]

[Fayette beside his banner stood,
His captains false around
Thou'rt bought & sold . . . *del.*]

3 Who will exchange his own fire side
For the steps of another's door?
Who will exchange his wheaten loaf
For the links of a dungeon floor?

[Who will exchange his own heart's blood
For the drops of a harlot's eye? *del.*]

[2 Will the mother exchange her new born babe
For the dog at the wintry door?
Yet thou dost exchange thy pitying tears
For the links of a dungeon floor. *del.*]

[1 Fayette, Fayette, thou'rt bought & sold,
And sold is thy happy morrow;
Thou gavest the tears of Pity away
In exchange for the tears of sorrow. *del.*]

2 Fayette beheld the King & Queen
In [tears *del.*] curses & iron bound;
But mute Fayette wept tear for tear,
And guarded them around.

1 Who will exchange his own fire side
For the [steps *del.*] stone of another's door?
Who will exchange his wheaten loaf
For the links of a dungeon floor?

3 O, who would smile on the wintry seas,
[Or *del.*] & Pity the stormy roar?
Or who will exchange his new born child
For the dog at the wintry door?

62

WHEN Klopstock England defied,
Uprose William Blake in his pride;
For old Nobodaddy aloft
Farted & Belch'd & cough'd;
Then swore a great oath that made heaven quake,
And call'd aloud to English Blake.
Blake was giving his body ease
At Lambeth beneath the poplar trees.
From his seat then started he,
And turned him round three times three.
The Moon at that sight blush'd scarlet red,
The stars threw down their cups & fled,
And all the devils that were in hell
Answered with a ninefold yell.
Klopstock felt the [ninefold *del.*] intripled turn,
And all his bowels began to [burn *del.*] churn,
[And they *del.*] And his bowels turned round three times three,
And lock'd in his soul with a ninefold key,
That from his body it ne'er could be parted
Till to the last trumpet it was farted.
Then again old Nobodaddy swore

He ne'er had seen such a thing before,
Since Noah was shut in the ark,
Since Eve first chose her hellfire spark,
Since 'twas the fashion to go naked,
Since the old anything was created,
And so feeling, he beg'd me to turn again
And ease poor Klopstock's ninefold pain.
[*Four lines illegible, the second pair del.*]
If Blake could do this when he [sat down to *del.*]
rose up from a shite,
What might he not do if he sat down to write?

63

I SAY I shan't live five years, And if I live one it will be a Wonder.

June 1793

[END OF ROSSETTI MS. 1793]

FRAGMENT

Written about 1793

A FAIRY leapt upon my knee
Singing and dancing merrily;
I said, " Thou thing of patches, rings,
" Pins, necklaces, and such-like things,
" Disgracer of the female form,
" Thou paltry, gilded, poisonous worm! "
Weeping, he fell upon my thigh,
And thus in tears did soft reply:
" Knowest thou not, O fairies' lord!
" How much by us contemn'd, abhorr'd,
" Whatever hides the female form
" That cannot bear the mortal storm?
" Therefore in pity still we give
" Our lives to make the female live;
" And what would turn into disease
" We turn to what will joy and please."

VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ALBION

The Eye sees more than the Heart knows

Etched 1793

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 wander'd in woe,
Along the vales of Leutha seeking flowers to comfort her;
And thus she spoke to the bright Marygold of Leutha's vale:

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

The Golden nymph replied: " Pluck thou my flower, Oothoon the mild!
" Another flower shall spring, because the soul of sweet delight
" Can never pass away." She ceas'd, & clos'd her golden shrine.



Plate VIII

THE MARRIAGE OF OOTHOON AND BROMION

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 Theotormon's reign took her impetuous course.

Bromion rent her with his thunders; on his stormy bed
Lay the faint maid, and soon her woes appall'd his thunders hoarse.

Bromion spoke: " Behold this harlot here on Bromion's 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 Bromion's harlot, and protect the child
" Of Bromion's rage, that Oothoon shall put forth in nine moons'
time."

Then storms rent Theotormon's limbs: he roll'd his waves around
And folded his black jealous waters round the adulterate pair.
Bound back to back in Bromion's 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 Theotormon's 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 shadow, like an eye
" In the eastern cloud; instead of night a sickly charnel house:
" That Theotormon hears me not! to him the night and morn
" Are both alike; a night of sighs, a morning of fresh tears,
" And none but Bromion can hear my lamentations.

" With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the ravenous hawk?
" With what sense does the tame pigeon measure out the expanse?
" With what sense does the bee form cells? have not the mouse & frog
" Eyes and ears and sense of touch? yet are their habitations
" And their pursuits as different as their forms and as their joys.
" Ask the wild ass why he refuses burdens, and the meek camel
" Why he loves man: is it because of eye, ear, mouth, or skin,

" Or breathing nostrils? No, for these the wolf and tyger have.
" Ask the blind worm the secrets of the grave, and why her spires
" Love to curl round the bones of death; and ask the 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 defil'd when I reflect thy image pure?
" Sweetest the fruit that the worm feeds on, & the soul prey'd on by woe,
" The new wash'd lamb ting'd with the village smoke, & the bright swan
" By the red earth of our immortal river. I bathe my wings,
" And I am white and pure to hover round Theotormon's breast."

Then Theotormon broke his silence, and he answered:—

" Tell me what is the night or day to one o'erflow'd 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 unperciev'd, 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 renew'd.
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 loathes? and must she drag the chain
" Of life in weary lust? must chilling, murderous thoughts obscure
" The clear heaven of her eternal spring; to bear the wintry rage
" Of a harsh terror, driv'n to madness, bound to hold a rod
" Over her shrinking shoulders all the day, & all the night
" To turn the wheel of false desire, and longings that wake her womb
" To the abhorred birth of cherubs in the human form,
" That live a pestilence & die a meteor, & are no more;
" Till the child dwell with one he hates, and do the deed he loaths,
" And the impure scourge force his seed into its unripe birth
" Ere yet his eyelids can behold the arrows of the day?

" Does the whale worship at thy footsteps as the hungry dog;
" Or does he scent the mountain prey because his nostrils wide
" Draw in the ocean? does his eye discern the flying cloud
" As the raven's eye? or does he measure the expanse like the vulture?
" Does the still spider view the cliffs where eagles hide their young;
" Or does the fly rejoice because the harvest is brought in?
" Does not the eagle scorn the earth & despise the treasures beneath?
" But the mole knoweth what is there, & the worm shall tell it thee.
" Does not the 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 man's dream;
" And Oothoon is the crafty slave of selfish holiness.

" But Oothoon is not so: a virgin fill'd with virgin fancies,
" Open to joy and to delight where ever beauty appears;
" If in the morning sun I find it, there my eyes are fix'd
" In happy copulation; if in evening mild, wearied with work,
" Sit on a bank and draw the pleasures of this free born joy.

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

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

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

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

" Does the sun walk in glorious raiment on the secret floor
" Where the cold miser spreads his gold; or does the bright cloud drop
" On his stone threshold? does his eye behold the beam that brings
" Expansion to the eye of pity? or will he bind himself
" Beside the ox to thy hard furrow? does not that mild beam blot
" The bat, the owl, the glowing tyger, and the king of night?
" The sea fowl takes the wintry blast for a cov'ring to her limbs,
" And the wild snake the pestilence to adorn him with gems & gold;
" And trees & birds & beasts & men behold their eternal joy.
" Arise, you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy!
" Arise, and drink your bliss, for everything that lives is holy! "

Thus every morning wails Oothoon; but Theotormon sits
Upon the margin'd ocean conversing with shadows dire.

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

THE END

A M E R I C A

A PROPHECY

Etched 1793

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 chain'd 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 seiz'd the panting, struggling womb;
It joy'd: she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile,
As when a black cloud shews its lightnings to the silent deep,



Plate IX

URIZEN AND ENITHARMON

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."

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 Albion's 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 Albion's 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 Albion's 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.

Albion's Angel stood beside the Stone of night, and saw
The terror like a comet, or more like the planet red
That once enclos'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 glow'd 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 oppressor's 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 Albion's Angel wrathful burnt
Beside the Stone of Night, and like the Eternal Lion's 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 transgressor of God's Law,
" Why dost thou come to Angel's eyes in this terrific form? "

The Terror answer'd: " 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 foun-
tains,
" And to renew the fiery joy, and burst the stony roof;
" That pale religious lechery, 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 everything 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 consum'd;
" 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 darken'd; 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 rear'd toward the east.
" But clouds obscure my aged sight. A vision from afar!
" Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets, & alarm my thirteen Angels!
" Ah vision from afar! Ah rebel form that rent the ancient
" Heavens! Eternal Viper, self-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 mother's 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 & Albion's 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 Boston's Angel cried aloud as they flew thro' the dark night.

He cried: " Why trembles honesty, and like a murderer
" Why seeks he refuge from the frowns of his immortal station?
" Must the generous tremble & leave his joy to the idle, to the pestilence
" That mock him? who commanded this? what God? what Angel?
" To keep the gen'rous from experience till the ungenerous
" Are unrestrain'd 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 Albion's 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 Bernard's house; the flames cover'd 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, & run
From their encampments and dark castles, seeking where to hide
From the grim flames, and from the visions of Orc, in sight
Of Albion's Angel; who, enrag'd, his secret clouds open'd
From north to south and burnt outstretch'd 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 Albion's Angels camp'd
Darken'd 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 Albion's Angel give the thunderous command;

His plagues, obedient to his voice, flew forth out of their clouds,
Falling upon America, as a storm to cut them off,
As a blight cuts the tender corn when it begins to appear.
Dark is the heaven above, & cold & hard the earth beneath:
And as a plague wind 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 Pennsylvania 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 roll'd they back with fury
On Albion's Angels: then the Pestilence began in streaks of red
Across the limbs of Albion's Guardian; the spotted plague smote Bristol's
And the Leprosy London's Spirit, sickening all their bands:
The millions sent up a howl of anguish and threw off their hammer'd mail,
And cast their swords & spears to earth, & stood, a naked multitude:
Albion's Guardian writhed in torment on the eastern sky,
Pale, quiv'ring toward the brain his glimmering eyes, teeth chattering,
Howling & shuddering, his legs quivering, convuls'd each muscle & sinew:
Sick'ning lay London's Guardian, and the ancient miterd 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, sear'd
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 roofs in wreaths of fierce desire,
Leaving the females naked and glowing with the lusts of youth.

For the female spirits of the dead, pining in bonds of religion,
Run from their fetters reddening, & in long drawn arches sitting,
They feel the nerves of youth renew, and desires of ancient times
Over their pale limbs, as a vine when the tender grape appears.

Over the hills, the vales, the cities, rage the red flames fierce:
The Heavens melted from north to south; and Urizen, who sat
Above all heavens, in thunders wrap'd, emerg'd his leprous head
From out his holy shrine, his tears in deluge piteous
Falling into the deep sublime; flag'd with grey-brow'd snows
And thunderous visages, his jealous wings wav'd over the deep;
Weeping in dismal howling woe, he dark descended, howling
Around the smitten bands, clothed in tears & trembling, shudd'ring cold.
His stored snows he poured forth, and his icy magazines
He open'd on the deep, and on the Atlantic sea white shiv'ring
Leprous his limbs, all over white, and hoary was his visage,
Weeping in dismal howlings before the stern Americans,
Hiding the Demon red with clouds & cold mists from the earth;
Till Angels & weak men twelve years should govern o'er the strong;
And then their end should come, when France reciev'd the Demon's 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

A M E R I C A

Cancelled plates etched about 1793

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, Hancock, Paine & Warren, Gates, Franklin & Green
Meet on the coast glowing with blood from Albion's fiery Prince.
Washington spoke: " Friends of America! look, over the Atlantic sea;
" A bended bow in heaven is lifted, & a heavy iron chain
" Descends, link by link, from Albion's cliffs across the sea, to bind
" Brothers & sons of America till our faces pale and yellow,
" Heads deprest, voices weak, eyes downcast, hands work-bruised,
" Feet bleeding on the sultry sands, & 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 fiery Prince,
A dragon form, clashing his scales: at midnight he arose,
And flam'd fierce meteors round the band of Albion beneath;
His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, & his glowing eyes
Reveal the dragon thro' the human; coursing swift as fire
To the close hall of counsel, where his Angel form renews.
In a sweet vale shelter'd with cedars, that eternal stretch
Their unmov'd branches, stood the hall, built when the moon shot forth,
In that dread night when Urizen call'd the stars round his feet;
Then burst the center from its orb, and found a place beneath;
And Earth conglob'd, in narrow room, roll'd round its sulphur Sun.
To this deep valley situated by the flowing Thames,
Where George the third holds council & his Lords & Commons meet,
Shut out from mortal sight the Angel came; the vale was dark
With clouds of smoke from the Atlantic, that in volumes roll'd
Between the mountains; dismal visions mope around the house
On chairs of iron, canopied with mystic ornaments
Of life by magic power condens'd; infernal forms art-bound
The council sat; all rose before the aged apparition,
His snowy beard that streams like lambent flames down his wide breast
Wetting with tears, & his white garments cast a wintry light.
Then as arm'd clouds arise terrific round the northern drum.
The world is silent at the flapping of the folding banners.
So still terrors rent the house, as when the solemn globe
Launch'd to the unknown shore, while Sotha held the northern helm,
Till to that void it came & fell; so the dark house was rent.
The valley mov'd beneath; its shining pillars split in twain,
And its roofs crack across down falling on th' Angelic seats.

[Then Albion's Angel *del.*] rose resolv'd to the cove of armoury:
His shield that bound twelve demons & their cities in its orb
He took down from its trembling pillar; from its cavern deep,
His helm was brought by London's Guardian, & his thirsty spear
By the wise spirit of London's river; silent stood the King breathing
[with flames *del.*] [hoar frosts *del.*] damp mists,
And on his [shining *del.*] aged limbs they clasp'd the armour of
terrible gold.
Infinite London's awful spires cast a dreadful [gleam *del.*] cold
Even [to *del.*] on rational things beneath and from the palace walls
Around Saint James's [glow the fires *del.*], chill & heavy, even to the
city gate.
On the vast stone whose name is Truth he stood, his cloudy shield
Smote with his scepter, the scale bound orb loud howl'd; th'
[eternal *del.*] pillar
Trembling sunk, an earthquake roll'd along the mossy pile.
In glitt'ring armour, swift as winds, intelligent as [flames *del.*]
clouds
Four winged heralds mount the furious blasts & blow their trumps;
Gold, silver, brass & iron [ardors *del.*] clangors clamoring rend the
shores.
Like white clouds rising from the deeps his fifty-two armies
From the four cliffs of Albion rise, [glowing *del.*] mustering around
their Prince;
Angels of cities and of parishes and villages and families,
In armour as the nerves of wisdom, each his station [fires *del.*] holds.
In opposition dire, a warlike cloud the myriads stood
In the red air before the Demon [seen even by mortal men,
Who call it Fancy, (& *del.*) or shut the gates of sense, (& *del.*) or in
their chambers
Sleep like the dead. *del.*] But like a constellation ris'n and blazing
[Over the *del.*] rugged ocean, so the Angels of Albion hung
Over the frowning shadow like [a *del.*] an aged King in arms of gold,
Who wept over a den, in which his only son outstretch'd
By rebels' hands was slain; his white beard wav'd in the wild wind.

On mountains & cliffs of snow the awful apparition hover'd,
And like the voices of religious dead heard in the mountains
When holy zeal scents the sweet valleys of ripe virgin bliss,
Such was the hollow voice that o'er [the red Demon *del.*] America
lamented.

FRAGMENT

perhaps originally intended for America

Etched about 1793

AS when a dream of Thiralatha flies the midnight hour:
In vain the dreamer grasps the joyful images, they fly
Seen in obscured traces in the Vale of Leutha, So
The British Colonies beneath the woful Princes fade.

And so the Princes fade from earth, scarce seen by souls of men,
But tho' obscur'd, this is the form of the Angelic land.

PROSPECTUS

Etched 1793

TO THE PUBLIC *October* 10, 1793.

THE Labours of the Artist, the Poet, the Musician, have been proverbially attended by poverty and obscurity; this was never the fault of the Public, but was owing to a neglect of means to propagate such works as have wholly absorbed the Man of Genius. Even Milton and Shakespeare could not publish their own works.

This difficulty has been obviated by the Author of the following productions now presented to the Public; who has invented a method of Printing both Letter-press and Engraving in a style more ornamental, uniform, and grand, than any before discovered, while it produces works at less than one fourth of the expense.

If a method of Printing which combines the Painter and the Poet is a phenomenon worthy of public attention, provided that it exceeds in elegance all former methods, the Author is sure of his reward.

Mr. Blake's powers of invention very early engaged the attention of many persons of eminence and fortune; by whose means he has been regularly enabled to bring before the Public works (he is not afraid to say) of equal magnitude and consequence with the productions of any age or country: among which are two large highly finished engravings (and two more are nearly ready) which will commence a Series of subjects from the Bible, and another from the History of England.

The following are the Subjects of the several Works now published and on Sale at Mr. Blake's, No. 13, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth.

1. Job, a Historical Engraving. Size 1 ft. 7½ in. by 1 ft. 2 in.: price 12*s*.
2. Edward and Elinor, a Historical Engraving. Size 1 ft. 6½ in. by 1 ft.: price 10*s*. 6*d*.
3. America, a Prophecy, in Illuminated Printing. Folio, with 18 designs: price 10*s*. 6*d*.
4. Visions of the Daughters of Albion, in Illuminated Printing. Folio, with 8 designs, price 7*s*. 6*d*.
5. The Book of Thel, a Poem in Illuminated Printing. Quarto, with 6 designs, price 3*s*.
6. The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, in Illuminated Printing. Quarto, with 14 designs, price 7*s*. 6*d*.
7. Songs of Innocence, in Illuminated Printing. Octavo, with 25 designs, price 5*s*.
8. Songs of Experience, in Illuminated Printing. Octavo, with 25 designs, price 5*s*.

9. The History of England, a small book of Engravings. Price 3*s*.
10. The Gates of Paradise, a small book of Engravings. Price 3*s*.

The Illuminated Books are Printed in Colours, and on the most beautiful wove paper that could be procured.

No Subscriptions for the numerous great works now in hand are asked, for none are wanted; but the Author will produce his works, and offer them to sale at a fair price.

SUBJECTS FOR A HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

Written 1793

I.

GIANTS ancient inhabitants of England.
2. The Landing of Brutus.
3. Corineus throws Gogmagog the Giant into the Sea.
4. King Lear.
5. The Ancient Britons according to Caesar [The frontispiece *del.*]
6. The Druids.
7. The Landing of Julius Caesar.
8. Boadicea inspiring the Britons against the Romans.
   The Britons' distress & depopulation.
   Women fleeing from War.
   Women in a Siege.
9. Alfred in the countryman's house.
10. Edwin & Morcar stirring up the Londoners to resist W. the Conq^{r}.
11. W. the Conq. Crown'd.
12. King John & Mag. Charta.
    A Famine occasion'd by the Popish interdict.

13. Edward at Calais.
14. Edward the Black Prince brings his Captives to his father.
15. The Penance of Jane Shore.

[16, 17 *del.*] 19. The Plague. [17. The Reformation by H. VIII. *del.*]

[17, 18 *del.*] 20. The fire of London. [18. Ch. I beheaded. *del.*]

[18 *del.*] 16. The Cruelties used by Kings & Priests. [*word del.*]

[19 *del.*] 21. A prospect of Liberty.

[20 *del.*] 22. A Cloud.

FOR CHILDREN
THE GATES OF PARADISE

Engraved 1793

Frontispiece. 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.

[*The Emblems accompanying these legends will be found in volume iii with the later work*, For the Sexes, The Gates of Paradise, 1805-1810.]

SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE

Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul

SONGS OF INNOCENCE: *see pages* 149-170

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

Etched 1794

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 wat'ry shore,
" Is giv'n thee till the break of day."



Plate X

YOUTH ADVANCING TO EXPERIENCE

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 wat'ry 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 AND THE PEBBLE

"LOVE seeketh not Itself to please,
" Nor for itself hath any care,
" But for another gives its ease,
" And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair."

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

" Love seeketh only Self to please,
" To bind another to Its delight,
" Joys in another's loss of ease,
" And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite."

HOLY THURSDAY

IS this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduc'd 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 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 winter's snow,
" They clothed me in the clothes of death,
" And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

" And because I am happy & 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."

NURSE'S SONG

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisp'rings are in the dale,
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

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

THE SICK ROSE

O ROSE, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

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

THE FLY

LITTLE Fly,
Thy summer's 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 heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled;
Then the morn blush'd rosy red;
I dried my tears, & arm'd 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 offer'd 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 turn'd 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 traveller's journey is done:

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

THE LILLY

THE modest Rose puts forth a thorn,
The humble Sheep a threat'ning 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 used well,
Such usage in Heaven will never do well.

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

Then the Parson might preach, & drink, & sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
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 Infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'n[i]ng Church appalls;
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

THE HUMAN ABSTRACT

PITY would be no more
If we did not make somebody Poor;
And Mercy no more could be
If all were as happy as we.

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

He sits down with 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 groan'd! my father wept.
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless, naked, piping loud:
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swadling bands,
Bound and weary I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's 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 water'd 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 veil'd the pole:
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd 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 Albion's shore?

A LITTLE GIRL LOST

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

IN the Age of Gold,
Free from winter's cold,
Youth and maiden bright
To the holy light,
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

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

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

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

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

" Ona! pale and weak!
" To thy father speak:
" 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 chang'd 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?





Plate XI

THE REGENERATION OF EARTH

ADDITIONAL POEM

Etched about 1794

A DIVINE IMAGE

CRUELTY has a Human Heart,
And Jealousy a Human Face;
Terror the Human Form Divine,
And Secrecy the Human Dress.

The Human Dress is forged Iron,
The Human Form a fiery Forge,
The Human Face a Furnace seal'd,
The Human Heart its hungry Gorge.

EUROPE

A PROPHECY

Etched 1794

"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 answer'd 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 gather'd, & 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.



Plate XII

URIZEN THE CREATOR

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 disburden'd 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, & roll'd 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 Enitharmon's 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 Woman's 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 Albion's Angel, smitten with his own plagues, fled with his bands.
The cloud bears hard on Albion's 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 Albion's 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.



Plate XIII

PLAGUE

There stand the venerable porches that high-towering rear
Their oak-surrounded pillars, form'd of massy stones, uncut
With tool, stones precious, such eternal in the heavens,
Of colours twelve, few known on earth, give light in the opake,
Plac'd in the order of the stars, when the five senses whelm'd
In deluge o'er the earth-born man; then turn'd the fluxile eyes
Into two stationary orbs, concentrating all things:
The ever-varying spiral ascents to the heavens of heavens
Were bended downward, and the nostrils' golden gates shut,
Turn'd outward, barr'd and petrify'd against the infinite.

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

Now arriv'd the ancient Guardian at the southern porch
That planted thick with trees of blackest leaf & in a vale
Obscure enclos'd the Stone of Night; oblique it stood, o'erhung
With purple flowers and berries red, image of that sweet south
Once open to the heavens, and elevated on the human neck,
Now overgrown with hair and cover'd 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.

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

And the clouds & fires pale roll'd round in the night of Enitharmon,
Round Albion's cliffs & London's walls: still Enitharmon slept.
Rolling volumes of grey mist involve Churches, Palaces, Towers;
For Urizen unclasp'd his Book, feeding his soul with pity.
The youth of England, hid in gloom, curse the pain'd heavens, compell'd
Into the deadly night to see the form of Albion's 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 Albion's 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.



Plate XIV

FAMINE

Enitharmon laugh'd in her sleep to see (O woman's triumph!)
Every house a den, every man bound: the shadows are fill'd
With spectres, and the windows wove over with curses of iron:
Over the doors " Thou shalt not," & over the chimneys " Fear "
is written:
With bands of iron round their necks fasten'd into the walls
The citizens, in leaden gyves the inhabitants of suburbs
Walk heavy; soft and bent are the bones of villagers.

Between the clouds of Urizen the flames of Orc roll heavy
Around the limbs of Albion's 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 call'd 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-Varcyon! I behold thee flaming in my halls,
" Light of thy mother's 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 colour'd 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,
" Floating upon the bosom'd air
" With lineaments of gratified desire.
" My Antamon, the seven churches of Leutha seek thy love.

" I hear the soft Oothoon in Enitharmon's tents;
" Why wilt thou give up woman's 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-hoof'd, & 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 oped 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 rear'd in snaky thunders clad;
And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pole,
Call'd all his sons to the strife of blood.

FINIS

THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

Etched 1794

PRELUDIUM TO THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

OF the primeval Priest's 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-clos'd, 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 appear'd
Like 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

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

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

3. Shrill the trumpet: & myriads of Eternity
Muster around the bleak desarts,
Now fill'd with clouds, darkness, & waters,
That roll'd perplex'd, lab'ring; & 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: Nature's 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 form'd 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.

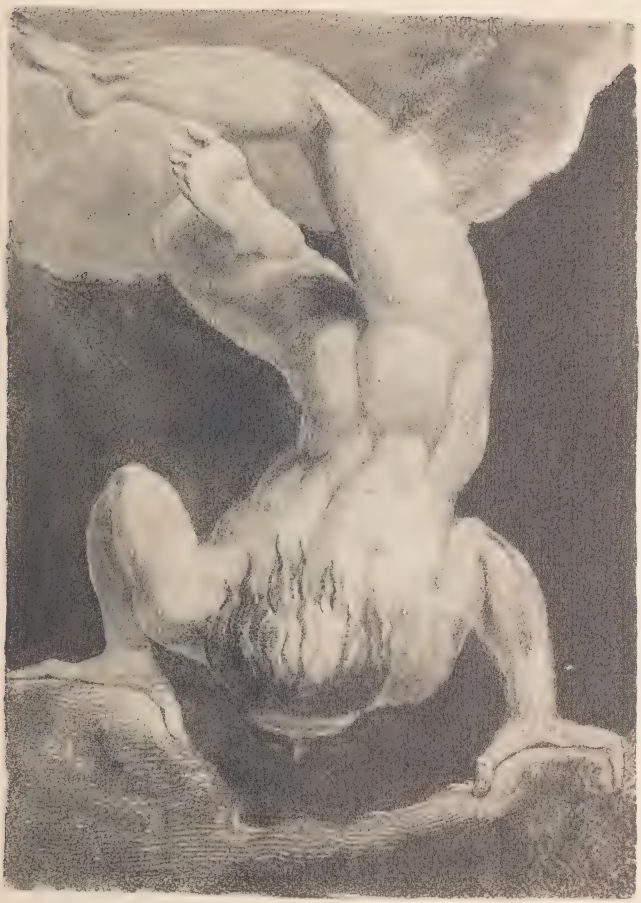


Plate XV

URIZEN OVER THE VOID

7. " Lo! I unfold my darkness, and on
" This rock place with strong hand the Book
" Of eternal brass, written in my solitude:

8. " Laws of peace, of love, of unity,
" Of pity, compassion, forgiveness;
" Let each chuse one habitation,
" His ancient infinite mansion,
" One command, one joy, one desire,
" One curse, one weight, one measure,
" One King, one God, one Law."

Chap: III

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

2. Rage, fury, intense indignation,
In cataracts of fire, blood, & gall,
In whirlwinds of sulphurous smoke,
And enormous forms of energy,
All the seven deadly sins of the soul
In living creations appear'd,
In the flames of eternal fury.

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

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

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

6. In fierce anguish & quenchless flames
To the 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, struggling & 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.



Plate XVI

URIZEN ENCLOSED BY ROCKS

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.
[*Two lines erased from the plate*]

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

12. Los howl'd in a dismal stupor,
Groaning, gnashing, groaning,
Till the wrenching apart was healed.

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

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

Chap: IV [a]

1. Los, smitten with astonishment,
Frighten'd 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 shudd'ring fear
The dark changes, & bound every change
With rivets of iron & brass.

6. And these were the changes of Urizen:

Chap: IV [b]

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

2. And Urizen (so his eternal name)
His prolific delight obscur'd more & more
In dark secresy, hiding in surgeing
Sulphureous fluid his phantasies.
The Eternal Prophet heav'd 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.



Plate XVII

THE FALL OF URIZEN

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 turn'd 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 channel'd Throat,
And, like a red flame, a Tongue
Of thirst & of hunger appear'd.
And a sixth Age passed over,
And a state of dismal woe.



Plate XVIII

URIZEN IN THE WATERS OF MATERIALISM

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 stamp'd the nether Abyss
In trembling & howling & dismay.
And a second [seventh] Age passed over,
And a state of dismal woe.

Chap: V

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

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

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

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

5. Ages on ages roll'd 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 pour'd 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.



Plate XIX

THE CREATION OF ENITHARMON

8. The globe of life blood trembled
Branching out into roots,
Fibrous, writhing upon the winds,
Fibres of blood, milk and tears,
In pangs, eternity on eternity.
At length in tears & cries imbodied,
A female form, trembling and pale,
Waves before his deathy face.

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

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

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

12. They began to weave curtains of darkness,
They erected large pillars round the Void,
With golden hooks fasten'd 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 follow'd.

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

3. A time passed over: the Eternals
Began to erect 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 Enitharmon's loins folding.

6. Coil'd within Enitharmon's 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.



Plate XX

THE JEALOUSY OF LOS

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

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

4. They took Orc to the top of a mountain.
O how Enitharmon wept!
They chain'd his young limbs to the rock
With the Chain of Jealousy
Beneath Urizen's deathful shadow.

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

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

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

8. He formed scales to weigh,
He formed massy weights;
He formed a brazen quadrant;
He formed golden compasses,
And began to explore the Abyss;
And he planted a garden of fruits.

9. But Los encircled Enitharmon
With fires of Prophecy
From the sight of Urizen & Orc.

10. And she bore an enormous race.

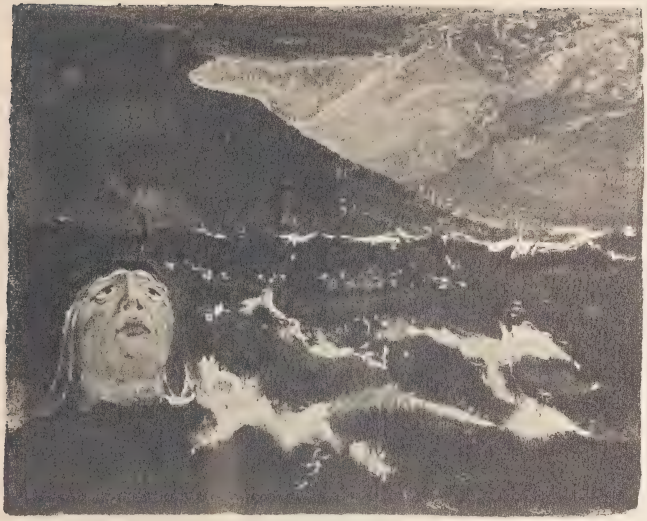


Plate XXI

THE CREATION OF UTHA

Chap: VIII

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

2. And his world teem'd vast enormities,
Fright'ning, 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 wherever he wander'd, in sorrows
Upon the aged heavens,
A cold shadow follow'd behind him
Like a spider's web, moist, cold & dim,
Drawing out from his sorrowing soul,
The dungeon-like heaven dividing,
Where ever the footsteps of Urizen
Walked over the cities in sorrow;

7. Till a Web, dark & cold, throughout all
The tormented element stretch'd
From the sorrows of Urizen's 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 call'd 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,



Plate XXII

THE CRUELTY OF URIZEN



Plate XXIII

URIZEN IN FETTERS

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,
Discern'd not the woven hipocrisy;
But the streaky slime in their heavens,
Brought together by narrowing perceptions,
Appear'd transparent air; for their eyes
Grew small like the eyes of a man,
And in reptile forms shrinking together,
Of seven feet stature they remain'd.

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

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

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

6. And the thirty cities remain'd,
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 FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN



Plate XXIV

URIZEN IN THE WEB OF RELIGION

THE BOOK OF AHANIA

Etched 1795

Chap: I^st^

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 Urizen's 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
Length'ning 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 groan'd anguish'd, & 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 wand'ring
In chaos and circling dark Urizen,
As the moon anguish'd circles the earth,
Hopeless! abhorr'd! 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 wand'ring on earth,
Till Los siez'd it and beat in a mass
With the body of the sun.

Chap: II[d]

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 fixed
The sinew in its rest; then the Rock,
Poisonous source, plac'd with art, lifting difficult
Its weighty bulk; silent the rock lay,

8. While Fuzon, his tygers unloosing,
Thought Urizen slain by his wrath.
" I am God! " said he, " eldest of things."

9. Sudden sings the rock; swift & invisible
On Fuzon flew, enter'd his bosom;
His beautiful visage, his tresses
That gave light to the mornings of heaven,
Were smitten with darkness, deform'd
And outstretch'd on the edge of the forest.

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

Chap: III

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

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

3. For when Urizen shrunk away
From Eternals, he sat on a rock
Barren: a rock which himself
From redounding fancies had petrified.
Many tears fell on the rock,
Many sparks of vegetation.
Soon shot the 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 Fuzon's corse.

Chap: IV

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

2. For in Urizen's slumbers of abstraction
In the infinite ages of Eternity,
When his Nerves of Joy melted & flow'd,
A white Lake on the dark blue air
In perturb'd pain and dismal torment
Now stretching out, now swift conglobing,

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

4. The clouds of disease hover'd wide
Around the Immortal in torment,
Perching around the hurtling bones,
Disease on disease, shape on shape
Winged screaming in blood & torment.

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

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

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

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

9. They reptilize upon the Earth.

10. Fuzon groan'd on the Tree.

Chap: V

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

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

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

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

5. " I cannot touch his hand,
" Nor weep on his knees, nor hear
" His voice & bow, nor see his eyes
" And joy, nor hear his footsteps and
" My heart leap at the lovely sound!
" I cannot kiss the place
" Whereon his bright feet have trod,
" But I wander on the rocks
" With hard necessity.

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

7. " To awake bright Urizen, my king,
" To arise to the mountain sport,
" To the bliss of eternal valleys;

8. " To awake my king in the morn,
" To embrace Ahania's joy
" On the breath of his open bosom?
" From my soft cloud of dew to fall
" In showers of life on his harvests,

9. " When he gave my happy soul
" To the sons of eternal joy,
" When he took the daughters of life
" Into my chambers of love,

10. " When I found babes of bliss on my beds
" And bosoms of milk in my chambers
" Fill'd with eternal seed.
" O eternal births sung round Ahania
" In interchange sweet of their joys!

11. " Swell'd with ripeness & fat with fatness,
" Bursting on winds, my odors,
" My ripe figs and rich pomegranates
" In infant joy at thy feet,
" O Urizen, sported and sang.

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

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

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

FINIS

THE BOOK OF LOS

Etched 1795

Chap: I

1.

ENO, aged Mother,
Who the chariot of Leutha guides
Since the day of thunders in old time,

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

3. "O Times remote!
"When Love & Joy were adoration,
"And none impure were deem'd:
"Not Eyeless Covet,
"Nor Thin-lip'd Envy,
"Nor Bristled Wrath,
"Nor Curled Wantonness;

4. "But Covet was poured full,
"Envy fed with fat of lambs,
"Wrath with lion's gore,
"Wantonness lull'd to sleep
"With the virgin's lute
"Or sated with her love;

5. "Till Covet broke his locks & bars
"And slept with open doors;
"Envy sung at the rich man's feast;
"Wrath was follow'd up and down
"By a little ewe lamb,
"And Wantonness on his own true love
"Begot a giant race."



Plate XXV

ENO, AGED MOTHER

6.

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

7. Rag'd with curses & sparkles of fury:
Round the flames roll, as Los hurls his chains,
Mounting up from his fury, condens'd,
Rolling round & round, mounting on high
Into vacuum, into non-entity
Where nothing was; dash'd wide apart,
His feet stamp the eternal fierce-raging
Rivers of wide flame; they roll round
And round on all sides, making their way
Into darkness and shadowy obscurity.

8. Wide apart stood the fires: Los remain'd
In the void between fire and fire:
In trembling and horror they beheld him;
They stood wide apart, driv'n by his hands
And his feet, which the nether abyss
Stamp'd in fury and hot indignation.

9. But no light from the fires! all was
Darkness round Los: heat was not; for bound up
Into fiery spheres from his fury,
The gigantic flames trembled and hid.

10. Coldness, darkness, obstruction, a Solid
Without fluctuation, hard as adamant,
Black as marble of Egypt, impenetrable,
Bound in the fierce raging Immortal;
And the seperated fires froze in:
A vast solid without fluctuation
Bound in his expanding clear senses.

Chap: II

1. The Immortal stood frozen amidst
The vast rock of eternity times
And times, a night of vast durance,
Impatient, stifled, stiffen'd, hard'ned;

2. Till impatience no longer could bear
The hard bondage: rent, rent, the vast solid,
With a crash from immense to immense,

3. Crack'd across into numberless fragments.
The Prophetic wrath, strugling for vent,
Hurls apart, stamping furious to dust
And crumbling with bursting sobs, heaves
The black marble on high into fragments.

4. Hurl'd apart on all sides as a falling
Rock, the innumerable fragments away
Fell asunder; and horrible vacuum
Beneath him, & on all sides round,

5. Falling, falling, Los fell & fell,
Sunk precipitant, heavy, down, down,
Times on times, night on night, day on day—
Truth has bounds, Error none—falling, falling,
Years on years, and ages on ages
Still he fell thro' the void, still a void
Found for falling, day & night without end;
For tho' day or night was not, their spaces
Were measur'd by his incessant whirls
In the horrid vacuity bottomless.

6. The Immortal revolving, indignant,
First in wrath threw his limbs like the babe
New born into our world: wrath subsided,
And contemplative thoughts first arose;
Then aloft his head rear'd in the Abyss
And his downward-borne fall chang'd oblique

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

8. Till in process from falling he bore
Sidelong on the purple air, wafting
The weak breeze in efforts o'erwearied.

9. Incessant the falling Mind labour'd,
Organizing itself, till the Vacuum
Became element, pliant to rise
Or to fall or to swim or to fly,
With ease searching the dire vacuity.

Chap: III

1. The Lungs heave incessant, dull, and heavy;
For as yet were all other parts formless,
Shiv'ring, clinging around like a cloud,
Dim & glutinous as the white Polypus
Driv'n by waves & englob'd on the tide.

2. And the unformed part crav'd repose;
Sleep began; the Lungs heave on the wave:
Weary, overweigh'd, sinking beneath
In a stifling black fluid, he woke.

3. He arose on the waters; but soon
Heavy falling, his organs like roots
Shooting out from the seed, shot beneath,
And a vast world of waters around him
In furious torrents began.

4. Then he sunk, & around his spent Lungs
Began intricate pipes that drew in
The spawn of the waters, Outbranching
An immense Fibrous Form, stretching out
Thro' the bottoms of immensity raging.

5. He rose on the floods; then he smote
The wild deep with his terrible wrath,
Seperating the heavy and thin.

6. Down the heavy sunk, cleaving around
To the fragments of solid: up rose
The thin, flowing round the fierce fires
That glow'd furious in the expanse.

Chap: IV

1. Then Light first began: from the fires,
Beams, conducted by fluid so pure,
Flow'd around the Immense. Los beheld
Forthwith, writhing upon the dark void,
The Back bone of Urizen appear
Hurtling upon the wind
Like a serpent! like an iron chain
Whirling about in the Deep.

2. Upfolding his Fibres together
To a Form of impregnable strength,
Los, astonish'd and terrified, built

Furnaces; he formed an Anvil,
A Hammer of adamant: then began
The binding of Urizen day and night.

3. Circling round the dark Demon with howlings,
Dismay & sharp blightings, the Prophet
Of Eternity beat on his iron links.

4. And first from those infinite fires,
The light that flow'd down on the winds
He siez'd, beating incessant, condensing
The subtil particles in an Orb.

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

6. Oft he quench'd it beneath in the Deeps,
Then survey'd the all bright mass, Again
Siezing fires from the terrific Orbs,
He heated the round Globe, then beat,
While, roaring, his Furnaces endur'd
The chain'd Orb in their infinite wombs.

7. Nine ages completed their circles
When Los heated the glowing mass, casting
It down into the Deeps: the Deeps fled
Away in redounding smoke: the Sun
Stood self-balanc'd. And Los smil'd with joy.
He the vast Spine of Urizen siez'd,
And bound down to the glowing illusion.

8. But no light! for the Deep fled away
On all sides, and left an unform'd
Dark vacuity: here Urizen lay
In fierce torments on his glowing bed;

9. Till his Brain in a rock & his Heart
In a fleshy slough formed four rivers
Obscuring the immense Orb of fire
Flowing down into night: till a Form
Was completed, a Human Illusion
In darkness and deep clouds involv'd.

THE END OF THE BOOK OF LOS



Plate XXVI

THE SUN OF REASON

THE SONG OF LOS

Etched 1795

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 shudder'd!
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 shudder'd! 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 howl'd, chain'd down with the Chain of Jealousy;
Then Oothoon hover'd over Judah & Jerusalem,
And Jesus heard her voice (a man of sorrows) he reciev'd
A Gospel from wretched Theotormon.

The human race began to wither, for the healthy built
Secluded places, fearing the joys of Love,
And the diseased 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.



Plate XXVII

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES

" 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!



Plate XXVIII

LOS CREATING THE SUN

Forth from the dead dust, rattling bones to bones
Join; shaking convuls'd, the shiv'ring 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
In rivers rush & shout & dance,
On mountain, dale and plain.

The SONG of LOS is ended.

Urizen Wept.

LETTER II

TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND

Lambeth
6 *Decemb*r 1795

Dear Sir,

I CONGRATULATE you, not on any atchievement, because I know that the Genius that produces the Designs can execute them in any manner, notwithstanding the pretended Philosophy which teaches that Execution is the power of One & Invention of Another —Locke says it is the same faculty that Invents Judges, & I say he who can Invent can Execute.

As to laying on the Wax, it is as follows:

Take a cake of Virgin's Wax (I don't know what animal produces it) & stroke it regularly over the surface of a warm plate (the Plate must be warm enough to melt the Wax as it passes over), then immediately draw a feather over it & you will get an even surface which, when cold, will recieve any impression minutely.

Note: The danger is in not covering the plate *all over.*

Now you will, I hope, shew all the family of Antique Borers that Peace & Plenty & Domestic Happiness is the Source of Sublime Art, & prove to the Abstract Philosophers that Enjoyment & not Abstinence is the food of Intellect.

Yours sincerely,

Will Blake.

Health to Mrs. Cumberland & family.

The pressure necessary to roll off the lines is the same as when you print, or not quite so great. I have not been able to send a proof of the bath tho' I have done the corrections, my paper not being in order.

LETTER III

TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND

Lambeth

23 *Decemb*r 1796

Dear Cumberland

I HAVE lately had some pricks of conscience on account of not acknowledging your friendship to me [before *del.*] immediately on the receit of your beautiful book.[1] I have likewise had by me all the summer 6 Plates which you desired me to get made for you; they have laid on my shelf, without speaking to tell me whose they were or that they were [there *del.*] at all & it was some time (when I found them) before I could divine whence they came or whither they were bound or whether they were to lie there to eternity. I have now sent them to you to be transmuted, thou real Alchymist!

Go on. Go on. Such works as yours Nature & Providence, the Eternal Parents, demand from their children: how few produce them in such perfection: how Nature smiles on them: how Providence rewards them. How all your Brethren say, " The sound of his harp & his flute heard from his secret forest chears us to the labours of life, & we plow & reap forgetting our labour."

Let us see you sometimes as well as sometimes hear from you & let us often see your Works.

Compliments to Mrs Cumberland & Family.

Yours in head & heart,

Will Blake.

a Merry Christmas

[1] Cumberland's *Thoughts on Outline*, London, 1796.

NOTES TO VOLUME I

NOTES TO VOLUME I

POETICAL SKETCHES

THE poems and other pieces included under this title are not known to exist in MS. They were first printed for Blake himself in a thin octavo volume in 1783. The Preface by the Rev. Henry Mathew is as follows: "The following sketches were the production of untutored "youth, commenced in his twelfth, and occasionally resumed by the "author till his twentieth year; since which time, his talents having been "wholly directed to the attainment of excellence in his profession, he has "been deprived of the leisure requisite to such a revisal of these sheets, as "might have rendered them less unfit to meet the public eye. P. 1

"Conscious of the irregularities and defects to be found in almost every "page, his friends have still believed that they possessed a poetic originality, "which merited some respite from oblivion. These their opinions remain, "however, to be now reproved or confirmed by a less partial public."

The original edition is now rare, only about fifteen copies having been recorded. According to the Preface the poems were written between the ages of twelve and twenty, that is, in the years 1769-1777; but it has been pointed out by Mr. S. Foster Damon that "Gwin, King of Norway" was probably suggested by Chatterton's "Godred Crovan, A Poem," which was not published until 1778.

The *Poetical Sketches* were first reprinted in full by R. H. Shepherd in 1868, and many times by subsequent editors. They are here reprinted from the original edition, with some changes in punctuation and a few textual emendations.

To Winter, stanza 3, line 3. . . . *and his hand*] printed *and in his hand* in the original edition. The word *in* has been deleted, apparently by Blake himself, in three copies seen by the present editor, with obvious advantage to the metre. P. 3

To Morning, line 7. . . . *chase*] printed . . . *chace* in the original edition. P. 5

Song, stanza 4, line 4. . . . *I hear his tongue*] *his* is misprinted *her* in the original edition. P. 10

Mad Song, stanza 1, line 7. *And the rustling birds of dawn*] in the original edition *birds* is printed *beds*, and this reading has been accepted by some of Blake's editors. The alteration to *birds* has, however, been made apparently by Blake himself in three copies of the book seen by the present editor. Compare also page 47, "The Couch of Death," lines 2-3, "the birds of "day were heard in their nests, rustling in brakes and thickets." P. 12

P. 19 *An Imitation of Spenser*, stanza 2, line 4. . . . *leasing nurse*] misprinted *leesing nurse* in the original edition.

P. 20 Ditto, stanza 2, line 6. . . . *lengthen'd ears*] misprinted *lengthen'd cares* in the original edition.

Ditto, stanza 5, line 7. *And sees*] misprinted *And see* in the original edition.

P. 23 *Blind-man's Buff*, lines 7-16. *Such are the fortunes . . . fair play*] the punctuation of this loosely constructed passage is considerably altered from that of the original edition, in which the sense is obscure.

P. 29 *King Edward the Third*, line 10. *Did you e'er*] printed *Did you ere* in the original edition.

P. 35 Ditto, line 14. *Exit King Edward*] misprinted *Exeunt King Edward* in the original edition.

P. 40 Ditto, line 6. *Death wons in cities' smoke*] some editors have altered *wons* to *roams*, but *wons* is a Spenserian word, meaning *dwells*, and may therefore be allowed to stand.

P. 44 *Prologue*, lines 2-3. *When the senses/Are shaken, and the soul is driven to madness*] the design here reproduced in illustration of these lines was first engraved by Blake in 1793 with the title, "Our End is Come." The lines of The Prologue were substituted later. The reproduction is made from a colour-printed example executed about 1794, now in the British Museum Print Room.

P. 50 *Samson*, line 12. . . . *together lie*] *lie* misprinted *ly* in the original edition.

P. 51 Ditto, line 8 from bottom. *withes*] printed *withs* in the original edition.

P. 53 Ditto, line 4 from bottom. *warfare*] possibly a misprint for *wayfare*, as suggested by W. M. Rossetti.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA

P. 54 The engraving bearing this inscription is Blake's earliest signed plate. It was executed by him at the age of 16, the figure being derived from Michael Angelo's frescoe of the Crucifixion of St. Peter in the Vatican. It is reproduced here from an example in the British Museum Print Room.

THEN SHE BORE PALE DESIRE

P. 54 This fragment of metrical prose was probably composed about the same time as some of the prose pieces in the *Poetical Sketches*. It was first printed by W. M. Rossetti, divided into lines, in *The Monthly Review* for August, 1903, with the title "The Passions." It is here printed from the original MS. in the possession of Signora Rossetti Angeli. Punctuation has been added.

WOE, CRIED THE MUSE

This fragment, which is printed here for the first time, is part of the same seven-page MS. which contains the preceding piece. It is given without alteration, except that punctuation has been supplied. P. 58

AN ISLAND IN THE MOON

The incomplete burlesque novel, for which this title has been supplied, is usually supposed to have been written about the year 1784, and to have been intended as a satire upon the society which Blake met at the house of the Rev. Henry Mathew. It seems more probable, however, for reasons detailed by Mr. S. Foster Damon (*William Blake*, 1924, pp. 32-33), that it was written about 1787. "Sipsop, the Pythagorean" is probably Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, and "Inflammable Gass," Dr. Priestley. Other characters might perhaps be identified. The songs and verses have been printed by Dr. Sampson (1905, 1913). The entire piece has been printed only by E. J. Ellis in *The Real Blake*, 1907, but this text contains very many mistakes. It is here printed from the original MS., now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. It is given without alteration, except that Blake's long paragraphs have been divided up, for the sake of easier reading, into shorter paragraphs and sentences, and that punctuation has been supplied. P. 59

Doctor South] Robert South (1634-1716), celebrated divine; author of *Animadversions*, 1790, in which Sherlock was attacked. P. 75

Sherlock] William Sherlock (1641?-1707), Dean of St. Paul's; author of *Practical Discourse concerning Death*, 1689.

Sutton] Thomas Sutton (1532-1611), coal owner and philanthropist; founder of the Charterhouse.

Chap. 11. *Upon a holy thursday . . .*] this poem is an earlier version of "Holy Thursday" in the *Songs of Innocence*, for which see p. 164. P. 78

Ditto. *When the tongues of children . . .*] an earlier version of "Nurse's Song" in the *Songs of Innocence*, for which see p. 164. P. 79

O father, father, where are you going?] an earlier version of "The Little Boy Lost" in the *Songs of Innocence*, for which see p. 163.

—thus Illuminating the Manuscript] a reference to Blake's newly invented method of illuminated printing, which was revealed to him by the spirit of his brother, Robert, in 1787 or 1788, and first used by him in 1788. P. 82

POEMS WRITTEN IN A COPY OF "POETICAL SKETCHES"

p. 83 These three poems were found written, but not in Blake's hand, on the fly-leaves of a copy of the *Poetical Sketches*, which had belonged to Mrs. Flaxman. This MS. was copied by the present editor in 1910.

Song 2nd by a young Shepherd] this poem is another version, probably earlier, of the "Laughing Song" in the *Songs of Innocence*, for which see p. 168.

ANNOTATIONS TO LAVATER'S APHORISMS

p. 85 The volume containing these annotations belonged after Blake's death to his friend, Samuel Palmer, and his descendants; it was then in the library of Robert Hoe, and is now in the H. E. Huntington Library, California. On the title-page Blake has written his own name below that of Lavater, and round the two he has drawn the outline of a heart. The frontispiece to the book was engraved by Blake after Fuseli.

Blake's underlinings are here indicated by italics; he usually did not draw his pen beneath the beginnings and ends of the lines he wished to mark, but the italics are given here as if he had done so, his intention being clear. He has also often put a cross in the margin with the words *uneasy*, *false*, etc. Above the first aphorism he has written: "for the reason of these "remarks see the last aphorism" (643), which is as follows:

"If you mean to know yourself, interline such of these aphorisms as "affected you agreeably in reading, and set a mark to such as left a sense "of uneasiness with you; and then shew your copy to whom you please."

Some of the annotations were printed by Gilchrist, and they were given, almost in full, though very inaccurately, by E. J. Ellis in *The Real Blake*, 1907. The present text has been very carefully collated with the original by Mr. Clifford Blake Clapp, reviser in the H. E. Huntington Library.

p. 85 *Aphorisms* 1 & 2] Blake's comment refers to both aphorisms.

ANNOTATIONS TO SWEDENBORG'S "WISDOM OF ANGELS CONCERNING DIVINE LOVE AND DIVINE WISDOM"

p. 118 The volume containing these annotations is now in the British Museum Reading Room. After Blake's death it was in the possession of Frederick Tatham. In 1876 it belonged to Mr. J. R. P. Kirby, by whom it was lent for exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in that year.

NOTES

The notes are all in pencil, and those on the fly-leaves have been rubbed out so that they are only partly decipherable. The greater part of the notes were given by E. J. Ellis in *The Real Blake*, 1907, though with many inaccuracies. The present text has been newly transcribed and corrected from the original MS.

THERE IS NO NATURAL RELIGION, *First and Second Series*

These two brief series of aphorisms are etched on nineteen small copper- P. 130
plates, including title-page and frontispieces, the prints being touched with water-colours. The plates probably represent Blake's first experiments in his method of illuminated printing. He never issued a complete set of either series, the nine examples that are known consisting of only eight to eleven plates, which are variously arranged. The remaining plates are known only from some rough proofs, which were formerly in the possession of Mr. William Muir and were included in his facsimile of the whole number, issued in 1886.

The aphorisms have been printed by several editors since 1886 in part or in full. The text of ten of the plates is here printed from the example in the British Museum Print Room, the remainder from Mr. Muir's facsimile, the accuracy of which need not be doubted; the originals of these additional plates have now disappeared.

ALL RELIGIONS ARE ONE

The history of this series of aphorisms is unknown, but the prints re- P. 131
semble in general character those of *There is No Natural Religion*, and they are believed to belong to the same period. Only one set of the prints is known to exist; it lacks the title-page, which was reproduced by Mr. Muir with the second series of *There is No Natural Religion* and was only assigned to its right place by Dr. Sampson in 1913. This set was formerly in the collection of John Linnell and is now in the H. E. Huntington Library. The text was first printed by Ellis and Yeats in the *Works*, 1893, and subsequently by various editors. It is here taken from the photographic reproductions which appeared in the present editor's *Bibliography of Blake*, 1921.

TIRIEL

This, the earliest of Blake's symbolic works, was written before *The Book* P. 133
of Thel, i.e. about 1789, as was shewn by Dr. Sampson in 1905; it was never transferred to copper plates. The MS., which is written on eight

quarto leaves, was acquired by the Manuscript Department of the British Museum in 1909. It had been in Mrs. Gilchrist's possession about the year 1863, and was used by W. M. Rossetti in 1874, but afterwards disappeared until it was found again in 1903.

The text was first printed by W. M. Rossetti in 1874, and subsequently by various editors. The present text has been newly collated with the original MS.

The MS. is not decorated, but twelve sepia drawings illustrating the poem are in existence; these have been dispersed, and one, said to be the finest of the series, is now in the possession of Mr. Edward Marsh, C.B., by whose permission it is here reproduced.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

p. 149 These poems form the first complete book executed by Blake in illuminated printing and sold to his customers. Twenty copies of the original issue are known to exist; these usually contain thirty-one plates (though some have fewer) printed on both sides of seventeen leaves. The plates in the majority are printed in a shade of brown and are coloured with water-colour washes of a simple character. Some of the plates were afterwards transferred to the *Songs of Experience*, so that Blake in his Prospectus of 1793 advertised the work as containing only twenty-five plates.

The text of the plates, which does not vary in the different copies, is here printed from the examples in the British Museum Print Room. The arrangement adopted is that found in a copy, now in America, which is the only one still remaining in its original paper covers as issued by Blake, who usually supplied no pagination. Only four of the poems are known to exist in manuscript as noted below.

The frontispiece, The Piper, is here reproduced from an example in the British Museum Print Room.

p. 163 *The Little Boy Lost*] for an earlier version in MS., which differs but slightly from the etched text, see p. 79.

p. 164 *Nurse's Song*, *Holy Thursday*] for earlier versions in MS., see pp. 79, 78.

p. 168 *Laughing Song*] for an MS. version with variants, probably earlier, see p. 83.

THE BOOK OF THEL

p. 171 This book consists of eight plates executed in illuminated printing. Thirteen copies of the original issue are definitely known to exist, and all except one of these were done about the years 1789-93; the single exception has a watermark dated 1815, and is more elaborately coloured

than the others. The text does not vary, except in one place as noted below. The present text is taken from the example in the British Museum Print Room.

The book does not contain any full page plates, but the four designs here reproduced were elaborately coloured by Blake without the text for insertion in a volume of selected plates made by Blake for Ozias Humphry in 1794. This volume, which was in the British Museum Print Room, has now been broken up in order that the plates might be separately mounted and placed on exhibition.

The daughters of Mne Seraphim] it has been suggested that Blake first intended to put *The daughters of Mnetha* and afterwards omitted to erase the word he had begun; this could, however, so easily have been done that the apparently meaningless syllable was certainly intentional, probably being a corruption of the mystical name, Bne Seraphim, which is found in Agrippa's *Occult Philosophy* and elsewhere.

Lines 3 and 4 from the bottom. *Why a tender curb . . . bed of our desire*] P. 175
Blake deleted these two lines in at least three copies of the original.

ANNOTATIONS TO SWEDENBORG'S "WISDOM OF ANGELS CONCERNING DIVINE PROVIDENCE"

The existence of this volume was first mentioned in Hyde's *Bibliography* P. 176
of the Works of Swedenborg, 1906. The annotations were not printed until they appeared in an article on Blake and Swedenborg by Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove in *The New-Church Magazine*, Jan. 1925. The present text is printed with Mr. Redgrove's kind permission from his transcript, since the original volume, which belongs to Mr. C. H. Whittington, is not at present available for comparison. Mr. Redgrove vouches for its accuracy.

THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL

This work bears no date, but internal evidence shows that it was almost P. 181
certainly written and etched about 1790. The original issue contains twenty-four or, with the addition of *A Song of Liberty*, twenty-seven plates. Only eight copies are known to exist; all contain the *Song of Liberty*, though Dr. Sampson and others regard this as having been composed at a later date. All the copies except one are coloured, those executed later being much more elaborately done than the earlier ones.

The book contains no plates without text, but the design on plate 4 was soon afterwards worked up into one of Blake's finest colour prints and it was called by him in his account with Thomas Butts (see vol. ii), "The "Good and Evil Angels," though the figures probably symbolize "the "spirit caught in the flame of unsatisfied desire and the spirit of Freedom,

" which is true Innocence " (Damon's *William Blake*, p. 327). The colour print of this subject in the collection of Mr. W. Graham Robertson is reproduced here.

The text here printed is taken from the copy of the book in the British Museum Print Room.

P. 193 *Opposition is true Friendship*] this aphorism is etched below the design of " Leviathan in the Sea of Time and Space," on plate 20. It is legible in at least three copies of the work, but in others it has been painted over, and it has not been included in any text hitherto printed.

A SONG OF LIBERTY

P. 196 As already mentioned, this piece may have been composed at a later date than *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*; the three plates on which it is etched are found, however, with every copy of the longer work at present known, and it is therefore printed here in the position assigned to it by its author. The text is taken from the example in the British Museum Print Room.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

P. 198 This poem was printed in ordinary type for the bookseller, Joseph Johnson, in 1791, but it was never published, and only one copy now remains, probably a set of page proofs, as demonstrated by Dr. Sampson. This was preserved in the collection of John Linnell until 1918, and is now in the H. E. Huntington Library. The work is described on the title-page as *A Poem in Seven Books*, and an Advertisement on the second leaf states that " The remaining Books of this Poem are finished, and will be published in " their Order "; no more, however, appear to have been printed and the MS. of the other books is not known to have survived.

The poem was known to Mrs. Gilchrist, D. G. Rossetti, and Swinburne, but it was not reprinted until 1913 when it was included in Dr. Sampson's edition of the *Poems*. The present text is printed by permission of Mr. H. E. Huntington, from photographs of the original. The punctuation is substantially that of the first edition, though alterations have been made where demanded by the sense.

P. 200 Line 2 from bottom. *Eternally*] misprinted *Eeternally* in the original edition.

P. 202 Line 4 from bottom. . . . *we wear away*] misprinted *we were away* in the original edition.

P. 207 Last line and page 210, line 5. *The Abbé de Sieyes* . . .] printed *The Abbe de Seyes* in the original edition, and a full-stop after *Assembly*.

P. 215 Line 4. . . . *on souls of war, living terrors, . . .*] printed . . . *on souls of war-living terrors* . . . in the original edition.

LETTER I. TO WILLEY REVELEY

Willey Reveley (d. 1799) was a young architect, who edited *The Anti-* P. 217
quities of Athens.

This brief note accompanies Reveley's request, which is also written in the third person. The two were preserved by John Linnell and remained in his collection until 1918. They are now in the H. E. Huntington Library. Blake's note has not been published before, though it appeared without the deleted passage in the present editor's privately issued *Bibliography of Blake*, 1921. The text is here printed from a photograph of the original.

POEMS AND FRAGMENTS FROM THE ROSSETTI MS. 1793

The manuscript volume, known from its association with D. G. Rossetti as the *Rossetti MS.*, was used by Blake as a common-place book at intervals during at least eighteen years, 1793-1811. It contains the first sketches for many of the designs found in the *Gates of Paradise* and in several of the symbolic works, together with other sketches, poems, notes, and prose writings. In order to maintain chronological sequence the MS. has been here divided into several parts corresponding with the approximate times at which each was written. During the first period Blake made most of the sketches and then, reversing the book, wrote the poems included under the present heading. The piece here numbered 62 probably belongs also to this period, though it is written at the other end of the book.

The volume was bought by D. G. Rossetti in 1847 for ten shillings from an attendant in the British Museum named Palmer, who had known Blake. Since 1887 it has been in the possession of Mr. W. A. White of New York. Many of the poems were printed by D. G. Rossetti in Gilchrist's *Life*, 1863. The MS. was also used by Swinburne and by Ellis and Yeats. The first authoritative text of the poems was prepared by Dr. John Sampson and published in 1905. For this text the MS. was transcribed by Mr. White.

Through Mr. White's generosity the present editor has had the advantage of being able to work from a photographic reproduction of the complete MS., and the whole text has been carefully revised. It varies in a few particulars from that given by Dr. Sampson, and a different method of indicating Blake's alterations and deletions has been adopted.

On the fourth page of the MS. Blake has scrawled the title, *Ideas of Good & Evil*, and this has been used by some editors as a heading for the poems.

It is very doubtful, however, to what Blake intended this title to refer, whether to sketches or poems, and it has therefore not been used in the present edition.

The remaining portions of the *Rossetti MS.* will be found in vols. ii and iii.

P. 217 *A flower was offer'd to me*] this poem is the first draft of "My Pretty Rose-tree" in the *Songs of Experience*, for which see p. 285.

P. 218 *Love seeketh not itself to please*] this poem was used without alteration as "The Clod and the Pebble" in the *Songs of Experience*; see p. 280.

P. 219 *I went to the garden of love*] also used almost without alteration in the *Songs of Experience* with title "The Garden of Love"; see p. 286.

P. 220 No. 6, stanza 3, line 3, *All his slimy length*] Dr. Sampson for *slimy* reads *shining*.

P. 222 *A Cradle Song*] not used in the *Songs of Experience*, though clearly intended for that series, since there is a poem with the same title in the *Songs of Innocence*.

P. 223 *Christian Forbearance*] used with slight alteration in the *Songs of Experience* with title "A Poison Tree"; see p. 289.

P. 224 *Infant Sorrow*] the first two stanzas of this poem were used, with the same title, in the *Songs of Experience*; see p. 288.

P. 227 *Earth's Answer*] this is the first draft of the poem with the same title in the *Songs of Experience*; see p. 279.

P. 228 *In a Mirtle Shade*] Blake rewrote this poem on a later page in fewer lines with title, "To My Mirtle"; see p. 237.

P. 229 *London*] used with the same title, though with alterations and omissions, in the *Songs of Experience*; see p. 287.

P. 230 *I slept in the dark*] Blake afterwards indicated that these two stanzas should follow the one with title "The Wild Flower's Song"; see p. 235.

The modest rose . . .] this is the first draft of a four-line poem with title "The Lilly" in the *Songs of Experience*; see p. 285.

P. 231 *When the voices of children . . .*] used without alteration in the *Songs of Experience* with title "Nurse's Song"; see p. 281.

The Tyger] this poem was copied out afresh by Blake on the next page (see no. 25), and the fair copy was used with some alterations in the *Songs of Experience*; see p. 284.

P. 233 *How . . . judge is Man*] this fragment is not found elsewhere; it is scarcely legible and was not printed by Dr. Sampson.

P. 234 *The Human Image*] this was used, without the final couplet, in the *Songs of Experience* with title "The Human abstract"; see p. 287. The final couplet is printed as a separate piece by Dr. Sampson, but both the sense of the lines and their position in the MS. show that they belong to this poem.

P. 235 *Love to faults is always blind*] the two stanzas of this poem are written on opposite pages of the MS., but their connexion, as pointed out by Dr. Sampson, is evident.

Ditto, stanza 2, line 4. *To every thing*] Dr. Sampson reads this as *To anything*.

The Sick Rose] used in the *Songs of Experience* with the same title; see p. 282. P. 236

An Ancient Proverb] this was written out again by Blake on a later page with four other short pieces under the general title "Several Questions Answer'd"; see p. 248.

To my Mirtle] for the first version see p. 228. P. 237

Nought loves another as itself] used in the *Songs of Experience* with title "A Little Boy Lost"; see p. 289.

Eternity] re-written by Blake on a later page under the general title P. 241 "Several Questions Answer'd"; see p. 248.

The Little Vagabond] this was used under the same title, though with various alterations, in the *Songs of Experience*; see p. 286.

The Question Answer'd] re-written by Blake on a later page under the P. 242 general title "Several Questions Answer'd"; see p. 248.

The Chimney Sweeper] Blake first wrote the second and third stanzas of this poem and then added the first stanza and the title on a subsequent page. The three stanzas together form the first draft of the poem used in the *Songs of Experience*; see page 281.

Holy Thursday] used with a few alterations in the *Songs of Experience*; P. 244 see p. 280.

I dreamt a dream!] used without alteration under the title "The Angel" in the *Songs of Experience*; see p. 283.

Nos. 54 and 55] re-written by Blake on a later page under the P. 245 general title "Several Questions Answer'd"; see p. 248.

Woe, alas! my guilty hand] the five stanzas of this poem which are not deleted were used in the *Songs of Experience* with title "The Fly"; see p. 282.

No. 58, line 2. . . . *with a sliding noose at the end*] Dr. Sampson reads this P. 247 as: *with a hang-noose at the end.*

Several Questions Answer'd] for the first drafts of these pieces see pp. 236, P. 248 241, 242, 245.

Let the Brothels of Paris be opened] this poem was so much changed and re-written by Blake that his final intention can scarcely be elucidated. It is printed by Dr. Sampson "in its initial, mediate, and final forms," but these are necessarily conjectural. The stanzas are given here as far as possible in the order in which they stand in the MS.

When Klopstock England defied] these lines have been printed hitherto P. 251 only with a number of omissions. The MS. is written in pencil and has become very difficult to read, although Swinburne in 1868 seems to have been able to decipher the whole of it. The present text is complete except for four lines at the end. Of these the second pair have been thoroughly deleted, but they seem to begin *If Blake* . . . , so they are probably only a first draft of the final couplet, which is written in the margin.

FRAGMENT

P. 253 *A fairy leapt upon my knee*] the MS. of these lines was seen by Swinburne and printed in his *Critical Essay*, 1868, pp. 143-4. The "loose scrap of paper" on which they were written has now disappeared, and the present text follows Swinburne's except that line 10 was printed by him as: *How much by us contemned, abhorred.* Blake would certainly have elided the final e's, and this has here been done.

VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ALBION

P. 254 This work consists of eleven plates, including the frontispiece and title-page. Fourteen copies are known to exist, of which all except one are coloured. The majority were printed in 1794, but some were done in 1815, these being more elaborately coloured than the earlier examples. The text, which does not vary, is here taken from the copy in the British Museum Print Room.

The frontispiece is reproduced from a separate and richly coloured example of the print, which is now at the Tate Gallery.

AMERICA

P. 262 This work is etched on eighteen plates, including the frontispiece and title-page. Of the fourteen copies that are known, nine are uncoloured, and the remaining five, executed at various dates between 1794 and 1820, are elaborately coloured.

The text, which does not show any variations, is here printed from the uncoloured example in the British Museum Print Room. The frontispiece is reproduced from the same copy.

AMERICA, *Cancelled plates*

P. 271 Among a collection of prints formerly in the Macgeorge collection are four plates from *America*, three of which were discarded. The first of these was re-etched with a few alterations as plate 3; the second and third were not used; the fourth was used as plate 13 without alteration. The text of the first three plates is published here for the first time; it was copied by the present editor in 1913 and included in his privately issued *Bibliography of Blake*, 1921, and has been again collated with the original prints in 1924. The deletions and alterations in the third plate (pp. 273-4) were made by Blake in pencil, and he also drew a vertical pencil line through the last twenty-one lines.

FRAGMENT

P. 274

These lines, probably intended for *America*, were etched on a plate only part of which remains. The plate carried also a design of which two coloured examples are known. On one of these prints the words were impressed so that they could be read by Mr. A. G. B. Russell from the back of the paper with the aid of a mirror. The lines are here given as they appear in Mr. Russell's *Engravings of William Blake*, 1912, p. 69.

PROSPECTUS

An example of this advertisement was seen by Gilchrist and was printed in his *Life of Blake*, 1863, vol. ii, pp. 263-4. This is now the only authority, and the present text is taken from this source.

SUBJECTS FOR A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

P. 276

The *Prospectus* on the preceding pages advertised "The History of "England, a small book of Engravings. Price 3s.", but the finished work is not known to exist. The only traces of it that can be found are this list of the twenty-two subjects from the *Rossetti MS.* and three small water-colour designs, which are in the collection of Mr. W. Graham Robertson. The list of subjects is given only by Dr. Sampson; the designs have never been reproduced. The list is printed here exactly as it appears in the MS.

FOR CHILDREN: THE GATES OF PARADISE

P. 277

Blake executed in 1793 a small volume of eighteen engraved plates, including the title-page; only four copies have survived. The legends, printed here from the example in the British Museum Print Room, have little meaning without the emblematic designs to which they belong; but about twelve years later Blake re-issued the work with additional plates and legends, and the emblems have been reproduced in vol. iii of the present edition, together with the amplified text.

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

P. 278

The *Songs of Experience* were probably never issued by Blake without the *Songs of Innocence*, which have, however, been separately printed here, since they were issued alone five years earlier. When the two works were combined in 1794, Blake transferred the three plates of "The Little Girl Lost" and "The Little Girl Found" from the earlier to the later series. Other changes were also made at different times and the volume did not reach

its final form until about 1795 or later, by which time all the twenty-three additional plates of the *Songs of Experience* had been completed. Even then Blake varied the arrangement of the plates in every copy of the book until about the year 1815, after which he was more consistent in this respect. Twenty-three copies of the whole work are known to exist, the majority of them coloured with increasing elaboration as the years passed.

The text printed here is taken from an example now in the British Museum Print Room, but the arrangement adopted is that of the later copies referred to above. This arrangement, consistently used by Blake in seven of the last eight copies that he executed, seems to the present editor to have more authority than that found in the eighth copy, although this was arranged according to Blake's MS. index (see vol. iii of the present edition) and has been followed by several of Blake's editors, including Dr. Sampson.

The frontispiece reproduced here is from the copy in the British Museum already mentioned. The second plate without text, which is found only in three of the earliest copies of the book, is reproduced from the example in the collection of Mr. W. E. Moss. It has previously appeared only in the present editor's *Bibliography*, 1921.

P. 279 *Earth's Answer*] for the first draft see p. 227.

P. 280 *The Clod and the Pebble*] for the MS. draft see p. 218.
Holy Thursday] for the first draft see p. 244.

P. 281 *The Chimney-sweeper*] for the MS. draft see p. 242.
Nurse's Song] for the MS. draft see p. 231.

P. 282 *The Sick Rose*] for the MS. draft see p. 236.
The Fly] for the MS. draft, with additional stanzas, see p. 245.

P. 283 *The Angel*] for the MS. draft see p. 244.

P. 284 *The Tyger*] for the first draft, with additional stanzas, and the fair copy, see pp. 231-3.

P. 285 *My Pretty Rose-tree*] for the first draft see p. 217.
The Lilly] for the first draft see p. 230.

P. 286 *The Garden of Love*] for the first draft see p. 219.
The Little Vagabond] for the first draft see p. 241.

P. 287 *London*] for the first draft see p. 229.
The Human Abstract] for the first draft, under a different title, see p. 234.

P. 288 *Infant Sorrow*] for the MS. draft, with additional stanzas, see p. 224.

P. 289 *A Poison Tree*] for the first draft, under a different title, see p. 223.
A Little Boy Lost] for the MS. draft see p. 237.

P. 292 *To Tirzah*] the lower half of the original print, bearing the legend, *It is Raised a Spiritual Body*, is reproduced here from an uncoloured example in the British Museum Reading Room. This plate does not appear in three of the earliest copies of the book, its place being taken by the small plate representing "The Regeneration of Earth."

A DIVINE IMAGE

The print bearing this poem was never included by Blake among the *Songs of Experience*, but it is found with two sets of prints which were made from the plates after his death. The present text is taken from the example in the British Museum Reading Room. P. 293

EUROPE

A complete copy of *Europe* consists of eighteen plates, including the frontispiece and two other plates without text, but seven of the nine copies known to exist lack the plate with the preliminary lines. Why Blake omitted this plate from most copies is not known. The plates are usually coloured with opaque pigment or water-colours. The text does not vary; the arrangement is also constant except for the two plates "Famine" and "Plague." P. 294

Most of the text here printed is from the copy in the British Museum Print Room; the text of p. 294 has been collated with the example of this plate contained in the volume belonging to Mr. T. H. Riches. The three full-page plates are reproduced from the British Museum copy.

THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

Only seven copies of this work are known to exist, and the number of plates contained in them varies from twenty-four to twenty-eight. Only two copies contain the full number of twenty-eight, both having plate 4 with portions of Chapters II and III. All seven copies are coloured. In one, the latest to which a date can be assigned, Blake has deleted the word *First* from the title-page; in another he has removed it from the colophon. As far as is known no further books were written. P. 304

Blake was not consistent in the order in which he placed the plates of the text. The arrangement given by Dr. Sampson has been followed here.

The text has been collated with the copy in the British Museum Print Room, with the exception of plate 4 already mentioned; this has been compared with the example in Baron Dimsdale's copy.

Of the ten full-page plates, eight are here reproduced from the examples in the British Museum Print Room. Some are taken, not from *The Book of Urizen*, but from the *Books of Designs*, which included a number of the decorations to *The Book of Urizen*. The other two, representing "The Fall of Urizen" and "The Cruelty of Urizen," are reproduced from Baron Dimsdale's copy. The arrangement of the plates is made to correspond with the positions in the text of the passages which they illustrate; Blake himself varied the order in almost every copy without reference to their relation to the text.

P. 307 Chap. III, § 2, line 5, *All the seven deadly sins of the soul*] this line has been erased in Baron Dimsdale's copy of the book.

P. 309 Chap. III, § 9] the plate entitled "The Fall of Urizen" which seems to illustrate this paragraph, shews the figure of a bearded old man (Urizen). This plate is found in only one other copy, but there the figure is that of a young man (Los).

Chap. IV [*a*] this chapter was probably written as an after-thought, when the other chapter numbered IV had already been etched. In two copies Chap. IV [*a*] is placed between the two plates forming Chap. IV [*b*]; in these the last two lines of section 6, *And a first Age passed over, And a state of dismal woe*, have been erased.

P. 320 Chap. VIII, § 7, line 4, *And the Web is a Female in Embrio*] this line has been erased in Baron Dimsdale's copy.

THE BOOK OF AHANIA

P. 323 *The Book of Ahania* and *The Book of Los*, instead of being executed in relief etching like all the other illuminated books, were etched in the ordinary way. *Ahania* consists of five plates and has no full-page designs. Only one copy, which is now in the collection of Mr. W. A. White, is known to exist. Photographs of this have served as the source of the present text.

THE BOOK OF LOS

P. 332 This book, like *Ahania*, is etched in the ordinary way on five plates. The copy in the British Museum Reading Room is the only one known to exist; from this the text has been printed and the frontispiece reproduced.

THE SONG OF LOS

P. 339 Five copies of this work are known, each containing eight plates and all heavily coloured with opaque pigment. The text has been printed and the three full-page plates reproduced from the copy in the British Museum Print Room.

LETTERS II & III

PP. 344-345 These letters are printed from the originals in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum.



This edition of the Writings of William Blake is limited to 1500 *copies on Vidalon handmade paper, and* 75 *copies on Oxford India paper, numbered* 1 *to* 1500 *and* I *to* LXXV. *It has been produced under the supervision of Francis Meynell and printed by the Chiswick Press, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, E.C., in the years* 1924 *and* 1925. *This copy is number* 911

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