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# THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

EDITED IN THREE VOLUMES
BY GEOFFREY KEYNES
*VOLUME II*



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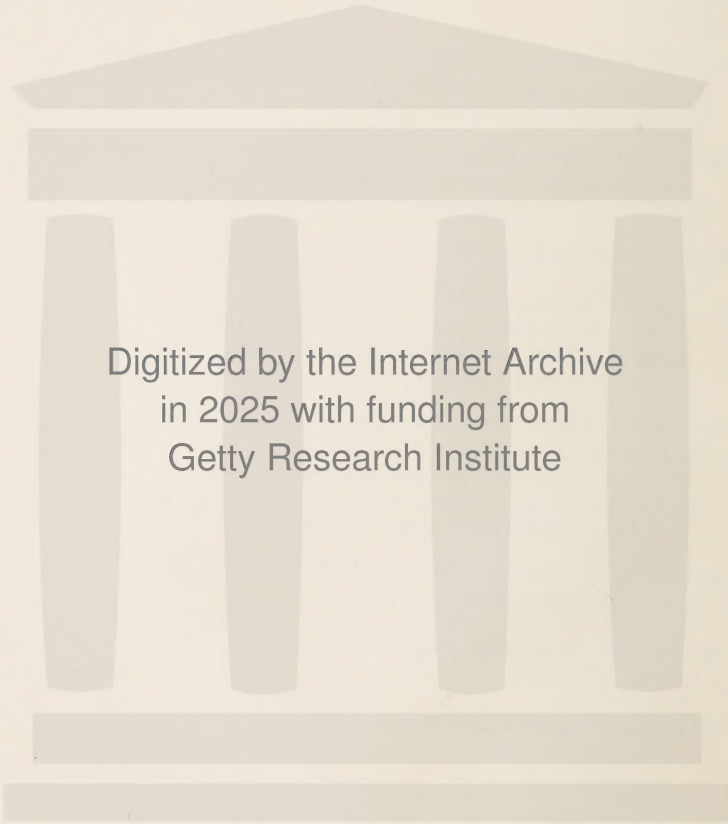
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# THE FOUR ZOAS

*Written and Revised* 1795-1804

*Dated* 1797

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[*Title, first form*]

V A L A

OR

THE DEATH AND JUDGEMENT

OF THE ANCIENT MAN

A DREAM OF NINE NIGHTS

---

[*Title, second form*]

*T H E  F O U R  Z O A S*

*THE TORMENTS OF LOVE & JEALOUSY IN*

THE DEATH AND JUDGEMENT

OF *ALBION* THE ANCIENT MAN

---

Rest before Labour

Ὅτι οὐκ ἐστιν ἡμῖν ἡ πάλη πρὸς αἷμα καὶ σάρκα, ἀλλὰ πρὸς τὰς ἀρχάς, πρὸς τὰς ἐξουσίας, πρὸς τοὺς κοσμοκράτορας τοῦ σκότους τοῦ αἰῶνος τούτου, πρὸς τὰ πνευματικὰ τῆς πονηρίας ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανιοις.

Ἐφεσ. 5 [6] κεφ. 12 [v.]

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE FIRST

THE Song of the Aged Mother which shook the heavens with wrath,
Hearing the march of long resounding, strong heroic Verse
Marshall'd in order for the day of Intellectual Battle.
The heavens [shall *del.*] quake, the earth [shall *del.*] was moved & shudder'd,
& the mountains
With all their woods, the streams & valleys wail'd in dismal fear.

Four Mighty Ones are in every Man; a Perfect Unity — John xvii c., 21, 22, 23 v
Cannot Exist but from the Universal Brotherhood of Eden, — John i c., 14 v
The Universal Man, To Whom be Glory Evermore. Amen. Καὶ ἐσκήνωσεν ἐν ἡμῖν.
*What are the Natures of those Living Creatures the Heav'nly Father only*
*Knoweth. No Individual* [*Man* del.] *knoweth* (*not*), *nor can know in all Eternity.**

Los was the fourth immortal starry one, & in the Earth
Of a bright Universe, Empery attended day & night,
Days & nights of revolving joy. Urthona was his name
In Eden; in the Auricular Nerves of Human Life,
Which is the Earth of Eden, he his Emanations propagated
[Like Sons & Daughters *del.*] *Fairies of Albion, afterwards Gods of the Heathen.*
Daughter of Beulah, Sing
His fall into Division & his Resurrection to Unity:
His fall into the Generation of decay & death, & his
Regeneration by the Resurrection from the dead.

Begin with Tharmas, Parent power, dark'ning in the West.

* Blake's late additions to the MS., made in pencil, are printed throughout in italic.

" Lost! Lost! Lost! are my Emanations! Enion, [come forth, *del.*] O Enion,
" We are become a Victim to the Living. We hide in secret.
" I have hidden [thee, Enion, in jealous despair *del.*] Jerusalem in silent
Contrition, O Pity Me.
" I will build thee a Labyrinth [where we may remain for ever alone *del.*]
also: O pity me. O Enion,
" Why hast thou taken sweet Jerusalem from my inmost Soul?
" Let her Lay secret in the soft recess of darkness & silence.
" It is not Love I bear to Enitharmon. It is Pity.
" She hath taken refuge in my bosom & I cannot cast her out.

" The Men have receiv'd their death wounds & their Emanations are fled
" To me for refuge & I cannot turn them out for Pity's sake."

Enion said: " Thy fear has made me tremble, thy terrors have surrounded
me.
" All Love is lost: Terror succeeds, & Hatred instead of Love,
" And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty.
" Once thou wast to Me the loveliest son of heaven—But now
" Why art thou Terrible? and yet I love thee in thy terror till
" I am almost Extinct & soon shall be a shadow in Oblivion,
" Unless some way can be found that I may look upon thee & live.
" Hide me some shadowy semblance, secret whisp'ring in my Ear,
" In secret of soft wings, in mazes of delusive beauty.
" I have look'd into the secret soul of him I lov'd,
" And in the Dark recesses found Sin & cannot return."

Trembling & pale sat Tharmas, weeping in his clouds.

" Why wilt thou Examine every little fibre of my soul,
" Spreading them out before the sun like stalks of flax to dry?
" The infant joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
" Horrible, Ghast & Deadly; nought shalt thou find in it
" But Death, Despair & Everlasting brooding Melancholy.

" Thou wilt go mad with horror if thou dost Examine thus
" Every moment of my secret hours. Yea, I know
" That I have sinn'd, & that my Emanations are become harlots.
" I am already distracted at their deeds, & if I look
" Upon them more, Despair will bring self-murder on my soul.
" O Enion, thou art thyself a root growing in hell,
" Tho' thus heavenly beautiful to draw me to destruction.
" *Sometimes I think thou art a flower expanding,*
" *Sometimes I think thou art fruit, breaking from its bud*
" *In dreadful dolor & pain; & I am like an atom,*
" *A Nothing, left in darkness; yet I am an identity:*
" *I wish & feel & weep & groan. Ah, terrible! terrible!* "

In [Beulah *del.*] Eden, Females sleep the winter in soft silken veils
Woven by their own hands to hide them in the darksome grave;
But Males immortal live renew'd by female deaths; in soft
Delight they die, & they revive in spring with music & songs.
Enion said: " Farewell, I die. I hide from thy searching eyes."

So saying, From her bosom weaving soft in sinewy threads
A tabernacle [of delight *del.*] *for Jerusalem*, she sat among the Rocks
Singing her lamentation. Tharmas groan'd among his Clouds
Weeping; [and *del.*] then bending from his Clouds, he stoop'd his [holy *del.*]
innocent head,
And stretching out his holy hand in the vast deep sublime,
Turn'd round the circle of Destiny with tears & bitter sighs
And said: " Return, O wanderer, when the day of Clouds is o'er."

So saying, he sunk down into the sea, a pale white corse.
[So saying *del.*] In torment he sunk down & flow'd among her filmy Woof,
His spectre issuing from his feet in flames of fire.
In [dismal *del.*] gnawing pain drawn out by her lov'd fingers, every nerve
She counted, every vein & lacteal, threading them among
Her woof of terror. Terrified & drinking tears of woe
Shudd'ring she wove nine days & nights, sleepless; her food was tears.

Wond'ring she saw her woof begin to animate, & not
As Garments woven subservient to her hands, but having a will
Of its own, perverse & wayward. Enion lov'd & wept.
Nine days she labour'd at her work, & nine dark sleepless nights;
But on the tenth [bright *del.*] trembling morn, the Circle of Destiny complete,
Round roll'd the sea, Englobing in a wat'ry Globe, self balanc'd.
A Frowning Continent appear'd where Enion in the desart,
Terrified in her own Creation, viewing her woven shadow,
Sat in a [sweet *del.*] dread intoxication of [false woven bliss *del.*] [self woven sorrow *del.*] Repentance & Contrition.
[He spurn'd Enion with his foot; he sprang aloft in Clouds
Alighting in his drunken joy in a far distant Grove. *del.*]

There is from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant rest
Nam'd Beulah, a soft Moony Universe, feminine, lovely,
Pure, mild & Gentle, given in Mercy to those who sleep,
Eternally Created by the Lamb of God around,
On all sides, within & without the Universal Man.
The daughters of Beulah follow sleepers in all their Dreams,
Creating spaces, lest they fall into Eternal Death.
The Circle of Destiny complete, they gave to it a space
And nam'd the space Ulro, & brooded over it in care & love.
They said: " The Spectre is in every man insane & most
" Deform'd. Thro' the three heavens descending in fury & fire
" We meet it with our songs & loving blandishments, & give
" To it a form of vegetation. But this Spectre of Tharmas
" Is Eternal Death. What shall we do? O God, [help *del.*] pity & help! "
So spoke they, & clos'd the Gate of the Tongue in trembling fear.

[" What have I done," said Enion, " accursed wretch! What deed?
" Is this a deed of Love? I know what I have done. I know
" Too late now to repent. Love is chang'd to deadly Hate,
" A life is blotted out, & I alone remain possess'd, with Fears.
" I see the [remembrance *del.*] shadow of the dead within my [eyes *del.*] soul, wandering

" In darkness & solitude, forming Seas of Doubt & rocks of Repentance.
" Already are my Eyes reverted; all that I behold
" Within my soul has lost its splendor, & a brooding Fear
" Shadows me o'er & drives me outward to a world of woe."
So wail'd she, trembling before her own Created Phantasm *del.*]
*Who animating times on times by the force of her sweet song . . .*
But standing on the Rocks her woven shadow glowing bright
Rear'd . . .

She drew the Spectre forth from Tharmas in [her silken *del.*] her shining loom
Of Vegetation, weeping in wayward infancy & sullen youth.
*List'ning to her soft lamentations, soon his tongue began*
*To lisp out words, & soon, in masculine strength augmenting, he*
Rear'd up a form of gold & stood upon the glittering rock
A shadowy human form winged, & in his depths
The dazzlings as of gems shone clear; rapturous in [joy *del.*] fury,
Glorying in his own eyes, Exalted in terrific Pride,
[Searching for glory, wishing that the heavens had eyes to see,
And courting that the Earth would ope her Eyelids & behold
Such wondrous beauty, repining in the midst of all his glory
That nought but Enion could be found to praise, adore, & love.

Three days in self admiring raptures on the rocks he flam'd,
And three dark nights repin'd the solitude, but the third morn
Astonish'd he found Enion hidden in the darksom Cave.

She spoke: " What am I? wherefore was I put forth on these rocks
" Among the Clouds to tremble in the wind in solitude?
" Where is the voice that lately woke the desart? where the Face
" That wept among the clouds, & where the voice that shall reply?
" No other living thing is here. The Sea, the Earth, the Heaven,
" And Enion, desolate; where art thou, Tharmas? O return."

Three days she wail'd & three dark nights, sitting among the Rocks
While the bright spectre hid himself among the vailing clouds.
Then sleep fell on her eyelids in a Chasm of the Valley.
The sixteenth morn the Spectre stood before her manifest. *del.*]

[The Spectre thus spoke: " Who art thou, Diminutive husk & shell
" Broke from my bonds? I scorn my prison, I scorn & yet I love.
" Art thou not my slave, & shalt thou dare
" To smite me with thy tongue? beware lest I sting also thee.
" If thou hast sinn'd & art polluted, know that I am pure
" And unpolluted, & will bring to rigid strict account
" All thy past deeds; hear what I tell thee! mark it well! remember!
" This world is Thine in which thou dwellest; that within thy soul,
" That dark & dismal infinite where Thought roams up & down,
" Is Mine, & there thou goest when with one Sting of my tongue
" Envenom'd thou roll'st inwards to the place [of death & hell *del.*] *whence I emerg'd.*"

She trembling answer'd: " Wherefore was I born, and what am I?
" A sorrow & a fear, a living torment, & naked Victim.
" I thought to weave a Covering (from *del.*) for my Sins from wrath of Tharmas. *del.*]

" [Examining the sins of Tharmas I (have *del.*) soon found my own.
" O slay me not! thou art his wrath embodied in Deceit. *del.*]
" I thought Tharmas a sinner & I murder'd his Emanations,
" His secret loves & Graces. Ah me wretched! What have I done?
" For now I find that all those Emanations were my Children's souls,
" And I have murder'd these with Cruelty above atonement.
" Those that remain have fled from my cruelty into the desarts,
" [Among wild beasts to roam *del.*]
" And thou, the delusive tempter to these deeds, sitt'st before me.
" [But where is *del.*] [Thou art not *del.*] And art thou Tharmas? all thy soft delusive beauty cannot
" Tempt me to murder [honest love *del.*] my own soul & wipe my tears & smile
" In this thy world, [for ah! how *del.*] not mine: tho' dark I feel my world within." [*del., but marked: This line to come in.*]

The Spectre said: " Thou sinful Woman, was it thy desire
" That I should hide thee with my power & delight thee with my beauty?
" And now thou dark'nest in my presence; never from my sight
" Shalt thou depart to weep in secret. In my jealous wings
" I evermore will hold thee, when thou goest out or comest in.
" 'Tis thou hast darken'd all My World, O Woman, lovely bane."

[Thus they contended all the day among the Caves of Tharmas,
Twisting in fearful forms & howling, howling, harsh shrieking,
Howling, harsh shrieking; mingling, their bodies join in burning anguish. *del.*]
Mingling his [horrible *del.*] brightness with her tender limbs, then high she soar'd
[Shrieking *del.*] Above the ocean; a bright wonder [that Beulah *del.*] Nature [shudder'd at, *del.*]
Half Woman & half Spectre; all his lovely changing colours mix
With her fair crystal clearness; in her lips & cheeks his poisons rose
In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening,
A monster lovely in the heavens or wandering on the earth,
[With spectre voice incessant wailing, in incessant thirst,
Beauty all blushing with desire, mocking her fell despair.

Wandering desolate, a wonder abhorr'd by Gods & Men, *del.*]
Till, with fierce pain, she brought forth on the rocks her sorrow & woe:
Behold two little Infants wept upon the desolate wind.

The first state weeping they began, & helpless as a wave
Beaten along its sightless way, growing enormous in its motion to
Its utmost goal, till strength from Enion, like richest summer shining,
Rais'd the [bright, *del.*] *fierce* boy & girl with glories from their heads outbeaming,
Drawing forth drooping mother's pity, drooping mother's sorrow.

[But those in Great Eternity Met in the Council of God
As One Man, hovering over Gilead & Hermon.
He is the Good Shepherd, He is the Lord & Master
To Create Man Morning by Morning, to give gifts at Noon day.

Enion brooded o'er the rocks; the rough rocks groaning vegetate.
Such power was given to the Solitary wanderer:
The barked Oak, the long limb'd Beech, the Chesnut tree, the Pine,
The Pear tree mild, the frowning Walnut, the sharp Crab, & Apple sweet,
The rough bark opens; twittering peep forth little beaks & wings,
The Nightingale, the Goldfinch, Robin, Lark, Linnet & Thrush.
The Goat leap'd from the craggy cliff, the Sheep awoke from the mould,
Upon its green stalk rose the Corn, waving innumerable,
Infolding the bright Infants from the desolating winds. *del.*]

They sulk upon her breast, her hair became like snow on mountains:
Weaker & weaker, weeping woful, wearier and wearier,
Faded, & her bright Eyes decay'd, melted with pity & love.
And then they wander'd far away, she sought for them in vain:
In weeping blindness, stumbling, she follow'd them o'er rocks & mountains,
*Rehumanizing from the Spectre in pangs of maternal love.*
Ingrate they wander'd, scorning her, drawing her [life; ingrate *del.*] *spectrous Life,*
Repelling her away & away by a dread repulsive power
Into Non Entity, revolving round in dark despair
*And drawing in the spectrous life in pride and haughty joy.*
*Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life* [*in deep despair.* del.]

*Then Eno, a daughter of Beulah, took a Moment of Time*
*And drew it out to* [*twenty years* del.] *seven thousand years with much care & affliction*
*And many tears, & in (the)* [*twenty* del.] *every year(s)* [*gave visions toward heaven* del.] *made windows into Eden.*
*She also took an atom of space & opened its centre*
*Into Infinitude & ornamented it with wondrous art.*
*Astonish'd sat her sisters of Beulah to see her soft affection*
*To Enion & her children, & they ponder'd these things wond'ring,*
*And they Alternate kept watch over the Youthful terrors.*
*They saw not yet the Hand Divine, for it was not yet reveal'd,*
*But they went on in silent Hope & Feminine repose.*

But Los & Enitharmon delighted in the Moony spaces of [Ona *del.*] *Eno*,
Nine Times they liv'd among the forests, feeding on sweet fruits,
And nine bright Spaces wander'd, weaving mazes of delight,
Snaring the wild Goats for their milk, they eat the flesh of Lambs:
A male & female, naked & ruddy as the pride of summer.

Alternate Love & Hate his breast: hers Scorn & Jealousy
In embryon passions; they kiss'd not nor embrac'd for shame & fear.
His head beam'd light & in his vigorous voice was prophecy.
He could controll the times & seasons & the days & years;
She could controll the spaces, regions, desart, flood & forest,
But had no power to weave the Veil of covering for her sins.
She drave the Females all away from Los,
And Los drave the Males from her away.
They wander'd long, till they sat down upon the margin'd sea,
Conversing with the visions of Beulah in dark slumbrous bliss.
[Nine years they view the living spheres, Reading the Visions of Beulah. *del.*]

[*marked*: NIGHT THE SECOND]

But the two youthful wonders wander'd in the world of Tharmas.
" Thy name is Enitharmon," said the [bright *del.*] fierce prophetic boy.
" While thy mild voice fills all these caverns with sweet harmony,
" O how [thy *del.*] our Parents sit & [weep *del.*] mourn in their silent secret bowers! "
But Enitharmon answer'd with a dropping tear & frowning
Dark as a dewy morning when the crimson light appears,
" To make us happy [how they *del.*] *let them* weary their immortal powers
" While we draw in their sweet delights, while we return them scorn
" On scorn to feed our discontent; for if we grateful prove
" They will withhold sweet love, whose food is thorns & bitter roots.
" We hear the warlike clarions, we view the burning spheres,
" Yet Thou in indolence reposest, holding me in bonds.
" Hear! I will sing a Song of Death! it is a Song of Vala!

" The Fallen Man takes his repose, Urizen sleeps in the porch,
" Luvah and Vala wake & [flew *del.*] *fly* up from the Human Heart
" Into the Brain from thence; upon the pillow Vala slumber'd,
" And Luvah seiz'd the Horses of Light & rose into the Chariot of Day.
" Sweet laughter seiz'd me in my sleep; silent & close I laugh'd,
" For in the visions of Vala I walk'd with the mighty Fallen One,
" I heard his voice among the branches & among sweet flowers:
" ' Why is the light of Enitharmon darken'd in [her *del.*] dewy morn?
" ' Why is the silence of Enitharmon a [cloud *del.*] terror, & her smile a whirlwind?
" ' Uttering this darkness in my halls, in the pillars of my Holy-ones,
" ' Why dost thou weep as Vala & wet thy veil with dewy tears,
" ' In slumbers of my night-repose infusing a false morning,
" ' Driving the Female Emanations all away from Los?
" ' I have refus'd to look upon the Universal Vision.
" ' And wilt thou slay with death him who devotes himself to thee
" ' [If thou drivest all the (Males *del.*) Females away from (Los *del.*) Beulah, I will drive all
" ' The Males away from thee. *del.*]
" ' Once born for the sport & amusement of Man, now born to drink up all his Powers? '
" I heard the sounding sea, I heard the voice weaker and weaker,
" The voice came & went like a dream: I awoke in my sweet bliss."

*Then Los smote her upon the Earth; 'twas long e'er she reviv'd.*
[Los *del.*] *He* answer'd, dark'ning *more*, with [foul *del.*] indignation hid in smiles:
" I die not, Enitharmon, tho' thou sing'st thy song of Death,
" Nor shalt thou me torment; For I behold the Fallen Man
" Seeking to comfort Vala: she will not be comforted.
" She rises from his throne and seeks the shadows of her garden
" Weeping for Luvah lost in bloody beams of your false morning;
" Sick'ning lies the Fallen Man, his head sick, his heart faint:
" Mighty atchievement of your power! Beware the punishment!

" Refusing to behold the Divine Image which all behold
" And live thereby, he is sunk down into a deadly sleep.
" But we, immortal in our own strength, survive by stern debate
" Till we have drawn the Lamb of God into a mortal form.
" And that he must be born is certain, for One must be All
" And comprehend within himself all things both small & great.
" We therefore, for whose sake all things aspire to be & live,
" Will so receive the Divine Image that amongst the Reprobate
" He may be devoted to destruction from his mother's womb.

" I see, invisible descend into the Gardens of Vala,
" Luvah walking on the winds! I see the invisible knife,
" I see the shower of blood, I see the swords & spears of futurity.

" Tho' in the Brain of Man we live & in his circling Nerves,
" Tho' this bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain
" Where Urizen & all his Hosts hang their immortal lamps,
" Thou ne'er shalt leave this cold expanse where wat'ry Tharmas mourns."

So spoke Los. Scorn & Indignation rose upon Enitharmon.

Then Enitharmon redd'ning fierce stretch'd her immortal hands:
" Descend, O Urizen, descend with horse & chariot!
" Threaten not me, O visionary; thine the punishment.
" The Human Nature shall no more remain, nor Human acts
" Form the [free *del.*] rebellious Spirits of Heaven, but War & Princedom,
& Victory & Blood."

Night darken'd as she spoke; a shudd'ring ran from East to West;
A Groan was heard on high. The warlike clarions ceast, the Spirits
Of Luvah & Vala shudder'd in their Orb, an orb of blood.

Eternity groan'd & was troubled at the Image of Eternal Death.
The Wandering Man bow'd his faint head and Urizen descended—
And *the one must have murder'd the Man if he had not descended—*
Indignant, muttering low thunders, Urizen descended,
Gloomy sounding: " Now I am God from Eternity to Eternity."

Sullen sat Los plotting Revenge. Silent he [Urizen *del.*] eyed the Prince
Of Light. Silent the Prince of Light view'd Los; at length a brooded
Smile broke from Urizen, for Enitharmon brighten'd more & more.
Sullen he lower'd on Enitharmon, but he smil'd on Los,
Saying: " Thou art the Lord of Luvah: into thine hands I give
" The prince of Love, the murderer; his soul is in thine hands.
" Pity not Vala, for she pitied not the Eternal Man,
" Nor pity thou the cries of Luvah. Lo, these starry hosts,
" They are thy servants if thou wilt obey my awful Law."

So spoke the Prince of Light & sat beside the seat of Los.
Upon the sandy shore rested his chariot of fire.

Los answer'd furious: " Art thou one of those who when most complacent
" Mean mischief most? If you are such, Lo! I am also such.
" One must be master. Try thy Arts. I also will try mine,
" For I percieve thou hast Abundance which I claim as mine."

Urizen startled stood, but not Long; Soon he cried:
" Obey my voice, young Demon; I am God from Eternity to Eternity,
" *Art thou a visionary of Jesus, the soft delusion of Eternity?*
" *Lo I am God, the terrible destroyer, & not the Saviour.*
" *Why should the Divine Vision compell the sons of Eden*
" *To forego each his own delight, to war against his spectre?*
" *The Spectre is the Man. The rest is only delusion & fancy.*"
Thus Urizen spoke, collected in himself in awful pride.
Ten thousand thousand were his hosts of spirits on the wind,
Ten thousand thousand glittering Chariots shining in the sky.
They pour upon the golden shore beside the silent ocean,
Rejoicing in the Victory, & the heavens were fill'd with blood.

The Earth spread forth her table wide; the Night, a silver cup
Fill'd with the wine of anguish, waited at the golden feast.
But the bright Sun was not as yet; he, filling all the expanse,
Slept as a bird in the blue shell that soon shall burst away.

*Los saw the wound of his blow: he saw, he pitied, he wept.*
Los now repented that he had smitten Enitharmon; he felt love
Arise in all his Veins; he threw his arms around her loins
*To heal the wound of his smiting.*

They eat the fleshly bread, they drank the nervous wine;
They listen'd to the Elemental Harps & Sphery Song:
They view'd the dancing Hours quick sporting thro' the sky,
With winged radiance scattering joys thro' the ever changing light.

But Luvah and Vala standing in the bloody sky
On high remain'd alone, forsaken, in fierce jealousy.
They stood above the heavens, forsaken, desolate, suspended in blood.
Descend they could not, nor from Each other avert their eyes.
Eternity appear'd above them as One Man infolded
In Luvah's robes of blood & bearing all his afflictions;
As the sun shines down on the misty earth, such was the Vision.

But purple night and crimson morning & golden day descending
Thro' the clear changing atmosphere display'd green fields among
The varying clouds, like paradises stretch'd in the expanse,
With towns & villages and temples, tents, sheepfolds and pastures
Where dwell the children of the elemental worlds in harmony.

Not long in harmony they dwell, their life is drawn away
And wintry woes succeed, successive driven into the Void
Where Enion craves, successive drawn into the golden feast.

And Los & Enitharmon sat in discontent & scorn.
The Nuptial Song arose from all the thousand thousand spirits
Over the joyful Earth & Sea & ascended into the Heavens;
For Elemental Gods their thunderous Organs blew, creating
Delicious Viands. Demons of Waves their wat'ry Echoes woke.
Bright Souls of vegetative life budding and blossoming
Stretch their immortal hands to smite the gold & silver Wires,

And with immortal Voice soft warbling, fill all Earth & Heaven.
With doubling voices, & loud Horns wound round, sounding,
Cavernous dwellers fill'd the enormous Revelry, Responsing,
And Spirits of Flaming fire on high govern'd the mighty Song.

And This is the Song sung at The Feast of Los & Enitharmon:

" [The Mountain *del.*] *Ephraim* call'd out [to the Mountain *del.*] *to Zion*:
" ' Awake, O Brother Mountain!
" ' Let us refuse the Plow & Spade, the heavy Roller & spiked
" ' Harrow; burn all these Corn fields, throw down all these fences!
" ' Fatten'd on Human blood & drunk with wine of life is better far

" ' Than all these labours of the harvest & the vintage. See the river,
" ' Red with the blood of Men, swells lustful round my rocky knees;
" ' My clouds are not the clouds of verdant fields & groves of fruit,
" ' But Clouds of Human Souls: my nostrils drink the lives of Men.'

" The Villages Lament: they faint, outstretch'd upon the plain.
" Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill & from the Barn.
" But most the polish'd Palaces, dark, silent, bow with dread,
" Hiding their books & pictures underneath the dens of Earth.

" The Cities send to one another saying: ' My sons are Mad
" ' With wine of cruelty. Let us plat a scourge, O Sister City.'
" Children are nourish'd for the Slaughter; once the Child was fed
" With Milk, but wherefore now are Children fed with blood?

" The Horse is of more value than the Man. The Tyger fierce
" Laughs at the Human form; the Lion mocks & thirsts for blood.
" They cry, ' O Spider, spread thy web! Enlarge thy bones &, fill'd
" ' With marrow, sinews & flesh, Exalt thyself, attain a voice.
" ' Call to thy dark arm'd hosts; for all the sons of Men muster together
" ' To desolate their cities! Man shall be no more! ' ' Awake, O Hosts! '
" The bow string sang upon the hills, ' Luvah & Vala ride
" ' Triumphant in the bloody sky, & the Human form is no more.'

" The list'ning Stars heard, & the first beam of the morning started back:
" He cried out to his Father ' depart! depart! ' but sudden Siez'd,
" And clad in steel, & his Horse proudly neigh'd; he smelt the battle
" Afar off. Rushing back, redd'ning with rage, the Mighty Father
" Siez'd his bright sheephook studded with gems & gold; he swung it round
" His head, shrill sounding in the sky; down rush'd the Sun with noise
" Of war; the Mountains fled away; they sought a place beneath.
" Vala remain'd in desarts of dark solitude, nor Sun nor Moon
" By night nor day to comfort her; she labour'd in thick smoke.
" Tharmas endur'd not; he fled howling: then, a barren waste, sunk down
" Conglobing in the dark confusion. Mean time Los was born
" And thou, O Enitharmon! Hark, I hear the hammers of Los.
" They melt the bones of Vala & the bones of Luvah into wedges;
" The innumerable sons & daughters of Luvah, clos'd in furnaces,
" Melt into furrows; winter blows his bellows: Ice & snow
" Tend the dire anvils: Mountains mourn, & Rivers faint & fail.

" There is no City, nor Cornfield, nor Orchard; all is Rock & Sand.
" There is no Sun, nor Moon, nor Star, but rugged wintry rocks
" Justling together in the void, suspended by inward fires.
" Impatience now no longer can endure. Distracted Luvah,

" Bursting forth from the loins of Enitharmon, Thou fierce Terror,
" Go howl in vain! Smite, smite his fetters! smite, O wintry hammers!
" Smite, Spectre of Urthona! mock the fiend who drew us down
" From heavens of joy into this deep. Now rage, but rage in vain! "

Thus sang the demons of the deep; the Clarions of war blew loud.
The Feast redounds, & Crown'd with roses & the circling vine
The Enormous Bride & Bridegroom sat; beside them Urizen,
With faded radiance, sigh'd forgetful of the flowing wine
And of Ahania, his Pure Bride; but she was distant far.

But Los & Enitharmon sat in discontent & scorn,
Craving the more, the more enjoying, drawing out sweet bliss
From all the turning wheels of heaven & the chariots of the Slain.

At distance, Far in Night repell'd, in direful hunger craving,
Summers & winters round revolving in the frightful deep,
Enion, blind & age-bent, wept upon the desolate wind:

" Why does the Raven cry aloud and no eye pities her?
" Why fall the Sparrow & the Robin in the foodless winter?
" Faint, shivering, they sit on leafless bush or frozen stone

" Wearied with seeking food across the snowy waste, the little
" Heart cold, and the little tongue consum'd that once in thoughtless joy
" Gave songs of gratitude to waving cornfields round their nest.

" Why howl the Lion & the Wolf? why do they roam abroad?
" Deluded by [the *del.*] summer's heat, they sport in enormous love
" And cast their young out to the hungry wilds & sandy desarts.

" Why is the Sheep given to the knife? the Lamb plays in the Sun:
" He starts! he hears the foot of Man! he says: Take thou my wool,
" But spare my life: *but* he knows not that [the *del.*] winter cometh fast.

" The Spider sits in his labour'd Web, eager watching for the Fly.
" Presently comes a famish'd Bird & takes away the Spider.
" His Web is left all desolate that his little anxious heart
" So careful wove & spread it out with sighs and weariness."

This was the Lamentation of Enion round the golden Feast.
Eternity groan'd and was troubled at the image of Eternal Death
*Without the body of Man, an Exudation from his sick'ning limbs.*

Now Man was come to the Palm tree & to the Oak of Weeping
Which stand upon the Edge of Beulah, & he sunk down
From the supporting arms of the Eternal Saviour who dispos'd
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality
Upon The Rock of Ages, Watching over him with Love & Care.

END OF THE FIRST NIGHT [*first draft*]

Then those in Great Eternity met in the Council of God
As one Man, for contracting their Exalted Senses
They behold Multitude, or Expanding they behold as one,
As One Man all the Universal family; & that One Man
They call Jesus the Christ, & they in him & he in them
Live in Perfect harmony, in Eden the land of life,
Consulting as One Man above [Mount Gilead *del.*] the Mountain of Snowdon Sublime.

For messengers from Beulah come in tears & dark'ning clouds
Saying, " Shiloh is in ruins, our brother is sick: Albion, He
" Whom thou lovest, is sick; he wanders from his house of Eternity.
" The Daughters of Beulah, terrified, have clos'd the Gate of the Tongue.
" Luvah & Urizen contend in war around the holy tent."

So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah, & with solemn mourning
They were introduc'd to the divine presence, & they kneeled down
In [Beth Peor *del.*] Conway's Vale, thus recounting the Wars of Death Eternal:

" The Eternal Man wept in the holy tent: Our Brother in Eternity,
" Even Albion whom thou lovest, wept in pain; his family
" Slept round on hills & valleys in the regions of his love.
" But Urizen awoke, & Luvah woke, & they conferr'd:

" ' Thou Luvah,' said the Prince of Light, ' behold our sons & daughters
" ' Repos'd on beds; let them sleep on; do thou alone depart
" ' Into thy wished Kingdom, where in Majesty & Power
" ' We may erect a throne; deep in the North I place my lot,
" ' Thou in the South; listen attentive. In silent of this night
" ' I will infold the Eternal tent in clouds opake, while thou,
" ' Siezing the chariots of the morning, Go, outfleeting ride
" ' Afar into the Zenith high, bending thy furious course
" ' Southward, with half the tents of men inclos'd in clouds
" ' Of Tharmas & Urthona. I, remaining in porches of the brain,
" ' Will lay my scepter on Jerusalem, the Emanation,

" ' On all her sons, & on thy sons, O Luvah, & on mine
" ' Till dawn was wont to wake them; then my trumpet sounding loud,
" ' Ravish'd away in night; my strong command shall be obey'd
" ' For I have plac'd my centinels in stations; each tenth man
" ' Is bought & sold, & in dim night my word shall be their law.'

" Luvah replied: ' Dictate to thy Equals; am not I
" ' The Prince of all the hosts of Men, nor Equal know in Heaven?
" ' If I arise into the Zenith, leaving thee to watch
" ' The Emanation & her Sons, the Satan & the Anak,
" ' Sihon and Og, wilt thou not, rebel to my laws, remain
" ' In darkness building thy strong throne, & in my ancient night
" ' Daring my power wilt arm my sons against me in the [deep *del.*] Atlantic,
" ' My deep, My night, which thou assuming hast assum'd my Crown?
" ' I will remain as well as thou, & here with hands of blood
" ' Smite this dark sleeper in his tent, then try my strength with thee.'

" While thus he spoke his fires redden'd [round *del.*] o'er the holy tent.
" Urizen cast deep darkness round him, silent brooding death,
" Eternal death to Luvah; raging, Luvah pour'd
" The Lances of Urizen from chariots round the holy tent.
" Discord began, & yells & cries shook the wide firmament.

" Beside his anvil stood Urthona dark; a mass of iron
" Glow'd furious on the anvil prepar'd for spades & coulters. All
" His sons fled from his side to join the conflict; pale he heard
" The Eternal voice; he stood, the sweat chill'd on his mighty limbs.
" He drop'd his hammer: dividing from his aking bosom fled
" A portion of his life; shrieking upon the wind she fled,
" And Tharmas took her in, pitying. Then Enion in jealous fear
" Murder'd her & hid her in her bosom, embalming her for fear
" She should arise again to life. Embalm'd in Enion's bosom
" Enitharmon remains a corse; such thing was never known
" *In Eden, that one died a death never to be reviv'd.*
" Urthona stood in terror, but not long; his spectre fled

" To Enion, & his body fell. Tharmas beheld him fall
" Endlong, a raging serpent rolling round the holy tent.
" The sons of war, astonish'd at the Glitt'ring monster, drove
" Him far into the world of Tharmas, into a cavern'd rock.

" But Urizen, with darkness overspreading all the armies,
" Sent round his heralds secretly commanding to depart
" Into the north. Sudden with thunder's sound his multitudes
" Retreat from the fierce conflict, all the sons of Urizen at once
" Must'ring together in thick clouds, leaving the rage of Luvah
" To pour its fury on himself & on the Eternal Man.

" Sudden down fell they all together into an unknown Space,
" Deep, horrible, without End, separated from Beulah, far beneath.
" The Man's exteriors are become indefinite, open'd to pain
" In a fierce hungry void, & none can visit his regions.

" Jerusalem, his Emanation, [will soon *del.*] *is* become a ruin,
" Her little ones [will be *del.*] *are* slain on the top of every street,
" And she herself let (led) captive & scatter'd into [all nations *del.*] the indefinite.
" Gird on thy sword, O thou most mighty in glory & majesty!
" Destroy these oppressors of Jerusalem & those who ruin Shiloh."

So spoke the Messengers of Beulah. Silently removing,
The Family Divine drew up the Universal tent
Above [Mount Gilead *del.*] High Snowdon, & clos'd the Messengers in clouds around
Till the time of the End. Then they Elected Seven, called the Seven
Eyes of God & the Seven Lamps of the Almighty.
The Seven are one within the other; the Seventh is named Jesus,

The Lamb of God, blessed for ever, & he follow'd the Man
Who wander'd in mount Ephraim seeking a Sepulcher,
His inward eyes closing from the Divine vision, & all
His children wandering outside, from his bosom fleeing away.

END OF THE FIRST NIGHT [*second draft*]

*The Daughters of Beulah beheld the Emanation; they pitied,*
*They wept before the Inner gates of Enitharmon's bosom,*
*And of her fine wrought brain, & of her bowels within her loins.*
*These gates within, Glorious & bright, open into* [*Eternity* del.] *Beulah*
*From Enitharmon's inward parts; but the bright female terror*
*Refus'd to open the bright gates; she clos'd and barr'd them fast*
*Lest Los should enter into Beulah thro' her beautiful gates.*

*The Emanation stood before the Gates of Enitharmon,*
*Weeping; the Daughters of Beulah silent in the Porches*
*Spread her a couch unknown to Enitharmon; here repos'd*
*Jerusalem in slumbers soft, lull'd into silent rest.*

*Terrific rag'd the Eternal wheels of intellect, terrific rag'd*
*The living creatures of the wheels, in the Wars of Eternal life.*
*But perverse roll'd the wheels of Urizen & Luvah, back revers'd*
*Downwards & outwards,* [*bending* del.] *consuming in the wars of Eternal Death.*

[*Additional lines*]

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE [SECOND]

*Rising upon his Couch of death Albion beheld his sons.*
Turning his Eyes outward to Self, losing the Divine Vision,
[Man *del.*] Albion call'd Urizen & said: " Behold these sick'ning Spheres,
" Whence is this voice of Enion that soundeth in my [ears *del.*] *Porches*?
" Take thou possession! take this Scepter! go forth in my might,
" For I am weary & must sleep in the dark sleep of Death.
" Thy brother Luvah hath smitten me, but pity thou his youth
" Tho' thou hast not piti'd my Age, O Urizen, Prince of Light."

Urizen rose from the bright Feast like a star thro' the evening sky,
Exulting at the voice that call'd him from the Feast of envy.
First he beheld the body of Man, pale, cold; the horrors of death
Beneath his feet shot thro' him as he stood in the Human Brain,
And all its golden porches grew pale with his sickening light,
No more Exulting, for he saw Eternal Death beneath.
Pale, he beheld futurity: pale, he beheld the Abyss
Where Enion, blind & age bent, wept in direful hunger craving,
All rav'ning like the hungry worm & like the silent grave.
Mighty was the draught of Voidness to draw Existence in.

Terrific Urizen strode above in fear & pale dismay.
He saw the indefinite space beneath & his soul shrunk with horror,
His feet upon the verge of Non Existence; his voice went forth:

Luvah & Vala trembling & shrinking beheld the great Work master
And heard his Word: " Divide, ye bands, influence by influence.
" Build we a Bower for heaven's darling in the grizly deep:
" *Build we the Mundane Shell around the Rock of Albion.*"

The Bands of Heaven flew thro' the air singing & shouting to Urizen.
Some fix'd the anvil, some the loom erected, some the plow
And harrow form'd & fram'd the harness of silver & ivory,
The golden compasses, the quadrant, & the rule & balance.
They erected the furnaces, they form'd the anvils of gold beaten in mills
Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their base.
The bellows began to blow, & the Lions of Urizen stood round the anvil
And the leopards cover'd with skins of beasts tended the roaring fires,
*Sublime, distinct, their lineaments divine of human beauty.*
The tygers of wrath called the horses of instruction from their mangers,
They unloos'd them & put on the harness of gold & silver & ivory,
In human forms distinct they stood round Urizen, prince of Light,
Petrifying all the Human Imagination into rock & sand.
Groans ran along Tyburn's brook and along the River of Oxford
Among the Druid Temples. Albion groan'd on Tyburn's brook:
Albion gave his loud death groan. The Atlantic Mountains trembled.
Aloft the Moon fled with a cry: the Sun with streams of blood.
From Albion's Loins fled all Peoples and Nations of the Earth,
Fled with the noise of Slaughter, & the stars of heaven fled.
Jerusalem came down in a dire ruin over all the Earth,
She fell cold from Lambeth's Vales in groans & dewy death—
The dew of anxious souls, the death-sweat of the dying—
In every pillar'd hall & arched roof of Albion's skies.
The brother & the brother bathe in blood upon the Severn,
The Maiden weeping by. The father & the mother with
The Maiden's father & her mother fainting over the body,
And the Young Man, the Murderer, fleeing over the mountains.

Reuben slept on Penmaenmawr & Levi slept on Snowdon.
Their eyes, their ears, nostrils & tongues roll outward, they behold
What is within now seen without; they are raw to the hungry wind.
They become Natures far remote, in a little & dark Land.
The daughters of Albion girded around their garments of Needlework,
Stripping Jerusalem's curtains from mild demons of the hills;

Across Europe & Asia to China & Japan like lightnings
They go forth & return to Albion on his rocky couch:
Gwendolen, Ragan, Sabrina, Gonorill, Mehetabel, Cordella,
Boadicea, Conwenna, Estrild, Gwinefrid, Ignoge, Cambel,
Binding Jerusalem's Children in the dungeons of Babylon;
They play before the Armies, before the hounds of Nimrod,
While the Prince of Light on Salisbury plain among the Druid Stones.

Rattling, the adamantine chains & hooks heave up the ore
In mountainous masses, plung'd in furnaces, & they shut & seal'd
The furnaces a time & times; all the while blew the North
His cloudy bellows, & the South & East & dismal West,
And all the while the plow of iron cut the dreadful furrows
*In Ulro, beneath Beulah, where the dead wail Night & Day.*

Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction & sealed,
And Vala fed in cruel delight the furnaces with fire.
Stern Urizen beheld, urg'd by necessity to keep
The evil day afar, & if perchance with iron power
He might avert his own despair; in woe & fear he saw
Vala incircle round the furnaces where Luvah was clos'd.
In joy she heard his howlings & forgot he was her Luvah,
With whom she walk'd in bliss in times of innocence & youth.

Hear ye the voice of Luvah from the furnaces of Urizen:

" If I indeed am Vala's King, & ye, O sons of Men,
" The workmanship of Luvah's hands in times of Everlasting,
" When I call'd forth the Earth-worm from the cold & dark obscure
" I nurtur'd her, I fed her with my rains & dews; she grew
" A scaled Serpent, yet I fed her tho' she hated me;
" Day after day she fed upon the mountains in Luvah's sight,
" I brought her thro' the Wilderness, a dry & thirsty land,
" And I commanded springs to rise for her in the black desart,
" Till she became a Dragon, winged, bright & poisonous.

" I open'd all the floodgates of the heavens to quench her thirst,
" And I commanded the Great deep to hide her in his hand
" Till she became a little weeping Infant a span long.
" I carried her in my bosom as a man carries a lamb,
" I loved her, I gave her all my soul & my delight,
" I hid her in soft gardens & in secret bowers of summer,
" Weaving mazes of delight along the sunny paradise,
" Inextricable labyrinths. She bore me sons & daughters,
" And they have taken her away & hid her from my sight.
" They have surrounded me with walls of iron & brass. O Lamb
" Of God clothed in Luvah's garments! little knowest thou
" Of death Eternal, that we all go to Eternal Death,
" To our Primeval Chaos in fortuitous concourse of incoherent
" Discordant principles of Love & Hate. I suffer affliction
" Because I love, for I [am *del.*] was love, but hatred awakes in me,
" And Urizen, who was Faith & certainty, is chang'd to Doubt;
" The hand of Urizen is upon me because I blotted out
" That Human [terror *del.*] delusion to deliver all the sons of God
" From bondage of the Human form. O first born Son of Light,
" O Urizen my enemy, I weep for thy stern ambition,
" But weep in vain. O when will you return, Vala the Wanderer? "

These were the words of Luvah, patient in afflictions,
Reasoning from the loins in the unreal forms of Ulro's night.

And when Luvah, age after age, was quite melted with woe,
The fires of Vala faded like a shadow cold & pale,
An evanescent shadow; last she fell, a heap of Ashes
Beneath the furnaces, a woful heap in living death.

Then were the furnaces unseal'd with spades, & pickaxes
Roaring let out the fluid: the molten metal ran in channels
Cut by the plow of ages held in Urizen's strong hand
In many a valley, for the Bulls of Luvah drag'd the Plow.

With trembling horror pale, aghast the Children of Man
Stood on the infinite Earth & saw these visions in the air,
In waters & in earth beneath; they cried to one another,
" What! are we terrors to one another? Come, O brethren, wherefore
" Was this wide Earth spread all abroad? not for wild beasts to roam."
But many stood silent, & busied in their families.
And many said, " We see no Visions in the darksom air.
" Measure the course of that sulphur orb that lights the [dismal *del.*]
darksome day;
" Set stations on this breeding Earth & let us buy & sell."
Others arose & schools erected, forming Instruments
To measure out the course of heaven. Stern Urizen beheld
In woe his brethren & his sons in dark'ning woe lamenting
Upon the winds in clouds involv'd, Uttering his voice in thunders,
Commanding all the work with care & power & severity.

Then seiz'd the Lions of Urizen their work, & heated in the forge
Roar the bright masses; thund'ring beat the hammers, many a [Globe *del.*]
pyramid
Is form'd & thrown down thund'ring into the deeps of Non Entity.
Heated red hot they, hizzing, rend their way down many a league
Till resting, each his [center *del.* basement *del.*] finds; suspended there they
stand
Casting their sparkles dire abroad into the dismal deep.
For, measur'd out in order'd spaces, the Sons of Urizen
With compasses divide the deep; they the strong scales erect
That Luvah rent from the faint Heart of the Fallen Man,
And weigh the massy [Globes *del.*] Cubes, then fix them in their awful stations.

And all the time, in Caverns shut, the golden Looms erected
First spun, then wove the Atmospheres; there the Spider & Worm
Plied the wing'd shuttle, piping shrill thro' all the list'ning threads;
Beneath the Caverns roll the weights of lead & spindles of iron,
The enormous warp & woof rage direful in the affrighted deep.

While far into the vast unknown the strong wing'd Eagles bend
Their venturous flight in Human forms distinct; thro' darkness deep
They bear the woven draperies; on golden hooks they hang abroad
The universal curtains & spread out from Sun to Sun
The vehicles of light; they separate the furious particles
Into mild currents as the water mingles with the wine.

While thus the Spirits of strongest wing enlighten the dark deep,
The threads are spun & the cords twisted & drawn out; then the weak
Begin their work, & many a net is netted, many a net
Spread, & many a Spirit caught: innumerable the nets,
Innumerable the gins & traps, & many a soothing flute
Is form'd, & many a corded lyre outspread over the immense.
In cruel delight they trap the listeners, & in cruel delight
Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little compass.
Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted; some
The bulbous roots, thrown up together into barns & garners.

Then rose the Builders. First the Architect divine his plan
Unfolds. The wondrous scaffold rear'd all round the infinite,
Quadrangular the building rose, the heavens squared by a line,
Trigons & cubes divide the elements in finite bonds.
Multitudes without number work incessant: the hewn stone
Is plac'd in beds of mortar mingled with the ashes of Vala.
Severe the labour; female slaves the mortar trod oppressed.

Twelve halls after the names of his twelve sons compos'd
The [golden *del.*] wondrous building, & three Central Domes after the Names
Of his three daughters were encompass'd by the twelve bright halls.
Every hall surrounded by bright Paradises of Delight
In which were towns & Cities, Nations, Seas, Mountains & Rivers.
Each Dome open'd toward four halls, & the Three Domes Encompass'd
The Golden Hall of Urizen, whose western side glow'd bright
With ever streaming fires beaming from his awful limbs.
His Shadowy Feminine Semblance here repos'd on a White Couch,

Or hover'd over his starry head; & when he smil'd she brighten'd
Like a bright Cloud in harvest; but when Urizen frown'd she wept
In mists over his carved throne; & when he turn'd his back
Upon his Golden hall & sought the Labyrinthine porches
Of his wide heaven, Trembling, cold, in paling fears she sat
A shadow of Despair; therefore toward the West, Urizen form'd
A recess in the wall for fires to glow upon the pale
Female's limbs in his absence, & her Daughters oft upon
A Golden Altar burnt perfumes: with Art Celestial form'd
Foursquare, sculptur'd & sweetly Engrav'd to please their shadowy mother.
Ascending into her [cloudy *del.*] misty garments the blue smoke roll'd to revive
Her cold limbs in the absence of her Lord. Also her sons,
With lives of Victims sacrificed upon an altar of brass
On the East side, Reviv'd her soul with lives of beasts & birds
Slain on the Altar, up ascending into her cloudy bosom.
Of terrible workmanship the Altar, labour of ten thousand Slaves,
One thousand Men of wondrous power spent their lives in its formation.
It stood on twelve steps nam'd after the names of her twelve sons,
And was Erected at the chief entrance of Urizen's hall.

When Urizen [descended *del.*] return'd from his immense labours & travels,
Descending she repos'd beside him, folding him around
In her bright skirts. Astonish'd & Confounded he beheld
Her shadowy form now separate; he shudder'd & was silent
Till her caresses & her tears reviv'd him to life & joy.
Two wills they had, two intellects, & not as in times of old.
This Urizen perciev'd, & silent brooded in dark'ning Clouds.
To him his Labour was but Sorrow & his Kingdom was Repentance.
He drave the Male Spirits all away from Ahania,
And she drave all the Females from him away.

Los joy'd, & Enitharmon laugh'd, saying, " Let us go down
" And see this labour & sorrow." They went down to see the woes
Of Vala & the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights.

And Vala like a shadow oft appear'd to Urizen.
The King of Light beheld her mourning among the Brick kilns, compell'd
To labour night & day among the fires; her lamenting voice
Is heard when silent night returns & the labourers take their rest.

" O Lord, wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions
" Among these flames incessant labouring? our hard masters laugh
" At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water,
" To carry the heavy basket on our scorched shoulders, to sift
" The sand & ashes, & to mix the clay with tears & repentance.
" The times are now return'd upon us; we have given ourselves
" To scorn, and now are scorned by the slaves of our enemies.
" Our beauty is cover'd over with clay & ashes, & our backs
" Furrow'd with whips, & our flesh bruised with the heavy basket.
" Forgive us, O thou piteous one whom we have offended! forgive
" The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to thee.

" *I see not Luvah as of old, I only see his feet*
" *Like pillars of fire travelling thro' darkness & non entity.*"

Thus she lamented day & night, compell'd to labour & sorrow.
Luvah in vain her lamentations heard: in vain his love
Brought him in various forms before her, still she knew him not,
Still she despis'd him, calling on his name & knowing him not,
Still hating, still professing love, still labouring in the smoke.

[And Los & Enitharmon joy'd; they drank in tenfold joy
From all the sorrow of Luvah & the labour of Urizen. *del. and afterwards marked*: To come in.]
And Enitharmon joy'd, Plotting to rend the secret cloud,
To plant divisions in the soul of Urizen & Ahania.

[For *del.*] But infinitely beautiful the wondrous work arose
In sorrow and care, a Golden World whose porches round the heavens
And pillar'd halls & rooms reciev'd the eternal wandering stars.
A wondrous golden Building, many a window, many a door

And many a division let in & out the vast unknown.
Circled in infinite orb immoveable, within its [arches all *del.*] walls & cielings
The heavens were clos'd, [& *del.*] and spirits mourn'd their bondage night & day,
And the Divine Vision appear'd in Luvah's robes of blood.

*Thus was the Mundane shell builded by Urizen's strong Power.*

[Then *del.*] Sorrowing went the Planters forth to plant, the Sowers [forth *del.*] to sow;
They dug the channels for the rivers, & they pour'd abroad
The seas & lakes; they rear'd the mountains & the rocks & hills
On broad pavilions, on pillar'd roofs & porches & high towers,
In beauteous order; thence arose soft clouds & exhalations
Wandering even to the sunny [orbs *del.*] Cubes of light & heat,
For many a window ornamented with sweet ornaments
Look'd out into the World of Tharmas, where in ceaseless torrents
His billows roll, where monsters wander in the foamy paths.

On clouds the Sons of Urizen beheld Heaven walled round;
They weigh'd & order'd all, & Urizen comforted saw
The wondrous work flow forth like visible out of the invisible;
For the Divine Lamb, Even Jesus who is the Divine Vision,
Permitted all, lest Man should fall into Eternal Death;
For when Luvah sunk down, himself put on the robes of blood
Lest the state call'd Luvah should cease; & the Divine Vision
Walked in robes of blood till he who slept should awake.

Thus were the stars of heaven created like a golden chain
To bind the Body of Man to heaven from falling into the Abyss.
Each took his station & his course began with sorrow & care.

In sevens & tens & fifties, hundreds, thousands, number'd all
According to their various powers, subordinate to Urizen
And to his sons in their degrees & to his beauteous daughters,
Travelling in silent majesty along their order'd ways

In right lined paths outmeasur'd by proportions of [weight & measure *del.*]
number, weight,
And measure, mathematic motion wondrous along the deep,
In fiery pyramid, or Cube, or unornamented pillar square
Of fire, far shining, travelling along even to its destin'd end;
Then falling down a terrible space, recovering in winter dire
Its wasted strength, it back returns upon a nether course,
Till fir'd with ardour fresh recruited in its humble [spring *del.*] season,
It rises up on high all summer, till its wearied course
Turns into autumn. Such the periods of many worlds.
Others triangular, [their *del.*] right angled course maintain. Others obtuse,
Acute [& Oblong *del.*], Scalene, in simple paths; but others move
In intricate ways, biquadrate, Trapeziums, Rhombs, Rhomboids,
Paralellograms triple & quadruple, polygonic
In their amazing [fructifying *del.*] hard subdu'd course in the vast deep.

And Los & Enitharmon were drawn down by their desires,
Descending sweet upon the wind among soft harps & voices
To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahania,
To conduct the Voice of Enion to Ahania's midnight pillow.

Urizen saw & envied, & his imagination was filled.
Repining he contemplated the past in his bright sphere,
Terrified with his heart & spirit at the visions of futurity
That his dread fancy form'd before him in the unform'd void.

[Now *del.*] For Los & Enitharmon walk'd forth on the dewy Earth
Contracting or expanding their all flexible senses
At will to murmur in the flowers small as the honey bee,
At will to stretch across the heavens & step from star to star,
Or standing on the Earth erect, or on the stormy waves
Driving the storms before them, or delighting in sunny beams,
While round their heads the Elemental Gods kept harmony.

And Los said: " Lo, the Lilly pale & the rose redd'ning fierce
" Reproach thee, & the beamy gardens sicken at thy beauty;
" I grasp thy vest in my strong hands in vain, like water springs
" In the bright sands of Los evading my embrace; then I alone
" Wander among the virgins of the summer. Look, they cry,
" The poor forsaken Los, mock'd by the worm, the shelly snail,
" The Emmet & the beetle, hark! they laugh, & mock at Los."

Enitharmon answer'd:
" Secure now from the smitings of thy Power, demon of fury,
" If the God enraptur'd me infold
" In clouds of sweet obscurity my beauteous form dissolving,
" Howl thou over the body of death; 'tis thine. But if among the virgins
" Of summer I have seen thee sleep & turn thy cheek delighted
" Upon the rose or lilly pale, or on a bank where sleep
" The beamy daughters of the light, starting, they rise, they flee
" From thy fierce love, for tho' I am dissolv'd in the bright God,
" My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks & valleys."

Los answer'd: " Therefore fade I thus dissolv'd in raptur'd trance.
" Thou canst repose on clouds of secrecy, while o'er my limbs
" Cold dews & hoary frost creep tho' I lie on banks of summer
" Among the beauties of the World. Cold & repining Los
" Still dies for Enitharmon, nor a spirit springs from my dead corse;
" Then I am dead till thou revivest me with thy sweet song.
" Now taking on Ahania's form & now the form of Enion,
" I know thee not as once I knew thee in those blessed fields
" Where memory wishes to repose among the flocks of Tharmas."

Enitharmon answer'd, " Wherefore didst thou throw thine arms around
" Ahania's Image? I deciev'd thee & will still decieve.
" Urizen saw thy sin & hid his beams in dark'ning clouds.
" I still keep watch altho' I tremble & wither across the heavens
" In strong vibrations of fierce jealousy; for thou art mine,
" Created for my will, my slave, tho' strong, tho' I am weak.
" Farewell, the God calls me away. I depart in my sweet bliss."

She fled, vanishing on the wind, And left a dead cold corse
In Los's arms; howlings began over the body of death.
Los spoke. " Thy God in vain shall call thee if by my strong power
" I can infuse my dear revenge into his glowing breast.
" Then jealousy shall shadow all his mountains & Ahania
" Curse thee, thou plague of woful Los, & seek revenge on thee."

So saying in deep sobs he languish'd till dead he also fell.
Night passed, & Enitharmon, e'er the dawn return'd in bliss,
She sang O'er Los reviving him to Life: his groans were terrible;
But thus she sang:
" I sieze the sphery harp. I strike the strings.

" At the first sound the Golden sun arises from the deep
" And shakes his awful hair,
" The Eccho wakes the moon to unbind her silver locks,
" The golden sun bears on my song
" And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery king.

" The joy of woman is the death of her most best beloved
" Who dies for Love of her
" In torments of fierce jealousy & pangs of adoration.
" The Lovers' night bears on my song
" And the nine spheres rejoice beneath my powerful controll.

" They sing unceasing to the notes of my immortal hand.
" The solemn, silent moon
" Reverberates the living harmony upon my limbs,
" The birds & beasts rejoice & play,
" And every one seeks for his mate to prove his inmost joy.

" Furious & terrible they sport & red the nether deep;
" The deep lifts up his rugged head,
" And lost in infinite humming wings vanishes with a cry.
" The fading cry is ever dying,
" The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy.

" Arise, you little glancing wings & sing your infant joy!
" Arise & drink your bliss!
" For every thing that lives is holy; for the source of life
" Descends to be a weeping babe;
" For the Earthworm renews the moisture of the sandy plain.

" Now my left hand I stretch to earth beneath,
" And strike the terrible string.
" I wake sweet joy in dens of sorrow & I plant a smile
" In forests of affliction,
" And wake the bubbling springs of life in regions of dark death.

" O, I am weary! lay thine hand upon me or I faint,
" I faint beneath these beams of thine,
" For thou hast touch'd my five senses & they answer'd thee.
" Now I am nothing, & I sink
" And on the bed of silence sleep till thou awakest me."

Thus sang the Lovely one in Rapturous delusive trance.
Los heard, reviving; he siez'd her in his arms; delusive hopes
Kindling, she led him into shadows & thence fled outstretch'd
Upon the immense like a bright rainbow, weeping & smiling & fading.

Thus liv'd Los, driving Enion far into the *deathful* infinite
That he may also draw Ahania's spirit into her Vortex.
Ah, happy blindness! Enion sees not the terrors of the uncertain,
And [oft *del.*] thus she wails from the dark deep; the golden heavens tremble:

" I am made to sow the thistle for wheat, the nettle for a nourishing dainty.
" I have planted a false oath in the earth; it has brought forth a poison tree.
" I have chosen the serpent for a councellor, & the dog
" For a schoolmaster to my children.
" I have blotted out from light & living the dove & nightingale,
" And I have caused the earth worm to beg from door to door.

" I have taught the thief a secret path into the house of the just.
" I have taught pale artifice to spread his nets upon the morning.
" My heavens are brass, my earth is iron, my moon a clod of clay,
" My sun a pestilence burning at noon & a vapour of death in night.

" What is the price of Experience? do men buy it for a song?
" Or wisdom for a dance in the street? No, it is bought with the price
" Of all that a man hath, his house, his wife, his children.
" Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to buy,
" And in the wither'd field where the farmer plows for bread in vain.

" It is an easy thing to triumph in the summer's sun
" And in the vintage & to sing on the waggon loaded with corn.
" It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted,
" To speak the laws of prudence to the houseless wanderer,
" To listen to the hungry raven's cry in wintry season
" When the red blood is fill'd with wine & with the marrow of lambs.

" It is an easy thing to laugh at wrathful elements,
" To hear the dog howl at the wintry door, the ox in the slaughter house moan;
" To see a god on every wind & a blessing on every blast;
" To hear sounds of love in the thunder storm that destroys our enemies house;
" To rejoice in the blight that covers his field, & the sickness that cuts off his children,
" While our olive & vine sing & laugh round our door, & our children bring fruits & flowers.

" Then the groan & the dolor are quite forgotten, & the slave grinding at the mill,
" And the captive in chains, & the poor in the prison, & the soldier in the field
" When the shatter'd bone hath laid him groaning among the happier dead.

" It is an easy thing to rejoice in the tents of prosperity:
" Thus could I sing & thus rejoice: but it is not so with me."

Ahania heard the Lamentation, & a swift Vibration
Spread thro' her Golden frame. She rose up e'er the dawn of day
When Urizen slept on his couch: drawn thro' unbounded space
On to the margin of Non Entity the bright Female came.
There she beheld the [terrible *del.*] *Spectrous* form of Enion in the Void,
And never from that moment could she rest upon her pillow.

END OF THE SECOND NIGHT

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE THIRD

Now sat the King of Light on high upon his starry throne,
And bright Ahania bow'd herself before his splendid feet.

" O Urizen, look on [thy wife that *del.*] *Me*; like a mournful stream
" *I* Embrace[s *del.*] round thy knees & wet[s her *del.*] *My* bright hair with
[her *del.*] *My* tears.
" Why sighs my Lord? are not the morning stars thy obedient Sons?
" Do they not bow their bright heads at thy voice? at thy command
" Do they not fly into their stations & return their light to thee?
" The immortal Atmospheres are thine; there thou art seen in glory
" Surrounded by the ever changing Daughters of the Light.
" [Thou sit'st in harmony, for God hath set thee over all. *del.*]
" Why wilt thou look upon futurity, dark'ning present joy? "

She ceas'd; the Prince his light obscur'd & the splendors of his crown
Infolded in thick clouds from whence his mighty voice burst forth:

" O bright Ahania [shadow *del.*], a Boy is born of the dark Ocean
" Whom Urizen doth serve, with Light replenishing his darkness.
" I am set here a King of trouble, commanded here to serve
" And do my ministry to those who eat of my wide table.
" All this is mine, yet I must serve, & that Prophetic boy
" Must grow up to command his Prince; [& all my Kingly power *del.*] *but here my determin'd decree*:
" [But *del.*] Vala shall become a Worm in Enitharmon's Womb,
" Laying her seed upon the fibres, soon to issue forth,
" And Luvah in the loins of Los a dark & furious death.
" Alas for me! what will become of me at that dread time? "

Ahania bow'd her head & wept seven days before the King;
And on the eighth day, when his clouds unfolded from his throne,
She rais'd her bright head sweet perfum'd & thus with heavenly voice:

" O Prince, the Eternal One hath set thee leader of his hosts,
" [Raise then thy radiant eyes to him, raise thy obedient hands,
" And comforts shall descend from heaven into thy dark'ning clouds. *del.*]
" Leave all futurity to him. Resume thy fields of Light.
" Why didst thou listen to the voice of Luvah that dread morn
" To give the immortal steeds of light to his deceitful hands?
" No longer now obedient to thy will, thou art compell'd
" To forge the curbs of iron & brass, to build the iron mangers,
" To feed them with intoxication from the wine presses of Luvah
" Till the Divine Vision & Fruition is quite obliterated.
" They call thy lions to the field of blood; they rouze thy tygers
" Out of the halls of justice, till these dens thy wisdom fram'd
" Golden & beautiful, but O how unlike those sweet fields of bliss
" Where liberty was justice, & eternal science was mercy.
" Then, O my dear lord, listen to Ahania, listen to the vision,
" The vision of Ahania in the slumbers of Urizen
" When Urizen slept in the porch & the Ancient Man was smitten.

" The Dark'ning Man walk'd on the steps of fire before his halls,
" And Vala walk'd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.
" He looked up & saw the Prince of Light [with *del.*] thy splendor faded,
" [But saw not Los nor Enitharmon for Luvah hid them in shadow
" [Of *del.*] *In* a soft cloud outstretch'd across, & Luvah dwelt in the cloud. *del.*]

" Then Man ascended mourning into the splendors of his palace,
" Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect
" Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy; in white linen pure he hover'd,
" A sweet entrancing self delusion, a wat'ry vision of Man,
" Soft exulting in existence, all the Man absorbing.

" Man fell upon his face prostrate before the wat'ry shadow,
" Saying, ' O Lord, whence is this change? thou knowest I am nothing.'
" And Vala trembled & cover'd her face, & her locks were spread on the pavement.
" [I *del.*] *We* heard astonish'd at the Vision, & [my *del.*] *our* hearts trembled within [me *del.*] *us*.
" [I *del.*] *We* heard the voice of the Slumberous Man, & thus he spoke
" Idolatrous to his own Shadow, words of Eternity uttering:
" ' O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee.
" ' If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades;
" ' If thou dost lay thine hand upon me, behold I am silent;
" ' If thou withhold thine hand I perish like a fallen leaf.
" ' O I am nothing, & to nothing must return again.
" ' If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion.'

" He ceas'd: the shadowy voice was silent, but the cloud hover'd over their heads
" In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man, & the balmy drops fell down,
" And Lo, that Son of Man, that shadowy Spirit of the Fallen One [*alt. readg. Albion.*]
" Luvah, descended from the cloud. In terror [Man arose. *del.*] *Albion rose:*
" Indignant rose the Awful Man & turn'd his back on Vala.

" [I *del.*] We heard the Voice of the [fall'n One *del.*] Albion starting from his sleep:
" ' Why roll thy clouds in sick'ning mists? I can no longer hide
" ' The dismal vision of mine eyes. O love & life & light!
" ' Prophetic dreads urge me to speak: futurity is before me
" ' Like a dark lamp. Eternal death haunts all my expectation.
" ' Rent from Eternal Brotherhood we die & are no more.

" ' Whence is this voice crying, Enion! that soundeth in my ears?
" ' O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can Love seek for dominion? '

" And Luvah strove to gain dominion over the Ancient Man [*alt. readg. mighty Albion.*]
" They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclos'd
" And the dark Body of [Man *del.*] *Albion* left prostrate upon the crystal pavement,
" Cover'd with boils from head to foot, the terrible smitings of Luvah.

" Then frown'd the Fallen Man, [*alt. readg. Albion*] & put forth Luvah from his presence
" (I heard him: frown not, Urizen, but listen to my Vision)
" Saying, ' Go & die the Death of Man for Vala the sweet wanderer.
" ' I will turn the volutions of your Ears outward, & bend your Nostrils
" ' Downward, & your fluxile Eyes englob'd roll round in fear;
" ' Your with'ring Lips & Tongue shrink up into a narrow circle
" ' Till into narrow forms you creep. Go take your fiery way
" ' And learn what 'tis to absorb the Man, you Spirits of Pity & Love.'
" O Urizen, why art thou pale at the visions of Ahania?
" Listen to her who loves thee, lest we also are driven away.

" They heard the Voice & fled, swift as the winter's setting sun.
" And now the Human Blood foam'd high. I saw that Luvah & Vala
" Went down the Human Heart, where Paradise & its joys abounded,
" In jealous fears, in fury & rage, & flames roll'd round their fervid feet,
" And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent play'd before them;
" And as they went, in folding fires & thunders of the deep,
" Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks,
" And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east & west
" And the vast form of Nature, like a Serpent, roll'd between.
" *Whether this is Jerusalem or Babylon we know not.*
" *All is Confusion. All is tumult, & we alone are escaped.*"
She ended, for his wrathful throne burst forth the black hail storm.

(Albion clos'd the Western Gate, & shut America out by the Atlantic, for a curse, and hidden horror, and an altar of victims to Sin and Repentance.)

" Am I not God? " said Urizen. " Who is Equal to me?
" Do I not stretch the heavens abroad, or fold them up like a garment? "
He spoke, mustering his heavy clouds around him, black, opake.
Then thunders roll'd around & lightnings darted to & fro;
His visage chang'd to darkness, & his strong right hand came forth
To cast Ahania to the Earth; he siez'd her by the hair
And threw her from the steps of ice that froze around his throne,
Saying, " Art thou also become like Vala? thus I cast thee out!
" Shall the feminine indolent bliss, the indulgent self of weariness,
" The passive idle sleep, the enormous night & darkness of Death
" Set herself up to give her laws to the active masculine virtue?
" Thou little diminutive portion that dar'st be a counterpart,
" Thy passivity, thy laws of obedience & insincerity
" Are my abhorrence. Wherefore hast thou taken that fair form?
" Whence is this power given to thee? Once thou wast in my breast
" A sluggish current of dim waters on whose verdant margin
" A cavern shagg'd with horrid shades, dark, cool & deadly, where
" I laid my head in the hot noon after the broken clods
" Had wearied me; there I laid my plow, & there my horses fed:
" And thou hast risen with thy moist locks into a wat'ry image
" Reflecting all my indolence, my weakness & my death,
" To weigh me down beneath the grave into non Entity
" Where Luvah strives, scorned by Vala, age after age wandering,
" Shrinking & shrinking from her Lord & calling him the Tempter.
" And art thou also become like Vala? thus I cast thee out!"

So loud in thunders spoke the King, folded in dark despair,
And threw Ahania from his bosom obdurate. She fell like lightning.
Then fled the sons of Urizen from his thunderous throne petrific;
They fled to East & West & left the North & South of Heaven.
A crash ran thro' the immense. The bounds of Destiny were broken.
The bounds of Destiny crash'd direful, & the swelling sea
Burst from its bonds in whirlpools fierce, roaring with Human voice,
Triumphing even to the stars at bright Ahania's fall.

Down from the dismal North the Prince in thunders & thick clouds—
As when the thunderbolt down falleth on the appointed place—
Fell down, down rushing, ruining, thundering, [*word del.*] shuddering,
Into the Caverns of the Grave & places of Human Seed
Where the impressions of Despair & Hope enroot for ever:
A world of Darkness. Ahania fell far into Non Entity.

She Continued falling. Loud the Crash continu'd, loud & Hoarse.
From the Crash roared a flame of blue sulphureous fire, from the flame
A dolorous groan that struck with dumbness all confusion,
Swallowing up the horrible din in agony on agony.
Thro' the Confusion, like a crack across from immense to immense,
Loud, strong, a universal groan of death, louder
Than all the wracking elements, deafen'd & rended worse
Than Urizen & all his hosts in curst despair down rushing.
But from the Dolorous Groan one like a shadow of smoke appear'd,
And human bones rattling together in the smoke & stamping
The nether Abyss, & gnashing in fierce despair, panting in sobs,
Thick, short, incessant, bursting, sobbing, deep despairing, stamping,
struggling,
Struggling to utter the voice of Man, struggling to take the features of Man,
struggling
To take the limbs of Man, at length emerging from the smoke
Of Urizen dashed in pieces from his precipitant fall,
Tharmas rear'd up his hands & stood on the affrighted Ocean:
The dead rear'd up his Voice & stood on the resounding shore,

Crying: " Fury in my limbs! destruction in my bones & marrow!
" My skull riven into filaments, my eyes into sea jellies
" Floating upon the tide wander bubbling & bubbling,
" Uttering my lamentations & begetting little monsters
" Who sit mocking upon the little pebbles of the tide
" In all my rivers & on dried shells that the fish
" Have quite forsaken. O fool! fool! to lose my sweetest bliss.
" Where art thou, Enion? ah, too near to cunning, too far off

" And yet too near. Dash'd down I send thee into distant darkness
" Far as my strength can hurl thee; wander there & laugh & play
" Among the frozen arrows; they will tear thy tender flesh.
" Fall off afar from Tharmas, come not too near my strong fury.
" Scream & fall off & laugh at Tharmas, lovely summer beauty,
" Till winter rends thee into Shivers as thou hast rended me."

So Tharmas bellow'd o'er the ocean, thund'ring, sobbing, bursting.
The bounds of Destiny were broken, & hatred now began
Instead of love to Enion. Enion, blind & age bent,
Plung'd into the cold billows, living a life in midst of waters;
In terrors she wither'd away to Entuthon Benithon,
A world of deep darkness where all things in horrors are rooted.

These are the words of Enion, heard from the cold waves of despair:
" O Tharmas, I had lost thee, & when I hoped I had found thee,
" O Tharmas, do not thou destroy me quite, but let
" A little shadow, but a little showery form of Enion
" Be near thee, loved Terror; let me still remain, & then do thou
" Thy righteous doom upon me; only let me hear thy voice.
" Driven by thy rage I wander like a cloud into the deep
" Where never yet Existence came; there losing all my life
" I back return weaker & weaker; consume me not away
" In thy great wrath; tho' I have sinned, tho' I have rebell'd
" Make me not like the things forgotten as they had not been.
" Make not the thing that loveth thee a tear wiped away."

Tharmas replied, riding on storms, [the *del.*] his voice of [Tharmas *del.*]
Thunder roll'd:
" Image of grief, thy fading lineaments make my eyelids fail.
" What have I done? both rage & mercy are alike to me;
" Looking upon thee, Image of faint waters, I recoil
" From my fierce rage into thy semblance. Enion, return.
" Why does thy piteous face Evanish like a rainy cloud
" Melting, a shower of falling tears, nothing but tears! Enion,

" Substanceless, voiceless, weeping, vanish'd, nothing but tears! Enion,
" Art thou for ever vanish'd from the wat'ry eyes of Tharmas?
" Rage, Rage shall never from my bosom: winds & waters of woe
" Consuming all, to the end consuming. Love and [Joy *del.*] Hope are ended."

For now no more remain'd of Enion in the dismal air,
Only a voice eternal wailing in the Elements.

Where Enion, blind & age bent, wander'd, Ahania wanders now:
She wanders in Eternal fear of falling into the indefinite,
For her bright eyes behold the Abyss. Sometimes a little sleep
Weighs down her eyelids; then she falls; then starting, wakes in fears
Sleepless to wander round, repell'd on the margin of Non Entity.

THE END OF THE THIRD NIGHT

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE FOURTH

But Tharmas rode on the dark Abyss; the voice of Tharmas roll'd
Over the heaving deluge; he saw Los & Enitharmon Emerge
In strength & brightness from the Abyss; his bowels yearn'd over them.
They rose in strength above the heaving deluge in mighty scorn,
Red as the Sun in the hot morning of the bloody day
Tharmas beheld them; his bowels yearn'd over them.

And he said: " Wherefore do I feel such love & pity?
" Ah, Enion! Ah, Enion! Ah, lovely, lovely Enion!
" How is this? All my hope is gone! [Enion *del.*] for ever fled!
" Like a famish'd Eagle, Eyeless, raging in the vast expanse,
" Incessant tears are now my food, incessant rage & tears.
" Deathless for ever now I wander seeking oblivion
" In torrents of despair: in vain; for if I plunge beneath,
" Stifling I live: If dash'd in pieces from a rocky height,
" I reunite in endless torment; would I had never risen
" From death's cold sleep [upon *del.*] beneath the bottom of the raging Ocean.
" And cannot those who once have lov'd ever forget their Love?
" Are love & rage the same passion? they are the same in me.
" Are those who love like those who died, risen again from death,
" Immortal in immortal torment, never to be deliver'd?
" Is it not possible that one risen again from death
" Can die? When dark despair comes over, can I not
" Flow down into the sea & slumber in oblivion? Ah Enion,
" Deform'd I see these lineaments of ungratified desire.
" The all powerful curse of an honest man be upon Urizen & Luvah.
" But thou, My Son, Glorious in brightness, comforter of Tharmas,
" Go forth, Rebuild this Universe beneath my indignant power,
" A Universe of Death & Decay. Let Enitharmon's hands

" Weave soft delusive forms of Man above my wat'ry world;
" Renew these ruin'd souls of Men thro' Earth, Sea, Air & Fire,
" To waste in endless corruption, renew those I will destroy.
" Perhaps Enion may resume some little semblance
" To ease my pangs of heart & to restore some peace to Tharmas."

Los answer'd in his furious pride sparks issuing from his hair:
" Hitherto shalt thou come, no further; here thy proud waves cease.
" We have drunk up the Eternal Man by our unbounded power,
" Beware lest we also drink up thee, rough Demon of the waters.
" Our God is Urizen, the King, King of the Heavenly hosts;
" We have no other God but he, thou father of worms & clay,
" And he is fall'n into the Deep, rough Demon of the waters,
" And Los remains God over all, weak father of worms & clay.
" I know I was Urthona, keeper of the gates of heaven,
" But now I am all powerful Los, & Urthona is but my shadow."

Doubting stood Tharmas in the solemn darkness; his dim Eyes
Swam in red tears; he rear'd his waves above the head of Los
In wrath, but pitying back withdrew with many a sigh.
Now he resolv'd to destroy Los, & now his tears flow'd down.

In scorn stood Los, red sparks of blighting from his furious head
Flew over the waves of Tharmas; pitying, Tharmas stayed his Waves,
For Enitharmon shriek'd amain, crying: " O my sweet world
" Built by the Architect divine, whose love to Los & Enitharmon
" Thou rash abhorred Demon in thy fury hast o'erthrown!"
" What Sovereign Architect," said Tharmas, " dare my will controll?
" For if I will, I urge these waters. If I will, they sleep
" In peace beneath my awful frown; my will shall be my Law."

So saying, in a Wave he rap'd bright Enitharmon far
Apart from Los, but cover'd her with softest brooding care
On a broad wave in the warm west, balming her bleeding wound.

O how Los howl'd at the rending asunder! All the fibres rent,
Where Enitharmon join'd to his left side, in griding pain.
He, falling on the rocks, bellow'd his dolor till the blood
Stanch'd: then in ululation wail'd his woes upon the wind.

And Tharmas call'd to the Dark Spectre who upon the shores
With dislocated Limbs had fall'n. The Spectre rose in pain,
A shadow blue, obscure & dismal; like a statue of lead,
Bent by its fall from a high tower, the dolorous shadow rose.

" Go forth," said Tharmas, " works of joy are thine: obey & live,
" So shall the spungy marrow issuing from thy splinter'd bones
" Bonify, & thou shalt have rest when this thy labour is done.
" Go forth, bear Enitharmon back to the Eternal Prophet,
" Build her a bower in the midst of all my dashing waves;
" Make first a resting place for Los & Enitharmon, then
" Thou shalt have rest. If thou refusest, dash'd abroad on all
" My waves, thy limbs shall separate in stench & rotting, & thou
" Become a prey to all my demons of despair & hope."

The Spectre of Urthona [seeing *del.*] Enitharmon, writh'd
His cloudy form in jealous fear, & muttering thunders hoarse
And casting round thick glooms, thus utter'd his fierce pangs of heart:

" Tharmas, I know thee: how are we alter'd, our beauty decay'd!
" But still I know thee, tho' in this horrible ruin whelm'd.
" Thou, once the mildest son of heaven, art now become a Rage,
" A terror to all living things; think not that I am ignorant
" That thou art risen from the dead, or that, my power forgot,
" I slumber here in weak repose. I well remember the Day,
" The day of terror & abhorrence [when all *del.*] . . .
" When fleeing from the battle, thou fleeting like the raven
" Of dawn, outstretching an expanse where ne'er expanse had been,
" Drew'st all the Sons of Beulah into thy [great *del.*] dread vortex, following
" Thy Eddying spirit down the hills of Beulah. All my sons

" Stood round me at the anvil, where, new heated, the wedge
" Of iron glow'd furious, prepar'd for spades & mattocks.
" Hearing the symphonies of war loud sounding, All my sons
" Fled from my side; then pangs smote me unknown before. I saw
" My loins begin to break forth into veiny pipes & writhe
" Before me in the wind englobing, trembling with strong vibrations,
" The bloody mass began to animate. I, bending over,
" Wept bitter tears incessant. Still beholding how the piteous form
" Dividing & dividing from my loins, a weak & piteous
" Soft cloud of snow, a female pale & weak, I soft embrac'd
" My counter part & call'd it Love. I nam'd her Enitharmon,
" But found myself & her together issuing down the tide
" Which now our rivers were become, delving thro' caverns huge
" Of goary blood, strugg[l]ing to be deliver'd from our bonds.
" She strove in vain; not so Urthona strove, for breaking forth,
" A shadow blue, obscure & dismal, from the breathing Nostrils
" Of Enion I issued into the air, divided from Enitharmon.
" I howl'd in sorrow. I beheld thee rotting upon the Rocks.
" I, pitying, hover'd over thee; I protected thy ghastly corse
" From Vultures of the deep; then wherefore shouldst thou rage
" Against me who thee guarded in the night of death from harm? "

Tharmas replied: " Art thou Urthona, My friend, my old companion
" With whom I liv'd in happiness before that deadly night
" When Urizen gave the horses of Light into the hands of Luvah?
" Thou knowest not what Tharmas knows. O I could tell thee tales
" That would enrage thee as it has Enraged me, even
" From death in wrath & fury. But now, come, bear back
" Thy loved Enitharmon. For thou hast her here before thine eyes;
" But my sweet Enion is vanish'd, & I never more
" Shall see her, unless thou, O Shadow, wilt protect this Son
" Of Enion & him assist to bind the fallen King,
" Lest he should rise again from death in all his [dismal *del.*] dreary pow'r.
" Bind him; take Enitharmon for thy sweet reward, while I
" In vain am driven on false hope, hope sister of despair."

Groaning the terror rose & drave his solid rocks before
Upon the tide, till underneath the feet of Los a World
Dark dreadful rose, & Enitharmon lay at Los's feet.
The dolorous shadow joy'd; weak hope appear'd around his head.

Tharmas before Los stood, & thus the Voice of Tharmas roll'd:

" Now all comes into the power of Tharmas. Urizen is fall'n
" And Luvah hidden in the Elemental forms of Life & Death.
" Urthona is My Son. O Los, thou art Urthona, & Tharmas
" Is God. The Eternal Man is seal'd, never to be deliver'd.
" I roll my floods over his body, my billows & waves pass over him,
" The sea encompasses him & monsters of the deep are his companions.
" Dreamer of furious oceans, cold sleeper of weeds & shells,
" Thy Eternal form shall never renew, my uncertain prevails against thee.
" Yet tho' I rage, God over all, A portion of my Life
" That in Eternal fields in comfort wander'd with my flocks
" At noon & laid her head upon my wearied bosom at night,
" She is divided. She is vanish'd, even like Luvah & Vala.
" O why did foul ambition sieze thee, Urizen, Prince of Light?
" And thee, O Luvah, prince of Love, till Tharmas was divided?
" And I, what can I now behold but an Eternal Death
" Before my Eyes, & an Eternal weary work to strive
" Against the monstrous forms that breed among my silent waves?
" Is this to be A God? far rather would I be a Man,
" To know sweet Science, & to do with simple companions
" Sitting beneath a tent & viewing sheepfolds & soft pastures.
" Take thou the hammer of Urthona: rebuild these furnaces.
" Dost thou refuse? mind I the sparks that issue from thy hair?
" I will compell thee to rebuild by these my furious waves.
" Death choose or life; thou strugglest in my waters; now choose life,
" And all the Elements shall serve thee to their soothing flutes:
" Their sweet inspiriting lyres thy labours shall administer,
" And they to thee; only remit not, faint not thou, my son.
" Now thou dost know what 'tis to strive against the God of waters."

So saying, Tharmas on his furious chariots of the Deep
Departed far into the Unknown & left a wondrous void
Round Los; afar his waters bore on all sides round with noise
Of wheels & horses' hoofs, & Trumpets, Horns & Clarions.

Terrified, Los beheld the ruins of Urizen beneath,
A horrible Chaos to his eyes, a formless unmeasurable Death
Whirling up broken rocks on high into the dismal air
And fluctuating all beneath in Eddies of molten fluid.

Then Los with terrible hands siez'd on the Ruin'd Furnaces
Of Urizen: Enormous work, he builded them anew,
Labour of Ages in the Darkness & the war of Tharmas;
And Los form'd Anvils of Iron petrific, for his blows
Petrify with incessant beating many a rock, many a planet.
But Urizen slept in a stoned stupor in the nether Abyss,
A dreamful, horrible state in tossings on his icy bed
Freezing to solid all beneath; his grey oblivious form,
Stretch'd over the immense, heaves in strong shudders, silent his voice,
In brooding contemplation stretching out from North to South
In mighty power. Round him Los roll'd furious
His thunderous wheels from furnace to furnace, tending diligent
The contemplative terror frighten'd in his scornful sphere,
Frighten'd with cold infectious madness; in his hand the thundering
Hammer of Urthona forming under his heavy hand the hours,
The days & years, in chains of iron round the limbs of Urizen
Link'd hour to hour & day to night & night to day & year to year,
In periods of pulsative furor; mills he form'd & works
Of many wheels resistless in the power of dark Urthona.

But Enitharmon wrap'd in clouds wail'd loud, for as Los beat
The anvils of Urthona, link by link the chains of sorrow,
Warping upon the winds & whirling round in the dark deep,
Lash'd on the limbs of Enitharmon, & the sulphur fires,
Belch'd from the furnaces, wreath'd round her, chain'd in ceaseless fire.

The lovely female howl'd, & Urizen beneath, deep groan'd
Deadly between the hammer's beating, grateful to the Ears
Of Los absorb'd in dire revenge; he drank with joy the cries
Of Enitharmon & the groans of Urizen, fuel for his wrath
And for his pity, secret feeding on thoughts of cruelty.

The Spectre wept at his dire labours when from [*word del.*] Ladles huge
He pour'd the molten iron round the limbs of Enitharmon.
But when he pour'd it round the bones of Urizen, he laugh'd
Hollow upon the hollow wind, his shadowy form obeying
The voice of Los; compell'd he labour'd round the Furnaces.

And thus began the binding of Urizen; day & night in fear
Circling round the dark Demon, with howlings, dismay & sharp blightings,
The Prophet of Eternity beat on his iron links & links of brass;
And as he beat round the hurtling Demon, terrified at the Shapes
Enslav'd humanity put on, he became what he beheld.
Raging against Tharmas his God, & uttering
Ambiguous words, blasphemous, fill'd with envy, firm resolv'd
On hate Eternal, in his vast disdain he labour'd beating
The Links of fate, link after link, an endless chain of sorrows.
The Eternal Mind, bounded, began to roll eddies of wrath ceaseless
Round & round, & the sulphureous foam surgeing thick,
Settled, a Lake bright & shining clear, White as the snow.

Forgetfulness, dumbness, necessity, in chains of the mind lock'd up,
In fetters of ice shrinking, disorganiz'd, rent from Eternity,
Los beat on his fetters & [pour'd *del.*] heated his furnaces,
And pour'd iron sodor & sodor of brass.

Restless the immortal inchain'd, heaving dolorous,
Anguish'd unbearable till a roof, shaggy wild, inclos'd
In an orb his fountain of thought.

In a horrible dreamful slumber, like the linked chain,
A vast spine writh'd in torment upon the wind,
Shooting pain'd ribbs, like a bending Cavern,
And bones of solidness froze over all his nerves of joy.
A first age passed, a state of dismal woe.

From the Caverns of his jointed spine, down sunk with fright
A red round globe, hot burning, deep deep down into the Abyss,
Panting, conglobing, trembling, shooting out ten thousand branches
Around his solid bones, & a second age passed over.

In harrowing fear rolling, his nervous brain shot branches
[Round the branches of his heart *del.*]
On high into two little orbs hiding in two little caves,
Hiding carefully from the wind; his eyes beheld the deep,
And a third age passed, a state of dismal woe.

The pangs of hope began; in heavy pain striving, struggling,
Two Ears in close volutions from beneath his orbs of vision
Shot spiring out & petrified as they grew. And a Fourth
Age passed over & a state of dismal woe.

In ghastly torment sick, hanging upon the wind,
Two nostrils bent down to the deeps,
And a fifth age passed & a state of dismal woe.

In ghastly torment sick, within his ribs bloated round,
A craving hungry cavern. Thence arose his channel'd
Throat; then like a red flame a tongue of hunger
And thirst appear'd, and a sixth age pass'd of dismal woe.

Enraged & stifled with torment, he threw his right arm to the north,
His left arm to the south, shooting out in anguish deep,
And his feet stamp'd the nether abyss in trembling, howling & dismay,
And a seventh age passed over & a state of dismal woe.

## *NIGHT THE FOURTH*

The Council of God on high watching over the Body
Of Man cloth'd in Luvah's robes of blood, saw & wept.
Descending over Beulah's mild moon cover'd regions,
The daughters of Beulah saw the Divine Vision; they were comforted,
And as a double female form, loveliness & perfection of beauty,
They bow'd the head & worshipp'd, & with mild voice spoke these words:

" Lord Saviour, if thou hadst been here our brother had not died,
" And now we know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God
" He will give it thee; for we are weak women & dare not lift
" Our eyes to the Divine pavilions; therefore in mercy thou
" Appearest cloth'd in Luvah's garments that we may behold thee
" And live. Behold Eternal Death is in Beulah. Behold
" We perish & shall not be found unless thou grant a place
" In which we may be hidden under the shadow of wings.
" For if we, who are but for a time & who pass away in winter,
" Behold these wonders of Eternity, we shall consume."

Such were the words of Beulah, of the Feminine Emanation.
The Empyrean groan'd throughout. All Eden was darken'd.
The Corse of [Man *del.*] Albion lay on the Rock; the sea of Time & Space
Beat round the Rock in mighty waves, & as a Polypus
That vegetates beneath the Sea, the limbs of Man vegetated
In monstrous forms of Death, a Human polypus of Death.

The Saviour mild & gentle bent over the corse of Death,
Saying, " If ye will Believe, your brother shall rise again."
And first he found the Limit of Opacity, & nam'd it Satan,
*In Albion's bosom, for in every human bosom these limits stand.*
And next he found the Limit of Contraction, & nam'd it Adam,
While yet those beings were not born nor knew of good or Evil.

Then wondrously the [Deep beneath *del.*] *Starry Wheels* felt the divine hand.
Limit
Was put to Eternal Death. Los felt the Limit & saw
The Finger of God touch the Seventh furnace in terror.
And Los beheld the hand of God over his furnaces
Beneath the Deeps in dismal Darkness beneath immensity.

In terrors Los shrank from his task; his great hammer
Fell from his hand, his fires hid their strong limbs in smoke;
For [in *del.*] with noises ruinous, hurtlings & clashings & groans,
The immortal endur'd, tho' bound in a deadly sleep.
Pale terror siezed the Eyes of Los as he beat round
The hurtling demon; terrified at the shapes
Enslav'd humanity put on, he became what he beheld:
He became what he was doing: he was himself transform'd.

(*Bring in here the Globe of Blood as in the B. of Urizen.*)

Spasms siez'd his muscular fibres writhing to & fro: his pallid lips
Unwilling mov'd as Urizen howl'd: his loins wav'd like the sea
At Enitharmon's shrieks: his knees each other smote, & then he look'd
With stony Eyes on Urizen, & then swift writh'd his neck
Involuntary to the Couch where Enitharmon lay.
The bones of Urizen hurtle on the wind; the bones of Los
Twinge & his iron sinews bend like lead & fold
Into unusual forms, dancing & howling, stamping the abyss.

END OF THE FOURTH NIGHT

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE FIFTH

Infected, Mad, he danc'd on his mountains high & dark as heaven,
Now fix'd into one stedfast bulk his features stonify,
From his mouth curses, & from his eyes sparks of blighting,
Beside the anvil cold he danc'd with the hammer of Urthona.
Terrific pale Enitharmon stretched on the [dismal *del.*] *dreary* earth
Felt her immortal limbs freeze, stiffening, pale, inflexible.
His feet shrunk with'ring from the deep, shrinking & withering,
And Enitharmon shrunk up, all their fibres with'ring beneath,
As plants wither'd by winter, leaves & stems & roots decaying
Melt into thin air, while the seed, driv'n by the furious wind,
Rests on the distant Mountain's top. So Los & Enitharmon,
Shrunk into fixed space, stood trembling on a Rocky cliff,
Yet mighty bulk & majesty & beauty remain'd, but unexpansive.
As far as highest Zenith from the lowest Nadir, so far shrunk
Los from the furnaces, a space immense, & left the cold
Prince of Light bound in chains of intellect among the furnaces;
But all the furnaces were out & the bellows had ceast to blow.

He stood trembling & Enitharmon clung around his knees,
Their senses unexpansive in one stedfast bulk remain.
The night blew cold, & Enitharmon shriek'd on the dismal wind.
Her pale hands cling around her husband, & over her weak head
Shadows of Eternal Death sit in the leaden air.

But the soft pipe, the flute, the viol, organ, harp, & cymbal,
And the sweet sound of silver voices calm the weary couch
Of Enitharmon; but her groans drown the immortal harps.
Loud & more loud the living music floats upon the air,
Faint & more faint the daylight wanes; the wheels of turning darkness
Began in solemn revolutions. Earth, convuls'd with rending pangs,

Rock'd to & fro & cried sore at the groans of Enitharmon.
Still the faint harps & silver voices calm the weary couch,
But from the caves of deepest night, ascending in clouds of mist,
The winter spread his wide black wings across from pole to pole:
Grim frost beneath & terrible snow, link'd in a marriage chain,
Began a dismal dance. The winds around on pointed rocks
Settled like bats innumerable, ready to fly abroad.
The groans of Enitharmon shake the skies, the lab'ring Earth,
Till from her heart rending his way, a terrible child sprang forth
In thunder, smoke & sullen flames, & howlings & fury & blood.

Soon as his burning Eyes were open'd on the Abyss,
The horrid trumpets of the deep bellow'd with bitter blasts.
The Enormous Demons woke & howl'd around the [youthful *del.*] new born
King,
Crying, " Luvah, King of Love, thou art the King of rage & death."
Urizen cast deep darkness round him; raging, Luvah pour'd
The spears of Urizen from Chariots round the Eternal tent.
Discord began, [& *del.*] then yells & cries shook the wide firmament:

" Where is sweet Vala, gloomy prophet? where the lovely form
" That drew the body of Man from heaven into this dark Abyss?
" Soft tears & sighs, where are you? come forth! shout on bloody fields.
" Shew thy soul, Vala! show thy bow & quiver of secret fires.
" Draw thy bow, Vala! from the depths of hell thy black bow draw,
" And twang the bowstring to our howlings; let thine arrows black
" Sing in the Sky as once they sang upon the hills of Light
" When dark Urthona wept in torment of the secret pain:
" He wept & he divided & he laid his gloomy head
" Down on the Rock of Eternity on darkness of the deep,
" Torn by black storms & ceaseless torrents of consuming fire,
" Within his breast his fiery sons chain'd down & fill'd with cursings.
" And breathing terrible blood & vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain,
" Let loose the Enormous Spirit on the darkness of the deep,

" And his dark wife, that once fair crystal form divinely clear,
" Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire.
" But now the times return upon thee. Enitharmon's womb
" Now holds thee, soon to issue forth. Sound, Clarions of war!
" Call Vala from her close recess in all her dark deceit,
" Then rage on rage shall fierce redound out of her crystal quiver."

So sung the Demons round red Orc & round faint Enitharmon.
Sweat & blood stood on the limbs of Los in globes; his fiery Eyelids
Faded; he rouz'd, he siez'd the wonder in his hands & went
Shudd'ring & weeping thro' the Gloom & down into the deeps.

Enitharmon nurs'd her fiery child in the dark deeps
Sitting in darkness: over her Los mourn'd in anguish fierce
Cover'd with gloom; the fiery boy grew, fed by the milk
Of Enitharmon. Los around her builded pillars of iron
And brass & silver & gold fourfold, in dark prophetic fear,
For now he fear'd Eternal Death & uttermost Extinction:
He builded Golgonooza on the Lake of Udan Adan.
Upon the Limit of Translucence then he builded Luban.
Tharmas laid the Foundation & Los finish'd it in howling woe.

But when fourteen summers & winters had revolved over
Their solemn habitation, Los beheld the ruddy boy
Embracing his bright mother, & beheld malignant fires
In his young eyes, discerning plain that Orc plotted his death.
Grief rose upon his ruddy brows; a tightning girdle grew
Around his bosom like a bloody cord; in secret sobs
He burst it, but next morn another girdle succeeds
Around his bosom. Every day he view'd the fiery youth
With silent fear, & his immortal cheeks grew deadly pale,
Till many a morn & many a night pass'd over in dire woe
Forming a girdle in the day & bursting it at night.
The girdle was form'd by day, by night was burst in twain,
Falling down on the rock, an iron chain link by link lock'd.

Enitharmon beheld the bloody chain of nights & days
Depending from the bosom of Los, & how with [dismal *del.*] *griding* pain
He went each morning to his labours with the spectre dark,
Call'd it the chain of Jealousy. Now Los began to speak
His woes aloud to Enitharmon, since he could not hide
His uncouth plague. He siez'd the boy in his immortal hands,
While Enitharmon follow'd him, weeping in dismal woe,
Up to the iron mountain's top, & there the jealous chain
Fell from his bosom on the mountain. The spectre dark
Held the fierce boy. Los nail'd him down, binding around his limbs
The [dismal *del.*] *accursed* chain. O how bright Enitharmon howl'd & cried
Over her son! Obdurate, Los bound down her loved Joy.

The hammer of Urthona smote the rivets in terror, of brass
Tenfold; the Demon's rage flam'd tenfold forth, rending
Roaring, redounding, Loud, Loud, Louder & Louder, & fir'd
The darkness, warring with the waves of Tharmas & Snows of Urizen.
Crackling the flames went up with fury from the immortal demon.
Surrounded with flames the Demon grew, loud howling in his fires;
Los folded Enitharmon in a cold white cloud in fear,
Then led her down into the deeps & into his labyrinth,
Giving the Spectre sternest charge over the howling fiend,
Concenter'd into Love of Parent, Storgous Appetite, Craving.

His limbs bound down mock at his chains, for over them a flame
Of circling fire unceasing plays; to feed them with life & bring
The virtues of the Eternal worlds, ten thousand thousand spirits
Of life [*word del.*] lament around the Demon, going forth & returning.
At his enormous call they flee into the heavens of heavens
And back return with wine & food, or dive into the deeps
To bring the thrilling joys of sense to quell his ceaseless rage.
His eyes, the lights of his large soul, contract or else expand:
Contracted they behold the secrets of the infinite mountains,
The veins of gold & silver & the hidden things of Vala,
Whatever grows from its pure bud or breathes a fragrant soul:

Expanded they behold the terrors of the Sun & Moon,
The Elemental Planets & the orbs of eccentric fire.
His nostrils breathe [with *del.*] a fiery flame, his locks are like the forests
Of wild beasts; there the lion glares, the tyger & wolf howl there,
And there the Eagle hides her young in cliffs & precipices.
His bosom is like starry heaven expanded; all the stars
Sing round; there waves the harvest & the vintage rejoices; the springs
Flow into rivers of delight; there the spontaneous flowers
Drink, laugh & sing, the grasshopper, the Emmet and the Fly;
The golden Moth builds there a house & spreads her silken bed.
His loins inwove with silken fires are like a furnace fierce:
As the strong Bull in summer time when bees sing round the heath
Where the herds low after the shadow & after the water spring,
The num'rous flocks cover the mountains & shine along the valley.
His knees are rocks of adament & rubie & emerald:
Spirits of strength [rejoice *del.*] in Palaces rejoice in golden armour
Armed with spear & shield they drink & rejoice over the slain.
Such is the Demon, such his terror on the nether deep.

But, when return'd to Golgonooza, Los & Enitharmon
Felt all the sorrow Parents feel, they wept toward one another
And Los repented that he had chain'd Orc upon the mountain.
And Enitharmon's tears prevail'd; parental love return'd,
Tho' terrible his dread of that infernal chain. They rose
At midnight hasting to their much beloved care.
Nine days they travel'd thro' the Gloom of Entuthon Benithon.
Los taking Enitharmon by the hand led her along
The dismal vales & up to the iron mountain's top where Orc
Howl'd in the furious wind; he thought to give to Enitharmon
Her son in tenfold joy, & to compensate for her tears
Even if his own death resulted, so much pity him pain'd.

But when they came to the dark rock & to the spectrous cave,
Lo, the young limbs had strucken root into the rock, & strong

Fibres had from the Chain of Jealousy inwove themselves
In a swift vegetation round the rock & round the Cave
And over the immortal limbs of the terrible fiery boy.
In vain they strove now to unchain, In vain with bitter tears
To melt the chain of Jealousy; not Enitharmon's death,
Nor the Consummation of Los could ever melt the chain
Nor unroot the infernal fibres from their rocky bed,
Nor all Urthona's strength, nor all the power of Luvah's Bulls,
Tho' they each morning drag the unwilling Sun out of the deep,
Could uproot the infernal chain, for it had taken root
Into the iron rock & grew a chain beneath the Earth
Even to the Center, wrapping round the Center; & the limbs
Of Orc entering with fibres become one with him, a living Chain
Sustained by the Demon's life. Despair & Terror & Woe & Rage
Inwrap the Parents in cold clouds as they bend howling over
The terrible boy, till fainting by his side, the Parents fell.

Not long they lay; Urthona's spectre found herbs of the pit.
Rubbing their temples, he reviv'd them; all their lamentations
I write not here, but all their after life was lamentation.

When satiated with grief they return'd back to Golgonooza,
Enitharmon on the road of Dranthon felt the inmost gate
Of her bright heart burst open & again close with a deadly pain.
Within her heart Vala began to reanimate in bursting sobs;
And when the Gate was open she beheld that dreary deep
Where bright Ahania wept. She also saw the infernal roots
Of the chain of Jealousy, & felt the rendings of fierce howling Orc
Rending the Caverns like a mighty wind pent in the Earth.
Tho' wide apart as furthest north is from the furthest south,
Urizen trembled where he lay to hear the howling terror.
The rocks shook, the Eternal bars tugg'd to & fro were rifted.
Outstretch'd upon the stones of ice, the ruins of his throne,
Urizen shudd'ring heard, his trembling limbs shook the strong caves.

## *NIGHT THE FIFTH*

The Woes of Urizen shut up in the deep dens of Urthona:
" Ah! how shall Urizen the King submit to this dark mansion?
" Ah! how is this? Once on the heights I stretch'd my throne sublime;
" The mountains of Urizen, once of silver, where the sons of wisdom dwelt,
" And on whose tops the Virgins sang, are rocks of desolation.

" My fountains, once the haunt of swans, now breed the scaly tortoise,
" The houses of my harpers are become a haunt of crows,
" The gardens of wisdom are become a field of horrid graves,
" And on the bones I drop my tears & water them in vain.

" Once how I walked from my palace in gardens of delight,
" The sons of wisdom stood around, the harpers follow'd with harps,
" Nine virgins cloth'd in light compos'd the song to their immortal voices,
" And at my banquets of new wine my head was crown'd with joy.

" Then in my ivory pavilions I slumber'd [with *del.*] in the noon
" And walked in the silent night among sweet smelling flowers,
" Till on my silver bed I slept & sweet dreams round me hover'd,
" But now my land is darken'd & my wise men are departed.

" My songs are turned into cries of Lamentation
" Heard on my Mountains, & deep sighs under my palace roofs,
" Because the Steeds of Urizen, once swifter than the light,
" Were kept back from my Lord & from his chariot of mercies.

" O did I keep the horses of the day in silver pastures?
" O I refus'd the lord of day the horses of his prince!
" O did I close my treasuries with roofs of solid stone
" And darken all my Palace walls with envyings & hate?

" O Fool! to think that I could hide from his all piercing eyes
" The gold & silver & costly stones, his holy workmanship!
" O Fool! could I forget the light that filled my bright spheres
" Was a reflection of his face who call'd me from the deep!

" I well remember, for I heard the mild & holy voice
" Saying, ' O light, spring up & shine,' & I sprang up from the deep.
" He gave to me a silver scepter, & crown'd me with a golden crown,
" [Saying *del.*] *&* *said*, ' Go forth & guide my Son who wanders on the ocean.'

" I went not forth: I hid myself in black clouds of my wrath;
" I call'd the stars around my feet in the night of councils dark;
" The stars threw down their spears & fled naked away.
" We fell. I siez'd thee, dark Urthona. In my left hand falling

" I siez'd thee, beauteous Luvah; thou art faded like a flower
" And like a lilly is thy wife Vala wither'd by winds.
" When thou didst bear the golden cup at the immortal tables
" Thy children smote their fiery wings, crown'd with the gold of heaven.

" Thy pure feet step'd on the steps divine, too pure for other feet,
" And thy fair locks shadow'd thine eyes from the divine effulgence,
" Then thou didst keep with Strong Urthona the living gates of heaven,
" But now thou art bow'd down with him, even to the gates of hell,

" Because thou gavest Urizen the wine of the Almighty
" For Steeds of Light, that they might run in thy golden chariot of pride.
" I gave to thee the Steeds. I pour'd the stolen wine,
" And drunken with the immortal draught fell from my throne sublime.

" I will arise, Explore these dens, & find that deep pulsation
" That shakes my cavern with strong shudders; perhaps this is the night
" Of Prophecy, & Luvah hath burst his way from Enitharmon.
" When Thought is clos'd in Caves Then love shall shew its root in deepest Hell."

END OF THE FIFTH NIGHT

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE SIXTH

So Urizen arose, & leaning on his spear explor'd his dens.
He threw his flight thro' the dark air to where a river flow'd,
And taking off his silver helmet filled it & drank;
But when, unsatiated his thirst, he assayed to gather more,
Lo, three terrific women at the verge of the bright flood,
Who would not suffer him to approach, but drove him back with storms.

Urizen knew them not, & thus addressed the spirits of darkness:
" Who art thou, Eldest Woman, sitting in thy clouds?
" What is that name written on thy forehead? what art thou?
" And wherefore dost thou pour this water forth in sighs & care? "

She answer'd not, but fill'd her urn & pour'd it forth abroad.

" Answerest thou not? " said Urizen. " Then thou maist answer me,
" Thou terrible woman, clad in blue, whose strong attractive power
" Draws all into a fountain at the rock of thy attraction;
" With frowning brow thou sittest, mistress of these mighty waters."

She answer'd not, but stretched her arms & threw her limbs abroad.

" Or wilt thou answer, youngest Woman, clad in shining green?
" With labour & care thou dost divide the [river *del.*] current into four.
" Queen of these dreadful rivers, speak, & let me hear thy voice."

[Then *del.*] *And* Urizen rais'd his spear, [but *del.*] they rear'd up a wall of rocks.
They gave a scream, they knew their father: Urizen knew his daughters.
They shrunk into their channels, dry the rocky strand beneath his feet,
Hiding themselves in rocky forms from the Eyes of Urizen.

Then Urizen wept & thus his lamentation poured forth:

" O horrible, O dreadful state! those whom I loved best,
" On whom I pour'd the beauties of my light, adorning them
" With jewels & precious ornament labour'd with art divine,
" Vests of the radiant colours of heaven & crowns of golden fire.
" I gave sweet lillies to their breasts & roses to their hair,
" I taught them songs of sweet delight, I gave their tender voices
" Into the blue expanse, & I invented with laborious art
" Sweet instruments of sound; in pride encompassing my knees
" They pour'd their radiance above all; the daughters of Luvah envied
" At their exceeding brightness, & the sons of eternity sent them gifts.
" Now will I pour my fury on them, & I will reverse
" The precious benediction; for their colours of loveliness
" I will give blackness; for jewels, hoary frost; for ornament, deformity;
" For crowns, wreath'd serpents; for sweet odors, stinking corruptibility;
" For voices of delight, hoarse croakings inarticulate thro' frost;
" For labour'd fatherly care & sweet instruction, I will give
" Chains of dark ignorance & cords of twisted self-conceit
" And whips of stern repentance & food of stubborn obstinacy,
" That they may curse Tharmas their God, & Los his adopted son;
" That they may curse & worship the obscure demon of destruction;
" That they may worship terrors & obey the violent.
" Go forth, sons of my curse. Go forth, daughters of my abhorrence."

Tharmas heard the deadly scream across his wat'ry world
And Urizen's loud sounding voice lamenting on the wind,
And he came riding in his fury; froze to solid were his waves,
Silent in ridges he beheld them stand round Urizen,
A dreary waste of solid waters; for the King of Light
Darken'd his brows with his cold helmet, & his gloomy spear
Darken'd before him. Silent on the ridgy waves he took
His gloomy way; before him Tharmas fled, & flying fought,

Crying: " What & who art thou, Cold Demon? art thou Urizen?
" Art thou, like me, risen again from death? or art thou deathless?
" If thou art he, my desperate purpose hear, & give me death,
" For death to me is better far than life, death my desire
" That I in vain in various paths have sought, but still I live.
" The Body of Man is given to me. I seek in vain to destroy,
" For still it surges forth in fish & monsters of the deeps,
" And in these monstrous forms I Live in an Eternal woe,
" And thou, O Urizen, art fall'n, never to be deliver'd.
" Withhold thy light from me for ever, & I will withhold
" From thee thy food; so shall we cease to be, & all our sorrows
" [Cease *del.*] End, & the Eternal Man no more renew beneath our power.
" If thou refusest, in eternal flight thy beams in vain
" Shall pursue Tharmas, & in vain shalt crave for food. I will
" Pour down my flight thro' dark immensity Eternal falling.
" Thou shalt pursue me but in vain, till starv'd upon the void
" Thou hang'st, a dried skin, shrunk up, weak wailing in the wind."

So Tharmas spoke, but Urizen replied not. On his way
He took, high bounding over hills & desarts, floods & horrible chasms.
Infinite was his labour, without end his travel; he strove
In vain, for hideous monsters of the deeps annoy'd him sore,
Scaled & finn'd with iron & brass, they devour'd the path before him.
Incessant was the conflict. On he bent his weary steps
Making a path toward the dark world of Urthona; he rose
With pain upon the dreary mountains & with pain descended
And saw their grizly fears, & his eyes sicken'd at the sight:
The howlings, gnashings, groanings, shriekings, shudderings, sobbings, burstings
Mingle together to create a world for Los. In cruel delight
Los brooded on the darkness, nor saw Urizen with a Globe of fire
Lighting his dismal journey thro' the pathless world of death,
Writing in bitter tears & groans in books of iron & brass
The enormous wonders of the Abysses, once his brightest joy.

For Urizen beheld the terrors of the Abyss wandering among
The ruin'd spirits, once his children & the children of Luvah.
Scar'd at the sound of their own sigh that seems to shake the immense
They wander Moping, in their heart a sun, a dreary moon,
A Universe of fiery constellations in their brain,
An earth of wintry woe beneath their feet, & round their loins
Waters or winds or clouds or brooding lightnings & pestilential plagues.
Beyond the bounds of their own self their senses cannot penetrate:
As the tree knows not what is outside of its leaves & bark
And yet it drinks the summer joy & fears the winter sorrow,
So, in the regions of the grave, none knows his dark compeer
Tho' he partakes of his dire woes & mutual returns the pang,
The throb, the dolor, the convulsion, in soul-sickening woes.

[Not so clos'd kept the Prince of Light now darken'd, wandering among
The Ruin'd Spirits, once his Children & the Children of Luvah:
For Urizen beheld the terrors of the Abyss, wandering among *del.*]
The horrid shapes & sights of torment in burning dungeons & in
Fetters of red hot iron; some with crowns of serpents & some
With monsters girding round their bosoms; some lying on beds of sulphur,
On racks & wheels; he beheld women marching o'er burning wastes
Of Sand in bands of hundreds & of fifties & of thousands, strucken with
Lightnings which blazed after them upon their shoulders in their march
In successive volleys with loud thunders: swift flew the King of Light
Over the burning desarts; Then, the desarts pass'd, involv'd in clouds
Of smoke with myriads moping in the stifling vapours, Swift
Flew the King, tho' flag'd his powers, labouring till over rocks
And Mountains faint weary he wander'd where multitudes were shut
Up in the solid mountains & in rocks which heav'd with their torments.
Then came he among fiery cities & castles built of burning steel.
Then he beheld the forms of tygers & of Lions, dishumaniz'd men.
Many in serpents & in worms, stretched out enormous length
Over the sullen mould & slimy tracks, obstruct his way
Drawn out from deep to deep, woven by ribb'd
And scaled monsters or arm'd in iron shell, or shell of brass

Or gold: a glittering torment shining & hissing in eternal pain;
Some, columns of fire or of water, sometimes stretch'd out in [length *del.*] heighth,
Sometimes in [breadth *del.*] length, sometimes englobing, wandering in vain seeking for ease.
His voice to them was but an inarticulate thunder, for their Ears
Were heavy & dull, & their eyes & nostrils closed up.
Oft he stood by a howling victim Questioning in words
Soothing or Furious; no one answer'd; every one wrap'd up
In his own sorrow howl'd regardless of his words, nor voice
Of sweet response could he obtain, tho' oft assay'd with tears.
He knew they were his Children ruin'd in his ruin'd world.

Oft would he stand & question a fierce scorpion glowing with gold;
In vain; the terror heard not. Then a lion he would sieze
By the fierce mane, staying his howling course; in vain the voice
Of Urizen, in vain the Eloquent tongue. A Rock, a Cloud, a Mountain,
Were now not Vocal as in Climes of happy Eternity
Where the lamb replies to the infant voice, & the lion to the man of years
Giving them sweet instructions; where the Cloud, the River & the Field
Talk with the husbandman & shepherd. But these attack'd him sore,
Siezing upon his feet, & rending the sinews, that in Caves
He hid to recure his obstructed powers with rest & oblivion.

Here he had time enough to repent of his rashly threaten'd curse.
*He saw them curs'd beyond his Curse: his soul melted with fear.*
He could not take their fetters off, for they grew from the soul,
Nor could he quench the fires, for they flam'd out from the heart,
Nor could he calm the Elements, because himself was subject;
So he threw his flight in terror & pain, & in repentant tears.

When he had pass'd these southern terrors he approach'd the East,
Void, pathless, beaten with [dismal *del.*] iron sleet, & eternal hail & [snow *del.*] rain.
No form was there, no living thing, & yet his way lay thro'

This dismal world; he stood a while & look'd back over his former
Terrific voyage, Hills & Vales of torment & despair!
Sighing, & weeping a fresh tear, then turning round, he threw
Himself into the dismal void; falling he fell & fell,
Whirling in unresistible revolutions down & down
In the horrid bottomless vacuity, falling, falling, falling
Into the Eastern vacuity, the empty world of Luvah.

The ever pitying one who seeth all things, saw his fall,
And in the dark vacuity created a bosom of [slime *del.*] clay;
When wearied, dead he fell, his limbs repos'd in the bosom of slime;
As the seed falls from the sower's hand, so Urizen fell, & death
Shut up his powers in oblivion; then as the seed shoots forth
In pain & sorrow, so the slimy bed his limbs renew'd.
At first an infant weakness; periods pass'd; he gather'd strength,
But still in solitude he sat; then rising, threw his flight
Onward, tho' falling, thro' the waste of night & ending in death
And in another resurrection to sorrow & weary travel.
But still his books he bore in his strong hands, & his iron pen,
For when he died they lay beside his grave, & when he rose
He siez'd them with a [dismal *del.*] *gloomy* smile; for wrap'd in his death clothes
He hid them when he slept in death, when he reviv'd, the clothes
Were rotted by the winds; the books remain'd still unconsum'd,
Still to be written & interleav'd with brass & iron & gold,
Time after time, for such a journey none but iron pens
Can write And adamantine leaves recieve, nor can the man who goes
The journey obstinate refuse to write time after time.

Endless had been his travel, but the Divine hand him led,
For infinite the distance & obscur'd by Combustions dire,
By rocky masses frowning in the abysses, revolving erratic
Round Lakes of fire in the dark deep, the ruins of Urizen's world.

Oft would he sit in a dark rift & regulate his books,
Or sleep such sleep as spirits eternal, wearied in his dark
Tearful & sorrowful state; then rise, look out & ponder
His dismal voyage, eyeing the next sphere tho' far remote;
Then darting into the Abyss of night his venturous limbs
Thro' lightnings, thunders, earthquakes & concussions, fires & floods
Stemming his downward fall, labouring up against futurity,
Creating many a Vortex, fixing many a Science in the deep,
And thence throwing his venturous limbs into the vast unknown,
Swift, swift from Chaos to chaos, from void to void, a road immense.
For when he came to where a Vortex ceas'd to operate,
Nor down nor up remain'd, then if he turn'd & look'd back
From whence he came, 'twas upward all; & if he turn'd and view'd
The unpass'd void, upward was still his mighty wand'ring,
The midst between, an Equilibrium grey of air serene
Where he might live in peace & where his life might meet repose.

But Urizen said: " Can I not leave this world of Cumbrous wheels,
" Circle o'er Circle, nor on high attain a void
" Where self sustaining I may view all things beneath my feet?
" Or sinking thro' these Elemental wonders, swift to fall,
" I thought perhaps to find an End, a world beneath of voidness
" Whence I might travel round the outside of this dark confusion.
" When I bend downward, bending my head downward into the deep,
" 'Tis upward all which way soever I my course begin;
" But when A Vortex, form'd on high by labour & sorrow & care
" And weariness, begins on all my limbs, then sleep revives
" My wearied spirits; waking then 'tis downward all which way
" Soever I my spirits turn, no end I find of all.
" O what a world is here, unlike those climes of bliss
" Where my sons gather'd round my knees! O, thou poor ruin'd world!
" Thou horrible ruin! once like me thou wast all glorious,
" And now like me partaking desolate thy master's lot.
" Art thou, O ruin, the once glorious heaven? are these thy rocks
" Where joy sang on the trees & pleasure sported in the rivers.

" And laughter sat beneath the Oaks, & innocence sported round
" Upon the green plains, & sweet friendship met in palaces,
" And books & instruments of song & pictures of delight?
" Where are they, whelmed beneath these ruins in horrible [confusion *del.*] destruction?
" And if, Eternal falling, I repose on the dark bosom
" Of winds & waters, or thence fall into a Void where air
" Is not, down falling thro' immensity ever & ever,
" I lose my powers, weaken'd every revolution, till a death
" Shuts up my powers; then a seed in the vast womb of darkness
" I dwell in dim oblivion; brooding over me, the Enormous worlds
" Reorganize me, shooting forth in bones & flesh & blood,
" I am regenerated, to fall or rise at will, or to remain
" A labourer of ages, a dire discontent, a living woe
" Wandering in vain. Here will I fix my foot & here rebuild.
" Here Mountains of Brass promise much riches in their dreadful bosoms."

So [saying *del.*] he began to form of gold, silver & [brass *del.*] iron
And brass, vast instruments to measure out the immense & fix
The whole into another world better suited to obey
His will, where none should dare oppose his will, himself being King
Of All, & all futurity be bound in his vast chain.
And the Sciences were fix'd & the Vortexes began to operate
On all the sons of men, & every human soul terrified
At the living wheels of heaven shrunk away inward, with'ring away.
Gaining a New dominion over all his Sons & Daughters, & over the Sons & Daughters of Luvah in the horrible Abyss.
For Urizen lamented over them in a selfish lamentation
Till a white woof cover'd his cold limbs from head to feet,
Hair white as snow cover'd him in flaky locks terrific
Overspreading his limbs; in pride he wander'd weeping,
Clothed in aged venerableness, obstinately resolv'd,
Travelling thro' darkness; & wherever he travel'd a dire Web
Follow'd behind him, as the Web of a Spider, dusky & cold,

Shivering across from Vortex to Vortex, drawn out from his mantle of years:
*A living Mantle adjoined to his life & growing from his soul.*
And the Web of Urizen stre[t]ch'd direful, shivering in clouds,
And uttering such woes, such burstings, such thunderings.
The eyelids expansive as morning & the Ears
As a golden ascent winding round to the heavens of heavens
Within the dark horrors of the Abysses, lion or tyger, or scorpion;
For every one open'd within into Eternity at will,
But they refus'd, because their outward forms were in the Abyss;
And the wing-like tent of the Universe, beautiful, surrounding all,
Or drawn up or let down at the will of the immortal man,
Vibrated in such anguish the eyelids quiver'd,
Weak & Weaker their expansive orbs began shrinking;
Pangs smote thro' the brain & a universal shriek
Ran thro' the Abysses rending the web, torment on torment.

Thus Urizen in sorrows wander'd many a dreary way
Warring with monsters of the deeps in his most hideous pilgrimage,
Till, his bright hair scatter'd in snows, his skin bark'd o'er with wrinkles,
Four Caverns rooting downwards their foundations, thrusting forth
The metal, rock & stone in ever painful throes of vegetation.
The Cave of Orc stood to the South, a furnace of dire flames,
Quenchless, unceasing. In the west the Cave of Urizen;
For Urizen fell, as the Midday sun falls down, into the West.
North stood Urthona's stedfast throne, a World of Solid darkness
Shut up in stifling obstruction, rooted in dumb despair.
The East was Void. But Tharmas roll'd his billows in ceaseless eddies,
Void, pathless, beat with Snows eternal & iron hail & rain
All thro' the caverns of fire & air & Earth, Seeking
For Enion's limbs, nought finding but the black sea weed & sick'ning slime:
Flying away from Urizen that he might not give him food,
Above, beneath, on all sides round in the vast deep of immensity,
That he might starve the sons & daughters of Urizen on the winds,
Making between, horrible chasms into the vast unknown.

All these around the world of Los cast forth their monstrous births.
But in Eternal times the Seat of Urizen is in the South,
Urthona in the North, Luvah in East, Tharmas in West.

And now he came into the Abhorred world of Dark Urthona,
By Providence Divine conducted, not bent from his own will
Lest Death Eternal should be the result, for the Will cannot be violated:
Into the doleful vales where no tree grew nor river flow'd,
Nor man nor beast nor creeping thing, nor sun nor cloud nor star;
Still he, with his globe of fire immense in his venturous hand,
Bore on thro' the Affrighted vales, ascending & descending,
O'erwearied or in cumbrous flight he ventur'd o'er dark rifts,
Or down dark precipices, or climb'd with pain and labours huge
Till he beheld the world of Los from the Peaked rock of Urthona
And heard the howling of red Orc distincter & distincter.

Redoubling his immortal efforts, thro' the narrow vales
With difficulty down descending, guided by his Ear
And [with *del.*] by his globe of fire, he went down the Vale of Urthona
Between the enormous iron walls built by the Spectre dark.
Dark grew his globe redd'ning with mists, & full before his path,
Striding across the narrow vale, the Shadow of Urthona
A spectre Vast appear'd, whose feet & legs with iron scaled,
Stamp'd the hard rocks expectant of the unknown wanderer
Whom he had seen wandering his nether world when distant far,
And watch'd his swift approach; collected, dark, the Spectre stood.
Beside him Tharmas stay'd his flight & stood in stern defiance,
Communing with the Spectre who rejoic'd along the vale.
Round his loins a girdle glow'd with many colour'd fires,
In his hand a knotted Club whose knots like mountains frown'd
Desart among the stars, them withering with its ridges cold.
Black scales of iron arm the dread visage; iron spikes instead
Of hair shoot from his orbed scull; his glowing eyes
Burn like two furnaces; he call'd with Voice of Thunder.
Four winged heralds mount the furious blasts & blow their trumps;

Gold, Silver, Brass & iron clangors, clamoring rend the [deeps *del.*] *shores*.
Like white clouds rising from the Vales, his fifty two armies
From the four Cliffs of Urthona rise glowing around the Spectre.
Four sons of Urizen the Squadrons of Urthona led, in arms
Of gold & silver, brass & iron: he knew his mighty sons.

Then Urizen arose upon the wind, back many a mile
Returning into his dire Web, scattering fleecy snows:
As he ascended, howling loud, the Web vibrated strong,
From heaven to heaven, from globe to globe. In vast excentric paths
Compulsive roll'd the Comets at his dread command, the dreary way
Falling with wheel impetuous down among Urthona's vales
And round red Orc; returning back to Urizen, gorg'd with blood.
Slow roll the massy Globes at his command, & slow o'erwheel
The dismal squadrons of Urthona weaving the dire Web
In their progressions, & preparing Urizen's path before him

END OF THE SIXTH NIGHT

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE SEVENTH [*a*]

Then Urizen arose. The Spectre fled, & Tharmas fled;
The dark'ning Spectre of Urthona hid beneath a rock.
Tharmas threw his impetuous flight thro' the deeps of immensity
Revolving round in whirlpools fierce, all round the cavern'd worlds.

But Urizen silent descended to the Caves of Orc & saw
A Cavern'd Universe of flaming fire; the horses of Urizen
Here bound to fiery mangers, furious dash their golden hoofs,
Striking fierce sparkles from their brazen fetters; fierce his lions
Howl in the burning dens; his tygers roam in the redounding smoke
In forests of affliction; the adamantine scales of justice
Consuming in the raging lamps of mercy, pour'd in rivers.
The holy oil rages thro' all the cavern'd rocks; fierce flames
Dance on the rivers & the rocks; howling & drunk with fury
The plow of ages & the golden harrow wade thro' fields
Of goary blood; the immortal seed is nourish'd for the slaughter.
The bulls of Luvah, breathing fire, bellow on burning pastures
Round howling Orc, whose awful limbs cast forth red smoke & fire,
That Urizen approach'd not near but took his seat on a rock
And rang'd his books around him, brooding Envious over Orc.

Howling & rending his dark caves the awful Demon lay:
Pulse after pulse beat on his fetters, pulse after pulse his spirit
Darted & darted higher & higher to the shrine of Enitharmon;
As when the thunder folds himself in thickest clouds,
The wat'ry nations couch & hide in the profoundest deeps,
Then bursting from his troubled head, with terrible visages & flaming hair,
His swift wing'd daughters sweep across the vast black ocean.

## *NIGHT THE SEVENTH* [*a*]

Los felt the Envy in his limbs like to a blighted tree,
For Urizen fix'd in envy sat brooding & cover'd with snow;
His book of iron on his knees, he trac'd the dreadful letters
While his snows fell & his storms beat to cool the flames of Orc
Age after Age, till underneath his heel a deadly root
Struck thro' the rock, the root of Mystery accursed shooting up
Branches into the heaven of Los: they, pipe form'd, bending down
Take root again wherever they touch, again branching forth
In intricate labyrinths o'erspreading many a grizly deep.

Amaz'd started Urizen when he found himself compass'd round
And high roofed over with trees; he arose, but the stems
Stood so thick he with difficulty & great pain brought
His books out of the dismal shade, all but the book of iron.
Again he took his seat & rang'd his [*word del.*] Books around
On a rock of iron frowning over the foaming fires of Orc.
And Urizen hung over Orc & view'd his terrible wrath;
Sitting upon [his *del.*] an iron Crag, at length his words broke forth:

" Image of dread, whence art thou? whence is this most woful place?
" Whence these fierce fires, but from thyself? No other living thing
" In all this Chasm I behold. No other living thing
" Dare thy most terrible wrath abide. Bound here to waste in pain
" Thy vital substance in these fires that issue new & new
" Around thee, sometimes like a flood, & sometimes like a rock
" Of living pangs, thy horrible bed glowing with ceaseless fires
" Beneath thee & around. Above, a shower of fire now beats,
" Moulded to globes & arrowy wedges, rending thy bleeding limbs.
" And now a whirling pillar of burning sands to overwhelm thee,
" Steeping thy wounds in salts infernal & in bitter anguish.
" And now a rock moves on the surface of this lake of fire
" To bear thee down beneath the waves in stifling despair.
" Pity for thee mov'd me to break my dark & long repose,
" And to reveal myself before thee in a form of wisdom.

" Yet thou dost laugh at all these tortures, & this horrible place:
" Yet throw thy limbs these fires abroad that back return upon thee
" While thou reposest, throwing rage on rage, feeding thyself
" With visions of sweet bliss far other than this burning clime.
" Sure thou art bath'd in rivers of delight, on verdant fields
" Walking in joy, in bright Expanses sleeping on bright clouds
" With visions of delight so lovely that they urge thy rage
" Tenfold with fierce desire to rend thy chain & howl in fury
" And dim oblivion of all woe, & desperate repose.
" Or is thy joy founded on torment which others bear for thee? "

Orc answer'd: " Curse thy hoary brows! What dost thou in this deep?
" Thy Pity I contemn. Scatter thy snows elsewhere.
" I rage in the deep, for Lo, my feet & hands are nail'd to the burning rock,
" Yet my fierce fires are better than thy snows. Shudd'ring thou sittest.
" Thou art not chain'd. Why shouldst thou sit, cold grovelling demon of woe,
" In tortures of dire coldness? now a Lake of waters deep
" Sweeps over thee freezing to solid; still thou sit'st clos'd up
" In that transparent rock as if in joy of thy bright prison,
" Till, overburden'd with its own weight drawn out thro' immensity,
" With a crash breaking across, the horrible mass comes down
" Thund'ring, & hail & frozen iron hail'd from the Element
" Rends thy white hair; yet thou dost, fix'd obdurate brooding, sit
" Writing thy books. Anon a cloud, fill'd with a waste of snows
" Covers thee, still obdurate, still resolv'd & writing still;
" Tho' rocks roll o'er thee, tho' floods pour, tho' winds black as the sea
" Cut thee in gashes, tho' the blood pours down around thy ankles,
" Freezing thy feet to the hard rock, still thy pen obdurate
" Traces the wonders of Futurity in horrible fear of the future.
" I rage furious in the deep, for lo, my feet & hands are nail'd
" To the hard rock, or thou shouldst feel my enmity & hate
" In all the diseases of man falling upon thy grey accursed front."

Urizen answer'd: " Read my books, explore my Constellations,
" Enquire of my Sons & they shall teach thee how to War.
" Enquire of my Daughters, who, accurs'd in the dark depths,
" Knead bread of Sorrow by my stern command; for I am God
" Of all this dreadful ruin. Rise, O daughters, at my stern command! "

Rending the Rocks, Eleth & Uvith rose, & Ona rose,
Terrific with their iron vessels, driving them across
In the dim air; they took the book of iron & plac'd above
On clouds of death, & sang their songs, kneading the bread of Orc.
Orc listen'd to the song, compell'd, hung'ring on the cold wind
That swagg'd heavy with the accursed dough; the hoar frost rag'd
Thro' Ona's sieve; the torrent rain poured from the iron pail
Of Eleth, & the icy hands of Uvith kneaded the bread.
The heavens bow with terror underneath their iron hands,
Singing at their dire work the words of Urizen's book of iron
While the enormous scrolls roll'd dreadful in the heavens above;
And still the burden of their song in tears was pour'd forth:
" The bread is kneaded, let us rest, O cruel father of children!"

But Urizen remitted not their labours upon his rock,
And Urizen Read in his book of brass in sounding tones:
" Listen, O Daughters, to my voice. Listen to the Words of Wisdom,
" So shall (be) [you] govern over all; let Moral Duty tune your tongue.
" But be your hearts harder than the nether millstone.
" To bring the Shadow of Enitharmon beneath our wondrous tree,
" That Los may Evaporate like smoke & be no more,
" Draw down Enitharmon to the Spectre of Urthona,
" And let him have dominion over Los, the terrible shade.
" Compell the poor to live upon a Crust of bread, by soft mild arts.
" Smile when they frown, frown when they smile; & when a man looks pale
" With labour & abstinence, say he looks healthy & happy;
" And when his children sicken, let them die; there are enough
" Born, even too many, & our Earth will be overrun
" Without these arts. If you would make the poor live with temper[ance],

" With pomp give every crust of bread you give; with gracious cunning
" Magnify small gifts; reduce the man to want a gift, & then give with pomp.
" Say he smiles if you hear him sigh. If pale, say he is ruddy.
" Preach temperance: say he is overgorg'd & drowns his wit
" In strong drink, tho' you know that bread & water are all
" He can afford. Flatter his wife, pity his children, till we can
" Reduce all to our will, as spaniels are taught with art.
" Lo! how the heart & brain are formed in the breeding womb
" Of Enitharmon: how it buds with life & forms the bones,
" The little heart, the liver, & the red blood in its labyrinths;
" By gratified desire, by strong devouring appetite, she fills
" Los with ambitious fury that his race shall all devour."

Then Orc [answer'd *del.*] cried: " Curse thy Cold hypocrisy! already round thy Tree
" In scales that shine with gold & rubies, thou beginnest to weaken
" My divided Spirit. Like a worm I rise in peace, unbound
" From wrath. Now when I rage, my fetters bind me more.
" O torment! O torment! A Worm compell'd! Am I a worm?
" Is it in strong deceit that man is born? In strong deceit
" Thou dost restrain my fury that the worm may fold the tree.
" Avaunt, Cold hypocrite! I am chain'd, or thou couldst not use me thus.
" The Man shall rage, bound with this chain, the worm in silence creep.
" Thou wilt not cease from rage. Grey demon, silence all thy storms,
" Give me example of thy mildness. King of furious hail storms,
" Art thou the cold attractive power that holds me in this chain?
" I well remember how I stole thy light & it became fire
" Consuming. Thou Know'st me now, O Urizen, Prince of Light,
" And I know thee; is this the triumph, this the Godlike State
" That lies beyond the bounds of Science in the Grey obscure? "

Terrified Urizen heard Orc, now certain that he was Luvah.
[So saying *del.*] And Orc (he) began to organize a Serpent body,
Despising Urizen's light & turning it into flaming fire,

## *NIGHT THE SEVENTH* [*a*]

Recieving as a poison'd cup Recieves the heavenly wine,
And turning [wisdom *del.*] affection into fury, & thought into abstraction,
A Self consuming dark devourer rising into the heavens.

Urizen envious brooding sat & saw the secret terror
Flame high in pride & laugh to scorn the source of his deceit,
Nor knew the source of his own, but thought himself the sole author
Of all his wandering Experiments in the horrible Abyss.
He knew that weakness stretches out in breadth & length, he knew
That wisdom reaches high & deep; & therefore he made Orc,
In serpent form compell'd, stretch out & up the mysterious tree.
He suffer'd him to climb that he might draw all human forms
Into submission to his will, nor knew the dread result.

Los sat in showers of Urizen [cold *del.*] watching cold Enitharmon.
His broodings rush down to his feet, producing Eggs that hatching
Burst forth upon the winds above the tree of Mystery.
Enitharmon lay on his knees. Urizen trac'd his Verses.
In the dark deep the dark tree grew; her shadow was drawn down,
Down to the roots; it wept over Orc, the shadow of Enitharmon.

Los saw her stretch'd, the image of death, upon his wither'd valleys;
Her shadow went forth & return'd. Now she was pale as snow
When the mountains & hills are cover'd over & the paths of Men shut up.
But when her spirit return'd, as ruddy as a morning when
The ripe fruit blushes into joy in heaven's eternal halls,
[She secret joy'd to see; she fed herself on his Despair.
She said, " I am aveng'd for all my sufferings of old." *del.*]
Sorrow shot thro' him from his feet, it shot up to his head
Like a cold night that nips the roots & shatters off the leaves.
Silent he stood o'er Enitharmon, watching her pale face.
He spoke not, he was silent till he felt the cold disease.
Then Los mourn'd on the dismal wind in his jealous lamentation:

" Why can I not Enjoy thy beauty, Lovely Enitharmon?
" When I return from clouds of Grief in the wand'ring Elements
" Where thou in thrilling joy, in beaming summer loveliness,
" Delectable reposest, ruddy in my absence, flaming with beauty,
" Cold pale in sorrow at my approach, trembling at my terrific
" Forehead & eyes, thy lips decay like roses in [early *del.*] the spring.
" How art thou shrunk! thy grapes that burst in summer's vast Excess,
" Shut up in little purple covering, faintly bud & die.
" Thy olive trees that pour'd down oil upon a thousand hills,
" Sickly look forth & scarcely stretch their branches to the plain.
" Thy roses that expanded in the face of glowing morn,
" Hid in a little silken veil scarce breathe & faintly shine.
" Thy lillies that gave light what time the morning looked forth,
" Hid in the Vales, faintly lament, & no one hears their voice.
" All things beside the woful Los enjoy the delights of beauty!
" Once how I sang & call'd the beasts & birds to their delight,
" Nor knew that I, alone exempted from the joys of love,
" Must war with secret monsters of the animating worlds.
" O that I had not seen the day! then should I be at rest,
" Nor felt the stingings of desire, nor longings after life,
" For life is sweet to Los the wretched; to his winged woes
" Is given a craving cry, that they may sit at night on barren rocks
" And whet their beaks & snuff the air, & watch the opening dawn,
" And shriek till, at the smells of blood, they stretch their boney wings
" And cut the winds like arrows shot by troops of Destiny."

Thus Los lamented in the night, unheard by Enitharmon.
For the Shadow of Enitharmon descended down the tree of Mystery.
The Spectre saw the Shade shivering over his gloomy rocks
Beneath the tree of Mystery, which in the dismal Abyss
Began to blossom in fierce pain, shooting its writhing buds
In throes of birth; & now, the blossoms falling, shining fruit
Appear'd of many colours & of various poisonous qualities,
Of Plagues hidden in shining globes that grew on the living tree.

## *NIGHT THE SEVENTH* [*a*]

The Spectre of Urthona saw the Shadow of Enitharmon
Beneath the Tree of Mystery among the leaves & fruit.
Redd'ning, the demon strong prepar'd the poison of sweet Love.
He turn'd from side to side in tears; he wept & he embrac'd
The fleeting image, & in whispers mild woo'd the faint shade:

" Loveliest delight of Men! Enitharmon, shady hiding
" In secret places where no eye can trace thy wat'ry way,
" Have I found thee? have I found thee? tremblest thou in fear
" Because of Orc? because he rent his discordant way
" From thy sweet loins of bliss? red flow'd thy blood,
" Pale grew thy face, [*word del.*] lightnings play'd around thee, thunders
hover'd
" Over thee, & the terrible Orc rent his discordant way;
" But the next joy of thine shall be in sweet delusion,
" And its birth in fainting & sleep & sweet delusions of Vala."

The Shadow of Enitharmon answer'd: " Art thou, terrible Shade,
" Set over this sweet boy of mine to guard him lest he rend
" His mother to the winds of heaven? Intoxicated with
" The fruit of this delightful tree, I cannot flee away
" From thy embrace, else be assur'd so horrible a form
" Should never in my arms repose; now listen, I will tell
" Thee Secrets of Eternity which ne'er before unlock'd
" My golden lips nor took the bar from Enitharmon's breast.
" Among the Flowers of Beulah walked the Eternal Man & saw
" Vala, the lilly of the desart melting in high noon;
" Upon her bosom in sweet bliss he fainted. Wonder siez'd
" All heaven; they saw him dark; they built a golden wall
" Round Beulah. There he revel'd in delight among the Flowers.
" Vala was pregnant & brought forth Urizen, Prince of Light,
" First born of Generation. Then behold a wonder to the Eyes
" Of the now fallen Man; a double form Vala appear'd, a Male
" And female shudd'ring; pale the Fallen Man recoil'd
" From the Enormity & call'd them Luvah & Vala, turning down

" The vales to find his way back into Heaven, but found none,
" For his frail eyes were faded & his ears heavy & dull.
" Urizen grew up in the plains of Beulah. Many sons
" And many daughters flourished round the holy Tent of Man
" Till he forgot Eternity, delighted in his sweet joy
" Among his family, his flocks & herds & tents & pastures.
" But Luvah close conferr'd with Urizen in darksome night
" To bind the father & enslave the brethren. Nought he knew
" Of sweet Eternity; the blood flow'd round the holy tent & riv'n
" From its hinges, uttering its final groan, all Beulah fell
" In dark confusion; mean time Los was born & Enitharmon,
" But how, I know not; then forgetfulness quite wrap'd me up
" A period, nor do I more remember till I stood
" Beside Los in the Cavern dark, enslav'd to vegetative forms
" According to the Will of Luvah, who assumed the Place
" Of the Eternal Man & smote him. But thou, Spectre dark,
" Maist find a way to punish Vala in thy fiery south,
" To bring her down subjected to the rage of my fierce boy."

The Spectre said: " Thou lovely Vision, this delightful Tree
" Is given us for a Shelter from the tempests of Void & Solid,
" Till once again the morn of ages shall renew upon us,
" To reunite in those mild fields of happy Eternity
" Where thou & I in undivided Essence walk'd about
" Imbodied, thou my garden of delight & I the spirit in the garden;
" Mutual there we dwelt in one another's joy, revolving
" Days of Eternity, with Tharmas mild & Luvah sweet melodious
" Upon our waters. This thou well rememberest; listen, I will tell
" What thou forgettest. They in us & we in them alternate Liv'd,
" Drinking the joys of Universal Manhood. One dread morn—
" Listen, O vision of Delight! One dread morn of gory blood
" The manhood was divided, for the gentle passions, making way
" Thro' the infinite labyrinths of the heart & thro' the nostrils issuing
" In odorous stupefaction, stood before the Eyes of Man
" A female bright. I stood beside my anvil dark, a mass

" Of iron glow'd bright prepar'd for spade & plowshares: sudden down
" I sunk with cries of blood issuing downward in the veins
" Which now my rivers were become, rolling in tubelike forms
" Shut up within themselves descending down. I sunk along
" The goary tide even to the place of seed, & there dividing
" I was divided in darkness & oblivion; thou an infant woe,
" And I an infant terror in the womb of Enion.
" My masculine spirit, scorning the frail body, issued forth
" From Enion's brain In this deformed form, leaving thee there
" Till times pass'd over thee; but still my spirit returning hover'd
" And form'd a Male, to be a counterpart to thee, O Love
" Darken'd & Lost! In due time issuing forth from Enion's womb
" Thou & that demon Los were born. Ah, jealousy & woe!
" Ah, poor divided dark Urthona! now a Spectre wand'ring
" The deeps of Los, the slave of that Creation I created.
" I labour night & day for Los; but listen thou my vision.
" I view futurity in thee. I will bring down soft Vala
" To the embraces of this terror, & I will destroy
" That body I created; then shall we unite again in bliss;
" For till these terrors planted round the Gates of Eternal life
" Are driven away & annihilated, we never can repass the Gates.
" Thou knowest that the Spectre is in Every Man insane, brutish,
" Deform'd, that I am thus a ravening devouring lust continually
" Craving & devouring; but my Eyes are always upon thee, O lovely
" Delusion, & I cannot crave for any thing but thee: [& till
" I have thee in my arms & am again united to Los
" To be one body & One spirit with him *del.*] not so
" The Spectres of the Dead, for I am as the Spectre of the Living."

Astonish'd, fill'd with tears, the spirit of Enitharmon beheld
And heard the Spectre; bitterly she wept, Embracing fervent
Her once lov'd Lord, now but a Shade, herself also a shade,
Conferring times on times among the branches of that Tree.
Thus they conferr'd among the intoxicating fumes of Mystery
Till Enitharmon's shadow, pregnant in the deeps beneath,

Brought forth a wonder horrible. While Enitharmon shriek'd
And trembled, thro' the Worlds above Los wept, his fierce soul was terrified
At the shrieks of Enitharmon, at her tossings, nor could his eyes percieve
The cause of her dire anguish, for she lay the image of death,
Mov'd by strong shudders till her shadow was delivered, then she ran
Raving about the upper Elements in maddening fury.

She burst the Gates of Enitharmon's heart with direful Crash,
Nor could they ever be clos'd again; the golden hinges were broken,
And the gates broke in sunder & their ornaments defac'd
Beneath the tree of Mystery, for the immortal shadow shuddering
Brought forth this wonder horrible: a Cloud; she grew & grew
Till many of the Dead burst forth from the bottoms of their tombs
In male forms without female counterparts, or Emanations,
Cruel and ravening with Enmity & Hatred & War,
In dreams of Ulro, [sweet *del.*] dark delusive, drawn by the lovely shadow.

The Spectre [*word del.*] (&) terrified gave her Charge over the howling Orc.
Then took the tree of Mystery root in the World of Los,
Its topmost [branches *del.*] boughs shooting a [stem *del.*] fibre beneath Enitharmon's couch,
The double rooted Labyrinth soon wav'd around their heads.

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But then the Spectre enter'd Los's bosom. Every sigh & groan
Of Enitharmon bore Urthona's Spectre on its wings.
Obdurate Los felt Pity. Enitharmon told the tale
Of Urthona. Los embrac'd the Spectre, first as a brother,
Then as another Self, astonish'd, humanizing & in tears,
In Self abasement Giving up his Domineering lust.

" Thou never canst embrace sweet Enitharmon, terrible Demon, Till
" Thou art united with thy Spectre, Consummating by pains & labours
" [Thy *del.*] That mortal body, & by Self annihilation back returning
" To Life Eternal; be assur'd I am thy real self,
" Tho' thus divided from thee & the slave of Every passion

" Of thy fierce Soul. Unbar the Gates of Memory: look upon me
" Not as another, but as thy real Self. I am thy Spectre,
" Thou didst subdue me in old times by thy Immortal Strength
" When I was a ravening hungering & thirsting cruel lust & murder.
" Tho' horrible & Ghastly to thine Eyes, tho' buried beneath
" The ruins of the Universe, hear what inspir'd I speak, & be silent.
" If [once *del.*] we unite in one, another better world will be
" Open'd within your heart & loins & wondrous brain,
" Threefold, as it was in Eternity, & this, the fourth Universe,
" Will be Renew'd by the three & consummated in Mental fires;
" But if thou dost refuse, Another body will be prepared
" For me, & thou, annihilate, evaporate & be no more.
" For thou art but a form & organ of life, & of thyself
" Art nothing, being Created Continually by Mercy & Love divine."

Los furious answer'd: " Spectre horrible, thy words astound my Ear
" With irresistible conviction. I feel I am not one of those
" Who when convinc'd can still persist: tho' furious, controllable
" By Reason's power. Even I already feel a World within
" Opening its gates, & in it all the real substances
" Of which these in the outward World are shadows which pass away.
" Come then into my Bosom, & in thy shadowy arms bring with thee
" My lovely Enitharmon. I will quell my fury & teach
" Peace to the soul of dark revenge, & repentance to Cruelty."

So spoke Los, & Embracing Enitharmon & the Spectre,
Clouds would have folded round in Extacy & Love uniting,
But Enitharmon trembling, fled & hid beneath Urizen's tree.
But mingling together with his Spectre, the Spectre of Urthona
Wondering beheld the Center open'd; by Divine Mercy inspir'd—
He in his turn Gave Tasks to Los, Enormous, to destroy
That body he created; but in vain, for Los perform'd
Wonders of labour—
They Builded Golgonooza, Los labouring [*word del.*] builded pillars high
And Domes terrific in the nether heavens, for beneath

Was open'd new heavens & a new Earth beneath & within,
Threefold, within the brain, within the heart, within the loins:
A Threefold Atmosphere Sublime, continuous from Urthona's world,
But yet having a Limit Twofold named Satan & Adam.

But Los stood on the Limit of Translucence, weeping & trembling,
Filled with doubts in self accusation, beheld the fruit
Of Urizen's Mysterious tree. For Enitharmon thus spake:
" When In the Deeps beneath I gather'd of this ruddy fruit,
" It was by that I knew that I had Sinn'd, & then I knew
" That without a ransom I could not be sav'd from Eternal death:
" That Life lives upon death, & by devouring appetite
" All things subsist on one another; thenceforth in despair
" I spend my glowing time; but thou art strong & mighty
" To bear this Self conviction; take then, Eat thou also of
" The fruit & give me proof of life Eternal or I die."

Then Los plucked the fruit & Eat & sat down in Despair,
And must have given himself to death Eternal, But
Urthona's spectre in part mingling with him, comforted him,
Being a medium between him & Enitharmon. But This Union
Was not to be Effected without Cares & Sorrows & Troubles
Of six thousand Years of self denial and [many Tears *del.*] of bitter Contrition.

Urthona's Spectre terrified beheld the Spectres of the dead:
Each male form'd without a counterpart, without a concentering vision.
The Spectre of Urthona wept before Los, saying, " I am the cause
" That this dire state commences. I began the dreadful state
" Of Separation, & on my dark head the curse & punishment
" Must fall unless a way be found to Ransom & Redeem.
" But I have thee my [Counterpart *del.*] [Vegetative *del.*] miraculous,
" These spectres have no [Counterparts *del.*], therefore they ravin
" Without the food of life. Let us Create them Coun[terparts;]
" For without a Created body the Spectre is Eternal Death."

Los trembling, answer'd: " Now I feel the weight of stern repentance.
" Tremble not so, my Enitharmon, at the awful gates
" Of thy poor broken Heart. I see thee like a shadow withering
" As on the outside of Existence; but look! behold! take comfort!
" Turn inwardly thine Eyes & there behold the Lamb of God
" Clothed in Luvah's robes of blood descending to redeem.
" O Spectre of Urthona, take comfort! O Enitharmon!
" Could'st thou but cease from terror & trembling & affright.
" When I appear before thee in forgiveness of [former. . . *del.*] ancient injuries,
" Why should'st thou remember & be afraid? I surely have died in pain
" Often enough to convince thy jealousy & fear & terror.
" Come hither; be patient; let us converse together, because
" I also tremble at myself & at all my former life."

Enitharmon answer'd: " I behold the Lamb of God descending
" To Meet these Spectres of the Dead. I therefore fear that he
" Will give us to Eternal Death, fit punishment for such
" Hideous offenders: Uttermost extinction in eternal pain:
" An ever dying life of stifling & obstruction: shut out
" Of existence to be a sign & terror to all who behold,
" Lest any should in futurity do as we have done in heaven.
" *Such is our state; nor will the Son of God redeem us, but destroy.*"
So Enitharmon spoke trembling & in torrents of tears.

Los sat in Golgonooza, in the Gate of Luban where
He had erected many porches [which *del.*] where branched the Mysterious tree,
Where the Spectrous dead wail; & sighing thus he spoke to Enitharmon:

" Lovely delight of Men, Enitharmon shady [sweet *del.*] refuge from furious
war,
" Thy bosom translucent is a soft repose for the weeping souls
" Of those piteous victims of battle; there they sleep in happy obscurity;
" They feed upon our life; we are their victims. Stern desire
" I feel to fabricate embodied semblances in which the dead
" May live before us in our palaces & in our gardens of [pleasure *del.*] labour,

" Which now, open'd within the Center, we behold spread abroad
" To form a world of [life & love *del.*] sacrifice of brothers & sons & daughters,
" To comfort Orc in his dire sufferings; look, my fires enlume afresh
" Before my face assembling with delight as in ancient times! "

Enitharmon spread her beamy locks upon the wind & said,
" O [lovely *del.*] Lovely terrible Los, wonder of Eternity, O Los, my defence
& guide,
" Thy works are all my joy & in thy fires my soul delights;
" If mild they burn in just proportion, & in secret night
" And silence build their day in shadow of soft clouds & dews,
" Then I can sigh forth on the winds of Golgonooza piteous forms
" That vanish again into my bosom; but if thou, my Los,
" Wilt in sweet moderated fury fabricate [sweet *del.*] forms *sublime*,
" Such as the piteous spectres may assimilate themselves into,
" They shall be ransoms for our Souls that we may live."

So Enitharmon spoke, & Los, his hands divine inspir'd, began
[To hew the cavern of rocks of Dranthon into forms of beauty *del.*]
To modulate his fires; studious the loud roaring flames
He vanquish'd with the strength of Art, bending their iron points
And drawing them forth delighted upon the winds of Golgonooza
From out the ranks of Urizen's war & from the fiery lake
Of Orc, bending down as the binder of the sheaves follows
The reaper, in both arms embracing the furious raging flames.
Los drew them forth out of the deeps, planting his right foot firm
Upon the Iron crag of Urizen, thence springing up aloft
Into the heavens of Enitharmon in a mighty circle.

And first he drew a line upon the walls of shining heaven,
And Enitharmon tinctured it with beams of blushing love.
It remain'd permanent, a lovely form, inspir'd, divinely human.
Dividing into just proportions, Los unwearied labour'd
The immortal lines upon the heavens, till with sighs of love,

## *NIGHT THE SEVENTH* [*a*]

Sweet Enitharmon mild, Entranc'd breath'd forth upon the wind
The spectrous dead. Weeping, the Spectres view'd the immortal works
Of Los, Assimilating to those forms, Embodied & Lovely
In youth & beauty, in the arms of Enitharmon mild reposing.

First Rintrah & then Palamabron, drawn from out the ranks of war,
In infant innocence repos'd on Enitharmon's bosom.
Orc was comforted in the deeps; his soul reviv'd in them:
As the Eldest brother is the [*word del.*] father's image, So Orc became
As Los, a father to his brethren, & he joy'd in the dark lake
Tho' bound with chains of Jealousy & in scales of iron & brass.

But Los loved them & refus'd to Sacrifice their infant limbs,
And Enitharmon's smiles & tears prevail'd over self protection.
They rather chose to meet Eternal Death than to destroy
The offspring of their Care & Pity. Urthona's spectre was comforted;
But Tharmas most rejoic'd in hope of Enion's return,
For he beheld new Female forms born forth upon the air
Who wove soft silken veils of covering in sweet raptur'd trance,
Mortal, & not as Enitharmon, without a covering veil.

First his immortal spirit drew Urizen['s] Spectre away
From out the ranks of war, separating him in sunder,
Leaving his Spectrous form, which could not be drawn away.
Then he divided Thiriel, the Eldest of Urizen's sons:
Urizen became Rintrah, Thiriel became Palamabron.
Thus dividing the power of Every Warrior,
Startled was Los; he found his Enemy Urizen now
In his hands; he wonder'd that he felt love & not hate.
His whole soul loved him; he beheld him an infant
Lovely, breath'd from Enitharmon; he trembled within himself.

[END OF NIGHT THE SEVENTH (*a*)]

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE SEVENTH [*b*]

But in the deeps beneath the tree of Mystery in darkest night
When Urizen sat on his rock, the Shadow brooded. [*word del.*]
Urizen saw & triumph'd, & he cried to [the Shadowy Female *del.*] his warriors:
" The time of Prophecy is now revolv'd, & all
" The Universal ornament is mine, & in my hands
" The ends of heaven; like a Garment will I fold them round me,
" Consuming what must be consum'd; then in power & majesty
" I will walk forth thro' those wide fields of endless Eternity,
" A God & not a Man, a Conqueror in triumphant glory,
" And all the sons of mortality shall bow down at my feet."

[The Shadowy voice answer'd: " O . . . Prince of Light " *del.*]
First Trades & Commerce, ships & armed vessels he builded laborious
To swim the deep; & on the land, children are sold to trades
Of dire necessity, still laboring day & night till all
Their life extinct they took the spectre form in dark despair;
And slaves in myriads, in ship loads, burden the hoarse sounding deep,
Rattling with clanking chains; the Universal Empire groans.

And he commanded his Sons [to] form a Center in the Deep;
And Urizen laid the first Stone, & all his myriads
Builded a temple in the image of the human heart.
And in the inner part of the Temple, wondrous workmanship,
They form'd the Secret place, reversing all the order of delight,
That whosoever entered into the temple might not behold
The hidden wonders, allegoric of the Generation
Of secret lust, when hid in chambers dark the nightly harlot
Plays in Disguise in whisper'd hymn & mumbling prayer. The priests
He ordain'd & Priestesses, cloth'd in disguises beastial,

Inspiring secrecy; & lamps they bore: intoxicating fumes
Roll round the Temple; & they took the Sun that glow'd o'er Los
And, with immense machines down rolling, the terrific orb
Compell'd. The Sun, redd'ning like a fierce lion in his chains,
Descended to the sound of instruments that drown'd the noise
Of the hoarse wheels & the terrific howlings of wild beasts
That drag'd the wheels of the Sun's chariot; & they put the Sun
Into the temple of Urizen to give light to the Abyss,
To light the War by day, to hide his secret beams by night,
For he divided day & night in different order'd portions,
The day for war, the night for secret religion in his temple.

[Urizen nam'd it . . . *del.*]
Los rear'd his mighty [forehead *del.*] stature: on Earth stood his feet. Above
The moon his furious forehead, circled with black bursting thunders,
His naked limbs glittering upon the dark blue sky, his knees
Bathed in bloody clouds, his loins in fires of war where spears
And swords rage, where the Eagles cry & the Vultures laugh, saying:
" Now comes the night of Carnage, now the flesh of Kings & Princes
" Pampered in palaces for our food, the blood of Captains nurtur'd
" With lust & murder for our drink; the drunken Raven shall wander
" All night among the slain, & mock the wounded that groan in the field."

Tharmas laugh'd furious among the Banners cloth'd in blood,
Crying: " As I will I rend the Nations all asunder, rending
" The People: vain their combinations, I will scatter them.
" But thou, O Son, whom I have crowned and inthroned, thee strong
" I will preserve tho' Enemies arise around thee numberless.
" I will command my winds & they shall scatter them, or call
" My Waters like a flood around thee; fear not, trust in me
" And I will give thee all the ends of heaven for thy possession.
" In war shalt thou bear rule, in blood shalt thou triumph for me,
" Because in times of Everlasting I was rent in sunder
" And what I loved best was divided among my Enemies.
" My little daughters were made captives, & I saw them beaten

" With whips along the sultry [roads *del.*] sands. I heard those whom I lov'd
" Crying in secret tents at night, & in the morn compell'd
" To labour; & behold, my heart sunk down beneath
" In sighs & sobbings, all dividing, till I was divided
" In twain; & lo, my Crystal form that lived in my bosom
" Follow'd her daughters to the fields of blood: they left me naked,
" Alone, & they refus'd to return from the fields of the mighty.
" Therefore I will reward them as they have rewarded me.
" I will divide them in my anger, & thou, O my King,
" Shalt gather them from out their graves, & put thy fetter on them,
" And bind them to thee, that my crystal form may come to me."

So cried the Demon of the Waters in the Clouds of Los.
Outstretch'd upon the hills lay Enitharmon; clouds & tempests
Beat round her head all night: all day she riots in Excess.
But [day by *del.*] night or day Los follows War, & the dismal moon rolls over her,
That when Los warr'd upon the South, reflected the fierce fires
Of his immortal head into the North, upon faint Enitharmon.
Red rage the furies of fierce Orc; black thunders roll round Los;
Flaming his head, like the bright sun seen thro' a mist that magnifies
The disk into a terrible vision to the Eyes of trembling mortals.

And Enitharmon, trembling & in fear, utter'd these words:

" I put not any trust in thee, nor in thy glitt'ring scales;
" Thy eyelids are a terror to me; & the flaming of thy crest,
" The rushing of thy scales confound me, thy hoarse rushing scales.
" And if that Los had not built me a bower upon a rock,
" I must have died in the dark desart among noxious worms.
" How shall I flee, how shall I flee into the bower of Los?
" My feet are turned backward & my footsteps slide in clay,
" And clouds are clos'd around my tower; my arms labour in vain.
" Does not the God of waters in the wracking Elements
" Love those who hate, rewarding with hate the Loving Soul?
" And must not I obey the God, thou Shadow of Jealousy?
" I cry; the watchman heareth not. I pour my voice in roarings:

" Watchman! the night is thick, & darkness choaks my rayie sight.
" Lift up! Lift up! O Los! awake my watchman, for he sleepeth.
" Lift up! Lift up! Shine forth, O Light! watchman, thy light is out.
" O Los! unless thou keep my tower the Watchman will be slain."

So Enitharmon cried upon her terrible Earthy bed
While the broad Oak wreath'd his roots round her, forcing his dark way
Thro' caves of death into Existence. The Beach, long limbed, advanc'd
Terrific into the pain'd heavens. The fruit trees humanizing
Shew'd their immortal energies in warlike desperation,
Rending the heavens & earths & drinking blood in the hot battle
To feed their fruit, to gratify their hidden sons & daughters
That far within the close recesses of their secret palaces
View'd the vast war & joy'd, writhing to vegetate
Into the worlds of Enitharmon. Loud the roaring winds,
Burden'd with clouds, howl round the Couch. Sullen the wooly sheep
Walks thro' the battle. Dark & fierce the Bull his rage
Propagates thro' the warring Earth. The Lions raging in flames,
The Tygers in redounding smoke. The serpent of the woods
And of the waters, & the scorpion of the desart irritate
With harsh songs every living soul. The Prester Serpent runs
Along the ranks, crying, " Listen to the Priest of God, ye warriors;
" This Cowl upon my head he plac'd in times of Everlasting,
" And said, ' Go forth & guide my battles; like the jointed spine
" ' Of Man I made thee when I blotted Man from life & light.
" ' Take thou the Seven Diseases of Man; store them for times to come
" ' In store houses, in secret places that I will tell thee of,
" ' To be my great & awful curses at the time appointed.' "
The Prester Serpent ceas'd; the War song sounded loud & strong
Thro' all the heavens. Urizen's Web vibrated, torment on torment.
*Then Shew'd the Earthquake, &c.*

Now in the Caverns of the Grave & Places of human seed
The nameless shadowy Vortex stood before the face of Orc.
The shadow rear'd her dismal head over the flaming youth
With sighs & howling & deep sobs; that he might lose his rage

And with it lose himself in meekness, she embrac'd his fire.—
As when the Earthquake rouzes from his den, his shoulders huge
Appear above the crumbling Mountain, Silence waits around him
A moment, then astounding horror belches from the Center,
The fiery dogs arise, the shoulders huge appear—
So Orc roll'd round his clouds upon the deeps of dark Urthona,
Knowing the arts of Urizen were Pity & Meek [love *del.*] affection
And that by these arts the serpent form exuded from his limbs
Silent as despairing love & strong as jealousy,
Jealous that she was Vala, now become Urizen's harlot
And the Harlot of Los & the deluded harlot of the Kings of the Earth,
His soul was gnawn in sunder.
The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire.
Red rage redounds, he rouzed his lions from his forests black,
They howl around the flaming youth, rending the nameless shadow
And running their immortal course thro' solid darkness borne.

Loud sounds the war song round red Orc in his [*word erased*] fury
And round the nameless shadowy Female in her howling terror
When all the Elemental Gods join'd in the wondrous Song:

" Sound the War trumpet terrific, souls clad in attractive steel!
" Sound the shrill fife, serpents of war! I hear the northern drum.
" Awake! I hear the flapping of the folding banners.
" The dragons of the North put on their armour;
" Upon the Eastern sea direct they take their course.
" The glittering of their horses' trappings stains the vault of night.

" Stop we the rising of the glorious King: spur, spur your [steeds *del.*] clouds
" Of death! O northern drum, awake! O hand of iron, sound
" The northern drum! Now give the charge! bravely obscur'd
" With darts of wintry hail. Again the black bow draw:
" Again the Elemental strings to your right breasts draw,
" And let the thundering drum speed on the arrows black."

The arrows flew from cloudy bow all day, till blood
From east to west flow'd, like the human veins, in rivers
Of life upon the plains of death & valleys of despair.

" Now sound the clarions of Victory, now strip the slain.
" [Now *del.*] clothe yourselves in golden arms, brothers of war."
They sound the clarions strong, they chain the howling captives,
They give the Oath of blood, they cast the lots into the helmet,
They vote the death of Luvah & they nail'd him to the tree,
They pierc'd him with a spear & laid him in a sepulcher
To die a death of Six thousand years, bound round with desolation.
The sun was black & the moon roll'd, a useless globe, thro' heaven.

Then left the sons of Urizen the plow & harrow, the loom,
The hammer & the chisel & the rule & compasses.
They forg'd the sword, the chariot of war, the battle ax,
The trumpet fitted to the battle & the flute of summer,
And all the arts of life they chang'd into the arts of death.
The hour glass contemn'd because its simple workmanship
Was as the workmanship of the plowman, & the water wheel
That raises water into Cisterns, broken & burn'd in fire
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd,
And in their stead intricate wheels invented, Wheel without wheel,
To perplex youth in their outgoings & to bind to labours
Of day & night the myriads of Eternity, that they might file
And polish brass & iron hour after hour, laborious workmanship,
Kept ignorant of the use that they might spend the days of wisdom
In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread,
In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All,
And call it demonstration, blind to all the simple rules of life.

" Now, now the Battle rages round thy tender limbs, O Vala!
" Now smile among thy bitter tears, now put on all thy beauty.
" Is not the wound of the sword sweet & the broken bone delightful?
" Wilt thou now smile among the slain when the wounded groan in the fields?

" Lift up thy blue eyes, Vala, & put on thy sapphire shoes.
" O Melancholy Magdalen, behold the morning breaks!
" Gird on thy flaming Zone, descend into the Sepulchre,
" Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver locks,
" Shake off the water from thy wings & the dust from thy white garments.
" Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch
" When the sun rose in glowing morn with arms of mighty hosts
" Marching to battle, who was wont to rise with Urizen's harps
" Girt as a Sower with his seed to scatter life abroad.
" Arise, O Vala! bring the bow of Urizen, bring the swift arrows of light."
How rag'd the golden horses of Urizen, bound to the chariot of Love,
Compell'd to leave the plow to the Ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation,
To trample the cornfields in boastful neighings; this is no gentle harp,
This is no warbling brook, nor Shadow of a Myrtle tree,
But blood & wounds & dismal cries & clarions of war,
And hearts laid open to the light by the broad grizly sword,
And bowels hidden [in darkness *del.*] in hammered steel ripp'd forth upon the ground.
" Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit, call forth thy cloudy tears!
" We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when Morn shall blood renew."

So sung the demons of the deep; the Clarions of war blew loud.
Orc rent her, & his human form consum'd in his own fires
Mingled with her dolorous members strewn thro' the Abyss.
She joy'd in all the Conflict, Gratified & drinking tears of woe.
No more remain'd of Orc but the Serpent round the tree of Mystery.
The form of Orc was gone; he rear'd his serpent bulk among
The stars of Urizen, in Power rending the form of life
Into a formless indefinite & strewing her on the Abyss
Like clouds upon a winter sky, broken with winds & thunders.
This was, to her, Supreme delight. The Warriors mourn'd disappointed.
They go out to war with strong shouts & loud clarions.
O, Pity! They return with lamentations, mourning, & weeping.
Invisible or visible, drawn out in length or stretcht in breadth,
The Shadowy Female Varied in the War in her delight,

Howling in discontent, black & heavy, uttering brute sounds,
Wading thro' fires among the slimy weeds, making Lamentations
To decieve Tharmas in his rage, to soothe his furious soul,
To stay him in his flight that Urizen might live tho' in pain.
He said: " Art thou bright Enion? is the shadow of hope return'd? "

And she said: " Tharmas, I am Vala, bless thy innocent face!
" Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue wat'ry eyes?
" Be not perswaded that the air knows this, or the falling dew."

Tharmas replied: " O Vala, once I liv'd in a garden of delight;
" I waken'd Enion in the morning, & she turned away
" Among the apple trees; & all the garden of delight
" Swam like a dream before my eyes. I went to seek the steps
" Of Enion in the gardens, & the shadows compass'd me
" And clos'd me in a wat'ry world of woe when Enion stood
" Trembling before me like a shadow, like a mist, like air.
" And she is gone, & here alone I war with darkness & death.
" I hear thy voice, but not thy form see; thou & all delight
" And life appear & vanish, mocking me with shadows of false hope.
" Hast thou forgot that the air listens thro' all its districts, telling
" The subtlest thoughts shut up from light in chambers of the Moon? "

" Tharmas, The Moon has chambers where the babes of love lie hid,
" And whence they never can be brought in all Eternity
" Unless expos'd by their vain parents. Lo, him whom I love
" Is hidden from me, & I never in all Eternity
" Shall see him. Enitharmon & Ahania, combin'd with Enion,
" Hid him in that Outrageous form of Orc, which torments me for Sin.
" For all my secret faults, which he brings forth upon the light
" Of day, in jealousy & blood my Children are led to Urizen's war
" Before my eyes, & for every one of these I am condemn'd
" To Eternal torment in these flames; for tho' I have the power
" To rise on high, Yet love here binds me down, & never, never
" Will I arise till him I love is loos'd from this dark chain."

Tharmas replied: " Vala, thy sins have lost us heaven & bliss.
" Thou art our Curse, and till I can bring love into the light
" I never will depart from my great wrath."

So Tharmas wail'd [then *del.*] wrathful; then rode upon the stormy Deep
Cursing the voice that mock'd him with false hope, in furious mood.
Then she returns, swift as a blight upon the infant bud,
Howling in all the notes of woe to stay his furious rage,
Stamping the hills, wading or swimming, flying furious or falling,
Or like an Earthquake rumbling in the bowels of the earth,
Or like a cloud beneath, & like a fire flaming on high,
Walking in pleasure of the hills or murmuring in the dales
Like to a rushing torrent beneath & a falling rock above,
A thunder cloud in the south & a lulling voice heard in the north.

And she went forth & saw the forms of life & of delight
Walking on Mountains or flying in the open expanse of heaven.
She heard sweet voices in the winds & in the voices of birds
That rose from waters; for the waters were as the voice of Luvah,
Not seen to her like waters or like this dark world of death,
Tho' all those fair perfections, which men know only by name,
In beautiful substantial forms appear'd & served her
As food or drink or ornament, or in delightful works
To build her bowers; for the Elements brought forth abundantly
The living soul in glorious forms, & every one came forth
Walking before her Shadowy face & bowing at her feet.
But in vain delights were poured forth on the howling melancholy.
For her delight the horse his proud neck bow'd & his white mane,
And the strong Lion deign'd in his mouth to wear the golden bit,
While the far beaming Peacock waited on the fragrant wind
To bring her fruits of sweet delight from trees of richest wonders,
And the strong pinion'd Eagle bore the fire of heaven in the night season.
Woo'd & subdu'd into Eternal Death the Demon Lay,
In [anger for *del.*] rage against the dark despair, the howling Melancholy.
For far & wide she stretch'd thro' all the worlds of Urizen's journey,

And was Adjoin'd to Beulah as the Polypus to the Rock.
Mo[u]rning the daughters of Beulah saw, nor could they have sustain'd
The horrid sight of death & torment, But the Eternal Promise
They wrote on all their tombs & pillars & on every Urn:
These words: " If ye will believe, your B[r]other shall rise again,"
In golden letters ornamented with sweet labours of Love,
Waiting with patience [of *del.*] for the fulfilment of the Promise Divine.

And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes,
Not suffering doubt to rise up from the Clouds of the Shadowy Female.
The myriads of the dead burst thro' the bottoms of their tombs,
Descending on the shadowy female's clouds in Spectrous terror,
Beyond the Limit of Translucence on the Lake of Udan Adan.
These they nam'd Satans, & in the Aggregate they nam'd them Satan.

END OF THE SEVENTH NIGHT [*b*]

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE EIGHTH

Then All in Great Eternity [which is called *del.*] Met in the Council of God
[Met *del.*] as one Man, Even Jesus, upon Gilead & Hermon,
Upon the Limit of Contraction to create the fallen Man.
The [Eternal *del.*] Fallen Man stretch'd like a corse upon the oozy Rock,
Wash'd with the tide, pale, overgrown with weeds
That mov'd with horrible dreams; & hovering high over his head
Two winged immortal shapes, one standing at his feet
Toward the East, one standing at his head toward the west,
Their wings join'd in the Zenith over head; but other wings
[They had which cloth'd their bodies like a garment of soft down,
Silvery white, shining upon the dark blue sky in silver.
Their wings touch'd the heavens; their fair feet hover'd above
The swelling tides; they bent over the dead corse like an arch,
Pointed at top in highest heavens, of precious stones & pearl. *del.*]
Such is a Vision of All Beulah hovering over the Sleeper.

The limit of Contraction now was fix'd & Man began
To wake upon the Couch of Death; he sneezed seven times;
A tear of blood dropped from either eye; again he repos'd
In the Saviour's arms, in the arms of tender mercy & loving kindness.

Then [first *del.*] Los said: " I behold the Divine Vision thro' the broken Gates
" Of [Enitharmon's *del.*] thy poor broken heart, astonish'd, melted into
Compassion & Love."
And Enitharmon said: " I see the Lamb of God upon Mount Zion."
Wondering with love & Awe they felt the divine hand upon them;

For nothing could restrain the dead in Beulah from descending
Unto Ulro's night; tempted by the Shadowy female's sweet
Delusive cruelty, they descend away from the Daughters of Beulah

And Enter Urizen's temple, Enitharmon pitying, & her heart
Gates broken down; they descend thro' the Gate of Pity,
The broken heart Gate of Enitharmon [which join'd to Urizen's temple
Which is the Synagogue of Satan. *del.*] She sighs them forth upon the wind
Of Golgonooza. Los stood [at the Gate *del.*] recieving them—
For Los could enter into Enitharmon's bosom & explore
Its intricate Labyrinths now the Obdurate heart was broken—
From out the War of Urizen, & Tharmas recieving them
[Los stood, &c. *marginal insertion.*]
Into his hands. Then Enitharmon erected Looms in Luban's Gate
And call'd the Looms Cathedron; in these Looms she wove the Spectres
Bodies of Vegetation, singing lulling Cadences to drive away
Despair from the poor wondering spectres; and Los loved them
With a parental love, for the Divine hand was upon him
And upon Enitharmon, & the Divine Countenance shone
In Golgonooza. Looking down, the daughters of Beulah saw
With joy the bright Light, & in it a Human form,
And knew he was the Saviour, Even Jesus: & they worshipped.

[Astonish'd, comforted, delighted the Daughters of Beulah saw *del.*]
Astonish'd, comforted, Delighted, in notes of Rapturous Extacy
All Beulah stood astonish'd, looking down to Eternal Death.
They saw the Saviour beyond the Pit of death & destruction;
For whether they look'd upward they saw the Divine Vision,
Or whether they look'd downward still they saw the Divine Vision
Surrounding them on all sides beyond sin & death & hell.

Enitharmon wove in tears, singing songs of Lamentation
And pitying comfort as she sigh'd forth on the wind the Spectres,
Also the Vegetated bodies which Enitharmon wove
Open'd within their hearts & in their loins & in their brain
To Beulah; & the Dead in Ulro descended from the War
Of Urizen & Tharmas & from the Shadowy female's clouds.
And some were woven [One fold *del.*] single, & some twofold, & some
threefold

In Head or Heart or Reins, according to the fittest order
Of most merciful pity & compassion to the spectrous dead.

When Urizen saw the Lamb of God clothed in Luvah's robes,
Perplex'd & terrifi'd he stood, tho' well he knew that Orc
Was Luvah. But he now beheld a new Luvah, Or Orc
Who assum'd Luvah's form & stood before him opposite.
But he saw Orc a Serpent form augmenting times on times
In the fierce battle; & he saw the Lamb of God & the World of Los
Surrounded by his dark machines; for Orc augmented swift
In fury, a Serpent wondrous among the Constellations of Urizen.
A crest of fire rose on his forehead, red as the carbuncle,
Beneath, down to his eyelids, scales of pearl, then gold & silver
Immingled with the ruby overspread his Visage down
His furious neck; writhing contortive in dire budding pains
The scaly armour shot out. Stubborn, down his back & bosom
The Emerald, Onyx, Sapphire, jasper, beryl, amethyst
Strove in terrific emulation which should gain a place
[On the immortal fiend *del.*] Upon the mighty Fiend, the fruit of the mysterious tree
Kneaded in Uvith's kneading trough. Still Orc devour'd the food
In raging hunger. Still the pestilential food, in gems & gold,
Exuded round his awful limbs, Stretching to serpent length
His human bulk, While the dark Shadowy female, brooding over,
Measur'd his food morning & evening in cups & baskets of iron.
With tears of sorrow incessant she labour'd the food of Orc,
Compelled by the iron hearted sisters, Daughters of Urizen,
Gathering the fruit of that mysterious tree, circling its root
She spread herself thro' all the branches in the power of Orc.

Thus Urizen, in self deciet, his warlike preparations fabricated;
And when all things were finish'd, sudden wav'd [his hurtling hand *del.*] among the stars,
[Among the stars *del.*] His hurtling hand gave the dire signal; thunderous clarions blow,

And all the hollow deep rebellow'd with the wond'rous war.
[But thus *del.*] But Urizen his mighty rage let loose in the mid deep.
Sparkles of dire affliction issued [from *del.*] round his frozen limbs.
Horrible hooks & nets he form'd, twisting the cords of iron
And brass, & molten metals cast in hollow globes, & bor'd
Tubes in petrific steel, & ramm'd combustibles, & wheels
And chains & pullies fabricated all round the Heavens of Los;
Communing with the Serpent of Orc in dark dissimulation,
And with the Synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrim,
To undermine the World of Los & tear bright Enitharmon
To the four winds, hopeless of future. All futurity
Seems teeming with endless destruction never to be expell'd;
Desperate remorse swallows the present in a quenchless rage.

Terrified & astonish'd, Urizen beheld the battle take a form
Which he intended not: a Shadowy [male *del.*] hermaphrodite, black & opake;
The soldiers nam'd it Satan, but he was yet unform'd & vast.
Hermaphroditic it at length became, hiding the Male
Within as in a Tabernacle, Abominable, Deadly.

The battle howls, the terrors fir'd rage in the work of death;—
Enormous Works Los contemplated, inspir'd by the holy Spirit.—
Los builds the Walls of Golgonooza against the stirring battle
That only thro' the Gates of Death they can enter to Enitharmon.
Raging they take the human visage & the human form,
Feeling the hand of Los in Golgonooza & the force
Attractive of his hammer's beating & the silver looms
Of Enitharmon singing lulling cadences on the wind;
They humanize in the fierce battle, where in direful pain
Troop by troop the beastial droves rend one another, sounding loud
The instruments of sound; & troop by troop, in human forms, they urge
The dire confusion till the battle faints; those that remain
Return in pangs & horrible convulsions to their beastial state;
For the monsters of the Elements, Lions or Tygers or Wolves,

Sound loud the howling music Inspir'd by Los & Enitharmon, sounding
loud; terrific men
They seem to one another, laughing terrible among the banners.
And when, the revolution of their day of battles over,
Relapsing in dire torment they return to forms of woe,
To moping visages returning, inanimate tho' furious,
No more erect, tho' strong, drawn out in length they ravin
For senseless gratification, & their visages thrust forth,
Flatten above & beneath & stretch out into beastial length.
Weaken'd they stretch beyond their power in dire droves till war begins,
Or secret religion in their temples before secret shrines.

And Urizen gave life & sense by his immortal power
To all his Engines of deceit: that linked chains might run
Thro' ranks of war spontaneous: & that hooks & boring screws
Might act according to their forms by innate cruelty.
He formed also harsh instruments of sound
To grate the soul into destruction, or to inflame with fury
The spirits of life, to pervert all the faculties of sense
Into their own destruction, if perhaps he might avert
His own despair even at the cost of every thing that breathes.

Thus in the temple of the Sun his books of iron & brass
And silver & gold he consecrated, reading incessantly
To myriads of perturbed spirits; thro' the universe
They propagated the deadly words, the Shadowy Female absorbing
The enormous Sciences of Urizen, ages after ages exploring
The fell destruction. And she said: " O Urizen, Prince of Light,
" What words of dread pierce my faint Ear! what falling snows around
" My feeble limbs infold my destin'd misery!
" I alone dare the lash abide to sit beneath the blast
" Unhurt, & dare the inclement forehead of the King of Light;
" From dark abysses of the times remote fated to be
" The Sorrower of Eternity; in love, with tears submiss I rear
" My Eyes to thy Pavilions; hear my prayer for Luvah's sake.

" I see the murderer of my Luvah, cloth'd in robes of blood:
" He who assum'd my Luvah's throne in times of Everlasting.
" Where hast thou hid him whom I love; in what remote Abyss
" Resides that God of my delight? O might my eyes behold
" My Luvah, then would I deliver all the sons of God
" From Bondage of [the human form *del.*] these terrors, & with influences
sweet,
" As once in those eternal fields, in brotherhood & Love
" United, we should live in bliss as those who sinned not.
" The Eternal Man is seal'd by thee, never to be deliver'd.
" We are all servants to thy will. O King of Light, relent
" Thy furious power; be our father & our loved King.
" But if my Luvah is no more, If [that *del.*] thou hast smitten him
" And laid him in the Sepulcher, Or if [that *del.*] thou wilt revenge
" His murder on another, Silent I bow with dread.
" But happiness can never [come] to thee, O King, nor me,
" For he was source of every joy that this mysterious tree
" Unfolds in Allegoric fruit. When shall the dead revive?
" Can that which has existed cease, or can love & life expire? "

Urizen heard the Voice & saw the shadow underneath
His woven darkness; & in laws & deceitful religions,
Beginning at the tree of Mystery, circling its root
She spread herself thro' all the branches in the power of Orc:
A shapeless & indefinite cloud, in tears of sorrow incessant
Steeping the direful Web of Religion; swagging heavy, it fell
From heaven to heav'n, thro' all its meshes, altering the Vortexes,
Misplacing every Center; hungry desire & lust began
Gathering the fruit of that Mysterious tree, till Urizen,
Sitting within his temple, furious, felt the num[b]ing stupor,
Himself tangled in his own net, in sorrow, lust, repentance.

Enitharmon wove in tears, singing songs of Lamentations
And pitying comfort as she sigh'd forth on the wind the spectres
And wove them bodies, calling them her belov'd sons & daughters,

Employing the daughters in her looms, & Los employ'd the sons
In Golgonooza's Furnaces among the Anvils of time & space,
Thus forming a vast family, wondrous in beauty & love,
And they appear'd a Universal female form created
From those who were dead in Ulro, from the spectres of the dead.

And Enitharmon named the Female, Jerusalem the holy.
Wond'ring, she saw the Lamb of God within Jerusalem's Veil;
The Divine Vision seen within the inmost deep recess
Of fair Jerusalem's bosom in a gently beaming fire.

Then sang the sons of Eden round the Lamb of God, & said,
" Glory, Glory, Glory to the holy Lamb of God
" Who now beginneth to put off the dark Satanic body.
" Now we behold redemption. Now we know that life Eternal
" Depends alone upon the Universal hand, & not in us
" Is aught but death In individual weakness, sorrow & pain.
" [Daughters of Beulah describe *del.*] We behold with wonder Enitharmon's
Looms & Los's Forges,
" And the Spindles of Tirzah & Rahab, and the Mills of Satan & Beelzeboul.
" In Golgonooza Los's anvils stand & his Furnaces rage,
" [The hard dentant hammers are lull'd by the flutes' lula lula,
" The bellowing furnaces blown by the long sounding Clarions, *del.*]
" Ten thousand Demons labour at the forges Creating Continually
" The times & spaces of Mortal Life, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars,
" In periods of Pulsative furor, breaking into [bars *del.*] wedges & bars,
" Then drawing into wires the terrific Passions & Affections
" Of Spectrous dead. Thence to the Looms of Cathedron convey'd,
" The Daughters of Enitharmon weave the ovarium & the integument
" In soft silk, drawn from their own bowels in lascivious delight,
" With songs of sweetest cadence to the turning spindle & reel,
" Lulling the weeping spectres of the dead, Clothing their limbs
" With gifts & gold of Eden. Astonish'd, stupefied with delight,

" The terrors put on their sweet clothing on the banks of [*name del.*] Arnon,
" Whence they plunge into the river of space for a period, till
" The dread Sleep of Ulro is past. But Satan, [*word del.*] Og and Sihon
" Build Mills of resistless wheels to unwind the soft threads & reveal
" Naked of their clothing the poor spectres before the accusing heavens,
" While Rahab & Tirzah far different mantles prepare: webs of torture,
" Mantles of despair, girdles of bitter compunction, shoes of indolence,
" Veils of ignorance covering from head to feet with a cold web.
" We look down into Ulro; we behold the Wonders of the Grave.
" Eastward of Golgonooza stands the Lake of Udan Adan. In
" Entuthon Benithon [it is *del.*] a Lake not of Waters but of Spaces,
" Perturb'd, black & deadly; on [the *del.*] its Islands & [the *del.*] its Margins [of the Lake *del.*]
" The Mills of Satan and Beelzeboul stand round the roots of Urizen's tree;
" For this Lake is form'd of the tears & sighs & death sweat of the Victims
" Of Urizen's laws, to irrigate the roots of the tree of Mystery.
" They unweave the soft threads, then they weave them anew in the forms
" Of dark death & despair, & none from Eternity to Eternity could Escape,
" But [All *del.*] thou, O Universal Humanity—who is One Man, blessed for Ever—
" Recievest the Integuments woven. Rahab beholds the Lamb of God.
" She smites with her knife of flint. She destroys her own work
" Times upon times, thinking to destroy the Lamb blessed for Ever.
" He puts off the clothing of blood, he redeems the spectres from their bonds,
" He awakes sleepers in Ulro; the Daughters of Beulah praise him;
" They anoint his feet with ointment, they wipe them with the hair of their head.

" We now behold the Ends of Beulah, & we now behold
" Where death Eternal is put off Eternally.
" Assume the dark Satanic body in the Virgin's womb,
" O Lamb Divine! it cannot thee annoy. O pitying one,
" Thy pity is from the foundation of the World, & thy Redemption
" Begun Already in Eternity. Come then, O Lamb of God,
" Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

So sang they in Eternity, looking down into Beulah.
The war roar'd round Jerusalem's Gates; it took a hideous form
Seen in the aggregate, a Vast Hermaphroditic form
[Heaving *del.*] Heav'd like an Earthquake lab'ring with convulsive groans
Intolerable; at length an awful wonder burst
From the Hermaphroditic bosom. Satan he was nam'd,
Son of Perdition, terrible his form, dishumaniz'd, monstrous,
A male without a female counterpart, a howling fiend
Fo[r]lorn of Eden & repugnant to the forms of life,
Yet hiding the shadowy female Vala as in an ark & Curtains,
Abhorr'd, accursed, ever dying an Eternal death,
Being multitudes of tyrant Men in union blasphemous
Against the Divine image, Congregated assemblies of wicked men.

*Los said to Enitharmon,* "*Pitying I saw.*"
Pitying, the Lamb of God descended thro' Jerusalem's gates
To put off Mystery time after time; & as a Man
Is born on Earth, so was he born of Fair Jerusalem
In mystery's woven mantle, & in the Robes of Luvah.
He stood in fair Jerusalem to awake up into Eden
The fallen Man, but first to Give [the Veil of Mystery *del.*] his vegetated body
[And then call Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona *del.*]
To be cut off & separated, that the Spiritual body may be Reveal'd.

The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite
In Entuthon Benithon, in the shadows of torment & woe
Upon the heights of Amalek, taking refuge in his arms
The victims fled from punishment, for all his words were peace.
Urizen call'd together the Synagogue of Satan in dire Sanhedrim
To judge the Lamb of God to Death as a murderer & robber:
As it is written, he was number'd among the transgressors.
Cold, dark, opake, the Assembly met twelvefold in Amalek,
Twelve rocky unshap'd forms, terrific forms of torture & woe,
Such seem'd the Synagogue to distant view; [around *del.*] amidst them [stood *del.*] beam'd

A False Feminine Counterpart, of Lovely Delusive Beauty
Dividing & Uniting at will in the Cruelties of Holiness,
Vala, drawn down into a Vegetated body, now triumphant.
The Synagogue of Satan Clothed her with Scarlet robes & Gems,
And on her forehead was her name written in blood, " Mystery."
When view'd remote she is One, when view'd near she divides
To multitude, as it is in Eden, so permitted because
It was the best possible in the State called Satan to save
From Death Eternal & to put off Satan Eternally.
The Synagogue Created her from Fruit of Urizen's tree
By devilish arts, abominable, unlawful, unutterable,
Perpetually vegetating in detestable births
Of female forms, beautiful thro' poisons hidden in secret
Which give a tincture to false beauty; then was hidden within
The bosom of Satan The false Female, as in an ark & veil
Which Christ must rend & her reveal. Her daughters are call'd
Tirzah; She is [call'd *del.*] named Rahab; their various divisions are call'd
The daughters of Amalek, Canaan & Moab, binding on the stones
Their victims, & with knives wounding them, singing with tears
Over their victims. Hear ye the song of the Females of Amalek:

" O thou poor human form! O thou poor child of woe!
" Why dost thou wander away from Tirzah? why me compell to bind thee?
" If thou dost go away from me, I shall consume upon the rocks.
" These fibres of thine eyes that used to wander in distant heavens
" Away from me, I have bound down with a hot iron.
" These nostrils that Expanded with delight in morning skies
" I have bent downward with lead molten in my roaring furnaces.
" My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roar the bellows
" Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs
" In channels thro' my fiery limbs. O love! O pity! O pain!
" O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken!
" Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran.
" The river Kanah wander'd by my sweet Manasseh's side.
" [To see the boy spring into heaven, sounding from my sight *del.*]

" Go, Noah, fetch the girdle of strong brass, [pre . . . *del.*] heat it red hot,
" Press it around the loins of this expanding cruelty.
" Shriek not so, my only love.
" Bind him down, sisters, bind him down on Ebal, mount of cursing.
" Malah, come forth from Lebanon, & Hoglah from Mount Sinai,
" Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets, & with a screw of iron
" Fasten this Ear into the Rock. Milcah, the task is thine.
" Weep not so, sisters, weep not so; our life depends on this,
" Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead,
" Unless my beloved is bound upon the stems of Vegetation."

Such are the songs of Tirzah, such the loves of Amalek.
The Lamb of God descended thro' the twelve portions of Luvah,
Bearing his sorrows & recieving all his cruel wounds.

Thus was the Lamb of God condemn'd to Death.
They nail'd him upon the tree of Mystery, weeping over him
And then mocking & then worshipping, calling him Lord & King.
Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely, & sometimes as five
They stood in beaming beauty, & sometimes as one, even Rahab
Who is Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots.

[She *del.*] Jerusalem saw the Body dead upon the Cross. She fled away,
Saying: " Is this Eternal Death? Where shall I hide from Death?
" Pity me, Los! pity me, Urizen! & [build *del.*] let us build
" A Sepulcher & worship Death in fear while yet we live:
" Death! God of All! from whom we rise, to whom we all return:
" And Let all Nations of the Earth worship at the Sepulcher
" With Gifts & Spices, with lamps rich emboss'd, jewels & gold."

Los took the Body from the Cross, Jerusalem weeping over;
They bore it to the Sepulcher which Los had hewn in the rock
Of Eternity for himself: he hew'd it despairing of Life Eternal.
[And *del.*] But when Rahab had cut off the Mantle of Luvah from
The Lamb of God, it roll'd apart, revealing to all in heaven

And all on Earth, the Temple & the Synagogue of Satan, & Mystery
Even Rahab in all her turpitude. Rahab divided herself;
She stood before Los in her Pride [alone *del.*] among the Furnaces,
Dividing & uniting in Delusive feminine powers, questioning him.
He answer'd her with tenderness & love not uninspired.

Los sat upon his anvil stock; they sat beside the forge.
Los wip'd the sweat from his red brow & thus began
To the delusive female forms shining among his furnaces:
" I am that shadowy Prophet who six thousand years ago
" Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. I divided
" To multitude, & my multitudes are children of Care & Labour.
" O Rahab, I behold thee. I was once like thee, a Son
" Of Pride, and I also have pierc'd the Lamb of God in pride & wrath.
" Hear me repeat my Generations that thou maist also repent.
" And these [were *del.*] are the Sons of Los & Enitharmon: Rintrah, Palamabron,
" Theotormon, Bromion, Antamon, Ananton, Ozoth, Ohana,
" Sotha, Mydon, Ellayol, Natho, Gon, Harhath, Satan,
" Har, Ochim, Ijim, Adam, Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphtali,
" Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun, Joseph, Benjamin, David, Solomon,
" Paul, Constantine, Charlemagne, Luther, Milton.
" These [were their *del.*] are our daughters: Ocalythron, Elynittria, Oothoon, Leutha,
" Elythiria, Enanto, Manathu Vorcyon, Ethinthus, Moab, Midian,
" Adah, Zillah, Caina, Naamah, Tamar, Rahab, Tirzah, Mary.
" And myriads more of Sons & daughters to whom [their *del.*] our love increas'd,
" To each according to the multiplication of their multitudes.
" But Satan accus'd Palamabron before [Los *del.*] his brethren, also he madden'd
" The horses of Palamabron's harrow, wherefore Rintrah & Palamabron
" Cut him off from Golgonooza. But Enitharmon in tears
" Wept over him, Created him a Space clos'd with a tender moon
" And he roll'd down beneath the fires of Orc, a Globe immense

" Crested with snow in a dim void; here, by the Arts of Urizen,
" He tempted many of the Sons & daughters of Los to flee
" Away from [Los *del.*] Me; first Reuben fled, then Simeon, then Levi, then Judah,
" Then Dan, then Naphtali, then Gad, then Asher, then Issachar,
" Then Zebulun, then Joseph, then Benjamin, twelve sons of Los.
" And this is the manner in which Satan became the Tempter.
" There is a State nam'd Satan; learn distinct to know, O [Mortals *del.*] Rahab!
" The difference between States & Individuals of those States.
" The State nam'd Satan never can be redeem'd in all Eternity;
" But when Luvah in Orc became a Serpent, he descended into
" That State call'd Satan. Enitharmon breath'd forth on the Winds
" Of Golgonooza her well beloved, knowing he was Orc's human remains.
" She tenderly lov'd him above all his brethren; he grew up
" In mother's tenderness. The Enormous worlds rolling in Urizen's power
" Must have given Satan, by these mild arts, dominion over all;
" Wherefore [Rintrah & *del.*] Palamabron, being accused by Satan to Los,
" Call'd down a Great Solemn assembly. Rintrah in fury & fear
" Defended Palamabron, & rage fill'd the Universal Tent—
" Because Palamabron was good natur'd, Satan suppos'd he fear'd him—
" And Satan, not having the Science of Wrath but only of Pity,
" Was soon condemn'd, & wrath was left to wrath, & Pity to Pity:
" Rintrah & Palamabron, Cut sheer off from Golgonooza,
" Enitharmon's Moony space, & in it, Satan & his companions.
" They roll'd down a dim world, crush'd with Snow, deadly & dark.
" Jerusalem, pitying them, wove them mantles of life & death,
" Times after times. And those in Eden sent Lucifer for their Guard.
" Lucifer refus'd to die for Satan & in pride he forsook his charge.
" Then they sent Molech. Molech was impatient. They sent
" Molech impatient. They sent Elohim, who created Adam
" To die for Satan. Adam refus'd, but was compell'd to die
" By Satan's arts. Then the Eternals sent Shaddai.
" Shaddai was angry. Pachad descended. Pachad was terrified.
" And then they sent Jehovah, who leprous stretch'd his hand to Eternity.

" Then Jesus came & Died willing beneath Tirzah & Rahab.
" Thou art that Rahab. Lo the tomb! what can we purpose more?
" Lo, Enitharmon, terrible & beautiful in Eternal youth!
" Bow down before her, you her children, & set Jerusalem free."

Rahab, burning with pride & revenge, departed from Los.
Los drop'd a tear at her departure, but he wip'd it away in hope.
She went to Urizen in pride; the Prince of Light beheld
Reveal'd before the face of heaven his secret holiness.
Darkness & sorrow cover'd all flesh. Eternity was darken'd.

Urizen sitting in his web of deceitful religion [was . . . *del.*]
[He *del.*] felt the female death, a dull & numming stupor, such as ne'er
Before assaulted the bright human form; he felt his pores
Drink in the deadly dull delusion; horrors of Eternal Death
Shot thro' him. Urizen sat stonied upon his rock.
Forgetful of his own Laws, pitying he began to embrace
The shadowy Female; since life cannot be quench'd, Life exuded;
His eyes shot outwards, then his breathing nostrils drawn forth,
Scales cover'd over a cold forehead & a neck outstretch'd
Into the deep to sieze the shadow; scales his neck & bosom
Cover'd & scales his hands & feet; upon his belly falling
Outstretch'd thro' the immense, his mouth wide opening, tongueless,
His teeth a triple row; he strove to sieze the shadow in vain,
And his immense tail lash'd the Abyss; his human form a Stone,
A form of Senseless Stone remain'd in terrors on the rock,
Abominable to the eyes of mortals who explore his books.
His wisdom still remain'd, & all his memory stor'd with woe.

And still his stony form remain'd in the Abyss immense,
Like the pale visage in its sheet of lead that cannot follow—
Incessant stern disdain his scaly form gnaws inwardly,
With deep repentance for the loss of that fair form of Man.
With Envy he saw Los, with Envy Tharmas & [Urthona *del.*] the Spectre,
With Envy & in vain he swam around his stony form.

No longer now Erect, the King of Light outstretch'd in fury
Lashes his tail in the wild deep; his eyelids, like the Sun
Arising in his pride, enlighten all the Grizzly deeps,
His scales transparent give forth light like windows of the morning,
His neck flames with wrath & majesty, he lashes the Abyss,
Beating the desarts & the rocks; the desarts feel his power,
They shake their slumbers off, they wave in awful fear
Calling the Lion & the Tyger, the horse & the wild stag,
The Elephant, the wolf, the Bear, the Larma, the Satyr.
His Eyelids give their light around; his folding tail aspires
Among the stars; the Earth & all the Abysses feel his fury
When as the snow covers the mountains, oft petrific hardness
Covers the deeps, at his vast fury moving in his rock,
Hardens the Lion & the Bear; trembling in the solid mountain
They view the light & wonder; crying out in terrible existence,
Up bound the wild stag & the horse: behold the King of Pride!

Oft doth his Eye emerge from the Abyss into the realms
Of his Eternal day, & memory strives to augment his ruthfulness.
Then weeping he descends in wrath, drawing all things in his fury
Into obedience to his will; & now he finds in vain
That not of his own power he bore the human form erect,
Nor of his own will gave his Laws in times of Everlasting,
For now fierce Orc in wrath & fury rises into the heavens,
[In forms of priesthood in the dark delusions of repentance *del.*]
A King of wrath & fury, a dark enraged horror:
And Urizen, repentant, forgets his wisdom in the abyss,
In forms of priesthood, in the dark delusions of repentance
Repining in his heart & spirit that Orc reign'd over all,
And that his wisdom serv'd but to augment the indefinite lust.

Then Tharmas & Urthona felt the stony stupor rise
Into their limbs. Urthona shot forth a Vast Fibrous form.
Tharmas like a pillar of sand roll'd round by the whirlwind,
An animated Pillar rolling round & round in incessant rage.

Los felt the stony stupor, & his head roll'd down beneath
Into the Abysses of his bosom; the vessels of his blood
Dart forth upon the wind in pipes, writhing about in the Abyss;
And Enitharmon, pale & cold, in milky juices flow'd
Into a form of Vegetation, living, having a voice,
Moving in root-like fibres, breathing in fear upon the Earth.

And Tharmas gave his Power to Los, Urthona gave his Strength
Into the youthful Prophet for the Love of Enitharmon
And of the nameless shadowy female in the nether deep,
And for the dread of the dark terrors of Orc & Urizen.

Thus in a living death the nameless shadow all things bound:
All mortal things made permanent that they may be put off
Time after time by the Divine Lamb who died for all,
And all in him died, & he put off all mortality.

Tharmas [above *del.*] on high rode furious thro' the afflicted worlds,
Pursuing the Vain Shadow of Hope, fleeing from identity
In abstract false Expanses that he may not hear the Voice
Of Ahania wailing on the winds; in vain he flies, for still
The voice incessant calls on all the children of Men:
For she spoke of all in heaven, & all upon the Earth
Saw not as yet the Divine Vision; her eyes are toward Urizen,
And thus Ahania cries aloud to the Caverns of the Grave:

" Will you keep a flock of wolves & lead them? will you take the wintry blast
" For a covering to your limbs, or the summer pestilence for a tent to abide in?
" Will you erect a lasting habitation in the mouldering Church yard?
" Or a pillar & palace of Eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave?
" Will you seek pleasure from the festering wound, or marry for a Wife
" The ancient Leprosy? that the King & Priest may still feast on your decay
" And the grave mock & laugh at the plow'd field, saying,

" ' I am the nourisher, thou the destroyer; in my bosom is milk & wine,
" ' And a fountain from my breasts; to me come all multitudes;
" ' To my breath they obey; they worship me. I am a goddess & queen.'
" But listen to Ahania, O ye sons of the Murdered one,
" Listen to her whose memory beholds your ancient days,
" Listen to her whose eyes behold the dark body of corruptible death
" Looking for Urizen in vain; in vain I seek for morning.
" The Eternal Man sleeps in the Earth, nor feels the vig'rous sun
" Nor silent moon, nor all the hosts of heaven move in his body.
" His fiery halls are dark, & round his limbs the Serpent Orc
" Fold without fold encompasses him, And his corrupting members
" Vomit out the scaly monsters of the restless deep.
" They come up in the rivers & annoy the nether parts
" Of Man who lays upon the shore, leaning his faded head
" Upon the Oozy rock enwrapped with the weeds of death.
" His eyes sink hollow in his head, his flesh cover'd with slime
" And shrunk up to the bones; alas, that Man should come to this!
" His strong bones beat with snows & hid within the caves of night,
" Marrowless, bloodless, falling into dust, driven by the winds.
" O how the horrors of Eternal Death take hold on Man!
" His faint groans shake the caves & issue thro' the desolate rocks,
" And the strong Eagle, now with numming cold blighted of feathers,
" Once like the pride of the sun, now flagging on cold night,
" Hovers with blasted wings aloft, watching with Eager Eye
" Till Man shall leave a corruptible body; he, famish'd, hears him groan,
" And now he fixes his strong talons in the pointed rock,
" And now he beats the heavy air with his enormous wings.
" Beside him lies the Lion dead, & in his belly worms
" Feast on his death till universal death devours all,
" And the pale horse seeks for the pool to lie him down & die,
" But finds the pools filled with serpents devouring one another.
" He droops his head & trembling stands, & his bright eyes decay.
" These are the Visions of My Eyes, the Visions of Ahania."

Thus cries Ahania. Enion replies from the Caverns of the Grave:

" Fear not, O poor forsaken one! O land of briars & thorns
" Where once the olive flourish'd & the Cedar spread his wings!
" Once I wail'd desolate like thee; my fallow fields in fear
" Cried to the Churchyards & the Earthworm came in dismal state.
" I found him in my bosom, & I said the time of love
" Appears upon the rocks & hills in silent shades; but soon
" A voice came in the night, a midnight cry upon the mountains:
" ' Awake! the bridegroom cometh! ' I awoke to sleep no more;
" But an Eternal consummation is dark Enion,
" The wat'ry Grave. O thou corn field! O thou vegetater happy!
" More happy is the dark consumer; hope drowns all my torment,
" For I am now surrounded by a shadowy vortex drawing
" The spectre quite away from Enion, that I die a death
" Of better hope, altho' I consume in these raging waters.
" The furrow'd field replies to the grave. I hear her reply to me:
" ' Behold the time approaches fast that thou shalt be as a thing
" ' Forgotten; when one speaks of thee he will not be believ'd.
" ' When the man gently fades away in his immortality,
" ' When the mortal disappears in improved knowledge, cast away
" ' The former things, so shall the Mortal gently fade away
" ' And so become invisible to those who still remain.
" ' Listen. I will tell thee what is done in the caverns of the grave.
" ' The Lamb of God has rent the Veil of Mystery, soon to return
" ' In Clouds & Fires around the rock & the Mysterious tree.
" ' And as the seed waits Eagerly watching for its flower & fruit,
" ' Anxious its little soul looks out into the clear expanse
" ' To see if hungry winds are abroad with their invisible array,
" ' So Man looks out in tree & herb & fish & bird & beast
" ' Collecting up the scatter'd portions of his immortal body
" ' Into the Elemental forms of every thing that grows.
" ' He tries the sullen north wind, riding on its angry furrows,
" ' The sultry south when the sun rises, & the angry east
" ' When the sun sets; when the clods harden & the cattle stand
" ' Drooping & the birds hide in their silent nests, he stores his thoughts
" ' As in a store house in his memory; he regulates the forms

" ' Of all beneath & all above, & in the gentle West
" ' Reposes where the Sun's heat dwells; he rises to the Sun
" ' And to the Planets of the Night, & to the stars that gild
" ' The Zodiac, & the stars that sullen stand to north & south.
" ' He touches the remotest pole, & in the center weeps
" ' That Man should Labour & sorrow, & learn & forget, & return
" ' To the dark valley whence he came, to begin his labour anew.
" ' In pain he sighs, in pain he labours in his universe,
" ' Sorrowing in birds over the deep, & howling in the wolf
" ' Over the slain, & moaning in the cattle, & in the winds,
" ' And weeping over Orc & Urizen in clouds & [dismal *del.*] *flaming* fires,
" ' And in the cries of birth & in the groans of death his voice
" ' Is heard throughout the Universe: wherever a grass grows
" ' Or a leaf buds, The Eternal Man is seen, is heard, is felt,
" ' And all his sorrows, till he reassumes his ancient bliss.' "

Such are the words of Ahania & Enion. Los hears & weeps.
[*Nine lines del.*]
And Los & Enitharmon took the Body of the Lamb
Down from the Cross & plac'd it in a sepulcher which Los had hewn
For himself in the Rock of Eternity, trembling & in [fear *del.*] despair.
Jerusalem wept over the Sepulcher two thousand years.

[END OF THE EIGHTH NIGHT *erazed*]

RAHAB triumphs over all; she took Jerusalem
Captive, a Willing Captive, by delusive arts impell'd
To worship Urizen's Dragon form, to offer her own Children
Upon the bloody Altar. John saw these things Reveal'd in Heaven
On Patmos Isle, & heard the souls cry out to be deliver'd.
He saw the Harlot of the Kings of Earth, & saw her Cup
Of fornication, food of Orc & Satan, press'd from the fruit of Mystery.
But when she saw the form of Ahania weeping on the Void,

And heard Enion's voice sound from the caverns of the Grave,
No more spirit remain'd in her. She secretly left the Synagogue of Satan,
She commun'd with Orc in secret. She hid him with the flax
That Enitharmon had number'd, away from the Heavens,
She gather'd it together to consume her Harlot Robes
In bitterest contrition; sometimes Self condemning, repentant,
And sometimes kissing her Robes & Jewels & weeping over them;
Sometimes returning to the Synagogue of Satan in Pride,
And sometimes weeping before Orc in humility & trembling.
The Synagogue of Satan therefore, uniting against Mystery,
Satan divided against Satan, resolv'd in open Sanhedrim
To burn Mystery with fire & form another from her ashes,
For God put it into their heart to fulfill all his will.

The Ashes of Mystery began to animate; they call'd it Deism
And Natural Religion; as of old, so now anew began
Babylon again in Infamy, call'd Natural Religion.

[END OF THE EIGHTH NIGHT]

# V A L A

## NIGHT THE NINTH

BEING

## THE LAST JUDGMENT

And Los & Enitharmon builded Jerusalem, weeping
Over the Sepulcher & over the Crucified body
Which, to their Phantom Eyes, appear'd still in the Sepulcher;
But Jesus stood beside them in the spirit, separating
Their spirit from their body. Terrified at Non Existence,
For such they deem'd the death of the body, Los his vegetable hands
Outstretch'd; his right hand, branching out in fibrous strength,
Siez'd the Sun; His left hand, like dark roots, cover'd the Moon,
And tore them down, cracking the heavens across from immense to immense.
Then fell the fires of Eternity with loud & shrill
Sound of Loud Trumpet thundering along from heaven to heaven
A mighty sound articulate: " Awake, ye dead, & come
" To Judgment from the four winds! Awake & Come away!"
Folding like scrolls of the Enormous volume of Heaven & Earth,
With thunderous noise & dreadful shakings, rocking to & fro,
The heavens are shaken & the Earth removed from its place,
The foundations of the Eternal hills discover'd:
The thrones of Kings are shaken, they have lost their robes & crowns,
The poor smite their oppressors, they awake up to the harvest,
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shore
Trembling before the multitudes of slaves now set at liberty:
They are become like wintry flocks, like forests strip'd of leaves:
The oppressed pursue like the wind; there is no room for escape.

The Spectre of Enitharmon, let loose on the troubled deep,
Wail'd shrill in the confusion, & the Spectre of Urthona

Reciev'd her in the darkening south; their bodies lost, they stood
Trembling & weak, a faint embrace, a fierce desire, as when
Two shadows mingle on a wall; they wail & shadowy tears
Fell down, & shadowy forms of joy mix'd with despair & grief—
Their bodies buried in the ruins of the Universe—
Mingled with the confusion. Who shall call them from the Graves?

Rahab & Tirzah wail aloud in the wild flames; they give up themselves to Consummation.

The books of Urizen unroll with dreadful noise; the folding Serpent
Of Orc began to Consume in fierce raving fire; his fierce flames
Issu'd on all sides, gathering strength in animating volumes,
Roaming abroad on all the winds, raging intense, reddening
Into resistless pillars of fire rolling round & round, gathering
Strength from the Earths consumed & heavens & all hidden abysses,
Where'er the Eagle has Explor'd, or Lion or Tyger trod,
Or where the Comets of the night or stars of [eternal *del.*] asterial day
Have shot their arrows or long beamed spears in wrath & fury.

And all the while the trumpet sounds, [" Awake, ye dead, & come
" To Judgment! " *del.*] from the clotted gore & from the hollow den
Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire,
Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity.
Then, like the doves from pillars of Smoke, the trembling families
Of women & children throughout every nation under heaven
Cling round the men in bands of twenties & of fifties, pale
As snow that falls around a leafless tree upon the green.
Their oppressors are fall'n, they have stricken them, they awake to life.
Yet pale the just man stands erect & looking up to heav'n.
Trembling & strucken by the Universal stroke, the trees unroot,
The rocks groan horrible & run about; the mountains &
Their rivers cry with a dismal cry; the cattle gather together,
Lowing they kneel before the heavens; the wild beasts of the forests
Tremble; the Lion shuddering asks the Leopard: " Feelest thou

" The dread I feel, unknown before? My voice refuses to roar,
" And in weak moans I speak to thee. This night,
" Before the morning's dawn, the Eagle call'd the Vulture,
" The Raven call'd the hawk, I heard them from my forests black,
" Saying: ' Let us go up far, for soon, I smell upon the wind,
" ' A terror coming from the south.' The Eagle & Hawk fled away
" At dawn, & e'er the sun arose, the raven & Vulture follow'd.
" Let us flee also to the north." They fled. The Sons of Men
Saw them depart in dismal droves. The trumpet sounded loud
And all the Sons of Eternity Descended into Beulah.

In the fierce flames the limbs of Mystery lay consuming with howling
And deep despair. Rattling go up the flames around the Synagogue
Of Satan. Loud the Serpent Orc rag'd thro' his twenty seven
Folds. The tree of Mystery went up in folding flames.
Blood issu'd out in rushing volumes, pouring in whirlpools fierce
From out the flood gates of the Sky. The Gates are burst; down pour
The torrents black upon the Earth; the blood pours down incessant.
Kings in their palaces lie drown'd. Shepherds, their flocks, their tents,
Roll down the mountains in black torrents. Cities, Villages,
High spires & Castles drown'd in the black deluge; shoal on shoal
Float the dead carcases of Men & Beasts, driven to & fro on waves
Of foaming blood beneath the black incessant sky, till all
Mystery's tyrants are cut off & not one left on Earth.

And when all Tyranny was cut off from the face of the Earth,
Around the dragon form of Urizen, & round his strong form,
The flames rolling intense thro' the wide Universe
[Began to draw near to the Earth *del.*]
Began to enter the Holy City. Ent'ring, the dismal clouds
In furrow'd lightnings break their way, the wild flames licking up
The Bloody Deluge: living flames winged with intellect
And Reason, round the Earth they march in order, flame by flame.
From the clotted gore & from the hollow den

Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire,
Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity.

[Without *del.*] Beyond this Universal Confusion, beyond the remotest Pole
Where their vortexes began to operate, there stands
A Horrible rock far in the South; it was forsaken when
Urizen gave the horses of Light into the hands of Luvah.
On this rock lay the faded head of the Eternal Man
Enwrapped round with weeds of death, pale cold in sorrow & woe.
He lifts the blue lamps of his Eyes & cries with heavenly voice:
Bowing his head over the consuming Universe, he cried:
" O weakness & O weariness! O war within my members!
" My sons, exiled from my breast, pass to & fro before me.
" My birds are silent on my hills, flocks die beneath my branches.
" My tents are fallen, my trumpets & the sweet sound of my harps
" Is silent on my clouded hills that belch forth storms & fire.
" My milk of cows & honey of bees & fruit of golden harvest
" Are gather'd in the scorching heat & in the driving rain.
" My robe is turned to confusion, & my bright gold to stone.
" Where once I sat, I weary walk in misery & pain,
" For from within my [narrow *del.*] wither'd breast grown narrow with my woes
" The Corn is turned to thistles & the apples into poison,
" The birds of song to murderous crows, My joys to bitter groans,
" The voices of children in my tents to cries of helpless infants,
" And all exiled from the face of light & shine of morning
" In this dark world, a narrow house, I wander up & down.
" I hear Mystery howling in these flames of Consummation.
" When shall the Man of future times become as in days of old?
" O weary life! why sit I here & give up all my powers
" To indolence, to the night of death, when indolence & mourning
" Sit hovering over my dark threshold? tho' I arise, look out
" And scorn the war within my members, yet my heart is weak
" And my head faint. Yet will I look again into the morning.
" Whence is this sound of rage of Men drinking each other's blood,
" Drunk with the smoking gore, & red, but not with nourishing wine? "

The Eternal Man sat on the Rock & cried with awful voice:
" O Prince of Light, where art thou? I behold thee not as once
" In those Eternal fields, in clouds of morning stepping forth
" With harps & songs when bright Ahania sang before thy face
" And all thy sons & daughters gather'd round my ample table.
" See you not all this wracking furious confusion?
" Come forth from slumbers of thy cold abstraction! Come forth,
" Arise to Eternal births! Shake off thy cold repose,
" Schoolmaster of souls, great opposer of change, arise!
" That the Eternal worlds may see thy face in peace & joy,
" That thou, dread form of Certainty, maist sit in town & village
" While little children play around thy feet in gentle awe,
" Fearing thy frown, loving thy smile, O Urizen, Prince of Light."

He call'd; the deep buried his voice & answer none return'd.
Then wrath burst round; the Eternal Man was wrath; again he cried:
" Arise, O stony form of death! O dragon of the Deeps!
" Lie down before my feet, O Dragon! let Urizen arise.
" *O how couldst thou deform those beautiful proportions*
" *Of life & person; for as the Person, so is his life proportion'd.*
" Let Luvah rage in the dark deep, even to Consummation,
" For if thou feedest not his rage, it will subside in peace.
" But if thou darest, obstinate refuse my stern behest,
" Thy crown & scepter I will sieze, & regulate all my members
" In stern severity, & cast thee out into the indefinite
" Where nothing lives, there to wander; & if thou returnest weary,
" Weeping at the threshold of Existence, I will steel my heart
" Against thee to Eternity, & never recieve thee more.
" Thy self-destroying, beast form'd Science shall be thy eternal lot.
" My anger against thee is greater than against this Luvah,
" For war is [cruel *del.*] energy Enslav'd, but thy religion,
" The first author of this war & the destruction of honest minds
" Into confused perturbation & strife & horrour & pride,
" Is a deciet so detestable that I will cast thee out
" If thou repentest not, & leave thee as a rotten branch to be burn'd

" With Mystery the Harlot & with Satan for Ever & Ever.
" Error can never be redeemed in all Eternity,
" But Sin, Even Rahab, is redeem'd in blood & fury & jealousy—
" That line of blood that stretch'd across the windows of the morning—
" Redeem'd from Error's power. Wake, thou dragon of the deeps! "

Urizen wept in the dark deep, anxious his scaly form
To reassume the human; & he wept in the dark deep,
Saying: " O that I had never drunk the wine nor eat the bread
" Of dark mortality, or cast my view into [the past *del.*] futurity, nor turn'd
" My back, dark'ning the present, clouding with a cloud,
" And building arches high, & cities, turrets & [high *del.*] towers & domes
" Whose smoke destroy'd the pleasant gardens, & whose running kennels
" Chok'd the bright rivers; burd'ning with my Ships the angry deep;
" Thro' Chaos seeking for delight, & in spaces remote
" Seeking the Eternal which is always present to the wise;
" Seeking for pleasure which unsought falls round the infant's path
" And on the fleeces of mild flocks who neither care nor labour;
" But I, the labourer of ages, whose unwearied hands
" Are thus deform'd with hardness, with the [*word del.*] sword & with the spear
" And with the chisel & the mallet, I, whose labours vast
" Order the nations, separating family by family,
" Alone enjoy not. I alone, in misery supreme,
" Ungratified give all my joy unto this Luvah & Vala.
" Then Go, O dark [remembrance *del.*] futurity! I will cast thee forth from these
" Heavens of my brain, nor will I look upon [remembrance *del.*] futurity more.
" I cast [remembrance *del.*] futurity away, & turn my back upon that void
" Which I have made; for lo! [Remembrance *del.*] futurity is in this moment.
" Let Orc consume, let Tharmas rage, let dark Urthona give
" All strength to Los & Enitharmon, & let Los self-curs'd
" Rend down this fabric, as a wall ruin'd & family extinct.
" Rage Orc! Rage Tharmas! Urizen no longer curbs your rage."

So Urizen spoke; he shook his snows from off his shoulders & arose
As on a Pyramid of mist, his white robes scattering

The fleecy white: renew'd, he shook his aged mantles off
Into the fires. Then, glorious bright, Exulting in his joy,
He sounding rose into the heavens in naked majesty,
In radiant Youth; when Lo! like garlands in the Eastern sky
When vocal may comes dancing from the East, Ahania came
Exulting in her flight, as when a bubble rises up
On to the surface of a lake, Ahania rose in joy.
Excess of Joy is worse than grief; her heart beat high, her blood
Burst its bright vessels: she fell down dead at the feet of Urizen:
Outstretch'd, a smiling corse, they buried her in a silent cave.
Urizen dropped a tear; the Eternal Man Darken'd with sorrow.

The three daughters of Urizen guard Ahania's death couch;
Rising from the confusion in tears & howlings and despair,
Calling upon their father's Name, upon their Rivers dark.

And the Eternal Man said: " Hear my [voice *del.*] words, O Prince of Light.
" Behold Jerusalem in whose bosom the Lamb of God [is seen *del.*]
" Is seen; tho' slain before her Gates, he self-renew'd remains
" Eternal, & I thro' him awake from death's dark vale.
" The times revolve; the time is coming when all these delights
" Shall be renew'd, & all these Elements that now consume
" Shall reflourish. Then bright Ahania shall awake from death,
" A glorious Vision [of *del.*] to thine Eyes, a Self-renewing Vision:
" The spring, the summer, to be thine; then sleep the wintry days
" In silken garments spun by her own hands against her funeral.
" The winter thou shalt plow & lay thy stores into thy barns
" Expecting to recieve Ahania in the spring with joy.
" Immortal thou, Regenerate She, & all the lovely Sex
" From her shall learn obedience & prepare for a wintry grave,
" That spring may see them rise in tenfold joy & sweet delight.
" Thus shall the male & female live the life of Eternity,
" Because the Lamb of God Creates himself a bride & wife
" That we his Children evermore may live in Jerusalem
" Which now descendeth out of heaven, a City, yet a Woman,

" Mother of myriads redeem'd & born in her spiritual palaces,
" By a New Spiritual birth Regenerated from Death."

Urizen said: " I have Erred, & my Error remains with me.
" What Chain encompasses? in what Lock is the river of light confin'd
" That issues forth in the morning by measure & in the evening by carefulness?
" Where shall we take our stand to view the infinite & unbounded?
" Or where are human feet? for Lo, our eyes are in the heavens."

He ceas'd, for riven link from link, the bursting Universe explodes.
All things revers'd flew from their centers: rattling bones [to bones *del.*]
To bones Join: shaking convuls'd, the shivering clay breathes:
Each speck of dust to the Earth's center nestles round & round
In pangs of an Eternal Birth: in torment & awe & fear,
All spirits deceas'd, let loose from reptile prisons, come in shoals:
Wild furies from the tyger's brain & from the lion's eyes,
And from the ox & ass come moping terrors, from the eagle
And raven: numerous as the leaves of autumn, every species
Flock to the trumpet, mutt'ring over the sides of the grave & crying
In the fierce wind round heaving rocks & mountains fill'd with groans.
On rifted rocks, suspended in the air by inward fires,
Many a woful company & many on clouds & waters,
Fathers & friends, Mothers & Infants, Kings & Warriors,
Priests & chain'd Captives, met together in a horrible fear;
And every one of the dead appears as he had liv'd before,
And all the marks remain of the slave's scourge & tyrant's Crown,
And of the Priest's o'ergorged Abdomen, & of the merchant's thin
Sinewy deception, & of the warrior's ou[t]braving & thoughtlessness
In lineaments too extended & in bones too strait & long.
They shew their wounds: they accuse: they sieze the opressor; howlings began
On the golden palace, songs & joy on the desart; the Cold babe
Stands in the furious air; he cries: " the children of six thousand years
" Who died in infancy rage furious: a mighty multitude rage furious,
" Naked & pale standing in the expecting air, to be deliver'd.
" Rend limb from limb the warrior & the tyrant, reuniting in pain."

The furious wind still rends around; they flee in sluggish effort;
They beg, they intreat in vain now; they listened not to intreaty;
They view the flames red rolling on thro' the wide universe
From the [black *altered to*] dark jaws of death beneath & desolate shores remote,
These covering vaults of heaven & these trembling globes of earth.
One Planet [cries *del.*] calls to another & one star enquires of another:
" What flames are these, coming from the South? what noise, what dreadful rout
" As of a battle in the heavens? hark! heard you not the trumpet
" As of fierce battle? " While they spoke, the flames come on intense roaring.
They see him whom they have pierc'd, they wail because of him,
They magnify themselves no more against Jerusalem, Nor
Against her little ones; the innocent, accused before the Judges,
Shines with immortal glory; trembling, the judge springs from his throne
Hiding his face in the dust beneath the prisoner's feet & saying:
" Brother of Jesus, what have I done? intreat thy lord for me:
" Perhaps I may be forgiven." While he speaks the flames roll on,
And after the flames appears the Cloud of the Son of Man
Descending from Jerusalem with power and great Glory.
All nations look up to the Cloud & behold him who was crucified.
The Prisoner answers: " You scourg'd my father to death before my face
" While I stood bound with cords & heavy chains. Your hipocrisy
" Shall now avail you nought." So speaking, he dash'd him with his foot.

The Cloud is Blood, dazling upon the heavens, & in the cloud,
Above upon its volumes, is beheld [as *del.*] a throne & [as *del.*] a pavement
Of precious stones surrounded by twenty-four venerable patriarchs,
And these again surrounded by four Wonders of the Almighty,
Incomprehensible, pervading all, amidst & round about,
Fourfold, each in the other reflected; they are named Life's—in Eternity—
Four Starry Universes going forward from Eternity to Eternity.
And the Fall'n Man who was arisen upon the Rock of Ages
Beheld the Vision of God, & he arose up from the Rock,
And Urizen arose up with him, walking thro' the flames

To meet the Lord coming to Judgment; but the flames repell'd them
Still to the Rock; in vain they strove to Enter the Consummation
Together, for the [Fallen *altered to*] Redeem'd Man could not enter the
Consummation.

Then siez'd the sons of Urizen the Plow; they polish'd it
From rust of ages; all its ornaments of gold & silver & ivory
Reshone across the field immense where all the nations
Darken'd like Mould in the divided fallows where the weed
Triumphs in its own destruction; they took down the harness
From the blue walls of heaven, starry jingling, ornamented
With beautiful art, the study of angels, the workmanship of Demons
When Heaven & Hell in Emulation strove in sports of Glory.

The noise of rural works resounded thro' the heavens of heavens,
The horse[s] neigh from the battle, the wild bulls from the sultry waste,
The tygers from the forests, & the lions from the sandy desarts.
They sing; they sieze the instruments of harmony; they throw away
The spear, the bow, the gun, the mortar; they level the fortifications.
They beat the iron engines of destruction into wedges;
They give them to Urthona's sons; ringing the hammers sound
In dens of death to forge the spade, the mattock & the ax,
The heavy roller to break the clods, to pass over the nations.

The Sons of Urizen shout. Their father rose. The Eternal horses
Harness'd, They call'd to Urizen; the heavens moved at their call.
The limbs of Urizen shone with ardor. [he rose up from the Rock.
The Fallen Man wond'ring beheld *del.*] He laid his hand on the Plow,
Thro' dismal darkness drave the Plow of ages over Cities
And all their Villages; over Mountains & all their Vallies;
Over the graves & caverns of the dead; Over the Planets
And over the void spaces; over sun & moon & star & constellation.

Then Urizen commanded & they brought the Seed of Men.
The trembling souls of All the dead stood before Urizen,

Weak wailing in the troubled air. East, west & north & south
He turn'd the horses loose & laid his Plow in the northern corner
Of the wide Universal field, then step'd [out *del.*] forth into the immense.
Then he began to sow the seed; he girded round his loins
With a bright girdle, & his skirt fill'd with immortal souls.
Howling & Wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hand,
For from the hand of Urizen the myriads fall like stars
Into their own appointed places, driven back by the winds.
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shores:
They are become like wintry flocks, like forests strip'd of leaves;
The Kings & Princes of the Earth cry with a feeble cry,
Driven on the unproducing sands & on the harden'd rocks;
And all the while the flames of Orc follow the vent'rous feet
Of Urizen, & all the while the Trump of Tharmas sounds.
Weeping & wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hands—
The daughters of Urizen stand with Cups & measures of foaming wine
Immense upon the heavens with bread & delicate repasts—
Then follows the golden harrow in the midst of Mental fires.
To ravishing melody of flutes & harps & softest voice
The seed is harrow'd in, while flames heat the black mould & cause
The human harvest to begin. Towards the south first sprang
The myriads, & in silent fear they look out from their graves.

Then Urizen sits down to rest, & all his wearied sons
Take their repose on beds; they drink, they sing, they view the flames
Of Orc; in joy they view the human harvest springing up.
A time they give to sweet repose, till all the harvest is ripe.
And Lo, like the harvest Moon, Ahania cast off her death clothes;
She folded them up in care. in silence, & her bright'ning limbs
Bath'd in the clear spring of the rock; then from her darksome cave
Issu'd in majesty divine. Urizen rose up from his couch
On wings of tenfold joy, clapping his hands, his feet, his radiant wings
In the immense: as when the Sun dances upon the mountains
A shout of jubilee in lovely notes responds from daughter to daughter,
From son to son: as if the stars beaming innumerable

Thro' night should sing soft warbling, filling earth & heaven;
And bright Ahania took her seat by Urizen in songs & joy.

The Eternal Man also sat down upon the Couches of Beulah,
Sorrowful that he could not put off his new risen body
In mental flames; the flames refus'd, they drove him back to Beulah.
His body was redeem'd to be permanent thro' Mercy Divine.

And now fierce Orc had quite consum'd himself in Mental flames,
Expending all his energy against the fuel of fire.
The [Ancient Man *altered to*] Regenerate Man stoop'd his head over the Universe & in
His holy hands reciev'd the flaming Demon & Demoness of smoke
And gave them to Urizen's hands; the Immortal frown'd, saying,

" Luvah & Vala, henceforth you are Servants; obey & live.
" You shall forget your former state; return, & Love in peace,
" Into your place, the place of seed, not in the brain or heart.
" If Gods combine against Man, setting their dominion above
" The Human form Divine, Thrown down from their high station
" In the Eternal heavens of Human [Thought *del.*] Imagination, buried beneath
" In dark Oblivion, with incessant pangs, ages on ages,
" In enmity & war first weaken'd, then in stern repentance
" They must renew their brightness, & their disorganiz'd functions
" Again reorganize, till they resume the image of the human,
" Co-operating in the bliss of Man, obeying his Will,
" Servants to the infinite & Eternal of the Human form."

Luvah & Vala descended & enter'd the Gates of Dark Urthona,
And walk'd from the hands of Urizen in the shadows of Vala's Garden
Where the impressions of Despair & Hope for ever vegetate
In flowers, in fruits, in fishes, birds & beasts & clouds & waters,
The land of doubts & shadows, sweet delusions, unform'd hopes.
They saw no more the terrible confusion of the wracking universe.

They heard not, saw not, felt not all the terrible confusion,
For in their orbed senses, within clos'd up, they wander'd at will.
And those upon the Couches view'd them, in the dreams of Beulah,
As they repos'd from the terrible wide universal harvest.
Invisible Luvah in bright clouds hover'd over Vala's head,
And thus their ancient golden age renew'd; for Luvah spoke
With voice mild from his golden Cloud upon the breath of morning:

" Come forth, O Vala, from the grass & from the silent dew,
" Rise from the dews of death, for the Eternal Man is Risen."

She rises among flowers & looks toward the Eastern clearness,
She walks yea runs, her feet are wing'd, on the tops of the bending grass,
Her garments rejoice in the vocal wind & her hair glistens with dew.

She answer'd thus: " Whose voice is this, in the voice of the nourishing air,
" In the spirit of the morning, awaking the Soul from its grassy bed?
" Where dost thou dwell? for it is thee I seek, & but for thee
" I must have slept Eternally, nor have felt the dew of thy morning.
" Look how the opening dawn advances with vocal harmony!
" Look how the beams foreshew the rising of some glorious power!
" The sun is thine, [when *del.*] he goeth forth in his majestic brightness.
" O thou creating voice that callest! & who shall answer thee? "

" Where dost thou flee, O fair one? where dost thou seek thy happy place? "

" To yonder brightness, there I haste, for sure I came from thence
" Or I must have slept eternally, nor have felt the dew of morning."

" Eternally thou must have slept, nor have felt the morning dew,
" But for yon nourishing sun; 'tis that by which thou art arisen.
" The birds adore the sun: the beasts rise up & play in his beams,
" And every flower & every leaf rejoices in his light.
" Then, O thou fair one, sit thee down, for thou art as the grass,
" Thou risest in the dew of morning & at night art folded up."

" Alas! am I but as a flower? then will I sit me down,
" Then will I weep, then I'll complain & sigh for immortality,
" And chide my maker, thee O Sun, that raisedst me to fall."

So saying she sat down & wept beneath the apple trees.

" O be thou blotted out, thou Sun! that raisedst me to trouble,
" That gavest me a heart to crave, & raisedst me, thy phantom,
" To feel thy heat & see thy light & wander here alone,
" Hopeless, if I am like the grass & so shall pass away."

" Rise, sluggish Soul, why sit'st thou here? why dost thou sit & weep?
" Yon sun shall wax old & decay, but thou shalt ever flourish.
" The fruit shall ripen & fall down, & the flowers consume away,
" But thou shalt still survive; arise, O dry thy dewy tears."

" Hah! shall I still survive? whence came that sweet & comforting voice?
" And whence that voice of sorrow? O sun! thou art nothing now to me.
" Go on thy course rejoicing, & let us both rejoice together.
" I walk among his flocks & hear the bleating of his lambs.
" O that I could behold his face & follow his pure feet!
" I walk by the footsteps of his flocks; come hither, tender flocks.
" Can you converse with a pure soul that seeketh for her maker?
" You answer not: then am I set your mistress in this garden.
" I'll watch you & attend your footsteps; you are not like the birds
" That sing & fly in the bright air; but you do lick my feet
" And let me touch your woolly backs; follow me as I sing,
" For in my bosom a new song arises to my Lord:

" Rise up, O sun, most glorious minister & light of day.
" Flow on, ye gentle airs, & bear the voice of my rejoicing.
" Wave freshly, clear waters flowing around the tender grass;
" And thou, sweet smelling ground, put forth thy life in fruits & flowers.
" Follow me, O my flocks, & hear me sing my rapturous song.
" I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that glitter in the sun.

" I will call; & who shall answer me? I will sing; who shall reply?
" For from my pleasant hills behold the living, living springs,
" Running among my green pastures, delighting among my trees.
" I am not here alone: my flocks, you are my brethren;
" And you birds that sing & adorn the sky, you are my sisters.
" I sing, & you reply to my song; I rejoice, & you are glad.
" Follow me, O my flocks; we will now descend into the valley.
" O how delicious are the grapes, flourishing in the sun!
" How clear the spring of the rock, running among the golden sand!
" How cool the breezes of the valley, & the arms of the branching trees!
" Cover us from the sun; come & let us sit in the shade.
" My Luvah here hath plac'd me in a sweet & pleasant land,
" And given me fruits & pleasant waters, & warm hills & cool valleys.
" Here will I build myself a house, & here I'll call on his name,
" Here I'll return when I am weary & take my pleasant rest."

So spoke the sinless soul, & laid her head on the downy fleece
Of a curl'd Ram who stretch'd himself in sleep beside his mistress,
And soft sleep fell upon her eyelids in the silent noon of day.

Then Luvah passed by, & saw the sinless soul,
And said: " Let a pleasant house arise to be the dwelling place
" Of this immortal spirit growing in lower Paradise."
He spoke, & pillars were builded, & walls as white as ivory.
The grass she slept upon was pav'd with pavement as of pearl.
Beneath her rose a downy bed, & a cieling cover'd all.

Vala awoke. " When in the pleasant gates of sleep I enter'd,
" I saw my Luvah like a spirit stand in the bright air.
" Round him stood spirits like me, who rear'd me a bright house,
" And here I see thee, house, remain in my most pleasant world.
" My Luvah smil'd: I kneeled down: he laid his hand on my head,
" And when he laid his hand upon me, from the gates of sleep I came
" Into this bodily house to tend my flocks in my pleasant garden."

So saying, she arose & walked round her beautiful house,
And then from her white door she look'd to see her bleating lambs,
But her flocks were gone up from beneath the trees into the hills.

" I see the hand that leadeth me doth also lead my flocks."
She went up to her flocks & turned oft to see her shining house.
She stop'd to drink of the clear spring & eat the grapes & apples.
She bore the fruits in her lap; she gather'd flowers for her bosom.
She called to her flocks, saying, " Follow me, O my flocks! "
They follow'd her to the silent valley beneath the spreading trees.
And on the river's margin she ungirded her golden girdle;
She stood in the river & view'd herself within the wat'ry glass,
And her bright hair was wet with the waters: she rose up from the river,
And as she rose her eyes were open'd to the world of waters:
She saw Tharmas sitting upon the rocks beside the wavy sea.
He strok'd the water from his beard & mourn'd faint thro' the summer vales.

And Vala stood on the rocks of Tharmas & heard his mournful voice:

" O Enion, my weary head is in the bed of death,
" For weeds of death have wrap'd around my limbs in the hoary deeps.
" I sit in the place of shells & mourn, & thou art clos'd in clouds.
" When will the time of Clouds be past, & the dismal night of Tharmas?
" Arise, O Enion! Arise & smile upon my head
" As thou dost smile upon the barren mountains and they rejoice.
" When wilt thou smile on Tharmas, O thou bringer of golden day?
" Arise, O Enion, arise, for Lo, I have calm'd my seas."

So saying, his faint head he laid upon the Oozy rock,
And darkness cover'd all the deep: the light of Enion faded
Like a faint flame quivering upon the surface of the darkness.

Then Vala lifted up her hands to heaven to call on Enion.
She call'd, but none could answer her & the eccho her voice return'd:
" Where is the voice of God that call'd me from the silent dew?
" Where is the Lord of Vala? dost thou hide in clefts of the rock?
" Why shouldst thou hide thyself from Vala, from the soul that wanders desolate? "

She ceas'd, & light beamed round her like the glory of the morning,
And she arose out of the river & girded her golden girdle.
And now her feet step on the grassy bosom of the ground
Among her flocks, & she turn'd her eyes toward her pleasant house
And saw in the door way beneath the trees two little children playing.
She drew near to her house & her flocks follow'd her footsteps.
The children clung around her knees, she embrac'd them & wept over them.

" Thou, little Boy, art Tharmas, & thou, bright Girl, Enion.
" How are ye thus renew'd & brought into the Gardens of Vala? "

She embrac'd them in tears, till the sun descended the western hills,
And then she enter'd her bright house, leading her mighty children.
And when night came, the flocks laid round the house beneath the trees.
She laid the children on the beds which she saw prepar'd in the house,
Then last, herself laid down & clos'd her Eyelids in soft slumbers.

And in the morning, when the sun arose in the crystal sky,
Vala awoke & call'd the children from their gentle slumbers:

" Awake, O Enion, awake & let thine innocent Eyes
" Enlighten all the Crystal house of Vala! awake! awake!
" Awake, Tharmas! awake, awake thou child of dewy tears.
" Open the orbs of thy blue eyes & smile upon my gardens."

The Children woke & smil'd on Vala; she kneel'd by the golden couch,
She pres'd them to her bosom & her pearly tears drop'd down.
" O my sweet Children! Enion, let Tharmas kiss thy Cheek.

" Why dost thou turn thyself away from his sweet wat'ry eyes?
" Tharmas, henceforth in Vala's bosom thou shalt find sweet peace.
" O bless the lovely eyes of Tharmas & the Eyes of Enion! "

They rose; they went out wand'ring, sometimes together, sometimes alone
" Why weep'st thou, Tharmas, Child of tears, in the bright house of joy?
" Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue heavenly Eyes?
" And dost thou wander with my lambs & [with *del.*] wet their innocent faces
" With thy bright tears because the steps of Enion are in the gardens?
" Arise, sweet boy, & let us follow the path of Enion."

So saying, they went down into the garden among the fruits.
And Enion sang among the flowers that grew among the trees,
And Vala said: " Go, Tharmas; weep not. Go to Enion."

He said: " O Vala, I am sick, & all this garden of Pleasure
" Swims like a dream before my eyes; but the sweet smiling fruit
" Revives me to new deaths. I fade, even as a water lilly
" In the sun's heat, till in the night on the couch of Enion
" I drink new life & feel the breath of sleeping Enion.
" But in the morning she arises to avoid my Eyes,
" Then my loins fade & in the house I sit me down & weep."

" Chear up thy Countenance, bright boy, & go to Enion.
" Tell her that Vala waits her in the shadows of her garden."

He went with timid steps, & Enion, like the ruddy morn
When infant spring appears in swelling buds & opening flowers,
Behind her Veil withdraws; so Enion turn'd her modest head.

But Tharmas spoke: " Vala seeks thee, sweet Enion, in the shades.
" Follow the steps of Tharmas, O thou brightness of the garden."
He took her hand reluctant; she follow'd in infant doubts.
There in Eternal Childhood, straying among Vala's flocks

In infant sorrow & joy alternate, Enion & Tharmas play'd
Round Vala in the Gardens of Vala & by her river's margin.
They are the shadows of Tharmas & of Enion in Vala's world.

And the sleepers who rested from their harvest work beheld these visions.
Thus were the sleepers entertain'd upon the Couches of Beulah.

When Luvah & Vala were clos'd up in their world of shadowy forms,
Darkness was all beneath the heavens: only a little light
Such as glows out from sleeping spirits, appear'd in the deeps beneath.
As when the wind sweeps over a corn field, the noise of souls
Thro' all the immense, borne down by Clouds swagging in autumnal heat,
Mutt'ring along from heaven to heaven, hoarse roll the human forms
Beneath thick clouds, dreadful lightnings burst & thunders roll,
Down pour the torrent floods of heaven on all the human harvest.
Then Urizen, sitting at his repose on beds in the bright South,
Cried, " Times are Ended! " he exulted; he arose in joy; he exulted;
He pour'd his light, & all his sons & daughters pour'd their light
To exhale the spirits of Luvah & Vala thro' the atmosphere.
And Luvah & Vala saw the Light; their spirits were exhal'd
In all their ancient innocence; the floods depart; the clouds
Dissipate or sink into the Seas of Tharmas. Luvah sat
Above on the bright heavens in peace; the Spirits of Men beneath
Cried out to be deliver'd, & the spirit of Luvah wept
Over the human harvest & over Vala, the sweet wanderer.
In pain the human harvest wav'd, in horrible groans of woe.
The Universal Groan went up; the Eternal Man was darken'd.

Then Urizen arose & took his sickle in his hand.
There is a brazen sickle, & a scythe of iron hid
Deep in the South, guarded by a few solitary stars.
This sickle Urizen took; the scythe his sons embrac'd
And went forth & began to reap; & all his joyful sons
Reap'd the wide Universe & bound in sheaves a wondrous harvest.

They took them into the wide barns with loud rejoicings & triumph
Of flute & harp & drum & trumpet, horn & clarion.

The feast was spread in the bright South, & the Regenerate Man
Sat at the feast rejoicing, & the wine of Eternity
Was serv'd round by the flames of Luvah all day & all the Night.
And when Morning began to dawn upon the distant hills,
[Then *del.*] a whirlwind rose up in the Center, & in the whirlwind a shriek,
And in the shriek a rattling of bones, & in the rattling of bones
A dolorous groan, & from the dolorous groan in tears
Rose Enion like a gentle light; & Enion spoke, saying:

" O Dreams of Death! the human form dissolving, companied
" [With *del.*] By beasts & worms & creeping things, & darkness & despair.
" The clouds fall off from my wet brow, the dust from my cold limbs
" Into the sea of Tharmas. Soon renew'd, a Golden Moth,
" I shall cast off my death clothes & Embrace Tharmas again.
" For Lo, the winter melted away upon the distant hills,
" And all the black mould sings." She speaks to her infant race; her milk
Descends down on the sand; the thirsty sand drinks & rejoices
Wondering to behold the Emmet, the Grasshopper, the jointed worm.
The roots shoot thick thro' the solid rocks, bursting their way
They cry out in joys of existence; the broad stems
Rear on the mountains stem after stem; the scaly newt creeps
From the stone, & the armed fly springs from the rocky crevice,
The spider, The bat burst from the harden'd slime, crying
To one another: " What are we, & whence is our joy & delight?
" Lo, the little moss begins to spring, & the tender weed
" Creeps round our secret nest." Flocks brighten the Mountains,
Herds throng up the Valley, wild beasts fill the forests.

Joy thrill'd thro' all the Furious forms of Tharmas humanizing.
Mild he Embrac'd her whom he sought; he rais'd her thro' the heavens,
Sounding his trumpet to awake the dead, on high he soar'd
Over the ruin'd worlds, the smoking tomb of the Eternal Prophet.

The Eternal Man arose. He welcom'd them to the Feast.
The feast was spread in the bright South, & the Eternal Man
Sat at the feast rejoicing, & the wine of Eternity
Was serv'd round by the flames of Luvah all day & all the night.

And Many Eternal Men sat at the golden feast to see
The female form now separate. They shudder'd at the horrible thing
Not born for the sport and amusement of Man, but born to drink up all his powers.
[And *del.*] They wept to see their shadows; they said to one another: " This is Sin:
" This is the [Vegetative *del.*] Generative world; " they remember'd the days of old.

And One of the Eternals spoke. All was silent at the feast.

" Man is a Worm; wearied with joy, he seeks the caves of sleep
" Among the Flowers of Beulah, in his selfish cold repose
" Forsaking Brotherhood & Universal love, in selfish clay
" Folding the pure wings of his mind, seeking the places dark
" Abstracted from the roots of [Nature *del.*] Science; then enclos'd around
" In walls of Gold we cast him like a Seed into the Earth
" Till times & spaces have pass'd over him; duly every morn
" We visit him, covering with a Veil the immortal seed;
" With windows from the inclement sky we cover him, & with walls
" And hearths protect the selfish terror, till divided all
" In families we see our shadows born, & thence we know
" That Man subsists by Brotherhood & Universal Love.
" We fall on one another's necks, more closely we embrace.
Ephesians iii c. 10 v
" Not for ourselves, but for the Eternal family we live.
" Man liveth not by Self alone, but in his brother's face
" Each shall behold the Eternal Father & love & joy abound."

So spoke the Eternal at the Feast; they embrac'd the New born Man,
Calling him Brother, image of the Eternal Father; they sat down
At the immortal tables, sounding loud their instruments of joy,
Calling the Morning into Beulah; the Eternal Man rejoic'd.

When Morning dawn'd, The Eternals rose to labour at the Vintage.
Beneath they saw their sons & daughters, wond'ring inconcievable
At the dark myriads in shadows in the worlds beneath.

The morning dawn'd. Urizen rose, & in his hand the Flail
Sounds on the Floor, heard terrible by all beneath the heavens.
Dismal loud redounding, the nether floor shakes with the sound,
And all Nations were threshed out, & the stars thresh'd from their husks

Then Tharmas took the Winnowing fan; the winnowing wind furious
Above, veer'd round by violent whirlwind, driven west & south,
Tossed the Nations like chaff into the seas of Tharmas.

" O Mystery," Fierce Tharmas cries, " Behold thy end is come!
" Art thou she that made the nations drunk with the cup of Religion?
" Go down, ye Kings & Councellors & Giant Warriors,
" Go down into the depths, go down & hide yourselves beneath,
" Go down with horse & Chariots & Trumpets of hoarse war.
" Lo, how the Pomp of Mystery goes down into the Caves!
" Her great men howl & throw the dust, & rend their hoary hair.
" Her delicate women & children shriek upon the bitter wind,
" Spoil'd of their beauty, their hair rent & their skin shrivel'd up.
" Lo, darkness covers the long pomp of banners on the wind,
" And black horses & armed men & miserable bound captives.
" Where shall the graves recieve them all, & where shall be their place?
" And who shall mourn for Mystery who never loos'd her Captives?
" Let the slave, grinding at the mill, run out into the field;
" Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air.
" Let the enchained soul, shut up in darkness & in sighing,
" Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years,

" Rise & look out: his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open;
" And let his wife & children return from the opressor's scourge.
" They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream.
" Are these the slaves that groan'd along the streets of Mystery?
" Where are your bonds & task masters? are these the prisoners?
" Where are your chains? where are your tears? why do you look around?
" If you are thirsty, there is the river: go, bathe your parched limbs,
" The good of all the Land is before you, for Mystery is no more."

Then All the Slaves from every Earth in the wide Universe
Sing a New Song, drowning confusion in its happy notes,
While the flail of Urizen sounded loud, & the winnowing wind of Tharmas
So loud, so clear in the wide heavens; & the song that they sung was this,
Composed by an African Black from the little Earth of Sotha:

" Aha! Aha! how came I here so soon in my sweet native land?
" How came I here? Methinks I am as I was in my youth
" When in my father's house I sat & heard his chearing voice.
" Methinks I see his flocks & herds & feel my limbs renew'd,
" And Lo, my Brethren in their tents, & their little ones around them! "

The song arose to the Golden feast; the Eternal Man rejoic'd.
Then the Eternal Man said: " Luvah, the Vintage is ripe: arise!
" The sons of Urizen shall gather the vintage with sharp hooks,
" And all thy sons, O Luvah! bear away the families of Earth.
" I hear the flail of Urizen; his barns are full; no room
" Remains, & in the Vineyards stand the abounding sheaves beneath
" The falling Grapes that odorous burst upon the winds. Arise
" My flocks & herds, trample the Corn! my cattle, browze upon
" The ripe Clusters! The shepherds shout for Luvah, prince of Love.
" Let the Bulls of Luvah tread the Corn & draw the loaded waggon
" Into the Barn while children glean the Ears around the door.
" Then shall they lift their innocent hands & stroke his furious nose,
" And he shall lick the little girl's white neck & on her head
" Scatter the perfume of his breath; while from his mountains high

" The lion of terror shall come down, & bending his bright mane
" And crouching at their side, shall eat from the curl'd boy's white lap
" His golden food, and in the evening sleep before the door."

" Attempting to be more than Man We become less," said Luvah
As he arose from the bright feast, drunk with the wine of ages.
His crown of thorns fell from his head, he hung his living Lyre
Behind the seat of the Eternal Man & took his way
Sounding the Song of Los, descending to the Vineyards bright.
His sons, arising from the feast with golden baskets, follow,
A fiery train, as when the Sun sings in the ripe vineyards.
Then Luvah stood before the Wine press; all his fiery sons
Brought up the loaded Waggons with shoutings; ramping tygers play
In the jingling traces; furious lions sound the song of joy
To the golden wheels circling upon the pavement of heaven, & all
The Villages of Luvah ring; the golden tiles of the villages
Reply to violins & tabors, to the pipe, flute, lyre & cymbal.
Then fell the Legions of Mystery in madd'ning confusion,
Down, down thro' the immense, with outcry, fury & despair,
Into the wine presses of Luvah; howling fell the clusters
Of human families thro' the deep; the wine presses were fill'd;
The blood of life flow'd plentiful. Odors of life arose
All round the heavenly arches, & the Odors rose singing this song:

" O terrible wine presses of Luvah! O caverns of the Grave!
" How lovely the delights of those risen again from death!
" O trembling joy! excess of joy is like Excess of grief."

So sang the Human Odors round the wine presses of Luvah;

But in the Wine presses is wailing, terror & despair.
Forsaken of their Elements they vanish & are no more,
No more but a desire of Being, a distracted, ravening desire,
Desiring like the hungry worm & like the [silent *del.*] gaping grave.
They plunge into the Elements; the Elements cast them forth

Or else consume their shadowy semblance. Yet they, obstinate
Tho' pained to distraction, cry, " O let us Exist! for
" This dreadful Non Existence is worse than pains of Eternal [death *del.*]
Birth:
" Eternal death who can Endure? let us consume in fires,
" In waters stifling, or in air corroding, or in earth shut up.
" The Pangs of Eternal birth are better than the Pangs of Eternal death."

How red the sons & daughters of Luvah! how they tread the Grapes!
Laughing & shouting, drunk with odors, many fall o'erwearied:
Drown'd in the wine is many a youth & maiden; those around
Lay them on skins of tygers or the spotted Leopard or wild Ass
Till they revive, or bury them in cool Grots making lamentation.

But in the Wine Presses the Human Grapes sing, not nor dance,
They howl & writhe in shoals of torment, in fierce flames consuming,
In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires,
In pits & dens & shades of death, in shapes of torment & woe;
The Plates, the Screws & Racks & Saws & cords & fires & floods,
The cruel joy of Luvah's daughters, lacerating with knives
And whips their Victims, & the deadly sport of Luvah's sons.
Timbrels & Violins sport round the Wine Presses. The little Seed,
The sportive root, the Earthworm, the small beetle, the wise Emmet,
Dance round the Wine Presses of Luvah; the Centipede is there,
The ground Spider with many eyes, the Mole clothed in Velvet,
The Earwig arm'd, the tender maggot, emblem of Immortality;
The slow slug, the grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks:
The winter comes; he folds his slender bones without a murmur.
There is the Nettle that stings with soft down; & there
The indignant Thistle whose bitterness is bred in his milk
And who lives on the contempt of his neighbour; there all the idle weeds,
That creep about the obscure places, shew their various limbs
Naked in all their beauty, dancing round the Wine Presses.
They dance around the dying & they drink the howl & groan;
They catch the shrieks in cups of gold; they hand them to one another.

These are the sports of love & these the sweet delights of amorous play:
Tears of the grape, the death sweat of the Cluster, the last sigh
Of the mild youth who listens to the luring songs of Luvah.
The Eternal Man darken'd with sorrow & a wintry mantle
Cover'd the Hills. He said, " O Tharmas, rise! & O Urthona! "
Then Tharmas & Urthona rose from the Golden feast, satiated
With Mirth & Joy: Urthona, limping from his fall, on Tharmas lean'd,
In his right hand his hammer. Tharmas held his shepherd's crook
Beset with gold, gold were the ornaments form'd by sons of Urizen.
Then Enion & Ahania & Vala & the wife of dark Urthona
Rose from the feast, in joy ascending to their Golden Looms.
There the wing'd shuttle sang, the spindle & the distaff & the Reel
Rang sweet the praise of industry. Thro' all the golden rooms
Heaven rang with winged Exultation. All beneath howl'd loud;
With tenfold rout & desolation roar'd the Chasms beneath
Where the wide woof flow'd down & where the Nations are gather'd together.

Tharmas went down to the Wine presses & beheld the sons & daughters
Of Luvah quite exhausted with the labour & quite fill'd
With new wine, that they began to torment one another and to tread [the weak *del.*]
The weak. Luvah & Vala slept on the floor, o'erwearied.
Urthona call'd his sons around him: Tharmas call'd his sons
Numerous; they took the wine, they separated the Lees,
And Luvah was put for dung on the ground by the Sons of Tharmas & Urthona.
They formed heavens of sweetest woods, of gold & silver & ivory,
Of glass & precious stones. They loaded all the waggons of heaven
And took away the wine of ages with solemn songs & joy.

Luvah & Vala woke, & all the sons & daughters of Luvah
Awoke; they wept to one another & they reascended
To the Eternal Man in woe: he cast them wailing into
The world of shadows, thro' the air, till winter is over & gone;
But the Human Wine stood wondering; in all their delightful Expanses
The elements subside; the heavens roll'd on with vocal harmony.

Then Los, who is Urthona, rose in all his regenerate power.
The Sea that roll'd & foam'd with darkness & the shadows of death
Vomited out & gave up all; the floods lift up their hands
Singing & shouting to the Man; they bow their hoary heads
And murmuring in their channels flow & circle round his feet.

Then Dark Urthona took the Corn out of the Stores of Urizen;
He ground it in his rumbling Mills. Terrible the distress
Of all the Nations of Earth, ground in the Mills of Urthona.
In his hand Tharmas takes the Storms: he turns the whirlwind loose
Upon the wheels; the stormy seas howl at his dread command
And Eddying fierce rejoice in the fierce agitation of the wheels
Of Dark Urthona. Thunders, Earthquakes, Fires, Water floods,
Rejoice to one another; loud their voices shake the Abyss,
Their dread forms tending the dire mills. The grey hoar frost was there,
And his pale wife, the aged Snow; they watch over the fires,
They build the Ovens of Urthona. Nature in darkness groans
And Men are bound to sullen contemplation in the night:
Restless they turn on beds of sorrow; in their inmost brain
Feeling the crushing Wheels, they rise, they write the bitter words
Of Stern Philosophy & knead the bread of knowledge with tears & groans.

Such are the works of Dark Urthona. Tharmas sifts the corn.
Urthona made the Bread of Ages, & he placed it,
In golden & in silver baskets, in heavens of precious stone
And then took his repose in Winter, in the night of Time.

The Sun has left his blackness & has found a fresher morning,
And the mild moon rejoices in the clear & cloudless night,
And Man walks forth from midst of the fires: the evil is all consum'd.
His eyes behold the Angelic spheres arising night & day;
The stars consum'd like a lamp blown out, & in their stead, behold
The Expanding Eyes of Man behold the depths of wondrous worlds!
One Earth, one sea beneath; nor Erring Globes wander, but Stars
Of fire rise up nightly from the Ocean; & one Sun

Each morning, like a New born Man, issues with songs & joy
Calling the Plowman to his Labour & the Shepherd to his rest.
He walks upon the Eternal Mountains, raising his heavenly voice,
Conversing with the Animal forms of wisdom night & day,
That, risen from the Sea of fire, renew'd walk o'er the Earth;
For Tharmas brought his flocks upon the hills, & in the Vales
Around the Eternal Man's bright tent, the little Children play
Among the wooly flocks. The hammer of Urthona sounds
In the deep caves beneath; his limbs renew'd, his Lions roar
Around the Furnaces & in Evening sport upon the plains.
They raise their faces from the Earth, conversing with the Man:

" How is it we have walk'd thro' fires & yet are not consum'd?
" How is it that all things are chang'd, even as in ancient times? "

The Sun arises from his dewy bed, & the fresh airs
Play in his smiling beams giving the seeds of life to grow,
And the fresh Earth beams forth ten thousand thousand springs of life.
Urthona is arisen in his strength, no longer now
Divided from Enitharmon, no longer the Spectre Los.
Where is the Spectre of Prophecy? where is the delusive Phantom?
Departed: & Urthona rises from the ruinous Walls
In all his ancient strength to form the golden armour of science
For intellectual War. The war of swords departed now,
The dark Religions are departed & sweet Science reigns.

END OF THE DREAM

*Christ's Crucifix shall be made an excuse for Executing Criminals.*

---

*Till thou dost injure the distrest*
*Thou shalt never have peace within thy breast.*

---

The Christian Religion teaches that No Man is Indifferent to you, but that every one is Either your friend or your enemy; he must necessarily be either the one or the other, And that he will be equally profitable both ways if you treat him as he deserves.

---

*Unorganiz'd Innocence: An Impossibility.*
Innocence dwells with Wisdom, but never with Ignorance.

[END OF THE FOUR ZOAS]

# THE FOUR ZOAS

## ADDITIONAL FRAGMENTS

Beneath the veil of [*name del.*] Vala rose Tharmas from dewy tears.
The [ancient *del.*] *eternal* man bow'd his bright head, & Urizen, prince of light,
[Astonish'd look'd from his bright portals, calling thus to Luvah,
Aloud in the . . . *del.*]
Astonish'd look'd from his bright portals. Luvah, King of Love
Awaken'd Vala. Ariston ran forth with bright Anana,
And dark Urthona rouz'd his shady bride from her deep den.
[Awaking from his stony slumber . . . *del.*]
Pitying, they view'd the new born demon, for they could not love.
[*Half a line del.*]
Male form'd the demon mild athletic force his shoulders spread,
And his bright feet firm as a brazen altar; but the parts
To love devoted, female; all astonish'd stood the hosts
Of heaven, while Tharmas with wing'd speed flew to the sandy shore,
He rested on the desart wild, & on the raging sea
He stood & stretch'd his wings &c

With printless feet, scouring the concave of the joyful sky,
Female her form, bright as the summer, but the parts of love
Male, & her brow, radiant as day, darted a lovely scorn.
Tharmas beheld from his rock &c

---

*The ocean calm, the clouds fold round, & fiery flames of love*
*Inwrap the immortal limbs, struggling in terrific joy.*
*Not long; thunders, lightnings swift, rendings & blasting winds*
*Sweep o'er the struggling copulation, in fell writhing pangs*
*They lie, in twisting agonies beneath the covering heavens.*

---

*The womb impress'd, Enion fled & hid in verdant mountains,*
*Yet here his heavenly orbs &c*

*From Enion pours the seed of life, & death in all her limbs*
*Froze; in the womb of Tharmas rush the rivers of Enion's pain.*
*Trembling he lay, swell'd with the deluge, stifling in the anguish.*

---

*Opening in rifted rocks,* mingling [their bodies *del.*] *together they* join in burning anguish,
Mingling his horrible [brightness *del.*] *darkness* with her tender limbs; then high she soar'd,
Shrieking above the ocean: a bright wonder that nature shudder'd at,
Half Woman & half [serpent *del.*] desart, all his [lovely changing *del.*] *darkly waving* colours mix
With her fair crystal clearness; in her lips & cheeks his [poisons *del.*] metals rose
In blushes like the morning, & his [scaly armour *del.*] *rocky features* soft'ning,
A [monster *del.*] *wonder,* lovely in the heavens or wand'ring on the earth,
With female voice warbling upon the hills & hollow vales,
Beauty all blushing with desire, a self enjoying wonder.
For Enion brooded, groaning loud; the rough seas vegetate. Golden rocks rise from the vast . . .
And thus her voice: " Glory, delight & sweet enjoyment born
" To mild Eternity, shut in a threefold shape delightful,
" To wander in sweet solitude, enraptur'd at every wind."

[Shining across the ocean Enion brooded groaning; the golden rocks vegetate. The . . . *del.*]
Infolding the bright woman [from the desolating winds, & thus her voice & . . . *del.*]

---

That I should hide thee with my power & . . .
And now thou dark'nest in my presence; never from my sight . . .

---

The Lamb of God stood before Urizen opposite
In Entuthon Benithon, in the shadows of torment & woe
Upon the heights of [Entuthon that *del.*] Amalek, taking refuge in his arms
The victims fled from punishment, [that *del.*] for all his words were peace.
[He *del.*] Urizen call'd together all the synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrim
To judge the lamb of God to death as a murderer & robber:
As it is written, He was number'd among the transgressors.

Cold, dark, opake the Assembly met twelvefold in Amalek,
Twelve rocky unshap'd forms, terrific forms of torture & woe,
Such seem'd the Synagogue to distant view; around them stood
The daughters of Canaan & Moab, binding on the Stones
Their victims, & with [songs *del.*] knives tormenting them, singing with tears
Over their victims. Thus was the Lamb of God condemn'd to death.
They nailed him upon the tree of Mystery, & weeping over him
And mocking & then worshiping, calling him Lord & King.
Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely, & sometimes as five
They stood in beaming beauty, & sometimes as One, even Rahab
[*Half a line del.*]
Who is Mystery, Babylon the Great, Mother of Harlots.

And Rahab strip'd off Luvah's robes from off the lamb of God,
Then first she saw his glory, & her harlot form appear'd
In all its turpitude beneath the divine light, & of Luvah's robes
She made herself a Mantle.
Also the Vegetated bodies which Enitharmon wove in her looms
Open'd within the heart & in the loins & in the brain
To Beulah, & the dead in Beulah descended thro' their gates.
And some were woven onefold, some twofold, & some threefold
In head or heart or reins, according to the fittest order
Of most merciful pity & compassion to the spectrous dead.
Darkness & sorrow cover'd all flesh; eternity was darken'd.
Urizen sitting in his web of deceitful religion was tormented.
He felt the female &c

[END OF ADDITIONAL FRAGMENTS]

# ANNOTATIONS TO "AN APOLOGY FOR THE BIBLE IN A SERIES OF LETTERS ADDRESSED TO THOMAS PAINE BY R. WATSON, D.D., F.R.S." LONDON MDCCXCVII

*Written* 1798

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Notes on the B. of L's. Apology for the Bible
by William Blake

TO defend the Bible in this year 1798 would cost a man his life. The Beast & the Whore rule without control.

It is an easy matter for a Bishop to triumph over Paine's attack, but it is not so easy for one who loves the Bible.

The Perversions of Christ's words & acts are attack'd by Paine & also the perversions of the Bible; Who dare defend either the Acts of Christ or the Bible Unperverted?

But to him who sees this mortal pilgrimage in the light that I see it, Duty to his country is the first consideration & safety the last.

Read patiently: take not up this Book in an idle hour: the consideration of these things is the whole duty of man & the affairs of life & death trifles, sports of time. But these considerations [are the] business of Eternity.

I have been commanded from Hell not to print this, as it is what our Enemies wish.

[*Written on the back of the title-page*]

[*Blake's subsequent notes are here printed after the extracts, in smaller type, from Bishop Watson's text, with numbers indicating the passages to which they refer. Words underlined by Blake are printed in italic.*]

Page [iii]

[Bishop Watson's Preface]

This edition of the Apology for the Bible is published, in compliance with the earnest solicitations of many serious persons of all ranks. They have remarked to me, that the deistical writings of Mr Paine are circulated, with great and pernicious industry, amongst the unlearned part of the community, especially in large manufacturing towns; and they have been pleased to think, that this Defence of Revealed Religion might, if generally distributed, be efficacious in stopping that torrent of infidelity which endangers alike the future happiness of individuals, and the present safety of *all Christian states* [1] . . .
Calgarth Park,
May 10, 1796.

[1] Paine has not attacked Christianity. Watson has defended Antichrist.

[List of books by Bishop Watson] [1]

7. The Wisdom and Goodness of God, in having made both *Rich and Poor* [2]: a Sermon, preached before the Stewards of Westminster Dispensary, at the Anniversary Meeting in Charlotte-street Chapel . . .

[1] Read the xxiii Chap. of Matthew & then condemn Paine's hatred of Priests if you dare. [2] God made Man happy & Rich, but the Subtil made the innocent, Poor. This must be a most wicked & blasphemous book.

Page 1.

LETTER I. [1]

Sir,

I have lately met with a book of your's, entitled—" The Age of Reason," part the second, being an investigation of true and of fabulous theology;—and I think it not inconsistent with my station, and the duty I owe to society, to trouble you and the world with some observations on so extraordinary a performance. Extraordinary I esteem it; not from any novelty in the objections which *you have produced against revealed religion, (for I find little or no novelty in them,)* [2] but from the zeal with which you labour to disseminate your opinions, and from the confidence with which you esteem them true. You perceive, by this, that I give you credit for your sincerity, *how much soever I may question your wisdom,* [3] in writing in such a manner on such a subject: and I have no reluctance in acknowledging, that you

possess a considerable share of energy of language, and acuteness of investigation; though I must be allowed to lament, that these *talents have not been applied in a manner more useful to human kind, and more creditable to yourself.* [4]

I begin with your preface. You therein state—that you had long had an intention of publishing your thoughts upon religion, but that you had originally reserved it to a later period in life. I hope there is no want of charity in saying, that it would have been fortunate for the Christian world, *had your life been terminated before you had fulfilled your intention.* [5] In accomplishing your purpose you will have unsettled the faith of thousands; rooted from the minds of the unhappy virtuous all their comfortable assurance of a future recompence; have annihilated in the minds of the flagitious all their fears of future punishment; you will have given the reins to the domination of every passion, and have thereby contributed to the introduction of the public insecurity, and of the private unhappiness usually and almost necessarily accompanying a state of corrupted morals. [6]

[1] If this first Letter is written without Railing & Illiberality I have never read one that is. To me it is all Daggers & Poison; the sting of the serpent is in every Sentence as well as the glittering Dissimulation. Achilles' wrath is blunt abuse: Thersites' sly insinuation; such is the Bishop's. If such is the characteristic of a modern polite gentleman we may hope to see Christ's discourses Expung'd. I have not the Charity for the Bishop that he pretends to have for Paine. I believe him to be a State trickster. [2] Dishonest Misrepresentation. [3] Priestly Impudence. [4] Contemptible Falsehood & Detraction. [5] Presumptuous Murderer. Dost thou, O Priest, wish thy brother's death when God has preserved him? [6] Mr Paine has not extinguish'd, & cannot Extinguish, Moral rectitude; he has Extinguish'd Superstition, which took the Place of Moral Rectitude. What has Moral Rectitude to do with Opinions concerning historical fact?

Page 2.

No one can think worse of confession to a priest and subsequent absolution, as practised in the church of Rome, than I do: but I cannot, with you, attribute the *guillotine-massacres to that cause. Men's minds were not prepared,* [1] as you suppose, for the commission of all manner of crimes, by any doctrines of the church of Rome, corrupted as I esteem it, *but by their not thoroughly believing even that religion. What may not society expect from those, who shall imbibe the principles of your book?* [2]

A fever, which you and those about you expected would prove mortal, made you remember, with renewed satisfaction, that you had written the former part

of your Age of Reason—and you know therefore, you say, by experience, the conscientious trial of your own principles. I admit this declaration to be a proof of the sincerity of your persuasion, but I cannot admit it to be any proof of the truth of your principles. What is conscience? It is, as has been thought, an internal monitor implanted in us by the *Supreme Being*, and dictating to us, on all occasions, what is *right or wrong? Or is it merely* our own judgment of the moral rectitude or turpitude of our own actions? I *take the word* (with Mr. Locke) in the latter, *as in the only intelligible* sense. [3] Now who sees not that our judgments of virtue and vice, right and wrong, are not always formed from an enlightened and dispassionate use of our reason, in the investigation of truth? They are more generally formed from the nature of the religion we profess; from the quality of the civil government under which we live; from the general manners of the age, or the particular manners of the persons with whom we associate; from the education we have had in our youth; from the books we have read at a more advanced period; and from other accidental causes. Who sees not that, on this account, conscience may be comfortable or repugnant to the law of nature?—may be certain, or doubtful?—and that it can be no criterion of moral rectitude, even when it is certain, because the certainty of an opinion is no proof of it's being a right opinion? [4] A man may be certainly persuaded of an error in reasoning, or of an untruth in matters of fact. It is a maxim of every law, human and divine, that a man ought never to act in opposition to his conscience:

[1] To what does the Bishop attribute the English Crusade against France? Is it not to State Religion? Blush for shame. [2] Folly & Impudence. Does the thorough belief of Popery hinder crimes, or can the man who writes the latter sentiment be in the good humour the bishop Pretends to be? If we are to expect crimes from Paine & his followers, are we to believe that Bishops do not Rail? I should Expect that the man who wrote this sneaking sentence *would be as good an inquisitor as any other Priest.* [3] Conscience in those that have it is unequivocal. It is the voice of God. Our judgment of right & wrong is Reason. I believe that the Bishop laught at the Bible in his slieve & so did Locke. [4] Virtue is not Opinion.

Page 3.
but it will not from thence follow, that he will, in obeying the dictates of his conscience, *on all occasions act right.* [1] An inquisitor, who burns jews and heretics; a Robespierre, who massacres innocent and harmless women; a robber, who thinks that all things ought to be in common, and that a state of property is an unjust

infringement of natural liberty:—these, and a thousand perpetrators of different crimes, may all follow *the dictates of conscience*; [2] and may, at the real or supposed approach of death, remember "with renewed satisfaction" the worst of their transactions, and experience, without dismay, "a conscientious trial of their principles." But this their conscientious composure can be no proof to others of the rectitude of their principles, and ought to be no pledge to themselves of their innocence, in adhering to them.

I have thought fit to make this remark, with a view of suggesting to you a consideration of great importance—whether you have examined calmly, and according to the best of your ability, the arguments by which the truth of revealed religion may, in the judgment of learned and impartial men, be established? [3] . . .

If you have made the best examination you can, and yet reject revealed religion as an imposture, I pray that God may pardon what I esteem your error. And whether you have made this examination or not, does not become me or any man to determine. That gospel, which you despise, has taught me this moderation; it has said to me—"Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth."—I think that you are in an error; but whether that error be to you a vincible or an invincible error, I presume not to determine [4] . . .

[1] Always, or the Bible is false. If Conscience is not a Criterion of Moral Rectitude, What is it? He who thinks that Honesty is changeable knows nothing about it. [2] Contemptible Falshood & Wickedness. Virtue & honesty, or the dictates of Conscience, are of no doubtful Signification to anyone. Opinion is one Thing. Principle another. No Man can change his Principles. Every Man changes his opinions. He who supposes that his Principles are to be changed is a Dissembler, who Disguises his Principles & calls that change. [3] Paine is either a Devil or an Inspired man. Men who give themselves to their Energetic Genius in the manner that Paine does are no Examiners. If they are not determinately wrong they must be Right or the Bible is false; as to Examiners in these points they will [always be found to be neither cold nor hot & will *del.*] be spewed out. The Man who pretends to be a modest enquirer into the truth of a self evident thing is a Knave. The truth & certainty of Virtue & Honesty, *i.e.* Inspiration, needs no one to prove it; it is Evident as the Sun & Moon. [*six words deleted*] He who stands doubting of what he intends, whether it is Virtuous or Vicious,

knows not what Virtue means. No man can do a Vicious action & think it to be Virtuous. No man can take darkness for light. He may pretend to do so & may pretend to be a modest Enquirer, but he is a Knave. [4] Surpentine Dissimulation.

Pages 4-5.

You hold it impossible that the Bible can be the Word of God, because it is therein said, that the Israelites destroyed the Canaanites by the express command of God: and to believe the Bible to be true, we must, you affirm, unbelieve all our belief of the moral justice of God; for wherein, you ask, could crying or smiling infants offend?—I am astonished that so acute a reasoner should attempt to disparage the Bible, by bringing forward this exploded and frequently refuted objection of Morgan, Tindal, and Bolingbroke. [1] You profess yourself to be a deist, and to believe that there is a God, who created the universe, and established the laws of nature, by which it is sustained in existence. You profess that from the contemplation of the works of God, you derive a knowledge of his attributes; and you reject the Bible, because it ascribes to God things inconsistent (as you suppose) with the attributes which you have discovered to belong to him; in particular, you think it repugnant to his moral justice, that he should doom to destruction the crying or smiling infants of the Canaanites.—Why do you not maintain it to be repugnant to his moral justice, that he should suffer crying or smiling infants to be swallowed up by an earthquake, drowned by an inundation, consumed by a fire, starved by famine, or destroyed by a pestilence? The Word of God is in perfect harmony with his work; crying or smiling infants are subjected to death in both. We believe that the earth, at the express command of God, opened her mouth, and swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, with their wives, their sons, and their little ones. This you esteem so repugnant to God's moral justice, that you spurn, as spurious, the Book in which the circumstance is related. When Catania, Lima, and Lisbon, were severally destroyed by earthquakes, men with their wives, their sons, and their little ones, were swallowed up alive:—why do you not spurn, as spurious, the book of nature, in which this fact is certainly written, and from the perusal of which you infer the moral justice of God? You will, probably, reply, that the evils which the Canaanites suffered from the express command of God, were different from those which are brought on mankind by the operation of the laws of nature.—Different! in what?—Not in the magnitude of the evil—not in the subjects of sufferance—not in the author of it—for my philosophy,

[1] To me, who believe the Bible & profess myself a Christian, a defence of the Wickedness of the Israelites in murdering so many thousands under pretence of a command from God is altogether

Abominable & Blasphemous. Why did Christ come? Was it not to abolish the Jewish Imposture? Was not Christ marter'd because he taught that God loved all Men & was their father & forbad all contention for Worldly prosperity in opposition to the Jewish Scriptures, which are only an Example of the wickedness & deceit of the Jews & were written as an Example of the possibility of Human Beastliness in all its branches? Christ died as an Unbeliever & if the Bishops had their will so would Paine: see page 1: but he who speaks a word against the Son of man shall be forgiven. Let the Bishop prove that he has not spoken against the Holy Ghost, who in Paine strives with Christendom as in Christ he strove with the Jews.

Page 6.

at least, instructs me to believe, that God not only primarily formed, but that he hath through all ages executed, the laws of nature; and that he will through all eternity administer them, for the general happiness of his creatures, whether we can, on every occasion, discern that end or not. [1]

I am far from being guilty of the impiety of questioning the existence of the moral justice of God, as proved either by natural or revealed religion; what I contend for is shortly this—that you have no right, in fairness of reasoning, to urge any apparent deviation from moral justice, as an argument against revealed religion, because you do not urge an equally apparent deviation from it, as an argument against natural religion: you reject the former, and admit the latter, without considering that, as to your objection, they must stand or fall together. [2]

As to the Canaanites, it is needless to enter into any proof of the depraved state of their morals; they were a wicked people in the time of Abraham, and they, even then, were devoted to destruction by God; but their iniquity was not then full. In the time of Moses, they were idolaters; sacrificers of their own crying or smiling infants; devourers of human flesh; addicted to unnatural lust; immersed in the filthiness of all manner of vice. Now, I think, it will be impossible to prove, that it was a *proceeding contrary to God's moral justice, to exterminate so wicked a people.* [3] He made the Israelites the executors of his vengeance; and, in doing this, he gave such an evident and terrible proof of his abomination of vice, as could not fail to strike the surrounding nations with astonishment and terror, and to impress on the minds of the Israelites what they were to expect, if they followed the example of the nations whom he commanded them to cut off. "Ye shall not commit any of these abominations—that the land spue not you out also, as it spued out the nations that were before you." How strong and descriptive this language! the vices of the inhabitants were so abominable, that the very land

was sick of them, and forced to vomit them forth, as the stomach disgorges a deadly poison. [4]

[1] The Bible says that God formed Nature perfect, but that Man perverted the order of Nature, since which time the Elements are fill'd with the Prince of Evil, who has the power of the air. [2] Natural Religion is the voice of God & not the result of reasoning on the Powers of Satan. [3] Horrible! The Bishop is an Inquisitor. God never makes one man murder another, nor one nation. [4] There is a vast difference between an accident brought on by a man's own carelessness & a destruction from the designs of another. The Earthquakes at Lisbon etc. were the Natural result of Sin, but the distruction of the Canaanites by Joshua was the Unnatural design of wicked men. To Extirpate a nation by means of another is as wicked as to destroy an individual by means of another individual, which God considers (in the Bible) as Murder & commands that it shall not be done. Therefore the Bishop has not answer'd Paine.

Pages 6-7.

I have often wondered what could be the reason that men, not destitute of talents, should be desirous of undermining the authority of revealed religion, and studious in exposing, with a malignant and illiberal exultation, every little difficulty attending the scriptures, to popular animadversion and contempt. I am not willing to attribute this strange propensity to what Plato attributed the atheism of his time—to profligacy of manners—to affectation of singularity—to gross ignorance, assuming the semblance of deep research and superior sagacity; —I had rather refer it to an impropriety of judgment, respecting the manners, and mental acquirements, of human kind in the first ages of the world. Most unbelievers argue as if they thought that man, in remote and rude antiquity, in the very birth and infancy of our species, had the same distinct conceptions of one, eternal, invincible, incorporeal, infinitely wise, powerful, and good God, which they themselves have now. This I look upon as a great mistake, and a pregnant source of infidelity. Human kind, by long experience; by the institutions of civil society; by the cultivation of arts and sciences; by, as I believe, divine instruction actually given to some, and traditionally communicated to all; *is in a far more distinguished situation, as to the powers* of the mind, than it was in the childhood of the world. [1] . . .

[1] That mankind are in a less distinguished Situation with

regard to mind than they were in the time of Homer, Socrates, Phidias, Glycon, Aristotle, etc., let all their works witness. Paine [the Devil *del.*] says that Christianity put a stop to improvement, & the Bishop has not shewn the contrary.

Pages 7-8.

It appears incredible to many, that God Almighty should have had colloquial intercourse with our first parents; that he should have contracted a kind of friendship for the patriarchs, and entered into covenants with them; [1] that he should have suspended the laws of nature in Egypt; should have been so apparently partial, as to become the God and governor of one particular nation; [2] and should have so far demeaned himself, as to give to that people a burdensome ritual of worship, statutes and ordinances, many of which seem to be beneath the dignity of his attention, unimportant and impolitic . . .

[1] That God does & always did converse with honest Men, Paine never denies. He only denies that God conversed with Murderers & Revengers such as the Jews were, & of course he holds that the Jews conversed with their own [self will *del.*] State Religion which they call'd God & so were liars as Christ says. [2] That the Jews assumed a right Exclusively to the benefits of God will be a lasting witness against them & the same will it be against [of *del.*] Christians.

Pages 8-9.

. . . I own to you, that when I consider how nearly man, *in a savage state, approaches to the brute creation,* as to intellectual excellence; [1] and when I contemplate his miserable attainments, as to the knowledge of God, in a civilized state, when he has had no divine instruction on the subject, or when that instruction has been forgotten, (for all men have known something of God from tradition,) I cannot but admire the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Being, in having let himself down to our apprehensions; in having given to mankind, in the earliest ages, sensible and extraordinary proofs of his existence and attributes; in having made the jewish and Christian dispensations mediums to convey to all men, through all ages, that knowledge concerning himself, which he had not vouchsafed to give immediately to the first. [2]

[1] Read the Edda of Iceland, the Songs of Fingal, the accounts of North American Savages (as they are call'd). Likewise read Homer's Iliad. He was certainly a Savage in the Bishop's sense.

He knew nothing of God in the Bishop's sense of the word & yet he was no fool. [2] The Bible or Peculiar Word of God, Exclusive of Conscience or the Word of God Universal, is that Abomination, which, like the Jewish ceremonies, is for ever removed & henceforth every man may converse with God & be a King & Priest in his own house.

Page 9.

I own it is strange, very strange, that he should have made an immediate manifestation of himself in the first ages of the world; but what is there that is not strange? It is strange that you and I are here—that there is water, and earth, and air, and fire—that there is a sun, and moon, and stars—that there is generation, corruption, reproduction. [1] I can account ultimately for none of these things, without recurring to him who made every thing. I also am his workmanship, and look up to him with hope of preservation through all eternity; I adore him for his word as well as for his work; his work I cannot comprehend, but his word hath assured me of all that I am concerned to know—that he hath prepared everlasting happiness for those who love and obey him. This you will call preachment:—I will have done with it; but the subject is so vast, and the *plan of providence*, in my opinion, so obviously *wise and good*, [2] that I can never think of it without having my mind filled with piety, admiration, and gratitude.

In addition to the moral evidence (as you are pleased to think it) against the Bible, you threaten, in the progress of your work, to produce such other evidence as even a priest cannot deny. A philosopher in search of truth forfeits with me all claim to candour and impartiality, when he introduces railing for reasoning, vulgar and illiberal sarcasm in the room of argument. I will not imitate the example you set me; but examine what you shall produce, with as much coolness and respect, *as if you had given the priests no provocation; as if you were a man of the most unblemished character*, subject to no prejudices, actuated by no bad designs, not liable to have abuse retorted upon you with success. [3]

[1] It is strange that God should speak to man formerly & not now, because it is not true; but the Strangeness of Sun, Moon, or Stars is Strange on a contrary account. [2] The Bible tells me that the plan of Providence was Subverted at the Fall of Adam & that it was not restored till Christ.

[3] Is not this Illiberal? Has not the Bishop given himself the lie in the moment the first words were out of his mouth? Can any man who writes so pretend that he is in a good humour? Is not this the Bishop's cloven foot? Has he not spoil'd the hasty pudding?

Pages 10-11.

LETTER II. [1]

This distinction between the genuineness and authenticity of a book, will assist us in detecting the fallacy of an argument, which you state with great confidence in the part of your work now under consideration, and which you frequently allude to, in other parts, as conclusive evidence against the truth of the Bible. Your argument stands thus—If it be found that the books ascribed to Moses, Joshua, and Samuel, were not written by Moses, Joshua, and Samuel, every part of the authority and authenticity of these books is gone at once.—I presume to think otherwise. The genuineness of these books (in the judgment of those who say that they were written by these authors) will certainly be gone; but their authenticity will remain; they may still contain a true account of real transactions, though the names of the writers of them should be found to be different from what they are generally esteemed to be. [2]

[1] The trifles which the Bishop has combated in the following Letters are such as do nothing against Paine's Arguments, none of which the Bishop has dared to Consider. One, for instance, which is that the books of the Bible were never believ'd willingly by any nation & that none but detigning Villains ever pretended to believe—That the Bible is all a State Trick, thro' which tho' the People at all times could see, they never had the power to throw off. Another Argument is that all the Commentators on the Bible are Dishonest Designing Knaves, who in hopes of a good living adopt the State religion; this he has shewn with great force, which calls upon His Opponent loudly for an answer. I could name an hundred such.

[2] He who writes things for true which none would write but the actor (such are most of the acts of Moses), must either be the actor or a fable writer or a liar. If Moses did not write the history of his acts, it takes away the authority altogether; it ceases to be history & becomes a Poem of probable impossibilities, fabricated for pleasure, as moderns say, but I say by Inspiration.

Pages 12-13.

Had, indeed, Moses said that he wrote the five first books of the Bible; and had Joshua and Samuel said that they wrote the books which are respectively attributed to them; and had it been found, that Moses, Joshua, and Samuel, did not write these books; then, I grant, the authority of the whole would have been

gone at once; these men would have been found liars, as to the genuineness of the books; and this proof of their want of veracity, in one point, would have invalidated their testimony in every other; these books would have been justly stigmatized, as neither genuine nor authentic. [1] . . .

As to your assertion, that the miracles recorded in Tacitus, and in other profane historians, are quite as well authenticated as those of the Bible—it, being a mere assertion destitute of proof, may be properly answered by a contrary assertion. I take the liberty then to say, that the evidence for the miracles recorded in the Bible is, both in kind and degree, so greatly superior to that for the prodigies mentioned by Livy, or the miracles related by Tacitus, as to justify us in giving credit to the one as the work of God, and in with-holding it from the other as the effect of superstition and imposture. This method of derogating from the credibility of Christianity, by opposing to the miracles of our Saviour, the tricks of ancient impostors, seems to have originated with Hierocles in the fourth century; and it has been adopted by unbelievers from that time to this; with this difference, indeed, that the heathens of the third and fourth century admitted that Jesus wrought miracles; but lest that admission should have compelled them to abandon their gods and become Christians, they said, that their Apollonius, their Apuleius, their Aristeas, did as great; whilst modern deists deny the fact of Jesus having ever wrought a miracle. [2] . . .

[1] If Paine means that a history, tho' true in itself, is false when it is attributed to a wrong author, he's a fool. But he says that Moses, being proved not the author of that history which is written in his name & in which he says I did so & so, Undermines the veracity intirely. The writer says he is Moses; if this is proved false, the history is false (Deut. xxxi, v. 24). But perhaps Moses is not the author & then the Bishop loses his Author.

[2] Jesus could not do miracles where unbelief hindered, hence we must conclude that the man who holds miracles to be ceased puts it out of his own power to ever witness one. The manner of a miracle being performed is in modern times considered as an arbitrary command of the agent upon the patient, but this is an impossibility, not a miracle, neither did Jesus ever do such a miracle. Is it a greater miracle to feed five thousand men with five loaves than to overthrow all the armies of Europe with a small pamphlet? Look over the events of your own life & if you do not find that you have both done such miracles & lived by such you do not see as I do. True, I cannot do a miracle thro' experiment & to domineer

over & prove to others my superior power, as neither could Christ. But I can & do work such as both astonish & comfort me & mine. How can Paine, the worker of miracles, ever doubt Christ's in the above sense of the word miracle? But how can Watson ever believe the above sense of a miracle, who considers it as an arbitrary act of the agent upon an unbelieving patient, whereas the Gospel says that Christ could not do a miracle because of Unbelief?

If Christ could not do miracles because of Unbelief, the reason alledged by Priests for miracles is false; for those who believe want not to be confounded by miracles. Christ & his Prophets & Apostles were not Ambitious miracle mongers.

Page 14.

. . . The Bible is not the only book which has undergone the fate of being reprobated as spurious, after it had been received as genuine and authentic for many ages. It has been maintained that the history of HERODOTUS was written in the time of CONSTANTINE; and that the Classics are forgeries of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. These extravagant reveries amused the world at the time of their publication, and have long since sunk into oblivion. You esteem all prophets to be such lying rascals, that I dare not venture to predict the fate of your book. [1]

[1] Prophets, in the modern sense of the word, have never existed. Jonah was no prophet in the modern sense, for his prophecy of Nineveh failed. Every honest man is a Prophet; he utters his opinion both of private & public matters. Thus: If you go on So, the result is So. He never says, such a thing shall happen let you do what you will. A Prophet is a Seer, not an Arbitrary Dictator. It is man's fault if God is not able to do him good, for he gives to the just & to the unjust, but the unjust reject his gift.

Pages 15-16.

What possible doubt can there be that Moses wrote the books in question? I could accumulate many other passages from the scriptures to this purpose; but if what I have advanced will not convince you that there is affirmative evidence, and of the strongest kind, for Moses's being the author of these books, nothing that I can advance will convince you.

What if I should grant all you undertake to prove (the stupidity and ignor-

ance of the writer excepted)?—What if I should admit, that Samuel, or Ezra, or some other learned jew, composed these books, *from public* records, many years after the death of Moses? Will it follow, that there was no truth in them? According to my logic, it will only follow, that they are not genuine books; every fact recorded *in them may be true*, whenever, or by whomsoever they were written. [1] It cannot be said that the jews had no public records; the Bible furnishes abundance of proof to the contrary. I by no means admit, that these books, as to the main part of them, were not written by Moses; but I do contend, that a book may contain a true history, though we know not the author of it, or though we may be mistaken in ascribing it to a wrong author.

[1] Nothing can be more contemptible than to suppose Public RECORDS to be True. Read, then, & Judge, if you are not a Fool.

Of what consequence is it whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch or no? If Paine trifles in some of his objections it is folly to confute him so seriously in them & leave his more material ones unanswered. Public Records! As if Public Records were True! Impossible; for the facts are such as none but the actor could tell. If it is True, Moses & none but he could write it, unless we allow it to be Poetry & that poetry inspired.

If historical facts can be written by inspiration, Milton's Paradise Lost is as true as Genesis or Exodus; but the Evidence is nothing, for how can he who writes what he has neither seen nor heard of be an Evidence of The Truth of his history.

Page 17.

. . . I do not call you a vain and arrogant coxcomb for vindicating your character, when in the latter part of this very work you boast, and I hope truly, "that the man does not exist that can say I have persecuted him, or any man, or any set of men, in the American revolution, or in the French revolution; or that I have in any case returned evil for evil." I know not what kings and priests may say to this; you may not have returned to them evil for evil, because they never, I believe, did you any harm; but you have done them all the harm you could, and that without provocation. [1]

[1] Paine says that Kings & Priests have done him harm from his birth.

Page 22.

LETTER III.

Having done with what you call the grammatical evidence that Moses was not the author of the books attributed to him, you come to your historical and chronological evidence; and you begin with Genesis. [1]

[1] I cannot concieve the Divinity of the books in the Bible to consist either in who they were written by, or at what time, or in the historical evidence which may be all false in the eyes of one man & true in the eyes of another, but in the Sentiments & Examples, which, whether true or Parabolic, are Equally useful as Examples given to us of the perverseness of some & its consequent evil & the honesty of others & its consequent good. This sense of the Bible is equally true to all & equally plain to all. None can doubt the impression which he receives from a book of Examples. If he is good he will abhor wickedness in David or Abraham; if he is wicked he will make their wickedness an excuse for his & so he would do by any other book.

Page 25.

. . . The destruction of the Canaanites exhibits to all nations, in all ages, a signal proof of God's displeasure against sin; it has been to others, and it is to ourselves, a benevolent warning. Moses would have been the wretch you represent him, had he acted by his own authority alone; but you may as reasonably attribute cruelty and murder to the judge of the land in condemning criminals to death, as butchery and massacre to Moses in executing the command of God. [1]

[1] All Penal Laws court Transgression & therefore are cruelty & Murder. The laws of the Jews were (both ceremonial & real) the basest & most oppressive of human codes, & being like all other codes given under pretence of divine command were what Christ pronounced them, The Abomination that maketh desolate, *i.e.* State Religion, which is the source of all Cruelty.

Page 29.

LETTER IV.

. . . And who told you that the jews had no records, or that they did not preserve them with singular care? . . . If any one, having access to the journals of the lords and commons, to the books of the treasury, war-office, privy council, and other public documents, should at this day write an history of the reigns of George the first and second, and should publish it without his name, would any man,

three or four hundreds or thousands of years hence, [1] question the authority of that book, when he knew that the whole British nation had received it as an authentic book, from the time of it's first publication to the age in which he lived? . . .

If I am right in this reasoning, [2] (and I protest to you that I do not see any error in it,) all the arguments you adduce in proof that the book of Joshua was not written by Joshua, nor that of Samuel by Samuel, are nothing to the purpose for which you have brought them forward: these books may be books of authority, though all you advance against the genuineness of them should be granted.

[1] Hundreds or Thousands of Years! O, very fine Records! As if he knew that there were Records! The Ancients Knew Better. [2] As if Reasoning was of any Consequence to a Question! Downright Plain Truth is Something, but Reasoning is Nothing.

Page 31.

Whoever wrote the gospel of St. Matthew, it was written not many centuries, probably (I had almost said certainly) not a quarter of one century after the death of Jesus; [1]

Pages 33-34.

It seems to me that you do not perfectly comprehend what is meant by the expression—the Word of God—or the divine authority of the scriptures: I will explain it to you in the words of Dr. Law, late bishop of Carlisle, and in those of St. Austin. [2]

Page 35.

. . . The two books of Samuel come next under your review. You proceed to shew that these books were not written by Samuel, that they are anonymous, and thence you conclude without authority. [3]

[1] There are no Proofs that Mathew, the Earliest of all the writings of the New Testament, was written within the first century (see p. 94 & 95). [2] They seem to Forget that there is a God of this World, A God Worship'd in this World as God & set above all that is call'd God. [3] Who gave them the Name of Books of Samuel? It is not of Consequence

Page 36.

. . . Very little certainty, I think, can at this time be obtained on this subject: but that you may have some knowledge of what has been conjectured by men of judgment, I will quote to you a passage from Dr. Hartley's Observations on Man. [1]

[1] Hartley a Man of Judgment! Then Judgment was a Fool. What Nonsense!

Page 48.

LETTER V.

. . . As to the sins and debaucheries of Solomon, we have nothing to do with them but to avoid them; and to give full credit to his experience, when he preaches to us his admirable sermon on the vanity of every thing but piety and virtue. [1]

Page 49.

. . . I have read also Isaiah's burden of Babylon, and I have compared it with the past and present state of Babylon, and the comparison has made such an impression on my mind, that it will never be effaced from my memory. I shall never cease to believe that the Eternal alone, by whom things future are more distinctly known than past or present things are by man, that the eternal God alone could have dictated to the prophet Isaiah the subject of the burden of Babylon. [2]

[1] Piety & Virtue! Is Seneca Classical, O Fine Bishop? [2] The Bishops never saw the Everlasting Gospel any more than Tom Paine.

Page 95.

LETTER IX.

Did you ever read the apology for the Christians, which Justin Martyr presented to the emperor Antoninus Pius, to the senate, and people of Rome? I should sooner expect a falsity in a petition, which any body of persecuted men, imploring justice, should present to the king and parliament of Great Britain, than in this apology.—Yet in this apology, which was presented not fifty years after the death of St. John, [1] not only parts of all the four gospels are quoted, but it is expressly said, that on the day called Sunday, a portion of them was read in the public assemblies of the Christians. I forbear pursuing this matter farther; else it might easily be shewn, that *probably the gospels*, and certainly some of St. Paul's epistles, were known to Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp, contemporaries with the apostles. These men could not quote or refer to books which did not exist: and therefore, though you could make it out that the book called the New Testament did not formally exist under that title, till 350 years after Christ; *yet I hold it to be a certain fact, that all the books*, of which it is composed, were written, and most of them received by all Christians, within a few years after his death. [2]

[1] A:D: 150. [2] This is No Certain Fact. Presumption is no Proof.

Page 108.

LETTER X.

. . . The moral precepts of the gospel [1] are so well fitted to promote the happiness of mankind in this world, and to prepare human nature for the future enjoyment of that blessedness, of which, in our present state, we can form no conception, that I had no expectation they would have met with your disapprobation.

Page 109.

. . . Two precepts you particularize as inconsistent with the dignity and the nature of man—that of not resenting injuries, and that of loving enemies. [2] — Who but yourself ever interpreted literally the proverbial phrase—"If a man smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also? "—Did Jesus himself turn the *other cheek when the officer of the high priest smote him*? [3] It is evident, that a patient acquiescence under *slight* [4] personal injuries is here enjoined; and that a proneness to revenge, which instigates men to savage acts of brutality, for every trifling offence, is forbidden.

Page 117.

. . . The importance of revelation is by nothing rendered more apparent, than by the discordant sentiments of learned and good men (for I speak not of the *ignorant and immoral*) [5] on this point.

[1] The Gospel is Forgiveness of Sins & has No Moral Precepts; these belong to Plato & Seneca & Nero. [2] Well done, Paine! [3] Yes, I have no doubt he Did. [4] O Fool! Slight Hippocrite & Villain! [5] O, how Virtuous! Christ came not to call the Virtuous.

Pages 118-119.

We are all, of every rank and condition, equally concerned in knowing—what will become of us after death;—and, if we are to live again, we are interested in knowing—whether it be possible for us to do any thing [1] whilst we live here, which may render that future life an happy one.—Now, " that thing called Christianity," as you scoffingly speak—that last best gift of Almighty God, as I esteem it, the gospel of Jesus Christ, has given us the most clear and satisfactory information on both these points. It tells us, what deism never could have told us, that we shall certainly be raised from the dead—that, whatever be the nature of the soul, we shall certainly live for ever—and that, whilst we live here, it is possible for us to do much towards the rendering that everlasting life an happy one.— These are tremendous truths to bad men; [2] they cannot be received and reflected on with indifference by the best; and they suggest to all such a cogent motive to virtuous action, as deism could not furnish even to Brutus himself.

[1] Do or Act to Do Good or to do Evil. Who dare to Judge but God alone? [2] Who does the Bishop call Bad Men? Are they the Publicans & Sinners that Christ loved to associate with? Does God Love the Righteous according to the Gospel, or does he not cast them off?

Some men have been warped to infidelity by viciousness of life; and some may have hypocritically professed Christianity from prospects of temporal advantage: but, being a stranger to your character, I neither impute the former to you, nor can admit the latter as operating on myself. The generality of unbelievers are such, from want of information on the subject of religion; having been engaged from their youth in struggling for worldly distinction, or perplexed with the incessant intricacies of business, or bewildered in the pursuits of pleasure, they have neither ability, inclination, nor leisure, to enter into critical disquisitions concerning the truth of Christianity. [1] . . .

[1] For who is really Righteous? It is all Pretension.

Page 120.

It appears to me Now that Tom Paine is a better Christian than the Bishop.

I have read this Book with attention & find that the Bishop has only hurt Paine's heel while Paine has broken his head. The Bishop has not answer'd one of Paine's grand objections.

[*Written on the last page*]

# ANNOTATIONS TO "BACON'S ESSAYS" LONDON MDCCXCVIII

*Written about* 1798

[*It is not possible to identify all the passages from Bacon to which Blake's notes refer. Those that have been found are printed in smaller type before Blake's remarks.*]

GOOD advice for Satan's Kingdom [*on the title-page*].

Is it true or is it false that the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God? This is certain: if what Bacon says is true, what Christ says is false. If Caesar is right, Christ is wrong, both in politics and religion, since they will divide themselves in two.

Everybody knows that this is epicurism and libertinism, and yet everybody says that it is Christian philosophy. How is this possible? Everybody must be a liar and deceiver? No! "Everybody" does not do this; but the hirelings of Kings and Courts, who made themselves "everybody," and knowingly propagate falsehood. It was a common opinion in the Court of Queen Elizabeth that knavery is wisdom. Cunning plotters were considered as wise Machiavels.

Of Unity in Religion.

It was great Blasphemy, when the Devil said, "I will ascend, and be like "the Highest"; but it is greater blasphemy to personate God, and bring him in saying, "I will descend, and be like the Prince of Darkness."

Did not Jesus descend and become a servant? The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman and not a man: he is a Lord Chancellor.

Of Goodness.

I take Goodness in this Sense, the affecting of the Weal of Men, which is that the Grecians call Philanthropia.

What do these knaves mean by virtue? Do they mean war and its horrors, and its heroic villains?

Good thoughts are little better than good dreams.

Thought is act. Christ's acts were nothing to Caesar's if this is not so.

The increase of any state must be upon the foreigner.

The increase of a State, as of a man, is from internal improvement or intellectual acquirement. Man is not improved by the hurt of another. States are not improved at the expense of foreigners.

Of the true Greatness of Kingdoms.

It is certain, that sedentary, and within-door Arts and delicate Manufactures . . . have, in their Nature, a Contrariety to a Military Disposition.

Bacon calls intellectual arts unmanly: and so they are for kings and wars, and shall in the end annihilate them.

What is fortune but an outward accident, for a few years, sixty at the most, and then gone?

King James was Bacon's primum mobile.

A tyrant is the worst disease, and the cause of all others.

Everybody hates a king! David was afraid to say that the envy was upon a king: but is this envy or indignation?

# LETTER IV

## TO THE REV$^{D}$. DR. TRUSLER[1]

Hercules Build$^{gs}$, Lambeth,
*Aug$^{st}$* 16, 1799.

REV$^{D}$. SIR,

I FIND more & more that my Style of Designing is a Species by itself, & in this which I send you have been compell'd by my Genius or Angel to follow where he led; if I were to act otherwise it would not fulfill the purpose for which alone I live, which is, in conjunction with such men as my friend Cumberland, to renew the lost art of the Greeks.

I attempted every morning for a fortnight together to follow your Dictate, but when I found my attempts were in vain, resolv'd to shew an independence which I know will please an Author better than slavishly following the track of another, however admirable that track may be. At any rate, my Excuse must be: I could not do otherwise; it was out of my power!

I know I begged of you to give me your Ideas, & promised to build on them; here I counted without my host. I now find my mistake.

The Design I have sent Is:

A Father, taking leave of his Wife & Child, Is watch'd by Two Fiends incarnate, with intention that when his back is turned they will murder the mother & her infant. If this is not Malevolence with a vengeance, I have never seen it on Earth; & If you approve of this, I have no doubt of giving you Benevolence with Equal Vigor, as also Pride & Humility, but cannot previously describe in words what I mean to Design, for fear I should Evaporate the spirit of my Invention. But I hope that none of my Designs will be destitute of Infinite Particulars which will present themselves to the Contemplator. And tho' I call them Mine, I know that they are not Mine, being of the same opinion with Milton when he says[2] That the Muse visits his slumbers & awakes & governs his song when

[1] John Trusler (1735-1820), author of *Hogarth Moralized.*

[2] *Paradise Lost,* book vii, ll. 29, 30.

Morn purples the East, & being also in the predicament of that prophet who says: " I cannot go beyond the command of the Lord, " to speak good or bad." [1]

If you approve of my Manner, & it is agreeable to you, I would rather Paint Pictures in oil of the same dimensions than make Drawings, & on the same terms; by this means you will have a number of Cabinet pictures, which I flatter myself will not be unworthy of a scholar of Rembrandt & Teniers, whom I have studied no less than Rafael & Michaelangelo. Please to send me your orders respecting this, & In my next Effort I promise more Expedition.

I am, Rev$^{d}$. Sir,
Your very humble serv$^{t}$
WILL$^{M}$ BLAKE.

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## LETTER V

### TO THE REV$^{D}$. DR. TRUSLER

13 Hercules Buildings,
Lambeth,
*August* 23, 1799.

REV$^{D}$. SIR,

I REALLY am sorry that you are fall'n out with the Spiritual World, Especially if I should have to answer for it. I feel very sorry that your Ideas & Mine on Moral Painting differ so much as to have made you angry with my method of study. If I am wrong, I am wrong in good company. I had hoped your plan comprehended All Species of this Art, & Especially that you would not regret that Species which gives Existence to Every other, namely, Visions of Eternity. You say that I want somebody to Elucidate my Ideas. But you ought to know that What is Grand is necessarily obscure to Weak men. That which can be made Explicit to the

[1] Numbers, xxiv, 13.

Idiot is not worth my care. The wisest of the Ancients consider'd what is not too Explicit as the fittest for Instruction, because it rouzes the faculties to act. I name Moses, Solomon, Esop, Homer, Plato.

But as you have favor'd me with your remarks on my Design, permit me in return to defend it against a mistaken one, which is, That I have supposed Malevolence without a Cause. Is not Merit in one a Cause of Envy in another, & Serenity & Happiness & Beauty a Cause of Malevolence? But Want of Money & the Distress of A Thief can never be alledged as the Cause of his Thieving, for many honest people endure greater hardships with Fortitude. We must therefore seek the Cause elsewhere than in want of Money, for that is the Miser's passion, not the Thief's.

I have therefore proved your Reasonings Ill proportion'd, which you can never prove my figures to be; they are those of Michael Angelo, Rafael & the Antique, & of the best living Models. I percieve that your Eye is perverted by Caricature Prints, which ought not to abound so much as they do. Fun I love, but too much Fun is of all things the most loathsom. Mirth is better than Fun, & Happiness is better than Mirth. I feel that a Man may be happy in This World. And I know that This World Is a World of Imagination & Vision. I see Every thing I paint In This World, but Every body does not see alike. To the Eyes of a Miser a Guinea is far more beautiful than the Sun, & a bag worn with the use of Money has more beautiful proportions than a Vine filled with Grapes. The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the Eyes of others only a Green thing which stands in the way. Some see Nature all Ridicule & Deformity, & by these I shall not regulate my proportions; & some scarce see Nature at all. But to the Eyes of the Man of Imagination, Nature is Imagination itself. As a man is, so he sees. As the Eye is formed, such are its Powers. You certainly Mistake, when you say that the Visions of Fancy are not to be found in This World. To Me This World is all One continued Vision of Fancy or Imagination, & I feel Flatter'd when I am told so. What is it sets Homer, Virgil & Milton in so high a rank of Art?

Why is the Bible more Entertaining & Instructive than any other book? Is it not because they are addressed to the Imagination, which is Spiritual Sensation, & but mediately to the Understanding or Reason? Such is True Painting, and such was alone valued by the Greeks & the best modern Artists. Consider what Lord Bacon says: " Sense sends over to Imagination before Reason " have judged, & Reason sends over to Imagination before the " Decree can be acted." See Advancem[t] of Learning, Part 2, P. 47 of first Edition.

But I am happy to find a Great Majority of Fellow Mortals who can Elucidate My Visions, & Particularly they have been Elucidated by Children, who have taken a greater delight in contemplating my Pictures than I even hoped. Neither Youth nor Childhood is Folly or Incapacity. Some Children are Fools & so are some Old Men. But There is a vast Majority on the side of Imagination or Spiritual Sensation.

To Engrave after another Painter is infinitely more laborious than to Engrave one's own Inventions. And of the size you require my price has been Thirty Guineas, & I cannot afford to do it for less. I had Twelve for the Head I sent you as a specimen; but after my own designs I could do at least Six times the quantity of labour in the same time, which will account for the difference of price, as also that Chalk Engraving is at least six times as laborious as Aqua tinta. I have no objection to Engraving after another Artist. Engraving is the profession I was apprenticed to, & should never have attempted to live by anything else, If orders had not come in for my Designs & Paintings, which I have the pleasure to tell you are Increasing Every Day. Thus If I am a Painter it is not to be attributed to seeking after. But I am contented whether I live by Painting or Engraving.

I am, Rev[d]. Sir, your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

# LETTER VI

## TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND

Hercules Buildings,
Lambeth,
*Aug^st* 26, 1799.

DEAR CUMBERLAND,

I OUGHT long ago to have written to you to thank you for your kind recommendation to Dr. Trusler, which, tho' it has fail'd of success, is not the less to be remember'd by me with Gratitude.

I have made him a Drawing in my best manner; he has sent it back with a Letter full of Criticisms, in which he says It accords not with his Intentions, which are to Reject all Fancy from his Work. How far he Expects to please, I cannot tell. But as I cannot paint Dirty rags & old shoes where I ought to place Naked Beauty or simple ornament, I despair of Ever pleasing one Class of Men. Unfortunately our authors of books are among this Class; how soon we shall have a change for the better I cannot Prophecy. Dr. Trusler says: " *Your Fancy*, from what I have seen of it, & I have " seen variety at Mr. Cumberland's, seems to be in the other world, " or the World of Spirits, which accords not with my Intentions, " which, whilst living in This World, Wish to follow *the Nature of it.*" I could not help smiling at the difference between the doctrines of Dr. Trusler & those of Christ. But, however, for his own sake I am sorry that a Man should be so enamour'd of Rowlandson's caricatures as to call them copies from life & manners, or fit Things for a Clergyman to write upon.

Pray let me intreat you to persevere in your Designing; it is the only source of Pleasure. All your other pleasures depend upon It. It is the Tree; your Pleasures are the Fruit. Your Inventions of Intellectual Visions are the Stamina of every thing you value. Go on, if not for your own sake, yet for ours, who love & admire your

works; but, above all, For the Sake of the Arts. Do not throw aside for any long time the honour intended you by Nature to revive the Greek workmanship. I study your outlines[1] as usual, just as if they were antiques.

As to Myself, about whom you are so kindly Interested, I live by Miracle. I am Painting small Pictures from the Bible. For as to Engraving, in which art I cannot reproach myself with any neglect, yet I am laid by in a corner as if I did not Exist, & since my Young's Night Thoughts[2] have been publish'd, Even Johnson[3] & Fuseli have discarded my Graver. But as I know that he who Works & has his health cannot starve, I laugh at Fortune & Go on & on. I think I foresee better Things than I have ever seen. My Work pleases my employer,[4] & I have an order for Fifty small Pictures at one Guinea each, which is something better than mere copying after another artist. But above all, I feel myself happy & contented let what will come; having passed now near twenty years in ups & downs, I am used to them, & perhaps a little practise in them may turn out to benefit. It is now Exactly Twenty years since I was upon the ocean of business, & tho' laugh at Fortune, I am perswaded that She Alone is the Governor of Worldly Riches, & when it is Fit she will call on me; till then I wait with Patience, in hopes that She is busied among my Friends.

With Mine & My Wife's best compliments to Mrs. Cumberland, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

WILL^M^ BLAKE.

[1] *Thoughts on Outline*, London, 1796.

[2] *The Complaint and the Consolation; or, Night Thoughts*, by Edward Young. London: Printed for R. Edwards, 1797: folio, with 43 illustrations designed and engraved by Blake.

[3] Joseph Johnson (1738-1809), bookseller and publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard.

[4] Thomas Butts.

## LETTER VII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

Hercules Buildings, Lambeth.
1 *April*, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

WITH all possible Expedition I send you a proof of my attempt to Express your & our Much Beloved's Countenance.[1] Mr. Flaxman has seen it & approved of my now sending it to you for your remarks. Your Sorrows and your dear son's May Jesus and his Angels assuage & if it is consistent with his divine providence restore him to us & to his labours of Art & Science in this world. So prays a fellow sufferer & Your humble servant,

WILLM. BLAKE.

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## LETTER VIII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

Lambeth,
*May* 6, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

I AM very sorry for your immense loss,[2] which is a repetition of what all feel in this valley of misery and happiness mixed. I send the shadow of the departed angel,[3] and hope the likeness is improved. The lips I have again lessened as you advise, and done a good many other softenings to the whole. I know that our deceased friends are more really with us than when they were apparent to

[1] An engraving after a medallion portrait of Thomas Alfonso Hayley by Flaxman, done for Hayley's *Essay on Sculpture*, 1800.

[2] Alludes to the death of his illegitimate son, Thomas Alphonso Hayley, born 5 October 1780.

[3] Probably a drawing of Thomas Hayley by Blake.

our mortal part. Thirteen years ago I lost a brother,[1] and with his spirit I converse daily and hourly in the spirit, and see him in my remembrance, in the regions of my imagination. I hear his advice, and even now write from his dictate. Forgive me for expressing to you my enthusiasm, which I wish all to partake of, since it is to me a source of immortal joy, even in this world. By it I am the companion of angels. May you continue to be so more and more; and to be more and more persuaded that every mortal loss is an immortal gain. The ruins of Time build mansions in Eternity.

I have also sent a proof of Pericles [2] for your remarks, thanking you for the kindness with which you express them, and feeling heartily your grief with a brother's sympathy.

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Your humble servant,
WILLIAM BLAKE.

## LETTER IX

### TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND

13, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth.
2 *July*, 1800.

DEAR CUMBERLAND,

I HAVE to congratulate you on your plan for a National Gallery being put into Execution. All your wishes shall in due time be fulfilled; the immense flood of Grecian light & glory which is coming on Europe will more than realize our warmest wishes. Your honours will be unbounded when your plan shall be carried into Execution as it must be if England continues a Nation. I hear that it is now in the hands of Ministers, That the King shews it great Countenance & Encouragement, that it will soon be before Parliament, & that it *must* be extended & enlarged to take in Originals

[1] Robert Blake died February 1787.
[2] An engraving for Hayley's *Essay on Sculpture*, 1800, 4°.

both of Painting & Sculpture by considering every valuable original that is brought into England or can be purchased Abroad as its objects of Acquisition. Such is the Plan as I am told & such must be the plan if England wishes to continue at all worth notice; as you have yourself observ'd only now, we must possess Originals as well as France or be Nothing.

Excuse, I intreat you, my not returning Thanks at the proper moment for your kind present. No perswasion could make my stupid head believe that it was proper for me to trouble you with a letter of meer compliment & Expression of thanks. I begin to Emerge from a deep pit of Melancholy, Melancholy without any real reason for it, a Disease which God keep you from & all good men. Our artists of all ranks praise your outlines[1] & wish for more. Flaxman is very warm in your commendation & more & more of A Grecian. Mr. Hayley has lately mentioned your work on outline in Notes to [Epistles on Sculpture *del.*] an Essay on Sculpture in Six Epistles to John Flaxman. I have been too little among friends which I fear they will not Excuse & I know not how to apologize for. Poor Fuseli, sore from the lash of Envious tongues, praises you & dispraises with the same breath; he is not naturally good natured, but he is artificially very ill natured, yet even from him I learn the Estimation you are held in among artists & connoisseurs.

I am still Employ'd in making Designs & little Pictures with now & then an Engraving & find that in future to live will not be so difficult as it has been. It is very Extraordinary that London in so few years from a city of meer Necessaries or at l[e]ast a commerce of the lowest order of luxuries should have become a City ofElegance in some degree & that its once stupid inhabitants should enter into an Emulation of Grecian manners. There are now, I believe, as many Booksellers as there are Butchers & as many Printshops as of any other trade. We remember when a Print shop was a rare bird in London & I myself remember when I thought my pursuits of Art a kind of criminal dissipation & neglect of the main chance, which I hid my face for not being able to abandon as a Passion

[1] Cumberland's *Thoughts on Outline*, 1796.

which is forbidden by Law & Religion, but now it appears to be Law & Gospel too, at least I hear so from the few friends I have dared to visit in my stupid Melancholy. Excuse this communication of sentiments which I felt necessary to my repose at this time. I feel very strongly that I neglect my Duty to my Friends but It is not want of Gratitude or Friendship but perhaps an Excess of both.

Let me hear of your welfare. Remember My & My Wife's Respectful Compliments to Mrs. Cumberland & Family

& believe me to be for Ever

Yours

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## LETTER X

### TO JOHN FLAXMAN

[12*th September* 1800.]

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

IT is to you I owe All my present Happiness. It is to you I owe perhaps the Principal Happiness of my life. I have presum'd on your friendship in staying so long away & not calling to know of your welfare, but hope now every thing is nearly completed for our removal to Felpham, that I shall see you on Sunday, as we have appointed Sunday afternoon to call on Mrs. Flaxman at Hampstead. I send you a few lines, which I hope you will Excuse. And As the time is arriv'd when Men shall again converse in Heaven & walk with Angels, I know you will be pleased with the Intention, & hope you will forgive the Poetry.

To My Dearest Friend, John Flaxman, these lines:

I bless thee, O Father of Heaven & Earth, that ever I saw Flaxman's face.

Angels stand round my Spirit in Heaven, the blessed of Heaven are my friends upon Earth.

When Flaxman was taken to Italy, Fuseli was given to me for a season,
And now Flaxman hath given me Hayley his friend to be mine, such my lot upon Earth.
Now my lot in the Heavens is this, Milton lov'd me in childhood & shew'd me his face.
Ezra came with Isaiah the Prophet, but Shakespeare in riper years gave me his hand,
Paracelsus & Behmen appear'd to me, terrors appear'd in the Heavens above
And in Hell beneath, & a mighty & awful change threatened the Earth.
The American War began. All its dark horrors passed before my face
Across the Atlantic to France. Then the French Revolution commenc'd in thick clouds,
And My Angels have told me that seeing such visions I could not subsist on the Earth,
But by my conjunction with Flaxman, who knows to forgive Nervous Fear.

I remain, for Ever Yours,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Be so kind as to Read & then seal the Inclosed & send it on its much beloved Mission.

# LETTER XI

## TO MRS. FLAXMAN

H[ercules] B[uildings], Lambeth,
14 *Sept*r 1800.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I HOPE you will not think we could forget your Services to us, or any way neglect to love & remember with affection even the hem of your garment; we indeed presume on your kindness in neglecting to have call'd on you since my Husband's first return from Felpham. We have been incessantly busy in our great removal; but can never think of going without first paying our proper duty to you & Mr. Flaxman. We intend to call on Sunday afternoon in Hampstead, to take farewell, All things being now nearly completed for our setting forth on Tuesday Morning; it is only Sixty Miles, & Lambeth was One Hundred, for the terrible desart of London was between. My husband has been obliged to finish several things necessary to be finish'd before our migration; the Swallows call us, fleeting past our window at this moment. O how we delight in talking of the pleasure we shall have in preparing you a summer bower at Felpham, & we not only talk, but behold! the Angels of our journey have inspired a song to you:

To My Dear Friend, Mrs. Anna Flaxman.

This Song to the flower of Flaxman's joy,
To the blossom of hope, for a sweet decoy:
Do all that you can or all that you may,
To entice him to Felpham & far away.

Away to Sweet Felpham, for Heaven is there;
The Ladder of Angels descends thro' the air;
On the Turret[1] its spiral does softly descend,
Thro' the village then winds, at My Cot it does end.

[1] The turret of Hayley's house.

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

The Bread of sweet Thought & the Wine of Delight
Feeds the Village of Felpham by day & by night;
And at his own door the bless'd Hermit[1] does stand,
Dispensing, Unceasing, to all the whole Land.

W. BLAKE.

Recieve my & my husband's love & affection, & believe me to be Yours affectionately,

CATHERINE BLAKE.

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## LETTER XII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

[*In answer to his invitation to Blake to take up his residence at Felpham while engraving the illustrations for the Life of Cowper.*]

Lambeth,
16 *Sept*$^{r}$ 1800.

LEADER OF MY ANGELS,

" . . . I invoke the Good Genii that surround Miss Poole's Villa to " shine upon my journey—whether I come on Wednesday or Thurs- " day that Day shall be marked in my calendar with a star of first " magnitude. Eartham will be my first temple & altar. . . . My Wife " is like a flame of many colours of precious jewels whenever she " hears it named. . . . My fingers emit sparks of fire with Expect- " ation of my future labour. . . ." [*Extracts from sale catalogue.*]

[1] Hayley, often called the Hermit of Eartham by himself and his friends.

# LETTER XIII

## TO JOHN FLAXMAN

Felpham,
*Sept^r* 21, 1800, *Sunday Morning.*

DEAR SCULPTOR OF ETERNITY,

WE are safe arrived at our Cottage, which is more beautiful than I thought it, & more convenient. It is a perfect Model for Cottages &, I think, for Palaces of Magnificence, only Enlarging, not altering its proportions, & adding ornaments & not principals. Nothing can be more Grand than its Simplicity & Usefulness. Simple without Intricacy, it seems to be the Spontaneous Effusion of Humanity, congenial to the wants of Man. No other formed House can ever please me so well; nor shall I ever be perswaded, I believe, that it can be improved either in Beauty or Use.

Mr. Hayley recieved us with his usual brotherly affection. I have begun to work. Felpham is a sweet place for Study, because it is more Spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden Gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of Celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, & their forms more distinctly seen; & my Cottage is also a Shadow of their houses. My Wife & Sister are both well, courting Neptune for an embrace.

Our Journey was very pleasant; & tho' we had a great deal of Luggage, No Grumbling; All was Chearfulness & Good Humour on the Road, & yet we could not arrive at our Cottage before half past Eleven at night, owing to the necessary shifting of our Luggage from one Chaise to another; for we had Seven Different Chaises, & as many different drivers. We set out between Six & Seven in the Morning of Thursday, with Sixteen heavy boxes & portfolios full of prints. And Now Begins a New life, because another covering of Earth is shaken off. I am more famed in Heaven for my works than I could well concieve. In my Brain are studies

& Chambers fill'd with books & pictures of old, which I wrote & painted in ages of Eternity before my mortal life; & those works are the delight & Study of Archangels. Why, then, should I be anxious about the riches or fame of mortality? The Lord our father will do for us & with us according to his divine will for our Good.

You, O dear Flaxman, are a Sublime Archangel, My Friend & Companion from Eternity; in the Divine bosom is our dwelling place. I look back into the regions of Reminiscence & behold our ancient days before this Earth appear'd in its vegetated mortality to my mortal vegetated Eyes. I see our houses of Eternity, which can never be separated, tho' our Mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of heaven from each other.

Farewell, My Best Friend! Remember Me & My Wife in Love & Friendship to our Dear Mrs. Flaxman, whom we ardently desire to Entertain beneath our thatched roof of rusted gold, & believe me for ever to remain

Your Grateful & Affectionate,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## LETTER XIV

### TO THOMAS BUTTS

[Postmark *Sep.* 23, 1800.]

DEAR FRIEND OF MY ANGELS,

WE are safe arrived at our Cottage without accident or hindrance, tho' it was between Eleven & Twelve o'clock at night before we could get home, owing to the necessary shifting of our boxes & portfolios from one Chaise to another. We had Seven different Chaises & as many different drivers. All upon the road was chearfulness & welcome; tho' our luggage was very heavy there was no grumbling at all. We travel'd thro' a most beautiful country on a most glorious day. Our Cottage is more beautiful

than I thought it, & also more convenient, for tho' small it is well proportion'd, & if I should ever build a Palace it would be only My Cottage Enlarged. Please to tell Mrs. Butts that we have dedicated a Chamber for her service, & that it has a very fine view of the Sea. Mr. Hayley reciev'd me with his usual brotherly affection. My Wife & Sister are both very well, & courting Neptune for an Embrace, whose terrors this morning made them afraid, but whose mildness is often Equal to his terrors. The villagers of Felpham are not meer Rustics; they are polite & modest. Meat is cheaper than in London, but the sweet air & the voices of winds, trees & birds, & the odours of the happy ground, makes it a dwelling for immortals. Work will go on here with God speed.—A roller & two harrows lie before my window. I met a plow on my first going out at my gate the first morning after my arrival, & the Plowboy said to the Plowman, " Father, The Gate is Open." I have begun to Work, & find that I can work with greater pleasure than ever. Hope soon to give you a proof that Felpham is propitious to the Arts.

God bless you! I shall wish for you on Tuesday Evening as usual. Pray give My & My wife & sister's love & respects to Mrs. Butts; accept them yourself, & believe me, for ever,

Your affectionate & obliged Friend,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

My Sister will be in town in a week, & bring with her your account & whatever else I can finish.

Direct to Me:

Blake, Felpham, near Chichester, Sussex.

# LETTER XV

## TO THOMAS BUTTS

Felpham, *Oct^r* 2^d^ 1800.

FRIEND OF RELIGION & ORDER,

I THANK you for your very beautiful & encouraging Verses, which I account a Crown of Laurels, & I also thank you for your reprehension of follies by me foster'd. Your prediction will, I hope, be fulfilled in me, & in future I am the determined advocate of Religion & Humility, the two bands of Society. Having been so full of the Business of Settling the sticks & feathers of my nest, I have not got any forwarder with " the three Marys " or with any other of your commissions; but hope, now I have commenced a new life of industry, to do credit to that new life by Improved Works. Recieve from me a return of verses, such as Felpham produces by me, tho' not such as she produces by her Eldest Son[1]; however, such as they are, I cannot resist the temptation to send them to you.

To my Friend Butts I write
My first Vision of Light,
On the yellow sands sitting.
The Sun was Emitting
His Glorious beams
From Heaven's high Streams.
Over Sea, over Land
My Eyes did Expand
Into regions of air
Away from all Care,
Into regions of fire
Remote from Desire;
The Light of the Morning
Heaven's Mountains adorning:

[1] William Hayley.

In particles bright
The jewels of Light
Distinct shone & clear.
Amaz'd & in fear
I each particle gazed,
Astonish'd, Amazed;
For each was a Man
Human-form'd. Swift I ran,
For they beckon'd to me
Remote by the Sea,
Saying: " Each grain of Sand,
" Every Stone on the Land,
" Each rock & each hill,
" Each fountain & rill,
" Each herb & each tree,
" Mountain, hill, earth & sea,
" Cloud, Meteor & Star,
" Are Men seen Afar."
I stood in the Streams
Of Heaven's bright beams,
And Saw Felpham sweet
Beneath my bright feet
In soft Female charms;
And in her fair arms
My Shadow I knew
And my wife's shadow too,
And My Sister & Friend.
We like Infants descend
In our Shadows on Earth,
Like a weak mortal birth.
My Eyes more & more
Like a Sea without shore
Continue Expanding,
The Heavens commanding,
Till the Jewels of Light,

Heavenly Men beaming bright,
Appear'd as One Man,
Who complacent began
My limbs to infold
In his beams of bright gold;
Like dross purg'd away
All my mire & my clay.
Soft consum'd in delight
In his bosom Sun bright
I remain'd. Soft he smil'd,
And I heard his voice Mild
Saying: " This is My Fold,
" O thou Ram horn'd with gold,
" Who awakest from Sleep
" On the Sides of the Deep.
" On the Mountains around
" The roarings resound
" Of the lion & wolf,
" The loud Sea & deep gulf.
" These are guards of My Fold,
" O thou Ram horn'd with gold! "
And the voice faded mild.
I remain'd as a Child;
All I ever had known
Before me bright Shone.
I saw you & your wife
By the fountains of Life.
Such the Vision to me
Appear'd on the sea.

Mrs. Butts will, I hope, Excuse my not having finish'd the Portrait.[1] I wait for less hurried moments. Our cottage looks more & more beautiful. And tho' the weather is wet, the Air is very Mild, much Milder than it was in London when we came away.

[1] A miniature of her husband.

Chichester is a very handsom City, Seven miles from us; we can get most Conveniences there. The Country is not so destitute of accomodations to our wants as I expected it would be. We have had but little time for viewing the Country, but what we have seen is Most Beautiful, & the People are Genuine Saxons, handsomer than the people about London. Mrs. Butts will Excuse the following lines:

To Mrs. Butts.

Wife of the Friend of those I most revere,
Recieve this tribute from a Harp sincere;
Go on in Virtuous Seed sowing on Mold
Of Human Vegetation, & Behold
Your Harvest Springing to Eternal Life,
Parent of Youthful Minds, & happy Wife!

W. B.

I am for Ever Yours,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

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## LETTER XVI

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

Felpham, 26*th November* 1800.

DEAR SIR,

ABSORBED by the poets[1] Milton, Homer, Camoens, Ercilla, Ariosto, and Spenser, whose physiognomies have been my delightful study, *Little Tom*[2] has been of late unattended to, and my wife's illness not being quite gone off, she has not printed any more since you went to London. But we can muster a few in colours and some in black, which I hope will be no less favour'd, tho' they

[1] Blake was at work upon a series of heads of the poets, to be a frieze for Hayley's new library at Felpham.

[2] *Little Tom the Sailor*, a broadsheet, Printed for & Sold by the Widow Spicer of Folkstone for the benefit of her Orphans: October 5, 1800.

are rough like rough sailors. We mean to begin printing again to-morrow. Time flies very fast and very merrily. I sometimes try to be miserable that I may do more work, but find it is a foolish experiment. Happinesses have wings and wheels; miseries are leaden legged, and their whole employment is to clip the wings and to take off the wheels of our chariots. We determine, therefore, to be happy and do all that we can, tho' not all that we would. Our dear friend Flaxman is the theme of my emulation in this of industry, as well as in other virtues and merits. Gladly I hear of his full health and spirits. Happy son of the immortal Phidias, his lot is truly glorious, and mine no less happy in his friendship and in that of his friends. Our cottage is surrounded by the same guardians you left with us; they keep off every wind. We hear the west howl at a distance, the south bounds on high over our thatch, and smiling on our cottage say: " You lay too low for my anger to " injure." As to the east and north, I believe they cannot get past the Turret.

My wife joins with me in duty and affection to you. Please to remember us both in love to Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman, and

believe me to be your affectionate,

Enthusiastic, hope fostered visionary,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

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## LETTER XVII

### [? TO JOHN FLAXMAN]

[? *c.* 1800.]

" SENDING all the sketches he has ever produced; has studied " ' The Presentation,' but not yet put it on paper; is full of " business, and feels perfectly happy, thanks to his correspondents " and Mr. Flaxman." [*Extract from sale catalogue.*]

## INSCRIPTION TO THE DESIGN KNOWN AS "GLAD DAY"

*The design engraved in* 1780; *the inscription added about* 1800

ALBION arose from where he labour'd at the Mill with slaves:
Giving himself for the Nations he danc'd the dance of Eternal Death.

## LINES FOR THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO GRAY'S POEMS

*Written about* 1800

AROUND the Springs of Gray my wild root weaves.
Traveller repose & Dream among my leaves.

### TO MRS. ANNA FLAXMAN

A LITTLE Flower grew in a lonely Vale.
Its form was lovely but its colours pale.
One standing in the Porches of the Sun,
When his Meridian Glories were begun,
Leap'd from the steps of fire & on the grass
Alighted where this little flower was.
With hands divine he mov'd the gentle Sod
And took the Flower up in its native Clod;
Then planting it upon a Mountain's brow—
"'Tis your own fault if you don't flourish now."

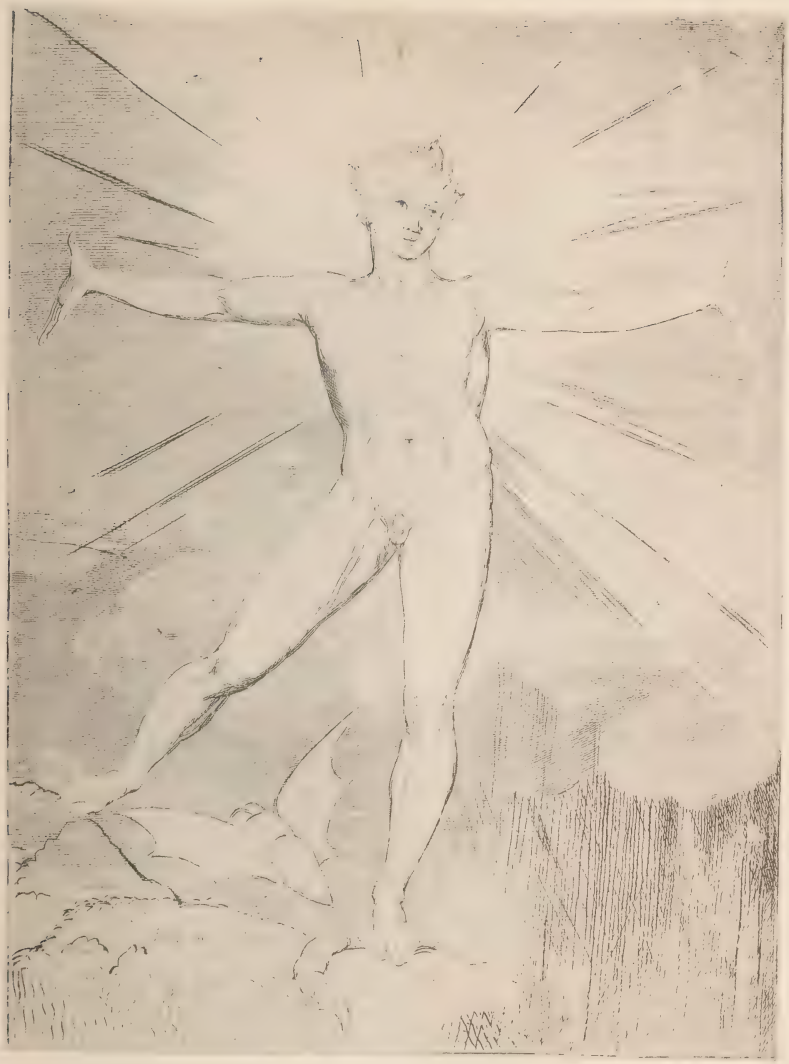


Plate XXIX

*GLAD DAY*

# LETTER XVIII

## TO THOMAS BUTTS

Felpham,
*May* 10, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE necessary application to my Duty, as well to my old as new Friends, has prevented me from that respect I owe in particular to you. And your accustomed forgiveness of my want of dexterity in certain points Emboldens me to hope that Forgiveness to be continued to me a little longer, When I shall be Enabled to throw off all obstructions to success.

Mr. Hayley acts like a Prince. I am at complete Ease, but I wish to do my duty, especially to you, who were the precursor of my present Fortune. I never will send you a picture unworthy of my present proficiency. I soon shall send you several; my present engagements are in Miniature Painting. Miniature is become a Goddess in my Eyes, & my Friends in Sussex say that I Excel in the pursuit. I have a great many orders, & they Multiply.

Now—let me intreat you to give me orders to furnish every accomodation in my power to recieve you & Mrs. Butts. I know my Cottage is too narrow for your Ease & comfort; we have one room in which we could make a bed to lodge you both, & if this is sufficient, it is at your service; but as beds & rooms & accomodations are easily procur'd by one on the spot, permit me to offer my service in either way, either in my cottage, or in a lod[g]ing in the village, as is most agreeable to you, if you & Mrs. Butts should think Bognor a pleasant relief from business in the Summer. It will give me the utmost delight to do my best.

Sussex is certainly a happy place, & Felpham in particular is the sweetest spot on Earth, at least it is so to me & My Good Wife, who desires her kindest Love to Mrs. Butts & yourself; accept mine also, & believe me to remain,

Your devoted,

WILL BLAKE.

# LETTER XIX

## TO THOMAS BUTTS

Felpham Cottage, of Cottages the prettiest,
*September* 11, 1801.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HOPE you will continue to excuse my want of steady perseverance, by which want I am still so much your debtor & you so much my Credit-er; but such as I can be, I will. I can be grateful, & I can soon Send you some of your designs which I have nearly completed. In the mean time by my Sister's hands I transmit to Mrs. Butts an attempt at your likeness,[1] which I hope she, who is the best judge, will think like. Time flies faster (as seems to me) here than in London. I labour incessantly & accomplish not one half of what I intend, because my Abstract folly hurries me often away while I am at work, carrying me over Mountains & Valleys, which are not Real, in a Land of Abstraction where Spectres of the Dead wander. This I endeavour to prevent & with my whole might chain my feet to the world of Duty & Reality; but in vain! the faster I bind, the better is the Ballast, for I, so far from being bound down, take the world with me in my flights, & often it seems lighter than a ball of wool rolled by the wind. Bacon & Newton would prescribe ways of making the world heavier to me, & Pitt would prescribe distress for a medicinal potion; but as none on Earth can give me Mental Distress, & I know that all Distress inflicted by Heaven is a Mercy, a Fig for all Corporeal! Such Distress is My mock & scorn. Alas! wretched, happy, ineffectual labourer of time's moments that I am! who shall deliver me from this Spirit of Abstraction & Improvidence? Such, my Dear Sir, Is the truth of my state, & I tell it you in palliation of my seeming neglect of your most pleasant orders; but I have not neglected them; & yet a Year is rolled over, & only now I approach the prospect of sending you

[1] A miniature.

some, which you may expect soon. I should have sent them by My Sister, but, as the Coach goes three times a week to London & they will arrive as safe as with her, I shall have an opportunity of inclosing several together which are not yet completed. I thank you again & again for your generous forbearance, of which I have need —& now I must express my wishes to see you at Felpham & to shew you Mr. Hayley's Library, which is still unfinish'd, but is in a finishing way & looks well. I ought also to mention my Extreme disappointment at Mr. Johnson's[1] forgetfulness, who appointed to call on you but did Not. He is also a happy Abstract, known by all his Friends as the most innocent forgetter of his own Interests. He is nephew to the late Mr. Cowper the Poet; you would like him much. I continue painting Miniatures & Improve more & more, as all my friends tell me; but my Principal labour at this time is Engraving Plates for Cowper's Life,[2] a Work of Magnitude, which Mr. Hayley is now Labouring with all his matchless industry, & which will be a most valuable acquisition to Literature, not only on account of Mr. Hayley's composition, but also as it will contain Letters of Cowper to his friends, Perhaps, or rather Certainly, the very best letters that were ever published.

My wife joins with me in Love to you & Mrs. Butts, hoping that her joy is now increased, & yours also, in an increase of family & of health & happiness.

I remain, Dear Sir,
Ever Yours Sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Next time I have the happiness to see you, I am determined to paint another Portrait of you from Life in my best manner, for Memory will not do in such minute operations; for I have now discover'd that without Nature before the painter's Eye, he can never produce any thing in the walks of Natural Painting. Historical Designing is one thing & Portrait Painting another, & they are

[1] Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, Norfolk: cousin and friend of Cowper.

[2] *The Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper . . .* by William Hayley . . . 1803 [-1804]. 3 vols. 4to.

as Distinct as any two Arts can be. Happy would that Man be who could unite them!

*P.S.* Please to Remember our best respects to Mr. Birch,[1] & tell him that Felpham Men are the mildest of the human race; if it is the will of Providence, they shall be the wisest. We hope that he will, next summer, joke us face to face.—God bless you all!

## LETTER XX

### TO JOHN FLAXMAN

*Oct* 19 1801.

DEAR FLAXMAN,

I REJOICE to hear that your Great Work is accomplished. Peace[2] opens the way to greater still. The Kingdoms of this World are now become the Kingdoms of God & His Christ, & we shall reign with him for ever & ever. The Reign of Literature & the Arts commences. Blessed are those who are found studious of Literature & Humane & polite accomplishments. Such have their lamps burning & such shall shine as the stars.

Mr. Thomas, your friend to whom you was so kind as to make honourable mention of me, has been at Felpham & did me the favor to call on me. I have promis'd him to send my designs for Comus when I have done them, directed to you.

Now I hope to see the Great Works of Art, as they are so near to Felpham: Paris being scarce further off than London. But I hope that France & England will henceforth be as One Country and their Arts One, & that you will ere long be erecting Monuments In Paris—Emblems of Peace.

My wife joins with me in love to You & Mrs. Flaxman.

I remain, Yours Sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[1] John Birch (1745-1815), surgeon.

[2] Peace with Napoleon Buonaparte, concluded in 1802.

I have just seen Weller.[1]—all y'r friends in the North are willing to await y'r leisure for Works of Marble, but Weller says it would soothe & comfort the good sister and the upright Mr. D. to see a little sketch from y'r hand. Adio.

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## LETTER XXI

### TO THOMAS BUTTS

Felpham,
*Jan^y* 10, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR very kind & affectionate Letter & the many kind things you have said in it, call'd upon me for an immediate answer; but it found My Wife & Myself so Ill, & My wife so very ill, that till now I have not been able to do this duty. The Ague & Rheumatism have been almost her constant Enemies, which she has combated in vain ever since we have been here; & her sickness is always my sorrow, of course. But what you tell me about your sight afflicted me not a little, & that about your health, in another part of your letter, makes me intreat you to take due care of both; it is a part of our duty to God & man to take due care of his Gifts; & tho' we ought not [to] think *more* highly of ourselves, yet we ought to think *As* highly of ourselves as immortals ought to think.

When I came down here, I was more sanguine than I am at present; but it was because I was ignorant of many things which have since occurred, & chiefly the unhealthiness of the place. Yet I do not repent of coming on a thousand accounts; & Mr. H., I doubt not, will do ultimately all that both he & I wish—that is, to lift me out of difficulty; but this is no easy matter to a man who, having Spiritual Enemies of such formidable magnitude, cannot expect to want natural hidden ones.

Your approbation of my pictures is a Multitude to Me, & I doubt

[1] Mr. Weller, woodcarver, of Chichester.

not that all your kind wishes in my behalf shall in due time be fulfilled. Your kind offer of pecuniary assistance I can only thank you for at present, because I have enough to serve my present purpose here; our expenses are small, & our income, from our incessant labour, fully adequate to [it *del.*] them at present. I am now engaged in Engraving 6 small plates for a New Edition of Mr. Hayley's Triumphs of Temper, from drawings by Maria Flaxman, sister to my friend the Sculptor, and it seems that other things will follow in course, if I do but Copy these well; but Patience! if Great things do not turn out, it is because such things depend on the Spiritual & not on the Natural World; & if it was fit for me, I doubt not that I should be Employ'd in Greater things; & when it is proper, my Talents shall be properly exercised in Public, as I hope they are now in private; for, till then, I leave no stone unturn'd & no path unexplor'd that lends to improvement in my beloved Arts. One thing of real consequence I have accomplish'd by coming into the country, which is to me consolation enough: namely, I have recollected all my scatter'd thoughts on Art & resumed my primitive & original ways of Execution in both painting & engraving, which in the confusion of London I had very much lost & obliterated from my mind. But whatever becomes of my labours, I would rather that they should be preserv'd in your Green House (not, as you mistakenly call it, dunghill) than in the cold gallery of fashion.—The Sun may yet shine, & then they will be brought into open air.

But you have so generously & openly desired that I will divide my griefs with you, that I cannot hide what it is now become my duty to explain.—My unhappiness has arisen from a source which, if explor'd too narrowly, might hurt my pecuniary circumstances, As my dependence is on Engraving at present, & particularly on the Engravings I have in hand for Mr. H.: & I find on all hands great objections to my doing anything but the meer drudgery of business, & intimations that if I do not confine myself to this, I shall not live; this has always pursu'd me. You will understand by this the source of all my uneasiness. This from Johnson & Fuseli

brought me down here, & this from Mr. H. will bring me back again; for that I cannot live without doing my duty to lay up treasures in heaven is Certain & Determined, & to this I have long made up my mind, & why this should be made an objection to Me, while Drunkenness, Lewdness, Gluttony & even Idleness itself, does not hurt other men, let Satan himself Explain. The Thing I have most at Heart—more than life, or all that seems to make life comfortable without—Is the Interest of True Religion & Science, & whenever any thing appears to affect that Interest (Especially if I myself omit any duty to my [Self *del.*] Station as a Soldier of Christ), It gives me the greatest of torments. I am not ashamed, afraid, or averse to tell you what Ought to be Told: That I am under the direction of Messengers from Heaven, Daily & Nightly; but the nature of such things is not, as some suppose, without trouble or care. Temptations are on the right hand & left; behind, the sea of time & space roars & follows swiftly; he who keeps not right onward is lost, & if our footsteps slide in clay, how can we do otherwise than fear & tremble? but I should not have troubled You with this account of my spiritual state, unless it had been necessary in explaining the actual cause of my uneasiness, into which you are so kind as to Enquire; for I never obtrude such things on others unless question'd, & then I never disguise the truth.—But if we fear to do the dictates of our Angels, & tremble at the Tasks set before us; if we refuse to do Spiritual Acts because of Natural Fears or Natural Desires! Who can describe the dismal torments of such a state!—I too well remember the Threats I heard!—" If you, who " are organised by Divine Providence for spiritual communion, " Refuse, & bury your Talent in the Earth, even tho' you should " want Natural Bread, Sorrow & Desperation pursues you thro' " life, & after death shame & confusion of face to eternity. Every " one in Eternity will leave you, aghast at the Man who was " crown'd with glory & honour by his brethren, & betray'd their " cause to their enemies. You will be call'd the base Judas who " betray'd his Friend! "—Such words would make any stout man tremble, & how then could I be at ease? But I am now no longer

in That State, & now go on again with my Task, Fearless, and tho' my path is difficult, I have no fear of stumbling while I keep it.

My wife desires her kindest Love to Mrs. Butts, & I have permitted her to send it to you also; we often wish that we could unite again in Society, & hope that the time is not distant when we shall do so, being determin'd not to remain another winter here, but to return to London.

I hear a Voice you cannot hear, that says I must not stay,
I see a Hand you cannot see, that beckons me away.

Naked we came here, naked of Natural things, & naked we shall return; but while cloth'd with the Divine Mercy, we are richly cloth'd in Spiritual & suffer all the rest gladly. Pray give my Love to Mrs. Butts & your family. I am, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

*P.S.* Your Obliging proposal of Exhibiting my two Pictures likewise calls for my thanks; I will finish the other, & then we shall judge of the matter with certainty.

## LETTER XXII

### TO THOMAS BUTTS

Felpham, *Nov^r* 22, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

MY Brother[1] tells me that he fears you are offended with me. I fear so too, because there appears some reason why you might be so. But when you have heard me out, you will not be so.

I have now given two years to the intense study of those parts of the art which relate to light & shade & colour, & am Convinc'd that either my understanding is incapable of comprehending the

[1] James Blake.

beauties of Colouring, or the Pictures which I painted for you Are Equal in Every part of the Art, & superior in One, to any thing that has been done since the age of Rafael.—All S^r^ J. Reynolds's discourses to the Royal Academy will shew that the Venetian finesse in Art can never be united with the Majesty of Colouring necessary to Historical beauty; & in a letter to the Rev^d^. Mr. Gilpin, author of a work on Picturesque Scenery, he says Thus:[1] " It may be worth " consideration whether the epithet Picturesque is not applicable " to the excellencies of the inferior Schools rather than to the higher. " The works of Michael Angelo, Rafael, &c., appear to me to have " nothing of it: whereas Rubens & the Venetian Painters may " almost be said to have Nothing Else.—Perhaps Picturesque is " somewhat synonymous to the word Taste, which we should think " improperly applied to Homer or Milton, but very well to Prior " or Pope. I suspect that the application of these words are to " Excellencies of an inferior order, & which are incompatible with " the Grand Style. You are certainly right in saying that variety " of Tints & Forms is Picturesque; but it must be remember'd, on " the other hand, that the reverse of this (*uniformity of Colour* & a " *long continuation of lines*) produces Grandeur."—So says Sir Joshua, and so say I; for I have now proved that the parts of the art which I neglected to display in those little pictures & drawings which I had the pleasure & profit to do for you, are incompatible with the designs.—There is nothing in the Art which our Painters do that I can confess myself ignorant of. I also Know & Understand & can assuredly affirm, that the works I have done for you are Equal to Carrache or Rafael (and I am now seven years older than Rafael was when he died), I say they are Equal to Carrache or Rafael, or Else I am Blind, Stupid, Ignorant and Incapable in two years' Study to understand those things which a Boarding school Miss can comprehend in a fortnight. Be assured, My dear Friend, that there is not one touch in those Drawings & Pictures but what came from my Head & my Heart in Unison; That I am Proud of being their Author and Grateful to you my Employer; & that I

[1] *Three Essays on Picturesque Beauty*, by William Gilpin, 1792, p. 35.

look upon you as the Chief of my Friends, whom I would endeavour to please, because you, among all men, have enabled me to produce these things. I would not send you a Drawing or a Picture till I had again reconsider'd my notions of Art, & had put myself back as if I was a learner. I have proved that I am Right, & shall now Go on with the Vigour I was in my Childhood famous for.

But I do not pretend to be Perfect: but, if my Works have faults, Carrache, Corregio, & Rafael's have faults also; let me observe that the yellow leather flesh of old men, the ill drawn & ugly young women, &, above all, the dawbed black & yellow shadows that are found in most fine, ay, & the finest pictures, I altogether reject as ruinous to Effect, tho' Connoisseurs may think otherwise.

Let me also notice that Carrache's Pictures are not like Correggio's, nor Correggio's like Rafael's; &, if neither of them was to be encouraged till he did like any of the others, he must die without Encouragement. My Pictures are unlike any of these Painters, & I would have them to be so. I think the manner I adopt More Perfect than any other; no doubt They thought the same of theirs.

You will be tempted to think that, as I improve, The Pictures, &c., that I did for you are not what I would now wish them to be. On this I beg to say That they are what I intended them, & that I know I never shall do better; for, if I were to do them over again, they would lose as much as they gain'd, because they were done in the heat of my Spirits.

But you will justly enquire why I have not written all this time to you? I answer I have been very Unhappy, & could not think of troubling you about it, or any of my real Friends. (I have written many letters to you which I burn'd & did not send) & why I have not before now finish'd the Miniature I promiss'd to Mrs. Butts? I answer I have not, till now, in any degree pleased myself, & now I must intreat you to Excuse faults, for Portrait Painting is the direct contrary to Designing & Historical Painting, in every respect. If you have not Nature before you for Every Touch, you cannot Paint Portrait; & if you have Nature before you at all, you cannot Paint History; it was Michael Angelo's opinion & is Mine. Pray

Give My Wife's love with mine to Mrs. Butts; assure her that it cannot be long before I have the pleasure of Painting from you in Person, & then that she may Expect a likeness, but now I have done All I could, & know she will forgive any failure in consideration of the Endeavour.

And now let me finish with assuring you that, Tho' I have been very unhappy, I am so no longer. I am again Emerged into the light of day; I still & shall to Eternity Embrace Christianity and Adore him who is the Express image of God; but I have travel'd thro' Perils & Darkness not unlike a Champion. I have Conquer'd, and shall Go on Conquering. Nothing can withstand the fury of my Course among the Stars of God & in the Abysses of the Accuser. My Enthusiasm is still what it was, only Enlarged and confirm'd.

I now Send Two Pictures & hope you will approve of them. I have inclosed the Account of Money receiv'd & Work done, which I ought long ago to have sent you; pray forgive Errors in omissions of this kind. I am incapable of many attentions which it is my Duty to observe towards you, thro' multitude of employment & thro' hope of soon seeing you again. I often omit to Enquire of you. But pray let me now hear how you do & of the welfare of your family.

Accept my Sincere love & respect.

I remain Yours Sincerely,

WILL[M] BLAKE.

A Piece of Sea Weed serves for a Barometer; at [it] gets wet & dry as the weather gets so.

# LETTER XXIII

## TO THOMAS BUTTS

[22 *November*, 1802.]

DEAR SIR,

AFTER I had finish'd my Letter, I found that I had not said half what I intended to say, & in particular I wish to ask you what subject you choose to be painted on the remaining Canvas which I brought down with me (for there were three), and to tell you that several of the Drawings were in great forwardness; you will see by the Inclosed Account that the remaining Number of Drawings which you gave me orders for is Eighteen. I will finish these with all possible Expedition, if indeed I have not tired you, or, as it is politely call'd, Bored you too much already; or, if you would rather cry out " Enough, Off, Off! ", tell me in a Letter of forgiveness if you were offended, & of accustom'd friendship if you were not. But I will bore you more with some Verses which My Wife desires me to Copy out & send you with her kind love & Respect; they were Composed above a twelvemonth ago, [on a *del.*] while walking from Felpham to Lavant to meet my Sister:

With happiness stretch'd across the hills
In a cloud that dewy sweetness distills,
With a blue sky spread over with wings
And a mild sun that mounts & sings,
With trees & fields full of Fairy elves
And little devils who fight for themselves—
Rememb'ring the Verses that Hayley sung
When my heart knock'd against the root of my tongue—[1]
With Angels planted in Hawthorn bowers

[1] *The two lines beginning,* " Rememb'ring the Verses," *are written in the margin and marked*: " These 2 lines were omitted in transcribing & ought to " come in at X."

And God himself in the passing hours,
With Silver Angels across my way
And Golden Demons that none can stay,
With my Father hovering upon the wind
And my Brother Robert just behind
And my Brother John, the evil one,
In a black cloud making his mone;
Tho' dead, they appear upon my path,
Notwithstanding my terrible wrath:
They beg, they intreat, they drop their tears,
Fill'd full of hopes, fill'd full of fears—
With a thousand Angels upon the Wind
Pouring disconsolate from behind
To drive them off, & before my way.
A frowning Thistle implores my stay.
What to others a trifle appears
Fills me full of smiles or tears;
For double the vision my Eyes do see,
And a double vision is always with me.
With my inward Eye 'tis an old Man grey;
With my outward, a Thistle across my way.
" If thou goest back," the thistle said,
" Thou art to endless woe betray'd;
" For here does Theotormon lower
" And here is Enitharmon's bower
" And Los the terrible thus hath sworn,
" Because thou backward dost return,
" Poverty, Envy, old age & fear
" Shall bring thy Wife upon a bier;
" And Butts shall give what Fuseli gave,
" A dark black Rock & a gloomy Cave."

I struck the Thistle with my foot,
And broke him up from his delving root
" Must the duties of life each other cross?

" Must every joy be dung & dross?
" Must my dear Butts feel cold neglect
" Because I give Hayley his due respect?
" Must Flaxman look upon me as wild,
" And all my friends be with doubts beguil'd?
" Must my Wife live in my Sister's bane,
" Or my Sister survive on my Love's pain?
" The curses of Los, the terrible shade,
" And his dismal terrors make me afraid."

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

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

When I had my Defiance given,
The Sun stood trembling in heaven;
The Moon that glow'd remote below,
Became leprous & white as snow;
And every soul of men on the Earth

Felt affliction & sorrow & sickness & dearth.
Los flam'd in my path, & the Sun was hot
With the bows of my Mind & the Arrows of Thought—
My bowstring fierce with Ardour breathes,
My arrows glow in their golden sheaves;
My brother & father march before;
The heavens drop with human gore.

Now I a fourfold vision see,
And a fourfold vision is given to me;
'Tis fourfold in my supreme delight
And threefold in soft Beulah's night
And twofold Always. May God us keep
From Single vision & Newton's sleep!

I also inclose you some Ballads by Mr. Hayley,[1] with prints to them by your H^ble^ Serv^t^. I should have sent them before now, but could not get any thing done for you to please myself; for I do assure you that I have truly studied the two little pictures I now send, & do not repent of the time I have spent upon them.

God bless you.

Yours,

W.B.

*P.S.* I have taken the liberty to trouble you with a letter to my Brother, which you will be so kind as to send or give him, & oblige yours,

W.B.

[1] *Designs to a Series of Ballads written by William Hayley*, Chichester, 1802, 4°, with fourteen engravings by Blake.

# POEMS AND FRAGMENTS FROM THE ROSSETTI MANUSCRIPT

*Written about* 1800-1803

1

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

[" (Her *del.*) Thy weeping (she *del.*) thou shall ne'er give o'er:
" I sin against (her *del.*) thee more & more,
" And never will from sin be free
" Till she forgives & comes to me " *del.*]

[ (4 *del.*) 5
" Thou hast parted from my side:
" Once thou wast a virgin bride.
" Never shalt thou a (lover *del.*) true love find:
" My Spectre follows thee Behind." *del.*]

[ 2
A deep winter (night *del.*) dark & cold
(In a dark cold winter night
Within my (love's *del.*) Heart)
Within my heart thou didst unfold
A Fathomless & boundless deep;
There we wander, there we weep. *del.*]

[ (3 *del.*) 4
1 When my Love did first begin,
2 Thou didst call that Love a Sin:
3 Secret trembling night & day
4 Driving all my Loves away. *del.*]

2
A Fathomless & boundless deep,
There we wander, there we weep;
On the hungry craving wind
My Spectre follows thee behind.

[6 *del.*] 3
He scents thy footsteps in the snow,
Wheresoever thou dost go
Thro' the wintry hail & rain.
When wilt thou return again?

[6 *del.*] 4
[Didst *del.*] Dost thou not in Pride & scorn
Fill with tempests all my morn,
And with jealousies & fears
Fill my pleasant nights with tears?

[7 *del.*] [4 *del.*] 5
Seven of my sweet loves thy knife
Has bereaved of their life.
Their marble tombs I built with tears
And with cold & shuddering fears.

[8 *del.*] [5 *del.*] 6
Seven more loves weep night & day
Round the tombs where my loves lay,
And seven more loves attend each night
Around my couch with torches bright.

[6 *del.*] 7
And seven more Loves in my bed
Crown with wine my mournful head,
Pitying & forgiving all
Thy transgressions, great & small.

[10 *del.*] [7 *del.*] 8
When wilt thou return & view
My loves, & them to life renew?
When wilt thou return & live?
When wilt thou pity [& *del.*] as I forgive?

9
" Never, Never I return:
" Still for Victory I burn.
" Living, thee alone I'll have
" And when dead I'll be thy Grave.

10
" Thro' the Heaven & Earth & Hell
" Thou shalt never never quell:
" I will fly & thou pursue,
" Night & Morn the flight renew."

11
Till [thou *del.*] I turn from Female Love,
And [dig *del.*] root up the Infernal Grove,
[Thou *del.*] I shall never worthy be
To Step into Eternity.

12
And, to end thy cruel mocks,
Annihilate thee on the rocks,
And another form create
To be subservient to my Fate.

13
Let us agree to give up Love,
And root up the infernal grove;
Then shall we return & see
The worlds of happy Eternity.

14

& Throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me.
As our dear Redeemer said:
" This the Wine & this the Bread."

1

O'er [thy *del.*] my Sins thou sit & moan:
Hast thou no sins of thy own?
O'er [thy *del.*] my Sins thou sit & weep,
And lull [my *del.*] thy own Sins fast asleep.

2

What Transgressions I commit
Are for thy Transgressions fit.
They thy Harlots, thou their slave,
And my Bed becomes their Grave.

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

And let us go to the [*word illegible*]
[*Line illegible*]
Woman that does not love your wiles
Shall never [*words illegible*] your smiles.

---

2

WHEN a Man has Married a Wife, he finds out whether
Her knees & elbows are only glewed together.

3

## ON THE VIRGINITY OF THE VIRGIN MARY & JOHANNA SOUTHCOTT

WHATE'ER is done to her she cannot know,
And if you'll ask her she will [tell you *del.*] swear it so.
Whether 'tis good or evil none's to blame:
No one can take the pride, no one the shame.

4

MOCK on, Mock on Voltaire, Rousseau:
Mock on, Mock on: 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

And every sand becomes a Gem
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back they blind the mocking Eye,
But still in Israel's paths they shine.

The Atoms of Democritus
And Newton's Particles of light
Are sands upon the Red sea shore,
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

5

I SAW a Monk of [Constantine *del.*] Charlemaine
Arise before my sight:
I talk'd to the Grey Monk where he stood
In beams of infernal light.

2 Gibbon arose with a lash of steel,
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel.
[Charlemaine & his barons bold *del.*]
The Schools in Clouds of Learning roll'd
Arose with War in iron & gold.

3 " [Seditious *del.*] Thou Lazy Monk," [said Charlemaine *del.*]
they said afar,
[" The Glory of War thou condemn'st in vain *del.*]
" In vain condemning Glorious War,
" And in thy Cell thou shall ever dwell.
" Rise, War, & bind him in his Cell! "

4 The blood red ran from the Grey monk's side,
His hands & feet were wounded wide,
His body bent, his arms & knees
Like to the roots of ancient trees.

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

His Eye was dry, no tear could flow,
A hollow groan first spoke his woe.
[*A line del.*]
He trembl'd & shudder'd upon the bed:
At length with a feeble cry he said:

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

" My brother starv'd between two walls;
" Thy children's cry my soul appalls.
" [But *del.*] I mock'd at the wrack & griding chain:
" My bent body mocks at their torturing pain.

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

" But vain the sword & vain the bow,
" They never can work war's overthrow.
" The Hermit's prayer & the widow's tear
" Alone can free the world from fear.

" The hand of vengeance sought the bed
" To which the purple tyrant fled.
" The iron hand crush'd the tyrant's head
" [And usurp'd the tyrant's throne & bed *del.*]
" And became a tyrant in his stead.

" Untill the Tyrant himself relent,
" The Tyrant who first the black bow bent,
" Slaughter shall heap the bloody plain;
" Resistance & war is the Tyrant's gain.

" But The Tear of Love & forgiveness sweet
" And submission to death beneath his feet—
" The tear shall melt the sword of steel,
" And every wound it has made shall heal.

" For the tear is an intellectual thing,
" And a sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
" And the bitter groan [for another's *del.*] of the Martyr's woe
" Is an arrow from the Almightie's bow."

[*Additional stanzas*]

When Satan first the black bow bent
And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent,
He forg'd the Law into a Sword
And spill'd the blood of Mercy's Lord.

[O, Charlemaine! O, Charlemaine! *del.*]
Titus! Constantine! Charlemaine!
O Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! vain
Your [mocks & scorn *del.*] Grecian mocks & Roman sword
Against this image of his Lord.

A tear is an &c.

Gibbon plied his lash of steel:
Voltaire turn'd his wracking wheel:
Charlemaine & his barons bold
Stood by & mocked in iron & gold.

The Wheel of Voltaire whirl'd on high,
Gibbon aloud his lash does ply,
Charlemaine & his clouds of War
Muster around the Polar Star.

A Grecian Scoff is a wracking wheel.
The Roman pride is a sword of steel.
Glory & Victory a [*words del.*] Whip . . .

6

## MORNING

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

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

---

7

TERROR in the house does roar,
But Pity stands before the door.

---

8

[4] [THIS world *del.*] Each Man is in [the *del.*] his Spectre's power
[3] Untill the arrival of that hour,
[1] [Untill *del.*] When [the *del.*] his Humanity awake
[2] And cast [the *del.*] his own Spectre into the Lake.

And there to Eternity aspire
The selfhood in a flame of fire
Till then the Lamb of God . . .

9

BENEATH the white thorn, lovely May,
[Three Virgins at the Break of day,
" Whither, Young Man, whither away? *del.*]
" Alas for wo! alas for wo! alas for wo! "
They cry & tears for ever flow.
3 The one was cloth'd in flames of fire,
4 The other cloth'd in [sweet desire *del.*] Iron wire,
5 The other cloth'd in [sighs *del.*] & tears & sighs,
6 Dazzling bright before my Eyes.
1 They bore a Net of Golden twine
2 To hang upon the branches fine.
7 [Pitying, I wept to see the woe
8 That Love & Beauty undergo—
9 To be consum'd in burning fires
And in Ungratified desires. *del.*]
And in tears cloth'd night & day
Melted all my soul away.
When they saw my tears, a smile
That did heaven itself beguile,
Bore the Golden net aloft
As by downy pinions soft
O'er the morning of my day.
Underneath the net I stray,
Now intreating flaming fire,
Now intreating [sweet desire *del.*] iron wire,
Now intreating tears & sighs.
[When *del.*] O when will the Morning rise?

[*opening passage rewritten and del.*]
Beneath the white thorn, lovely may,
Three Virgins at the break of day,
The one was cloth'd in flames of fire,
The other cloth'd in [sweet desire *del.*] iron wire,
The other cloth'd in tears & sighs,
Dazzling bright before my eyes.

[*additional passage del.*]

Wings they had [& when they chose *del.*] that soft inclose
Round their body when they chose;
They would let them down at will,
Or make translucent . . .

---

10

## THE BIRDS

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

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

He. O thou Summer's harmony,
I have liv'd & mourn'd for thee.
Each day I mourn along the wood,
And night hath heard my sorrows loud.

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

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

[END OF ROSSETTI MS. 1801-1803]

# POEMS FROM THE PICKERING MANUSCRIPT

*Fair copy made about* 1803

## THE SMILE

THERE is a Smile of Love,
And there is a Smile of Deceit,
And there is a Smile of Smiles
In which these two Smiles meet.

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

For it sticks in the Heart's deep Core
And it sticks in the deep Back bone;
And no Smile that ever was smil'd,
But only one Smile alone,

That betwixt the Cradle & Grave
It only once Smil'd can be;
But, when it once is Smil'd,
There's an end to all Misery.

## THE GOLDEN NET

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

## THE MENTAL TRAVELLER

I TRAVEL'D thro' a Land of Men,
A Land of Men & Women too,
And heard & saw such dreadful things
As cold Earth wanderers never knew.

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

And if the Babe is born a Boy
He's given to a Woman Old,
Who nails him down upon a rock,
Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.

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

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

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

He plants himself in all her Nerves,
Just as a Husbandman his mould;
And she becomes his dwelling place
And Garden fruitful seventy fold.

An aged Shadow, soon he fades,
Wand'ring round an Earthly Cot,
Full filled all with gems & gold
Which he by industry had got.

And these are the gems of the Human Soul,
The rubies & pearls of a lovesick eye,-
The countless gold of the akeing heart,
The martyr's groan & the lover's sigh.

They are his meat, they are his drink;
He feeds the Beggar & the Poor
And the wayfaring Traveller:
For ever open is his door.

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

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

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

He wanders weeping far away,
Untill some other take him in;
Oft blind & age-bent, sore distrest,
Untill he can a Maiden win.

And to allay his freezing Age
The Poor Man takes her in his arms;
The Cottage fades before his sight,
The Garden & its lovely Charms.

The Guests are scatter'd thro' the land,
For the Eye altering alters all;
The Senses roll themselves in fear,
And the flat Earth becomes a Ball;

The stars, sun, Moon, all shrink away,
A desart vast without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
And a dark desart all around.

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

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

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

By various arts of Love & Hate,
Till the wide desart planted o'er
With Labyrinths of wayward Love,
Where roam the Lion, Wolf & Boar,

Till he becomes a wayward Babe,
And she a weeping Woman Old.
Then many a Lover wanders here;
The Sun & Stars are nearer roll'd.

The trees bring forth sweet Extacy
To all who in the desart roam;
Till many a City there is Built,
And many a pleasant Shepherd's home.

But when they find the frowning Babe,
Terror strikes thro' the region wide:
They cry " The Babe! the Babe is Born! "
And flee away on Every side.

For who dare touch the frowning form,
His arm is wither'd to its root;
Lions, Boars, Wolves, all howling flee,
And every Tree does shed its fruit.

And none can touch that frowning form,
Except it be a Woman Old;
She nails him down upon the Rock,
And all is done as I have told.

## THE LAND OF DREAMS

AWAKE, awake, my little Boy!
Thou wast thy Mother's only joy;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
Awake! thy Father does thee keep.

" O, what Land is the Land of Dreams?
" What are its Mountains & what are its Streams?
" O Father, I saw my Mother there,
" Among the Lillies by waters fair.

" Among the Lambs, clothed in white,
" She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight.
" I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn;
" O! when shall I again return? "

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

" Father, O Father! what do we here
" In this Land of unbelief & fear?
" The Land of Dreams is better far,
" Above the light of the Morning Star."

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## MARY

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

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

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

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

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

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

" To be weak as a Lamb & smooth as a'dove,
" And not to raise Envy, is call'd Christian Love;
" But if you raise Envy your Merit's to blame
" For planting such spite in the weak & the tame.

" I will humble my Beauty, I will not dress fine,
" I will keep from the Ball, & my Eyes shall not shine;
" And if any Girl's Lover forsakes her for me,
" I'll refuse him my hand & from Envy be free."

She went out in Morning attir'd plain & neat;
" Proud Mary's gone Mad," said the Child in the Street;
She went out in Morning in plain neat attire,
And came home in Evening bespatter'd with mire.

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

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

And thine is a Face of sweet Love in despair,
And thine is a Face of mild sorrow & care,
And thine is a Face of wild terror & fear
That shall never be quiet till laid on its bier.

## THE CRYSTAL CABINET

THE Maiden caught me in the Wild,
Where I was dancing merrily;
She put me into her Cabinet
And Lock'd me up with a golden Key.

This Cabinet is form'd of Gold
And Pearl & Crystal shining bright,
And within it opens into a World
And a little lovely Moony Night.

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

Another Maiden like herself,
Translucent, lovely, shining clear,
Threefold each in the other clos'd—
O, what a pleasant trembling fear!

O, what a smile! a threefold Smile
Fill'd me, that like a flame I burn'd;
I bent to Kiss the lovely Maid,
And found a Threefold Kiss return'd.

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

A weeping Babe upon the wild,
And Weeping Woman pale reclin'd,
And in the outward air again
I fill'd with woes the passing Wind.

## THE GREY MONK

"I DIE, I die!" the Mother said,
"My Children die for lack of Bread.
"What more has the merciless Tyrant said?"
The Monk sat down on the Stony Bed.

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

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

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

" My Brother starv'd between two Walls,
" His Children's Cry my Soul appalls;
" I mock'd at the wrack & griding chain,
" My bent body mocks their torturing pain.

" Thy Father drew his sword in the North,
" With his thousands strong he marched forth;
" Thy Brother has arm'd himself in Steel
" To avenge the wrongs thy Children feel.

" But vain the Sword & vain the Bow,
" They never can work War's overthrow.
" The Hermit's Prayer & the Widow's tear
" Alone can free the World from fear.

" For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing,
" And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
" And the bitter groan of the Martyr's woe
" Is an Arrow from the Almightie's Bow.

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

## AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

TO see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.
A Robin Red breast in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a Rage.
A dove house fill'd with doves & Pigeons
Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.
A dog starv'd at his Master's Gate
Predicts the ruin of the State.
A Horse misus'd upon the Road
Calls to Heaven for Human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted Hare
A fibre from the Brain does tear.
A Skylark wounded in the wing,
A Cherubim does cease to sing.
The Game Cock clip'd & arm'd for fight
Does the Rising Sun affright.
Every Wolf's & Lion's howl
Raises from Hell a Human Soul.
The wild deer, wand'ring here & there,
Keeps the Human Soul from Care.
The Lamb misus'd breeds Public strife
And yet forgives the Butcher's Knife.
The Bat that flits at close of Eve
Has left the Brain that won't Believe.

The Owl that calls upon the Night
Speaks the Unbeliever's fright.
He who shall hurt the little Wren
Shall never be belov'd by Men.
He who the Ox to wrath has mov'd
Shall never be by Woman lov'd.
The wanton Boy that kills the Fly
Shall feel the Spider's enmity.
He who torments the Chafer's sprite
Weaves a Bower in endless Night.
The Catterpiller on the Leaf
Repeats to thee thy Mother's grief.
Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly,
For the Last Judgment draweth nigh.
He who shall train the Horse to War
Shall never pass the Polar Bar.
The Begger's Dog & Widow's Cat,
Feed them & thou wilt grow fat.
The Gnat that sings his Summer's song
Poison gets from Slander's tongue.
The poison of the Snake & Newt
Is the sweat of Envy's Foot.
The Poison of the Honey Bee
Is the Artist's Jealousy.
The Prince's Robes & Beggar's Rags
Are Toadstools on the Miser's Bags.
A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the Lies you can invent.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for Joy & Woe;
And when this we rightly know
Thro' the World we safely go.
Joy & Woe are woven fine,
A Clothing for the Soul divine;
Under every grief & pine

Runs a joy with silken twine.
The Babe is more than swadling Bands;
Throughout all these Human Lands
Tools were made, & Born were hands,
Every Farmer Understands.
Every Tear from Every Eye
Becomes a Babe in Eternity;
This is caught by Females bright
And return'd to its own delight.
The Bleat, the Bark, Bellow & Roar
Are Waves that Beat on Heaven's Shore.
The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath
Writes Revenge in realms of death.
The Beggar's Rags, fluttering in Air,
Does to Rags the Heavens tear.
The Soldier, arm'd with Sword & Gun,
Palsied strikes the Summer's Sun.
The poor Man's Farthing is worth more
Than all the Gold on Afric's Shore.
One Mite wrung from the Labrer's hands
Shall buy & sell the Miser's Lands:
Or, if protected from on high,
Does that whole Nation sell & buy.
He who mocks the Infant's Faith
Shall be mock'd in Age & Death.
He who shall teach the Child to Doubt
The rotting Grave shall ne'er get out.
He who respects the Infant's faith
Triumphs over Hell & Death.
The Child's Toys & the Old Man's Reasons
Are the Fruits of the Two seasons.
The Questioner, who sits so sly,
Shall never know how to Reply.
He who replies to words of Doubt
Doth put the Light of Knowledge out.

The Strongest Poison ever known
Came from Caesar's Laurel Crown.
Nought can deform the Human Race
Like to the Armour's iron brace.
When Gold & Gems adorn the Plow
To peaceful Arts shall Envy Bow.
A Riddle or the Cricket's Cry
Is to Doubt a fit Reply.
The Emmet's Inch & Eagle's Mile
Make Lame Philosophy to smile.
He who Doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er Believe, do what you Please.
If the Sun & Moon should doubt,
They'd immediately Go out.
To be in a Passion you Good may do,
But no Good if a Passion is in you.
The Whore & Gambler, by the State
Licenc'd, build that Nation's Fate.
The Harlot's cry from Street to Street
Shall weave Old England's winding Sheet.
The Winner's Shout, the Loser's Curse,
Dance before dead England's Hearse.
Every Night & every Morn
Some to Misery are Born.
Every Morn & every Night
Some are Born to sweet delight.
Some are Born to sweet delight,
Some are Born to Endless Night.
We are led to Believe a Lie
When we see [With *del.*] not Thro' the Eye
Which was Born in a Night to perish in a Night
When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light.
God Appears & God is Light
To those poor Souls who dwell in Night,
But does a Human Form Display
To those who Dwell in Realms of day.

## LONG JOHN BROWN & LITTLE MARY BELL

[PRETTY *del.*] Little Mary Bell had a Fairy in a Nut,
[Young *del.*] Long John Brown had the Devil in his Gut;
[Young *del.*] Long John Brown lov'd [Pretty *del.*] Little Mary Bell,
And the Fairy drew the Devil into the Nut-shell.

Her Fairy Skip'd out & her Fairy Skip'd in;
He laugh'd at the Devil saying ' Love is a Sin.'
The Devil he raged & the Devil he was wroth,
And the Devil enter'd into the Young Man's broth.

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

Some said he had a Wolf in his stomach day & night,
Some said he had the Devil & they guess'd right;
The Fairy skip'd about in his Glory, Joy & Pride,
And he laugh'd at the Devil till poor John Brown died.

Then the Fairy skip'd out of the old Nut shell,
And woe & alack for Pretty Mary Bell!
For the Devil crept in when the Fairy skip'd out,
And there goes Miss Bell with her fusty old Nut.

## WILLIAM BOND

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

He went to Church in a May morning
Attended by Fairies, one, two & three;
But the Angels of Providence drove them away,
And he return'd home in Misery.

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

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

And on his Right hand was Mary Green,
And on his Left hand was his Sister Jane,
And their tears fell thro' the black, black Cloud
To drive away the sick man's pain.

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

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

" For thou art Melancholy Pale,
" And on thy Head is the cold Moon's shine,
" But she is ruddy & bright as day,
" And the sun beams dazzle from her eyne."

Mary trembled & Mary chill'd
And Mary fell down on the right hand floor,
That William Bond & his Sister Jane
Scarce could recover Mary more.

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

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

I thought Love liv'd in the hot sun shine,
But O, he lives in the Moony light!
I thought to find Love in the heat of day,
But sweet Love is the Comforter of Night.

Seek Love in the Pity of others' Woe,
In the gentle relief of another's care,
In the darkness of night & the winter's snow,
In the naked & outcast, Seek Love there!

[END OF PICKERING MS.]

# LETTER XXIV

## TO JAMES BLAKE

Felpham,
*Jan*$^{y}$ 30, 1803.

DEAR BROTHER,

YOUR Letter mentioning Mr. Butts' account of my Ague surprized me because I have no Ague, but have had a Cold this Winter. You know that it is my way to make the best of everything. I never make myself nor my friends uneasy if I can help it. My Wife has had Agues & Rheumatism almost ever since she has been here, but our time is almost out that we took the Cottage for. I did not mention our Sickness to you & should not to Mr. Butts but for a determination which we have lately made, namely To leave This Place, because I am now certain of what I have long doubted, Viz that H. is jealous as Stothard was & will be no further My friend than he is compell'd by circumstances. The truth is, As a Poet he is frightened at me & as a Painter his views & mine are opposite; he thinks to turn me into a Portrait Painter as he did Poor Romney, but this he nor all the devils in hell will never do. I must own that seeing H. like S., envious (& that he is I am now certain) made me very uneasy, but it is over & I now defy the worst & fear not while I am true to myself which I will be. This is the uneasiness I spoke of to Mr. Butts, but I did not tell him so plain & wish you to keep it a secret & to burn this letter because it speaks so plain. I told Mr. Butts that [I] did not wish to explain too much the cause of our determination to leave Felpham because of pecuniary connexions between H. & me—Be not then uneasy on any account & tell my Sister not to be uneasy, for I am fully Employed & Well Paid. I have made it so much H's interest to employ me that he can no longer treat me with indifference & now it is in my power to stay or return or remove to any other place that I choose, because I am getting beforehand in money matters. The Profits arising from Publication are immense, & I now have it in my power to commence publication with many very formidable works, which I have finished & ready. A Book price half a guinea may be got out

at the Expense of Ten pounds & its almost certain profits are 500 G. I am only sorry that I did not know the methods of publishing years ago, & this is one of the numerous benefits I have obtained by coming here, for I should never have known the nature of Publication unless I had known H. & his connexions & his method of managing. It now would be folly not to venture publishing. I am now engraving Six little plates for a little work[1] of Mr. H's, for which I am to have 10 Guineas each, & the certain profits of that work are a fortune such as would make me independent, supposing that I would substantiate such a one of my own & I mean to try many. But I again say as I said before, We are very Happy sitting at tea by a wood fire in our Cottage, the wind singing about our roof & the Sea roaring at a distance, but if sickness comes all is unpleasant.

But my letter to Mr. Butts appears to me not to be so explicit as that to you, for I told you that I should come to London in the Spring to commence Publisher & he has offered me every assistance in his power without knowing my intention. But since I wrote yours we had made the resolution of which we informed him, viz to leave Felpham entirely. I also told you what I was about & that I was not ignorant of what was doing in London in works of art. But I did not mention Illness because I hoped to get better (for I was really very ill when I wrote to him the last time) & was not then perswaded as I am now that the air tho' warm is unhealthy.

However, this I know will set you at Ease. I am now so full of work that I have had no time to go on with the Ballads, & my prospects of more & more work continually are certain. My Heads of Cowper for Mr. H's life of Cowper have pleased his Relations exceedingly & in Particular Lady Hesketh & Lord Cowper—to please Lady H. was a doubtful chance who almost ador'd her Cousin the poet & thought him all perfection, & she writes that she is quite satisfied with the portraits & charm'd by the great Head in particular, tho' she never could bear the original Picture.

But I ought to mention to you that our present idea is: To take

[1] Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper*, 1803.

a house in some village further from the Sea, Perhaps Lavant, & in or near the road to London for the sake of convenience. I also ought to inform [you] that I read your letter to Mr. H. & that he is very afraid of losing me & also very afraid that my Friends in London should have a bad opinion of the reception he has given to me. But My Wife has undertaken to Print the whole number of the Plates for Cowper's work, which she does to admiration, & being under my own eye the prints are as fine as the French prints & please everyone. In short I have got everything so under my thumb that it is more profitable that things should be as they are than any other way, tho' not so agreeable, because we wish naturally for friendship in preference to interest. The Publishers are already indebted to My Wife Twenty Guineas for work deliver'd; this is a small specimen of how we go on. Then fear nothing & let my Sister fear nothing because it appears to me that I am now too old & have had too much experience to be any longer imposed upon, only illness makes all uncomfortable & this we must prevent by every means in our power.

I send with this 5 Copies of N4 of the Ballads [1] for Mrs. Flaxman & Five more, two of which you will be so good as to give to Mrs. Chetwynd if she should call or send for them. These Ballads are likely to be Profitable, for we have Sold all that we have had time to print. Evans the Bookseller in Pall Mall says they go off very well, & why should we repent of having done them? it is doing Nothing that is to be repented of & not doing such things as these.

Pray remember us both to Mr. Hall when you see him.

I write in great haste & with a head full of botheration about various projected works & particularly a work now Proposed to the Public at the end of Cowper's Life, which will very likely be of great consequence. It is Cowper's Milton, the same that Fuseli's Milton Gallery was painted for, & if we succeed in our intentions the prints to this work will be very profitable to me and not only profitable, but honourable at anyrate.[2] The Project pleases Lord

[1] Hayley's *Ballads*, 1802.

[2] These plates were not engraved.

Cowper's family, & I am now labouring in my thoughts Designs for this & other works equally creditable. These are works to be boasted of, & therefore I cannot feel depress'd, tho' I know that as far as Designing & Poetry are concern'd I am envied in many quarters, but I will cram the dogs, for I know that the Public are my friends & love my works & will embrace them whenever they see them. My only Difficulty is to produce fast enough.

I go on Merrily with my Greek & Latin; am very sorry that I did not begin to learn languages early in life as I find it very easy; am now learning my Hebrew איוב. I read Greek as fluently as an Oxford scholar & the Testament is my chief master: astonishing indeed is the English Translation, it is almost word for word, & if the Hebrew Bible is as well translated, which I do not doubt it is, we need not doubt of its having been translated as well as written by the Holy Ghost.

My Wife joins me in Love to you both.

I am,
Sincerely Yours,
W. BLAKE.

## LETTER XXV

### TO THOMAS BUTTS

Felpham,
*April* 25, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR,

I WRITE in haste, having reciev'd a pressing Letter from my Brother. I intended to have sent the Picture of the Riposo,[1] which is nearly finish'd much to my satisfaction, but not quite; you shall have it soon. I now send the 4 Numbers for Mr. Birch, with best Respects to him. The Reason the Ballads have been suspended is the pressure of other business, but they will go on again soon.[2]

[1] This picture is believed to have been destroyed.
[2] No further numbers were published.

Accept of my thanks for your kind & heartening Letter. You have Faith in the Endeavours of Me, your weak brother & fellow Disciple; how great must be your faith in our Divine Master! You are to me a Lesson of Humility, while you Exalt me by such distinguishing commendations. I know that you see certain merits in me, which, by God's Grace, shall be made fully apparent & perfect in Eternity; in the mean time I must not bury the Talents in the Earth, but do my endeavour to live to the Glory of our Lord & Saviour; & I am also grateful to the kind hand that endeavours to lift me out of despondency, even if it lifts me too high.

And now, My Dear Sir, Congratulate me on my return to London, with the full approbation of Mr. Hayley & with Promise—But, Alas!

Now I may say to you, what perhaps I should not dare to say to anyone else: That I can alone carry on my visionary studies in London unannoy'd, & that I may converse with my friends in Eternity, See Visions, Dream Dreams & prophecy & speak Parables unobserv'd & at liberty from the Doubts of other Mortals; perhaps Doubts proceeding from Kindness, but Doubts are always pernicious, Especially when we Doubt our Friends. Christ is very decided on this Point: " He who is Not With Me is Against Me." There is no Medium or Middle state; & if a Man is the Enemy of my Spiritual Life while he pretends to be the Friend of my Corporeal, he is a Real Enemy—but the Man may be the friend of my Spiritual Life while he seems the Enemy of my Corporeal, but Not Vice Versa.

What is very pleasant, Every one who hears of my going to London again Applauds it as the only course for the interest of all concern'd in My Works, Observing that I ought not to be away from the opportunities London affords of seeing fine Pictures, and the various improvements in Works of Art going on in London.

But none can know the Spiritual Acts of my three years' Slumber on the banks of the Ocean, unless he has seen them in the Spirit, or unless he should read My long Poem descriptive of those Acts; for I have in these three years composed an immense number of verses

on One Grand Theme, Similar to Homer's Iliad or Milton's Paradise Lost, the Persons & Machinery intirely new to the Inhabitants of Earth (some of the Persons Excepted). I have written this Poem from immediate Dictation, twelve or sometimes twenty or thirty lines at a time, without Premeditation & even against my Will; the Time it has taken in writing was thus render'd Non Existent, & an immense Poem Exists which seems to be the Labour of a long Life, all produc'd without Labour or Study. I mention this to shew you what I think the Grand Reason of my being brought down here.

I have a thousand & ten thousand things to say to you. My heart is full of futurity. I percieve that the sore travel which has been given me these three years leads to Glory & Honour. I rejoice & I tremble: "I am fearfully & wonderfully made." I had been reading the cxxxix Psalm a little before your Letter arrived. I take your advice. I see the face of my Heavenly Father; he lays his Hand upon my Head & gives a blessing to all my works; why should I be troubled? why should my heart & flesh cry out? I will go on in the Strength of the Lord; through Hell will I sing forth his Praises, that the Dragons of the Deep may praise him, & that those who dwell in darkness & in the Sea coasts may be gather'd into his Kingdom. Excuse my, perhaps, too great Enthusiasm. Please to accept of & give our Loves to Mrs. Butts & your amiable Family, & believe me to be,

Ever Yours Affectionately,

WILL BLAKE.

# LETTER XXVI

## TO THOMAS BUTTS

Felpham,
*July* 6, 1803.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND you the Riposo, which I hope you will think my best Picture in many respects. It represents the Holy Family in Egypt, Guarded in their Repose from those Fiends, the Egyptian Gods, and tho' not directly taken from a Poem of Milton's (for till I had design'd it Milton's Poem did not come into my Thoughts), Yet it is very similar to his Hymn on the Nativity, which you will find among his smaller Poems, & will read with great delight. I have given, in the background, a building, which may be supposed the ruin of a Part of Nimrod's tower,[1] which I conjecture to have spread over many Countries; for he ought to be reckon'd of the Giant brood.

I have now on the Stocks the following drawings for you: 1. Jephthah sacrificing his Daughter; 2. Ruth & her mother in Law & Sister; 3. The three Maries at the Sepulcher; 4. The Death of Joseph; 5. The Death of the Virgin Mary; 6. St. Paul Preaching; & 7. The Angel of the Divine Presence clothing Adam & Eve with Coats of Skins.

These are all in great forwardness, & I am satisfied that I improve very much & shall continue to do so while I live, which is a blessing I can never be too thankful for both to God & Man.

We look forward every day with pleasure toward our meeting again in London with those whom we have learn'd to value by absence no less perhaps than we did by presence; for recollection often surpasses every thing, indeed, the prospect of returning to our friends is supremely delightful—Then, I am determin'd that Mrs. Butts shall have a good likeness of You, if I have hands & eyes left;

[1] The Tower of Babel.

for I am become a likeness taker & succeed admirably well; but this is not to be atchiev'd without the original sitting before you for Every touch, all likenesses from memory being necessarily very, very defective; but Nature & Fancy are Two Things & can Never be joined; neither ought any one to attempt it, for it is Idolatry & destroys the Soul.

I ought to tell you that Mr. H. is quite agreeable to our return, & that there is all the appearance in the world of our being fully employ'd in Engraving for his projected Works, Particularly Cowper's Milton, a Work now on foot by Subscription, & I understand that the Subscription goes on briskly. This work is to be a very Elegant one & to consist of All Milton's Poems, with Cowper's Notes and translations by Cowper from Milton's Latin & Italian Poems.[1] These works will be ornamented with Engravings from Designs from Romney, Flaxman & Y^r^ hble Serv^t^, & to be Engrav'd also by the last mention'd. The Profits of the work are intended to be appropriated to Erect a Monument to the Memory of Cowper in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. Such is the Project —& Mr. Addington & Mr. Pitt are both among the Subscribers, which are already numerous & of the first rank; the price of the Work is Six Guineas—Thus I hope that all our three years' trouble Ends in Good Luck at last & shall be forgot by my affections & only remember'd by my Understanding; to be a Memento in time to come, & to speak to future generations by a Sublime Allegory, which is now perfectly completed into a Grand Poem. I may praise it, since I dare not pretend to be any other than the Secretary; the Authors are in Eternity. I consider it as the Grandest Poem that this World Contains. Allegory addressed to the Intellectual powers, while it is altogether hidden from the Corporeal Understanding, is My Definition of the Most Sublime Poetry; it is also somewhat in the same manner defin'd by Plato. This Poem shall, by Divine Assistance, be progressively Printed & Ornamented with Prints

[1] *Latin and Italian Poems of Milton translated into English Verse, and a Fragment of a Commentary on "Paradise Lost,"* by the late William Cowper, 1808: edited by Hayley, with two plates engraved by Raimbach after Flaxman.

& given to the Public. But of this work I take care to say little to Mr. H., since he is as much averse to my poetry as he is to a Chapter in the Bible. He knows that I have writ it, for I have shewn it to him, & he has read Part by his own desire & has looked with sufficient contempt to enhance my opinion of it. But I do not wish to irritate by seeming too obstinate in Poetic pursuits. But if all the World should set their faces against This, I have Orders to set my face like a flint (Ezekiel iiiC, 9v) against their faces, & my forehead against their foreheads.

As to Mr. H., I feel myself at liberty to say as follows upon this ticklish subject: I regard Fashion in Poetry as little as I do in Painting; so, if both Poets & Painters should alternately dislike (but I know the majority of them will not), I am not to regard it at all, but Mr. H. approves of My Designs as little as he does of my Poems, and I have been forced to insist on his leaving me in both to my own Self Will; for I am determin'd to be no longer Pester'd with his Genteel Ignorance & Polite Disapprobation. I know myself both Poet & Painter, & it is not his affected Contempt that can move to any thing but a more assiduous pursuit of both Arts. Indeed, by my late Firmness I have brought down his affected Loftiness, & he begins to think I have some Genius: as if Genius & Assurance were the same thing! but his imbecile attempts to depress Me only deserve laughter. I say this much to you, knowing that you will not make a bad use of it. But it is a Fact too true That, if I had only depended on Mortal Things, both myself & my wife must have been Lost. I shall leave every one in This Country astonish'd at my Patience & Forbearance of Injuries upon Injuries; & I do assure you that, if I could have return'd to London a Month after my arrival here, I should have done so, but I was commanded by my Spiritual friends to bear all, to be silent, & to go thro' all without murmuring, &, in fine, hope, till my three years should be almost accomplish'd; at which time I was set at liberty to remonstrate against former conduct & to demand Justice & Truth; which I have done in so effectual a manner that my antagonist is silenc'd completely, & I have compell'd what should have been of freedom

—My Just Right as an Artist & as a Man; & if any attempt should be made to refuse me this, I am inflexible & will relinquish any engagement of Designing at all, unless altogether left to my own Judgment, As you, My dear Friend, have always left me; for which I shall never cease to honour & respect you.

When we meet, I will perfectly describe to you my Conduct & the Conduct of others toward me, & you will see that I have labour'd hard indeed, & have been borne on angel's wings. Till we meet I beg of God our Saviour to be with you & me, & yours & mine. Pray give my & my wife's love to Mrs. Butts & Family, & believe me to remain,

Yours in truth & sincerity,

WILL BLAKE.

## LETTER XXVII

### TO THOMAS BUTTS

Felpham,
*August* 16, 1803.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND 7 Drawings, which I hope will please you; this, I believe, about balances our account. Our return to London draws on apace; our Expectation of meeting again with you is one of our greatest pleasures. Pray tell me how your Eyes do. I never sit down to work but I think of you, & feel anxious for the sight of that friend whose Eyes have done me so much good. I omitted (very unaccountably) to copy out in my last Letter that passage in my rough sketch which related to your kindness in offering to Exhibit my 2 last Pictures in the Gallery in Berners Street; it was in these Words: " I sincerely thank you for your kind offer of Exhibiting " my 2 Pictures; the trouble you take on my account, I trust, will " be recompensed to you by him who seeth in secret; if you should

" find it convenient to do so, it will be gratefully remember'd by me " among the other numerous kindnesses I have recieved from you."

I go on with the remaining Subjects which you gave me commission to Execute for you, but shall not be able to send any more before my return, tho' perhaps I may bring some with me finish'd. I am at Present in a Bustle to defend myself against a very unwarrantable warrant from a Justice of Peace in Chichester, which was taken out against me by a Private[1] in Capt[n] Leathes's troop of 1st or Royal Dragoons, for an assault & seditious words. The wretched Man has terribly Perjur'd himself, as has his Comrade[2]; for, as to Sedition, not one Word relating to the King or Government was spoken by either him or me. His Enmity arises from my having turned him out of my Garden, into which he was invited as an assistant by a Gardener at work therein, without my knowledge that he was so invited. I desired him, as politely as was possible, to go out of the Garden; he made me an impertinent answer. I insisted on his leaving the Garden; he refused. I still persisted in desiring his departure; he then threaten'd to knock out my Eyes, with many abominable imprecations & with some contempt for my Person; it affronted my foolish Pride. I therefore took him by the Elbows & pushed him before me till I had got him out; there I intended to have left him, but he, turning about, put himself into a Posture of Defiance, threatening & swearing at me. I, perhaps foolishly & perhaps not, stepped out at the Gate, &, putting aside his blows, took him again by the Elbows, &, keeping his back to me, pushed him forwards down the road about fifty yards—he all the while endeavouring to turn round & strike me, & raging & cursing, which drew out several neighbours; at length, when I had got him to where he was Quarter'd, which was very quickly done, we were met at the Gate by the Master of the house, The Fox Inn (who is [my *del.*] the proprietor of my Cottage), & his wife & Daughter & the Man's Comrade & several other people. My Landlord compell'd the Soldiers to go in doors, after many abusive threats [from them *del.*] against me & my wife from the two

[1] John Schofield. [2] Private Cock.

Soldiers; but not one word of threat on account of Sedition was utter'd at that time. This method of Revenge was Plann'd between them after they had got together into the stable. This is the whole outline. I have for witnesses: The Gardener, who is Hostler at the Fox & who Evidences that, to his knowledge, no word of the remotest tendency to Government or Sedition was utter'd: Our next door Neighbour, a Miller's wife, who saw me turn him before me down the road, & saw & heard all that happen'd at the Gate of the Inn, who Evidences that no Expression of threatening on account of Sedition was utter'd in the heat of their fury by either of the Dragoons; this was the woman's own remark, & does high honour to her good sense, as she observes that, whenever a quarrel happens, the offence is always repeated. The Landlord of the Inn & this Wife & daughter will Evidence the same, & will evidently prove the Comrade perjur'd, who swore that he heard me, while at the Gate, utter Seditious words & D— the K—, without which perjury I could not have been committed; & I had no witness with me before the Justices who could combat his assertion, as the Gardener remain'd in my Garden all the while, & he was the only person I thought necessary to take with me. I have been before a Bench of Justices at Chichester this morning; but they, as the Lawyer who wrote down the Accusation told me in private, are compell'd by the Military to suffer a prosecution to be enter'd into: altho' they must know, & it is manifest, that the whole is a Fabricated Perjury. I have been forced to find Bail. Mr. Hayley was kind enough to come forwards, & Mr. Seagrave,[1] printer at Chichester; Mr. H. in £100, & Mr. S. in £50; & myself am bound in £100 for my appearance at the Quarter Sessions, which is after Michaelmas. So I shall have the satisfaction to see my friends in Town before this Contemptible business comes on. I say Contemptible, for it must be manifest to every one that the whole accusation is a wilful Perjury. Thus, you see, my dear Friend, that I cannot leave this place without some adventure; it has struck a consterna-

[1] Printer of Hayley's *Ballads*, *The Life of Cowper*, *The Triumphs of Temper*, and other books by Hayley.

tion thro' all the Villages round. Every Man is now afraid of speaking to, or looking at, a Soldier; for the peaceable Villagers have always been forward in expressing their kindness for us, & they express their sorrow at our departure as soon as they hear of it. Every one here is my Evidence for Peace & Good Neighbourhood; & yet, such is the present state of things, this foolish accusation must be tried in Public. Well, I am content, I murmur not & doubt not that I shall recieve Justice, & am only sorry for the trouble & expense. I have heard that my Accuser is a disgraced Sergeant; his name is John Scholfield; perhaps it will be in your power to learn somewhat about the Man. I am very ignorant of what I am requesting of you; I only suggest what I know you will be kind enough to Excuse if you can learn nothing about him, & what, I as well know, if it is possible, you will be kind enough to do in this matter.

Dear Sir, This perhaps was suffer'd to Clear up some doubts, & to give opportunity to those whom I doubted to clear themselves of all imputation. If a Man offends me ignorantly & not designedly, surely I ought to consider him with favour & affection. Perhaps the simplicity of myself is the origin of all offences committed against me. If I have found this, I shall have learned a most valuable thing, well worth three years' perseverance. I have found it. It is certain that a too passive manner, inconsistent with my active physiognomy, had done me much mischief. I must now express to you my conviction that all is come from the spiritual World for Good, & not for Evil.

Give me your advice in my perilous adventure; burn what I have peevishly written about any friend. I have been very much degraded & injuriously treated; but if it all arise from my own fault, I ought to blame myself.

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

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

I am either too low or too highly priz'd;
When Elate I am Envy'd, When Meek I'm despis'd.

This is but too just a Picture of my Present state. I pray God to keep you & all men from it, & to deliver me in his own good time. Pray write to me, & tell me how you & your family enjoy health. My much terrified Wife joins me in love to you & Mrs. Butts & all your family. I again take the liberty to beg of you to cause the Enclos'd Letter to be deliver'd to my Brother, & remain Sincerely & Affectionately Yours,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

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# MEMORANDUM

## IN REFUTATION OF "THE INFORMATION AND COMPLAINT OF JOHN SCHOLFIELD, A PRIVATE SOLDIER"

*Written August*, 1803

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THE Soldier has been heard to say repeatedly that he did not know how the Quarrel began, which he would not say if such seditious words were spoken.

Mrs. Haynes evidences that she saw me turn him down the Road, and all the while we were at the Stable Door, and that not one word of charge against me was uttered, either relating to Sedition or any thing else; all he did was swearing and threatening.

Mr. Hosier heard him say that he would be revenged and would have me hanged if he could. He spoke this the Day after my turn-

ing him out of the Garden. Hosier says he is ready to give Evidence of this, if necessary.

The Soldier's Comrade swore before the Magistrates, while I was present, that he had heard me utter seditious words at the Stable Door, and in particular said that he heard me D—n the K—g. Now I have all the Persons who were present at the Stable Door to witness that no Word relating to Seditious Subjects was uttered, either by one Party or the other, and they are ready on their Oaths to say that I did not utter such Words.

Mrs. Haynes says very sensibly that she never heard People quarrel but they always charged each other with the Offence, and repeated it to those around; therefore as the Soldier charged not me with Seditious Words at that Time, neither did his Comrade, the whole Charge must have been fabricated in the Stable afterwards.

If we prove the Comrade perjured who swore that he heard me D—n the K—g, I believe the whole Charge falls to the Ground.

Mr. Cosens, owner of the Mill at Felpham, was passing by in the Road and saw me and the Soldier and William standing near each other; he heard nothing, but says we certainly were not quarrelling.

The whole Distance that William could be at any Time of the Conversation between me and the Soldier (supposing such Conversation to have existed) is only 12 yards, and W. says that he was backwards and forwards in the Garden. It was a still Day; there was no Wind stirring.

William says on his Oath, that the first Words that he heard me speak to the Soldier were ordering him out of the Garden; the truth is, I did not speak to the Soldier till then, and my ordering him out of the Garden was occasioned by his saying something that I thought insulting.

The Time that I and the Soldier were together in the Garden was not sufficient for me to have uttered the Things that he alledged.

The Soldier said to Mrs. Grinder that it would be right to have my House searched, as I might have Plans of the Country which I

intended to send to the Enemy; he called me a Military Painter, I suppose mistaking the Words Miniature Painter which he might have heard me called. I think this proves his having come into the Garden with some bad Intention, or at least with a prejudiced Mind.

It is necessary to learn the Names of all that were present at the Stable Door, that we may not have any Witnesses brought against us that were not there.

All the Persons present at the Stable Door were: Mrs. Grinder and her Daughter all the Time; Mr. Grinder part of the Time; Mr. Hayley's Gardener part of the time. Mrs. Haynes was present from my turning him out at my Gate all the rest of the Time. What passed in the Garden there is no Person but William and the Soldier and myself can know.

There was not any body in Grinder's Tap-room, but an Old Man, named Jones, who (Mrs. Grinder says) did not come out. He is the Same Man who lately hurt his Hand and wears it in a sling.

The Soldier, after he and his Comrade came together into the Tap-room, threatened to knock William's Eyes out (this was his often repeated Threat to me and to my Wife) because W. refused to go with him to Chichester and swear against me. William said that he would not take a false Oath, for that he heard me say nothing of the Kind (i.e Sedition). Mr. Grinder then reproved the Soldier for threatening William, and Mr. Grinder said that W. should not go, because of those threats, especially as he was sure that no seditious Words were spoken.

William's timidity in giving his Evidence before the Magistrates and his fear of uttering a Falsehood upon Oath, proves him to be an honest Man, and is to me an host of Strength. I am certain that if I had not turned the Soldier out of my Garden I never should have been free from his Impertinence and Intrusion.

Mr. Hayley's Gardener came past at the Time of the Contention at the Stable Door, and going to the Comrade said to him, " Is " your Comrade drunk? "—a Proof that he thought the Soldier abusive and in an Intoxication of Mind.

If such a Perjury as this can take effect, any Villain in future may come and drag me and my Wife out of our House, and beat us in the Garden or use us as he please or is able, and afterwards go and swear our Lives away.

Is it not in the Power of any Thief who enters a Man's Dwelling and robs him, or misuses his Wife or Children, to go and swear as this Man has sworn?

## LETTER XXVIII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

19 *September*, 1803.

" ' MY admiration of Flaxman's genius is more and more—his
" ' industry is equal to his other great powers.'

" Speaks of his works in progress in his studio, and of various " matters connected with art." [*Extracts from sale catalogue.*]

## LETTER XXIX

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

7 *October*, 1803.

" SPEAKS of his arrival in London, calling himself ' your
" ' devoted rebel.' ' I lose no moment to complete Romney
" ' to satisfaction.' ' Some say that Happiness is not good for
" ' Mortals, and they ought to be answered that sorrow is not good
" ' for Immortals; a blight never does good to a tree, and if a
" ' blight kill not a tree, but it shall bear fruit, let none say that
" ' the fruit was in consequence of the blight.' A curious allusion " to a good-natured Devil in him occurs." [*Extracts from sale catalogue.*]

# LETTER XXX

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

South Molton Street,
26 *October*, 1803.

DEAR SIR,

I HASTEN to write to you by the favour of Mr. Edwards. I have been with Mr. Saunders, who has now in his possession all Mr. Romney's[1] pictures that remained after the sale at Hampstead; I saw "Milton and his Daughters," and "'Twas where the Seas were Roaring," and a beautiful "Female Head." He has promised to write a list of all that he has in his possession, and of all that he remembers of Mr. Romney's paintings, with notices where they now are, so far as his recollection will serve. The picture of "Christ in the Desert" he supposes to be one of those which he has rolled on large rollers. He will take them down and unroll them, but cannot do it easily, as they are so large as to occupy the whole length of his workshop, and are laid across beams at the top.

Mr. Flaxman is now out of town. When he returns I will lose no time in setting him to work on the same object.

I have got to work after Fuseli for a little Shakespeare.[2] Mr. Johnson, the bookseller, tells me that there is no want of work. So far you will be rejoiced with me, and your words, "*Do not fear you* "*can want employment*!" were verified the morning after I received your kind letter; but I go on finishing Romney[3] with spirit, and for the relief of variety shall engage in other little works as they arise.

I called on Mr. Evans,[4] who gives small hopes of our ballads; he says he has sold but fifteen numbers at the most, and that going on

[1] The inquiries concerning Romney, upon which Blake was engaged at this time, were made on Hayley's behalf for his *Life of Romney*.

[2] *Shakespeare's Works*, ed. Alexander Chalmers, 1805, for which Blake engraved two plates.

[3] Blake engraved a portrait of Romney, but it was not used for *The Life*.

[4] R. H. Evans (bookseller), Pall Mall, London.

would be a certain loss of almost all the expenses. I then proposed to him to take a part with me in publishing them on a smaller scale, which he declined, on account of its being out of his line of business to publish, and a line in which he is determined never to engage, attaching himself wholly to the sale of fine editions of authors and curious books in general. He advises that some publisher should be spoken to who would purchase the copyright: and, so far as I can judge of the nature of publication, no chance is left to one out of the trade. Thus the case stands at present. God send better times! Everybody complains, yet all go on cheerfully and with spirit. The shops in London improve; everything is elegant, clean, and neat; the streets are widened where they were narrow; even Snow Hill is become almost level, and is a very handsome street, and the narrow part of the Strand near St. Clement's is widened and become very elegant.

My wife continues poorly, but fancies she is better in health here than by the seaside. We both sincerely pray for the health of Miss Poole, and for all our friends in Sussex, and remain, dear sir,

Your sincere and devoted servants,

W. AND C. BLAKE.

## LETTER XXXI

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

13 *December*, 1803.

" SPEAKS of his success. ' Business comes in, and I shall be at " ' ease if this infernal business of the soldier can be got over.' " He then alludes to Romney and Flaxman, giving some interesting " details." [*Extracts from sale catalogue.*]

# LETTER XXXII

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

London,
*January* 14, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I WRITE immediately on my arrival, not merely to inform you that in a conversation with an old soldier, who came in the coach with me, I learned that no one, not even the most expert horseman, ought ever to mount a trooper's horse. They are taught so many tricks, such as stopping short, falling down on their knees, running sideways, and in various and innumerable ways endeavouring to throw the rider, that it is a miracle if a stranger escape with his life. All this I learned with some alarm, and heard also what the soldier said confirmed by another person in the coach. I therefore, as it is my duty, beg and entreat you never to mount that wretched horse again, nor again trust to one who has been so educated. God, our Saviour, watch over you and preserve you.

I have seen Flaxman already, as I took to him, early this morning, your present to his scholars. He and his are all well and in high spirits, and welcomed me with kind affection and generous exultation in my escape from the arrows of darkness. I intend to see Mr. Lambert and Mr. Johnson, bookseller, this afternoon. My poor wife has been near the gate of death, as was supposed by our kind and attentive fellow inhabitant, the young and very amiable Mrs. Enoch, who gave my wife all the attention that a daughter could pay to a mother; but my arrival has dispelled the formidable malady, and my dear and good woman again begins to resume her health and strength. Pray, my dear sir, favour me with a line concerning your health; how you have escaped the double blow both from the wretched horse and from your innocent humble servant, whose heart and soul are more and more drawn out towards you, Felpham, and its kind inhabitants. I feel anxious, and

therefore pray to my God and Father for the health of Miss Poole, and hope that the pang of affection and gratitude is the gift of God for good. I am thankful that I feel it; it draws the soul towards eternal life, and conjunction with spirits of just men made perfect by love and gratitude,—the two angels who stand at heaven's gate, ever open, ever inviting guests to the marriage. O foolish Philosophy! Gratitude is heaven itself; there could be no Heaven without gratitude; I feel it and I know it. I thank God and man for it, and above all, you, my dear friend and benefactor, in the Lord. Pray give my and my wife's duties to Miss Poole; accept them yourself.

Yours in sincerity,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

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## LETTER XXXIII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

*27th January*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR eager expectation of hearing from me compels me to write immediately, though I have not done half the business I wished, owing to a violent cold which confined me to my bed three days and to my chamber a week. I am now so well, thank God, as to get out, and have accordingly been to Mr. Walker,[1] who is not in town, being at Birmingham, where he will remain six weeks or two months. I took my portrait of Romney as you desired, to show him. His son was likewise not at home, but I will again call on Mr. Walker, jun., and beg him to show me the pictures and make every inquiry of him, if you think best. Mr. Sanders has one or two large cartoons. The subject he does not know. They are folded up on the top of his workshop: the rest he packed up and sent into the North. I showed your letter to Mr.

[1] Adam Walker (1731?-1821), author and inventor.

John Romney[1] to Mr. Flaxman, who was perfectly satisfied with it. I seal'd and sent it immediately, as directed by Mr. Sanders, to Kendall, Westmoreland. Mr. Sanders expects Mr. Romney in town soon. Note your letter to Mr. J. Romney; I sent off the money after I received it from you, being then in health. I have taken your noble present to Mr. Rose,[2] and left it with charge, to the servant, of great care. The writing looks very pretty. I was fortunate in doing it myself, and hit it off excellently. I have not seen Mr. Rose, tho' he is in town; Mr. Flaxman is not at all acquainted with Sir Allan Chambrè;[3] recommends me to inquire concerning him of Mr. Rose. My brother says he believes Sir Allan is a Master in Chancery. Tho' I have called on Mr. Edwards twice for Lady Hamilton's[4] direction, was so unfortunate as to find him out both times. I will repeat my call on him to-morrow morning. My dear sir, I wish now to satisfy you that all is in a good train; I am going on briskly with the Plates, find everything promising work in abundance; and, if God blesses me with health, doubt not, yet to make a figure in the great dance of life that shall amuse the spectators in the sky. I thank you for my Demosthenes,[5] which has now become a noble subject. My wife gets better every day. Hope earnestly that you have escaped the brush of my Evil Star, which I believe is now for ever fallen into the abyss. God bless and preserve you and our good Lady Paulina[6] with the good things both of this life and of eternity. And with you, my much admired and respected Edward,[7] the bard of Oxford, whose

[1] John Romney (1758-1832), son of George Romney; published a *Life* of his father in 1830.

[2] Samuel Rose, counsel for the defence in Blake's trial for sedition.

[3] Sir Alan Chambré (1739-1823), judge; Recorder of Lancaster; Baron of the Exchequer, 1799. His portrait was painted by Romney.

[4] Emma Hart, Lady Hamilton, Nelson's mistress and Romney's most frequent sitter.

[5] "The Death of Demosthenes," engraved by Blake after Thomas Hayley, in William Hayley's *Essay on Sculpture*, 1800, 4°.

[6] Mrs. Pauiina Lushington, a friend of Hayley's.

[7] Probably "Edward Marsh, of Oriel College, who, when visiting Hayley "while Blake was also his frequent guest and fellow-labourer, had been wont

verses still sound upon my ear like the distant approach of things mighty and magnificent, like the sound of harps which I hear before the Sun's rising, like the remembrance of Felpham's waves and of the glorious and far-beaming Turret, like the villa of Lavant,[1] blessed and blessing. Amen. God bless you all, O people of Sussex, around your Hermit and Bard. So prays the emulator of both his and your mild and happy temper of soul.

Your devoted,

WILL BLAKE.

## LETTER XXXIV

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

S$^{th}$ Molton Street,
23 *Feb$^{y}$*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I CALL'D yesterday on Mr. Braithwaite,[2] as you desired, & found him quite as chearful as you describe him, & by his appearance should not have supposed him to be near sixty, notwithstanding he was shaded by a green shade over his Eyes. He gives a very spirited assurance of Mr. John Romney's interesting himself in the great object of his Father's Fame, & thinks that he must be proud of such a work & in such hands. The Picture from Sterne,[3] which you desired him to procure for you, he has not yet found where it is. Supposes that it may be in the north, & that he may learn from Mr. Romney, who will be in town soon. Mr. B. desires I will

"to read aloud to them the Hermit's own compositions in a singularly melo-
"dious voice." See Gilchrist's *Life*, 1880, i, 203.

[1] *I.e.*, Miss Poole's villa.

[2] Daniel Braithwaite, controller of the Foreign department of the Post Office, was Romney's earliest patron, in 1762; it was to him that Hayley dedicated his *Life of Romney*.

[3] Probably "The Introduction of Dr. Slop into the Parlour of Mr. Shandy," a scene from *Tristram Shandy*, painted *c.* 1757, which was engraved for the *Life of Romney* by W. Haines.

present his Compliments to you, & write you that he has spoken with Mr. Read concerning the Life of Romney; he interests himself in it, & has promised to procure dates of premiums, Pictures, &c., Mr. Read having a number of Articles relating to Romney, either written or printed, which he promises to copy out for your use, as also the Catalogue of Hampstead sale. He shew'd me a very fine Portrait of Mrs. Siddons (by Romney) as the Tragic Muse, half-length, that is, the Head & hands, & in his best Style. He also desires me to express to you his wish that you would give the Public an Engraving of that Medallion by your Son's matchless hand,[1] which is placed over his chimney piece between two little pretty pictures, correct & enlarged copies from antique Gems, of which the center ornament is worthy; he says that it is by far, in his opinion, the most exact resemblance of Romney he ever saw. I have, furthermore, the pleasure of informing you that he knew immediately my Portrait of Romney, & assured me that he thought it a very great likeness.

I wish I could give you a Pleasant account of our beloved Counsellor;[2] he, alas! was ill in bed when I call'd yesterday at about 12 o'clock, & the servant said that he remains very ill indeed.

Mr. Walker, I have been so unfortunate as not to find at home, but I will call again in a day or two. Neither Mr. Flaxman nor Mr. Edwards know Lady Hamilton's address; the house Sr William liv'd in, in Piccadilly, she left some time ago. Mr. Edwards will procure her address for you, & I will send it immediately.

I have inclos'd for you the 22 Numbers of Fuseli's Shakespeare that are out, & the book of Italian Letters from Mrs. Flaxman, who with her admirable husband present their best Compliments to you; he is so busy that I believe I shall never see him again but when I call on him, for he has never yet, since my return to London, had the time or grace to call on me. Mrs. Flaxman & her sisters gave also their testimony to my Likeness of Romney. Mr. Flaxman I have not yet had an opportunity of consulting about it, but soon will.

[1] The medallion of Romney by Thomas Hayley was engraved for the *Life* by Caroline Watson.

[2] Samuel Rose.

I inclose likewise the Academical Correspondence of Mr. Hoare[1] the Painter, whose note to me I also inclose, for I did but express to him my desire of sending you a copy of his work, & the day after I reciev'd it with the note Expressing his pleasure [if you *del.*] in your wish to see it. You would be much delighted with the Man, as I assure myself you will be with his work.

The plates of Cowper's Monument are both in great forwardness, & you shall have Proofs in another week. I assure you that I will not spare pains, & am myself very much satisfied that I shall do my duty & produce two Elegant plates; there is, however, a great deal of work in them that must & will have time.

" Busy, Busy, Busy, I bustle along,
" Mounted upon warm Phœbus's rays,
" Thro' the heavenly throng."

But I hasten'd to write to you about Mr. Braithwaite; hope when I send my proofs to give as good an account of Mr. Walker.

My wife joins me in Respects & Love to you, & desires with mine to present hers to Miss Poole.

I remain, Dear Sir, your Sincere,

WILL BLAKE.

## LETTER XXXV

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

*March* 12, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I BEGIN with the latter end of your letter & grieve more for Miss Poole's ill-health than for my failure in sending proofs, tho' I am very sorry that I cannot send before Saturday's Coach. Engraving is Eternal work; the two plates are almost finish'd.

[1] Prince Hoare (1755-1834), painter and author of several works, including *Academic Correspondence*, 1803, 4°, with frontispiece engraved by Blake after Flaxman.

You will recieve proofs of them for Lady Hesketh, whose copy of Cowper's letters ought to be printed in letters of Gold & ornamented with Jewels of Heaven, Havilah, Eden & all the countries where Jewels abound. I curse & bless Engraving alternately, because it takes so much time & is so untractable, tho' capable of such beauty & perfection.

My wife desires me to Express her Love to you, Praying for Miss Poole's perfect recovery, & we both remain,

Your Affectionate,

WILL BLAKE.

## LETTER XXXVI

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

16 *March*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

ACCORDING to your Desire I send proofs of the Monumental Plates[1] tho' as you will percieve they have not the last touches especially the Plate of the Monument which I have drawn from Mr. Flaxman's Model with all the fidelity I could & will finish with equal care, the writing being exactly copied from the tracing paper which was traced on the marble. The inscriptions to the Plates I must beg of you to send to me that I may Engrave them immediately.

The drawing of the Monument which Mr. Johnson sent has the following Inscription—" Monument Erected to the Memory of " William Cowper Esqre. in St. Edmunds Chapel East Dereham by " the Lady Hesketh 1803 "—But it strikes me that St. Edmunds Chapel East Dereham may be understood to mean a Chapel in East Dereham *Town* & not to Express sufficiently that the Monument is in *East Dereham Church*. Owing to my determination of

[1] This and the succeeding paragraphs refer to the plates for Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, 1803.

sending you Proofs I have not been able to consult Mr. Flaxman about the Designs of Mr. Romney which are at Saunders'. I call'd once of [on] Mr. F. but he was not at home so could not spare more time but will now immediately proceed in that business. The Pleasure I received from your kind Letter ought to make me assiduous & it does so. That Mr. John Romney is so honest as to expose to you his whole absurd prejudice gives hopes that he may prove worthy of his father, & that he should tell such inconsistent surmizes proves that they will soon be eradicated & forgotten. You who was his father's best friend will I hope become the most respected object of his love & admiration.

I call'd on Mr. Hoare with your Elegant & Heart lifting Compliment; he was not at home. I left it with a short note, have not seen him since.

Mr. Rose I am happy to hear is getting quite well. Hope to hear the same good account of our most admirable & always anxiously remember'd Miss Poole.

Mr. Braithwaite call'd on me & brought two Prints which he desires may be sent to you (with his Compliments) (which you will find inclosed) one is a copy from that Miniature you kindly suffer'd me to make from the Picture of Romney which I am now Engraving & which was lent by Mr. Long [1] for the purpose of being Engraved for the European Mag^ne^. The other is Mrs. Siddons from the Picture by Romney in Mr. Braithwaite's possession, but as much unlike the original as possible.

My Wife joins me in best affections to you & I remain

Sincerely Yours,

WILL BLAKE.

I enclose also No. 23 of the Shakspeare.

[1] William Long, Esq., surgeon.

## LETTER XXXVII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

21 *March*, 1804.

"SENDS the proofs of each of the Monumental Plates, and "speaks of various subjects connected with art and design in "special allusion to Flaxman." [*Extract from sale catalogue.*]

## LETTER XXXVIII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

South Molton Street,
31 *March*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I DID not receive your letter till Monday: of course could not have got them printed to send by Tuesday's coach. But there is a real reason equally good why I have not yet sent. I hope you will believe me when I say that my solicitude to bring them to perfection has caused this delay, as also not being quite sure that you had copies ready for them. I could not think of delivering the twelve copies without giving the last touches, which are always the best. I have now, I hope, given them, and we directly go to printing. Consequently it will be by Tuesday's coach that you will receive twelve of each. If you do not wish any more done before I deliver, then pray favour me with a line, that I may send the plates to Johnson, who wants them to set the printer to work upon.—I remain, in engraver's hurry, which is the worst and most unprofitable of hurries,

Your sincere and affectionate,

WILL BLAKE.

# LETTER XXXIX

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

2 *April*, 1804.

. . . Mr. Flaxman advises that the drawing of Mr. Romney's which shall be chosen instead of the Witch (if that cannot be recovered), be " Hecate," the figure with the torch and snake, which he thinks one of the finest drawings. The twelve impressions of each of the plates which I now send ought to be unrolled immediately that you receive them and put under somewhat to press them flat. You should have had fifteen of each, but I had not paper enough in proper order for printing. There is now in hand a new edition of Flaxman's *Homer*,[1] with additional designs, two of which I am now engraving. I am uneasy at not hearing from Mr. Dally, to whom I enclosed £15 in a letter a fortnight ago, by his desire. I write to him by this post to inquire about it. Money in these times is not to be trifled with. I have now cleared the way to Romney, in whose service I now enter again with great pleasure, and hope soon to show you my zeal with good effect. Am in hopes that Miss Poole is recovered, as you are silent on that most alarming and interesting topic in both your last letters. God be with you in all things. My wife joins me in this prayer.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincerely affectionate,

WILLM. BLAKE.

[1] Flaxman's *Iliad of Homer*, 1805, with 40 plates, three of which were engraved by Blake.

# LETTER XL

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

7 *April*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

YOU can have no idea, unless you were in London as I am, how much your name is loved and respected. I have the extreme pleasure of transmitting to you one proof of the respect which you will be pleased with, and I hope will adopt and embrace. It comes through Mr. Hoare, from Mr. Phillips[1] of St. Paul's Churchyard. It is, as yet, an entire secret between Mr. P., Mr. H. and myself, and will remain so till you have given your decision. Mr. Phillips is a man of vast spirit and enterprize, with a solidity of character which few have; he is the man who applied to Cowper for that sonnet in favour of a prisoner at Leicester, which I believe you thought fit not to print; so you see he is spiritually adjoined to us. His connections throughout England, and indeed Europe and America, enable him to circulate publications to an immense extent, and he told Mr. Hoare that on the present work, which he proposes to commence with your assistance, he can afford to expend £2000 a year. Mr. Phillips considers you as the great leading character in literature, and his terms to others will amount to only one quarter of what he proposes to you. I send, inclosed, his terms, as Mr. Hoare by my desire has given them to me in writing. Knowing your aversion to reviews and reviewing, I consider the present proposal as peculiarly adapted to your ideas. It may be call'd a Defence of Literature against those pests of the press, and a bulwark for genius, which shall, with your good assistance, disperse those rebellious spirits of Envy and Malignity. In short, if you see it as I see it, you will embrace this proposal on the score of parental duty. Literature is your child. She calls for your assistance! You,

[1] Richard Phillips, bookseller, and editor of the *Monthly Magazine*. This scheme was never carried out.

who never refuse to assist any, how remote so ever, will certainly hear her voice. Your answer to the proposal you will, if you think fit, direct to Mr. Hoare, who is worthy of every confidence you can place in him.

I am, dear Sir,

Your anxiously devoted,

WILL BLAKE.

## LETTER XLI

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

27 *April*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE at length seen Mr. Hoare, after having repeatedly called on him every day and not finding him. I now understand that he received your reply to P's proposal at Brighton, where he has a residence, from whence he sent it to London to Mr. Phillips; he has not seen P. since his return, and therefore cannot tell me how he understood your answer. Mr. H. appears to me to consider it as a rejection of the proposal altogether. I took the liberty to tell him that I could not consider it so, but that as I understood you, you had accepted the spirit of P's intention, which was to leave the whole conduct of the affair to you, and that you had accordingly nominated one of your friends and agreed to nominate others. But if P. meant that you should yourself take on you the drudgery of the ordinary business of a review, his proposal was by no means a generous one. Mr. H. has promised to see Mr. Phillips immediately, and to know what his intentions are; but he says perhaps Mr. P. may not yet have seen your letter to him, and that his multiplicity of business may very well account for the delay. I have seen our excellent Flaxman lately; he is well in health, but has had such a burn on his hand as you had once, which has hindered his working for a fortnight. It is now better; he desires to be most

affectionately remembered to you; he began a letter to you a week ago; perhaps by this time you have received it; but he is also a laborious votary of endless work. Engraving is of so slow process, I must beg of you to give me the earliest possible notice of what engraving is to be done for the *Life of Romney*. Endless work is the true title of engraving, as I find by the things I have in hand day and night. We feel much easier to hear that you have parted with your horse. Hope soon to hear that you have a living one of brass, a Pegasus of Corinthian metal; and that Miss Poole is again in such health as when she first mounted me on my beloved Bruno. I forgot to mention that Mr. Hoare desires his most respectful compliments to you. Speaks of taking a ride across the country to Felpham, as he always keeps a horse at Brighton. My wife joins me in love to you.

I remain, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## LETTER XLII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

*4th May*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you sincerely for Falconer,[1] an admirable poet, and the admirable prints to it by Fittler. Whether you intended it or not, they have given me some excellent hints in engraving; his manner of working is what I shall endeavour to adopt in many points. I have seen the elder Mr. Walker. He knew and admired without any preface my print of Romney, and when his daughter came in he gave the print into her hand without a word, and she

[1] *The Shipwreck*, by William Falconer, 1804, with engravings by J. Fittler, A.R.A., after N. Pocock.

immediately said, " Ah! Romney! younger than I knew him, *but* " *very like indeed*." Mr. Walker showed me Romney's first attempt at oil painting; it is a copy from a Dutch picture—Dutch Boor Smoking; on the back is written, " This was the first attempt at " oil painting by G. Romney." He shew'd me also the last performance of Romney. It is of Mr. Walker and family, the draperies put in by somebody else. It is a very excellent picture, but unfinished. The figures as large as life, half length, Mr. W., three sons, and, I believe, two daughters, with maps, instruments, &c. Mr. Walker also shew'd me a portrait of himself (W.), whole length, on a canvas about two feet by one and a half; it is the first portrait Romney ever painted. But above all, a picture of Lear and Cordelia, when he awakes and knows her,—an incomparable production, which Mr. W. bought for five shillings at a broker's shop; it is about five feet by four, and exquisite for expression; indeed, it is most pathetic; the heads of Lear and Cordelia can never be surpassed, and Kent and the other attendant are admirable; the picture is very highly finished. Other things I saw of Romney's first works: two copies, perhaps from Borgognone, of battles; and Mr. Walker promises to collect all he can of information for you. I much admired his mild and gentle benevolent manners; it seems as if all Romney's intimate friends were truly amiable and feeling like himself.

I have also seen Alderman Boydel,[1] who has promised to get the number and prices of all Romney's prints as you desired. He has sent a Catalogue of all his Collection, and a Scheme of his Lottery; desires his compliments to you; says he laments your absence from London, as your advice would be acceptable at all times, but especially at the present. He is very thin and decay'd, and but the shadow of what he was; so he is now a Shadow's Shadow; but how can we expect a very stout man at eighty-five, which age he tells me he has now reached? You would have been pleas'd to see his eyes light up at the mention of your name.

Mr. Flaxman agrees with me that somewhat more than outline

[1] John Boydell, engraver and printseller.

is necessary to the execution of Romney's designs, because his merit is eminent in the art of massing his lights and shades. I should propose to etch them in a rapid but firm manner, somewhat, perhaps, as I did the Head of Euler;[1] the price I receive for engraving Flaxman's outlines of *Homer* is five guineas each. I send the Domenichino, which is very neatly done. His merit was but little in light and shade; outline was his element, and yet these outlines give but a faint idea of the finished prints from his works, several of the best of which I have. I send also the French monuments, and inclose with them a catalogue of Bell's Gallery, and another of the Exhibition, which I have *not* yet seen. I mentioned the pictures from Sterne to Mr. Walker; he says that there were several; one, a garden scene, with Uncle Toby and Obadiah planting in the garden; but that of Lefevre's Death he speaks of as incomparable, but cannot tell where it now is, as they were scattered abroad, being disposed of by means of a raffle. He supposes it is in Westmoreland; promises to make every inquiry about it. Accept, also, of my thanks for Cowper's third volume, which I got, as you directed, of Mr. Johnson. I have seen Mr. Rose; he looks, tho' not so well as I have seen him, yet tolerably, considering the terrible storm he has been thro'! He says that the last session was a severe labour; indeed it must be so to a man just out of so dreadful a fever. I also thank you for your very beautiful little poem on the King's recovery; it is one of the prettiest things I ever read, and I hope the king will live to fulfil the prophecy and die in peace: but at present, poor man, I understand he is poorly indeed, and times threaten worse than ever. I must now express my sorrow and my hopes for our good Miss Poole, and so take my leave for the present, with the joint love of my good woman, who is still stiff-kneed but well in other respects.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[1] Frontispiece to Euler's *Elements of Algebra*, 1797.

# LETTER XLIII

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

28 *May*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you heartily for your kind offer of reading, &c. I have read the book thro' attentively and was much entertain'd and instructed, but have not yet come to the *Life of Washington*. I suppose an American would tell me that Washington did all that was done before he was born, as the French now adore Buonaparte and the English our poor George; so the Americans will consider Washington as their god. This is only Grecian, or rather Trojan, worship, and perhaps will be revised [?] in an age or two. In the meantime I have the happiness of seeing the Divine countenance in such men as Cowper and Milton more distinctly than in any prince or hero. Mr. Phillips has sent a small poem; he would not tell the author's name, but desired me to inclose it for you with Washington's *Life*.

Mr. Carr called on me, and I, as you desired, gave him a history of the reviewing business as far as I am acquainted with it. He desires me to express to you that he would heartily devote himself to the business in all its laborious parts, if you would take on you the direction; and he thinks it might be done with very little trouble to you. He is now going to Russia; hopes that the negotiations for this business are not wholly at an end, but that on his return he may still perform his best, as your assistant in it. I have delivered the letter to Mr. Edwards, who will give it immediately to Lady Hamilton. Mr. Walker I have again seen; he promises to collect numerous particulars concerning Romney and send them to you; wonders he has not had a line from you; desires me to assure you of his wish to give every information in his power. Says that I shall have Lear and Cordelia to copy if you desire it should be done; supposes that Romney was about eighteen when he painted

it; it is therefore doubly interesting. Mr. Walker is truly an amiable man; spoke of Mr. Green[1] as the oldest friend of Romney, who knew most concerning him of any one; lamented the little difference that subsisted between you, speaking of you both with great affection. Mr. Flaxman has also promised to write all he knows or can collect concerning Romney, and send to you. Mr. Sanders has promised to write to Mr. J. Romney immediately, desiring him to give us liberty to copy any of his father's designs that Mr. Flaxman may select for that purpose; doubts not at all of Mr. Romney's readiness to send any of the cartoons to London you desire; if this can be done it will be all that could be wished. I spoke to Mr. Flaxman about choosing out proper subjects for our purpose; he has promised to do so. I hope soon to send you Flaxman's advice upon this article. When I repeated to Mr. Phillips your intention of taking the books you want from his shop, he made a reply to the following purpose: " I shall be very proud to have Mr. Hayley's " name in my books, but please to express to him my hope that he " will consider me as the sincere friend of Mr. Johnson, who is (I " have every reason to say) both the most generous and honest man " I ever knew, and with whose interest I should be so averse to " interfere, that I should wish him to have the refusal first of any- " thing before it should be offered to me, as I know the value of " Mr. Hayley's connexion too well to interfere between my best " friend and him." This Phillips spoke with real affection, and I know you will love him for it, and will also respect Johnson the more for such testimony; but to balance all this I must, in duty to my friend Seagrave, tell you that Mr. Rose repeated to me his great opinion of Mr. Johnson's integrity, while we were talking concerning Seagrave's printing; it is but justice, therefore, to tell you that I perceive a determination in the London booksellers to injure Seagrave in your opinion, if possible. Johnson may be very honest and very generous, too, where his own interest is concerned; but I must say that he leaves no stone unturn'd to serve that interest, and often (I think) unfairly; he always has taken care, when I

[1] Thomas Greene, of Slyne, Lancaster (1737-1810), solicitor.

have seen him, to rail against Seagrave, and I perceive that he does the same by Mr. Rose. Mr. Phillips took care to repeat Johnson's railing to me, and to say that the country printers could not do anything of consequence. Luckily he found fault with the paper which Cowper's *Life* is printed on, not knowing that it was furnish'd by Johnson. I let him run on so far as to say that it was scandalous and unfit for such a work; here I cut him short by asking if he knew who furnish'd the paper. He answered: " I hope Mr. J. " did not." I assured him that he did, and here he left off, desiring me to tell you that the *Life of Washington* was not put to press till the 3rd of this month (May), and on the 13th he had deliver'd a dozen copies at Stationer's Hall, and by the 16th five hundred were out. This is swift work if literally true, but I am not apt to believe literally what booksellers say; and on comparing *Cowper* with *Washington*, must assert that, *except paper* (which is Johnson's fault), *Cowper* is far the best, both as to type and printing. Pray look at *Washington* as far as page 177, you will find that the type is smaller than from 177 to 308, the whole middle of the book being printed with a larger and better type than the two extremities; also it is carefully hot-pressed. I say thus much, being urged thereto by Mr. Rose's observing some defects in Seagrave's work, which I conceive were urged upon him by Johnson; and as to the time the booksellers would take to execute any work, I need only refer to the little job which Mr. Johnson was to get done for our friend Dally. He promised it in a fortnight, and it is now three months and is not yet completed. I could not avoid saying thus much in justice to our good Seagrave, whose replies to Mr. Johnson's aggravating letters have been represented to Mr. Rose in an unfair light, as I have no doubt; because Mr. Johnson has, at times, written such letters to me as would have called for the sceptre of Agamemnon rather than the tongue of Ulysses, and I will venture to give it as my settled opinion that if you suffer yourself to be persuaded to print in London you will be cheated every way; but, however, as some little excuse, I must say that in London every calumny and falsehood utter'd against another of the same trade is thought fair play. Engravers,

Painters, Statuaries, Printers, Poets, we are not in a field of battle, but in a City of Assassinations. This makes your lot truly enviable, and the country is not only more beautiful on account of its expanded meadows, but also on account of its benevolent minds. My wife joins with me in the hearty wish that you may long enjoy your beautiful retirement.

I am, with best respects to Miss Poole, for whose health we constantly send wishes to our spiritual friends,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

*P.S.*—Mr. Walker says that Mr. Cumberland is right in his reckonings of Romney's age. Mr. W. says Romney was two years older than himself, consequently was born 1734.

Mr. Flaxman told me that Mr. Romney was three years in Italy; that he returned twenty-eight years since. Mr. Humphry,[1] the Painter, was in Italy the same time with Mr. Romney. Mr. Romney lodged at Mr. Richter's, Great Newport Street, before he went; took the house in Cavendish Square immediately on his return; but as Flaxman has promised to put pen to paper, you may expect a full account of all he can collect. Mr. Sanders does not know the time when Mr. R. took or left Cavendish Square house.

[1] Ozias Humphry, (1742-1810) miniaturist.

# LETTER XLIV

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

5th Molton Street,
22 *June*, 1804.

DEAR SIR

I HAVE got the three Sublime Designs of Romney now in my Lodgings, & find them all too Grand as well as too undefined for meer outlines; & indeed it is not only my opinion but that of Mr. Flaxman & Mr. Parker,[1] both of whom I have consulted, that to give a true Idea of Romney's Genius, nothing less than some Finish'd Engravings will do, as Outline intirely omits his chief beauties; but there are some which may be executed in a slighter manner than others, & Mr. Parker, whose Eminence as an Engraver makes his opinion deserve notice, has advised that 4 should be done in the highly finished manner, & 4 in a less Finish'd—& on my desiring him to tell me for what he would undertake to Engrave One in Each manner, the size to be about 7 Inches by $5\frac{1}{4}$, which is the size of a Quarto printed Page, he answer'd: " 30 Guineas the " finish'd, & half the sum for the less finish'd; but as you tell me " that they will be wanted in November, I am of opinion that if " Eight different Engravers are Employ'd, the Eight Plates will " not be done by that time; as for myself" (Note Parker now speaks), " I have to-day turned away a Plate of 400 Guineas because I am " too full of work to undertake it, & I know that all the Good " Engravers are so Engaged that they will be hardly prevail'd upon " to undertake more than One of the Plates on so short a notice." This is Mr. Parker's account of the matter, & perhaps may discourage you from the Pursuit of so Expensive an undertaking; it is certain that the Pictures deserve to be Engraved by the hands of Angels, & must not by any means be done in a careless or too hasty

[1] James Parker; he was in partnership with Blake, as printseller and engraver, from 1784 to 1787.

manner. The Price Mr. Parker has affix'd to each is Exactly what I myself had before concluded upon. Judging as he did that if the Fuseli Shakespeare is worth 25 Guineas, these will be at least worth 30, & that the inferior ones cannot be done at any rate under 15.

Mr. Flaxman advises that the best Engravers should be engaged in the work, as its magnitude demands all the Talents that can be procured.

Mr. Flaxman named the following Eight as proper subjects for Prints:

1. The Vision of Atossa from Eschylus.
2. Apparition of Darius.
3. Black Ey'd Susan, a figure on the Sea shore embracing a Corse.
4. The Shipwreck, with the Man on Horseback &c, which I have.[1]
5. Hecate: a very fine thing indeed, which I have.
6. Pliny: very fine, but very unfinish'd, which I have.
7. Lear & Cordelia, belonging to Mr. Walker.
8. One other which I omitted to write down & have forgot, but think that it was a Figure with Children, which he call'd a Charity.

I write immediately on recieving the Above Information, because no time should be lost in this truly interesting business.

Richardson is not yet Published. My Head of Romney is in very great forwardness. Parker commends it highly. Flaxman has not yet seen it, but shall soon, & then you shall have a Proof of it for your remarks also. I hope by this time Flaxman has written to you, & that you will soon recieve such documents as will enable you to decide on what is to be done in our desirable & arduous task of doing Justice to our admired Sublime Romney. I have not yet been able to meet Mr. Braithwaite at home, but intend very soon to call again, & (as you wish) to write all I can collect from him—be so good as to give me your Earliest decision on what would be safe & not too venturesome in the number of projected Engravings, that I may put it into a train to be properly Executed.

We both rejoice in the generous Paulina's return, with recover'd strength, to her delightful Villa; please to present our sincerest

[1] Engraved by Blake for Hayley's *Life of Romney*, 1809.

Affections to her. My Wife continues to get better, & joins me in my warmest love & acknowledgments to you, as do my Brother & Sister.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## LETTER XLV

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

16 *July*, 1804.

"SPEAKS in high praise of Mrs. Klopstock's Letters, and says "that Richardson has won his heart. The letter opens with "allusions to professional and other matters." [*Extract from sale catalogue.*]

## LETTER XLVI

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

7 *August*, 1804.

"'IT is certainly necessary that the best artists that can be "'engaged should be employed on the work of Romney's Life. "'. . . Money flies from me. Profit never ventures upon my "'Threshold, tho' every other man's doorstone is worn down into "'the very Earth by the footsteps of the fiends of commerce.'" [*Extracts from sale catalogue.*]

## LETTER XLVII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

9 *August*, 1804.

[*Unpublished.*]

*Signed* W. & C. BLAKE.

# LETTER XLVIII

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

28 *September*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE you will excuse my delay in sending the books which I have had some time, but kept them back till I could send a proof of The Shipwreck, which I hope will please. It yet wants all its last and finishing touches, but I hope you will be enabled by it to judge of the pathos of the picture. I send Washington's second volume, five numbers of Fuseli's *Shakespeare*, and two vols. with a letter from Mr. Spilsbury,[1] with whom I accidentally met in the Strand. He says that he relinquished painting as a profession, for which I think he is to be applauded: but I conceive that he may be a much better painter if he practises secretly and for amusement, than he could ever be if employed in the drudgery of fashionable daubing for a poor pittance of money in return for the sacrifice of Art and Genius. He says he never will leave to practise the Art, because he loves it, and this alone will pay its labour by success, if not of money, yet of true Art, which is all. I had the pleasure of a call from Mrs. Chetwynd[2] and her brother, a giant in body, mild and polite in soul, as I have, in general, found great bodies to be; they were much pleased with Romney's Designs. Mrs. C. sent to me the two articles for you, and for the safety of which by the coach I had some fear, till Mr Meyer[3] obligingly undertook to convey them safe. He is now, I suppose, enjoying the delights of the turret of lovely Felpham; please to give my affectionate compliments to him. I cannot help suggesting an idea which has struck me very forcibly, that the Tobit and Tobias in your bedchamber would make a

[1] Probably Jonathan Spilsbury (brother of John Spilsbury, the engraver), who exhibited portraits at the Royal Academy from 1776 to 1807.

[2] A Mr. Chetwynd was among Romney's sitters.

[3] William Meyer, son of the miniaturist, who was Romney's friend.

very beautiful engraving, done in the same manner as the Head of Cowper,[1] after Lawrence; the heads to be finished, and the figures to be left exactly in imitation of the first strokes of the painter. The expression of those truly pathetic heads would then be transmitted to the public, a singular monument of Romney's genius in that slightest branch of art. I must now tell my wants, and beg the favour of some more of the needful. The favour of ten pounds more will carry me through this plate and the Head of Romney, for which I am already paid. You shall soon see a proof of him in a very advanced state. I have not yet proved it, but shall soon, when I will send you one. I rejoice to hear from Mr. Meyer of Miss Poole's continued recovery. My wife desires with me her respects to you, and her, and to all whom we love, that is, to all Sussex.

I remain,

Your sincere and obliged humble servant,

WILL BLAKE.

## LETTER XLIX

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

23 *October*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your kind letter with the note to Mr. Payne, and have had the cash from him. I should have returned my thanks immediately on receipt of it, but hoped to be able to send, before now, proofs of the two plates, the Head of R[omney] and The Shipwreck, which you shall soon see in a much more perfect state. I write immediately because you wish I should do so, to satisfy you that I have received your kind favour.

I take the extreme pleasure of expressing my joy at our good

[1] Engraved by Blake for Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, 1803.

Lady of Lavant's[1] continued recovery: but, with a mixture of sincere sorrow on account of the beloved Counsellor.[2] My wife returns her heartfelt thanks for your kind inquiry concerning her health. She is surprisingly recovered. Electricity is the wonderful cause; the swelling of her legs and knees is entirely reduced. She is very near as free from rheumatism as she was five years ago, and we have the greatest confidence in her perfect recovery.

The pleasure of seeing another poem from your hands has truly set me longing (my wife says I ought to have said us) with desire and curiosity; but, however, " Christmas is a-coming."

Our good and kind friend Hawkins[3] is not yet in town—hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing him, with the courage of conscious industry, worthy of his former kindness to me. For now! O Glory! and O Delight! I have entirely reduced that spectrous fiend to his station, whose annoyance has been the ruin of my labours for the last passed twenty years of my life. He is the enemy of conjugal love and is the Jupiter of the Greeks, an iron-hearted tyrant, the ruiner of ancient Greece. I speak with perfect confidence and certainty of the fact which has passed upon me. Nebuchadnezzar had seven times passed over him; I have had twenty; thank God I was not altogether a beast as he was; but I was a slave bound in a mill among beasts and devils; these beasts and these devils are now, together with myself, become children of light and liberty, and my feet and my wife's feet are free from fetters. O lovely Felpham, parent of Immortal Friendship, to thee I am eternally indebted for my three years' rest from perturbation and the strength I now enjoy. Suddenly, on the day after visiting the Truchsessian Gallery of pictures, I was again enlightened with the light I enjoyed in my youth, and which has for exactly twenty years been closed from me as by a door and by window-shutters. Consequently I can, with confidence, promise you ocular demonstration of my altered state on the plates I am now engraving after Romney, whose spiritual aid has not a little conduced to my

[1] Miss Harriet Poole. [2] Samuel Rose.
[3] An early patron of Blake.

restoration to the light of Art. O the distress I have undergone, and my poor wife with me: incessantly labouring and incessantly spoiling what I had done well. Every one of my friends was astonished at my faults, and could not assign a reason; they knew my industry and abstinence from every pleasure for the sake of study, and yet—and yet—and yet there wanted the proofs of industry in my works. I thank God with entire confidence that it shall be so no longer—he is become my servant who domineered over me, he is even as a brother who was my enemy. Dear Sir, excuse my enthusiasm or rather madness, for I am really drunk with intellectual vision whenever I take a pencil or graver into my hand, even as I used to be in my youth, and as I have not been for twenty dark, but very profitable, years. I thank God that I courageously pursued my course through darkness. In a short time I shall make my assertion good that I am become suddenly as I was at first, by producing the Head of Romney and The Shipwreck quite another thing from what you or I ever expected them to be. In short, I am now satisfied and proud of my work, which I have not been for the above long period.

If our excellent and manly friend Meyer is yet with you, please to make my wife's and my own most respectful and affectionate compliments to him, also to our kind friend at Lavant.

I remain, with my wife's joint affection,

Your sincere and obliged servant,

WILL BLAKE.

## LETTER L

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

4 *December*, 1804.

" PROOFS of my plates will wait on you in a few days. I have " mentioned your proposals to our noble Flaxman, whose high " & generous spirit relinquishes the whole to me—but that he will " overlook and advise. . . . I have indeed fought thro' a Hell of " terrors and horrors (which none could know but myself) in a " divided existence; now no longer divided nor at war with myself, " I shall travel on in the strength of the Lord God, as Poor Pilgrim " says." [*Extracts from sale catalogue.*]

## LETTER LI

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

18 *December*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND, with some confidence, proofs of my two plates, having had the assistance and approbation of our good friend Flaxman. He approves much (I cannot help telling you so much) of The Shipwreck. Mrs. Flaxman also, who is a good connoisseur in engraving, has given her warm approbation, and to the plate of the Portrait, though not yet in so high finished a state. I am sure (mark my confidence), with Flaxman's advice, which he gives with all the warmth of friendship both to you and me, it must be soon a highly finished and properly finished print; but yet I must solicit for a supply of money, and hope you will be convinced that the labour I have used on the two plates has left me without any resource but that of applying to you. I am again in want of ten

pounds; hope that the size and neatness of my plate of The Shipwreck will plead for me the excuse for troubling you before it can be properly called finished, though Flaxman has already pronounced it so. I beg your remarks also on both my performances, as in their present state they will be capable of very much improvement from a few lucky or well advised touches. I cannot omit observing that the price Mr. Johnson gives for the plates of Fuseli's *Shakespeare* (the concluding numbers of which I now send) is twenty-five guineas each. On comparing them with mine of The Shipwreck, you will perceive that I have done my duty, and put forth my whole strength.

Your beautiful and elegant daughter *Venusea* grows in our estimation on a second and third perusal. I have not yet received the *History of Chichester*. I mention this not because I would hasten its arrival before it is convenient, but fancy it may have miscarried. My wife joins me in wishing you a merry Christmas. Remembering our happy Christmas at lovely Felpham, our spirits seem still to hover round our sweet cottage and round the beautiful Turret. I have said *seem*, but am persuaded that distance is nothing but a phantasy. We are often sitting by our cottage fire, and often we think we hear your voice calling at the gate. Surely these things are real and eternal in our eternal mind and can never pass away. My wife continues well, thanks to Mr. Birch's Electrical Magic, which she has discontinued these three months.

I remain your sincere and obliged,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

# LETTER LII

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

South Molton Street,
28 *Dec^r*, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

THE Death of so Excellent a Man as my Generous Advocate[1] is a Public Loss, which those who knew him can best Estimate, & to those who have an affection for him like Yours, is a Loss that only can be repair'd in Eternity, where it will indeed with such abundant felicity, in the meeting Him a Glorified Saint who was a suffering Mortal, that our Sorrow is swallow'd up in Hope. Such Consolations are alone to be found in Religion, the Sun & the Moon of our Journey; & such sweet Verses as yours in your last beautiful Poem must now afford you their full reward.

Farewell, Sweet Rose! thou hast got before me into the Celestial City. I also have but a few more Mountains to pass: for I hear the bells ring & the trumpets sound to welcome thy arrival among Cowper's Glorified Band of Spirits of Just Men made Perfect.

Now, My Dear Sir, I will thank you for the transmission of ten Pounds to the Dreamer over his own Fortunes: for I certainly am that Dreamer; but tho' I dream over my own Fortunes, I ought not to Dream over those of other Men, & accordingly have given a look over my account Book, in which I have regularly written down Every Sum I have reciev'd from you; & tho' I never can balance the account of obligations with you, I ought to do my best at all times & in all circumstances. I find that you was right in supposing that I had been paid for all I have done; but when I wrote last requesting ten pounds, I thought it was Due on the Shipwreck (which it was), but I did not advert to the Twelve Guineas which you Lent Me when I made up 30 Pounds to pay

[1] Samuel Rose.

our worthy Seagrave in part of his Account. I am therefore that 12 Guineas in your Debt: Which If I had consider'd, I should have used more consideration, & more ceremony also, in so serious an affair as the calling on you for more Money; but, however, your kind answer to my Request makes me Doubly Thank you.

The two Cartoons which I have of Hecate & Pliny are very unequal in point of finishing: the Pliny in a Sketch, tho' admirably contrived for an Effect equal to Rembrandt. But the Hecate is a finish'd Production, which will call for all the Engraver's nicest attention; indeed it is more finish'd than the Shipwreck; it is everybody['s] favourite who have seen it, & they regularly prefer it to the Shipwreck as a work of Genius. As to the [Plates *del.*] Price of the Plates, Flaxman declares to me that he will not pretend to set a price upon Engraving. I think it can only be done by some Engraver. I consulted Mr. Parker on the subject, before I decided on the Shipwreck, & it was his opinion, & he says it still is so, that a Print of that size cannot be done under 30 Guineas, if finish'd, &, if a Sketch, 15 Guineas; as, therefore, Hecate must be a Finish'd Plate, I consider 30 Guineas as its Price, & the Pliny 15 Guineas.

Our Dear Friend Hawkins is out of Town, & will not return till April. I have sent to him, by a parcel from Col. Sibthorpe's, your Desirable Poetical Present for Mrs. Hawkins. His address is this— To John Hawkins, Esq^r., Dallington, near Northampton. Mr. Edwards is out of Town likewise.

I am very far from shewing the Portrait of Romney as a finish'd Proof; be assured that with our Good Flaxman's good help, & with your remarks on it in addition, I hope to make it a Supernaculum. The Shipwreck, also, will be infinitely better the next proof. I feel very much gratified at your approval of my Queen Catherine: beg to observe that the Print of Romeo & the Apothecary[1] annex'd to your copy is a shamefully worn-out impression, but it was the only one I could get at Johnson's. I left

[1] These two plates were engraved by Blake after Fuseli for Chalmers's *Shakespeare*, 1805.

a good impression of it when I left Felpham last in one of Heath's Shakespeare: you will see that it is not like the same Plate with the worn-out Impression. My wife joins me in love & in rejoicing in Miss Poole's continued health. I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILL BLAKE.

*P.S.* I made a very high finish'd Drawing of Romney as a companion to my drawing of the head of Cowper (you remember), with which Flaxman is very much satisfied, & says that when my Print is like that I need wish it no better, & I am determin'd to make it so at least. W.B.

## LETTER LIII

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

19 *January*, 1805.

"RELATES to the appointment of a publisher of Mr. Hayley's "Poems and various matters of a kindred nature." [*Extract from sale catalogue.*]

## LETTER LIV

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

22 *January*, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE this letter will outstrip Mr. Phillips's, as I sit down to write immediately on returning from his house. He says he is agreeable to every proposal you have made, and will himself immediately reply to you. I should have supposed him mad if he had not: for such clear and generous proposals as yours to him he

will not easily meet from anyone else. He will, of course, inform you what his sentiments are of the proposal concerning the three dramas. I found it unnecessary to mention anything relating to the purposed application of the profits, as he, on reading your letter, expressed his wish that you should yourself set a price, and that he would, in his letter to you, explain his reasons for wishing it. The idea of publishing one volume a year he considers as impolitic, and that a handsome general edition of your works would be more productive. He likewise objects to any periodical mode of publishing any of your works, as he thinks it somewhat derogatory, as well as unprofitable. I must now express my thanks for your generous manner of proposing the *Ballads* to him on my account, and inform you of his advice concerning them; and he thinks that they should be published *all together* in a volume the size of the small edition of the *Triumphs of Temper*, with six or seven plates.[1] That one thousand copies should be the first edition, and, if we choose, we might add to the number of plates in a second edition. And he will go equal shares with me in the expense and the profits, and that Seagrave is to be the printer. That we must consider all that has been printed as lost, and begin anew, unless we can apply some of the plates to the new edition. I consider myself as only put in trust with this work, and that the copyright is for ever yours. I therefore beg that you will not suffer it to be injured by my ignorance, or that it should in any way be separated from the grand bulk of your literary property. Truly proud I am to be in possession of this beautiful little estate; for that it will be highly productive I have no doubt, in the way now proposed; and I shall consider myself a robber to retain any more than you at any time please to grant. In short, I am tenant at will, and may write over my door, as the poor barber did, "Money for live here."

I entreat your immediate advice what I am to do, for I would not for the world injure this beautiful work, and cannot answer P.'s

[1] *Ballads*, by William Hayley, Esq., founded on Anecdotes relating to Animals, with [five] Prints designed and engraved by William Blake. Chichester: printed by J. Seagrave, for Richard Phillips, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London, 1805, 8°.

proposal till I have your directions and commands concerning it; for he wishes to set about it immediately, and has desired that I will give him my proposal concerning it in writing.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate

WILL BLAKE.

## LETTER LV

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

25 *April*, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

THIS morning I have been with Mr. Phillips, and have entirely settled with him the plan of engraving for the new edition of the *Ballads*. The prints, five in number, I have engaged to finish by 28th May. They are to be as highly finished as I can do them, the size the same as the seven plates, the price 20 guineas each, half to be prepaid by P. The subjects I cannot do better than those already chosen, as they are the most eminent among animals, viz.: the Lion, the Eagle, the Horse, the Dog. Of the dog species, the two ballads are so pre-eminent, and my designs for them please me so well, that I have chosen that design in our last number, of the dog and crocodile, and that of the dog defending his dead master from the vultures. Of these five I am making little high finished pictures, the size the engravings are to be, and I am hard at it to accomplish in time what I intend. Mr. P. says he will send Mr. Seagrave the paper directly.

The journeymen printers throughout London are at war with their masters, and are likely to get the better. Each party meets to consult against the other. Nothing can be greater than the violence on both sides; printing is suspended in London, except at private presses. I hope this will become a source of advantage to our friend Seagrave.

The idea of seeing an engraving of Cowper by the hand of Caroline Watson is, I assure you, a pleasing one to me. It will be highly gratifying to see another copy by another hand, and not only gratifying, but improving, which is much better.

The town is mad: young Roscius,[1] like all prodigies, is the talk of everyone. I have not seen him, and perhaps never may. I have no curiosity to see him, as I well know what is within compass of a boy of fourteen; and as to real acting, it is, like historical painting, no boy's work.

Fuseli is made Master of the Royal Academy. Banks,[2] the sculptor, is gone to his eternal home. I have heard that Flaxman means to give a lecture on sculpture at the Royal Academy on the occasion of Banks' death. He died at the age of seventy-five, of a paralytic stroke: and I conceive Flaxman stands without a competitor in sculpture.

I must not omit to tell you that, on leaving Mr. Phillips, I asked if he had any message to you, as I meant to write immediately. He said: " Give my best respects, and tell Mr. Hayley that I wish " very much to be at work for him." But perhaps I ought to tell you what he said to me previous to this, in the course of our conversation. His words were: " I feel somewhat embarrassed at the idea of " setting a value on any works of Mr. Hayley, and fear that he will " wish me to do so." I asked him how a value was set on any literary work. He answered the probable sale of the work would be the measure of estimating the profits, and that would lead to a valuation of the copyright. This may be of no consequence; but I could not omit telling you.

My wife continues in health, and desires to join me in every grateful wish to you and to our dear respected Miss Poole.

I remain,

Yours with sincerity,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[1] William Henry West Betty (1791-1874), actor from 1803 to 1864.

[2] Thomas Banks died 2nd February 1805.

*P.S.* Your desire that I should write a little advertisement at the beginning of the *Ballads* has set my brains to work, and at length produced the following. Simplicity, as you desire, has been my first object. I send it for your correction or condemnation, begging you to supply its deficiency or to new create it according to your wish:

"The public ought to be informed that the *Ballads* were the "effusions of friendship to countenance what their author is kindly "pleased to call talents for designing and to relieve my more "laborious engagement of engraving those portraits which "accompany the *Life of Cowper*. Out of a number of designs I have "selected five, and hope that the public will approve of my rather "giving a few highly laboured plates than a greater number and "less finished. If I have succeeded in these, more may be added at "pleasure."

WILL BLAKE.

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## LETTER LVI

### TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

17 *May*, 1805.

"'READING in the Bible of the Eyes of the Almighty, I could "'not help putting up a petition for yours.' Speaks of his "rough sketch of an advertisement (the direction of which has "been improved). . . . 'if any of my writings should hereafter "'appear before the Public, they will fall far short of this first "'specimen.'" [*Extracts from sale catalogue.*]

# LETTER LVII

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

*4 June*, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE fortunately, I ought to say providentially, discovered that I have engraved one of the plates for that ballad of The Horse which is omitted in the new edition; time enough to save the extreme loss and disappointment which I should have suffered had the work been completed without that ballad's insertion. I write to entreat that you would contrive so as that my plate may come into the work, as its omission would be to me a loss that I could not now sustain, as it would cut off ten guineas from my next demand on Phillips, which sum I am in absolute want of; as well as that I should lose all the labour I have been at on that plate, which I consider as one of my best; I know it has cost me immense labour. The way in which I discovered this mistake is odd enough. Mr. Phillips objects altogether to the insertion of my Advertisement, calling it an appeal to charity, and says it will hurt the sale of the work, and he sent to me the last sheet by the penny (that is, the twopenny) post, desiring that I would forward it to Mr. Seagrave. But I have inclosed it to you, as you ought and must see it. I am no judge in these matters, and leave all to your decision,[1] as I know that you will do what is right on all hands. Pray accept my and my wife's sincerest love and gratitude.

WILL BLAKE.

[1] The Advertisement did not appear.

# LETTER LVIII

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

27 *Nov.*, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

MR. CROMEK the Engraver came to me desiring to have some of my Designs; he named his Price & wish'd me to Produce him Illustrations of The Grave, A Poem by Robert Blair[1]; in consequence of this I produced about twenty Designs which pleas'd so well that he, with the same liborality with which he set me about the Drawing, has now set me to Engrave them. He means to Publish them by Subscription with the Poem as you will see in the Prospectus which he sends you in the Pacquet with the Letter. You will, I know, feel as you always do on such occasions, not only warm wishes to promote the Spirited Exertions of my friend Cromek. You will be pleased to see that the Royal Academy have Sanctioned the Style of work. I now have reason more than ever to lament your Distance from London, as that alone has prevented our Consulting you in our Progress, which is but of about two Months Date. I cannot give you any Account of our Ballads, for I have heard nothing of Phillips this Age. I hear them approved by the best, that is, the most serious people, & if any others are displeased it is also an argument of their being Successful as well as Right, of which I have no Doubt; for what is Good must succeed first or last, but what is bad owes success to something beside or without itself, if it has any.

My Wife joins me in anxious wishes for your health & Happiness, desiring to be particularly remembered by You & our Good Lady Paulina over a dish of Coffee. I long to hear of your Good Health & [of] that [of] our dear friend of Lavant & of all our fri[e]nds (to whom we are grateful & desire to be remember'd) In Sussex.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours ever affectionately,

WILL BLAKE.

[1] Blair's *Grave*, 4°, 1808, with twelve designs engraved by Schiavonetti after Blake.

# LETTER LIX

## TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

S$^{th}$ Molton Street,
11 *December*, 1805.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT omit to Return you my sincere & Grateful Acknowledgments for the kind Reception you have given my New Projected Work. It bids fair to set me above the difficulties I have hitherto encountered. But my Fate has been so uncommon that I expect Nothing. I was alive and in health and with the same Talents I now have all the time of Boydell's, Machlin's, Bowyer's, & other great works. I was known to them and was look'd upon by them as Incapable of Employment in those Works; it may turn out so again, notwithstanding appearances. I am prepared for it, but at the same time sincerely Grateful to Those whose Kindness & Good opinion has supported me thro' all hitherto. You, Dear Sir, are one who has my Particular Gratitude, having conducted me thro' Three that would have been the Darkest Years that ever Mortal Suffer'd, which were render'd thro' your means a Mild and Pleasant Slumber. I speak of Spiritual Things, Not of Natural; of Things known only to Myself and to Spirits Good and Evil, but Not known to Men on Earth. It is the passage thro' these Three Years that has brought me into my Present State, and I *know* that if I had not been with You I must have Perish'd. Those Dangers are now passed and I can see them beneath my feet. It will not be long before I shall be able to present the full history of my Spiritual Sufferings to the dwellers upon Earth and of the Spiritual Victories obtained for me by my Friends. Excuse this Effusion of the Spirit from One who cares little for this World, which passes away, whose happiness is Secure in Jesus our Lord, and who looks for suffering till the time of complete deliverance. In the meanwhile I am kept

Happy, as I used to be, because I throw Myself and all that I have on our Saviour's Divine Providence. O what Wonders are the Children of Men! Would to God that they would consider it,—that they would consider their Spiritual Life, regardless of that faint Shadow called Natural Life, and that they would Promote Each other's Spiritual labours, each according to its Rank, & that they would know that Receiving a Prophet as a Prophet is a Duty which If omitted is more Severely Avenged than Every Sin and Wickedness beside. It is the Greatest of Crimes to Depress True Art and Science. I know that those who are dead from the Earth, & who mocked and Despised the Meekness of True Art (and such, I find, have been the situation of our Beautiful, Affectionate Ballads), I know that such Mockers are Most Severely Punished in Eternity. I know it, for I see it & dare not help. The Mocker of Art is the Mocker of Jesus. Let us go on, Dear Sir, following his Cross: let us take it up daily, Persisting in Spiritual Labours & the Use of that Talent which it is Death to Bury, and of that Spirit to which we are called.

Pray Present My Sincerest Thanks to our Good Paulina, whose kindness to Me shall receive recompense in the Presence of Jesus. Present also my Thanks to the generous Seagrave, In whose debt I have been too long, but perceive that I shall be able to settle with him soon what is between us. I have delivered to Mr. Sanders the 3 works of Romney, as Mrs. Lambert told me you wished to have them. A very few touches will finish the Shipwreck; those few I have added upon a Proof before I parted with the Picture. It is a Print that I feel proud of, on a New inspection. Wishing you and All Friends in Sussex a Merry & Happy Christmas,

I remain, Ever Your Affectionate,

WILL BLAKE and his Wife CATHERINE BLAKE.

# REMARKS ON THE DRAWINGS OF THOMAS HEATH MALKIN FROM "A FATHERS MEMOIRS OF HIS CHILD" BY BENJ. HEATH MALKIN LONDON MDCCCVI

*Written about* 1805

THEY are all firm, determinate outline, or identical form. Had the hand which executed these little ideas been that of a plagiary, who works only from the memory, we should have seen blots called masses; blots without form, and therefore without meaning. These blots of light and dark, as being the result of labour, are always clumsy and indefinite; the effect of rubbing out and putting in, like the progress of a blind man, or of one in the dark, who feels his way, but does not see it. These are not so. Even the copy from Raphael's Cartoon of St. Paul preaching, is a firm, determinate outline, struck at once, as Protogenes struck his line, when he meant to make himself known to Apelles. The map of Allestone has the same character of the firm and determinate. All his efforts prove this little boy to have had that greatest of all blessings, a strong imagination, a clear idea, and a determinate vision of things in his own mind.

# DEBTOR AND CREDITOR ACCOUNT BETWEEN BLAKE AND THOMAS BUTTS, MDCCCV-MDCCCVI

| Mr. Butts | Dr. | | Cr. |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 12 1805 | | Jan$^{y}$ 12 | |
| Due on Account . . . . | 0.4.0 | By Cash . . . . . | 12.12.0 |
| 12 Drawings, Viz: 1. Famine. 2. War. 3. Moses striking the Rock. 4. Ezekiel's Wheels. 5. Christ girding himself with strength. 6. Four & twenty Elders. 7. Christ Baptizing. 8. Samson breaking bonds. 9. Samson subdu'd. 10. Noah & Rainbow. 11. Wise & foolish Virgins. 12. Hell beneath is moved for thee &c. from Isaiah . . . . . | 12.12.0 | | |
| 5 July | | 5 July | |
| 4 Prints, Viz: 1. Good & Evil Angel. 2. House of Death. 3. God Judging Adam. 4. Lamech . . . . | 4.4.0 | By d$^{o}$. | 5.7.0 |
| 21 Aug$^{st}$. | | | |
| 4 Nos. of Hayley's Ballads . | 0.10.0 | | |
| 7 Sept$^{r}$. | | 7 Sept$^{r}$ | |
| 4 Prints, Viz: 1. Nebuchadnezzar. 2. Newton. 3. God Creating Adam. 4. Christ appearing . . . . | 4.4.0 | By d$^{o}$. | 4.4.0 |
| Dec$^{r}$. 12 | | | |
| Touch$^{g}$ up Christ Baptizing . | 1.1.0 | | |
| (Should be 22.15) | £21.15.0 | (Should be £22.3) | £21.3.0 |

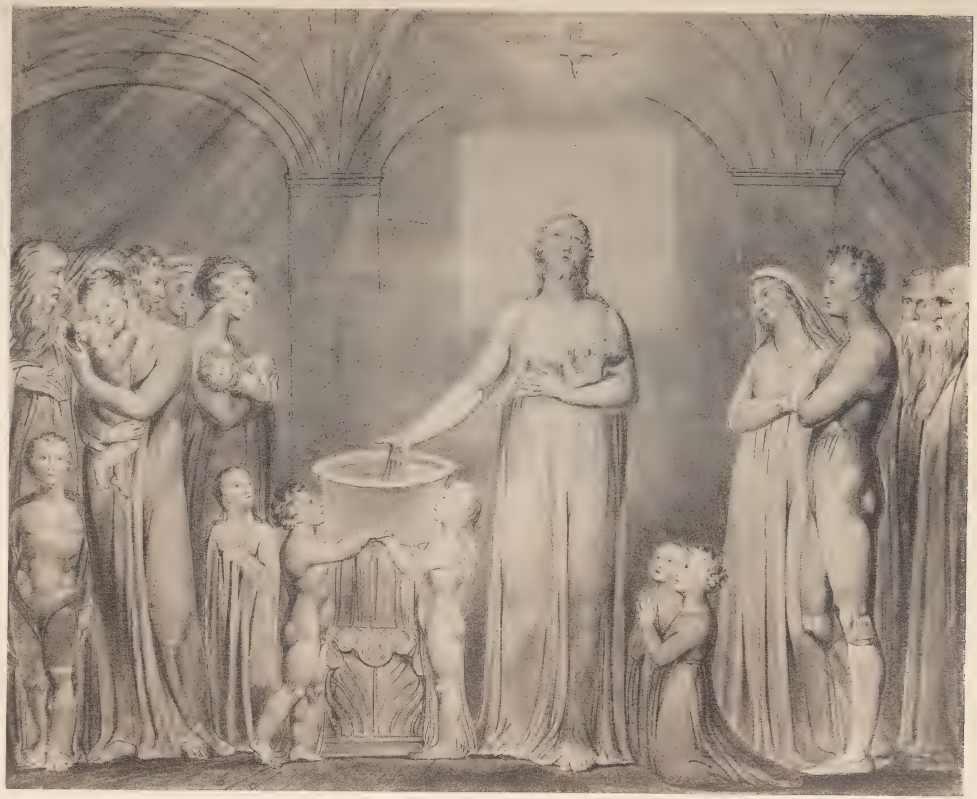


Plate XXX

*CHRIST BAPTIZING*

## *DEBTOR AND CREDITOR ACCOUNT*

| Dr Mr Butts | | Cr. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brot over . . . . . | £22.15.0 | Brot over | 22.3.– |
| Drawings &c sent from Felpham . . . . . | 14.14.0 | Balance due from me previous to my going to Felpham | 14.10.8 |
| Urizen, Heaven, &c., & Songs of Experience for balance . | 10.6 | | |
| 3 Hayley's Ballads per Brother | 7.6 | By Coals to 5 Octr 1805 | 12.19.– |
| 3 ditto — Mr Birch | 7.6 | | |
| 4 ditto | 10.0 | | |
| History of Mastr Malkin | 10.6 | | |
| Decr 25 1805 | | | |
| On Account of teaching your Son at 25 Guineas per Annum to commence on this Day | 26.5.0 | Balance paid to Mr. Blake | 16.7.4 |
| | £66.0.– | | 66.0.0 |

[*Receipt*]

Reciev'd of Mr Butts March 3, 1806, the sum of Sixteen Pounds Seven & Four pence Balance to this day as per Annexed Account £16. 7. 4. WILLIAM BLAKE.

# LETTER LX

## TO RICHARD PHILLIPS[1]

[*June*, 1806.]

SIR,

MY indignation was exceedingly moved at reading a criticism in *Bell's Weekly Messenger* (25th May) on the picture of Count Ugolino, by Mr. Fuseli, in the Royal Academy Exhibition; and your Magazine being as extensive in its circulation as that Paper, and as it also must from its nature be more permanent, I take the advantageous opportunity to counteract the widely diffused malice which has for many years, under the pretence of admiration of the arts, been assiduously sown and planted among the English public against true art, such as it existed in the days of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Under pretence of fair criticism and candour, the most wretched taste ever produced has been upheld for many, very many years; but now, I say, now its end is come. Such an artist as Fuseli is invulnerable, he needs not my defence; but I should be ashamed not to set my hand and shoulder, and whole strength, against those wretches who, under pretence of criticism, use the dagger and the poison.

My criticism on this picture is as follows: Mr. Fuseli's Count Ugolino is the father of sons of feeling and dignity, who would not sit looking in their parent's face in the moment of his agony, but would rather retire and die in secret, while they suffer him to indulge his passionate and innocent grief, his innocent and venerable madness and insanity and fury, and whatever paltry, cold-hearted critics cannot, because they dare not, look upon. Fuseli's Count Ugolino is a man of wonder and admiration, of resentment against man and devil, and of humiliation before God; prayer and parental affection fill the figure from head to foot. The child in his arms, whether boy or girl signifies not (but the critic must be a fool who has not read Dante, and who does not know a boy from a girl), I say, the child is as beautifully drawn as it is coloured—in both,

[1] Editor of *The Monthly Magazine*. This letter appeared in the number for July 1, 1806.

inimitable! and the effect of the whole is truly sublime, on account of that very colouring which our critic calls black and heavy. The German flute colour, which was used by the Flemings (they call it burnt bone), has possessed the eye of certain connoisseurs, that they cannot see appropriate colouring, and are blind to the gloom of a real terror.

The taste of English amateurs has been too much formed upon pictures imported from Flanders and Holland; consequently our countrymen are easily brow-beat on the subject of painting; and hence it is so common to hear a man say: 'I am no judge of 'pictures.' But O Englishmen! know that every man ought to be a judge of pictures, and every man is so who has not been connoisseured out of his senses.

A gentleman who visited me the other day, said, "I am very "much surprised at the dislike that some connoisseurs shew on "viewing the pictures of Mr. Fuseli; but the truth is, he is a hundred "years beyond the present generation." Though I am startled at such an assertion, I hope the contemporary taste will shorten the hundred years into as many hours; for I am sure that any person consulting his own eyes must prefer what is so supereminent; and I am as sure that any person consulting his own reputation, or the reputation of his country, will refrain from disgracing either by such ill-judged criticisms in future.

Yours,

WM. BLAKE.

# MEMORANDA FROM THE ROSSETTI MANUSCRIPT

*Written in* 1807

1

TUESDAY, Jan^ry. 20, 1807, between Two & Seven in the Evening—Despair.

2

Memorandum

To Engrave on Pewter: Let there be first a drawing made correctly with black lead pencil: let nothing be to seek; then rub it off on the plate cover'd with white wax, or perhaps pass it thro' press—this will produce certain & determin'd forms on the plate & time will not be wasted in seeking them afterwards.

3

Memorandum

To Woodcut on Pewter: lay a ground on the Plate & smoke it as for Etching; then trace your outlines [& draw them in with a needle *del.*], and beginning with the spots of light on each object with an oval pointed needle scrape off the ground [& instead of etching the shadowy strokes *del.*] as a direction for your graver; then proceed to graving with the ground on the plate, being as careful as possible not to hurt the ground, because it, being black, will shew perfectly what is wanted [*word del.*].

4

Memorandum

To Woodcut on Copper: Lay a ground as for Etching; trace &c, & instead of Etching the blacks, Etch the whites & bite it in.

5

South Molton Street. Sunday, August 1, 1807.

My Wife was told by a Spirit to look for her fortune by opening by chance a book which she had in her hand; it was Bysshe's Art of Poetry. She open'd the following:

I saw 'em kindle with desire
While with soft sighs they blew the fire,
Saw the approaches of their joy,
He growing more fierce & she less coy
. .
Like charmers thrice they did invoke
The God & thrice new Vigor took.

BEHN.

I was so well pleased with her Luck that I thought I would try my Own & open'd the following:

As when the wind their airy quarrel try,
Justling from every quarter of the sky,
This way & that the Mountain oak they bear
. . .
For as he shoots his lowring head on high
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.

DRYDEN's Virgil.

# LETTER LXI

## TO RICHARD PHILLIPS

17 S$^{th}$ Molton St.
*Oct.* 14 [1807]

SIR

A CIRCUMSTANCE has occurred which has again raised my Indignation.

I read in the 'Oracle & True Briton' of Oct$^{r}$ 13, 1807, that a Mr. Blair, a Surgeon, has, with *the Cold fury of Robespierre*, caused the Police to sieze upon the Person & Goods or Property of an Astrologer & to commit him to Prison. The Man who can Read the Stars often is opressed by their Influence, no less than the Newtonian who reads Not & cannot Read is opressed by his own Reasonings & Experiments. We are all subject to Error: Who shall say, except the Natural Religionists, that we are not all subject to Crime?

My desire is that you would Enquire into this Affair & that you would publish this in your Monthly Magazine. I do not pay the postage of this Letter, because you, as Sheriff, are bound to attend to it.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[1] The letter is marked: "W.B. Rec$^{d}$ Oct$^{r}$ 27$^{th}$ 1807. With Mr P's Compt$^{s}$." It was not published.

# MILTON

## A POEM IN 2 BOOKS

To Justify the Ways of God to Men

*Written and etched*, 1804-1808

### PREFACE

THE Stolen and Perverted Writings of Homer & Ovid, of Plato & Cicero, which all Men ought to contemn, are set up by artifice against the Sublime of the Bible; but when the New Age is at leisure to Pronounce, all will be set right, & those Grand Works of the more ancient & consciously & professedly Inspired Men will hold their proper rank, & the Daughters of Memory shall become the Daughters of Inspiration. Shakspeare & Milton were both curb'd by the general malady & infection from the silly Greek & Latin slaves of the Sword.

Rouze up, O Young Men of the New Age! set your forcheads against the ignorant Hirelings! For we have Hirelings in the Camp, the Court & the University, who would, if they could, for ever depress Mental & prolong Corporeal War. Painters! on you I call. Sculptors! Architects! Suffer not the fashionable Fools to depress your powers by the prices they pretend to give for contemptible works, or the expensive advertizing boasts that they make of such works; believe Christ & his Apostles that there is a Class of Men whose whole delight is in Destroying. We do not want either Greek or Roman Models if we are but just & true to our own Imaginations, those Worlds of Eternity in which we shall live for ever in JESUS OUR LORD.

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire.

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green & pleasant Land.

"Would to God that all the Lord's people were Prophets."
NUMBERS, xi. ch., 29 v.

# MILTON

## BOOK THE FIRST

2

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

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

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

Three Classes are Created by the Hammer of Los & Woven

3

By Enitharmon's Looms when Albion was slain upon his Mountains
And in his Tent, through envy of the Living Form, even of the Divine Vision
And of the sports of Wisdom in the Human Imagination,
Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed for ever
Mark well my words! they are of your eternal salvation.

Urizen lay in darkness & solitude, in chains of the mind lock'd up
Los siez'd his Hammer & Tongs; he labour'd at his resolute Anvil
Among indefinite Druid rocks & snows of doubt & reasoning.

Refusing all Definite Form, the Abstract Horror roof'd, stony hard;
And a first Age passed over, & a State of dismal woe.

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

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

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

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

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

Enraged & stifled without & within, in terror & woe he threw his
Right Arm to the north, his left Arm to the south, & his feet
Stamp'd the nether Abyss in trembling & howling & dismay;
And a seventh Age passed over, & a State of dismal woe.

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

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

4

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

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

Satan was going to reply, but Los roll'd his loud thunders.

" Anger me not! thou canst not drive the Harrow in pity's paths:
" Thy Work is Eternal Death with Mills & Ovens & Cauldrons.
" Trouble me no more; thou canst not have Eternal Life."

So Los spoke. Satan trembling obey'd, weeping along the way.
Mark well my words! they are of your eternal Salvation.

Between South Molton Street & Stratford Place, Calvary's foot,
Where the Victims were preparing for Sacrifice their Cherubim;
Around their Loins pour'd forth their arrows, & their bosoms beam
With all colours of precious stones, & their inmost palaces
Resounded with preparation of animals wild & tame,
(Mark well my words: Corporeal Friends are Spiritual Enemies)
Mocking Druidical Mathematical Proportion of Length, Bredth, Highth:
Displaying Naked Beauty, with Flute & Harp & Song.

5

Palamabron with the fiery Harrow in morning returning
From breathing fields, Satan fainted beneath the artillery.
Christ took on Sin in the Virgin's Womb & put it off on the Cross.
All pitied the piteous & was wrath with the wrathful, & Los heard it.
And this is the manner of the Daughters of Albion in their beauty.
Every one is threefold in Head & Heart & Reins, & every one
Has three Gates into the three Heavens of Beulah, which shine
Translucent in their Foreheads & their Bosoms & their Loins
Surrounded with fires unapproachable: but whom they please
They take up into their Heavens in intoxicating delight;
For the Elect cannot be Redeem'd, but created continually
By Offering & Atonement in the crue[l]ties of Moral Law.
Hence the three Classes of Men take their fix'd destinations.
They are the Two Contraries & the Reasoning Negative.

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

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

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

Thus they sing Creating the Three Classes among Druid Rocks.
Charles calls on Milton for Atonement. Cromwell is ready.
James calls for fires in Golgonooza, for heaps of smoking ruins
In the night of prosperity and wantonness which he himself Created,
Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Rocks of the Druids,
When Satan fainted beneath the arrows of Elynittria,
And Mathematic Proportion was subdued by Living Proportion.

6

From Golgonooza the spiritual Four-fold London eternal,
In immense labours & sorrows, ever building, ever falling,
Thro' Albion's four Forests which overspread all the Earth
From London Stone to Blackheath east: to Hounslow west:
To Finchley north: to Norwood south: and the weights
Of Enitharmon's Loom play lulling cadences on the winds of Albion
From Caithness in the north to Lizard-point & Dover in the south.

Loud sounds the Hammer of Los & loud his Bellows is heard
Before London to Hampstead's breadths & Highgate's heights, To
Stratford & old Bow & across to the Gardens of Kensington
On Tyburn's Brook: loud groans Thames beneath the iron Forge
Of Rintrah & Palamabron, of Thcotorm & Bromion, to forge the instruments
Of Harvest, the Plow & Harrow to pass over the Nations.

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

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

Here the Three Classes of Mortal Men take their fix'd destinations,
And hence they overspread the Nations of the whole Earth, & hence
The Web of Life is woven & the tender sinews of life created
And the Three Classes of Men regulated by Los's Hammers [and woven

7

By Enitharmon's Looms & Spun beneath the Spindle of Tirzah. *erased*]
The first, The Elect from before the foundation of the World:
The second, The Redeem'd: The Third, The Reprobate & form'd
To destruction from the mother's womb: . . . . . .
. . . . . [*words erased*] follow with me my plow.

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

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

Next morning Palamabron rose: the horses of the Harrow
Were madden'd with tormenting fury, & the servants of the Harrow,
The Gnomes, accus'd Satan with indignation, fury and fire.
Then Palamabron, reddening like the Moon in an eclipse,
Spoke, saying: " You know Satan's mildness and his self-imposition,
" Seeming a brother, being a tyrant, even thinking himself a brother
" While he is murdering the just: prophetic I behold

" His future course thro' darkness and despair to eternal death.
" But we must not be tyrants also: he hath assum'd my place
" For one whole day under pretence of pity and love to me.
" My horses hath he madden'd and my fellow servants injur'd.
" How should he, he, know the duties of another? O foolish forbearance!
" Would I had told Los all my heart! but patience, O my friends,
" All may be well: silent remain, while I call Los and Satan."

Loud as the wind of Beulah that unroots the rocks & hills
Palamabron call'd, and Los & Satan came before him,
And Palamabron shew'd the horses & the servants. Satan wept
And mildly cursing Palamabron, him accus'd of crimes
Himself had wrought. Los trembled: Satan's blandishments almost
Perswaded the Prophet of Eternity that Palamabron
Was Satan's enemy & that the Gnomes, being Palamabron's friends,
Were leagued together against Satan thro' ancient enmity.
What could Los do? how could he judge, when Satan's self believ'd
That he had not oppres'd the horses of the Harrow nor the servants.

So Los said: " Henceforth, Palamabron, let each his own station
" Keep: nor in pity false, nor in officious brotherhood, where
" None needs, be active." Mean time Palamabron's horses
Rag'd with thick flames redundant, & the Harrow madden'd with fury.
Trembling Palamabron stood; the strongest of Demons trembled,
Curbing his living creatures; many of the strongest Gnomes
They bit in their wild fury, who also madden'd like wildest beasts.

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

8

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

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

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

And Los said: " Ye Genii of the Mills! the Sun is on high,
" Your labours call you: Palamabron is also in sad dilemma:
" His horses are mad, his Harrow confounded, his companions enrag'd.
" Mine is the fault! I should have remember'd that pity divides the soul
" And man unmans: follow with me my Plow: this mournful day
" Must be a blank in Nature: follow with me and tomorrow again
" Resume your labours, & this day shall be a mournful day."

Wildly they follow'd Los and Rintrah, & the Mills were silent.
They mourn'd all day, this mournful day of Satan & Palamabron:
And all the Elect & all the Redeem'd mourn'd one toward another
Upon the mountains of Albion among the cliffs of the Dead.

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

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

Los secret buried Thulloh, weeping disconsolate over the moony Space.

But Palamabron called down a Great Solemn Assembly,
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelled to
Defend a Lie, that he may be snared & caught & taken.

9

And all Eden descended into Palamabron's tent
Among Albion's Druids & Bards in the caves beneath Albion's
Death Couch, in the caverns of death, in the corner of the Atlantic.
And in the midst of the Great Assembly Palamabron pray'd:
" O God, protect me from my friends, that they have not power over me.
" Thou hast giv'n me power to protect myself from my bitterest enemies."

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

Then rose the Two Witnesses, Rintrah & Palamabron:
And Palamabron appeal'd to all Eden and reciev'd
Judgment: and Lo! it fell on Rintrah and his rage,
Which now flam'd high & furious in Satan against Palamabron
Till it became a proverb in Eden: Satan is among the Reprobate.

Los in his wrath curs'd heaven & earth; he rent up Nations,
Standing on Albion's rocks among high-rear'd Druid temples
Which reach the stars of heaven & stretch from pole to pole.
He displac'd continents, the oceans fled before his face:
He alter'd the poles of the world, east, west & north & south,
But he clos'd up Enitharmon from the sight of all these things.

For Satan, flaming with Rintrah's fury hidden beneath his own mildness,
Accus'd Palamabron before the Assembly of ingratitude, of malice.
He created Seven deadly Sins, drawing out his infernal scroll
Of Moral laws and cruel punishments upon the clouds of Jehovah,
To pervert the Divine voice in its entrance to the earth
With thunder of war & trumpet's sound, with armies of disease,
Punishments & deaths muster'd & number'd, Saying: " I am God alone:
" There is no other! let all obey my principles of moral individuality.
" I have brought them from the uppermost, innermost recesses
" Of my Eternal Mind: transgressors I will rend off for ever
" As now I rend this accursed Family from my covering."

Thus Satan rag'd amidst the Assembly, and his bosom grew
Opake against the Divine Vision: the paved terraces of
His bosom inwards shone with fires, but the stones becoming opake
Hid him from sight in an extreme blackness and darkness.
And there a World of deeper Ulro was open'd in the midst
Of the Assembly. In Satan's bosom, a vast unfathomable Abyss.

Astonishment held the Assembly in an awful silence, and tears
Fell down as dews of night, & a loud solemn universal groan
Was utter'd from the east & from the west & from the south
And from the north; and Satan stood opake immeasurable,
Covering the east with solid blackness round his hidden heart,
With thunders utter'd from his hidden wheels, accusing loud
The Divine Mercy for protecting Palamabron in his tent.

Rintrah rear'd up walls of rocks and pour'd rivers & moats
Of fire round the walls: columns of fire guard around
Between Satan and Palamabron in the terrible darkness.

And Satan not having the Science of Wrath, but only of Pity,
Rent them asunder, and wrath was left to wrath, & pity to pity.
He sunk down, a dreadful Death unlike the slumbers of Beulah.

The Separation was terrible: the Dead was repos'd on his Couch
Beneath the Couch of Albion, on the seven mou[n]tains of Rome,
In the whole place of the Covering Cherub, Rome, Babylon & Tyre.
His Spectre raging furious descended into its Space.

11

Then Los & Enitharmon knew that Satan is Urizen,
Drawn down by Orc & the Shadowy Female into Generation.
Oft Enitharmon enter'd weeping into the Space, there appearing
An aged Woman raving along the Streets (the Space is named
Canaan): then she returned to Los, weary, frighted as from dreams.

The nature of a Female Space is this: it shrinks the Organs
Of Life till they become Finite & Itself seems Infinite.

And Satan vibrated in the immensity of the Space, Limited
To those without, but Infinite to those within: it fell down and
Became Canaan, closing Los from Eternity in Albion's Cliffs.
A mighty Fiend against the Divine Humanity, must'ring to War.

" Satan, Ah me! is gone to his own place," said Los: " their God
" I will not worship in their Churches, nor King in their Theatres.
" Elynittria! whence is this Jealousy running along the mountains?
" British Women were not Jealous when Greek & Roman were Jealous.
" Every thing in Eternity shines by its own Internal light, but thou
" Darkenest every Internal light with the arrows of thy quiver,



Plate XXXI

*LOS AND ENITHARMON WITH ORC IN FLAMES*

" Bound up in the horns of Jealousy to a deadly fading Moon,
" And Ocalythron binds the Sun into a Jealous Globe,
" That every thing is fix'd Opake without Internal light."

So Los lamented over Satan who triumphant divided the Nations.

12

He set his face against Jerusalem to destroy the Eon of Albion.

But Los hid Enitharmon from the sight of all these things
Upon the Thames whose lulling harmony repos'd her soul,
Where Beulah lovely terminates in rocky Albion,
Terminating in Hyde Park on Tyburn's awful brook.

And the Mills of Satan were separated into a moony Space
Among the rocks of Albion's Temples, and Satan's Druid sons
Offer the Human Victims throughout all the Earth, and Albion's
Dread Tomb, immortal on his Rock, overshadow'd the whole Earth,
Where Satan, making to himself Laws from his own identity,
Compell'd others to serve him in moral gratitude & submission,
Being call'd God, setting himself above all that is called God;
And all the Spectres of the Dead, calling themselves Sons of God,
In his Synagogues worship Satan under the Unutterable Name.

And it was enquir'd Why in a Great Solemn Assembly
The Innocent should be condemn'd for the Guilty. Then an Eternal rose,

Saying: " If the Guilty should be condemn'd he must be an Eternal Death,
" And one must die for another throughout all Eternity.
" Satan is fall'n from his station & never can be redeem'd,
" But must be new Created continually moment by moment.
" And therefore the Class of Satan shall be call'd the Elect, & those
" Of Rintrah the Reprobate, & those of Palamabron the Redeem'd:
" For he is redeem'd from Satan's Law, the wrath falling on Rintrah.
" And therefore Palamabron dared not to call a solemn Assembly
" Till Satan had assum'd Rintrah's wrath in the day of mourning,
" In a feminine delusion of false pride self-deciev'd."

So spake the Eternal and confirm'd it with a thunderous oath.

But when Leutha (a Daughter of Beulah) beheld Satan's condemnation,
She down descended into the midst of the Great Solemn Assembly,
Offering herself a Ransom for Satan, taking on her his Sin.

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

And Leutha stood glowing with varying colours, immortal, heart-piercing
And lovely, & her moth-like elegance shone over the Assembly

At length, standing upon the golden floor of Palamabron,
She spake: " I am the Author of this Sin! by my suggestion
" My Parent power Satan has committed this transgression.
" I loved Palamabron & I sought to approach his Tent,
" But beautiful Elynittria with her silver arrows repell'd me,

13

" For her light is terrible to me: I fade before her immortal beauty
" O wherefore doth a Dragon-form forth issue from my limbs
" To sieze her new born son? Ah me! the wretched Leutha!
" This to prevent, entering the doors of Satan's brain night after night
" Like sweet perfumes, I stupified the masculine perceptions
" And kept only the feminine awake: hence rose his soft
" Delusory love to Palamabron, admiration join'd with envy.
" Cupidity unconquerable! my fault, when at noon of day
" The Horses of Palamabron call'd for rest and pleasant death,
" I sprang out of the breast of Satan, over the Harrow beaming
" In all my beauty, that I might unloose the flaming steeds
" As Elynittria used to do; but too well those living creatures
" Knew that I was not Elynittria and they brake the traces.
" But me the servants of the Harrow saw not but as a bow
" Of varying colours on the hills; terribly rag'd the horses.
" Satan astonish'd and with power above his own controll

" Compell'd the Gnomes to curb the horses & to throw banks of sand
" Around the fiery flaming Harrow in labyrinthine forms,
" And brooks between to intersect the meadows in their course.
" The Harrow cast thick flames: Jehovah thunder'd above.
" Chaos & ancient night fled from beneath the fiery Harrow:
" The Harrow cast thick flames & orb'd us round in concave fires,
" A Hell of our own making; see! its flames still gird me round.
" Jehovah thunder'd above; Satan in pride of heart
" Drove the fierce Harrow among the constellations of Jehovah,
" Drawing a third part in the fires as stubble north & south
" To devour Albion and Jerusalem, the Emanation of Albion,
" Driving the Harrow in Pity's paths: 'twas then, with our dark fires
" Which now gird round us (O eternal torment!) I form'd the Serpent
" Of precious stones & gold, turn'd poisons on the sultry wastes.
" The Gnomes in all that day spar'd not; they curs'd Satan bitterly
" To do unkind things in kindness, with power arm'd to say
" The most irritating things in the midst of tears and love:
" These are the stings of the Serpent! thus did we by them till thus
" They in return retaliated, and the Living Creatures madden'd.
" The Gnomes labour'd. I weeping hid in Satan's inmost brain.
" But when the Gnomes refus'd to labour more, with blandishments
" I came forth from the head of Satan: back the Gnomes recoil'd
" And called me Sin and for a sign portentous held me. Soon
" Day sunk and Palamabron return'd; trembling I hid myself
" In Satan's inmost Palace of his nervous fine wrought Brain:
" For Elynittria met Satan with all her singing women,
" Terrific in their joy & pouring wine of wildest power.
" They gave Satan their wine; indignant at the burning wrath,
" Wild with prophetic fury, his former life became like a dream.
" Cloth'd in the Serpent's folds, in selfish holiness demanding purity,
" Being most impure, self-condemn'd to eternal tears, he drove
" Me from his inmost Brain & the doors clos'd with thunder's sound.
" O Divine Vision who didst create the Female to repose
" The Sleepers of Beulah, pity the repentant Leutha! My

14

" Sick Couch bears the dark shades of Eternal Death infolding
" The Spectre of Satan: he furious refuses to repose in sleep.
" I humbly bow in all my Sin before the Throne Divine.
" Not so the Sick-one. Alas, what shall be done him to restore
" Who calls the Individual Law Holy and despises the Saviour,
" Glorying to involve Albion's Body in fires of eternal War? "

Now Leutha ceas'd: tears flow'd, but the Divine Pity supported her.

" All is my fault! We are the Spectre of Luvah, the murderer
" Of Albion. O Vala! O Luvah! O Albion! O lovely Jerusalem!
" The Sin was begun in Eternity and will not rest to Eternity
" Till two Eternitys meet together. Ah! lost, lost, lost for ever! "

So Leutha spoke. But when she saw that Enitharmon had
Created a New Space to protect Satan from punishment,
She fled to Enitharmon's Tent & hid herself. Loud raging
Thunder'd the Assembly dark & clouded, and they ratify'd
The kind decision of Enitharmon & gave a Time to the Space,
Even Six Thousand years, and sent Lucifer for its Guard.
But Lucifer refus'd to die & in pride he forsook his charge:
And they elected Molech, and when Molech was impatient
The Divine hand found the Two Limits, first of Opacity, then of Contraction.
Opacity was named Satan, Contraction was named Adam.
Triple Elohim came: Elohim wearied fainted: they elected Shaddai:
Shaddai angry, Pahad descended: Pahad terrified, they sent Jehovah,
And Jehovah was leprous; loud he call'd, stretching his hand to Eternity,
For then the Body of Death was perfected in hypocritic holiness,
Around the Lamb, a Female Tabernacle woven in Cathedron's Looms.
He died as a Reprobate, he was Punish'd as a Transgressor.
Glory! Glory! Glory! to the Holy Lamb of God!
I touch the heavens as an instrument to glorify the Lord!

The Elect shall meet the Redeem'd on Albion's rocks, they shall meet
Astonish'd at the Transgressor, in him beholding the Saviour.
And the Elect shall say to the Redeem'd: " We behold it is of Divine
" Mercy alone, of Free Gift and Election that we live:
" Our Virtues & Cruel Goodnesses have deserv'd Eternal Death."
Thus they weep upon the fatal Brook of Albion's River.

But Elynittria met Leutha in the place where she was hidden
And threw aside her arrows and laid down her sounding Bow.
She sooth'd her with soft words & brought her to Palamabron's bed
In moments new created for delusion, interwoven round about.
In dreams she bore the shadowy Spectre of Sleep & nam'd him Death:
In dreams she bore Rahab, the mother of Tirzah, & her sisters
In Lambeth's vales, in Cambridge & in Oxford, places of Thought,
Intricate labyrinths of Times and Spaces unknown, that Leutha lived
In Palamabron's Tent and Oothoon was her charming guard.

The Bard ceas'd. All consider'd and a loud resounding murmur
Continu'd round the Halls; and much they question'd the immortal
Loud voic'd Bard, and many condemn'd the high toned Song,
Saying: " Pity and Love are too venerable for the imputation
" Of Guilt." Others said: " If it is true, if the acts have been perform'd,
" Let the Bard himself witness. Where hadst thou this terrible Song? "

The Bard replied: " I am Inspired! I know it is Truth! for I Sing

15

" According to the inspiration of the Poetic Genius
" Who is the eternal all-protecting Divine Humanity,
" To whom be Glory & Power & Dominion Evermore. Amen."

Then there was great murmuring in the Heavens of Albion
Concerning Generation & the Vegetative power & concerning
The Lamb the Saviour. Albion trembled to Italy, Greece & Egypt

To Tartary & Hindostan & China & to Great America,
Shaking the roots & fast foundations of the Earth in doubtfulness.
The loud voic'd Bard terrify'd took refuge in Milton's bosom.

Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardorous.
The whole Assembly wept prophetic, seeing in Milton's face
And in his lineaments divine the shades of Death & Ulro:
He took off the robe of the promise & ungirded himself from the oath of God.

And Milton said: " I go to Eternal Death! The Nations still
" Follow after the detestable Gods of Priam, in pomp
" Of warlike selfhood contradicting and blaspheming.
" When will the Resurrection come to deliver the sleeping body
" From corruptibility? O when, Lord Jesus, wilt thou come?
" Tarry no longer, for my soul lies at the gates of death.
" I will arise and look forth for the morning of the grave:
" I will go down to the sepulcher to see if morning breaks:
" I will go down to self annihilation and eternal death,
" Lest the Last Judgment come & find me unannihilate
" And I be siez'd & giv'n into the hands of my own Selfhood.
" The Lamb of God is seen thro' mists & shadows, hov'ring
" Over the sepulchers in clouds of Jehovah & winds of Elohim,
" A disk of blood distant, & heav'ns & earths roll dark between.
" What do I here before the Judgment? without my Emanation?
" With the daughters of memory & not with the daughters of inspiration?
" I in my Selfhood am that Satan: I am that Evil One!
" He is my Spectre! in my obediencc to loose him from my Hells,
" To claim the Hells, my Furnaces, I go to Eternal Death."

And Milton said: " I go to Eternal Death!" Eternity shudder'd,
For he took the outside course among the graves of the dead,
A mournful shade. Eternity shudder'd at the image of eternal death.

Then on the verge of Beulah he beheld his own Shadow,
A mournful form double, hermaphroditic, male & female



Plate XXXII

*MILTON PREPARING TO DESCEND*

In one wonderful body; and he enter'd into it
In direful pain, for the dread shadow twenty-seven fold
Reach'd to the depths of direst Hell & thence to Albion's land,
Which is this earth of vegetation on which now I write.

The Seven Angels of the Presence wept over Milton's Shadow.

17

As when a man dreams he reflects not that his body sleeps,
Else he would wake, so seem'd he entering his Shadow: but
With him the Spirits of the Seven Angels of the Presence
Entering, they gave him still perceptions of his Sleeping Body
Which now arose and walk'd with them in Eden, as an Eighth
Image Divine tho' darken'd and tho' walking as one walks
In sleep, and the Seven comforted and supported him.

Like as a Polypus that vegetates beneath the deep,
They saw his Shadow vegetated underneath the Couch
Of death: for when he enter'd into his Shadow, Himself,
His real and immortal Self, was, as appear'd to those
Who dwell in immortality, as One sleeping on a couch
Of gold, and those in immortality gave forth their Emanations
Like Females of sweet beauty to guard round him & to feed
His lips with food of Eden in his cold and dim repose:
But to himself he seem'd a wanderer lost in dreary night.

Onwards his Shadow kept its course among the Spectres call'd
Satan, but swift as lightning passing them, startled the shades
Of Hell beheld him in a trail of light as of a comet
That travels into Chaos: so Milton went guarded within.

The nature of infinity is this: That every thing has its
Own Vortex, and when once a traveller thro' Eternity
Has pass'd that Vortex, he percieves it roll backward behind

His path, into a globe itself infolding like a sun,
Or like a moon, or like a universe of starry majesty,
While he keeps onwards in his wondrous journey on the earth,
Or like a human form, a friend with (with) whom he liv'd benevolent.
As the eye of man views both the east & west encompassing
Its vortex, and the north & south with all their starry host,
Also the rising sun & setting moon he views surrounding
His corn-fields and his valleys of five hundred acres square,
Thus is the earth one infinite plane, and not as apparent
To the weak traveller confin'd beneath the moony shade.
Thus is the heaven a vortex pass'd already, and the earth
A vortex not yet pass'd by the traveller thro' Eternity.

First Milton saw Albion upon the Rock of Ages,
Deadly pale outstretch'd and snowy cold, storm cover'd,
A Giant form of perfect beauty outstretch'd on the rock
In solemn death: the Sea of Time & Space thunder'd aloud
Against the rock, which was inwrapped with the weeds of death.
Hovering over the cold bosom in its vortex Milton bent down
To the bosom of death: what was underneath soon seem'd above:
A cloudy heaven mingled with stormy seas in loudest ruin;
But as a wintry globe descends precipitant thro' Beulah bursting
With thunders loud and terrible, so Milton's shadow fell
Precipitant, loud thund'ring into the Sea of Time & Space.

Then first I saw him in the Zenith as a falling star
Descending perpendicular, swift as the swallow or swift:
And on my left foot falling on the tarsus, enter'd there:
But from my left foot a black cloud redounding spread over Europe.

Then Milton knew that the Three Heavens of Beulah were beheld
By him on earth in his bright pilgrimage of sixty years

18
To Annihilate the Self-hood of Deceit & False Forgiveness

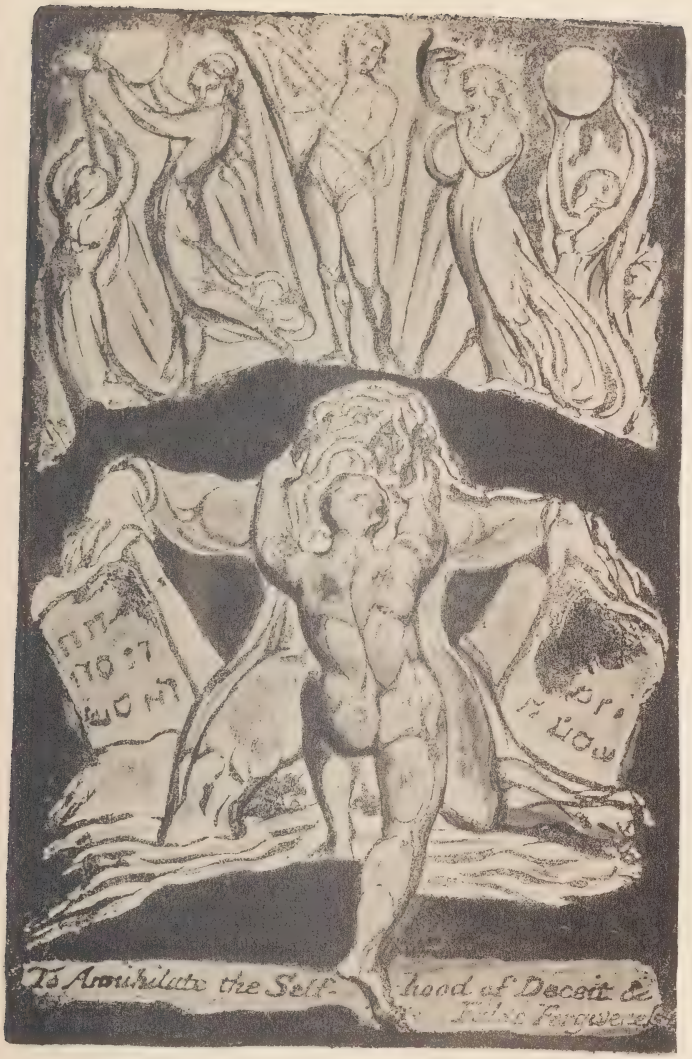



Plate XXXIII

*URIZEN DETHRONED BY BLAKE*

19

In those three females whom his wives, & those three whom his Daughters
Had represented and contain'd, that they might be resum'd
By giving up of Selfhood: & they distant view'd his journey
In their eternal spheres, now Human, tho' their Bodies remain clos'd
In the dark Ulro till the Judgment: also Milton knew they and
Himself was Human, tho' now wandering thro' Death's Vale
In conflict with those Female forms, which in blood & jealousy
Surrounded him, dividing & uniting without end or number.

He saw the Cruelties of Ulro and he wrote them down
In iron tablets; and his Wives' & Daughters' names were these:
Rahab and Tirzah, & Milcah & Malah & Noah & Hoglah.
They sat rang'd round him as the rocks of Horeb round the land
Of Canaan, and they wrote in thunder, smoke and fire
His dictate; and his body was the Rock Sinai, that body
Which was on earth born to corruption; & the six Females
Are Hor & Peor & Bashan & Abarim & Lebanon & Hermon,
Seven rocky masses terrible in the Desarts of Midian.

But Milton's Human Shadow continu'd journeying above
The rocky masses of The Mundane Shell, in the Lands
Of Edom & Aram & Moab & Midian & Amalek.

The Mundane Shell is a vast Concave Earth, an immense
Harden'd shadow of all things upon our Vegetated Earth,
Enlarg'd into dimension & deform'd into indefinite space,
In Twenty-seven Heavens and all their Hells, with Chaos
And Ancient Night & Purgatory. It is a cavernous Earth
Of labyrinthine intricacy, twenty-seven-folds of opakeness,
And finishes where the lark mounts; here Milton journeyed
In that Region call'd Midian among the Rocks of Horeb.
For travellers from Eternity pass outward to Satan's seat,
But travellers to Eternity pass inward to Golgonooza.

Los, the Vehicular terror, beheld him, & divine Enitharmon
Call'd all her daughters, Saying: " Surely to unloose my bond
" Is this Man come! Satan shall be unloos'd upon Albion! "

Los heard in terror Enitharmon's words: in fibrous strength
His limbs shot forth like roots of trees against the forward path
Of Milton's journey. Urizen beheld the immortal Man

20

And Tharmas, Demon of the Waters, & Orc, who is Luvah.

The Shadowy Female seeing Milton, howl'd in her lamentation
Over the Deeps, outstretching her Twenty seven Heavens over Albion,

And thus the Shadowy Female howls in articulate howlings:

" I will lament over Milton in the lamentations of the afflicted:
" My Garments shall be woven of sighs & heart broken lamentations:
" The misery of unhappy Families shall be drawn out into its border,
" Wrought with the needle with dire sufferings, poverty, pain & woe
" Along the rocky Island & thence throughout the whole Earth;
" There shall be the sick Father & his starving Family, there
" The Prisoner in the stone Dungeon & the Slave at the Mill.
" I will have writings written all over it in Human Words
" That every Infant that is born upon the Earth shall read
" And get by rote as a hard task of a life of sixty years.
" I will have Kings inwoven upon it & Councellors & Mighty Men:
" The Famine shall clasp it together with buckles & Clasps,
" And the Pestilence shall be its fringe & the War its girdle,
" To divide into Rahab & Tirzah that Milton may come to our tents.
" For I will put on the Human Form & take the Image of God,
" Even Pity & Humanity, but my Clothing shall be Cruelty:
" And I will put on Holiness as a breastplate & as a helmet,
" And all my ornaments shall be of the gold of broken hearts,

" And the precious stones of anxiety & care & desperation & death
" And repentance for sin & sorrow & punishment & fear,
" To defend me from thy terrors, O Orc, my only beloved! "

Orc answer'd: " Take not the Human Form, O loveliest, Take not
" Terror upon thee! Behold how I am & tremble lest thou also
" Consume in my Consummation; but thou maist take a Form
" Female & lovely, that cannot consume in Man's consummation.
" Wherefore dost thou Create & Weave this Satan for a Covering?
" When thou attemptest to put on the Human Form, my wrath
" Burns to the top of heaven against thee in Jealousy & Fear;
" Then I rend thee asunder, then I howl over thy clay & ashes.
" When wilt thou put on the Female Form as in times of old,
" With a Garment of Pity & Compassion like the Garment of God?
" His Garments are long sufferings for the Children of Men;
" Jerusalem is his Garment, & not thy Covering Cherub, O lovely
" Shadow of my delight, who wanderest seeking for the prey."

So spoke Orc when Oothoon & Leutha hover'd over his Couch
Of fire, in interchange of Beauty & Perfection in the darkness
Opening interiorly into Jerusalem & Babylon, shining glorious
In the Shadowy Female's bosom. Jealous her darkness grew:
Howlings fill'd all the desolate places in accusations of Sin,
In Female beauty shining in the unform'd void; & Orc in vain
Stretch'd out his hands of fire & wooed: they triumph in his pain.

Thus darken'd the Shadowy Female tenfold, & Orc tenfold
Glow'd on his rocky Couch against the darkness: loud thunders
Told of the enormous conflict. Earthquake beneath, around,
Rent the Immortal Females limb from limb & joint from joint,
And moved the fast foundations of the Earth to wake the Dead.

Urizen emerged from his Rocky Form & from his Snows,

21

And he also darken'd his brows, freezing dark rocks between
The footsteps and infixing deep the feet in marble beds,
That Milton labour'd with his journey & his feet bled sore
Upon the clay now chang'd to marble; also Urizen rose
And met him on the shores of Arnon & by the streams of the brooks.

Silent they met and silent strove among the streams of Arnon
Even to Mahanaim, when with cold hand Urizen stoop'd down
And took up water from the river Jordan, pouring on
To Milton's brain the icy fluid from his broad cold palm.
But Milton took of the red clay of Succoth, moulding it with care
Between his palms and filling up the furrows of many years,
Beginning at the feet of Urizen, and on the bones
Creating new flesh on the Demon cold and building him
As with new clay, a Human form in the Valley of Beth Peor.

Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic,
One to the North, named Urthona: One to the South, named Urizen:
One to the East, named Luvah: One to the West, named Tharmas;
They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine.
But when Luvah assum'd the World of Urizen to the South
And Albion was slain upon his mountains & in his tent,
All fell towards the Center in dire ruin sinking down.
And in the South remains a burning fire: in the East, a void:
In the West, a world of raging waters: in the North, a solid,
Unfathomable, without end. But in the midst of these
Is built eternally the Universe of Los and Enitharmon,
Towards which Milton went, but Urizen oppos'd his path.

The Man and Demon strove many periods. Rahab beheld,
Standing on Carmel. Rahab and Tirzah trembled to behold
The enormous strife, one giving life, the other giving death
To his adversary, and they sent forth all their sons & daughters
In all their beauty to entice Milton across the river.

The Twofold form Hermaphroditic and the Double-sexed,
The Female-male & the Male-female, self-dividing stood
Before him in their beauty & in cruelties of holiness,
Shining in darkness, glorious upon the deeps of Entuthon,

Saying: " Come thou to Ephraim! behold the Kings of Canaan!
" The beautiful Amalekites behold the fires of youth
" Bound with the Chain of Jealousy by Los & Enitharmon.
" The banks of Cam, cold learning's streams, London's dark frowning towers
" Lament upon the winds of Europe in Rephaim's Vale,
" Because Ahania, rent apart into a desolate night,
" Laments, & Enion wanders like a weeping inarticulate voice,
" And Vala labours for her bread & water among the Furnaces.
" Therefore bright Tirzah triumphs, putting on all beauty
" And all perfection in her cruel sports among the Victims.
" Come, bring with thee Jerusalem with songs on the Grecian Lyre!
" In Natural Religion, in experiments on Men
" Let her be Offer'd up to Holiness! Tirzah numbers her:
" She numbers with her fingers every fibre ere it grow.
" Where is the Lamb of God? where is the promise of his coming?
" Her shadowy Sisters form the bones, even the bones of Horeb
" Around the marrow, and the orbed scull around the brain.
" His Images are born for War, for Sacrifice to Tirzah,
" To Natural Religion, to Tirzah, the Daughter of Rahab the Holy!
" She ties the knot of nervous fibres into a white brain!
" She ties the knot of bloody veins into a red hot heart!
" Within her bosom Albion lies embalm'd, never to awake.
" Hand is become a rock: Sinai & Horeb is Hyle & Coban:
" Scofield is bound in iron armour before Reuben's Gate.
" She ties the knot of milky seed into two lovely Heavens,

22

" Two yet but one, each in the other sweet reflected; these
" Are our Three Heavens beneath the shades of Beulah, land of rest.
" Come then to Ephraim & Manasseh, O beloved-one!

" Come to my ivory palaces, O beloved of thy mother!
" And let us bind thee in the bands of War, & be thou King
" Of Canaan and reign in Hazor where the Twelve Tribes meet."

So spoke they as in one voice. Silent Milton stood before
The darken'd Urizen, as the sculptor silent stands before
His forming image; he walks round it patient labouring.
Thus Milton stood forming bright Urizen, while his Mortal part
Sat frozen in the rock of Horeb, and his Redeemed portion
Thus form'd the Clay of Urizen; but within that portion
His real Human walk'd above in power and majesty,
Tho' darken'd, and the Seven Angels of the Presence attended him.

O how can I with my gross tongue that cleaveth to the dust
Tell of the Four-fold Man in starry numbers fitly order'd,
Or how can I with my cold hand of clay! But thou, O Lord,
Do with me as thou wilt! for I am nothing, and vanity.
If thou chuse to elect a worm, it shall remove the mountains.
For that portion nam'd the Elect, the Spectrous body of Milton,
Redounding from my left foot into Los's Mundane space,
Brooded over his Body in Horeb against the Resurrection,
Preparing it for the Great Consummation; red the Cherub on Sinai
Glow'd, but in terrors folded round his clouds of blood.

Now Albion's sleeping Humanity began to turn upon his Couch,
Feeling the electric flame of Milton's awful precipitate descent.
Seest thou the little winged fly, smaller than a grain of sand?
It has a heart like thee, a brain open to heaven & hell,
Withinside wondrous & expansive: its gates are not clos'd:
I hope thine are not: hence it clothes itself in rich array:
Hence thou art cloth'd with human beauty, O thou mortal man.
Seek not thy heavenly father then beyond the skies,
There Chaos dwells & ancient Night & Og & Anak old.
For every human heart has gates of brass & bars of adamant
Which few dare unbar, because dread Og & Anak guard the gates

Terrific: and each mortal brain is wall'd and moated round
Within, and Og & Anak watch here: here is the Seat
Of Satan in its Webs: for in brain and heart and loins
Gates open behind Satan's Seat to the City of Golgonooza,
Which is the spiritual fourfold London in the loins of Albion.

Thus Milton fell thro' Albion's heart, travelling outside of Humanity
Beyond the Stars in Chaos, in Caverns of the Mundane Shell.

But many of the Eternals rose up from eternal tables
Drunk with the Spirit; burning round the Couch of death they stood
Looking down into Beulah; wrathful, fill'd with rage
They rend the heavens round the Watchers in a fiery circle
And round the Shadowy Eighth: the Eight close up the Couch
Into a tabernacle and flee with cries down to the Deeps,
Where Los opens his three wide gates surrounded by raging fires.
They soon find their own place & join the Watchers of the Ulro.

Los saw them and a cold pale horror cover'd o'er his limbs.
Pondering he knew that Rintrah & Palamabron might depart,
Even as Reuben & as Gad: gave up himself to tears,
He sat down on his anvil-stock and lean'd upon the trough,
Looking into the black water, mingling it with tears.

At last when desperation almost tore his heart in twain
He recollected an old Prophecy in Eden recorded
And often sung to the loud harp at the immortal feasts:
That Milton of the Land of Albion should up ascend
Forwards from Ulro from the Vale of Felpham, and set free
Orc from his Chain of Jealousy: he started at the thought

23

And down descended into Udan-Adan; it was night,
And Satan sat sleeping upon his Couch in Udan-Adan:
His Spectre slept, his Shadow woke; when one sleeps th'other wakes.

But Milton entering my Foot, I saw in the nether
Regions of the Imagination—also all men on Earth
And all in Heaven saw in the nether regions of the Imagination
In Ulro beneath Beulah—the vast breach of Milton's descent.
But I knew not that it was Milton, for man cannot know
What passes in his members till periods of Space & Time
Reveal the secrets of Eternity: for more extensive
Than any other earthly things are Man's earthly lineaments.
And all this Vegetable World appear'd on my left Foot
As a bright sandal form'd immortal of precious stones & gold.
I stooped down & bound it on to walk forward thro' Eternity.

There is in Eden a sweet River of milk & liquid pearl
Nam'd Ololon, on whose mild banks dwelt those who Milton drove
Down into Ulro: and they wept in long resounding song
For seven days of eternity, and the river's living banks,
The mountains, wail'd, & every plant that grew, in solemn sighs lamented.

When Luvah's bulls each morning drag the sulphur Sun out of the Deep
Harness'd with starry harness, black & shining, kept by black slaves
That work all night at the starry harness, Strong and vigorous
They drag the unwilling Orb: at this time all the Family
Of Eden heard the lamentation and Providence began.
But when the clarions of day sounded, they drown'd the lamentations,
And when night came, all was silent in Ololon, & all refus'd to lament
In the still night, fearing lest they should others molest.

Seven mornings Los heard them, as the poor bird within the shell
Hears its impatient parent bird, and Enitharmon heard them
But saw them not, for the blue Mundane Shell inclos'd them in.

And they lamented that they had in wrath & fury & fire
Driven Milton into the Ulro; for now they knew too late
That it was Milton the Awakener: they had not heard the Bard
Whose song call'd Milton to the attempt; and Los heard these laments.
He heard them call in prayer all the Divine Family,
And he beheld the Cloud of Milton stretching over Europe.

But all the Family Divine collected as Four Suns
In the Four Points of heaven, East, West & North & South,
Enlarging and enlarging till their Disks approach'd each other,
And when they touch'd, closed together Southward in One Sun
Over Ololon; and as One Man who weeps over his brother
In a dark tomb, so all the Family Divine wept over Ololon,

Saying: " Milton goes to Eternal Death! " so saying they groan'd in spirit
And were troubled; and again the Divine Family groaned in spirit.

And Ololon said: " Let us descend also, and let us give
" Ourselves to death in Ulro among the Transgressors.
" Is Virtue a Punisher? O no! how is this wondrous thing,
" This World beneath, unseen before, this refuge from the wars
" Of Great Eternity! unnatural refuge! unknown by us till now?
" Or are these the pangs of repentance? let us enter into them."

Then the Divine Family said: " Six Thousand Years are now
" Accomplish'd in this World of Sorrow. Milton's Angel knew
" The Universal Dictate, and you also feel this Dictate.
" And now you know this World of Sorrow and feel Pity. Obey
" The Dictate! Watch over this World, and with your brooding wings
" Renew it to Eternal Life. Lo! I am with you alway.
" But you cannot renew Milton: he goes to Eternal Death."

So spake the Family Divine as One Man, even Jesus,
Uniting in One with Ololon, & the appearance of One Man,
Jesus the Saviour, appear'd coming in the Clouds of Ololon.

24

Tho' driven away with the Seven Starry Ones into the Ulro,
Yet the Divine Vision remains Every-where For-ever. Amen.
And Ololon lamented for Milton with a great lamentation.

While Los heard indistinct in fear, what time I bound my sandals
On to walk forward thro' Eternity, Los descended to me:
And Los behind me stood, a terrible flaming Sun, just close
Behind my back. I turned round in terror, and behold!
Los stood in that fierce glowing fire, & he also stoop'd down
And bound my sandals on in Udan-Adan; trembling I stood
Exceedingly with fear & terror, standing in the Vale
Of Lambeth; but he kissed me and wish'd me health,
And I became One Man with him arising in my strength.
'Twas too late now to recede. Los had enter'd into my soul:
His terrors now posses'd me whole! I arose in fury & strength.

" I am that Shadowy Prophet who Six Thousand Years ago
" Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. Six Thousand Years
" Are finish'd. I return! both Time & Space obey my will.
" I in Six Thousand Years walk up and down; for not one Moment
" Of Time is lost, nor one Event of Space unpermanent,
" But all remain: every fabric of Six Thousand Years
" Remains permanent, tho' on the Earth where Satan
" Fell and was cut off, all things vanish & are seen no more,
" They vanish not from me & mine, we guard them first & last.
" The generations of men run on in the tide of Time,
" But leave their destin'd lineaments permanent for ever & ever."

So spoke Los as we went along to his supreme abodes.

Rintrah and Palamabron met us at the Gate of Golgonooza,
Clouded with discontent & brooding in their minds terrible things.

They said: " O Father most beloved! O merciful Parent
" Pitying and permitting evil, tho' strong & mighty to destroy!
" Whence is this Shadow terrible? wherefore dost thou refuse
" To throw him into the Furnaces? knowest thou not that he
" Will unchain Orc & let loose Satan, Og, Sihon & Anak
" Upon the Body of Albion? for this he is come! behold it written



Plate XXXIV

*BLAKE TERRIFIED BY A VISION OF LOS*

" Upon his fibrous left Foot black, most dismal to our eyes.
" The Shadowy Female shudders thro' heaven in torment inexpressible,
" And all the Daughters of Los prophetic wail; yet in deceit
" They weave a new Religion from new Jealousy of Theotormon.
" Milton's Religion is the cause: there is no end to destruction.
" Seeing the Churches at their Period in terror & despair,
" Rahab created Voltaire, Tirzah created Rousseau,
" Asserting the Self-righteousness against the Universal Saviour,
" Mocking the Confessors & Martyrs, claiming Self-righteousness,
" With cruel Virtue making War upon the Lamb's Redeemed
" To perpetuate War & Glory, to perpetuate the Laws of Sin.
" They perverted Swedenborg's Visions in Beulah & in Ulro
" To destroy Jerusalem as a Harlot & her Sons as Reprobates,
" To raise up Mystery the Virgin Harlot, Mother of War,
" Babylon the Great, the Abomination of Desolation.
" O Swedenborg! strongest of men, the Samson shorn by the Churches,
" Shewing the Transgressors in Hell, the proud Warriors in Heaven,
" Heaven as a Punisher, & Hell as One under Punishment,
" With Laws from Plato & his Greeks to renew the Trojan Gods
" In Albion, & to deny the value of the Saviour's blood.
" But then I rais'd up Whitefield, Palamabron rais'd up Westley,
" And these are the cries of the Churches before the two Witnesses.
" Faith in God the dear Saviour who took on the likeness of men,
" Becoming obedient to death, even the death of the Cross.
" The Witnesses lie dead in the Street of the Great City:
" No Faith is in all the Earth: the Book of God is trodden under Foot.
" He sent his two Servants, Whitefield & Westley: were they Prophets,
" Or were they Idiots or Madmen? shew us Miracles!

25

" Can you have greater Miracles than these? Men who devote
" Their life's whole comfort to intire scorn & injury & death?
" Awake, thou sleeper on the Rock of Eternity! Albion awake!
" The trumpet of Judgment hath twice sounded: all Nations are awake,

" But thou art still heavy and dull. Awake, Albion awake!
" Lo, Orc arises on the Atlantic. Lo, his blood and fire
" Glow on America's shore. Albion turns upon his Couch:
" He listens to the sounds of War, astonished and confounded:
" He weeps into the Atlantic deep, yet still in dismal dreams
" Unwaken'd, and the Covering Cherub advances from the East.
" How long shall we lay dead in the Street of the great City?
" How long beneath the Covering Cherub give our Emanations?
" Milton will utterly consume us & thee our beloved Father.
" He hath enter'd into the Covering Cherub, becoming one with
" Albion's dread Sons: Hand, Hyle & Coban surround him as
" A girdle, Gwendolen & Conwenna as a garment woven
" Of War & Religion; let us descend & bring him chained
" To Bowlahoola, O father most beloved! O mild Parent!
" Cruel in thy mildness, pitying and permitting evil,
" Tho' strong and mighty to destroy, O Los our beloved Father!"

Like the black storm, coming out of Chaos beyond the stars,
It issues thro' the dark & intricate caves of the Mundane Shell,
Passing the planetary visions & the well adorned Firmament.
The Sun rolls into Chaos & the stars into the Desarts,
And then the storms, become visible, audible & terrible,
Covering the light of day & rolling down upon the mountains,
Deluge all the country round. Such is a vision of Los
When Rintrah & Palamabron spake, and such his stormy face
Appear'd as does the face of heaven when cover'd with thick storms,
Pitying and loving tho' in frowns of terrible perturbation.

But Los dispers'd the clouds even as the strong winds of Jehovah,
And Los thus spoke: " O noble Sons, be patient yet a little!
" I have embrac'd the falling Death, he is become One with me:
" O Sons, we live not by wrath, by mercy alone we live!
" I recollect an old Prophecy in Eden recorded in gold and oft
" Sung to the harp, That Milton of the land of Albion
" Should up ascend forward from Felpham's Vale & break the Chain

" Of Jealousy from all its roots; be patient therefore, O my Sons!
" These lovely Females form sweet night and silence and secret
" Obscurities to hide from Satan's Watch-Fiends Human loves
" And graces, lest they write them in their Books & in the Scroll
" Of mortal life to condemn the accused, who at Satan's Bar
" Tremble in Spectrous Bodies continually day and night,
" While on the Earth they live in sorrowful Vegetations.
" O when shall we tread our Wine-presses in heaven and Reap
" Our wheat with shoutings of joy, and leave the Earth in peace?
" Remember how Calvin and Luther in fury premature
" Sow'd War and stern division between Papists & Protestants.
" Let it not be so now! O go not forth in Martyrdoms & Wars!
" We were plac'd here by the Universal Brotherhood & Mercy
" With powers fitted to circumscribe this dark Satanic death,
" And that the Seven Eyes of God may have space for Redemption.
" But how this is as yet we know not, and we cannot know
" Till Albion is arisen; then patient wait a little while.
" Six Thousand years are pass'd away, the end approaches fast:
" This mighty one is come from Eden, he is of the Elect
" Who died from Earth & he is return'd before the Judgment. This thing
" Was never known, that one of the holy dead should willing return.
" Then patient wait a little while till the Last Vintage is over,
" Till we have quench'd the Sun of Salah in the Lake of Udan-Adan.
" O my dear Sons, leave not your Father as your brethren left me!
" Twelve Sons successive fled away in that thousand years of sorrow

26

" Of Palamabron's Harrow & of Rintrah's wrath & fury:
" Reuben & Manazzoth & Gad & Simeon & Levi
" And Ephraim & Judah were Generated because
" They left me, wandering with Tirzah. Enitharmon wept
" One thousand years, and all the Earth was in a wat'ry deluge.
" We call'd him Menassheh because of the Generations of Tirzah,
" Because of Satan: & the Seven Eyes of God continually
" Guard round them, but I, the Fourth Zoa, am also set

" The Watchman of Eternity: the Three are not, & I am preserved.
" Still my four mighty ones are left to me in Golgonooza,
" Still Rintrah fierce, and Palamabron mild & piteous,
" Theotormon fill'd with care, Bromion loving Science.
" You, O my Sons, still guard round Los: O wander not & leave me!
" Rintrah, thou well rememberest when Amalek & Canaan
" Fled with their Sister Moab into that abhorred Void,
" They became Nations in our sight beneath the hands of Tirzah.
" And Palamabron, thou rememberest when Joseph, an infant,
" Stolen from his nurse's cradle, wrap'd in needle-work
" Of emblematic texture, was sold to the Amalekite
" Who carried him down into Egypt where Ephraim & Menassheh
" Gather'd my Sons together in the Sands of Midian.
" And if you also flee away and leave your Father's side
" Following Milton into Ulro, altho' your power is great,
" Surely you also shall become poor mortal vegetations
" Beneath the Moon of Ulro: pity then your Father's tears.
" When Jesus rais'd Lazarus from the Grave I stood & saw
" Lazarus, who is the Vehicular Body of Albion the Redeem'd,
" Arise into the Covering Cherub, who is the Spectre of Albion,
" By martyrdoms to suffer, to watch over the Sleeping Body
" Upon his Rock beneath his Tomb. I saw the Covering Cherub
" Divide Four-fold into Four Churches when Lazarus arose,
" Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine, Luther; behold, they stand before us
" Stretch'd over Europe & Asia! come O Sons, come, come away!
" Arise, O Sons, give all your strength against Eternal Death,
" Lest we are vegetated, for Cathedron's Looms weave only Death,
" A Web of Death: & were it not for Bowlahoola & Allamanda
" No Human Form but only a Fibrous Vegetation,
" A Polypus of soft affections without Thought or Vision,
" Must tremble in the Heavens & Earths thro' all the Ulro space.
" Throw all the Vegetated Mortals into Bowlahoola:
" But as to this Elected Form who is return'd again,
" He is the Signal that the Last Vintage now approaches,
" Nor Vegetation may go on till all the Earth is reap'd."

So Los spoke. Furious they descended to Bowlahoola & Allamanda,
Indignant, unconvinc'd by Los's arguments & thun[d]ers rolling:
They saw that wrath now sway'd and now pity absorb'd him.
As it was so it remain'd & no hope of an end.

Bowlahoola is nam'd Law by mortals; Tharmas founded it,
Because of Satan, before Luban in the City of Golgonooza.
But Golgonooza is nam'd Art & Manufacture by mortal men.

In Bowlahoola Los's Anvils stand & his Furnaces rage;
Thundering the Hammers beat & the Bellows blow loud,
Living, self moving, mourning, lamenting & howling incessantly.
Bowlahoola thro' all its porches feels, tho' too fast founded
Its pillars & porticoes to tremble at the force
Of mortal or immortal arm: and softly lilling flutes,
Accordant with the horrid labours, make sweet melody.
The Bellows are the Animal Lungs: the Hammers the Animal Heart:
The Furnaces the Stomach for digestion: terrible their fury.
Thousands & thousands labour, thousands play on instruments
Stringed or fluted to ameliorate the sorrows of slavery.
Loud sport the dancers in the dance of death, rejoicing in carnage.
The hard dentant Hammers are lull'd by the flutes' lula lula,
The bellowing Furnaces blare by the long sounding clarion,
The double drum drowns howls & groans, the shrill fife shrieks & cries,
The crooked horn mellows the hoarse raving serpent, terrible but harmonious:
Bowlahoola is the Stomach in every individual man.

Los is by mortals nam'd Time, Enitharmon is nam'd Space:
But they depict him bald & aged who is in eternal youth
All powerful and his locks flourish like the brows of morning:
He is the Spirit of Prophecy, the ever apparent Elias.
Time is the mercy of Eternity; without Time's swiftness,
Which is the swiftest of all things, all were eternal torment.
All the Gods of the Kingdoms of Earth labour in Los's Halls:
Every one is a fallen Son of the Spirit of Prophecy.
He is the Fourth Zoa that stood arou[n]d the Throne Divine.

27

Loud shout the Sons of Luvah at the Wine-presses as Los descended
With Rintrah & Palamabron in his fires of resistless fury.

The Wine-press on the Rhine groans loud, but all its central beams
Act more terrific in the central Cities of the Nations
Where Human Thought is crush'd beneath the iron hand of Power:
There Los puts all into the Press, the Opressor & the Opressed
Together, ripe for the Harvest & Vintage & ready for the Loom.

They sang at the Vintage: " This is the Last Vintage, & Seed
" Shall no more be sown upon Earth till all the Vintage is over
" And all gather'd in, till the Plow has pass'd over the Nations
" And the Harrow & heavy thundering Roller upon the mountains."

And loud the Souls howl round the Porches of Golgonooza,
Crying: " O God deliver us to the Heavens or to the Earths,
" That we may preach righteousness & punish the sinner with death."
But Los refused, till all the Vintage of Earth was gathered in.

And Los stood & cried to the Labourers of the Vintage in voice of awe:

" Fellow Labourers! The Great Vintage & Harvest is now upon Earth.
" The whole extent of the Globe is explored. Every scatter'd Atom
" Of Human Intellect now is flocking to the sound of the Trumpet.
" All the Wisdom which was hidden in cayes & dens from ancient
" Time is now sought out from Animal & Vegetable & Mineral.
" The Awakener is come outstretch'd over Europe: the Vision of God is fulfilled:
" The Ancient Man upon the Rock of Albion Awakes,
" He listens to the sounds of War astonish'd & ashamed,
" He sees his Children mock at Faith and deny Providence.
" Therefore you must bind the Sheaves not by Nations or Families,
" You shall bind them in Three Classes, according to their Classes

" So shall you bind them, Separating What has been Mixed
" Since Men began to be Wove into Nations by Rahab & Tirzah,
" Since Albion's Death & Satan's Cutting off from our awful Fields,
" When under pretence to benevolence the Elect Subdu'd All
" From the Foundation of the World. The Elect is one Class: You
" Shall bind them separate: they cannot Believe in Eternal Life
" Except by Miracle & a New Birth. The other two Classes,
" The Reprobate who never cease to Believe, and the Redeem'd
" Who live in doubts & fears perpetually tormented by the Elect,
" These you shall bind in a twin-bundle for the Consummation:
" But the Elect must be saved [from] fires of Eternal Death,
" To be formed into the Churches of Beulah that they destroy not the Earth.
" For in every Nation & every Family the Three Classes are born,
" And in every Species of Earth, Metal, Tree, Fish, Bird & Beast.
" We form the Mundane Egg, that Spectres coming by fury or amity,
" All is the same, & every one remains in his own energy.
" Go forth Reapers with rejoicing; you sowed in tears,
" But the time of your refreshing cometh: only a little moment
" Still abstain from pleasure & rest in the labours of eternity,
" And you shall Reap the whole Earth from Pole to Pole, from Sea to Sea,
" Begin[n]ing at Jerusalem's Inner Court, Lambeth, ruin'd and given
" To the detestable Gods of Priam, to Apollo, and at the Asylum
" Given to Hercules, who labour in Tirzah's Looms for bread,
" Who set Pleasure against Duty, who Create Olympic crowns
" To make Learning a burden & the Work of the Holy Spirit, Strife:
" The Thor & cruel Odin who first rear'd the Polar Caves.
" Lambeth mourns, calling Jerusalem: she weeps & looks abroad
" For the Lord's coming, that Jerusalem may overspread all Nations.
" Crave not for the mortal & perishing delights, but leave them
" To the weak, and pity the weak as your infant care. Break not
" Forth in your wrath, lest you also are vegetated by Tirzah.
" Wait till the Judgement is past, till the Creation is consumed,
" And then rush forward with me into the glorious spiritual
" Vegetation, the Supper of the Lamb & his Bride, and the
" Awaking of Albion our friend and ancient companion."

So Los spoke. But lightnings of discontent broke on all sides round
And murmurs of thunder rolling heavy long & loud over the mountains,
While Los call'd his Sons around him to the Harvest & the Vintage.

Thou seest the Constellations in the deep & wondrous Night:
They rise in order and continue their immortal courses
Upon the mountains & in vales with harp & heavenly song,
With flute & clarion, with cups & measures fill'd with foaming wine.
Glitt'ring the streams reflect the Vision of beatitude,
And the calm Ocean joys beneath & smooths his awful waves:

28

These are the Sons of Los, & these the Labourers of the Vintage.
Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance & sport in summer
Upon the sunny brooks & meadows: every one the dance
Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave:
Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance,
To touch each other & recede, to cross & change & return:
These are the Children of Los; thou seest the Trees on mountains,
The wind blows heavy, loud they thunder thro' the darksom sky,
Uttering prophecies & speaking instructive words to the sons
Of men: These are the Sons of Los: These the Visions of Eternity,
But we see only as it were the hem of their garments
When with our vegetable eyes we view these wondrous Visions.

There are Two Gates thro' which all Souls descend, One Southward
From Dover Cliff to Lizard Point, the other toward the North,
Caithness & rocky Durness, Pentland & John Groat's House.

The Souls descending to the Body wail on the right hand
Of Los, & those deliver'd from the Body on the left hand.
For Los against the east his force continually bends
Along the Valleys of Middlesex from Hounslow to Blackheath,
Lest those Three Heavens of Beulah should the Creation destroy;
And lest they should descend before the north & south Gates,
Groaning with pity, he among the wailing Souls laments.

And these the Labours of the Sons of Los in Allamanda
And in the City of Golgonooza & in Luban & around
The Lake of Udan-Adan in the Forests of Entuthon Benython,
Where Souls incessant wail, being piteous Passions & Desires
With neither lineament nor form, but like to wat'ry clouds
The Passions & Desires descend upon the hungry winds,
For such alone Sleepers remain, meer passion & appetite.
The Sons of Los clothe them & feed & provide houses & fields.

And every Generated Body in its inward form
Is a garden of delight & a building of magnificence,
Built by the Sons of Los in Bowlahoola & Allamanda:
And the herbs & flowers & furniture & beds & chambers
Continually woven in the Looms of Enitharmon's Daughters,
In bright Cathedron's golden Dome with care & love & tears.
For the various Classes of Men are all mark'd out determinate
In Bowlahoola, & as the Spectres choose their affinities,
So they are born on Earth, & every Class is determinate:
But not by Natural, but by Spiritual power alone, Because
The Natural power continually seeks & tends to Destruction,
Ending in Death, which would of itself be Eternal Death.
And all are Class'd by Spiritual & not by Natural power.

And every Natural Effect has a Spiritual Cause, and Not
A Natural; for a Natural Cause only seems: it is a Delusion
Of Ulro & a ratio of the perishing Vegetable Memory.

29

But the Wine-press of Los is eastward of Golgonooza before the Seat
Of Satan: Luvah laid the foundation & Urizen finish'd it in howling woe.
How red the sons & daughters of Luvah! here they tread the grapes:
Laughing & shouting, drunk with odours many fall o'erwearied,
Drown'd in the wine is many a youth & maiden: those around
Lay them on skins of Tygers & of the spotted Leopard & the Wild Ass
Till they revive, or bury them in cool grots, making lamentation.

This Wine-press is call'd War on Earth: it is the Printing-Press
Of Los, and here he lays his words in order above the mortal brain,
As cogs are form'd in a wheel to turn the cogs of the adverse wheel.

Timbrels & violins sport round the Wine-presses; the little Seed,
The sportive Root, the Earth-worm, the gold Beetle, the wise Emmet
Dance round the Wine-presses of Luvah: the Centipede is there,
The ground Spider with many eyes, the Mole clothed in velvet,
The ambitious Spider in his sullen web, the lucky golden Spinner,
The Earwig arm'd, the tender Maggot, emblem of immortality,
The Flea, Louse, Bug, the Tape-Worm, all the Armies of Disease,
Visible or invisible to the slothful vegetating Man.
The slow Slug, the Grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks:
Winter comes, he folds his slender bones without a murmur.
The cruel Scorpion is there, the Gnat, Wasp, Hornet & the Honey Bee,
The Toad & venomous Newt, the Serpent cloth'd in gems & gold.
They throw off their gorgeous raiment: they rejoice with loud jubilee
Around the Wine-presses of Luvah, naked & drunk with wine.

There is the Nettle that stings with soft down, and there
The indignant Thistle whose bitterness is bred in his milk,
Who feeds on contempt of his neighbour: there all the idle Weeds
That creep around the obscure places shew their various limbs
Naked in all their beauty dancing round the Wine-presses.

But in the Wine-presses the Human grapes sing not nor dance:
They howl & writhe in shoals of torment, in fierce flames consuming,
In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires,
In pits & dens & shades of death, in shapes of torment & woe:
The plates & screws & wracks & saws & cords & fires & cisterns,
The cruel joys of Luvah's Daughters, lacerating with knives
And whips their Victims, & the deadly sport of Luvah's Sons.

They dance around the dying & they drink the howl & groan,
They catch the shrieks in cups of gold, they hand them to one another:
These are the sports of love, & these the sweet delights of amorous play,
Tears of the grape, the death sweat of the cluster, the last sigh
Of the mild youth who listens to the lureing songs of Luvah.

But Allamanda, call'd on Earth Commerce, is the Cultivated land
Around the City of Golgonooza in the Forests of Entuthon:
Here the Sons of Los labour against Death Eternal, through all
The Twenty-seven Heavens of Beulah in Ulro, Seat of Satan,
Which is the False Tongue beneath Beulah: it is the Sense of Touch.
The Plow goes forth in tempests & lightnings, & the Harrow cruel
In blights of the east, the heavy Roller follows in howlings of woe.

Urizen's sons here labour also, & here are seen the Mills
Of Theotormon on the verge of the Lake of Udan-Adan.
These are the starry voids of night & the depths & caverns of earth.
These Mills are oceans, clouds & waters ungovernable in their fury:
Here are the stars created & the seeds of all things planted,
And here the Sun & Moon recieve their fixed destinations.

But in Eternity the Four Arts, Poetry, Painting, Music
And Architecture, which is Science, are the Four Faces of Man.
Not so in Time & Space: there Three are shut out, and only
Science remains thro' Mercy, & by means of Science the Three
Become apparent in Time & Space in the Three Professions,
[Poetry in Religion: Music, Law: Painting, in Physic & Surgery: *erased*]
That Man may live upon Earth till the time of his awaking.
And from these Three Science derives every Occupation of Men,
And Science is divided into Bowlahoola & Allamanda.

30

Some Sons of Los surround the Passions with porches of iron & silver,
Creating form & beauty around the dark regions of sorrow,
Giving to airy nothing a name and a habitation

Delightful, with bounds to the Infinite putting off the Indefinite
Into most holy forms of Thought; such is the power of inspiration.
They labour incessant with many tears & afflictions,
Creating the beautiful House for the piteous sufferer.

Others Cabinets richly fabricate of gold & ivory
For Doubts & fears unform'd & wretched & melancholy.
The little weeping Spectre stands on the threshold of Death
Eternal, and sometimes two Spectres like lamps quivering,
And often malignant they combat; heart-breaking sorrowful & piteous,
Antamon takes them into his beautiful flexible hands:
As the Sower takes the seed or as the Artist his clay
Or fine wax, to mould artful a model for golden ornaments.
The soft hands of Antamon draw the indelible line,
Form immortal with golden pen, such as the Spectre admiring
Puts on the sweet form; then smiles Antamon bright thro' his windows.
The Daughters of beauty look up from their Loom & prepare
The integument soft for its clothing with joy & delight.

But Theotormon & Sotha stand in the Gate of Luban anxious.
Their numbers are seven million & seven thousand & seven hundred.
They contend with the weak Spectres, they fabricate soothing forms.
The Spectre refuses, he seeks cruelty: they create the crested Cock.
Terrified the Spectre screams & rushes in fear into their Net
Of kindness & compassion, & is born a weeping terror.
Or they create the Lion & Tyger in compassionate thunderings:
Howling the Spectres flee: they take refuge in Human lineaments.

The Sons of Ozoth within the Optic Nerve stand fiery glowing,
And the number of his Sons is eight millions & eight.
They give delights to the man unknown; artificial riches
They give to scorn, & their possessors to trouble & sorrow & care,
Shutting the sun & moon & stars & trees & clouds & waters
And hills out from the Optic Nerve, & hardening it into a bone
Opake and like the black pebble on the enraged beach,

While the poor indigent is like the diamond which, tho' cloth'd
In rugged covering in the mine, is open all within
And in his hallow'd center holds the heavens of bright eternity.
Ozoth here builds walls of rocks against the surging sea,
And timbers crampt with iron cramps bar in the joys of life
From fell destruction in the Spectrous cunning or rage. He Creates
The speckled Newt, the Spider & Beetle, the Rat & Mouse,
The Badger & Fox: they worship before his feet in trembling fear.

But others of the Sons of Los build Moments & Minutes & Hours
And Days & Months & Years & Ages & Periods, wondrous buildings;
And every Moment has a Couch of gold for soft repose,
(A Moment equals a pulsation of the artery),
And between every two Moments stands a Daughter of Beulah
To feed the Sleepers on their Couches with maternal care.
And every Minute has an azure Tent with silken Veils:
And every Hour has a bright golden Gate carved with skill:
And every Day & Night has Walls of brass & Gates of adamant,
Shining like precious Stones & ornamented with appropriate signs:
And every Month a silver paved Terrace builded high:
And every Year invulnerable Barriers with high Towers:
And every Age is Moated deep with Bridges of silver & gold:
And every Seven Ages is Incircled with a Flaming Fire.
Now Seven Ages is amounting to Two Hundred Years.
Each has its Guard, each Moment, Minute, Hour, Day, Month & Year.
All are the work of Fairy hands of the Four Elements:
The Guard are Angels of Providence on duty evermore.
Every Time less than a pulsation of the artery
Is equal in its period & value to Six Thousand Years,

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For in this Period the Poet's Work is Done, and all the Great
Events of Time start forth & are conciev'd in such a Period,
Within a Moment, a Pulsation of the Artery.

The Sky is an immortal Tent built by the Sons of Los:
And every Space that a Man views around his dwelling-place
Standing on his own roof or in his garden on a mount
Of twenty-five cubits in height, such space is his Universe:
And on its verge the Sun rises & sets, the Clouds bow
To meet the flat Earth & the Sea in such an order'd Space:
The Starry heavens reach no further, but here bend and set
On all sides, & the two Poles turn on their valves of gold;
And if he move his dwelling-place, his heavens also move
Where'er he goes, & all his neighbourhood bewail his loss.
Such are the Spaces called Earth & such its dimension.
As to that false appearance which appears to the reasoner
As of a Globe rolling thro' Voidness, it is a delusion of Ulro.
The Microscope knows not of this nor the Telescope: they alter
The ratio of the Spectator's Organs, but leave Objects untouch'd.
For every Space larger than a red Globule of Man's blood
Is visionary, and is created by the Hammer of Los:
And every Space smaller than a Globule of Man's blood opens
Into Eternity of which this vegetable Earth is but a shadow.
The red Globule is the unwearied Sun by Los created
To measure Time and Space to mortal Men every morning.
Bowlahoola & Allamanda are placed on each side
Of that Pulsation & that Globule, terrible their power.

But Rintrah & Palamabron govern over Day & Night
In Allamanda & Entuthon Benython where Souls wail,
Where Orc incessant howls, burning in fires of Eternal Youth,
Within the vegetated mortal Nerves; for every Man born is joined
Within into One mighty Polypus, and this Polypus is Orc.

But in the Optic vegetative Nerves, Sleep was transformed
To Death in old time by Satan the father of Sin & Death:
And Satan is the Spectre of Orc, & Orc is the generate Luvah.

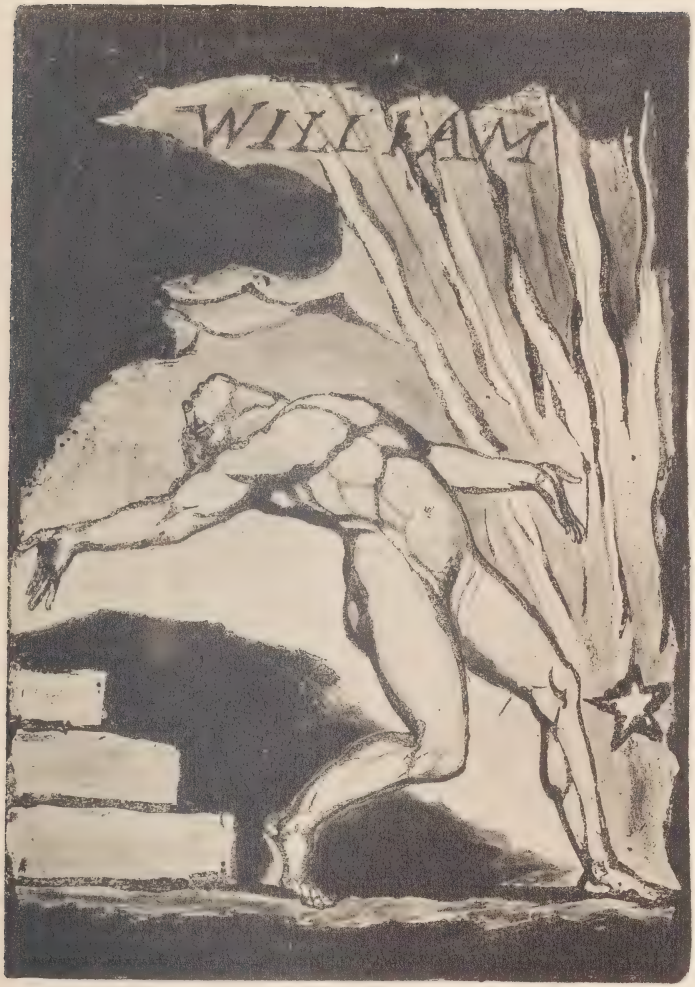



Plate XXXV

*MILTON AS A STAR ENTERING THE LEFT FOOT OF WILLIAM BLAKE*

But in the Nerves of the Nostrils, Accident being formed
Into Substance & Principle by the cruelties of Demonstration
It became Opake & Indefinite, but the Divine Saviour
Formed it into a Solid by Los's Mathematic power.
He named the Opake, Satan: he named the Solid, Adam.

And in the Nerves of the Ear (for the Nerves of the Tongue are closed)
On Albion's Rock Los stands creating the glorious Sun each morning,
And when unwearied in the evening, he creates the Moon,
Death to delude, who all in terror at their splendor leaves
His prey, while Los appoints & Rintrah & Palamabron guide
The Souls clear from the Rock of Death, that Death himself may wake
In his appointed season when the ends of heaven meet.

Then Los conducts the Spirits to be Vegetated into
Great Golgonooza, free from the four iron pillars of Satan's Throne,
(Temperance, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, the four pillars of tyranny)
That Satan's Watch-Fiends touch them not before they Vegetate.

But Enitharmon and her Daughters take the pleasant charge
To give them to their lovely heavens till the Great Judgment Day:
Such is their lovely charge. But Rahab & Tirzah pervert
Their mild influences; therefore the Seven Eyes of God walk round
The Three Heavens of Ulro where Tirzah & her Sisters
Weave the black Woof of Death upon Entuthon Benython,
In the Vale of Surrey where Horeb terminates in Rephaim.
The stamping feet of Zelophehad's Daughters are cover'd with Human gore
Upon the treddles of the Loom: they sing to the winged shuttle.
The River rises above his banks to wash the Woof:
He takes it in his arms; he passes it in strength thro' his current;
The veil of human miseries is woven over the Ocean
From the Atlantic to the Great South Sea, the Erythrean.

Such is the World of Los, the labour of six thousand years.
Thus Nature is a Vision of the Science of the Elohim.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK




THERE is a place where Contrarieties are equally True:
This place is called Beulah. It is a pleasant lovely Shadow
Where no dispute can come, Because of those who Sleep.
Into this place the Sons & Daughters of Ololon descended
With solemn mourning, into Beulah's moony shades & hills
Weeping for Milton: mute wonder held the Daughters of Beulah,
Enraptur'd with affection sweet and mild benevolence.

Beulah is evermore Created around Eternity, appearing
To the Inhabitants of Eden around them on all sides.
But Beulah to its Inhabitants appears within each district
As the beloved infant in his mother's bosom round incircled
With arms of love & pity & sweet compassion. But to
The Sons of Eden the moony habitations of Beulah
Are from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant Rest.

And it is thus Created. Lo, the Eternal Great Humanity,
To whom be Glory & Dominion Evermore, Amen,
Walks among all his awful Family seen in every face:
As the breath of the Almighty such are the words of man to man
In the great Wars of Eternity, in fury of Poetic Inspiration,
To build the Universe stupendous, Mental forms Creating.

But the Emanations trembled exceedingly, nor could they
Live, because the life of Man was too exceeding unbounded.
His joy became terrible to them; they trembled & wept,
Crying with one voice: " Give us a habitation & a place
" In which we may be hidden under the shadow of wings:
" For if we, who are but for a time & who pass away in winter,
" Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume:
" But you, O our Fathers & Brothers, remain in Eternity.
" But grant us a Temporal Habitation, do you speak
" To us; we will obey your words as you obey Jesus
" The Eternal who is blessed for ever & ever. Amen."

So spake the lovely Emanations, & there appear'd a pleasant
Mild Shadow above, beneath, & on all sides round.

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Into this pleasant Shadow all the weak & weary
Like Women & Children were taken away as on wings
Of dovelike softness, & shadowy habitations prepared for them.
But every Man return'd & went still going forward thro'
The Bosom of the Father in Eternity on Eternity,
Neither did any lack or fall into Error without
A Shadow to repose in all the Days of happy Eternity.

Into this pleasant Shadow, Beulah, all Ololon descended,
And when the Daughters of Beulah heard the lamentation
All Beulah wept, for they saw the Lord coming in the Clouds.
And the Shadows of Beulah terminate in rocky Albion.

And all Nations wept in affliction, Family by Family:
Germany wept towards France & Italy, England wept & trembled
Towards America, India rose up from his golden bed
As one awaken'd in the night; they saw the Lord coming
In the Clouds of Ololon with Power & Great Glory.

And all the Living Creatures of the Four Elements wail'd
With bitter wailing; these in the aggregate are named Satan
And Rahab: they know not of Regeneration, but only of Generation:
The Fairies, Nymphs, Gnomes & Genii of the Four Elements,
Unforgiving & unalterable, these cannot be Regenerated
But must be Created, for they know only of Generation:
These are the Gods of the Kingdoms of the Earth, in contrarious
And cruel opposition, Element against Element, opposed in War
Not Mental, as the Wars of Eternity, but a Corporeal Strife
In Los's Halls, continual labouring in the Furnaces of Golgonooza.
Orc howls on the Atlantic: Enitharmon trembles: All Beulah weeps.

Thou hearest the Nightingale begin the Song of Spring.
The Lark sitting upon his earthy bed, just as the morn
Appears, listens silent; then springing from the waving Cornfield, loud
He leads the Choir of Day: trill, trill, trill, trill,
Mounting upon the wings of light into the Great Expanse,
Reecchoing against the lovely blue & shining heavenly Shell,
His little throat labours with inspiration; every feather
On throat & breast & wings vibrates with the effluence Divine.
All Nature listens silent to him, & the awful Sun
Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this little Bird
With eyes of soft humility & wonder, love & awe.
Then loud from their green covert all the Birds begin their Song:
The Thrush, the Linnet & the Goldfinch, Robin & the Wren
Awake the Sun from his sweet reverie upon the Mountain.
The Nightingale again assays his song, & thro' the day
And thro' the night warbles luxuriant, every Bird of Song
Attending his loud harmony with admiration & love.
This is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon.

Thou percievest the Flowers put forth their precious Odours,
And none can tell how from so small a center comes such sweets,
Forgetting that within that Center Eternity expands
Its ever during doors that Og & Anak fiercely guard.

First, e'er the morning breaks, joy opens in the flowery bosoms,
Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries; first the Wild Thyme
And Meadow-sweet, downy & soft waving among the reeds,
Light springing on the air, lead the sweet Dance: they wake
The Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak; the flaunting beauty
Revels along upon the wind; the White-thorn, lovely May,
Opens her many lovely eyes; listening the Rose still sleeps,
None dare to wake her; soon she bursts her crimson curtain'd bed
And comes forth in the majesty of beauty; every Flower,
The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wall-flower, the Carnation,
The Jonquil, the mild Lilly opes her heavens; every Tree
And Flower & Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance,
Yet all in order sweet & lovely. Men are sick with Love.
Such is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon.

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And Milton oft sat upon the Couch of Death & oft conversed
In vision & dream beatific with the Seven Angels of the Presence.

" I have turned my back upon these Heavens builded on cruelty;
" My Spectre still wandering thro' them follows my Emanation,
" He hunts her footsteps thro' the snow & the wintry hail & rain.
" The idiot Reasoner laughs at the Man of Imagination,
" And from laughter proceeds to murder by undervaluing calumny."

Then Hillel, who is Lucifer, replied over the Couch of Death,
And thus the Seven Angels instructed him, & thus they converse:

" We are not Individuals but States, Combinations of Individuals.
" We were Angels of the Divine Presence, & were Druids in Annandale,
" Compell'd to combine into Form by Satan, the Spectre of Albion,
" Who made himself a God & destroyed the Human Form Divine.
" But the Divine Humanity & Mercy gave us a Human Form כנדבדם
" Because we were combin'd in Freedom & holy Brotherhood, as multitudes Vox Populi
" While those combin'd by Satan's Tyranny, first in the blood of War

" And Sacrifice & next in Chains of imprisonment, are Shapeless Rocks
" Retaining only Satan's Mathematic Holiness, Length, Bredth & Highth,
" Calling the Human Imagination, which is the Divine Vision & Fruition
" In which Man liveth eternally, madness & blasphemy against
" Its own Qualities, which are Servants of Humanity, not Gods or Lords.
" Distinguish therefore States from Individuals in those States.
" States Change, but Individual Identities never change nor cease.
" You cannot go to Eternal Death in that which can never Die.
" Satan & Adam are States Created into Twenty-seven Churches,
" And thou, O Milton, art a State about to be Created,
" Called Eternal Annihilation, that none but the Living shall
" Dare to enter, & they shall enter triumphant over Death
" And Hell & the Grave: States that are not, but ah! Seem to be.

" Judge then of thy Own Self: thy Eternal Lineaments explore,
" What is Eternal & what Changeable, & what Annihilable.
" The Imagination is not a State: it is the Human Existence itself.
" Affection or Love becomes a State when divided from Imagination.
" The Memory is a State always, & the Reason is a State
" Created to be Annihilated & a new Ratio Created.
" Whatever can be Created can be Annihilated: Forms cannot:
" The Oak is cut down by the Ax, the Lamb falls by the Knife,
" But their Forms Eternal Exist For-ever. Amen. Hallelujah! "

Thus they converse with the Dead, watching round the Couch of Death;
For God himself enters Death's Door always with those that enter
And lays down in the Grave with them, in Visions of Eternity,
Till they awake & see Jesus & the Linen Clothes lying
That the Females had Woven for them, & the Gates of their Father's House.

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And the Divine Voice was heard in the Songs of Beulah, Saying:

" When I first Married you, I gave you all my whole Soul.
" I thought that you would love my loves & joy in my delights,




Plate XXXVI

*MILTON AS A STAR ENTERING THE RIGHT FOOT OF ROBERT BLAKE*

" Seeking for pleasures in my pleasures, O Daughter of Babylon.
" Then thou wast lovely, mild & gentle; now thou art terrible
" In jealousy & unlovely in my sight, because thou hast cruelly
" Cut off my loves in fury till I have no love left for thee.
" Thy love depends on him thou lovest, & on his dear loves
" Depend thy pleasures, which thou hast cut off by jealousy.
" Therefore I shew my Jealousy & set before you Death.
" Behold Milton descended to Redeem the Female Shade
" From Death Eternal; such your lot, to be continually Redeem'd
" By death & misery of those you love & by Annihilation.
" When the Sixfold Female percieves that Milton annihilates
" Himself, that seeing all his loves by her cut off, he leaves
" Her also, intirely abstracting himself from Female loves,
" She shall relent in fear of death; She shall begin to give
" Her maidens to her husband, delighting in his delight.
" And then & then alone begins the happy Female joy
" As it is done in Beulah, & thou, O Virgin Babylon, Mother of Whoredoms,
" Shalt bring Jerusalem in thine arms in the night watches, and
" No longer turning her a wandering Harlot in the streets,
" Shalt give her into the arms of God your Lord & Husband."

Such are the Songs of Beulah in the Lamentations of Ololon.

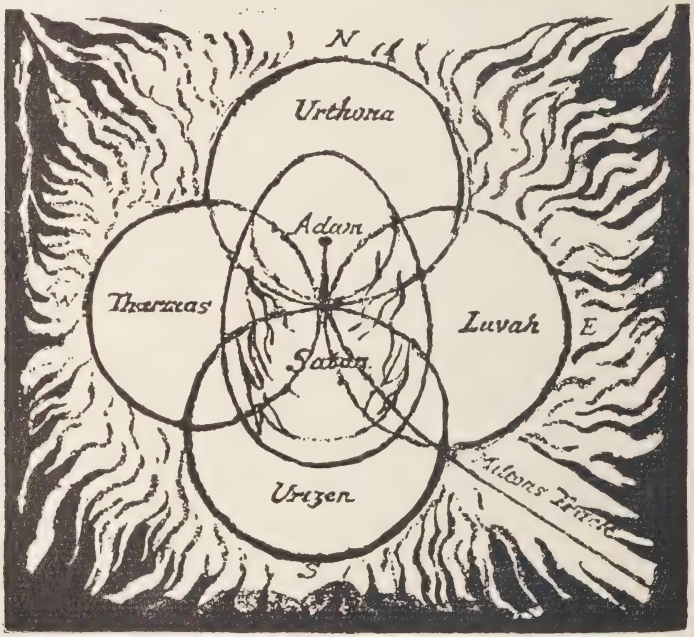
38

And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes
To comfort Ololon's lamentation, for they said:
" Are you the Fiery Circle that late drove in fury & fire
" The Eight Immortal Starry-Ones down into Ulro dark,
" Rending the Heavens of Beulah with your thunders & lightnings?
" And can you thus lament & can you pity & forgive?
" Is terror chang'd to pity? O wonder of Eternity! "

And the Four States of Humanity in its Repose
Were shewed them. First of Beulah, a most pleasant Sleep
On Couches soft with mild music, tended by Flowers of Beulah,

Sweet Female forms, winged or floating in the air spontaneous:
The Second State is Alla, & the third State Al-Ulro;
But the Fourth State is dreadful, it is named Or-Ulro.
The First State is in the Head, the Second is in the Heart,
The Third in the Loins & Seminal Vessels, & the Fourth
In the Stomach & Intestines terrible, deadly, unutterable.
And he whose Gates are open'd in those Regions of his Body
Can from those Gates view all these wondrous Imaginations.

But Ololon sought the Or-Ulro & its fiery Gates
And the Couches of the Martyrs, & many Daughters of Beulah
Accompany them down to the Ulro with soft melodious tears,
A long journey & dark thro' Chaos in the track of Milton's course,
To where the Contraries of Beulah War beneath Negation's Banner.



Then view'd from Milton's Track they see the Ulro a vast Polypus
Of living fibres down into the Sea of Time & Space growing
A self-devouring monstrous Human Death Twenty seven fold.
Within it sit Five Females & the nameless Shadowy Mother,
Spinning it from their bowels with songs of amorous delight
And melting cadences that lure the Sleepers of Beulah down
The River Storge (which is Arnon) into the Dead Sea.
Around this Polypus Los continual builds the Mundane Shell.

Four Universes round the Universe of Los remain Chaotic,
Four intersecting Globes, & the Egg form'd World of Los
In midst, stretching from Zenith to Nadir in midst of Chaos.
One of these Ruin'd Universes is to the North, named Urthona:
One to the South, this was the glorious World of Urizen:
One to the East, of Luvah: One to the West, of Tharmas.
But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen in the South
All fell towards the Center sinking downward in dire Ruin.

Here in these Chaoses the Sons of Ololon took their abode,
In Chasms of the Mundane Shell which open on all sides round,
Southward & by the East within the Breach of Milton's descent,
To watch the time, pitying, & gentle to awaken Urizen.
They stood in a dark land of death, of fiery corroding waters,
Where lie in evil death the Four Immortals pale and cold
And the Eternal Man, even Albion, upon the Rock of Ages.
Seeing Milton's Shadow, some Daughters of Beulah trembling
Return'd, but Ololon remain'd before the Gates of the Dead.

And Ololon looked down into the Heavens of Ulro in fear.
They said: " How are the Wars of man, which in Great Eternity
" Appear around in the External Spheres of Visionary Life,
" Here render'd Deadly within the Life & Interior Vision?
" How are the Beasts & Birds & Fishes & Plants & Minerals
" Here fix'd into a frozen bulk subject to decay & death?
" Those Visions of Human Life & Shadows of Wisdom & Knowledge

" Are here frozen to unexpansive deadly destroying terrors,
" And War & Hunting, the Two Fountains of the River of Life,
" Are become Fountains of bitter Death & of corroding Hell,
" Till Brotherhood is chang'd into a Curse & a Flattery
" By Differences between Ideas, that Ideas themselves (which are
" The Divine Members) may be slain in offerings for sin.
" O dreadful Loom of Death! O piteous Female forms compell'd
" To weave the Woof of Death! On Camberwell Tirzah's Courts,
" Malah's on Blackheath, Rahab & Noah dwell on Windsor's heights:
" Where once the Cherubs of Jerusalem spread to Lambeth's Vale
" Milcah's Pillars shine from Harrow to Hampstead, where Hoglah
" On Highgate's heights magnificent Weaves over trembling Thames
" To Shooters' Hill and thence to Blackheath, the dark Woof. Loud,
" Loud roll the Weights & Spindles over the whole Earth, let down
" On all sides round to the Four Quarters of the World, eastward on
" Europe to Euphrates & Hindu to Nile, & back in Clouds
" Of Death across the Atlantic to America North & South."

So spake Ololon in reminiscence astonish'd, but they
Could not behold Golgonooza without passing the Polypus,
A wondrous journey not passable by Immortal feet, & none
But the Divine Saviour can pass it without annihilation.
For Golgonooza cannot be seen till having pass'd the Polypus
It is viewed on all sides round by a Four-fold Vision,
Or till you become Mortal & Vegetable in Sexuality,
Then you behold its mighty Spires & Domes of ivory & gold.

And Ololon examined all the Couches of the Dead,
Even of Los & Enitharmon & all the Sons of Albion
And his Four Zoas terrified & on the verge of Death.
In midst of these was Milton's Couch, & when they saw Eight
Immortal Starry-Ones guarding the Couch in flaming fires,
They thunderous utter'd all a universal groan, falling down
Prostrate before the Starry Eight asking with tears forgiveness,
Confessing their crime with humiliation and sorrow.

O how the Starry Eight rejoic'd to see Ololon descended,
And now that a wide road was open to Eternity
By Ololon's descent thro' Beulah to Los & Enitharmon!
For mighty were the multitudes of Ololon, vast the extent
Of their great sway reaching from Ulro to Eternity,
Surrounding the Mundane Shell outside in its Caverns
And through Beulah, and all silent forbore to contend
With Ololon, for they saw the Lord in the Clouds of Ololon.

There is a Moment in each Day that Satan cannot find,
Nor can his Watch Fiends find it; but the Industrious find
This Moment & it multiply, & when it once is found
It renovates every Moment of the Day if rightly placed.
In this Moment Ololon descended to Los & Enitharmon
Unseen beyond the Mundane Shell, Southward in Milton's track.

Just in this Moment, when the morning odours rise abroad
And first from the Wild Thyme, stands a Fountain in a rock
Of crystal flowing into two Streams: one flows thro' Golgonooza
And thro' Beulah to Eden beneath Los's western Wall:
The other flows thro' the Aerial Void & all the Churches,
Meeting again in Golgonooza beyond Satan's Seat.

The Wild Thyme is Los's Messenger to Eden, a mighty Demon,
Terrible, deadly & poisonous his presence in Ulro dark;
Therefore he appears only a small Root creeping in grass
Covering over the Rock of Odours his bright purple mantle
Beside the Fount above the Lark's nest in Golgonooza.
Luvah slept here in death & here is Luvah's empty Tomb.
Ololon sat beside this Fountain on the Rock of Odours.

Just at the place to where the Lark mounts is a Crystal Gate:
It is the enterance of the First Heaven, named Luther; for
The Lark is Los's Messenger thro' the Twenty-seven Churches,
That the Seven Eyes of God, who walk even to Satan's Seat

Thro' all the Twenty-seven Heavens, may not slumber nor sleep
But the Lark's Nest is at the Gate of Los, at the eastern
Gate of wide Golgonooza, & the Lark is Los's Messenger.

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When on the highest lift of his light pinions he arrives
At that bright Gate, another Lark meets him, & back to back
They touch their pinions, tip tip, and each descend
To their respective Earths & there all night consult with Angels
Of Providence & with the eyes of God all night in slumbers
Inspired, & at the dawn of day send out another Lark
Into another Heaven to carry news upon his wings.
Thus are the Messengers dispatch'd till they reach the Earth again
In the East Gate of Golgonooza, & the Twenty-eighth bright
Lark met the Female Ololon descending into my Garden.
Thus it appears to Mortal eyes & those of the Ulro Heavens,
But not thus to Immortals: the Lark is a mighty Angel.

For Ololon step'd into the Polypus within the Mundane Shell.
They could not step into Vegetable Worlds without becoming
The enemies of Humanity, except in a Female Form,
And as One Female Ololon and all its mighty Hosts
Appear'd, a Virgin of twelve years: nor time nor space was
To the perception of the Virgin Ololon, but as the
Flash of lightning, but more quick the Virgin in my Garden
Before my Cottage stood, for the Satanic Space is delusion.

For when Los join'd with me he took me in his fi'ry whirlwind:
My Vegetated portion was hurried from Lambeth's shades,
He set me down in Felpham's Vale & prepar'd a beautiful
Cottage for me, that in three years I might write all these Visions
To display Nature's cruel holiness, the deceits of Natural Religion.
Walking in my Cottage Garden, sudden I beheld
The Virgin Ololon & address'd her as a Daughter of Beulah:

" Virgin of Providence, fear not to enter into my Cottage.
" What is thy message to thy friend? What am I now to do?
" Is it again to plunge into deeper affliction? behold me
" Ready to obey, but pity thou my Shadow of Delight:
" Enter my Cottage, comfort her, for she is sick with fatigue."

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The Virgin answer'd: " Knowest thou of Milton who descended
" Driven from Eternity? him I seek, terrified at my Act
" In Great Eternity which thou knowest: I come him to seek."

So Ololon utter'd in words distinct the anxious thought:
Mild was the voice but more distinct than any earthly.
That, Milton's Shadow heard, & condensing all his Fibres
Into a strength impregnable of majesty & beauty infinite,
I saw he was the Covering Cherub & within him Satan
And Rahab, in an outside which is fallacious, within
Beyond the outline of Identity, in the Selfhood deadly;
And he appear'd the Wicker Man of Scandinavia, in whom
Jerusalem's children consume in flames among the Stars.

Descending down into my Garden, a Human Wonder of God
Reaching from heaven to earth, a Cloud & Human Form,
I beheld Milton with astonishment & in him beheld
The Monstrous Churches of Beulah, the Gods of Ulro dark,
Twelve monstrous dishumaniz'd terrors, Synagogues of Satan,
A Double Twelve & Thrice Nine: such their divisions.

And these their Names & their Places within the Mundane Shell:

In Tyre & Sidon I saw Baal & Ashtaroth: In Moab Chemosh:
In Ammon Molech, loud his Furnaces rage among the Wheels
Of Og, & pealing loud the cries of the Victims of Fire,
And pale his Priestesses infolded in Veils of Pestilence border'd

With War, Woven in Looms of Tyre & Sidon by beautiful Ashtaroth:
In Palestine Dagon, Sea Monster, worship'd o'er the Sea:
Thammuz in Lebanon & Rimmon in Damascus curtain'd:
Osiris, Isis, Orus in Egypt, dark their Tabernacles on Nile
Floating with solemn songs & on the Lakes of Egypt nightly
With pomp even till morning break & Osiris appear in the sky:
But Belial of Sodom & Gomorrha, obscure Demon of Bribes
And secret Assasinations, not worship'd nor ador'd, but
With the finger on the lips & the back turn'd to the light:
And Saturn, Jove & Rhea of the Isles of the Sea remote.
These Twelve Gods are the Twelve Spectre Sons of the Druid Albion.

And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches:
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,
Methuselah, Lamech, these are Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic;
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the second, Salah, Heber,
Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah, these are the Female-Males,
A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains;
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine,
Luther, these seven are the Male-Females, the Dragon Forms,
Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot.

All these are seen in Milton's Shadow, who is the Covering Cherub,
The Spectre of Albion in which the Spectre of Luvah inhabits
In the Newtonian Voids between the Substances of Creation.

For the Chaotic Voids outside of the Stars are measured by
The Stars, which are the boundaries of Kingdoms, Provinces
And Empires of Chaos invisible to the Vegetable Man.
The Kingdom of Og is in Orion: Sihon is in Ophiucus.
Og has Twenty-seven Districts: Sihon's Districts Twenty-one.
From Star to Star, Mountains & Valleys, terrible dimension
Stretch'd out, compose the Mundane Shell, a mighty Incrustation
Of Forty-eight deformed Human Wonders of the Almighty,
With Caverns whose remotest bottoms meet again beyond



Plate XXXVII

*THE EAGLE OF GENIUS DESCENDING ON THE POET*

The Mundane Shell in Golgonooza; but the Fires of Los rage
In the remotest bottoms of the Caves, that none can pass
Into Eternity that way, but all descend to Los,
To Bowlahoola & Allamanda & to Entuthon Benython.

The Heavens are the Cherub: the Twelve Gods are Satan,

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And the Forty-eight Starry Regions are Cities of the Levites,
The Heads of the Great Polypus, Four-fold twelve enormity,
In mighty & mysterious comingling, enemy with enemy,
Woven by Urizen into Sexes from his mantle of years.
And Milton collecting all his fibres into impregnable strength
Descended down a Paved work of all kinds of precious stones
Out from the eastern sky; descending down into my Cottage
Garden, clothed in black, severe & silent he descended.

The Spectre of Satan stood upon the roaring sea & beheld
Milton within his sleeping Humanity; trembling & shudd'ring
He stood upon the waves a Twenty-seven fold mighty Demon
Gorgeous & beautiful; loud roll his thunders against Milton.
Loud Satan thunder'd, loud & dark upon mild Felpham shore
Not daring to touch one fibre he howl'd round upon the Sea.

I also stood in Satan's bosom & beheld its desolations:
A ruin'd Man, a ruin'd building of God, not made with hands:
Its plains of burning sand, its mountains of marble terrible:
Its pits & declivities flowing with molten ore & fountains
Of pitch & nitre: its ruin'd palaces & cities & mighty works:
Its furnaces of affliction, in which his Angels & Emanations
Labour with blacken'd visages among its stupendous ruins,
Arches & pyramids & porches, colonades & domes,
In which dwells Mystery, Babylon; here is her secret place,
From hence she comes forth on the Churches in delight;

Here is her Cup fill'd with its poisons in these horrid vales,
And here her scarlet Veil woven in pestilence & war;
Here is Jerusalem bound in chains in the Dens of Babylon.

In the Eastern porch of Satan's Universe Milton stood & said:

" Satan! my Spectre! I know my power thee to annihilate
" And be a greater in thy place & be thy Tabernacle,
" A covering for thee to do thy will, till one greater comes
" And smites me as I smote thee & becomes my covering.
" Such are the Laws of thy false Heav'ns; but Laws of Eternity
" Are not such; know thou, I come to Self Annihilation.
" Such are the Laws of Eternity, that each shall mutually
" Annihilate himself for others' good, as I for thee.
" Thy purpose & the purpose of thy Priests & of thy Churches
" Is to impress on men the fear of death, to teach
" Trembling & fear, terror, constriction, abject selfishness.
" Mine is to teach Men to despise death & to go on
" In fearless majesty annihilating Self, laughing to scorn
" Thy Laws & terrors, shaking down thy Synagogues as webs.
" I come to discover before Heav'n & Hell the Self righteousness
" In all its Hypocritic turpitude, opening to every eye
" These wonders of Satan's holiness, shewing to the Earth
" The Idol Virtues of the Natural Heart, & Satan's Seat
" Explore in all its Selfish Natural Virtue, & put off
" In Self annihilation all that is not of God alone,
" To put off Self & all I have, ever & ever. Amen."

Satan heard, Coming in a cloud, with trumpets & flaming fire,
Saying: " I am God the judge of all, the living & the dead.
" Fall therefore down & worship me, submit thy supreme
" Dictate to my eternal Will, & to my dictate bow.
" I hold the Balances of Right & Just & mine the Sword.
" Seven Angels bear my Name & in those Seven I appear,
" But I alone am God & I alone in Heav'n & Earth
" Of all that live dare utter this, others tremble & bow,

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" Till All Things become One Great Satan, in Holiness
" Oppos'd to Mercy, and the Divine Delusion, Jesus, be no more."

Suddenly around Milton on my Path the Starry Seven
Burn'd terrible; my Path became a solid fire, as bright
As the clear Sun, & Milton silent came down on my Path.
And there went forth from the Starry limbs of the Seven, Forms
Human, with Trumpets innumerable, sounding articulate
As the Seven spake; and they stood in a mighty Column of Fire
Surrounding Felpham's Vale, reaching to the Mundane Shell, Saying:

" Awake, Albion awake! reclaim thy Reasoning Spectre. Subdue
" Him to the Divine Mercy. Cast him down into the Lake
" Of Los that ever burneth with fire ever & ever, Amen!
" Let the Four Zoas awake from Slumbers of Six Thousand Years."

Then loud the Furnaces of Los were heard, & seen as Seven Heavens
Stretching from south to north over the mountains of Albion

Satan heard; trembling round his Body, he incircled it:
He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment,
Howling in his Spectre round his Body, hung'ring to devour
But fearing for the pain, for if he touches a Vital
His torment is unendurable: therefore he cannot devour
But howls round it as a lion round his prey continually.
Loud Satan thunder'd, loud & dark upon mild Felpham's Shore,
Coming in a Cloud with Trumpets & with Fiery Flame,
An awful Form eastward from midst of a bright Paved-work
Of precious stones by Cherubim surrounded, so permitted
(Lest he should fall apart in his Eternal Death) to imitate
The Eternal Great Humanity Divine surrounded by
His Cherubim & Seraphim in ever happy Eternity.

Beneath sat Chaos: Sin on his right hand, Death on his left,
And Ancient Night spread over all the heav'n his Mantle of Laws.
He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment.

Then Albion rose up in the Night of Beulah on his Couch
Of dread repose; seen by the visionary eye, his face is toward
The east, toward Jerusalem's Gates; groaning he sat above
His rocks. London & Bath & Legions & Edinburgh
Are the four pillars of his Throne: his left foot near London
Covers the shades of Tyburn: his instep from Windsor
To Primrose Hill stretching to Highgate & Holloway.
London is between his knees, its basements fourfold;
His right foot stretches to the sea on Dover cliffs, his heel
On Canterbury's ruins; his right hand covers lofty Wales,
His left Scotland; his bosom girt with gold involves
York, Edinburgh, Durham & Carlisle, & on the front
Bath, Oxford, Cambridge, Norwich; his right elbow
Leans on the Rocks of Erin's Land, Ireland, ancient nation.
His head bends over London; he sees his embodied Spectre
Trembling before him with exceeding great trembling & fear.
He views Jerusalem & Babylon, his tears flow down.
He mov'd his right foot to Cornwall, his left to the Rocks of Bognor.
He strove to rise to walk into the Deep, but strength failing
Forbad, & down with dreadful groans he sunk upon his Couch
In moony Beulah. Los, his strong Guard, walks round beneath the Moon.

Urizen faints in terror striving among the Brooks of Arnon
With Milton's Spirit; as the Plowman or Artificer or Shepherd
While in the labours of his Calling sends his Thought abroad
To labour in the ocean or in the starry heaven, So Milton
Labour'd in Chasms of the Mundane Shell, tho' here before
My Cottage midst the Starry Seven where the Virgin Ololon
Stood trembling in the Porch; loud Satan thunder'd on the stormy Sea
Circling Albion's Cliffs, in which the Four-fold World resides,
Tho' seen in fallacy outside, a fallacy of Satan's Churches.



Plate XXXVIII

*MILTON AND OLOLON*

46

Before Ololon Milton stood & perciev'd the Eternal Form
Of that mild Vision; wondrous were their acts, by me unknown
Except remotely, and I heard Ololon say to Milton:

" I see thee strive upon the Brooks of Arnon: there a dread
" And awful Man I see, o'ercover'd with the mantle of years.
" I behold Los & Urizen, I behold Orc & Tharmas,
" The Four Zoas of Albion, & thy Spirit with them striving,
" In Self annihilation giving thy life to thy enemies.
" Are those who contemn Religion & seek to annihilate it
" Become in their Femin[in]e portions the causes & promoters
" Of these Religions? how is this thing, this Newtonian Phantasm,
" This Voltaire & Rousseau, this Hume & Gibbon & Bolingbroke,
" This Natural Religion, this impossible absurdity?
" Is Ololon the cause of this? O where shall I hide my face?
" These tears fall for the little ones, the Children of Jerusalem,
" Lest they be annihilated in thy annihilation."

No sooner she had spoke but Rahab Babylon appear'd
Eastward upon the Paved work across Europe & Asia,
Glorious as the midday Sun in Satan's bosom glowing,
A Female hidden in a Male, Religion hidden in War,
Nam'd Moral Virtue, cruel two-fold Monster shining bright,
A Dragon red & hidden Harlot which John in Patmos saw.

And all beneath the Nations innumerable of Ulro
Appear'd: the Seven Kingdoms of Canaan & Five Baalim
Of Philistea into Twelve divided, call'd after the Names
Of Israel, as they are in Eden, Mountain, River & Plain,
City & sandy Desart intermingled beyond mortal ken

But turning toward Ololon in terrible majesty Milton
Replied: " Obey thou the Words of the Inspired Man.
" All that can be (can be) annihilated must be annihilated

" That the Children of Jerusalem may be saved from slavery.
" There is a Negation, & there is a Contrary:
" The Negation must be destroy'd to redeem the Contraries.
" The Negation is the Spectre, the Reasoning Power in Man:
" This is a false Body, an Incrustation over my Immortal
" Spirit, a Selfhood which must be put off & annihilated alway.
" To cleanse the Face of my Spirit by Self-examination,

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" To bathe in the Waters of Life, to wash off the Not Human,
" I come in Self-annihilation & the grandeur of Inspiration,
" To cast off Rational Demonstration by Faith in the Saviour,
" To cast off the rotten rags of Memory by Inspiration,
" To cast off Bacon, Locke & Newton from Albion's covering,
" To take off his filthy garments & clothe him with Imagination,
" To cast aside from Poetry all that is not Inspiration,
" That it no longer shall dare to mock with the aspersion of Madness
" Cast on the Inspired by the tame high finisher of paltry Blots
" Indefinite, or paltry Rhymes, or paltry Harmonies,
" Who creeps into State Government like a catterpiller to destroy;
" To cast off the idiot Questioner who is always questioning
" But never capable of answering, who sits with a sly grin
" Silent plotting when to question, like a thief in a cave,
" Who publishes doubt & calls it knowledge, whose Science is Despair,
" Whose pretence to knowledge is Envy, whose whole Science is
" To destroy the wisdom of ages to gratify ravenous Envy
" That rages round him like a Wolf day & night without rest:
" He smiles with condescension, he talks of Benevolence & Virtue,
" And those who act with Benevolence & Virtue they murder time on time.
" These are the destroyers of Jerusalem, these are the murderers
" Of Jesus, who deny the Faith & mock at Eternal Life,
" Who pretend to Poetry that they may destroy Imagination
" By imitation of Nature's Images drawn from Remembrance.
" These are the Sexual Garments, the Abomination of Desolation,

" Hiding the Human Lineaments as with an Ark & Curtains
" Which Jesus rent & now shall wholly purge away with Fire
" Till Generation is swallow'd up in Regeneration."

Then trembled the Virgin Ololon & reply'd in clouds of despair:

" Is this our Femin[in]e Portion, the Six-fold Miltonic Female?
" Terribly this Portion trembles before thee, O awful Man.
" Altho' our Human Power can sustain the severe contentions
" Of Friendship, our Sexual cannot, but flies into the Ulro.
" Hence arose all our terrors in Eternity; & now remembrance
" Returns upon us; are we Contraries, O Milton, Thou & I?
" O Immortal, how were we led to War the Wars of Death?
" Is this the Void Outside of Existence, which if enter'd into

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" Becomes a Womb? & is this the Death Couch of Albion?
" Thou goest to Eternal Death & all must go with thee."

So saying, the Virgin divided Six-fold, & with a shriek
Dolorous that ran thro' all Creation, a Double Six-fold Wonder
Away from Ololon she divided & fled into the depths
Of Milton's Shadow, as a Dove upon the stormy Sea.

Then as a Moony Ark Ololon descended to Felpham's Vale
In clouds of blood, in streams of gore, with dreadful thunderings
Into the Fires of Intellect that rejoic'd in Felpham's Vale
Around the Starry Eight; with one accord the Starry Eight became
One Man, Jesus the Saviour, wonderful! round his limbs
The Clouds of Ololon folded as a Garment dipped in blood,
Written within & without in woven letters, & the Writing
Is the Divine Revelation in the Litteral expression,
A Garment of War. I heard it nam'd the Woof of Six Thousand Years.

And I beheld the Twenty-four Cities of Albion
Arise upon their Thrones to Judge the Nations of the Earth;
And the Immortal Four in whom the Twenty-four appear Four-fold
Arose around Albion's body. Jesus wept & walked forth
From Felpham's Vale clothed in Clouds of blood, to enter into
Albion's Bosom, the bosom of death, & the Four surrounded him
In the Column of Fire in Felpham's Vale; then to their mouths the Four
Applied their Four Trumpets & them sounded to the Four winds.

Terror struck in the Vale I stood at that immortal sound.
My bones trembled, I fell outstretch'd upon the path
A moment, & my Soul return'd into its mortal state
To Resurrection & Judgment in the Vegetable Body,
And my sweet Shadow of Delight stood trembling by my side.

Immediately the Lark mounted with a loud trill from Felpham's Vale,
And the Wild Thyme from Wimbleton's green & impurpled Hills,
And Los & Enitharmon rose over the Hills of Surrey:
Their clouds roll over London with a south wind; soft Oothoon
Pants in the Vales of Lambeth, weeping o'er her Human Harvest.
Los listens to the Cry of the Poor Man, his Cloud
Over London in volume terrific low bended in anger.

Rintrah & Palamabron view the Human Harvest beneath.
Their Wine-presses & Barns stand open, the Ovens are prepar'd,
The Waggons ready; terrific Lions & Tygers sport & play.
All Animals upon the Earth are prepar'd in all their strength

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To go forth to the Great Harvest & Vintage of the Nations.

FINIS

# NOTES TO VOLUME II

# NOTES TO VOLUME II

## VALA, OR THE FOUR ZOAS

THE MS. of this poem consists of 70 large leaves measuring about 41.5×32.5 cm., together with one torn fragment and two small sheets bearing additional passages. The leaves are made up of 21 sheets of drawing paper with a watermark dated 1794, 47 sheets of the same paper with working proofs of the engravings for Young's *Night Thoughts*, and 2 sheets with parts of an early engraving, "Edward and Elenor," on one side. The title on the recto of the first leaf was originally written in ink in the first form given here, and was afterwards altered in pencil to the second form. On the verso of the first leaf is a pencil sketch of a recumbent figure beneath which is written *Rest before Labour*. Of the other 69 leaves, 61 have the text written on both sides; the remainder have the text on one side and a full-page drawing or an engraving on the other. The great majority of the pages of the text have the margins decorated with pencil drawings, except where they were already occupied by the engravings for Young's *Night Thoughts*. The drawings are occasionally touched with water colours. Most of the text is written in ink, but a few words or passages are in pencil; these probably represent Blake's later additions, and are here printed in italic because they sometimes break somewhat awkwardly into the sense. Some of Blake's other alterations were written first in pencil and afterwards inked over. Blake seems at first to have intended the manuscript to be a fair copy of a poem of which the first draft was written elsewhere, for the earlier pages are written with great care in a formal copper-plate hand. In the later pages and in the marginal additions he relapsed into his ordinary hand. Blake was at work on this poem at intervals over a long period of years, and the text has consequently been subjected to extensive erasures, alterations, and additions. The correct arrangement of the leaves has presented problems of great difficulty. The text here printed gives the proper sequence as far as my own judgment goes, but the arrangement in a few places must remain conjectural. P. 1

Another title found on the back of a separate drawing may possibly refer to this poem, as suggested by Mr. Max Plowman. It runs as follows: "The Bible of Hell, in Nocturnal Visions collected. Vol. I. Lambeth." The division of *The Four Zoas* into nine Nights, and this title may have been suggested by Young's *Night Thoughts*, which Blake was illustrating at the same period. If this conjecture be correct, it would follow that Blake con-

ceived the idea of *The Four Zoas* some years before it was actually written, for he remarks in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*," I have also The Bible of " Hell which the world shall have whether they will or no." (See vol. 1, page 195.)

Blake seems never to have carried out any final revision of the poem and he never etched it on copper plates in the manner of the other symbolic works, except for a few passages which he incorporated in *Milton* and *Jerusalem*. The date 1797 on the title-page may, as suggested by Dr. Sampson, represent the date at which Blake began to make his fair copy, the composition having been begun a year or two before; or it may have been in this year that he decided to call what he had written of *The Bible of Hell* by the name of *Vala*. Extensive revisions were made during the Felpham period, 1800—1803, and further alterations may have been made at other times. At some time before his death Blake gave the MS. to John Linnell and it remained in the keeping of Linnell's descendants until 1918 when it was sold at Christie's with the rest of the Blake-Linnell collections. An anonymous donor soon afterwards presented the MS. to the British Museum where it is now in the Department of MSS. Several of the drawings have suffered mutilation since the MS. left Blake's hands. Someone seems to have disliked the frankly sexual symbolism employed by the artist and has rubbed out those parts of the drawings considered offensive to conventional morality. There has been no similar interference with the text.

The MS. was transcribed by Messrs. Ellis and Yeats and printed in full in their edition of the *Works*, 1893, and a revised text was printed by Ellis in 1906. Both these texts are, however, exceedingly inaccurate, and there has been hitherto no printed version which can really be regarded as representing Blake's work. The present text attempts to give a complete and accurate version of the poem, but, as already explained, the correct arrangement of the leaves of the MS. is sometimes in doubt, and Blake's writing is not always easy to decipher, so that a few words, noted below, have remained uncertain. The punctuation has been a matter of great difficulty, very little help being obtained from Blake's own perfunctory indications. The responsibility for the preparation of this text has been shared with me by Mr. Max Plowman, and we have had the advantage of consultation with Professors D. J. Sloss and J. Wallis, late of Liverpool University, who have themselves been preparing a text of the poem for publication.

Words deleted by Blake have been indicated in the text in the manner adopted throughout this edition. More extensive erasures, and lines added or transposed by Blake, have been recorded in the notes, and these will sometimes account for discontinuity in the sense of certain passages. All breaks in the MS. have been indicated by a space in the printed text; when a break happens to coincide with the beginning of a printed page, the first

line has been indented. The same convention has been used elsewhere in this edition.

"Οτι οὐκ ἐστιν . . . ἐπουρανιοις.] this passage may be rendered in English: P. 2
" For our contention is not with the blood and the flesh, but with dominion,
" with authority, with the blind world-rulers of this life, with the spirit of
" evil in things heavenly." (Translation supplied by Mrs. Max Plowman.)
Blake's chapter reference is wrong; the correct number is supplied in square brackets.

NIGHT THE FIRST

Lines 1—5. Blake's first draft of the first three lines has been deciphered by Dr. Sampson (*Poetical Works*, 1913, p. 349). Blake began with the words:

*This is the Song of Eno . . . Vala.*

This he altered to:

1 *The Song of the Aged Mother, which shook the heavens with wrath,*
2 *And thus beginneth the Book of Vala, which whosoever reads*
3 *If with his Intellect he comprehend . . .*
6 *The heavens shall quake; the Earth shall move and thunder, and the mountains*
7 *With all their woods; the streams and valleys wail'd in dismal fear.*
4 [*To hear the sound* del.] *Hearing the march of long resounding strong heroic verse*
5 *Marshall'd in order for the day of Intellectual Battle*

He then re-numbered lines 4 and 5 as 2 and 3, and finally crossed them out, re-writing them in the space made by erasing the original lines 2 and 3.

Nearly the whole of the first six pages of the MS. (in this text up to p. 8, line 6) has been erased and rewritten.

Lines 6, 7, 8. *John xvii c., 21, 22, 23 v.*] " 21. That they all may be one; as
" thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us:
" that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. 22. And the glory
" which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as
" we are one. 23. I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made per-
" fect in one; and that the world may know that thou has sent me, and hast
" loved them, as thou hast loved me."

*John* i *c.*, 14 *v.*] "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us,
" (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,)
" full of grace and truth."

Καὶ ἐσκήνωσεν ἐν ἡμιν] i.e., "And he dwelt among us."

Line 9. . . . *those Living Creatures*] these words are indistinctly written, but are probably correct as given.

P. 3 Lines 9, 10. *The Men have reciev'd . . .*] these two lines are written in the margin and are not marked for insertion.

Line 11. *Thy fear . . .*] repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 22, l. 1 (vol. III, p. 196).

Lines 12—14. *All Love is lost . . .*] repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 22, ll. 10—12 (vol. III, p. 196).

Line 10 from bottom. *Hide me some shadowy semblance*] i.e., *hide* for *me*, etc.

Lines 8—6 from bottom. *I have look'd . . .*] these three lines were added as an afterthought. The first two were repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 22, ll. 14, 15 (vol. III, p. 196).

Line 5 from bottom—P. 4, line 7. *Why wilt thou Examine . . .*] this passage is written sideways in the margin. The first five lines are repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 22, ll. 20—24 (vol. III, p. 197).

P. 4 Lines 8—12. *Sometimes I think . . .*] these lines are written in pencil at the top of the page in the MS. The position assigned to them seems to be clear from the sense.

P. 5 Lines 2, 3. *As Garments woven . . .*] these lines were added at the side as an afterthought.

Lines 12—26. *There is from Great Eternity . . .*] this passage is written sideways in the margin. It is rewritten and expanded in *Milton*, pl. 33, 34 (vol. II, pp. 352—4).

P. 6 Line 6. *Who animating*] *Who* is doubtful; the word should perhaps be read *Thus*.

Line 8. *Rear'd*] this is the catchword at the bottom of a page of the MS., but the page which originally followed is missing.

Line 18. *And courting that the Earth*] *courting* is unsatisfactory, but I am unable to read the word in any other way.

P. 7 Lines 5, 6. *Who art thou . . . yet I love*] these words were added as an afterthought.

P. 8 Last line. *To Create Man . . .*] written in as an afterthought.

P. 9 Lines 10—6 from bottom. *Then Eno . . .*] the substance of these lines is repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 48, ll. 30—39 (vol. III, p. 237).

Line 8 from bottom. . . . *&* in (*the*) [*twenty* del.] *every year(s)*] Blake first wrote this as, "*& in the twenty years*"; he afterwards intended it to be, "*& in every year*," but omitted to make all the necessary deletions here indicated by round brackets.

P. 10 Lines 11, 12. *But had no power . . .*] written in as an afterthought.

Line 16. . . . *Reading the Visions of Beulah*] *Reading* is not clear; the word may possibly be *Seeing*.

Line 18. *But the two youthful wonders . . .*] this line is written in the margin together with the heading, *Night the Second*, both having been added after the deletion of line 17. Blake probably intended to carry out some rearrangement of Nights 1 and 2, but his directions are not clear, and I have, therefore, left the text of these Nights as it comes in the MS.

Line 13. *Driving the Female Emanations . . .*] written in as an afterthought. P. 11

Lines 16—18. *If thou drive . . .*] also written later, and mostly deleted.

Lines 1—9. *Refusing to behold . . . his mother's womb*] this passage is written in the margin and marked for insertion. Blake afterwards drew a vertical line through it as if he had copied it elsewhere. P. 12

Line 20. *Threaten not me . . .*] this was first written in between the two preceding lines, then deleted and rewritten in its present position.

Lines 2—23. *Of Light . . . delusion & fancy*] these lines are written at the top of the page and in the margin, those in pencil having been added last. P. 13

Lines 1—4. *Los saw . . . smiting*] these lines were added as an afterthought. P. 14

Lines 9—15. *But Luvah . . . such was the Vision*] these lines were written in after their context, the last five in the margin.

Lines 6—17. *The Mountain* del. . . .] these lines are written over erasures. P. 15

Last three lines. *From the supporting arms . . .*] a great part of these lines is repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 48, ll. 1—4 (vol. III, p. 236). P. 17

Lines 2—6. *As one Man . . .*] repeated, with alterations, in *Jerusalem*, pl. 38, ll. 17—21 (vol. III, p. 221). P. 18

Last two lines but one. . . . *such thing was never known . . . to be reviv'd*] repeated with alterations in *Jerusalem*, pl. 80, ll. 23, 24 (vol. III, p. 291). P. 19

NIGHT THE [SECOND] P. 22

Blake has erased the number in the heading and has not supplied the missing word.

Line 1. *Rising upon his Couch*] *Rising* should perhaps be read as *Reclining*.

Lines 4, 8, 14.] these lines were written in as afterthoughts.

Line 13—P. 24, line 7. *Petrifying all . . . Druid Stones*] this passage was added in the margin and marked for insertion. P. 23

Line 7. . . . *among the Druid Stones*] *among* is unsatisfactory, and should perhaps be read as *array*[*s*]. P. 24

Lines 14—21. *Luvah was cast . . . innocence & youth*] repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 7, ll. 30—37 (vol. III, pp. 172—3).

Line 9 from bottom. *Vala's King*] these two words are written over an erasure.

Lines 11—16] these lines are written over erasures. P. 25

Lines 1—14. *With trembling horror pale . . . power & severity*] this passage is written in the margin and marked for insertion. P. 26

Line 19. *Quadrangular . . .*] written in as an afterthought. P. 27

Line 9 from bottom—P. 28, line 4 from bottom. *Twelve halls . . . Females from him away*] the whole of this passage is written at the bottom of a page of the MS. and marked for insertion.

Lines 18—22. *For the Divine Lamb . . . slept should awake*] these lines are written over erasures. P. 30

P. 30 Line 4 from bottom—P. 31, line 14. *In seven & tens . . . in the vast deep*] these lines were written as an afterthought at the bottom of a page.

P. 32 Line 1—P. 34, line 11 from bottom *And Los said . . . weeping & smiling & fading*] the whole of this passage is written at the bottom of a page and in the margin, and is marked for insertion.

P. 34 Lines 1—3. *Arise, you little glancing wings . . . lives is holy*] these lines are repeated from *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (vol. I, p. 261, lines 5 and 4 from bottom).

Lines 4 and 3 from bottom. *I have chosen the serpent . . . children*] repeated from *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (vol I, p. 258, lines 10 and 9 from bottom), *serpent* being substituted for *ape*.

P. 35 Line 17. *To hear the dog howl . . .*] the words of this line are repeated from *The First Book of Urizen*, ch. viii, §5 (vol. I, p. 320).

P. 37 NIGHT THE THIRD

P. 38 Line 7. *Leave all futurity . . .*] written in as an afterthought.

Line 13. *Till the Divine Vision . . .*] written over an erasure.

Line 10 from bottom—P. 40, line 4 from bottom. *The Dark'ning Man walk'd . . . we alone are escaped*] almost the whole of this passage is repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 29, ll. 33—82 (vol. III, pp. 208—9); a few lines are omitted and *Man* is in some places altered to *Albion*.

P. 40 Last 2 lines. (*Albion clos'd . . .*] this passage is written as prose in the margin, and is not marked for insertion, so that its present position is conjectural.

P. 45 NIGHT THE FOURTH

Lines 7—9. *And he said . . .*] these three lines are written over an erasure, line 8 being added after lines 7 and 9.

P. 48 Line 9 from bottom. *That would enrage thee as it has Enraged me*] *enrage* and *Enraged* should perhaps be read as *enrap* and *Enraped*.

P. 51 Line 10 from bottom—P. 52, last line. *The Eternal Mind, bounded . . .*] the whole of this passage is repeated with a few alterations from *The First Book of Urizen*, ch. iv [b], §3—end (vol. I, pp. 311—3).

P. 53 Line 7. . . . *if thou hadst been here our brother had not died*] this line is repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 50, l. 11, with the addition of *Albion* after *brother*.

Lines 14—16. *In which we may be hidden . . . consume*] these three lines are repeated in *Milton*, pl. 33, ll. 25—27 (vol. II, p. 353).

P. 54 Line 3. *The Finger of God . . .*] cf. *Jerusalem*, pl. 48, l. 45 (vol. III, p. 237).

Lines 6—end. *In terrors Los shrank . . .*] this passage was first written on the preceding page of the MS. between P. 52, last line, and P. 53, first line. Blake added clear instructions for its transposition as printed. The first four lines are taken from *The First Book of Urizen*, ch. v, §1 (vol. I, p. 313).

Line 14. (*Bring in here the Globe of Blood as in the B. of Urizen*)] this refers to *The First Book of Urizen*, ch. v, §8 (vol. I, p. 315).

NIGHT THE FIFTH p. 55

Lines 15—17. *Urizen cast deep darkness . . .*] these three lines are written over a passage of six lines which have been erased. p. 56

Line 5 from bottom—P. 57, line 2. *Torn by black storms . . . flames of fire*] these six lines are repeated with alterations in *Jerusalem*, pl. 40, ll. 38—42.

Line 9 from bottom—last line . . . *a tightning girdle grew . . .*] this passage is taken with alterations from *The First Book of Urizen*, ch. vii, § 2—3 (vol. I p. 317). p. 57

NIGHT THE SIXTH p. 63

Line 3. . . . *their own sigh*] *own* should perhaps be read as *iron*. p. 66

Lines 11—20. *Oft would he stand . . .*] these lines are written after the succeeding passage of six lines, but are marked for transposition. p. 67

Line 20. *He hid to recure his obstructed powers*] *revive* would obviously be preferable to *recure*, but I can only read the MS. as the latter.

Line 8 from bottom. *Gaining a New dominion . . .*] this line of almost double the usual length was written in as an afterthought and runs over into the margin. p. 70

Line 7 from bottom—last line. *For Urizen lamented . . .*] cf. *The First Book of Urizen*, ch. viii, §6 (vol. I, p. 320).

Last line—P. 73, line 3. *Four winged heralds . . .*] these four lines are repeated with alterations from *America*, cancelled plates (vol. I, p. 273, ll. 14—17). p. 72

NIGHT THE SEVENTH [*a*] p. 74

Blake seems to have written two drafts of Night the Seventh, but he never finally rejected either of them. Probably the one here marked *a* was written after that marked *b* (p. 90), so that *a* the more nearly represents Blake's intention.

Lines 3—13. *His book of iron on his knees . . .*] cf. *Ahania*, ch. iii, §3—4 (vol. I, pp. 326—7). p. 75

Lines 13—7 from bottom. *Listen, O Daughters . . .*] these seven lines were added as an afterthought, and in the MS. the last six appear to come after the line beginning, *Compell the poor*; the sense makes it clear that they should be arranged as given here. p. 77

Line 6 from bottom. *Compell the poor . . .*] repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 30, l. 30 (vol. III, p. 210).

Last line. . . . *with temper(ance)*] Blake has here abbreviated *temperance* to *temper*; his intention is shewn by the recurrence of the word in full, four lines later.

P. 78 Line 2. *reduce the man to want . . .*] cf. *Jerusalem*, pl. 30, l. 31 (vol. III, p. 210).

P. 83 Lines 13—7 from bottom. *Thou knowest . . .*] this passage is written in the margin and marked for insertion.

P. 84 Lines 13—15. *In male forms . . .*] these three lines are added in place of one line erased.

P. 85 Lines 3—4. *Thou didst subdue me . . .*] a marginal addition.

P. 86 Last 4 lines. *But I have thee . . .*] a marginal addition.

P. 89 Last 10 lines. *First his immortal spirit . . .*] these lines, concluding Night the Seventh (*a*), are written in the margin.

P. 90 NIGHT THE SEVENTH [*b*]

As first written this Night began with P. 93, line 4 from bottom, *Now in the Caverns . . .*, and ended with, *Then Shew'd the Earthquake, &c.* Blake then wrote clear instructions for transposing the first and second halves of the Night as it is printed here.

Line 11. *O . . . Prince of Light*] one word is here illegible.

P. 92 Line 10 from bottom. *The rushing of thy scales . . . thy hoarse rushing scales*] *rushing* should perhaps be read as *rustling* in both places.

P. 93 Line 5 from bottom. *Then Shew'd the Earthquake, &c.*] this evidently refers to a continuation of the passage on another page which has been lost.

P. 94 Lines 2—5. *As when the Earthquake . . .*] cf. *Tiriel*, 5, ll. 4—6 (vol. I, pp. 142—3).

Lines 7, 8. *Knowing the arts . . .*] written in as an afterthought.

Lines 10, 11. *Jealous that she was Vala . . .*] written in as an afterthought four lines lower down and marked for transposition.

P. 95 Line 6—P. 96, line 19. *They sound the clarions strong . . . shall blood renew*] repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 65, ll. 6—55 (vol. III, pp. 263—4).

P. 96 Lines 2, 17, 23, 30] these lines are all written in as afterthoughts.

P. 97 Line 12 from bottom—P. 98, line 3. *Tharmas, The Moon . . .*] this passage is written in the margin and marked for insertion.

P. 100 NIGHT THE EIGHTH

Lines 4—9. *The Fallen Man . . .*] written over an erasure.

Lines 10—15. *They had which cloth'd . . .*] these lines are written in the margin, but are deleted except for the last line.

P. 101 Line 9. *Los stood, &c.*] this marginal note indicates an additional passage which has been lost.

P. 102 Line 5. . . . *Luvah, Or Orc*] *Orc* should perhaps be read as *One*.

Line 8 from bottom. *Measur'd his food . . .*] cf. *America*, Preludium, l. 3 (vol. I, p. 262).

P. 103 Lines 2—13. *But Urizen his mighty rage . . .*] these lines follow P. 102, line 2, but are marked for transposition.

Lines 14—18. *Terrified & astonish'd . . .*] written in the margin, but not marked for insertion.

Line 12 from bottom. . . . *the stirring battle*] *stirring* might be read as *storming*.

Lines 9—6 from bottom. *Feeling the hand . . .*] written in the margin and marked for insertion.

Line 7 from bottom. *Of Enitharmon singing . . .*] cf. *Milton*, pl. 6, l. 6 (vol. III, p. 312).

Line 11. *Glory, Glory, Glory . . .*] repeated in *Milton*, pl. 14, l. 28 (vol. II, p. 322). P. 106

Line 16—P. 107, line 8 from bottom. *Daughters of Beulah describe . . .*] this passage is written on a later page and marked for insertion.

Line 11 from bottom. *The bellowing furnaces blown . . .*] *blown* should perhaps be read as *blone*, or *blare* as in *Milton*, pl. 26, where this line and the one preceding are repeated (vol. II, p. 341, ll. 14 and 13 from bottom).

Lines 5—2 from bottom. *The Daughters of Enitharmon . . .*] cf. *Milton*, pl. 38, ll. 24—31 (vol. II, p. 359).

Lines 1—17. *A False Feminine Counterpart . . .*] a marginal addition marked for insertion. P. 109

Line 21—P. 110, line 10. *O thou poor human form . . . Stems of Vegetation*] repeated in *Jerusalem*, pl. 67, l. 44—pl. 68, l. 9 (vol. III, pp. 269—70).

Lines 11—3 from bottom. *Saying: "Is this Eternal Death . . .*] a marginal addition marked for insertion. P. 110

Line 2 from bottom—P. 113, line 8. *But when Rahab . . . his secret holiness*] the whole of this is written on two additional leaves and marked for insertion.

Lines 10, 11. *I am that shadowy Prophet . . .*] these two lines are repeated in *Milton*, pl. 24, ll. 15—16 (vol. II, p. 336). P. 111

Lines 16—32. *Wherefore Rintrah & Palamabron . . .*] cf. *Milton*, pl. 9, 11, 14 (vol. II, pp. 316—318, 322). P. 112

Lines 10, 9 from bottom. *For she spoke of all . . .*] written in as an afterthought. P. 115

Lines 5, 4 from bottom. *Will you erect a lasting habitation . . .*] cf. *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (vol. I, pl. 259, ll. 8 and 7 from bottom).

Line 8 from bottom—end of the Eighth Night. *Rahab triumphs . . .*] the whole of this passage, except the last three lines, was first written in pencil and afterwards inked over. P. 118

NIGHT THE NINTH P. 120

Lines 1—13. *And Los & Enitharmon . . .*] these lines were written in pencil over erasures, and were afterwards inked over.

Line 15. . . . *asterial day*] *asterial* might possibly be read as *a[e]therial*. P. 121

P. 121 Line 7 from bottom. *Their oppressors are fallen . . .*] written in as an afterthought.

P. 122 Lines 15—24. *Blood issu'd out in rushing volumes . . .*] these lines are written over erasures; *rushing* should perhaps be read as *gushing*.

Line 25—P. 123, line 2. *Around the dragon form . . .*] these lines are written in the margin and marked for insertion.

P. 123 Lines 12—25. *My sons, exiled from my breast . . . I wander up and down*] repeated with alterations in *Jerusalem*, pl. 19, ll. 1—14 (vol. III, p. 192).

P. 126 Lines 12—14. *The three daughters of Urizen . . .*] a marginal addition.

P. 128 Lines 13—11 from bottom. *The Prisoner answers . . .*] a marginal addition marked for insertion.

P. 130 Lines 16, 17. *The daughters of Urizen . . .*] written in as an afterthought.

P. 132 Lines 3, 4. *And those upon the Couches . . .*] a marginal addition marked for insertion.

P. 133 Line 12. . . . *arise, O dry thy dewy tears*] *O* should perhaps be read as *&*.

P. 135 Lines 7—4 from bottom. *Arise, O Enion . . .*] written in as an afterthought, partly in the margin.

P. 140 Line 7. *Not born for the sport . . .*] written in as an afterthought.

Line 5 from bottom. *Ephesians iii c., 10 v.*] "To the intent that now unto "the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the "church the manifold wisdom of God." More probably the reference should be to the preceding verse: "And to make all men see what is the "fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath "been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ."

P. 141 Line 4 from bottom—P. 142, line 3. *Let the slave, grinding at the mill . . . believe it is a dream*] repeated from *America*, ll. 42—48 (vol. I, pp. 264—5).

P. 144 Line 7—P. 145, line 3. *How red the sons & daughters of Luvah . . .*] this passage is repeated with alterations and additions in *Milton*, pl. 29 (vol. II, pp. 345—6).

P. 145 Line 13. . . . *Thro' all the golden rooms*] *rooms* should perhaps be read as *looms*.

P. 146 Lines 8, 7 from bottom. *The Sun has left his blackness . . .*] repeated from *America*, ll. 49—50 (vol. I, p. 265, ll. 2, 3).

Last line—P. 147, line 8. *Of fire rose up . . .*] written over erasures.

## NOTES ON THE PAGES OF THE FOUR ZOAS

P. 148 Line 1. *Christ's Crucifix . . .*] This passage is written faintly in pencil at the end of the Fourth Night.

Lines 2, 3. *Till thou dost injure . . .*] These lines are written in pencil in the margin of the fourth page of Night the Sixth, opposite the passage beginning *An earth of wintry woe . . .* (p. 66, line 6).

Lines 4—7. *The Christian Religion . . .*] This passage is written at the top

of a page which is chiefly occupied by part of the print entitled, "Edward and Elenor"; there is no other text on this page. Its position is, therefore, towards the end of Night the Seventh (*a*), but it seems to have no relation to this.

Lines 8 and 9. *Unorganiz'd Innocence . . .*] Written in the margin of the MS. opposite the passage beginning, *So sung the demons of the deep . . .* (P. 96, line 20).

## ADDITIONAL FRAGMENTS

The first four fragments are written on both sides of a small sheet of notepaper. The fifth, beginning *Opening in rifted rocks*, and the sixth are on a piece torn from a leaf of the MS. The final fragment is on a piece of different thinner paper, and is another version of passages in Night the Eighth, pp. 108—11. P. 149

## ANNOTATIONS TO WATSON'S "APOLOGY FOR THE BIBLE"

Richard Watson (1737—1816) was Bishop of Llandaff and author of many works on scientific and theological subjects. In his *Apology for the Bible*, first published in 1796, he attacks Paine's *Age of Reason*, 1793. Blake's copy of the eighth edition of the *Apology* contains copious notes—written in ink and pencil on the back of the title-page and in the margins of the succeeding pages. After Blake's death the volume was in the possession of Samuel Palmer. It was sold at Sotheby's in 1914 and was then acquired for the H. E. Huntington Library. By the courtesy of the late G. D. Smith, I was allowed to transcribe the notes immediately after the sale, and this transcript has been recently verified by Mr. Clifford Blake Clapp, reviser in the H. E. Huntington Library. The annotations were printed in my *Bibliography of Blake*, 1921, but are here published for the first time. P. 152

Line 21. *Read the xxiii Chap. of Matthew*] in this chapter Christ denounces the blindness and hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees. The reference was suggested to Blake by the list of titles of books by Bishop Watson. P. 153

Line 13 from bottom. *Deut. xxxi, v. 24*] "And it came to pass, when "Moses had made an end of writing the words of this law in a book, until "they were finished." P. 163

Line 2 from bottom. *Hartley*] David Hartley (1705—1757) published his *Observations on Man*, in 1749. Blake engraved a portrait of Hartley in 1791 for a new edition of this work. P. 167

## ANNOTATIONS TO BACON'S "ESSAYS"

The volume containing these annotations was seen by Gilchrist, but it has now disappeared. Some of Blake's notes were printed by Gilchrist in P. 171

the *Life*, 1863, and this text, being the only authority, is here reprinted. In several instances Gilchrist gave no indication of the context of the notes, and some of them are, therefore, reprinted without the passages to which they refer.

## LETTERS IV AND V. TO DR. TRUSLER

pp. 173-176 These letters are printed from the originals now in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum.

p. 173 Line 16. *The Design I have sent*] this is a water-colour drawing, measuring about 30×23 cm. It was formerly in the collection of Alexander Gilchrist and now belongs to his daughter, Mrs. Gilchrist Frend. It was included in the Burlington Fine Arts Club exhibition in 1876, but has not been shewn since then. The picture, unfortunately, came to my notice too late for reproduction in the present volume. On the left of the design is the group of a father taking leave of his wife and child, on the right are the figures of two assassins, male and female, crouching with drawn daggers in the roots of a tree. In the centre the full moon is shining upon water. The painting is executed chiefly in sepia and indigo.

## LETTER VI. TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND

p. 177 This letter is here printed from the original in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum.

p. 178 Line 9. *Johnson & Fuseli*] Blake had been constantly employed from 1780 until 1799 by Joseph Johnson to engrave copperplates for his publications, and a number of these were done after Fuseli's designs. Blake received other commissions from Johnson after this date.

Line 19. *tho'* [*I*] *laugh at Fortune*] Blake waited in vain for her call; compare his opinion in 1827 expressed on one of the designs for Dante (vol. III, p. 382).

## LETTER VII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

p. 179 The original of this letter was sold with the Hayley papers at Sotheby's in 1878 and has appeared several times in the sale rooms since that time. The text is here published for the first time and is printed from a facsimile reproduction which appeared in several of the book catalogues issued by Mr. James Tregaskis about 1910.

## LETTER VIII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

p. 179 The original of this letter also was sold at Sotheby's in 1878, and was afterwards in the Rowfant Library; it cannot be traced at the present time. The text is printed here as given in Gilchrist's *Life*, 1880, vol. I, p. 144.

## LETTER IX. TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND

The original letter was formerly in the collection of Charles Fairfax Murray, and is probably now in America. It is printed here from a transcript which I made in 1912 by permission of the late owner. p. 180

## LETTER X. TO JOHN FLAXMAN

This letter was until recently in the collection of the late B. B. Macgeorge of Glasgow; it was first published by Mr. A. G. B. Russell in 1906. The text is here printed from the original by permission of Mr. C. J. Sawyer, of Grafton Street, W. The date is shewn by the postmark. p. 182

## LETTER XI. TO MRS. FLAXMAN

The original letter is now in the Pierpont Morgan Library and is here printed from a photograph supplied by the Librarian. Though signed "Catherine Blake," the whole letter is in Blake's own hand. p. 184

Line 2. . . . *on flights seventy-seven*] printed by all editors before Mr. A. G. B. Russell as *on flight seventy-seven*, a reading which made the meaning obscure. p. 185

Line 8. . . . *the whole Land*] printed by editors before Mr. A. G. B. Russell as *the wide land*.

## LETTER XII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

The originals of this letter and of a number of others were sold with the Hayley papers at Sotheby's in 1878 and cannot now be traced. Several of them remain unpublished, though the present edition reprints for the first time extracts from them which were given in the sale catalogue. The letters are no doubt lying hid in different autograph collections in this country and in the United States of America, and will eventually be re-discovered and printed in full. p. 185

Line 7 from bottom. *Miss Poole's Villa*] Miss Harriet Poole of Lavant was an intimate friend of Hayley, and is frequently referred to in Blake's letters.

## LETTER XIII. TO JOHN FLAXMAN

The original letter was formerly in the collection of the late Charles Fairfax Murray, and is printed here by permission of the present owners, Messrs. Maggs Brothers. p. 186

## LETTER XIV. TO THOMAS BUTTS

P. 187 The originals of this letter and of all the others to Thomas Butts are now in the possession of Mr. W. Graham Robertson, who has entrusted them to my keeping for several months in order that an accurate text may be obtained.

## LETTER XVI. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

P. 192 The original of this letter cannot now be traced. It is printed as given in Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. I, p. 163.

## LETTER XVII. [? TO JOHN FLAXMAN]

P. 193 The original letter cannot now be traced and is unpublished. These extracts are reprinted from the sale catalogue of 1878.

## INSCRIPTION TO "GLAD DAY"

P. 194 The engraving, reproduced here from an example in the British Museum Print Room, was one of the earliest executed by Blake. The inscription, recorded by Mr. A. G. B. Russell in his *Engravings of William Blake*, 1912, p. 54, was added many years later. It belongs to the same period as the composition of *The Four Zoas*, and I have, therefore, assigned to it the conjectural date, 1800. The lines do not, as far as I know, occur anywhere else.

## LINES FOR THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO GRAY'S POEMS

P. 194 The volume containing the illustrations to Gray's Poems was given by Blake to Mrs. Flaxman, probably as a token of gratitude for the part played by Flaxman in transplanting him to Felpham. On this assumption is based the conjectural date assigned to the lines which accompany the drawings. The volume was in Beckford's collection after the sale of Flaxman's effects in 1828 and lay for many years forgotten in Hamilton Palace, until it was discovered again in 1919. The lines were then first printed by Prof. H. J. C. Grierson in *The Times* of November 4. Soon afterwards the Duchess of Hamilton allowed me to examine the volume, which was later reproduced in facsimile by the Clarendon Press.

## LETTER XX. TO JOHN FLAXMAN

P. 198 The original of this letter was formerly in the collection of William Harris Arnold and was sold at the Anderson Galleries, New York, in 1924.

It is here printed from a transcript supplied by the auctioneers. It had previously been printed only by Mr. A. G. B. Russell (*Letters*, 1906, p. 95).

Line 3. *the good sister and the upright Mr. D.*] *and* should be altered to *of*, a mistake discovered too late for alteration in the text. *Mr. D.* I have not identified. P. 199

## LETTER XXII. TO THOMAS BUTTS

Line 3. *All Sr. J. Reynolds's discourses*] Reynolds's *Discourses* were published in 1798, and were annotated by Blake about 1808; see vol. III, p. 5. P. 203

## POEMS AND FRAGMENTS FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

The pieces grouped under this heading are written on pp. 2—14 of the *Rossetti MS.* As suggested by Dr. Sampson, they were probably written during the Felpham period, Blake then again using the book from its original beginning. P. 210

No. 1. *My spectre around me night & day*] this poem is written on pp. 3 and 2 of the MS. Blake's deletions and numberings as indicated here make his final intentions clear, except that the last four stanzas, which are written, with stanza 14, very faintly in pencil, cannot be definitely placed.

No. 5. *I saw a Monk of Charlemaine*] the whole of this poem is written on p. 12 of the MS. and is much confused by Blake's successive alterations and additions. Nine of the stanzas were afterwards copied by Blake in the *Pickering MS.* with the title "The Grey Monk" (see p. 230), and later still seven stanzas were used in *Jerusalem* as part of the preface, "To the Deists," before chapter 3 (see vol. III, p. 243). P. 214

Line 15. "*I see, I see,*" *the Mother said*] when preparing the text of the poem for press I followed Dr. Sampson in his reading of this line. A further examination of the MS. shews that it should certainly be read, "*I die, I die,*" *the Mother said*, as in the *Pickering MS.* P. 215

Line 8. *mocks & scorn*] read by Dr. Sampson as *mocks & iron.* P. 217

Line 19. *A Grecian scoff is a wracking wheel*] this uncompleted stanza is written sideways in the middle of the page. It has not been printed before.

No. 8. *Each Man is in his Spectre's power*] after writing these lines Blake renumbered them, and then deleted his numbers. The second stanza was not completed. The first stanza was afterwards used in *Jerusalem*, pl. 41, being etched in reversed writing in one of the designs (see vol. III, p. 226). P. 218

No. 9. *Beneath the white thorn, lovely May*] the text of this poem is somewhat confused by Blake's deletions and alterations. It was afterwards copied in a revised form in the *Pickering MS.*, with title, "The Golden Net" (see p. 222), and this text is given by Dr. Sampson. The poem has not been fully printed before in its original form. All previous editors give the first line incorrectly as, *Beneath the white thorn's lovely May.* P. 219

## POEMS FROM THE PICKERING MS.

P. 221 This manuscript consists of 11 leaves, about 20.5×15 cm., paginated by Blake 1—22. It contains fair copies of ten poems, some of which are found in their first state in the *Rossetti MS.* among those composed during the Felpham period, 1800—1803. Dr. Sampson has given good reasons for supposing that the whole MS. may be assigned to about the year 1803. The early history of the MS. is not known. It was in the hands of D. G. Rossetti about 1863 and was used for the poems printed in Gilchrist's *Life*. In 1866 it was the property of B. M. Pickering, with whose name it has since been associated. The first accurate text of all the poems was printed by Dr. Sampson in 1905. They are here printed from photographs supplied by the present owner, Mr. W. A. White.

P. 222 *The Golden Net*] the first draft of this poem is found in the *Rossetti MS.*; see p. 219.

P. 230 *The Grey Monk*] the first draft of this poem, with additional stanzas, is found in the *Rossetti MS.*; see pp. 214—7.

P. 232 *Auguries of Innocence*] Dr. Sampson pointed out in 1905 that this poem consists of an opening quatrain, followed by sixty-four couplets. Blake, however, has given no signs of any divisions in his manuscript, and the poem is, therefore, printed here continuously. Dr. Sampson gives a conjectural rearrangement of the lines, in which each theme treated by Blake is followed to its conclusion instead of being woven in one with another. This rearrangement is greatly to be preferred to those made by other editors.

## LETTER XXIV. TO JAMES BLAKE

P. 239 This letter, which is of great biographical interest, has only recently come to light. It has not been published before, having hitherto appeared only in my *Bibliography of Blake*, 1921. It is now published by permission of the owner, Mr. W. E. Moss.

Line 2 from bottom. *many very formidable works*] it is uncertain to which works Blake here refers. His sanguine expectations were not fulfilled.

## LETTERS XXV & XXVI. TO THOMAS BUTTS

P. 243 Line 21. *He who is Not With Me is Against Me*] *cf.* the prose note in *The Four Zoas*, p. 148; this may have been written at about the same date.

Line 2 from bottom. *My long Poem*] this may refer to *The Four Zoas*, which is believed to have been extensively re-written during the Felpham period.

P. 245 Line 6. (*Milton's*) *Hymn on the Nativity*] Blake afterwards made a series of six illustrations for this poem. These are now in the gallery of the Whitworth Institute, Manchester.

Line 12. *the following drawings*] all these seven water-colour drawings are now in the possession of Mr. W. Graham Robertson.

Line 19. *Mr. Addington*] i.e., Henry Addington, first Lord Sidmouth (1757—1844), speaker of the House of Commons, 1789—1801. P. 246

Line 2 from bottom. *This Poem*] probably another reference to *The Four Zoas*, though it was never etched and printed as Blake intended.

Line 8. *Ezekiel iii c., 9 v.*] "8. Behold I have made thy face strong against "their faces, and thy forehead strong against their foreheads. 9. As an "adament harder than flint have I made thy forehead." P. 247

## LETTER XXVII. TO THOMAS BUTTS

Line 6. *I am at Present in a Bustle*] the history of the quarrel with Private Scholfield is fully told in this letter and in Blake's *Memorandum* in refutation of Scholfield's information, printed on pp. 252—5. Blake was tried at the Chichester sessions on January 11, 1804, and was acquitted. P. 249

Lines 4 and 3 from bottom. *O why was I born with a different face*] these two lines occur in a slightly different form in the poem "Mary" in the *Pickering MS.*; see p. 228. P. 251

## MEMORANDUM

This Memorandum was evidently written by Blake when Scholfield's charge was first brought against him, and was probably intended to serve as a statement for the information of his counsel, Samuel Rose, at the trial. Blake's statement was probably sold with the Hayley papers at Sotheby's in 1878, and then passed into the possession of the late H. Buxton Forman, together with papers giving Scholfield's information and the speech made by Samuel Rose at the trial. All these documents were first printed in Nicoll and Wise's *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, 1895. Blake's *Memorandum* is probably now in America, but it cannot be traced, and it is, therefore, printed here by permission of Mr. T. J. Wise exactly as it is given in *Literary Anecdotes*. It has not been reprinted elsewhere. P. 252

## LETTERS XXVIII & XXIX. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

These extracts are printed from the sale catalogue of 1878. P. 255

## LETTER XXX. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

The original letter was sold at Sotheby's in 1878 and cannot now be traced. It is here printed as given in Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. I, p. 194. P. 256

## LETTER XXXI. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

p. 257 These extracts are printed from the sale catalogue of 1878.

## LETTERS XXXII & XXXIII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

pp. 258-259 The original letters were sold at Sotheby's in 1878 and cannot now be traced. They are printed here as given in Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. I, pp.199 and 201.

## LETTER XXXIV. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

p. 261 Printed from the original letter in the Department of Manuscripts at the British Museum.

## LETTER XXXV. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

p. 263 This letter is printed from a photograph of the original supplied by its present owner, Mr. Arthur F. Egner, of New Jersey.

## LETTER XXXVI. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

p. 264 This letter is printed from the facsimile made by Mr. William Muir and appended to his edition of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, 1887. The original was formerly in the collection of the late Charles Fairfax Murray and is now in America.

## LETTER XXXVII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

p. 266 This extract is printed from the sale catalogue of 1878.

## LETTER XXXVIII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

p. 266 This letter was formerly in the Buxton Forman collection and is now in America. It has only been printed in 1906 by Mr. A. G. B. Russell, whose text is followed here.

## LETTERS XXXIX—XLIII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

pp. 267-276 These letters were sold at Sotheby's in 1878 and cannot now be traced. They are printed here as given by Gilchrist in the *Life*, vol. I, pp. 205, 207, 209, and 210. The first part of Letter xxxix remains unpublished.

## LETTER XLIV. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

The original of this letter is now in the Pierpont Morgan Library and is here printed from a photograph supplied by the Librarian. P. 277

## LETTERS XLV—XLVII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

The originals of these letters were sold at Sotheby's in 1878 and cannot now be traced. Extracts from the first two are here reprinted from the sale catalogue. Of the contents of the third no record remains. P. 279

## LETTERS XLVIII & XLIX. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

These letters were sold at Sotheby's in 1878 and cannot now be traced. They are here printed as given in Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. I, pp. 214, 215. PP. 280-283

Line 6 from bottom. *the Truchsessian Gallery of Pictures*] Gilchrist records in the *Life*, vol I, p. 217, that this Gallery was a collection of works purporting to be by various old masters, which were exhibited in London in 1803 by Joseph Truchsess, an impoverished Austrian Count, Nothing more was heard of this collection afterwards, and it may be doubted if the works exhibited were genuine. P. 282

## LETTER L. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

This extract is printed from the sale catalogue of 1878. P. 284

## LETTER LI. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

The original letter was sold at Sotheby's in 1878 and cannot now be traced. It is printed here as given in Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. I, p. 218. P. 284

## LETTER LII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

This letter is printed here from a photograph of the original, supplied by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, to whom it was bequeathed by the late Ferdinand J. Dreer in a collection of autograph letters. P. 286

## LETTER LIII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

This extract is printed from the sale catalogue of 1878. P. 288

## LETTERS LIV & LV. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

These letters were sold at Sotheby's in 1878 and cannot now be traced. They are printed here as given in Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. I, pp. 219, 220. PP. 288-291

## LETTER LVI. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

P. 292 This extract is printed from the sale catalogue of 1878.

## LETTER LVII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

P. 293 The original letter was sold at Sotheby's in 1878 and cannot now be traced. It is printed here as given in Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. I, p. 222.

## LETTER LVIII. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

P. 294 This letter first appeared in my *Bibliography of Blake*, 1921, and has not been published before. It is printed from a transcript supplied by the late Miss Amy Lowell.

## LETTER LIX. TO WILLIAM HAYLEY

P. 295 The original of this letter was sold at Hodgson's in 1922, but I have not been able to trace its present owner. It was first printed in Ellis and Yeats's *Works of William Blake*, 1893, vol. I, p. 172, and this has served as the source of the present text.

Line 6. *Machlin*] this name should no doubt have been read as *Macklin*, a publisher for whom Blake had worked many years before.

## REMARKS ON THE DRAWINGS OF T. H. MALKIN

P. 297 Thomas Heath Malkin was an infant prodigy, who died at the age of seven. Blake's remarks on his drawings are reprinted from his father's *Memoirs of his Child*, 1806, pp. 33—4. Blake designed a frontispiece for this book, which was engraved by Cromek. The introduction contains a valuable account of Blake with quotations from his poems.

Lines 11—12. *The Map of Allestone*] the volume contains a large engraving after a map of an imaginary country named Allestone, which the child invented and described.

## DEBTOR AND CREDITOR ACCOUNT

P. 298 This account accompanies the Butts letters now in the possession of Mr. W. Graham Robertson. Most of the pictures mentioned are also in Mr. Robertson's collection, and the water-colour drawing of "Christ Baptizing" is reproduced here by his permission. The account was first printed by Gilchrist in the *Life*, vol. II, p. 278.

## LETTER LX. TO RICHARD PHILLIPS

This letter was first discovered by Swinburne in *The Monthly Magazine*, and was reprinted in his *Critical Essay*, 1868, p. 62. The original letter is not known to have survived, and the present text is taken from *The Monthly Magazine*, vol. xxi, 1806, pp. 520—1. p. 300

## MEMORANDA FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

Of these *Memoranda*, Nos. 1—4 are written on p. 10 of the MS., together with the note dated June, 1793 (see vol. 1, p. 252). The earlier note is in pencil; the writing of the others suggests that they were all made at about the same time, that is, in 1807. p. 302

No. 5 is written on pp. 88—89 of the MS. Blake quotes 24 lines of the first passage and 10 lines of the second. p. 303

## LETTER LXI. TO RICHARD PHILLIPS

This letter is printed from a photograph of the original, which is in the Boston Public Library. It did not appear in *The Monthly Magazine*, and has previously been printed only by Mr. A. G. B. Russell, 1906. p. 304

Line 4. *Mr. Blair*] probably William Blair (1766—1822), surgeon to the Lock Hospital and other institutions.

## MILTON, A POEM IN 2 BOOKS

Until the year 1923 only three copies of *Milton* were known to exist. Two of these consist of 45 plates painted with water-colours; the third copy lacks the plate with the Preface, but has five additional plates, making 49 in all. These three copies all have watermarks dated 1808, which probably indicate the year in which the book was finished, the etching of the plates having been begun in 1804. In December, 1923, a fourth copy came to light. This copy has watermarks dated 1815 and is more elaborately coloured than the earlier examples. It contains all the plates found in the third copy mentioned above, together with one plate of text not recorded before, making 50 plates in all. This was probably the last example of *Milton* completed by Blake, and may be supposed to shew his final intentions as regards the arrangement of the plates. In the present edition the text has been arranged as in this copy, all the extra plates being for the first time printed in the position in which Blake intended them to go; the text of the additional plate (no. 5) found in the fourth copy has never been printed before. p. 305

*Milton* contains 42 plates of text, together with a title-page, and 8 other plates without text, making 51 in all. The 36 plates of text contained in the first two copies mentioned are here printed from the example in the British Museum Print Room. The text of the 5 additional plates in the third copy (here numbered 3, 4, 11, 20, 35) has been collated with the original prints by Mr. S. Foster Damon. The text of the extra plate in the fourth copy (here numbered 5) was transcribed by the present editor from the original in 1923, and has been recently verified by Mr. S. Foster Damon. The punctuation has been revised throughout, and the responsibility for this has been shared with the editor by Mr. Max Plowman. No other liberties have been taken with any part of the text. The 8 full-page designs have been reproduced from the British Museum copy.

The title of this book has sometimes been read as *Milton, a Poem in 12 Books*, but the figure 1 of the supposed 12 is merely part of a decorative stroke which happens to fall in front of the 2. This misconception has given rise to the legend that ten books of *Milton* have been destroyed, but there is no evidence whatever in support of this assumption.

Some of the matter of *Milton* was suggested by events which took place at Felpham during the years 1801—1803. As already stated the date on the title-page probably indicates the year in which the etching of the plates was begun, and perhaps also the beginning of the composition of the poem. The opinions expressed in the Preface anticipate some of those found in the *Public Address*, which is assigned to about the year 1810. This suggests that the plate of the Preface was etched last of the 45 plates constituting the first two copies. Why this plate was omitted from the other two copies it is impossible to guess.

P. 305 *To Justify the Ways of God to Men*] this motto is taken from *Paradise Lost*, book 1, line 26:

> " What in me is dark
> " Illumin, what is low raise and support;
> " That to the highth of this great argument
> " I may assert eternal Providence,
> " And justify the ways of God to Men."

P. 307 Line 6 from bottom. *That cause . . . deed*], the sense seems to demand *What cause . . . deed?*, and there is some indication in the British Museum copy that Blake wished to substitute *What* for *That*, but as his intention is not quite certain the first reading has here been retained.

P. 308 *Plate 3*] this is the first additional plate in the third copy. A photograph supplied by Prof. J. Wallis shews that Blake there numbered the plate 2, though the number has always hitherto been read as 5.

P. 309 *Plate 4*] this is the second additional plate in the third copy, and is there numbered 3 by Blake.

*Plate 5*] this plate is found only in the fourth copy and its text has not been printed before. p. 310

Lines 5—12. *Ah weak & wide astray . . . are faintly heard*] these lines are repeated with alterations in *Jerusalem*, plate 49; see vol. III, p. 239, lines 20—29. p. 311

*Plate 11*] this is the third additional plate in the third copy, where it is numbered 11 by Blake. p. 318

*Plate 18*] this plate has been here reckoned as "a plate without text," and has been reproduced. Strictly speaking, however, it does not belong to this category, for it has a single line of text at the bottom. This line, as Mr. S. Foster Damon has pointed out, has always been omitted hitherto from printed texts; it is here given in its correct position. p. 326

*Plate 20*] this is the fourth additional plate in the third copy, where it is numbered 17 by Blake. p. 328

*Plate 33*] the legends etched in reversed writing at the top of this plate and here reproduced, are as follows: p. 352

*How wide the Gulf & Unpassable! between Simplicity & Insipidity.*
*Contraries are Positives.*
*A Negation is not a Contrary.*

*Plate 35*] the last additional plate, numbered by Blake 32* in the third copy. p. 355

Line 3 from bottom. כרובום] i.e., Kerubim.

The diagram of the Four Zoas reproduced on this page is placed in the original at the bottom of plate 36; in the present text the lines of type happened to come on the page so that the diagram could not be placed there, and it has been put in the text of plate 37 where it is actually described. p. 358

*Plates 44, 46*] plate 45 in the fourth copy of the original is a full-page design illustrating a passage in plate 24; in the present edition the reproduction of plate 45 has been placed opposite p. 336 on which this passage comes. It is not clear why Blake separated it so far from its context in the fourth copy; he placed it after plate 24 in the earlier copies. pp. 367-370

*Plate 50*] the design on this plate beneath the word *Finis* represents a female figure standing with uplifted arms "between two many-winged "Seraphim of love." Mr. S. Foster Damon records that a sketch for the central figure, now in the possession of Mr. W. A. White, has on the back the sentence: *Father & Mother, I return from flames of fire tried & pure & white.* p. 372



*This edition of the Writings of William Blake is limited to* 1500 *copies on Vidalon handmade paper, and* 75 *copies on Oxford India paper. 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.

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