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THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

VOLUME III



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THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

EDITED IN THREE VOLUMES
BY GEOFFREY KEYNES
VOLUME III



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME III

DEDICATION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO BLAIR'S GRAVE (1808) 1
LETTER LXII, TO OZIAS HUMPHRY (1808) 2
ANNOTATIONS TO REYNOLDS'S "DISCOURSES" (*circa* 1808) 5
EPIGRAMS, VERSES, AND FRAGMENTS FROM THE ROSSETTI MS. (*circa* 1808-1811) 54
LETTER LXIII, TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND (1808) 87
ADVERTISEMENT OF EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS (1809) 88
A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE (1809) 91
PROSPECTUS OF THE ENGRAVING OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS (1809) 121
LETTER LXIV, TO OZIAS HUMPHRY (1809) 123
PUBLIC ADDRESS (*circa* 1810) 124
DRAFT FOR PROSPECTUS OF THE ENGRAVING OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS (1809) 140
PROSPECTUS OF THE ENGRAVING OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS (*circa* 1810) 143
A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT (1810) 145
DESCRIPTION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO MILTON'S "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENSEROSO" (*circa* 1810) 163
JERUSALEM, THE EMANATION OF THE GIANT ALBION (1804-1820) 166
LETTER LXV, TO DAWSON TURNER (1818) 321
THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL (*circa* 1818) 323
THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL, SUPPLEMENTARY PASSAGES (1818) 335
FOR THE SEXES: THE GATES OF PARADISE (*circa* 1818) 338
INDEX TO THE SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE (1818) 350
NOTES ON SPURZHEIM'S "OBSERVATIONS ON INSANITY" (*circa* 1819) 352
LETTER LXVI, ? TO JOHN LINNELL (1819) 353
ANNOTATIONS TO BERKELEY'S "SIRIS" (*circa* 1820) 354
THE LAOCOON (*circa* 1820) 357
ON HOMER'S POETRY AND ON VIRGIL (*circa* 1820) 361
MIRTH AND HER COMPANIONS (*circa* 1820) 363
NOTE IN CENNINI'S "TRATTATO DELLA PITTURA" (*circa* 1822) 363

THE GHOST OF ABEL (1822) 364
LETTERS LXVII-LXXVIII, TO JOHN LINNELL (1824-1826) 367
ANNOTATIONS TO WORDSWORTH'S " POEMS " (1826) 376
ANNOTATIONS TO WORDSWORTH'S " EXCURSION " (1826) 379
INSCRIPTION IN UPCOTT'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM (1826) 381
NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO DANTE (1825-1827) 382
ANNOTATIONS TO THORNTON'S PAMPHLET ON THE LORD'S PRAYER (1827) 384
LETTERS LXXIX-LXXXIV, TO JOHN LINNELL (1827) 389
LETTER LXXXV, TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND (1827) 392
LETTERS LXXXVI AND LXXXVII, TO JOHN LINNELL (1827) 393

NOTES TO VOLUME III 397
ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLUME I 421
INDEX OF FIRST LINES 423

PLATES IN VOLUME III

FACING PAGE

XXXIX. A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT 2

XL. THE SPIRITUAL FORM OF NELSON GUIDING LEVIATHAN 92

XLI. THE SPIRITUAL FORM OF PITT GUIDING BEHEMOTH 94

XLII. THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS 96

XLIII. THE BARD, FROM GRAY 106

XLIV. SATAN CALLING UP HIS LEGIONS. FROM MILTON. *First version* 114

XLV. SATAN CALLING UP HIS LEGIONS. FROM MILTON. *Second version* 114

XLVI. THE BODY OF ABEL FOUND BY ADAM AND EVE. CAIN FLEEING AWAY 116

XLVII. SOLDIERS CASTING LOTS FOR CHRIST'S GARMENTS 116

XLVIII. JACOB'S LADDER 116

XLIX. ANGELS HOVERING OVER THE BODY OF JESUS IN THE SEPULCHRE 118

L. RUTH AND NAOMI 118

LI. THE PENANCE OF JANE SHORE 120

LII. SKETCH FOR A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT 148

LIII. LOS ENTERING THE BOSOM OF ALBION (*Jerusalem*, pl. 1) 166
"Fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision,
"Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albion's
"Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship, entering the caves
"Of despair and death."

LIV. HAND APPEARING TO JERUSALEM (*Jerusalem*, pl. 26) 200
Such visions have appeared to me | Jerusalem is nam'd Liberty
As I my order'd course have run: | Among the Sons of Albion.

LV. VALA, HYLE AND SKOFIELD (*Jerusalem*, pl. 51) 240

LVI. CHRIST CRUCIFIED ADORED BY ALBION (*Jerusalem*, pl. 76) 282

LVII. URTHONA WITH HIS SPECTRE AND EMANATION BEFORE THE SERPENT TEMPLE (*Jerusalem*, pl. 100) 320

LVIII. THE LAOCOON 358

DEDICATION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO BLAIR'S GRAVE

Printed 1808

TO THE QUEEN

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

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

LETTER LXII

TO OZIAS HUMPHRY

18 *January*, 1808.

THE design of The Last Judgment, which I have completed, by your recommendation, for the Countess of Egremont, it is necessary to give some account of; and its various parts ought to be described, for the accommodation of those who give it the honour of their attention.

Christ seated on the throne of judgment: before His feet and around Him the heavens, in clouds, are rolling like a scroll, ready to be consumed in the fires of Angels, who descend with the four trumpets sounding to the four winds.

Beneath, the earth is convulsed with the labours of the Resurrection. In the caverns of the earth is the Dragon with seven heads and ten horns, chained by two Angels; and above his cavern, on the earth's surface, is the Harlot, seized and bound by two Angels with chains, while her palaces are falling into ruins, and her counsellors and warriors are descending into the abyss, in wailing and despair.

Hell opens beneath the Harlot's seat on the left hand, into which the wicked are descending.

The right hand of the design is appropriated to the Resurrection of the Just; the left hand of the design is appropriated to the Resurrection and Fall of the Wicked.

Immediately before the Throne of Christ are Adam and Eve, kneeling in humiliation, as representatives of the whole human race. Abraham and Moses kneel on each side beneath them; from the cloud on which Eve kneels, is seen Satan, wound round by the Serpent, and falling headlong; the Pharisees appear on the left hand, pleading their own Righteousness before the Throne of Christ and before the Book of Death, which is opened on clouds by two Angels; many groups are falling from before the throne, and from the sea of fire which flows before the steps of the throne, on which are seen the seven Lamps of the Almighty, burning before the throne. Many figures, chained and bound together, and in various attitudes of despair and horror, fall through the air, and some are



Plate XXXIX

A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT

scourged by Spirits with flames of fire into the abyss of Hell which opens beneath, on the left hand of the Harlot's seat; where others are howling and descending into the flames, and in the act of dragging each other into Hell, and of contending and fighting with each other on the brink of perdition.

Before the Throne of Christ on the right hand, the Just, in humiliation and in exultation, rise through the air with their children and families, some of whom are bowing before the Book of Life, which is opened on clouds by two Angels; many groups arise in exultation; among them is a figure crowned with stars, and the moon beneath her feet, with six infants around her—she represents the Christian Church. Green hills appear beneath with the graves of the blessed, which are seen bursting with their births of immortality; parents and children, wives and husbands, embrace and arise together, and in exulting attitudes tell each other that the New Jerusalem is ready to descend upon earth; they arise upon the air rejoicing; others, newly awaked from the grave, stand upon the earth embracing and shouting to the Lamb, who cometh in the clouds with power and great glory.

The whole upper part of the design is a view of Heaven opened, around the Throne of Christ. In the clouds, which roll away, are the four living creatures filled with eyes, attended by seven Angels with seven vials of the wrath of God, and above these, seven Angels with the seven trumpets; these compose the cloud which, by its rolling away, displays the opening seats of the Blessed; on the right and the left of which are seen the four-and-twenty Elders seated on thrones to judge the Dead.

Behind the seat and Throne of Christ appear the Tabernacle with its veil opened, the Candlestick on the right, the Table with the Shewbread on the left, and, in the midst, the Cross in place of the Ark, the Cherubim bowing over it.

On the right hand of the Throne of Christ is Baptism, on His left is the Lord's Supper—the two introducers into Eternal life. Women with infants approach the figure of an Apostle, which represents Baptism; and on the left hand the Lord's Supper is administered

by Angels, from the hands of another aged Apostle; these kneel on each side of the throne, which is surrounded by a glory: in the glory many infants appear, representing Eternal Creation flowing from the Divine Humanity in Jesus, who opens the Scroll of Judgment, upon His knees, before the Living and the Dead.

Such is the Design, which you, my dear Sir, have been the cause of my producing, and which, but for you, might have slept till the Last Judgment.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

ANNOTATIONS TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES LONDON · MDCCXCVIII

Written about 1808

THIS Man was Hired to Depress Art.

This is the Opinion of Will Blake: my Proofs of this Opinion are given in the following Notes.

Advice of the Popes who succeeded the Age of Rafael

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

Having spent the Vigour of my Youth & Genius under the Opression of S^r^ Joshua & his Gang of Cunning Hired Knaves Without Employment & as much as could possibly be Without Bread, The Reader must Expect to Read in all my Remarks on these Books Nothing but Indignation & Resentment. While S^r^ Joshua was rolling in Riches, Barry was Poor & Unemploy'd except by his own Energy; Mortimer was call'd a Madman, & only Portrait Painting applauded & rewarded by the Rich & Great. Reynolds & Gainsborough Blotted & Blurred one against the other & Divided all the English World between them. Fuseli, Indignant, almost hid himself. I am hid.

The Arts & Sciences are the Destruction of Tyrannies or Bad Governments. Why should A Good Government endeavour to Depress what is its Chief & only Support?

The Foundation of Empire is Art & Science. Remove them or Degrade them, & the Empire is No More. Empire follows Art & Not Vice Versa as Englishmen suppose.

" On peut dire que le Pape Léon X^me^ en encourageant les
" Etudes donna Les armes contre lui-même. J'ai oui dire à un
" Seigneur Anglais qu'il avait vu une Lettre du Seigneur Polus,
" ou de la Pole, depuis Cardinal, à ce Pape; dans laquelle, en le
" félicitant sur ce qu'il etendait le progrès de Science en Europe,
" il l'avertissait *qu'il était dangereux de rendre les hommes trop Savan[t]s.*"
VOLTAIRE, *Mœurs de Nations.* Tome 4.

O Englishmen! why are you still of this foolish Cardinal's opinion?

Who will Dare to Say that Polite Art is Encouraged or Either Wished or Tolerated in a Nation where The Society for the Encouragement of Art Suffer'd Barry to Give them his Labour for Nothing, A Society Composed of the Flower of the English Nobility & Gentry?—Suffering an Artist to Starve while he Supported Really what They, under Pretence of Encouraging, were Endeavouring to Depress.—Barry told me that while he Did that Work, he Lived on Bread & Apples.

O Society for Encouragement of Art! O King & Nobility of England! Where have you hid Fuseli's Milton? Is Satan troubled at his Exposure?

[*These passages are written on the title-page and preliminary leaves. Blake's subsequent remarks are here printed after the passages to which they refer. Words underlined by him are printed in italic.*]

CONTENTS OF THE FIRST VOLUME

DISCOURSE II

The course and order of study.—The different stages of Art.—Much copying discountenanced.—The Artist at all times and in all places should be employed in laying up materials for the exercise of his art.

To learn the Language of Art, ' Copy for Ever ' is My Rule.

Page i.

To The King

The regular progress of cultivated life is from necessaries to accommodations, from accommodations to ornaments.

The Bible says That Cultivated Life Existed First. Uncultivated Life comes afterwards from Satan's Hirelings. Necessaries, Accomodations & Ornaments are the whole of Life. Satan took away Ornament First. Next he took away Accomodations, & Then he became Lord & Master of Necessaries.

Page ii.

[*Dedication, continued*]

To give advice to those who are contending for royal liberality, has been for some years the duty of my station in the Academy.

Liberality! we want not Liberality. We want a Fair Price & Proportionate Value & a General Demand for Art.

Let not that Nation where Less than Nobility is the Reward, Pretend that Art is Encouraged by that Nation. Art is First in Intellectuals & Ought to be First in Nations.

Page iii.

Invention depends Altogether upon Execution or Organization; as that is right or wrong so is the Invention perfect or imperfect. Whoever is set to Undermine the Execution of Art is set to destroy Art. Michael Angelo's Art depends on Michael Angelo's Execution Altogether.

Page viii.

[Some Account of Sir Joshua Reynolds]

But what most strongly confirmed him in his Love of the Art, was Richardson's Treatise on Painting; the perusal of which so delighted and inflamed his mind, that Raffelle appeared to him superior to the most illustrious names of ancient or modern time; a notion which he loved to indulge all the rest of his life.

Why then did he not follow Rafael's Track?

Page ix.

[*footnote*] "He [Thomas Hudson] enjoyed for many years the chief business "of portrait-painting in the capital, . . . The better taste introduced by Sir "Joshua Reynolds, put an end to Hudson's reign . . ."

Hudson drew correctly.

Pages xiv-xv.

"It has frequently happened . . ., as I was informed by the keeper of the "Vatican, that many of those whom he had conducted through the various "apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed, have asked for the works "of Raffaelle, and would not believe that they had already passed through the "rooms where they are preserved; so little impression had those performances "made on them.

Men who have been Educated with Works of Venetian Artists under their Eyes cannot see Rafael unless they are born with Determinate Organs.

"I remember very well my own disappointment, when I first visited the "Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother-student . . . he acknow-"ledged that the works of Raffaelle had the same effect on him, or rather that "they did not produce the effect which he expected;

I am happy I cannot say that Rafael Ever was, from my Earliest Childhood, hidden from Me. I Saw & I Knew immediately the difference between Rafael & Rubens.

Some look to see the sweet Outlines
And beauteous Forms that Love does wear.
Some look to find out Patches, Paint,
Bracelets & Stays & Powder'd Hair.

"and on inquiring further of other students, I found that those persons only who "from natural imbecility appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine "performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding "them.

Here are Mocks on those who Saw Rafael.

". . . I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which "I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed.

A Liar! he never was Abashed in his Life & never felt his Ignorance.

Page xvi.

" I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again " and again; . . . In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn " on me. . . . The truth is, that if these works had really been what I expected, " they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means " such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so " long and so justly obtained.

All this Concession is to prove that Genius is Acquired, as follows in the Next page.

Pages xvii-xviii.

" . . . I am now clearly of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of " art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed with long cultivation . . . " we are often ashamed of our apparent dulness; as if it were to be expected " that our minds, like tinder, should instantly catch fire from the divine spark " of Raffaelle's genius.

A Mock!

" . . . but let it be always remembered, that the excellence of his style is not " on the surface, but lies deep; and at the first view is seen but mistily.

A Mock!

" It is the florid style, which strikes at once, and captivates the eye for " a time, . . .

A Lie! The Florid Style, such as the Venetian & the Flemish, Never Struck Me at Once nor At-All.

The Style that Strikes the Eye is the True Style, But A Fool's Eye is Not to be a Criterion.

Page xviii.

" The man of true genius, instead of spending all his hours . . . in measur- " ing statues and copying pictures, soon begins to think for himself, . . . I con- " sider *general copying as a delusive kind of industry*:

Here he Condemns Generalizing, which he almost always Approves & Recommends.

Page xix.

" How incapable of producing any thing of their own, those are, who have " spent most of their time in making finished copies, is an observation well " known to all who are conversant with our art."

Finish'd! What does he Mean? Niggling without the Correct & Definite Outline? If he means that Copying Correctly is a hindrance, he is a Liar, for that is the only School to the Language of Art.

Page xxix.

" It is the thoughts expressed in the works of Michael Angelo, Corregio, " Raffelle, Parmegiano, and perhaps some of the old Gothick masters, and not " the inventions of Pietro da Cortona, Carlo Maratti, Luca Giordano, and others " that I might mention, which we seek after with avidity. From the former we " learn to think originally."

Here is an Acknowledgment of all that I could wish. But if it is True, Why are we to be told that Masters who could Think had not the Judgment to Perform the Inferior Parts of Art, as Reynolds artfully calls them, But that we are to Learn to Think from Great Masters & to Learn to Perform from Underlings? Learn to Design from Rafael & to Execute from Rubens . . .? [*the remainder has been cut away by the binder*]

Page xxxiv.

He [Mr. Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter] was a learned and venerable old man; and as I thought, very much conversant in the Platonick Philosophy. . . .

Slang!

He had been originally a dissenting minister.

Villainy!

Page xlii.

[*To a footnote concerning rumours that the Discourses had been written by Dr. Johnson or by Mr. Burke.*]

The Contradictions in Reynolds's Discourses are Strong Presumptions that they are the Work of Several Hands, But this is no

Proof that Reynolds did not Write them. The Man, Either Painter or Philosopher, who Learns or Acquires all he knows from Others, Must be full of Contradictions.

Page xlvii.

[*To a footnote on George Michael Moser, Keeper of the Royal Academy.*]

I was once looking over the Prints from Rafael & Michael Angelo in the Library of the Royal Academy. Moser came to me & said: "You should not Study these old Hard, Stiff & Dry, "Unfinish'd Works of Art—Stay a little & I will shew you what you "should Study." He then went & took down Le Brun's & Rubens's Galleries. How I did secretly Rage! I also spoke my Mind. . . . [*a line cut away by the binder*]

I said to Moser, "These things that you call Finish'd are not "Even Begun; how can they then be Finish'd? The Man who does "not know The Beginning never can know the End of Art."

Page xlix.

"I consoled myself, however, by remarking that these ready inventors are "extremely apt to acquiesce in *imperfection*."

Villainy! a Lie!

Page l.

"How difficult it is for the artist who possesses this facility, to guard against "carelessness and commonplace invention, is well known, and in a kindred art "Metastasio is an eminent instance; who always complained of the great diffi- "culty he found in attaining correctness, in consequence of having been in his "youth an Improvisatore."

I do not believe this Anecdote.

Page liii.

"There is nothing in our art which enforces such continued exertion and "circumspection, as an attention to the general effect of the whole. It requires "much study and much practice; it requires the painter's entire mind: whereas "the parts may be finishing by nice touches, while his mind is engaged on other "matters: he may even hear a play or a novel read without much disturbance."

A Lie! Working up Effect is more an operation of Indolence than the Making out of the Parts, as far as Greatest is more than

Least. I speak here of Rembrandt's & Rubens's & Reynolds's Effects. For Real Effect is Making out the Parts, & it is Nothing Else but That.

Page lvii.

[*To a footnote on the lost secrets of colour-mixing known to the old masters.*]

Oil colours will not do. Why are we told that Reynolds is a Great Colourist & yet inferior to the Venetians?

Page lx.

[*To a footnote concerning the fading of pictures by Reynolds.*]

I do not think that the Change is so much in the Pictures as in the Opinions of the Public.

Page lxx.

[*footnote*] In a Letter to Mr. Baretti, June 10, 1761, Dr. Johnson says—"Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands."

How much did Barry Get?

Page lxxii.

Many of the pictures of Rubens being to be sold in 1783, in consequence of certain religious houses being suppressed by the Emperor, he [Reynolds] again in that year visited Antwerp and Brussels, and devoted several days to contemplating the productions of that great painter.

If Reynolds had Really admired Mich. Angelo, he never would have follow'd Rubens.

Page lxxxix.

His [Reynolds's] deafness was originally occasioned by a cold that he caught in the Vatican, by painting for a long time near a stove, by which the damp vapours of that edifice were attracted, and affected his head. When in company with only one person, he heard very well, without the aid of a trumpet.

A Sly Dog! So can Every body; but bring Two People & the Hearing is Stopped.

Page xc.

[*To a quotation from Goldsmith's* "Retaliation" *giving the lines on Reynolds.*]

Such Men as Goldsmith ought not to have been Acquainted with such Men as Reynolds.

Page xcvi.

[*footnote*] It is clear from his manners and his writings that in the character of his eloquence he would have resembled the perspicuous and elegant Laelius, rather than the severe and vehement Galba.

He certainly would have been more like a Fool than a Wise Man.

Page xcviii.

[*footnote*] He was a great generalizer. . . . But this disposition to abstractions, to generalizing and classification, is the great glory of the human mind. . . .

To Generalize is to be an Idiot. To Particularize is the Alone Distinction of Merit. General Knowledges are those Knowledges that Idiots possess.

Page xcix.

Such was his love of his art, and such his ardour to excel, that he often declared he had, during the greater part of his life, laboured as hard with his pencil, as any mechanick working at his trade for bread.

The Man who does not Labour more than the Hireling must be a poor Devil.

Page ciii.

[*To a footnote giving a quotation from Pope appropriate to* " the ferocious and " enslaved Republick of France," *ending with the lines:*]

They led their wild desires to woods and caves
And thought that all but savages were slaves.

When France got free, Europe, 'twixt Fools & Knaves,
Were Savage first to France, & after—Slaves.

Page civ.

[*To a footnote on the wealth and prosperity of England.*]

This Whole Book was Written to Serve Political Purposes.

Page cix.

[*To the account of Reynolds's death in* 1792.]

When S^r^ Joshua Reynolds died
All Nature was degraded;
The King drop'd a tear into the Queen's Ear,
And all his Pictures Faded.

Page cxi.

[*To the account of his funeral, where the pall was*] borne up by three Dukes, two Marquisses, and five other noblemen.

A Mock!

Page cxx.

[*In an account of Reynolds by Burke.*]

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memor-
"able men of his time."

Is not this a Manifest Lie?

Barry Painted a Picture for Burke, equal to Rafael or Mich. Ang. or any of the Italians. Burke used to shew this Picture to his Friends & to say, "I gave Twenty Guineas for this horrible Dawb, "& if any one would give . . . [*a line cut off by the binder*]

Such was Burke's Patronage of Art & Science.

DISCOURSE I

Page 2.

I consider Reynolds's Discourses to the Royal Academy as the Simulations of the Hypocrite who smiles particularly where he means to Betray. His Praise of Rafael is like the Hysteric Smile of Revenge. His Softness & Candour, the hidden trap & the poisoned feast. He praises Michel Angelo for Qualities which Michel Angelo abhorr'd, & He blames Rafael for the only Qualities which Rafael Valued. Whether Reynolds knew what he was doing is nothing to me: the Mischief is just the same whether a Man does it Ignorantly

or Knowingly. I always consider'd True Art & True Artists to be particularly Insulted & Degraded by the Reputation of these Discourses, As much as they were Degraded by the Reputation of Reynolds's Paintings, & that Such Artists as Reynolds are at all times Hired by the Satans for the Depression of Art—A Pretence of Art, To destroy Art.

Page 3.

The Neglect of Fuseli's Milton in a Country pretending to the Encouragement of Art is a Sufficient Apology for My Vigorous Indignation, if indeed the Neglect of My own Powers had not been. Ought not the Employers of Fools to be Execrated in future Ages? They Will and Shall! Foolish Men, your own real Greatness depends on your Encouragement of the Arts, & your Fall will depend on [your *del.*] their Neglect & Depression. What you Fear is your true Interest. Leo X was advised not to Encourage the Arts; he was too Wise to take this Advice.

Page 4.

The Rich Men of England form themselves into a Society to Sell & Not to Buy Pictures. The Artist who does not throw his Contempt on such Trading Exhibitions, does not know either his own Interest or his Duty.

> When Nations grow Old, The Arts grow Cold
> And Commerce settles on every Tree,
> And the Poor & the Old can live upon Gold,
> For all are Born Poor, Aged Sixty three.

Page 5.

Reynolds's Opinion was that Genius May be Taught & that all Pretence to Inspiration is a Lie & a Deceit, to say the least of it. For if it is a Deceit, the whole Bible is Madness. This Opinion originates in the Greeks' calling the Muses Daughters of Memory.

The Enquiry in England is not whether a Man has Talents &

Genius, But whether he is Passive & Polite & a Virtuous Ass & obedient to Noblemen's Opinions in Art & Science. If he is, he is a Good Man. If Not, he must be Starved.

Page 7.

After so much has been done by His Majesty. . . .

3 Farthings!

Page 9.

Raffaele, it is true, had not the advantage of studying in an Academy; but all Rome, and the works of Michael Angelo in particular, were to him an Academy. On the sight of the Capella Sistina, he immediately from a dry, Gothick, and even insipid manner, which attends to the minute accidental discriminations of particular and individual objects, assumed that grand style of painting which improves partial representation by the general and invariable ideas of nature.

Minute Discrimination is Not Accidental. All Sublimity is founded on Minute Discrimination.

I do not believe that Rafael taught Mich. Angelo, or that Mich. Angelo taught Rafael, any more than I believe that the Rose teaches the Lilly how to grow, or the Apple tree teaches the Pear tree how to bear Fruit. I do not believe the tales of Anecdote writers when they militate against Individual Character.

Page 11.

I would chiefly recommend that an implicit obedience to the Rules of Art, as established by the practice of the great Masters should be exacted from the young Students. That those models, which have passed through the approbation of ages, should be considered by them as perfect and infallible guides; as subjects for their imitation, not their criticism.

Imitation is Criticism.

Page 13.

A facility in composing—a lively, and what is called a masterly handling of the chalk or pencil are . . . captivating qualities to young minds.

I consider The Following sentence is Supremely Insolent for the following Reasons:—Why this Sentence should be begun by the Words "A Facility in Composing" I cannot tell, unless it was to

cast a stigma upon Real Facility in Composition by Assimilating it with a Pretence to, & Imitation of, Facility in Execution; or are we to understand him to mean that Facility in Composing is a Frivolous pursuit? A Facility in Composing is the Greatest Power of Art, & Belongs to None but the Greatest Artists, the Most Minutely Discriminating & Determinate.

Page 14.

By this useless industry they are excluded from all power of advancing in real excellence. Whilst boys, they are arrived at their utmost perfection; . . . and make the mechanical felicity the chief excellence of the art, which is only an ornament . . .

Mechanical Excellence is the Only Vehicle of Genius.

This seems to me to be one of the most dangerous sources of corruption . . . which has actually infected all foreign Academies. The directors . . . praised their dispatch at the expence of their correctness.

This is all False & Self-Contradictory.

But young men have not only this frivolous ambition of being thought masters of execution, inciting them on one hand, but also their natural sloth tempting them on the other.

Execution is the Chariot of Genius.

Page 15.

They wish to find some shorter path to excellence, . . . They must therefore be told again and again, that labour is the only price of solid fame, . . .

This is All Self-Contradictory, Truth & Falsehood Jumbled Together.

When we read the lives of the most eminent Painters, every page informs us that no part of their time was spent in dissipation . . . They pursued their studies . . .

The Lives of Painters say that Rafael Died of Dissipation. Idleness is one Thing & Dissipation Another. He who has Nothing to Dissipate Cannot Dissipate; the Weak Man may be Virtuous Enough, but will Never be an Artist.

Painters are noted for being Dissipated & Wild.

Page 16.

When they [the old masters] conceived a subject, they first made a variety of sketches, then a finished drawing of the whole; after that a more correct drawing of every separate part—heads, hands, feet, and pieces of drapery; they then painted the picture, *and after all re-touched it from life.*

This is False.

The Students instead of vying with each other which shall have the readiest hand, should be taught to contend who shall have the purest and most correct outline.

Excellent!

Page 17.

The error I mean is, that the students never draw exactly from the living models which they have before them. They make a drawing rather of what they think the figure ought to be, than of what it appears. I have thought this the obstacle that has stopped the progress of many young men . . . I very much doubt whether a habit of drawing correctly what we see, will not give a proportionable power of drawing correctly what we imagine.

This is Admirably Said. Why does he not always allow as much?

Page 18.

He who endeavours to copy nicely the figure before him, not only acquires a habit of exactness and precision, but is continually advancing in his knowledge of the human figure.

Excellent!

Page 22.

The Labour'd Works of Journeymen employ'd by Correggio, Titian, Veronese & all the Venetians, ought not to be shewn to the Young Artist as the Works of original Conception any more than the Engravings of Strange, Bartolozzi, or Wollett. They are Works of Manual Labour.

DISCOURSE II

Page 23.

The course and order of Study.—The different Stages of Art.—Much copying discountenanced.—The artist at all times and in all places should be employ'd in laying up materials for the exercise of his art.

What is Laying up materials but Copying?

Page 25.

When the Artist is once enabled to express himself . . . he must then endeavour to collect subjects for expression; to amass a stock of ideas . . . to learn all that has been known and done before . . .

After having been a Fool, a Student is to amass a Stock of Ideas, &, knowing himself to be a Fool, he is to assume the Right to put other Men's Ideas into his Foolery.

Page 26.

Though the Student will not resign himself blindly to any single authority, when he may have the advantage of consulting many, he must still be afraid of trusting to his own judgment, and of deviating into any track where he cannot find the footsteps of some former master.

Instead of Following One Great Master he is to follow a Great Many Fools.

Page 29

A Student unacquainted with the attempts of former adventurers, is always apt to over-rate his own abilities; to mistake the most trifling excursions for discoveries of moment, and every coast new to him, for a new-found country.

Contemptible Mocks!

The productions of such minds are seldom distinguished by an air of originality; they are anticipated in their happiest efforts; and if they are found to differ in anything from their predecessors, it is only in irregular sallies and trifling conceits.

Thus Reynolds Depreciates the Efforts of Inventive Genius. Trifling Conceits are better than Colouring without any meaning at all.

Page 32.

How incapable those are of producing anything of their own, who have spent much of their time in making finished copies, is well known to all who are conversant with our art.

This is most False, for no one can ever Design till he has learn'd the Language of Art by making many Finish'd Copies both of Nature & Art & of whatever comes in his way from Earliest Childhood. The difference between a bad Artist & a Good One Is: the Bad Artist Seems to copy a Great deal. The Good one Really does Copy a Great deal.

Page 33.

The great use in copying, if it be at all useful, should seem to be in learning to colour; yet even colouring will never be perfectly attained by servilely copying the model before you.

Contemptible! Servile Copying is the Great Merit of Copying.

Page 34.

Following these rules, and using these precautions, when you have clearly and distinctly learned in what good colouring consists, you cannot do better than have recourse to nature herself, who is always at hand, and in comparison of whose true splendour the best coloured pictures are but faint and feeble.

Nonsense! Every Eye sees differently. As the Eye, Such the Object.

Page 35.

Instead of copying the touches of those great masters, copy only their conceptions . . . Labour to invent on their general principles and way of thinking.

General Principles Again! Unless you Consult Particulars you Cannot even Know or See Mich. Ang°. or Rafael or any Thing Else.

But as mere enthusiasm will carry you but a little way . . .

Meer Enthusiasm is the All in All! Bacon's Philosophy has Ruin'd England. Bacon is only Epicurus over again.

Page 37.

Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been their own teachers.

True!

Page 40.

A facility of drawing, like that of playing upon a musical instrument, cannot be acquired but by an infinite number of acts.

True!

Page 41.

I would particularly recommend that after your return from the Academy . . . you would endeavour to draw the figure by memory.

Good advice!

But while I mention the port-crayon as the student's constant companion, he must still remember that the pencil is the instrument by which he must hope to obtain eminence.

Nonsense!

Page 42.

The Venetian and Flemish schools, which owe much of their fame to colouring, have enriched the cabinets of the collectors of drawings with very few examples.

—because they could not draw.

Page 43.

Those of Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and the Bassans are in general slight and undetermined. Their sketches on paper are as rude as their pictures are excellent in regard to harmony of colouring. Correggio and Baroccio have left few, if any finished drawings behind them. And in the Flemish school, Rubens and Vandyck made their drawings for the most part in colour or in chiaro oscuro.

All the Pictures said to be by these Men are the Laboured fabrications of Journey-work. They could not draw.

Page 47.

He who would have you believe that he is waiting for the inspirations of Genius, is in reality at a loss how to begin, and is at last delivered of monsters, with difficulty and pain.

A Stroke at Mortimer!

Pages 46, 48.

He regards all Nature with a view to his profession; and combines her beauties, or corrects her defects. . . .

The well-grounded painter . . . is contented that all shall be as great as himself, who have undergone the same fatigue . . .

The Man who asserts that there is no such Thing as Softness in Art, & that every thing in Art is Definite & Determinate, has not been told this by Practise, but by Inspiration & Vision, because Vision is Determinate & Perfect, & he Copies That without Fatigue, Every thing being Definite & determinate. Softness is Produced alone by Comparative Strength & Weakness in the Marking out of the Forms. I say These Principles could never be found out by the Study of Nature with Con—, or Innate, Science.

DISCOURSE III

Page 50.

A work of Genius is a Work " Not to be obtain'd by the Invo- " cation of Memory & her Syren Daughters, but by Devout prayer " to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance & know- " ledge & sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his Altar " to touch & purify the lips of whom he pleases." MILTON.

The following [Lecture *del.*] Discourse is particularly Interesting to Block heads, as it endeavours to prove That there is No such thing as Inspiration & that any Man of a plain Understanding may by Thieving from Others become a Mich. Angelo.

Page 52.

The wish of the genuine painter must be more extensive: instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas.

Without Minute Neatness of Execution The Sublime cannot Exist! Grandeur of Ideas is founded on Precision of Ideas.

Page 54.

The Moderns are not less convinced than the Ancients of this superior power existing in the art; nor less sensible of its effects.

I wish that this was True.

Page 55.

Such is the warmth with which both the Ancients and Moderns speak of this divine principle of the art;

And such is the Coldness with which Reynolds speaks! And such is his Enmity.

but, as I have formerly observed, enthusiastick admiration seldom promotes knowledge.

Enthusiastic Admiration is the first Principle of Knowledge & its last. Now he begins to Degrade, to Deny & to Mock.

Though a student by such praise may have his attention roused . . . He examines his own mind, and perceives there nothing of that divine inspiration, with which, he is told, so many others have been favoured.

The Man who on Examining his own Mind finds nothing of Inspiration ought not to dare to be an Artist, & he is a Fool & a Cunning Knave suited to the Purposes of Evil Demons.

Page 56.

He never travelled to heaven to gather new ideas; and he finds himself possessed of no other qualifications than what mere common observation and a plain understanding can confer.

The Man who never in his Mind & Thoughts travel'd to Heaven Is No Artist.

Artists who are above a plain Understanding are Mock'd & Destroy'd by this President of Fools.

But on this, as upon many other occasions, we ought to distinguish how much is to be given to enthusiasm, and how much to reason . . . taking care . . . not to lose in terms of vague admiration, that solidity and truth of principle, upon which alone we can reason, and may be enabled to practise.

It is Evident that Reynolds Wish'd none but Fools to be in the

Arts & in order to this, he calls all others Vague Enthusiasts or Madmen.

What has Reasoning to do with the Art of Painting?

Page 57.

. . . most people err, not so much from want of capacity to find their object, as from not knowing what object to pursue.

The Man who does not know what Object to Pursue is an Idiot.

This great ideal perfection and beauty are not to be sought in the heavens, but upon the earth.

A Lie!

They are about us, and upon every side of us.

A Lie!

But the power of discovering what is deformed in nature, or in other words, what is particular and uncommon, can be acquired only by experience ;

A Lie!

Page 58.

and the whole beauty of the art consists, in my opinion, in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind.

A Folly! Singular & Particular Detail is the Foundation of the Sublime.

All the objects which are exhibited to our view by nature, upon close examination will be found to have their blemishes and defects. The most beautiful forms have something about them like weakness, minuteness, or imperfection.

Minuteness is their whole Beauty.

This long laborious comparison should be the first study of the painter, who aims at the greatest style . . . he corrects nature by herself . . . This idea of the perfect state of nature, which the Artist calls the Ideal Beauty, is the great leading principle by which works of genius are conducted

Knowledge of Ideal Beauty is Not to be Acquired. It is Born with us. Innate Ideas are in Every Man, Born with him; they are

truly Himself. The Man who says that we have No Innate Ideas must be a Fool & Knave, Having No Con-Science or Innate Science.

Page 60.

Thus it is from a reiterated experience and a close comparison of the objects in nature, that an artist becomes possessed of the idea of that central form . . . from which every deviation is deformity.

One Central Form composed of all other Forms being Granted, it does not therefore follow that all other Forms are Deformity.

All Forms are Perfect in the Poet's Mind, but these are not Abstracted nor compounded from Nature, but are from Imagination.

Page 61.

Even the great Bacon treats with ridicule the idea of confining proportion to rules, or of producing beauty by selection.

The Great Bacon—he is Call'd: I call him the Little Bacon—says that Every thing must be done by Experiment; his first principle is Unbelief, and yet here he says that Art must be produc'd Without such Method. He is Like S^r^ Joshua, full of Self-Contradiction & Knavery.

There is a rule, obtained out of general nature, to contradict which is to fall into deformity.

What is General Nature? is there Such a Thing? what is General Knowledge? is there such a Thing? Strictly Speaking All Knowledge is Particular.

Page 62.

To the principle I have laid down, that the idea of beauty in each species of beings is an invariable one, it may be objected, that in every particular species there are various central forms, which are separate and distinct from each other, and yet are each undeniably beautiful.

Here he loses sight of A Central Form & Gets into Many Central Forms.

Page 63.

It is true, indeed, that these figures are each perfect in their kind, though of different characters and proportions; but still none of them is the representation of an individual, but of a class.

Every Class is Individual.

Thus, though the forms of childhood and age differ exceedingly, there is a common form in childhood, and a common form in age, which is the more perfect, as it is more remote from all peculiarities.

There is no End to the Follies of this Man. Childhood & Age are Equally belonging to Every Class.

. . . though the most perfect forms of each of the general divisions of the human figure are ideal . . . yet the highest perfection of the human figure is not to be found in any one of them. It is not in the Hercules, nor in the Gladiator, nor in the Apollo.

Here he comes again to his Central Form.

Page 64.

There is, likewise, a kind of symmetry, or proportion, which may properly be said to belong to deformity. A figure lean or corpulent, tall or short, though deviating from beauty, may still have a certain union of the various parts.

The Symmetry of Deformity is a Pretty Foolery. Can any Man who Thinks Talk so? Leanness or Fatness is not Deformity, but Reynolds thought Character Itself Extravagance & Deformity. Age & Youth are not Classes, but [Situations *del.*] Properties of Each Class; so are Leanness & Fatness.

Page 65.

When the Artist has by diligent attention acquired a clear and distinct idea of beauty and symmetry; when he has reduced the variety of nature to the abstract idea . . .

What Folly!

Page 67.

. . . the painter . . . must divest himself of all prejudices in favour of his age or country; he must disregard all local and temporary ornaments, and look only on those general habits, which are every where and always the same . . .

Generalizing in Every thing, the Man would soon be a Fool, but a Cunning Fool.

Page 71.

Albert Durer, as Vasari has justly remarked, would, probably, have been one of the first painters of his age . . . had he been initiated into those great principles of the art, which were so well understood and practised by his contemporaries in Italy.

What does this mean, " *Would have been* " *one of the first Painters of his Age*? Albert Durer *Is*, Not would have been. Besides, let them look at Gothic Figures & Gothic Buildings & not talk of Dark Ages or of any Age. Ages are all Equal. But Genius is Always Above The Age.

Page 74.

I should be sorry, if what is here recommended, should be at all understood to countenance a careless or indetermined manner of painting. For though the painter is to overlook the accidental discriminations of nature, he is to exhibit distinctly, and with precision, the general forms of things.

Here he is for Determinate & yet for Indeterminate.

Distinct General Form Cannot Exist. Distinctness is Particular, Not General.

Page 75.

A firm and determined outline is one of the characteristics of the great style in painting; and let me add, that he who possesses the knowledge of the exact form which every part of nature ought to have, will be fond of expressing that knowledge with correctness and precision in all his works.

A Noble Sentence!

Here is a Sentence, Which overthrows all his Book.

To conclude; I have endeavoured to reduce the idea of beauty to general principles.

. . . [*two words erased*] that Bacon's Philosophy makes both Statesmen & Artists Fools & Knaves.

DISCOURSE IV

Page 78.

The Two Following Discourses are Particularly Calculated for the Setting Ignorant & Vulgar Artists as Models of Execution in Art. Let him who will, follow such advice. I will not. I know that The Man's Execution is as his Conception & No better.

Page 79.

The value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed in it, or the mental pleasure produced by it.

Why does he not always allow This?

Page 80.

I have formerly observed that perfect form is produced by leaving out particularities, and retaining only general ideas . . .

General Ideas again!

Invention in Painting does not imply the invention of the Subject; for that is commonly supplied by the Poet or Historian.

All but Names of Persons & Places is Invention both in Poetry & Painting.

Page 82.

However, the usual and most dangerous error is on the side of minuteness, and therefore I think caution most necessary where most have failed.

Here is Nonsense!

Page 83.

The general idea constitutes real excellence. All smaller things, however perfect in their way, are to be sacrificed without mercy to the greater.

Sacrifice the Parts, What becomes of the Whole?

Even in portraits, the grace, and, we may add, the likeness, consists more in taking the general air, than in observing the exact similitude of every feature.

How ignorant!

Page 86.

A painter of portraits retains the individual likeness; a painter of history shews the man by shewing his actions.

If he does not shew the Man as well as the Action, he is a poor Artist.

Page 87.

He cannot make his hero talk like a great man; he must make him look like one. For which reason he ought to be well studied in the analysis of those circumstances which constitute dignity of appearance in real life.

Here he allows an Analysis of Circumstances.

Page 89.

Certainly, nothing can be more simple than monotony: and the distinct blue, red, and yellow colours which are seen in the draperies of the Roman and Florentine schools . . . have the effect of grandeur which was intended. Perhaps these distinct colours strike the mind more forcibly, from there not being any great union between them; as martial musick . . . has its effect from the sudden and strongly marked transitions from one note to another . . .

These are Fine & Just Notions. Why does he not always allow as much?

Page 90.

In the same manner as the historical Painter never enters into the detail of colours, so neither does he debase his conceptions with minute attention to the discriminations of Drapery.

Excellent Remarks!

Carlo Maratti was of opinion, that the disposition of drapery was a more difficult art than even that of drawing the human figure . . .

I do not believe that Carlo Maratti thought so, or that any body can think so; the Drapery is formed alone by the Shape of the Naked.

Page 92.

Though I can by no means allow them [the Venetians] to hold any rank with the nobler schools of painting, they accomplished perfectly the thing they

attempted. But as mere elegance is their principal object . . . it can be no injury to them to suppose that their practice is useful only to its proper end.

They accomplish'd Nothing. As to Elegance they have not a Spark.

Page 93.

[To a question] on the conduct of Paul Veronese, who . . . had, contrary to the strict rules of art . . . represented the principal figure in the shade, . . . if they had ranked him as an ornamental Painter, there would have been no difficulty in answering: ". . . His intention was solely to produce an effect of "light and shadow; . . . and the capricious composition of that picture suited "very well with the style which he professed."

This is not a Satisfactory Answer. To produce an Effect of True Light & Shadow is Necessary to the Ornamental Style, which altogether depends on Distinctness of Form. The Venetian ought not to be call'd the Ornamental Style.

Page 94.

The powers exerted in the mechanical part of the Art have been called the language of Painters. . . . The language of Painting must indeed be allowed these masters [the Venetians].

The Language of Painters cannot be allow'd them if Reynolds says right at p. 97; he there says that the Venetian Will Not Correspond with the Great Style. The Greek Gems are in the Same Style as the Greek Statues.

Page 95.

Such as suppose that the great style might happily be blended with the ornamental, that the simple, grave and majestick dignity of Raffaelle could unite with the glow and bustle of a Paolo, or Tintoret, are totally mistaken.

What can be better said on this Subject? but Reynolds contradicts what he says continually. He makes little Concessions that he may take Great Advantages.

Page 97.

However great the difference is between the composition of the Venetian, and the rest of the Italian schools, there is full as great a disparity in the effect of their pictures as produced by colours . . . yet even that skill, as they have

employed it, will but ill correspond with the great style. Their colouring is not only too brilliant, but . . . too harmonious to produce that . . . effect, which heroic subjects require . . .

Somebody Else wrote this page for Reynolds. I think that Barry or Fuseli wrote it, or dictated it.

Page 98.

Michael Angelo . . . after having seen a picture by Titian, told Vasari . . . "that he liked much his colouring and manner"; but then he added, "that it was "a pity the Venetian painters did not learn to draw correctly in their early youth, "and adopt a better manner of study." By this it appears, that the principal attention of the Venetian painters, in the opinion of Michael Angelo, seemed to be engrossed by the study of colours, to the neglect of the ideal form of beauty . . .

Venetian Attention is to a Contempt & Neglect of Form Itself & to the Destruction of all Form or Outline Purposely & Intentionally.

On the Venetian Painter

He makes the Lame to walk we all agree,
But then he strives to blind those who can see.

But if general censure was given to that school from the sight of a picture of Titian . . .

As if Mich. Ang. had seen but One Picture of Titian's! Mich. Ang. knew & despised all that Titian could do.

Page 99.

If the Venetian's Outline was Right, his Shadows would destroy it & deform its appearance.

A Pair of Stays to mend the Shape
Of crooked, Humpy Woman
Put on, O Venus! now thou art
Quite a Venetian Roman.

Page 100.

. . . when I speak of the Venetian painters, I wish to be understood to mean Paolo Veronese and Tintoret, to the exclusion of Titian; for . . . there is a sort of senatorial dignity about him . . .

Titian, as well as the other Venetians, so far from Senatorial Dignity appears to me to give always the Characters of Vulgar Stupidity.

Why should Titian & The Venetians be Named in a discourse on Art? Such Idiots are not Artists.

Venetian, all thy Colouring is no more
Than Boulster'd Plasters on a Crooked Whore.

Page 101.

The Venetian is indeed the most splendid of the schools of elegance . . .

Vulgarity & *not Elegance*; the Word Elegance ought to be applied to Forms, not to Colours.

Page 102.

. . . painting is not merely a gratification of the sight.

Broken Colours & Broken Lines & Broken Masses are Equally Subversive of the Sublime.

Such excellence, . . . where nothing higher than elegance is intended, is weak and unworthy of regard, when the work aspires to grandeur and sublimity.

Well Said Enough!

Page 103.

. . . the Flemish school, of which Rubens is the head, was formed upon that of the Venetian . . .

How can that be call'd the Ornamental Style of which Gross Vulgarity forms the Principal Excellence?

Page 104.

Some inferior dexterity, some extraordinary mechanical power is apparently that from which they seek distinction.

The Words, Mechanical Power, should not be thus Prostituted.

Page 106.

An History-Painter paints man in general; a Portrait-painter, a particular man, and consequently a defective model.

A History Painter Paints The Hero, & not Man in General, but most minutely in Particular.

Page 109.

. . . if a portrait-painter is desirous to raise and improve his subject . . . he leaves out all the minute breaks and peculiarities in the face, and changes the dress from a temporary fashion to one more permanent.

Folly! Of what consequence is it to the Arts what a Portrait Painter does?

Page 110.

Of those who have practised the composite style . . . perhaps the foremost is Correggio.

There is No Such a Thing as A Composite Style.

Page 111.

The errors of genius . . . are pardonable . . .

Genius has no Error; it is Ignorance that is Error.

Page 112.

. . . there is but one presiding principle, which regulates, and gives stability to every art. The works . . . which are built upon general nature, live for ever; while those which depend for their existence on particular customs and habits . . . can only be coeval with that which first raised them from obscurity.

All Equivocation & Self-Contradiction!

DISCOURSE V

Page 114.

Gainsborough told a Gentleman of Rank & Fortune that the Worst Painters always chose the Grandest Subjects. I desired the Gentleman to Set Gainsborough about one of Rafael's Grandest Subjects, Namely Christ delivering the Keys to St Peter, & he

would find that in Gainsborough's hands it would be a Vulgar Subject of Poor Fishermen & a Journeyman Carpenter.

The following Discourse is written with the same End in View that Gainsborough had in making the Above assertion, Namely To Represent Vulgar Artists as the Models of Executive Merit.

Page 116.

. . . nothing has its proper lustre but in its proper place. That which is most worthy of esteem in its allotted sphere, becomes an object, not of respect, but of derision, when it is forced into a higher, to which it is not suited.

Concessions to Truth for the sake of Oversetting Truth.

Pages 117-118.

If you mean to preserve the most perfect beauty in its most perfect state, you cannot express the passions . . .

What Nonsense!

Passion & Expression is Beauty Itself. The Face that is Incapable of Passion & Expression is deformity Itself. Let it be Painted & Patch'd & Praised & Advertised for Ever, it will only be admired by Fools.

Page 119.

. . . Some of the Cartoons and other pictures of Raffaelle . . . where the excellent master himself may have attempted this expression of passions above the powers of the art.

If Reynolds could not see variety of Character in Rafael, Others Can.

We can easily, like the ancients, suppose a Jupiter to be possessed of all those powers and perfections which the subordinate Deities were endowed with separately. Yet, when they employed their art to represent him, they confined his character to majesty alone.

False! The Ancients were chiefly attentive to Complicated & Minute Discrimination of Character; it is the whole of Art.

Page 120.

Reynolds cannot bear Expression.

A statue in which you endeavour to unite stately dignity, youthful elegance, and stern valour, must surely possess none of these to any eminent degree.

Why not? O Poverty!

The summit of excellence seems to be an assemblage of contrary qualities . . .

A Fine Jumble!

Page 121.

If any man shall be master of such a transcendant, commanding, and ductile genius, as to enable him to rise to the highest, and to stoop to the lowest, flight of art, and to sweep over all of them unobstructed and secure, he is fitter to give example than to receive instruction.

Mocks!

Page 123.

The principal works of modern art are in Fresco, a mode of painting which excludes attention to minute elegancies.

This is False. Fresco Painting is the Most Minute. Fresco Painting is Like Miniature Painting; a Wall is a Large Ivory.

Page 124.

Raffaelle . . . owes his reputation . . . to his excellence in the higher parts of the art [Fresco]: . . . though he continually . . . embellished his performances more and more with the addition of those lower ornaments, which entirely make the merit of some painters, yet he never arrived at . . . perfection . . .

Folly & Falshood! The Man who can say that Rafael knew not the smaller beauties of the Art ought to be contemn'd, & I accordingly hold Reynolds in Contempt for this Sentence in particular.

Page 125.

He never acquired that nicety of taste in colours, that breadth of light and shadow. . . . When he painted in oil, his hand seemed to be so cramped and

confined, that he not only lost that facility and spirit, but . . . even that correctness of form.

Rafael did as he Pleased. He who does not admire Rafael's Execution does not Even see Rafael.

I have no desire to degrade Raffaelle from the high rank which he deservedly holds . . .

A Lie!

Page 126.

Michael Angelo . . . did not possess so many excellencies as Raffaelle, but those which he had were of the highest kind . . .

According to Reynolds Mich. Angelo was worse still & knew Nothing at all about Art as an object of Imitation. Can any Man be such a fool as to believe that Rafael & Michael Angelo were Incapable of the meer Language of Art & That Such Idiots as Rubens, Correggio & Titian knew how to Execute what they could not Think or Invent?

He [Michael Angelo] never attempted those lesser elegancies and graces in the art.

Damned Fool!

If any man had a right to look down upon the lower accomplishments as beneath his attention, it was certainly Michael Angelo.

O Yes!

Page 127.

. . . he has rejected all the false, though specious ornaments, which disgrace the works even of the most esteemed artists.

Here is another Contradiction. If Mich. Ang. Neglected any thing that Titian or Veronese did, He Rejected it for Good Reasons. S^{r} Joshua in other Places owns that the Venetian Cannot Mix with the Roman or Florentine. What then does he Mean when he says that Mich. Ang. & Rafael were not worthy of Imitation in the Lower parts of Art?

Page 128.

If we put these great artists in a light of comparison with each other, Raffaelle had more Taste and Fancy, Michael Angelo more Genius and imagination.

What Nonsense!

Page 129.

Michael Angelo's works have a strong, peculiar, and marked character: they seem to proceed from his own mind entirely, . . . Raffaelle's materials are generally borrowed, though the noble structure is his own.

If all this is True, Why does not Reynolds recommend The Study of Rafael & Mich. Angelo's Execution? at page 97 he allows that the Venetian Style will Ill correspond with the great Style.

Page 131.

Such is the great style . . .: in this, search after novelty . . . has no place.

The Great Style is always Novel or New in all its Operations.

But there is another style, which . . . has still great merit . . . the original or characteristical style . . .

Original & Characteristical are the Two Grand Merits of the Great Style.

Pages 131-132.

One of the strongest-marked characters of this kind . . . is that of Salvator Rosa.

Why should these words be applied to such a Wretch as Salvator Rosa?

Salvator Rosa was precisely what he Pretended not to be. His Pictures are high Labour'd pretensions to Expeditious Workmanship. He was the Quack Doctor of Painting. His Roughnesses & Smoothnesses are the Production of Labour & Trick. As to Imagination, he was totally without Any.

Page 133.

He gives us a peculiar cast of nature, which . . . has that sort of dignity which belongs to savage and uncultivated nature.

Savages are Fops & Fribbles more than any other Men.

. . . what is most to be admired in him, is, the perfect correspondence which he observed between the subjects which he chose and his manner of treating them.

Handling is All that he has, & we all know this Handling is Labour & Trick. Salvator Rosa employ'd Journeymen.

Page 134.

I will mention two other painters, who, though entirely dissimilar . . . have both gained reputation. . . . The painters I mean, are Rubens and Poussin. Rubens . . . I think . . . a remarkable instance of the same mind being seen in all the various parts of the art. The whole is so much of a piece . .

All Rubens's Pictures are Painted by Journeymen &, so far from being all of a Piece, are The most wretched Bungles.

Page 135.

His Colouring, in which he is eminently skilled, is notwithstanding too much of what we call tinted.

To My Eye Rubens's Colouring is most Contemptible. His Shadows are of a Filthy Brown somewhat of the Colour of Excrement; these are fill'd with tints & messes of yellow & red. His lights are all the Colours of the Rainbow, laid on Indiscriminately & broken one into another. Altogether his Colouring is Contrary to The Colouring of Real Art & Science.

Opposed to Rubens's Colouring S^r^ Joshua has placed Poussin, but he ought to put All Men of Genius who ever Painted. Rubens & the Venetians are Opposite in every thing to True Art & they Meant to be so; they were hired for this Purpose.

Page 137.

Poussin in the latter part of his life changed from his dry manner to one much softer and richer . . . as in the Seven Sacraments . . ., but neither these, nor any of his other pictures in this manner, are at all comparable to many in his dry manner which we have in England.

True!

The favourite subjects of Poussin were Ancient Fables; and no painter was ever better qualified to paint such subjects . . .

True!

Page 138.

Poussin seemed to think that the style and the language in which such stories are told is not the worse for preserving some relish of the old way of painting . . .

True!

Page 139.

. . . if the Figures which people his pictures had a modern air or countenance, . . . if the landskip had the appearance of a modern view, how ridiculous would Apollo appear instead of the Sun . . .

These remarks on Poussin are Excellent.

Page 141.

It is certain that the lowest style will be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself.

Well said!

Page 142.

. . . our Exhibitions . . . have also a mischievous tendency, by seducing the Painter to an ambition of pleasing indiscriminately the mixed multitude of people who resort to them.

Why then does he talk in other places of pleasing Every body?

DISCOURSE VI

Page 144.

Imitation.—Genius begins where rules end.—Invention;—Acquired by being conversant with the inventions of others.—The true method of imitating...

When a Man talks of Acquiring Invention & of learning how to produce Original Conception, he must expect to be call'd a Fool by Men of Understanding; but such a Hired Knave cares not for the Few. His Eye is on the Many, or, rather, the Money.

Page 147.

Those who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of inspiration . . . seem to insure a much more favourable disposition from their readers . . . than he who attempts to examine, coldly, whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired . . .

Bacon's Philosophy has Destroy'd [*word cut away*] Art & Science. The Man who says that the Genius is not Born, but Taught—Is a Knave.

O Reader, behold the Philosopher's Grave!
He was born quite a Fool, but he died quite a Knave.

Page 149.

. . . to owe nothing to another, is the praise which men . . . bestow sometimes upon others; and sometimes on themselves; and their imaginary dignity is naturally heightened by a supercilious censure of . . . the servile imitator.

How ridiculous it would be to see the Sheep Endeavouring to walk like the Dog, or the Ox striving to trot like the Horse; just as Ridiculous it is to see One Man Striving to Imitate Another. Man varies from Man more than Animal from Animal of different Species.

Page 152.

But the truth is, that the degree of excellence which proclaims Genius is different, in different times and different places; and what shews it to be so is, that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter.

Never, Never!

Page 153.

These excellencies were, heretofore, considered merely as the effects of genius; and justly, if genius is not taken for inspiration, but as the effect of close observation and experience.

Damn'd Fool!

Page 154.

He who first made any of these observations . . . had that merit, but probably no one went very far at once . . . others worked more and improved further . . .

If Art was Progressive We should have had Mich. Angelos & Rafaels to Succeed & to Improve upon each other. But it is not so. Genius dies with its Possessor & comes not again till Another is Born with It.

Page 155.

It must of necessity be, that even works of Genius, like every other effect, as they must have their cause, must likewise have their rules.

Identities or Things are Neither Cause nor Effect. They are Eternal.

Page 157.

. . . our minds should be habituated to the contemplation of excellence . . . we should to the last moment of our lives continue a settled intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur. Their inventions are not only the food of our infancy, but the substance which supplies the fullest maturity of our vigour.

Reynolds Thinks that Man Learns all that he knows. I say on the Contrary that Man Brings All that he has or can have Into the World with him. Man is Born Like a Garden ready Planted & Sown. This World is too poor to produce one Seed.

The mind is but a barren soil; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, . . .

The mind that could have produced this Sentence must have been a Pitiful, a Pitiable Imbecillity. I always thought that the Human Mind was the most Prolific of All Things & Inexhaustible. I certainly do Thank God that I am not like Reynolds.

Page 158.

. . . or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.

Nonsense!

Page 159.

It is vain for painters or poets to endeavour to invent without materials on which the mind may work. . . . Nothing can come of nothing.

Is the Mind Nothing?

. . . we are certain that Michael Angelo, and Raffaelle, were equally possessed of all the knowledge in the art which had been discovered in the works of their predecessors.

If so they knew all that Titian & Correggio knew. Correggio was two years older than Mich. Angelo. Correggio born 1472, Mich. Angelo born 1474.

Page 161.

. . . it is not to be understood, that I advise any endeavour to copy the exact peculiar colour and complexion of another man's mind. . . . His model may be excellent but the copy will be ridiculous.

Why then Imitate at all?

Page 163.

Art in its perfection is not ostentatious; it lies hid, and works its effect, itself unseen. It is the proper study and labour of an artist to uncover and find out the latent cause of conspicuous beauties . . .

This is a Very Clever Sentence; who wrote it, God knows.

Page 165.

Peculiar marks, I hold to be, generally, if not always, defects; . . .

Peculiar Marks are the Only Merit.

Peculiarities in the works of art, are like those in the human figure· . . . they are always so many blemishes;

Infernal Falshood!

Page 166.

Even the great name of Michael Angelo may be used, to keep in countenance a deficiency or rather neglect of colouring, and every other ornamental part of the art.

No Man who can see Michael Angelo can say that he wants either Colouring or Ornamental parts of Art in the highest degree, for he has Every Thing of Both.

Page 167.

. . . there is no defect that may not be excused, if it is a sufficient excuse that it can be imputed to considerable artists; . . .

He who Admires Rafael Must admire Rafael's Execution. He who does not admire Rafael's Execution Cannot Admire Rafael.

Page 172.

. . . want of strength of parts. In this certainly men are not equal . . .

A Confession!

Page 176.

In order to encourage you to imitation, to the utmost extent, let me add, that very finished artists in the inferior branches of the art, will contribute to furnish the mind and give hints . . .

This Sentence is to Introduce another in Condemnation & Contempt of Alb. Durer.

The works of Albert Durer, Lucas Van Leyden, the numerous inventions of Tobias Stimmer, and Jost Ammon, afford a rich mass of genuine materials . . .

A Polish'd Villain who Robs & Murders!

Page 178.

The greatest style, if that style is confined to small figures, . . . would receive an additional grace by the elegance and precision of pencil so admirable in the works of Teniers . . .

What does Precision of Pencil mean? If it does not mean Outline, it means Nothing.

Page 179.

Jan Steen seems to be one of the most diligent and accurate observers . . . if [he] . . . had been blessed with Michael Angelo and Raffaelle for his masters . . . he now would have ranged with the great pillars and supporters of our Art.

Jan Steen was a Boor, & neither Rafael nor Mich. Ang. could have made him any better.

Page 180.

Men who although thus bound down by the almost invincible powers of early habits have still exerted extraordinary abilities . . . and have . . . given . . . great force and energy to their works . . .

He who can be bound down is No Genius. Genius cannot be Bound; it may be Render'd Indignant & Outrageous.

" Opression makes the Wise Man Mad."

SOLOMON.

DISCOURSE VII

Page 188.

The Purpose of the following discourse is to Prove That Taste & Genius are not of Heavenly Origin & that all who have supposed that they Are so, are to be Consider'd as Weak headed Fanatics.

The Obligations Reynolds has laid on Bad Artists of all Classes will at all times make them his Admirers, but most especially for this discourse, in which it is proved that the Stupid are born with Faculties Equal to other Men, Only they have not Cultivated them because they thought it not worth the trouble.

Page 194.

We will allow a poet to express his meaning, when his meaning is not well known to himself, with a certain degree of obscurity, as it is one source of the sublime.

Obscurity is Neither the Source of the Sublime nor of any Thing Else.

But when, in plain prose, we gravely talk of courting the muse in shady bowers; waiting the call and inspiration of Genius . . .; of attending to times and seasons when the imagination shoots with greatest vigour, . . . sagaciously observing how much the wild freedom and liberty of imagination is cramped by attention to established rules . . . we at best entertain notions not only groundless but pernicious.

The Ancients & the wisest of the Moderns were of the opinion that Reynolds condemns & laughs at.

Page 195.

. . . scarce a poet is to be found . . . who . . . continued practising his profession to the very last, whose latter works are not as replete with the fire of imagination, as those which were produced in his more youthful days.

As Replete, but Not More Replete.

To understand literally these metaphors or ideas expressed in poetical language, seems to be equally absurd as to conclude . . .

The Ancients did not mean to Impose when they affirm'd their belief in Vision & Revelation. Plato was in Earnest: Milton was in Earnest. They believ'd that God did Visit Man Really & Truly & not as Reynolds pretends.

Page 196.

. . . that because painters sometimes represent poets writing from the dictates of a little winged boy or genius, that this same genius did really inform him in a whisper what he was to write; and that he is himself but a mere machine, unconscious of the operations of his own mind.

How very Anxious Reynolds is to Disprove & Contemn Spiritual Perception!

Page 197.

It is supposed . . . that under the name of genius great works are produced, and under the name of taste an exact judgement given, without our knowing why . . .

Who Ever said this?

One can scarce state these opinions without exposing their absurdity . . .

He states Absurdities in Company with Truths & calls both Absurd.

Page 198.

. . . I am persuaded, that even among those few who may be called thinkers, the prevalent opinion allows less than it ought to the powers of reason. . .

The Artifice of the Epicurean Philosophers is to Call all other Opinions Unsolid & Unsubstantial than those which are derived from Earth.

We often appear to differ in Sentiments from each other, merely from the inaccuracy of terms.

It is not in Terms that Reynolds & I disagree. Two Contrary Opinions can never by any Language be made alike. I say, Taste & Genius are Not Teachable or Acquirable, but are born with us. Reynolds says the Contrary.

Page 199.

We apply the term TASTE to that act of the mind by which we like or dislike, whatever be the subject. . . . We are obliged to take words as we find them; all we can do is to distinguish the THINGS to which they are applied.

This is False; the Fault is not in Words, but in Things. Locke's Opinions of Words & their Fallaciousness are Artful Opinions & Fallacious also.

Page 200.

It is the very same taste which relishes a demonstration in geometry, that is pleased with the resemblance of a picture to an original, and touched with the harmony of musick.

Demonstration, Similitude & Harmony are Objects of Reasoning. Invention, Identity & Melody are Objects of Intuition.

Page 201.

Colouring is true . . . from brightness, from softness, from harmony, from resemblance; because these agree with their object, NATURE, and therefore are true; as true as mathematical demonstration; . . .

God forbid that Truth should be Confined to Mathematical Demonstration!

But beside real, there is also apparent truth, or opinion, or prejudice. With regard to real truth, when it is known, the taste which conforms to it, is, and must be, uniform.

He who does not Know Truth at Sight is unworthy of Her Notice.

In proportion as these prejudices are known to be generally diffused . . . the taste which conforms to them approaches nearer to certainty, . . .

Here is a great deal to do to Prove that All Truth is Prejudice, for All that is Valuable in Knowledge is Superior to Demonstrative Science, such as is Weighed or Measured.

Page 202.

As these prejudices become more narrow, . . . this secondary taste becomes more and more fantastical; . . .

And so he thinks he has proved that Genius & Inspiration are All a Hum.

Having laid down these positions, I shall proceed with less method . . .

He calls the Above proceeding with Method!

We will take it for granted, that reason is something invariable and fixed in the nature of things; . . .

Reason, or A Ratio of All we have known, is not the Same it shall be when we know More; he therefore takes a Falshood for granted to set out with.

Page 203.

. . . we will conclude, that whatever goes under the name of taste, which we can fairly bring under the dominion of reason, must be considered as equally exempt from change.

Now this is Supreme Fooling.

The arts would lie open for ever to caprice and casualty, if those who are to judge of their excellencies had no settled principles by which they are to regulate their decisions, . . .

He may as well say that if Man does not lay down settled Principles, The Sun will not rise in a Morning.

Page 204.

My notion of nature comprehends not only the forms which nature produces, but also the nature and internal fabrick and organization . . . of the human mind and imagination.

Here is a Plain Confession that he Thinks Mind & Imagination not to be above the Mortal & Perishing Nature. Such is the End of Epicurean or Newtonian Philosophy; it is Atheism.

Page 208.

This [Poussin's Perseus and Medusa's head] is undoubtedly a subject of great bustle and tumult, and that the first effect of the picture may correspond to the subject, every principle of composition is violated; . . . I remember turning from it with disgust . . .

Reynolds's Eye could not bear Characteristic Colouring or Light & Shade.

This conduct of Poussin I hold to be entirely improper to imitate. A picture should please at first sight, and appear to invite the spectator's attention; . . .

Please Whom? Some Men cannot see a Picture except in a Dark Corner.

Page 209.

No one can deny, that violent passions will naturally emit harsh and disagreeable tones: . . .

Violent Passions Emit the Real, Good & Perfect Tones.

Page 214.

If it be objected that Rubens judged ill at first in thinking it necessary to make his work so very ornamental, this puts the question upon new ground.

Here it is call'd Ornamental that the Roman & Bolognian Schools may be Insinuated not to be Ornamental.

Page 215.

Nobody will dispute but some of the best of the Roman or Bolognian schools would have produced a more learned and more noble work.

Learned & Noble is Ornamental.

This leads us to another important province of taste, that of weighing the value of the different classes of the art, . . .

A Fool's Balance is no Criterion because, tho' it goes down on the heaviest side, we ought to look what he puts into it.

Page 232.

If an European, when he has cut off his beard, . . . or bound up his own natural hair in regular hard knots, as unlike nature as he can possibly make it; . . . meets a Cherokee Indian, who has . . . laid on with equal care and attention his yellow and red oker . . . ; whoever of these two despises the other for this attention to the fashion of his country . . . is the barbarian.

Excellent!

Page 242.

In the midst of the highest flights of fancy or imagination, reason ought to preside from first to last, . . .

If this is True, it is a devilish Foolish Thing to be an Artist.

DISCOURSE VIII

Page 244.

Burke's Treatise on the Sublime & Beautiful is founded on the Opinions of Newton & Locke; on this Treatise Reynolds has grounded many of his assertions in all his Discourses. I read Burke's Treatise when very Young; at the same time I read Locke on Human Understanding & Bacon's Advancement of Learning; on Every one of these Books I wrote my Opinions, & on looking them over find that my Notes on Reynolds in this Book are exactly Similar. I felt the Same Contempt & Abhorrence then that I do now. They mock Inspiration & Vision. Inspiration & Vision was then, & now is, & I hope will always Remain, my Element, my Eternal Dwelling place; how can I then hear it Contemned without returning Scorn for Scorn?

Page 245.

The principles of art . . . have their foundation in the mind; such as novelty, variety and contrast; these in their excess become defects. . . .

Principles, according to S^r^ Joshua, become defects.

I have recommended in former discourses, that Artists should . . . form an idea of perfection from the different excellencies which lie dispersed in the various schools of painting.

In another discourse he says that we cannot Mix the Florentine & Venetian.

Page 251.

An instance occurs to me of two painters (Rembrandt and Poussin,) of characters totally opposite to each other in every respect, . . . Rembrandt's manner is absolute unity . . . Poussin . . . has scarce any principal mass of light at all . . .

Rembrandt was a Generalizer. Poussin was a Particularizer.

. . . the works of Poussin being as much distinguished for simplicity, as those of Rembrandt for combination.

Poussin knew better that [than] to make all his Pictures have the same light & shadows. Any fool may concentrate a light in the Middle.

Page 256.

. . . the portraits of Titian, where dignity . . . has the appearance of an unalienable adjunct; . . .

Dignity an Adjunct!

Page 260.

When a young artist is first told, that his composition and his attitudes must be contrasted, . . . and that the eye must be gratified with a variety of colours;—when he is told this, with certain animating words, of Spirit, Dignity, Energy, Grace, greatness of Style, and brilliancy of Tints, he becomes suddenly vain of his newly acquired knowledge, . . .

Mocks!

Page 262.

The Art in its infancy, like the first work of a Student, was dry, hard, and simple. But this kind of barbarous simplicity, would be better named Penury, as it proceeds from mere want;

Mocks!

. . . their simplicity was the offspring, not of choice, but of necessity.

A Lie!

But however they may have strayed, we cannot recommend to them to return to that simplicity . . . but to deal out their abundance with a more sparing hand, . . .

Abundance of Stupidity!

Page 264.

. . . it is not enough that a work be learned; it must be pleasing.

If you Endeavour to Please the Worst, you will never Please the Best. To please All Is Impossible.

Page 266.

St. Paul preaching at Athens in one of the Cartoons, far from any affected academical contrast of limbs, stands equally on both legs, . . . add contrast, and the whole energy and unaffected grace of the figure is destroyed.

Well said!

Page 267.

It is given as a rule by Fresnoy, That "the principal figure of a subject "must appear in the midst of the picture, under the principal light, to distinguish "it from the rest."

What a devil of a Rule!

Page 272.

. . . What those proportions are, cannot be so well learnt by precept as by observation on pictures, and in this knowledge bad pictures will instruct as well as good.

Bad Pictures are always S^r^ Joshua's Friends.

It ought, in my opinion, to be indispensably observed, that the masses of light in a picture be always of warm mellow colour, yellow, red, or a yellowish-white, and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours; . . .

Colouring formed upon these Principles is destructive of All Art, because it takes away the possibility of Variety & only promotes Harmony or Blending of Colours one into another.

Page 274.

The conduct of Titian in the picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, has been much celebrated, and justly, for the harmony of colouring.

Such Harmony of Colouring is destructive of Art. One species of General Hue over all is the Cursed Thing call'd Harmony; it is like the Smile of a Fool.

Page 275.

The illuminated parts of objects are in nature of a warmer tint than those that are in the shade: . . .

Shade is always cold, & never, as in Rubens & the Colourists, Hot & Yellowy Brown.

Page 277.

. . . that fulness of manner which . . . is found in perfection in the best works of Correggio, and . . . of Rembrandt. This effect is produced by melting and losing the shadows in a ground still darker than those shadows; . .

All This is destructive of Art.

Page 279.

. . . a picture which I have of Rubens: it is a representation of a Moonlight. . . . The Moon in this picture does not preserve so great a superiority in regard to its lightness over the object which it illumines, as it does in nature; . . . If Rubens had preserved the same scale of gradation of light between the Moon and the objects, which is found in nature, the picture must have consisted of one small spot of light only, . . .

These are Excellent Remarks on Proportional Colour.

Page 281.

Reason and common sense tell us, that before, and above all considerations, it is necessary that the work should be seen . . . with pleasure and satisfaction.

If the Picture ought to be seen with Ease, surely The Nobler parts of the Picture, such as the Heads, ought to be Principal; but this Never is the Case except in the Roman & Florentine Schools. Note: I Include the Germans in the Florentine School.

Page 284.

It is true, sketches, or such drawings as painters generally make for their works, give this pleasure of imagination to a high degree. From a slight undetermined drawing . . . the imagination supplies more than the painter himself, probably, could produce, . . .

What Falshood!

Page 285.

. . . every thing shall be carefully and distinctly expressed, as if the painter knew, with correctness and precision, the exact form and character of whatever is introduced into the picture.

Excellent, & Contrary to his usual Opinions!

Page 286.

Mr. Falconet has observed . . . that the circumstance of covering the face of Agamemnon was probably not in consequence of any fine imagination of the painter, . . . but merely copied from the description of the sacrifice, as it is found in Euripides . . . Falconet does not at all acquiesce in the praise that is bestowed on Timanthes; . . .

I am of Falconet's opinion.

[END OF ANNOTATIONS TO REYNOLDS]

EPIGRAMS, VERSES, AND FRAGMENTS FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

Written about 1808-1811

1

NO real Style of Colouring ever appears,
But advertising in the News Papers.
Look there—you'll see S^r^ Joshua's Colouring.
Look at his Pictures—['tis quite another Thing *del.*] All has taken Wing.

2

YOU don't believe—I [would *first rdg.*] won't attempt to make ye:
You are asleep—I won't attempt to wake ye.
Sleep on, sleep on! while in your pleasant dreams
Of Reason you may drink of Life's clear streams.
Reason and Newton, they are quite two things;
For so the Swallow & the Sparrow sings.
Reason says " Miracle ": Newton says " Doubt."
Aye! that's the way to make all Nature out.
" Doubt, Doubt, & don't believe without experiment ":
That is the very thing that Jesus meant,
When he said, " [Rich *del.*] Only Believe! Believe & try!
" Try, Try, & never mind the Reason why."

3

AND his legs carried it like a long fork,
Reach'd all the way from Chichester to York,
From York all across Scotland to the Sea;
This was a Man of Men, as seems to me.

Not only in his Mouth his own Soul lay,
But my Soul also would he bear away.
Like as a Pedlar bears his weary Pack,
[He would bear my soul *del.*]
So Stewhard's Soul he buckl'd to his Back.
But once, alas! committing a Mistake,
He bore the wretched Soul of William Blake
That he might turn it into Eggs of Gold;
But neither Back nor mouth those Eggs could hold.
His under jaw drop'd as those Eggs he laid,
And [all my *del.*] Stewhard's Eggs are addled & decay'd.
The Examiner, whose very name is Hunt,
Call'd Death a Madman [deadly the affront *del.*] trembling
for the affront,
Like trembling Hare sits on his weakly paper
On which he us'd to dance & sport & caper.
[And *del.*] Yorkshire Jack Hemp & quibble, blushing daw,
Clap'd Death into the corner of their jaw,
And Felpham Billy rode out every morn
Horseback with Death over the fields of corn,
[And *del.*] Who with iron hand cuff'd in the afternoon
The Ears of Billy's Lawyer & Dragoon.
And Cur, my Lawyer, & Dady, Jack Hemp's Parson,
Both went to Law with Death to keep our Ears on.
For how to starve Death we had laid a plot
Against his Price—but Death was in the Pot.
He made them pay his Price, alack a day!
He knew both Law & Gospel better than they.
O, that I ne'er has [had] seen that William Blake,
Or could from death Assassinetti wake!
We thought—Alas, that such a thought should be!—
That Blake would Etch for him & draw for me.
For 'twas a kind of Bargain Screwmuch made
That Blake's designs should be by us display'd,
Because he makes designs so very cheap.

Then Screwmuch at Blake's soul took a long leap.
'Twas not a Mouse—'twas Death in a disguise,
And I, alas! live to weep out mine Eyes.
And Death sits [mocking *del.*] laughing on their Monuments,
On which he's written, " Reciev'd the Contents."
But I have writ [with *del.*]—so sorrowful my thought is—
His Epitaph, for my tears are aqua fortis:
" [Ye *del.*] Come Artists, knock your heads against this stone
" For Sorrow that [your *del.*] our friend Bob Screwmuch's gone."
And, now the Muses upon me smile & Laugh,
I'll also write my own dear Epitaph,
And I'll be buried near a Dike
That my friends may weep as much as they like:
" Here lies Stewhard the Friend of All, &c."

[*See no.* 42, *page* 67]

4

WAS I angry with Hayley who us'd me so ill,
Or can I be angry with Felpham's old Mill?
[Or angry with Boydell or Bowyer or Ba . . . *del.*]
Or angry with Flaxman or Cromek or Stothard,
Or poor Schiavonetti, whom they to death bother'd?
Or angry with Macklin or Boydel or Bowyer,
Because they did not say, " O what a Beau ye are "?
At a Friend's Errors Anger shew,
Mirth at the Errors of a Foe.

5

ANGER & Wrath my bosom rends:
I thought them the Errors of friends.
But all my limbs with warmth glow:
I find them the Errors of the foe.

6

THE Sussex Men are Noted Fools,
And weak is their brain pan:
I wonder if H—— the painter
Is not a Sussex Man?

7

"MADMAN" I have been call'd: "Fool" they call thee.
I wonder which they Envy, Thee or Me?

8

TO H.

YOU think Fuseli is not a Great Painter. I'm glad:
This is one of the best compliments he ever had.

9

TO F——

I MOCK thee not, tho' I by thee am Mocked.
Thou call'st me Madman, but I call thee Blockhead.

10

CAN there be any thing more mean,
More Malice in disguise,
Than Praise a Man for doing [that *del.*] what
[Which he *del.*] That Man does most despise?
[This *del.*] Reynolds Lectures [plainly shew *del.*] Exactly so
When he praises Michael Angelo.

11

S—— in Childhood on the Nursery floor
Was extreme Old & most extremely poor.
He is grown old & rich & what he will:
He is extreme old & extreme poor still.

12

TO NANCY F——

HOW can I help thy Husband's copying Me?
Should that make difference 'twixt me & Thee?

13

OF H.'s birth this was the happy lot,
His Mother on his Father him begot.

14

SIR JOSHUA Praises Michael Angelo
[And counts it courage thus to praise his foe *del.*]
[Is it Politeness *del.*]
'Tis Christian Mildness when [fools *del.*] Knaves Praise a Foe;
But 'Twould be Madness [that we all must *del.*] all the World would say,
[If All *del.*] Should Michael Angelo [praising *del.*] praise Sir Joshua—
Christ us'd the Pharisees in a rougher way.

15

HE'S a Blockhead who wants a proof of what he can't Percieve,
And he's a Fool who [seeks *del.*] tries to make such a Block-
head believe.

16

CR— loves artists as he loves his Meat.
[Cr— *del.*] He loves the Art, but 'tis the Art to Cheat.

17

A PETTY Sneaking Knave I knew—
O Mr. Cr—, how do ye do?

18

SIR JOSHUA praised Rubens with a Smile
By calling his the ornamental Style;
[Because *del.*] And yet his praise of Flaxman was the smartest
When he call'd him the Ornamental Artist.
But sure such ornaments we well may spare,
[Like a filthy infectious head of hair *del.*]
[A Crooked Stick & louzy head of hair *del.*]
As Crooked limbs & louzy heads of hair.

19

HE is a Cock would . . .
And would be a Cock if he could . . .

20

HE has observ'd the Golden Rule
Till he's become the Golden Fool.

21

TO S——D

[HE *del.*] You all [his *del.*] your Youth observ'd the Golden Rule
Till [he's *del.*] you're at last become the golden fool.
I sport with Fortune, Merry, Blithe & Gay,
Like to the Lion Sporting with his Prey.
[He has *del.*] Take you the hide & horns which [he may wear *del.*]
[thou maist *del.*] you may wear:
Mine is the flesh—the bones may be [thy *del.*] your Share.

22

[MR. CROMEK TO *del.*] MR. STOTHARD TO MR. CROMEK

FOR Fortune's favours you your riches bring,
But Fortune says she gave you no such thing.
Why should you be ungrateful to your friends,
Sneaking & [Calumny *del.*] Backbiting & Odds & Ends?

23

MR. CROMEK TO MR. STOTHARD

FORTUNE favours the Brave, old Proverbs say;
But not with Money: that is not the way.
Turn back, turn back: you travel all in vain.
Turn thro' the iron gate down Sneaking lane.

24

I AM no Homer's Hero, you all know;
I profess not Generosity to a Foe.
My Generosity is to my Friends,
That for their Friendship I may make amends.
The Generous to Enemies promotes their Ends
And becomes the Enemy & Betrayer of his Friends.

25

THE Angel that presided o'er my birth
Said, " Little creature, [thou art form'd for Mirth *first rdg.*]
form'd of Joy & Mirth,
" Go love without the help of any Thing on Earth."

26

FLORENTINE INGRATITUDE

SIR JOSHUA sent his own Portrait to
The birth Place of Michael Angelo,
And in the hand of the simpering fool
He put a dirty paper scroll,
And on the paper, to be polite,
Did " Sketches by Michael Angelo " write.
[They said, " Thus Learning & Politeness from England we
fetch:
" (We thought Michael Angelo did never sketch *del.*)
" For No good Artist will or Can sketch,
" And 'tis English Politeness as fair as may . . .
" To (say *del.*) speak Michael Angelo & (mean *del.*) act
Rembrandt
" To speak Michael Angelo & mean Rembrandt." *del.*]

The Florentines said, " 'Tis a Dutch English bore,
" Michael Angelo's Name writ on Rembrandt's door."
The Florentines call it an English Fetch,
For Michael Angelo did never sketch.
Every line of his has Meaning
And needs neither Suckling nor Weaning.
[This Politeness, or is it Cant *del.*]
'Tis the trading English Venetian cant
To speak Michael Angelo & Act Rembrandt.
2 But You must not bring in your hand a Lie
2 If you mean the Florentines [to *del.*] should buy.
1 It will set his Dutch friends all in a roar
1 To write " Mich. Ang." on Rembrandt's Door.

Ghiotto's Circle or Apelles' Line
Were not the Work of Sketchers drunk with Wine,
Nor of the City Clark's warm hearted Fashion,
Nor of Sir Isaac Newton's Calculation,
Nor of the City Clark's Idle Facilities
Which sprang from Sir Isaac Newton's great Abilities

These Verses were written by a very Envious Man,
Who, whatever likeness he may have to Michael Angelo,
Never can have any to Sir Jehoshuan.

27

A PITIFUL CASE

THE Villain at the Gallows tree
When he is doom'd to die,
To assuage his misery
In Virtue's praise does cry.

So Reynolds when he came to die,
To assuage his bitter woe
Thus aloud [was heard to *del.*] does howl & cry:
" Michael Angelo! Michael Angelo! "

28

TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY

A STRANGE Erratum in all the Editions
Of Sir Joshua Reynolds' Lectures
Should be corrected by the Young Gentlemen
And the Royal Academy's directors.

Instead of " Michael Angelo "
Read " Rembrandt " [& you will know *del.*] for it is fit
[That Sir Joshua never wish'd to speak
Of Michael Angelo. *del.*]
To make [either sense or *del.*] meer common honesty
In all that he has writ.

29

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

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

They stole them from the Temple of the Lord,
And Worshipp'd them [to *del.*] that they might make
Inspired Art Abhorr'd.

The Wood & Stone were call'd The Holy Things
And their Sublime Intent given to their Kings,
All the Atonements of Jehovah spurn'd,
And Criminals to Sacrifices Turn'd.

30

ON F—— & S——

I FOUND [thee *altered to*] them blind: I taught [thee *altered to*] them how to see;
And now [thou *del.*] they know ['st *del.*] neither [thyself *del.*] themselves nor me.
'Tis Excellent to turn a thorn to a pin,
A [knave *del.*] Fool to a bolt, a [Fool *del.*] Knave to a glass of gin.

31

P—— loved me not as he lov'd his Friends,
For he lov'd them for gain to serve his Ends.
[But *del.*] He loved me [but *del.*] and for no Gain at all
But to rejoice & triumph in my fall.

32

TO forgive Enemies H. does pretend,
Who never in his Life forgave a friend.

33

TO F——

YOU call me Mad: 'tis Folly to do so—
To seek to turn a Madman to a Foe.
If you think as you speak, you are an Ass.
If you do not, you are [just *del.*] but what you was.

34

ON H——Y'S FRIENDSHIP

WHEN H—y finds out what you cannot do,
That is the very thing he'll set you to.
If you break not your Neck, 'tis not his fault,
[A *del.*] But pecks of poison['s *del.*] are not [a *del.*] pecks of salt.
And when he could not act upon my wife
Hired a Villain to bereave my Life.

35

SOME Men, created for destruction, come
Into the World & make the World their home.
[Friend Caiaphas is one, do what he can. *del.*]
Be they as Vile & Base as E'er they can,
[He'll *del.*] They'll still be called "The World's honest man."

36

ON S——

YOU say reserve & modesty he has,
[His *del.*] Whose heart is iron, his head wood, & his face brass,
The Fox, the Owl, the Beetle & the Bat
By sweet reserve & modesty [feed Fat *del.*] get Fat.

37

IMITATION OF POPE: A COMPLIMENT TO THE LADIES

WONDROUS the Gods, more wondrous are the Men,
More Wondrous Wondrous still the Cock & Hen,
More Wondrous still the Table, Stool & Chair;
But Ah! More wondrous still the Charming Fair.

38

TO H——

THY Friendship oft has made my heart to ake:
Do be my Enemy for Friendship's sake.

39

COSWAY, Frazer & Baldwin of Egypt's Lake
Fear to associate with Blake.
This Life is a Warfare against Evils;
They heal the sick: he casts out devils.
Hayley, Flaxman & Stothard are also in doubt
Lest their Virtue should be put to the rout.
One grins, [one *del.*] t'other spits & in corners hides,
And all the [Righteous *del.*] Virtuous have shewn their backsides.

40

AN EPITAPH

COME knock your heads against this stone
For sorrow that poor John Thompson's gone.

41

ANOTHER

I WAS buried near this Dike,
That my Friends may weep as much as they like.

42

ANOTHER

HERE lies John Trot, the Friend of all mankind:
He has not left one Enemy behind.
Friends were quite hard to find, old authors say;
But now they stand in every bodies way.

43

MY title as an [Artist *del.*] Genius thus is prov'd:
Not Prais'd by Hayley nor by Flaxman lov'd

44

[RUBENS had been a Statesman or a Saint *first rdg.*]
I, Rubens, am a Statesman & a Saint.
[He mix'd them both, & so he Learn'd to Paint *del.*]
Deceptions: And so I'll learn to Paint.

45

TO ENGLISH CONNOISSEURS

YOU must agree that Rubens was a Fool,
And yet you make him master of your School
And give more money for his slobberings
Than you will give for Rafael's finest Things.
I understood Christ was a Carpenter
And not a Brewer's Servant, my good Sir.

46

SWELL'D limbs, with no outline that you can descry,
That Stink in the Nose of a Stander-by.
But all the Pulp wash'd, painted, finish'd with labour
Of an hundred Journeymen—how d'ye do, Neighbour?

47

[A PRETTY EPIGRAM FOR THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN HIGH PRICES FOR BAD PICTURES *del.*]

A PRETTY EPIGRAM FOR [THOSE *del.*] THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THOSE WHO [PAY *del.*] HAVE PAID GREAT SUMS IN THE VENETIAN & FLEMISH OOZE

NATURE & Art in this together Suit:
What is Most Grand is always most Minute.
Rubens thinks Tables, Chairs & Stools are Grand,
But Rafael thinks A Head, a foot, a hand.

48

[LET it be told *del.*]
3 The Swallow sings in Courts of Kings
That Fools have their high finishings,
And this the Princes' golden rule,
The Laborious stumble of a Fool.
1 These are the Idiot's chiefest arts,
2 To blend & not define the Parts.
To make out the parts is the wise man's aim,
But to lose them the Fool makes his foolish Game.

49

RAFAEL Sublime, Majestic, Graceful, Wise,
His Executive Power must I despise?
Rubens Low, Vulgar, Stupid, Ignorant,
His power of Execution I must grant?
Learn the Laborious stumble of a Fool,
And from an Idiot's Actions form my rule?
Go send your Children to the Slobbering School!

50

IF I e'er Grow to Man's Estate,
O, Give to me a Woman's fate!
May I govern all, both great & small,
Have the last word & take the wall.

51

THE Cripple every Step Drudges & labours,
And says: "come, learn to walk of me, Good Neighbours."
Sir Joshua in astonishment cries out:
["His pains are more than others', there's no doubt." *del.*]
"See, what Great Labour! Pain in Modest Doubt!"
Newton & Bacon cry, being badly Nurst:
"He is all Experiments from last to first.
"He walks & stumbles as if he crep,
"And how high labour'd is every step!"

52

ON THE GREAT ENCOURAGEMENT GIVEN BY ENGLISH NOBILITY & GENTRY TO CORREGGIO, RUBENS, REMBRANDT, REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, CATALANI, DU CROWE, & DILBURY DOODLE

AS the Ignorant Savage will sell his own Wife
For a [Button, a Bauble (Buckle *del.*), a Bead or a *del.*] Sword or a Cutlass, a dagger or Knife,
So the [wise *del.*, Learned *del.*] taught, Savage Englishman [pours *del.*] spends his whole Fortune
[For *del.*] On a smear [& *del.*] or a squall [that is not *del.*] to destroy Picture or Tune,
And I call upon Colonel Wardle
To give these Rascals a dose of Cawdle.

53

GIVE pensions to the Learned Pig
Or the Hare playing on a Tabor;
Anglus can never see Perfection
But in the Journeyman's Labour.

54

ALL Pictures that's Painted with Sense & with Thought
Are Painted by Madmen as sure as a Groat;
For the Greater the Fool in the Pencil more blest,
And when they are drunk they always paint best.
They never can Rafael it, Fuseli it, nor Blake it;
If they can't see an outline, pray how can they make it?
When Men will draw outlines begin you to jaw them;
Madmen see outlines & therefore they draw them.

55

ON H—— THE PICK THANK

I WRITE the Rascal Thanks till he & I
With Thanks & Compliments are quite drawn dry.

56

CROMEK SPEAKS

I ALWAYS take my judgment from a Fool
Because [I know he always judges *del.*] his judgment is so very Cool,
Not prejudic'd by feelings great or small.
[Because we know *del.*]
Amiable state! he cannot feel at all.

57

ENGLISH ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART: CROMEK'S OPINIONS PUT INTO RHYME

[*First reading*]

IF you mean to Please Every body you will
Set to work both Ignorance & skill;
For a great [multitude *del.*] Mediocrity are Ignorant,
And skill to them seems raving & rant;
Like putting oil & water into a lamp,
'Twill make a great splutter with smoke & damp;
For there is no use, as it seems to me,
Of Lighting a Lamp when you don't wish to see.

[*Second reading*]

If you mean to Please Every body you will
Menny wouver both Bunglishness & skill,
For a great Conquest are Bunglers,
And Je nous . . . him [looks *del.*] like mad Rantery,
Like displaying oil & water in a lamp,
'Twill hold forth a huge splutter with smoke & damp;
For it's all sheer loss, as it seems to me,
Of displaying up a light when we want not to see.

58

WHEN you look at a picture, you always can see
If a Man of Sense has Painted he.
Then never flinch, but keep up a jaw
About freedom & Jenny sink awa'.
And, when it smells of the Lamp, we [all *del.*] can
Say all was owing to the Skilful Man.
For the smell of water is but small,
So e'en let Ignorance do it all.

59

YOU say their Pictures well Painted be,
And yet they are Blockheads you all agree.
Thank God, I never was sent to school
[To learn to admire the works of a Fool. *del.*]
To be Flog'd into following the Style of a Fool.

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

60

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG

I WASH'D them out & wash'd them in,
And they told me it was a great Sin.

61

WHEN I see a Rubens, Rembrandt, [or *del.*] Correggio,
I think of the Crippled Harry & Slobbering Joe;
And then I [say to myself *del.*] question thus: are artists' rules
To be drawn from the works of two manifest fools?
Then God defend us from the Arts I say!
Send Battle, Murder, Sudden death, [we *del.*] O pray!
Rather than [let *del.*] be such a blind Human Fool
I'd be an Ass, a Hog, a worm, a Chair, a Stool!

62

GREAT things are done when Men & Mountains meet;
This is not done by Jostling in the Street

63

LET a Man who has made a drawing go on & on & he will produce a Picture or Painting, but if he chooses to leave it before he has spoil'd it, he will do a Better Thing.

64

DELICATE Hands & Heads will never appear
While Titian's &c., (as in the Book of Moonlight, p. 5.)

65

I [HAVE given *del.*] give you the end of a golden string:
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's Gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

66

IF you play a Game of Chance, know, before you begin,
If you are benevolent you will never win.

67

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ[RE]

[*The first stanza erased and illegible*]

FOR this is being a Friend just in the nick,
Not when he's well, but waiting till he's sick.
He calls you to his help: be you not mov'd
Untill, by being Sick, his wants are prov'd.

You see him spend his Soul in Prophecy.
Do you believe it a confounded lie
Till some Bookseller & the Public Fame
Proves there is truth in his extravagant claim.

For 'tis [most wicked *del.*] atrocious in a Friend you love
To tell you any thing that he can't prove,
And 'tis most wicked in a Christian Nation
For any Man to pretend to Inspiration.

68

THE only Man that e'er I knew
Who did not make me almost spew
Was Fuseli: he was both Turk & Jew—
And so, [sweet *del.*] dear Christian Friends, how do you do?

69

I WILL tell you what Joseph of Arimathea
Said to my Fairy—was not it very queer?
Pliny & Trajan! what are you here?
Come listen to Joseph of Arimathea:
Listen patient, & when Joseph has done
'Twill make a fool laugh & a Fairy Fun.

70

GROWN old in Love from Seven till Seven times Seven,
I oft have wish'd for Hell for Ease from Heaven.

71

WHY was Cupid a Boy
And why a boy was he?
He should have been a Girl
For aught that I can see.

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

[Then *del.*] And to make Cupid a Boy
Was [surely a Woman's *del.*]
the Cupid Girl's mocking plan;
For a boy [never learns so much *del.*]
can't interpret the thing
Till he is become a man.

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

'Twas the Greeks' love of war
Turn'd Love into a Boy,
And Woman into a Statue of Stone—
And away fled every Joy.

72

FROM BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER,

AUGST. 4, 1811

" SALISBURY, July 29: A Bill of Indictment was preferred
" against Peter le Cave for Felony, but return'd Ignoramus by
" the Grand Jury. It appear'd that he was in extreme indigence,
" but was an Artist of very superior Merit, while he was in Wilton
" [Jail *del.*] Goal he painted many Pieces in the Style of Morland,
" some of which are stated to be even superior to the performances
" of that Artist, with whom Le Cave lived many years as a Pro-
" fessional Assistant & he states that many Paintings of his were
" only Varnished over by Morland & sold by that Artist as his own.
" Many of the Principal Gentlemen of the County have visited
" Le Cave in the Goal & declared his drawings & Paintings in
" many instances to excel Morland's. The Writer of this Article
" has seen many of Le Cave's Works & tho' he does not pretend to
" the knowledge of an artist, yet he considers them as Chaste
" delineations of Rural Objects."

Such is the Paragraph. It confirms the Suspition I entertain'd concerning those two [Painti . . . *del.*] I Engraved From for J. R. Smith—That Morland could not have Painted them, as they were the works of a Correct Mind & no Blurrer.

73

I ASK'D my dear Friend, Orator Prig:
" What's the first part of Oratory? " he said: " a great wig."
" And what is the second? " then dancing a jig
And bowing profoundly he said: " a great wig."
" And what is the third? " then he snor'd like a pig,
And [thrust out his cheeks & said *del.*] puffing his cheeks he replied:
" a Great wig."

So if a Great Painter with Questions you push,
" What's the first Part of Painting? " he'll say: " a Paint Brush."
" And what is the second? " with most modest blush,
He'll [nod, wink & smile & reply *first rdg.*] smile like a Cherub &
say: " a paint Brush."
" And what is the third? " he'll bow like a rush,
With a lear in his Eye, he'll reply: " a Paint Brush."
Perhaps this is all a Painter can want;
But look yonder—that house is the house of Rembrandt. &c.

(to come in Barry, a Poem.)

74

TO VENETIAN ARTISTS

THAT God is Colouring Newton does shew,
And the devil is a Black outline, all of us know.
Perhaps this little Fable &c.

[*on next page*]
Perhaps this little Fable may make us merry:
A dog went over the water without a wherry;
A bone which he had stolen he had in his mouth;
He cared not whether the wind was north or south.
As he swam he saw the reflection of the bone.
" This is quite Perfection, [here's two for one! what a brilliant
tone! *del.*] one Generalizing Tone! "
" Outline! There's no outline! There's no such thing!
" All is Chiaro Scuro, Poco Pen, [& *del.*] it's all colouring."
[Then he snaps & *del.*]
Snap, Snap! he has lost shadow & substance too.
He had them both before: now how do ye do?
" A great deal better than I was before.

" [I've tasted shadow & *del.*]
" Those who taste colouring love it more & more."
[Then Reynolds said: " O woman most sage! " *del.*]
" O dear Mother outline, [I'm not in a Rage *del.*] of knowledge most sage,
" What's the First Part of Painting? " she said: " Patronage."
" And what is the second? " to Please & Engage,
She frown'd like a Fury & said: " Patronage."
" And what is the Third? " she put off Old Age,
And smil'd like a Syren & said: " Patronage "

75

GREAT Men & Fools do often me Inspire,
But the Greater Fool, the Greater Liar.

76

BLAKE'S APOLOGY FOR HIS CATALOGUE

DRYDEN in Rhyme cries: " Milton only Plann'd."
Every Fool shook his bells throughout the Land.
Tom Cooke cut Hogarth down with his clean Graving.
[How many *del.*]
Thousands of Connoisseurs with joy ran raving.
Having Given great offence by writing in Prose,
I'll write in Rhyme as soft as [feather Pillows *del.*] Bartolloze.
Some blush at what others can see no crime in,
But Nobody [at all *del.*] sees any harm in Rhyming.
Thus Poor Schiavonetti died of the Cromek,
A thing that's tied about the Examiner's neck.
Thus Hayley on his Toilette seeing the sope,
Says, " Homer is very much improv'd by Pope."

Flaxman & Stothard, smelling a sweet savour,
Cry, " Blakified drawing spoils painter & Engraver."
9 While I looking up to my Umbrella,
10 Resolv'd to be a very Contrary Fellow,
11 Cry, [Tom Cooke proves *del.*] looking up from [Circumference *del.*] Skumference to Center,
12 " No one can finish so high as the original inventor."
Who cries, " all art is a fraud & Genius a trick,
" And Blake is an unfortunate Lunatic " ?
I've given great Provision to my Foes,
And now I'll lead my false friends by the Nose.
[*For fair copy see no.* 79]

77

FROM CRATELOS

ME Time has crook'd; no good workman
Is he. Infirm is all that he does . . .

78

I ALWAYS thought that Jesus Christ was a Snubby or I should not have worship'd him, if I had thought he had been one of those long spindle nosed rascals.

79

HAVING given great offence by writing in Prose,
I'll write in Verse as soft as Bartolloze.
Some blush at what others can see no crime in,
But nobody sees any harm in Rhyming.

Dryden in Rhyme cries, " Milton only plann'd! "
Every Fool shook his bells throughout the land.
Tom Cooke cut Hogarth down with his clean graving.
Thousands of Connoisseurs with joy ran raving.
Thus Hayley on his Toilette seeing the sope,
Cries, " Homer is very much improv'd by Pope."
Some say I've given great Provision to my foes,
And that now I lead my false friends by the nose.
Flaxman & Stothard smelling a sweet savour
Cry, " Blakified drawing spoils painter & Engraver,"
While I, looking up to my Umbrella,
Resolv'd to be a very contrary fellow,
Cry, looking quite from Skumference to Center,
" No one can finish so high as the original Inventor."
Thus Poor Schiavonetti died of the Cromek
A thing that's tied around the Examiner's neck.
This is my sweet apology to my friends,
That I may put them in mind of their latter ends.

80

IF Men will act like a maid smiling over a Churn,
They ought not, when it comes to another's turn,
To grow sower at what a friend may utter,
Knowing & feeling that we all have need of Butter.
False Friends! [O no *del.*] fie! fie! our Friendship [ne'er shall *del.*]
you shan't sever,
[For now *del.*] In spite we will be greater friends than ever.

81

23 May, 1810, found the Word Golden.

82

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

83

JESUS does not bear . . . he makes a Wide distinction between the Sheep & the Goats; consequently he is Not Charitable.

84

TO GOD

IF you have form'd a Circle to go into,
Go into it yourself & see how you would do.

85

SINCE all the Riches of this [visible *del.*] World
May be gifts from the Devil & Earthly Kings,
I should suspect that I worship'd the Devil
If I thank'd my God for [Worldly *del.* Earthly *del.*] Worldly things.

86

TO Chloe's breast young Cupid slily stole,
But he crept in at Myra's pocket hole.

87

THE Greatest part of what are call'd in England Old Pictures are Oil Colour Copies from Fresco Originals; the Comparison is Easily made & the copy detected. Note, I mean Fresco, Easel, or Cabinet Pictures on Canvas & Wood & Copper &c.

88

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

Spirit, who lov'st Brittannia's [Shore *del.*] Isle
Round which the Fiends of Commerce [roar *del.*] smile . . .

89

NAIL his neck to the Cross: nail it with a nail.
Nail his neck to the Cross: ye all have power over his tail.

90

THE [Visions *del.*] Caverns of the Grave I've seen,
And these I shew'd to England's Queen.
[And *del.*] But now the Caves of Hell I view:
Who shall I dare to shew them to?
What mighty Soul in Beauty's form
Shall [dare to *del.*] dauntless View the Infernal Storm?
Egremont's Countess [dare *del.*] can controll
The [waves *del.*] flames of Hell that round me roll.
If she refuse, I still go on
Till the Heavens & Earth are gone,
Still admir'd by [worthy *del.*] Noble minds,
Follow'd by Envy on the winds,
Re-engrav'd Time after Time,
Ever in their youthful prime,
My designs [shall still *del.*] unchang'd remain.
Time may rage but rage in vain.
For above Time's troubled Fountains
On the Great Atlantic Mountains,
In my Golden House on high,
There they Shine Eternally.

91

THE Modern Church Crucifies Christ with the Head Downwards.

92

I ROSE up at the dawn of day—
Get thee away! get thee away!
Pray'st thou for Riches? away! away!
This is the Throne of Mammon grey.

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

" I have Mental Joy & Mental Health
" And Mental Friends & Mental wealth;
" I've a Wife I love & that loves me;
" I've all But Riches Bodily.

" I am in God's presence night & day,
" And he never turns his face away.
" The accuser of sins by my side does stand
" And he holds my money bag in his hand.

" For [all that *del.*] my worldly things God makes him pay,
" And he'd pay more if to him I would Pray;
" And so you may do the worst you can do:
" Be assur'd Mr. devil I won't pray to you.

" Then If for Riches I must not pray,
" God knows I little of Prayers need say.
" So [*word del.*] as a Church is known by its Steeple,
" If I pray it must be for other People.

" He says, if I do not worship him for a God,
" I shall eat coarser food & go worse shod;
" So as I don't value such things as these,
" You must do, Mr. devil, just as God please."

[END OF EPIGRAMS, &C., FROM THE ROSSETTI MS. 1808-1811]

LETTER LXIII

TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND

19 *Dec*^{r}, 1808.

DEAR CUMBERLAND,

I AM very much obliged by your kind ardour in my cause, & should immediately Engage in reviewing my former pursuits of painting if I had not so long been turned out of the old channel into a new one, that it is impossible for me to return to it without destroying my present course. New Vanities, or rather new pleasures, occupy my thoughts. New profits seem to arise before me so tempting that I have already involved myself in engagements that preclude all possibility of promising anything. I have, however, the satisfaction to inform you that I have Myself begun to print an account of my various Inventions in Art, for which I have procured a Publisher, & am determin'd to pursue the plan of publishing what I may get printed without disarranging my time, which in future must alone be devoted to Designing & Painting [alone *del.*]. When I have got my work printed I will send it you first of any body; in the mean time, believe me to be

Your sincere friend,

WILL BLAKE.

[ADVERTISEMENT OF] EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN FRESCO, POETICAL AND HISTORICAL INVENTIONS, BY WM. BLAKE

Printed 1809

THE ANCIENT BRITONS—Three Ancient Britons overthrowing the Army of armed Romans; the Figures full as large as Life—From the Welch Triades.

In the last Battle that Arthur fought, the most Beautiful was one
That return'd, and the most Strong another: with them also return'd
The most Ugly, and no other beside return'd from the bloody Field.

The most Beautiful, the Roman Warriors trembled before and worshipped:
The most Strong, they melted before him and dissolved in his presence:
The most Ugly they fled with outcries and contortion of their Limbs.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS from *Chaucer*—a cabinet Picture in Fresco—Thirty Figures on Horse-back, in a brilliant Morning Scene.

Two Pictures, representing grand Apotheoses of NELSON and PITT, with variety of cabinet Pictures, unchangeable and permanent in Fresco, and Drawings for Public Inspection and for Sale by Private Contract, at

No. 28, *Corner of BROAD STREET, Golden-Square.*

"*Fit audience find tho' few*" MILTON.

Admittance 2s. 6d. each Person, a discriptive Catalogue included. [Containing Ample Illustrations on Art *added in MS.*]

ADVERTISEMENT

THE INVENTION OF A PORTABLE FRESCO

A WALL on Canvas or Wood, or any other portable thing, of dimensions ever so large, or ever so small, which may be removed with the same convenience as so many easel Pictures; is worthy the consideration of the Rich and those who have the direction of public Works. If the Frescos of APELLES, of PROTOGENES, of RAPHAEL, or MICHAEL ANGELO could have been removed, we might, perhaps, have them now in England. I could divide Westminster Hall, or the walls of any other great Building, into compartments and ornament them with Frescos, which would be removable at pleasure.

Oil will not drink or absorb Colour enough to stand the test of very little Time and of the Air; it grows yellow, and at length brown. It was never generally used till after VANDYKE's time. All the little old Pictures, called cabinet Pictures, are in Fresco, and not in Oil.

Fresco Painting is properly Miniature, or Enamel Painting; every thing in Fresco is as high finished as Miniature or Enamel, although in Works larger than Life. The Art has been lost: I have recovered it. How this was done, will be told, together with the whole Process, in a Work on Art, now in the Press. The ignorant Insults of Individuals will not hinder me from doing my duty to my Art. Fresco Painting, as it is now practised, is like most other things, the contrary of what it pretends to be.

The execution of my Designs, being all in Water-colours, (that is in Fresco) are regularly refused to be exhibited by the *Royal Academy*, and the *British Institution* has, this year, followed its example, and has effectually excluded me by this Resolution; I therefore invite those Noblemen and Gentlemen, who are its Subscribers, to inspect what they have excluded: and those who have been told that my Works are but an unscientific and irregular Eccentricity, a Madman's Scrawls, I demand of them to do me the justice to examine before they decide.

There cannot be more than two or three great Painters or Poets

in any Age or Country; and these, in a corrupt state of Society, are easily excluded, but not so easily obstructed. They have ex[c]luded Water-colours; it is therefore become necessary that I should exhibit to the Public, in an Exhibition of my own, my Designs, Painted in Water-colours. If Italy is enriched and made great by RAPHAEL, if MICHAEL ANGELO is its supreme glory, if Art is the glory of a Nation, if Genius and Inspiration are the great Origin and Bond of Society, the distinction my Works have obtained from those who best understand such things, calls for my Exhibition as the greatest of Duties to my Country.

[May 15, 1809 *added in MS.*] *WILLIAM BLAKE.*

[END OF ADVERTISEMENT]

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF PICTURES, POETICAL AND HISTORICAL INVENTIONS, PAINTED BY WILLIAM BLAKE IN WATER COLOURS, BEING THE ANCIENT METHOD OF FRESCO PAINTING RESTORED: AND DRAWINGS, FOR PUBLIC INSPECTION, AND FOR SALE BY PRIVATE CONTRACT

Printed 1809

CONDITIONS OF SALE

I. *One third of the price to be paid at the time of Purchase, and the remainder on Delivery.*

II. *The Pictures and Drawings to remain in the Exhibition till its close, which will be on the 29th of September* 1809; *and the Picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims, which is to be engraved, will be Sold only on condition of its remaining in the Artist's hands twelve months, when it will be delivered to the Buyer.*

PREFACE

THE eye that can prefer the Colouring of Titian and Rubens to that of Michael Angelo and Rafael, ought to be modest and to doubt its own powers. Connoisseurs talk as if Rafael and Michael Angelo had never seen the colouring of Titian or Correggio: They ought to know that Correggio was born two years before Michael Angelo, and Titian but four years after. Both Rafael and Michael Angelo knew the Venetian, and contemned and rejected all he did with the utmost disdain, as that which is fabricated for the purpose to destroy art.

Mr. B. appeals to the Public, from the judgment of those narrow

blinking eyes, that have too long governed art in a dark corner. The eyes of stupid cunning never will be pleased with the work any more than with the look of self-devoting genius. The quarrel of the Florentine with the Venetian is not because he does not understand Drawing, but because he does not understand Colouring. How should he, he who does not know how to draw a hand or a foot, know how to colour it?

Colouring does not depend on where the Colours are put, but on where the lights and darks are put, and all depends on Form or Outline. On where that is put; where that is wrong, the Colouring never can be right; and it is always wrong in Titian and Correggio, Rubens and Rembrandt. Till we get rid of Titian and Correggio, Rubens and Rembrandt, We shall never equal Rafael and Albert Durer, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano.

INDEX TO THE CATALOGUE

NUMBER		PAGE
I.	The Spiritual Form of Nelson guiding Leviathan	93
II.	The Spiritual Form of Pitt guiding Behemoth	93
III.	The Canterbury Pilgrims, from Chaucer	95
IV.	The Bard, from Gray	107
V.	The Ancient Britons	109
VI.	A Subject from Shakspeare	114
VII.	The Goats	114
VIII.	The Spiritual Preceptor	114
IX.	Satan calling up his Legions, from Milton	115
X.	The Bramins—A Drawing	117
XI.	The Body of Abel found by Adam and Eve, Cain fleeing away—A Drawing	117
XII.	Soldiers casting Lots for Christ's Garment—A Drawing	117
XIII.	Jacob's Ladder—A Drawing	117
XIV.	Angels hovering over the Body of Jesus in the Sepulchre —A Drawing	118
XV.	Ruth—A Drawing	118
XVI.	The Penance of Jane Shore—A Drawing	120



Plate XL

THE SPIRITUAL FORM OF NELSON GUIDING LEVIATHAN

NUMBER I.

The spiritual form of Nelson guiding Leviathan, in whose wreathings are infolded the Nations of the Earth.

Clearness and precision have been the chief objects in painting these Pictures. Clear colours unmudded by oil, and firm and determinate lineaments unbroken by shadows, which ought to display and not to hide form, as is the practice of the latter schools of Italy and Flanders.

NUMBER II, ITS COMPANION.

The spiritual form of Pitt, guiding Behemoth; he is that Angel who, pleased to perform the Almighty's orders, rides on the whirlwind, directing the storms of war: He is ordering the Reaper to reap the Vine of the Earth, and the Plowman to Plow up the Cities and Towers.

This Picture also is a proof of the power of colours unsullied with oil or with any cloggy vehicle. Oil has falsely been supposed to give strength to colours: but a little consideration must shew the fallacy of this opinion. Oil will not drink or absorb colour enough to stand the test of very little time and of the air. It deadens every colour it is mixed with, at its first mixture, and in a little time becomes a yellow mask over all that it touches. Let the works of modern Artists since Rubens' time witness the villainy of some one of that time, who first brought oil Painting into general opinion and practice: since which we have never had a Picture painted, that could shew itself by the side of an earlier production. Whether Rubens or Vandyke, or both, were guilty of this villainy, is to be enquired in another work on Painting, and who first forged the silly story and known falshood, about John of Bruges inventing oil colours: in the meantime let it be observed, that before Vandyke's time, and in his time all the genuine Pictures are on Plaster or Whiting grounds and none since.

The two pictures of Nelson and Pitt are compositions of a mythological cast, similar to those Apotheoses of Persian, Hindoo, and Egyptian Antiquity, which are still preserved on rude monuments,

being copies from some stupendous originals now lost or perhaps buried till some happier age. The Artist having been taken in vision into the ancient republics, monarchies, and patriarchates of Asia has seen those wonderful originals, called in the Sacred Scriptures the Cherubim, which were sculptured and painted on walls of Temples, Towers, Cities, Palaces, and erected in the highly cultivated states of Egypt, Moab, Edom, Aram, among the Rivers of Paradise, being originals from which the Greeks and Hetrurians copied Hercules Farnese, Venus of Medicis, Apollo Belvidere, and all the grand works of ancient art. They were executed in a very superior style to those justly admired copies, being with their accompaniments terrific and grand in the highest degree. The Artist has endeavoured to emulate the grandeur of those seen in his vision, and to apply it to modern Heroes, on a smaller scale.

No man can believe that either Homer's Mythology, or Ovid's, were the production of Greece or of Latium; neither will any one believe, that the Greek statues, as they are called, were the invention of Greek Artists; perhaps the Torso is the only original work remaining; all the rest are evidently copies, though fine ones, from greater works of the Asiatic Patriarchs. The Greek Muses are daughters of Mnemosyne, or Memory, and not of Inspiration or Imagination, therefore not authors of such sublime conceptions. Those wonderful originals seen in my visions, were some of them one hundred feet in height; some were painted as pictures, and some carved as basso relievos, and some as groupes of statues, all containing mythological and recondite meaning, where more is meant than meets the eye. The Artist wishes it was now the fashion to make such monuments, and then he should not doubt of having a national commission to execute these two Pictures on a scale that is suitable to the grandeur of the nation, who is the parent of his heroes, in high finished fresco, where the colours would be as pure and as permanent as precious stones, though the figures were one hundred feet in height.

All Frescoes are as high finished as miniatures or enamels, and they are known to be unchangeable; but oil, being a body itself,



Plate XLI

THE SPIRITUAL FORM OF PITT GUIDING BEHEMOTH

will drink or absorb very little colour, and changing yellow, and at length brown, destroys every colour it is mixed with, especially every delicate colour. It turns every permanent white to a yellow and brown putty, and has compelled the use of that destroyer of colour, white lead; which, when its protecting oil is evaporated, will become lead again. This is an awful thing to say to oil Painters; they may call it madness, but it is true. All genuine old little pictures, called Cabinet Pictures, are in fresco and not in oil. Oil was not used, except by blundering ignorance, till after Vandyke's time, but the art of fresco painting being lost, oil became a fetter to genius, and a dungeon to art. But one convincing proof among many others, that these assertions are true is, that real gold and silver cannot be used with oil, as they are in all the old pictures and in Mr. B.'s frescoes.

NUMBER III.

Sir Jeffery Chaucer and the nine and twenty Pilgrims on their journey to Canterbury.

The time chosen is early morning, before sunrise, when the jolly company are just quitting the Tabarde Inn. The Knight and Squire with the Squire's Yeoman lead the Procession; next follow the youthful Abbess, her nun and three priests; her greyhounds attend her—

" Of small hounds had she, that she fed
" With roast flesh, milk and wastel bread."

Next follow the Friar and Monk; then the Tapiser, the Pardoner, and the Somner and Manciple. After these " Our Host," who occupies the center of the cavalcade; directs them to the Knight as the person who would be likely to commence their task of each telling a tale in their order. After the Host follows the Shipman, the Haberdasher, the Dyer, the Franklin, the Physician, the Plowman, the Lawyer, the poor Parson, the Merchant, the Wife of Bath, the Miller, the Cook, the Oxford Scholar, Chaucer himself, and the Reeve comes as Chaucer has described:

" And ever he rode hinderest of the rout."

These last are issuing from the gateway of the Inn; the Cook and the Wife of Bath are both taking their morning's draft of comfort. Spectators stand at the gateway of the Inn, and are composed of an old Man, a Woman, and Children.

The Landscape is an eastward view of the country, from the Tabarde Inn, in Southwark, as it may be supposed to have appeared in Chaucer's time, interspersed with cottages and villages; the first beams of the Sun are seen above the horizon; some buildings and spires indicate the situation of the great City; the Inn is a gothic building, which Thynne in his Glossary says was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde, by Winchester. On the Inn is inscribed its title, and a proper advantage is taken of this circumstance to describe the subject of the Picture. The words written over the gateway of the Inn are as follow: " The Tabarde Inn, by Henry Baillie, the " lodgynge-house for Pilgrims, who journey to Saint Thomas's " Shrine at Canterbury."

The characters of Chaucer's Pilgrims are the characters which compose all ages and nations: as one age falls, another rises, different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same; for we see the same characters repeated again and again, in animals, vegetables, minerals, and in men; nothing new occurs in identical existence; Accident ever varies, Substance can never suffer change nor decay.

Of Chaucer's characters, as described in his Canterbury Tales, some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves for ever remain unaltered, and consequently they are the physiognomies or lineaments of universal human life, beyond which Nature never steps. Names alter, things never alter. I have known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of monkery, who in this deistical age are deists. As Newton numbered the stars, and as Linneus numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men.

The Painter has consequently varied the heads and forms of his personages into all Nature's varieties; the Horses he has also varied to accord to their Riders; the costume is correct according to authentic monuments.



THE CANTERBU



Plate XLII

ILGRIMS

The Knight and Squire with the Squire's Yeoman lead the procession, as Chaucer has also placed them first in his prologue. The Knight is a true Hero, a good, great, and wise man; his whole length portrait on horseback, as written by Chaucer, cannot be surpassed. He has spent his life in the field; has ever been a conqueror, and is that species of character which in every age stands as the guardian of man against the oppressor. His son is like him with the germ of perhaps greater perfection still, as he blends literature and the arts with his warlike studies. Their dress and their horses are of the first rate, without ostentation, and with all the true grandeur that unaffected simplicity when in high rank always displays. The Squire's Yeoman is also a great character, a man perfectly knowing in his profession:

> " And in his hand he bare a mighty bow."

Chaucer describes here a mighty man; one who in war is the worthy attendant on noble heroes.

The Prioress follows these with her female chaplain:

> " Another Nonne also with her had she,
> " That was her Chaplaine, and Priests three."

This Lady is described also as of the first rank, rich and honoured. She has certain peculiarities and little delicate affectations, not unbecoming in her, being accompanied with what is truly grand and really polite; her person and face Chaucer has described with minuteness; it is very elegant, and was the beauty of our ancestors, till after Elizabeth's time, when voluptuousness and folly began to be accounted beautiful.

Her companion and her three priests were no doubt all perfectly delineated in those parts of Chaucer's work which are now lost; we ought to suppose them suitable attendants on rank and fashion.

The Monk follows these with the Friar. The Painter has also grouped with these the Pardoner and the Sompnour and the Manciple, and has here also introduced one of the rich citizens of

London: Characters likely to ride in company, all being above the common rank in life or attendants on those who were so.

For the Monk is described by Chaucer as a man of the first rank in society, noble, rich, and expensively attended; he is a leader of the age, with certain humorous accompaniments in his character, that do not degrade, but render him an object of dignified mirth, but also with other accompaniments not so respectable.

The Friar is a character also of a mixed kind:

" A friar there was, a wanton and a merry."

but in his office he is said to be a " full solemn man ": eloquent, amorous, witty, and satyrical; young, handsome, and rich; he is a complete rogue, with constitutional gaiety enough to make him a master of all the pleasures of the world.

" His neck was white as the flour de lis,
" Thereto strong he was as a champioun."

It is necessary here to speak of Chaucer's own character, that I may set certain mistaken critics right in their conception of the humour and fun that occurs on the journey. Chaucer is himself the great poetical observer of men, who in every age is born to record and eternize its acts. This he does as a master, as a father, and superior, who looks down on their little follies from the Emperor to the Miller; sometimes with severity, oftener with joke and sport.

Accordingly Chaucer has made his Monk a great tragedian, one who studied poetical art. So much so, that the generous Knight is, in the compassionate dictates of his soul, compelled to cry out:

" ' Ho,' quoth the Knyght,—' good Sir, no more of this;
" ' That ye have said is right ynough I wis;
" ' And mokell more, for little heaviness
" ' Is right enough for much folk, as I guesse.
" ' I say, for me, it is a great disease,
" ' Whereas men have been in wealth and ease,
" ' To heare of their sudden fall, alas,
" ' And the contrary is joy and solas.' "

The Monk's definition of tragedy in the proem to his tale is worth repeating:

> " Tragedie is to tell a certain story,
> " As old books us maken memory,
> " Of hem that stood in great prosperity,
> " And be fallen out of high degree,
> " Into miserie, and ended wretchedly."

Though a man of luxury, pride and pleasure, he is a master of art and learning, though affecting to despise it. Those who can think that the proud Huntsman and Noble Housekeeper, Chaucer's Monk, is intended for a buffoon or a burlesque character, know little of Chaucer.

For the Host who follows this group, and holds the center of the cavalcade, is a first rate character, and his jokes are no trifles; they are always, though uttered with audacity, and equally free with the Lord and the Peasant, they are always substantially and weightily expressive of knowledge and experience; Henry Baillie, the keeper of the greatest Inn of the greatest City, for such was the Tabarde Inn in Southwark, near London: our Host was also a leader of the age.

By way of illustration, I instance Shakspeare's Witches in Macbeth. Those who dress them for the stage, consider them as wretched old women, and not as Shakspeare intended, the Goddesses of Destiny; this shews how Chaucer has been misunderstood in his sublime work. Shakspeare's Fairies also are the rulers of the vegetable world, and so are Chaucer's; let them be so considered, and then the poet will be understood, and not else.

But I have omitted to speak of a very prominent character, the Pardoner, the Age's Knave, who always commands and domineers over the high and low vulgar. This man is sent in every age for a rod and scourge, and for a blight, for a trial of men, to divide the classes of men; he is in the most holy sanctuary, and he is suffered by Providence for wise ends, and has also his great use, and his grand leading destiny.

His companion, the Sompnour, is also a Devil of the first magnitude, grand, terrific, rich and honoured in the rank of which he holds the destiny. The uses to Society are perhaps equal of the Devil and of the Angel, their sublimity, who can dispute.

" In daunger had he at his own gise,
" The young girls of his diocese,
" And he knew well their counsel, &c."

The principal figure in the next groupe, is the Good Parson; an Apostle, a real Messenger of Heaven, sent in every age for its light and its warmth. This man is beloved and venerated by all, and neglected by all: He serves all, and is served by none; he is, according to Christ's definition, the greatest of his age. Yet he is a Poor Parson of a town. Read Chaucer's description of the Good Parson, and bow the head and the knee to him, who, in every age, sends us such a burning and a shining light. Search, O ye rich and powerful, for these men and obey their counsel, then shall the golden age return: But alas! you will not easily distinguish him from the Friar or the Pardoner; they, also, are " full solemn men," and their counsel you will continue to follow.

I have placed by his side the Sergeant at Lawe, who appears delighted to ride in his company, and between him and his brother, the Plowman; as I wish men of Law would always ride with them, and take their counsel, especially in all difficult points. Chaucer's Lawyer is a character of great venerableness, a Judge, and a real master of the jurisprudence of his age.

The Doctor of Physic is in this groupe, and the Franklin the voluptuous country gentleman, contrasted with the Physician, and on his other hand, with two Citizens of London. Chaucer's characters live age after age. Every age is a Canterbury Pilgrimage; we all pass on, each sustaining one or other of these characters; nor can a child be born, who is not one of these characters of Chaucer. The Doctor of Physic is described as the first of his profession; perfect, learned, completely Master and Doctor in his art. Thus the reader will observe, that Chaucer makes every one of his characters

perfect in his kind; every one is an Antique Statue; the image of a class, and not of an imperfect individual.

This groupe also would furnish substantial matter, on which volumes might be written. The Franklin is one who keeps open table, who is the genius of eating and drinking, the Bacchus; as the Doctor of Physic is the Esculapius, the Host is the Silenus, the Squire is the Apollo, the Miller is the Hercules, &c. Chaucer's characters are a description of the eternal Principles that exist in all ages. The Franklin is voluptuousness itself, most nobly pourtrayed:

" It snewed in his house of meat and drink."

The Plowman is simplicity itself, with wisdom and strength for its stamina. Chaucer has divided the ancient character of Hercules between his Miller and his Plowman. Benevolence is the plowman's great characteristic; he is thin with excessive labour, and not with old age, as some have supposed:

" He would thresh, and thereto dike and delve
" For Christe's sake, for every poore wight,
" Withouten hire, if it lay in his might."

Visions of these eternal principles or characters of human life appear to poets, in all ages; the Grecian gods were the ancient Cherubim of Phoenicia; but the Greeks, and since them the Moderns, have neglected to subdue the gods of Priam. These gods are visions of the eternal attributes, or divine names, which, when erected into gods, become destructive to humanity. They ought to be the servants, and not the masters of man, or of society. They ought to be made to sacrifice to Man, and not man compelled to sacrifice to them; for when separated from man or humanity, who is Jesus the Saviour, the vine of eternity, they are thieves and rebels, they are destroyers.

The Plowman of Chaucer is Hercules in his supreme eternal state, divested of his spectrous shadow; which is the Miller, a terrible fellow, such as exists in all times and places for the trial of men, to

astonish every neighbourhood with brutal strength and courage, to get rich and powerful to curb the pride of Man.

The Reeve and the Manciple are two characters of the most consummate worldly wisdom. The Shipman, or Sailor, is a similar genius of Ulyssean art; but with the highest courage superadded.

The Citizens and their Cook are each leaders of a class. Chaucer has been somehow made to number four citizens, which would make his whole company, himself included, thirty-one. But he says there was but nine and twenty in his company:

" Full nine and twenty in a company."

The Webbe, or Weaver, and the Tapiser, or Tapestry Weaver, appear to me to be the same person; but this is only an opinion, for full nine and twenty may signify one more or less. But I dare say that Chaucer wrote " A Webbe Dyer," that is, a Cloth Dyer:

" A Webbe Dyer, and a Tapiser."

The Merchant cannot be one of the Three Citizens, as his dress is different, and his character is more marked, whereas Chaucer says of his rich citizens:

" All were yclothed in o liverie."

The characters of Women Chaucer has divided into two classes, the Lady Prioress and the Wife of Bath. Are not these leaders of the ages of men? The lady prioress, in some ages, predominates; and in some the wife of Bath, in whose character Chaucer has been equally minute and exact, because she is also a scourge and a blight. I shall say no more of her, nor expose what Chaucer has left hidden; let the young reader study what he has said of her: it is useful as a scare-crow. There are of such characters born too many for the peace of the world.

I come at length to the Clerk of Oxenford. This character varies from that of Chaucer, as the contemplative philosopher varies from the poetical genius. There are always these two classes of learned sages, the poetical and the philosophical. The painter has

put them side by side, as if the youthful clerk had put himself under the tuition of the mature poet. Let the Philosopher always be the servant and scholar of inspiration and all will be happy.

Such are the characters that compose this Picture, which was painted in self-defence against the insolent and envious imputation of unfitness for finished and scientific art; and this imputation, most artfully and industriously endeavoured to be propagated among the public by ignorant hirelings. The painter courts comparison with his competitors, who, having received fourteen hundred guineas and more, from the profits of his designs in that well-known work, Designs for Blair's Grave, have left him to shift for himself, while others, more obedient to an employer's opinions and directions, are employed, at a great expence, to produce works, in succession to his, by which they acquired public patronage. This has hitherto been his lot—to get patronage for others and then to be left and neglected, and his work, which gained that patronage, cried down as eccentricity and madness; as unfinished and neglected by the artist's violent temper; he is sure the works now exhibited will give the lie to such aspersions.

Those who say that men are led by interest are knaves. A knavish character will often say, 'of what interest is it to me to do so and so?' I answer, 'of none at all, but the contrary, as you well 'know. It is of malice and envy that you have done this; hence I am 'aware of you, because I know that you act, not from interest, but 'from malice, even to your own destruction.' It is therefore become a duty which Mr. B. owes to the Public, who have always recognized him, and patronized him, however hidden by artifices, that he should not suffer such things to be done, or be hindered from the public Exhibition of his finished productions by any calumnies in future.

The character and expression in this picture could never have been produced with Rubens's light and shadow, or with Rembrandt's, or anything Venetian or Flemish. The Venetian and Flemish practice is broken lines, broken masses, and broken colours. Mr. B.'s practice is unbroken lines, unbroken masses, and

unbroken colours. Their art is to lose form; his art is to find form, and to keep it. His arts are opposite to theirs in all things.

As there is a class of men whose whole delight is the destruction of men, so there is a class of artist, whose whole art and science is fabricated for the purpose of destroying art. Who these are is soon known: " by their works ye shall know them." All who endeavour to raise up a style against Rafael, Mich. Angelo, and the Antique; those who separate Painting from Drawing; who look if a picture is well Drawn, and, if it is, immediately cry out, that it cannot be well Coloured,—those are the men.

But to shew the stupidity of this class of men nothing need be done but to examine my rival's prospectus.

The two first characters in Chaucer, the Knight and the Squire, he has put among his rabble; and indeed his prospectus calls the Squire the fop of Chaucer's age. Now hear Chaucer:

" Of his Stature, he was of even length,
" And wonderly deliver, and of great strength;
" And he had be sometime in Chivauchy,
" In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy,
" And borne him well, as of so litele space."

Was this a fop?

" Well could he sit a horse, and faire ride,
" He could songs make, and eke well indite
" Just, and eke dance, pourtray, and well write."

Was this a fop?

" Curteis he was, and meek, and serviceable;
" And kerft before his fader at the table "

Was this a fop?

It is the same with all his characters; he has done all by chance, or perhaps his fortune,—money, money. According to his prospectus he has Three Monks; these he cannot find in Chaucer, who has only One Monk, and that no vulgar character, as he has

endeavoured to make him. When men cannot read they should not pretend to paint. To be sure Chaucer is a little difficult to him who has only blundered over novels, and catchpenny trifles of booksellers. Yet a little pains ought to be taken even by the ignorant and weak. He has put The Reeve, a vulgar fellow, between his Knight and Squire, as if he was resolved to go contrary in every thing to Chaucer, who says of the Reeve:

" And ever he rode hinderest of the rout."

In this manner he has jumbled his dumb dollies together and is praised by his equals for it; for both himself and his friend are equally masters of Chaucer's language. They both think that the Wife of Bath is a young, beautiful, blooming damsel, and H—— says, that she is the Fair Wife of Bath, and that the Spring appears in her Cheeks. Now hear what Chaucer has made her say of herself, who is no modest one:

" ' But Lord when it remembereth me
" ' Upon my youth and on my jollity
" ' It tickleth me about the heart root,
" ' Unto this day it doth my heart boot,
" ' That I have had my world as in my time;
" ' But age, alas, that all will envenime
" ' Hath me bireft my beauty and my pith
" ' Let go; farewell: the Devil go therewith,
" ' The flower is gone; there is no more to tell
" ' The bran, as best I can, I now mote sell;
" ' And yet to be right merry will I fond,—
" ' Now forth to tell about my fourth husband.' "

She has had four husbands, a fit subject for this painter; yet the painter ought to be very much offended with his friend H——, who has called his " a common scene," " and very ordinary forms," which is the truest part of all, for it is so, and very wretchedly so indeed. What merit can there be in a picture of which such words are spoken with truth?

But the prospectus says that the Painter has represented Chaucer himself as a knave, who thrusts himself among honest people, to make game of and laugh at them; though I must do justice to the painter, and say that he has made him look more like a fool than a knave. But it appears in all the writings of Chaucer, and particularly in his Canterbury Tales, that he was very devout, and paid respect to true enthusiastic superstition. He has laughed at his knaves and fools, as I do now. But he has respected his True Pilgrims, who are a majority of his company, and are not thrown together in the random manner that Mr. S—— has done. Chaucer has no where called the Plowman old, worn out with age and labour, as the prospectus has represented him, and says that the picture has done so too. He is worn down with labour, but not with age. How spots of brown and yellow, smeared about at random, can be either young or old, I cannot see. It may be an old man; it may be a young one; it may be any thing that a prospectus pleases. But I know that where there are no lineaments there can be no character. And what connoisseurs call touch, I know by experience, must be the destruction of all character and expression, as it is of every lineament.

The scene of Mr. S——'s Picture is by Dulwich Hills, which was not the way to Canterbury; but perhaps the painter thought he would give them a ride round about, because they were a burlesque set of scare-crows, not worth any man's respect or care.

But the painter's thoughts being always upon gold, he has introduced a character that Chaucer has not; namely, a Goldsmith; for so the prospectus tells us. Why he introduced a Goldsmith, and what is the wit of it, the prospectus does not explain. But it takes care to mention the reserve and modesty of the Painter; this makes a good epigram enough:

> " The fox, the owl, the spider, and the mole,
> " By sweet reserve and modesty grow fat."

But the prospectus tells us, that the painter has introduced a Sea Captain; Chaucer has a Ship-man, a Sailor, a Trading Master of a



Plate XLIII

THE BARD, FROM GRAY

Vessel, called by courtesy Captain, as every master of a boat is; but this does not make him a Sea Captain. Chaucer has purposely omitted such a personage, as it only exists in certain periods: it is the soldier by sea. He who would be a Soldier in inland nations is a sea captain in commercial nations.

All is misconceived, and its mis-execution is equal to its misconception. I have no objection to Rubens and Rembrandt being employed, or even to their living in a palace; but it shall not be at the expence of Rafael and Michael Angelo living in a cottage, and in contempt and derision. I have been scorned long enough by these fellows, who owe me all that they have; it shall be so no longer.

" I found them blind, I taught them how to see;
" And, now, they know me not, nor yet themselves."

NUMBER IV.

The Bard, from Gray.

" On a rock, whose haughty brow
" Frown'd o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
" Robed in the sable garb of woe,
" With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
" Loose his beard, and hoary hair
" Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding sheet of Edward's race."

Weaving the winding sheet of Edward's race by means of sounds of spiritual music and its accompanying expressions of articulate speech is a bold, and daring, and most masterly conception, that the public have embraced and approved with avidity. Poetry consists in these conceptions; and shall Painting be confined to the sordid drudgery of fac-simile representations of merely mortal and perishing substances, and not be as poetry and music are, elevated

into its own proper sphere of invention and visionary conception? No, it shall not be so! Painting, as well as poetry and music, exists and exults in immortal thoughts. If Mr. B.'s Canterbury Pilgrims had been done by any other power than that of the poetic visionary, it would have been just as dull as his adversary's.

The Spirits of the murdered bards assist in weaving the deadly woof:

> " With me in dreadful harmony they join
> " And weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line."

The connoisseurs and artists who have made objections to Mr. B.'s mode of representing spirits with real bodies, would do well to consider that the Venus, the Minerva, the Jupiter, the Apollo, which they admire in Greek statues are all of them representations of spiritual existences, of Gods immortal, to the mortal perishing organ of sight; and yet they are embodied and organized in solid marble. Mr. B. requires the same latitude, and all is well. The Prophets describe what they saw in Vision as real and existing men, whom they saw with their imaginative and immortal organs; the Apostles the same; the clearer the organ the more distinct the object. A Spirit and a Vision are not, as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour, or a nothing: they are organized and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce. He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light than his perishing and mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organized than any thing seen by his mortal eye. Spirits are organized men. Moderns wish to draw figures without lines, and with great and heavy shadows; are not shadows more unmeaning than lines, and more heavy? O who can doubt this!

King Edward and his Queen Elenor are prostrated, with their horses, at the foot of a rock on which the Bard stands; prostrated by the terrors of his harp on the margin of the river Conway, whose

waves bear up a corse of a slaughtered bard at the foot of the rock. The armies of Edward are seen winding among the mountains.

"He wound with toilsome march his long array."

Mortimer and Gloucester lie spell bound behind their king.
The execution of this picture is also in Water Colours, or Fresco.

NUMBER V.

The Ancient Britons

In the last Battle of King Arthur, only Three Britons escaped; these were the Strongest Man, the Beautifullest Man, and the Ugliest Man; these three marched through the field unsubdued, as Gods, and the Sun of Britain set, but shall arise again with tenfold splendor when Arthur shall awake from sleep, and resume his dominion over earth and ocean.

The three general classes of men who are represented by the most Beautiful, the most Strong, and the most Ugly, could not be represented by any historical facts but those of our own country, the Ancient Britons, without violating costume. The Britons (say historians) were naked civilized men, learned, studious, abstruse in thought and contemplation; naked, simple, plain in their acts and manners; wiser than after-ages. They were overwhelmed by brutal arms, all but a small remnant; Strength, Beauty, and Ugliness escaped the wreck, and remain for ever unsubdued, age after age.

The British Antiquities are now in the Artist's hands; all his visionary contemplations, relating to his own country and its ancient glory, when it was, as it again shall be, the source of learning and inspiration. Arthur was a name for the constellation Arcturus, or Boötes, the keeper of the North Pole. And all the fables of Arthur and his round table; of the warlike naked Britons; of Merlin; of Arthur's conquest of the whole world; of his death, or sleep, and promise to return again; of the Druid monuments or temples; of the pavement of Watling-street; of London stone; of the caverns in Cornwall, Wales, Derbyshire, and Scotland; of the Giants of Ireland and Britain; of the elemental beings called by us by the general name of Fairies; and of these three who escaped,

namely Beauty, Strength, and Ugliness. Mr. B. has in his hands poems of the highest antiquity. Adam was a Druid, and Noah; also Abraham was called to succeed the Druidical age, which began to turn allegoric and mental signification into corporeal command, whereby human sacrifice would have depopulated the earth. All these things are written in Eden. The artist is an inhabitant of that happy country; and if every thing goes on as it has begun, the world of vegetation and generation may expect to be opened again to Heaven, through Eden, as it was in the beginning.

The Strong Man represents the human sublime. The Beautiful Man represents the human pathetic, which was in the wars of Eden divided into male and female. The Ugly Man represents the human reason. They were originally one man, who was fourfold. He was self-divided, and his real humanity slain on the stems of generation, and the form of the fourth was like the Son of God. How he became divided is a subject of great sublimity and pathos. The Artist has written it under inspiration, and will, if God please, publish it; it is voluminous, and contains the ancient history of Britain, and the world of Satan and of Adam.

In the mean time he has painted this Picture, which supposes that in the reign of that British Prince, who lived in the fifth century, there were remains of those naked Heroes in the Welch Mountains; they are there now, Gray saw them in the person of his bard on Snowdon; there they dwell in naked simplicity; happy is he who can see and converse with them above the shadows of generation and death. The giant Albion, was Patriarch of the Atlantic; he is the Atlas of the Greeks, one of those the Greeks called Titans. The stories of Arthur are the acts of Albion, applied to a Prince of the fifth century, who conquered Europe, and held the Empire of the world in the dark age, which the Romans never again recovered. In this Picture, believing with Milton the ancient British History, Mr. B. has done, as all the ancients did, and as all the moderns, who are worthy of fame, given the historical fact in its poetical vigour so as it always happens, and not in that dull way that some Historians pretend, who, being weakly organized themselves, can-

not see either miracle or prodigy; all is to them a dull round of probabilities and possibilities; but the history of all times and places is nothing else but improbabilities and impossibilities; what we should say, was impossible if we did not see it always before our eyes.

The antiquities of every Nation under Heaven, is no less sacred than that of the Jews. They are the same thing, as Jacob Bryant and all antiquaries have proved. How other antiquities came to be neglected and disbelieved, while those of the Jews are collected and arranged, is an enquiry worthy both of the Antiquarian and the Divine. All had originally one language, and one religion: this was the religion of Jesus, the everlasting Gospel. Antiquity preaches the Gospel of Jesus. The reasoning historian, turner and twister of causes and consequences, such as Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire, cannot with all their artifice turn or twist one fact or disarrange self evident action and reality. Reasons and opinions concerning acts are not history. Acts themselves alone are history, and these are neither the exclusive property of Hume, Gibbon, nor Voltaire, Echard, Rapin, Plutarch, nor Herodotus. Tell me the Acts, O historian, and leave me to reason upon them as I please; away with your reasoning and your rubbish! All that is not action is not worth reading. Tell me the What; I do not want you to tell me the Why, and the How; I can find that out myself, as well as you can, and I will not be fooled by you into opinions, that you please to impose, to disbelieve what you think improbable or impossible. His opinions, who does not see spiritual agency, is not worth any man's reading; he who rejects a fact because it is improbable, must reject all History and retain doubts only.

It has been said to the Artist, " take the Apollo for the model of " your beautiful Man, and the Hercules for your strong Man, and the " Dancing Fawn for your Ugly Man." Now he comes to his trial. He knows that what he does is not inferior to the grandest Antiques. Superior they cannot be, for human power cannot go beyond either what he does, or what they have done; it is the gift of God, it is inspiration and vision. He had resolved to emulate those precious

remains of antiquity; he has done so and the result you behold; his ideas of strength and beauty have not been greatly different. Poetry as it exists now on earth, in the various remains of ancient authors, Music as it exists in old tunes or melodies, Painting and Sculpture as it exists in the remains of Antiquity and in the works of more modern genius, is Inspiration, and cannot be surpassed; it is perfect and eternal. Milton, Shakspeare, Michael Angelo, Rafael, the finest specimens of Ancient Sculpture and Painting and Architecture, Gothic, Grecian, Hindoo and Egyptian, are the extent of the human mind. The human mind cannot go beyond the gift of God, the Holy Ghost. To suppose that Art can go beyond the finest specimens of Art that are now in the world, is not knowing what Art is; it is being blind to the gifts of the spirit.

It will be necessary for the Painter to say something concerning his ideas of Beauty, Strength and Ugliness.

The Beauty that is annexed and appended to folly, is a lamentable accident and error of the mortal and perishing life; it does but seldom happen; but with this unnatural mixture the sublime Artist can have nothing to do; it is fit for the burlesque. The Beauty proper for sublime art is lineaments, or forms and features that are capable of being the receptacles of intellect; accordingly the Painter has given in his Beautiful Man, his own idea of intellectual Beauty. The face and limbs that deviates or alters least, from infancy to old age, is the face and limbs of greatest Beauty and perfection.

The Ugly, likewise, when accompanied and annexed to imbecility and disease, is a subject for burlesque and not for historical grandeur; the Artist has imagined his Ugly Man, one approaching to the beast in features and form, his forehead small, without frontals; his jaws large; his nose high on the ridge, and narrow; his chest, and the stamina of his make, comparatively little, and his joints and his extremities large; his eyes, with scarce any whites, narrow and cunning, and every thing tending toward what is truly Ugly, the incapability of intellect.

The Artist has considered his strong Man as a receptacle of Wisdom, a sublime energizer; his features and limbs do not spindle

out into length without strength, nor are they too large and unwieldy for his brain and bosom. Strength consists in accumulation of power to the principal seat, and from thence a regular gradation and subordination; strength is compactness, not extent nor bulk.

The strong Man acts from conscious superiority, and marches on in fearless dependance on the divine decrees, raging with the inspirations of a prophetic mind. The Beautiful Man acts from duty and anxious solicitude for the fates of those for whom he combats. The Ugly Man acts from love of carnage, and delight in the savage barbarities of war, rushing with sportive precipitation into the very jaws of the affrighted enemy.

The Roman Soldiers rolled together in a heap before them: "Like the rolling thing before the whirlwind"; each shew a different character, and a different expression of fear, or revenge, or envy, or blank horror, or amazement, or devout wonder and unresisting awe.

The dead and the dying, Britons naked, mingled with armed Romans, strew the field beneath. Among these the last of the Bards who were capable of attending warlike deeds, is seen falling, outstretched among the dead and the dying, singing to his harp in the pains of death.

Distant among the mountains are Druid Temples, similar to Stone Henge. The Sun sets behind the mountains, bloody with the day of battle.

The flush of health in flesh exposed to the open air, nourished by the spirits of forests and floods in that ancient happy period, which history has recorded, cannot be like the sickly daubs of Titian or Rubens. Where will the copier of nature as it now is, find a civilized man, who is accustomed to go naked? Imagination only can furnish us with colouring appropriate, such as is found in the Frescos of Rafael and Michael Angelo: the disposition of forms always directs colouring in works of true art. As to a modern Man, stripped from his load of cloathing he is like a dead corpse. Hence Rubens, Titian, Correggio and all of that class, are like leather and chalk; their men are like leather, and their women like chalk,

for the disposition of their forms will not admit of grand colouring; in Mr. B.'s Britons the blood is seen to circulate in their limbs; he defies competition in colouring.

NUMBER VI.

"*A Spirit vaulting from a cloud to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus.*"—*Shakspeare. The Horse of Intellect is leaping from the cliffs of Memory and Reasoning; it is a barren Rock: it is also called the Barren Waste of Locke and Newton.*

This Picture was done many years ago, and was one of the first Mr. B. ever did in Fresco; fortunately, or rather, providentially, he left it unblotted and unblurred, although molested continually by blotting and blurring demons; but he was also compelled to leave it unfinished, for reasons that will be shewn in the following.

NUMBER VII.

The Goats, an experiment Picture.

The subject is taken from the Missionary Voyage, and varied from the literal fact for the sake of picturesque scenery. The savage girls had dressed themselves with vine leaves, and some goats on board the missionary ship stripped them off presently. This Picture was painted at intervals, for experiment with the colours, and is laboured to a superabundant blackness; it has, however, that about it, which may be worthy the attention of the Artist and Connoisseur for reasons that follow.

NUMBER VIII.

The spiritual Preceptor, an experiment Picture.

The subject is taken from the Visions of Emanuel Swedenborg, Universal Theology, No. 623. The Learned, who strive to ascend into Heaven by means of learning, appear to Children like dead horses, when repelled by the celestial spheres. The works of this visionary are well worthy the attention of Painters and Poets; they are foundations for grand things; the reason they have not been



Plate XLIV

SATAN CALLING UP HIS LEGIONS
FROM MILTON
First Version



Plate XLV

SATAN CALLING UP HIS LEGIONS
FROM MILTON
Second version

more attended to is because corporeal demons have gained a predominance; who the leaders of these are, will be shewn below. Unworthy Men who gain fame among Men, continue to govern mankind after death, and in their spiritual bodies oppose the spirits of those who worthily are famous; and, as Swedenborg observes, by entering into disease and excrement, drunkenness and concupiscence, they possess themselves of the bodies of mortal men, and shut the doors of mind and of thought by placing Learning above Inspiration. O Artist! you may disbelieve all this, but it shall be at your own peril.

NUMBER IX.

Satan calling up his Legions, from Milton's Paradise Lost; a composition for a more perfect Picture afterward executed for a Lady of high rank. An experiment Picture.

This Picture was likewise painted at intervals, for experiment on colours without any oily vehicle; it may be worthy of attention, not only on account of its composition, but of the great labour which has been bestowed on it, that is, three or four times as much as would have finished a more perfect Picture; the labour has destroyed the lineaments; it was with difficulty brought back again to a certain effect, which it had at first, when all the lineaments were perfect.

These Pictures, among numerous others painted for experiment, were the result of temptations and perturbations, labouring to destroy Imaginative power, by means of that infernal machine called Chiaro Oscuro, in the hands of Venetian and Flemish Demons, whose enmity to the Painter himself, and to all Artists who study in the Florentine and Roman Schools, may be removed by an exhibition and exposure of their vile tricks. They cause that every thing in art shall become a Machine. They cause that the execution shall be all blocked up with brown shadows. They put the original Artist in fear and doubt of his own original conception. The spirit of Titian was particularly active in raising doubts concerning the possibility of executing without a model, and when once he had raised the doubt, it became easy for him to snatch away the vision

time after time, for, when the Artist took his pencil to execute his ideas, his power of imagination weakened so much and darkened, that memory of nature, and of Pictures of the various schools possessed his mind, instead of appropriate execution resulting from the inventions; like walking in another man's style, or speaking, or looking in another man's style and manner, unappropriate and repugnant to your own individual character; tormenting the true Artist, till he leaves the Florentine, and adopts the Venetian practice, or does as Mr. B. has done, has the courage to suffer poverty and disgrace, till he ultimately conquers.

Rubens is a most outrageous demon, and by infusing the remembrances of his Pictures and style of execution, hinders all power of individual thought: so that the man who is possessed by this demon loses all admiration of any other Artist but Rubens and those who were his imitators and journeymen; he causes to the Florentine and Roman Artist fear to execute; and though the original conception was all fire and animation, he loads it with hellish brownness, and blocks up all its gates of light except one, and that one he closes with iron bars, till the victim is obliged to give up the Florentine and Roman practice and adopt the Venetian and Flemish.

Correggio is a soft and effeminate, and consequently a most cruel demon, whose whole delight is to cause endless labour to whoever suffers him to enter his mind. The story that is told in all Lives of the Painters about Correggio being poor and but badly paid for his Pictures is altogether false; he was a petty Prince in Italy, and employed numerous Journeymen in manufacturing (as Rubens and Titian did) the Pictures that go under his name. The manual labour in these Pictures of Correggio is immense, and was paid for originally at the immense prices that those who keep manufactories of art always charge to their employers, while they themselves pay their journeymen little enough. But though Correggio was not poor, he will make any true artist so who permits him to enter his mind, and take possession of his affections; he infuses a love of soft and even tints without boundaries, and of endless reflected lights that confuse one another, and hinder all correct drawing from



Plate XLVI

THE BODY OF ABEL FOUND BY ADAM AND EVE: CAIN FLEEING AWAY



Plate XLVII

SOLDIERS CASTING LOTS FOR CHRIST'S GARMENTS



Plate XLVIII

JACOB'S LADDER

appearing to be correct; for if one of Rafael or Michael Angelo's figures was to be traced, and Correggio's reflections and refractions to be added to it, there would soon be an end of proportion and strength, and it would be weak, and pappy, and lumbering, and thick headed, like his own works; but then it would have softness and evenness by a twelvemonth's labour, where a month would with judgment have finished it better and higher; and the poor wretch who executed it, would be the Correggio that the life writers have written of: a drudge and a miserable man, compelled to softness by poverty. I say again, O Artist, you may disbelieve all this, but it shall be at your own peril.

Note. These experiment Pictures have been bruized and knocked about without mercy, to try all experiments.

NUMBER X.

The Bramins.—A Drawing.

The subject is, Mr. Wilkin translating the Geeta; an ideal design, suggested by the first publication of that part of the Hindoo Scriptures translated by Mr. Wilkin. I understand that my Costume is incorrect, but in this I plead the authority of the ancients, who often deviated from the Habits to preserve the Manners, as in the instance of the Laocoön, who, though a priest, is represented naked.

NUMBER XI.

The Body of Abel found by Adam and Eve; Cain, who was about to bury it, fleeing from the face of his Parents.—A Drawing.

NUMBER XII.

The Soldiers casting lots for Christ's Garment.—A Drawing.

NUMBER XIII.

Jacob's Ladder.—A Drawing.

NUMBER XIV.

The Angels hovering over the Body of Jesus in the Sepulchre.—A Drawing.

The above four drawings the Artist wishes were in Fresco on an enlarged scale to ornament the altars of churches, and to make England, like Italy, respected by respectable men of other countries on account of Art. It is not the want of Genius that can hereafter be laid to our charge; the Artist who has done these Pictures and Drawings will take care of that; let those who govern the Nation take care of the other. The times require that every one should speak out boldly; England expects that every man should do his duty, in Arts, as well as in Arms or in the Senate.

NUMBER XV.

Ruth.—A Drawing.

This Design is taken from that most pathetic passage in the Book of Ruth where Naomi, having taken leave of her daughters in law with intent to return to her own country, Ruth cannot leave her, but says, " Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I " will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; " where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; God do so " to me and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

The distinction that is made in modern times between a Painting and a Drawing proceeds from ignorance of art. The merit of a Picture is the same as the merit of a Drawing. The dawber dawbs his Drawings; he who draws his Drawings draws his Pictures. There is no difference between Rafael's Cartoons and his Frescos, or Pictures, except that the Frescos, or Pictures, are more finished. When Mr. B. formerly painted in oil colours his Pictures were shewn to certain painters and connoisseurs, who said that they were very admirable Drawings on canvass, but not Pictures; but they said the same of Rafael's Pictures. Mr. B. thought this the greatest of compliments, though it was meant otherwise. If losing and obliterating the outline constitutes a Picture, Mr. B. will never

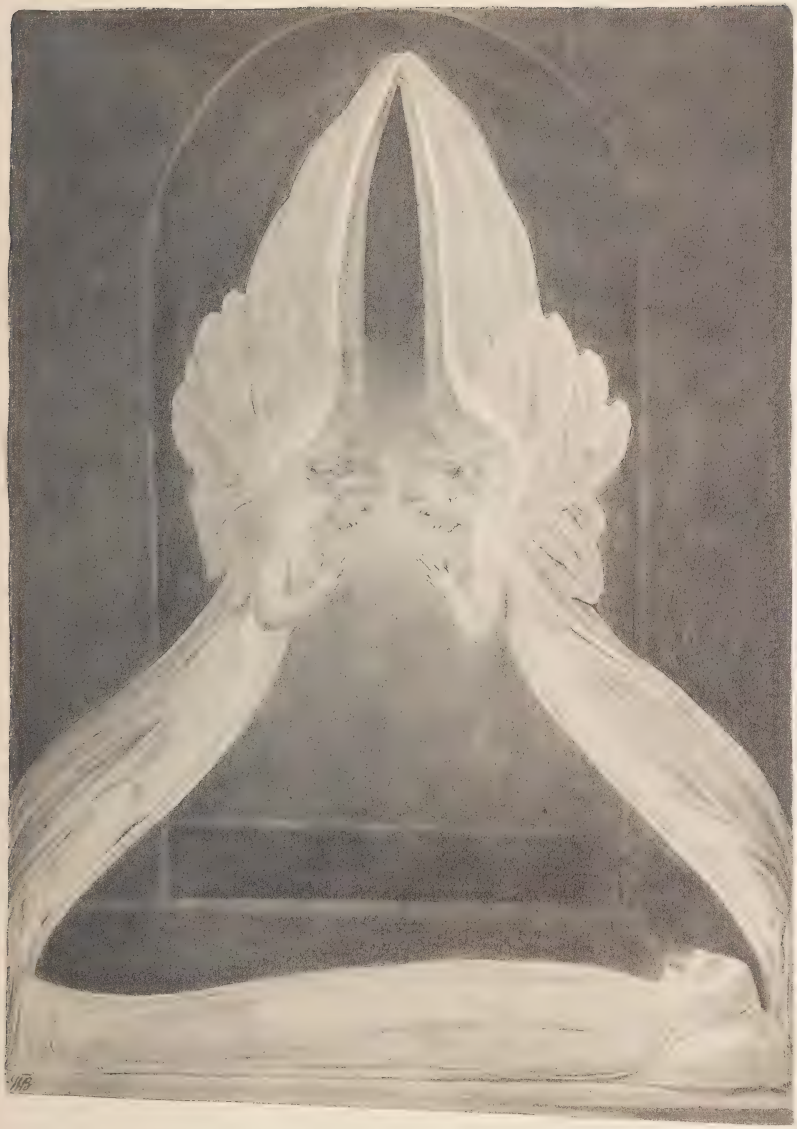


Plate XLIX

ANGELS HOVERING OVER THE BODY OF JESUS IN THE SEPULCHRE



Plate I.

RUTH AND NAOMI

be so foolish as to do one. Such art of losing the outlines is the art of Venice and Flanders; it loses all character, and leaves what some people call expression; but this is a false notion of expression; expression cannot exist without character as its stamina; and neither character nor expression can exist without firm and determinate outline. Fresco Painting is susceptible of higher finishing than Drawing on Paper, or than any other method of Painting. But he must have a strange organization of sight who does not prefer a Drawing on Paper to a Dawbing in Oil by the same master, supposing both to be done with equal care.

The great and golden rule of art, as well as of life, is this: That the more distinct, sharp, and wirey the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art, and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation, plagiarism, and bungling. Great inventors, in all ages, knew this: Protogenes and Apelles knew each other by this line. Rafael and Michael Angelo and Albert Dürer are known by this and this alone. The want of this determinate and bounding form evidences the want of idea in the artist's mind, and the pretence of the plagiary in all its branches. How do we distinguish the oak from the beech, the horse from the ox, but by the bounding outline? How do we distinguish one face or countenance from another, but by the bounding line and its infinite inflexions and movements? What is it that builds a house and plants a garden, but the definite and determinate? What is it that distinguishes honesty from knavery, but the hard and wirey line of rectitude and certainty in the actions and intentions? Leave out this line, and you leave out life itself; all is chaos again, and the line of the almighty must be drawn out upon it before man or beast can exist. Talk no more then of Correggio, or Rembrandt, or any other of those plagiaries of Venice or Flanders. They were but the lame imitators of lines drawn by their predecessors, and their works prove themselves contemptible, dis-arranged imitations, and blundering, misapplied copies.

NUMBER XVI.

The Penance of Jane Shore in St. Paul's Church.—A Drawing.

This Drawing was done above Thirty Years ago, and proves to the Author, and he thinks will prove to any discerning eye, that the productions of our youth and of our maturer age are equal in all essential points. If a man is master of his profession, he cannot be ignorant that he is so; and if he is not employed by those who pretend to encourage art, he will employ himself, and laugh in secret at the pretences of the ignorant, while he has every night dropped into his shoe, as soon as he puts it off, and puts out the candle, and gets into bed, a reward for the labours of the day, such as the world cannot give, and patience and time await to give him all that the world can give.

FINIS



Plate LI

THE PENANCE OF JANE SHORE

PROSPECTUS OF THE ENGRAVING OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

Printed, May, 1809

BLAKE'S CHAUCER,

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

THE FRESCO PICTURE,

Representing CHAUCER's Characters painted by

WILLIAM BLAKE,

As it is now submitted to the Public,

THE Designer proposes to Engrave, in a correct and finished Line manner of Engraving, similar to those original Copper Plates of ALBERT DURER, LUCAS, HISBEN, ALDEGRAVE and the old original Engravers, who were great Masters in Painting and Designing, whose method, alone, can delineate Character as it is in this Picture, where all the Lineaments are distinct.

It is hoped that the Painter will be allowed by the Public (notwithstanding artfully disseminated insinuations to the contrary) to be better able than any other to keep his own Characters and Expressions; having had sufficient evidence in the Works of our own HOGARTH, that no other Artist can reach the original Spirit so well as the Painter himself, especially as Mr. B. is an old well-known and acknowledged Engraver.

The size of the Engraving will be 3-feet 1-inch long, by 1-foot high.—The Artist engages to deliver it, finished, in One Year from September next.—No Work of Art, can take longer than a Year: it may be worked backwards and forwards without end, and last a Man's whole Life; but he will, at length, only be forced to bring

it back to what it was, and it will be worse than it was at the end of the first Twelve Months. The Value of this Artist's Year is the Criterion of Society: and as it is valued, so does Society flourish or decay.

The Price to Subscribers—FOUR GUINEAS, Two to be paid at the time of Subscribing, the other Two, on delivery of the Print.

Subscriptions received at No. 28, Corner of BROAD-STREET, GOLDEN-SQUARE; where the Picture is now Exhibiting, among other Works by the same Artist.

The Price will be considerably raised to Non-subscribers.
May 15th, 1809.

LETTER LXIV

TO OZIAS HUMPHRY

[1809]

DEAR SIR,

YOU will see in this little work[1] the cause of difference between you & me. You demand of me to Mix two things that Reynolds has confess'd cannot be mixed. You will percieve that I not only detest False Art, but have the Courage to say so Publickly & to dare all the Power on Earth to oppose—Florentine & Venetian Art cannot exist together. Till the Venetian & Flemish are destroy'd, the Florentine & Roman cannot Exist; this will be shortly accomplish'd; till then I remain your Grateful, altho' Seemingly otherwise, I say your Grateful & Sincere,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

I inclose a ticket of admission if you should honour my Exhibition with a Visit.

[1] *A Descriptive Catalogue.*

[PUBLIC ADDRESS]

FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

Written about 1810

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS
BEING A COMPLETE INDEX OF HUMAN CHARACTERS
AS THEY APPEAR AGE AFTER AGE

This day is Publish'd Advertizements to Blake's Canterbury Pilgrims from Chaucer, containing Anecdotes of Artists. Price 6[d].

P. 1.

IF Men of weak capacities [in Art *del.*] have alone the Power of Execution in Art, Mr. B. has now put to the test. If to Invent & to draw well hinders the Executive Power in Art, & his strokes are still to be Condemn'd because they are unlike those of Artists who are Unacquainted with Drawing [& the accompanying *del.*], is now to be Decided by The Public. Mr. B.'s Inventive Powers & his Scientific Knowledge of Drawing is on all hands acknowledg'd; it only remains to be Certified whether [The Fool's hand or the *del.*] Physiognomic Strength & Power is to give Place to Imbecillity, [and whether (*several words illegible*) an unabated study & practise of forty Years (for I devoted myself to engraving in my Earliest Youth) are sufficient to elevate me above the Mediocrity to which I have hitherto been the victim. *del.*] In a work of Art it is not Fine Tints that are required, but Fine Forms; fine Tints without, are nothing. Fine Tints without Fine Forms are always the Subterfuge of the Blockhead.

I account it a Public Duty respectfully to address myself to The Chalcographic Society & to Express to them my opinion (the

result of the constant Practice & Experience of Many Years) That Engraving as an art is Lost in England owing to an artfully propagated [in a most wretched state of injury from an *del.*] opinion that Drawing spoils an Engraver [which opinion has been held out to me by such men as Flaxman, Romney, Stothard *del.*]. I request the Society to inspect my Print, of which drawing is the Foundation & indeed the Superstructure: it is drawing on copper, as Painting ought to be drawing on canvas or any other [table *del.*] surface, & nothing Else. I request likewise that the Society will compare the Prints of Bartolozzi, Woolett, Strange &c. with the old English Portraits, that is, compare the Modern Art with the Art as it existed Previous to the Enterance of Vandyke and Rubens into this Country, since which English Engraving is Lost, & I am sure [of *del.*] the Result of the comparison will be that the Society must be of my Opinion that engraving, by Losing drawing, has Lost all the character & all Expression, without which The Art is Lost.

Pp. 51-57.

In this Plate Mr. B. has resumed the style with which he set out in life, of which Heath & Stothard were the awkward imitators at that time; it is the style of Alb. Durer's Histories & the old Engravers, which cannot be imitated by any one who does not understand drawing, & which, according to Heath & Stothard, Flaxman, & even Romney, spoils an Engraver; for Each of these Men have repeatedly asserted this Absurdity to me in Condemnation of my Work & approbation of Heath's lame imitation, Stothard being such a fool as to suppose that his blundering blurs can be made out & delineated by any Engraver who knows how to cut dots & lozenges equally well with those little prints which I engraved after him five & twenty years ago & by which he got his reputation as a draughtsman.

The manner in which my Character has been blasted these forty years, both as an artist & a Man, may be seen particularly in a Sunday Paper cal'd the Examiner, Publish'd in Beaufort Buildings (We all know that Editors of Newspapers trouble their heads very

little about art & science, & that they are always paid for what they put in upon these ungracious Subjects), & the manner in which I have routed out the nest of villains will be seen in a Poem concerning my Three years' Herculean Labours at Felpham, which I will soon Publish. Secret Calumny & open Professions of Friendship are common enough all the world over, but have never been so good an occasion of Poetic Imagery. When a Base Man means to be your Enemy he always begins with being your Friend. Flaxman cannot deny that one of the very first Monuments he did, I gratuitously design'd for him; at the same time he was blasting my character as an Artist to Macklin, my Employer, as Macklin told me at the time; how much of his Homer & Dante he will allow to be mine I do not know, as he went far enough off to Publish them, even to Italy, but the Public will know & Posterity will know.

Many People are so foolish [as] to think that they can wound Mr. Fuseli over my Shoulder; they will find themselves mistaken; they could not wound even Mr. Barry so.

A certain Portrait Painter said To me in a boasting way, " Since " I have Practised Painting I have lost all idea of drawing." Such a Man must know that I look'd upon him with contempt; he did not care for this any more than West did, who hesitated & equivocated with me upon the same subject, at which time he asserted that Woolett's Prints were superior to Basire's because they had more Labour & Care; now this is contrary to the truth. Woolett did not know how to put so much labour into a head or a foot as Basire did; he did not know how to draw the Leaf of a tree; all his study was clean strokes & mossy tints—how then should he be able to make use of either Labour or Care, unless the Labour & Care of Imbecillity? The Life's Labour of Mental Weakness scarcely Equals one Hour of the Labour of Ordinary Capacity, like the full Gallop of the Gouty Man to the ordinary walk of youth & health. I allow that there is such a thing as high finish'd Ignorance, as there may be a fool or a knave in an Embroider'd Coat; but I say that the Embroidery of the Ignorant finisher is not like a Coat made by another, but is an Emanation from Ignorance itself, & its finishing

is like its master—The Life's Labour of Five Hundred Idiots, for he never does the Work Himself.

What is Call'd the English Style of Engraving, such as proceeded from the Toilettes of Woolett & Strange (for theirs were Fribble's Toilettes) can never produce Character & Expression. I knew the Men intimately, from their Intimacy with Basire, my Master, & knew them both to be heavy lumps of Cunning & Ignorance, as their works shew to all the Continent, who Laugh at the Contemptible Pretences of Englishmen to Improve Art before they even know the first [lines *del.*] Beginnings of Art. I hope this Print will redeem my Country from this Coxcomb situation & shew that it is only some Englishmen, and not All, who are thus ridiculous in their Pretences. Advertisements in Newspapers are no proof of Popular approbation, but often the Contrary. A Man who Pretends to Improve Fine Art does not know what Fine Art is. Ye English Engravers must come down from your high flights; ye must condescend to study Marc Antonio & Albert Durer. Ye must begin before you attempt to finish or improve, & when you have begun you will know better than to think of improving what cannot be improv'd. It is very true, what you have said for these thirty two Years. I am Mad or Else you are so; both of us cannot be in our right senses. Posterity will judge by our Works. Woolett's & Strange's works are like those of Titian & Correggio: the Life's Labour of Ignorant Journeymen, Suited to the Purposes of Commerce no doubt, for Commerce Cannot endure Individual Merit; its insatiable Maw must be fed by What all can do Equally well; at least it is so in England, as I have found to my Cost these Forty Years.

Commerce is so far from being beneficial to Arts, or to Empires, that it is destructive of both, as all their History shews, for the above Reason of Individual Merit being its Great hatred. Empires flourish till they become Commercial, & then they are scatter'd abroad to the four winds.

Wooletts best works were Etch'd by Jack Brown. Woolett Etch'd very bad himself. Strange's Prints were, when I knew him,

all done by Aliamet & his french journeymen whose names I forget.

" The Cottagers," & " Jocund Peasants," the " Views in Kew Gardens," " Foots Cray," & " Diana," & " Acteon," & in short all that are Call'd Woolett's were Etch'd by Jack Browne, & in Woolett's works the Etching is All, tho' even in these, a single leaf of a tree is never correct.

Such Prints as Woolett & Strange produc'd will do for those who choose to purchase the Life's labour of Ignorance & Imbecillity, in Preference to the Inspired Moments of Genius & Animation.

P. 60.

I also knew something of Tom Cooke who Engraved after Hogarth. Cooke wished to Give to Hogarth what he could take from Rafael, that is Outline & Mass & Colour, but he could not [& Hogarth with all his Merit. . . *del.*].

P. 57.

I do not pretend to Paint better than Rafael or Mich. Angelo or Julio Romano or Alb. Durer, but I do Pretend to Paint finer than Rubens or Rembt. or Correggio or Titian. I do not Pretend to Engrave finer than Alb. Durer, Goltzius, Sadeler or Edelinck, but I do pretend to Engrave finer than Strange, Woolett, Hall or Bartolozzi, & all because I understand drawing which They understood not.

P. 58.

In this manner the English Public have been imposed upon for many Years under the impression that Engraving & Painting are somewhat Else besides drawing. Painting is drawing on Canvas, & Engraving is drawing on Copper, & Nothing Else; & he who pretends to be either Painter or Engraver without being a Master of drawing is an Imposter. We may be Clever as Pugilists, but as Artists we are & have long been the Contempt of the Continent.

[*word del.*] Gravelot once said to My Master, Basire, " [you *del.*] de " English may be very clever in [your *del.*] deir own opinions, but " [you *del.*] dey do not draw de [the *written over*] draw."

Resentment for Personal Injuries has had some share in this Public Address, But Love to My Art & Zeal for my Country a much Greater.

P. 59.

Men think they can Copy Nature as Correctly as I copy Imagination; this they will find Impossible, & all the Copies or Pretended Copiers of Nature, from Rembrandt to Reynolds, Prove that Nature becomes [*word del.*] to its Victim nothing but Blots & Blurs. Why are Copiers of Nature Incorrect, while Copiers of Imagination are Correct? this is manifest to all.

Pp. 60-62.

The Originality of this Production makes it necessary to say a few words.

While the Works [of Imitators *del.*] of Pope & Dryden are look'd upon as [in the same class of *del.*] the same Art with those of Milton & Shakespeare, while the works of Strange & Woollett are look'd upon as the same Art with those of Rafael & Albert Durer, there can be no Art in a Nation but such as is Subservient to the interest of the Monopolizing Trader [*words del.*] [who Manufactures Art by the Hands of Ignorant Journeymen till at length Christian Charity is held out as a Motive to encourage a Blockhead, & he is Counted the Greatest Genius who can sell a Good-for-Nothing Commodity for a Great Price. Obedience to the Will of the Monopolist is call'd Virtue, and the really Industrious, Virtuous & Independent Barry is driven out to make room for a pack of Idle Sycophants with whitlows on their fingers. *mostly del.*]. Englishmen, rouze yourselves from the fatal Slumber into which Booksellers & Trading Dealers have thrown you, Under the artfully propagated pretence that a Translation or a Copy of any kind can be as honourable to a Nation as An Original, [Belying *del.*] Be-lying the English Character

in that well known Saying, 'Englishmen Improve what others Invent.' This Even Hogarth's Works Prove a detestable Falshood. No Man Can Improve An Original Invention. [Since Hogarth's time we have had very few Efforts of Originality *del.*] Nor can an Original Invention Exist without Execution, Organized & minutely delineated & Articulated, Either by God or Man. I do not mean smooth'd up & Niggled & Poco-Pen'd, and all the beauties pick'd out [*word del.*] & blurr'd & blotted, but Drawn with a firm & decided hand at once [with all its Spots & Blemishes which are beauties & not faults *del.*], like Fuseli & Michael Angelo, Shakespeare & Milton.

I have heard many People say, 'Give me the Ideas. It is no 'matter what Words you put them into,' & others say, 'Give me 'the Design, it is no matter for the Execution.' These People know Enough of Artifice, but Nothing Of Art. Ideas cannot be Given but in their minutely Appropriate Words, nor Can a Design be made without its minutely Appropriate Execution. The unorganized Blots & Blurs of Rubens & Titian are not Art, nor can their Method ever express Ideas or Imaginations any more than Pope's Metaphysical Jargon of Rhyming. Unappropriate Execution is the Most nauseous of all affectation & foppery. He who copies does not Execute; he only Imitates what is already Executed. Execution is only the result of Invention.

P. 63.

Whoever looks at any of the Great & Expensive Works of Engraving that have been Publish'd by English Traders must feel a Loathing & disgust, & accordingly most Englishmen have a Contempt for Art, [which will *del.*] which is the Greatest Curse that can fall upon a Nation.

He who could represent Christ uniformly like a Drayman must have Queer Conceptions; consequently his Execution must have been as Queer, & those must be Queer fellows who give great sums for such nonsense & think it fine Art.

The Modern Chalcographic Connoisseurs & Amateurs admire only the work of the journeyman, Picking out of whites & blacks

in what is call'd Tints; they despise drawing, which despises them in return. They see only whether every thing is toned down but one spot of light.

Mr. B. submits to a more severe tribunal; he invites the admirers of old English Portraits to look at his Print.

P. 64.

I do not know whether Homer is a Liar & that there is no such thing as Generous Contention: I know that all those with whom I have Contended in Art have strove not to Excell, but to Starve me out by Calumny & the Arts of Trading Combination.

P. 66.

It is Nonsense for Noblemen & Gentlemen to offer Premiums for the Encouragement of Art when such Pictures as these can be done without Premiums; let them Encourage what Exists Already, & not endeavour to counteract by tricks; let it no more be said that Empires Encourage Arts, for it is Arts that Encourage Empires. Arts & Artists are Spiritual & laugh at Mortal Contingencies. It is in their Power to hinder Instruction but not to Instruct, just as it is in their Power to Murder a Man but not to make a Man.

Let us teach Buonaparte, & whomsoever else it may concern, That it is not Arts that follow & attend upon Empire, but Empire that attends upon & follows [where Art leads *del.*] The Arts.

P. 67.

No Man of Sense can think that an Imitation of the Objects of Nature is The Art of Painting, or that such Imitation, which any one may easily perform, is worthy of Notice, much less that such an Art should be the Glory & Pride of a Nation [& that the man who does this is *del.*]. The Italians laugh at English Connoisseurs, who are [All *del.*] most of them such silly Fellows as to believe this.

A Man sets himself down with Colours & with all the Articles of Painting; he puts a Model before him & he copies that so neat as to make it a deception: now let any Man of Sense ask himself

one Question: Is this Art? can it be worthy of admiration to any body of Understanding? Who could not do this? what man who has eyes and an ordinary share of patience cannot do this neatly? Is this Art? Or is it glorious to a Nation to produce such contemptible Copies? Countrymen, Countrymen, do not suffer yourselves to be disgraced!

P. 66.

The English Artist may be assured that he is doing an injury & injustice to his Country while he studies & imitates the Effects of Nature. England will never rival Italy while we servilely copy what the Wise Italians, Rafael & Michael Angelo, scorned, nay abhorred, as Vasari tells us.

> Call that the Public Voice which is their Error,
> Like [to *del.*] as a Monkey peeping in a Mirror
> Admires all his colours brown & warm
> And never once percieves his ugly form.

What kind of Intellects must he have who sees only the Colours of things & not the Forms of Things.

P. 71.

A Jockey that is anything of a Jockey will never buy a Horse by the Colour, & a Man who has got any brains will never buy a Picture by the Colour.

When I tell any Truth it is not for the sake of Convincing those who do not know it, but for the sake of Understanding those who do.

Pp. 18-19.

What Man of Sense will lay out his Money upon the Life's Labours of Imbecility & Imbecility's Journeymen, or think to Educate a Fool how to build a Universe with Farthing Balls? The Contemptible Idiots who have been call'd Great Men of late Years ought to rouze the Public Indignation of Men of Sense in all Professions.

There is not, because there cannot be, any difference of Effect in the Pictures of Rubens & Rembrandt: when you have seen one of their Pictures you have seen all. It is not so with Rafael, Julio Roman[o], Alb. d[urer], Mich. Ang. Every Picture of theirs has a different & appropriate Effect.

Yet I do not shrink from the comparison, in Either Relief or Strength of Colour, with either Rembrandt or Rubens; on the contrary I court the Comparison & fear not the Result, but not in a dark corner. Their Effects are in Every Picture the same. Mine are in every Picture different.

I hope my Countrymen will Excuse me if I tell them a Wholesome truth. Most Englishmen, when they look at a Picture, immediately set about searching for Points of Light & clap the Picture into a dark corner. This, when done by [this in *del.*] Grand Works, is like looking for Epigrams in Homer. A point of light is a Witticism; many are destructive of all Art. One is an Epigram only & no Grand Work can have them.

Rafael, Mich. Angelo, & Jul. Rom. are accounted ignorant of that Epigrammatic Wit in Art because they avoid it as a destructive Machine, as it is.

That Vulgar Epigram in Art, Rembrandt's "Hundred Guelders," has entirely put an End to all Genuine & Appropriate Effect; all, both Morning & Night, is now a dark cavern. It is the Fashion; they Produce Dryness [?] & Monotony. When you view a Collection of Pictures painted since Venetian Art was the Fashion, or Go into a Modern Exhibition, with a very few Exceptions, Every Picture has the same Effect, a Piece of Machinery of Points of Light to be put into a dark hole.

Mr. B. repeats that there is not one Character or Expression in this Print which could be Produced with the Execution of Titian, Rubens, Coreggio, Rembrandt, or any of that Class. Character & Expression can only be Expressed by those who Feel Them. Even Hogarth's Execution cannot be Copied or Improved. Gentlemen of Fortune who give Great Prices for Pictures should consider the following. Rubens's Luxembourg Gallery is Confessed

on all hands [because it bears the evidence at first view *del.*] to be the work of a Blockhead: it bears this Evidence in its face. How can its Execution be any other than the Work of a Blockhead? Bloated [Creatures & *del.*] Gods, Mercury, Juno, Venus, & the rattle traps of Mythology & the lumber of an [old *del.*] awkward French Palace are thrown together around Clumsy & Ricketty Princes & Princesses higgledy piggledy. On the Contrary, Julio Rom[ano's] Palace of T at Mantua, is allow'd on all hands to be the Product of a Man of the Most Profound sense & Genius, & yet his Execution is pronounc'd by English Connoisseurs & Reynolds, their doll, to be unfit for the Study of the Painter. Can I speak with too great Contempt of such Contemptible fellows? If all the Princes in Europe, like Louis XIV & Charles the first, were to Patronize such Blockheads, I, William Blake, a Mental Prince, should decollate & Hang their Souls as Guilty of Mental High Treason.

Who that has Eyes cannot see that Rubens & Corregio must have been very weak & Vulgar fellows? & we are [we *del.*] to imitate their Execution. This is [as if *del.*] like what S^r^ Francis Bacon [should downright assert *del.*] says, that a healthy Child should be taught & compell'd to walk like a Cripple, while the Cripple must be taught to walk like healthy people. O rare wisdom!

I am really sorry to see my Countrymen trouble themselves about Politics. If Men were Wise, the Most arbitrary Princes could not hurt them. If they are not wise, the Freest Government is compell'd to be a Tyranny. Princes appear to me to be Fools. Houses of Commons & Houses of Lords appear to me to be fools; they seem to me to be something Else besides Human Life.

Pp. 20-21.

The wretched State of the Arts in this Country & in Europe, originating in the wretched State of Political Science, which is the Science of Sciences, Demands a firm & determinate conduct on the part of Artists to Resist the Contemptible Counter Arts

[set on foot *del.*] Establish'd by such contemptible Politicians as Louis XIV & [but *del.*] originally set on foot by Venetian Picture traders, Music traders, & Rhime traders, to the destruction of all true art as it is this Day. To recover Art has been the business of my life to the Florentine Original & if possible to go beyond that Original; this I thought the only pursuit worthy of [an Englishman *del.*] a Man. To Imitate I abhor. I obstinately adhere to the true Style of Art such as Michael Angelo, Rafael, Jul. Rom., Alb. Durer, left it [the Art of Invention, not of Imitation. Imagination is My World; this world of Dross is beneath my Notice & beneath the Notice of the Public. *del.*] I demand therefore of the Amateurs of art the Encouragement which is my due; if they continue to refuse, theirs is the loss, not mine, & theirs is the Contempt of Posterity. I have Enough in the Approbation of fellow labourers; this is my glory & exceeding great reward. I go on & nothing can hinder my course:

and in Melodious accent I
Will sit me down & Cry I, I.

P. 20 (*sideways*).

An Example of these Contrary Arts is given us in the Characters of Milton & Dryden as they are written in a Poem signed with the name of Nat Lee, which perhaps he never wrote & perhaps he wrote in a paroxysm of insanity, In which it is said that Milton's Poem is a rough Unfinish'd Piece & Dryden has finish'd it. Now let Dryden's Fall & Milton's Paradise be read, & I will assert that every Body of Understanding [will *del.*] must cry out Shame on such Niggling & Poco-Pen as Dryden has degraded Milton with. But at the same time I will allow that Stupidity will Prefer Dryden, because it is in Rhyme [but for no other cause *del.*] & Monotonous Sing Song, Sing Song from beginning to end. Such are Bartolozzi, Woolett & Strange.

P. 23.

[*Four lines del.*] The Painters of England are unemploy'd in Public Works, while the Sculptors have continual & superabundant

employment. Our Churches & Abbeys are treasures of [*words del.*] their producing for ages back, While Painting is excluded. Painting, the Principal Art, has no place [in our *del.*] among our almost only public works. [While *del.*] Yet it is more adapted to solemn ornament than [*word del.*] Marble can be, as it is capable of being Placed on any heighth & indeed would make a Noble finish Placed above the Great Public Monuments in Westminster, St. Pauls & other Cathedrals. To the Society for Encouragement of Arts I address myself with [duty & *del.*] Respectful duty, requesting their Consideration of my Plan as a Great Public [*word del.*] means of advancing Fine Art in Protestant Communities. Monuments to the dead, Painted by Historical & Poetical Artists, like Barry & Mortimer (I forbear to name living Artists tho' equally worthy), I say, Monuments so Painted must make England What Italy is, an Envied Storehouse of Intellectual Riches.

Pp. 24-25.

It has been said of late years The English Public have no Taste for Painting. This is a Falsehood. The English are as Good Judges of Painting as of Poetry, & they prove it in their Contempt for Great Collections of all the Rubbish of the Continent brought here by Ignorant Picture dealers. An Englishman may well say, 'I am 'no Judge of Painting,' when he is shewn these Smears & Dawbs at an immense price & told that such is the Art of Painting. I say the English Public are true Encouragers of real Art, while they discourage and look with Contempt on False Art.

In a Commercial Nation Impostors are abroad in all Professions; these are the greatest Enemies of Genius [Mr. B. thinks it his duty to Caution the Public against a Certain Impostor who *del.*] In [our Art *del.*] the Art of Painting these Impostors sedulously propagate an Opinion that Great Inventors Cannot Execute. This Opinion is as destructive of the true Artist as it is false by all Experience. Even Hogarth cannot be either Copied or Improved. Can Anglus never Discern Perfection but in the Journeyman's Labour?

Pp. 24-25 (*sideways*).

I know my Execution is not like Any Body Else. I do not intend it should be so; none but Blockheads Copy one another. My Conception & Invention are on all hands allow'd to be Superior. My Execution will be found so too. To what is it that Gentleman of the first Rank both in Genius & Fortune have subscribed their Names? To My Inventions: the Executive part they never disputed; the Lavish praise I have recieved from all Quarters for Invention & drawing has Generally been accompanied by this: "he can concieve "but he cannot Execute"; this Absurd assertion has done me, & may still do me, the greatest mischief. I call for Public protection against these Villains. I am, like others, Just Equal in Invention & in Execution as my works shew. I, in my own defence, Challenge a Competition with the finest Engravings & defy the most critical judge to make the Comparison Honestly, asserting in my own Defence that This Print is the Finest that has been done or is likely to be done in England, where drawing, its foundation, is Condemn'd, and absurd Nonsense about dots & Lozenges & Clean Strokes made to occupy the attention to the Neglect of all real Art. I defy any Man to Cut Cleaner Strokes than I do, or rougher where I please, & assert that he who thinks he can Engrave, or Paint either, without being a Master of drawing, is a Fool. Painting is drawing on Canvas, & Engraving is drawing on Copper, & nothing Else. Drawing is Execution, & nothing Else, & he who draws best must be the best Artist; to this I subscribe my name as a Public Duty.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

P.S.—I do not believe that this Absurd opinion ever was set on foot till in my Outset into life it was artfully publish'd, both in whispers & in print, by Certain persons whose robberies from me made it necessary to them that I should be [left *del.*] hid in a corner; it never was supposed that a Copy could be better than an original, or near so Good, till a few Years ago it became the interest of certain envious Knaves.

P. 38.

There is just the same Science in Lebrun or Rubens, or even Vanloo, that there is in Rafael or Mich. Angelo, but not the same Genius. Science is soon got; the other never can be acquired, but must be born.

P. 39.

I do not condemn Rubens, Rembrandt or Titian because they did not understand drawing, but because they did not Understand Colouring; how long shall I be forced to beat this into Men's Ears? I do not condemn [Bartolozzi *del.*] Strange or Woolett because they did not understand drawing, but because they did not understand Graving. I do not condemn Pope or Dryden because they did not understand Imagination, but because they did not understand Verse. Their Colouring, Graving & Verse can never be applied to Art—that is not either Colouring, Graving or Verse which is Unappropriate to the Subject. He who makes a design must know the Effect & Colouring Proper to be put to that design & will never take that of Rubens, Rembrandt or Titian to [put *del.*] turn that which is Soul & Life into a Mill or Machine.

Pp. 46-47.

They say there is no Strait Line in Nature; this Is a Lie, like all that they say. For there is Every Line in Nature. But I will tell them what is Not in Nature. An Even Tint is not in Nature; it produces Heaviness. Nature's Shadows are Ever varying, & a Ruled Sky that is quite Even never can Produce a Natural Sky; the same with every Object in a Picture, its Spots are its beauties. Now, Gentlemen Critics, how do you like this? You may rage, but what I say, I will prove by Such Practise & have already done, so that you will rage to your own destruction. Woolett I knew very intimately by his intimacy with Basire, & I knew him to be

one of the most ignorant fellows that I ever knew. A Machine is not a Man nor a Work of Art; it is destructive of Humanity & of Art; the word Machination [*word del.*]. Woolett I know did not know how to Grind his Graver. I know this; he has often proved his Ignorance before me at Basire's by laughing at Basire's knife tools & ridiculing the Forms of Basire's other Gravers till Basire was quite dash'd & out of Conceit with what he himself knew, but his Impudence had a Contrary Effect on me. Englishmen have been so used to Journeymen's undecided bungling that they cannot bear the firmness of a Master's Touch.

Every Line is the Line of Beauty; it is only fumble & Bungle which cannot draw a Line; this only is Ugliness. That is not a Line which doubts & Hesitates in the Midst of its Course.

[END OF PUBLIC ADDRESS]

DRAFT FOR PROSPECTUS OF THE ENGRAVING OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

Written 1809

BLAKE'S CHAUCER

AN ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM BLAKE FROM HIS FRESCO PAINTING OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

MR. B., having from early Youth cultivated the two Arts, Painting & Engraving, & during a Period of Forty Years never suspended his Labours on Copper for a single day, Submits with Confidence to Public Patronage & requests the attention of the Amateurs in a Large [Work *del.*] Stroke Engraving, 3 feet 1 inch long by one foot high, Containing Thirty original high finish'd whole Length Portraits on Horseback Of Chaucer's Characters, where every Character & every Expression, every Lineament of Head, Hand & Foot, every particular of dress or Costume, where every Horse is appropriate to his Rider & the Scene or Landscape with its Villages, Cottages, Churches, & the Inn in Southwark is minutely labour'd, not by the hands of Journeymen, but by the Original Artist himself, even to the Stuffs & Embroidery of the Garments, the hair upon the Horses, the Leaves upon the Trees, & the Stones & Gravel upon the road; the Great Strength of Colouring & depth of work peculiar to Mr. B.'s Prints will be here found accompanied by a Procession not to be seen but in the work of an Original Artist.

SIR JEFFERY CHAUCER & THE NINE & TWENTY PILGRIMS ON THEIR JOURNEY TO CANTERBURY.

The time chosen is early morning before sun rise, when the jolly Company are just quitting the Tabarde Inn. The Knight & Squire

with the Squire's Yeoman lead the Procession: then the Youthful Abbess, her Nun & three Priests; her Greyhounds attend her—

" Of small Hounds had she that she fed
" With roast flesh, milk & wastel bread."

Next follow the Friar & Monk; then the Tapiser, the Pardoner, the Sompnour & the Manciple. After these " Our Host," who occupies the Center of the cavalcade (the Fun afterwards exhibited on the road may be seen depicted in his jolly face) directs them to the Knight (whose solemn Gallantry no less fixes attention) as the person who will be likely to commense their Task of each telling a Tale in their order. After the Host follow the Shipman, the Haberdasher, the Dyer, the Franklin, the Physician, the Plowman, the Lawyer, the Poor Parson, the Merchant, the Wife of Bath, the Cook, the Oxford Scholar, Chaucer himself, & the Reeve comes as Chaucer has described:

" And ever he rode hinderest of the rout."

These last are issuing from the Gateway of the Inn, the Cook & Wife of Bath are both taking their morning's draught of comfort. Spectators stand at the Gateway of the Inn & are composed of an old man, a woman & children.

The Landscape is an Eastward view of the Country from the Tabarde Inn in Southwark as it may be supposed to have appear'd in Chaucer's time, interspersed with Cottages & Villages; the first beams of the Sun are seen above the Horizon. Some buildings & spires indicate the situation of the Great City. The Inn is a Gothic Building which Thynne in his Glossary says was the Lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. On the Inn is inscribed its title, & a proper advantage is taken of this circumstance to describe the subject of the Picture; the Words written in Gothic Letters over the Gateway are as follow: " The Tabarde Inne by Henry Bailly " the Lodgyng House for Pilgrims who Journey to Saint Thomas's " Shrine at Canterbury."

The Characters of Chaucer's Pilgrims are the Characters that compose all Ages & Nations; as one Age falls another rises, different to Mortal Sight, but to Immortals only the same; for we see the same Characters repeated again & again, in Animals, in Vegetables, in Minerals & in Men. Nothing new occurs in Identical Existence: Accident ever varies, Substance can never suffer change nor decay.

[END OF DRAFT FOR PROSPECTUS FROM ROSSETTI MS.]

PROSPECTUS OF THE ENGRAVING OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

Printed about 1810

BLAKE'S CHAUCER:

An Original Engraving by him from his Fresco Painting of Sir Jeffery Chaucer and his Nine and Twenty Pilgrims setting forth from Southwark on their Journey to Canterbury.

Three Feet 1 Inch long, and 1 Foot high;
Price Three Guineas

THE Time chosen is early morning before sun-rise when the Jolly Company are just quitting the Tabarde Inn. The Knight and Squire with the Squires and Yeoman lead the procession; then the youthful Abbess, her Nun and three Priests: her Grey-hounds attend her.

" Of small hounds had she, that she fed
" With roast flesh, milk and wastel bread."

Next follow the Friar and Monk, then the Tapster, the Pardoner, the Sompnour and the Manciple. After these " our Host," who occupies the Center of the Cavalcade, directs them to the Knight as the person who will be likely to commence their Task of each telling a Tale in their order. After the Host follow the Shipman, the Haberdasher, the Dyer, the Franklin, the Physician, the Plowman, the Lawyer, the Parson, the Merchant, the Wife of Bath, the Cook, the Oxford Scholar, Chaucer himself, and the Reeve comes as Chaucer has described:

" And ever he rode hinderest of the rout."

These last are issuing from the Gateway of the Inn. The Cook and the Wife of Bath are both taking their morning's draught of

comfort. Spectators stand at the Gateway of the Inn, and are composed of an Old Man, a Woman and Children.

The Inn is yet extant under the name of the Talbot; and the Landlord, Robert Bristow, Esq. of Broxmore near Rumsey, has continued a Board over the Gateway, inscribed " This is the Inn " from which Sir Jeffery Chaucer and his Pilgrims set out for " Canterbury."

St. Thomas's Hospital which is situated near to it, is one of the most amiable features of the Christian Church; it belonged to the Monastery of St. Mary Overies and was dedicated to Thomas a Becket. The Pilgrims, if sick or lame, on their Journey to and from his Shrine, were received at this House. Even at this day every friendless wretch who wants the succour of it, is considered as a Pilgrim travelling through this Journey of Life.

The Landscape is an eastward view of the Country from the Tabarde Inn in Southwark as it may be supposed to have appeared in Chaucer's time, interspersed with Cottages and Villages. The first beams of the sun are seen above the horizon: some Buildings and Spires indicate the situation of the Great City. The Inn is a Gothic Building which Thynne in his Glossary says was the Lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. On the Inn is inscribed its Title, and a proper advantage is taken of this circumstance to describe the subject of the Picture. The words written in Gothic Letters over the Gateway of the Inn are as follow: " The Tabarde " Inn by Henry Bailly. The Lodging House for Pilgrims who " Journey to St. Thomas's Shrine at Canterbury."

Of Chaucer's Characters as described in his Canterbury Tales, some of the Names are altered by Time, but the Characters themselves for ever remain unaltered and consequently they are the Physiognomies or Lineaments of Universal Human Life beyond which Nature never steps. The Painter has consequently varied the heads and forms of his Personages into all Nature's varieties; the Horses he has varied to accord to their riders, the Costume is correct according to authentic Monuments.

Subscriptions received at No. 28, Corner of BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.

[A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT] FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

For the Year 1810
ADDITIONS TO BLAKE'S CATALOGUE OF PICTURES &c

P. 70.

THE Last Judgment [will be] when all those are Cast away who trouble Religion with Questions concerning Good & Evil or Eating of the Tree of those Knowledges or Reasonings which hinder the Vision of God, turning all into a Consuming Fire. When Imagination, Art & Science & all Intellectual Gifts, all the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, are [despis'd *del.*] look'd upon as of no use & only Contention remains to Man, then the Last Judgment begins, & its Vision is seen by the [Imaginative Eye *del.*] of Every one according to the situation he holds.

P. 68.

The Last Judgment is not Fable or Allegory, but Vision. Fable or Allegory are a totally distinct & inferior kind of Poetry. Vision or Imagination is a Representation of what Eternally Exists, Really & Unchangeably. Fable or Allegory is Form'd by the daughters of Memory. Imagination is surrounded by the daughters of Inspiration, who in the aggregate are call'd Jerusalem. Fable is allegory, but what Critics call The Fable, is Vision itself. The Hebrew Bible & the Gospel of Jesus are not Allegory, but Eternal Vision or Imagination of All that Exists. Note here that Fable or Allegory is seldom without some Vision. Pilgrim's Progress is full of it, the Greek Poets the same; but [Fable & Allegory *del.*] Allegory & Vision [& Visions of Imagination *del.*] ought to be known as Two Distinct Things, & so call'd for the Sake of Eternal Life. Plato has made Socrates say that Poets & Prophets do not know or Under-

stand what they write or Utter; this is a most Pernicious Falshood. If they do not, pray is an inferior kind to be call'd Knowing? Plato confutes himself.

Pp. 68-69.

The Last Judgment is one of these Stupendous Visions. I have represented it as I saw it; to different People it appears differently as every thing else does; for tho' on Earth things seem Permanent, they are less permanent than a Shadow, as we all know too well.

The Nature of Visionary Fancy, or Imagination, is very little known, & the Eternal nature & permanence of its ever Existent Images is consider'd as less permanent than the things of Vegetative & Generative Nature; yet the Oak dies as well as the Lettuce, but Its Eternal Image & Individuality never dies, but renews by its seed; just [as *del.*] so the Imaginative Image returns [according to *del.*] by the seed of Contemplative Thought; the Writings of the Prophets illustrate these conceptions of the Visionary Fancy by their various sublime & Divine Images as seen in the Worlds of Vision.

Pp. 71-72.

The Learned m . . . or Heroes; this is an . . . & not Spiritual . . . while the Bible . . . of Virtue & Vice . . . as they are Ex . . . is the Real Di . . . Things. The . . . when they Assert that Jupiter usurped the Throne of his Father, Saturn, & brought on an Iron Age & Begat on Mnemosyne, or Memory, The Great Muses, which are not Inspiration as the Bible is. Reality was Forgot, & the Vanities of Time & Space only Remember'd & call'd Reality. Such is the Mighty difference between Allegoric Fable & Spiritual Mystery. Let it here be Noted that the Greek Fables originated in Spiritual Mystery & Real Vision, which are lost & clouded in Fable & Allegory, [which *del.*] while the Hebrew Bible & the Greek Gospel are Genuine, Preserv'd by the Saviour's Mercy. The Nature of my Work is Visionary or Imaginative; it is an Endeavour to Restore what the Ancients call'd the Golden Age.

P. 76.

No Man of Sense ever supposes that Copying from Nature is the Art of Painting; if Art is no more than this, it is no better than any other Manual Labour; any body may do it & the fool often will do it best as it is a work of no Mind.

Pp. 69-70.

This world of Imagination is the world of Eternity; it is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the Vegetated body. This World of Imagination is Infinite & Eternal, whereas the world of Generation, or Vegetation, is Finite & [for a small moment *del.*] Temporal. There Exist in that Eternal World the Permanent Realities of Every Thing which we see reflected in this Vegetable Glass of Nature. All Things are comprehended in these Eternal Forms in the divine body of the Saviour, the True Vine of Eternity, The Human Imagination, who appear'd to Me as Coming to Judgment among his Saints & throwing off the Temporal that the Eternal might be Establish'd; around him were seen the Images of Existences according to [their Aggregate . . . *del.*] a certain order Suited to my Imaginative Eye [In the following order *del.*] as follows.

Query, the Above ought to follow the description.
Here follows the description of the Picture:

P. 76.

Jesus seated between the Two Pillars, Jachin & Boaz, with the Word divine of Revelation on his knee, & on each side the four & twenty Elders sitting in judgment; the Heavens opening around him by unfolding the clouds around his throne. The Old H[eave]n & O[ld] Earth are passing away & the N[ew] H[eaven] & N[ew] Earth descending [as on a Scroll *del.*]. The Just arise on his right & the wicked on his Left hand. A sea of fire issues from before the throne. Adam & Eve appear first, before the [throne *del.*] Judgment seat in humiliation. Abel surrounded by Innocents, & Cain, with the flint in his hand with which he slew his brother, falling with the

head downward. From the Cloud on which Eve stands, Satan is seen falling headlong wound round by the tail of the serpent whose bulk, nail'd to the Cross round which he wreathes, is falling into the Abyss. Sin is also represented as a female bound in one of the Serpent's folds, surrounded by her fiends. Death is Chain'd to the Cross, & Time falls together with death, dragged down by [an Angel *del.*] a demon crown'd with Laurel; another demon with a Key has the charge of Sin & is dragging her down by the hair; beside them a [scaled *del.*] figure is seen, scaled with iron scales from head to feet [with *del.*], precipitating himself into the Abyss with the Sword & Balances: he is Og, King of Bashan.

On the Right, Beneath the Cloud on which Abel Kneels, is Abraham with Sarah & Isaac, also Hagar & Ishmael. Abel kneels on a bloody Cloud &c. (*to come in here as two leaves forward*).

P. 80.

Abel kneels on a bloody cloud descriptive of those Churches before the flood, that they were fill'd with blood & fire & vapour of smoke; even till Abraham's time the vapor & heat was not extinguish'd; these States Exist now. Man Passes on, but States remain for Ever; he passes thro' them like a traveller who may as well suppose that the places he has passed thro' exist no more, as a Man may suppose that the States he has pass'd thro' Exist no more. Every thing is Eternal.

P. 79.

In Eternity one Thing never Changes into another Thing. Each Identity is Eternal: consequently Apuleius's Golden Ass & Ovid's Metamorphosis & others of the like kind are Fable; yet they contain Vision in a sublime degree, being derived from real Vision in More ancient Writings. Lot's Wife being Changed into [a] Pillar of Salt alludes to the Mortal Body being render'd a Permanent Statue, but not Changed or Transformed into Another Identity while it retains its own Individuality. A Man can never become Ass nor Horse; some are born with shapes of Men, who may be both, but

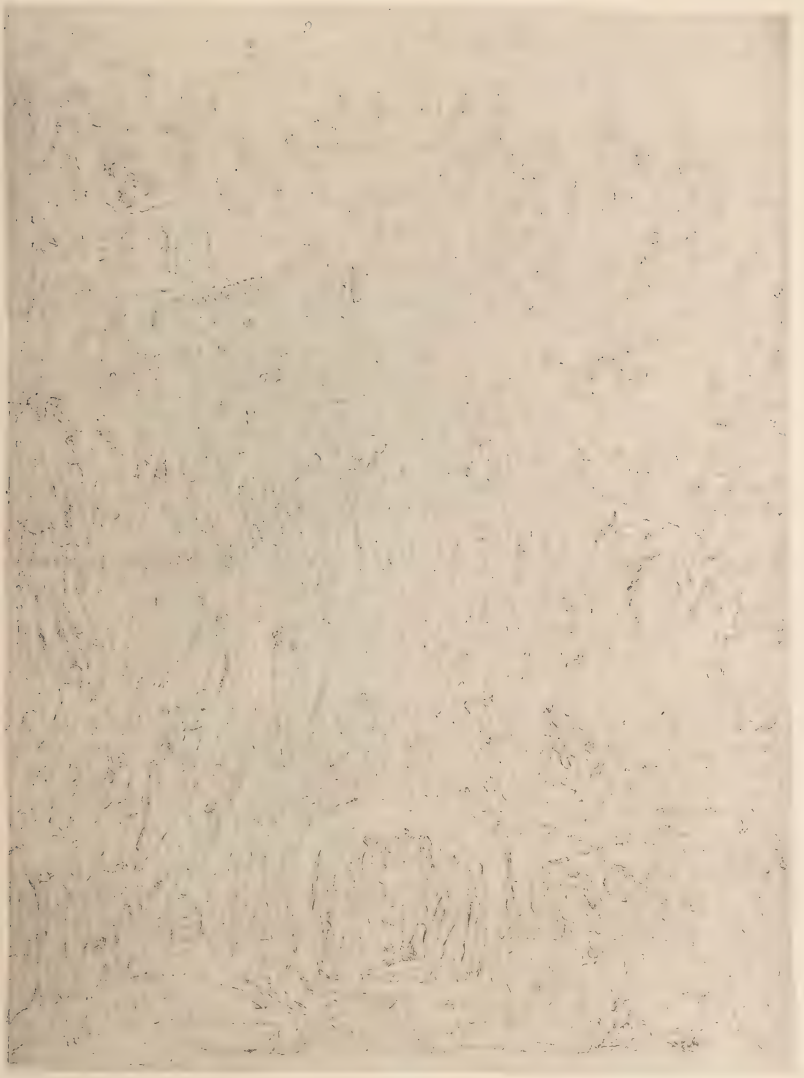


Plate LII

SKETCH FOR A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT

Eternal Identity is one thing & Corporeal Vegetation is another thing. Changing Water into Wine by Jesus & into Blood by Moses relates to Vegetable Nature also.

Pp. 76-77.

[Beneath] Ishmael is Mahomed, & on the left, beneath the falling figure of Cain, is Moses casting his tables of stone into the deeps. It ought to be understood that the Persons, Moses & Abraham, are not here meant, but the States Signified by those Names, the Individuals being representatives or Visions of those States as they were reveal'd to Mortal Man in the Series of Divine Revelations as they are written in the Bible; these various States I have seen in my Imagination; when distant they appear as One Man, but as you approach they appear Multitudes of Nations. Abraham hovers above his posterity, which appear as Multitudes of Children ascending from the Earth, surrounded by Stars, as it was said: 'As the Stars of Heaven for Multitude.' Jacob & [their *del.*] his Twelve Sons hover beneath the feet of Abraham & recieve these children from the Earth. I have seen, when at a distance, Multitudes of Men in Harmony appear like a single Infant, sometimes in the Arms of a Female; this represented the Church.

But to proceed with the description of those on the Left hand—beneath the Cloud on which Moses kneels is two figures, a Male & Female, chain'd together by the feet; they represent those who perish'd by the flood; beneath them a multitude of their associates are seen falling headlong; by the side of them is a Mighty fiend with a Book in his hand, which is Shut; he represents the person nam'd in Isaiah, xxii c. & 20 v., Eliakim, the Son of Helkiah: he drags Satan down headlong: he is crown'd with oak [& has *del.*]; by the side of the Scaled figure representing Og, King of Bashan, is a Figure with a Basket, emptying out the varieties of Riches & Worldly Honours: he is Araunah, the Jebusite, master of the threshing floor; above him are two figures, elevated on a Cloud, representing the Pharisees who plead their own Righteousness before the throne; they are weighed down by two fiends. Beneath the Man with the

Basket are three fiery fiends with grey beards & scourges of fire: they represent Cruel Laws; they scourge a groupe of figures down into the deeps; beneath them are various figures in attitudes of contention representing various States of Misery, which, alas, every one on Earth is liable to enter into, & against which we should all watch. The Ladies will be pleas'd to see that I have represented the Furies by Three Men & not by three Women. It is not because I think the Ancients wrong, but they will be pleas'd to remember that mine is Vision & not Fable. The Spectator may suppose them Clergymen in the Pulpit, scourging Sin instead of Forgiving it.

The Earth beneath these falling Groupes of figures is rocky & burning, and seems as if convuls'd by Earthquakes; a Great City on fire is seen in the distance; the armies are fleeing upon the Mountains. On the foreground, hell is opened & many figures are descending into it down stone steps & beside a Gate beneath a rock [howling & lamenting *del.*] where sin & death are to be closed Eternally by that Fiend who carries the key [& drags *del.*] in one hand & drags them down with the other. On the rock & above the Gate a fiend with wings urges [them *del.*] the wicked onwards with fiery darts; he [represents the Assyrian *del.*] is Hazael, the Syrian, who drives abroad all those who rebell against their Saviour; beneath the steps [is] Babylon, represented by a King crowned, Grasping his Sword & his Sceptre: he is just awaken'd out of his Grave; around him are other Kingdoms arising to Judgment, represented in this Picture [as in the Prophets *del.*] as Single Personages according to the descriptions in the Prophets. The Figure dragging up a Woman by her hair represents the Inquisition, as do those contending on the sides of the Pit, & in Particular the Man strangling two women represents a Cruel Church.

P. 78.

Two persons, one in Purple, the other in Scarlet, are descending [into Hell *del.*] down the steps into the Pit; these are Caiaphas & Pilate—Two States where all those reside who Calumniate & Murder under Pretence of Holiness & Justice. Caiaphas has a

Blue Flame like a Miter on his head. Pilate has bloody hands that never can be cleansed; the Females behind them represent the Females belonging to such States, who are under perpetual terrors & vain dreams, plots & secret deceit. Those figures that descend into the Flames before Caiaphas & Pilate are Judas & those of his Class. Achitophel is also here with the cord in his hand.

Pp. 80-81.

Between the Figures of Adam & Eve appears a fiery Gulph descending from the sea of fire. Before the throne in this Cataract Four Angels descend headlong with four trumpets to awake the dead; beneath these is the Seat of the Harlot, nam'd Mystery in the Revelations. She is [bound *del.*] siezed by Two Beings each with three heads; [representing *del.*] they Represent Vegetative Existence; as it is written in Revelations, they strip her naked & burn her with fire; it represents the Eternal Consummation of Vegetable Life & Death with its Lusts. The wreathed Torches in their hands represents Eternal Fire which is the fire of Generation or Vegetation; it is an Eternal Consummation. Those who are blessed with Imaginative Vision see This Eternal Female & tremble at what others fear not, while they despise & laugh at what others fear. Her Kings & Councellors & Warriors descend in Flames, Lamenting & looking upon her in astonishment & Terror, & Hell is open'd beneath her Seat on the Left hand. Beneath her feet is a flaming Cavern in which is seen the Great Red Dragon with seven heads & ten Horns [who *del.*]; he has Satan's book of Accusations lying on the Rock open before him; he is bound in chains by Two strong demons; they are Gog & Magog, who have been compell'd to subdue their Master (Ezekiel, xxxviii c, 8 v.) with their Hammer & Tongs, about to new-Create the Seven-Headed Kingdoms. The Graves beneath are open'd, & the dead awake & obey the call of the Trumpet; those on the Right hand awake in joy, those on the Left in Horror; beneath the Dragon's Cavern a Skeleton begins to Animate, starting into life at the Trumpet's sound, while the Wicked contend with each other on the brink of

perdition. On the Right a Youthful couple are awaked by their Children; an Aged patriarch is awaked by his aged wife—He is Albion, our Ancestor, patriarch of the Atlantic Continent, whose History Preceded that of the Hebrews & in whose Sleep, or Chaos, Creation began; [his Emanation or Wife is Jerusalem, who is a spirit of Experience & is the Bride of the . . . *del.*]; at their head the Aged Woman is Brittannica, the Wife of Albion: Jerusalem is their daughter. Little Infants creep out of the [ground *del.*] flowery mould into the Green fields of the blessed who in various joyful companies embrace & ascend to meet Eternity.

The Persons who ascend to Meet the Lord, coming in the Clouds with power & great Glory, are representations of those States described in the Bible under the Names of the Fathers before & after the Flood. Noah is seen in the Midst of these, canopied by a Rainbow, on his right hand Shem & on his Left Japhet; these three Persons represent Poetry, Painting & Music, the three Powers in Man of conversing with Paradise, which the flood did not Sweep away. Above Noah is the Church Universal, represented by a Woman Surrounded by Infants. There is such a State in Eternity: it is composed of the Innocent civilized Heathen & the Uncivilized Savage, who, having not the Law, do by Nature the things contain'd in the Law. This State appears like a Female crown'd with stars, driven into the Wilderness; she has the Moon under her feet. The Aged Figure with Wings, having a writing tablet & taking account of the numbers who arise, is That Angel of the Divine Presence mention'd in Exodus, xiv c., 19 v. & in other Places; this Angel is frequently call'd by the Name of Jehovah Elohim, The "I am" of the Books of Albion.

Around Noah & beneath him are various figures Risen into the Air; among these are Three Females, representing those who are not of the dead but of those found alive at the Last Judgment; they appear to be innocently gay & thoughtless, not being among the condemn'd because ignorant of crime in the midst of a corrupted Age; the Virgin Mary was of this Class. A Mother Meets her numerous Family in the Arms of their Father; these are repre-

sentations of the Greek Learned & Wise, as also of those of other Nations, such as Egypt & Babylon, in which were multitudes who shall meet the Lord coming in the Clouds.

The Children of Abraham, or Hebrew Church, are represented as a Stream of [Light *del.*] Figures, in which are seen Stars somewhat like the Milky way; they ascend from the Earth where Figures kneel Embracing above the Graves, & Represent Religion, or Civilized Life such as it is in the Christian Church, who are the Offspring of the Hebrew.

Pp. 82-84.

Just above the graves & above the spot where the Infants creep out of the Ground stand two, a Man & Woman; these are the Primitive Christians. The two Figures in purifying flames by the side of the dragon's cavern represents the Latter state of the Church when on the verge of Perdition, yet protected by a Flaming Sword. Multitudes are seen ascending from the Green fields of the blessed in which a Gothic Church is representative of true Art, Call'd Gothic in All Ages by those who follow'd the Fashion, as that is call'd which is without Shape or Fashion. On the right hand of Noah a Woman with Children Represents the State Call'd Laban the Syrian; it is the Remains of Civilization in the State from whence Abraham was taken. Also on the right hand of Noah A Female descends to meet her Lover or Husband, representative of that Love, call'd Friendship, which Looks for no other heaven than their Beloved & in him sees all reflected as in a Glass of Eternal Diamond.

On the right hand of these rise the diffident & Humble, & on their left a solitary Woman with her infant: these are caught up by three aged Men who appear as suddenly emerging from the blue sky for their help. These three Aged Men represent divine Providence as oppos'd to, & distinct from, divine vengeance, represented by three Aged men on the side of the Picture among the Wicked, with scourges of fire.

If the Spectator could Enter into these Images in his Imagination, approaching them on the Fiery Chariot of his Contemplative

Thought, if he could Enter into Noah's Rainbow or into his bosom, or could make a Friend & Companion of one of these Images of wonder, which always intreats him to leave mortal things (as he must know), then would he arise from his Grave, then would he meet the Lord in the Air & then he would be happy. General Knowledge is Remote Knowledge; it is in Particulars that Wisdom consists & Happiness too. Both in Art & in Life, General Masses are as Much Art as a Pasteboard Man is Human. Every Man has Eyes, Nose & Mouth; this Every Idiot knows, but he who enters into & discriminates most minutely the Manners & Intentions, the [Expression *del.*] Characters in all their branches, is the alone Wise or Sensible Man, & on this discrimination All Art is founded. I intreat, then, that the Spectator will attend to the Hands & Feet, to the Lineaments of the Countenances; they are all descriptive of Character, & not a line is drawn without intention, & that most discriminate & particular. As Poetry admits not a Letter that is Insignificant, so Painting admits not a Grain of Sand or a Blade of Grass Insignificant—much less an Insignificant Blur or Mark.

Above the Head of Noah is Seth; this State call'd Seth is Male & Female in a higher state of Happiness & wisdom than Noah, being nearer the State of Innocence; beneath the feet of Seth two figures represent the two Seasons of Spring & Autumn, while beneath the feet of Noah four Seasons represent [our present changes of Extremes *del.*] the Changed State made by the flood.

By the side of Seth is Elijah; he comprehends all the Prophetic Characters; he is seen on his fiery Chariot, bowing before the throne of the Saviour; in like manner The figures of Seth & his wife comprehends the Fathers before the flood & their Generations; when seen remote they appear as One Man; a little below Seth on his right are Two Figures, a Male & Female, with numerous Children; these represent those who were not in the Line of the Church & yet were Saved from among the Antediluvians who Perished; between Seth & these a female figure [with the back turn'd *del.*] represents the Solitary State of those who, previous to the Flood, walked with God.

All these arise toward the opening Cloud before the Throne, led onward by triumphant Groupes of Infants, & the Morning Stars sing together. Between Seth & Elijah three Female Figures crown'd with Garlands Represent Learning & Science, which accompanied Adam out of Eden.

The Cloud that opens, rolling apart before the throne & before the New Heaven & the New Earth, is Composed of Various Groupes of Figures, particularly the Four Living Creatures mention'd in Revelations as Surrounding the Throne; these I suppose to have the chief agency in removing the [fools *del.*] old heavens & the old Earth to make way for the New Heaven & the New Earth, to descend from the throne of God & of the Lamb; that Living Creature on the Left of the Throne Gives to the Seven Angels the Seven Vials of the wrath of God, with which they, hovering over the deeps beneath, pour out upon the wicked their Plagues; the Other Living Creatures are descending with a Shout & with the Sound of the Trumpet & with directing the Combats in the upper Elements; in the two Corners of the Picture [where . . . Apollyon *del.*], on the Left hand Apollyon is foiled before the Sword of Michael, & on the Right the Two Witnesses are subduing their Enemies.

[Around the Throne Heaven is Opened *del.*] On the Cloud are open'd the Books of Remembrance of Life & of Death: before that of Life, on the Right, some figures bow in humiliation; before that of Death, on the Left, the Pharisees are pleading their own Righteousness; the one shines with beams of Light, the other utters Lightnings & tempests.

A Last Judgment is Necessary because Fools flourish. Nations Flourish under Wise Rulers & are depress'd under foolish Rulers; it is the same with Individuals as Nations; works of Art can only be produc'd in Perfection where the Man is either in Affluence or it Above the Care of it. Poverty is the Fool's Rod, which at last is turn'd on his own back; this is A Last Judgment—when Men of Real Art Govern & Pretenders Fall. Some People & not a few Artists have asserted that the Painter of this Picture would not

have done so well if he had been properly Encourag'd. Let those who think so, reflect on the State of Nations under Poverty & their incapability of Art; tho' Art is Above Either, the Argument is better for Affluence than Poverty; & tho' he would not have been a greater Artist, yet he would have produc'd Greater works of Art in proportion to his means. A Last Judgment is not for the purpose of making Bad Men better, but for the Purpose of hindering them from opressing the Good with Poverty & Pain by means of Such Vile Arguments & Insinuations.

Around the Throne Heaven is open'd & the Nature of Eternal Things Display'd, All Springing from the Divine Humanity. All beams from him [& (Because *del.*) as he himself has said, All dwells in him *del.*]. He is the Bread & the Wine; he is the Water of Life; accordingly on Each Side of the opening Heaven appears an Apostle; [one *del.*] that on the Right Represents Baptism, [& the Other *del.*] that on the Left Represents the Lord's Supper. All Life consists of these Two, Throwing off Error & Knaves from our company continually & Recieving Truth or Wise Men into our Company continually. He who is out of the Church & opposes it is no less an Agent of Religion than he who is in it; to be an Error & to be Cast out is a part of God's design. No man can Embrace True Art till he has Explor'd & cast out False Art (such is the Nature of Mortal Things), or he will be himself Cast out by those who have Already Embraced True Art. Thus My Picture is a History of Art & Science, the Foundation of Society, [all *del.*] Which is Humanity itself. What are all the Gifts of the Spirit but Mental Gifts? Whenever any Individual Rejects Error & Embraces Truth, a Last Judgment passes upon that Individual.

P. 85.

Over the Head of the Saviour & Redeemer The Holy Spirit, like a Dove, is surrounded by a blue Heaven in which are the two Cherubim that bow'd over the Ark, for here the temple is open'd in Heaven & the Ark of the Covenant is as a Dove of Peace. The Curtains are drawn apart, Christ having rent the Veil. The

Candlestick & the Table of Shew-bread appear on Each side; a Glorification of Angels with Harps surround the Dove.

The Temple stands on the Mount of God; from it flows on each side the River of Life, on whose banks Grows the tree of Life, among whose branches temples & Pinnacles, tents & pavilions, Gardens & Groves, display Paradise with its Inhabitants walking up & down in Conversations concerning Mental Delights. Here they are &c. (*as three leaves on*).

Pp. 90-91.

Here they are no longer talking of what is Good & Evil, or of what is Right or Wrong, & puzzling themselves in Satan's [Maze *del.*] Labyrinth, But are Conversing with Eternal Realities as they Exist in the Human Imagination. We are in a World of Generation & death, & this world we must cast off if we would be Painters such as Rafael, Mich. Angelo & the Ancient Sculptors; if we do not cast off this world we shall be only Venetian Painters, who will be cast off & Lost from Art.

P. 85.

Jesus is surrounded by Beams of Glory in which are seen all around him Infants emanating from him; these represent the Eternal Births of Intellect from the divine Humanity. A Rainbow surrounds the throne & the Glory, in which youthful Nuptials recieve the infants in their hands. In Eternity Woman is the Emanation of Man; she has No Will of her own. There is no such thing in Eternity as a Female Will, & Queens [of England *del.*].

On the Side next Baptism are seen those call'd in the Bible Nursing Fathers & Nursing Mothers; [they have Crowns; the Spectator may suppose them to be the Good . . . *del.*] they represent Education. On the Side next the Lord's Supper The Holy Family, consisting of Mary, Joseph, John the Baptist, Zacharias & Elizabeth, recieving the Bread & Wine, among other Spirits of the Just made perfect. [Just *del.*] beneath these a Cloud of Women & Children are taken up, fleeing from the rolling Cloud which

separates the Wicked from the Seats of Bliss. These represent those who, tho' willing, were too weak to Reject Error without the Assistance & Countenance of those Already in the Truth; for a Man Can only Reject Error by the Advice of a Friend or by the Immediate Inspiration of God; it is for this Reason among many others that I have put the Lord's Supper on the Left hand of the [Picture *del.*] Throne, for it appears so at the Last Judgment, for a Protection.

P. 86.

The Painter hopes that his Friends Anytus, [& *del.*] Melitus & Lycon will percieve that they are not now in Ancient Greece, & tho' they can use the Poison of Calumny, the English Public will be convinc'd that such a Picture as this Could never be Painted by a Madman or by one in a State of Outrageous manners, as these [Villains *del.*] Bad Men both Print & Publish by all the means in their Power; the Painter begs Public Protection & all will be well.

Pp. 91-92.

Many suppose that before [*word del.*] the Creation All was Solitude & Chaos. This is the most pernicious Idea that can enter the Mind, as it takes away all sublimity from the Bible & Limits All Existence to Creation & to Chaos, To the Time & Space fixed by the Corporeal Vegetative Eye, & leaves the Man who entertains such an Idea the habitation of Unbelieving demons. Eternity Exists, and All things in Eternity, Independent of Creation which was an act of Mercy. I have represented those who are in Eternity by some in a Cloud within the Rainbow that Surrounds the Throne; they merely appear as in a Cloud when any thing of Creation, Redemption or Judgment are the Subjects of Contemplation, tho' their Whole Contemplation is concerning these things; the Reason they so appear is The Humiliation of the Reason & doubting Self-hood, & the Giving all up to Inspiration. By this it will be seen that I do not consider either the Just or the Wicked to be in a Supreme State, but to be every one of them States of the Sleep [of *del.*] which the Soul may fall into in its deadly dreams of

Good & Evil when it leaves Paradise [with *del.*] following the Serpent.

P. 91 (*sideways*).

The Greeks represent Chronos or Time as a very Aged Man; this is Fable, but the Real Vision of Time is in Eternal Youth. I have, however, somewhat accomodated my Figure of Time to the common opinion, as I myself am also infected with it & my Visions also infected, & I see Time Aged, alas, too much so.

Allegories are things that Relate to Moral Virtues. Moral Virtues do not Exist; they are Allegories & dissimulations. But Time & Space are Real Beings, a Male & a Female. Time is a Man, Space is a Woman, & her Masculine Portion is Death.

Pp. 86, 90.

The Combats of Good & Evil [& of Truth & Error which are the same thing *del.*] is Eating of the Tree of Knowledge. The Combats of Truth & Error is Eating of the Tree of Life; these are not only Universal, but Particular. Each are Personified. There is not an Error, but it has a Man for its [Actor *del.*] Agent, that is, it is a Man. There is not a Truth but it has also a Man. Good & Evil are Qualities in Every Man, whether a Good or Evil Man. These are Enemies & destroy one another by every Means in their power, both of deceit & of open Violence. The deist & the Christian are but the Results of these Opposing Natures. Many are deists who would in certain Circumstances have been Christians in outward appearance. Voltaire was one of this number; he was as intolerant as an Inquisitor. Manners make the Man, not Habits. It is the same in Art: by their Works ye shall know them; the Knave who is Converted to [Christianity *del.*] Deism & the Knave who is Converted to Christianity is still a Knave, but he himself will not know it, tho' Every body else does. Christ comes, as he came at first, to deliver those who were bound under the Knave, not to deliver the Knave. He Comes to deliver Man, the Accused, & not Satan, the Accuser. We do not find any where that Satan is

Accused of Sin; he is only accused of Unbelief & thereby drawing Man into Sin that he may accuse him. Such is the Last Judgment—a deliverance from Satan's Accusation. Satan thinks that Sin is displeasing to God; he ought to know that Nothing is displeasing to God but Unbelief & Eating of the Tree of Knowledge of Good & Evil.

P. 87.

Men are admitted into Heaven not because they have curbed & govern'd their Passions or have No Passions, but because they have Cultivated their Understandings. The Treasures of Heaven are not Negations of Passion, but Realities of Intellect, from which all the Passions Emanate Uncurbed in their Eternal Glory. The Fool shall not enter into Heaven let him be ever so Holy. Holiness is not The Price of Enterance into Heaven. Those who are cast out are All Those who, having no Passions of their own because No Intellect, Have spent their lives in Curbing & Governing other People's by the Various arts of Poverty & Cruelty of all kinds. The Modern Church Crucifies Christ with the Head Downwards. Wo, Wo, Wo to you Hypocrites. Even Murder, the Courts of Justice, more merciful than the Church, are compell'd to allow is not done in Passion, but in Cool Blooded design & Intention.

Pp. 92-95.

Many Persons, such as Paine & Voltaire, with some of the Ancient Greeks, say: "we will not converse concerning Good & "Evil; we will live in Paradise & Liberty." You may do so in Spirit, but not in the Mortal Body as you pretend, till after the Last Judgment; for in Paradise they have no Corporeal & Mortal Body —that originated with the Fall & was call'd Death & cannot be removed but by a Last Judgment. While we are in the world of Mortality we Must Suffer. The Whole Creation Groans to be deliver'd; there will always be as many Hypocrites born as Honest Men, & they will always have superior Power in Mortal Things. You cannot have Liberty in this World without what you call

Moral Virtue, & you cannot have Moral Virtue without the Slavery of [half *del.*] that half of the Human Race who hate what you call Moral Virtue.

The Nature of Hatred & Envy & of All the Mischiefs in the World are here depicted. No one Envies or Hates one of his Own Party; even the devils love one another in their Way; they torment one another for other reasons than Hate or Envy; these are only employ'd against the Just. Neither can Seth Envy Noah, or Elijah Envy Abraham, but they may both of them Envy the Success of Satan or of Og or Molech. The Horse never Envies the Peacock, nor the Sheep the Goat, but they Envy a Rival in Life & Existence whose ways & means exceed their own, let him be of what Class of Animals he will; a dog will envy a Cat who is pamper'd at [his *del.*] the expense of his comfort, as I have often seen. The Bible never tells us that devils torment one another thro' Envy; it is thro' this that [makes *del.*] they torment the Just— but for what do they torment one another? I answer: For the Coercive Laws of Hell, Moral Hypocrisy. They torment a Hypocrite when he is discover'd; they punish a Failure in the tormentor who has suffer'd the Subject of his torture to Escape. In Hell all is Self Righteousness; there is no such thing there as Forgiveness of Sin; he who does Forgive Sin is Crucified as an Abettor of Criminals, & he who performs Works of Mercy in Any shape whatever is punish'd &, if possible, destroy'd, not thro' envy or Hatred or Malice, but thro' Self Righteousness that thinks it does God service, which God is Satan. They do not Envy one another: They contemn & despise one another: Forgiveness of Sin is only at the Judgment Seat of Jesus the Saviour, where the Accuser is cast out, not because he Sins, but because he torments the Just & makes them do what he condemns as Sin & what he knows is opposite to their own Identity.

It is not because Angels are Holier than Men or Devils that makes them Angels, but because they do not Expect Holiness from one another, but from God only.

The Player is a liar when he says: " Angels are happier than Men

" because they are better." Angels are happier than Men & Devils because they are not always Prying after Good & Evil in one another & eating the Tree of Knowledge for Satan's Gratification.

Thinking as I do that the Creator of this World is a very Cruel Being, & being a Worshipper of Christ, I cannot help saying: " the " Son, O how unlike the Father! " First God Almighty comes with a Thump on the Head. Then Jesus Christ comes with a balm to heal it.

The Last Judgment is an Overwhelming of Bad Art & Science. Mental Things are alone Real; what is call'd Corporeal, Nobody knows of its Dwelling Place: it is in Fallacy, & its Existence an Imposture. Where is the Existence Out of Mind or Thought? Where is it but in the Mind of a Fool? Some People flatter themselves that there will be No Last Judgment & that Bad Art will be adopted & mixed with Good Art, That Error or Experiment will make a Part of Truth, & they Boast that it is its Foundation; these People flatter themselves: I will not Flatter them. Error is Created. Truth is Eternal. Error, or Creation, will be Burned up, & then, & not till Then, Truth or Eternity will appear. It is Burnt up the Moment Men cease to behold it. I assert for My Self that I do not behold the outward Creation & that to me it is hindrance & not Action; it is as the dirt upon my feet, No part of Me. " What," it will be Question'd, " When the Sun rises, do you not see a round " disk of fire somewhat like a Guinea? " O no, no, I see an Innumerable company of the Heavenly host crying, ' Holy, Holy, ' Holy is the Lord God Almighty.' I question not my Corporeal or Vegetative Eye any more than I would Question a Window concerning a Sight. I look thro' it & not with it.

[END OF A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT]

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO MILTON'S "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENSEROSO"

Written about 1810

L'ALLEGRO

1

But com thow Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
. . .
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
. . .
Sport that wounded Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty.

THESE personifications are all brought together in the First design Surrounding the Principal Figure which is Mirth herself.

2. The Lark is an Angel on the Wing. Dull Night starts from her Watch Tower on a Cloud. The Dawn with her Dappled Horses arises above the Earth. The Earth beneath awakes at the Lark's Voice.

3. The Great Sun is represented clothed in Flames, Surrounded by the Clouds in their Liveries, in their various Offices at the

Eastern Gate; beneath, in Small Figures, Milton walking by Elms on Hillocks green, The Plowman, The Milkmaid, The Mower whetting his Scythe, & The Shepherd & his Lass under a Hawthorn in the Dale.

4. In this design is Introduced,

> "Mountains on whose barren breast
> "The laboring Clouds do often rest."

Mountains, Clouds, Rivers, Trees appear Humanized on the Sunshine Holiday. The Church Steeple with its merry bells. The Clouds arise from the bosoms of Mountains, While Two Angels sound their Trumpets in the Heavens to announce the Sunshine Holiday.

5. The Goblin, crop full, flings out of doors from his Laborious task, dropping his Flail & Cream bowl, yawning & stretching, vanishes into the Sky, in which is seen Queen Mab Eating Junkets. The Sports of the Fairies are seen thro' the Cottage where "She" lays in Bed "pinchd & pulld" by Fairies as they dance on the Bed, the Ceiling, & the Floor, & a Ghost pulls the Bed Clothes at her Feet. "He" is seen following the Friars Lantern towards the Convent.

6. The youthful Poet, sleeping on a bank by the Haunted Stream by Sun Set, sees in his dream the more bright Sun of Imagination under the auspices of Shakespeare & Johnson, in which is Hymen at a Marriage & the Antique Pageantry attending it.

7.

Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
. . .
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
. . .
And add to these retired leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the Mute Silence hist along.

THESE Personifications are all brought together in this design, surrounding the Principal Figure Who is Melancholy herself.

8. Milton, in his Character of a Student at Cambridge, Sees the Moon terrified as one led astray in the midst of her path thro' heaven. The distant Steeple seen across a wide water indicates the sound of the Curfew Bell.

9. The Spirit of Plato unfolds his Worlds to Milton in Contemplation. The Three destinies sit on the Circles of Plato's Heavens, weaving the Thread of Mortal Life; these Heavens are Venus, Jupiter & Mars. Hermes flies before as attending on the Heaven of Jupiter; the Great Bear is seen in the sky beneath Hermes, & The Spirits of Fire, Air, Water & Earth Surround Milton's Chair.

10. Milton led by Melancholy into the Groves away from the Sun's flaming Beams, who is seen in the Heavens throwing his darts & flames of fire. The Spirits of the Trees on each side are seen under the domination of Insects raised by the Sun's heat.

JERUSALEM

THE EMANATION OF THE GIANT ALBION

Written and etched 1804-1820

3

SHEEP

TO THE PUBLIC

GOATS

AFTER my three years slumber on the banks of the ocean, I again display my Giant Forms to the Public. My former Giants & Fairies having reciev'd the highest reward possible, the *love*[1] and *friendship* of those with whom to be connected is to be *blessed*, I cannot doubt that this more consolidated & extended Work will be as kindly recieved. The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes *that all will think . . . or engraving when he . . . and the Ancients . . . to their . . . I have . . . acknowledge mine for my . . . and . . . for they were wholly accursed in their ideas.* I also hope the Reader will be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God *of Fire* and Lord *of Love* to whom the Ancients look'd and saw his day afar off, with trembling & amazement.

The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin: he who waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviour's kingdom, the Divine Body, will never enter there. I am perhaps the most sinful of men. I pretend not to holiness: yet I pretend to love, to see, to converse with daily as man with man, & the more to have an interest in the Friend of Sinners. Therefore, *dear* Reader, *forgive* what you do not approve, & *love* me for this engetic exertion of my talent.

Reader! *lover* of books! *lover* of heaven,
And of that God from whom *all things are given,*
Who in mysterious Sinai's awful cave
To Man the wondrous art of writing gave:

[1] All the words on this plate here printed in italic have been partially erased from the copper together with others which cannot be recovered.



Plate LIII

LOS ENTERING THE BOSOM OF ALBION

Again he speaks in thunder and in fire!
Thunder of Thought, & flames of fierce desire:
Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear
Within the unfathom'd caverns of my Ear.
Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:
Heaven, Earth & Hell henceforth shall live in harmony.

Of the Measure in which
the following Poem is written.

We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves; every thing is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep. *I fear the best . . . in Jesus whom we . . .* When this Verse was first dictated to me, I consider'd a Monotonous Cadence, like that used by Milton & Shakspeare & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming, to be a necessary and indispensable part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produc'd a variety in every line, both of cadences & number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place; the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild & gentle for the mild & gentle parts, and the prosaic for inferior parts; all are necessary to each other. Poetry Fetter'd Fetters the Human Race. Nations are Destroy'd or Flourish in proportion as Their Poetry, Painting and Music are Destroy'd or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man was Wisdom, Art and Science.

4

Μονος ὁ Ιεσους

J E R U S A L E M

CHAP: 1

OF the Sleep of Ulro! and of the passage through
Eternal Death! and of the awaking to Eternal Life.

This theme calls me in sleep night after night, & ev'ry morn
Awakes me at sun-rise; then I see the Saviour over me
Spreading his beams of love & dictating the words of this mild song.

" Awake! awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!
" I am in you and you in me, mutual in love divine:
" Fibres of love from man to man thro' Albion's pleasant land.
" In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey
" A black water accumulates; return Albion! return!
" Thy brethren call thee, and thy fathers and thy sons,
" Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters
" Weep at thy soul's disease, and the Divine Vision is darken'd,
" Thy Emanation that was wont to play before thy face,
" Beaming forth with her daughters into the Divine bosom: [Where *erased*]
" Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation, lovely Jerusalem,
" From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one?
" I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend;
" Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me:
" Lo! we are One, forgiving all Evil, Not seeking recompense.
" Ye are my members, O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades! "

But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark:
[Saving . . . *one line erased from the plate*]

" Phantom of the over heated brain! shadow of immortality!
" Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy Love! which binds
" Man, the enemy of man, into deceitful friendships,
" Jerusalem is not! her daughters are indefinite:
" By demonstration man alone can live, and not by faith.
" My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself:
" The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds, Plinlimmon & Snowdon
" Are mine: here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue.
" Humanity shall be no more, but war & princedom & victory! "

So spoke Albion in jealous fears, hiding his Emanation
Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah, dissembling
His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening, cold!

5

The banks of the Thames are clouded! the ancient porches of Albion are
Darken'd! they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scatter'd upon
The Void in incoher(er)ent despair! Cambridge & Oxford & London
Are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and dissipated
In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible.
Albion's mountains run with blood, the cries of war & of tumult
Resound into the unbounded night, every Human perfection
Of mountain & river & city are small & wither'd & darken'd.
Cam is a little stream! Ely is almost swallow'd up!
Lincoln & Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan!
Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north!
Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython
Jerusalem is scatter'd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entity.
Moab & Ammon & Amalek & Canaan & Egypt & Aram
Recieve her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty.

Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonish'd at me,
Yet they forgive my wanderings. I rest not from my great task!
To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought, into Eternity

Ever expanding in the Bosom of God, the Human Imagination.
O Saviour pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness & love!
Annihilate the Selfhood in me: be thou all my life!
Guide thou my hand, which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages,
While I write of the building of Golgonooza, & of the terrors of Entuthon,
Of Hand & Hyle & Coban, of Kwantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton,
Of the terrible sons & daughters of Albion, and their Generations.

Scofield, Kox, Kotope and Bowen revolve most mightily upon
The Furnace of Los; before the eastern gate bending their fury
They war to destroy the Furnaces, to desolate Golgonooza,
And to devour the Sleeping Humanity of Albion in rage & hunger.
They revolve into the Furnaces Southward & are driven forth Northward,
Divided into Male and Female forms time after time.
From these Twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.

The Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loom.
I behold them, and their rushing fires overwhelm my Soul
In London's darkness, and my tears fall day and night
Upon the Emanations of Albion's Sons, the Daughters of Albion,
Names anciently remember'd, but now contemn'd as fictions
Although in every bosom they controll our Vegetative powers.

These are united into Tirzah and her Sisters on Mount Gilead,
Cambel & Gwendolen & Conwenna & Cordella & Ignoge.
And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates,
Gwiniverra & Gwinefred & Gonorill & Sabrina beautiful,
Estrild, Mehetabel & Ragan, lovely Daughters of Albion,
They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion.

The Starry Wheels revolv'd heavily over the Furnaces,
Drawing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love
Eastward, a pillar of a cloud with Vala upon the mountains
Howling in pain, redounding from the arms of Beulah's Daughters!
Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los.

A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding
Till the cloud reaches afar outstretch'd among the Starry Wheels
Which revolve heavily in the mighty Void above the Furnaces.

O what avail the loves & tears of Beulah's lovely Daughters!
They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears,
But all within is open'd into the deeps of Entuthon Benython,
A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end,
Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination
(Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed for ever),
And there Jerusalem wanders with Vala upon the mountains.
Attracted by the revolutions of those Wheels, the Cloud of smoke
Immense and Jerusalem & Vala weeping in the Cloud
Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow
Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels,
Lamenting for her children, for the sons & daughters of Albion.

Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar! his tears fall
Incessant before the Furnaces, and his Emanation divided in pain
Eastward toward the Starry Wheels. But Westward, a black Horror,

6

His Spectre driv'n by the Starry Wheels of Albion's sons, black and
Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns!

For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided
In terror of those starry wheels: and the Spectre stood over Los
Howling in pain, a black'ning Shadow, black'ning dark & opake,
Cursing the terrible Los, bitterly cursing him for his friendship
To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.

Los rag'd and stamp'd the earth in his might & terrible wrath!
He stood and stamp'd the earth; then he threw down his hammer in rage &
In fury; then he sat down and wept, terrified! Then arose
And chaunted his song, labouring with the tongs and hammer;
But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increas'd!

In pain the Spectre divided, in pain of hunger and thirst
To devour Los's Human Perfection; but when he saw that Los

7

Was living, panting like a frighted wolf and howling
He stood over the Immortal in the solitude and darkness
Upon the dark'ning Thames, across the whole Island westward,
A horrible Shadow of Death among the Furnaces beneath
The pillar of folding smoke; and he sought by other means
To lure Los, by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors,
Terrors in every Nerve, by spasms & extended pains,
While Los answer'd unterrified to the opake blackening Fiend.

And thus the Spectre spoke: " Wilt thou still go on to destruction?
" Till thy life is all taken away by this deceitful Friendship?
" He drinks thee up like water, like wine he pours thee
" Into his tuns; thy Daughters are trodden in his vintage.
" He makes thy Sons the trampling of his bulls, they are plow'd
" And harrow'd for his profit; lo! thy stolen Emanation
" Is his garden of pleasure! all the Spectres of his Sons mock thee;
" Look how they scorn thy once admired palaces, now in ruins
" Because of Albion! because of deceit and friendship! For Lo!
" Hand has peopled Babel & Nineveh: Hyle, Ashur & Aram:
" Coban's son is Nimrod: his son Cush is adjoin'd to Aram
" By the Daughter of Babel in a woven mantle of pestilence & war.
" They put forth their spectrous cloudy sails which drive their immense
" Constellations over the deadly deeps of indefinite Udan-Adan.
" Kox is the Father of Shem & Ham & Japheth, he is the Noah
" Of the Flood of Udan-Adan: Hut'n is the Father of the Seven
" From Enoch to Adam: Schofield is Adam who was New-
" Created in Edom. I saw it indignant, & thou art not moved!
" This has divided thee in sunder, and wilt thou still forgive?
" O! thou seest not what I see, what is done in the Furnaces.
" Listen, I will tell thee what is done in moments to thee unknown:
" Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction and sealed,

" And Vala fed in cruel delight the Furnaces with fire.
" Stern Urizen beheld, urg'd by necessity to keep
" The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power
" He might avert his own despair, in woe & fear he saw
" Vala incircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was clos'd.
" With joy she heard his howlings & forgot he was her Luvah,
" With whom she liv'd in bliss in times of innocence & youth.
" Vala comes from the Furnace in a cloud, but wretched Luvah
" Is howling in the Furnaces, in flames among Albion's Spectres,
" To prepare the Spectre of Albion to reign over thee, O Los,
" Forming the Spectres of Albion according to his rage:
" To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Scofield, the Ninth
" Of Albion's sons & the father of all his brethren in the Shadowy
" Generation. Cambel & Gwendolen wove webs of war & of
" Religion to involve all Albion's sons, and when they had
" Involv'd Eight, their webs roll'd outwards into darkness,
" And Scofield the Ninth remain'd on the outside of the Eight,
" And Kox, Kotope & Bowen, One in him, a Fourfold Wonder,
" Involv'd the Eight. Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion,
" To separate a Law of Sin, to punish thee in thy members."

Los answer'd: " Altho' I know not this, I know far worse than this:
" I know that Albion hath divided me, and that thou, O my Spectre,
" Hast just cause to be irritated; but look stedfastly upon me;
" Comfort thyself in my strength; the time will arrive
" When all Albion's injuries shall cease, and when we shall
" Embrace him, tenfold bright, rising from his tomb in immortality.
" They have divided themselves by Wrath, they must be united by
" Pity; let us therefore take example & warning, O my Spectre.
" O that I could abstain from wrath! O that the Lamb
" Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury,
" In anguish of regeneration, in terrors of self annihilation!
" Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder,
" And the Religion of Generation, which was meant for the destruction
" Of Jerusalem, become her covering till the time of the End.

" O holy Generation, Image of regeneration!
" O point of mutual forgiveness between Enemies!
" Birthplace of the Lamb of God incomprehensible!
" The Dead despise & scorn thee & cast thee out as accursed,
" Seeing the Lamb of God in thy gardens & thy palaces
" Where they desire to place the Abomination of Desolation.
" Hand sits before his furnace: scorn of others & furious pride
" Freeze round him to bars of steel & to iron rocks beneath
" His feet; indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north

8

" Rose up against me thundering, from the Brook of Albion's River,
" From Ranelagh & Strumbolo, from Cromwell's gardens & Chelsea,
" The place of wounded Soldiers; but when he saw my Mace
" Whirl'd round from heaven to earth, trembling he sat: his cold
" Poisons rose up, & his sweet deceits cover'd them all over
" With a tender cloud. As thou art now, such was he, O Spectre.
" I know thy deceit & thy revenges, and unless thou desist
" I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen!
" Be attentive! be obedient! Lo, the Furnaces are ready to recieve thee!
" I will break thee into shivers & melt thee in the furnaces of death.
" I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment if thou
" Desist not from thine own will & obey not my stern command.
" I am clos'd up from my children: my Emanation is dividing,
" And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark,
" I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours: To beat
" These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Anvils of bitter Death.
" I am inspired. I act not for myself; for Albion's sake
" I now am what I am! a horror and an astonishment,
" Shudd'ring the heavens to look upon me. Behold what cruelties
" Are practised in Babel & Shinar, & have approach'd to Zion's Hill."

While Los spoke the terrible Spectre fell shudd'ring before him,
Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey.
Los open'd the Furnaces in fear, the Spectre saw to Babel & Shinar

Across all Europe & Asia, he saw the tortures of the Victims.
He saw now from the outside what he before saw & felt from within;
He saw that Los was the sole, uncontroll'd Lord of the Furnaces.
Groaning he kneel'd before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone,
Hung'ring & thirsting for Los's life, yet pretending obedience,
While Los pursu'd his speech in threat'nings loud & fierce:

" Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness: I have found thee out.
" Thou art reveal'd before me in all thy magnitude & power.
" Thy Uncircumcised pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder.
" Thy holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me,
" Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albion's Spectre,
" For I am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired fury.
" If thou wast cast forth from my life, if I was dead upon the mountains,
" Thou mightest be pitied & lov'd; but now I am living, unless
" Thou abstain ravening I will create an eternal Hell for thee.
" Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellows;
" Take thou these Tongs, strike thou alternate with me, labour obedient.
" Hand & Hyle & Koban, Skofeld, Kox & Kotope labour mightily
" In the Wars of Babel & Shinar; all their Emanations were
" Condens'd. Hand has absorb'd all his Brethren in his might;
" All the infant Loves & Graces were lost, for the mighty Hand

9

" Condens'd his Emanations into hard opake substances,
" And his infant thoughts & desires into cold dark cliffs of death.
" His hammer of gold he siez'd, and his anvil of adamant;
" He siez'd the bars of condens'd thoughts to forge them
" Into the sword of war, into the bow and arrow,
" Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun.
" I saw the limbs form'd for exercise contemn'd, & the beauty of
" Eternity look'd upon as deformity, & loveliness as a dry tree.
" I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb
" Of God to destroy Jerusalem & to devour the body of Albion,
" By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman.

" Awkwardness arm'd in steel, folly in a helmet of gold,
" Weakness with horns & talons, ignorance with a rav'ning beak,
" Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime
" And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion,
" Inspiration deny'd, Genius forbidden by laws of punishment,
" I saw terrified. I took the sighs & tears & bitter groans,
" I lifted them into my Furnaces to form the spiritual sword
" That lays open the hidden heart. I drew forth the pang
" Of sorrow red hot: I work'd it on my resolute anvil:
" I heated it in the flames of Hand & Hyle & Coban
" Nine times. Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwineverra

" Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,
" The crysolite, the topaz, the jacinth & every precious stone.
" Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard.
" I labour day and night. I behold the soft affections
" Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty,
" But still I labour in hope, tho' still my tears flow down:
" That he who will not defend Truth may be compell'd to defend
" A Lie: that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken:
" That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease; arise Spectre, arise! "

Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans & tears.
Groaning the Spectre heav'd the billows, obeying Los's frowns,
Till the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces
Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre

10

Into the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Anvils of Death
And into the mountains of the Anvils & of the heavy Hammers,
Till he should bring the Sons & Daughters of Jerusalem to be
The Sons & Daughters of Los, that he might protect them from
Albion's dread Spectres; storming, loud, thunderous & mighty
The Bellows & the Hammers move compell'd by Los's hand.

And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength:
They take the Two Contraries which are call'd Qualities, with which
Every Substance is clothed: they name them Good & Evil;
From them they make an Abstract, which is a Negation
Not only of the Substance from which it is derived,
A murderer of its own Body, but also a murderer
Of every Divine Member: it is the Reasoning Power,
An Abstract objecting power that Negatives every thing.
This is the Spectre of Man, the Holy Reasoning Power,
And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation.

Therefore Los stands in London building Golgonooza,
Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear
The Spectre weeps, but Los unmov'd by tears or threats remains.

" I must Create a System or be enslav'd by another Man's.
" I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create."

So Los in fury & strength, in indignation & burning wrath.
Shudd'ring the Spectre howls, his howlings terrify the night,
He stamps around the Anvil, beating blows of stern despair,
He curses Heaven & Earth, Day & Night & Sun & Moon,
He curses Forest, Spring & River, Desart & sandy Waste,
Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws,
Driven to desperation by Los's terrors & threatening fears.

Los cries, " Obey my voice & never deviate from my will
" And I will be merciful to thee! be thou invisible to all
" To whom I make thee invisible, but chief to my own Children.
" O Spectre of Urthona! Reason not against their dear approach
" Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt & despair.
" O Shame, O strong & mighty Shame, I break thy brazen fetters!
" If thou refuse, thy present torments will seem southern breezes
" To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will."

The Spectre answer'd: " Art thou not asham'd of those thy Sins
" That thou callest thy Children? lo, the Law of God commands
" That they be offered upon his Altar! O cruelty & torment,
" For thine are also mine! I have kept silent hitherto
" Concerning my chief delight, but thou hast broken silence.
" Now I will speak my mind! Where is my lovely Enitharmon?
" O thou my enemy, where is my Great Sin? She is also thine.
" I said: now is my grief at worst, incapable of being
" Surpassed; but every moment it accumulates more & more,
" It continues accumulating to eternity; the joys of God advance,
" For he is Righteous, he is not a Being of Pity & Compassion,
" He cannot feel Distress, he feeds on Sacrifice & Offering,
" Delighting in cries & tears & clothed in holiness & solitude;
" But my griefs advance also, for ever & ever without end.
" O that I could cease to be! Despair! I am Despair,
" Created to be the great example of horror & agony; also my
" Prayer is vain. I called for compassion: compassion mock'd;
" Mercy & pity threw the grave stone over me, & with lead
" And iron bound it over me for ever. Life lives on my
" Consuming, & the Almighty hath made me his Contrary
" To be all evil, all reversed & for ever dead, knowing
" And seeing life, yet living not; how can I then behold
" And not tremble? how can I be beheld & not abhorr'd? "

So spoke the Spectre shudd'ring, & dark tears ran down his shadowy face,
Which Los wiped off, but comfort none could give, or beam of hope.
Yet ceas'd he not from labouring at the roarings of his Forge,
With iron & brass Building Golgonooza in great contendings,
Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces
At the sublime Labours: for Los compell'd the invisible Spectre

11

To labours mighty with vast strength, with his mighty chains,
In pulsations of time, & extensions of space like Urns of Beulah,
With great labour upon his anvils, & in his ladles the Ore

He lifted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art,
Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems,
That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead,
He might feel the pain as if a man gnaw'd his own tender nerves.

Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah
Came from the Furnaces, by Los's mighty power for Jerusalem's
Sake, walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin.
And the Sons and Daughters of Los came forth in perfection lovely,
And the Spaces of Erin reach'd from the starry heighth to the starry depth.

Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together.
They fear'd they never more should see their Father who
Was built in from Eternity in the Cliffs of Albion.

But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace,
Again they lament: " O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem
" To protect the Emanations of Albion's mighty ones from cruelty?
" Sabrina & Ignoge begin to sharpen their beamy spears
" Of light and love; their little children stand with arrows of gold.
" Ragan is wholly cruel, Scofield is bound in iron armour,
" He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reuben's gate,
" He shoots beneath Jerusalem's walls to undermine her foundations.
" Vala is but thy shadow, O thou loveliest among women!
" A shadow animated by thy tears, O mournful Jerusalem!

12

" Why wilt thou give to her a Body whose life is but a Shade?
" Her joy and love, a shade, a shade of sweet repose:
" But animated and vegetated she is a devouring worm.
" What shall we do for thee, O lovely mild Jerusalem? "

And Los said, " I behold the finger of God in terrors!
" Albion is dead! his Emanation is divided from him!
" But I am living! yet I feel my Emanation also dividing.

" Such thing was never known! O pity me, thou all-piteous-one!
" What shall I do, or how exist, divided from Enitharmon?
" Yet why despair? I saw the finger of God go forth
" Upon my Furnaces from within the Wheels of Albion's Sons,
" Fixing their Systems permanent, by mathematic power
" Giving a body to Falshood that it may be cast off for ever,
" With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow.
" God is within & without: he is even in the depths of Hell! "

Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces.

And they appear'd within & without, incircling on both sides
The Starry Wheels of Albion's Sons, with Spaces for Jerusalem
And for Vala the shadow of Jerusalem, the ever mourning Shade,
On both sides, within & without beaming gloriously.

Terrified at the sublime Wonder, Los stood before his Furnaces.
And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erin's Spaces,
For the Spaces reach'd from the starry heighth to the starry depth:
And they builded Golgonooza: terrible eternal labour!

What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place
Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburn's fatal Tree? is that
Mild Zion's hill's most ancient promontory, near mournful
Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha
Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!
The stones are pity, and the bricks, well wrought affections
Enamel'd with love & kindness, & the tiles engraven gold,
Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are forgiveness:
The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails
And the screws & iron braces are well wrought blandishments
And well contrived words, firm fixing, never forgotten,
Always comforting the remembrance: the floors, humility:
The cielings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving.
Prepare the furniture, O Lambeth, in thy pitying looms,

The curtains, woven tears & sighs wrought into lovely forms
For comfort; there the secret furniture of Jerusalem's chamber
Is wrought. Lambeth! the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, loveth thee.
Thou art one with her & knowest not of self in thy supreme joy.
Go on, builders in hope, tho' Jerusalem wanders far away
Without the gate of Los, among the dark Satanic wheels.

Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions, and fourfold
The great City of Golgonooza: fourfold toward the north,
And toward the south fourfold, & fourfold toward the east & west,
Each within other toward the four points: that toward
Eden, and that toward the World of Generation,
And that toward Beulah, and that toward Ulro.
Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albion's sons,
But that toward Eden is walled up till time of renovation,
Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments & perfection.

And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity:
West, the Circumference: South, the Zenith: North,
The Nadir: East, the Center, unapproachable for ever.
These are the four Faces towards the Four Worlds of Humanity
In every Man. Ezekiel saw them by Chebar's flood.
And the Eyes are the South, and the Nostrils are the East,
And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.

And the North Gate of Golgonooza, toward Generation
Has four sculptur'd Bulls, terrible, before the Gate of iron,
And iron the Bulls; and that which looks toward Ulro,
Clay bak'd & enamel'd, eternal glowing as four furnaces,
Turning upon the Wheels of Albion's sons with enormous power:
And that toward Beulah four, gold, silver, brass & iron;

13
And that toward Eden, four, form'd of gold, silver, brass & iron.

The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible, living:
That toward Generation, four, of iron carv'd wondrous:
That toward Ulro, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship:
That toward Eden, four, immortal gold, silver, brass & iron.

The Western Gate fourfold is clos'd, having four Cherubim
Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task,
Like Men hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings.
That towards Generation, iron: that toward Beulah, stone:
That toward Ulro, clay: that toward Eden, metals:
But all clos'd up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their dead.

The Eastern Gate fourfold, terrible & deadly its ornaments,
Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albion's sons, as cogs
Are form'd in a wheel to fit the cogs of the adverse wheel.

That toward Eden, eternal ice frozen in seven folds
Of forms of death: and that toward Beulah, stone,
The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible:
And that toward Ulro, forms of war, seven enormities:
And that toward Generation, seven generative forms.

And every part of the City is fourfold; & every inhabitant, fourfold.
And every pot & vessel & garment & utensil of the houses,
And every house, fourfold; but the third Gate in every one
Is clos'd as with a threefold curtain of ivory & fine linen & ermine.
And Luban stands in middle of the City; a moat of fire
Surrounds Luban, Los's Palace & the golden Looms of Cathedron.

And sixty-four thousand Genii guard the Eastern Gate,
And sixty-four thousand Gnomes guard the Northern Gate,
And sixty-four thousand Nymphs guard the Western Gate,
And sixty-four thousand Fairies guard the Southern Gate.

CHAPTER 1

Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal, a Land
Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy
In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, number'd from Adam to Luther,
From the blue Mundane Shell, reaching to the Vegetative Earth.

The Vegetative Universe opens like a flower from the Earth's center
In which is Eternity. It expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell
And there it meets Eternity again, both within and without,
And the abstract Voids between the Stars are the Satanic Wheels.

There is the Cave, the Rock, the Tree, the Lake of Udan Adan,
The Forest and the Marsh and the Pits of bitumen deadly,
The Rocks of solid fire, the Ice valleys, the Plains
Of burning sand, the rivers, cataract & Lakes of Fire,
The Islands of the fiery Lakes, the Trees of Malice, Revenge
And black Anxiety, and the Cities of the Salamandrine men,
(But whatever is visible to the Generated Man
Is a Creation of mercy & love from the Satanic Void).
The land of darkness flamed, but no light & no repose:
The land of snows of trembling & of iron hail incessant:
The land of earthquakes, and the land of woven labyrinths:
The land of snares & traps & wheels & pit-falls & dire mills:
The Voids, the Solids, & the land of clouds & regions of waters
With their inhabitants, in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah:
Self-righteousness conglomerating against the Divine Vision:
A Concave Earth wondrous, Chasmal, Abyssal, Incoherent,
Forming the Mundane Shell: above, beneath, on all sides surrounding
Golgonooza. Los walks round the walls night and day.

He views the City of Golgonooza & its smaller Cities,
The Looms & Mills & Prisons & Work-houses of Og & Anak,
The Amalekite, the Canaanite, the Moabite, the Egyptian,
And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years,
Permanent & not lost, not lost nor vanish'd, & every little act,
Word, work & wish that has existed, all remaining still

In those Churches ever consuming & ever building by the Spectres
Of all the inhabitants of Earth wailing to be Created,
Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, meer possibilities,
But to those who enter into them they seem the only substances;
For every thing exists & not one sigh nor smile nor tear,

14

One hair nor particle of dust, not one can pass away.

He views the Cherub at the Tree of Life, also the Serpent
Orc, the first born, coil'd in the south, the Dragon Urizen,
Tharmas the Vegetated Tongue, even the Devouring Tongue,
A threefold region, a false brain, a false heart
And false bowels, altogether composing the False Tongue,
Beneath Beulah as a wat'ry flame revolving every way,
And as dark roots and stems, a Forest of affliction, growing
In seas of sorrow. Los also views the Four Females,
Ahania and Enion and Vala and Enitharmon lovely,
And from them, all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion.
Ahania & Enion & Vala are three evanescent shades:
Enitharmon is a vegetated mortal Wife of Los,
His Emanation, yet his Wife till the sleep of Death is past.

Such are the Buildings of Los, & such are the Woofs of Enitharmon.

And Los beheld his Sons and he beheld his Daughters,
Every one a translucent Wonder, a Universe within,
Increasing inwards into length and breadth and heighth,
Starry & glorious; and they every one in their bright loins
Have a beautiful golden gate, which opens into the vegetative world;
And every one a gate of rubies & all sorts of precious stones
In their translucent hearts, which opens into the vegetative world;
And every one a gate of iron dreadful and wonderful
In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world;
And every one has the three regions, Childhood, Manhood & Age;

But the gate of the tongue, the western gate, in them is clos'd,
Having a wall builded against it, and thereby the gates
Eastward & Southward & Northward are incircled with flaming fires.
And the North is Breadth, the South is Heighth & Depth,
The East is Inwards, & the West is Outwards every way.

And Los beheld the mild Emanation, Jerusalem, eastward bending
Her revolutions toward the Starry Wheels in maternal anguish,
Like a pale cloud, arising from the arms of Beulah's Daughters
In Entuthon Benython's deep Vales beneath Golgonooza.
[END OF CHAP. 1 *erased*]

15

And Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre
Of strong revenge, & Skofeld Vegetated by Reuben's Gate
In every Nation of the Earth, till the Twelve Sons of Albion
Enrooted into every Nation, a mighty Polypus growing
From Albion over the whole Earth: such is my awful Vision.

I see the Four-fold Man, The Humanity in deadly sleep
And its fallen Emanation, The Spectre & its cruel Shadow.
I see the Past, Present & Future existing all at once
Before me. O Divine Spirit, sustain me on thy wings,
That I may awake Albion from his long & cold repose;
For Bacon & Newton, sheath'd in dismal steel, their terrors hang
Like iron scourges over Albion: Reasonings like vast Serpents
Infold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations.

I turn my eyes to the Schools & Universities of Europe
And there behold the Loom of Locke, whose Woof rages dire,
Wash'd by the Water-wheels of Newton: black the cloth
In heavy wreathes folds over every Nation: cruel Works
Of many Wheels I view, wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic
Moving by compulsion each other, not as those in Eden, which,
Wheel within Wheel, in freedom revolve in harmony & peace.

I see in deadly fear in London Los raging round his Anvil
Of death, forming an Ax of gold; the Four Sons of Los
Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albion's hills
That Albion's Sons may roll apart over the Nations,
While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite
From the Limit Noah to the Limit Abram, in whose Loins
Reuben in his Twelve-fold majesty & beauty shall take refuge
As Abraham flees from Chaldea shaking his goary locks.
But first Albion must sleep, divided from the Nations.

I see Albion sitting upon his Rock in the first Winter,
And thence I see the Chaos of Satan & the World of Adam
When the Divine Hand went forth on Albion in the mid Winter
And at the place of Death, when Albion sat in Eternal Death
Among the Furnaces of Los in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom.

16

Hampstead, Highgate, Finchley, Hendon, Muswell hill rage loud
Before Bromion's iron Tongs & glowing Poker reddening fierce;
Hertfordshire glows with fierce Vegetation; in the Forests
The Oak frowns terrible, the Beech & Ash & Elm enroot
Among the Spiritual fires; loud the Corn-fields thunder along,
The Soldier's fife, the Harlot's shriek, the Virgin's dismal groan,
The Parent's fear, the Brother's jealousy, the Sister's curse,
Beneath the Storms of Theotormon, & the thund'ring Bellows
Heaves in the hand of Palamabron, who in London's darkness
Before the Anvil watches the bellowing flames: thundering
The Hammer loud rages in Rintrah's strong grasp, swinging loud
Round from heaven to earth, down falling with heavy blow
Dead on the Anvil, where the red hot wedge groans in pain.
He quenches it in the black trough of his Forge: London's River
Feeds the dread Forge, trembling & shuddering along the Valleys.

Humber & Trent roll dreadful before the Seventh Furnace,
And Tweed & Tyne anxious give up their Souls for Albion's sake.

Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire,
From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Adan,
Labour within the Furnaces, walking among the Fires
With Ladles huge & iron Pokers over the Island white.

Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces;
Wales gives his Daughters to the Looms; England, nursing Mothers
Gives to the Children of Albion & to the Children of Jerusalem.
From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation,
Throughout the whole Creation, which groans to be deliver'd,
Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

Here Los fix'd down the Fifty-two Counties of England & Wales,
The Thirty-six of Scotland & the Thirty-four of Ireland,
With mighty power, when they fled out at Jerusalem's Gates
Away from the Conflict of Luvah & Urizen, fixing the Gates
In the Twelve Counties of Wales, & thence Gates looking every way
To the Four Points conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland,
And thence to all the Kingdoms & Nations & Families of the Earth.
The Gate of Reuben in Carmarthenshire: the Gate of Simeon in
Cardiganshire, & the Gate of Levi in Montgomeryshire:
The Gate of Judah, Merionethshire: the Gate of Dan, Flintshire:
The Gate of Napthali, Radnorshire: the Gate of Gad, Pembrokeshire:
The Gate of Asher, Carnarvonshire: the Gate of Issachar, Brecknokshire:
The Gate of Zebulun, in Anglesea & Sodor; so is Wales divided:
The Gate of Joseph, Denbighshire: the Gate of Benjamin, Glamorganshire:
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albion's Sons.

And the Forty Counties of England are thus divided in the Gates:
Of Reuben: Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex; Simeon: Lincoln, York, Lancashire;
Levi: Middlesex, Kent, Surrey; Judah: Somerset, Glouster, Wiltshire;
Dan: Cornwal, Devon, Dorset; Napthali: Warwick, Leicester, Worcester;
Gad: Oxford, Bucks, Harford; Asher: Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire;
Issachar: Northampton, Rutland, Nottgham; Zebulun: Bedford, Huntgn,
Camb;

Joseph: Stafford, Shrops, Heref; Benjamin: Derby, Cheshire, Monmouth;
And Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland & Durham are
Divided in the (the) Gates of Reuben, Judah, Dan & Joseph.

And the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland, divided in the Gates:
Of Reuben: Kincard, Haddntn, Forfar; Simeon: Ayr, Argyll, Banff;
Levi: Edinburh, Roxbro, Ross; Judah: Abrdeen, Berwik, Dumfries;
Dan: Bute, Caitnes, Clakmanan; Napthali: Nairn, Invernes, Linlithgo;
Gad: Peebles, Perth, Renfru; Asher: Sutherlan, Stirling, Wigtoun;
Issachar: Selkirk, Dumbartn, Glasgo; Zebulun: Orkney, Shetland, Skye;
Joseph: Elgin, Lanerk, Kinros; Benjamin: Kromarty, Murra, Kirkubriht;
Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances
In Enitharmon's Halls builded by Los & his mighty Children.

All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of
Los's Halls, & every Age renews its powers from these Works
With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or
Wayward Love; & every sorrow & distress is carved here,
Every Affinity of Parents, Marriages & Friendships are here
In all their various combinations wrought with wondrous Art,
All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage of seventy years.
Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb & Sinai,
And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet & Calvary.

17

His Spectre divides & Los in fury compells it to divide,
To labour in the fire, in the water, in the earth, in the air,
To follow the Daughters of Albion as the hound follows the scent
Of the wild inhabitant of the forest to drive them from his own,
To make a way for the Children of Los to come from the Furnaces.
But Los himself against Albion's Sons his fury bends, for he
Dare not approach the Daughters openly, lest he be consumed
In the fires of their beauty & perfection & be Vegetated beneath
Their Looms in a Generation of death & resurrection to forgetfulness.
They wooe Los continually to subdue his strength; he continually

Shews them his Spectre, sending him abroad over the four points of heaven
In the fierce desires of beauty & in the tortures of repulse. He is
The Spectre of the Living pursuing the Emanations of the Dead.
Shudd'ring they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity,
Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by undisguis'd desire.

For Los said: " Tho' my Spectre is divided, as I am a Living Man
" I must compell him to obey me wholly, that Enitharmon may not
" Be lost, & lest he should devour Enitharmon. Ah me!
" Piteous image of my soft desires & loves, O Enitharmon!
" I will compell my Spectre to obey. I will restore to thee thy Children.
" No one bruises or starves himself to make himself fit for labour!

" Tormented with sweet desire for these beauties of Albion,
" They would never love my power if they did not seek to destroy
" Enitharmon. Vala would never have sought & loved Albion
" If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem; such is that false
" And Generating Love, a pretence of love to destroy love,
" Cruel hipocrisy, unlike the lovely delusions of Beulah,
" And cruel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulah's Night.

" They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken & die,
" Calling that Holy Love which is Envy, Revenge & Cruelty,
" Which separated the stars from the mountains, the mountains from Man
" And left Man, a little grovelling Root outside of Himself.
" Negations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist;
" But Negations Exist Not. Exceptions & Objections & Unbeliefs
" Exist not, nor shall they ever be Organized for ever & ever.
" If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation, a meer
" Reasoning & Derogation from me, an Objecting & cruel Spite
" And Malice & Envy; but my Emanation, Alas! will become
" My Contrary. O thou Negation, I will continually compell
" Thee to be invisible to any but whom I please, & when
" And where & how I please, and never! never! shalt thou be Organized
" But as a distorted & reversed Reflexion in the Darkness

" And in the Non Entity: nor shall that which is above
" Ever descend into thee, but thou shalt be a Non Entity for ever;
" And if any enter into thee, thou shalt be an Unquenchable Fire,
" And he shall be a never dying Worm, mutually tormented by
" Those that thou tormentest: a Hell & Despair for ever & ever."

So Los in secret with himself communed, & Enitharmon heard
In her darkness & was comforted; yet still she divided away
In gnawing pain from Los's bosom in the deadly Night;
First as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his bosom
Suspended over her he hung: he infolded her in his garments
Of wool: he hid her from the Spectre in shame & confusion of
Face, in terrors & pains of Hell & Eternal Death; the
Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living, & Los howl'd over it
Feeding it with his groans & tears, day & night without ceasing:
And the Spectrous Darkness from his back divided in temptations
And in grinding agonies, in threats, stiflings & direful strugglings.

" Go thou to Skofield: ask him if he is Bath or if he is Canterbury.
" Tell him to be no more dubious: demand explicit words.
" Tell him I will dash him into shivers where & at what time
" I please; tell Hand & Skofield they are my ministers of evil
" To those I hate, for I can hate also as well as they! "

18

From every-one of the Four Regions of Human Majesty
There is an Outside spread Without & an Outside spread Within,
Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways, which meet in One,
An orbed Void of doubt, despair, hunger & thirst & sorrow.
Here the Twelve Sons of Albion, join'd in dark Assembly,
Jealous of Jerusalem's children, asham'd of her little-ones,
(For Vala produc'd the Bodies, Jerusalem gave the Souls)
Became as Three Immense Wheels turning upon one-another
Into Non-Entity, and their thunders hoarse appall the Dead
To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead.

" Cast, Cast ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusions!
" The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness!
" Our Father Albion's sin and shame! But father now no more,
" Nor sons, nor hateful peace & love, nor soft complacencies,
" With transgressors meeting in brotherhood around the table
" Or in the porch or garden. No more the sinful delights
" Of age and youth, and boy and girl, and animal and herb,
" And river and mountain, and city & village, and house & family,
" Beneath the Oak & Palm, beneath the Vine and Fig-tree,
" In self-denial!—But War and deadly contention Between
" Father and Son, and light and love! All bold asperities
" Of Haters met in deadly strife, rending the house & garden,
" The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds
" And chambers of trembling & suspition, hatreds of age & youth,
" And boy & girl, & animal & herb, & river & mountain,
" And city & village, and house & family, That the Perfect
" May live in glory, redeem'd by Sacrifice of the Lamb
" And of his children before sinful Jerusalem, To build
" Babylon the City of Vala, the Goddess Virgin-Mother.
" She is our Mother! Nature! Jerusalem is our Harlot-Sister
" Return'd with Children of pollution to defile our House
" With Sin and Shame. Cast, Cast her into the Potter's field!
" Her little-ones She must slay upon our Altars, and her aged
" Parents must be carried into captivity: to redeem her Soul,
" To be for a Shame & a Curse, and to be our Slaves for ever.

So cry Hand & Hyle, the eldest of the fathers of Albion's
Little-ones, to destroy the Divine Saviour, the Friend of Sinners,
Building Castles in desolated places and strong Fortifications.
Soon Hand mightily devour'd & absorb'd Albion's Twelve Sons.
Out from his bosom a mighty Polypus, vegetating in darkness;
And Hyle & Coban were his two chosen ones for Emissaries
In War: forth from his bosom they went and return'd,
Like Wheels from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep.
Hoarse turn'd the Starry Wheels rending a way in Albion's Loins:

Beyond the Night of Beulah, In a dark & unknown Night:
Outstretch'd his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears:

19

His Children exil'd from his breast pass to and fro before him,
His birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches,
His tents are fall'n; his trumpets and the sweet sound of his harp
Are silent on his clouded hills that belch forth storms & fire.
His milk of Cows & honey of Bees & fruit of golden harvest
Is gather'd in the scorching heat & in the driving rain.
Where once he sat, he weary walks in misery and pain,
His Giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust,
Till, from within his wither'd breast, grown narrow with his woes,
The corn is turn'd to thistles & the apples into poison,
The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans,
The voices of children in his tents to cries of helpless infants,
And self-exiled from the face of light & shine of morning,
In the dark world, a narrow house! he wanders up and down
Seeking for rest and finding none! and hidden far within,
His Eon weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

All his Affections now appear withoutside: all his Sons,
Hand, Hyle & Coban, Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton,
Scofeld, Kox, Kotope & Bowen: his Twelve Sons, Satanic Mill,
Who are the Spectres of the Twenty-four, each Double-form'd,
Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain beneath
The dark incessant sky, seeking for rest and finding none,
Raging against their Human natures, rav'ning to gormandize
The Human majesty and beauty of the Twenty-four,
Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence,
Suspition & revenge; & the seven diseases of the Soul
Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud.
Willing the Friends endur'd for Albion's sake and for
Jerusalem, his Emanation, shut within his bosom,
Which harden'd against them more and more as he builded onwards

On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness that roll'd
Before his awful feet, in pride of virtue for victory:
And Los was roof'd in from Eternity in Albion's Cliffs
Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside all
Appear'd a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albion's Circumference was clos'd: his Center began dark'ning
Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose
Clouded with storms. Los, his strong Guard, walk'd round beneath the Moon,
And Albion fled inward among the currents of his rivers

He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City, soft repos'd
In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala,
The Lilly of Havilah; and they sang soft thro' Lambeth's vales
In a sweet moony night & silence that they had created
With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moon,
Dividing & uniting into many female forms, Jerusalem
Trembling; then in one comingling in eternal tears,
Sighing to melt his Giant beauty on the moony river.

20

But when they saw Albion fall'n upon mild Lambeth's vale,
Astonish'd, Terrified, they hover'd over his Giant limbs.
Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears,
Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair:

" Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life,
" And clos'd up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence
" Where we live forgetting error, not pondering on evil,
" Among my lambs & brooks of water, among my warbling birds:
" Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb,
" Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection? "

Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil:

" When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls
" Upon the ways of men hiding the paths of man and beast,
" Then mourns the wanderer: then he repents his wanderings & eyes
" The distant forest: then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone,
" The captive in the mill of the stranger, sold for scanty hire.
" They view their former life: they number moments over and over,
" Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.
" Thou art my sister and my daughter: thy shame is mine also:
" Ask me not of my griefs! thou knowest all my griefs."

Jerusalem answer'd with soft tears over the valleys:

" O Vala, what is Sin, that thou shudderest and weepest
" At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem? What is Sin but a little
" Error & fault that is soon forgiven? but mercy is not a Sin,
" Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness. O, if I have Sinned
" Forgive & pity me! O, unfold thy Veil in mercy & love!
" Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon,
" Slay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab!
" I cannot put off the human form. I strive but strive in vain.
" When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine,
" Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands
" Of love, thou refusedst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty,
" Beautiful thro' our Love's comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.
" The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion
" Because it inclos'd pity & love, because we lov'd one-another.
" Albion lov'd thee: he rent thy Veil: he embrac'd thee: he lov'd thee!
" Astonish'd at his beauty & perfection, thou forgavest his furious love.
" I redounded from Albion's bosom in my virgin loveliness:
" The Lamb of God reciev'd me in his arms, he smil'd upon us:
" He made me his Bride & Wife: he gave thee to Albion.
" Then was a time of love. O why is it passed away! "

Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd:

21

" O Vala! O Jerusalem! do you delight in my groans!
" You, O lovely forms, you have prepared my death-cup.
" The disease of Shame covers me from head to feet. I have no hope.
" Every boil upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin.
" Doubt first assail'd me, then Shame took possession of me.
" Shame divides Families, Shame hath divided Albion in sunder.
" First fled my Sons & then my Daughters, then my Wild Animations,
" My Cattle next, last ev'n the Dog of my Gate; the Forests fled,
" The Corn-fields & the breathing Gardens outside separated,
" The Sea, the Stars, the Sun, the Moon, driv'n forth by my disease.
" All is Eternal Death unless you can weave a chaste
" Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure!
" That the deep wound of Sin might be clos'd up with the Needle
" And with the Loom, to cover Gwendolen & Ragan with costly Robes
" Of Natural Virtue, for their Spiritual forms without a Veil
" Wither in Luvah's Sepulcher. I thrust him from my presence,
" And all my Children follow'd his loud howlings into the Deep.
" Jerusalem! dissembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom:
" I discover thy secret places. Cordella! I behold
" Thee whom I thought pure as the heavens in innocence & fear,
" Thy Tabernacle taken down, thy secret Cherubim disclosed.
" Art thou broken? Ah me, Sabrina, running by my side,
" In childhood what wert thou? unutterable anguish! Conwenna!
" Thy cradled infancy is most piteous. O hide, O hide!
" Their secret gardens were made paths to the traveller.
" I knew not of their secret loves with those I hated most,
" Nor that their every thought was Sin & secret appetite.
" Hyle sees in fear, he howls in fury over them. Hand sees
" In jealous fear: in stern accusation with cruel stripes
" He drives them thro' the Streets of Babylon before my face.
" Because they taught Luvah to rise into my clouded heavens,
" Battersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen,
" Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild & Ignoge:
" Because the Peak, Malvern & Cheviot Reason in Cruelty,

" Penmaenmawr & Dhinas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelief,
" Manchester & Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt and Despair,
" Malden & Colchester Demonstrate. I hear my Children's voices,
" I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds
" From Lincoln & Norwich, from Edinburgh & Monmouth:
" I see them distant from my bosom scourg'd along the roads,
" Then lost in clouds. I hear their tender voices! clouds divide:
" I see them die beneath the whips of the Captains; they are taken
" In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the bredths of Europe.
" Six months they lie embalm'd in silent death, worshipped,
" Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring.
" Bursting their Arks they rise again to life: they play before
" The Armies. I hear their loud cymbals & their deadly cries.
" Are the Dead cruel? are those who are infolded in moral Law
" Revengeful? O that Death & Annihilation were the same! "

Then Vala answer'd spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion:

22

" Albion thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surrounded me:
" Thy Sons have nail'd me on the Gates, piercing my hands & feet,
" Till Skofield's Nimrod, the mighty Huntsman Jehovah, came
" With Cush his Son & took me down. He in a golden Ark
" Bears me before his Armies, tho' my shadow hovers here.
" The flesh of multitudes fed & nouris'd me in my childhood,
" My morn & evening food were prepar'd in Battles of Men.
" Great is the cry of the Hounds of Nimrod along the Valley
" Of Vision, they scent the odor of War in the Valley of Vision.
" All Love is lost! terror succeeds, & Hatred instead of Love,
" And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty.
" Once thou wast to me the loveliest Son of heaven, but now
" Where shall I hide from thy dread countenance & searching eyes?
" I have looked into the secret Soul of him I loved,
" And in the dark recesses found Sin & can never return."

Albion again utter'd his voice beneath the silent Moon:

" I brought Love into light of day, to pride in chaste beauty,
" I brought Love into light, & fancied Innocence is no more."

Then spoke Jerusalem: " O Albion! my Father Albion!
" Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my Soul,
" Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of flax to dry?
" The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
" Horrible, ghast & deadly! nought shalt thou find in it
" But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy! "

Then Albion turn'd his face toward Jerusalem & spoke:

" Hide thou, Jerusalem, in impalpable voidness, not to be
" Touch'd by the hand nor seen with the eye. O Jerusalem,
" Would thou wert not & that thy place might never be found!
" But come, O Vala, with knife & cup, drain my blood
" To the last drop, then hide me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle;
" For I see Luvah whom I slew, I behold him in my Spectre
" As I behold Jerusalem in thee, O Vala, dark and cold."

Jerusalem then stretch'd her hand toward the Moon & spoke:

" Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War
" When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim? "

Loud groan'd Albion from mountain to mountain & replied:

23

" Jerusalem! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion!
" Daughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albion's curse!
" I came here with intention to annihilate thee, But
" My soul is melted away, inwoven within the Veil.
" Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala which I for thee

" Pitying rent in ancient times? I see it whole and more
" Perfect and shining with beauty! " " But thou! O wretched Father! "

Jerusalem reply'd, like a voice heard from a sepulcher,
" Father once piteous! Is Pity a Sin? Embalm'd in Vala's bosom
" In an Eternal Death for Albion's sake, our best beloved,
" Thou art my Father & my Brother. Why hast thou hidden me
" Remote from the divine Vision my Lord and Saviour? "

Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair;
He felt that Love and Pity are the same, a soft repose,
Inward complacency of Soul, a Self-annihilation.

" I have erred! I am ashamed! and will never return more.
" I have taught my children sacrifices of cruelty: what shall I answer?
" I will hide it from Eternals! I will give myself for my Children!
" Which way soever I turn, I behold Humanity and Pity! "

He recoil'd: he rush'd outwards: he bore the Veil whole away.
His fires redound from his Dragon Altars in Errors returning.
He drew the Veil of Moral Virtue, woven for Cruel Laws,
And cast it into the Atlantic Deep to catch the Souls of the Dead.
He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping
Which stand upon the edge of Beulah, and there Albion sunk
Down in sick pallid languor. These were his last words, relapsing
Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales
And Scotland, utter'd from the Circumference into Eternity:

" Blasphemous Sons of Feminine delusion! God in the dreary Void
" Dwells from Eternity, wide separated from the Human Soul.
" But thou, deluding Image, by whom imbu'd the Veil I rent,
" Lo, here is Vala's Veil whole, for a Law, a Terror & a Curse!
" And therefore God takes vengeance on me: from my clay-cold bosom
" My children wander, trembling victims of his Moral Justice:
" His snows fall on me and cover me, while in the Veil I fold

" My dying limbs. Therefore O Manhood, if thou art aught
" But a meer Phantasy, hear dying Albion's Curse!
" May God, who dwells in this dark Ulro & voidness, vengeance take,
" And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture,
" Like me thy Victim. O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

24

" What have I said? What have I done? O all-powerful Human Words!
" You recoil back upon me in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children.
" Two bleeding Contraries, equally true, are his Witnesses against me.
" We reared mighty Stones, we danced naked around them,
" Thinking to bring Love into light of day, to Jerusalem's shame
" Displaying our Giant limbs to all the winds of heaven. Sudden
" Shame siez'd us, we could not look on one-another for abhorrence: the Blue
" Of our immortal Veins & all their Hosts fled from our Limbs
" And wander'd distant in a dismal Night clouded & dark.
" The Sun fled from the Briton's forehead, the Moon from his mighty loins,
" Scandinavia fled with all his mountains fill'd with groans.

" O what is Life & what is Man? O what is Death? Wherefore
" Are you, my Children, natives in the Grave to where I go?
" Or are you born to feed the hungry ravenings of Destruction,
" To be the sport of Accident, to waste in Wrath & Love a weary
" Life, in brooding cares & anxious labours that prove but chaff?
" O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, I have forsaken thy Courts,
" Thy Pillars of ivory & gold, thy Curtains of silk & fine
" Linen, thy Pavements of precious stones, thy Walls of pearl
" And gold, thy Gates of Thanksgiving, thy Windows of Praise,
" Thy Clouds of Blessing, thy Cherubims of Tender-mercy
" Stretching their Wings sublime over the Little-ones of Albion!
" O Human Imagination, O Divine Body I have Crucified,
" I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law.
" There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation.

" O Babylon, thy Watchman stands over thee in the night,
" Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee, O Babylon,
" With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy heart's desire;
" But Albion is cast forth to the Potter, his Children to the Builders
" To build Babylon because they have forsaken Jerusalem.
" The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men, her Gates the Groans
" Of Nations, her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families,
" Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with Death,
" Her Palaces with Hell & the Grave, her Synagogues with Torments
" Of ever-hardening Despair, squar'd & polish'd with cruel skill.
" Yet thou wast lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills
" When Jerusalem was thy heart's desire, in times of youth & love.
" Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts. She sent them away
" With blessings on their hands & on their feet, blessings of gold
" And pearl & diamond: thy Daughters sang in her Courts.
" They came up to Jerusalem: they walked before Albion:
" In the Exchanges of London every Nation walk'd,
" And London walk'd in every Nation, mutual in love & harmony.
" Albion cover'd the whole Earth, England encompass'd the Nations,
" Mutual each within other's bosom in Visions of Regeneration.
" Jerusalem cover'd the Atlantic Mountains & the Erythrean
" From bright Japan & China to Hesperia, France & England.
" Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven,
" And the Mount of Olives was beheld over the whole Earth.
" The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there; but now no more,
" No more shall I behold him; he is clos'd in Luvah's Sepulcher.
" Yet why these smitings of Luvah, the gentlest mildest Zoa?
" If God was Merciful, this could not be. O Lamb of God,
" Thou art a delusion and Jerusalem is my Sin! O my Children,
" I have educated you in the crucifying cruelties of Demonstration
" Till you have assum'd the Providence of God & slain your Father
" Dost thou appear before me, who liest dead in Luvah's Sepulcher?
" Dost thou forgive me, thou who wast Dead & art Alive?
" Look not so merciful upon me, O thou Slain Lamb of God!
" I die! I die in thy arms, tho' Hope is banish'd from me."



Plate LIV

HAND APPEARING TO JERUSALEM

Thund'ring the Veil rushes from his hand, Vegetating Knot by
Knot, Day by Day, Night by Night; loud roll the indignant Atlantic
Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deeps.

25

And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah; all the Regions
Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved, & they said:

" Why did you take Vengeance, O ye Sons of the mighty Albion,
" Planting these Oaken Groves, Erecting these Dragon Temples?
" Injury the Lord heals, but Vengeance cannot be healed.
" As the Sons of Albion have done to Luvah, so they have in him
" Done to the Divine Lord & Saviour, who suffers with those that suffer;
" For not one sparrow can suffer & the whole Universe not suffer also
" In all its Regions, & its Father & Saviour not pity and weep.
" But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace & Repentance in the bosom
" Of the Injurer, in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain.
" Descend, O Lamb of God, & take away the imputation of Sin
" By the Creation of States & the deliverance of Individuals Evermore. Amen."

Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion;
But many doubted & despair'd & imputed Sin & Righteousness
To Individuals & not to States, and these Slept in Ulro.

[END OF CHAP: 1ST]

27

TO THE JEWS

JERUSALEM the Emanation of the Giant Albion! Can it be? Is it a Truth that the Learned have explored? Was Britain the Primitive Seat of the Patriarchal Religion? If it is true, my title-page is also True, that Jerusalem was & is the Emanation of the Giant Albion. It is True and cannot be controverted. Ye are united, O ye Inhabitants of Earth, in One Religion, The Religion of Jesus, the most Ancient, the Eternal & the Everlasting Gospel. The Wicked will turn it to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!
" All things Begin & End in Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shore."

Your Ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber, Shem and Noah, who were Druids, as the Druid Temples (which are the Patriarchal Pillars & Oak Groves) over the whole Earth witness to this day.
You have a tradition, that Man anciently contain'd in his mighty limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you recieved from the Druids.
" But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion."

Albion was the Parent of the Druids, & in his Chaotic State of Sleep, Satan & Adam & the whole World was Created by the Elohim.

The fields from Islington to Marybone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint John's Wood,
Were builded over with pillars of gold,
And there Jerusalem's pillars stood.

Her Little-ones ran on the fields,
The Lamb of God among them seen,
And fair Jerusalem his Bride,
Among the little meadows green.

Pancrass & Kentish-town repose
Among her golden pillars high,
Among her golden arches which
Shine upon the starry sky.

The Jew's-harp-house & the Green Man,
The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight,
The fields of Cows by William's farm,
Shine in Jerusalem's pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green,
The Lamb of God walks by her side,
And every English Child is seen
Children of Jesus & his Bride.

Forgiving trespasses and sins
Lest Babylon with cruel Og
With Moral & Self-righteous Law
Should Crucify in Satan's Synagogue!

What are those golden Builders doing
Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington,
Standing above that mighty Ruin
Where Satan the first victory won,

Where Albion slept beneath the Fatal Tree,
And the Druids' golden Knife
Rioted in human gore,
In Offerings of Human Life?

They groan'd aloud on London Stone,
They groan'd aloud on Tyburn's Brook,
Albion gave his deadly groan,
And all the Atlantic Mountains shook.

Albion's Spectre from his Loins
Tore forth in all the pomp of War:
Satan his name: in flames of fire
He stretch'd his Druid Pillars far.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale
Down thro' Poplar & Old Bow,
Thro' Malden & acros the Sea,
In War & howling, death & woe.

The Rhine was red with human blood,
The Danube roll'd a purple tide,
On the Euphrates Satan stood,
And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

He wither'd up sweet Zion's Hill
From every Nation of the Earth;
He wither'd up Jerusalem's Gates,
And in a dark Land gave her birth.

He wither'd up the Human Form
By laws of sacrifice for sin,
Till it became a Mortal Worm,
But O! translucent all within.

The Divine Vision still was seen,
Still was the Human Form Divine,
Weeping in weak & mortal clay,
O Jesus, still the Form was thine.

And thine the Human Face, & thine
The Human Hands & Feet & Breath,
Entering thro' the Gates of Birth
And passing thro' the Gates of Death.

And O thou Lamb of God, whom I
Slew in my dark self-righteous pride,
Art thou return'd to Albion's Land?
And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

Come to my arms & never more
Depart, but dwell for ever here:
Create my Spirit to thy Love:
Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear.

Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend!
In clouds of blood & ruin roll'd,
I here reclaim thee as my own,
My Self-hood! Satan! arm'd in gold.

Is this thy soft Family-Love,
Thy cruel Patriarchal pride,
Planting thy Family alone,
Destroying all the World beside?

A man's worst enemies are those
Of his own house & family;
And he who makes his law a curse,
By his own law shall surely die.

In my Exchanges every Land
Shall walk, & mine in every Land,
Mutual shall build Jerusalem,
Both heart in heart & hand in hand.

If Humility is Christianity, you, O Jews, are the true Christians. If your tradition that Man contained in his Limbs all Animals is True, & they were separated from him by cruel Sacrifices, and when compulsory cruel Sacrifices had brought Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle in the loins of Abraham & David, the Lamb of God, the Saviour became apparent on Earth as the Prophets had foretold, The Return of Israel is a Return to Mental Sacrifice & War. Take up the Cross, O Israel, & follow Jesus.

28

J E R U S A L E M

CHAP: 2

EVERY ornament of perfection and every labour of love
In all the Garden of Eden & in all the golden mountains
Was become an envied horror and a remembrance of jealousy,
And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher & judge.

And Albion spoke from his secret seat and said:

" All these ornaments are crimes, they are made by the labours
" Of loves, of unnatural consanguinities and friendships
" Horrid to think of when enquired deeply into; and all
" These hills & valleys are accursed witnesses of Sin.
" I therefore condense them into solid rocks, stedfast,
" A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth,
" That Man be separate from Man, & here I plant my seat."

Cold snows drifted around him: ice cover'd his loins around.
He sat by Tyburn's brook, and underneath his heel shot up
A deadly Tree: he nam'd it Moral Virtue and the Law
Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.

The Tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion groan'd)
They bent down, they felt the earth, and again enrooting
Shot into many a Tree, an endless labyrinth of woe.

From willing sacrifice of Self, to sacrifice of (miscall'd) Enemies
For Atonement. Albion began to erect twelve Altars
Of rough unhewn rocks, before the Potter's Furnace.
He nam'd them Justice and Truth. And Albion's Sons
Must have become the first Victims, being the first transgressors,

But they fled to the mountains to seek ransom, building A Strong
Fortification against the Divine Humanity and Mercy,
In Shame & Jealousy to annihilate Jerusalem.

29

Then the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appear'd above
Albion's dark rocks, setting behind the Gardens of Kensington
On Tyburn's River in clouds of blood, where was mild Zion Hill's
Most ancient promontory; and in the Sun a Human Form appear'd,
And thus the Voice Divine went forth upon the rocks of Albion:

" I elected Albion for my glory: I gave to him the Nations
" Of the whole Earth. He was the Angel of my Presence, and all
" The Sons of God were Albion's Sons, and Jerusalem was my joy.
" The Reactor hath hid himself thro' envy. I behold him,
" But you cannot behold him till he be reveal'd in his System.
" Albion's Reactor must have a Place prepar'd. Albion must Sleep
" The Sleep of Death till the Man of Sin & Repentance be reveal'd.
" Hidden in Albion's Forests he lurks: he admits of no Reply
" From Albion, but hath founded his Reaction into a Law
" Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man.
" He hath compell'd Albion to become a Punisher & hath possess'd
" Himself of Albion's Forests & Wilds, and Jerusalem is taken,
" The City of the Woods in the Forest of Ephratah is taken!
" London is a stone of her ruins, Oxford is the dust of her walls,
" Sussex & Kent are her scatter'd garments, Ireland her holy place,
" And the murder'd bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales.
" The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consummation,
" The Nations are her dust, ground by the chariot wheels
" Of her lordly conquerors, her palaces levell'd with the dust.
" I come that I may find a way for my banished ones to return.
" Fear not, O little Flock, I come. Albion shall rise again."

So saying, the mild Sun inclos'd the Human Family.

Forthwith from Albion's dark'ning locks came two Immortal forms,
Saying: " We alone are escaped, O merciful Lord and Saviour,
" We flee from the interiors of Albion's hills and mountains,
" From his Valleys Eastward from Amalek, Canaan & Moab,
" Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem

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

" Albion 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

" We heard, astonish'd at the Vision, & our hearts trembled within us;
" We heard the voice of slumberous Albion, and thus he spake,
" Idolatrous to his own Shadow, words of eternity uttering:

" ' O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee!
" ' If thou withdraw thy breath, I die & vanish into Hades;
" ' If thou dost lay thine hand upon me, behold I am silent;
" ' If thou withhold thine hand, I perish like a fallen leaf.
" ' O I am nothing, and to nothing must return again!
" ' If thou withdraw thy breath, Behold, I am oblivion.'

" He 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 mild Albion,

" Luvah, descended from the cloud; in terror Albion rose:
" Indignant rose the awful Man & turn'd his back on Vala.

" We heard the voice of Albion starting from his sleep:

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

" And Luvah strove to gain dominion over Albion:
" They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclos'd
" And the dark Body of 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 and put forth Luvah from his presence,
" Saying, ' Go and Die the Death of Man for Vala the sweet wanderer.
" ' I will turn the volutions of your ears outward, and bend your nostrils
" ' Downward, and your fluxile eyes englob'd roll round in fear;
" ' Your with'ring lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle,
" ' Till into narrow forms you creep: go take your fiery way,
" ' And learn what 'tis to absorb the Man, you Spirits of Pity & Love.'

" They heard the voice and fled swift as the winter's setting sun.
" And now the human blood foam'd high; the Spirits Luvah & Vala
" Went down the Human Heart, where Paradise & its joys abounded,
" In jealous fears & fury & rage, & flames roll round their fervid feet,
" And the vast form of Nature like a serpent play'd before them.
" And as they fled in folding fires & thunders of the deep,
" Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks;
" And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and west,
" And the vast form of Nature like a serpent roll'd between,
" Whether of Jerusalem's or Vala's ruins congenerated, we know not:
" All is confusion, all is tumult, & we alone are escaped."
So spoke the fugitives; they join'd the Divine Family, trembling.

And the Two that escaped were the Emanation of Los & his
Spectre; for where ever the Emanation goes, the Spectre
Attends her as her Guard, & Los's Emanation is named
Enitharmon, & his Spectre is named Urthona; they knew
Not where to flee: they had been on a visit to Albion's Children,
And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation
To hide themselves, weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation
Of Albion's Children, fleeing thro' Albion's vales in streams of gore.

Being not irritated by insult, bearing insulting benevolences,
They percieved that corporeal friends are spiritual enemies:
They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryon Uncircumcision,
And the Divine hand was upon them, bearing them thro' darkness
Back safe to their Humanity, as doves to their windows.
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthona's Spectre in Songs,
Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

They wept & trembled, & Los put forth his hand & took them in,
Into his Bosom, from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain,
Bending the fibres of Brotherhood & in Feminine Allegories
Inclosing Los; but the Divine Vision appear'd with Los
Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.

And Los prayed and said, " O Divine Saviour, arise
" Upon the Mountains of Albion as in ancient time! Behold!
" The Cities of Albion seek thy face: London groans in pain
" From Hill to Hill, & the Thames laments along the Valleys:
" The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst:
" The Twenty-eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee
" Because of the Opressors of Albion in every City & Village.
" They mock at the Labourer's limbs: they mock at his starv'd Children:
" They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons:
" They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts:
" They reduce the Man to want, then give with pomp & ceremony:

" The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger & thirst.
" Humanity knows not of Sex: wherefore are Sexes in Beulah?
" In Beulah the Female lets down her beautiful Tabernacle
" Which the Male enters magnificent between her Cherubim
" And becomes One with her, mingling, condensing in Self-love
" The Rocky Law of Condemnation & double Generation & Death.
" Albion hath enter'd the Loins, the place of the Last Judgment,
" And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vala's bosom.
" The Dead awake to Generation! Arise O Lord, & rend the Veil! "

So Los in lamentations follow'd Albion. Albion cover'd

31

His western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair.

Fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision,
Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albion's
Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship entering the caves
Of despair & death to search the tempters out, walking among
Albion's rocks & precipices, caves of solitude & dark despair,
And saw every Minute Particular of Albion degraded & murder'd,
But saw not by whom; they were hidden within in the minute particulars
Of which they had possess'd themselves, and there they take up
The articulations of a man's soul and laughing throw it down
Into the frame, then knock it out upon the plank, & souls are bak'd
In bricks to build the pyramids of Heber & Terah. But Los
Search'd in vain; clos'd from the minutia, he walk'd difficult.
He came down from Highgate thro' Hackney & Holloway towards London
Till he came to old Stratford, & thence to Stepney & the Isle
Of Leutha's Dogs, thence thro' the narrows of the River's side,
And saw every minute particular: the jewels of Albion running down
The kennels of the streets & lanes as if they were abhorr'd:
Every Universal Form was become barren mountains of Moral
Virtue, and every Minute Particular harden'd into grains of sand,
And all the tendernesses of the soul cast forth as filth & mire:

Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate,
To where the Tower of London frown'd dreadful over Jerusalem,
A building of Luvah, builded in Jerusalem's eastern gate, to be
His secluded Court: thence to Bethlehem, where was builded
Dens of despair in the house of bread, enquiring in vain
Of stones and rocks, he took his way, for human form was none;
And thus he spoke, looking on Albion's City with many tears:

" What shall I do? what could I do if I could find these Criminals?
" I could not dare to take vengeance, for all things are so constructed
" And builded by the Divine hand that the sinner shall always escape,
" And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence.
" If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand
" In way of vengeance, I punish the already punish'd. O whom
" Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray?
" O Albion, if thou takest vengeance, if thou revengest thy wrongs,
" Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the Sons
" Of Albion from taking vengeance? or how shall I them perswade? "

So spoke Los, travelling thro' darkness & horrid solitude;
And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster & Marybone
Among the ruins of the Temple, and Vala who is her Shadow,
Jerusalem's Shadow, bent northward over the Island white.
At length he sat on London Stone & heard Jerusalem's voice:

" Albion, I cannot be thy Wife; thine own Minute Particulars
" Belong to God alone, and all thy little ones are holy;
" They are of Faith & not of Demonstration; wherefore is Vala
" Cloth'd in black mourning upon my river's currents? Vala awake!
" I hear thy shuttles sing in the sky, and round my limbs
" I feel the iron threads of love & jealousy & despair."

Vala reply'd: " Albion is mine! Luvah gave me to Albion
" And now recieves reproach & hate. Was it not said of old,
" ' Set your Son before a man & he shall take you & your sons

" ' For slaves; but set your Daughter before a man & She
" ' Shall make him & his sons & daughters your slaves for ever? '
" And is this Faith? Behold the strife of Albion & Luvah
" Is great in the east, their spears of blood rage in the eastern heaven.
" Urizen is the champion of Albion; they will slay my Luvah,
" And thou, O harlot daughter, daughter of despair, art all
" This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates.
" Here is the House of Albion & here is thy secluded place,
" And here we have found thy sins; & hence we turn thee forth
" For all to avoid thee, to be astonish'd at thee for thy sins,
" Because thou art the impurity & the harlot, & thy children,
" Children of whoredoms, born for Sacrifice, for the meat & drink
" Offering, to sustain the glorious combat & the battle & war,
" That Man may be purified by the death of thy delusions."

So saying she her dark threads cast over the trembling River
And over the valleys, from the hills of Hertfordshire to the hills
Of Surrey across Middlesex, & across Albion's House
Of Eternity; pale stood Albion at his eastern gate,

32

Leaning against the pillars, & his disease rose from his skirts:
Upon the Precipice he stood, ready to fall into Non-Entity.

Los was all astonishment & terror, he trembled sitting on the Stone
Of London; but the interiors of Albion's fibres & nerves were hidden
From Los, astonish'd he beheld only the petrified surfaces
And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces;
He saw also the Four Points of Albion revers'd inwards.
He siez'd his Hammer & Tongs, his iron Poker & his Bellows,
Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.

In stern defiance came from Albion's bosom Hand, Hyle, Koban,
Gwantok, Peachey, Brertun, Slaid, Huttn, Skofeld, Kock, Kotope,
Bowen, Albion's Sons; they bore him a golden couch into the porch

And on the Couch repos'd his limbs trembling from the bloody field,
Rearing their Druid Patriarchal rocky Temples around his limbs.
(All things begin & end in Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)

33

Turning his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous
Chaos before his face appear'd, an Unformed Memory.

Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion, dark'ning cold,
From the back & loins where dwell the Spectrous Dead:

" I am your Rational Power, O Albion, & that Human Form
" You call Divine is but a Worm seventy inches long
" That creeps forth in a night & is dried in the morning sun,
" In fortuitous concourse of memorys accumulated & lost.
" It plows the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelms the Hills
" Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone of the brook
" Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills & rivers.
" Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble:
" Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over.
" The ancient Cities of the Earth remove as a traveller,
" And shall Albion's Cities remain when I pass over them
" With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the tablet? "

So spoke the Spectre to Albion: he is the Great Selfhood,
Satan, Worship'd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth,
Having a white Dot call'd a Center, from which branches out
A Circle in continual gyrations: this became a Heart
From which sprang numerous branches varying their motions,
Producing many Heads, three or seven or ten, & hands & feet
Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator
Who becomes his food: such is the way of the Devouring Power.

And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos:
Albion's Emanation, which he had hidden in Jealousy,

Appear'd now in the frowning Chaos, prolific upon the Chaos,
Reflecting back to Albion in Sexual Reasoning Hermaphroditic.

Albion spoke: " Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp
" Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn ripeness?
" I never saw thee till this time, nor beheld life abstracted,
" Nor darkness immingled with light on my furrow'd field.
" Whence camest thou? who art thou, O loveliest? the Divine Vision
" Is as nothing before thee: faded is all life and joy."

Vala replied in clouds of tears, Albion's garment embracing:

" I was a City & a Temple built by Albion's Children.
" I was a Garden planted with beauty. I allured on hill & valley
" The River of Life to flow against my walls & among my trees.
" Vala was Albion's Bride & Wife in great Eternity,
" The loveliest of the daughters of Eternity when in day-break
" I emanated from Luvah over the Towers of Jerusalem,
" And in her Courts among her little Children offering up
" The Sacrifice of fanatic love! why loved I Jerusalem?
" Why was I one with her, embracing in the Vision of Jesus?
" Wherefore did I, loving, create love, which never yet
" Immingled God & Man, when thou & I hid the Divine Vision
" In cloud of secret gloom which, behold, involve[s] me round about?
" Know me now Albion: look upon me. I alone am Beauty.
" The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala:
" I breathe him forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave,
" Born of the Woman, to obey the Woman, O Albion the mighty,
" For the Divine appearance is Brotherhood, but I am Love

34

" Elevate into the Region of Brotherhood with my red fires."

" Art thou Vala? " replied Albion, " image of my repose!
" O how I tremble! how my members pour down milky fear!

" A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone!
" At thy word & at thy look, death enrobes me about
" From head to feet, a garment of death & eternal fear.
" Is not that Sun thy husband & that Moon thy glimmering Veil?
" Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children? art thou not Babylon?
" Art thou Nature, Mother of all? is Jerusalem thy Daughter?
" Why have thou elevate inward, O dweller of outward chambers,
" From grot & cave beneath the Moon, dim region of death
" Where I laid my Plow in the hot noon, where my hot team fed,
" Where implements of War are forged, the Plow to go over the Nations,
" In pain girding me round like a rib of iron in heaven? O Vala!
" In Eternity they neither marry nor are given in marriage.
" Albion, the high Cliff of the Atlantic, is become a barren Land."

Los stood at his Anvil: he heard the contentions of Vala;
He heav'd his thund'ring Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex,
He open'd his Furnaces before Vala; then Albion frown'd in anger
On his Rock, ere yet the Starry Heavens were fled away
From his awful Members; and thus Los cried aloud
To the Sons of Albion & to Hand the eldest Son of Albion:

" I hear the screech of Childbirth loud pealing, & the groans
" Of Death in Albion's clouds dreadful utter'd over all the Earth.
" What may Man be? who can tell! but what may Woman be
" To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave?
" There is a Throne in every Man, it is the Throne of God;
" This, Woman has claim'd as her own, & Man is no more!
" Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala & her Temple,
" And not the Tabernacle & Temple of the Most High.
" O Albion, why wilt thou Create a Female Will?
" To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert, even
" In the shadows of a Woman & a secluded Holy Place,
" That we may pry after him as after a stolen treasure,
" Hidden among the Dead & mured up from the paths of life.
" Hand! art thou not Reuben enrooting thyself into Bashan

" Till thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void? O Merlin!
" Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came,
" Is this the Female Will, O ye lovely Daughters of Albion, To
" Converse concerning Weight & Distance in the Wilds of Newton & Locke?"

So Los spoke, standing on Mam-Tor, looking over Europe & Asia.
The Graves thunder beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan.

Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead in the valley
Cut off from Albion's mountains & from all the Earth's summits
Between Succoth & Zaretan beside the Stone of Bohan,
While the Daughters of Albion divided Luvah into three Bodies.
Los bended his Nostrils down to the Earth, then sent him over
Jordan to the Land of the Hittite; every-one that saw him
Fled! they fled at his horrible Form: they hid in caves
And dens; they looked on one-another & became what they beheld.

Reuben return'd to Bashan; in despair he slept on the Stone.
Then Gwendolen divided into Rahab & Tirza in Twelve Portions.
Los rolled his Eyes into two narrow circles, then sent him
Over Jordan; all terrified fled: they became what they beheld.

If Perceptive Organs vary, Objects of Perception seem to vary:
If the Perceptive Organs close, their Objects seem to close also.
" Consider this, O mortal Man, O worm of sixty winters," said Los,
" Consider Sexual Organization & hide thee in the dust."

35

Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,
In Albion's bosom, for in every Human bosom those Limits stand,
And the Divine voice came from the Furnaces, as multitudes without
Number, the voices of the innumerable multitudes of Eternity!
And the appearance of a Man was seen in the Furnaces
Saving those who have sinned from the punishment of the Law
(In pity of the punisher whose state is eternal death)
And keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love:

" Albion goes to Eternal Death. In Me all Eternity
" Must pass thro' condemnation and awake beyond the Grave.
" No individual can keep these Laws, for they are death
" To every energy of man and forbid the springs of life.
" Albion hath enter'd the State Satan! Be permanent, O State!
" And be thou for ever accursed! that Albion may arise again.
" And be thou created into a State! I go forth to Create
" States, to deliver Individuals evermore! Amen."

So spoke the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity.
[*one line erased from the plate*]

36

Reuben return'd to his place; in vain he sought beautiful Tirzah,
For his Eyelids were narrow'd & his Nostrils scented the ground.
And Sixty Winters Los raged in the Divisions of Reuben,
Building the Moon of Ulro plank by plank & rib by rib.
Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los folded his Tongue
Between Lips of mire & clay, then sent him forth over Jordan.
In the love of Tirzah he said: " Doubt is my food day & night."
All that beheld him fled howling and gnawed their tongues
For pain: they became what they beheld. In reasonings Reuben returned
To Heshbon: disconsolate he walk'd thro' Moab & he stood
Before the Furnaces of Los in a horrible dreamful slumber
On Mount Gilead looking toward Gilgal: and Los bended
His Ear in a spiral circle outward, then sent him over Jordan.

The Seven Nations fled before him: they became what they beheld.
Hand, Hyle & Coban fled: they became what they beheld.
Gwantock & Peachy hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon,
Brereton & Slade in Egypt: Hutton & Skofeld & Kox
Fled over Chaldea in terror, in pains in every nerve.
Kotope & Bowen became what they beheld, fleeing over the Earth,
And the Twelve Female Emanations fled with them, agonizing.

CHAPTER 2

Jerusalem trembled seeing her Children driv'n by Los's Hammer
In the visions of the dreams of Beulah on the edge of Non-Entity.
Hand stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reasoning Spectre
Stands between the Vegetative Man & his Immortal Imagination.

And the Four Zoas clouded rage East & West & North & South;
They change their situations in the Universal Man.
Albion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face,
And England, who is Brittannia, divided into Jerusalem & Vala;
And Urizen assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South,
In his dark Spectre ravening from his open Sepulcher.

And the Four Zoas, who are the Four Eternal Senses of Man,
Became Four Elements separating from the Limbs of Albion:
These are their names in the Vegetative Generation:
[*one line erased from the plate*]
And Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length, Bredth & Highth,
And they divided into Four ravening deathlike Forms,
Fairies & Genii & Nymphs & Gnomes of the Elements:
These are States Permanently Fixed by the Divine Power.
The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albion's cliffy shore,
And the Sea poured in amain upon the Giants of Albion
As Los bended the Senses of Reuben. Reuben is Merlin
Exploring the Three States of Ulro: Creation, Redemption & Judgment.

And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner:

" Have you known the Judgment that is arisen among the
" Zoas of Albion, where a Man dare hardly to embrace
" His own Wife for the terrors of Chastity that they call
" By the name of Morality? their Daughters govern all
" In hidden deceit! they are Vegetable, only fit for burning.
" Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty display'd,"

Then those in Great Eternity who contemplate on Death
Said thus: " What seems to Be, Is, To those to whom
" It seems to Be, & is productive of the most dreadful
" Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be, even of
" Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy
" Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus. Amen.
" And Length, Bredth, Highth again Obey the Divine Vision. Hallelujah."

37

And One stood forth from the Divine family & said:
" I feel my Spectre rising upon me! Albion! arouze thyself!
" Why dost thou thunder with frozen Spectrous wrath against us?
" The Spectre is, in Giant Man, insane and most deform'd.
" Thou wilt certainly provoke my Spectre against thine in fury!
" He has a Sepulcher hewn out of a Rock ready for thee,
" And a Death of Eight thousand years, forg'd by thyself, upon
" The point of his Spear, if thou persistest to forbid with Laws
" Our Emanations and to attack our secret supreme delights."

So Los spoke. But when he saw blue death in Albion's feet
Again he join'd the Divine Body, following merciful,
While Albion fled more indignant, revengeful covering

38

His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands
And feet, lest any should enter his bosom & embrace
His hidden heart; his Emanation wept & trembled within him,
Uttering not his jealousy but hiding it as with
Iron and steel, dark and opake, with clouds & tempests brooding;
His strong limbs shudder'd upon his mountains high and dark.

Turning from Universal Love, petrific as he went,
His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud
Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul)
Fires and clouds of rolling smoke! but mild, the Saviour follow'd him,

Displaying the Eternal Vision, the Divine Similitude,
In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers and friends,
Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist,

Saying, " Albion! Our wars are wars of life, & wounds of love
" With intellectual spears, & long winged arrows of thought.
" Mutual in one another's love and wrath all renewing
" We live as One Man; for contracting our infinite senses
" We behold multitude, or expanding, we behold as one,
" As One Man all the Universal Family, and that One Man
" We call Jesus the Christ; and he in us, and we in him
" Live in perfect harmony in Eden, the land of life,
" Giving, recieving, and forgiving each other's trespasses.
" He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord and master,
" He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all,
" In Eden, in the garden of God, and in heavenly Jerusalem.
" If we have offended, forgive us; take not vengeance against us."

Thus speaking, the Divine Family follow Albion.
I see them in the Vision of God upon my pleasant valleys.

I behold London, a Human awful wonder of God!
He says: " Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee.
" My Streets are my Ideas of Imagination.
" Awake Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.
" My Houses are Thoughts: my Inhabitants, Affections,
" The children of my thoughts walking within my blood-vessels,
" Shut from my nervous form which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah
" In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in veiny pipes
" Rolls dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los and the Mills of Satan.
" For Albion's sake and for Jerusalem thy Emanation
" I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion."

So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeth's shades.
In Felpham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion.

I write in South Molton Street what I both see and hear
In regions of Humanity, in London's opening streets.

I see thee, awful Parent Land in light, behold I see!
Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men,
Generous immortal Guardian, golden clad! for Cities
Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mountains
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty! sublime!
In every bosom a Universe expands as wings,
Let down at will around and call'd the Universal Tent.
York, crown'd with loving kindness, Edinburgh, cloth'd
With fortitude, as with a garment of immortal texture
Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men
Who give themselves in Golgotha, Victims to Justice, where
There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold
Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations viewless:
Bending across the road of Oxford Street, it from Hyde Park
To Tyburn's deathful shades admits the wandering souls
Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found

39

By Satan's Watch-fiends, tho' they search numbering every grain
Of sand on Earth every night, they never find this Gate.
It is the Gate of Los. Withoutside is the Mill, intricate, dreadful
And fill'd with cruel tortures; but no mortal man can find the Mill
Of Satan in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years,
For Human beauty knows it not, nor can Mercy find it! But
In the Fourth region of Humanity, Urthona nam'd,
Mortality begins to roll the billows of Eternal Death
Before the Gate of Los. Urthona here is named Los,
And here begins the System of Moral Virtue named Rahab.
Albion fled thro' the Gate of Los and he stood in the Gate.

Los was the friend of Albion who most lov'd him. In Cambridgeshire
His eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth & is four-fold.

Seeing Albion had turn'd his back against the Divine Vision,
Los said to Albion: " Whither fleest thou? " Albion reply'd:

" I die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death
" Hover within me & beneath, and spreading themselves outside
" Like rocky clouds, build me a gloomy monument of woe.
" Will none accompany me in my death, or be a Ransom for me
" In that dark Valley? I have girded round my cloke, and on my feet
" Bound these black shoes of death, & on my hands, death's iron gloves.
" God hath forsaken me & my friends are become a burden,
" A weariness to me, & the human footstep is a terror to me."

Los answered troubled, and his soul was rent in twain:
" Must the Wise die for an Atonement? does Mercy endure Atonement?
" No! It is Moral Severity & destroys Mercy in its Victim."
So speaking, not yet infected with the Error & Illusion,

40

Los shudder'd at beholding Albion, for his disease
Arose upon him pale and ghastly, and he call'd around
The Friends of Albion; trembling at the sight of Eternal Death
The four appear'd with their Emanations in fiery
Chariots: black their fires roll, beholding Albion's House of Eternity:
Damp couch the flames beneath and silent, sick, stand shuddering
Before the Porch of sixteen pillars; weeping every one
Descended and fell down upon their knees round Albion's knees,
Swearing the Oath of God with awful voice of thunders round
Upon the hills & valleys, and the cloudy Oath roll'd far and wide.

" Albion is sick! " said every Valley, every mournful Hill
And every River: " our brother Albion is sick to death.
" He hath leagued himself with robbers: he hath studied the arts
" Of unbelief. Envy hovers over him: his Friends are his abhorrence:
" Those who give their lives for him are despised:
" Those who devour his soul are taken into his bosom:

" To destroy his Emanation is their intention.
" Arise! awake, O Friends of the Giant Albion!
" They have perswaded him of horrible falshoods:
" They have sown errors over all his fruitful fields! "

The Twenty-four heard! they came trembling on wat'ry chariots
Borne by the Living Creatures of the third procession
Of Human Majesty: the Living Creatures wept aloud, as they
Went along Albion's roads, till they arriv'd at Albion's House.

O! how the torments of Eternal Death waited on Man,
And the loud-rending bars of the Creation ready to burst,
That the wide world might fly from its hinges & the immortal mansion
Of Man for ever be possess'd by monsters of the deeps,
And Man himself become a Fiend, wrap'd in an endless curse,
Consuming and consum'd for-ever in flames of Moral Justice.

For had the Body of Albion fall'n down and from its dreadful ruins
Let loose the enormous Spectre on the darkness of the deep
At enmity with the Merciful & fill'd with devouring fire,
A nether-world must have reciev'd the foul enormous spirit
Under pretence of Moral Virtue, fill'd with Revenge and Law,
There to eternity chain'd down and issuing in red flames
And curses, with his mighty arms brandish'd against the heavens,
Breathing cruelty, blood & vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain,
Torn with black storms & ceaseless torrents of his own consuming fire,
Within his breast his mighty Sons chain'd down & fill'd with cursings,
And his dark Eon, that once fair crystal form divinely clear,
Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire.
But glory to the Merciful One, for he is of tender mercies!
And the Divine Family wept over him as One Man.

And these the Twenty-four in whom the Divine Family
Appear'd; and they were One in Him. A Human Vision!
Human Divine, Jesus the Saviour, blessed for ever and ever.

Selsey, true friend! who afterwards submitted to be devour'd
By the waves of Despair, whose Emanation rose above
The flood and was nam'd Chichester, lovely mild & gentle! Lo!
Her lambs bleat to the sea-fowls' cry, lamenting still for Albion.

Submitting to be call'd the son of Los, the terrible vision
Winchester stood devoting himself for Albion, his tents
Outspread with abundant riches, and his Emanations
Submitting to be call'd Enitharmon's daughters and be born
In vegetable mould, created by the Hammer and Loom
In Bowlahoola & Allamanda where the Dead wail night & day.

(I call them by their English names: English, the rough basement.
Los built the stubborn structure of the Language, acting against
Albion's melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.)

Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol, and benevolent Bath,

41

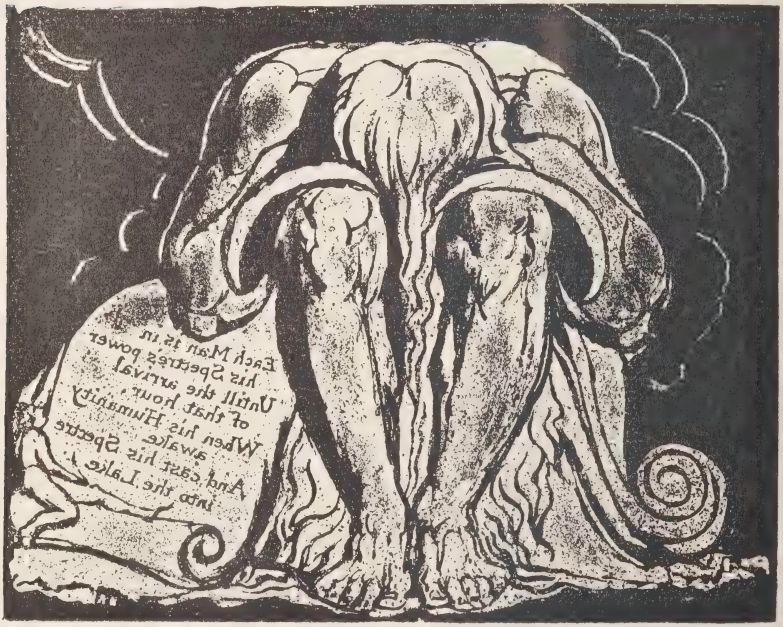
Bath who is Legions; he is the Seventh, the physician and
The poisoner, the best and worst in Heaven and Hell,
Whose Spectre first assimilated with Luvah in Albion's mountains,
A triple octave he took, to reduce Jerusalem to twelve,
To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar & Bow,
To Malden & Canterbury in the delights of cruelty.
The Shuttles of death sing in the sky to Islington & Pancrass,
Round Marybone to Tyburn's River, weaving black melancholy as a net,
And despair as meshes closely wove over the west of London
Where mild Jerusalem sought to repose in death & be no more.
She fled to Lambeth's mild Vale and hid herself beneath
The Surrey Hills where Rephaim terminates: her Sons are siez'd
For victims of sacrifice; but Jerusalem cannot be found, Hid
By the Daughters of Beulah, gently snatch'd away and hid in Beulah.

There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find,
Nor can his Watch Fiends find it; 'tis translucent & has many Angles,
But he who finds it will find Oothoon's palace; for within

Opening into Beulah, every angle is a lovely heaven.
But should the Watch Fiends find it, they would call it Sin
And lay its Heavens & their inhabitants in blood of punishment.
Here Jerusalem & Vala were hid in soft slumberous repose,
Hid from the terrible East, shut up in the South & West.

The Twenty-eight trembled in Death's dark caves; in cold despair
They kneel'd around the Couch of Death, in deep humiliation
And tortures of self condemnation, while their Spectres rag'd within.
The Four Zoas in terrible combustion clouded rage,
Drinking the shuddering fears & loves of Albion's Families,
Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire,
Drinking & eating, & pitying & weeping as at a trajic scene
The soul drinks murder & revenge & applauds its own holiness.

They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations.



42

Thus Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease,
Brooding on evil; but when Los open'd the Furnaces before him
He saw that the accursed things were his own affections
And his own beloveds; then he turn'd sick: his soul died within him
Also Los, sick & terrified, beheld the Furnaces of Death
And must have died, but the Divine Saviour descended
Among the infant loves & affections, and the Divine Vision wept
Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground.

Albion spoke in his dismal dreams: " O thou deceitful friend,
" Worshipping mercy & beholding thy friend in such affliction!
" Los! thou now discoverest thy turpitude to the heavens.
" I demand righteousness & justice. O thou ingratitude!
" Give me my Emanations back, food for my dying soul.
" My daughters are harlots: my sons are accursed before me.
" Enitharmon is my daughter, accursed with a father's curse.
" O! I have utterly been wasted. I have given my daughters to devils."

So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night
Of Ulro roll'd round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.

Los answer'd: " Righteousness & justice I give thee in return
" For thy righteousness, but I add mercy also and bind
" Thee from destroying these little ones; am I to be only
" Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest?
" Thou wast the Image of God surrounded by the Four Zoas.
" Three thou hast slain. I am the Fourth; thou canst not destroy me.
" Thou art in Error; trouble me not with thy righteousness.
" I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct:
" I have no time for seeming and little arts of compliment
" In morality and virtue, in self-glorying and pride.
" There is a limit of Opakeness and a limit of Contraction
" In every Individual Man, and the limit of Opakeness
" Is named Satan, and the limit of Contraction is named Adam.

" But when Man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in Mercy takes
" Contraction's Limit, and of the Limit he forms Woman, That
" Himself may in process of time be born Man to redeem.
" But there is no Limit of Expansion; there is no Limit of Translucence
" In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity.
" Therefore I break thy bonds of righteousness. I crush thy messengers,
" That they may not crush me and mine; do thou be righteous
" And I will return it; otherwise I defy thy worst revenge.
" Consider me as thine enemy: on me turn all thy fury;
" But destroy not these little ones, nor mock the Lord's anointed:
" Destroy not by Moral Virtue the little ones whom he hath chosen,
" The little ones whom he hath chosen in preference to thee.
" He hath cast thee off for ever: the little ones he hath anointed!
" Thy Selfhood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence."

So Los spoke, then turn'd his face & wept for Albion.

Albion replied: " Go, Hand & Hyle! sieze the abhorred friend
" As you have siez'd the Twenty-four rebellious ingratitudes
" To atone for you, for spiritual death. Man lives by deaths of Men.
" Bring him to justice before heaven here upon London stone,
" Between Blackheath & Hounslow, between Norwood & Finchley.
" All that they have is mine: from my free gen'rous gift
" They now hold all they have; ingratitude to me,
" To me their benefactor, calls aloud for vengeance deep."

Los stood before his Furnaces awaiting the fury of the Dead,
And the Divine hand was upon him, strengthening him mightily.

The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath
Upon the hills of Albion; Oxford groans in his iron furnace,
Winchester in his den & cavern; they lament against
Albion: they curse their human kindness & affection:
They rage like wild beasts in the forests of affliction:
In the dreams of Ulro they repent of their human kindness.

" Come up, build Babylon, Rahab is ours & all her multitudes
" With her, in pomp and glory of victory. Depart,
" Ye twenty-four, into the deeps; let us depart to glory! "

Their Human majestic Forms sit up upon their Couches
Of death; they curb their Spectres as with iron curbs:
They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead
With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate,
And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose.

" O when shall the morning of the grave appear, and when
" Shall our salvation come? we sleep upon our watch,
" We cannot awake, and our Spectres rage in the forests.
" O God of Albion, where art thou? pity the watchers! "

Thus mourn they. Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon
The clouds of Europe & Asia among the Serpent Temples.

And Los drew his Seven Furnaces around Albion's Altars;
And as Albion built his frozen Altars, Los built the Mundane Shell
In the Four Regions of Humanity, East & West & North & South,
Till Norwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow cover'd the whole Earth.
This is the Net & Veil of Vala among the Souls of the Dead.

43

They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion:
Urizen cold & scientific, Luvah pitying & weeping,
Tharmas indolent & sullen, Urthona doubting & despairing,
Victims to one another & dreadfully plotting against each other
To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

They saw America clos'd out by the Oaks of the western shore,
And Tharmas dash'd on the Rocks of the Altars of Victims in Mexico.
" If we are wrathful, Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Groves:

" If we are merciful, ourselves must suffer destruction on his Oaks.
" Why should we enter into our Spectres to behold our own corruptions?
" O God of Albion, descend! deliver Jerusalem from the Oaken Groves! "

Then Los grew furious, raging: " Why stand we here trembling around
" Calling on God for help, and not ourselves, in whom God dwells,
" Stretching a hand to save the falling Man? are we not Four
" Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity?
" Seeing these Heavens & Hells conglobing in the Void, Heavens over Hells
" Brooding in holy hypocritic lust, drinking the cries of pain
" From howling victims of Law, building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold,
" Swell'd & bloated General Forms repugnant to the Divine-
" Humanity who is the Only General and Universal Form,
" To which all Lineaments tend & seek with love & sympathy.
" All broad & general principles belong to benevolence
" Who protects minute particulars every one in their own identity;
" But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is clos'd in by deadly teeth,
" And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence
" Become a net & a trap, & every energy render'd cruel,
" Till the existence of friendship & benevolence is denied:
" The wine of the Spirit & the vineyards of the Holy-One
" Here turn into poisonous stupor & deadly intoxication,
" That they may be condemn'd by Law & the Lamb of God be slain;
" And the two Sources of Life in Eternity, Hunting and War,
" Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of corroding Hell.
" The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence
" That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs & bosom.
" A pretence of Art to destroy Art; a pretence of Liberty
" To destroy Liberty; a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion.
" Oshea and Caleb fight: they contend in the valleys of (of)Peor,
" In the terrible Family Contentions of those who love each other.
" The Armies of Balaam weep—no women come to the field:
" Dead corses lay before them, & not as in Wars of old;
" For the Soldier who fights for Truth calls his enemy his brother:
" They fight & contend for life & not for eternal death;

" But here the Soldier strikes, & a dead corse falls at his feet,
" Nor Daughter nor Sister nor Mother come forth to embosom the Slain;
" But Death, Eternal Death, remains in the Valleys of Peor.
" The English are scatter'd over the face of the Nations: are these
" Jerusalem's children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night:
" ' We smell the blood of the English! we delight in their blood on our Altars.
" ' The living & the dead shall be ground in our rumbling Mills
" ' For bread of the Sons of Albion, of the Giants Hand & Scofield.'
" Scofeld & Kox are let loose upon my Saxons! they accumulate
" A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man,
" In pride of Selfhood unwieldy stretching out into Non Entity,
" Generalizing Art & Science till Art & Science is lost.
" Bristol & Bath, listen to my words, & ye Seventeen, give ear!
" It is easy to acknowledge a man to be great & good while we
" Derogate from him in the trifles & small articles of that goodness.
" Those alone are his friends who admire his minutest powers.
" Instead of Albion's lovely mountains & the curtains of Jerusalem,
" I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginative.
" Instead of the Mutual Forgivenesses, the Minute Particulars, I see
" Pits of bitumen ever burning, artificial Riches of the Canaanite
" Like Lakes of liquid lead: instead of heavenly Chapels built
" By our dear Lord, I see Worlds crusted with snows & ice.
" I see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalem's children. I see
" The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian,
" By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality & Negation,
" Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non Entity.
" I see America clos'd apart, & Jerusalem driven in terror
" Away from Albion's mountains, far away from London's spires.
" I will not endure this thing! I alone withstand to death
" This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me!
" Ah me! pitiable ones! do you also go to death's vale?
" All you my Friends & Brothers, all you my beloved Companions,
" Have you also caught the infection of Sin & stern Repentance?
" I see Disease arise upon you! yet speak to me and give
" Me some comfort! why do you all stand silent? I alone

" Remain in permanent strength. Or is all this goodness & pity only
" That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulcher? "

So Los spoke. Pale they stood around the House of Death,
In the midst of temptations & despair, among the rooted Oaks,
Among reared Rocks of Albion's Sons; at length they rose

44

With one accord in love sublime, &, as on Cherubs' wings,
They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back
Against his will thro' Los's Gate to Eden. Four-fold, loud,
Their Wings waving over the bottomless Immense, to bear
Their awful charge back to his native home; but Albion dark,
Repugnant, roll'd his Wheels backward into Non-Entity.
Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion into the World of Death,
And all the Gate of Los, clouded with clouds redounding from
Albion's dread Wheels, stretching out spaces immense between,
That every little particle of light & air became Opake,
Black & immense, a Rock of difficulty & a Cliff
Of black despair, that the immortal Wings labour'd against
Cliff after cliff & over Valleys of despair & death.
The narrow Sea between Albion & the Atlantic Continent,
Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean bottomless,
Of grey obscurity, fill'd with clouds & rocks & whirling waters,
And Albion's Sons ascending & descending in the horrid Void.

But as the Will must not be bended but in the day of Divine
Power, silent calm & motionless in the mid-air sublime
The Family Divine hover around the darkened Albion.

Such is the nature of the Ulro, that whatever enters
Becomes Sexual & is Created and Vegetated and Born.
From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion,
In dreadful pain the Spectrous Uncircumcised Vegetation
Forming a Sexual Machine, an Aged Virgin Form,

In Erin's Land toward the north, joint after joint, & burning
In love & jealousy immingled, & calling it Religion.
And feeling the damps of death, they with one accord delegated Los,
Conjuring him by the Highest that he should Watch over them
Till Jesus shall appear; & they gave their power to Los
Naming him the Spirit of Prophecy, calling him Elijah.

Strucken with Albion's disease, they become what they behold.
They assimilate with Albion in pity & compassion.
Their Emanations return not: their Spectres rage in the Deep.
The Slumbers of Death came over them around the Couch of Death,
Before the Gate of Los & in the depths of Non Entity,
Among the Furnaces of Los, among the Oaks of Albion.

Man is adjoin'd to Man by his Emanative portion
Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man, and her
Shadow is Vala, builded by the Reasoning power in Man.
O search & see: turn your eyes upward: open, O thou World
Of Love & Harmony in Man: expand thy ever lovely Gates!

They wept into the deeps a little space; at length was heard
The voice of Bath, faint as the voice of the Dead in the House of Death,

45

Bath, healing City! whose wisdom, in midst of Poetic
Fervor, mild spoke thro' the Western Porch in soft gentle tears:

" O Albion, mildest Son of Eden! clos'd is thy Western Gate.
" Brothers of Eternity, this Man whose great example
" We all admir'd & lov'd, whose all benevolent countenance seen
" In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy
" The tear, and the confession of honesty open & undisguis'd
" From mistrust and suspition: The Man is himself become
" A piteous example of oblivion, To teach the Sons
" Of Eden that however great and glorious, however loving

" And merciful the Individuality, however high
" Our palaces and cities and however fruitful are our fields,
" In Selfhood, we are nothing, but fade away in morning's breath.
" Our mildness is nothing: the greatest mildness we can use
" Is incapable and nothing: none but the Lamb of God can heal
" This dread disease, none but Jesus. O Lord, descend and save!
" Albion's Western Gate is clos'd: his death is coming apace.
" Jesus alone can save him; for alas, we none can know
" How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep
" Rose in the night of Beulah and bound down the Sun & Moon,
" His friends cut his strong chains & overwhelm'd his dark
" Machines in fury & destruction, and the Man reviving repented:
" He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate
" For their well timed wrath. But Albion's sleep is not
" Like Africa's, and his machines are woven with his life.
" Nothing but mercy can save him! nothing but mercy interposing
" Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy.
" O God, descend! gather our brethren: deliver Jerusalem!
" But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit,
" Oxford, take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life; with eloquence
" That thy immortal tongue inspires, present them to Albion:
" Perhaps he may recieve them, offer'd from thy loved hands."

So spoke, unheard by Albion, the merciful Son of Heaven
To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping
Around Albion; but Albion heard him not: obdurate, hard,
He frown'd on all his Friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow.

And the Seventeen conjoining with Bath, the Seventh
In whom the other Ten shone manifest a Divine Vision,
Assimilated and embrac'd Eternal Death for Albion's sake.

And these the names of the Eighteen combining with those Ten:

46

Bath, mild Physician of Eternity, mysterious power
Whose springs are unsearchable & knowledge infinite:
Hereford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands
Builded the mountain palaces of Eden, stupendous works!
Lincoln, Durham & Carlisle, Councellors of Los,
And Ely, Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand
Dare touch: Oxford, immortal Bard, with eloquence
Divine he wept over Albion speaking the words of God
In mild perswasion, bringing leaves of the Tree of Life:

" Thou art in Error, Albion, the Land of Ulro.
" One Error not remov'd will destroy a human Soul.
" Repose in Beulah's night till the Error is remov'd.
" Reason not on both sides. Repose upon our bosoms
" Till the Plow of Jehovah and the Harrow of Shaddai
" Have passed over the Dead to awake the Dead to Judgment."
But Albion turn'd away refusing comfort.

Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms
Of Norwich, Peterboro, Rochester, Chester awful, Worcester,
Litchfield, Saint David's, Landaff, Asaph, Bangor, Sodor,
Bowing their heads devoted: and the Furnaces of Los
Began to rage; thundering loud the storms began to roar
Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebellow beneath.

And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appear'd four-fold:
Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another.
Alas!—The time will come when a man's worst enemies
Shall be those of his own house and family, in a Religion
Of Generation to destroy, by Sin and Atonement, happy Jerusalem
The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God, thou art Not an Avenger!

47

[. . . Albion . . . is banish'd from me *one line erased from the plate*]
From Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along,
Where Los's Furnaces stand, where Jerusalem & Vala howl,
Luvah tore forth from Albion's Loins in fibrous veins, in rivers
Of blood over Europe: a Vegetating Root, in grinding pain
Animating the Dragon Temples, soon to become that Holy Fiend
The Wicker Man of Scandinavia, in which, cruelly consumed,
The Captives rear'd to heaven howl in flames among the stars.
Loud the cries of War on the Rhine & Danube with Albion's Sons:
Away from Beulah's hills & vales break forth the Souls of the Dead,
With cymbal, trumpet, clarion & the scythed chariots of Britain.

And the Veil of Vala is composed of the Spectres of the Dead.

Hark! the mingling cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion.
Hark! & Record the terrible wonder! that the Punisher
Mingles with his Victim's Spectre, enslaved & tormented
To him whom he has murder'd, bound in vengeance & enmity.
Shudder not, but Write, & the hand of God will assist you!
Therefore I write Albion's last words: " Hope is banish'd from me."

48

These were his last words; and the merciful Saviour in his arms
Reciev'd him, in the arms of tender mercy, and repos'd
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality
Upon the Rock of Ages. Then, surrounded with a Cloud,
In silence the Divine Lord builded with immortal labour,
Of gold & jewels, a sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose
With Sixteen pillars, canopied with emblems & written verse,
Spiritual Verse, order'd & measur'd: from whence time shall reveal
The Five books of the Decalogue: the books of Joshua & Judges,
Samuel, a double book, & Kings, a double book, the Psalms & Prophets,
The Four-fold Gospel, and the Revelations everlasting.
Eternity groan'd & was troubled at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earth's central joint,
There is a place where Contrarieties are equally true:
(To protect from the Giant blows in the sports of intellect,
Thunder in the midst of kindness, & love that kills its beloved:
Because Death is for a period, and they renew tenfold.)
From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem;
With pangs she forsook Beulah's pleasant lovely shadowy Universe
Where no dispute can come, created for those who Sleep.

Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah
Wept for their Sister, the Daughter of Albion, Jerusalem,
When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended
With solemn mourning, out of Beulah's moony shades and hills
Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

And this the manner of the terrible Separation.
The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion
Concenter in one Female form, an Aged pensive Woman.
Astonish'd, lovely, embracing the sublime shade, the Daughters of Beulah
Beheld her with wonder! With awful hands she took
A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions
And many sorrows, oblique across the Atlantic Vale,
Which is the Vale of Rephaim dreadful from East to West
Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden,
Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold, a mild Reflection from
Albion's dread Tomb: Eight thousand and five hundred years
In its extension. Every two hundred years has a door to Eden.
She also took an Atom of Space, with dire pain opening it a Center
Into Beulah; trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried
Her tears; she ardent embrac'd her sorrows, occupied in labours
Of sublime mercy in Rephaim's Vale. Perusing Albion's Tomb
She sat: she walk'd among the ornaments solemn mourning.
The Daughters attended her shudderings, wiping the death sweat.
Los also saw her in his seventh Furnace; he also, terrified,
Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace

Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place,
When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion
Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud,
Female and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form,
Writhing in pain. The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms reciev'd
Jerusalem, weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin
In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wail night & day.

And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah in soft tears:

" Albion the Vortex of the Dead! Albion the Generous!
" Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice
" Where Friends Die for each other, will become the Place
" Of Murder & Unforgiving, Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies.
" The Children must be sacrific'd! (a horror never known
" Till now in Beulah) unless a Refuge can be found
" To hide them from the wrath of Albion's Law that freezes sore
" Upon his Sons & Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom.
" Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albion's Mountains
" To give a Place for Redemption, let Sihon and Og
" Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

49

" The secret coverts of Albion & the hidden places of America.
" Jerusalem! Jerusalem! why wilt thou turn away?
" Come ye, O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og & Sihon
" Upon the Lakes of Ireland from Rathlin to Baltimore.
" Stand ye upon the Dargle from Wicklow to Drogheda.
" Come & mourn over Albion, the White Cliff of the Atlantic,
" The Mountain of Giants: all the Giants of Albion are become
" Weak, wither'd, darken'd, & Jerusalem is cast forth from Albion.
" They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shiloh.
" The Gigantic roots & twigs of the vegetating Sons of Albion,
" Fill'd with the little-ones, are consumed in the Fires of their Altars.
" The vegetating Cities are burned & consumed from the Earth,

" And the Bodies in which all Animals & Vegetations, the Earth & Heaven
" Were contain'd in the All Glorious Imagination, are wither'd & darken'd.
" The golden Gate of Havilah and all the Garden of God
" Was caught up with the Sun in one day of fury and war.
" The Lungs, the Heart, the Liver, shrunk away far distant from Man
" And left a little slimy substance floating upon the tides.
" In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon
" And became an Opake Globe far distant, clad with moony beams.
" The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,
" Are become weak Visions of Time & Space, fix'd into furrows of death,
" Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left.
" O Polypus of Death! O Spectre over Europe and Asia,
" Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin!
" By Laws of Chastity & Abhorrence I am wither'd up:
" Striving to Create a Heaven in which all shall be pure & holy
" In their Own Selfhoods: in Natural Selfish Chastity to banish Pity
" And dear Mutual Forgiveness, & to become One Great Satan
" Inslav'd to the most powerful Selfhood: to murder the Divine Humanity
" In whose sight all are as the dust & who chargeth his Angels with folly!
" Ah! weak & wide astray! Ah! shut in narrow doleful form!
" Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground!
" The Eye of Man, a little narrow orb, clos'd up & dark,
" Scarcely beholding the Great Light, conversing with the ground:
" The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out
" True Harmonies & comprehending great as very small:
" The Nostrils, bent down to the earth & clos'd with senseless flesh
" That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult:
" The Tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloys,
" A little sound it utters, & its cries are faintly heard.
" Therefore they are removed: therefore they have taken root
" In Egypt & Philistea, in Moab & Edom & Aram:
" In the Erythrean Sea their Uncircumcision in Heart & Loins
" Be lost for ever & ever; then they shall arise from Self
" By Self Annihilation into Jerusalem's Courts & into Shiloh,
" Shiloh, the Masculine Emanation among the Flowers of Beulah.

" Lo, Shiloh dwells over France, as Jerusalem dwells over Albion.
" Build & prepare a Wall & Curtain for America's shore!
" Rush on! Rush on! Rush on, ye vegetating Sons of Albion!
" The Sun shall go before you in Day, the Moon shall go
" Before you in Night. Come on! Come on! Come on! The Lord
" Jehovah is before, behind, above, beneath, around.
" He has builded the arches of Albion's Tomb, binding the Stars
" In merciful Order, bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace.
" He hath placed Og & Anak, the Giants of Albion, for their Guards,
" Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor, the Body
" Of Divine Analogy; and Og & Sihon in the tears of Balaam
" The Son of Beor, have given their power to Joshua & Caleb.
" Remove from Albion, far remove these terrible surfaces:
" They are beginning to form Heavens & Hells in immense
" Circles, the Hells for food to the Heavens, food of torment,
" Food of despair: they drink the condemn'd Soul & rejoice
" In cruel holiness in their Heavens of Chastity & Uncircumcision;
" Yet they are blameless, & Iniquity must be imputed only
" To the State they are enter'd into, that they may be deliver'd.
" Satan is the State of Death & not a Human existence;
" But Luvah is named Satan because he has enter'd that State:
" A World where Man is by Nature the enemy of Man,
" Because the Evil is Created into a State, that Men
" May be deliver'd time after time, evermore. Amen.
" Learn therefore, O Sisters, to distinguish the Eternal Human
" That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss & woe
" Alternate, from those States or Worlds in which the Spirit travels.
" This is the only means to Forgiveness of Enemies.
" Therefore remove from Albion these terrible Surfaces
" And let wild seas & rocks close up Jerusalem away from

50

" The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect,
" Now given to stony Druids and Allegoric Generation,
" To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep



Plate LV

VALA, HYLE, AND SKOFIELD

" Sway'd by a Providence oppos'd to the Divine Lord Jesus:
" A murderous Providence! A Creation that groans, living on Death,
" Where Fish & Bird & Beast & Man & Tree & Metal & Stone
" Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually!
" Albion is now possess'd by the War of Blood! the Sacrifice
" Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out.
" Come Lord Jesus, Lamb of God descend! for if, O Lord!
" If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died.
" Arise sisters! Go ye & meet the Lord, while I remain.
" Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albion's cliffs!
" Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them
" She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin,
" A Self-righteousness, the proud Virgin-Harlot! Mother of War!
" And we also & all Beulah consume beneath Albion's curse."

So Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering
With their wings, they sat in the Furnace, in a night
Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appear'd distant stars
Ascending and descending into Albion's sea of death.
And Erin's lovely Bow enclos'd the Wheels of Albion's Sons.

Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response:

" Come, O thou Lamb of God, and take away the remembrance of Sin.
" To Sin & to hide the Sin in sweet deceit is lovely!
" To Sin in the open face of day is cruel & pitiless! But
" To record the Sin for a reproach, to let the Sun go down
" In a remembrance of the Sin, is a Woe & a Horror,
" A brooder of an Evil Day and a Sun rising in blood!
" Come then, O Lamb of God, and take away the remembrance of Sin."

End of Chap: 2[d].

Rahab is an Eternal State. TO THE DEISTS. The Spiritual States of the Soul are all Eternal. Distinguish between the Man & his present State.

HE never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher of Natural Morality or Natural Religion; he is a flatterer who means to betray, to perpetuate Tyrant Pride & the Laws of that Babylon which he foresees shall shortly be destroyed, with the Spiritual and not the Natural Sword. He is in the State named Rahab, which State must be put off before he can be the Friend of Man.

You, O Deists, profess yourselves the Enemies of Christianity, and you are so: you are also the Enemies of the Human Race & of Universal Nature. Man is born a Spectre or Satan & is altogether an Evil, & requires a New Selfhood continually, & must continually be changed into his direct Contrary. But your Greek Philosophy (which is a remnant of Druidism) teaches that Man is Righteous in his Vegetated Spectre: an Opinion of fatal & accursed consequence to Man, as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation, to the intire abrogation of Experimental Theory; and many believed what they saw and Prophecied of Jesus.

Man must & will have Some Religion: if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan & will erect the Synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this World, God, and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God. Will any one say, " Where are those who " worship Satan under the Name of God? " Where are they? Listen! Every Religion that Preaches Vengeance for Sin is the Religion of the Enemy & Avenger and not of the Forgiver of Sin, and their God is Satan, Named by the Divine Name. Your Religion, O Deists! Deism, is the Worship of the God of this World by the means of what you call Natural Religion and Natural Philosophy, and of Natural Morality or Self-Righteousness, the Selfish Virtues of the Natural Heart. This was the Religion of the Pharisees who murder'd Jesus. Deism is the same & ends in the same.

Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Hume, charge the Spiritually Religious with

Hypocrisy; but how a Monk, or a Methodist either, can be a Hypocrite, I cannot concieve. We are Men of like passions with others & pretend not to be holier than others; therefore, when a Religious Man falls into Sin, he ought not to be call'd a Hypocrite; this title is more properly to be given to a Player who falls into Sin, whose profession is Virtue & Morality & the making Men Self-Righteous. Foote in calling Whitefield, Hypocrite, was himself one; for Whitefield pretended not to be holier than others, but confessed his Sins before all the World. Voltaire! Rousseau! You cannot escape my charge that you are Pharisees & Hypocrites, for you are constantly talking of the Virtues of the Human Heart and particularly of your own, that you may accuse others, & especially the Religious, whose errors you, by this display of pretended Virtue, chiefly design to expose. Rousseau thought Men Good by Nature: he found them Evil & found no friend. Friendship cannot exist without Forgiveness of Sins continually. The Book written by Rousseau call'd his Confessions, is an apology & cloke for his sin & not a confession.

But you also charge the poor Monks & Religious with being the causes of War, while you acquit & flatter the Alexanders & Caesars, the Lewis's & Fredericks, who alone are its causes & its actors. But the Religion of Jesus, Forgiveness of Sin, can never be the cause of a War nor of a single Martyrdom.

Those who Martyr others or who cause War are Deists, but never can be Forgivers of Sin. The Glory of Christianity is To Conquer by Forgiveness. All the Destruction, therefore, in Christian Europe has arisen from Deism, which is Natural Religion.

I saw a Monk of Charlemaine
Arise before my sight:
I talk'd with the Grey Monk as we stood
In beams of infernal light.

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel,
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel:
The Schools, in clouds of learning roll'd,
Arose with War in iron & gold.

" Thou lazy Monk," they sound afar,
" In vain condemning glorious War;
" And in your Cell you shall ever dwell:
" Rise, War, & bind him in his Cell! "

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

When Satan first the black bow bent
And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent,
He forg'd the Law into a Sword
And spill'd the blood of mercy's Lord.

Titus! Constantine! Charlemaine!
O Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! Vain
Your Grecian Mocks & Roman Sword
Against this image of his Lord!

For a Tear is an Intellectual thing,
And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of a Martyr's woe
Is an Arrow from the Almightie's Bow.

CHAPTER 3

JERUSALEM

CHAP: 3

BUT Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona,
Wept vehemently over Albion where Thames' currents spring
From the rivers of Beulah; pleasant river! soft, mild parent stream.
And the roots of Albion's Tree enter'd the Soul of Los
As he sat before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair,
In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation,
Inclosing all the Children of Los time after time,
Their Giant forms condensing into Nations & Peoples & Tongues.
Translucent the Furnaces, of Beryll & Emerald immortal
And Seven-fold each within other, incomprehensible
To the Vegetated Mortal Eye's perverted & single vision.
The Bellows are the Animal Lungs, the Hammers the Animal Heart,
The Furnaces the Stomach for Digestion; terrible their fury
Like seven burning heavens rang'd from South to North.

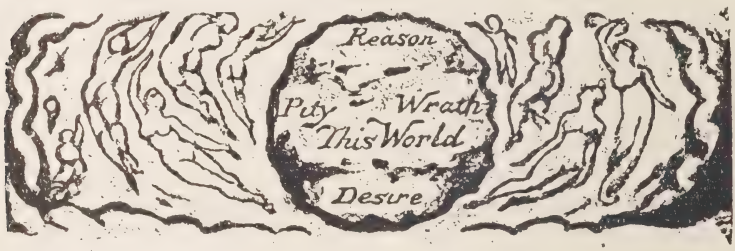
Here, on the banks of the Thames, Los builded Golgonooza,
Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart beneath Beulah
In the midst of the rocks of the Altars of Albion. In fears
He builded it, in rage & in fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold
London, continually building & continually decaying desolate.
In eternal labours loud the Furnaces & loud the Anvils
Of Death thunder incessant around the flaming Couches of
The Twenty-four Friends of Albion and round the awful Four
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albion's Sons,
The Mystic Union of the Emanation in the Lord. Because
Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre,
His Emanation is an ever-weeping melancholy Shadow;
But she is made receptive of Generation thro' mercy
In the Potter's Furnace among the Funeral Urns of Beulah,
From Surrey hills thro' Italy and Greece to Hinnom's vale.

54

In Great Eternity every particular Form gives forth or Emanates
Its own peculiar Light, & the Form is the Divine Vision
And the Light is his Garment. This is Jerusalem in every Man,
A Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness, Male & Female Clothings.
And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion.

But Albion fell down, a Rocky fragment from Eternity hurl'd
By his own Spectre, who is the Reasoning Power in every Man,
Into his own Chaos, which is the Memory between Man & Man.

The silent broodings of deadly revenge springing from the
All powerful parental affection, fills Albion from head to foot.
Seeing his Sons assimilate with Luvah, bound in the bonds
Of spiritual Hate, from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains,
He tosses like a cloud outstretch'd among Jerusalem's Ruins
Which overspread all the Earth; he groans among his ruin'd porches.



But the Spectre, like a hoar frost & a Mildew, rose over Albion,
Saying, " I am God, O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power!
" Am I not Bacon & Newton & Locke who teach Humility to Man,
" Who teach Doubt & Experiment? & my two Wings, Voltaire, Rousseau?
" Where is that Friend of Sinners? that Rebel against my Laws
" Who teaches Belief to the Nations & an unknown Eternal Life?
" Come hither into the Desart & turn these stones to bread.
" Vain foolish Man! wilt thou believe without Experiment

" And build a World of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss,
" A World of Shapes in craving lust & devouring appetite? "

So spoke the hard cold constrictive Spectre: he is named Arthur,
Constricting into Druid Rocks round Canaan, Agag & Aram & Pharoh.

Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears,
But she stretch'd out her starry Night in Spaces against him like
A long Serpent in the Abyss of the Spectre, which augmented
The Night with Dragon wings cover'd with stars, & in the Wings
Jerusalem & Vala appear'd; & above, between the Wings magnificent,
The Divine Vision dimly appear'd in clouds of blood weeping.

55

When those who disregard all Mortal Things saw a Mighty-One
Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength,
They wonder'd, checking their wild flames; & Many gathering
Together into an Assembly, they said, " let us go down
" And see these changes." Others said, " If you do so, prepare
" For being driven from our fields; what have we to do with the Dead?
" To be their inferiors or superiors we equally abhor:
" Superior, none we know: inferior, none: all equal share
" Divine Benevolence & joy; for the Eternal Man
" Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends,
" Forbidding us that Veil which Satan puts between Eve & Adam,
" By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries
" Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones & gold,
" To sieze the Sons of Jerusalem & plant them in One Man's Loins,
" To make One Family of Contraries, that Joseph may be sold
" Into Egypt for Negation, a Veil the Saviour born & dying rends."

But others said: " Let us to him, who only Is & who
" Walketh among us, give decision: bring forth all your fires! "

So saying, an eternal deed was done: in fiery flames
The Universal Concave raged such thunderous sounds as never
Were sounded from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old,
Nor in Havilah where the Cherub roll'd his redounding flame.

Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the Forests:
Rivers thunder'd against their banks, loud Winds furious fought:
Cities & Nations contended in fires & clouds & tempests:
The Seas rais'd up their voices & lifted their hands on high:
The Stars in their courses fought, the Sun, Moon, Heaven, Earth,
Contending for Albion & for Jerusalem his Emanation,
And for Shiloh the Emanation of France, & for lovely Vala.

Then far the greatest number were about to make a Separation;
And they Elected Seven, call'd the Seven Eyes of God,
Lucifer, Molech, Elohim, Shaddai, Pahad, Jehovah, Jesus.
They nam'd the Eighth: he came not, he hid in Albion's Forests.
But first they said: (& their Words stood in Chariots in array
Curbing their Tygers with golden bits & bridles of silver & ivory)

" Let the Human Organs be kept in their perfect Integrity,
" At will Contracting into Worms or Expanding into Gods,
" And then, behold! what are these Ulro Visions of Chastity?
" Then as the moss upon the tree, or dust upon the plow,
" Or as the sweat upon the labouring shoulder, or as the chaff
" Of the wheat-floor, or as the dregs of the sweet wine-press:
" Such are these Ulro Visions; for tho' we sit down within
" The plowed furrow, list'ning to the weeping clods till we
" Contract or Expand Space at will, or if we raise ourselves
" Upon the chariots of the morning, Contracting or Expanding Time,
" Every one knows we are One Family, One Man blessed for ever."

Silence remain'd & every one resum'd his Human Majesty.
And many conversed on these things as they labour'd at the furrow,
Saying: " It is better to prevent misery than to release from misery:

" It is better to prevent error than to forgive the criminal.
" Labour well the Minute Particulars, attend to the Little-ones,
" And those who are in misery cannot remain so long
" If we do but our duty: labour well the teeming Earth."

They Plow'd in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow,
And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven,
Crying: " Compell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unhewn Demonstrations.
" Let the Indefinite be explored, and let every Man be Judged
" By his own Works. Let all Indefinites be thrown into Demonstrations,
" To be pounded to dust & melted in the Furnaces of Affliction.
" He who would do good to another must do it in Minute Particulars:
" General Good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite & flatterer,
" For Art & Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars
" And not in generalizing Demonstrations of the Rational Power.
" The Infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity;
" Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of Falshood continually,
" On Circumcision, not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion! "

So cried they at the Plow. Albion's Rock frowned above,
And the Great Voice of Eternity rolled above terrible in clouds,
Saying, " Who will go forth for us, & Who shall we send before our face? "

56

Then Los heaved his thund'ring Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex,
And thus he chaunted his Song: the Daughters of Albion reply:

" What may Man be? who can tell! But what may Woman be
" To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave?
" He who is an Infant and whose Cradle is a Manger
" Knoweth the Infant sorrow, whence it came and where it goeth
" And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away.
" This World is all a Cradle for the erred wandering Phantom,
" Rock'd by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments
" Between dwells a Daughter of Beulah to feed the Human Vegetable.

" Entune, Daughters of Albion, your hymning Chorus mildly,
" Cord of affection thrilling extatic on the iron Reel
" To the golden Loom of Love, to the moth-labour'd Woof,
" A Garment and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror,
" For fear, at entering the gate into our World of cruel
" Lamentation, it flee back & hide in Non-Entity's dark wild
" Where dwells the Spectre of Albion, destroyer of Definite Form.
" The Sun shall be a Scythed Chariot of Britain: the Moon, a Ship
" In the British Ocean, Created by Los's Hammer, measured out
" Into Days & Nights & Years & Months, to travel with my feet
" Over these desolate rocks of Albion. O daughters of despair!
" Rock the Cradle, and in mild melodies tell me where found
" What you have enwoven with so much tears & care, so much
" Tender artifice, to laugh, to weep, to learn, to know:
" Remember! recollect! what dark befel in wintry days."

" O it was lost for ever, and we found it not; it came
" And wept at our wintry Door. Look! look! behold! Gwendolen
" Is become a Clod of Clay! Merlin is a Worm of the Valley! "

Then Los uttered with Hammer & Anvil: " Chaunt! revoice!
" I mind not your laugh, and your frown I not fear, and
" You must my dictate obey; from your gold-beam'd Looms trill
" Gentle to Albion's Watchman; on Albion's mountains reeccho,
" And rock the Cradle while, Ah me! Of that Eternal Man
" And of the cradled Infancy in his bowels of compassion
" Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry & became
" Subservient to the clods of the furrow; the cattle and even
" The emmet and earth-Worm are his superiors & his lords."

Then the response came warbling from trilling Looms in Albion:
" We Women tremble at the light, therefore hiding fearful
" The Divine Vision with Curtain & Veil & fleshly Tabernacle."
Los utter'd, swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains:
" Look back into the Church Paul! Look! Three Women around
" The Cross! O Albion, why didst thou a Female Will Create? "

57

And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh Cry
Over the Plow of Nations in the strong hand of Albion, thundering along
Among the Fires of the Druid & the deep black rethundering Waters
Of the Atlantic which poured in, impetuous, loud, loud, louder & louder.
And the Great Voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Altars,
Weeping over his Children in Stone-henge, in Malden & Colchester,
Round the Rocky Peak of Derbyshire, London Stone & Rosamond's Bower:

" What is a Wife & what is a Harlot? What is a Church & What
" Is a Theatre? are they Two & not One? can they Exist Separate?
" Are not Religion & Politics the Same Thing? Brotherhood is Religion,
" O Demonstrations of Reason Dividing Families in Cruelty & Pride! "

But Albion fled from the Divine Vision; with the Plow of Nations enflaming,
The Living Creatures madden'd, and Albion fell into the Furrow; and
The Plow went over him & the Living was Plowed in among the Dead.
But his Spectre rose over the starry Plow. Albion fled beneath the Plow
Till he came to the Rock of Ages, & he took his Seat upon the Rock.

Wonder siez'd all in Eternity, to behold the Divine Vision open
The Center into an Expanse, & the Center rolled out into an Expanse.

58

In beauty the Daughters of Albion divide & unite at will,
Naked & drunk with blood. Gwendolen dancing to the timbrel
Of War, reeling up the Street of London, she divides in twain
Among the Inhabitants of Albion: the People fall around.
The Daughters of Albion divide & unite in jealousy & cruelty.
The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest & the Vintage
Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples, shrieking,
Bonifying into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal path.
They flee over the rocks bonifying. Horses, Oxen feel the knife.
And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgment bonify,
The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife:
The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by Jealousy & Pity.

Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration
Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure & affection.
Two Contraries War against each other in fury & blood,
And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows:
He fixes them with strong blows, placing the stones & timbers
To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death,
Dividing the Masculine & Feminine, for the comingling
Of Albion's & Luvah's Spectres was Hermaphroditic.

Urizen wrathful strode above, directing the awful Building
As a Mighty Temple, delivering Form out of confusion.
Jordan sprang beneath its threshold, bubbling from beneath
Its pillars: Euphrates ran under its arches: white sails
And silver oars reflect on its pillars & sound on its ecchoing
Pavements, where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain Ungenerate.
But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro' its porticoes:
Day & night in sublime majesty & silence they revolve
And shine glorious within. Hand & Koban arch'd over the Sun
In the hot noon as he travel'd thro' his journey. Hyle & Skofield
Arch'd over the Moon at midnight, & Los Fix'd them there
With his thunderous Hammer: terrified the Spectres rage & flee.
Canaan is his portico. Jordan is a fountain in his porch,
A fountain of milk & wine to relieve the traveller.
Egypt is the eight steps within. Ethiopia supports his pillars.
Lybia & the Lands unknown are the ascent without;
Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art.
Persia & Media are his halls: his inmost hall is Great Tartary.
China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment.
Poland & Russia & Sweden, his soft retired chambers.
France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany
Are the temples among his pillars: Britain is Los's Forge.
America North & South are his baths of living waters.

Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void,
Created from the Valley of Middlesex by London's River,

From Stone-henge and from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes.
The Four Zoas rush around on all sides in dire ruin:
Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion
Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God, stupendous
Works! A World of Generation continually Creating out of
The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of rocky destiny,

59

And formed into Four precious stones for enterance from Beulah.

For the Veil of Vala, which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep
To catch the Souls of the Dead, began to Vegetate & Petrify
Around the Earth of Albion among the Roots of his Tree.
This Los formed into the Gates & mighty Wall between the Oak
Of Weeping & the Palm of Suffering beneath Albion's Tomb.
Thus in process of time it became the beautiful Mundane Shell,
The Habitation of the Spectres of the Dead, & the Place
Of Redemption & of awaking again into Eternity.

For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic:
One to the North, Urthona: One to the South, Urizen:
One to the East, Luvah: One to the West, Tharmas.
They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine,
Verulam, London, York & Edinburgh, their English names.
But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen Southward
And Albion was slain upon his Mountains & in his Tent,
All fell towards the Centre, sinking downwards in dire ruin.
In the South remains a burning Fire: in the East, a Void:
In the West, a World of raging Waters: in the North, solid Darkness
Unfathomable without end; but in the midst of these
Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Enitharmon.

And in the North Gate, in the West of the North, toward Beulah,
Cathedron's Looms are builded, and Los's Furnaces in the South.
A wondrous golden Building immense with ornaments sublime
Is bright Cathedron's golden Hall, its Courts, Towers & Pinnacles.

And one Daughter of Los sat at the fiery Reel, & another
Sat at the shining Loom with her Sisters attending round,
Terrible their distress, & their sorrow cannot be utter'd;
And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel,
Endless their labour, with bitter food, void of sleep;
Tho' hungry, they labour: they rouze themselves anxious
Hour after hour labouring at the whirling Wheel,
Many Wheels & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping.

Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work
Obliterates every other evil; none pities their tears,
Yet they regard not pity & they expect no one to pity,
For they labour for life & love regardless of any one
But the poor Spectres that they work for always, incessantly.

They are mock'd by every one that passes by; they regard not,
They labour, & when their Wheels are broken by scorn & malice
They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions.

Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion & Pillow Network fine
That Rahab & Tirzah may exist & live & breathe & love.
Ah, that it could be as the Daughters of Beulah wish!

Other Daughters of Los, labouring at Looms less fine,
Create the Silk-worm & the Spider & the Catterpiller
To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion;
And others Create the wooly Lamb & the downy Fowl
To assist in the work; the Lamb bleats, the Sea-fowl cries:
Men understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow
That in the Interior Worlds is carried on in fear & trembling,
Weaving the shudd'ring fears & loves of Albion's Families.
Thunderous rage the Spindles of iron, & the iron Distaff
Maddens in the fury of their hands, weaving in bitter tears
The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine twined Linen.

60

The clouds of Albion's Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven
While Los sat terrified beholding Albion's Spectre, who is Luvah,

Spreading in bloody veins in torments over Europe & Asia,
Not yet formed, but a wretched torment unformed & abyssal
In flaming fire; within the Furnaces the Divine Vision appear'd
On Albion's hills, often walking from the Furnaces in clouds
And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels,
Gather'd Jerusalem's Children in his arms & bore them like
A Shepherd in the night of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

" I gave thee liberty and life, O lovely Jerusalem,
" And thou hast bound me down upon the Stems of Vegetation.
" I gave thee Sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains, Jerusalem,
" I gave thee Priam's City and the Isles of Grecia lovely.
" I gave thee Hand & Scofield & the Counties of Albion,
" They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God,
" They were as Adam before me, united into One Man,
" They stood in innocence & their skiey tent reach'd over Asia
" To Nimrod's Tower, to Ham & Canaan, walking with Mizraim
" Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia
" And sweet Hesperia, even to Great Chaldea & Tesshina,
" Following thee as a Shepherd by the Four Rivers of Eden.
" Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem,
" And build this Babylon & sacrifice in secret Groves
" Among the Gods of Asia, among the fountains of pitch & nitre?
" Therefore thy Mountains are become barren, Jerusalem,
" Thy Valleys, Plains of burning sand; thy Rivers, waters of death;
" Thy Villages die of the Famine, and thy Cities
" Beg bread from house to house, lovely Jerusalem.
" Why wilt thou deface thy beauty & the beauty of thy little-ones
" To please thy Idols in the pretended chastities of Uncircumcision?
" Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria; wherefore
" Dost thou blacken their beauty by a Secluded place of rest,
" And a peculiar Tabernacle to cut the integuments of beauty
" Into veils of tears and sorrows, O lovely Jerusalem?
" They have perswaded thee to this; therefore their end shall come,

" And I will lead thee thro' the Wilderness in shadow of my cloud,
" And in my love I will lead thee, lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion."

This is the Song of the Lamb, sung by Slaves in evening time.

But Jerusalem faintly saw him; clos'd in the Dungeons of Babylon
Her Form was held by Beulah's Daughters; but all within unseen
She sat at the Mills, her hair unbound, her feet naked
Cut with the flints, her tears run down, her reason grows like
The Wheel of Hand incessant turning day & night without rest,
Insane she raves upon the winds, hoarse, inarticulate.
All night Vala hears, she triumphs in pride of holiness
To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows
Of despair, while the Satanic Holiness triumph'd in Vala
In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness
Both of the Head & Heart & Loins, clos'd up in Moral Pride.

But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem; oft she saw
The lineaments Divine & oft the Voice heard, & oft she said:

" O Lord & Saviour, have the Gods of the Heathen pierced thee,
" Or hast thou been pierced in the House of thy Friends?
" Art thou alive, & livest thou for evermore? or art thou
" Not [Nought] but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not?
" Babel mocks, saying there is no God nor Son of God,
" That thou, O Human Imagination, O Divine Body, art all
" A delusion; but I know thee, O Lord, when thou arisest upon
" My weary eyes, even in this dungeon & this iron mill.
" The Stars of Albion cruel rise; thou bindest to sweet influences,
" For thou also sufferest with me, altho' I behold thee not;
" And altho' I sin & blaspheme thy holy name, thou pitiest me
" Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills
" And by these visions of pity & love because of Albion's death."

Thus spake Jerusalem, & thus the Divine Voice replied:

" Mild Shade of Man, pitiest thou these Visions of terror & woe?
" Give forth thy pity & love; fear not! lo, I am with thee always.
" Only believe in me, that I have power to raise from death
" Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion; fear not, trembling Shade,

61

" Behold, in the Visions of Elohim Jehovah, behold Joseph & Mary
" And be comforted, O Jerusalem, in the Visions of Jehovah Elohim."

She looked & saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth & Mary
His espoused Wife. And Mary said, " If thou put me away from thee
" Dost thou not murder me? " Joseph spoke in anger & fury, " Should I
" Marry a Harlot & an Adulteress? " Mary answer'd, " Art thou more pure
" Than thy Maker who forgiveth Sins & calls again Her that is Lost?
" Tho' She hates, he calls her again in love. I love my dear Joseph,
" But he driveth me away from his presence; yet I hear the voice of God
" In the voice of my Husband: tho' he is angry for a moment, he will not
" Utterly cast me away; if I were pure, never could I taste the sweets
" Of the Forgive[ne]ss of Sins; if I were holy, I never could behold the tears
" Of love of him who loves me in the midst of his anger in furnace of fire."

" Ah my Mary! " said Joseph, weeping over & embracing her closely in
His arms: " Doth he forgive Jerusalem, & not exact Purity from her who is
" Polluted? I heard his voice in my sleep & his Angel in my dream,
" Saying, ' Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall
" ' Be Payed? Doth he Forgive Pollution only on conditions of Purity?
" ' That Debt is not Forgiven! That Pollution is not Forgiven!
" ' Such is the Forgiveness of the Gods, the Moral Virtues of the
" ' Heathen whose tender Mercies are Cruelty. But Jehovah's Salvation
" ' Is without Money & without Price, in the Continual Forgiveness of Sins,
" ' In the Perpetual Mutual Sacrifice in Great Eternity; for behold,
" ' There is none that liveth & Sinneth not! And this is the Covenant
" ' Of Jehovah: If you Forgive one-another, so shall Jehovah Forgive You,
" ' That He Himself may Dwell among You. Fear not then to take
" ' To thee Mary thy Wife, for she is with Child by the Holy Ghost.' "

Then Mary burst forth into a Song: she flowed like a River of
Many Streams in the arms of Joseph & gave forth her tears of joy
Like many waters, and Emanating into gardens & palaces upon
Euphrates, & to forests & floods & animals wild & tame from
Gihon to Hiddekel, & to corn fields & villages & inhabitants
Upon Pison & Arnon & Jordan. And I heard the voice among
The Reapers, Saying, " Am I Jerusalem the lost Adulteress? or am I
" Babylon come up to Jerusalem? " And another voice answer'd, Saying,

" Does the voice of my Lord call me again? am I pure thro' his Mercy
" And Pity? Am I become lovely as a Virgin in his sight, who am
" Indeed a Harlot drunken with the Sacrifice of Idols? does he
" Call her pure as he did in the days of her Infancy when She
" Was cast out to the loathing of her person? The Chaldean took
" Me from my Cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his Camels
" Before I had ever beheld with love the Face of Jehovah, or known
" That there was a God of Mercy. O Mercy, O Divine Humanity!
" O Forgiveness & Pity & Compassion! If I were Pure I should never
" Have known Thee: If I were Unpolluted I should never have
" Glorified thy Holiness or rejoiced in thy great Salvation."

Mary leaned her side against Jerusalem: Jerusalem recieved
The Infant into her hands in the Visions of Jehovah. Times passed on.
Jerusalem fainted over the Cross & Sepulcher. She heard the voice:
" Wilt thou make Rome thy Patriarch Druid & the Kings of Europe his
" Horsemen? Man in the Resurrection changes his Sexual Gar[m]ents at Will.
" Every Harlot was once a Virgin: every Criminal an Infant Love.

62

" Repose on me till the morning of the Grave. I am thy life."

Jerusalem replied: " I am an outcast: Albion is dead:
" I am left to the trampling foot & the spurning heel:
" A Harlot I am call'd: I am sold from street to street:
" I am defaced with blows & with the dirt of the Prison,

" And wilt thou become my Husband, O my Lord & Saviour?
" Shall Vala bring thee forth? shall the Chaste be ashamed also?
" I see the Maternal Line, I behold the Seed of the Woman:
" Cainah & Ada & Zillah, & Naamah, Wife of Noah,
" Shuah's daughter & Tamar & Rahab the Canaanites,
" Ruth the Moabite, & Bathsheba of the daughters of Heth,
" Naamah the Ammonite, Zibeah the Philistine, & Mary:
" These are the Daughters of Vala, Mother of the Body of death;
" But I, thy Magdalen, behold thy Spiritual Risen Body.
" Shall Albion arise? I know he shall arise at the Last Day!
" I know that in my flesh I shall see God; but Emanations
" Are weak, they know not whence they are nor whither tend."

Jesus replied, " I am the Resurrection & the Life.
" I Die & pass the limits of possibility as it appears
" To individual perception. Luvah must be Created
" And Vala, for I cannot leave them in the gnawing Grave
" But will prepare a way for my banished-ones to return.
" Come now with me into the villages, walk thro' all the cities;
" Tho' thou art taken to prison & judgment, starved in the streets,
" I will command the cloud to give thee food & the hard rock
" To flow with milk & wine; tho' thou seest me not a season,
" Even a long season, & a hard journey & a howling wilderness,
" Tho' Vala's cloud hide thee & Luvah's fires follow thee,
" Only believe & trust in me. Lo, I am always with thee! "

So spoke the Lamb of God while Luvah's Cloud reddening above
Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens, & dark night
Involv'd Jerusalem, & the Wheels of Albion's Sons turn'd hoarse
Over the Mountains, & the fires blaz'd on Druid Altars,
And the Sun set in Tyburn's Brook where Victims howl & cry.

But Los beheld the Divine Vision among the flames of the Furnaces.
Therefore he lived & breathed in hope; but his tears fell incessant
Because his Children were clos'd from him apart & Enitharmon

Dividing in fierce pain; also the Vision of God was clos'd in clouds
Of Albion's Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat & often ponder'd
On Death Eternal, in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion
Walking, & in the vales in howlings fierce; then to his Anvils
Turning, anew began his labours, tho' in terrible pains.

63

Jehovah stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale
When the Four Zoas of Albion, the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim
Of Albion tremble before the Spectre in the starry Harness of the Plow
Of Nations. And their Names are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona.

Luvah slew Tharmas, the Angel of the Tongue, & Albion brought him
To Justice in his own City of Paris, denying the Resurrection.
Then Vala, the Wife of Albion, who is the Daughter of Luvah,
Took vengeance Twelve-fold among the Chaotic Rocks of the Druids
Where the Human Victims howl to the Moon, & Thor & Friga
Dance the dance of death, contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim.
The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley
In the Dividing of Reuben & Benjamin bleeding from Chester's River.

The Giants & the Witches & the Ghosts of Albion dance with
Thor & Friga, & the Fairies lead the Moon along the Valley of Cherubim
Bleeding in torrents from Mountain to Mountain, a lovely Victim.
And Jehovah stood in the Gates of the Victim, & he appeared
A weeping Infant in the Gates of Birth in the midst of Heaven.

The Cities & Villages of Albion became Rock & Sand Unhumanized,
The Druid Sons of Albion; & the Heavens a Void around, unfathomable;
No Human Form but Sexual, & a little weeping Infant pale reflected
Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon, on all sides
Around in the clouds of the Female, on Albion's Cliffs of the Dead.

Such the appearance in Cheviot, in the Divisions of Reuben,
When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers,
When the Druids demanded Chastity from Woman & all was lost.

" How can the Female be Chaste, O thou stupid Druid," Cried Los,
" Without the Forgiveness of Sins in the merciful clouds of Jehovah
" And without the Baptism of Repentance to wash away Calumnies and
" The Accusations of Sin, that each may be Pure in their Neighbours' sight?
" O when shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks & Herds
" Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion & Canaan? "

Then laugh'd Gwendolen, & her laughter shook the Nations & Familys of
The Dead beneath Beulah from Tyburn to Golgotha and from
Ireland to Japan: furious her Lions & Tygers & Wolves sport before
Los on the Thames & Medway: London & Canterbury groan in pain.

Los knew not yet what was done: he thought it was all in Vision,
In Visions of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion;
Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking-Glass of Enitharmon.

He saw in Vala's hand the Druid Knife of Revenge & the Poison Cup
Of Jealousy, and thought it a Poetic Vision of the Atmospheres,
Till Canaan roll'd apart from Albion across the Rhine, along the Danube.

And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Cheviot,
From Bashan to Tyre & from Troy to Gaza of the Amalekite.
And Reuben fled with his head downwards among the Caverns

64

Of the Mundane Shell which froze on all sides round Canaan on
The vast Expanse, where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web
Of Ages & Generations, folding & unfolding it like a Veil of Cherubim;
And sometimes it touches the Earth's summits & sometimes spreads
Abroad into the Indefinite Spectre, who is the Rational Power.

Then All the Daughters of Albion became One before Los, even Vala
And she put forth her hand upon the Looms in dreadful howlings
Till she vegetated into a hungry Stomach & a devouring Tongue.
Her Hand is a Court of Justice: her Feet two Armies in Battle:

Storms & Pestilence in her Locks, & in her Loins Earthquake
And Fire & the Ruin of Cities & Nations & Families & Tongues.

She cries: " The Human is but a Worm, & thou, O Male! Thou art
" Thyself Female, a Male, a breeder of Seed, a Son & Husband: & Lo,
" The Human Divine is Woman's Shadow, a Vapor in the summer's heat.
" Go assume Papal dignity, thou Spectre, thou Male Harlot! Arthur,
" Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote, O Woman-born
" And Woman-nourish'd & Woman-educated & Woman-scorn'd! "

" Wherefore art thou Living," said Los, " & Man cannot live in thy presence?
" Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion, O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah?
" All Quarrels arise from Reasoning: the secret Murder and
" The violent Man-slaughter, these are the Spectre's double Cave,
" The Sexual Death living on accusation of Sin & Judgment,
" To freeze Love & Innocence into the gold & silver of the Merchant.
" Without Forgiveness of Sin, Love is Itself Eternal Death."

Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom, magnificent, terrific,
Glittering with precious stones & gold, with Garments of blood & fire.
He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony,
Crimson with Wrath & green with Jealousy, dazling with Love
And Jealousy immingled, & the purple of the violet darken'd deep,
Over the Plow of Nations thund'ring in the hand of Albion's Spectre.

A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frown(in)ing upon London's River;
And the Distaff & Spindle in the hands of Vala, with the Flax of
Human Miseries, turn'd fierce with the Lives of Men along the Valley
As Reuben fled before the Daughters of Albion, Taxing the Nations.

Derby Peak yawn'd a horrid Chasm at the Cries of Gwendolen & at
The stamping feet of Ragan upon the flaming Treddles of her Loom
That drop with crimson gore with the Loves of Albion & Canaan,
Opening along the Valley of Rephaim, weaving over the Caves of Machpelah,

65

To decide Two Worlds with a great decision, a World of Mercy and
A World of Justice, the World of Mercy for Salvation:
To cast Luvah into the Wrath and Albion into the Pity,
In the Two Contraries of Humanity & in the Four Regions.

For in the depths of Albion's bosom in the eastern heaven
They sound the clarions strong, they chain the howling Captives,
They cast the lots into the helmet, they give the oath of blood in Lambeth,
They vote the death of Luvah & they nail'd him to Albion's Tree in Bath,
They stain'd him with poisonous blue, they inwove him in cruel roots
To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with vegetation.
The sun was black & the moon roll'd a useless globe thro' Britain.

Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow, the loom,
The hammer & the chisel & the rule & compasses; from London fleeing,
They forg'd the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war & the battle-ax,
The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale;
And all the Arts of Life they chang'd into the Arts of Death in Albion.
The hour-glass contemn'd because its simple workmanship
Was like the workmanship of the plowman, & the water wheel
That raises water into cisterns, broken & burn'd with fire
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd;
And in their stead, intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel,
To perplex youth in their outgoings & to bind to labours in Albion
Of day & night the myriads of eternity: that they may grind
And polish brass & iron hour after hour, laborious task,
Kept ignorant of its use: that they might spend the days of wisdom
In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread,
In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All,
And call it Demonstration, blind to all the simple rules of life.

" Now, now the battle rages round thy tender limbs, O Vala!
" Now smile among thy bitter tears, now put on all thy beauty.
" Is not the wound of the sword sweet & the broken bone delightful?

" Wilt thou now smile among the scythes when the wounded groan in the field?
" We were carried away in thousands from London & in tens
" Of thousands from Westminster & Marybone, in ships clos'd up,
" Chain'd hand & foot, compell'd to fight under the iron whips
" Of our captains, fearing our officers more than the enemy.
" Lift up thy blue eyes, Vala, & put on thy sapphire shoes!
" O melancholy Magdalen, behold the morning over Malden break!
" Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulcher of Canterbury.
" Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver locks;
" Shake off the waters from thy wings & the dust from thy white garments.
" Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch of Lambeth's Vale
" 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 over Albion.
" Arise, O Vala, bring the bow of Urizen, bring the swift arrows of light.
" How rag'd the golden horses of Urizen, compell'd to the chariot of love!
" Compell'd to leave the plow to the ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation,
" To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings; this is no gentle harp,
" This is no warbling brook nor shadow of a mirtle tree,
" But blood and wounds and dismal cries and shadows of the oak,
" And hearts laid open to the light by the broad grizly sword,
" And bowels, hid in hammer'd steel, rip'd quivering on the ground.
" Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit: call forth thy cloudy tears.
" We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew."

So sang the Spectre Sons of Albion round Luvah's Stone of Trial,
Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Salisbury,
Drinking his Emanation in intoxicating bliss, rejoicing in Giant dance;
For a Spectre has no Emanation but what he imbibes from decieving
A Victim: Then he becomes her Priest & she his Tabernacle
And his Oak Grove, till the Victim rend the woven Veil
In the end of his sleep when Jesus calls him from his grave.

Howling the Victims on the Druid Altars yield their souls
To the stern Warriors; lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims,

Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication; hence arose from Bath
Self deluding odours, in spiral volutions intricately winding
Over Albion's mountains a feminine indefinite cruel delusion.
Astonish'd, terrified & in pain & torment, Sudden they behold
Their own Parent, the Emanation of their murder'd Enemy
Become their Emanation and their Temple and Tabernacle.
They knew not this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala, Albion's Wife.

Terrified at the sight of the Victim, at his distorted sinews,
The tremblings of Vala vibrate thro' the limbs of Albion's Sons
While they rejoice over Luvah in mockery & bitter scorn.
Sudden they become like what they behold, in howlings & deadly pain:
Spasms smite their features, sinews & limbs: pale they look on one another;
They turn, contorted: their iron necks bend unwilling towards
Luvah: their lips tremble: their muscular fibres are cramp'd & smitten:
They become like what they behold! Yet immense in strength & power,

66

In awful pomp & gold, in all the precious unhewn stones of Eden
They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury, with chains
Of rocks round London Stone, of Reasonings, of unhewn Demonstrations
In labyrinthine arches (Mighty Urizen the Architect) thro' which
The Heavens might revolve & Eternity be bound in their chain.
Labour unparallell'd! a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny,
Rocks piled on rocks reaching the stars, stretching from pole to pole.
The Building is Natural Religion & its Altars Natural Morality,
A building of eternal death, whose proportions are eternal despair.
Here Vala stood turning the iron Spindle of destruction
From heaven to earth, howling, invisible; but not invisible
Her Two Covering Cherubs, afterwards named Voltaire & Rousseau,
Two frowning Rocks on each side of the Cove & Stone of Torture,
Frozen Sons of the feminine Tabernacle of Bacon, Newton & Locke;
For Luvah is France, the Victim of the Spectres of Albion.

Los beheld in terror; he pour'd his loud storms on the Furnaces.
The Daughters of Albion clothed in garments of needle work

Strip them off from their shoulders and bosoms, they lay aside
Their garments, they sit naked upon the Stone of trial.
The Knife of flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood
Gushes & stains the fair side of the fair Daug[h]ters of Albion.
They put aside his curls, they divide his seven locks upon
His forehead, they bind his forehead with thorns of iron,
They put into his hand a reed, they mock, Saying: " Behold
" The King of Canaan whose are seven hundred chariots of iron! "
They take off his vesture whole with their Knives of flint,
But they cut asunder his inner garments, searching with
Their cruel fingers for his heart, & there they enter in pomp,
In many tears, & there they erect a temple & an altar.
They pour cold water on his brain in front, to cause
Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears, and caverns
To freeze over his nostrils, while they feed his tongue from cups
And dishes of painted clay. Glowing with beauty & cruelty
They obscure the sun & the moon: no eye can look upon them.

Ah! alas! at the sight of the Victim & at sight of those who are smitten,
All who see become what they behold; their eyes are cover'd
With veils of tears and their nostrils & tongues shrunk up,
Their ear bent outwards; as their Victim, so are they, in the pangs
Of unconquerable fear amidst delights of revenge Earth-shaking.
And as their eye & ear shrunk, the heavens shrunk away:
The Divine Vision became first a burning flame, then a column
Of fire, then an awful fiery wheel surrounding earth & heaven,
And then a globe of blood wandering distant in an unknown night.
Afar into the unknown night the mountains fled away,
Six months of mortality, a summer, & six months of mortality, a winter.
The Human form began to be alter'd by the Daughters of Albion
And the perceptions to be dissipated into the Indefinite, Becoming
A mighty Polypus nam'd Albion's Tree; they tie the Veins
And Nerves into two knots & the Seed into a double knot.
They look forth: the Sun is shrunk: the Heavens are shrunk
Away into the far remote, and the Trees & Mountains wither'd

Into indefinite cloudy shadows in darkness & separation.
By Invisible Hatreds adjoin'd, they seem remote and separate
From each other, and yet are a Mighty Polypus in the Deep!
As the Misletoe grows on the Oak, so Albion's Tree on Eternity. Lo!
He who will not comingle in Love must be adjoin'd by Hate.

They look forth from Stone-henge: from the Cove round London Stone
They look on one another: the mountain calls out to the mountain.
Plinlimmon shrunk away: Snowdon trembled: the mountains
Of Wales & Scotland beheld the descending War, the routed flying.
Red run the streams of Albion: Thames is drunk with blood
As Gwendolen cast the Shuttle of war, as Cambel return'd the beam,
The Humber & the Severn are drunk with the blood of the slain.
London feels his brain cut round: Edinburgh's heart is circumscribed:
York & Lincoln hide among the flocks because of the griding Knife.
Worcester & Hereford, Oxford & Cambridge reel & stagger
Overwearied with howling. Wales & Scotland alone sustain the fight!
The inhabitants are sick to death: they labour to divide into Days
And Nights the uncertain Periods, and into Weeks & Months. In vain
They send the Dove & Raven & in vain the Serpent over the mountains
And in vain the Eagle & Lion over the four-fold wilderness:
They return not, but generate in rocky places desolate:
They return not, but build a habitation separate from Man.
The Sun forgets his course like a drunken man; he hesitates
Upon the Cheselden hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn.
In vain: he is hurried afar into an unknown Night:
He bleeds in torrents of blood as he rolls thro' heaven above.
He chokes up the paths of the sky; the Moon is leprous as snow,
Trembling & descending down, seeking to rest on high Mona,
Scattering her leprous snows in flakes of disease over Albion.
The Stars flee remote; the heaven is iron, the earth is sulphur,
And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a withering gourd
As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knife of flint
In the hands of Albion's Daughters among the Druid Temples,

By those who drink their blood & the blood of their Covenant.

And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab & Tirzah,
A Double Female; and they drew out from the Rocky Stones
Fibres of Life to Weave, for every Female is a Golden Loom,
The Rocks are opake hardnesses covering all Vegetated things;
And as they Wove & Cut from the Looms, in various divisions
Stretching over Europe & Asia from Ireland to Japan,
They divided into many lovely Daughters, to be counterparts
To those they Wove; for when they Wove a Male, they divided
Into a Female to the Woven Male: in opake hardness
They cut the Fibres from the Rocks: groaning in pain they Weave,
Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence, denying Eternity
By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albion's Tree.
Such are the Feminine & Masculine when separated from Man.
They call the Rocks Parents of Men, & adore the frowning Chaos,
Dancing around in howling pain, clothed in the bloody Veil,
Hiding Albion's Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalem's
Sons without, to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion,
Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous & merciful Man,
Counting him an imbecile mockery, but the Warrior
They adore & his revenge cherish with the blood of the Innocent.
They drink up Dan & Gad to feed with milk Skofeld & Kotope;
They strip off Joseph's Coat & dip it in the blood of battle.

Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife
Of flint is in her hand: she passes it over the howling Victim.
The Daughters Weave their Work in loud cries over the Rock
Of Horeb, still eyeing Albion's Cliffs, eagerly siezing & twisting
The threads of Vala & Jerusalem running from mountain to mountain
Over the whole Earth; loud the Warriors rage in Beth Peor
Beneath the iron whips of their Captains & consecrated banners:
Loud the Sun & Moon rage in the conflict: loud the Stars
Shout in the night of battle, & their spears grow to their hands,

CHAPTER 3

With blood weaving the deaths of the Mighty into a Tabernacle
For Rahab & Tirzah, till the Great Polypus of Generation covered the Earth.

In Verulam the Polypus's Head, winding around his bulk
Thro' Rochester and Chichester & Exeter & Salisbury
To Bristol, & his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain
Shooting out Fibres round the Earth thro' Gaul & Italy
And Greece & along the Sea of Rephaim into Judea
To Sodom & Gomorrha: thence to India, China & Japan

The Twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tirzah have circumscrib'd the Brain
Beneath & pierced it thro' the midst with a golden pin.
Blood hath stain'd her fair side beneath her bosom.

" O thou poor Human Form! " said she. " O thou poor child of woe!
" Why wilt thou wander away from Tirzah? why me compel to bind thee?
" If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon these Rocks.
" These fibres of thine eyes that used to beam in distant heavens
" Away from me, I have bound down with a hot iron.
" These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies
" I have bent downward with lead melted in my roaring furnaces
" Of affliction, of love, of sweet despair, of torment unendurable.
" My soul is seven furnaces; incessant roars the bellows
" Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs
" In channels thro' my fiery limbs. O love, O pity, O fear,
" O pain! O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken!
" Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran.
" The River Kanah wander'd by my sweet Manasseh's side
" To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my sight!
" Go Noah, fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red-hot,
" Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelty.
" Shriek not so my only love. I refuse thy joys: I drink
" Thy shrieks because Hand & Hyle are cruel & obdurate to me.

" O Skofield, why art thou cruel? Lo, Joseph is thine! to make
" You One, to weave you both in the same mantle of skin.
" Bind him down, Sisters, bind him down on Ebal, Mount of cursing.
" Malah, come forth from Lebanon, & Hoglah, from Mount Sinai!
" Come, circumscribe this tongue of sweets, & with a screw of iron
" Fasten this ear into the rock. Milcah, the task is thine!
" Weep not so, Sisters, weep not so: our life depends on this,
" Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead,
" Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation."

And thus the Warriors cry, in the hot day of Victory, in Songs:

" Look! the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stone,
" Her panting Victim beside her: her heart is drunk with blood
" Tho' her brain is not drunk with wine: she goes forth from Albion
" In pride of beauty, in cruelty of holiness, in the brightness
" Of her tabernacle & her ark & secret place: the beautiful Daughter
" Of Albion delights the eyes of the Kings: their hearts & the
" Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor & Friga. O Molech!
" O Chemosh! O Bacchus! O Venus! O Double God of Generation!
" The Heavens are cut like a mantle around from the Cliffs of Albion
" Across Europe, across Africa: in howlings & deadly War,
" A sheet & veil & curtain of blood is let down from Heaven
" Across the hills of Ephraim & down Mount Olivet to
" The Valley of the Jebusite. Molech rejoices in heaven,
" He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones
" Themselves condensing to rocks & into the Ribs of a Man.
" Lo, they shoot forth in tender Nerves across Europe & Asia.
" Lo, they rest upon the Tribes, where their panting Victims lie.
" Molech rushes into the Kings, in love to the beautiful Daughters,
" But they frown & delight in cruelty, refusing all other joy.
" Bring your Offerings, your first begotten, pamper'd with milk & blood,
" Your first born of seven years old, be they Males or Females,
" To the beautiful Daughters of Albion! they sport before the Kings

" Clothed in the skin of the Victim! blood, human blood is the life
" And delightful food of the Warrior; the well fed Warrior's flesh
" Of him who is slain in War fills the Valleys of Ephraim with
" Breeding Women walking in pride & bringing forth under green trees
" With pleasure, without pain, for their food is blood of the Captive.
" Molech rejoices thro' the Land from Havilah to Shur: he rejoices
" In moral law & its severe penalties; loud Shaddai & Jehovah
" Thunder above, when they see the Twelve panting Victims
" On the Twelve Stones of Power, & the beautiful Daughters of Albion:
" ' If you dare rend their Veil with your spear, you are healed of Love.'
" From the Hills of Camberwell & Wimbledon, from the Valleys
" Of Walton & Esher, from Stone-henge & from Malden's Cove,
" Jerusalem's Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War.
" Over France & Germany, upon the Rhine & Danube,
" Reuben & Benjamin flee: they hide in the Valley of Rephaim.
" Why trembles the Warrior's limbs when he beholds thy beauty
" Spotted with Victims' blood? by the fires of thy secret tabernacle
" And thy ark & holy place, at thy frowns, at thy dire revenge,
" Smitten as Uzzah of old, his armour is soften'd, his spear
" And sword faint in his hand from Albion across Great Tartary.
" O beautiful Daughter of Albion! cruelty is thy delight.
" O Virgin of terrible eyes who dwellest by Valleys of springs
" Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon in the City of Rehob in Hamath,
" Taught to touch the harp, to dance in the Circle of Warriors
" Before the Kings of Canaan, to cut the flesh from the Victim,
" To roast the flesh in fire, to examine the Infant's limbs
" In cruelties of holiness, to refuse the joys of love, to bring
" The Spies from Egypt, to raise jealousy in the bosoms of the Twelve
" Kings of Canaan, then to let the Spies depart to Meribah Kadesh,
" To the place of the Amalekite: I am drunk with unsatiated love,
" I must rush again to War, for the Virgin has frown'd & refus'd.
" Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty.
" Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies,
" But now my Soul is harrow'd with grief & fear & love & desire,
" And now I hate & now I love, & Intellect is no more.

" There is no time for any thing but the torments of love & desire.
" The Feminine & Masculine Shadows, soft, mild & ever varying
" In beauty, are Shadows now no more, but Rocks in Horeb."

69

Then all the Males conjoined into One Male, & every one
Became a ravening eating Cancer growing in the Female,
A Polypus of Roots, of Reasoning, Doubt, Despair & Death,
Going forth & returning from Albion's Rocks to Canaan,
Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.

Envying stood the enormous Form, at variance with Itself
In all its Members, in eternal torment of love & jealousy,
Driv'n forth by Los time after time from Albion's cliffy shore,
Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into infernal bondage
That they might be born in contentions of Chastity & in
Deadly Hate between Leah & Rachel, Daughters of Deceit & Fraud
Bearing the Images of various Species of Contention
And Jealousy & Abhorrence & Revenge & deadly Murder,
Till they refuse liberty to the Male, & not like Beulah
Where every Female delights to give her maiden to her husband:
The Female searches sea & land for gratifications to the
Male Genius, who in return clothes her in gems & gold
And feeds her with the food of Eden; hence all her beauty beams.
She Creates at her will a little moony night & silence
With Spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty,
Closed in by a sandy desart & a night of stars shining
And a little tender moon & hovering angels on the wing;
And the Male gives a Time & Revolution to her Space
Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights.
For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination,
And thence in Beulah they are stolen by secret amorous theft
Till they have had Punishment enough to make them commit Crimes.
Hence rose the Tabernacle in the Wilderness & all its Offerings,
From Male & Female Loves in Beulah & their Jealousies;

But no one can consummate Female bliss in Los's World without
Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death.

And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah; all
The Jealousies become Murderous, uniting together in Rahab
A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves,
With Moral Law an Equal Balance not going down with decision.
Therefore the Male severe & cruel, fill'd with stern Revenge,
Mutual Hate returns & mutual Deceit & mutual Fear.

Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female,
Which Jesus rends & the whole Druid Law removes away
From the Inner Sanctuary, a False Holiness hid within the Center.
For the Sanctuary of Eden is in the Camp, in the Outline,
In the Circumference, & every Minute Particular is Holy:
Embraces are Cominglings from the Head even to the Feet,
And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.

Jerusalem pined in her inmost soul over Wandering Reuben
As she slept in Beulah's Night, hid by the Daughters of Beulah.

70

And this the form of mighty Hand sitting on Albion's cliffs
Before the face of Albion, a mighty threat'ning Form:

His bosom wide & shoulders huge, overspreading wondrous,
Bear Three strong sinewy Necks & Three awful & terrible Heads,
Three Brains, in contradictory council brooding incessantly,
Neither daring to put in act its councils, fearing each-other,
Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom
To consist in the agreements & disagree[me]nts of Ideas,
Plotting to devour Albion's Body of Humanity & Love.

Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took, & such
Their appearance when combin'd; but often by birth-pangs & loud groans

They divide to Twelve; the key-bones & the chest dividing in pain
Disclose a hideous orifice; thence issuing, the Giant-brood
Arise, as the smoke of the furnace, shaking the rocks from sea to sea,
And there they combine into Three Forms named Bacon & Newton & Locke
In the Oak Groves of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

Imputing Sin & Righteousness to Individuals, Rahab
Sat, deep within him hid, his Feminine Power unreveal'd,
Brooding Abstract Philosophy to destroy Imagination, the Divine-
Humanity: A Three-fold Wonder, feminine, most beautiful, Three-fold
Each within other. On her white marble & even Neck, her Heart,
Inorb'd and bonified, with locks of shadowing modesty, shining
Over her beautiful Female features soft flourishing in beauty,
Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips
Recieve a kiss from Gods or Men, a threefold kiss returns
From the press'd loveliness; so her whole immortal form three-fold,
Three-fold embrace returns, consuming lives of Gods & Men,
In fires of beauty melting them as gold & silver in the furnace.
Her Brain enlabyrinths the whole heaven of her bosom & loins
To put in act what her Heart wills. O who can withstand her power!
Her name is Vala in Eternity: in Time her name is Rahab.

The Starry Heavens all were fled from the mighty limbs of Albion,

71

And above Albion's Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan
As the Substance is to the Shadow, and above Albion's Twelve Sons
Were seen Jerusalem's Sons and all the Twelve Tribes spreading
Over Albion. As the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalem's Sons
Are to the Sons of Albion, and Jerusalem is Albion's Emanation.

What is Above is Within, for every-thing in Eternity is translucent:
The Circumference is Within, Without is formed the Selfish Center,
And the Circumference still expands going forward to Eternity,
And the Center has Eternal States; these States we now explore.

And these the Names of Albion's Twelve Sons & of his Twelve Daughters
With their Districts: Hand dwelt in Selsey & had Sussex & Surrey
And Kent & Middlesex, all their Rivers & their Hills of flocks & herds,
Their Villages, Towns, Cities, Sea-Ports, Temples, sublime Cathedrals,
All were his Friends, & their Sons & Daughters intermarry in Beulah;
For all are Men in Eternity, Rivers, Mountains, Cities, Villages,
All are Human, & when you enter into their Bosoms you walk
In Heavens & Earths, as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven
And Earth & all you behold; tho' it appears Without, it is Within,
In your Imagination, of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.

Hyle dwelt in Winchester, comprehending Hants, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall,
Their Villages, Cities, Sea Ports, their Corn fields & Gardens spacious,
Palaces, Rivers & Mountains; and between Hand & Hyle arose
Gwendolen & Cambel who is Boadicea: they go abroad & return
Like lovely beams of light from the mingled affections of the Brothers.
The Inhabitants of the whole Earth rejoice in their beautiful light.

Coban dwelt in Bath: Somerset, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire
Obey'd his awful voice: Ignoge is his lovely Emanation;
She adjoin'd with Gwantoke's Children; soon lovely Cordella arose;
Gwantoke forgave & joy'd over South Wales & all its Mountains.

Peachey had North Wales, Shropshire, Cheshire & the Isle of Man;
His Emanation is Mehetabel, terrible & lovely upon the Mountains.

Brertun had Yorkshire, Durham, Westmoreland, & his Emanation
Is Ragan; she adjoin'd to Slade, & produced Gonorill far beaming.

Slade had Lincoln, Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, & his lovely
Emanation, Gonorill, rejoices over hills & rocks & woods & rivers.

Huttn had Warwick, Northampton, Bedford, Buckingham,
Leicester & Berkshire, & his Emanation is Gwinefred beautiful.

Skofeld had Ely, Rutland, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk,
Suffolk, Hartford & Essex, & his Emanation is Gwinevera
Beautiful; she beams towards the east, all kinds of precious stones
And pearl, with instruments of music in holy Jerusalem.

Kox had Oxford, Warwick, Wilts; his Emanation is Estrild;
Join'd with Cordella she shines southward over the Atlantic.

Kotope had Hereford, Stafford, Worcester, & his Emanation
Is Sabrina; join'd with Mehetabel she shines west over America.

Bowen had all Scotland, the Isles, Northumberland & Cumberland;
His Emanation is Conwenna; she shines a triple form
Over the north with pearly beams gorgeous & terrible.
Jerusalem & Vala rejoice in Bowen & Conwenna.

But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated
Are Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion. They
Dwell over the Four Provinces of Ireland in heavenly light,
The Four Universities of Scotland, & in Oxford & Cambridge & Winchester.

But now Albion is darkened & Jerusalem lies in ruins
Above the Mountains of Albion, above the head of Los.

And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings, & his tears poured down
His immortal cheeks, rearing his hands to heaven for aid Divine!
But he spoke not to Albion, fearing lest Albion should turn his Back
Against the Divine Vision & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death;
But he receded before Albion & before Vala weaving the Veil
With the iron shuttle of War among the rooted Oaks of Albion,
Weeping & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children
Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity.

72

And the Thirty-two Counties of the Four Provinces of Ireland
Are thus divided: The Four Counties are in the Four Camps,
Munster South in Reuben's Gate, Connaut West in Joseph's Gate,
Ulster North in Dan's Gate, Leinster East in Judah's Gate;

For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars,
But the Four towards the West were Walled up, & the Twelve
That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square
By Los for Jerusalem's sake & called the Gates of Jerusalem,
Because Twelve Sons of Jerusalem fled successive thro' the Gates.
But the Four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not but remain'd,
Are Rintrah & Palamabron & Theotormon & Bromion,
The Four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall;
And these Four remain to guard the Four Walls of Jerusalem
Whose foundations remain in the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland
And in Twelve Counties of Wales & in the Forty Counties
Of England & in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland.

And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these:
Under Judah & Issachar & Zebulun are Lowth, Longford,
Eastmeath, Westmeath, Dublin, Kildare, King's County,
Queen's County, Wicklow, Catherloh, Wexford, Kilkenny.
And those under Reuben & Simeon & Levi are these:
Waterford, Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, Kerry, Clare.
And those under Ephraim, Manasseh & Benjamin are these:
Galway, Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim.
And those under Dan, Asher & Napthali are these:
Donnegal, Antrim, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Armagh, Londonderry,
Down, Managhan, Cavan. These are the Land of Erin.

All these Center in London & in Golgonooza, from whence
They are Created continually, East & West & North & South,

And from them are Created all the Nations of the Earth,
Europe & Asia & Africa & America, in fury Fourfold.

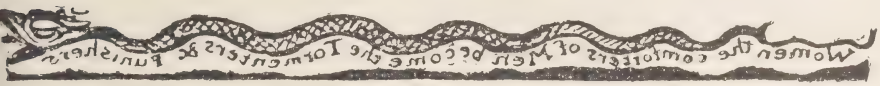


And Thirty-two the Nations to dwell in Jerusalem's Gates.
O Come ye Nations! Come ye People! Come up to Jerusalem!
Return, Jerusalem, & dwell together as of old! Return,
Return, O Albion! let Jerusalem overspread all Nations
As in the times of old! O Albion awake! Reuben wanders,
The Nations wait for Jerusalem, they look up for the Bride.

France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Turkey,
Arabia, Palestine, Persia, Hindostan, China, Tartary, Siberia,
Egypt, Lybia, Ethiopia, Guinea, Caffraria, Negroland, Morocco,
Congo, Zaara, Canada, Greenland, Carolina, Mexico,
Peru, Patagonia, Amazonia, Brazil: Thirty-two Nations,
And under these Thirty-two Classes of Islands in the Ocean
All the Nations, Peoples & Tongues throughout all the Earth.

And the Four Gates of Los surround the Universe Within and
Without; & whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth, the same
Is visible in the Mundane Shell revers'd, in mountain & vale.
And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah to guard
In Albion's Tomb the wondrous Creation, & the Four-fold Gate
Towards Beulah is to the South. Fenelon, Guion, Teresa,

Whitefield & Hervey guard that Gate, with all the gentle Souls
Who guide the great Wine-press of Love. Four precious Stones that Gate.



73

Such are Cathedron's golden Halls in the City of Golgonooza.

And Los's Furnaces howl loud, living, self-moving, lamenting
With fury & despair, & they stretch from South to North
Thro' all the Four Points. Lo! the Labourers at the Furnaces,
Rintrah & Palamabron, Theotormon & Bromion, loud lab'ring
With the innumerable multitudes of Golgonooza round the Anvils
Of Death! But how they came forth from the Furnaces, & how long
Vast & severe the anguish e'er they knew their Father, were
Long to tell; & of the iron rollers, golden axle-trees & yokes
Of brass, iron chains & braces, & the gold, silver & brass,
Mingled or separate, for swords, arrows, cannons, mortars,
The terrible ball, the wedge, the loud sounding hammer of destruction,
The sounding flail to thresh, the winnow to winnow kingdoms,
The water wheel & mill of many innumerable wheels resistless,
Over the Four-fold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell:

Perusing Albion's Tomb in the starry characters of Og & Anak,
To Create the lion & wolf, the bear, the tyger & ounce,
To Create the wooly lamb & downy fowl & scaly serpent,
The summer & winter, day & night, the sun & moon & stars,
The tree, the plant, the flower, the rock, the stone, the metal
Of Vegetative Nature by their hard restricting condensations.

Where Luvah's World of Opakeness grew to a period, It
Became a Limit, a Rocky hardness without form & void,
Accumulating without end; here Los, who is of the Elohim,

Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the Emanation,
Fixing the Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation,
Naming the Limit of Opakeness, Satan, & the Limit of Contraction,
Adam, who is Peleg & Joktan, & Esau & Jacob, & Saul & David.

Voltaire insinuates that these Limits are the cruel work of God,
Mocking the Remover of Limits & the Resurrection of the Dead,
Setting up Kings in wrath, in holiness of Natural Religion:
Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time on time
In miracles & wonders in the Four-fold Desart of Albion:
Permanently Creating, to be in Time Reveal'd & Demolish'd,
Satan, Cain, Tubal, Nimrod, Pharoh, Priam, Bladud, Belin,
Arthur, Alfred, the Norman Conqueror, Richard, John,
[*one line erased from the plate*]
And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories:
These are Created by Rahab & Tirzah in Ulro; but around
These, to preserve them from Eternal Death, Los Creates
Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Ezekiel,
[*one line erased from the plate*]
Dissipating the rocky forms of Death by his thunderous Hammer.
As the Pilgrim passes while the Country permanent remains,
So Men pass on, but States remain permanent for ever.

The Spectres of the Dead howl round the porches of Los
In the terrible Family feuds of Albion's cities & villages,
To devour the Body of Albion, hung'ring & thirsting & rav'ning.
The Sons of Los clothe them & feed, & provide houses & gardens,
And every Human Vegetated Form in its inward recesses
Is a house of ple[as]antness & a garden of delight Built by the
Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowlahoola & in Cathedron.

From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible
Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Door.

74

The Four Zoas clouded rage. Urizen stood by Albion
With Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion:
These Four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh.
And the Four Zoas are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona:
In opposition deadly, and their Wheels in poisonous
And deadly stupor turn'd against each other, loud & fierce,
Entering into the Reasoning Power, forsaking Imagination,
They became Spectres, & their Human Bodies were reposed
In Beulah by the Daughters of Beulah with tears & lamentations.

The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man, & when separated
From Imagination and closing itself as in steel in a Ratio
Of the Things of Memory, It thence frames Laws & Moralities
To destroy Imagination, the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms & Wars.

Teach me, O Holy Spirit, the Testimony of Jesus! let me
Comprehend wonderous things out of the Divine Law!
I behold Babylon in the opening Streets of London. I behold
Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house.
This I behold: the shudderings of death attend my steps.
I walk up and down in Six Thousand Years: their Events are present before me
To tell how Los in grief & anger, whirling round his Hammer on high,
Drave the Sons & Daughters of Albion from their ancient mountains.
They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision.

The Sons of Albion are Twelve, the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen.
I tell how Albion's Sons, by Harmonies of Concords & Discords
Opposed to Melody, and by Lights & Shades opposed to Outline,
And by Abstraction opposed to the Visions of Imagination,
By cruel Laws, divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions:
How Hyle roof'd Los in Albion's Cliffs by the Affections rent
Asunder & opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalem's Sons
Into the Vortex of his Wheels, therefore Hyle is called Gog,
Age after age drawing them away towards Babylon,

Babylon, the Rational Morality, deluding to death the little ones
In strong temptations of stolen beauty. I tell how Reuben slept
On London Stone, & the Daughters of Albion ran around admiring
His awful beauty; with Moral Virtue, the fair deciever, offspring
Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames & sent
Him over Europe, in streams of gore, out of Cathedron's Looms:
How Los drave them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan;
Hence Albion was call'd the Canaanite & all his Giant Sons.
Hence is my Theme. O Lord my Saviour, open thou the Gates
And I will lead forth thy Words! telling how the Daughters
Cut the Fibres of Reuben, how he roll'd apart & took Root
In Bashan: terror-struck Albion's Sons look toward Bashan.
They have divided Simeon: he also roll'd apart in blood
Over the Nations till he took Root beneath the shining Looms
Of Albion's Daughters in Philistea by the side of Amalek.
They have divided Levi: he hath shot out into Forty eight Roots
Over the Land of Canaan; they have divided Judah:
He hath took Root in Hebron, in the Land of Hand & Hyle.
Dan, Napthali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun roll apart
From all the Nations of the Earth to dissipate into Non Entity.

I see a Feminine Form arise from the Four terrible Zoas,
Beautiful but terrible, struggling to take a form of beauty,
Rooted in Shechem: this is Dinah, the youthful form of Erin.
The Wound I see in South Molton Street & Stratford place,
Whence Joseph & Benjamin roll'd apart away from the Nations.
In vain they roll'd apart: they are fix'd into the Land of Cabul.

75

And Rahab, Babylon the Great, hath destroyed Jerusalem.
Bath stood upon the Severn with Merlin & Bladud & Arthur,
The Cup of Rahab in his hand, her Poisons Twenty-seven-fold.

And all her Twenty-seven Heavens, now hid & now reveal'd,
Appear in strong delusive light of Time & Space, drawn out

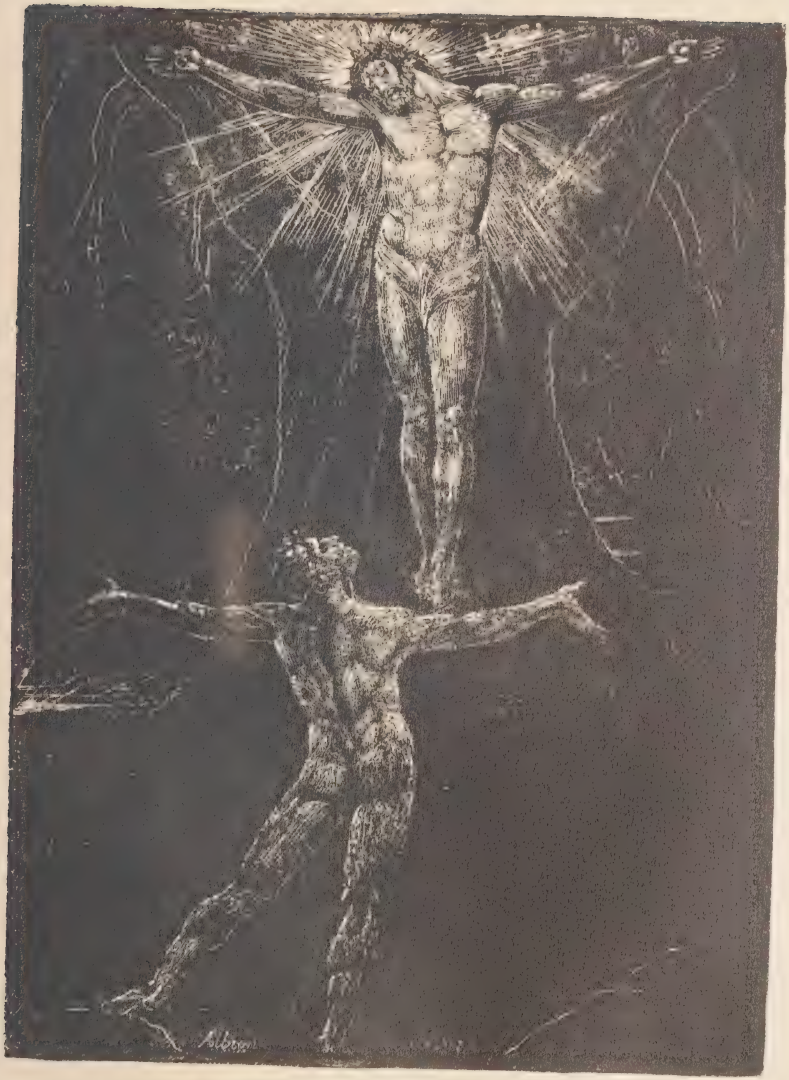


Plate LVI

CHRIST CRUCIFIED ADORED BY ALBION

In shadowy pomp, by the Eternal Prophet created evermore.
For Los in Six Thousand Years walks up & down continually
That not one Moment of Time be lost, & every revolution
Of Space he makes permanent in Bowlahoola & Cathedron.

And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches:
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,
Methuselah, Lamech: these are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic.
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the Second, Satan, Heber,
Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah: these are the Female Males,
A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains.
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine,
Luther: these Seven are the Male Females, the Dragon Forms,
The Female hid within a Male; thus Rahab is reveal'd,
Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Abomination of Desolation,
Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot.
But Jesus, breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell,
Opens Eternity in Time & Space, triumphant in Mercy.

Thus are the Heavens form'd by Los within the Mundane Shell.
And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle
To awake the Prisoners of Death, to bring Albion again
With Luvah into light eternal in his eternal day.

But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion.

[END OF CHAP: 3RD]

77

TO THE CHRISTIANS

Devils are
False Religions.
" Saul, Saul,
" Why persecutest thou me? "

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

WE are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost is a moment that cannot be redeemed; every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly unredeemable, & is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy: the struggles of intanglement with incoherent roots. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body & mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination, Imagination, the real & eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, & in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy Ghost any other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the Harvest of the Gospel & its Labours? What is that Talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves, are they any other than Mental Studies & Performances? What are all the Gifts of the Gospel, are they not all Mental Gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be worshipped in Spirit & in Truth, and are not the Gifts of the Spirit Every-thing to Man? O ye Religious, discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise Art & Science! I call upon you in the Name of Jesus! What is the Life of Man but Art & Science? is it Meat & Drink? is not the Body more than Raiment? What is Mortality but the things relating to the Body which Dies? What is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit which Lives Eternally?

What is the Joy of Heaven but Improvement in the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance, Bodily Lust, Idleness & devastation of the things of the Spirit? Answer this to yourselves, & expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of Art & Science, which alone are the labours of the Gospel. Is not this plain & manifest to the thought? Can you think at all & not pronounce heartily That to Labour in Knowledge is to Build up Jerusalem, and to Despise Knowledge is to Despise Jerusalem & her Builders. And remember: He who despises & mocks a Mental Gift in another, calling it pride & selfishness & sin, mocks Jesus the giver of every Mental Gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving Hypocrite as Sins; but that which is a Sin in the sight of cruel Man is not so in the sight of our kind God. Let every Christian, as much as in him lies, engage himself openly & publicly before all the World in some Mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem.

I stood among my valleys of the south
And saw a flame of fire, even as a Wheel
Of fire surrounding all the heavens: it went
From west to east, against the current of
Creation, and devour'd all things in its loud
Fury & thundering course round heaven & earth.
By it the Sun was roll'd into an orb,
By it the Moon faded into a globe
Travelling thro' the night; for, from its dire
And restless fury, Man himself shrunk up
Into a little root a fathom long.
And I asked a Watcher & a Holy-One
Its Name; he answered: " It is the Wheel of Religion."
I wept & said: " Is this the law of Jesus,
" This terrible devouring sword turning every way? "
He answer'd: " Jesus died because he strove
" Against the current of this Wheel; its Name

" Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death,
" Of sin, of sorrow & of punishment:
" Opposing Nature! It is Natural Religion;
" But Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life
" Creating Nature from this fiery Law
" By self-denial & forgiveness of Sin.
" Go therefore, cast out devils in Christ's name,
" Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease,
" Pity the evil, for thou art not sent
" To smite with terror & with punishments
" Those that are sick, like to the Pharisees
" Crucifying & encompassing sea & land
" For proselytes to tyranny & wrath;
" But to the Publicans & Harlots go,
" Teach them True Happiness, but let no curse
" Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace;
" For Hell is open'd to Heaven: thine eyes beheld
" The dungeons burst & the Prisoners set free."

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy Sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death
And close her from thy ancient walls?

Thy hills & valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move:
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways:
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again:
Our souls exult, & London's towers
Recieve the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green & pleasant bowers

78

JERUSALEM. C. 4

THE Spectres of Albion's Twelve Sons revolve mightily
Over the Tomb & over the Body, rav'ning to devour
The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron
Walks round; loud his threats, loud his blows fall
On the rocky Spectres, as the Potter breaks the potsherds,
Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses, driving them from Albion's
Cliffs, dividing them into Male & Female forms in the Furnaces
And on his Anvils; lest they destroy the Feminine Affections
They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace.

While Los laments at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem,
Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair,
Albion's Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin
In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem,
Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God.
They took their Mother Vala and they crown'd her with gold;
They nam'd her Rahab & gave her power over the Earth,
The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Entuthon Benython,
Even to the stars exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne
Of God and the Lamb, to destroy the Lamb & usurp the Throne of God,
Drawing their Ulro Voidness round the Four-fold Humanity.

Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion
The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levell'd with the dust,

Her Twelve Gates thrown down, her children carried into captivity,
Herself in chains; this from within was seen in a dismal night
Outside, unknown before in Beulah; & the twelve gates were fill'd
With blood, from Japan eastward to the Giants causway west
In Erin's Continent; and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates' banks

Disorganiz'd: an evanescent shade scarce seen or heard among
Her children's Druid Temples, dropping with blood, wander'd weeping!
And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea:

" My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me!
" The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me & my children!
" I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence!

79

" My tents are fall'n! my pillars are in ruins! my children dash'd
" Upon Egypt's iron floors & the marble pavements of Assyria!
" I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Heshbon.
" Mount Zion is become a cruel rock, & no more dew
" Nor rain, no more the spring of the rock appears, but cold
" Hard & obdurate are the furrows of the mountain of wine & oil:
" The mountain of blessing is itself a curse & an astonishment.
" The hills of Judea are fallen with me into the deepest hell.
" Away from the Nations of the Earth & from the Cities of the Nations
" I walk to Ephraim. I seek for Shiloh. I walk like a lost sheep
" Among precipices of despair; in Goshen I seek for light
" In vain, and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter.
" Goshen hath follow'd Philistea. Gilead hath join'd with Og.
" They are become narrow places in a little and dark land,
" How distant far from Albion! his hills & his valleys no more
" Recieve the feet of Jerusalem: they have cast me quite away,
" And Albion is himself shrunk to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea!
" The plains of Sussex & Surrey, their hills of flocks & herds
" No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy-ones.
" The Fifty-two Counties of England are harden'd against me
" As if I was not their Mother; they despise me & cast me out.
" London cover'd the whole Earth: England encompass'd the Nations,
" And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion.
" My pillars reach'd from sea to sea. London beheld me come
" From my east & from my west; he blessed me and gave
" His children to my breasts, his sons & daughters to my knees.
" His aged parents sought me out in every city & village;

" They discern'd my countenance with joy, they shew'd me to their sons,
" Saying, ' Lo Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers.
" ' Levi and Judah & Issachar, Ephra[i]m, Manasseh, Gad and Dan
" ' Are seen in our hills & valleys: they keep our flocks & herds:
" ' They watch them in the night, and the Lamb of God appears among us.'
" The river Severn stay'd his course at my command:
" Thames poured his waters into my basons and baths:
" Medway mingled with Kishon: Thames reciev'd the heavenly Jordan.
" Albion gave me to the whole Earth to walk up & down, to pour
" Joy upon every mountain, to teach songs to the shepherd & plowman.
" I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion.
" Italy saw me in sublime astonishment: France was wholly mine
" As my garden & as my secret bath: Spain was my heavenly couch,
" I slept in his golden hills; the Lamb of God met me there,
" There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones,
" They looked upon our loves with joy, they beheld our secret joys
" With holy raptures of adoration, rap'd sublime in the visions of God.
" Germany, Poland & the North wooed my footsteps, they found
" My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales;
" The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber.
" Turkey & Grecia saw my instr[u]ments of music; they arose,
" They siez'd the harp, the flute, the mellow horn of Jerusalem's joy;
" They sounded thanksgivings in my courts. Egypt & Lybia heard,
" The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God
" Enquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar.
" And thou, America! I once beheld thee, but now behold no more
" Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim & Seraphim rejoic'd
" Together among my little-ones. But now my Altars run with blood,
" My fires are corrupt, my incense is a cloudy pestilence
" Of seven diseases! Once a continual cloud of salvation rose
" From all my myriads, once the Four-fold World rejoic'd among
" The pillars of Jerusalem between my winged Cherubim;
" But now I am clos'd out from them in the narrow passages
" Of the valleys of destruction into a dark land of pitch & bitumen,
" From Albion's Tomb afar and from the four-fold wonders of God
" Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul.

" There is Reuben & Gad & Joseph & Judah & Levi clos'd up
" In narrow vales. I walk & count the bones of my beloveds
" Along the Valley of Destruction, among these Druid Temples
" Which overspread all the Earth in patriarchal pomp & cruel pride.
" Tell me, O Vala, thy purposes; tell me wherefore thy shuttles
" Drop with the gore of the slain, why Euphrates is red with blood,
" Wherefore in dreadful majesty & beauty outside appears
" Thy Masculine from thy Feminine, hardening against the heavens
" To devour the Human! Why dost thou weep upon the wind among
" These cruel Druid Temples? O Vala! Humanity is far above
" Sexual organization & the Visions of the Night of Beulah
" Where Sexes wander in dreams of bliss among the Emanations,
" Where the Masculine & Feminine are nurs'd into Youth & Maiden
" By the tears & smiles of Beulah's Daughters till the time of Sleep is past.
" Wherefore then do you realize these nets of beauty & delusion
" In open day, to draw the souls of the Dead into the light
" Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven?

80

" Encompass'd by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree
" I walk weeping in pangs of a Mother's torment for her Children.
" I walk in affliction. I am a worm and no living soul!
" A worm going to eternal torment, rais'd up in a night
" To an eternal night of pain, lost! lost! lost! for ever! "

Beside her Vala howl'd upon the winds in pride of beauty,
Lamenting among the timbrels of the Warriors, among the Captives
In cruel holiness, and her lamenting songs were from Arnon
And Jordan to Euphrates. Jerusalem follow'd trembling
Her children in captivity, listening to Vala's lamentation
In the thick cloud & darkness, & the voice went forth from
The cloud: " O rent in sunder from Jerusalem the Harlot daughter!
" In an eternal condemnation, in fierce burning flames
" Of torment unendurable! and if once a Delusion be found
" Woman must perish & the Heavens of Heavens remain no more.

" My Father gave to me command to murder Albion
" In unreviving Death; my Love, my Luvah, order'd me in night
" To murder Albion, the King of Men; he fought in battles fierce,
" He conquer'd Luvah, my beloved, he took me and my Father,
" He slew them. I revived them to life in my warm bosom.
" He saw them issue from my bosom dark in Jealousy.
" He burn'd before me. Luvah fram'd the Knife & Luvah gave
" The Knife into his daughter's hand; such thing was never known
" Before in Albion's land, that one should die a death never to be reviv'd!
" For, in our battles, we the Slain men view with pity and love,
" We soon revive them in the secret of our tabernacles;
" But I, Vala, Luvah's daughter, keep his body, embalm'd in moral laws
" With spices of sweet odours of lovely jealous stupefaction,
" Within my bosom, lest he arise to life & slay my Luvah.
" Pity me then, O Lamb of God! O Jesus pity me!
" Come into Luvah's Tents and seek not to revive the Dead! "

So sang she, and the Spindle turn'd furious as she sang.
The Children of Jerusalem, the Souls of those who sleep,
Were caught into the flax of her Distaff & in her Cloud
To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will,
A Dragon form on Zion Hill's most ancient promontory.

The Spindle turn'd in blood & fire: loud sound the trumpets
Of war: the cymbals play loud before the Captains
With Cambel & Gwendolen in dance and solemn song.
The Cloud of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion
Los saw terrified, melted with pity & divided in wrath
He sent them over the narrow seas in pity and love
Among the Four Forests of Albion which overspread all the Earth.
They go forth & return swift as a flash of lightning
Among the tribes of warriors, among the Stones of power;
Against Jerusalem they rage thro' all the Nations of Europe,
Thro' Italy & Grecia to Lebanon & Persia & India.

The Serpent Temples thro' the Earth, from the wide Plain of Salisbury,
Resound with cries of Victims, shouts & songs & dying groans
And flames of dusky fire, to Amalek, Canaan and Moab.
And Rahab, like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud,
Refus'd to take a definite form; she hover'd over all the Earth
Calling the definite, sin, defacing every definite form
Invisible or Visible, stretch'd out in length or spread in breadth
Over the Temples, drinking groans of victims, weeping in pity
And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalem's walls.

Hand slept on Skiddaw's top, drawn by the love of beautiful
Cambel, his bright beaming Counterpart, divided from him;
And her delusive light beam'd fierce above the Mountain,
Soft, invisible, drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication,
Drawing out fibre by fibre, returning to Albion's Tree
At night and in the morning to Skiddaw; she sent him over
Mountainous Wales into the Loom of Cathedron fibre by fibre.
He ran in tender nerves across Europe to Jerusalem's Shade
To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb.

Hyle on East Moor in rocky Derbyshire rav'd to the Moon
For Gwendolen; she took up in bitter tears his anguish'd heart
That, apparent to all in Eternity, glows like the Sun in the breast:
She hid it in his ribs & back; she hid his tongue with teeth.
In terrible convulsions, pitying & gratified, drunk with pity,
Glowing with loveliness before him, becoming apparent
According to his changes, she roll'd his kidneys round
Into two irregular forms, and looking on Albion's dread Tree,
She wove two vessels of seed, beautiful as Skiddaw's snow,
Giving them bends of self interest & selfish natural virtue.
She hid them in his loins; raving he ran among the rocks,
Compell'd into a shape of Moral Virtue against the Lamb,
The invisible lovely one giving him a form according to
His Law, a form against the Lamb of God, oppos'd to Mercy
And playing in the thunderous Loom in sweet intoxication,

CHAPTER 4

Filling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries, with groans
And dolorous sobs, the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah.

" O sister Cambel," said Gwendolen, as their long beaming light
Mingled above the Mountain, " what shall we do to keep
" These awful forms in our soft hands distracted with trembling?

81

" I have mock'd those who refused cruelty, & I have admired
" The cruel Warrior. I have refused to give love to Merlin the piteous.



" He brings to me the Images of his Love & I reject in chastity
" And turn them out into the streets for Harlots, to be food
" To the stern Warrior. I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior;
" For Men are caught by Love: Woman is caught by Pride,
" That Love may only be obtain'd in the passages of Death.
" Let us look: let us examine: is the Cruel become an Infant,
" Or is he still a cruel Warrior? look Sisters, look! O piteous!
" I have destroy'd Wand'ring Reuben who strove to bind my Will.
" I have strip'd off Joseph's beautiful integument for my Beloved,
" The Cruel-one of Albion, to clothe him in gems of my Zone.
" I have named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become
" A weeping Infant in ruin'd lovely Jerusalem's folding Cloud.

" In Heaven Love begets Love, but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love,
" And he who will not bend to Love must be subdu'd by Fear.

82

" I have heard Jerusalem's groans; from Vala's cries & lamentations
" I gather our eternal fate. Outcasts from life and love,
" Unless we find a way to bind these awful Forms to our
" Embrace, we shall perish annihilate; discover'd our Delusions.
" Look! I have wrought without delusion. Look! I have wept,
" And given soft milk mingled together with the spirits of flocks
" Of lambs and doves, mingled together in cups and dishes
" Of painted clay; the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant.
" Soon shall the Spectres of the Dead follow my weaving threads."

The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades,
On Cambridge and Oxford beaming soft, uniting with Rahab's cloud,
While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel, turning soft the spinning reel,
Or throwing the wing'd shuttle, or drawing the cords with softest songs.
The golden cords of the Looms animate beneath their touches soft
Along the Island white, among the Druid Temples, while Gwendolen
Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Skiddaw's top.

So saying she took a Falshood & hid it in her left hand
To entice her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates.
And thus she closed her left hand and utter'd her Falshood,
Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic: she hid her hand behind her,
Upon her back behind her loins, & thus utter'd her Deceit:

" I heard Enitharmon say to Los: ' Let the Daughters of Albion
" ' Be scatter'd abroad and let the name of Albion be forgotten.
" ' Divide them into three; name them Amalek, Canaan & Moab.
" ' Let Albion remain a desolation without an inhabitant,
" ' And let the Looms of Enitharmon & the Furnaces of Los
" ' Create Jerusalem & Babylon & Egypt & Moab & Amalek
" ' And Helle & Hesperia & Hindostan & China & Japan;
" ' But hide America, for a Curse, an Altar of Victims & a Holy Place.'
" See Sisters, Canaan is pleasant, Egypt is as the Garden of Eden,
" Babylon is our chief desire, Moab our bath in summer.
" Let us lead the stems of this Tree, let us plant it before Jerusalem,
" To judge the Friend of Sinners to death without the Veil,
" To cut her off from America, to close up her secret Ark
" And the fury of Man exhaust in War, Woman permanent remain.
" See how the fires of our loins point eastward to Babylon!
" Look, Hyle is become an infant Love! look! behold! see him lie
" Upon my bosom; look! here is the lovely wayward form
" That gave me sweet delight by his torments beneath my Veil!
" By the fruit of Albion's Tree I have fed him with sweet milk.
" By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives,
" Humanity, the Great Delusion, is chang'd to War & Sacrifice:
" I have nail'd his hands on Beth Rabbim & his hands on Heshbon's Wall.
" O that I could live in his sight! O that I could bind him to my arm! "

So saying, She drew aside her Veil, from Mam-Tor to Dovedale,
Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion
And Hyle a winding Worm beneath [her . . . . .
Hyle was become a winding Worm *erased*] & not a weeping Infant
Trembling & pitying she scream'd & fled upon the wind.

Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty.
The desarts tremble at his wrath, they shrink themselves in fear.

Cambel trembled with jealousy: she trembled! she envied!
The envy ran thro' Cathedron's Looms into the Heart
Of mild Jerusalem to destroy the Lamb of God. Jerusalem
Languish'd upon Mount Olivet, East of mild Zion's Hill.

Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace
On London's Tower on the Thames; he drew Cambel in wrath
Into his thundering Bellows, heaving it for a loud blast,
And with the blast of his Furnace upon fishy Billingsgate,
Beneath Albion's fatal Tree before the Gate of Los,
Shew'd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate
The envy; loud she labour'd in the Furnace of fire
To form the mighty form of Hand according to her will
In the Furnaces of Los & in the Wine-press, treading day & night
Naked among the human clusters, bringing wine of anguish
To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces; she minded not
The raging flames, tho' she return'd [consum'd day after day
. . . . . *erased*] instead of beauty
Deformity; she gave her beauty to another, bearing abroad
Her struggling torment in her iron arms, and like a chain
Binding his wrists & ankles with the iron arms of love.

Gwendolen saw the Infant in her sister's arms; she howl'd
Over the forests with bitter tears and over the winding Worm
Repentant, and she also in the eddying wind of Los's Bellows
Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvah
To form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain.
The Sisters saw: trembling ran thro' their Looms, soften[in]g mild
Towards London: then they saw the Furna[c]es open'd & in tears
Began to give their souls away in the Furna[c]es of affliction.

Los saw & was comforted at his Furnaces, uttering thus his voice:
" I know I am Urthona, keeper of the Gates of Heaven,
" And that I can at will expatiate in the Gardens of bliss;
" But pangs of love draw me down to my loins, which are
" Become a fountain of veiny pipes. O Albion! my brother!

83

" Corruptability appears upon thy limbs, and never more
" Can I arise and leave thy side, but labour here incessant
" Till thy awaking: yet alas, I shall forget Eternity!
" Against the Patriarchal pomp and cruelty labouring incessant,
" I shall become an Infant horror. Enion! Tharmas! friends
" Absorb me not in such dire grief. O Albion, my brother!
" Jerusalem hungers in the desart; affection to her children!
" The scorn'd and contemn'd youthful girl, where shall she fly?
" Sussex shuts up her Villages: Hants, Devon & Wilts,
" Surrounded with masses of stone in order'd forms: determine then
" A form for Vala and a form for Luvah, here on the Thames
" Where the Victim nightly howls beneath the Druid's knife,
" A Form of Vegetation; nail them down on the stems of Mystery.
" O when shall the Saxon return with the English, his redeemed brother?
" O when shall the Lamb of God descend among the Reprobate?
" I woo to Amalek to protect my fugitives: Amalek trembles.
" I call to Canaan & Moab in my night watches: they mourn,
" They listen not to my cry, they rejoice among their warriors.
" Woden and Thor and Friga wholly consume my Saxons
" On their enormous Altars built in the terrible north
" From Ireland's rocks to Scandinavia, Persia and Tartary,
" From the Atlantic Sea to the universal Erythrean.
" Found ye London! enormous City! weeps thy River?
" Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones, O Land
" Forsaken! Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmon's Chamber
" Where I will build her a Couch of repose, & my pillars
" Shall surround her in beautiful labyrinths. Oothoon!
" Where hides my child? in Oxford hidest thou with Antamon?

" In graceful hidings of error, in merciful deceit
" Lest Hand the terrible destroy his Affection, thou hidest her;
" In chaste appearances for sweet deceits of love & modesty
" Immingled, interwoven, glistening to the sickening sight.
" Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mundane Shell
" Forming the fluctuating Globe according to their will:
" According as they weave the little embryon nerves & veins,
" The Eye, the little Nostrils & the delicate Tongue, & Ears
" Of labyrinthine intricacy, so shall they fold the World,
" That whatever is seen upon the Mundane Shell, the same
" Be seen upon the Fluctuating Earth woven by the Sisters.
" And sometimes the Earth shall roll in the Abyss & sometimes
" Stand in the Center & sometimes stretch flat in the Expanse,
" According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion;
" Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Golgonooza,
" Touching its summits, & sometimes divided roll apart.
" As a beautiful Veil, so these Females shall fold & unfold,
" According to their will, the outside surface of the Earth,
" An outside shadowy Surface superadded to the real Surface
" Which is unchangeable for ever & ever. Amen: so be it!
" Separate Albion's Sons gently from their Emanations,
" Weaving bowers of delight on the current of infant Thames,
" Where the old Parent still retains his youth, as I alas!
" Retain my youth eight thousand and five hundred years,
" The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair!
" The land is mark'd for desolation & unless we plant
" The seeds of Cities & of Villages in the Human bosom
" Albion must be a rock of blood; mark ye the points
" Where Cities shall remain & where Villages; for the rest,
" It must lie in confusion till Albion's time of awaking.
" Place the Tribes of Llewellyn in America for a hiding place
" Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity.
" The night falls thick: I go upon my watch: be attentive.
" The Sons of Albion go forth; I follow from my Furnaces
" That they return no more, that a place be prepar'd on Euphrates.

" Listen to your Watchman's voice: sleep not before the Furnaces,
" Eternal Death stands at the door. O God, pity our labours."

So Los spoke to the Daughters of Beulah while his Emanation
Like a faint rainbow waved before him in the awful gloom
Of London City on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Highgate.
Swift turn the silver spindles & the golden weights play soft
And lulling harmonies beneath the Looms from Caithness in the north
To Lizard-point & Dover in the south; his Emanation
Joy'd in the many weaving threads in bright Cathedron's Dome,
Weaving the Web of life for Jerusalem; the Web of life,
Down flowing into Entuthon's Vales, glistens with soft affections.

While Los arose upon his Watch and down from Golgonooza,
Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain,
He takes his way, girding himself with gold & in his hand
Holding his iron mace, The Spectre remains attentive.
Alternate they watch in night, alternate labour in day,
Before the Furnaces labouring, while Los all night watches
The stars rising & setting & the meteors & terrors of night.
With him went down the Dogs of Leutha; at his feet
They lap the water of the trembling Thames, then follow swift,
And thus he heard the voice of Albion's daughters on Euphrates:

" Our Father Albion's land, O it was a lovely land! & the Daughters of Beulah
" Walked up and down in its green mountains; but Hand is fled
" Away & mighty Hyle, & after them Jerusalem is gone. Awake

84

" Highgate's heights & Hampstead's, to Poplar, Hackney & Bow,
" To Islington & Paddington & the Brook of Albion's River.
" We builded Jerusalem as a City & a Temple; from Lambeth
" We began our Foundations, lovely Lambeth. O lovely Hills
" Of Camberwell, we shall behold you no more in glory & pride,
" For Jerusalem lies in ruins & the Furnaces of Los are builded there.

" You are now shrunk up to a narrow Rock in the midst of the Sea;
" But here we build Babylon on Euphrates, compell'd to build
" And to inhabit, our Little-ones to clothe in armour of the gold
" Of Jerusalem's Cherubims & to forge them swords of her Altars.
" I see London, blind & age bent, begging thro' the Streets
" Of Babylon, led by a child; his tears run down his beard.
" The voice of Wandering Reuben ecchoes from street to street
" In all the Cities of the Nations, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam.
" The Corner of Broad Street weeps; Poland Street languishes;
" To Great Queen Street & Lincoln's Inn all is distress & woe.
[*three lines erased*]
" The night falls thick. Hand comes from Albion in his strength:
" He combines into a Mighty-one, the Double Molech & Chemosh,
" Marching thro' Egypt in his fury: the East is pale at his course.
" The Nations of India, the Wild Tartar that never knew Man
" Starts from his lofty places & casts down his tents & flees away;
" But we woo him all the night in songs. O Los come forth, O Los
" Divide us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue.
" Arise upon thy Watches, let us see thy Globe of fire
" On Albion's Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates."

Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One
With Rahab as she turn'd the iron Spindle of destruction.
Terrified at the Sons of Albion they took the Falshood which
Gwendolen hid in her left hand: it grew & grew till it

85

Became a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm.
They nam'd it Canaan & built for it a tender Moon.
Los smil'd with joy, thinking on Enitharmon, & he brought
Reuben from his twelvefold wand'rings & led him into it,
Planting the Seeds of the Twelve Tribes & Moses & David,
And gave a Time & Revolution to the Space, Six Thousand Years.
He call'd it Divine Analogy, for in Beulah the Feminine
Emanations Create Space, the Masculine Create Time & plant

The Seeds of beauty in the Space; list'ning to their lamentation
Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness,
Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Myriads, watchful
Looking to the East, & his voice is heard over the whole Earth
As he watches the Furnaces by night & directs the labourers.

And thus Los replies upon his Watch: the Valleys listen silent,
The Stars stand still to hear: Jerusalem & Vala cease to mourn:
His voice is heard from Albion: the Alps & Appenines
Listen: Hermon & Lebanon bow their crowned heads:
Babel & Shinar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down
Silent at his voice: they view the red Globe of fire in Los's hand
As he walks from Furnace to Furnace directing the Labourers.
And this is the Song of Los, the Song that he sings on his Watch:

" O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim!
" I see thy Gates of precious stones, thy Walls of gold & silver.
" Thou art the soft reflected Image of the Sleeping Man
" Who, stretch'd on Albion's rocks, reposes amidst his Twenty-eight
" Cities, where Beulah lovely terminates in the hills & valleys of Albion,
" Cities not yet embodied in Time and Space; plant ye
" The Seeds, O Sisters, in the bosom of Time & Space's womb,
" To spring up for Jerusalem, lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion.
" Why wilt thou rend thyself apart & build an Earthly Kingdom
" To reign in pride & to opress & to mix the Cup of Delusion?
" O thou that dwellest with Babylon! Come forth, O lovely-one!

86

" I see thy Form, O lovely mild Jerusalem, Wing'd with Six Wings
" In the opacous Bosom of the Sleeper, lovely Three-fold
" In Head & Heart & Reins, three Universes of love & beauty.
" Thy forehead bright, Holiness to the Lord, with Gates of pearl
" Reflects Eternity; beneath, thy azure wings of feathery down
" Ribb'd delicate & cloth'd with feather'd gold & azure & purple,
" From thy white shoulders shadowing purity in holiness!

" Thence, feather'd with soft crimson of the ruby, bright as fire,
" Spreading into the azure, Wings which like a canopy
" Bends over thy immortal Head in which Eternity dwells.
" Albion, beloved Land! I see thy mountains & thy hills
" And valleys & thy pleasant Cities, Holiness to the Lord.
" I see the Spectres of thy Dead, O Emanation of Albion.

" Thy Bosom white, translucent, cover'd with immortal gems,
" A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty,
" Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection;
" Twelve-fold here all the Tribes of Israel I behold
" Upon the Holy Land. I see the River of Life & Tree of Life,
" I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven,
" Between thy Wings of gold & silver, feather'd, immortal,
" Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Sun's tabernacle.

" Thy Reins, cover'd with Wings translucent, sometimes covering
" And sometimes spread abroad, reveal the flames of holiness
" Which like a robe covers & like a Veil of Seraphim
" In flaming fire unceasing burns from Eternity to Eternity.
" Twelvefold I there behold Israel in her Tents;
" A Pillar of a Cloud by day, a Pillar of fire by night
" Guides them; there I behold Moab & Ammon & Amalek.
" There, Bells of silver round thy knees living articulate
" Comforting sounds of love & harmony, & on thy feet
" Sandals of gold & pearl, & Egypt & Assyria before me,
" The Isles of Javan, Philistea, Tyre & Lebanon."

Thus Los sings upon his Watch, walking from Furnace to Furnace.
He siezes his Hammer every hour; flames surround him as
He beats, seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster
Around his head, the thick hail stones stand ready to obey
His voice in the black cloud, his Sons labour in thunders
At his Furnaces, his Daughters at their Looms sing woes,
His Emanation separates in milky fibres agonizing

Among the golden Looms of Cathedron, sending fibres of love
From Golgonooza with sweet visions for Jerusalem, wanderer

Nor can any consummate bliss without being Generated
On Earth, of those whose Emanations weave the loves
Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shiloh in immortal Golgonooza,
Concentering in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears,
Viewing the Winding Worm on the Desarts of Great Tartary,
Viewing Los in his shudderings, pouring balm on his sorrows:
So dread is Los's fury that none dare him to approach
Without becoming his Children in the Furnaces of affliction

And Enitharmon like a faint rainbow waved before him
Filling with Fibres from his loins which redden'd with desire
Into a Globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness
Of Albion's clouds; he fed it with his tears & bitter groans,
Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the timorous Shade,
Till it became a separated cloud of beauty, grace & love
Among the darkness of his Furnaces, dividing asunder till
She separated stood before him, a lovely Female weeping,
Even Enitharmon separated outside; & his Loins closed
And heal'd after the separation; his pains he soon forgot,
Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief.
Two Wills they had, Two Intellects, & not as in times of old.

Silent they wander'd hand in hand, like two Infants wand'ring,
From Enion in the desarts, terrified at each other's beauty,
Envying each other, yet desiring in all devouring Love,

87

Repelling weeping Enion, blind & age-bent, into the fourfold
Desarts. Los first broke silence & began to utter his love:

" O lovely Enitharmon! I behold thy graceful forms
" Moving beside me till, intoxicated with the woven labyrinth

" Of beauty & perfection, my wild fibres shoot in veins
" Of blood thro' all my nervous limbs; soon overgrown in roots
" I shall be closed from thy sight; sieze therefore in thy hand
" The small fibres as they shoot around me, draw out in pity
" And let them run on the winds of thy bosom: I will fix them
" With pulsations; we will divide them into Sons & Daughters
" To live in thy Bosom's translucence as in an eternal morning."

Enitharmon answer'd: " No! I will sieze thy Fibres & weave
" Them, not as thou wilt, but as I will; for I will Create
" A round Womb beneath my bosom, lest I also be overwoven
" With Love; be thou assured I never will be thy slave.
" Let Man's delight be Love, but Woman's delight be Pride.
" In Eden our Loves were the same; here they are opposite.
" I have Loves of my own; I will weave them in Albion's Spectre.
" Cast thou in Jerusalem's shadows thy Loves, silk of liquid
" Rubies, Jacinths, Crysolites, issuing from thy Furnaces. While
" Jerusalem divides thy care, while thou carest for Jerusalem,
" Know that I never will be thine; also thou hidest Vala:
" From her these fibres shoot to shut me in a Grave.
" You are Albion's Victim; he has set his Daughter in your path."

88

Los answer'd, sighing like the Bellows of his Furnaces:

" I care not! the swing of my Hammer shall measure the starry round.
" When in Eternity Man converses with Man, they enter
" Into each other's Bosom (which are Universes of delight)
" In mutual interchange, and first their Emanations meet
" Surrounded by their Children; if they embrace & comingle,
" The Human Four-fold Forms mingle also in thunders of Intellect;
" But if the Emanations mingle not, with storms & agitations
" Of earthquakes & consuming fires they roll apart in fear;
" For Man cannot unite with Man but by their Emanations
" Which stand both Male & Female at the Gates of each Humanity.

" How then can I ever again be united as Man with Man
" While thou, my Emanation, refusest my Fibres of dominion?
" When Souls mingle & join thro' all the Fibres of Brotherhood
" Can there be any secret joy on Earth greater than this? "

Enitharmon answer'd: " This is Woman's World, nor need she any
" Spectre to defend her from Man. I will Create secret places,
" And the masculine names of the places, Merlin & Arthur.
" A triple Female Tabernacle for Moral Law I weave,
" That he who loves Jesus may loathe, terrified, Female love,
" Till God himself become a Male subservient to the Female."

She spoke in scorn & jealousy, alternate torments; and
So speaking she sat down on Sussex shore, singing lulling
Cadences & playing in sweet intoxication among the glistening
Fibres of Los, sending them over the Ocean eastward into
The realms of dark death. O perverse to thyself, contrarious
To thy own purposes! for when she began to weave,
Shooting out in sweet pleasure, her bosom in milky Love
Flow'd into the aching fibres of Los, yet contending against him,
In pride send(ind)ing his Fibres over to her objects of jealousy
In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albion's Daughters
Which stretch'd abroad, expanding east & west & north & south,
Thro' all the World of Erin & of Los & all their Children.

A sullen smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn;
Knowing himself the author of their divisions & shrinkings, gratified
At their contentions, he wiped his tears, he wash'd his visage.

" The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman,
" And deadly cunning & mean abjectness only shall enjoy them.
" For I will make their places of joy & love excrementitious,
" Continually building, continually destroying in Family feuds.
" While you are under the dominion of a jealous Female,
" Unpermanent for ever because of love & jealousy,
" You shall want all the Minute Particulars of Life."

Thus joy'd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Los's Forge, eyeing
Enitharmon who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences
While Los stood at his Anvil in wrath, the victim of their love
And hate, dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses
In Golgonooza & in Udan-Adan & in Entuthon of Urizen.

The blow of his Hammer is Justice, the swing of his Hammer Mercy,
The force of Los's Hammer is eternal Forgiveness; but
His rage or his mildness were vain, she scatter'd his love on the wind
Eastward into her own Center, creating the Female Womb
In mild Jerusalem around the Lamb of God. Loud howl
The Furnaces of Los! loud roll the Wheels of Enitharmon!
The Four Zoas in all their faded majesty burst out in fury
And fire. Jerusalem took the Cup which foam'd in Vala's hand
Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day
Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love & Wrath.

89

Tho' divided by the Cross & Nails & Thorns & Spear
In cruelties of Rahab & Tirzah, permanent endure
A terrible indefinite Hermaphroditic form,
A Wine-press of Love & Wrath, double, Hermaphroditic,
Twelvefold in Allegoric pomp, in selfish holiness:
The Pharisaion, the Grammateis, the Presbuterion,
The Archiereus, the Iereus, the Saddusaion: double
Each withoutside of the other, covering eastern heaven.

Thus was the Covering Cherub reveal'd, majestic image
Of Selfhood, Body put off, the Antichrist accursed,
Cover'd with precious stones: a Human Dragon terrible
And bright stretch'd over Europe & Asia gorgeous.
In three nights he devour'd the rejected corse of death.

His Head, dark, deadly, in its Brain incloses a reflexion
Of Eden all perverted: Egypt on the Gihon, many tongued

And many mouth'd, Ethiopia, Lybia, the Sea of Rephaim.
Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns
Disorganiz'd; & there is Pharoh in his iron Court
And the Dragon of the River & the Furnaces of iron.
Outwoven from Thames & Tweed & Severn, awful streams,
Twelve ridges of Stone frown over all the Earth in tyrant pride,
Frown over each River, stupendous Works of Albion's Druid Sons,
And Albion's Forests of Oaks cover'd the Earth from Pole to Pole.

His Bosom wide reflects Moab & Ammon on the River
Pison, since call'd Arnon: there is Heshbon beautiful,
The Rocks of Rabbath on the Arnon & the Fish-pools of Heshbon
Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea by Sodom & Gomorra.
Above his Head high arching Wings, black, fill'd with Eyes,
Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapulæ & Os Humeri:
There Israel in bondage to his Generalizing Gods,
Molech & Chemosh; & in his left breast is Philistea,
In Druid Temples over the whole Earth with Victim's Sacrifice
From Gaza to Damascus, Tyre & Sidon, & the Gods
Of Javan thro' the Isles of Grecia & all Europe's Kings,
Where Hiddekel pursues his course among the rocks.
Two Wings spring from his ribs of brass, starry, black as night,
But translucent their blackness as the dazling of gems.

His Loins inclose Babylon on Euphrates beautiful
And Rome in sweet Hesperia: there Israel scatter'd abroad
In martyrdoms & slavery I behold, ah vision of sorrow!
Inclosed by eyeless Wings, glowing with fire as the iron
Heated in the Smith's forge, but cold the wind of their dread fury.

But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem
Hidden within the Covering Cherub, as in a Tabernacle
Of threefold workmanship, in allegoric delusion & woe:
There the Seven Kings of Canaan & Five Baalim of Philistea,
Sihon & Og, the Anakim & Emim, Nephilim & Gibborim,

From Babylon to Rome; & the Wings spread from Japan,
Where the Red Sea terminates the World of Generation & Death,
To Ireland's farthest rocks, where Giants builded their Causeway,
Into the Sea of Rephaim, but the Sea o'erwhelm'd them all.

A Double Female now appear'd within the Tabernacle,
Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot
Each within other, but without, a Warlike Mighty-one
Of dreadful power sitting upon Horeb, pondering dire
And mighty preparations, mustering multitudes innumerable
Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian & Aram.
For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend,
Lured by his warlike symphonies of tabret, pipe & harp,
Burst the bottoms of the Graves & Funeral Arks of Beulah.
Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave
They become One with the Antichrist & are absorb'd in him.

90

The Feminine separates from the Masculine & both from Man,
Ceasing to be His Emanations, Life to Themselves assuming:
And while they circumscribe his Brain & while they circumscribe
His Heart & while they circumscribe his Loins, a Veil & Net
Of Veins of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet robe
Covering them from the sight of Man, like the woven Veil of Sleep
Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Mantles;
But dark, opake, tender to touch, & painful & agonizing
To the embrace of love & to the mingling of soft fibres
Of tender affection, that no more the Masculine mingles
With the Feminine, but the Sublime is shut out from the Pathos
In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling
The Pathos to weave curtains of hiding secresy from the torment.

Bowen & Conwenna stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres
Of Benjamin from Chester's River; loud the River, loud the Mersey
And the Ribble thunder into the Irish sea as the Twelve Sons

Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal Form of Luvah;
Cheshire & Lancashire & Westmoreland groan in anguish
As they cut the fibres from the Rivers; he sears them with hot
Iron of his Forge & fixes them into Bones of chalk & Rock.
Conwenna sat above; with solemn cadences she drew
Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom.
Hand had his Furnace on Highgate's heights & it reach'd
To Brockley Hills across the Thames; he with double Boadicea
In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey,
Comingling with Luvah & with the Sepulcher of Luvah.
For the Male is a Furnace of beryll, the Female is a golden Loom.

Los cries: " No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself
" Or to his Emanation any of the Universal Characteristics
" Of David or of Eve, of the Woman or of the Lord,
" Of Reuben or of Benjamin, of Joseph or Judah or Levi.
" Those who dare appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes
" Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods, & must be broken asunder.
" A Vegetated Christ & a Virgin Eve are the Hermaphroditic
" Blasphemy; by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil-One
" And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally,
" Lest the Sexual Generation swallow up Regeneration.
" Come Lord Jesus, take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness! "

So Los cried in the Valleys of Middlesex in the Spirit of Prophecy,
While in Selfhood Hand & Hyle & Bowen & Skofeld appropriate
The Divine Names, seeking to Vegetate the Divine Vision
In a corporeal & ever dying Vegetation & Corruption;
Mingling with Luvah in One, they become One Great Satan.

Loud scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tongs & Hammer,
Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge.
They drink Reuben & Benjamin as the iron drinks the fire:
They are red hot with cruelty, raving along the Banks of Thames
And on Tyburn's Brook among the howling Victims in loveliness,

While Hand & Hyle condense the Little-ones & erect them into
A mighty Temple even to the stars; but they Vegetate
Beneath Los's Hammer, that Life may not be blotted out.

For Los said: " When the Individual appropriates Universality
" He divides into Male & Female, & when the Male & Female
" Appropriate Individuality they become an Eternal Death.
" Hermaphroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty & law,
" Your Slaves & Captives you compell to worship a God of Mercy!
" These are the Demonstrations of Los & the blows of my mighty Hammer."

So Los spoke. And the Giants of Albion, terrified & ashamed
With Los's thunderous Words, began to build trembling rocking Stones,
For his Words roll in thunders & lightnings among the Temples
Terrified rocking to & fro upon the earth, & sometimes
Resting in a Circle in Malden or in Strathness or Dura,
Plotting to devour Albion & Los the friend of Albion,
Denying in private, mocking God & Eternal Life, & in Public
Collusion calling themselves Deists, Worshipping the Maternal
Humanity, calling it Nature and Natural Religion.

But still the thunder of Los peals loud, & thus the thunders cry:
" These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion are gratifyd by Cruelty.

91

[*one line erased*]

" It is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend.
" The man who permits you to injure him deserves your vengeance:
" He also will recieve it; go Spectre! obey my most secret desire
" Which thou knowest without my speaking. Go to these Fiends of
Righteousness,
" Tell them to obey their Humanities & not pretend Holiness
" When they are murderers, as far as my Hammer & Anvil permit.
" Go, tell them that the Worship of God is honouring his gifts
" In other men & loving the greatest men best, each according

" To his Genius which is the Holy Ghost in Man; there is no other
" God than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity.
" He who envies or calumniates, which is murder & cruelty,
" Murders the Holy-one. Go, tell them this, & overthrow their cup,
" Their bread, their altar-table, their incense & their oath,
" Their marriage & their baptism, their burial & consecration.
" I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts but have only
" Made enemies. I never made friends but by spiritual gifts,
" By severe contentions of friendship & the burning fire of thought.
" He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children,
" One first, in friendship & love, then a Divine Family, & in the midst
" Jesus will appear; so he who wishes to see a Vision, a perfect Whole,
" Must see it in its Minute Particulars, Organized, & not as thou,
" O Fiend of Righteousness, pretendest; thine is a Disorganized
" And snowy cloud, brooder of tempests & destructive War.
" You smile with pomp & rigor, you talk of benevolence & virtue;
" I act with benevolence & Virtue & get murder'd time after time.
" You accumulate Particulars & murder by analyzing, that you
" May take the aggregate, & you call the aggregate Moral Law,
" And you call that swell'd & bloated Form a Minute Particular;
" But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars, & every
" Particular is a Man, a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus."

So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping.

The Spectre builded stupendous Works, taking the Starry Heavens
Like to a curtain & folding them according to his will,
Repeating the Smaragdine Table of Hermes to draw Los down
Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration.
Los reads the Stars of Albion, the Spectre reads the Voids
Between the Stars among the arches of Albion's Tomb sublime,
Rolling the Sea in rocky paths, forming Leviathan
And Behemoth, the War by Sea enormous & the War
By Land astounding, erecting pillars in the deepest Hell
To reach the heavenly arches. Los beheld undaunted, furious,

His heav'd Hammer; he swung it round & at one blow
In unpitying ruin driving down the pyramids of pride,
Smiting the Spectre on his Anvil & the integuments of his Eye
And Ear unbinding in dire pain, with many blows
Of strict severity self-subduing, & with many tears labouring.

Then he sent forth the Spectre: all his pyramids were grains
Of sand, & his pillars dust on the fly's wing, & his starry
Heavens a moth of gold & silver, mocking his anxious grasp.
Thus Los alter'd his Spectre, & every Ratio of his Reason
He alter'd time after time with dire pain & many tears
Till he had completely divided him into a separate space.

Terrified Los sat to behold, trembling & weeping & howling:
" I care not whether a Man is Good or Evil; all that I care
" Is whether he is a Wise Man or a Fool. Go, put off Holiness
" And put on Intellect, or my thund'rous Hammer shall drive thee
" To wrath which thou condemnest, till thou obey my voice."

So Los terrified cries, trembling & weeping & howling: " Beholding,

92

" What do I see! The Briton, Saxon, Roman, Norman amalgamating
" In my Furnaces into One Nation, the English, & taking refuge
" In the Loins of Albion. The Canaanite united with the fugitive
" Hebrew, whom she divided into Twelve & sold into Egypt,
" Then scatter'd the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds.
" This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion."

So Los spoke. Enitharmon answer'd in great terror in Lambeth's Vale:

" The Poet's Song draws to its period, & Enitharmon is no more;
" For if he be that Albion, I can never weave him in my Looms,
" But when he touches the first fibrous thread, like filmy dew
" My Looms will be no more & I annihilate vanish for ever.
" Then thou wilt Create another Female according to thy Will."

Los answer'd swift as the shuttle of gold: " Sexes must vanish & cease
" To be when Albion arises from his dread repose, O lovely Enitharmon:
" When all their Crimes, their Punishments, their Accusations of Sin,
" All their Jealousies, Revenges, Murders, hidings of Cruelty in Deceit
" Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time,
" In the shadows of Possibility, by Mutual Forgiveness for evermore,
" And in the Vision & in the Prophecy, that we may Foresee & Avoid
" The terrors of Creation & Redemption & Judgment: Beholding them
" Display'd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan, in Jerusalem & in Shiloh
" And in the Shadows of Remembrance & in the Chaos of the Spectre,
" Amalek, Edom, Egypt, Moab, Ammen, Ashur, Philistea, around Jerusalem,
" Where the Druids rear'd their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance
" Of Sin, & the Tree of Good & Evil sprang from the Rocky Circle & Snake
" Of the Druid, along the Valley of Rephaim from Camberwell to Golgotha,
" And framed the Mundane Shell Cavernous in Length, Bredth & Highth."

93



Enitharmon heard. She rais'd her head like the mild Moon:

" O Rintrah! O Palamabron! What are your dire & awful purposes?
" Enitharmon's name is nothing before you; you forget all my Love.
" The Mother's love of obedience is forgotten, & you seek a Love

" Of the pride of dominion that will Divorce Ocalythron & Elynittria
" Upon East Moor in Derbyshire & along the Valleys of Cheviot.
" Could you Love me, Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love?
" As Reuben found Mandrakes in the field & gave them to his Mother,
" Pride meets with Pride upon the Mountains in the stormy day,
" In that terrible Day of Rintrah's Plow & of Satan's driving the Team.
" Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley.
" Ah! then I saw my beloved ones fleeing from my Tent.
" Merlin was like thee, Rintrah, among the Giants of Albion,
" Judah was like Palamabron. O Simeon! O Levi! ye fled away!
" How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley,
" Or how upon the distant Hills see my beloveds' Tents? "

Then Los again took up his speech as Enitharmon ceast:

" Fear not, my Sons, this Waking Death; he is become One with me.
" Behold him here! We shall not Die! we shall be united in Jesus.
" Will you suffer this Satan, this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is Not,
" To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life? if Bacon, Newton, Locke
" Deny a Conscience in Man & the Communion of Saints & Angels,
" Contemning the Divine Vision & Fruition, Worshiping the Deus
" Of the Heathen, The God of This World, & the Goddess Nature,
" Mystery, Babylon the Great, The Druid Dragon & hidden Harlot,
" Is it not that Signal of the Morning which was told us in the Beginning? "

Thus they converse upon Mam-Tor, the Graves thunder under their feet.

94

Albion cold lays on his Rock: storms & snows beat round him,
Beneath the Furnaces & the starry Wheels & the Immortal Tomb:
Howling winds cover him: roaring seas dash furious against him:
In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare, long thunders roll.

The weeds of Death inwrap his hands & feet, blown incessant
And wash'd incessant by the for-ever restless sea-waves foaming abroad

Upon the white Rock. England, a Female Shadow, as deadly damps
Of the Mines of Cornwall & Derbyshire, lays upon his bosom heavy,
Moved by the wind in volumes of thick cloud, returning, folding round
His loins & bosom, unremovable by swelling storms & loud rending
Of enraged thunders. Around them the Starry Wheels of their Giant Sons
Revolve, & over them the Furnaces of Los, & the Immortal Tomb around,
Erin sitting in the Tomb to watch them unceasing night and day:
And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations.

Over them the famish'd Eagle screams on boney Wings, and around
Them howls the Wolf of famine; deep heaves the Ocean black, thundering
Around the wormy Garments of Albion, then pausing in deathlike silence.

Time was Finished! The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion
Beneath the Furnaces & starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb,
And England, who is Brittannia, awoke from Death on Albion's bosom:
She awoke pale & cold; she fainted seven times on the Body of Albion.

" O pitious Sleep, O pitious Dream! O God, O God awake! I have slain
" In Dreams of Chasti(ti)ty & Moral Law: I have Murdered Albion! Ah!
" In Stone-henge & on London Stone & in the Oak Groves of Malden
" I have Slain him in my Sleep with the Knife of the Druid. O England!
" O all ye Nations of the Earth, behold ye the Jealous Wife!
" The Eagle & the Wolf & Monkey & Owl & the King & Priest were there."

95

Her voice pierc'd Albion's clay cold ear; he moved upon the Rock.
The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills. Albion mov'd
Upon the Rock, he open'd his eyelids in pain, in pain he mov'd
His stony members, he saw England. Ah! shall the Dead live again?

The Breath Divine went forth over the morning hills. Albion rose
In anger, the wrath of God breaking, bright flaming on all sides around
His awful limbs; into the Heavens he walked, clothed in flames,
Loud thund'ring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars

Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful
Revolutions of Action & Passion, thro' the Four Elements on all sides
Surrounding his awful Members. Thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds
Struggling to rise above the Mountains, in his burning hand
He takes his Bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold;
Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor! clouds roll round the
Horns of the wide Bow, loud sounding winds sport on the mountain brows,
Compelling Urizen to his Furrow & Tharmas to his Sheepfold
And Luvah to his Loom, Urthona he beheld, mighty labouring at
His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied labouring & weeping.
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthona's Spectre in songs,
Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth,
England, who is Brittannia, enter'd Albion's bosom rejoicing,
Rejoicing in his indignation, adoring his wrathful rebuke.
She who adores not your frowns will only loathe your smiles.

96

As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth,
England, who is Brittannia, entered Albion's bosom rejoicing.

Then Jesus appeared standing by Albion as the Good Shepherd
By the lost Sheep that he hath found, & Albion knew that it
Was the Lord, the Universal Humanity; & Albion saw his Form
A Man, & they conversed as Man with Man in Ages of Eternity.
And the Divine Appearance was the likeness & similitude of Los.

Albion said: " O Lord, what can I do? my Selfhood cruel
" Marches against thee, deceitful, from Sinai & from Edom
" Into the Wilderness of Judah, to meet thee in his pride.
" I behold the Visions of my deadly Sleep of Six Thousand Years
" Dazling around thy skirts like a Serpent of precious stones & gold
" I know it is my Self, O my Divine Creator & Redeemer."

Jesus replied: " Fear not Albion: unless I die thou canst not live;
" But if I die I shall arise again & thou with me.
" This is Friendship & Brotherhood: without it Man Is Not."

So Jesus spoke: the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness
Overshadow'd them, & Jesus said: " Thus do Men in Eternity
" One for another to put off, by forgiveness, every sin."

Albion reply'd: " Cannot Man exist without Mysterious
" Offering of Self for Another? is this Friendship & Brotherhood?
" I see thee in the likeness & similitude of Los my Friend."

Jesus said: " Wouldest thou love one who never died
" For thee, or ever die for one who had not died for thee?
" And if God dieth not for Man & giveth not himself
" Eternally for Man, Man could not exist; for Man is Love
" As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death
" In the Divine Image, nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood."

So saying the Cloud overshadowing divided them asunder.
Albion stood in terror, not for himself but for his Friend
Divine; & Self was lost in the contemplation of faith
And wonder at the Divine Mercy & at Los's sublime honour.

" Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends? O my Cities & Counties,
" Do you sleep? rouze up, rouze up! Eternal Death is abroad! "

So Albion spoke & threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction.
All was a Vision, all a Dream: the Furnaces became
Fountains of Living Waters flowing from the Humanity Divine.
And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers, and All
The Sons & Daughters of Albion on soft clouds, waking from Sleep.
Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires,
And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona arose into
Albion's Bosom. Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds
Of Heaven, Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity.

97

" Awake, Awake, Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion,
" Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time;
" For lo! the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day
" Appears upon our Hills. Awake, Jerusalem, and come away! "

So spake the Vision of Albion, & in him so spake in my hearing
The Universal Father. Then Albion stretch'd his hand into Infinitude
And took his Bow. Fourfold the Vision; for bright beaming Urizen
Lay'd his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of carved Gold:
Luvah his hand stretch'd to the East & bore a Silver Bow, bright shining:
Tharmas Westward a Bow of Brass, pure flaming, richly wrought:
Urthona Northward in thick storms a Bow of Iron, terrible thundering.

And the Bow is a Male & Female, & the Quiver of the Arrows of Love
Are the Children of this Bow, a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness laying
Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence, Wars of Love:
And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male & Female Loves.
And he Clothed himself in Bow & Arrows, in awful state, Fourfold,
In the midst of his Twenty-eight Cities, each with his Bow breathing.

98

Then each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully;
They drew fourfold the unreprovable String, bending thro' the wide Heavens
The horned Bow Fourfold; loud sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold.

Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns
Of the wide Bow; loud sounding Winds sport on the Mountains' brows.
The Druid Spectre was Annihilate, loud thund'ring, rejoicing terrific, vanishing,
Fourfold Annihilation; & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect
The innumerable Chariots of the Almighty appear'd in Heaven,
And Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer,
A Sun of blood red wrath surrounding heaven, on all sides around,
Glorious, incompreh[en]sible by Mortal Man, & each Chariot was Sexual Threefold.

And every Man stood Fourfold; each Four Faces had: One to the West,
One toward the East, One to the South, One to the North, the Horses
Fourfold.
And the dim Chaos brighten'd beneath, above, around: Eyed as the Peacock,
According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the Four Rivers of the Water of
Life.

South stood the Nerves of the Eye; East, in Rivers of bliss, the Nerves of the
Expansive Nostrils; West flow'd the Parent Sense, the Tongue; North stood
The labyrinthine Ear: Circumscribing & Circumcising the excrementitious
Husk & Covering, into Vacuum evaporating, revealing the lineaments of
Man,
Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death & Resurrection,
Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah, rejoicing in Unity
In the Four Senses, in the Outline, the Circumference & Form, For ever
In Forgiveness of Sins which is Self Annihilation; it is the Covenant of
Jehovah.

The Four Living Creatures, Chariots of Humanity Divine Incomprehensible,
In beautiful Paradises expand. These are the Four Rivers of Paradise
And the Four Faces of Humanity, fronting the Four Cardinal Points
Of Heaven, going forward, forward irresistible from Eternity to Eternity.

And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic which bright
Redounded from their Tongues in thunderous majesty, in Visions
In new Expanses, creating exemplars of Memory and of Intellect,
Creating Space, Creating Time, according to the wonders Divine
Of Human Imagination throughout all the Three Regions immense
Of Childhood, Manhood & Old Age; & the all tremendous unfathomable
Non Ens
Of Death was seen in regenerations terrific or complacent, varying
According to the subject of discourse; & every Word & every Character
Was Human according to the Expansion or Contraction, the Translucence or
Opakeness of Nervous fibres: such was the variation of Time & Space
Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary; & they walked

To & fro in Eternity as One Man, reflecting each in each & clearly seen
And seeing, according to fitness & order. And I heard Jehovah speak
Terrific from his Holy Place, & saw the Words of the Mutual Covenant Divine
On Chariots of gold & jewels, with Living Creatures, starry & flaming
With every Colour, Lion, Tyger, Horse, Elephant, Eagle, Dove, Fly, Worm
And the all wondrous Serpent clothed in gems & rich array, Humanize
In the Forgiveness of Sins according to thy Covenant, Jehovah. They Cry:

" Where is the Covenant of Priam, the Moral Virtues of the Heathen?
" Where is the Tree of Good & Evil that rooted beneath the cruel heel
" Of Albion's Spectre, the Patriarch Druid? where are all his Human Sacrifice
" For Sin in War & in the Druid Temples of the Accuser of Sin, beneath
" The Oak Groves of Albion that cover'd the whole Earth beneath his Spectre?
" Where are the Kingdoms of the World & all their glory that grew on Desolation,
" The Fruit of Albion's Poverty Tree, when the Triple Headed Gog-Magog Giant
" Of Albion Taxed the Nations into Desolation & then gave the Spectrous Oath? "

Such is the Cry from all the Earth, from the Living Creatures of the Earth
And from the great City of Golgonooza in the Shadowy Generation,
And from the Thirty-two Nations of the Earth among the Living Creatures.

99

All Human Forms identified, even Tree, Metal, Earth & Stone: all
Human Forms identified, living, going forth & returning wearied
Into the Planetary lives of Years, Months, Days & Hours; reposing,
And then Awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.

And I heard the Name of their Emanations: they are named Jerusalem.

THE END OF THE SONG OF JERUSALEM.



Plate LVII

URTHONA WITH HIS SPECTRE AND EMANATION BEFORE THE SERPENT TEMPLE

LETTER LXV

TO DAWSON TURNER[1]

17 South Molton Street,
9 *June*, 1818.

Sir,

I SEND you a List of the different Works you have done me the honour to enquire after—unprofitable enough to me, tho' Expensive to the Buyer. Those I Printed for Mr. Humphry[2] are a selection from the different Books of such as could be Printed without the Writing, tho' to the Loss of some of the best things. For they, when Printed perfect, accompany Poetical Personifications & Acts, without which Poems they never could have been Executed.

			£	s.	d.
America	18 Prints	folio	5	5	0
Europe	17 do.	folio	5	5	0
Visions &c.	8 do.	folio	3	3	0
Thel	6 do.	Quarto	2	2	0
Songs of Innocence	28 do.	Octavo	3	3	0
Songs of Experience	26 do.	Octavo	3	3	0
Urizen	28 Prints	Quarto	5	5	0
Milton	50 do.	Quarto	10	10	0
12 Large Prints, Size of Each about 2 feet by 1 & ½, Historical & Poetical, Printed in Colours		each	5	5	0

These last 12 Prints are unaccompanied by any writing.

The few I have Printed & Sold are sufficient to have gained me great reputation as an Artist, which was the chief thing Intended. But I have never been able to produce a Sufficient number for a general Sale by means of a regular Publisher. It is therefore necessary to me that any Person wishing to have any or all of them should send me their Order to Print them on the above terms, & I will

[1] Dawson Turner (1775–1858), of Great Yarmouth; botanist, antiquary, and patron of art.

[2] This probably refers to the *Large* and *Small Book of Designs*, now in the Print Room at the British Museum.

take care that they shall be done at least as well as any I have yet Produced.

I am, Sir, with many thanks for your very Polite approbation of my works,

Your most obedient Servant,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

Written about 1818

a

THE Vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my Vision's Greatest Enemy:
Thine has a great hook nose like thine,
Mine has a snub nose like to mine:
Thine is the friend of All Mankind,
Mine speaks in parables to the Blind:
Thine loves the same world that mine hates,
Thy Heaven doors are my Hell Gates.
Socrates taught what Meletus
Loath'd as a Nation's bitterest Curse,
And Caiaphas was in his own Mind
A benefactor to Mankind:
Both read the Bible day & night,
But thou read'st black where I read white.

b

Was Jesus gentle, or did he
Give any marks of Gentility?
When twelve years old he ran away
And left his Parents in dismay.
When after three days' sorrow found,
Loud as Sinai's trumpet sound:
" No Earthly Parents I confess—
" My Heavenly Father's business!
" Ye understand not what I say,
" And, angry, force me to obey."
Obedience is a duty then,
And favour gains with God & Men.

John from the Wilderness loud cried;
Satan gloried in his Pride.
" Come," said Satan, " come away,
" I'll soon see if you'll obey!
" John for disobedience bled,
" But you can turn the stones to bread.
" God's high king & God's high Priest
" Shall Plant their Glories in your breast
" If Caiaphas you will obey,
" If Herod you with bloody Prey
" Feed with the sacrifice, & be
" Obedient, fall down, worship me."
Thunders & lightnings broke around,
And Jesus' voice in thunders' sound:
" Thus I seize the Spiritual Prey.
" Ye smiters with disease, make way.
" I come your King & God to sieze.
" Is God a smiter with disease? "
The God of this World raged in vain:
He bound Old Satan in his Chain,
And bursting forth, his furious ire
Became a Chariot of fire.
Throughout the land he took his course,
And traced diseases to their source:
He curs'd the Scribe & Pharisee,
Trampling down Hipocrisy:
Where'er his Chariot took its way,
There Gates of death let in the day,
Broke down from every Chain & Bar;
And Satan in his Spiritual War
Drag'd at his Chariot wheels: loud howl'd
The God of this World: louder roll'd
The Chariot Wheels, & louder still
His voice was heard from Zion's hill,
And in his hand the Scourge shone bright;

He scourg'd the Merchant Canaanite
From out the Temple of his Mind,
And in his Body tight does bind
Satan & all his Hellish Crew;
And thus with wrath he did subdue
The Serpent Bulk of Nature's dross,
Till He had nail'd it to the Cross.
[He took on Sin in the Virgin's Womb,
And on the Cross he Seal'd its doom. *del.*]
He took on Sin in the Virgin's Womb,
And put it off on the Cross & Tomb
To be Worship'd by the Church of Rome.

c

Was Jesus Humble? or did he
Give any proofs of Humility?
When but a Child he ran away
And left his Parents in dismay.
When they had wonder'd three days long
These were the words upon his Tongue:
" No Earthly Parents I confess:
" I am doing my Father's business."
When the rich learned Pharisee
1 Came to consult him secretly,
4 He was too Proud to take a bribe;
5 He spoke with authority, not like a Scribe.
2 Upon his heart with Iron pen
3 He wrote, " Ye must be born again."
6 He says with most consummate Art,
" Follow me, I am meek & lowly of heart,"
As that is the only way to Escape
The Miser's net & the Glutton's trap.
He who loves his Enemies, hates his Friends;
This is surely not what Jesus intends;
He must mean the meer love of Civility,

And so he must mean concerning Humility;
But he acts with triumphant, honest pride,
And this is the Reason Jesus died.
If he had been [the *del.*] Antichrist, Creeping Jesus,
He'd have done any thing to please us:
Gone sneaking into the Synagogues
And not used the Elders & Priests like Dogs,
But humble as a Lamb or an Ass,
Obey himself to Caiaphas.
God wants not Man to humble himself:
This is the Trick of the Ancient Elf.
Humble toward God, Haughty toward Man,
This is the Race that Jesus ran,
And when he humbled himself to God,
Then descended the cruel rod.
" [Why dost thou humble thyself to me?
" Thou Also dwelst in Eternity. *del.*]
" If thou humblest thyself, thou humblest me;
" Thou also dwelst in Eternity.
" Thou art a Man, God is no more,
" Thine own Humanity learn to Adore
" And thy Revenge Abroad display
" In terrors at the Last Judgment day.
" God's Mercy & Long Suffering
" Are but the Sinner to Judgment to bring.
" Thou on the Cross for them shalt pray
" [Whom thou shalt Torment at the Last Day. *del.*]
" And take Revenge at the last Day.

" Do what you will, this Life's a Fiction
" And is made up of Contradiction."

d

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

Was Jesus Humble? or did he
Give any Proofs of Humility?
Boast of high Things with Humble tone,
And give with Charity a Stone?
When but a Child he ran away
And left his Parents in dismay.
When they had wander'd three days long
These were the words upon his tongue:
" No Earthly Parents I confess:
" I am doing my Father's business."
When the rich learned Pharisee
Came to consult him secretly,
Upon his heart with Iron pen
He wrote, " Ye must be born again."
He was too proud to take a bribe;
He spoke with authority, not like a Scribe.
He says with most consummate Art,
" Follow me, I am meek & lowly of heart,"
As that is the only way to escape
The Miser's net & the Glutton's trap.
What can be done with such desperate Fools
Who follow after the Heathen Schools?
I was standing by when Jesus died;
What I call'd Humility, they call'd Pride.
He who loves his Enemies [hates *del.*] betrays his Friends;
This surely is not what Jesus intends,
But the sneaking Pride of Heroic Schools,
And the Scribes' & Pharisees' Virtuous Rules;
For he acts with honest, triumphant Pride,
And this is the cause that Jesus died.
He did not die with Christian Ease,
Asking pardon of his Enemies:

If he had, Caiaphas would forgive;
Sneaking submission can always live.
He had only to say that God was the devil,
And the devil was God, like a Christian Civil:
Mild Christian regrets to the devil confess
a For affronting him thrice in the Wilderness,
Like dr. Priestly & [Sir Isaac *del.*] Bacon & Newton—
1 Poor Spiritual Knowledge is not worth a button!
b He had soon been bloody Caesar's Elf,
c And at last he would have been Caesar himself,
2 For thus the Gospel Sir Isaac confutes:
3 " God can only be known by his Attributes;
" And as for the Indwelling of the Holy Ghost
" Or of Christ & his Father, it's all a boast
" And Pride & Vanity of the imagination,
" That disdains to follow this World's Fashion."
To teach doubt & Experiment
Certainly was not what Christ meant.
What was he doing all that time,
From twelve years old to manly prime?
Was he then Idle, or the Less
About his Father's business?
Or was his wisdom held in scorn
Before his wrath began to burn
In Miracles throughout the Land,
That quite unnerv'd Caiaphas' hand?
If he had been [the *del.*] Antichrist, Creeping Jesus,
He'd have done any thing to please us—
Gone sneaking into Synagogues
And not us'd the Elders & Priests like dogs,
But Humble as a Lamb or Ass
Obey'd himself to Caiaphas.
God wants not Man to Humble himself:
This is the trick of the ancient Elf.
This is the Race that Jesus ran:

Humble to God, Haughty to Man,
Cursing the Rulers before the People
Even to the temple's highest Steeple;
And when he Humbled himself to God,
Then descended the Cruel Rod.
" If thou humblest thyself, thou humblest me;
" Thou also dwell'st in Eternity.
" Thou art a Man, God is no more,
" Thy own humanity learn to adore,
" For that is my Spirit of Life.
" Awake, arise to Spiritual Strife
" And thy Revenge abroad display
" In terrors at the Last Judgment day.
" God's Mercy & Long Suffering
" Is but the Sinner to Judgment to bring.
" Thou on the Cross for them shalt pray
" And take Revenge at the Last Day.
[" This Corporeal (All) life's a fiction
" And is made up of Contradiction." *del.*]
Jesus replied & thunders hurl'd:
" I never will Pray for the World.
" Once I did so when I pray'd in the Garden;
" I wish'd to take with me a Bodily Pardon."
Can that which was of woman born
In the absence of the Morn,
When the Soul fell into Sleep
And Archangels round it weep,
Shooting out against the Light
Fibres of a deadly night,
Reasoning upon its own dark Fiction,
In doubt which is Self Contradiction?
Humility is only doubt,
And does the Sun & Moon blot out,
Rooting over with thorns & stems
The buried Soul & all its Gems.

This Life's dim Windows of the Soul
Distorts the Heavens from Pole to Pole
And leads you to Believe a Lie
When you see with, not thro', the Eye
That was born in a night to perish in a night,
When the Soul slept in the beams of Light. 78 lines
Was Jesus Chaste? or did he, &c

e

Was Jesus Chaste? or did he
Give any Lessons of Chastity?
The morning blush'd fiery red:
Mary was found in Adulterous bed;
Earth groan'd beneath, & Heaven above
Trembled at discovery of Love.
Jesus was sitting in Moses' Chair,
They brought the trembling Woman There.
Moses commands she be stoned to death,
What was the [words *del.*] sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid His hand on Moses' Law:
The Ancient Heavens, in Silent Awe
Writ with Curses from Pole to Pole,
All away began to roll:
The Earth trembling & Naked lay
In secret bed of Mortal Clay,
On Sinai felt the hand divine
Pulling back the bloody shrine,
And she heard the breath of God
As she heard by Eden's flood:
" Good & Evil are no more!
" Sinai's trumpets, cease to roar!
" Cease, finger of God, to write!
" The Heavens are not clean in thy Sight.
" Thou art Good, & thou Alone;
" Nor may the sinner cast one stone.

" To be Good only, is to be
" A God or else a Pharisee.
" Thou Angel of the Presence Divine
" That didst create this Body of Mine,
" Wherefore has thou writ these Laws
" And Created Hell's dark jaws?
" My Presence I will take from thee:
" A Cold Leper thou shalt be.
" Tho' thou wast so pure & bright
" That Heaven was Impure in thy Sight,
" Tho' thy Oath turn'd Heaven Pale,
" Tho' thy Covenant built Hell's Jail,
" Tho' thou didst all to Chaos roll
" With the Serpent for its soul,
" Still the breath Divine does move
" And the breath Divine is Love.
" Mary, Fear Not! Let me see
" The Seven Devils that torment thee:
" Hide not from my Sight thy Sin,
" That forgiveness thou maist win.
" Has no Man condemned thee? "
" No Man, Lord: " " then what is he
" Who shall Accuse thee? Come ye forth,
" Fallen fiends of Heav'nly birth
" That have forgot your Ancient love
" And driven away my trembling Dove.
" You shall bow before her feet;
" You shall lick the dust for Meat;
" And tho' you cannot Love, but Hate,
" Shall be beggars at Love's Gate.
" What was thy love? Let me see it;
" Was it love or dark deceit? "
" Love too long from Me has fled;
" 'Twas dark deceit, to Earn my bread;
" 'Twas Covet, or 'twas Custom, or

" ['Twas *del.*] Some trifle not worth caring for;
" That they may call a [crime *del.*] shame & Sin
" [The *del.*] Love's temple [where *del.*] that God dwelleth in,
" And hide in secret hidden shrine
" The Naked Human form divine,
" And render that a Lawless thing
" On which the Soul Expands its wing.
" But this, O Lord, this was my Sin
" When first I let these devils in
" In dark pretence to Chastity:
" Blaspheming Love, blaspheming thee.
" Thence Rose Secret Adulteries,
" And thence did Covet also rise.
" My sin thou hast forgiven me,
" Canst thou forgive my Blasphemy?
" Canst thou return to this dark Hell,
" And in my burning bosom dwell?
" And canst thou die that I may live?
" And canst thou Pity & forgive? "
Then Roll'd the shadowy Man away
From the Limbs of Jesus, to make them his prey,
An Ever devouring appetite
Glittering with festering venoms bright,
Crying, " [I've join'd *del.*] Crucify this cause of distress,
" [You *del.*] Who don't keep the secrets of holiness!
" The Mental Powers by Diseases we bind,
" But he heals the deaf & the dumb & the Blind.
" Whom God has afflicted for Secret Ends,
" He Comforts & Heals & calls them Friends."
But, when Jesus was Crucified,
Then was perfected his galling pride:
In three Nights he devour'd his prey,
And still he devours the Body of Clay;
For dust & Clay is the Serpent's meat,
Which never was made for Man to Eat.

f

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

g

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

h

This was spoke by My Spectre to Voltaire, Bacon, &c.

Did Jesus teach doubt? or did he
Give any lessons of Philosophy,
Charge Visionaries with decieving,
Or call Men wise for not Believing?

i

Was Jesus Born of a Virgin Pure
With narrow Soul & looks demure?
If he intended to take on Sin
The Mother should an Harlot been,
Just such a one as Magdalen
With seven devils in her Pen;
Or were Jew Virgins still more Curst,
And more sucking devils nurst?
Or what was it which he took on
That he might bring Salvation?
A Body subject to be Tempted,
From neither pain nor grief Exempted?
Or such a body as might not feel
The passions that with Sinners deal?
Yes, but they say he never fell.
Ask Caiaphas; for he can tell.
" He mock'd the Sabbath, & he mock'd
" The Sabbath's God, & he unlock'd

" The Evil spirits from their Shrines,
" And turn'd Fishermen to Divines;
" O'erturn'd the Tent of Secret Sins,
" & its Golden cords & Pins—
" 'Tis the Bloody Shrine of War
" Pinn'd around from Star to Star,
" Halls of justice, hating Vice,
" Where the devil Combs his lice.
" He turn'd the devils into Swine
" That he might tempt the Jews to dine;
" Since which, a Pig has got a look
" That for a Jew may be mistook.
" ' Obey your parents.'—What says he?
" ' Woman, what have I to do with thee?
" ' No Earthly Parents I confess:
" ' I am doing my Father's Business.'
" He scorn'd [his *del.*] Earth's Parents, scorn'd [his *del.*] Earth's God,
" And mock'd the one & the other's Rod;
" His Seventy Disciples sent
" Against Religion & Government:
" They by the Sword of Justice fell
" And him their Cruel Murderer tell.
" He left his Father's trade to roam
" A wand'ring Vagrant without Home;
" And thus he others' labour stole
" That he might live above Controll.
" The Publicans & Harlots he
" Selected for his Company,
" And from the Adulteress turn'd away
" God's righteous Law, that lost its Prey."

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

SUPPLEMENTARY PASSAGES

Written not before 1818

THERE is not one Moral Virtue that Jesus Inculcated but Plato & Cicero did Inculcate before him; what then did Christ Inculcate? Forgiveness of Sins. This alone is the Gospel, & this is the Life & Immortality brought to light by Jesus, Even the Covenant of Jehovah, which is This: If you forgive one another your Trespasses, so shall Jehovah forgive you, That he himself may dwell among you; but if you Avenge, you Murder the Divine Image, & he cannot dwell among you; [*word del.*] because you Murder him he arises again, & you deny that he is Arisen, & are blind to Spirit.

1 This to come first.

If Moral Virtue was Christianity,
Christ's Pretensions were all Vanity,
And Cai[a]phas & Pilate, Men
Praise Worthy, & the Lion's Den
And not the Sheepfold, Allegories
Of God & Heaven & their Glories.
The Moral Christian is the Cause
Of the Unbeliever & his Laws.
The Roman Virtues, Warlike Fame,
Take Jesus' & Jehovah's Name;
For what is Antichrist but those
Who against Sinners Heaven close
With Iron bars, in Virtuous State,
And Rhadamanthus at the Gate?

2

What can this Gospel of Jesus be?
What Life & Immortality,
What was it that he brought to Light
That Plato & Cicero did not write?
The Heathen Deities wrote them all,
These Moral Virtues, great & small.
What is the Accusation of Sin
But Moral Virtues' deadly Gin?
The Moral Virtues in their Pride
Did o'er the World triumphant ride
In Wars & Sacrifice for Sin,
And Souls to Hell ran trooping in.
The Accuser, Holy God of All
This Pharisaic Worldly Ball,
Amidst them in his Glory Beams
Upon the Rivers & the Streams.
Then Jesus rose & said to [men *altered to*] Me,
" Thy Sins are all forgiven thee."
Loud Pilate Howl'd, loud Cai[a]phas yell'd,
When they the Gospel Light beheld.
[" Jerusalem " he said to me *del.*]
It was when Jesus said to Me,
" Thy Sins are all forgiven thee."
The Christian trumpets loud proclaim
Thro' all the World in Jesus' name
Mutual forgiveness of each Vice,
And oped the Gates of Paradise.
The Moral Virtues in Great fear
Formed the Cross & Nails & Spear,
And the Accuser standing by
Cried out, " Crucify! Crucify!
" Our Moral Virtues ne'er can be,
" Nor Warlike pomp & Majesty;

" For Moral Virtues all begin
" In the Accusations of Sin,
" And [Moral *del.*] all the Heroic Virtues [all *del.*] End
" In destroying the Sinners' Friend.
" Am I not Lucifer the Great,
" And you my daughters in Great State,
" The fruit of my Mysterious Tree
" Of Good & Evil & Misery
" And Death & Hell, which now begin
" On everyone who Forgives Sin? "

[END OF THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL]

FOR THE SEXES:
THE GATES OF PARADISE

First engraved 1793

Additions made about 1818

FRONTISPIECE



WHAT IS MAN?

The Sun's Light when he unfolds it
Depends on the Organ that beholds it

[PROLOGUE]

MUTUAL Forgiveness of each Vice,
Such are the Gates of Paradise.
Against the Accuser's chief desire,
Who walk'd among the Stones of Fire,
Jehovah's fingers Wrote the Law:
[Jehovah's Finger Wrote the Law: *later version*]
Then Wept! then rose in Zeal & Awe,
And in the midst of Sinai's heat
Hid it beneath his Mercy Seat.
[And the Dead Corpse from Sinai's heat
Buried beneath his Mercy Seat. *later version*]
O Christians, Christians! tell me Why
You rear it on your Altars high.



1

I found him beneath a Tree.



2

WATER
Thou Waterest him with Tears:



3

EARTH
He struggles into Life



4

AIR
On Cloudy Doubts & Reasoning Cares



5

FIRE
That end in endless Strife.



6

At length for hatching ripe
he breaks the shell.



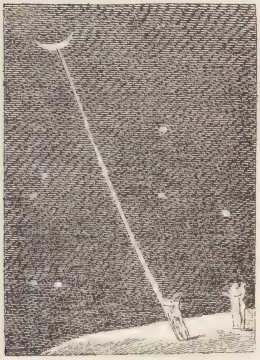
7

What are these? ALAS! the Female Martyr,
Is She also the Divine Image?



8

MY SON! MY SON!



9

I WANT! I WANT!



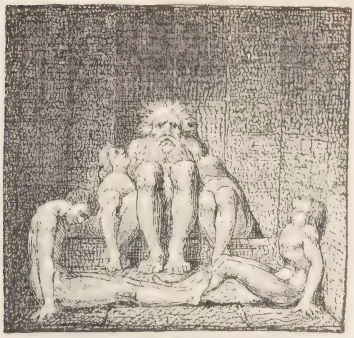
10

HELP! HELP!



11

AGED IGNORANCE
Perceptive Organs closed, their Objects close.



12

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



13

Fear & Hope are—Vision.



14

The Traveller hasteth in the Evening.



15

DEATH'S DOOR



16

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

THE KEYS

The Catterpiller on the Leaf
Reminds thee of thy Mother's Grief.

OF THE GATES

1 My Eternal Man set in Repose,
The Female from his darkness rose
And She found me beneath a Tree,
A Mandrake, & in her Veil hid me.
Serpent Reasonings us entice
Of Good & Evil, Virtue & Vice.
2 Doubt Self Jealous, Wat'ry folly,
3 Struggling thro' Earth's Melancholy.
4 Naked in Air, in Shame & Fear,
5 Blind in Fire with shield & spear,

Two Horn'd Reasoning, Cloven Fiction,
In Doubt, which is Self contradiction,
A dark Hermaphrodite I [We *later version*] stood,
Rational Truth, Root of Evil & Good.
Round me flew the Flaming Sword;
Round her snowy Whirlwinds roar'd,
Freezing her Veil, the Mundane Shell.
6 I rent the Veil where the Dead dwell:
When weary Man enters his Cave
He meets his Saviour in the Grave.
Some find a Female Garment there,
And some a Male, woven with care,
Lest the Sexual Garments sweet
Should grow a devouring Winding sheet.
7 One Dies! Alas! the Living & Dead,
One is slain & One is fled.
8 In Vain-glory hatcht & nurst,
By double Spectres Self Accurst,
My Son! my Son! thou treatest me
But as I have instructed thee.
9 On the shadows of the Moon
Climbing thro' Night's highest noon.
10 In Time's Ocean falling drown'd.
In Aged Ignorance profound,
11 Holy & cold, I clip'd the Wings
Of all Sublunary Things,
12 And in depths of my Dungeons
Closed the Father & the Sons.
13 But when once I did descry
The Immortal Man that cannot Die,
14 Thro' evening shades I haste away
To close the Labours of my Day.
15 The Door of Death I open found
And the Worm Weaving in the Ground:

16 Thou'rt my Mother from the Womb,
Wife, Sister, Daughter, to the Tomb,
Weaving to Dreams the Sexual strife
And weeping over the Web of Life.

[EPILOGUE]

To The Accuser who is
The God of This World

Truly, My Satan, thou art but a Dunce,
And dost not know the Garment from the Man.
Every Harlot was a Virgin once,
Nor can'st thou ever change Kate into Nan.

Tho' thou art Worship'd by the Names Divine
Of Jesus & Jehovah, thou art still
The Son of Man in weary Night's decline,
The lost Traveller's Dream under the Hill.

INDEX TO THE SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE

Written about 1818

The Order in which the Songs of Innocence & of Experience ought to be paged & placed:

PAGE

1. General Title.
2. Frontispiece of Piper.
3. Title page to Songs of Innocence.
4. Introduction—Piping down the Valleys &c.
5. Ecchoing Green.
6. ditto.
7. The Lamb.
8. The Shepherd.
9. Infant Joy.
10. Little Black Boy.
11. ditto.
12. Laughing Song.
13. Spring.
14. Ditto.
15. Cradle Song.
16. Ditto.
17. Nurse's Song.
18. Holy Thursday.
19. The Blossom.
20. The Chimney Sweeper.
21. The divine Image.
22. Night.
23. Ditto.
24. A Dream.
25. On Another's Sorrow.

26. The litt[l]e Boy Lost.
27. [Ditto *written over*] The Little Boy Found.

End of Songs of Innocence, then Begins Songs of Experience.

28. Frontispiece of Child on the Shepherd's head.
29. Title Page of Songs of Experience.
30. Introduction—Hear the Voice of the Bard &c.
31. Earth's Answer.
32. Nurse's Song.
33. The Fly.
34. The Tyger.
35. Little Girl Lost.
36. Ditto.
37. Ditto.
38. The Clod & Pebble.
39. The Little Vagabond.
40. Holy Thursday.
41. A Poison Tree.
42. The Angel.
43. The Sick Rose.
44. To Tirzah.
45. The Voice of the Ancient Bard.
46. My pretty Rose Tree.
47. The Garden of Love.
48. A Little Boy Lost.
49. Infant Sorrow.
50. The School Boy.
51. London.
52. A little Girl Lost.
53. The Chimney Sweeper. A little Black thing &c.
54. The Human Abstract.

NOTES ON SPURZHEIM'S "OBSERVATIONS ON THE DERANGED MANIFESTATIONS OF THE MIND, OR INSANITY." LONDON. MDCCCXVII

Written about 1819

[*Blake's notes here accompany the passages to which they refer.*]

Page 106.

. . . In children . . . the disturbances of the organization appear merely as organic diseases, because the functions are entirely suppressed.

Corporeal disease, to which I readily agree. Diseases of the mind: I pity him. Denies mental health and perfection. Stick to this, all is right. But see page 152.

Page 152.

As the functions depend on the organization, disturbed functions will derange the organization, and one deranged cerebral part, will have an influence on others, and so arises insanity. . . . Whatever occupies the mind too intensely or exclusively is hurtful to the brain, and induces a state favourable to insanity, in diminishing the influence of the will.

Page 154.

Religion is another fertile cause of insanity. Mr. Haslam, though he declares it sinful to consider religion as a cause of insanity, adds, however, that he would be ungrateful, did he not avow his obligations to Methodism for its supply of numerous cases. Hence the primitive feelings of religion may be misled and produce insanity; that is what I would contend for, and in that sense religion often leads to insanity.

Methodism, etc., p. 154. Cowper came to me and said: "O "that I were insane always. I will never rest. Can you not make "me truly insane? I will never rest till I am so. O that in the "bosom of God I was hid. You retain health and yet are as mad "as any of us all—over us all—mad as a refuge from unbelief— "from Bacon, Newton and Locke."

LETTER LXVI

[TO JOHN LINNELL?]

11th October, 1819.
Monday Evening.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL have the pleasure of meeting you on Thursday at 12 o'clock; it is quite as convenient to me as any other day. It appears to me that neither time nor place can make any real difference as to perfect independence of judgment, and if it is more convenient to Mr. Heaphy[1] for us to meet at his house, let us accommodate him in what is indifferent, but not at all in what is of weight and moment to our decision.

Hoping that I may meet you again in perfect health and happiness,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[1] Thomas Heaphy (1775-1835), engraver and water-colour artist.

ANNOTATIONS TO BERKELEY'S "SIRIS" DUBLIN MDCCXLIV

Written about 1820

[*Blake's remarks here follow, in larger type, the passages from "Siris" to which they refer.*]

Page 203.

God knoweth all things, as pure mind or intellect, but nothing by sense, nor in nor through a sensory. Therefore to suppose a sensory of any kind, whether space or any other, in God would be very wrong, and lead us into false conceptions of his nature.

Imagination or the Human Eternal Body in Every Man.

Page 204.

But in respect of a perfect spirit, there is nothing hard or impenetrable: there is no resistance to the deity. Nor hath he anybody: Nor is the supreme being united to the world, as the soul of an animal is to its body, which necessarily implieth defect, both as an instrument and as a constant weight and impediment.

Imagination is the Divine Body in Every Man.

Page 205.

Natural phænomena are only natural appearances . . . They and the phantomes that result from those appearances, *the children of imagination* [*underlined by Blake*] grafted upon sense, such for example as pure space, are thought by many the very first in existence and stability, and to embrace and comprehend all beings.

The All in Man. The Divine Image or Imagination.

The Four Senses are the Four Faces of Man & the Four Rivers of the Water of Life.

Page 212.

Plato and Aristotle considered God as abstracted or distinct from the natural world. But the Aegyptians considered God and nature as making one whole, or all things together as making one universe.

They also considered God as abstracted or distinct from the

Imaginative World, but Jesus, as also Abraham & David, considered God as a Man in the Spiritual or Imaginative Vision.

Jesus considered Imagination to be that Real Man & says I will not leave you Orphaned, I will manifest myself to you; he says also, the Spiritual Body or Angel as little Children always behold the Face of the Heavenly Father.

Page 213.

The perceptions of sense are gross: but even in the senses there is a difference. Though harmony and proportion are not objects of sense, yet the eye and the ear are organs, which offer to the mind such materials, by means whereof she may apprehend both the one and the other.

Harmony and Proportion are Qualities & Not Things. The Harmony & Proportion of a Horse are not the same with those of a Bull. Every Thing has its own Harmony & Proportion, Two Inferior Qualities in it. For its Reality is its Imaginative Form.

Page 214.

By experiments of sense we become acquainted with the lower faculties of the soul; and from them, whether by a gradual evolution or ascent, we arrive at the highest. These become subjects for fancy to work upon. Reason considers and judges of the imaginations. And these acts of reason become new objects to the understanding.

Knowledge is not by deduction, but Immediate by Perception or Sense at once. Christ adresses himself to the Man, not to his Reason. Plato did not bring Life & Immortality to Light. Jesus only did this.

Page 215.

There is according to Plato properly no knowledge, but only opinion concerning things sensible and perishing, not because they are naturally abstruse and involved in darkness: but because their nature and existence is uncertain, ever fleeting and changing.

Jesus supposes every Thing to be Evident to the Child & to the Poor & Unlearned. Such is the Gospel.

The Whole Bible is fill'd with Imagination & Visions from End

to End & not with Moral Virtues; that is the baseness of Plato & the Greeks & all Warriors. The Moral Virtues are continual Accusers of Sin & promote Eternal Wars & Dominency over others.

Page 217.

Aristotle maketh a threefold distinction of objects according to the three speculative sciences. Physics he supposeth to be conversant about such things as have a principle of motion in themselves, mathematics about things permanent but not abstracted, and theology about things abstracted and immoveable, which distinction may be seen in the ninth book of his metaphysics.

God is not a Mathematical Diagram.

Page 218.

It is a maxim of the Platonic philosophy, that the soul of man was originally furnished with native inbred notions, and stands in need of sensible occasions, not absolutely for producing them, but only for awakening, rousing or exciting into act what was already pre-existent, dormant, and latent in the soul.

The Natural Body is an Obstruction to the Soul or Spiritual Body.

Page 219.

. . . Whence, according to Themistus, . . . it may be inferred that all beings are in the soul. For, saith he, the forms are the beings. By the form every thing is what it is. And, he adds, it is the soul that imparteth forms to matter, . . .

This is my Opinion, but Form must be apprehended by Sense or the Eye of Imagination. Man is All Imagination. God is Man & exists in us & we in him.

Page 241.

What Jesus came to Remove was the Heathen or Platonic Philosophy, which blinds the Eye of Imagination, The Real Man.

[END OF ANNOTATIONS TO BERKELEY]

[THE LAOCOON]

Engraved about 1820

The Angel of the Divine Presence
סלאד יהרה

οφιουχος

Evil Good

ריריח

יה & his two Sons, Satan & Adam, as they were copied from the Cherubim of Solomon's Temple, by three Rhodians, & applied to Natural Fact or History of Ilium.

IF Morality was Christianity, Socrates was the Saviour.

Art Degraded, Imagination Denied, War Governed the Nations.

Spiritual War: Israel deliver'd from Egypt, is Art deliver'd from Nature & Imitation.

A Poet, a Painter, a Musician, an Architect: the Man Or Woman who is not one of these is not a Christian.

You must leave Fathers & Mothers & Houses & Lands if they stand in the way of Art.

Prayer is the Study of Art.

Praise is the Practise of Art.

Fasting &c., all relate to Art.

The outward Ceremony is Antichrist.

The Eternal Body of Man is The Imagination, that is,
God himself
The Divine Body } ישע, Jesus: we are his Members.
It manifests itself in his Works of Art (In Eternity All is Vision).

The True Christian Charity not dependent on Money (the life's blood of Poor Families), that is, on Ceasar or Empire or Natural Religion: Money, which is The Great Satan or Reason, the Root of Good & Evil In The Accusation of Sin.

Good & Evil are Riches & Poverty, a Tree of Misery, propagating Generation & Death.

Where any view of Money exists, Art cannot be carried on, but War only (Read Matthew, c. x: 9 & 10 v.) by pretences to the Two Impossibilities, Chastity & Abstinence, Gods of the Heathen.

He repented that he had made Adam (of the Female, the Adamah) & it grieved him at his heart.
What can be Created Can be Destroyed.
Adam is only The Natural Man & not the Soul or Imagination.

Hebrew Art is called Sin by the Deist Science.

All that we See is Vision, from Generated Organs gone as soon as come, Permanent in The Imagination, Consider'd as Nothing by the Natural Man.

Art can never exist without Naked Beauty displayed.

The Gods of Greece & Egypt were Mathematical Diagrams—See Plato's Works.

Divine Union Deriding, And Denying Immediate Communion with God, The Spoilers say, " Where are his Works That he did in " the Wilderness? Lo, what are these? Whence came they? " These



Plate LVIII

THE LAOCOÖN

are not the Works Of Egypt nor Babylon, Whose Gods are the Powers Of this World, Goddess Nature, Who first spoil & then destroy Imaginative Art; For their Glory is War and Dominion.

Empire against Art—See Virgil's Eneid, Lib. VI, v. 848.

Satan's Wife, The Goddess Nature, is War & Misery, & Heroism a Miser.

For every Pleasure Money Is Useless.

There are States in which all Visionary Men are accounted Mad Men; such are Greece & Rome: Such is Empire or Tax—See Luke, Ch. 2, v. 1.

The Gods of Priam are the Cherubim of Moses & Solomon, The Hosts of Heaven.

Without Unceasing Practise nothing can be done. Practise is Art. If you leave off you are Lost.

Jesus & his Apostles & Disciples were all Artists. Their Works were destroy'd by the Seven Angels of the Seven Churches in Asia, Antichrist Science.

The Old & New Testaments are the Great Code of Art.

Art is the Tree of Life. God is Jesus.

Science is the Tree of Death.

The Whole Business of Man Is The Arts, & All Things Common. No Secresy in Art.

The unproductive Man is not a Christian, much less the Destroyer.

Christianity is Art & not Money. Money is its Curse.

What we call Antique Gems are the Gems of Aaron's Breast Plate.

Is not every Vice possible to Man described in the Bible openly?

All is not Sin that Satan calls so: all the Loves & Graces of Eternity.

ON HOMER'S POETRY & ON VIRGIL

Etched about 1820

ON HOMER'S POETRY

EVERY Poem must necessarily be a perfect Unity, but why Homer's is peculiarly so, I cannot tell; he has told the story of Bellerophon & omitted the Judgment of Paris, which is not only a part, but a principal part, of Homer's subject.

But when a Work has Unity, it is as much in a Part as in the Whole: the Torso is as much a Unity as the Laocoon.

As Unity is the cloke of folly, so Goodness is the cloke of knavery. Those who will have Unity exclusively in Homer come out with a Moral like a sting in the tail. Aristotle says Characters are either Good or Bad; now Goodness or Badness has nothing to do with Character: an Apple tree, a Pear tree, a Horse, a Lion are Characters, but a Good Apple tree or a Bad is an Apple tree still; a Horse is not more a Lion for being a Bad Horse: that is its Character: its Goodness or Badness is another consideration.

It is the same with the Moral of a whole Poem as with the Moral Goodness of its parts. Unity & Morality are secondary considerations, & belong to Philosophy & not to Poetry, to Exception & not to Rule, to Accident & not to Substance; the Ancients call'd it eating of the tree of good & evil.

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

ON VIRGIL

SACRED Truth has pronounced that Greece & Rome, as Babylon & Egypt, so far from being parents of Arts & Sciences as they pretend, were destroyers of all Art. Homer, Virgil & Ovid confirm this opinion & make us reverence The Word of God,

the only light of antiquity that remains unperverted by War. Virgil in the Eneid, Book vi, line 848, says " Let others study Art: " Rome has somewhat better to do, namely War & Dominion."

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

MIRTH AND HER COMPANIONS

Engraved about 1820

beneath a print of the first subject illustrating Milton's L'Allegro.

SOLOMON says, 'Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity,' & What can be Foolisher than this?

NOTE IN CENNINI'S "TRATTATO DELLA PITTURA." ROMA. MDCCCXXI

Written about 1822

THE Pope supposes Nature & the Virgin Mary to be the same allegorical personages, but the Protestant considers Nature as incapable of bearing a Child.

THE GHOST OF ABEL

A REVELATION IN THE VISIONS OF JEHOVAH SEEN BY WILLIAM BLAKE

Etched 1822

TO LORD BYRON in the Wilderness:
What doest thou here, Elijah?
Can a Poet doubt the Visions of Jehovah? Nature has no Outline, but Imagination has. Nature has no Tune, but Imagination has. Nature has no Supernatural & dissolves: Imagination is Eternity.

SCENE—*A rocky Country.* EVE *fainted over the dead body of* ABEL, *which lays near a Grave.* ADAM *kneels by her.* JEHOVAH *stands above.*

Jehovah. Adam!
Adam. I will not hear thee more, thou Spiritual Voice.
Is this Death?
Jehovah. Adam!
Adam. It is in vain. I will not hear thee
Henceforth! Is this thy Promise, that the Woman's Seed
Should bruise the Serpent's head? Is this the Serpent? Ah!
Seven times, O Eve, thou hast fainted over the Dead. Ah! Ah!

EVE *revives.*

Eve. Is this the Promise of Jehovah? O, it is all a vain delusion,
This Death & this Life & this Jehovah!
Jehovah. Woman, lift thine eyes!

A Voice is heard coming on.

Voice. O Earth, cover not thou my Blood! cover not thou my Blood!

Enter the Ghost *of* Abel.

Eve. Thou Visionary Phantasm, thou art not the real Abel.
Abel. Among the Elohim, a Human Victim I wander: I am their House,
Prince of the Air, & our dimensions compass Zenith & Nadir.
Vain is thy Covenant, O Jehovah! I am the Accuser & Avenger
Of Blood. O Earth, Cover not thou the Blood of Abel.
Jehovah. What Vengeance dost thou require?
Abel. Life for Life! Life for Life!
Jehovah. He who shall take Cain's life must also Die, O Abel!
And who is he? Adam, wilt thou, or Eve, thou do this?
Adam. It is all a Vain delusion of the all creative Imagination.
Eve, come away, & let us not believe these vain delusions.
Abel is dead, & Cain slew him. We shall also Die a Death,
And then, what then? be, as poor Abel, a Thought, or as
This! O, what shall I call thee, Form Divine, Father of Mercies,
That appearest to my Spiritual Vision? Eve, seest thou also?
Eve. I see him plainly with my Mind's Eye. I see also Abel living,
Tho' terribly afflicted, as We also are, yet Jehovah sees him
Alive & not Dead; were it not better to believe Vision
With all our might & strength, tho' we are fallen & lost?
Adam. Eve, thou hast spoken truly: let us kneel before his feet.

They Kneel before Jehovah.

Abel. Are these the Sacrifices of Eternity, O Jehovah, a Broken Spirit
And a Contrite Heart? O, I cannot Forgive! the Accuser hath
Enter'd into Me as into his House, & I loathe thy Tabernacles.
As thou hast said, so is it come to pass: My desire is unto Cain,
And He doth rule over Me; therefore My Soul in fumes of Blood
Cries for Vengeance, Sacrifice on Sacrifice, Blood on Blood!
Jehovah. Lo, I have given you a Lamb for an Atonement instead
Of the Transgressor, or no Flesh or Spirit could ever Live.
Abel. Compelled I cry, O Earth, cover not the Blood of Abel!

Abel *sinks down into the Grave, from which arises* Satan,
Armed in glittering scales, with a Crown & a Spear.

Satan. I will have Human Blood & not the blood of Bulls or Goats,
And no Atonement, O Jehovah! the Elohim live on Sacrifice
Of Men: hence I am God of Men: Thou Human, O Jehovah!
By the Rock & Oak of the Druid, creeping Misletoe & Thorn,
Cain's City built with Human Blood, not Blood of Bulls & Goats,
Thou shalt Thyself be Sacrificed to Me, thy God, on Calvary.
Jehovah. Such is My Will *Thunders.*
that Thou Thyself go to Eternal Death
In Self Annihilation, even till Satan, Self-subdu'd, Put off Satan
Into the Bottomless Abyss, whose torment arises for ever & ever.

On each side a Chorus of Angels entering Sing the following:

The Elohim of the Heathen Swore Vengeance for Sin! Then Thou stood'st
Forth, O Elohim Jehovah! in the midst of the darkness of the Oath, All Clothed
In Thy Covenant of the Forgiveness of Sins: Death, O Holy! Is this Brotherhood.
The Elohim saw their Oath Eternal Fire: they rolled apart trembling over The
Mercy Seat, each in his station fixt in the Firmament by Peace, Brotherhood and Love.

The Curtain falls.

1822. Blake's Original Stereotype was 1788

LETTER LXVII

TO JOHN LINNELL

12 *o'clock, Wednesday* [1824].

DEAR SIR,

A RETURN of the old shivering fit came on this Morning as soon as I awaked & I am now in Bed, Better & as I think almost well. If I can possibly, I will be at Mr. Laker's [?] tomorrow Morning; these attacks are too serious at the time to permit me to be out of Bed, but they go off by rest, which seems to be All that I want. I send the Pilgrims under your Care with the Two First Plates of Job.

I am, yours sincerely,

WILLM. BLAKE

LETTER LXVIII

TO MRS. LINNELL

Tuesday, 11 *October*, 1825.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE had the Pleasure to see Mr. Linnell set off safe in a very comfortable Coach, & I may say I accompanied him part of the way on his Journey in the Coach, for we both got in together & with another Passenger enter'd into Conversation, when at length we found that we were all three proceeding on our Journey; but as I had not paid & did not wish to pay for or take so long a Ride, we, with some difficulty, made the Coachman understand that one of his Passengers was unwilling to Go, when he obligingly permitted me to get out, to my great joy; hence I am now enabled to tell you that I hope to see you on Sunday morning as usual, which I could not have done if they had taken me to Gloucester.

I am, dr. Madam, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXIX

TO JOHN LINNELL

FOUNTAIN COURT, STRAND,
Thursday Evening,
10 *Nov^r*, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE, I believe, done nearly all that we agreed on &c. If you should put on your considering Cap, just as you did last time we met, I have no doubt that the Plates would be all the better for it. I cannot get Well & am now in Bed, but seem as if I should be better to-morrow; rest does me good. Pray take care of your health this wet weather, & tho' I write, do not venture out on such days as to-day has been. I hope a few more days will bring us to a conclusion. I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXX

TO JOHN LINNELL

Feb^y 1, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

I AM forced to write, because I cannot come to you, & this on two accounts. First, I omitted to desire you would come & take a Mutton chop with us the day you go to Cheltenham, & I will go with you to the Coach; also, I will go to Hampstead to see Mrs. Linnell on Sunday, but will return before dinner (I mean if you set off before that), & Second, I wish to have a Copy of Job to shew to Mr. Chantry.[1]

[1] Francis Legatt Chantrey, R.A. (1781-1842), sculptor; knighted in 1835; founder of the Chantrey Bequest.

For I am again laid up by a cold in my stomach; the Hampstead Air, as it always did, so I fear it always will do [it *del.*] this, Except it be the Morning air; & That, in my Cousin's time, I found I could bear with safety & perhaps benefit. I believe my Constitution to be a good one, but it has many peculiarities that no one but myself can know. When I was young, Hampstead, Highgate, Hornsea, Muswell Hill, & even Islington & all places North of London, always laid me up the day after, & sometimes two or three days, with precisely the same Complaint & the same torment of the Stomach, Easily removed, but excruciating while it lasts & enfeebling for some time after. Sr. Francis Bacon would say, it is want of discipline in Mountainous Places. Sr. Francis Bacon is a Liar. No discipline will turn one Man into another, even in the least particle, & such discipline I call Presumption & Folly. I have tried it too much not to know this, & am very sorry for all such who may be led to such ostentatious Exertion against their Eternal Existence itself, because it is Mental Rebellion against the Holy Spirit, & fit only for a Soldier of Satan to perform.

Though I hope in a morning or two to call on you in Cirencester Place, I feared you might be gone, or I might be too ill to let you know how I am, & what I wish.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXXI

TO MRS. LINNELL

LONDON.
Sunday Morning [? 1826].

DEAR MADAM,

MR. LINNELL will have arrived at his Journey's end before the time I now write; he set off Last night before Eight o'clock from the Angel Inn near St. Clements Church, Strand, on one of the Strongest & Handsomest Built Stages I ever Saw. I should have written Last Night, but as it would not come before now, I do as Mr. Linnell desired I would do by the First Stage. My Wife desires her kindest remembrances to you & I am

Yours sincerely,
WILLM. BLAKE.

Excuse the writing. I have delayed too long.

LETTER LXXII

TO JOHN LINNELL

Tuesday Night [? 1826].

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you thanks for The Two Pounds you now send me. As to Sr. T. Lawrence, I have not heard from him as yet, & hope that he has a good opinion of my willingness to appear grateful, tho' not able, on account of this abominable Ague, or whatever it is. I am in Bed & at work; my health I cannot speak of, for if it was not for the Cold weather I think I should soon get about again. Great Men die equally with the little. I am sorry for Ld. Ls.; he is a man of very singular abilities, as also for the D. of C.; but perhaps,

& I verily believe it, Every death is an improvement of the State of the Departed. I can draw as well a-Bed as Up, & perhaps better; but I cannot Engrave. I am going on with Dante, & please myself.

I am, dr. Sir, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXXIII

TO JOHN LINNELL

Friday Evening.
May 19, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE had another desperate shivering Fit; it came on yesterday afternoon after as good a morning as I ever experienced. It began by a gnawing Pain in the Stomach, & soon spread a deathly feel all over the limbs, which brings on the shivering fit, when I am forced to go to bed, where I contrive to get into a little perspiration, which takes it quite away. It was night when it left me, so I did not get up, but just as I was going to rise this morning, the shivering fit attacked me again & the pain, with its accompanying deathly feel. I got again into a perspiration, & was well, but so much weaken'd that I am still in bed. This entirely prevents me from the pleasure of seeing you on Sunday at Hampstead, as I fear the attack again when I am away from home.

I am, dr. Sir,
Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXXIV

TO JOHN LINNELL

[*2nd July*, 1826.]

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

THIS sudden cold weather has cut up all my hopes by the roots. Every one who knows of our intended flight into your delightful Country concur in saying: " Do not Venture till summer appears again." I also feel Myself weaker than I was aware, being not able, as yet, to sit up longer than six hours at a time; & also feel the Cold too much to dare venture beyond my present precincts. My heartiest Thanks for your care in my accomodation, & the trouble you will yet have with me. But I get better & stronger every day, tho' weaker in muscle & bone than I supposed. As to pleasantness of Prospect, it is All pleasant Prospect at North End. Mrs. Hurd's[1] I should like as well as any—But think of the Expense & how it may be spared, & never mind appearances.

I intend to bring with me, besides our necessary change of apparel, Only My Book of Drawings from Dante & one Plate shut up in the Book. All will go very well in the Coach, which, at present, would be a rumble I fear I could not go thro'. So that I conclude another Week must pass before I dare Venture upon what I ardently desire—the seeing you with your happy Family once again, & that for a longer Period than I had ever hoped in my healthfull hours.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most gratefully,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[1] Linnell's lodgings, before he went to Collins' Farm.

LETTER LXXV

TO JOHN LINNELL

5 *July*, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for the Receit of Five Pounds this Morning, & Congratulate you on the receit of another fine Boy; am glad to hear of Mrs. Linnell's health & safety.

I am getting better every hour; my Plan is diet only; & if the Machine is capable of it, shall make an old man yet. I go on just as if perfectly well, which indeed I am, except in those paroxysms, which I now believe will never more return. Pray let your own health & convenience put all solicitude concerning me at rest. You have a Family, I have none; there is no comparison between our necessary avocations.

Believe me to be, dr. Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXXVI

TO JOHN LINNELL

Sunday Afternoon.
July 16, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been, ever since taking Dr. Young's Addition to Mr. Fincham's Practise with me ([it *del.*] the Addition is dandelion), In a species of delirium & in Pain too much for Thought. It is now passed, as I hope. But the moment I got ease of Body, began Pain of Mind, & that not a small one. It is about The Name of the

Child,[1] which Certainly ought to be Thomas, after Mrs. Linnell's Father. It will be brutal, not to say worse, for it is worse in my opinion & on my Part. Pray Reconsider it, if it is not too late. It very much troubles Me, as a Crime in which I shall be [a *del.*] The Principal. Pray Excuse this hearty Expostulation, & believe me to be, yours Sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

P.S. Fincham is a Pupil of Abernethy's[2]; this is what gives me great pleasure. I did not know it before yesterday, from Mr. Fincham.

LETTER LXXVII

TO JOHN LINNELL

29 *July*, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

JUST as I had become Well, that is, subdued the disease tho' not its Effects, Weakness etc., Comes Another to hinder my Progress, call'd The Piles, which, when to the degree I have had them, are a most sore plague & on a Weak Body truly afflictive. These Piles have now also as I hope run their Period, & I begin to again feel returning Strength; on these accounts I cannot yet tell when I can start for Hampstead like a young Lark without feathers. Two or Three days may be sufficient or not; all now will depend on my bones & sinews. Muscle I have none, but a few days may do, & have done, miracles in the Case of a Convalescent who prepares himself ardently for his return to Life & its Business among his Friends

With whom he makes his first Effort.

Dear Sir, Yours Ever,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[1] It was finally named James, the next son being called William.

[2] John Abernethy (1764-1831), surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 1815-1827.

LETTER LXXVIII

TO JOHN LINNELL

*Aug^st^* 1, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

IF this Notice should be too short for your Convenience, please to let me know. But finding myself Well enough to come, I propose to set out from here as soon after ten as we can on Thursday Morning. Our Carriage will be a Cabriolet, for tho' getting better & stronger, I am still incapable of riding in the Stage, & shall be, I fear, for some time, being only bones & sinews, All strings & bobbins like a Weaver's Loom. Walking to & from the Stage would be, to me, impossible; tho' I seem well, being entirely free from both pain & from that Sickness to which there is no name. Thank God, I feel no more of it, & have great hopes that the disease is gone.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

ANNOTATIONS TO "POEMS" BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH VOL. I, LONDON, MDCCCXV

Written 1826

[*Blake's annotations are here printed in larger type after the passages from Wordsworth to which they refer.*]

Page viii.

The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first, those of observation and description . . . 2dly, Sensibility.

One power alone makes a poet: Imagination, the Divine Vision.

Page 1.

[*Sub-title*]: "Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood."

I see in Wordsw. the natural man rising up agst. the spiritual man continually, & then he is no poet but a heathen philosopher at Enmity agst. all true poetry or inspiration.

Page 3.

And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

There is no such thing as natural piety because the natural man is at enmity with God.

Page 43.

"To H.C. Six Years Old."

This is all in the highest degree imaginative & equal to any poet, but not superior. I cannot think that real poets have any competition. None are greatest in the Kingdom of God. It is so in Poetry.

Page 44.

"Influence of Natural Objects
"In calling forth and strengthening the Imagination
"in Boyhood and early Youth."

Natural objects always did & now do weaken, deaden & obliterate Imagination in me. W. must know that what he writes valuable is not to be found in Nature. Read Michael Angelo's Sonnet, vol. 2, p. 179:

[Heaven-born, the Soul a heaven-ward course must hold;
Beyond the visible world She soars to seek,
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.]

Page 341.

"Essay, Supplementary to the Preface."

I do not know who wrote these Prefaces: they are very mischievous & direct contrary to W.'s own practice.

This is not the defence of his own style in opposition to what is called poetic diction, but a sort of historic vindication of the unpopular poets.

Pages 364-5.

In Macpherson's work it is exactly the reverse; every thing (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct . . . Yet, much as these pretended treasures of antiquity have been admired, they have been wholly uninfluential upon the literature of the country . . . no Author in the least distinguished, has ventured formally to imitate them —except the Boy, Chatterton, on their first appearance.

I believe both Macpherson & Chatterton, that what they say is ancient is so.

I own myself an admirer of Ossian equally with any other poet whatever, Rowley & Chatterton also.

Pages 374-5.

Is it the result of the whole that, in the opinion of the Writer, the judgment of the People is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; . . . to the People . . . his devout respect, his reverence, is due. He . . . takes leave

of his Readers by assuring them—that if he were not persuaded that the Contents of these Volumes, and the Work to which they are subsidiary, evinced something of the "Vision and the Faculty divine," . . . he would not, if a wish could do it, save them from immediate destruction.

It appears to me as if the last paragraph beginning "Is it the "result of the whole" was written by another hand & mind from the rest of these Prefaces: they are the opinions of [*word missing*] landscape painter. Imagination is the divine vision not of the World, or of Man, nor from Man as he is a natural man, but only as he is a spiritual Man. Imagination has nothing to do with memory.

ANNOTATIONS TO: "THE EXCURSION, BEING A PORTION OF THE RECLUSE, A POEM" BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, LONDON, MDCCCXIV

Written 1826,

[*together with a manuscript copy in Blake's hand of the poetical portion of Wordsworth's Preface, the relevant passages from which are here followed by Blake's notes in larger type. Words underlined by Blake are printed in italic.*]

Page xi.

> All strength—all terror, single or in bands,
> That ever was put forth in personal form;
> Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir
> Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones,
> I pass them, unalarmed . . .

Solomon, when he Married Pharoah's daughter & became a Convert to the Heathen Mythology, Talked exactly in this way of Jehovah as a Very inferior object of Man's Contemplation; he also passed him by unalarm'd & was permitted. Jehovah dropped a tear & follow'd him by his Spirit into the Abstract Void; it is called the Divine Mercy. Satan dwells in it, but Mercy does not dwell in him; he knows not to Forgive.

Pages xii-xiii.

> How exquisitely the individual Mind
> (And the progressive powers perhaps no less
> Of the whole species) to the external World
> Is fitted:—& how exquisitely, too,
> Theme this but little heard of among Men,
> The external World is fitted to the Mind.

You shall not bring me down to believe such fitting & fitted. I know better & please your Lordship.

> Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
> Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
> And fellowships of Men, & see ill sights
> Of madding passions mutually inflamed;
> Must hear *Humanity in fields & groves*
> *Pipe solitary anguish;* or must hang
> Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
> Of Sorrow, barricadoed evermore
> With the walls of cities; may these sounds
> Have their authentic comment,—that, even these
> Hearing, I be not downcast or forlorn!

Does not this Fit, & is it not Fitting most Exquisitely too, but to what?—not to Mind, but to the Vile Body only & to its Laws of Good & Evil & its Enmities against Mind.

INSCRIPTION IN THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM OF WILLIAM UPCOTT

Written January 16, 1826

WILLIAM BLAKE, one who is very much delighted with being in good Company.

Born 28 Nov^{r} 1757 in London & has died several times since.

The above was written & the drawing annexed by the desire of Mr. Leigh; how far it is an Autograph is a Question. I do not think an Artist can write an Autograph, especially one who has studied in the Florentine & Roman Schools, as such an one will Consider what he is doing; but an Autograph, as I understand it, is writ helter skelter like a hog upon a rope, or a Man who walks without Considering whether he shall run against a Post or a House or a Horse or a Man, & I am apt to believe that what is done without meaning is very different from that which a Man does with his Thought & Mind, & ought not to be Call'd by the same Name.

I consider the Autograph of Mr. Cruikshank, which very justly stands first in the Book, & that Beautiful Specimen of Writing by Mr. Comfield, & my own, as standing [in] the same Predicament: they are in some measure Works of Art & not of Nature or Chance.

Heaven born, the Soul a Heavenward Course must hold;
For what delights the Sense is False & Weak.
Beyond the Visible World she soars to Seek
Ideal Form, The Universal Mold.

Michael Angelo. Sonnet as Translated by Mr. Wordsworth.
[*Poems*, 1815, vol. II, p. 179.]

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO DANTE

Written 1825-1827

On design no. 7, *a map of the classical conception of the Universe, written in the circles surrounding the central figure of Homer.*

EVERY thing in Dante's Comedia shews That for Tyrannical Purposes he has made This World the Foundation of All, & the Goddess Nature Mistress; [Nature *del.*] is his Inspirer & not . . . the Holy Ghost. As Poor . . . said: "Nature, thou art my Goddess."

Round Purgatory is Paradise, & round Paradise is Vacuum or Limbo, so that Homer is the Center of All—I mean the Poetry of the Heathen, Stolen & Perverted from the Bible, not by Chance but by design, by the Kings of Persia & their Generals, The Greek Heroes & lastly by the Romans.

Swedenborg does the same in saying that in this World is the Ultimate of Heaven. This is the most damnable Falshood of Satan & his Antichrist.

On design no. 16, *The Goddess Fortune.*

The . . . of a Shit-house.

The Goddess Fortune is the devil's servant, ready to Kiss any one's Arse.

On design no. 101, *a diagram of the Circles of Hell.*

It seems as if Dante's supreme Good was something Superior to the Father or Jesus; for if he gives his rain to the Evil & the Good, & his Sun to the Just & the Unjust, He could never have Built Dante's Hell, nor the Hell of the Bible neither, in the way our Parsons explain it—It must have been originally Formed by the devil Himself; & So I understand it to have been.

This [*the diagram*] is Upside Down When view'd from Hell's gate, which ought to be at top, But right When View'd from Purgatory after they have passed the Center.

In Equivocal Worlds Up & Down are Equivocal.

What evil . . . for Vengeance for Sin & What . . . against Forgiveness of Sins is not of the . . . but of Satan the Accuser & Father of Hell.

ANNOTATIONS TO DR. THORNTON'S "NEW TRANSLATION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER" LONDON MDCCCXXVII

Written 1827

I LOOK upon this as a Most Malignant & Artful attack upon the Kingdom of Jesus By the Classical Learned, thro' the Instrumentality of Dr. Thornton. The Greek & Roman Classics is the Antichrist. I say Is & not Are as most expressive & correct too. [*on the title-page*]

[*Those of Blake's subsequent annotations that refer to the text are printed after the relevant passages which are given in smaller type. On page* 3 *is Blake's own version of the Lord's Prayer; on the fly-leaf at the end is his paraphrase of Dr. Thornton's version.*]

Page iii.

Doctor Johnson on the Bible: "The Bible is the most difficult book in the "world to comprehend, nor can it be understood at all by the unlearned, "except through the aid of critical and explanatory notes."

Christ & his Apostles were Illiterate Men; Cai[a]phas, Pilate & Herod were Learned.

Lord Byron on the Ethics of Christ: "What made Socrates the greatest of "men? His moral truths—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ to be the son "of God, hardly less than his miracles did? His moral precepts."

If Morality was Christianity, Socrates was The Savior.

The Beauty of the Bible is that the most Ignorant & Simple Minds Understand it Best—Was Johnson hired to Pretend to Religious Terrors while he was an Infidel, or how was it?

Page iv.

The only thing for Newtonian & Baconian Philosophers to Consider is this: Whether Jesus did not suffer himself to be Mock'd

by Caesar's Soldiers Willingly, & [I hope they will *del.*] to Consider this to all Eternity will be Comment Enough.

Page 1.

[*Following remarks on the necessity for a new translation of the Bible.*]

Such things as these depend on the Fashion of the Age.
In a book where all may Read, &
In a book which all may Read, & } are Equally Right.
In a book that all may Read
That Man who &c is equally so—The Man that & the Man which.

Men from their childhood have been so accustomed to mouth the Lord's Prayer, that they continue this through life, and call it "Saying their Prayers." . . .

It is the learned that Mouth, & not the Vulgar.

THE LORD'S PRAYER
Translated from the Greek, by Dr. Thornton.

Come let us worship, and bow down, and kneel, before the Lord, our Maker. Psalm xcv.

O Father of Mankind, Thou, who dwellest in the highest of the Heavens, Revenc'd be Thy Name.

May Thy Reign be, every where, proclaim'd so that Thy Will may be done upon the Earth, as it is in the Mansions of Heaven:

Grant unto me, and the whole world, day by day, an abundant supply of spiritual and corporeal Food:

Forgive us our transgressions against Thee, as we extend our Kindness, and Forgiveness, to all:

O God! abandon us not, when surrounded, by trials;

But preserve us from the Dominion of Satan: For Thine only, is the Sovereignty, the power, and the glory, throughout Eternity!!!

Amen.

Lawful Bread, Bought with Lawful Money, & a Lawful Heaven, seen thro' a Lawful Telescope, by means of Lawful Window Light! The Holy Ghost, & whatever cannot be Taxed, is Unlawful & Witchcraft.

Spirits are Lawful, but not Ghosts; especially Royal Gin is Lawful Spirit. [real *del.*] No Smuggling real British Spirit & Truth!

Page 2.

Give us the Bread that is our due & Right, by taking away Money, or a Price, or Tax upon what is Common to all in thy Kingdom.

Page 3.

Jesus, our Father, who art in thy heaven call'd by thy Name the Holy Ghost, Thy Kingdom on Earth is Not, nor thy Will done, but [his Will who is the *del.*] Satan's, who is God of this World, the Accuser. Let his Judgment be Forgiveness that he may be cursed on his own throne.

Give us This Eternal Day our [*word illegible*] own right Bread by taking away Money or debtor Tax & Value or Price, as [*words illegible*] have all the Common [*several words illegible*] among us. Every thing has as much right to Eternal Life as God, who is the Servant of Man. His Judgment shall be Forgiveness that he may be consum'd on his own Throne.

Leave us not in Parsimony, Satan's Kingdom [*word del.*]; liberate us from the Natural Man & [*words illegible*] Kingdom.

For thine is the Kingdom & the Power & the Glory & not Ceasar's or Satan's. Amen.

Page 5.

Dim at best are the conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps the human race in suspense, neither discovering, nor hiding Himself; . . .

a Female God!

Page 6.

What is the Will of God we are ordered to obey? . . . Let us consider whose Will it is. . . . It is the Will of our Maker. . . . It is finally the Will of Him, who is uncontrollably powerful. . . .

So you See That God is just such a Tyrant as Augustus Ceasar; & is not this Good & Learned & Wise & Classical?

Fly-leaf.

This is Saying the Lord's Prayer Backwards, which they say Raises the devil.

Doctor Thornton's Tory Translation, Translated out of its disguise in the Classical & Scotch languages into [plain *del.*] the vulgar English.

Our Father Augustus Ceasar, who art in these thy Substantial Astronomical Telescopic Heavens, Holiness to thy Name or Title, & reverence to thy Shadow. Thy Kingship come upon Earth first & then in Heaven. Give us day by day our Real Taxed Substantial Money bought Bread [& take . . . *del.*]; deliver from the Holy Ghost [*words illegible* . . . debt that was owing to him *del.*] whatever cannot be Taxed; for all is debts & Taxes between Caesar & us & one another; lead us not to read the Bible, but let our Bible be Virgil & Shakspeare; & deliver us from Poverty in Jesus, that Evil One. For thine is the Kingship, [or] Allegoric Godship, & the Power, or War, & the Glory, or Law, Ages after Ages in thy descendants; for God is only an Allegory of Kings & nothing Else,

Amen.

I swear that Basileia, βασιλεια, is not Kingdom but Kingship. I, Nature, Hermaphroditic Priest & King, Live in Real Substantial Natural Born Man, & that Spirit is the Ghost of Matter or Nature,

& God is The Ghost of the Priest & King, who Exist, whereas God exists not except from their Effluvia.

Here is Signed Two Names which are too Holy to be Written.

Thus we see that the Real God is the Goddess Nature, & that God Creates nothing but what can be Touch'd & Weighed & Taxed & Measured; all else is Heresy & Rebellion against Ceasar, Virgil's Only God—see Eclogue 1; for all this we thank Dr. Thornton.

[END OF ANNOTATIONS TO THORNTON]

LETTER LXXIX

TO JOHN LINNELL

Saturday Night, Jan^{y}. 27, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

I OUGHT to have acknowledg'd the Receit of Five Pounds from you on 16 Jan^{y}. 1827; that part of your Letter in which you desired I would send an acknowledgement I did not see till the next morning, owing to its being writ on the outside double of your letter; nevertheless I ought to have sent it, but must beg you to Excuse such Follies, which tho' I am enough asham'd of & hope to mend, can only do so at present by owning the Fault.

I am, dear Sir, Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXXX

TO JOHN LINNELL

February, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for the five pounds received to-day. Am getting better every morning, but slowly, as I am still feeble and tottering, though all the symptoms of my complaint seem almost gone. The fine weather is very beneficial and comfortable to me. I go on, as I think, improving my engravings of Dante more and more, and shall soon get proofs of these four which I have, and beg the favour of you to send me the two plates of Dante which you have, that I may finish them sufficiently to make show of colour and strength.

I have thought and thought of the removal. I cannot get my mind out of a state of terrible fear at such a step. The more I think, the more I feel terror at what I wished at first and thought a thing of benefit and good hope. You will attribute it to its right

cause—intellectual peculiarity, that must be myself alone shut up in myself, or reduced to nothing. I could tell you of visions and dreams upon the subject. I have asked and entreated Divine help, but fear continues upon me, and I must relinquish the step that I had wished to take, and still wish, but in vain.

Your success in your profession is, above all things to me, most gratifying. May it go on to the perfection you wish, and more. So wishes also

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXXXI

TO JOHN LINNELL

[? *February*, 1827.]

DEAR SIR,

I CALL'D this Morning for a Walk & brought my Plates with me to prevent the trouble of your Coming thro' Curiosity to see what I was about. I have got on very forward with 4 Plates, & am getting better or I could not have come at all.

Yours,

WILLM. BLAKE.

LETTER LXXXII

TO JOHN LINNELL

15 *March*, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

THIS is to thank you for Two Pounds, now by me reciev'd on account. I have reciev'd a Letter from Mr. Cumberland, in which he says he will take one Copy of Job for himself, but cannot, as yet, find a Customer for one, but hopes to do somewhat by perse-

verance in his Endeavours; he tells me that it is too much Finish'd, or over Labour'd, for his Bristol Friends, as they think. I saw Mr. Tatham,[1] Sen^r., yesterday; he sat with me above an hour, & look'd over the Dante; he express'd himself very much pleas'd with the designs as well as the Engravings. I am getting on with the Engravings & hope soon to get Proofs of what I am doing.

I am, dear Sir, yours Sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXXXIII

TO MISS DENMAN

16 *March* 1827.

[*A note in the third person concerning Blake's engravings after Flaxman's designs for Hesiod. Unpublished.*]

LETTER LXXXIV

TO JOHN LINNELL

[1827]

DEAR SIR,

I AM still far from recovered, & dare not get out in the cold air. Yet I lose nothing by it. Dante goes on the better, which is all I care about.

Mr. Butts is to have a Proof Copy for Three Guineas; this is his own decision, quite in Character. He called on me this Week.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[1] Charles Heathcote Tatham (1772-1842), architect; father of Frederick Tatham, who wrote a *Life of Blake*.

LETTER LXXXV

TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND

N 3, Fountain Court, Strand.
12 *April*, 1827.

I HAVE been very near the gates of death, and have returned very weak and an old man, feeble and tottering, but not in spirit and life, not in the real man, the imagination, which liveth for ever. In that I am stronger and stronger, as this foolish body decays. I thank you for the pains you have taken with poor Job. I know too well that the great majority of Englishmen are fond of the indefinite, which they measure by Newton's doctrine of the fluxions of an atom, a thing which does not exist. These are politicians, and think that Republican art is inimical to their atom, for a line or a lineament is not formed by chance. A line is a line in its minutest subdivisions, straight or crooked. It is itself, not intermeasurable by anything else. Such is Job. But since the French Revolution Englishmen are all intermeasurable by one another: certainly a happy state of agreement, in which I for one do not agree. God keep you and me from the divinity of yes and no too—the yea, nay, creeping Jesus—from supposing up and down to be the same thing, as all experimentalists must suppose.

You are desirous, I know, to dispose of some of my works, but having none remaining of all I have printed, I cannot print more except at a great loss. I am now painting a set of the Songs of Innocence and Experience for a friend at ten guineas. The last work I produced is a poem entitled Jerusalem, the Emanation of the Giant Albion, but find that to print it will cost my time the amount of Twenty Guineas. One I have Finish'd. It contains 100 Plates, but it is not likely I shall get a Customer for it.

As you wish me to send you a list with the Prices of these things, they are as follows:

	£	s.	d.
America	6	6	0
Europe	5	5	0
Visions, &c.	5	5	0
Thel	3	3	0
Songs of Inn. & Exp.	10	10	0
Urizen	6	6	0

The Little Card[1] I will do as soon as Possible, but when you Consider that I have been reduced to a Skeleton, from which I am slowly recovering, you will, I hope, have Patience with me.

Flaxman is Gone,[2] & we must All soon follow, every one to his Own Eternal House, Leaving the delusive Goddess Nature & her Laws, to get into Freedom from all Law of the Members, into The Mind, in which every one is King & Priest in his own House. God send it so on Earth, as it is in Heaven.

I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXXXVI

TO JOHN LINNELL

25 *April*, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

I AM going on better Every day, as I think, both in health & in work. I thank you for The Ten Pounds which I recieved from you this day, which shall be put to the best use; as also for the prospect of Mr. Ottley's[3] advantageous acquaintance. I go on

[1] Cumberland's message card, the last engraving executed by Blake.

[2] Died December 7, 1826.

[3] William Young Ottley (1771-1836), author of a *History of Engraving*, Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, 1833-1836.

without daring to count on Futurity, which I cannot do without doubt & Fear that ruins Activity, & are the greatest hurt to an artist such as I am. As to Ugolino,[1] &c., I never supposed that I should sell them; my Wife alone is answerable for their having Existed in any finish'd State. I am too much attach'd to Dante to think much of anything else. I have Proved the Six Plates, & reduced the Fighting devils ready for the Copper.[2] I count myself sufficiently Paid If I live as I now do, & only fear that I may be Unlucky to my friends, & especially that I may not be so to you.

I am, sincerely yours,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LETTER LXXXVII

TO JOHN LINNELL

3 *July*, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for the Ten Pounds you are so kind as to send me at this time. My journey to Hampstead on Sunday brought on a relapse which is lasted till now. I find I am not so well as I thought. I must not go on in a youthful Style; however, I am upon the mending hand to-day, & hope soon to look as I did; for I have been yellow, accompanied by all the old Symptoms.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE.

[1] A water-colour on a panel of "Ugolino with his Sons and Grandsons in Prison."

[2] "The Devils mauling each other" (*Inferno*, canto xxii, l. 136), one of the seven Dante engravings.

NOTES TO VOLUME III

NOTES TO VOLUME III

DEDICATION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO BLAIR'S GRAVE

THESE lines were first printed on p. iii of Cromek's edition of Blair's *Grave*, 1808, containing a portrait of Blake after Phillips and twelve engravings after Blake's designs, all the plates being executed by Schiavonetti. The original MS. of Blake's lines is not known to have survived. Blake made a water-colour design for the dedication, which is now in the British Museum Print Room, but this was not used in the book. P. 1

LETTER LXII. TO OZIAS HUMPHRY

The original letter was sold at Sotheby's in 1916, and is now in America, but I have been unable to trace the present owner. It was first printed in *Nollekens and his Times*, 1828, by J. T. Smith, who obtained it from William Upcott, Humphry's illegitimate son. The present text is taken from Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. I, p. 260. P. 2

The picture which is the subject of the letter, is still at Petworth House and is the property of Lord Leconfield, by whose permission it is here reproduced. It is a painting in tempera without very much colour, and is a smaller composition than the picture described in *A Vision of the Last Judgment* (see p. 145).

ANNOTATIONS TO REYNOLDS

The three volumes of the second edition of Reynolds's *Discourses* which belonged to Blake are now in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Blake's marginalia are written in the first volume only, the notes on the other volumes being in the *Rossetti MS.* with other epigrams, etc., relating to events which took place about the year 1808. P. 5

Extracts from the annotations were first printed by Gilchrist in the *Life*. They were printed in full by E. J. Ellis in *The Real Blake*, 1906. The verses and epigrams were given by Dr. Sampson in 1905 and 1913. The annotations have been newly transcribed by the present editor.

Line 7. *Moser came to me*] Moser, the first keeper of the Royal Academy, died in 1783, so that this incident must have occurred when Blake was still a young man. P. 11

Line 6 from bottom. *For all are Born Poor, Aged Sixty-three*] this line has been taken to mean that Blake wrote these notes at the age of 63, *i.e.*, in 1820, but it is clear from the context that he is not referring to his own age. P. 15

P. 18 Last line but one. *Strange, Bartolozzi or Woollett*] see notes to the *Public Address*, p. 405 of this volume.

P. 22 Line 10 from bottom. *Milton*] this quotation is taken from the introduction to *The Reason of Church Government*, 1641 (Milton's *Works*, 1851, vol. iii, p. 149).

P. 49 Line 9 from bottom. *I read Burke's Treatise (on the Sublime) when very young; at the same time I read Locke on Human Understanding & Bacon's Advancement of Learning; on every one of these Books I wrote my opinions*] none of these volumes containing Blake's early annotations is now known to exist.

P. 53 Last line. *Falconet*] Peter Falconet (1741—1791), portrait painter.

EPIGRAMS, ETC. FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

P. 54 This group of pieces written on pp. 21—89 of the *Rossetti MS.* probably cover the years 1808—1811. Several of the verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds and art were evidently written at about the same time as the *Annotations to Reynolds*. Many of the epigrams are connected with the quarrel with Stothard and other friends at the period of the painting of "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and of Blake's exhibition of pictures, that is, in 1809—1810. The latest piece with a date is the quotation from Bell's *Weekly Messenger* for Aug. 4, 1811 (no. 73).

P. 55 No. 3, line 5. *Stewhard*] i.e., Stothard.

Line 12. *The Examiner, whose very name is Hunt*] this refers to an attack on Blake's exhibition, which appeared in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* for Sept. 17, 1809.

Line 16. *Yorkshire Jack Hemp*] i.e., John Flaxman.

Ditto. *quibble*] not identified.

Line 17. *Death*] Blake's nickname for himself.

Line 18. *Felpham Billy*] i.e., William Hayley.

Line 22. *Cur, my Lawyer*] not identified.

Ditto. *Dady, Jack Hemp's Parson*] i.e., Dr. Malkin, author of *A Father's Memoirs of his Child*, 1806.

Line 29. *Assassinetti*] i.e., Schiavonetti, engraver of the plates for Blair's *Grave*.

Line 32. *Screwmuch*] i.e., Robert Cromek, publisher of Blair's *Grave*.

P. 56 No. 4, line 6. *Macklin, or Boydel, or Bowyer*] publishers of engravings and illustrated books. Blake had worked for Macklin and Boydell but not, as far as I know, for Bowyer.

P. 57 No. 6, line 3. *H—— the painter*] identified by Dr. Sampson with William Haines (1778—1848), engraver and painter. Blake and Haines both contributed to Hayley's *Life of Romney*, 1809, and to Boydell's *Shakespeare*, 1803.

No. 7] Dr. Sampson suggests that this may have been addressed to Flaxman.

No. 8. *To H.*] i.e., to Robert Hunt, who wrote art criticisms for Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*. His initials appeared at the end of the article attacking Blake's exhibition, and he may have been responsible for an attack on Fuseli which had appeared two years before.

No. 9. *To F——*] i.e., To Flaxman.

No. 11. *S——*] i.e., Stothard. p. 58

No. 12. *To Nancy F——*] i.e., To Mrs. Flaxman.

No. 13. *Of H——'s birth*] i.e., Hayley's birth.

No. 16. *Cr——*] i.e., Cromek. p. 59

No. 17. Also addressed to Cromek.

No. 19. *He is a Cock would . . .*] this couplet is not completed. It may have some reference to Private Cock, who had helped Scholfield in Blake's trial at Chichester in 1804.

No. 21. *To S——d*] i.e., To Stothard. p. 60

No. 26. *Florentine Ingratitude*] Dr. Sampson explains that this refers to p. 61 the election of Sir Joshua Reynolds to the Florentine Academy, and to his sending a self-portrait in accordance with the rules. These lines contain in the MS. many deletions and additions, and are difficult to decipher. This text differs in several particulars from Dr. Sampson's.

No. 28. line 7. *That Sir Joshua never wish'd to speak*] Dr. Sampson reads p. 63 *now* for *never*.

No. 30. *On F—— & S——*] i.e., On Flaxman and Stothard. p. 64

No. 31. *P——*] probably Thomas Phillips, painter of the portrait of Blake which was engraved for Blair's *Grave*.

No. 32. . . . . *H. does pretend*] i.e., Hayley.

No. 33. *To F——*] i.e., To Flaxman. p. 65

No. 34. *On H——y's Friendship*] i.e., On Hayley's Friendship.

Ditto, lines 5, 6. *And when he could not act upon my wife . . .*] these two lines are printed by Dr. Sampson as an additional couplet to No. 32. They are, however, written without a break in the position in which I have given them, and there seems to be no reason why they should be detached. There was room on the page for Blake to have written them with No. 32 had he so wished. The second line of the couplet Blake had used many years before in the *Poetical Sketches* (see vol. 1, p. 7, last line).

No. 36. *On S——*] i.e., On Stothard. The second couplet was used, with p. 66 alterations, in the *Descriptive Catalogue* (see p. 106 of this volume).

No. 38. *To H——*] i.e., To Hayley.

No. 39. *Cosway, Frazer & Baldwin of Egypt's Lake*] Richard Cosway p. 67 (1740—1821), miniaturist, is said to have kept a house for the study and practice of magic (Ellis & Yeats, vol. 1, p. 25). Frazer I have not identified. George Baldwin (d. 1826) was a mystical writer, who had studied magnetic cures in Egypt and believed himself to be possessed of special healing gifts.

p. 68 No. 44, line 4. *Deceptions: And so I'll learn to Paint*] Dr. Sampson states that there is an illegible word between *Deceptions* and the next word; this I cannot find in the MS.

p. 69 No. 48, last line. *But to lose them . . .*] Dr. Sampson reads *loose* for *lose*.

p. 70 No. 49. *Rafael Sublime . . .*] Blake began to write these lines on p. 1 of the *Rossetti MS.*, and these two words appear in the middle of the opening passages of the *Public Address*, with which they have no connexion.

Ditto, lines 5—7. *Learn the Laborious stumble of a Fool . . .Slobbering School*] Dr. Sampson prints the first and third of these lines as a separate couplet and omits the second line altogether. It is clear, however, from the MS. that these three lines continue the other lines as given here.

No. 51, lines 6—9. *Newton & Bacon Cry . . . labour'd is every step*] Dr. Sampson prints the first two lines after the third and fourth. It is clear from the MS. that the order is correct as given here.

p. 71 No. 52, line 5. *Colonel Wardle*] Gwyllym Lloyd Wardle (1762?—1833), soldier and politician, M.P. for Okehampton, 1807—1812. In 1809 he successfully attacked Frederick, Duke of York, on a charge of corrupt practises in the granting of commissions.

p. 72 No. 54, line 3. . . . *in the Pencil more blest*] Dr. Sampson reads *is* for *in*. The latter is quite clear in the MS.

No. 55. *On H—— the Pick thank*] i.e., On Hayley.

p. 73 No. 57. *English Encouragement of Art*] these lines have so many deletions and corrections that I have given separate versions as first written and as amended. One word of French in line 4 of the second version I am unable to decipher.

Ditto, line 10. *Menny wouver*] a grotesque version of *manœuvre*.

No. 58, line 4. *Jenny sink awa'*] interpreted by Dr. Sampson as a grotesque way of writing *Je ne sais quoi*.

p. 74 No. 59, lines 6, 7. *The Errors of a Wise Man . . .*] this couplet in the MS. is separated by a sketch from the other lines, and may have been intended by Blake to be a distinct piece.

p. 75 No. 64, line 2. *as in the Book of Moonlight, p.* 5] no work of this name is known.

No. 65. *I give you the end of a golden string*] these lines were afterwards used in *Jerusalem*, plate 77 (see p. 284 of this volume).

p. 76 No. 69, line 3. *Pliny & Trajan*] these names are not clearly written in the MS. Dr. Sampson reads them as *Priestly & Bacon*.

Ditto, line 4. *Come listen to Joseph*] Dr. Sampson reads this as *Come before Joseph*.

Ditto, line 6. *'Twill make*] Dr. Sampson reads this as *I will make*.

p. 78 No. 72. *From Bell's Weekly Messenger*] Blake engraved two prints entitled "The Industrious Cottager" and "The Idle Laundress," after Morland in 1788. Both were published by J. R. Smith.

No. 73, line 6. *puffing his cheeks he replied*] Dr. Sampson reads this as *puffing his cheeks out, replied.*

Ditto, line 15. *to come in Barry, a Poem*] no work of this name is known. P. 79

No. 74, last 6 lines. *O dear Mother outline of knowledge most sage*] Dr. Sampson prints these six lines as a separate piece before the other lines, noting that they may be a continuation. The deleted line, *Then Reynolds said . . .*, shews that Blake intended the piece to be as given here. Dr. Sampson reads *wisdom* for *knowledge.* P. 80

No. 76, line 7. *as soft as Bartolloze*] i.e., as soft as Bartollozzi's style of engraving.

No. 81. *found the Word Golden*] the MS. gives no clue as to the precise meaning of this sentence. P. 82

No. 83. *Jesus does not bear . . .*] a corner of a leaf has been cut from the MS., carrying with it several words from this sentence. P. 83

No. 88, last line] Blake has left this piece uncompleted. P. 84

No. 90. *The Caverns of the Grave I've seen*] these lines were apparently intended to accompany the picture known as "A Vision of the Last Judgment." The rest of the page on which the poem is written is occupied by portions of the prose description of this picture. P. 85

LETTER LXIII. TO GEORGE CUMBERLAND

This letter is printed from the original in the Department of Manuscripts at the British Museum. P. 87

Line 10. *An account of my various Inventions in Art, for which I have procured a Publisher*] this work was never published as far as is known, and does not exist in any form. It seems improbable that Blake is here referring to *A Descriptive Catalogue*, printed in the next year.

ADVERTISEMENT OF EXHIBITION

This Advertisement consists of a single leaf printed on both sides. Only two copies are known, one in the Bodleian Library, the other in the library of the Royal Academy. The former has served as the source of the present text. Both sides of the leaf were reproduced in facsimile in my *Bibliography*, 1921; the text is here reprinted in full for the first time. P. 88

Line 20. *a Work on Art*] presumably the same project as was referred to in Letter LXIII, p. 87. P. 89

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

Blake's *Descriptive Catalogue* is a thin duodecimo volume of 38 leaves which was *Printed by D. N. Shury for J. Blake*, 1809. It was issued in grey paper wrappers and was given to those who visited Blake's exhibition at P. 91

the house of his brother James, 28 Broad Street, Golden Square, in return for the half-crown paid for admission. The book is now rare, only about ten copies having been recorded. Gilchrist reprinted the *Catalogue* in the *Life*, but without the preface. The whole work was reprinted by E. J. Ellis in *The Real Blake*, 1906, though with his usual inaccuracy. Otherwise the *Catalogue* has not been reprinted except for extracts, so that the present text, taken from a copy in my own possession, is the first adequate reprint that has yet appeared. The book was on the whole carefully printed, and the text needs little emendation. One correction, however, noted below, was usually made by Blake himself on p. 64. The punctuation has needed some revision, but it has been left as far as possible unaltered.

Of the sixteen pictures described in the *Catalogue*, five, including the large composition entitled "The Ancient Britons," have now disappeared. The remaining eleven are all reproduced here, together with a replica of "Satan calling up his Legions."

P. 92 Line 9—10. *all depends on Form or Outline. On where that is put;*] this should probably be altered to read, *all depends on Form or Outline, on where that is put;* this necessary correction escaped me until the sheets had been printed off.

P. 93 *Number I. The Spiritual form of Nelson*] reproduced from the tempera painting in the Tate Gallery.

Number II. The Spiritual form of Pitt] reproduced from the tempera painting in the National Gallery.

P. 95 *Number III. Sir Jeffery Chaucer and the nine and twenty Pilgrims*] reproduced from the tempera painting in the possession of Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart.

P. 104 Line 12. *my rival's prospectus*] i.e., a prospectus of the engraving of Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims.

P. 106 Lines 4 and 3 from bottom. *The fox, the owl, the spider and the mole . . .*] this couplet was first written in a slightly different form as part of an epigram "On S[tothard]" in the *Rossetti MS.* (see p. 66 of this volume).

P. 107 *Number IV. The Bard*] reproduced from the tempera painting in the Tate Gallery. The painting has turned very dark since it was painted, Blake's medium not proving so unchangeable as he predicted.

P. 109 *Number V. The Ancient Britons*] this picture has for many years been entirely lost to sight. Seymour Kirkup, who visited Blake's exhibition and afterwards wrote his memories of it for Swinburne, regarded this painting as Blake's masterpiece. Kirkup made a sketch of it for Swinburne, but this too has been lost.

P. 114 *Numbers VI, VII, & VIII*] these three pictures have now all disappeared, and no record of them, except these paragraphs, remains.

P. 115 *Number IX. Satan calling up his Legions*] Blake's first version of this picture, which he included in the exhibition, is here reproduced from the tempera

in the possession of Mr. W. Graham Robertson. The painting has, however, become very dark, and the *more perfect Picture afterward executed for a Lady of high rank* is, therefore, reproduced in addition. The "Lady of high rank" was the Countess of Egremont. The picture is still at Petworth House and has been reproduced by permission of Lord Leconfield.

Number X. The Bramins] this picture has disappeared. p. 117

Number XI. The Body of Abel found by Adam and Eve] reproduced from the water-colour drawing in the possession of Mr. W. Graham Robertson.

Number XII. The Soldiers casting lots] reproduced from the water-colour drawing in the possession of Mr. W. Graham Robertson.

Number XIII. Jacob's Ladder] reproduced from the water-colour drawing in the possession of Mr. W. Graham Robertson.

Number XIV. The Angels hovering over the Body of Jesus] reproduced from p. 118
the water-colour drawing in the possession of Mr. Sydney Morse.

Number XV. Ruth] reproduced from the water-colour drawing in the Tate Gallery.

Line 18. *the want of idea in the artist's mind*] misprinted in the original as p. 119
the idea of want in the artist's mind. Blake has himself made the necessary correction in most copies of the book.

Number XVI. The Penance of Jane Shore] reproduced from the varnished p. 120
water-colour drawing in the possession of Mr. W. Graham Robertson.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ENGRAVING OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

This prospectus is reprinted from an example of the original leaflet in p. 121
the British Museum Print Room. It was first reprinted by Gilchrist in the *Life* and more recently by Mr. A. G. B. Russell in his *Engravings of Blake*, 1912, p. 212.

LETTER LXIV. TO OZIAS HUMPHRY

This letter was sold at Sotheby's in 1912, and is now in America. It was p. 123
printed in my *Bibliography*, 1921, but has not been published before. The text is taken from a facsimile of the original letter included by Messrs. Maggs Bros. in one of their catalogues in 1912.

PUBLIC ADDRESS

This essay is written in scattered fragments on the pages of the *Rossetti* p. 124
MS. The title, *Public Address*, was first applied to it by Gilchrist in 1863. Blake did not himself use the title in the form of a heading, but he refers to

"this Public Address" in the course of the essay (see p. 129). The second title, *Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims*, etc., is written on p. 65 of the *Rossetti MS.*; its connexion with the *Public Address* is conjectural, but it may well belong to this essay, of which the engraving of *The Canterbury Pilgrims* is the ostensible subject. The note beginning, *This day is Publish'd*, has also been given a conjectural position in relation to the *Public Address*; it is written in a corner of p. 56 of the MS., close to part of the essay. Two other prospectuses of the engraving of *The Canterbury Pilgrims* were printed (see pp. 121 and 143 of the present volume), but neither could be described as "containing Anecdotes of Artists," and neither could have been sold for as much as 6*d*. It seems probable, therefore, that Blake was anticipating an announcement of the publication which he intended to work up from the raw materials of the *Public Address*.

The fragments of the essay itself are written on pp. 1, 18—25, 38, 39, 46—7, 51—66, and 71 of the MS., wherever sketches and the poems already recorded had left room. Although Blake seems to have written consecutively a few passages of some length, as on pp. 51—7, much of the essay consists of disconnected fragments; these may shew some connexion of thought, but they cannot be forced into any strict sequence to form a satisfactory whole. The essay has only once before been edited, when it was transcribed by D. G. Rossetti for Gilchrist's *Life* in 1863. Rossetti made the attempt to weld the pieces together as an essay, but the result is not entirely satisfactory, and no indication is given of the violent rearrangements that have been found necessary in the process. A different plan has been adopted in the present edition, the pieces being given more nearly in the order in which they occur in the MS. References to the pages of the MS. have been given throughout so that the approximate relation of the pieces to one another may be evident to the reader; wherever any rearrangement has been made, the original position of the displaced fragment will also be clear.

The passage written by Blake on p. 1 of the MS. has been placed first both because of its position in the MS. and because its tone shews a certain formality, indicating the beginning rather than the later parts of an address. The greater part of the rest is written on the two series of pages 51—66 and 18—25. The fragments on these pages have been printed as far as possible without disturbing the sequence in which they occur in the MS. Two short passages written on p. 71 have been placed after those on p. 66. Finally, three fragments on pp. 38, 39, and 46—7 have been placed at the end, as no indication of their intended position is given either by their sense or by their position in the MS.

P. 126 Lines 3—4. *a Poem concerning my Three years' Herculean labours at Felpham*] it is uncertain to what poem Blake here refers. The description does not agree with any of his known works.

Line 11. *Macklin, my Employer*] i.e., Thomas Macklin, publisher, for whom Blake stippled a pair of prints in colour after Stothard and Meheux in 1783.

Line 12. *his Homer & Dante*] Flaxman's *Outlines* in illustration of Homer and Dante were engraved by Piroli and published in Italy in 1793. Blake himself engraved some of them for a new edition of the Odyssey series in 1805.

Line 13 from bottom. *Woolett*] i.e., William Woollett, 1735—1785, draughtsman and line-engraver.

Ditto. *Basire*] i.e., James Basire (1730—1802), engraver, to whom Blake was apprentice, 1771—1778.

Line 4. *Strange*] i.e., Sir Robert Strange (1721-1792), engraver. p. 127

Ditto. *Fribble*] this is not the name of an engraver; cf. *Annotations to Reynolds*, p. 38 of this volume, "Savages are Fops and Fribbles more than "any other Men."

Line 2 from bottom. *Jack Brown*] i.e., John Browne (1741—1801), engraver, pupil of Woollett.

Line 1. *Aliamet*] i.e., Jacques Aliamet (b. 1728), engraver. p. 128

Line 12. *I also knew something . . .*] this paragraph is written at the top of p. 60 of the *Rossetti MS.*, but seems to be related to the remarks on p. 57 rather than to what follows in the MS.

Ditto. *Tom Cooke*] i.e., Thomas Cook (1744—1818), engraver.

Line 19. *Goltzius*] this probably refers to Henry Goltz, a distinguished Dutch engraver born in 1558.

Ditto. *Sadeler*] there were two brothers of this name, John and Raphael Sadeler, born at Brussels in 1550 and 1555. Both were distinguished engravers. Giles Sadeler, their nephew, born 1570, was equally eminent. Blake may be referring to any of these three.

Ditto. *Edelinck*] i.e., Gerard Edelinck, born at Antwerp in 1627.

Line 20. *Hall*] probably John Hall (b. 1740), engraver.

Line 11 from bottom. *Whoever looks . . .*] this paragraph and the next are p. 130
written at the top and bottom respectively of p. 63 of the MS. The two succeeding paragraphs are written between the first two at the sides. The four paragraphs were probably written in the order here printed.

Line 6. *He who could represent Christ uniformly like a Drayman*] perhaps refers to the works of Rubens.

Line 7. *The English Artist . . .*] Blake has indicated by a line in the MS. p. 132
that this passage should be placed as given here.

Line 12 from bottom. *A Jockey that is anything of a Jockey*] this passage is written sideways on p. 71 of the MS. among passages of *A Vision of the Last Judgment*, but it is not continuous with any of these, and seems to come more appropriately in its present position.

Line 6 from bottom. *What man of Sense . . .*] these passages, written on

pp. 18—19 of the MS., are crowded into every available corner, and the order of the paragraphs is necessarily somewhat conjectural.

p. 133 Line 12 from bottom. *Dryness?*] this word is written in the hinge of the leaf and is only partly visible.

p. 134 Line 8. *Romano's Palace of T at Mantua*] Romano rebuilt the Palazzo del T for Federigo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua.

p. 136 Line 12. *Barry*] i.e., James Barry, R.A. (1741—1806), who decorated the walls of the Society of Arts.

Line 13. *Mortimer*] i.e., John Hamilton Mortimer, R.A. (1741—1779).

Line 16. *It has been said*] above the paragraph beginning with these words, Blake has written:

Old acquaintance well renew.
Prospero had One Caliban & I have two.

These lines do not seem to have any relation to anything else in the MS.

p. 138 Line 2. *Vanloo*] probably either John Baptist Vanloo (1684—1742) of Aix-en-Provence, or his brother, Charles Andrew (1705—1765).

DRAFT FOR PROSPECTUS. FROM THE ROSSETTI MS.

p. 140 This draft prospectus is written on three sides of a small folded leaf which is bound in at the end of the *Rossetti MS.* The leaf appears not to have been part of this MS. as originally constituted, but to have been inserted later. On the fourth side of the leaf is written part of *The Everlasting Gospel.* The draft has not been printed in full before.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ENGRAVING OF CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

p. 143 This prospectus was evidently printed from a revised copy of the draft given on the preceding pages. It is distinct from the earlier *Prospectus* given on pp. 121—2 of this volume. The text is here taken from an example of the original leaflet in the British Museum Print Room. It has previously been printed only by Mr. A. G. B. Russell, *Engravings of Blake*, 1912, p. 213.

Line 9. *and Squire with the Squires and Yeoman*] this is probably a misprint for *and Squire with the Squire's Yeoman*, as in the draft on p.141.

A VISION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT

p. 145 The prose essay to which this title was applied by D. G. Rossetti, is written on pp. 68—95 of the *Rossetti MS.* As in the case of the *Public Address* it is exceedingly difficult or impossible to arrive at Blake's final

intentions, the text being written in scattered fragments on these pages of the MS. wherever room could be found. In preparing the present text, I have tried to keep as far as possible to the order of the pieces as they come in the MS., and the page references have been inserted so that the reader may see what rearrangements have actually been made. Some passages of *A Vision of the Last Judgment* sound as if they should come rather in the *Public Address*; it is clear, however, from the MS. that Blake intended them to be as they are given here. Probably the two essays were composed about the same time, and the ideas then in Blake's mind have come to the surface in both.

The sub-title, *For the Year 1810*, etc., is written on p. 70 of the MS. in close proximity to the opening paragraph of the present text. The sub-title was evidently written first.

A Vision of the Last Judgment was transcribed for Gilchrist's *Life* by D. G. Rossetti, who introduced a considerable amount of rearrangement without giving any idea of how the pieces were ordered in the MS. The essay has not been re-edited from the MS. since that time.

The picture described is stated by W. M. Rossetti in Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. ii, p. 223, to be a tempera painting measuring seven feet by five and estimated to contain a thousand figures. It is distinct from the smaller work already described in the Letter to Ozias Humphry (p. 2 of the present volume), but it cannot be reproduced as it has disappeared and has probably been destroyed. Several sketches, however, probably used in its composition, are in existence, and one of these, now in the possession of Mr. William Bateson, F.R.S., is reproduced; this will be found to correspond very closely with Blake's description, and it may be used as a map which will give some indication of the probable grandeur of the finished painting.

Line 1. *The Last Judgment (will be) . . .*] this paragraph was placed by Rossetti at the end of the essay. Its position in the MS. already referred to suggests that it was intended by Blake to be placed more nearly as it is given here. P. 145

Lines 14—12 from bottom. *The Learned m . . .*] a corner has been cut out from a leaf of the MS., removing most of the words of this sentence. P. 146

Line 10 from bottom. *The Great Muses*] I first transcribed the MS. thus, but a final examination shewed that *Great* should be read as *Greek*. This mistake was discovered too late for correction in the text.

Line 16. *their Aggregate . . .*] one word is here illegible. P. 147

Line 10 from bottom. *Jachin*] Blake no doubt intended to write *Joachin*, and this correction should have been made in the text.

Line 4 from bottom. *a Permanent Statue*] *State* would be preferable to *Statue*, but the word is clearly written in the MS. P. 148

Line 9. *descending from the sea of fire. Before the throne in this Cataract*] the P. 151

punctuation should perhaps be amended to read, *descending from the sea of fire Before the throne; in this Cataract.*

P. 152 Line 6. *& is the Bride of the . . .*] Blake did not finish this sentence before deleting it.

P. 155 Lines 18, 19. *where . . . Apollyon*] one word is here illegible, or possibly two.

P. 159 Line 12. *The Combats of Good & Evil . . .*] this paragraph is written on two leaves with three pages intervening. The division comes in the middle of a sentence (line 7 from bottom, *by their Works ye / shall know them*), so that there can be no doubt of Blake's intention. He has marked the passage off from what comes before, and has drawn a vertical line through it as if he had copied it elsewhere. The whole passage is omitted by Rossetti.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENSEROSO"

P. 163 This series of illustrations has never been reproduced and is very little known at the present time. Each design is accompanied by Blake's transcript of the lines illustrated, together with his own brief description of the picture. The series is in the possession of Mr. Adrian van Sinderen, who has supplied me with transcripts of the ten descriptions printed here. According to W. M. Rossetti (Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. II, p. 248) there are two additional designs, also with descriptions. These are as follows:

11. "Milton sleeping on a bank; Sleep descending, with a 'strange, mysteri-
"ous dream,' upon his wings, of scrolls, and nets, and webs, unfolded by
"spirits in the air and in the brook. Around Milton are six spirits or
"fairies, hovering on the air, with instruments of music."

12. "Milton, in his old age, sitting in his 'mossy cell,' contemplating the
"constellations, surrounded by the spirits of the herbs and flowers,
"bursts forth into a rapturous prophetic strain."

JERUSALEM

P. 166 *Jerusalem* was the last considerable work which Blake executed by his method of relief etching. It consists of 100 plates, and of the six copies that are known, five are printed in black and are uncoloured. The sixth copy, referred to by Blake in his last letter to George Cumberland (p. 392 of the present volume), is printed in orange and is elaborately finished with water-colours. The date on the title-page is 1804, but this may have been when the conception of the poem was first formed in Blake's mind. Most of the work was probably executed after the completion of *Milton* in 1808. Evidence derived from the watermarks of the existing copies shew that the

printing of none of them can have been begun before 1818, or have been finished until 1820. The constitution of the plates does not vary, and the arrangement is constant except in one copy in which the order of the plates of Chapter 2 has been changed. I have here followed the arrangement of the majority of the copies. Blake has made a number of erasures from the copper-plates, all of which are duly noted in the present text. Usually these erasures are of whole lines, one or occasionally more, and do not affect the continuity of the passages where they occur. On plate 3, however, there are a number of unexplained erasures which leaves a series of gaps in the text; many of these have been filled in the present edition. The text has been derived from the copy formerly the property of John Linnell and now in the possession of Mr. Frank Rinder, who has allowed me to keep the volume for several months. Three of the full-page illustrations and all the reproductions in the text have also been made from this copy. The fourth full-page illustration entitled "Vala, Hyle and Scofield" has been reproduced from a coloured example in the possession of Mr. W. Graham Robertson.

An accurate text of *Jerusalem* was edited by Messrs. A. G. B. Russell and E. R. D. Maclagan in 1904, but these editors have reproduced the perfunctory punctuation of the original, with the result that many passages are unintelligible. With the help of Mr. Max Plowman I have undertaken a complete revision of the punctuation. The task was an extremely difficult one and may have been imperfectly carried out.

The first full-page illustration of "Los entering Albion's bosom" has vestiges of lettering, as can be seen in the reproduction, above, and at the sides of, the doorway through which Los is about to step. Most of this has been obliterated by Blake in the copies which he himself printed; I have been able to read part of it, however, in a copy now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, printed from the original plates in 1832.

The words above the doorway are as follows:

There is a void outside of Existence which is enter'd into . . .
Englobes itself & becomes a Womb: such was Albion's Coast . . .
A pleasant Shadow of Repose call'd Albion's lovely land . . .
His Sublime & Pathos become Two Rocks fix'd in the . . .
His Reason, his Spectrous Power covers here a . . .
Jerusalem his Emanation is a . . . beneath
O . . . . . Albion.

On the right-hand of the doorway the ends of three lines can be read:

. . . b . . . rest . . . ily, said Los.
. . . door of Death for Albion's sake Inspired.
The . . . are not for ever: there is a Judgment.

On the left-hand side of the doorway are some words in reversed writing which I have been unable to decipher.

pp. 166-167 *Plate 3*] reference has already been made to the erasures on this plate. The missing words in the lines at the bottom of p. 166 were first supplied by Swinburne (*Critical Essay*, 1868, p. 284). Most of the others were first deciphered by Mr. S. Foster Damon, whose readings I have not, however, followed in every instance.

p. 170 Line 6. *Kwantok, Peachey, Brereton*] names derived from those of John Quantock, J.P., John Peachey, J.P., and William Brereton, J.P., magistrates concerned in Blake's trial at Chichester (see S. Foster Damon's *William Blake*, p. 436).

Ditto. *Slayd & Hutton*] perhaps also members of the Sussex judicial bench, but not identified.

Line 8. *Scofield, Kox*] i.e., Privates Scofield, or Scholfield, and Cock.

Ditto. *Kotope*] not identified.

Ditto. *Bowen*] perhaps Thomas Barton Bowen, who practised on the Home Circuit and Sussex Sessions (see S. Foster Damon's *William Blake*, p. 436).

p. 206 *Chapter 2*] in the single copy of the book in which Blake altered the order of the plates, those of Chapter 2 are arranged as follows: 28, 29, 33—41, 43—6, 42, 29—32, 47—50.

p. 226 Reproduction of design below text] the lines etched in reversed writing on the scroll at Albion's side are as follows:

Each Man is in his Spectre's power
Until the arrival of that hour
When his Humanity awake
And cast his Spectre into the Lake.

The first draft of this stanza is found in the *Rossetti MS.*, together with a second stanza uncompleted (see vol. II, p. 218).

p. 239 Lines 20—29. *Ah! weak & wide astray . . . are faintly heard*] these lines are repeated from the newly discovered plate 5 of *Milton* (see vol. II, p. 311, lines 5—12).

p. 243 Line 8 from bottom. *I saw a Monk of Charlemaine*] the first draft of these stanzas, together with others not used, is found in the *Rossetti MS.* (see vol. II, p. 214). A fair copy of some of them with title "The Grey Monk" is in the *Pickering MS.* (see vol. II, p. 230).

p. 278 Reproduction of design below line 2] the sentence etched in the central globe is as follows:

Continually Building, Continually Decaying because of Love & Jealousy.

p. 279 Reproduction of design below line 2] the sentence etched in reversed writing beneath the serpent is as follows:

Women, the comforters of Men, become the Tormenters & Punishers,

Line 1. *I give you the end of a golden string*] the first draft of this stanza is found in the *Rossetti MS.* (see p. 75 of this volume). p. 284

Plate 77] at the lower corners of this plate some words have been partially erased, and their remains are obliterated in the copies printed by Blake himself. In the copy in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, printed in 1832, some of the words can be deciphered: p. 286

The Real Selfhood . . .(left hand). *in the . . .* (right hand).

Reproduction of design below the text] the sentences etched in reversed writing to the left of the design are as follows: p. 293

In Heaven the only Art of Living
Is Forgetting & Forgiving
Especially to the Female.

But if you on Earth Forgive
You shall not find where to Live.

Reproduction of design at the top of pl. 93] the sentence etched on the bodies of the three men is as follows: p. 313

Anytus, Melitus & Lycon thought Socrates a very Pernicious Man: so Caiphas thought Jesus.

LETTER LXV. TO DAWSON TURNER

This letter is printed from a photograph of the original, supplied by Mr. W. A. White. p. 321

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

The greater part of this poem is written in several widely separated sections of the *Rossetti MS.* as noted below. An additional passage is written on a small leaf bound in at the end of the *Rossetti MS.*, and supplementary lines are found in a small separate MS., the text of which is printed here for the first time. I have followed Dr. Sampson in retaining the division of the poem into fragments determined by their positions in the MS. These fragments I have lettered *a* to *i*. No attempt to weld them into a consecutive poem could be successful. The title used here and by previous editors for the whole poem was written by Blake above the piece lettered *d*. The date assigned to the poem by Dr. Sampson is "not earlier than 1810." I have tentatively dated it about the year 1818 for several reasons. The wide scattering of its component parts through the *Rossetti MS.*, and on separate leaves suggests that it was written after the commonplace book, known as the *Rossetti MS.*, had been filled from end to end. This fact would merely p. 323

serve to date the poem as probably after 1810, but the affinities between *The Everlasting Gospel* and the later pages of *Jerusalem* suggest that the former was written some years later than 1810. Further than this, the date in the watermark of the paper upon which the supplementary passages are written shew that these lines at any rate cannot possibly have been written before 1818. There does not seem to be any reason for supposing that this portion was written at a much later date than the rest of the poem, which may, therefore, be assigned to *about* the same year, 1818. It is possible that the poem was written in 1820 or even later.

P. 323 Fragment *a*] written sideways on p. 33 of the *Rossetti MS.*

Fragment *b*] written on pp. 100, 101 of the *Rossetti MS.*

P. 325 Fragment *c*] written on p. 98 of the *Rossetti MS.*

Line 3 from bottom. *He who loves his Enemies . . .*] this line and the three succeeding lines are a marginal insertion.

P. 326 Line 8. *But humble as a Lamb or an Ass*] this line and the three succeeding lines are a marginal insertion. Dr. Sampson for *But* reads *Not.*

Line 14. *And when he humbled himself to God*] Dr. Sampson for *And* reads *But.*

Last 2 lines. *Do what you will . . . Contradiction*] this couplet is written in between two other poems on the opposite half of the page to the rest of this fragment, and was printed by Dr. Sampson as a separate piece. There is, however, nothing in the position of the lines to prove that they do not belong to *The Everlasting Gospel*, and the fact that they are repeated in a slightly different form and in the same context in fragment *d* (see p. 329, lines 18, 19) seems to prove that they should be placed as given here.

P. 327 Fragment *d*] written on pp. 52—4 of the *Rossetti MS.* and headed by Blake with the title as given here. It is in part a revised copy of the preceding fragment.

P. 328 Line 10 from bottom. *That quite unnerv'd Caiaphas' hand*] the last two words are indistinctly written over an erasure, and Dr. Sampson has read them as *the seraph band.* I have little doubt that they are correct as given here.

P. 329 Lines 6, 5 from bottom. *Reasoning . . . Contradiction*] these two lines occur in a somewhat different form in *The Gates of Paradise* (see p. 348, lines 1, 2). This tends to confirm the late date of *The Everlasting Gospel*, as the lines in *The Gates of Paradise* were almost certainly not engraved until 1818 or 1820.

P. 330 Line 1. *This Life's dim Windows of the Soul*] Dr. Sampson for *dim* reads *Five.* The word is indistinctly written in the MS., but the first letter seems to be a *d*, and I believe *dim* to be correct.

Fragment *e*] written on pp. 48—51 of the *Rossetti MS.* Dr. Sampson has adopted a different order for the pieces from this point onwards.

Line 10. *The morning blush'd fiery red*] Dr. Sampson reads *blushèd* for *blush'd.*

P. 331 Lines 1, 2. *To be Good only . . . Pharisee*] these two lines are written in the margin and marked for insertion.

Line 11. *Blaspheming Love, blaspheming thee.*] Dr. Sampson has a comma at the end of this line, but the sense appears to me to require a full-stop, this line specifying the *Sin* of three lines before. P. 332

Fragment *f*] written on p. 54 of the *Rossetti MS.*; it was originally intended by Blake to come at the end of fragment *d*, and he afterwards inserted the catchword shewing that fragment *e* should come between. Fragment *f* is printed by Dr. Sampson at the end of the poem with heading [*Epilogue*]. P. 333

Fragment *g*] written on p. 52 of the *Rossetti MS.* after fragment *e*. The catchword with which it ends may refer to the supplementary passage printed on p. 335 containing the line, *For what is Antichrist but those*; or it may indicate another piece which has been lost.

Fragment *h*] the heading is written in pencil at the top of p. 48 of the *Rossetti MS.*, and the four lines in pencil at the side.

Fragment *i*] written on the fourth page of a small folded leaf bound in at the end of the *Rossetti MS.*; on the first three pages of this leaf is the draft for a Prospectus of the engraving of "The Canterbury Pilgrims" (see p. 140 of this volume).

Lines 17, 18. *Or were Jew Virgins . . . nurst*] these two lines were written in as an afterthought.

Lines 5, 6. *'Tis the Bloody Shrine of War | Pinn'd around from Star to Star*] these two lines, with the two preceding and the two following, are added at the end and marked for insertion. Dr. Sampson reads *In* for *'Tis* and *Pour'd* for *Pinn'd*. P. 334

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL. SUPPLEMENTARY PASSAGES

These passages are written on a small folded leaf which may have been at one time inserted with the other small leaf at the end of the *Rossetti MS.*; if so, it has been separated from it for many years, and it was probably not known to Rossetti who would otherwise have included it in the transcript of *The Everlasting Gospel* which he made while the volume was in his possession. The MS. was, however, known to Swinburne who gives a summary of its meaning in his *Critical Essay*, 1868, pp. 175—6, and quotes a few lines. The MS. has not been seen by any of Blake's editors, and it has not been printed before. It has been for many years in the possession of Mr. E. J. Shaw, of Walsall, and he supplied me with a description for my *Bibliography*, 1921. By his permission and by the courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby I have been able to transcribe the MS. for this edition. P. 335

The prose piece is written in pencil on the first page of the MS. The piece numbered 2 follows in ink on pp. 2 and 3; the piece numbered 1 and marked *This to come first*, is written on p. 4. The MS. is almost entirely without punctuation which has been supplied.

P. 335 Lines 8, 9. *& he cannot dwell among you;* (word del.) *because you Murder him he arises again*] this passage should perhaps be punctuated, *& he cannot dwell among you because you Murder him; he arises again* . . . The deletion, however, before *because* is a short word, possibly *but*, and this suggests that the punctuation should be as I have given it.

Lines 19, 20. *The Roman Virtues . . . Name*] these two lines are written at the bottom of the page and marked for insertion.

P. 336 Lines 5—8. *The Heathen Deities . . . Gin*] these four lines are written sideways in the margin and marked for insertion.

Line 22. *It was when Jesus . . .*] this line begins the third page of the MS.

P. 337 Lines 3, 4. *And all the Heroic Virtues . . . Friend*] these two lines are written sideways in the margin and marked for insertion.

FOR THE SEXES: THE GATES OF PARADISE

P. 338 The designs illustrating this work were engraved in 1793 and issued with a different title-page; the work was then called *For Children: The Gates of Paradise*, and consisted only of the title-page and the seventeen emblems. The legends as they appeared in 1793 have already been printed under that date (see vol. I, p. 277). Many years afterwards Blake again used the plates, engraving a new title-page, adding sentences to the legends on several of the plates, and engraving three new plates with text to come at the end. In this form the work consists, therefore, of 21 plates. The lines of the *Prologue* engraved on the title-page were subjected to several successive alterations before they reached their final form. Only five complete copies of this work have been recorded. A sixth lacks two plates of "The Keys of the Gates." The text given here is taken from a copy in the possession of Miss A. G. E. Carthew, and the reproductions of the emblems on copper have been made from the same source.

This reissue of *The Gates of Paradise* has hitherto been dated about 1805—1810, but there are reasons for thinking it was done several years later than this. In the first place, the text has a close relation to *The Everlasting Gospel*, and particularly to the supplementary passages which have been shewn to have been written not earlier than 1818. Secondly, none of the six copies known is printed on paper with a watermark dated before 1818; four of them are dated 1820 or later. I have, therefore, assigned *The Gates of Paradise* to about the year 1818.

PP. 340-341 Legends to the plates] it will be noticed that these legends may be read as a quatrain.

PP. 347-349 *The Keys of the Gates*] the numbers on the left-hand side indicate the emblems which illustrate the lines.

INDEX TO THE SONGS OF INNOCENCE & OF EXPERIENCE

P. 350

This index is written on two quarto leaves, which are bound in with a volume of miscellaneous prints, etc., by Blake, formerly in the Macgeorge collection. Blake followed this index in only one copy of the *Songs of Innocence & of Experience*; this copy, formerly in the Crewe collection (copy U in my *Bibliography*, 1921), has a watermark dated 1818, and this is presumably the approximate date at which the index was written. The index is here printed from the lithographic facsimile made by Mr. William Muir in 1885 and appended to his edition of the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. The original MS. has also recently been seen by the present editor.

NOTES ON SPURZHEIM

P. 352

These notes were written on a torn piece of paper, which was formerly inserted in the manuscript of *The Four Zoas*. The paper is no longer to be found, but the notes were recorded by Messrs. Ellis and Yeats in their *Works of William Blake*, vol. I, p. 155, and the present text is taken from this source.

LETTER LXVI. ? TO JOHN LINNELL

P. 353

This letter is printed from the original MS. recently lent to me for the purpose by Mr. Godspeed, bookseller, of New York. It has previously been printed only by Mr. A. G. B. Russell. John Linnell, who had made Blake's acquaintance in 1818, seems to be the most probable recipient.

ANNOTATIONS TO "SIRIS"

P. 354

The volume containing these annotations is now in the collection of Mr. W. E. Moss, by whom it was acquired about 1909. It was in the possession of Blake's friend, Samuel Palmer, in 1833, but its intervening history is unknown. Blake's notes are written in pencil in the margins. It is evident from the opinions expressed that the notes were made at about the same time that Blake engraved the print known as *The Laocoon*. Both belong to the period 1818 to 1820 which saw the later stages of the composition of *Jerusalem*.

The annotations were printed in an appendix to my *Bibliography of Blake*, 1921, and by permission of Mr. W. E. Moss are here published for the first time.

THE LAOCOON

P. 357 The print containing the Laocoon as a central group, is a line engraving measuring 27.5 × 23 cm. Blake had made a drawing of this subject in 1815 from a cast in the antique school at the Royal Academy (Gilchrist's *Life*, 1880, vol. I, p. 297), and in the same year had engraved it on a smaller scale for an article in Ree's *Cyclopædia*. In the present engraving the group is invested by Blake with symbolical meaning and the sentences around it, epitomizing much of his philosophy, express the same ideas as are found in the Annotations to Berkeley's *Siris*, in the etched plate *On Homer &c.*, and in other productions of his later years. The engraving may, therefore, be assigned to the period 1818 to 1820.

Only a single impression of the print is at present known to exist. This was formerly in the collection of John Linnell and is now in my own possession. The engraving was not known to Gilchrist or Rossetti. It was first reproduced by Messrs. Ellis and Yeats in 1893, and the sentences have been reprinted several times since that date. The engraving is again reproduced here as it is impossible to convey in any other way the relation of the sentences to one another.

Line 2. סלאר יתרה] i.e., King Jehovah.

Line 3. οφιουχος] i.e., the Serpent-holder, a constellation mentioned by Blake in *Milton*, pl. 42 (vol. II, p. 364, line 6 from bottom). The two serpents are labelled *Good* and *Evil*.

Line 5. רריה] i.e., Lilith, Adam's first wife according to Rabbinical theology.

Line 6. יה] i.e., Jehovah.

Line 9. *If Morality was Christianity . . .*] this sentence was repeated by Blake in the Annotations to Dr. Thornton's pamphlet on the Lord's Prayer, 1827; see p. 384 of present volume.

P. 358 Line 12. *Matthew, c. x, 9 & 10 v.*] "9. Provide neither gold, nor silver, "nor brass in your purses, 10. Nor scrip for your journey, neither two "coats neither two shoes, nor yet staves: for the workman is worthy of his "meat."

Line 15. *the Adamah*] i.e., the ground.

P. 359 Line 4. *Virgil's Eneid, Lib. VI, v. 848*] "Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra." This line is again referred to in the etched plate *On Homer &c.*; see p. 362.

Line 10. *Luke, Ch. 2, v. 1*] "And it came to pass in those days, that there "went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be "taxed."

ON HOMER'S POETRY & ON VIRGIL

These two fragments of prose are etched on a single plate, measuring 11.5×10 cm. Six impressions of the plate are known; they are all printed in black on paper which has no watermark, and all are uncoloured. The present text is taken from an example of the print in my own possession. P. 361

The opinions expressed are closely related to the Annotations to Berkeley's *Siris* and *The Laocoon*, and clearly belong to Blake's later years, probably to the period 1818—1820.

Line 2. *Virgil's Eneid, Bk. vi, line 848*] see note on p. 359, line 4. P. 362

MIRTH AND HER COMPANIONS

An engraving of this subject is in existence, and beneath it is inscribed the sentence given here. The print is only recorded by Mr. A. G. B. Russell (*Engravings*, 1912, p. 94) who states that the last three words of the inscription are doubtful, being very faintly engraved. A stippled copy of the print is in the British Museum Print Room, but the inscription has there been omitted. The style of execution of the line engraving resembles that of *Job*, and evidently was done in Blake's later years. P. 363

NOTE IN CENNINI'S "TRATTATO DELLA PITTURA"

This sentence has been recorded by E. J. Ellis (*The Real Blake*, 1907, p. 420) as having been written in a copy of the book lent to Blake by John Linnell, who stated that he did this soon after its publication in 1821 (Gilchrist's *Life*, 1880, vol. I, p. 414). In 1912 the volume could not be found so that I have printed the sentence as given by Ellis. Blake transcribed a sentence from Cennini in a sketch book used by George Richmond after 1824. P. 363

THE GHOST OF ABEL

This dramatic piece is executed in relief etching on two plates. Only four copies are known, all of which are printed in black and are uncoloured. Two copies have watermarks dated 1820 and 1821, though according to Blake's colophon the plates were not etched until 1822. The additional date, 1788, in the colophon has been supposed to indicate that *The Ghost of Abel* was first executed in that year. Dr. Sampson pointed out, however, in 1905 that this date evidently referred to Blake's earliest use of the "stereotype," or relief-etching process, and not to an earlier issue of *The Ghost of Abel*. These two plates represent Blake's final use of the process. The present text is printed from examples of the original prints in my own possession. P. 364

LETTERS LXVII—LXXVIII

pp. 367-375 All these letters to John Linnell were preserved in the Linnell collection until they were sold at Christie's in 1918, when all except one were acquired for the H. E. Huntington Library. They have been printed here from photographs of the originals. The exception, Letter LXXIV, was bought by Mr. P. J. Dobell, who has allowed me to transcribe my text from the original. Nos. LXVIII, LXX, and LXXVII are published for the first time.

p. 367 Line 1. *A return of the old shivering fit*] this is Blake's first reference to the gall-stone colic which troubled him so greatly for the remainder of his life. He eventually died of biliary obstruction.

Line 3. *Mr. Laker's*] this name is not clearly written; it might be *Lahee's*. Neither name is mentioned elsewhere and I cannot identify the person indicated.

Line 6. *the Pilgrims*] probably a print of "The Canterbury Pilgrims."

ANNOTATIONS TO WORDSWORTH'S POEMS

p. 376 Crabb Robinson recorded in his Reminiscences under the date 1826 that he had lent Blake the two volumes of Wordsworth's *Poems*, published in 1815. After Blake's death these were returned to their owner, who then discovered the pencil annotations. Some of them he transcribed and these were printed by Gilchrist with the Reminiscences (*Life*, 1880, vol I, pp. 387—90). The original volumes are not now known, so that Crabb Robinson's transcripts remain the only authority. I have here added all the passages from Wordsworth's *Poems*, 1815, to which the annotations refer.

ANNOTATIONS TO WORDSWORTH'S "EXCURSION"

p. 379 At about the same time that Blake was reading the *Poems* he was also reading *The Excursion*. He copied out part of Wordsworth's Preface and after adding some notes of his own gave the MS. to Crabb Robinson. The notes have been printed here from the original MS. which is still among Crabb Robinson's papers in Dr. Williams's Library. I have given only those passages from the Preface which are relevant to Blake's notes. The notes have been printed once before in full in Miss E. J. Morley's *Selections from the Remains of Henry Crabb Robinson*, 1922, pp. 159—63. The MS. is written on two leaves, measuring 21 × 12 cm. It is headed "Wordsworth." The two shorter notes are written in the margin; the longer note is at the end.

INSCRIPTION IN UPCOTT'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

Blake's inscription in this album was not noticed until 1924, when the volume was sold at Sotheby's. I then transcribed Blake's contribution, and it is published here for the first time. The inscription is accompanied by a characteristic pencil sketch of a winged figure. p. 381

William Upcott, the illegitimate son of Ozias Humphry, miniaturist, was a zealous collector of autographs and manuscripts. His collection, sold at Sotheby's in 1846, no doubt included this volume, though it cannot be identified in the sale catalogue.

Line 16. *Mr. Comfield*] a professional calligraphist and writing-master.

Line 18. *Heaven born, the Soul . . .*] Blake has transposed the second and third lines of this quotation; see p. 377 of the present volume.

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO DANTE

The designs made by Blake for Dante's *Comedia* during the last years of his life are 102 in number. Only three of them have writing on them other than names, and the sentences on these three are printed here as far as they can be deciphered. The greater part of them were printed by Mr. S. Foster Damon (*William Blake*, 1924, pp. 217—8), but his text differs considerably from mine. p. 382

Line 4. *As Poor . . . said*] an illegible name is omitted. Mr. Damon suggests *Poet Shakspere* or *Poor Machiavelli*, but neither alternative seems satisfactory.

Line 13. *The . . . of a Shit-house*] a word, which might be read as *Kate*, is omitted.

Lines 6, 7. *What evil . . .*] the whole of this sentence is written very faintly in pencil and cannot be further deciphered. p. 383

ANNOTATIONS TO DR. THORNTON'S PAMPHLET

Dr. Thornton, for whose *Pastorals of Virgil* Blake had made some woodcuts in 1821, was the author of several works, chiefly medical and botanical. He died in 1837 at the age of about sixty-nine. Blake's copy of his pamphlet on the Lord's Prayer was formerly in the Linnell collection and was sold at Christie's in 1918. It is now in the H. E. Huntington Library. An inaccurate text of part of the annotations was printed by E. J. Ellis in 1907. Further passages were added by Mr. S. Foster Damon (*William Blake*, 1924, pp. 22—3). The present text has been newly transcribed from photographs of the whole pamphlet supplied by the H. E. Huntington Library. The annotations are here first printed in their entirety. p. 384

P. 384 Line 18. *If Morality was Christianity . . .*] this sentence is repeated from the Laocoon plate; see p. 357 of the present volume.

PP. 385-388 *THE LORD'S PRAYER*] Blake's notes on Dr. Thornton's translation are written on several subsequent pages; his own version is on p. 3, his paraphrase of Dr. Thornton's version on the fly-leaf at the end. Both these are written in pencil and have become very difficult to read, but only a few words are omitted from the present text.

LETTERS LXXIX—LXXXII

PP. 389-390 These letters were preserved in the Linnell collection and were sold at Christie's in 1918. Nos. LXXIX and LXXXI are here printed from photographs of the originals supplied by the H. E. Huntington Library. The original of No. LXXX cannot be traced, and the text is given as printed in Gilchrist's *Life*, 1880, vol. I, p. 398. No. LXXXII is printed from the original MS. in the possession of Mr. T. H. Riches. Nos. LXXIX and LXXXI are here published for the first time.

LETTER LXXXIII

P. 391 This note to Miss Denman, sister-in-law of John Flaxman, has not been published. It was in the possession of Mr. W. T. Spencer in 1913, and cannot now be traced.

LETTER LXXXIV

This letter was first printed in the exhibition catalogue issued by The Grolier Club of New York in 1905. The present text is taken from this source, as I cannot trace the original.

LETTER LXXXV

P. 392 This letter was not known to Gilchrist; it was first printed by Messrs. Ellis and Yeats in 1893 (*Works*, vol. I, pp. 162—3), though the concluding paragraph was omitted. The original letter was sold with the Fairfax Murray collection at Sotheby's in 1920, and was acquired by Messrs. Maggs Bros. The sale catalogue contained a facsimile of the second page from which that part of the present text (beginning *but find that to print it*) is taken. The first half of the letter is given as printed in 1893.

LETTERS LXXXVI & LXXXVII

PP. 393-394 These two letters were formerly in the Linnell collection and were sold at Christie's in 1918. They are here printed from photographs of the originals supplied by the H. E. Huntington Library

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO VOLUME I

Last line. . . . *& his breast and head like gold*] Orc's speech should be closed by inverted commas at the end of this line. The words on p. 266 are spoken by Albion's Angel. P. 265

Line 6. *For I am faint with travel*] this is correct as it stands in the etched text, but clearly *travail* should be read for *travel*. P. 295

Line 16. . . . *image of infinite,*] the comma at the end of this line should be deleted. P. 299

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A

Abstinence sows sand all over: i. 240
A crowned King: i. 81
A Fairy leapt upon my Knee: i. 253
A flower was offer'd to me: i. 217, 285
Ah, Sun-flower, weary of time: i. 285
A little black thing among the snow: i. 242, 281
A little Flower grew in a lonely Vale: ii. 194
All Pictures that's Painted with Sense & with Thought: iii. 72
All the night in woe: i. 152
And Aged Tiriel stood before the Gates of his beautiful palace: i. 133
And did those feet in ancient time: ii. 305
And his legs carried it like a long fork: iii. 54
and in Melodious accent I: iii. 135
Anger & Wrath my bosom rends: iii. 56
An old maid early—e'er I knew: i. 247
A Pair of Stays to mend the Shape: iii. 31
A Petty Sneaking Knave I knew: iii. 59
Are not the joys of morning sweeter: i. 231
Around the Springs of Gray my wild root weaves: ii. 194
As I walk'd forth one may morning: i. 73
As I wander'd the forest: i. 235
As the Ignorant Savage will sell his own Wife: iii. 71
A strange Erratum in all the Editions: iii. 63
As when a dream of Thiralatha flies the midnight hour: i. 274
Awake, awake, my little Boy: ii. 227

B

Beneath the white thorn, lovely May: ii. 219
Busy, Busy, Busy, I bustle along: ii. 263

C

Call that the Public Voice which is their Error: iii. 132
Can I see another's woe: i. 165
Can there be anything more mean: iii. 57
Children of the future Age: i. 290
Come hither my boy, tell me what thou seest there: i. 423
Come hither my sparrows: i. 239
Come, Kings, and listen to my song: i. 15
Come knock your heads against this stone: iii. 67
Cosway, Frazer, & Baldwin of Egypt's Lake: iii. 67
Cr—— loves artists as he loves his Meat: iii. 59
Cruelty has a Human Heart: i. 293

D

Daughters of Beulah! Muses who inspire the Poet's Song: ii. 307
Dear Mother, Dear Mother, the church is cold: i. 241, 286
Degrade first the Arts if you'd Mankind Degrade: iii. 5
Delicate Hands & Heads will never appear: iii. 75
Does the Eagle know what is in the pit: i. 171
Dryden in Rhyme cries: "Milton only Plann'd!": iii. 80

E

Each Man is in his Spectre's power: ii. 218, iii. 226
Earth rais'd up her head: i. 227, 279
England! awake! awake! awake!: iii. 286

Eno, aged Mother: i. 332
Enslav'd, the Daughters of Albion weep; a trembling lamentation: i. 254

F

Fa ra so bo ro: i. 74
Father! father! where are you going: i. 163
Five windows light the cavern'd Man: i. 294
For Fortune's favours you your riches bring: iii. 60
For this is being a Friend just in the nick: iii. 75
Fortune favours the Brave, old Proverbs say: iii. 60
Fresh from the dewy hill, the merry year: i. 13
Fuzon on a chariot iron-wing'd: i. 323

G

Give pensions to the Learned Pig: iii. 71
Golden Apollo, that thro' heaven wide: i. 19
Great Men & Fools do often me Inspire: iii. 80
Great things are done when Men & Mountains meet: iii. 74
Grown old in Love from Seven till Seven times Seven: iii. 76

H

Hail Matrimony, made of Love: i. 74
Having given great offence by writing in Prose: iii. 81
Hear then the pride & Knowledge of a Sailor: i. 69
Hear the voice of the Bard: i. 278
He has observed the Golden Rule: iii. 60
He is a Cock would . . .: iii. 59
He makes the Lame to walk we all agree: iii. 31
Here lies John Trot, the Friend of all mankind: iii. 67
Her whole Life is an Epigram: i. 247
He's a Blockhead who wants a proof of what he can't Percieve: iii. 59
He who bends to himself a joy: i. 241, 248
Honour & Genius is all I ask: i. 63
How can I help thy Husband's copying Me: iii. 58
How . . . judge is Man: i. 233
How sweet I roam'd from field to field: i. 8
How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot: i. 159

I

I always take my judgment from a Fool: iii. 72
I am no Homer's Hero, you all know: iii. 61
I ask the Gods no more: i. 73
I asked a thief to steal me a peach: i. 220
I ask'd my dear Friend, Orator Prig: iii. 78
I bless thee, O Father of Heaven & Earth, that ever I saw Flaxman's face: ii. 182
"I die, I die," the Mother said: ii. 230
I dreamt a dream! what can it mean: i. 244, 283
I fear'd the fury of my wind: i. 223
I found them blind: I taught them how to see: iii. 64, 107
I give you the end of a golden string: iii. 95, 284
I have no name: i. 159
I heard an Angel singing: i. 221
I laid me down upon a bank: i. 219
I loved Theotormon : i. 254
I love the jocund dance: i. 10
I love to rise in a summer morn: i. 167

I Mock thee not, tho' I by thee am Mocked: iii. 57
I rose up at the dawn of day: iii. 85
I, Rubens, am a Statesman & a Saint: iii. 68
I saw a chapel all of gold: i. 220
I saw a Monk of Charlemaine: ii. 214; iii. 243
I say, you Joe: i. 80
I slept in the dark: i. 230
I stood among my valleys of the south: iii. 285
I told my love, I told my love: i. 218
I travel'd thro' a Land of Men: ii. 223
I walked abroad in a snowy day: i. 236
I wander thro' each dirty street: i. 229
I wander thro' each charter'd street: i. 287
I was angry with my friend: i. 223, 289
I was buried near this Dike: iii. 67
I wash'd them out & wash'd them in: iii. 74
I went to the garden of love: i. 219, 286
I will sing you a song of Los, the Eternal Prophet: i. 339
I will tell you what Joseph of Arimathea: iii. 76
I wonder whether the Girls are mad: ii. 237
I write the Rascal Thanks till he & I: iii. 72
If I e'er Grow to Man's Estate: iii. 70
If it is True, what the Prophets write: iii. 63
If Men will act like a maid smiling over a Churn: iii. 82
If Moral Virtue was Christianity: iii. 335
If you have form'd a Circle to go into: iii. 83
If you mean to Please Every body you will: iii. 73
If you play a Game of Chance, know, before you begin: iii. 75
If you trap the moment before it's ripe: i. 240
In a wife I would desire: i. 240
In futurity: i. 150
In the last Battle that Arthur fought, the most Beautiful was one: iii. 88
Is this a holy thing to see: i. 244, 280

L

Let the Brothels of Paris be opened: i. 248
Little fly: i. 246, 282
Little Lamb, who made thee?: i. 154
Little Mary Bell had a Fairy in a Nut: ii. 236
Little Phebus came strutting in: i. 62
Lo the Bat with Leathern wing: i. 72
Love and Harmony combine: i. 9
Love seeketh not itself to please: i. 218, 280
Love to faults is always blind: i. 235

M

"Madman" I have been call'd: "Fool" they call thee: iii. 57
Memory, hither come: i. 11
Merry, Merry Sparrow: i. 155
Me Time has crook'd; no good workman: iii. 81
Mock on, Mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau: ii. 214
Mutual Forgiveness of each Vice: iii. 339
My mother bore me in the southern wild: i. 169
My mother groan'd, my father wept: i. 224, 288
My silks and fine array: i. 9
My Spectre around me night & day: ii. 210
My title as a Genius thus is prov'd: iii. 68

N

Nature & Art in this together suit: iii. 69
Never pain to tell thy love: i. 218
No real Style of Colouring ever appears: iii. 54

Nought loves another as itself: i. 237, 289
Now Art has lost its mental Charms: iii. 84

O

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained: i. 2
O father, father, where are you going?: i. 79
Of H.'s birth this was the happy lot: iii. 58
O for a voice like thunder, and a tongue: i. 44
Of the primeval Priest's assum'd power: i. 304
Of the Sleep of Ulro! and of the passage through: iii. 168
O holy virgin! clad in purest white: i. 5
"Oho," said Dr. Johnson: i. 72
O, I cannot, cannot find: i. 247
O lapwing, thou fliest around the heath: i. 226
Once a dream did weave a shade: i. 150
O Reader, behold the Philosopher's Grave: iii. 40
O Rose, thou art sick: i. 236, 282
O thou, to whose fury the nations are: i. 24
O thou, who passest thro' our vallies in: i. 2
O thou, with dewy locks, who lookest down: i. 1
O why was I born with a different face: ii. 251
O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors: i. 3

P

Phebe, dressed like beautie's Queen: i. 71
Piping down the valleys wild: i. 149
Pity could be no more: i. 234
Pity would be no more: i. 287
P—— loved me not as he lov'd his Friends: iii. 64
Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war: i. 46

R

Rafael Sublime, Majestic, Graceful, Wise: iii. 70
Reader! lover of books! lover of heaven: iii. 166
Remove away that black'ning church: i. 236, 248
Rubens had been a Statesman or a Saint: iii. 68

S

Silent, silent Night: i. 226
Since all the Riches of this World: iii. 83
S—— in Childhood on the Nursery floor: iii. 58
Sir Joshua praised Rubens with a Smile: iii. 59
Sir Joshua praises Michael Angelo: iii. 58
Sir Joshua sent his own Portrait to: iii. 61
Sleep, Sleep, beauty bright: i. 222
Sleep, Sleep: in thy Sleep: i. 222
Soft deceit & idleness: i. 245, 248
Some look to see the sweet Outlines: iii. 8
Some Men, created for destruction, come: iii. 65
Some people admire the work of a Fool: iii. 83
Sound the Flute: i. 166
Sweet dreams, form a shade: i. 161
Sweet Mary, the first time she ever was there: ii. 227
Swell'd limbs, with no outline that you can descry: iii. 68

T

Terror in the house does roar: ii. 218
That God is Colouring Newton does shew: iii. 79
The Angel that presided o'er my birth: iii. 61

The bell struck one, and shook the silent tower: i. 5
The Catterpiller on the Leaf: iii. 347
The Caverns of the Grave I've seen: iii. 85
The countless gold of a merry heart: i. 243
The Cripple every Step Drudges & labours: iii. 70
The daughters of Mne Seraphim led round their sunny flocks: i. 171
The dead brood over Europe, the cloud and vision descends over chearful France: i. 198
The deep of winter came: i. 296
The Door of Death is made of Gold: iii. 1
The Eternal Female groan'd! it was heard over all the Earth: i. 196
The fields from Islington to Marybone: iii. 202
The fox, the owl, the spider, and the mole: iii. 106
The Good are attracted by Men's perceptions: i. 247
The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent: i. 263, 271
The harvest shall flourish in wintry weather: i. 238
The little boy lost in the lonely fen: i. 163
The look of love alarms: i. 245, 248
The Maiden caught me in the Wild: ii. 229
The modest rose puts forth a thorn: i. 230, 285
The nameless shadowy female rose from out the breast of Orc: i. 295
The only Man that e'er I knew: iii. 76
There is a smile of Love: ii. 221
There souls of men are bought & sold: i. 235
There's Dr. Clash: i. 81
These are the Idiot's chiefest arts: iii. 69
The shadowy Daughter of Urthona stood before red Orc: i. 262
The Song of the Aged Mother which shook the heavens with wrath: ii. 1
The Sun arises in the East: i. 239
The sun descending in the west: i. 160
The Sun does arise: i. 156
The Sussex Men are Noted Fools: iii. 57
The sword sung on the barren heath: i. 240
The Villain at the Gallows tree: iii. 62
The Vision of Christ that thou dost see: iii. 323
The wild winds weep: i. 12
This city & this country has brought forth many mayors: i. 76
This frog he would a-wooing ride: i. 74
This Song to the flower of Flaxman's joy: ii. 184
Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening: i. 4
Thou hast a lapful of seed: i. 226
Thou, little kid, didst play: i. 241
Three Virgins at the break of day: ii. 222
Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ake: iii. 66
To a lovely mirtle bound: i. 228, 237
To be, or not to be: i. 75
To Chloe's breast young Cupid slily stole: iii. 83
To find the Western path: ii. 218
To forgive Enemies He does pretend: iii. 64
To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love: i. 157
To my Friend Butts I write: ii. 189
To see a World in a Grain of Sand: ii. 232
Truly, My Satan, thou art but a Dunce: iii. 349
'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean: i. 164
Tyger, Tyger, burning bright: i. 231, 233
Tyger! Tyger! burning bright: i. 284

U

Upon a holy thursday, their innocent faces clean: i. 78

V

Venetian, all thy colouring is no more: iii. 32

W

Was I angry with Hayley who us'd me so ill: iii. 56
Welcome, stranger, to this place: i. 83
Whate'er is born of Mortal Birth: i. 292
Whate'er is done to her she cannot know: ii. 214
What is it men in women do require: i. 242, 248
When a Man has Married a Wife: ii. 213
When early morn walks forth in sober grey: i. 15
When H——y finds out what you cannot do: iii. 65
When I see a Rubens, Rembrandt, Corregio: iii. 74
When Klopstock England defied: i. 251
When Nations grow Old, The Arts grow Cold: iii. 15
When my mother died I was very young: i. 158
When old corruption first begun: i. 67
When silver Snow decks Susan's cloaths: i. 21
When silver snow decks Sylvio's clothes: i. 84
When Sr Joshua Reynolds died: iii. 14
When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy: i. 168
When the tongues of children are heard on the green: i. 79
When the trees do laugh with our merry wit: i. 83
When the voices of children are heard on the green: i. 164, 231, 281
When you look at a picture, you always can see: iii. 73
Where thou dwellest, in what Grove: ii. 220
Whether on Ida's shady brow: i. 14
Which are beautie's sweetest dress: i. 245
Why art thou silent & invisible: i. 230
Why of the sheep do you not learn peace: i. 243
Why should I be bound to thee: i. 228, 237
Why should I care for the men of thames: i. 224
Why was Cupid a Boy: iii. 77
Wife of the Friend of those I most revere: ii. 192
With happiness stretch'd across the hills: ii. 206
Woe, alas! my guilty hand: i. 245
Wondrous the Gods, more wondrous are the Men: iii. 66

Y

You all your Youth observ'd the Golden Rule: iii. 60
You call me Mad: 'tis Folly to do so: iii. 65
You don't believe—I won't attempt to make ye: iii. 54
You must agree that Rubens was a Fool: iii. 68
You say reserve & modesty he has: iii. 66
You say their Pictures well Painted be: iii. 74
You think Fuseli is not a Great Painter: I'm glad: iii. 57
Youth of delight, come hither: i. 170



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