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# *The Complete Poetry and Prose of William Blake*

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AROepigraph; E1| The Voice of one crying in the Wilderness

ARO; E1| The Argument As the true method of knowledge is experiment  
AROargmuent; E1| the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which  
AROargument; E1| experiences. This faculty I treat of.

ARO; E1| PRINCIPLE 1st That the Poetic Genius is the true Man. and that  
AROprin1; E1| the body or outward form of Man is derived from the Poetic  
AROprin1; E1| Genius. Likewise that the forms of all things are derived from  
AROprin1; E1| their Genius. which by the Ancients was call'd an Angel & Spirit  
AROpriin1; E1| & Demon.

ARO; E1| PRINCIPLE 2d As all men are alike in outward form, So (and  
AROprin2; E1| with the same infinite variety) all are alike in the Poetic  
AROprin2; E1| Genius

ARO; E1| PRINCIPLE 3d No man can think write or speak from his heart,  
AROprin3; E1| but he must intend truth. Thus all sects of Philosophy are from  
AROprin3; E1| the Poetic Genius adapted to the weaknesses of every  
AROprin3; E1| individual

ARO; E1| PRINCIPLE 4. As none by traveling over known lands can find out  
AROprin4; E1| the unknown. So from already acquired knowledge Man could not  
AROprin4; E1| acquire more. therefore an universal Poetic Genius exists

ARO; E1| PRINCIPLE. 5. The Religions of all Nations are derived from  
AROprin5; E1| each Nations different reception of the Poetic Genius which is  
AROprin5; E1| every where call'd the Spirit of Prophecy.

ARO; E1| PRINCIPLE 6 The Jewish & Christian Testaments are An original  
AROprin6; E1| derivation from the Poetic Genius. this is necessary from the  
AROprin6; E1| confined nature of bodily sensation

ARO; E2| PRINCIPLE 7th As all men are alike (tho' infinitely various) So  
AROprin7; E2| all Religions & as all similars have one source  
AROprin7; E2| The true Man is the source he being the Poetic Genius

Title; E2|       THERE is NO NATURAL RELIGION

NNRcolophon; E2|       The Author & Printer W Blake

ED; E2|       [a]

NNRa; E2|       The Argument Man has no notion of moral fitness but from  
NNRaArg; E2|       Education. Naturally he is only a natural organ subject to  
NNRaArg; E2|       Sense.  
NNRa; E2|       I Man cannot naturally Percieve, but through his natural or  
NNRaI; E2|       bodily organs  
NNRa; E2|       II Man by his reasoning power. can only compare & judge of  
NNRaI; E2|       what he has already perciev'd.  
NNRa; E2|       III From a perception of only 3 senses or 3 elements none  
NNRaIII; E2|       could deduce a fourth or fifth  
NNRa; E2|       IV None could have other than natural or organic thoughts if  
NNRaIV; E2|       he had none but organic perceptions  
NNRa; E2|       V Mans desires are limited by his perceptions. none can desire  
NNRaV; E2|       what he has not perciev'd  
NNRa; E2|       VI The desires & perceptions of man untaught by any thing but  
NNRaVI; E2|       organs of sense, must be limited to objects of sense.

Title; E2|        THERE is NO NATURAL RELIGION

ED; E2|        [b]

NNRb; E2|        I Mans perceptions are not bounded by organs of perception. he  
NNRbI; E2|        percieves more than sense (tho' ever so acute) can discover.

NNRb; E2|        II Reason or the ratio of all we have already known. is not  
NNRbII; E2|        the same that it shall be when we know more.

NNRb; E2|        [III lacking]

NNRb; E2|        IV The bounded is loathed by its possessor. The same dull  
NNRbIV; E2|        round even of a univer[s]e would soon become a mill with  
NNRbIV; E2|        complicated wheels.

NNRb; E2|        V If the many become the same as the few, when possess'd,  
NNRbV; E2|        More! More! is the cry of a mistaken soul, less than All cannot  
NNRbV; E2|        satisfy Man.

NNRb; E2|        VI If any could desire what he is incapable of possessing,  
NNRbVI; E2|        despair must be his eternal lot.

NNRb; E3|        VII The desire of Man being Infinite the possession is Infinite  
NNRbVII; E3|        & himself Infinite

NNRb; E3|        Conclusion, If it were not for the Poetic or Prophetic  
NNRbConc.; E3|        character. the Philosophic & Experimental would soon be at the  
NNRbConc.; E3|        ratio of all things & stand still, unable to do other than repeat  
NNRbConc.; E3|        the same dull round over again

NNRb; E3|        Application. He who sees the Infinite in all things sees  
NNRbApp.; E3|        God. He who sees the Ratio only sees himself only.

NNRb; E3|        Therefore God becomes as we are, that we may be as he is

Title; E3| THE BOOK of THEL <sup>t3</sup>

Thelcolophon; E3| The Author & Printer Will<sup>m</sup> Blake, 1789.

Thelmotto; E3| THEL'S *Motto*,

Thelmotto1; E3| Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?

Thelmotto2; E3| Or wilt thou go ask the Mole:

Thelmotto3; E3| Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?

Thelmotto4; E3| Or Love in a golden bowl?

Title; E3| THEL

Thelchap; E3| I

Thel1.1; E3| The daughters of Mne Seraphim led round their sunny flocks. <sup>t4</sup>

Thel1.2; E3| All but the youngest; she in paleness sought the secret air.

Thel1.3; E3| To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal day:

Thel1.4; E3| Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard:

Thel1.5; E3| And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew.

Thel1.6; E3| O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of the water?

Thel1.7; E3| Why fade these children of the spring? born but to smile & fall.

Thel1.8; E3| Ah! Thel is like a watry bow. and like a parting cloud.

Thel1.9; E3| Like a reflection in a glass. like shadows in the water.

Thel1.10; E3| Like dreams of infants. like a smile upon an infants face,

Thel1.11; E3| Like the doves voice, like transient day, like music in the air;

Thel1.12; E3| Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head.

Thel1.13; E3| And gentle sleep the sleep of death. and gentle hear the voice <sup>t5</sup>

Thel1.14; E3| Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.

Thel1.15; E4| The Lilly of the valley breathing in the humble grass

Thel1.16; E4| Answer'd the lovely maid and said; I am a watry weed,

Thel1.17; E4| And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales;

Thel1.18; E4| So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head.

Thel1.19; E4| Yet I am visited from heaven and he that smiles on all.

Thel1.20; E4| Walks in the valley. and each morn over me spreads his hand

Thel1.21; E4| Saying, rejoice thou humble grass, thou new-born lilly flower,

Thel1.22; E4	Thou gentle maid of silent valleys. and of modest brooks;
Thel1.23; E4	For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna:
Thel1.24; E4	Till summers heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs
Thel1.25; E4	To flourish in eternal vales: then why should Thel complain,
Thel2.1; E4	Why should the mistress of the vales of Har, utter a sigh.
Thel2.2; E4	She ceasd & smild in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.
Thel2.3; E4	Thel answerd. O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley.
Thel2.4; E4	Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o'ertired. <sup>16</sup>
Thel2.5; E4	Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells thy milky garments,
Thel2.6; E4	He crops thy flowers. while thou sittest smiling in his face,
Thel2.7; E4	Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taints.
Thel2.8; E4	Thy wine doth purify the golden honey, thy perfume,
Thel2.9; E4	Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass that springs
Thel2.10; E4	Revives the milked cow, & tames the fire-breathing steed.
Thel2.11; E4	But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising sun:
Thel2.12; E4	I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find my place.
Thel2.13; E4	Queen of the vales the Lilly answerd, ask the tender cloud,
Thel2.14; E4	And it shall tell thee why it glitters in the morning sky,
Thel2.15; E4	And why it scatters its bright beauty thro' the humid air.
Thel2.16; E4	Descend O little cloud & hover before the eyes of Thel.
Thel2.17; E4	The Cloud descended, and the Lilly bowd her modest head:
Thel2.18; E4	And went to mind her numerous charge among the verdant grass.
Thelchap; E4	II.
Thel3.1; E4	O little Cloud the virgin said, I charge thee tell to me,
Thel3.2; E4	Why thou complainest not when in one hour thou fade away:
Thel3.3; E4	Then we shall seek thee but not find; ah Thel is like to thee.
Thel3.4; E4	I pass away. yet I complain, and no one hears my voice.
Thel3.5; E4	The Cloud then shew'd his golden head & his bright form emerg'd,
Thel3.6; E4	Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel.



The13.7; E4| O virgin know'st thou not. our steeds drink of the golden springs  
The13.8; E4| Where Luvah doth renew his horses: look'st thou on my youth,

The13.9; E5| And fearest thou because I vanish and am seen no more.  
The13.10; E5| Nothing remains; O maid I tell thee, when I pass away,  
The13.11; E5| It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures holy:  
The13.12; E5| Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers;  
The13.13; E5| And court the fair eyed dew. to take me to her shining tent;  
The13.14; E5| The weeping virgin, trembling kneels before the risen sun,  
The13.15; E5| Till we arise link'd in a golden band, and never part;  
The13.16; E5| But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers

The13.17; E5| Dost thou O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee;  
The13.18; E5| For I walk through the vales of Har. and smell the sweetest flowers;  
The13.19; E5| But I feed not the little flowers: I hear the warbling birds,  
The13.20; E5| But I feed not the warbling birds. they fly and seek their food;  
The13.21; E5| But Thel delights in these no more because I fade away,  
The13.22; E5| And all shall say, without a use this shining woman liv'd,  
The13.23; E5| Or did she only live. to be at death the food of worms.

The13.24; E5| The Cloud reclind upon his airy throne and answer'd thus.

The13.25; E5| Then if thou art the food of worms. O virgin of the skies,  
The13.26; E5| How great thy use. how great thy blessing; every thing that lives,  
The13.27; E5| Lives not alone, nor for itself: fear not and I will call  
The13.28; E5| The weak worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt hear its voice.  
The13.29; E5| Come forth worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen.

The13.30; E5| The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lillys leaf,  
The13.31; E5| And the bright Cloud saild on, to find his partner in the vale.

The1chap; E5| III.

The14.1; E5| Then Thel astonish'd view'd the Worm upon its dewy bed.

The14.2; E5| Art thou a Worm? image of weakness. art thou but a Worm?  
The14.3; E5| I see thee like an infant wrapped in the Lillys leaf:  
The14.4; E5| Ah weep not little voice, thou can'st not speak. but thou can'st weep;  
The14.5; E5| Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked: weeping,  
The14.6; E5| And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mothers smiles.

The14.7; E5| The Clod of Clay heard the Worms voice, & raisd her pitying head;  
The14.8; E5| She bowd over the weeping infant, and her life exhal'd  
The14.9; E5| In milky fondness, then on Thel she fix'd her humble eyes.

The14.10; E5| O beauty of the vales of Har. we live not for ourselves,  
The14.11; E5| Thou seest me the meanest thing, and so I am indeed;  
The14.12; E5| My bosom of itself is cold. and of itself is dark,

The15.1; E5| But he that loves the lowly, pours his oil upon my head.  
The15.2; E5| And kisses me, and binds his nuptial bands around my breast.

The15.3; E6| And says; Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee.  
The15.4; E6| And I have given thee a crown that none can take away  
The15.5; E6| But how this is sweet maid, I know not, and I cannot know,  
The15.6; E6| I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love.

The15.7; E6| The daughter of beauty wip'd her pitying tears with her white veil,  
The15.8; E6| And said. Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep:  
The15.9; E6| That God would love a Worm I knew, and punish the evil foot  
The15.10; E6| That wilful, bruis'd its helpless form: but that he cherish'd it  
The15.11; E6| With milk and oil, I never knew; and therefore did I weep,  
The15.12; E6| And I complaind in the mild air, because I fade away,  
The15.13; E6| And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot.  
The15.14; E6| Queen of the vales, the matron Clay answerd; I heard thy sighs.  
The15.15; E6| And all thy moans flew o'er my roof. but I have call'd them down:  
The15.16; E6| Wilt thou O Queen enter my house. 'tis given thee to enter,  
The15.17; E6| And to return; fear nothing. enter with thy virgin feet.

The1chap; E6| IV.

The16.1; E6| The eternal gates terrific porter lifted the northern bar:  
The16.2; E6| Thel enter'd in & saw the secrets of the land unknown;  
The16.3; E6| She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrous roots  
The16.4; E6| Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists:  
The16.5; E6| A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen.

The16.6; E6| She wanderd in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, listning  
The16.7; E6| Dolours & lamentations: waiting oft beside a dewy grave  
The16.8; E6| She stood in silence. listning to the voices of the ground,  
The16.9; E6| Till to her own grave plot she came, & there she sat down.

The16.10; E6| And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit.

The16.11; E6| Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?

The16.12; E6| Or the glistning Eye to the poison of a smile!

The16.13; E6| Why are Eyelids stord with arrows ready drawn,

The16.14; E6| Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie?

The16.15; E6| Or an Eye of gifts & graces, show'ring fruits & coined gold!

The16.16; E6| Why a Tongue impress'd with honey from every wind?

The16.17; E6| Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?

The16.18; E6| Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror trembling & affright.

The16.19; E6| Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy! <sup>t7</sup>

The16.20; E6| Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?

The16.21; E6| The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shriek.

The16.22; E6| Fled back unhinderd till she came into the vales of Har

The1end; E6| The End

# Songs of Innocence and Experience

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SIE-Title; E7| SONGS Of *INNOCENCE* and Of *EXPERIENCE*

SIE-Epigraph; E7| Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul *t8*

SI-Title; E7| SONGS of INNOCENCE

SI-PubDate; E7| 1789

SI-colophon; E7| The Author & Printer W Blake

ED; E7| SONGS 4

SI-Title; E7| Introduction

SI-Introduction1; E7| Piping down the valleys wild  
SI-Introduction2; E7| Piping songs of pleasant glee  
SI-Introduction3; E7| On a cloud I saw a child.  
SI-Introduction4; E7| And he laughing said to me.

SI-Introduction5; E7| Pipe a song about a Lamb;  
SI-Introduction6; E7| So I piped with merry chear,  
SI-Introduction7; E7| Piper pipe that song again--  
SI-Introduction8; E7| So I piped, he wept to hear.

SI-Introduction9; E7| Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe  
SI-Introduction10; E7| Sing thy songs of happy chear,  
SI-Introduction11; E7| So I sung the same again  
SI-Introduction12; E7| While he wept with joy to hear

SI-Introduction13; E7| Piper sit thee down and write  
SI-Introduction14; E7| In a book that all may read--  
SI-Introduction15; E7| So he vanish'd from my sight.  
SI-Introduction16; E7| And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

SI-Introduction17; E7| And I made a rural pen,  
SI-Introduction18; E7| And I stain'd the water clear,  
SI-Introduction19; E7| And I wrote my happy songs  
SI-Introduction20; E7| Every child may joy to hear

ED; E7| SONGS 5

SI-Title; E7|      The Shepherd.

SI-TheShepherd1; E7|      How sweet is the Shepherds sweet lot,  
SI-TheShepherd2; E7|      From the morn to the evening he strays:  
SI-TheShepherd3; E7|      He shall follow his sheep all the day  
SI-TheShepherd4; E7|      And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

SI-TheShepherd5; E7|      For he hears the lambs innocent call,  
SI-TheShepherd6; E7|      And he hears the ewes tender reply,  
SI-TheShepherd7; E7|      He is watchful while they are in peace,  
SI-TheShepherd8; E7|      For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

ED; E7|      SONGS 6

SI-Title; E8|      The Ecchoing Green

SI-EcchoingGreen1; E8|      The Sun does arise,  
SI-EcchoingGreen2; E8|      And make happy the skies.  
SI-EcchoingGreen3; E8|      The merry bells ring  
SI-EcchoingGreen4; E8|      To welcome the Spring.  
SI-EcchoingGreen5; E8|      The sky-lark and thrush,  
SI-EcchoingGreen6; E8|      The birds of the bush,  
SI-EcchoingGreen7; E8|      Sing louder around,  
SI-EcchoingGreen8; E8|      To the bells chearful sound.  
SI-EcchoingGreen9; E8|      While our sports shall be seen  
SI-EcchoingGreen10; E8|      On the Ecchoing Green.

SI-EcchoingGreen11; E8|      Old John with white hair  
SI-EcchoingGreen12; E8|      Does laugh away care,  
SI-EcchoingGreen13; E8|      Sitting under the oak,  
SI-EcchoingGreen14; E8|      Among the old folk,

ED; E8|      SONGS 7

SI-EcchoingGreen15; E8|      They laugh at our play,  
SI-EcchoingGreen16; E8|      And soon they all say.  
SI-EcchoingGreen17; E8|      Such such were the joys.  
SI-EcchoingGreen18; E8|      When we all girls & boys,  
SI-EcchoingGreen19; E8|      In our youth-time were seen,  
SI-EcchoingGreen20; E8|      On the Ecchoing Green.

SI-EcchoingGreen21; E8|      Till the little ones weary  
SI-EcchoingGreen22; E8|      No more can be merry

SI-EcchoingGreen23; E8	The sun does descend,
SI-EcchoingGreen24; E8	And our sports have an end:
SI-EcchoingGreen25; E8	Round the laps of their mothers,
SI-EcchoingGreen26; E8	Many sisters and brothers,
SI-EcchoingGreen27; E8	Like birds in their nest,
SI-EcchoingGreen28; E8	Are ready for rest;
SI-EcchoingGreen29; E8	And sport no more seen,
SI-EcchoingGreen30; E8	On the darkening Green.

ED; E8	SONGS 8
SI-Title; E8	The Lamb

SI-TheLamb1; E8	Little Lamb who made thee
SI-TheLamb2; E8	Dost thou know who made thee
SI-TheLamb3; E8	Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
SI-TheLamb4; E8	By the stream & o'er the mead;
SI-TheLamb5; E8	Gave thee clothing of delight,
SI-TheLamb6; E8	Softest clothing wooly bright;
SI-TheLamb7; E8	Gave thee such a tender voice,
SI-TheLamb8; E8	Making all the vales rejoice!
SI-TheLamb9; E8	Little Lamb who made thee
SI-TheLamb10; E8	Dost thou know who made thee

SI-TheLamb11; E9	Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
SI-TheLamb12; E9	Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
SI-TheLamb13; E9	He is called by thy name,
SI-TheLamb14; E9	For he calls himself a Lamb:
SI-TheLamb15; E9	He is meek & he is mild,
SI-TheLamb16; E9	He became a little child:
SI-TheLamb17; E9	I a child & thou a lamb,
SI-TheLamb18; E9	We are called by his name.
SI-TheLamb19; E9	Little Lamb God bless thee.
SI-TheLamb20; E9	Little Lamb God bless thee.

ED; E9	SONGS 9
SI-Title; E9	The Little Black Boy.

SI-LittleBlackBoy1; E9	My mother bore me in the southern wild,
SI-LittleBlackBoy2; E9	And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
SI-LittleBlackBoy3; E9	White as an angel is the English child:
SI-LittleBlackBoy4; E9	But I am black as if bereav'd of light.



SI-LittleBlackBoy5; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy6; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy7; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy8; E9|

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

SI-LittleBlackBoy9; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy10; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy11; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy12; E9|

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

SI-LittleBlackBoy13; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy14; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy15; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy16; E9|

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

SI-LittleBlackBoy17; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy18; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy19; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy20; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy21; E9|

SONGS 10  
For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear  
The cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice.  
Saying: come out from the grove my love & care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.

SI-LittleBlackBoy22; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy23; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy24; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy25; E9|

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

SI-LittleBlackBoy26; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy27; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy28; E9|  
SI-LittleBlackBoy29; E9|

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

ED; E9| SONGS 11  
SI-Tittle; E10| The Blossom.

SI-TheBlossom1; E10|  
SI-TheBlossom2; E10|  
SI-TheBlossom3; E10|  
SI-TheBlossom4; E10|  
SI-TheBlossom5; E10|  
SI-TheBlossom6; E10|

Merry Merry Sparrow  
Under leaves so green  
A happy Blossom  
Sees you swift as arrow  
Seek your cradle narrow  
Near my Bosom. <sup>t9</sup>

SI-TheBlossom7; E10	Pretty Pretty Robin
SI-TheBlossom8; E10	Under leaves so green
SI-TheBlossom9; E10	A happy Blossom
SI-TheBlossom10; E10	Hears you sobbing sobbing
SI-TheBlossom11; E10	Pretty Pretty Robin
SI-TheBlossom12; E10	Near my Bosom.

ED; E10|      SONGS 12

SI-Title; E10|      The Chimney Sweeper

SI-ChimneySweeper1; E10	When my mother died I was very young,
SI-ChimneySweeper2; E10	And my father sold me while yet my tongue,
SI-ChimneySweeper3; E10	Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep. <i>tl0</i>
SI-ChimneySweeper4; E10	So your Chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

SI-ChimneySweeper5; E10	Theres little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head
SI-ChimneySweeper6; E10	That curl'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said.
SI-ChimneySweeper7; E10	Hush Tom never mind it, for when your head's bare,
SI-ChimneySweeper8; E10	You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

SI-ChimneySweeper9; E10	And so he was quiet, & that very night,
SI-ChimneySweeper10; E10	As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight,
SI-ChimneySweeper11; E10	That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned & Jack
SI-ChimneySweeper12; E10	Were all of them lockd up in coffins of black,

SI-ChimneySweeper13; E10	And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
SI-ChimneySweeper14; E10	And he open'd the coffins & set them all free.
SI-ChimneySweeper15; E10	Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run
SI-ChimneySweeper16; E10	And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

SI-ChimneySweeper17; E10	Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
SI-ChimneySweeper18; E10	They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.
SI-ChimneySweeper19; E10	And the Angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy,
SI-ChimneySweeper20; E10	He'd have God for his father & never want joy.

SI-ChimneySweeper21; E10	And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark
SI-ChimneySweeper22; E10	And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
SI-ChimneySweeper23; E10	Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm,
SI-ChimneySweeper24; E10	So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

ED; E11|      SONGS 13

SI-Title; E11|      The Little Boy lost      *t11*

SI-LittleBoyLost1; E11|      Father, father, where are you going  
SI-LittleBoyLost2; E11|      O do not walk so fast.  
SI-LittleBoyLost3; E11|      Speak father, speak to your little boy  
SI-LittleBoyLost4; E11|      Or else I shall be lost,

SI-LittleBoyLost5; E11|      The night was dark no father was there  
SI-LittleBoyLost6; E11|      The child was wet with dew,  
SI-LittleBoyLost7; E11|      The mire was deep, & the child did weep  
SI-LittleBoyLost8; E11|      And away the vapour flew.

ED; E11|      SONGS 14

SI-Title; E11|      The Little Boy Found

SI-LittleBoyFound1; E11|      The little boy lost in the lonely fen,  
SI-LittleBoyFound2; E11|      Led by the wand'ring light,  
SI-LittleBoyFound3; E11|      Began to cry, but God ever nigh,  
SI-LittleBoyFound4; E11|      Appeard like his father in white.

SI-LittleBoyFound5; E11|      He kissed the child & by the hand led  
SI-LittleBoyFound6; E11|      And to his mother brought,  
SI-LittleBoyFound7; E11|      Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale  
SI-LittleBoyFound8; E11|      Her little boy weeping sought.

ED; E11|      SONGS 15

SI-Title; E11|      Laughing Song,      *t12*

SI-LaughingSong1; E11|      When the green woods laugh, with the voice of joy      *t13*  
SI-LaughingSong2; E11|      And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,  
SI-LaughingSong3; E11|      When the air does laugh with our merry wit,      *t14*  
SI-LaughingSong4; E11|      And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

SI-LaughingSong5; E11|      When the meadows laugh with lively green  
SI-LaughingSong6; E11|      And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,  
SI-LaughingSong7; E11|      When Mary and Susan and Emily,      *t15*  
SI-LaughingSong8; E11|      With their sweet round mouths sing Ha, Ha, He.

SI-LaughingSong9; E11|      When the painted birds laugh in the shade  
SI-LaughingSong10; E11|      Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread

SI-LaughingSong11; E11| Come live & be merry and join with me,  
SI-LaughingSong12; E11| To sing the sweet chorus of Ha, Ha, He.

ED; E11| SONGS 16  
SI-Title; E11| A CRADLE SONG

SI-ACradleSong1; E11| Sweet dreams form a shade,  
SI-ACradleSong2; E11| O'er my lovely infants head.  
SI-ACradleSong3; E11| Sweet dreams of pleasant streams,  
SI-ACradleSong4; E11| By happy silent moony beams.

SI-ACradleSong5; E12| Sweet sleep with soft down,  
SI-ACradleSong6; E12| Weave thy brows an infant crown.  
SI-ACradleSong7; E12| Sweet sleep Angel mild,  
SI-ACradleSong8; E12| Hover o'er my happy child.

SI-ACradleSong9; E12| Sweet smiles in the night,  
SI-ACradleSong10; E12| Hover over my delight.  
SI-ACradleSong11; E12| Sweet smiles Mothers smiles  
SI-ACradleSong12; E12| All the livelong night beguiles.

SI-ACradleSong13; E12| Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,  
SI-ACradleSong14; E12| Chase not slumber from thy eyes.  
SI-ACradleSong15; E12| Sweet moans, sweeter smiles,  
SI-ACradleSong16; E12| All the dovelike moans beguiles.

SI-ACradleSong17; E12| Sleep sleep happy child.  
SI-ACradleSong18; E12| All creation slept and smil'd.  
SI-ACradleSong19; E12| Sleep sleep, happy sleep,  
SI-ACradleSong20; E12| While o'er thee thy mother weep.

SI-ACradleSong21; E12| Sweet babe in thy face,  
SI-ACradleSong22; E12| Holy image I can trace.  
SI-ACradleSong23; E12| Sweet babe once like thee,  
SI-ACradleSong24; E12| Thy maker lay and wept for me

ED; E12| SONGS 17  
SI-ACradleSong25; E12| Wept for me for thee for all,  
SI-ACradleSong26; E12| When he was an infant small.  
SI-ACradleSong27; E12| Thou his image ever see,  
SI-ACradleSong28; E12| Heavenly face that smiles on thee.

SI-ACradleSong29; E12| Smiles on thee on me on all,  
SI-ACradleSong30; E12| Who became an infant small,  
SI-ACradleSong31; E12| Infant smiles are his own smiles. *t16*  
SI-ACradleSong32; E12| Heaven & earth to peace beguiles. *t17*

ED; E12| SONGS 18  
SI-Title; E12| The Divine Image. *t18*

SI-DivineImage1; E12| To Mercy Pity Peace and Love,  
SI-DivineImage2; E12| All pray in their distress:  
SI-DivineImage3; E12| And to these virtues of delight  
SI-DivineImage4; E12| Return their thankfulness.

SI-DivineImage5; E12| For Mercy Pity Peace and Love,  
SI-DivineImage6; E12| Is God our father dear:  
SI-DivineImage7; E12| And Mercy Pity Peace and Love,  
SI-DivineImage8; E12| Is Man his child and care.

SI-DivineImage9; E12| For Mercy has a human heart  
SI-DivineImage10; E12| Pity, a human face:

SI-DivineImage11; E13| And Love, the human form divine,  
SI-DivineImage12; E13| And Peace, the human dress.

SI-DivineImage13; E13| Then every man of every clime,  
SI-DivineImage14; E13| That prays in his distress,  
SI-DivineImage15; E13| Prays to the human form divine  
SI-DivineImage16; E13| Love Mercy Pity Peace.

SI-DivineImage17; E13| And all must love the human form,  
SI-DivineImage18; E13| In heathen, turk or jew.  
SI-DivineImage19; E13| Where Mercy, Love & Pity dwell,  
SI-DivineImage20; E13| There God is dwelling too

ED; E13| SONGS 19  
SI-Title; E13| HOLY THURSDAY *t19*

SI-HOLY\_THURSDAY1; E13| Twas on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean  
SI-HOLY\_THURSDAY2; E13| The children walking two & two in red & blue & green

SI-HOLY_THURSDAY3; E13	Grey headed beadies walkd before with wands as white as snow
SI-HOLY_THURSDAY4; E13	Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow
SI-HOLY_THURSDAY5; E13	O what a multitude they seemd these flowers of London town
SI-HOLY_THURSDAY6; E13	Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own
SI-HOLY_THURSDAY7; E13	The hum of multitudes was there but multitudes of lambs
SI-HOLY_THURSDAY8; E13	Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands
SI-HOLY_THURSDAY9; E13	Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song
SI-HOLY_THURSDAY10; E13	Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among
SI-HOLY_THURSDAY11; E13	Beneath them sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor
SI-HOLY_THURSDAY12; E13	Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door

ED; E13| SONGS 20  
SI-Title; E13| Night

SI-Night1; E13	The sun descending in the west.
SI-Night2; E13	The evening star does shine.
SI-Night3; E13	The birds are silent in their nest,
SI-Night4; E13	And I must seek for mine,
SI-Night5; E13	The moon like a flower,
SI-Night6; E13	In heavens high bower;
SI-Night7; E13	With silent delight,
SI-Night8; E13	Sits and smiles on the night.
SI-Night9; E13	Farewell green fields and happy groves,
SI-Night10; E13	Where flocks have took delight;
SI-Night11; E13	Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
SI-Night12; E13	The feet of angels bright;
SI-Night13; E13	Unseen they pour blessing,
SI-Night14; E13	And joy without ceasing,
SI-Night15; E14	On each bud and blossom,
SI-Night16; E14	And each sleeping bosom.
SI-Night17; E14	They look in every thoughtless nest,
SI-Night18; E14	Where birds are coverd warm;
SI-Night19; E14	They visit caves of every beast,
SI-Night20; E14	To keep them all from harm;
SI-Night21; E14	If they see any weeping,
SI-Night22; E14	That should have been sleeping

SI-Night23; E14| They pour sleep on their head  
SI-Night24; E14| And sit down by their bed.

ED; E14| SONGS 21

SI-Night25; E14| When wolves and tygers howl for prey  
SI-Night26; E14| They pitying stand and weep;  
SI-Night27; E14| Seeking to drive their thirst away,  
SI-Night28; E14| And keep them from the sheep.  
SI-Night29; E14| But if they rush dreadful;  
SI-Night30; E14| The angels most heedful,  
SI-Night31; E14| Recieve each mild spirit,  
SI-Night32; E14| New worlds to inherit.

SI-Night33; E14| And there the lions ruddy eyes,  
SI-Night34; E14| Shall flow with tears of gold:  
SI-Night35; E14| And pitying the tender cries,  
SI-Night36; E14| And walking round the fold:  
SI-Night37; E14| Saying: wrath by his meekness  
SI-Night38; E14| And by his health, sickness,  
SI-Night39; E14| Is driven away,  
SI-Night40; E14| From our immortal day.

SI-Night41; E14| And now beside thee bleating lamb,  
SI-Night42; E14| I can lie down and sleep;  
SI-Night43; E14| Or think on him who bore thy name,  
SI-Night44; E14| Graze after thee and weep. <sup>t20</sup>  
SI-Night45; E14| For wash'd in lifes river,  
SI-Night46; E14| My bright mane for ever,  
SI-Night47; E14| Shall shine like the gold,  
SI-Night48; E14| As I guard o'er the fold. <sup>t21</sup>

ED; E14| SONGS 22

SI-Title; E14| Spring

SI-Spring1; E14| Sound the Flute!  
SI-Spring2; E14| Now it's mute.  
SI-Spring3; E14| Birds delight  
SI-Spring4; E14| Day and Night.  
SI-Spring5; E14| Nightingale  
SI-Spring6; E14| In the dale

SI-Spring7; E15| Lark in Sky



SI-Spring8; E15	Merrily
SI-Spring9; E15	Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year

SI-Spring10; E15	Little Boy
SI-Spring11; E15	Full of joy.

ED; E15	SONGS 23
SI-Spring12; E15	Little Girl
SI-Spring13; E15	Sweet and small,
SI-Spring14; E15	Cock does crow
SI-Spring15; E15	So do you.
SI-Spring16; E15	Merry voice
SI-Spring17; E15	Infant noise
SI-Spring18; E15	Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year

SI-Spring19; E15	Little Lamb
SI-Spring20; E15	Here I am,
SI-Spring21; E15	Come and lick
SI-Spring22; E15	My white neck.
SI-Spring23; E15	Let me pull
SI-Spring24; E15	Your soft Wool.
SI-Spring25; E15	Let me kiss
SI-Spring26; E15	Your soft face.
SI-Spring27; E15	Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year

ED; E15	SONGS 24
SI-title; E15	Nurse's Song <i>t22</i>

SI-Nurse'sSong1; E15	When the voices of children are heard on the green
SI-Nurse'sSong2; E15	And laughing is heard on the hill,
SI-Nurse'sSong3; E15	My heart is at rest within my breast
SI-Nurse'sSong4; E15	And every thing else is still

SI-Nurse'sSong5; E15	Then come home my children, the sun is gone down
SI-Nurse'sSong6; E15	And the dews of night arise
SI-Nurse'sSong7; E15	Come come leave off play, and let us away
SI-Nurse'sSong8; E15	Till the morning appears in the skies

SI-Nurse'sSong9; E15	No no let us play, for it is yet day
SI-Nurse'sSong10; E15	And we cannot go to sleep
SI-Nurse'sSong11; E15	Besides in the sky, the little birds fly



SI-Nurse'sSong12; E15|

And the hills are all coverd with sheep

SI-Nurse'sSong13; E15|

Well well go & play till the light fades away

SI-Nurse'sSong14; E15|

And then go home to bed

SI-Nurse'sSong15; E15|

The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd

SI-Nurse'sSong16; E15|

And all the hills ecchoed

ED; E16|

## SONGS 25

SI-title; E16|

### Infant Joy

SI-InfantJoy1; E16|

I have no name

SI-InfantJoy2; E16|

I am but two days old.--

SI-InfantJoy3; E16|

What shall I call thee?

SI-InfantJoy4; E16|

I happy am

SI-InfantJoy5; E16|

Joy is my name,--

SI-InfantJoy6; E16|

Sweet joy befall thee!

SI-InfantJoy7; E16|

Pretty joy!

SI-InfantJoy8; E16|

Sweet joy but two days old,

SI-InfantJoy9; E16|

Sweet joy I call thee;

SI-InfantJoy10; E16|

Thou dost smile.

SI-InfantJoy11; E16|

I sing the while

SI-InfantJoy12; E16|

Sweet joy befall thee.

ED; E16|

## SONGS 26

SI-Title; E16|

### A Dream

SI-ADream1; E16|

Once a dream did weave a shade,

SI-ADream2; E16|

O'er my Angel-guarded bed,

SI-ADream3; E16|

That an Emmet lost it's way

SI-ADream4; E16|

Where on grass methought I lay.

SI-ADream5; E16|

Troubled wilderd and folorn

SI-ADream6; E16|

Dark benighted travel-worn,

SI-ADream7; E16|

Over many a tangled spray

SI-ADream8; E16|

All heart-broke I heard her say.

SI-ADream9; E16|

O my children! do they cry

SI-ADream10; E16|

Do they hear their father sigh.

SI-ADream11; E16|

Now they look abroad to see,

SI-ADream12; E16|

Now return and weep for me.

SI-ADream13; E16| Pitying I drop'd a tear:  
SI-ADream14; E16| But I saw a glow-worm near:  
SI-ADream15; E16| Who replied. What wailing wight  
SI-ADream16; E16| Calls the watchman of the night.

SI-ADream17; E16| I am set to light the ground,  
SI-ADream18; E16| While the beetle goes his round:  
SI-ADream19; E16| Follow now the beetles hum,  
SI-ADream20; E16| Little wanderer hie thee home.

ED; E17| SONGS 27  
SI-Title; E17| On Anothers Sorrow

SI-OnAnothersSorrow1; E17| Can I see anothers woe,  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow2; E17| And not be in sorrow too.  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow3; E17| Can I see anothers grief,  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow4; E17| And not seek for kind relief? *t23*

SI-OnAnothersSorrow5; E17| Can I see a falling tear,  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow6; E17| And not feel my sorrows share,  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow7; E17| Can a father see his child,  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow8; E17| Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd.

SI-OnAnothersSorrow9; E17| Can a mother sit and hear,  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow10; E17| An infant groan an infant fear--  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow11; E17| No no never can it be.  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow12; E17| Never never can it be.

SI-OnAnothersSorrow13; E17| And can he who smiles on all  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow14; E17| Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow15; E17| Hear the small birds grief & care  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow16; E17| Hear the woes that infants bear--

SI-OnAnothersSorrow17; E17| And not sit beside the nest  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow18; E17| Pouring pity in their breast,  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow19; E17| And not sit the cradle near  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow20; E17| Weeping tear on infants tear.

SI-OnAnothersSorrow21; E17| And not sit both night & day,  
SI-OnAnothersSorrow22; E17| Wiping all our tears away.

SI-OnOthersSorrow23; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow24; E17|

O! no never can it be.  
Never never can it be.

SI-OnOthersSorrow25; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow26; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow27; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow28; E17|

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

SI-OnOthersSorrow29; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow30; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow31; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow32; E17|

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

SI-OnOthersSorrow33; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow34; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow35; E17|  
SI-OnOthersSorrow36; E17|

O! he gives to us his joy,  
That our grief he may destroy *t24*  
Till our grief is fled & gone  
He doth sit by us and moan

Title; E18| SONGS of EXPERIENCE *t25*

SEPubDate; E18| 1794

SEcolophon; E18| The Author & Printer W Blake

ED; E18| SONGS 30  
SE-Title; E18| Introduction.

SE-Introduction1; E18| Hear the voice of the Bard!  
SE-Introduction2; E18| Who Present, Past, & Future sees  
SE-Introduction3; E18| Whose ears have heard,  
SE-Introduction4; E18| The Holy Word,  
SE-Introduction5; E18| That walk'd among the ancient trees.

SE-Introduction6; E18| Calling the lapsed Soul  
SE-Introduction7; E18| And weeping in the evening dew:  
SE-Introduction8; E18| That might controll,  
SE-Introduction9; E18| The starry pole;  
SE-Introduction10; E18| And fallen fallen light renew!

SE-Introduction11; E18	O Earth O Earth return!
SE-Introduction12; E18	Arise from out the dewy grass;
SE-Introduction13; E18	Night is worn,
SEIntroduction14; E18	And the morn
SE-Introduction15; E18	Rises from the slumberous mass,

SE-Introduction16; E18	Turn away no more:
SE-Introduction17; E18	Why wilt thou turn away
SE-Introduction18; E18	The starry floor
SE-Introduction19; E18	The watry shore
SE-Introduction20; E18	Is giv'n thee till the break of day.

ED; E18	SONGS 31
SE-Title; E18	EARTH'S Answer. <i>t26</i>

SE-EARTH'S_Answer1; E18	Earth rais'd up her head,
SE-EARTH'S_Answer2; E18	From the darkness dread & drear.
SE-EARTH'S_Answer3; E18	Her light fled: <i>t27</i>
SE-EARTH'S_Answer4; E18	Stony dread!
SE-EARTH'S_Answer5; E18	And her locks cover'd with grey despair.

SE-EARTH'S_Answer6; E18	Prison'd on watry shore
SE-EARTH'S_Answer7; E18	Starry Jealousy does keep my den <i>t28</i>
SE-EARTH'S_Answer8; E18	Cold and hoar
SE-EARTH'S_Answer9; E18	Weeping o'er
SE-EARTH'S_Answer10; E18	I hear the Father of the ancient men <i>t29</i>

SE-EARTH'S_Answer11; E18	Selfish father of men <i>t30</i>
SE-EARTH'S_Answer12; E18	Cruel jealous selfish fear
SE-EARTH'S_Answer13; E18	Can delight

SE-EARTH'S_Answer14; E19	Chain'd in night <i>t31</i>
SE-EARTH'S_Answer15; E19	The virgins of youth and morning bear.

SE-EARTH'S_Answer16; E19	Does spring hide its joy <i>t32</i>
SE-EARTH'S_Answer17; E19	When buds and blossoms grow?
SE-EARTH'S_Answer18; E19	Does the sower? <i>t33</i>
SE-EARTH'S_Answer19; E19	Sow by night?
SE-EARTH'S_Answer20; E19	Or the plowman in darkness plow?

SE-EARTH'S_Answer21; E19	Break this heavy chain,
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SE-EARTH'S_Answer22; E19	That does freeze my bones around <i>t34</i>
SE-EARTH'S_Answer23; E19	Selfish! vain!
SE-EARTH'S_Answer24; E19	Eternal bane! <i>t35</i>
SE-EARTH'S_Answer25; E19	That free Love with bondage bound.

ED; E19| SONGS 32

SE-Title; E19| The CLOD & the PEBBLE *t36*

SE-CLOD&PEBBLE1; E19	Love seeketh not Itself to please,
SE-CLOD&PEBBLE2; E19	Nor for itself hath any care;
SE-CLOD&PEBBLE3; E19	But for another gives its ease,
SE-CLOD&PEBBLE4; E19	And builds a Heaven in Hells despair.

SE-CLOD&PEBBLE5; E19	So sang a little Clod of Clay, <i>t37</i>
SE-CLOD&PEBBLE6; E19	Trodden with the cattles feet:
SE-CLOD&PEBBLE7; E19	But a Pebble of the brook,
SE-CLOD&PEBBLE8; E19	Warbled out these metres meet.

SE-CLOD&PEBBLE9; E19	Love seeketh only Self to please,
SE-CLOD&PEBBLE10; E19	To bind another to Its delight:
SE-CLOD&PEBBLE11; E19	Joys in anothers loss of ease,
SE-CLOD&PEBBLE12; E19	And builds a Hell in Heavens despite.

ED; E19| SONGS 33

SE-Title; E19| HOLY THURSDAY *t38*

SE-HOLY_THURSDAY1; E19	Is this a holy thing to see,
SE-HOLY_THURSDAY2; E19	In a rich and fruitful land,
SE-HOLY_THURSDAY3; E19	Babes reduced to misery,
SE-HOLY_THURSDAY4; E19	Fed with cold and usurous hand?

SE-HOLY_THURSDAY5; E19	Is that trembling cry a song?
SE-HOLY_THURSDAY6; E19	Can it be a song of joy?
SE-HOLY_THURSDAY7; E19	And so many children poor? <i>t39</i>
SE-HOLY_THURSDAY8; E19	It is a land of poverty! <i>t40</i>

SE-HOLY_THURSDAY9; E19	And their sun does never shine.
SE-HOLY_THURSDAY10; E19	And their fields are bleak & bare.
SE-HOLY_THURSDAY11; E19	And their ways are fill'd with thorns.
SE-HOLY_THURSDAY12; E19	It is eternal winter there. <i>t41</i>

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost1; E20	In futurity
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost2; E20	I prophetic see,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost3; E20	That the earth from sleep,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost4; E20	(Grave the sentence deep)
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost5; E20	Shall arise and seek
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost6; E20	For her maker meek:
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost7; E20	And the desert wild
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost8; E20	Become a garden mild.
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost9; E20	In the southern clime,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost10; E20	Where the summers prime,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost11; E20	Never fades away;
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost12; E20	Lovely Lyca lay.
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost13; E20	Seven summers old
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost14; E20	Lovely Lyca told,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost15; E20	She had wanderd long,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost16; E20	Hearing wild birds song.
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost17; E20	Sweet sleep come to me
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost18; E20	Underneath this tree;
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost19; E20	Do father, mother weep.--
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost20; E20	Where can Lyca sleep.
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost21; E20	Lost in desert wild
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost22; E20	Is your little child.
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost23; E20	How can Lyca sleep,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost24; E20	If her mother weep.
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost25; E20	If her heart does ake,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost26; E20	Then let Lyca wake;
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost27; E20	If my mother sleep,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost28; E20	Lyca shall not weep.
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost29; E20	Frowning frowning night,
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost30; E20	O'er this desert bright,

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost31; E20|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost32; E20|

Let thy moon arise,  
While I close my eyes.

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost33; E20|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost34; E20|

Sleeping Lyca lay;  
While the beasts of prey,

SE-HOLY\_THURSDAY13; E20|  
SE-HOLY\_THURSDAY14; E20|  
SE-HOLY\_THURSDAY15; E20|  
SE-HOLY\_THURSDAY16; E20|

For where-e'er the sun does shine, <sup>t42</sup>  
And where-e'er the rain does fall:  
Babe can never hunger there,  
Nor poverty the mind appall.

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost35; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost36; E21|

Come from caverns deep,  
View'd the maid asleep

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost37; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost38; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost39; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost40; E21|

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

ED; E21| **SONGS 35**

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost41; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost42; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost43; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost44; E21|

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

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost45; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost46; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost47; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost48; E21|

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

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost49; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost50; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost51; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlLost52; E21|

While the lioness,  
Loos'd her slender dress,  
And naked they convey'd  
Tocaves the sleeping maid.

SI/SE-Title; E21| **The Little Girl Found**

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound1; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound2; E21|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound3; E21|

All the night in woe,  
Lyca's parents go:  
Over vallies deep,

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound4; E21|

While the desarts weep.

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound5; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound6; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound7; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound8; E21|

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

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound9; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound10; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound11; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound12; E21|

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

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound13; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound14; E21|

Pale thro' pathless ways  
The fancied image strays,

ED; E21|

## SONGS 36

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound15; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound16; E21|

Famish'd, weeping, weak  
With hollow piteous shriek

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound17; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound18; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound19; E21|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound20; E21|

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

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound21; E22|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound22; E22|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound23; E22|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound24; E22|

In his arms he bore,  
Her arm'd with sorrow sore;  
Till before their way,  
A couching lion lay.

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound25; E22|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound26; E22|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound27; E22|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound28; E22|

Turning back was vain,  
Soon his heavy mane,  
Bore them to the ground;  
Then he stalk'd around,

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound29; E22|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound30; E22|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound31; E22|

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound32; E22|

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

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound33; E22|

They look upon his eyes



SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound34; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound35; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound36; E22|

Fill'd with deep surprise:  
And wondering behold,  
A spirit arm'd in gold.

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound37; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound38; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound39; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound40; E22|

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

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound41; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound42; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound43; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound44; E22|

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

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound45; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound46; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound47; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound48; E22|

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

SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound49; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound50; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound51; E22|  
SI/SE-TheLittleGirlFound52; E22|

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

ED; E22| SONGS 37

SE-Title; E22| THE Chimney Sweeper *t44*

SE-THEChimneySweeper1; E22|  
SE-THEChimneySweeper2; E22|  
SE-THEChimneySweeper3; E22|  
SE-THEChimneySweeper4; E22|

A little black thing among the snow:  
Crying weep, weep, in notes of woe! *t45*  
Where are thy father & mother? say?  
They are both gone up to the church to pray. *t46*

SE-THEChimneySweeper5; E22|  
SE-THEChimneySweeper6; E22|

Because I was happy upon the heath,  
And smil'd among the winters snow: *t47*

SE-THEChimneySweeper7; E23|  
SE-THEChimneySweeper8; E23|

They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

SE-THEChimneySweeper9; E23|  
SE-THEChimneySweeper10; E23|

And because I am happy, & dance & sing,  
They think they have done me no injury:

SE-THEChimneySweeper11; E23| And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King  
SE-THEChimneySweeper12; E23| Who make up a heaven of our misery. *t48*

ED; E23| SONGS 38  
SE-Title; E23| NURSES Song *t49*

SE-NURSESSong1; E23| When the voices of children, are heard on the green  
SE-NURSESSong2; E23| And whisprings are in the dale:  
SE-NURSESSong3; E23| The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind, *t50*  
SE-NURSESSong4; E23| My face turns green and pale.

SE-NURSESSong5; E23| Then come home my chidren, the sun is gone down  
SE-NURSESSong6; E23| And the dews of night arise  
SE-NURSESSong7; E23| Your spring & your day, are wasted in play  
SE-NURSESSong8; E23| And your winter and night in disguise.

ED; E23| SONGS 39  
SE-Title; E23| The SICK ROSE *t51*

SE-SICKROSE1; E23| O Rose thou art sick.  
SE-SICKROSE2; E23| The invisible worm,  
SE-SICKROSE3; E23| That flies in the night  
SE-SICKROSE4; E23| In the howling storm:

SE-SICKROSE5; E23| Has found out thy bed *t52*  
SE-SICKROSE6; E23| Of crimson joy:  
SE-SICKROSE7; E23| And his dark secret love *t53*  
SE-SICKROSE8; E23| Does thy life destroy. *t54*

ED; E23| SONGS 40  
SE-Title; E23| THE FLY. *t55*

SE-THEFLY1; E23| Little Fly  
SE-THEFLY2; E23| Thy summers play, *t56*  
SE-THEFLY3; E23| My thoughtless hand *t57*  
SE-THEFLY4; E23| Has brush'd away. *t58*

SE-THEFLY5; E23| Am not I  
SE-THEFLY6; E23| A fly like thee?  
SE-THEFLY7; E23| Or art not thou

SE-THEFLY8; E23|

A man like me?

SE-THEFLY9; E23|

For I dance

SE-THEFLY10; E23|

And drink & sing:

SE-THEFLY11; E23|

Till some blind hand

SE-THEFLY12; E23|

Shall brush my wing.

SE-THEFLY13; E24|

If thought is life *t59*

SE-THEFLY14; E24|

And strength & breath:

SE-THEFLY15; E24|

And the want *t60*

SE-THEFLY16; E24|

Of thought is death;

SE-THEFLY17; E24|

Then am I

SE-THEFLY18; E24|

A happy fly,

SE-THEFLY19; E24|

If I live,

SE-THEFLY20; E24|

Or if I die.

ED; E24|

## SONGS 41

SE-Title; E24|

The Angel *t61*

SE-TheAngel1; E24|

I Dreamt a Dream! what can it mean?

SE-TheAngel2; E24|

And that I was a maiden Queen:

SE-TheAngel3; E24|

Guarded by an Angel mild:

SE-TheAngel4; E24|

Witless woe, was ne'er beguil'd!

SE-TheAngel5; E24|

And I wept both night and day

SE-TheAngel6; E24|

And he wip'd my tears away

SE-TheAngel7; E24|

And I wept both day and night

SE-TheAngel8; E24|

And hid from him my hearts delight

SE-TheAngel9; E24|

So he took his wings and fled:

SE-TheAngel10; E24|

Then the morn blush'd rosy red:

SE-TheAngel11; E24|

I dried my tears & armed my fears,

SE-TheAngel12; E24|

With ten thousand shields and spears,

SE-TheAngel13; E24|

Soon my Angel came again;

SE-TheAngel14; E24|

I was arm'd, he came in vain:

SE-TheAngel15; E24|

For the time of youth was fled *t62*

SE-TheAngel16; E24|

And grey hairs were on my head.

ED; E24|

## SONGS 42

SE-Title; E24|

The Tyger. *t63*

SE-TheTyger1; E24| Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
SE-TheTyger2; E24| In the forests of the night;  
SE-TheTyger3; E24| What immortal hand or eye, *t64*  
SE-TheTyger4; E24| Could frame thy fearful symmetry? *t65*

SE-TheTyger5; E24| In what distant deeps or skies. *t66*  
SE-TheTyger6; E24| Burnt the fire of thine eyes? *t67*  
SE-TheTyger7; E24| On what wings dare he aspire? *t68*  
SE-TheTyger8; E24| What the hand, dare sieze the fire?

SE-TheTyger9; E24| And what shoulder, & what art,  
SE-TheTyger10; E24| Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
SE-TheTyger11; E24| And when thy heart began to beat,  
SE-TheTyger12; E24| What dread hand? & what dread feet? *t69*

SE-TheTyger13; E25| What the hammer? what the chain, *t70*  
SE-TheTyger14; E25| In what furnace was thy brain?  
SE-TheTyger15; E25| What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
SE-TheTyger16; E25| Dare its deadly terrors clasp! *t71*

SE-TheTyger17; E25| When the stars threw down their spears *t72*  
SE-TheTyger18; E25| And water'd heaven with their tears:  
SE-TheTyger19; E25| Did he smile his work to see?  
SE-TheTyger20; E25| Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

SE-TheTyger21; E25| Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
SE-TheTyger22; E25| In the forests of the night: *t73*  
SE-TheTyger23; E25| What immortal hand or eye, *t74*  
SE-TheTyger24; E25| Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? *t75*

## ED; E25| SONGS 43

SE-Title; E25| My Pretty ROSE TREE *t76*

SE-MyPrettyROSETREE1; E25| A flower was offerd to me;  
SE-MyPrettyROSETREE2; E25| Such a flower as May never bore.  
SE-MyPrettyROSETREE3; E25| But I said I've a Pretty Rose-tree:  
SE-MyPrettyROSETREE4; E25| And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

SE-MyPrettyROSETREE5; E25| Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree;  
SE-MyPrettyROSETREE6; E25| To tend her by day and by night. *t77*

SE-MyPrettyROSETREE7; E25| But my Rose turnd away with jealousy: *t78*  
SE-MyPrettyROSETREE8; E25| And her thorns were my only delight.

SE-Title; E25| AH! SUN-FLOWER

SE-AH!SUN-FLOWER1; E25| Ah Sun-flower! weary of time,  
SE-AH!SUN-FLOWER2; E25| Who countest the steps of the Sun:  
SE-AH!SUN-FLOWER3; E25| Seeking after that sweet golden clime  
SE-AH!SUN-FLOWER4; E25| Where the travellers journey is done.

SE-AH!SUN-FLOWER5; E25| Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
SE-AH!SUN-FLOWER6; E25| And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow:  
SE-AH!SUN-FLOWER7; E25| Arise from their graves and aspire,  
SE-AH!SUN-FLOWER8; E25| Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

SE-Title; E25| THE LILLY *t79*

SE-THELILLY1; E25| The modest Rose puts forth a thorn: *t80*  
SE-THELILLY2; E25| The humble Sheep, a threatning horn: *t81*  
SE-THELILLY3; E25| While the Lilly white, shall in Love delight,  
SE-THELILLY4; E25| Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright. *t82*

ED; E26| SONGS 44

SE-Title; E26| The GARDEN of LOVE *t83*

SE-TheGardenofLove1; E26| I went to the Garden of Love,  
SE-TheGardenofLove2; E26| And saw what I never had seen: *t84*  
SE-TheGardenofLove3; E26| A Chapel was built in the midst, *t85*  
SE-TheGardenofLove4; E26| Where I used to play on the green.

SE-TheGardenofLove5; E26| And the gates of this Chapel were shut, *t86*  
SE-TheGardenofLove6; E26| And Thou shalt not. writ over the door;  
SE-TheGardenofLove7; E26| So I turn'd to the Garden of Love, *t87*  
SETheGardenofLove8; E26| That so many sweet flowers bore.

SE-TheGardenofLove9; E26| And I saw it was filled with graves,  
SE-TheGardenofLove10; E26| And tomb-stones where flowers should be:  
SE-TheGardenofLove11; E26| And Priests in black gowns, were walking their rounds,  
SE-TheGardenofLove12; E26| And binding with briars, my joys & desires.

ED; E26| SONGS 45  
SE-Title; E26| The Little Vagabond *t88*

SE-TheLittleVagabond1; E26| Dear Mother, dear Mother, the Church is cold, *t89*  
SE-TheLittleVagabond2; E26| But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm;  
SE-TheLittleVagabond3; E26| Besides I can tell where I am use'd well, *t90*  
SE-TheLittleVagabond4; E26| Such usage in heaven will never do well. *t91*  
ED; E26| [45:4 *Original reading*: Such usage in heaven makes all go to hell. See textual note.]

SE-TheLittleVagabond5; E26| But if at the Church they would give us some Ale.  
SE-TheLittleVagabond6; E26| And a pleasant fire, our souls to regale;  
SE-TheLittleVagabond7; E26| We'd sing and we'd pray, all the live-long day;  
SE-TheLittleVagabond8; E26| Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray,  
  
SE-TheLittleVagabond9; E26| Then the Parson might preach & drink & sing.  
SE-TheLittleVagabond10; E26| And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring:  
SE-TheLittleVagabond11; E26| And modest dame Lurch, who is always at Church,  
SE-TheLittleVagabond12; E26| Would not have bandy children nor fasting nor birch.

SE-TheLittleVagabond13; E26| And God like a father rejoicing to see, *t92*  
SE-TheLittleVagabond14; E26| His children as pleasant and happy as he:  
SE-TheLittleVagabond15; E26| Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the Barrel  
SE-TheLittleVagabond16; E26| But kiss him & give him both drink and apparel. *t93*

ED; E26| SONGS 46  
SE-Title; E26| LONDON *t94*

SE-LONDON1; E26| I wander thro' each charter'd street, *t95*  
SE-LONDON2; E26| Near where the charter'd Thames does flow.  
SE-LONDON3; E26| And mark in every face I meet *t96*  
SE-LONDON4; E26| Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

SE-LONDON5; E27| In every cry of every Man,  
SE-LONDON6; E27| In every Infants cry of fear, *t97*  
SE-LONDON7; E27| In every voice: in every ban, *t98*  
SE-LONDON8; E27| The mind-forg'd manacles I hear *t99*

SE-LONDON9; E27| How the Chimney-sweepers cry *t100*  
SE-LONDON10; E27| Every blackning Church appalls, *t101*  
SE-LONDON11; E27| And the hapless Soldiers sigh

SE-LONDON12; E27	Runs in blood down Palace walls
SE-LONDON13; E27	But most thro' midnight streets I hear <i>t102</i>
SE-LONDON14; E27	How the youthful Harlots curse
SE-LONDON15; E27	Blasts the new-born Infants tear
SE-LONDON16; E27	And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

ED; E27| SONGS 47

SE-Title; E27| The Human Abstract. *t103*

SE-TheHumanAbstract1; E27	Pity would be no more, <i>t104</i>
SE-TheHumanAbstract2; E27	If we did not make somebody Poor: <i>t105</i>
SE-TheHumanAbstract3; E27	And Mercy no more could be,
SE-TheHumanAbstract4; E27	If all were as happy as we;

SE-TheHumanAbstract5; E27	And mutual fear brings peace;
SE-TheHumanAbstract6; E27	Till the selfish loves increase.
SE-TheHumanAbstract7; E27	Then Cruelty knits a snare,
SE-TheHumanAbstract8; E27	And spreads his baits with care. <i>t106</i>

SE-TheHumanAbstract9; E27	He sits down with holy fears,
SE-TheHumanAbstract10; E27	And waters the ground with tears:
SE-TheHumanAbstract11; E27	Then Humility takes its root
SE-TheHumanAbstract12; E27	Underneath his foot.

SE-TheHumanAbstract13; E27	Soon spreads the dismal shade
SE-TheHumanAbstract14; E27	Of Mystery over his head;
SE-TheHumanAbstract15; E27	And the Catterpillar and Fly,
SE-TheHumanAbstract16; E27	Feed on the Mystery.

SE-TheHumanAbstract17; E27	And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
SE-TheHumanAbstract18; E27	Ruddy and sweet to eat;
SE-TheHumanAbstract19; E27	And the Raven his nest has made
SE-TheHumanAbstract20; E27	In its thickest shade.

SE-TheHumanAbstract21; E27	The Gods of the earth and sea,
SE-TheHumanAbstract22; E27	Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree
SE-TheHumanAbstract23; E27	But their search was all in vain:
SE-TheHumanAbstract24; E27	There grows one in the Human Brain <i>t107</i>

ED; E28| SONGS 48

SE-Title; E28| INFANT SORROW *t108*

SE-INFANTSORROW1; E28| My mother groand! my father wept.  
SE-INFANTSORROW2; E28| Into the dangerous world I leapt:  
SE-INFANTSORROW3; E28| Helpless, naked, piping loud;  
SE-INFANTSORROW4; E28| Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

SE-INFANTSORROW5; E28| Struggling in my fathers hands:  
SE-INFANTSORROW6; E28| Striving against my swadling bands:  
SE-INFANTSORROW7; E28| Bound and weary I thought best  
SE-INFANTSORROW8; E28| To sulk upon my mothers breast.

ED; E28| SONGS 49

SE-Title; E28| A POISON TREE. *t109*

SE-APOISONTREE1; E28| I was angry with my friend;  
SE-APOISONTREE2; E28| I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
SE-APOISONTREE3; E28| I was angry with my foe:  
SE-APOISONTREE4; E28| I told it not, my wrath did grow.

SE-APOISONTREE5; E28| And I waterd it in fears,  
SE-APOISONTREE6; E28| Night & morning with my tears:  
SE-APOISONTREE7; E28| And I sunned it with smiles,  
SE-APOISONTREE8; E28| And with soft deceitful wiles.

SE-APOISONTREE9; E28| And it grew both day and night.  
SE-APOISONTREE10; E28| Till it bore an apple bright.  
SE-APOISONTREE11; E28| And my foe beheld it shine,  
SE-APOISONTREE12; E28| And he knew that it was mine.

SE-APOISONTREE13; E28| And into my garden stole,  
SE-APOISONTREE14; E28| When the night had veild the pole;  
SE-APOISONTREE15; E28| In the morning glad I see;  
SE-APOISONTREE16; E28| My foe outstretchd beneath the tree.

ED; E28| SONGS 50

SE-Title; E28| A Little BOY Lost *t110*

SE-ALittleBOYLost1; E28| Nought loves another as itself



SE-ALittleBOYLost2; E28|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost3; E28|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost4; E28|

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

SE-ALittleBOYLost5; E28|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost6; E28|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost7; E28|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost8; E28|

And Father, how can I love you, *t111*  
Or any of my brothers more? *t112*  
I love you like the little bird *t113*  
That picks up crumbs around the door.

SE-ALittleBOYLost9; E28|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost10; E28|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost11; E28|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost12; E28|

The Priest sat by and heard the child.  
In trembling zeal he siez'd his hair: *t114*  
He led him by his little coat: *t115*  
And all admir'd the Priestly care. *t116*

SE-ALittleBOYLost13; E29|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost14; E29|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost15; E29|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost16; E29|

And standing on the altar high, *t117*  
Lo what a fiend is here! said he:  
One who sets reason up for judge  
Of our most holy Mystery.

SE-ALittleBOYLost17; E29|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost18; E29|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost19; E29|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost20; E29|

The weeping child could not be heard.  
The weeping parents wept in vain:  
They strip'd him to his little shirt. *t118*  
And bound him in an iron chain.

SE-ALittleBOYLost21; E29|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost22; E29|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost23; E29|  
SE-ALittleBOYLost24; E29|

And burn'd him in a holy place, *t119*  
Where many had been burn'd before:  
The weeping parents wept in vain.  
Are such things done on Albions shore. *t120*

ED; E29|      SONGS 51  
SE-Title; E29|      A Little GIRL Lost

SE-ALittleGIRLLost1; E29|  
SE-ALittleGIRLLost2; E29|  
SE-ALittleGIRLLost3; E29|  
SE-ALittleGIRLLost4; E29|

*Children of the future Age,  
Reading this indignant page;  
Know that in a former time.  
Love! sweet Love! was thought a crime.*

SE-ALittleGIRLLost5; E29|  
SE-ALittleGIRLLost6; E29|  
SE-ALittleGIRLLost7; E29|  
SE-ALittleGIRLLost8; E29|

In the Age of Gold,  
Free from winters cold:  
Youth and maiden bright,  
To the holy light,

SE-ALittleGIRLLost9; E29|

Naked in the sunny beams delight.

SE-ALittleGIRLLost10; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost11; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost12; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost13; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost14; E29|

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

SE-ALittleGIRLLost15; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost16; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost17; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost18; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost19; E29|

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

SE-ALittleGIRLLost20; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost21; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost22; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost23; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost24; E29|

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

SE-ALittleGIRLLost25; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost26; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost27; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost28; E29|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost29; E29|

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

SE-ALittleGIRLLost30; E30|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost31; E30|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost32; E30|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost33; E30|

SE-ALittleGIRLLost34; E30|

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

ED; E30|

## SONGS 52

SE-Title; E30|

To Tirzah *t121*

SE-ToTirzah1; E30|

SE-ToTirzah2; E30|

SE-ToTirzah3; E30|

SE-ToTirzah4; E30|

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

SE-ToTirzah5; E30|

The Sexes sprung from Shame & Pride

SE-ToTirzah6; E30| Blow'd in the morn: in evening died  
SE-ToTirzah7; E30| But Mercy changd Death into Sleep;  
SE-ToTirzah8; E30| The Sexes rose to work & weep.

SE-ToTirzah9; E30| Thou Mother of my Mortal part.  
SE-ToTirzah10; E30| With cruelty didst mould my Heart.  
SE-ToTirzah11; E30| And with false self-decieving tears,  
SE-ToTirzah12; E30| Didst bind my Nostrils Eyes & Ears.

SE-ToTirzah13; E30| Didst close my Tongue in senseless clay  
SE-ToTirzah14; E30| And me to Mortal Life betray:  
SE-ToTirzah15; E30| The Death of Jesus set me free,  
SE-ToTirzah16; E30| Then what have I to do with thee?

SE-ToTirzah; E30| [text on illustration: It is Raised a Spiritual Body]

ED; E31| SONGS 53  
SI/SE-Title; E31| The School Boy *t122*

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy1; E31| I love to rise in a summer morn,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy2; E31| When the birds sing on every tree;  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy3; E31| The distant huntsman winds his horn,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy4; E31| And the sky-lark sings with me.  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy5; E31| O! what sweet company.

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy6; E31| But to go to school in a summer morn,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy7; E31| O! it drives all joy away;  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy8; E31| Under a cruel eye outworn,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy9; E31| The little ones spend the day,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy10; E31| In sighing and dismay.

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy11; E31| Ah! then at times I drooping sit,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy12; E31| And spend many an anxious hour.  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy13; E31| Nor in my book can I take delight,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy14; E31| Nor sit in learnings bower,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy15; E31| Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy16; E31| How can the bird that is born for joy,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy17; E31| Sit in a cage and sing.  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy18; E31| How can a child when fears annoy,  
SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy19; E31| But droop his tender wing,

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy20; E31|

And forget his youthful spring.

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy21; E31|

O! father & mother, if buds are nip'd,

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy22; E31|

And blossoms blown away,

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy23; E31|

And if the tender plants are strip'd

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy24; E31|

Of their joy in the springing day,

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy25; E31|

By sorrow and cares dismay,

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy26; E31|

How shall the summer arise in joy.

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy27; E31|

Or the summer fruits appear,

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy28; E31|

Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy29; E31|

Or bless the mellowing year,

SI/SE-TheSchoolBoy30; E31|

When the blasts of winter appear.

ED; E31| SONGS 54

SI/SE-Title; E31| The Voice of the Ancient Bard. *t123*

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard1; E31|

Youth of delight come hither:

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard2; E31|

And see the opening morn,

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard3; E31|

Image of truth new born.

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard4; E31|

Doubt is fled & clouds of reason.

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard5; E31|

Dark disputes & artful teasing.

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard6; E31|

Folly is an endless maze,

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard7; E31|

Tangled roots perplex her ways,

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard8; E32|

How many have fallen there!

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard9; E32|

They stumble all night over bones of the dead;

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard10; E32|

And feel they know not what but care;

SI/SE-Voice...AncientBard11; E32|

And wish to lead others when they should be led.

ED; E32| SONGS 55

SE-Title; E32| A DIVINE IMAGE

ED; E32| [An early Song of Experience included in one late copy] *t124*

SE-ADIVINEIMAGE1; E32|

Cruelty has a Human Heart

SE-ADIVINEIMAGE2; E32|

And Jealousy a Human Face

SE-ADIVINEIMAGE3; E32|

Terror, the Human Form Divine

SE-ADIVINEIMAGE4; E32|

And Secrecy, the Human Dress

SE-ADIVINEIMAGE5; E32|

SE-ADIVINEIMAGE6; E32|

SE-ADIVINEIMAGE7; E32|

SE-ADIVINEIMAGE8; E32|

The Human Dress, is forged Iron  
The Human Form, a fiery Forge.  
The Human Face, a Furnace seal'd  
The Human Heart, its hungry Gorge.

GPChildren-Title; E32|

For Children

GPChildren-Title; E32|

THE GATES of PARADISE *t125*

GPChildren-PubDate; E32|

1793

GPChildren-Colophon; E32|

GPChildren-Colophon; E32|

Published by W Blake No 13 Hercules Buildings Lambeth  
and J. Johnson St Pauls' Church Yard

GPChildren; E32|

Frontispiece What is Man! *t126*

GPChildren; E32|

1 I found him beneath a Tree *t127*

GPChildren; E32|

2 Water *t128*

GPChildren; E32|

3 Earth *t129*

GPChildren; E32|

4 Air *t130*

GPChildren; E32|

5 Fire. *t131*

GPChildren; E32|

6 At length for hatching ripe he breaks the shell *t132*

GPChildren; E32|

7 Alas! *t133*

GPChildren; E32|

8 My Son! my Son! *t134*

GPChildren; E32|

9 I want! I want! *t135*

GPChildren; E32|

10 Help! Help! *t136*

GPChildren; E32|

11 Aged Ignorance *t137*

Title; E33| THE *MARRIAGE* of HEAVEN and HELL *t143*

ED; E33| *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PLATE 2

MHH; E33| The Argument.

MHHArgument; E33| Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air;  
MHHArgument; E33| Hungry clouds swag on the deep

MHHArgument; E33| Once meek, and in a perilous path,  
MHHArgument; E33| The just man kept his course along  
MHHArgument; E33| The vale of death.  
MHHArgument; E33| Roses are planted where thorns grow.  
MHHArgument; E33| And on the barren heath  
MHHArgument; E33| Sing the honey bees.

MHHArgument; E33| Then the perilous path was planted:  
MHHArgument; E33| And a river, and a spring  
MHHArgument; E33| On every cliff and tomb;  
MHHArgument; E33| And on the bleached bones  
MHHArgument; E33| Red clay brought forth.

MHHArgument; E33| Till the villain left the paths of ease,  
MHHArgument; E33| To walk in perilous paths, and drive  
MHHArgument; E33| The just man into barren climes.

MHHArgument; E33| Now the sneaking serpent walks  
MHHArgument; E33| In mild humility.  
MHHArgument; E33| And the just man rages in the wilds  
MHHArgument; E33| Where lions roam.

MHHArgument; E33| Rintrah roars & shakes his fires in the burdend air;  
MHHArgument; E33| Hungry clouds swag on the deep.  
MHHArgument; E33| 

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ED; E34| *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PLATE 3

MHH3; E34| As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years *t144*  
MHH3; E34| since its advent: the Eternal Hell revives. And lo! Swedenborg is  
MHH3; E34| the Angel sitting at the tomb; his writings are the linen clothes  
MHH3; E34| folded up. Now is the dominion of Edom, & the return of Adam into

MHH3; E34| Paradise; see Isaiah XXXIV & XXXV Chap:  
 MHH3; E34| Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and  
 MHH3; E34| Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to  
 MHH3; E34| Human existence.  
 MHH3; E34| From these contraries spring what the religious call Good &  
 MHH3; E34| Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason[.] Evil is the active  
 MHH3; E34| springing from Energy.  
 MHH3; E34| Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell.

ED; E34| *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PLATE 4  
 MHH4; E34| The voice of the Devil

MHH4; E34| All Bibles or sacred codes. have been the causes of the  
 MHH4; E34| following Errors.  
 MHH4; E34| 1. That Man has two real existing principles Viz: a Body & a  
 MHH4; E34| Soul.  
 MHH4; E34| 2 That Energy. call'd Evil. is alone from the Body. & that  
 MHH4; E34| Reason. call'd Good. is alone from the Soul.  
 MHH4; E34| 3. That God will torment Man in Eternity for following his  
 MHH4; E34| Energies.  
 MHH4; E34| But the following Contraries to these are True  
 MHH4; E34| 1 Man has no Body distinct from his Soul for that call'd Body is  
 MHH4; E34| a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses. the chief inlets  
 MHH4; E34| of Soul in this age  
 MHH4; E34| 2. Energy is the only life and is from the Body and Reason is  
 MHH4; E34| the bound or outward circumference of Energy.  
 MHH4; E34| 3 Energy is Eternal Delight

ED; E34| *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PLATE 5  
 MHH5; E34| Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough  
 MHH5; E34| to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place &  
 MHH5; E34| governs the unwilling.  
 MHH5; E34| And being restrain'd it by degrees becomes passive till it is  
 MHH5; E34| only the shadow of desire.  
 MHH5; E34| The history of this is written in Paradise Lost. & the Governor  
 MHH5; E34| or Reason is call'd Messiah.  
 MHH5; E34| And the original Archangel or possessor of the command of the  
 MHH5; E34| heavenly host, is call'd the Devil or Satan and his children are  
 MHH5; E34| call'd Sin & Death  
 MHH5; E34| But in the Book of Job Miltons Messiah is call'd Satan.  
 MHH5; E34| For this history has been adopted by both parties  
 MHH5; E34| It indeed appear'd to Reason as if Desire was cast out. but the

MHH5; E35| Devils account is, that the Messi[*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 6]ah fell. & formed a



heaven

MHH6; E35| of what he stole from the Abyss  
MHH6; E35| This is shewn in the Gospel, where he prays to the Father to  
MHH6; E35| send the comforter or Desire that Reason may have Ideas to build  
MHH6; E35| on, the Jehovah of the Bible being no other than he, who dwells  
MHH6; E35| in flaming fire. <sup>t145</sup>  
MHH6; E35| Know that after Christs death, he became Jehovah.  
MHH6; E35| But in Milton; the Father is Destiny, the Son, a Ratio of the  
MHH6; E35| five senses. & the Holy-ghost, Vacuum!  
MHH6; E35| Note. The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of  
MHH6; E35| Angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he  
MHH6; E35| was a true Poet and of the Devils party without knowing it

MHH6; E35| A Memorable Fancy.

MHH6; E35| As I was walking among the fires of hell, delighted with the  
MHH6; E35| enjoyments of Genius; which to Angels look like torment and  
MHH6; E35| insanity. I collected some of their Proverbs: thinking that as  
MHH6; E35| the sayings used in a nation, mark its character, so the Proverbs  
MHH6; E35| of Hell, shew the nature of Infernal wisdom better than any  
MHH6; E35| description of buildings or garments.  
MHH6; E35| When I came home; on the abyss of the five senses, where a  
MHH6; E35| flat sided steep frowns over the present world. I saw a mighty  
MHH6; E35| Devil folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock,  
MHH6; E35| with cor[*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 7]roding fires he wrote the following sentence  
now  
MHH7; E35| percieved by the minds of men, & read by them on earth. <sup>t146</sup>

MHH7; E35| How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,  
MHH7; E35| Is an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five?

MHH7; E35| Proverbs of Hell. <sup>t147</sup>

MHH7; E35| In seed time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.

MHH7; E35| Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.  
MHH7; E35| The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

MHH7; E35| Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.  
MHH7; E35| He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

MHH7; E35|

The cut worm forgives the plow.

MHH7; E35|

Dip him in the river who loves water.

MHH7; E35|

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

MHH7; E35|

He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.

MHH7; E36|

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

MHH7; E36|

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

MHH7; E36|

The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock, but of wisdom: no clock can

MHH7; E36|

measure.

MHH7; E36|

All wholsom food is caught without a net or a trap.

MHH7; E36|

Bring out number weight & measure in a year of dearth.

MHH7; E36|

No bird soars too high. if he soars with his own wings.

MHH7; E36|

A dead body. revenges not injuries.

MHH7; E36|

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

MHH7; E36|

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise

MHH7; E36|

Folly is the cloke of knavery.

MHH7; E36|

Shame is Prides cloke.

ED; E36|

*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PLATE 8

MHH8; E36|

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion.

MHH8; E36|

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.

MHH8; E36|

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

MHH8; E36|

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.

MHH8; E36|

The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

MHH8; E36|

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

MHH8; E36|

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the

MHH8; E36|

stormy sea, and the destructive sword. are portions of

MHH8; E36|

eternity too great for the eye of man.

MHH8; E36	The fox condemns the trap, not himself.
MHH8; E36	Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.
MHH8; E36	Let man wear the fell of the lion. woman the fleece of the sheep.
MHH8; E36	The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.
MHH8; E36	The selfish smiling fool. & the sullen frowning fool. shall be
MHH8; E36	both thought wise. that they may be a rod.
MHH8; E36	What is now proved was once, only imagin'd.
MHH8; E36	The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbet; watch the roots, the lion, the tyger,
MHH8; E36	the horse, the elephant, watch the fruits.
MHH8; E36	The cistern contains: the fountain overflows
MHH8; E36	One thought. fills immensity.
MHH8; E36	Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.
MHH8; E37	Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth.
MHH8; E37	The eagle never lost so much time, as when he submitted to learn of the crow.
ED; E37	<i>Marriage of Heaven and Hell</i> PLATE 9
MHH9; E37	The fox provides for himself. but God provides for the lion.
MHH9; E37	Think in the morning, Act in the noon, Eat in the evening, Sleep in the night.
MHH9; E37	He who has sufferd you to impose on him knows you.
MHH9; E37	As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.
MHH9; E37	The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction
MHH9; E37	Expect poison from the standing water.
MHH9; E37	You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.
MHH9; E37	Listen to the fools reproach! it is a kingly title!

MHH9; E37	The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth.
MHH9; E37	The weak in courage is strong in cunning.
MHH9; E37	The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor the lion. the horse;
MHH9; E37	how he shall take his prey.
MHH9; E37	The thankful reciever bears a plentiful harvest.
MHH9; E37	If others had not been foolish. we should be so.
MHH9; E37	The soul of sweet delight. can never be defil'd,
MHH9; E37	When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius. lift up thy head!
MHH9; E37	As the catterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest
MHH9; E37	lays his curse on the fairest joys.
MHH9; E37	To create a little flower is the labour of ages.
MHH9; E37	Damn. braces: Bless relaxes.
MHH9; E37	The best wine is the oldest. the best water the newest.
MHH9; E37	Prayers plow not! Praises reap not!
MHH9; E37	Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!
ED; E37	<i>Marriage of Heaven and Hell</i> PLATE 10
MHH10; E37	The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands & feet
MHH10; E37	Proportion.
MHH10; E38	As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.
MHH10; E38	The crow wish'd every thing was black, the owl, that every thing was white.
MHH10; E38	Exuberance is Beauty.
MHH10; E38	If the lion was advised by the fox. he would be cunning.
MHH10; E38	Improvement makes strait roads, but the crooked roads without
MHH10; E38	Improvement, are roads of Genius. <i>t148</i>
MHH10; E38	Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires

MHH10; E38| Where man is not nature is barren.

MHH10; E38| Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ'd.

MHH10; E38| Enough! or Too much

ED; E38| *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PLATE 11

MHH11; E38| The ancient Poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or  
MHH11; E38| Geniuses calling them by the names and adorning them with the  
MHH11; E38| properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations,  
MHH11; E38| and whatever their enlarged & numerous senses could percieve.  
MHH11; E38| And particularly they studied the genius of each city &  
MHH11; E38| country. placing it under its mental deity.  
MHH11; E38| Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of &  
MHH11; E38| enslav'd the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the  
MHH11; E38| mental deities from their objects: thus began Priesthood.  
MHH11; E38| Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales.  
MHH11; E38| And at length they pronounced that the Gods had orderd such  
MHH11; E38| things.  
MHH11; E38| Thus men forgot that All deities reside in the human breast.

ED; E38| *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PLATE 12

MHH12; E38| A Memorable Fancy.

MHH12; E38| The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked  
MHH12; E38| them how they dared so roundly to assert. that God spake to them;  
MHH12; E38| and whether they did not think at the time, that they would be  
MHH12; E38| misunderstood, & so be the cause of imposition.  
MHH12; E38| Isaiah answer'd. I saw no God. nor heard any, in a finite  
MHH12; E38| organical perception; but my senses discover'd the infinite in  
MHH12; E38| every thing, and as I was then perswaded. & remain confirm'd;  
MHH12; E38| that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared  
MHH12; E38| not for consequences but wrote.  
MHH12; E38| Then I asked: does a firm perswasion that a thing is so, make it so?  
MHH12; E38| He replied. All poets believe that it does, & in ages of imagination

MHH12; E39| this firm perswasion removed mountains; but many are not capable  
MHH12; E39| of a firm perswasion of any thing.  
MHH12; E39| Then Ezekiel said. The philosophy of the east taught the first  
MHH12; E39| principles of human perception some nations held one  
MHH12; E39| principle for the origin & some another, we of Israel taught





MHH15; E40| I was in a Printing house in Hell & saw the method in which  
MHH15; E40| knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.  
MHH15; E40| In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the  
MHH15; E40| rubbish from a caves mouth; within, a number of Dragons were  
MHH15; E40| hollowing the cave,  
MHH15; E40| In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock & the  
MHH15; E40| cave, and others adorning it with gold silver and precious stones.  
MHH15; E40| In the third chamber was an Eagle with wings and feathers of  
MHH15; E40| air, he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite, around were  
MHH15; E40| numbers of Eagle like men, who built palaces in the immense cliffs.  
MHH15; E40| In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire raging around  
MHH15; E40| & melting the metals into living fluids.  
MHH15; E40| In the fifth chamber were Unnam'd forms, which cast the metals  
MHH15; E40| into the expanse.  
MHH15; E40| There they were reciev'd by Men who occupied the sixth  
MHH15; E40| chamber, and took the forms of books & were arranged in libraries.

MHH16; E40| The Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence  
MHH16; E40| and now seem to live in it in chains; are in truth. the causes  
MHH16; E40| of its life & the sources of all activity, but the chains are,  
MHH16; E40| the cunning of weak and tame minds. which have power to resist  
MHH16; E40| energy. according to the proverb, the weak in courage is strong  
MHH16; E40| in cunning.  
MHH16; E40| Thus one portion of being, is the Prolific. the other, the  
MHH16; E40| Devouring: to the devourer it seems as if the producer was in  
MHH16; E40| his chains, but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence  
MHH16; E40| and fancies that the whole.  
MHH16; E40| But the Prolific would cease to be Prolific unless the  
MHH16; E40| Devourer as a sea recieved the excess of his delights.  
MHH16; E40| Some will say, Is not God alone the Prolific? I answer, God  
MHH16; E40| only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men.  
MHH16; E40| These two classes of men are always upon earth, & they should  
MHH16; E40| be enemies; whoever tries  
MHH; E40| [*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 17] to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence.  
MHH17; E40| Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two.  
MHH17; E40| Note. Jesus Christ did not wish to unite but to seperate  
MHH17; E40| them, as in the Parable of sheep and goats! & he says I came not  
MHH17; E40| to send Peace but a Sword.  
MHH17; E40| Messiah or Satan or Tempter was formerly thought to be one of  
MHH17; E40| the Antediluvians who are our Energies.

## A Memorable Fancy

MHH17; E41|

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

MHH17; E41|

O horrible! O dreadful state! consider the hot burning dungeon

MHH17; E41|

thou art preparing for thyself to all eternity, to which thou art

MHH17; E41|

going in such career.

MHH17; E41|

I said. perhaps you will be willing to shew me my eternal

MHH17; E41|

lot & we will contemplate together upon it and see whether your

MHH17; E41|

lot or mine is most desirable

MHH17; E41|

So he took me thro' a stable & thro' a church & down into

MHH17; E41|

the church vault at the end of which was a mill: thro' the mill

MHH17; E41|

we went, and came to a cave. down the winding cavern we groped

MHH17; E41|

our tedious way till a void boundless as a nether sky appeard

MHH17; E41|

beneath us & we held by the roots of trees and hung over this

MHH17; E41|

immensity; but I said, if you please we will commit ourselves

MHH17; E41|

to this void and see whether providence is here also, if you

MHH17; E41|

will not I will? but he answerd. do not presume O young-man but

MHH17; E41|

as we here remain behold thy lot which will soon appear when the

MHH17; E41|

darkness passes away

MHH17; E41|

So I remaind with him sitting in the twisted [*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 18] root of

MHH18; E41|

an oak. he was suspended in a fungus which hung with the head

MHH18; E41|

downward into the deep:

MHH18; E41|

By degrees we beheld the infinite Abyss, fiery as the smoke

MHH18; E41|

of a burning city; beneath us at an immense distance was the sun,

MHH18; E41|

black but shining[;] round it were fiery tracks on which revolv'd

MHH18; E41|

vast spiders, crawling after their prey; which flew or rather

MHH18; E41|

swum in the infinite deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals

MHH18; E41|

sprung from corruption. & the air was full of them, & seemd

MHH18; E41|

composed of them; these are Devils. and are called Powers of the

MHH18; E41|

air, I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot? he said,

MHH18; E41|

between the black & white spiders

MHH18; E41|

But now, from between the black & white spiders a cloud and

MHH18; E41|

fire burst and rolled thro the deep blackning all beneath, so

MHH18; E41|

that the nether deep grew black as a sea & rolled with a terrible

MHH18; E41|

noise: beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest,

MHH18; E41|

till looking east between the clouds & the waves, we saw a

MHH18; E41|

cataract of blood mixed with fire and not many stones throw from

MHH18; E41|

us appeard and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent.

MHH18; E41|

at last to the east, distant about three degrees appeard a fiery

MHH18; E41|

crest above the waves slowly it reared like a ridge of golden

MHH18; E41|

rocks till we discoverd two globes of crimson fire. from which

MHH18; E41|

the sea fled away in clouds of smoke, and now we saw, it was the

MHH18; E41|

head of Leviathan. his forehead was divided into streaks of green

MHH18; E41|

& purple like those on a tygers forehead: soon we saw his mouth &



MHH18; E41|

MHH18; E41|

the

MHH19; E41|

MHH19; E41|

MHH19; E41|

MHH19; E42|

MHH19; E42|

MHH19; E42|

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MHH20; E42|

red gills hang just above the raging foam tinging the black deep  
with beams of bood, advancing toward [*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 19] us with all  
the  
fury of a spiritual existence.  
My friend the Angel climb'd up from his station into the mill;  
I remain'd alone, & then this appearance was no more, but I found

myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moon light  
hearing a harper who sung to the harp. & his theme was, The man  
who never alters his opinion is like standing water, & breeds  
reptiles of the mind.  
But I arose, and sought for the mill, & there I found my  
Angel, who surprised asked me, how I escaped?  
I answerd. All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics: for  
when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight hearing  
a harper, But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I shew you  
yours? he laughd at my proposal: but I by force suddenly caught  
him in my arms, & flew westerly thro' the night, till we were  
elevated above the earths shadow: then I flung myself with him  
directly into the body of the sun, here I clothed myself in  
white, & taking in my hand Swedenborgs volumes sunk from the  
glorious clime, and passed all the planets till we came to  
saturn, here I staid to rest & then leap'd into the void, between  
saturn & the fixed stars.  
Here said I! is your lot, in this space, if space it may be  
call'd, Soon we saw the stable and the church, & I took him to the  
altar and open'd the Bible, and lo! it was a deep pit, into which  
I descended driving the Angel before me, soon we saw seven houses  
of brick, one we enterd; in it were a  
[*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 20] number of monkeys,  
baboons, & all of that species chain'd by the middle, grinning and  
snatching at one another, but witheld by the shortness of their  
chains: however I saw that they sometimes grew numerous, and then  
the weak were caught by the strong and with a grinning aspect,  
first coupled with & then devour'd, by plucking off first one limb  
and then another till the body was left a helpless trunk. this  
after grinning & kissing it with seeming fondness they devour'd  
too; and here & there I saw one savourily picking the flesh off  
of his own tail; as the stench terribly annoy'd us both we went  
into the mill, & I in my hand brought the skeleton of a body,  
which in the mill was Aristotles Analytics.  
So the Angel said: thy phantasy has imposed upon me & thou  
oughtest to be ashamed.  
I answerd: we impose on one another, & it is but lost time  
to converse with you whose works are only Analytics.

MHH20; E42| Opposition is true Friendship. *t150*

ED; E42| *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PLATE 21

MHH21; E42| I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of  
MHH21; E42| themselves as the only wise; this they do with a confident  
MHH21; E42| insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning:  
MHH21; E42| Thus Swedenborg boasts that what he writes is new; tho' it  
MHH21; E42| is only the Contents or Index of already publish'd books  
MHH21; E42| A man carried a monkey about for a shew, & because he was a  
MHH21; E42| little wiser than the monkey, grew vain, and conceiv'd himself as much

MHH21; E43| wiser than seven men. It is so with Swedenborg; he shews the  
MHH21; E43| folly of churches & exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all  
MHH21; E43| are religious. & himself the single  
MHH22; E43| [*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 22] one on earth that ever broke a net.  
MHH22; E43| Now hear a plain fact: Swedenborg has not written one new  
MHH22; E43| truth: Now hear another: he has written all the old falshoods.  
MHH22; E43| And now hear the reason. He conversed with Angels who are  
MHH22; E43| all religious, & conversed not with Devils who all hate religion,  
MHH22; E43| for he was incapable thro' his conceited notions.  
MHH22; E43| Thus Swedenborgs writings are a recapitulation of all  
MHH22; E43| superficial opinions, and an analysis of the more sublime, but no further.  
MHH22; E43| Have now another plain fact: Any man of mechanical talents  
MHH22; E43| may from the writings of Paracelsus or Jacob Behmen, produce ten  
MHH22; E43| thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborg's.  
MHH22; E43| and from those of Dante or Shakespear, an infinite number.  
MHH22; E43| But when he has done this, let him not say that he knows  
MHH22; E43| better than his master, for he only holds a candle in sunshine.

MHH22; E43| A Memorable Fancy

MHH22; E43| Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire. who arose before an  
MHH22; E43| Angel that sat on a cloud. and the Devil utterd these words.  
MHH22; E43| The worship of God is. Honouring his gifts in other men  
MHH22; E43| each according to his genius. and loving the  
MHH23; E43| [*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 23]greatest men  
MHH23; E43| best, those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there  
MHH23; E43| is no other God.  
MHH23; E43| The Angel hearing this became almost blue but mastering  
MHH23; E43| himself he grew yellow, & at last white pink & smiling, and then replied,  
MHH23; E43| Thou Idolater, is not God One? & is not he visible in Jesus  
MHH23; E43| Christ? and has not Jesus Christ given his sanction to the law of

MHH23; E43| ten commandments and are not all other men fools, sinners, & nothings?  
MHH23; E43| The Devil answer'd; bray a fool in a mortar with wheat. yet  
MHH23; E43| shall not his folly be beaten out of him: if Jesus Christ is the  
MHH23; E43| greatest man, you ought to love him in the greatest degree; now  
MHH23; E43| hear how he has given his sanction to the law of ten  
MHH23; E43| commandments: did he not mock at the sabbath, and so mock the  
MHH23; E43| sabbaths God? murder those who were murderd because of him? turn  
MHH23; E43| away the law from the woman taken in adultery? steal the labor of  
MHH23; E43| others to support him? bear false witness when he omitted making  
MHH23; E43| a defence before Pilate? covet when he pray'd for his disciples,  
MHH23; E43| and when he bid them shake off the dust of their feet against  
MHH23; E43| such as refused to lodge them? I tell you, no virtue can exist  
MHH23; E43| without breaking these ten commandments: Jesus was all virtue,  
MHH23; E43| and acted from im[*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 24]pulse: not from rules.  
MHH24; E43| When he had so spoken: I beheld the Angel who stretched out  
MHH24; E43| his arms embracing the flame of fire & he was consumed and arose  
MHH24; E43| as Elijah.

MHH24; E44| Note. This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my  
MHH24; E44| particular friend: we often read the Bible together in its  
MHH24; E44| infernal or diabolical sense which the world shall have if they  
MHH24; E44| behave well  
MHH24; E44| I have also: The Bible of Hell: which the world shall have  
MHH24; E44| whether they will or no.

MHH24; E44| One Law for the Lion & Ox is Oppression

ED; E44| *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PLATE 25  
MHH25; E44| A Song of Liberty

MHH25; E44| 1. The Eternal Female groand! it was heard over all the Earth:  
MHH25; E44| 2. Albions coast is sick silent; the American meadows faint!  
MHH25; E44| 3 Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers  
MHH25; E44| and mutter across the ocean! France rend down thy dungeon;  
MHH25; E44| 4. Golden Spain burst the barriers of old Rome;  
MHH25; E44| 5. Cast thy keys O Rome into the deep down falling, even to  
MHH25; E44| eternity down falling,  
MHH25; E44| 6. And weep! <sup>t151</sup>  
MHH25; E44| 7. In her trembling hands she took the new, born terror howling;  
MHH25; E44| 8. On those infinite mountains of light now barr'd out by the  
MHH25; E44| atlantic sea, the new born fire stood before the starry king!  
MHH25; E44| 9. Flag'd with grey brow'd snows and thunderous visages the  
MHH25; E44| jealous wings wav'd over the deep.

MHH25; E44| 10. The speary hand burned aloft, unbuckled was the shield,  
MHH25; E44| forth went the hand of jealousy among the flaming hair, and  
MHH; E44| [*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 26] hurl'd the new born wonder thro' the starry night.  
MHH26; E44| 11. The fire, the fire, is falling!  
MHH26; E44| 12. Look up! look up! O citizen of London. enlarge thy  
MHH26; E44| countenance; O Jew, leave counting gold! return to thy oil and  
MHH26; E44| wine; O African! black African! (go. winged thought widen his forehead.)  
MHH26; E44| 13. The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot like the sinking sun  
MHH26; E44| into the western sea.  
MHH26; E44| 14. Wak'd from his eternal sleep, the hoary, element roaring fled away:  
MHH26; E44| 15. Down rush'd beating his wings in vain the jealous king: his  
MHH26; E44| grey brow'd councillors, thunderous warriors, curl'd veterans,  
MHH26; E44| among helms, and shields, and chariots horses, elephants:  
MHH26; E44| banners, castles, slings and rocks,  
MHH26; E44| 16. Falling, rushing, ruining! buried in the ruins, on Urthona's dens.  
MHH26; E44| 17. All night beneath the ruins, then their sullen flames faded  
MHH26; E44| emerge round the gloomy king,  
MHH26; E44| 18. With thunder and fire: leading his starry hosts thro' the waste wilderness  
MHH; E44| [*Marriage of Heaven and Hell* PL 27] he promulgates his ten commands,  
MHH27; E44| glancing his beamy eyelids over the deep in dark dismay,

MHH27; E45| 19. Where the son of fire in his eastern cloud, while the  
MHH27; E45| morning plumes her golden breast,  
MHH27; E45| 20. Spurning the clouds written with curses, stamps the stony  
MHH27; E45| law to dust, loosing the eternal horses from the dens of night, crying

MHH27; E45| Empire is no more! and now the lion & wolf shall cease.

MHH27; E45| Chorus

MHH27; E45| Let the Priests of the Raven of dawn, no longer in deadly  
MHH27; E45| black, with hoarse note curse the sons of joy. Nor his accepted  
MHH27; E45| brethren whom, tyrant, he calls free; lay the bound or build the  
MHH27; E45| roof. Nor pale religious lechery call that virginity, that  
MHH27; E45| wishes but acts not!  
MHH27; E45| For every thing that lives is Holy

Title; E45|        VISIONS of the Daughters of Albion    *t152*

VDAepigraph; E45|        The Eye sees more than the Heart knows.

VDAcolophon; E45|        Printed by Will:m Blake: 1793.

VDA; E45|        The Argument

VDAargument1; E45|        I loved Theotormon  
VDAargument2; E45|        And I was not ashamed  
VDAargument3; E45|        I trembled in my virgin fears  
VDAargument4; E45|        And I hid in Leutha's vale!

VDAargument5; E45|        I plucked Leutha's flower,  
VDAargument6; E45|        And I rose up from the vale;  
VDAargument7; E45|        But the terrible thunders tore  
VDAargument8; E45|        My virgin mantle in twain.

ED; E45|        *VISIONS of the Daughters of Albion* PLATE 1  
VDA1title; E45|        Visions

VDA1.2; E45|        ENSLAV'D, the Daughters of Albion weep: a trembling lamentation  
VDA1.3; E45|        Upon their mountains; in their valleys. sighs toward America.

VDA1.4; E45|        For the soft soul of America, Oothoon wanderd in woe,  
VDA1.5; E45|        Along the vales of Leutha seeking flowers to comfort her;  
VDA1.6; E45|        And thus she spoke to the bright Marygold of Leutha's vale

VDA1.7; E46|        Art thou a flower! art thou a nymph! I see thee now a flower;  
VDA1.8; E46|        Now a nymph! I dare not pluck thee from thy dewy bed!

VDA1.9; E46|        The Golden nymph replied; pluck thou my flower Oothoon the mild  
VDA1.10; E46|        Another flower shall spring, because the soul of sweet delight  
VDA1.11; E46|        Can never pass away. she ceas'd & closd her golden shrine.

VDA1.12; E46|        Then Oothoon pluck'd the flower saying, I pluck thee from thy bed

VDA1.13; E46	Sweet flower. and put thee here to glow between my breasts
VDA1.14; E46	And thus I turn my face to where my whole soul seeks.
VDA1.15; E46	Over the waves she went in wing'd exulting swift delight;
VDA1.16; E46	And over Theotormons reign, took her impetuous course.
VDA1.17; E46	Bromion rent her with his thunders. on his stormy bed
VDA1.18; E46	Lay the faint maid, and soon her woes appall'd his thunders hoarse
VDA1.19; E46	Bromion spoke. behold this harlot here on Bromions bed,
VDA1.20; E46	And let the jealous dolphins sport around the lovely maid;
VDA1.21; E46	Thy soft American plains are mine, and mine thy north & south:
VDA1.22; E46	Stamp't with my signet are the swarthy children of the sun:
VDA1.23; E46	They are obedient, they resist not, they obey the scourge:
VDA1.24; E46	Their daughters worship terrors and obey the violent:
VDA2.1; E46	Now thou maist marry Bromions harlot, and protect the child
VDA2.2; E46	Of Bromions rage, that Oothoon shall put forth in nine moons time
VDA2.3; E46	Then storms rent Theotormons limbs; he rolld his waves around.
VDA2.4; E46	And folded his black jealous waters round the adulterate pair
VDA2.5; E46	Bound back to back in Bromions caves terror & meekness dwell
VDA2.6; E46	At entrance Theotormon sits wearing the threshold hard
VDA2.7; E46	With secret tears; beneath him sound like waves on a desart shore
VDA2.8; E46	The voice of slaves beneath the sun, and children bought with money.
VDA2.9; E46	That shiver in religious caves beneath the burning fires
VDA2.10; E46	Of lust, that belch incessant from the summits of the earth
VDA2.11; E46	Oothoon weeps not: she cannot weep! her tears are locked up;
VDA2.12; E46	But she can howl incessant writhing her soft snowy limbs.
VDA2.13; E46	And calling Theotormons Eagles to prey upon her flesh.
VDA2.14; E46	I call with holy voice! kings of the sounding air,
VDA2.15; E46	Rend away this defiled bosom that I may reflect.
VDA2.16; E46	The image of Theotormon on my pure transparent breast.
VDA2.17; E46	The Eagles at her call descend & rend their bleeding prey;
VDA2.18; E46	Theotormon severely smiles. her soul reflects the smile;
VDA2.19; E46	As the clear spring muddied with feet of beasts grows pure & smiles.



VDA2.20; E46|      The Daughters of Albion hear her woes. & eccho back her sighs.

ED; E46|      *VISIONS of the Daughters of Albion* PLATE 6

VDA2.21; E47|      Why does my Theotormon sit weeping upon the threshold;  
VDA2.22; E47|      And Oothoon hovers by his side, perswading him in vain:  
VDA2.23; E47|      I cry arise O Theotormon for the village dog  
VDA2.24; E47|      Barks at the breaking day. the nightingale has done lamenting.  
VDA2.25; E47|      The lark does rustle in the ripe corn, and the Eagle returns  
VDA2.26; E47|      From nightly prey, and lifts his golden beak to the pure east;  
VDA2.27; E47|      Shaking the dust from his immortal pinions to awake  
VDA2.28; E47|      The sun that sleeps too long. Arise my Theotormon I am pure.  
VDA2.29; E47|      Because the night is gone that clos'd me in its deadly black.  
VDA2.30; E47|      They told me that the night & day were all that I could see;  
VDA2.31; E47|      They told me that I had five senses to inclose me up.  
VDA2.32; E47|      And they inclos'd my infinite brain into a narrow circle,  
VDA2.33; E47|      And sunk my heart into the Abyss, a red round globe hot burning  
VDA2.34; E47|      Till all from life I was obliterated and erased.  
VDA2.35; E47|      Instead of morn arises a bright shddow, like an eye  
VDA2.36; E47|      In the eastern cloud: instead of night a sickly charnel house;  
VDA2.37; E47|      That Theotormon hears me not! to him the night and morn  
VDA2.38; E47|      Are both alike: a night of sighs, a morning of fresh tears;

ED; E47|      *VISIONS of the Daughters of Albion* PLATE 3

VDA3.1; E47|      And none but Bromion can hear my lamentations.

VDA3.2; E47|      With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the ravenous hawk?  
VDA3.3; E47|      With what sense does the tame pigeon measure out the expanse?  
VDA3.4; E47|      With what sense does the bee form cells? have not the mouse & frog  
VDA3.5; E47|      Eyes and ears and sense of touch? yet are their habitations.  
VDA3.6; E47|      And their pursuits, as different as their forms and as their joys:  
VDA3.7; E47|      Ask the wild ass why he refuses burdens: and the meek camel  
VDA3.8; E47|      Why he loves man: is it because of eye ear mouth or skin  
VDA3.9; E47|      Or breathing nostrils? No. for these the wolf and tyger have.  
VDA3.10; E47|      Ask the blind worm the secrets of the grave, and why her spires  
VDA3.11; E47|      Love to curl round the bones of death; and ask the rav'nous snake  
VDA3.12; E47|      Where she gets poison: & the wing'd eagle why he loves the sun  
VDA3.13; E47|      And then tell me the thoughts of man, that have been hid of old.

VDA3.14; E47|      Silent I hover all the night, and all day could be silent.  
VDA3.15; E47|      If Theotormon once would turn his loved eyes upon me;  
VDA3.16; E47|      How can I be defild when I reflect thy image pure?  
VDA3.17; E47|      Sweetest the fruit that the worm feeds on. & the soul prey'd on by woe

VDA3.18; E47| The new wash'd lamb ting'd with the village smoke & the bright swan  
VDA3.19; E47| By the red earth of our immortal river: I bathe my wings.  
VDA3.20; E47| And I am white and pure to hover round Theotormons breast.

VDA3.21; E47| Then Theotormon broke his silence. and he answered.

VDA3.22; E47| Tell me what is the night or day to one o'erflowd with woe?  
VDA3.23; E47| Tell me what is a thought? & of what substance is it made?  
VDA3.24; E47| Tell me what is a joy? & in what gardens do joys grow?  
VDA3.25; E47| And in what rivers swim the sorrows? and upon what mountains

ED; E48| *VISIONS of the Daughters of Albion* PLATE 4

VDA4.1; E48| Wave shadows of discontent? and in what houses dwell the wretched  
VDA4.2; E48| Drunken with woe forgotten. and shut up from cold despair.

VDA4.3; E48| Tell me where dwell the thoughts forgotten till thou call them forth  
VDA4.4; E48| Tell me where dwell the joys of old! & where the ancient loves?  
VDA4.5; E48| And when will they renew again & the night of oblivion past? <sup>t153</sup>  
VDA4.6; E48| That I might traverse times & spaces far remote and bring  
VDA4.7; E48| Comforts into a present sorrow and a night of pain  
VDA4.8; E48| Where goest thou O thought? to what remote land is thy flight?  
VDA4.9; E48| If thou returnest to the present moment of affliction  
VDA4.10; E48| Wilt thou bring comforts on thy wings. and dews and honey and balm;  
VDA4.11; E48| Or poison from the desert wilds, from the eyes of the envier.

VDA4.12; E48| Then Bromion said: and shook the cavern with his lamentation

VDA4.13; E48| Thou knowest that the ancient trees seen by thine eyes have fruit;  
VDA4.14; E48| But knowest thou that trees and fruits flourish upon the earth  
VDA4.15; E48| To gratify senses unknown? trees beasts and birds unknown:  
VDA4.16; E48| Unknown, not unperciev'd, spread in the infinite microscope,  
VDA4.17; E48| In places yet unvisited by the voyager. and in worlds  
VDA4.18; E48| Over another kind of seas, and in atmospheres unknown:  
VDA4.19; E48| Ah! are there other wars, beside the wars of sword and fire!  
VDA4.20; E48| And are there other sorrows, beside the sorrows of poverty!  
VDA4.21; E48| And are there other joys, beside the joys of riches and ease?  
VDA4.22; E48| And is there not one law for both the lion and the ox?  
VDA4.23; E48| And is there not eternal fire, and eternal chains?  
VDA4.24; E48| To bind the phantoms of existence from eternal life?

VDA4.25; E48| Then Oothoon waited silent all the day. and all the night,



ED; E48|

*VISIONS of the Daughters of Albion* PLATE 5

VDA5.1; E48|

But when the morn arose, her lamentation renewd,

VDA5.2; E48|

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

VDA5.3; E48|

O Urizen! Creator of men! mistaken Demon of heaven:

VDA5.4; E48|

Thy joys are tears! thy labour vain, to form men to thine image.

VDA5.5; E48|

How can one joy absorb another? are not different joys

VDA5.6; E48|

Holy, eternal, infinite! and each joy is a Love.

VDA5.7; E48|

Does not the great mouth laugh at a gift? & the narrow eyelids mock

VDA5.8; E48|

At the labour that is above payment, and wilt thou take the ape

VDA5.9; E48|

For thy councellor? or the dog, for a schoolmaster to thy children?

VDA5.10; E48|

Does he who contemns poverty, and he who turns with abhorrence

VDA5.11; E48|

From usury: feel the same passion or are they moved alike?

VDA5.12; E48|

How can the giver of gifts experience the delights of the merchant?

VDA5.13; E48|

How the industrious citizen the pains of the husbandman.

VDA5.14; E48|

How different far the fat fed hireling with hollow drum;

VDA5.15; E48|

Who buys whole corn fields into wastes, and sings upon the heath:

VDA5.16; E49|

How different their eye and ear! how different the world to them!

VDA5.17; E49|

With what sense does the parson claim the labour of the farmer?

VDA5.18; E49|

What are his nets & gins & traps. & how does he surround him

VDA5.19; E49|

With cold floods of abstraction, and with forests of solitude,

VDA5.20; E49|

To build him castles and high spires. where kings & priests may dwell.

VDA5.21; E49|

Till she who burns with youth. and knows no fixed lot; is bound

VDA5.22; E49|

In spells of law to one she loaths: and must she drag the chain

VDA5.23; E49|

Of life, in weary lust! must chilling murderous thoughts. obscure

VDA5.24; E49|

The clear heaven of her eternal spring? to bear the wintry rage

VDA5.25; E49|

Of a harsh terror driv'n to madness, bound to hold a rod

VDA5.26; E49|

Over her shrinking shoulders all the day; & all the night

VDA5.27; E49|

To turn the wheel of false desire: and longings that wake her womb

VDA5.28; E49|

To the abhorred birth of cherubs in the human form

VDA5.29; E49|

That live a pestilence & die a meteor & are no more.

VDA5.30; E49|

Till the child dwell with one he hates. and do the deed he loaths

VDA5.31; E49|

And the impure scourge force his seed into its unripe birth

VDA5.32; E49|

E'er yet his eyelids can behold the arrows of the day.

VDA5.33; E49|

Does the whale worship at thy footsteps as the hungry dog?

VDA5.34; E49|

Or does he scent the mountain prey, because his nostrils wide

VDA5.35; E49|

Draw in the ocean? does his eye discern the flying cloud

VDA5.36; E49|

As the ravens eye? or does he measure the expanse like the vulture?

VDA5.37; E49|

Does the still spider view the cliffs where eagles hide their young?

VDA5.38; E49| Or does the fly rejoice. because the harvest is brought in?  
VDA5.39; E49| Does not the eagle scorn the earth & despise the treasures beneath?  
VDA5.40; E49| But the mole knoweth what is there, & the worm shall tell it thee.  
VDA5.41; E49| Does not the worm erect a pillar in the mouldering church yard?

VDA6.1; E49| And a palace of eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave  
VDA6.2; E49| Over his porch these words are written. Take thy bliss O Man!  
VDA6.3; E49| And sweet shall be thy taste & sweet thy infant joys renew!

VDA6.4; E49| Infancy, fearless, lustful, happy! nestling for delight  
VDA6.5; E49| In laps of pleasure; Innocence! honest, open, seeking  
VDA6.6; E49| The vigorous joys of morning light; open to virgin bliss.  
VDA6.7; E49| Who taught thee modesty, subtil modesty! child of night & sleep  
VDA6.8; E49| When thou awakest, wilt thou dissemble all thy secret joys  
VDA6.9; E49| Or wert thou not awake when all this mystery was disclos'd!  
VDA6.10; E49| Then com'st thou forth a modest virgin knowing to dissemble  
VDA6.11; E49| With nets found under thy night pillow, to catch virgin joy,  
VDA6.12; E49| And brand it with the name of whore; & sell it in the night,  
VDA6.13; E49| In silence. ev'n without a whisper, and in seeming sleep:  
VDA6.14; E49| Religious dreams and holy vespers, light thy smoky fires:  
VDA6.15; E49| Once were thy fires lighted by the eyes of honest morn  
VDA6.16; E49| And does my Theotormon seek this hypocrite modesty!  
VDA6.17; E49| This knowing, artful, secret, fearful, cautious, trembling hypocrite.

VDA6.18; E50| Then is Oothoon a whore indeed! and all the virgin joys  
VDA6.19; E50| Of life are harlots: and Theotormon is a sick mans dream  
VDA6.20; E50| And Oothoon is the crafty slave of selfish holiness.

VDA6.21; E50| But Oothoon is not so, a virgin fill'd with virgin fancies  
VDA6.22; E50| Open to joy and to delight where ever beauty appears  
VDA6.23; E50| If in the morning sun I find it: there my eyes are fix'd

VDA7.1; E50| In happy copulation; if in evening mild. wearied with work;  
VDA7.2; E50| Sit on a bank and draw the pleasures of this free born joy.

VDA7.3; E50| The moment of desire! the moment of desire! The virgin  
VDA7.4; E50| That pines for man; shall awaken her womb to enormous joys  
VDA7.5; E50| In the secret shadows of her chamber; the youth shut up from  
VDA7.6; E50| The lustful joy. shall forget to generate. & create an amorous image  
VDA7.7; E50| In the shadows of his curtains and in the folds of his silent pillow.  
VDA7.8; E50| Are not these the places of religion? the rewards of continence?  
VDA7.9; E50| The self enjoyings of self denial? Why dost thou seek religion?

VDA7.10; E50	Is it because acts are not lovely, that thou seekest solitude,
VDA7.11; E50	Where the horrible darkness is impressed with reflections of desire.
VDA7.12; E50	Father of jealousy. be thou accursed from the earth!
VDA7.13; E50	Why hast thou taught my Theotormon this accursed thing?
VDA7.14; E50	Till beauty fades from off my shoulders darken'd and cast out,
VDA7.15; E50	A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of non-entity.
VDA7.16; E50	I cry, Love! Love! Love! happy happy Love! free as the mountain wind!
VDA7.17; E50	Can that be Love, that drinks another as a sponge drinks water?
VDA7.18; E50	That clouds with jealousy his nights, with weepings all the day:
VDA7.19; E50	To spin a web of age around him. grey and hoary! dark!
VDA7.20; E50	Till his eyes sicken at the fruit that hangs before his sight.
VDA7.21; E50	Such is self-love that envies all! a creeping skeleton
VDA7.22; E50	With lamplike eyes watching around the frozen marriage bed.
VDA7.23; E50	But silken nets and traps of adamant will Oothoon spread,
VDA7.24; E50	And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold;
VDA7.25; E50	I'll lie beside thee on a bank & view their wanton play
VDA7.26; E50	In lovely copulation bliss on bliss with Theotormon:
VDA7.27; E50	Red as the rosy morning, lustful as the firstborn beam,
VDA7.28; E50	Oothoon shall view his dear delight, nor e'er with jealous cloud
VDA7.29; E50	Come in the heaven of generous love; nor selfish blightings bring.
VDA7.30; E50	Does the sun walk in glorious raiment. on the secret floor
VDA8.1; E50	Where the cold miser spreads his gold? or does the bright cloud drop
VDA8.2; E50	On his stone threshold? does his eye behold the beam that brings
VDA8.3; E50	Expansion to the eye of pity? or will he bind himself
VDA8.4; E50	Beside the ox to thy hard furrow? does not that mild beam blot
VDA8.5; E51	The bat, the owl, the glowing tyger, and the king of night.
VDA8.6; E51	The sea fowl takes the wintry blast. for a cov'ring to her limbs:
VDA8.7; E51	And the wild snake, the pestilence to adorn him with gems & gold.
VDA8.8; E51	And trees. & birds. & beasts. & men. behold their eternal joy.
VDA8.9; E51	Arise you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy!
VDA8.10; E51	Arise and drink your bliss, for every thing that lives is holy!
VDA8.11; E51	Thus every morning wails Oothoon. but Theotormon sits
VDA8.12; E51	Upon the margind ocean conversing with shadows dire.
VDA8.13; E51	The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & eccho back her sighs.



AMTitle; E51| AMERICA a PROPHECY *t154*

AMPub; E51| LAMBETH

AMcolophon; E51| Printed by William Blake in the year 1793.

AM; E51| PRELUDIUM *t155*

Am1.1; E51| The shadowy daughter of Urthona stood before red Orc.  
Am1.2; E51| When fourteen suns had faintly journey'd o'er his dark abode;  
Am1.3; E51| His food she brought in iron baskets, his drink in cups of iron;  
Am1.4; E51| Crown'd with a helmet & dark hair the nameless female stood;  
Am1.5; E51| A quiver with its burning stores, a bow like that of night,  
Am1.6; E51| When pestilence is shot from heaven; no other arms she need:  
Am1.7; E51| Invulnerable tho' naked, save where clouds roll round her loins,  
Am1.8; E51| Their awful folds in the dark air; silent she stood as night;  
Am1.9; E51| For never from her iron tongue could voice or sound arise;  
Am1.10; E51| But dumb till that dread day when Orc assay'd his fierce embrace.

Am1.11; E51| Dark virgin; said the hairy youth, thy father stern abhorr'd;  
Am1.12; E51| Rivets my tenfold chains while still on high my spirit soars;  
Am1.13; E51| Sometimes an eagle screaming in the sky, sometimes a lion,  
Am1.14; E51| Stalking upon the mountains, & sometimes a whale I lash  
Am1.15; E51| The raging fathomless abyss, anon a serpent folding

Am1.16; E51| Around the pillars of Urthona, and round thy dark limbs,  
Am1.17; E51| On the Canadian wilds I fold, feeble my spirit folds.  
Am1.18; E51| For chain'd beneath I rend these caverns; when thou bringest food  
Am1.19; E51| I howl my joy! and my red eyes seek to behold thy face  
Am1.20; E51| In vain! these clouds roll to & fro, & hide thee from my sight.

Am2.1; E52| Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy,  
Am2.2; E52| The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire;  
Am2.3; E52| Round the terrific loins he siez'd the panting struggling womb;  
Am2.4; E52| It joy'd: she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile;  
Am2.5; E52| As when a black cloud shews its light'nings to the silent deep.

Am2.6; E52| Soon as she saw the terrible boy then burst the virgin cry.

Am2.7; E52| I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go;  
Am2.8; E52| Thou art the image of God who dwells in darkness of Africa;  
Am2.9; E52| And thou art fall'n to give me life in regions of dark death.  
Am2.10; E52| On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions  
Am2.11; E52| Endur'd by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep:  
Am2.12; E52| I see a serpent in Canada, who courts me to his love;  
Am2.13; E52| In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru;  
Am2.14; E52| I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away.  
Am2.15; E52| O what limb rending pains I feel. thy fire & my frost  
Am2.16; E52| Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent;  
Am2.17; E52| This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold.

Am2.18; E52| [*The stern Bard ceas'd, asham'd of his own song; enrag'd he swung*] <sup>t156</sup>  
Am2.19; E52| [*His harp aloft sounding, then dash'd its shining frame against*]  
Am2.20; E52| [*A ruin'd pillar in glittering fragments; silent he turn'd away,*]  
Am2.21; E52| [*And wander'd down the vales of Kent in sick & drear lamentings.* ]

Am3; E52| A PROPHECY

Am3.2; E52| The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent,  
Am3.3; E52| Sullen fires across the Atlantic glow to America's shore:  
Am3.4; E52| Piercing the souls of warlike men, who rise in silent night,  
Am3.5; E52| Washington, Franklin, Paine & Warren, Gates, Hancock & Green; <sup>t157</sup>  
Am3.6; E52| Meet on the coast glowing with blood from Albions fiery Prince.

Am3.7; E52| Washington spoke; Friends of America look over the Atlantic sea;  
Am3.8; E52| A bended bow is lifted in heaven, & a heavy iron chain <sup>t158</sup>  
Am3.9; E52| Descends link by link from Albions cliffs across the sea to bind  
Am3.10; E52| Brothers & sons of America, till our faces pale and yellow;  
Am3.11; E52| Heads deprest, voices weak, eyes downcast, hands work-bruis'd, <sup>t159</sup>  
Am3.12; E52| Feet bleeding on the sultry sands, and the furrows of the whip <sup>t160</sup>  
Am3.13; E52| Descend to generations that in future times forget.----

Am3.14; E52| The strong voice ceas'd; for a terrible blast swept over the heaving sea;  
Am3.15; E52| The eastern cloud rent; on his cliffs stood Albions wrathful Prince <sup>t161</sup>  
Am3.16; E52| A dragon form clashing his scales at midnight he arose,  
Am3.17; E52| And flam'd red meteors round the land of Albion beneath[.] <sup>t162</sup>  
Am3.18; E52| His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, and his glowing eyes,

Am4.1; E53| Appear to the Americans upon the cloudy night.



Am4.2; E53| Solemn heave the Atlantic waves between the gloomy nations,  
Am4.3; E53| Swelling, belching from its deeps red clouds & raging Fires!  
Am4.4; E53| Albion is sick. America faints! enrag'd the Zenith grew.  
Am4.5; E53| As human blood shooting its veins all round the orb'd heaven  
Am4.6; E53| Red rose the clouds from the Atlantic in vast wheels of blood  
Am4.7; E53| And in the red clouds rose a Wonder o'er the Atlantic sea;  
Am4.8; E53| Intense! naked! a Human fire fierce glowing, as the wedge  
Am4.9; E53| Of iron heated in the furnace; his terrible limbs were fire  
Am4.10; E53| With myriads of cloudy terrors banners dark & towers  
Am4.11; E53| Surrounded; heat but not light went thro' the murky atmosphere

Am4.12; E53| The King of England looking westward trembles at the vision

Am5.1; E53| Albions Angel stood beside the Stone of night, and saw  
Am5.2; E53| The terror like a comet, or more like the planet red  
Am5.3; E53| That once inclos'd the terrible wandering comets in its sphere.  
Am5.4; E53| Then Mars thou wast our center, & the planets three flew round  
Am5.5; E53| Thy crimson disk; so e'er the Sun was rent from thy red sphere;  
Am5.6; E53| The Spectre glow'd his horrid length staining the temple long  
Am5.7; E53| With beams of blood; & thus a voice came forth, and shook the temple

Am6.1; E53| The morning comes, the night decays, the watchmen leave their stations;  
Am6.2; E53| The grave is burst, the spices shed, the linen wrapped up;  
Am6.3; E53| The bones of death, the cov'ring clay, the sinews shrunk & dry'd.  
Am6.4; E53| Reviving shake, inspiring move, breathing! awakening!  
Am6.5; E53| Spring like redeemed captives when their bonds & bars are burst;

Am6.6; E53| Let the slave grinding at the mill, run out into the field:  
Am6.7; E53| Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air;  
Am6.8; E53| Let the inchained soul shut up in darkness and in sighing,  
Am6.9; E53| Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years;  
Am6.10; E53| Rise and look out, his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open.  
Am6.11; E53| And let his wife and children return from the oppressors scourge;  
Am6.12; E53| They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream.  
Am6.13; E53| Singing. The Sun has left his blackness, & has found a fresher morning  
Am6.14; E53| And the fair Moon rejoices in the clear & cloudless night;  
Am6.15; E53| For Empire is no more, and now the Lion & Wolf shall cease.

Am7.1; E53| In thunders ends the voice. Then Albions Angel wrathful burnt  
Am7.2; E53| Beside the Stone of Night; and like the Eternal Lions howl  
Am7.3; E53| In famine & war, reply'd. Art thou not Orc, who serpent-form'd

Am7.4; E53| Stands at the gate of Enitharmon to devour her children;  
Am7.5; E53| Blasphemous Demon, Antichrist, hater of Dignities;

Am7.6; E54| Lover of wild rebellion, and transgressor of Gods Law;  
Am7.7; E54| Why dost thou come to Angels eyes in this terrific form?

Am8.1; E54| The terror answerd: I am Orc, wreath'd round the accursed tree:  
Am8.2; E54| The times are ended; shadows pass the morning gins to break;  
Am8.3; E54| The fiery joy, that Urizen perverted to ten commands,  
Am8.4; E54| What night he led the starry hosts thro' the wide wilderness:  
Am8.5; E54| That stony law I stamp to dust: and scatter religion abroad  
Am8.6; E54| To the four winds as a torn book, & none shall gather the leaves;  
Am8.7; E54| But they shall rot on desart sands, & consume in bottomless deeps;  
Am8.8; E54| To make the desarts blossom, & the deeps shrink to their fountains,  
Am8.9; E54| And to renew the fiery joy, and burst the stony roof.  
Am8.10; E54| That pale religious lechery, seeking Virginity,  
Am8.11; E54| May find it in a harlot, and in coarse-clad honesty  
Am8.12; E54| The undefil'd tho' ravish'd in her cradle night and morn:  
Am8.13; E54| For every thing that lives is holy, life delights in life;  
Am8.14; E54| Because the soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd.  
Am8.15; E54| Fires inwrap the earthly globe, yet man is not consumd;  
Am8.16; E54| Amidst the lustful fires he walks: his feet become like brass,  
Am8.17; E54| His knees and thighs like silver, & his breast and head like gold.

Am9.1; E54| Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my Thirteen Angels!  
Am9.2; E54| Loud howls the eternal Wolf! the eternal Lion lashes his tail!  
Am9.3; E54| America is darkned; and my punishing Demons terrified  
Am9.4; E54| Crouch howling before their caverns deep like skins dry'd in the wind.  
Am9.5; E54| They cannot smite the wheat, nor quench the fatness of the earth.  
Am9.6; E54| They cannot smite with sorrows, nor subdue the plow and spade.  
Am9.7; E54| They cannot wall the city, nor moat round the castle of princes.  
Am9.8; E54| They cannot bring the stubbed oak to overgrow the hills.  
Am9.9; E54| For terrible men stand on the shores, & in their robes I see  
Am9.10; E54| Children take shelter from the lightnings, there stands Washington  
Am9.11; E54| And Paine and Warren with their foreheads reard toward the east  
Am9.12; E54| But clouds obscure my aged sight. A vision from afar!  
Am9.13; E54| Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels:  
Am9.14; E54| Ah vision from afar! Ah rebel form that rent the ancient  
Am9.15; E54| Heavens; Eternal Viper self-renew'd, rolling in clouds  
Am9.16; E54| I see thee in thick clouds and darkness on America's shore.  
Am9.17; E54| Writhing in pangs of abhorred birth; red flames the crest rebellious  
Am9.18; E54| And eyes of death; the harlot womb oft opened in vain  
Am9.19; E54| Heaves in enormous circles, now the times are return'd upon thee,  
Am9.20; E54| Devourer of thy parent, now thy unutterable torment renews.



Am9.21; E54| Sound! sound! my loud war trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels!  
Am9.22; E54| Ah terrible birth! a young one bursting! where is the weeping mouth?  
Am9.23; E54| And where the mothers milk? instead those ever-hissing jaws  
Am9.24; E54| And parched lips drop with fresh gore; now roll thou in the clouds

Am9.25; E55| Thy mother lays her length outstretch'd upon the shore beneath.  
Am9.26; E55| Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels!  
Am9.27; E55| Loud howls the eternal Wolf: the eternal Lion lashes his tail!

Am10.1; E55| Thus wept the Angel voice & as he wept the terrible blasts  
Am10.2; E55| Of trumpets, blew a loud alarm across the Atlantic deep.  
Am10.3; E55| No trumpets answer; no reply of clarions or of fifes,  
Am10.4; E55| Silent the Colonies remain and refuse the loud alarm.

Am10.5; E55| On those vast shady hills between America & Albions shore;  
Am10.6; E55| Now barr'd out by the Atlantic sea: call'd Atlantean hills:  
Am10.7; E55| Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden world  
Am10.8; E55| An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Emperies,  
Am10.9; E55| Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God  
Am10.10; E55| By Ariston the king of beauty for his stolen bride,

Am10.11; E55| Here on their magic seats the thirteen Angels sat perturb'd  
Am10.12; E55| For clouds from the Atlantic hover o'er the solemn roof.

Am11.13; E55| Fiery the Angels rose, & as they rose deep thunder roll'd  
Am11.14; E55| Around their shores: indignant burning with the fires of Orc  
Am11.15; E55| And Bostons Angel cried aloud as they flew thro' the dark night.

Am11.16; E55| He cried: Why trembles honesty and like a murderer,  
Am11.17; E55| Why seeks he refuge from the frowns of his immortal station!  
Am11.18; E55| Must the generous tremble & leave his joy, to the idle: to the pestilence!  
Am11.19; E55| That mock him? who commanded this? what God? what Angel!  
Am11.20; E55| To keep the gen'rous from experience till the ungenerous  
Am11.21; E55| Are unrestrained performers of the energies of nature;  
Am11.22; E55| Till pity is become a trade, and generosity a science,  
Am11.23; E55| That men get rich by, & the sandy desart is giv'n to the strong  
Am11.24; E55| What God is he, writes laws of peace, & clothes him in a tempest  
Am11.25; E55| What pitying Angel lusts for tears, and fans himself with sighs  
Am11.26; E55| What crawling villain preaches abstinence & wraps himself  
Am11.27; E55| In fat of lambs? no more I follow, no more obedience pay.

Am12.1; E55| So cried he, rending off his robe & throwing down his scepter.  
Am12.2; E55| In sight of Albions Guardian, and all the thirteen Angels  
Am12.3; E55| Rent off their robes to the hungry wind, & threw their golden scepters  
Am12.4; E55| Down on the land of America. indignant they descended  
Am12.5; E55| Headlong from out their heav'nly heights, descending swift as fires  
Am12.6; E55| Over the land; naked & flaming are their lineaments seen  
Am12.7; E55| In the deep gloom, by Washington & Paine & Warren they stood  
Am12.8; E55| And the flame folded roaring fierce within the pitchy night  
Am12.9; E55| Before the Demon red, who burnt towards America,  
Am12.10; E55| In black smoke thunders and loud winds rejoicing in its terror

Am12.11; E56| Breaking in smoky wreaths from the wild deep, & gath'ring thick  
Am12.12; E56| In flames as of a furnace on the land from North to South

Am13.1; E56| What time the thirteen Governors that England sent convene  
Am13.2; E56| In Bernards house; the flames coverd the land, they rouze they cry  
Am13.3; E56| Shaking their mental chains they rush in fury to the sea  
Am13.4; E56| To quench their anguish; at the feet of Washington down fall'n  
Am13.5; E56| They grovel on the sand and writhing lie, while all

Am13.6; E56| The British soldiers thro' the thirteen states sent up a howl  
Am13.7; E56| Of anguish: threw their swords & muskets to the earth & ran  
Am13.8; E56| From their encampments and dark castles seeking where to hide  
Am13.9; E56| From the grim flames; and from the visions of Orc; in sight  
Am13.10; E56| Of Albions Angel; who enrag'd his secret clouds open'd  
Am13.11; E56| From north to south, and burnt outstretchd on wings of wrath cov'ring  
Am13.12; E56| The eastern sky, spreading his awful wings across the heavens;  
Am13.13; E56| Beneath him roll'd his num'rous hosts, all Albions Angels camp'd  
Am13.14; E56| Darkend the Atlantic mountains & their trumpets shook the valleys  
Am13.15; E56| Arm'd with diseases of the earth to cast upon the Abyss,  
Am13.16; E56| Their numbers forty millions, must'ring in the eastern sky.

Am14.16; E56| In the flames stood & view'd the armies drawn out in the sky  
Am14.17; E56| Washington Franklin Paine & Warren Allen Gates & Lee:  
Am14.18; E56| And heard the voice of Albions Angel give the thunderous command:  
Am14.19; E56| His plagues obedient to his voice flew forth out of their clouds  
Am14.20; E56| Falling upon America, as a storm to cut them off  
Am14.21; E56| As a blight cuts the tender corn when it begins to appear.  
Am14.22; E56| Dark is the heaven above, & cold & hard the earth beneath;  
Am14.23; E56| And as a plague wind fill'd with insects cuts off man & beast;  
Am14.24; E56| And as a sea o'erwhelms a land in the day of an earthquake; *t163*

Am14.25; E56|  
Am14.26; E56|  
Am14.27; E56|  
Am14.28; E56|  
Am14.29; E56|  
Am14.30; E56|  
Am14.31; E56|

Fury! rage! madness! in a wind swept through America  
And the red flames of Orc that folded roaring fierce around  
The angry shores, and the fierce rushing of th'inhabitants together:  
The citizens of New-York close their books & lock their chests;  
The mariners of Boston drop their anchors and unlade;  
The scribe of Pensylvania casts his pen upon the earth;  
The builder of Virginia throws his hammer down in fear.

Am14.32; E56|  
Am14.33; E56|  
Am14.34; E56|  
Am14.35; E56|

Then had America been lost, o'erwhelm'd by the Atlantic,  
And Earth had lost another portion of the infinite,  
But all rush together in the night in wrath and raging fire  
The red fires rag'd! the plagues recoil'd! then roll'd they back with fury

Am15.1; E56|  
Am15.2; E56|

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

Am15.3; E57|  
Am15.4; E57|  
Am15.5; E57|  
Am15.6; E57|  
Am15.7; E57|  
Am15.8; E57|  
Am15.9; E57|  
Am15.10; E57|

And the Leprosy Londons Spirit, sickening all their bands:  
The millions sent up a howl of anguish and threw off their hammerd mail,  
And cast their swords & spears to earth, & stood a naked multitude.  
Albions Guardian writhed in torment on the eastern sky  
Pale quivring toward the brain his glimmering eyes, teeth chattering  
Howling & shuddering his legs quivering; convuls'd each muscle & sinew  
Sick'ning lay Londons Guardian, and the ancient miter'd York  
Their heads on snowy hills, their ensigns sick'ning in the sky

Am15.11; E57|  
Am15.12; E57|  
Am15.13; E57|  
Am15.14; E57|  
Am15.15; E57|  
Am15.16; E57|  
Am15.17; E57|  
Am15.18; E57|  
Am15.19; E57|  
Am15.20; E57|  
Am15.21; E57|  
Am15.22; E57|

The plagues creep on the burning winds driven by flames of Orc,  
And by the fierce Americans rushing together in the night  
Driven o'er the Guardians of Ireland and Scotland and Wales  
They spotted with plagues forsook the frontiers & their banners seard  
With fires of hell, deform their ancient heavens with shame & woe.  
Hid in his caves the Bard of Albion felt the enormous plagues.  
And a cowl of flesh grew o'er his head & scales on his back & ribs;  
And rough with black scales all his Angels fright their ancient heavens  
The doors of marriage are open, and the Priests in rustling scales  
Rush into reptile coverts, hiding from the fires of Orc,  
That play around the golden roofs in wreaths of fierce desire,  
Leaving the females naked and glowing with the lusts of youth

Am15.23; E57|  
Am15.24; E57|  
Am15.25; E57|  
Am15.26; E57|

For the female spirits of the dead pining in bonds of religion;  
Run from their fetters reddening, & in long drawn arches sitting:  
They feel the nerves of youth renew, and desires of ancient times,  
Over their pale limbs as a vine when the tender grape appears

Am16.1; E57| Over the hills, the vales, the cities, rage the red flames fierce;  
Am16.2; E57| The Heavens melted from north to south; and Urizen who sat  
Am16.3; E57| Above all heavens in thunders wrap'd, emerg'd his leprous head  
Am16.4; E57| From out his holy shrine, his tears in deluge piteous  
Am16.5; E57| Falling into the deep sublime! flag'd with grey-brow'd snows  
Am16.6; E57| And thunderous visages, his jealous wings wav'd over the deep;  
Am16.7; E57| Weeping in dismal howling woe he dark descended howling  
Am16.8; E57| Around the smitten bands, clothed in tears & trembling shudd'ring cold.  
Am16.9; E57| His stored snows he poured forth, and his icy magazines  
Am16.10; E57| He open'd on the deep, and on the Atlantic sea white shiv'ring.  
Am16.11; E57| Leprous his limbs, all over white, and hoary was his visage.  
Am16.12; E57| Weeping in dismal howlings before the stern Americans  
Am16.13; E57| Hiding the Demon red with clouds & cold mists from the earth;  
Am16.14; E57| Till Angels & weak men twelve years should govern o'er the strong:  
Am16.15; E57| And then their end should come, when France reciev'd the Demons light.

Am16.16; E57| Stiff shudderings shook the heav'nly thrones! France Spain & Italy,  
Am16.17; E57| In terror view'd the bands of Albion, and the ancient Guardians  
Am16.18; E57| Fainting upon the elements, smitten with their own plagues

Am16.19; E58| They slow advance to shut the five gates of their law-built heaven  
Am16.20; E58| Filled with blasting fancies and with mildews of despair  
Am16.21; E58| With fierce disease and lust, unable to stem the fires of Orc;  
Am16.22; E58| But the five gates were consum'd, & their bolts and hinges melted  
Am16.23; E58| And the fierce flames burnt round the heavens, & round the abodes of men

Am16.24; E58| FINIS  
ED-AM; E58| [Canceled Plates] *t165*  
AM-b.1; E58| Reveal the dragon thro' the human; coursing swift as fire  
AM-b.2; E58| To the close hall of counsel, where his Angel form renews.

AM-b.3; E58| In a sweet vale shelter'd with cedars, that eternal stretch  
AM-b.4; E58| Their unmov'd branches, stood the hall; built when the moon shot forth,  
AM-b.5; E58| In that dread night when Urizen call'd the stars round his feet;  
AM-b.6; E58| Then burst the center from its orb, and found a place beneath;  
AM-b.7; E58| And Earth conglob'd, in narrow room, roll'd round its sulphur Sun.

AM-b.8; E58| To this deep valley situated by the flowing Thames;  
AM-b.9; E58| Where George the third holds council. & his Lords & Commons meet:  
AM-b.10; E58| Shut out from mortal sight the Angel came; the vale was dark  
AM-b.11; E58| With clouds of smoke from the Atlantic, that in volumes roll'd

AM-b.12; E58|

Between the mountains, dismal visions mope around the house.

AM-b.13; E58|

On chairs of iron, canopied with mystic ornaments,

AM-b.14; E58|

Of life by magic power condens'd; infernal forms art-bound

AM-b.15; E58|

The council sat; all rose before the aged apparition;

AM-b.16; E58|

His snowy beard that streams like lambent flames down his wide breast

AM-b.17; E58|

Wetting with tears, & his white garments cast a wintry light.

AM-b.18; E58|

Then as arm'd clouds arise terrific round the northern drum;

AM-b.19; E58|

The world is silent at the flapping of the folding banners;

AM-b.20; E58|

So still terrors rent the house: as when the solemn globe

AM-b.21; E58|

Launch'd to the unknown shore, while Sotha held the northern helm,

AM-b.22; E58|

Till to that void it came & fell; so the dark house was rent,

AM-b.23; E58|

The valley mov'd beneath; its shining pillars split in twain,

AM-b.24; E58|

And its roofs crack across down falling on th'Angelic seats.

AM-c.1; E58|

[*Then Albions Angel rose*] resolv'd to the cove of armoury: *t166*

AMc.2; E58|

His shield that bound twelve demons & their cities in its orb, *t167*

AM-c.3; E58|

He took down from its trembling pillar; from its cavern deep,

AM-c.4; E58|

His helm was brought by Londons Guardian, & his thirsty spear

AM-c.5; E58|

By the wise spirit of Londons river: silent stood the King breathing damp mists: *t168*

AM-c.6; E58|

And on his aged limbs they clasp'd the armour of terrible gold. *t169*

AM-c.7; E59|

Infinite Londons awful spires cast a dreadful cold *t170*

AM-c.8; E59|

Even on rational things beneath, and from the palace walls *t171*

AM-c.9; E59|

Around Saint James's chill & heavy, even to the city gate. *t172*

AM-c.10; E59|

On the vast stone whose name is Truth he stood, his cloudy shield

AM-c.11; E59|

Smote with his scepter, the scale bound orb loud howld; th' ancie[nt] pillar *t173*

AM-c.12; E59|

Trembling sunk, an earthquake roll'd along the massy pile. *t174*

AM-c.13; E59|

In glittering armour, swift as winds; intelligent as clouds; *t175*

AM-c.14; E59|

Four winged heralds mount the furious blasts & blow their trumps

AM-c.15; E59|

Gold, silver, brass & iron clangors clamoring rend the shores. *t176*

AM-c.16; E59|

Like white clouds rising from the deeps, his fifty-two armies

AM-c.17; E59|

From the four cliffs of Albion rise, mustering around their Prince; *t177*

AM-c.18; E59|

Angels of cities and of parishes and villages and families,

AM-c.19; E59|

In armour as the nerves of wisdom, each his station holds. *t178*

AM-c.20; E59|

In opposition dire, a warlike cloud the myriads stood

AM-c.21; E59|

In the red air before the Demon; [*seen even by mortal men*: *t179*

AM-c.22; E59| *Who call it Fancy, & shut the gates of sense, & in their chambers,*  
AM-c.23; E59| *Sleep like the dead.] But like a constellation ris'n and blazing*  
AM-c.24; E59| *Over the rugged ocean; so the Angels of Albion hung,*  
AM-c.25; E59| *a frowning shadow, like an aged King in arms of gold, <sup>t180</sup>*  
AM-c.26; E59| *Who wept over a den, in which his only son outstretch'd*  
AM-c.27; E59| *By rebels hands was slain; his white beard wav'd in the wild wind. <sup>t181</sup>*

AM-c.28; E59| *On mountains & cliffs of snow the awful apparition hover'd;*  
AM-c.29; E59| *And like the voices of religious dead, heard in the mountains:*  
AM-c.30; E59| *When holy zeal scents the sweet valleys of ripe virgin bliss;*  
AM-c.31; E59| *Such was the hollow voice that o'er America lamented. <sup>t182</sup>*

ED-AM; E59| [Fragment]

ED-AM; E59| [d] <sup>t183</sup>

AM-d.1; E59| *As when a dream of Thiralatha flies the midnight hour:*  
AM-d.2; E59| *In vain the dreamer grasps the joyful images, they fly*  
AM-d.3; E59| *Seen in obscured traces in the Vale of Leutha, So*  
AM-d.4; E59| *The British Colonies beneath the woful Princes fade.*

AM-d.5; E59| *And so the Princes fade from earth, scarce seen by souls of men*  
AM-d.6; E59| *But tho' obscur'd, this is the form of the Angelic land.*



EURiii.1; E60| Five windows light the cavern'd Man; thro' one he breathes the air;  
EURiii.2; E60| Thro' one, hears music of the spheres; thro' one, the eternal vine  
EURiii.3; E60| Flourishes, that he may recieve the grapes; thro' one can look.  
EURiii.4; E60| And see small portions of the eternal world that ever groweth;  
EURiii.5; E60| Thro' one, himself pass out what time he please, but he will not;  
EURiii.6; E60| For stolen joys are sweet, & bread eaten in secret pleasant.

EURiii.7; E60| So sang a Fairy mocking as he sat on a streak'd Tulip,  
EURiii.8; E60| Thinking none saw him: when he ceas'd I started from the trees!  
EURiii.9; E60| And caught him in my hat as boys knock down a butterfly.  
EURiii.10; E60| How know you this said I small Sir? where did you learn this song?  
EURiii.11; E60| Seeing himself in my possession thus he answered me:  
EURiii.12; E60| My master, I am yours. command me, for I must obey.

EURiii.13; E60| Then tell me, what is the material world, and is it dead?  
EURiii.14; E60| He laughing answer'd: I will write a book on leaves of flowers,  
EURiii.15; E60| If you will feed me on love-thoughts, & give me now and then  
EURiii.16; E60| A cup of sparkling poetic fancies; so when I am tipsie,  
EURiii.17; E60| I'll sing to you to this soft lute; and shew you all alive  
EURiii.18; E60| The world, when every particle of dust breathes forth its joy.

EURiii.19; E60| I took him home in my warm bosom: as we went along  
EURiii.20; E60| Wild flowers I gatherd; & he shew'd me each eternal flower:  
EURiii.21; E60| He laugh'd aloud to see them whimper because they were pluck'd.  
EURiii.22; E60| They hover'd round me like a cloud of incense: when I came  
EURiii.23; E60| Into my parlour and sat down, and took my pen to write:  
EURiii.24; E60| My Fairy sat upon the table, and dictated EUROPE.

EUR1; E60| PRELUDIUM

EUR1.2; E60| The nameless shadowy female rose from out the breast of Orc:  
EUR1.3; E60| Her snaky hair brandishing in the winds of Enitharmon;  
EUR1.4; E60| And thus her voice arose.

EUR1.5; E60| O mother Enitharmon wilt thou bring forth other sons?  
EUR1.6; E60| To cause my name to vanish, that my place may not be found.  
EUR1.7; E60| For I am faint with travel! *t185*  
EUR1.8; E60| Like the dark cloud disburdend in the day of dismal thunder.

EUR1.9; E60| My roots are brandish'd in the heavens. my fruits in earth beneath  
EUR1.10; E60| Surge, foam, and labour into life, first born & first consum'd!  
EUR1.11; E60| Consumed and consuming!  
EUR1.12; E60| Then why shouldst thou accursed mother bring me into life?

EUR1.13; E61| I wrap my turban of thick clouds around my lab'ring head;  
EUR1.14; E61| And fold the sheety waters as a mantle round my limbs.  
EUR1.15; E61| Yet the red sun and moon,  
EUR1.16; E61| And all the overflowing stars rain down prolific pains.

EUR2.1; E61| Unwilling I look up to heaven! unwilling count the stars!  
EUR2.2; E61| Sitting in fathomless abyss of my immortal shrine.  
EUR2.3; E61| I sieze their burning power  
EUR2.4; E61| And bring forth howling terrors, all devouring fiery kings.

EUR2.5; E61| Devouring & devoured roaming on dark and desolate mountains  
EUR2.6; E61| In forests of eternal death, shrieking in hollow trees.  
EUR2.7; E61| Ah mother Enitharmon!  
EUR2.8; E61| Stamp not with solid form this vig'rous progeny of fires.

EUR2.9; E61| I bring forth from my teeming bosom myriads of flames.  
EUR2.10; E61| And thou dost stamp them with a signet, then they roam abroad  
EUR2.11; E61| And leave me void as death:  
EUR2.12; E61| Ah! I am drown'd in shady woe, and visionary joy.

EUR2.13; E61| And who shall bind the infinite with an eternal band?  
EUR2.14; E61| To compass it with swaddling bands? and who shall cherish it  
EUR2.15; E61| With milk and honey?  
EUR2.16; E61| I see it smile & I roll inward & my voice is past.

EUR2.17; E61| She ceast & roll'd her shady clouds  
EUR2.18; E61| Into the secret place.

EUR3; E61| A PROPHECY

EUR3.2; E61| The deep of winter came;  
EUR3.3; E61| What time the secret child,  
EUR3.4; E61| Descended thro' the orient gates of the eternal day:  
EUR3.5; E61| War ceas'd, & all the troops like shadows fled to their abodes.



EUR3.6; E61| Then Enitharmon saw her sons & daughters rise around.  
EUR3.7; E61| Like pearly clouds they meet together in the crystal house:  
EUR3.8; E61| And Los, possessor of the moon, joy'd in the peaceful night:  
EUR3.9; E61| Thus speaking while his num'rous sons shook their bright fiery wings

EUR3.10; E61| Again the night is come *t186*  
EUR3.11; E61| That strong Urthona takes his rest,  
EUR3.12; E61| And Urizen unloos'd from chains  
EUR3.13; E61| Glows like a meteor in the distant north  
EUR3.14; E61| Stretch forth your hands and strike the elemental strings!  
EUR3.15; E61| Awake the thunders of the deep.

EUR4.1; E62| The shrill winds wake  
EUR4.2; E62| Till all the sons of Urizen look out and envy Los:  
EUR4.3; E62| Sieze all the spirits of life and bind  
EUR4.4; E62| Their warbling joys to our loud strings

EUR4.5; E62| Bind all the nourishing sweets of earth  
EUR4.6; E62| To give us bliss, that we may drink the sparkling wine of Los  
EUR4.7; E62| And let us laugh at war,  
EUR4.8; E62| Despising toil and care,  
EUR4.9; E62| Because the days and nights of joy, in lucky hours renew.

EUR4.10; E62| Arise O Orc from thy deep den,  
EUR4.11; E62| First born of Enitharmon rise!  
EUR4.12; E62| And we will crown thy head with garlands of the ruddy vine;  
EUR4.13; E62| For now thou art bound;  
EUR4.14; E62| And I may see thee in the hour of bliss, my eldest born.

EUR4.15; E62| The horrent Demon rose, surrounded with red stars of fire,  
EUR4.16; E62| Whirling about in furious circles round the immortal fiend.

EUR4.17; E62| Then Enitharmon down descended into his red light,  
EUR4.18; E62| And thus her voice rose to her children, the distant heavens reply.

EUR5.1; E62| Now comes the night of Enitharmons joy!  
EUR5.2; E62| Who shall I call? Who shall I send?  
EUR5.3; E62| That Woman, lovely Woman! may have dominion?  
EUR5.4; E62| Arise O Rintrah thee I call! & Palamabron thee!  
EUR5.5; E62| Go! tell the human race that Womans love is Sin!

EUR5.6; E62| That an Eternal life awaits the worms of sixty winters  
EUR5.7; E62| In an allegorical abode where existence hath never come:  
EUR5.8; E62| Forbid all joy, & from her childhood shall the little female  
EUR5.9; E62| Spread nets in every secret path.

EUR5.10; E62| My weary eyelids draw towards the evening, my bliss is yet but new.

EUR8.1; E62| Arise O Rintrah eldest born: second to none but Orc:  
EUR8.2; E62| O lion Rintrah raise thy fury from thy forests black:  
EUR8.3; E62| Bring Palamabron horned priest, skipping upon the mountains:  
EUR8.4; E62| And silent Elynittria the silver bowed queen:  
EUR8.5; E62| Rintrah where hast thou hid thy bride!  
EUR8.6; E62| Weeps she in desert shades?  
EUR8.7; E62| Alas my Rintrah! bring the lovely jealous Ocalythron.

EUR8.8; E62| Arise my son! bring all thy brethren O thou king of fire.  
EUR8.9; E62| Prince of the sun I see thee with thy innumerable race:  
EUR8.10; E62| Thick as the summer stars:  
EUR8.11; E62| But each ramping his golden mane shakes,  
EUR8.12; E62| And thine eyes rejoice because of strength O Rintrah furious king.

EUR9.1; E63| Enitharmon slept,  
EUR9.2; E63| Eighteen hundred years: Man was a Dream!  
EUR9.3; E63| The night of Nature and their harps unstrung:  
EUR9.4; E63| She slept in middle of her nightly song,  
EUR9.5; E63| Eighteen hundred years, a female dream!  
EUR9.6; E63| Shadows of men in fleeting bands upon the winds: *t187*  
EUR9.7; E63| Divide the heavens of Europe:  
EUR9.8; E63| Till Albions Angel smitten with his own plagues fled with his bands  
EUR9.9; E63| The cloud bears hard on Albions shore:  
EUR9.10; E63| Fill'd with immortal demons of futurity:  
EUR9.11; E63| In council gather the smitten Angels of Albion  
EUR9.12; E63| The cloud bears hard upon the council house; down rushing  
EUR9.13; E63| On the heads of Albions Angels.

EUR9.14; E63| One hour they lay buried beneath the ruins of that hall;  
EUR9.15; E63| But as the stars rise from the salt lake they arise in pain,  
EUR9.16; E63| In troubled mists o'erclouded by the terrors of struggling times.

EUR10.1; E63| In thoughts perturb'd, they rose from the bright ruins silent following  
EUR10.2; E63| The fiery King, who sought his ancient temple serpent-form'd  
EUR10.3; E63| That stretches out its shady length along the Island white.

EUR10.4; E63	Round him roll'd his clouds of war; silent the Angel went,
EUR10.5; E63	Along the infinite shores of Thames to golden Verulam.
EUR10.6; E63	There stand the venerable porches that high-towering rear
EUR10.7; E63	Their oak-surrounded pillars, form'd of massy stones, uncut
EUR10.8; E63	With tool; stones precious; such eternal in the heavens,
EUR10.9; E63	Of colours twelve, few known on earth, give light in the opaque,
EUR10.10; E63	Plac'd in the order of the stars, when the five senses whelm'd
EUR10.11; E63	In deluge o'er the earth-born man; then turn'd the fluxile eyes
EUR10.12; E63	Into two stationary orbs, concentrating all things.
EUR10.13; E63	The ever-varying spiral ascents to the heavens of heavens
EUR10.14; E63	Were bended downward; and the nostrils golden gates shut
EUR10.15; E63	Turn'd outward, barr'd and petrify'd against the infinite.
EUR10.16; E63	Thought chang'd the infinite to a serpent; that which pitieth:
EUR10.17; E63	To a devouring flame; and man fled from its face and hid
EUR10.18; E63	In forests of night; then all the eternal forests were divided
EUR10.19; E63	Into earths rolling in circles of space, that like an ocean rush'd
EUR10.20; E63	And overwhelmed all except this finite wall of flesh.
EUR10.21; E63	Then was the serpent temple form'd, image of infinite
EUR10.22; E63	Shut up in finite revolutions, and man became an Angel;
EUR10.23; E63	Heaven a mighty circle turning; God a tyrant crown'd.
EUR10.24; E63	Now arriv'd the ancient Guardian at the southern porch,
EUR10.25; E63	That planted thick with trees of blackest leaf, & in a vale
EUR10.26; E64	Obscure, inclos'd the Stone of Night; oblique it stood, o'erhung
EUR10.27; E64	With purple flowers and berries red; image of that sweet south,
EUR10.28; E64	Once open to the heavens and elevated on the human neck,
EUR10.29; E64	Now overgrown with hair and coverd with a stony roof,
EUR10.30; E64	Downward 'tis sunk beneath th' attractive north, that round the feet
EUR10.31; E64	A raging whirlpool draws the dizzy enquirer to his grave:
EUR11.1; E64	Albions Angel rose upon the Stone of Night.
EUR11.2; E64	He saw Urizen on the Atlantic;
EUR11.3; E64	And his brazen Book,
EUR11.4; E64	That Kings & Priests had copied on Earth
EUR11.5; E64	Expanded from North to South.
EUR12.1; E64	And the clouds & fires pale rolld round in the night of Enitharmon
EUR12.2; E64	Round Albions cliffs & Londons walls; still Enitharmon slept!
EUR12.3; E64	Rolling volumes of grey mist involve Churches, Palaces, Towers:
EUR12.4; E64	For Urizen unclaspd his Book: feeding his soul with pity

EUR12.5; E64| The youth of England hid in gloom curse the pained heavens; compell'd  
EUR12.6; E64| Into the deadly night to see the form of Albions Angel  
EUR12.7; E64| Their parents brought them forth & aged ignorance preaches canting,  
EUR12.8; E64| On a vast rock, perciev'd by those senses that are clos'd from thought:  
EUR12.9; E64| Bleak, dark, abrupt, it stands & overshadows London city  
EUR12.10; E64| They saw his boney feet on the rock, the flesh consum'd in flames:  
EUR12.11; E64| They saw the Serpent temple lifted above, shadowing the Island white:  
EUR12.12; E64| They heard the voice of Albions Angel howling in flames of Orc,  
EUR12.13; E64| Seeking the trump of the last doom

EUR12.14; E64| Above the rest the howl was heard from Westminster louder & louder:  
EUR12.15; E64| The Guardian of the secret codes forsook his ancient mansion,  
EUR12.16; E64| Driven out by the flames of Orc; his furr'd robes & false locks  
EUR12.17; E64| Adhered and grew one with his flesh, and nerves & veins shot thro' them  
EUR12.18; E64| With dismal torment sick hanging upon the wind: he fled  
EUR12.19; E64| Groveling along Great George Street thro' the Park gate; all the soldiers  
EUR12.20; E64| Fled from his sight; he drag'd his torments to the wilderness.

EUR12.21; E64| Thus was the howl thro Europe!  
EUR12.22; E64| For Orc rejoic'd to hear the howling shadows  
EUR12.23; E64| But Palamabron shot his lightnings trenching down his wide back  
EUR12.24; E64| And Rintrah hung with all his legions in the nether deep

EUR12.25; E64| Enitharmon laugh'd in her sleep to see (O womans triumph)  
EUR12.26; E64| Every house a den, every man bound; the shadows are filld  
EUR12.27; E64| With spectres, and the windows wove over with curses of iron:  
EUR12.28; E64| Over the doors Thou shalt not; & over the chimneys Fear is written:  
EUR12.29; E64| With bands of iron round their necks fasten'd into the walls  
EUR12.30; E64| The citizens: in leaden gyves the inhabitants of suburbs  
EUR12.31; E64| Walk heavy: soft and bent are the bones of villagers

EUR12.32; E65| Between the clouds of Urizen the flames of Orc roll heavy  
EUR12.33; E65| Around the limbs of Albions Guardian, his flesh consuming.  
EUR12.34; E65| Howlings & hissings, shrieks & groans, & voices of despair  
EUR12.35; E65| Arise around him in the cloudy <sup>t188</sup>  
EUR12.36; E65| Heavens of Albion, Furious

EUR13.1; E65| The red limb'd Angel siez'd, in horror and torment;  
EUR13.2; E65| The Trump of the last doom; but he could not blow the iron tube!  
EUR13.3; E65| Thrice he assay'd presumptuous to awake the dead to Judgment.

EUR13.4; E65| A mighty Spirit leap'd from the land of Albion,

EUR13.5; E65| Nam'd Newton; he siez'd the Trump, & blow'd the enormous blast!  
EUR13.6; E65| Yellow as leaves of Autumn the myriads of Angelic hosts,  
EUR13.7; E65| Fell thro' the wintry skies seeking their graves;  
EUR13.8; E65| Rattling their hollow bones in howling and lamentation.

EUR13.9; E65| Then Enitharmon woke, nor knew that she had slept *†189*  
EUR13.10; E65| And eighteen hundred years were fled  
EUR13.11; E65| As if they had not been  
EUR13.12; E65| She call'd her sons & daughters  
EUR13.13; E65| To the sports of night,  
EUR13.14; E65| Within her crystal house;  
EUR13.15; E65| And thus her song proceeds.

EUR13.16; E65| Arise Ethinthus! tho' the earth-worm call;  
EUR13.17; E65| Let him call in vain;  
EUR13.18; E65| Till the night of holy shadows  
EUR13.19; E65| And human solitude is past!

EUR14.1; E65| Ethinthus queen of waters, how thou shinest in the sky:  
EUR14.2; E65| My daughter how do I rejoice! for thy children flock around  
EUR14.3; E65| Like the gay fishes on the wave, when the cold moon drinks the dew.  
EUR14.4; E65| Ethinthus! thou art sweet as comforts to my fainting soul:  
EUR14.5; E65| For now thy waters warble round the feet of Enitharmon.

EUR14.6; E65| Manathu-Vorcyon! I behold thee flaming in my halls,  
EUR14.7; E65| Light of thy mothers soul! I see thy lovely eagles round;  
EUR14.8; E65| Thy golden wings are my delight, & thy flames of soft delusion.

EUR14.9; E65| Where is my lureing bird of Eden! Leutha silent love!  
EUR14.10; E65| Leutha, the many colour'd bow delights upon thy wings:  
EUR14.11; E65| Soft soul of flowers Leutha!  
EUR14.12; E65| Sweet smiling pestilence! I see thy blushing light:  
EUR14.13; E65| Thy daughters many changing,  
EUR14.14; E65| Revolve like sweet perfumes ascending O Leutha silken queen!

EUR14.15; E65| Where is the youthful Antamon. prince of the pearly dew,  
EUR14.16; E65| O Antamon, why wilt thou leave thy mother Enitharmon?

EUR14.17; E66| Alone I see thee crystal form,  
EUR14.18; E66| Floting upon the bosom'd air:  
EUR14.19; E66| With lineaments of gratified desire.

EUR14.20; E66	My Antamon the seven churches of Leutha seek thy love.
EUR14.21; E66	I hear the soft Oothoon in Enitharmons tents:
EUR14.22; E66	Why wilt thou give up womans secrecy my melancholy child?
EUR14.23; E66	Between two moments bliss is ripe:
EUR14.24; E66	O Theotormon robb'd of joy, I see thy salt tears flow
EUR14.25; E66	Down the steps of my crystal house.
EUR14.26; E66	Sotha & Thiralatha, secret dwellers of dreamful caves,
EUR14.27; E66	Arise and please the horrent fiend with your melodious songs.
EUR14.28; E66	Still all your thunders golden hoofd, & bind your horses black.
EUR14.29; E66	Orc! smile upon my children!
EUR14.30; E66	Smile son of my afflictions.
EUR14.31; E66	Arise O Orc and give our mountains joy of thy red light.
EUR14.32; E66	She ceas'd, for All were forth at sport beneath the solemn moon <i>t190</i>
EUR14.33; E66	Waking the stars of Urizen with their immortal songs,
EUR14.34; E66	That nature felt thro' all her pores the enormous revelry,
EUR14.35; E66	Till morning ope'd the eastern gate. <i>t191</i>
EUR14.36; E66	Then every one fled to his station, & Enitharmon wept.
EUR14.37; E66	But terrible Orc, when he beheld the morning in the east,
EUR15.1; E66	Shot from the heights of Enitharmon;
EUR15.2; E66	And in the vineyards of red France appear'd the light of his fury.
EUR15.3; E66	The sun glow'd fiery red!
EUR15.4; E66	The furious terrors flew around!
EUR15.5; E66	On golden chariots raging, with red wheels dropping with blood;
EUR15.6; E66	The Lions lash their wrathful tails!
EUR15.7; E66	The Tigers couch upon the prey & suck the ruddy tide:
EUR15.8; E66	And Enitharmon groans & cries in anguish and dismay.
EUR15.9; E66	Then Los arose his head he reard in snaky thunders clad:
EUR15.10; E66	And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pole,
EUR15.11; E66	Call'd all his sons to the strife of blood.
EUR15.12; E66	FINIS



SongLOScolophon; E67| LAMBETH Printed by W Blake 1795

SongLOS3.1; E67| AFRICA

SongLOS3.2; E67| *I will sing you a song of Los. the Eternal Prophet:*  
SongLOS3.3; E67| *He sung it to four harps at the tables of Eternity.*  
SongLOS3.4; E67| *In heart-formed Africa.*  
SongLOS3.5; E67| *Urizen faded! Ariston shudderd!*  
SongLOS3.6; E67| *And thus the Song began*

SongLOS3.7; E67| Adam stood in the garden of Eden:  
SongLOS3.8; E67| And Noah on the mountains of Ararat;  
SongLOS3.9; E67| They saw Urizen give his Laws to the Nations  
SongLOS3.10; E67| By the hands of the children of Los.

SongLOS3.11; E67| Adam shudderd! Noah faded! black grew the sunny African  
SongLOS3.12; E67| When Rintrah gave Abstract Philosophy to Brama in the East:  
SongLOS3.13; E67| (Night spoke to the Cloud!  
SongLOS3.14; E67| Lo these Human form'd spirits in smiling hipocrisy. War  
SongLOS3.15; E67| Against one another; so let them War on; slaves to the eternal Elements)  
SongLOS3.16; E67| Noah shrunk, beneath the waters;  
SongLOS3.17; E67| Abram fled in fires from Chaldea;  
SongLOS3.18; E67| Moses beheld upon Mount Sinai forms of dark delusion:

SongLOS3.19; E67| To Trismegistus. Palamabron gave an abstract Law:  
SongLOS3.20; E67| To Pythagoras Socrates & Plato.

SongLOS3.21; E67| Times rolled on o'er all the sons of Har, time after time  
SongLOS3.22; E67| Orc on Mount Atlas howld, chain'd down with the Chain of Jealousy  
SongLOS3.23; E67| Then Oothoon hoverd over Judah & Jerusalem  
SongLOS3.24; E67| And Jesus heard her voice (a man of sorrows) he reciev'd  
SongLOS3.25; E67| A Gospel from wretched Theotormon.

SongLOS3.26; E67| The human race began to wither, for the healthy built  
SongLOS3.27; E67| Secluded places, fearing the joys of Love  
SongLOS3.28; E67| And the disease'd only propagated:  
SongLOS3.29; E67| So Antamon call'd up Leutha from her valleys of delight:  
SongLOS3.30; E67| And to Mahomet a loose Bible gave.  
SongLOS3.31; E67| But in the North, to Odin, Sotha gave a Code of War,

SongLOS3.32; E67|

Because of Diralada thinking to reclaim his joy.

SongLOS4.1; E67|

These were the Churches: Hospitals: Castles: Palaces:

SongLOS4.2; E67|

Like nets & gins & traps to catch the joys of Eternity

SongLOS4.3; E67|

And all the rest a desart;

SongLOS4.4; E67|

Till like a dream Eternity was obliterated & erased.

SongLOS4.5; E68|

Since that dread day when Har and Heva fled.

SongLOS4.6; E68|

Because their brethren & sisters liv'd in War & Lust;

SongLOS4.7; E68|

And as they fled they shrunk

SongLOS4.8; E68|

Into two narrow doleful forms:

SongLOS4.9; E68|

Creeping in reptile flesh upon

SongLOS4.10; E68|

The bosom of the ground:

SongLOS4.11; E68|

And all the vast of Nature shrunk

SongLOS4.12; E68|

Before their shrunken eyes.

SongLOS4.13; E68|

Thus the terrible race of Los & Enitharmon gave

SongLOS4.14; E68|

Laws & Religions to the sons of Har binding them more

SongLOS4.15; E68|

And more to Earth: closing and restraining:

SongLOS4.16; E68|

Till a Philosophy of Five Senses was complete

SongLOS4.17; E68|

Urizen wept & gave it into the hands of Newton & Locke

SongLOS4.18; E68|

Clouds roll heavy upon the Alps round Rousseau & Voltaire:

SongLOS4.19; E68|

And on the mountains of Lebanon round the deceased Gods

SongLOS4.20; E68|

Of Asia; & on the desarts of Africa round the Fallen Angels

SongLOS4.21; E68|

The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent

SongLOS6; E68|

## ASIA

SongLOS6.2; E68|

The Kings of Asia heard

SongLOS6.3; E68|

The howl rise up from Europe!

SongLOS6.4; E68|

And each ran out from his Web;

SongLOS6.5; E68|

From his ancient woven Den;

SongLOS6.6; E68|

For the darkness of Asia was startled

SongLOS6.7; E68|

At the thick-flaming, thought-creating fires of Orc.

SongLOS6.8; E68|

And the Kings of Asia stood

SongLOS6.9; E68|

And cried in bitterness of soul.

SongLOS6.10; E68|

Shall not the King call for Famine from the heath?

SongLOS6.11; E68|

Nor the Priest, for Pestilence from the fen?



SongLOS6.12; E68	To restrain! to dismay! to thin!
SongLOS6.13; E68	The inhabitants of mountain and plain;
SongLOS6.14; E68	In the day, of full-feeding prosperity;
SongLOS6.15; E68	And the night of delicious songs.
SongLOS6.16; E68	Shall not the Councillor throw his curb
SongLOS6.17; E68	Of Poverty on the laborious?
SongLOS6.18; E68	To fix the price of labour;
SongLOS6.19; E68	To invent allegoric riches:
SongLOS6.20; E68	And the privy admonishers of men
SongLOS6.21; E68	Call for fires in the City
SongLOS6.22; E68	For heaps of smoking ruins,
SongLOS6.23; E68	In the night of prosperity & wantonness
SongLOS6.24; E69	To turn man from his path,
SongLOS6.25; E69	To restrain the child from the womb,
SongLOS7.1; E69	To cut off the bread from the city,
SongLOS7.2; E69	That the remnant may learn to obey.
SongLOS7.3; E69	That the pride of the heart may fail;
SongLOS7.4; E69	That the lust of the eyes may be quench'd:
SongLOS7.5; E69	That the delicate ear in its infancy
SongLOS7.6; E69	May be dull'd; and the nostrils clos'd up;
SongLOS7.7; E69	To teach mortal worms the path
SongLOS7.8; E69	That leads from the gates of the Grave.
SongLOS7.9; E69	Urizen heard them cry!
SongLOS7.10; E69	And his shudd'ring waving wings
SongLOS7.11; E69	Went enormous above the red flames
SongLOS7.12; E69	Drawing clouds of despair thro' the heavens
SongLOS7.13; E69	Of Europe as he went:
SongLOS7.14; E69	And his Books of brass iron & gold
SongLOS7.15; E69	Melted over the land as he flew,
SongLOS7.16; E69	Heavy-waving, howling, weeping.
SongLOS7.17; E69	And he stood over Judea:
SongLOS7.18; E69	And stay'd in his ancient place:
SongLOS7.19; E69	And stretch'd his clouds over Jerusalem;

SongLOS7.20; E69|  
SongLOS7.21; E69|  
SongLOS7.22; E69|  
SongLOS7.23; E69|

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

SongLOS7.24; E69|  
SongLOS7.25; E69|

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

SongLOS7.26; E69|  
SongLOS7.27; E69|  
SongLOS7.28; E69|  
SongLOS7.29; E69|  
SongLOS7.30; E69|

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

SongLOS7.31; E69|  
SongLOS7.32; E69|  
SongLOS7.33; E69|  
SongLOS7.34; E69|

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

SongLOS7.35; E69|  
SongLOS7.36; E69|  
SongLOS7.37; E69|  
SongLOS7.38; E69|

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

BUcolophon; E70| LAMBETH. Printed by Will Blake 1794.

BU2; E70| PRELUDIUM TO THE [*FIRST*] BOOK OF URIZEN *t194*

BU2.2; E70| Of the primeval Priests assum'd power,  
BU2.3; E70| When Eternals spurn'd back his religion;  
BU2.4; E70| And gave him a place in the north,  
BU2.5; E70| Obscure, shadowy, void, solitary.

BU2.6; E70| Eternals I hear your call gladly,  
BU2.7; E70| Dictate swift winged words, & fear not  
BU2.8; E70| To unfold your dark visions of torment.

BU3; E70| Chap: I

BU3.2; E70| 1. Lo, a shadow of horror is risen  
BU3.3; E70| In Eternity! Unknown, unprolific!  
BU3.4; E70| Self-closd, all-repelling: what Demon  
BU3.5; E70| Hath form'd this abominable void  
BU3.6; E70| This soul-shudd'ring vacuum?--Some said  
BU3.7; E70| "It is Urizen", But unknown, abstracted  
BU3.8; E70| Brooding secret, the dark power hid.

BU3.9; E70| 2. Times on times he divided, & measur'd  
BU3.10; E70| Space by space in his ninefold darkness  
BU3.11; E70| Unseen, unknown! changes appeard  
BU3.12; E70| In his desolate mountains rifted furious *t195*  
BU3.13; E70| By the black winds of perturbation

BU3.14; E70| 3. For he strove in battles dire  
BU3.15; E70| In unseen conflictions with shapes  
BU3.16; E70| Bred from his forsaken wilderness,  
BU3.17; E70| Of beast, bird, fish, serpent & element  
BU3.18; E70| Combustion, blast, vapour and cloud.

BU3.19; E71| 4. Dark revolving in silent activity:  
BU3.20; E71| Unseen in tormenting passions;  
BU3.21; E71| An activity unknown and horrible;

BU3.22; E71  BU3.23; E71	A self-contemplating shadow, In enormous labours occupied
BU3.24; E71  BU3.25; E71  BU3.26; E71  BU3.27; E71	5. But Eternals beheld his vast forests Age on ages he lay, clos'd, unknown Brooding shut in the deep; all avoid The petrific abominable chaos
BU3.28; E71  BU3.29; E71  BU3.30; E71  BU3.31; E71  BU3.32; E71  BU3.33; E71  BU3.34; E71  BU3.35; E71  BU3.36; E71	6. His cold horrors silent, dark Urizen Prepar'd: his ten thousands of thunders Rang'd in gloom'd array stretch out across The dread world, & the rolling of wheels As of swelling seas, sound in his clouds In his hills of stor'd snows, in his mountains Of hail & ice; voices of terror, Are heard, like thunders of autumn, When the cloud blazes over the harvests
BU3; E71	Chap: II. <i>t196</i>
BU3.38; E71  BU3.39; E71  BU3.40; E71  BU3.41; E71	1. Earth was not: nor globes of attraction The will of the Immortal expanded Or contracted his all flexible senses. Death was not, but eternal life sprung
BU3.42; E71  BU3.43; E71  BU3.44; E71  BU3.45; E71	2. The sound of a trumpet the heavens Awoke & vast clouds of blood roll'd Round the dim rocks of Urizen, so nam'd That solitary one in Immensity
BU3.46; E71	3. Shrill the trumpet: & myriads of Eternity, <i>t197</i>
BU4.1; E71  BU4.2; E71  BU4.3; E71  BU4.4; E71  BU4.5; E71	Muster around the bleak desarts Now fill'd with clouds, darkness & waters That roll'd perplex'd labring & utter'd Words articulate, bursting in thunders That roll'd on the tops of his mountains
BU4.6; E71  BU4.7; E71  BU4.8; E71	4: From the depths of dark solitude. From The eternal abode in my holiness, Hidden set apart in my stern counsels

BU4.9; E71  BU4.10; E71	Reserv'd for the days of futurity, I have sought for a joy without pain,
BU4.11; E71  BU4.12; E71  BU4.13; E71	For a solid without fluctuation Why will you die O Eternals? Why live in unquenchable burnings?
BU4.14; E72  BU4.15; E72  BU4.16; E72  BU4.17; E72	5 First I fought with the fire; consum'd Inwards, into a deep world within: A void immense, wild dark & deep, Where nothing was: Natures wide womb
BU4.18; E72  BU4.19; E72  BU4.20; E72  BU4.21; E72  BU4.22; E72  BU4.23; E72	And self balanc'd stretch'd o'er the void I alone, even I! the winds merciless Bound; but condensing, in torrents They fall & fall; strong I repell'd The vast waves, & arose on the waters A wide world of solid obstruction
BU4.24; E72  BU4.25; E72  BU4.26; E72  BU4.27; E72  BU4.28; E72  BU4.29; E72  BU4.30; E72	6. Here alone I in books form'd of metals Have written the secrets of wisdom The secrets of dark contemplation By fightings and conflicts dire, With terrible monsters Sin-bred: Which the bosoms of all inhabit; Seven deadly Sins of the soul. <i>t199</i>
BU4.31; E72  BU4.32; E72  BU4.33; E72	7. Lo! I unfold my darkness: and on This rock, place with strong hand the Book Of eternal brass, written in my solitude.
BU4.34; E72  BU4.35; E72  BU4.36; E72  BU4.37; E72  BU4.38; E72  BU4.39; E72  BU4.40; E72	8. Laws of peace, of love, of unity: Of pity, compassion, forgiveness. Let each chuse one habitation: His ancient infinite mansion: One command, one joy one desire, One curse, one weight, one measure One King, one God, one Law.
BU4.41; E72	Chap: III. <i>t200</i>

BU4.42; E72| 1. The voice ended, they saw his pale visage  
BU4.43; E72| Emerge from the darkness; his hand  
BU4.44; E72| On the rock of eternity unclasping  
BU4.45; E72| The Book of brass. Rage siez'd the strong

BU4.46; E72| 2. Rage, fury, intense indignation  
BU4.47; E72| In cataracts of fire blood & gall  
BU4.48; E72| In whirlwinds of sulphurous smoke:  
BU4.49; E72| And enormous forms of energy;  
BU4.50; E72| All the seven deadly sins of the soul

BU5.1; E72| In living creations appear'd *t201*  
BU5.2; E72| In the flames of eternal fury.

BU5.3; E73| 3. Sund'ring, dark'ning, thund'ring!  
BU5.4; E73| Rent away with a terrible crash  
BU5.5; E73| Eternity roll'd wide apart

BU5.6; E73| Wide asunder rolling  
BU5.7; E73| Mountainous all around  
BU5.8; E73| Departing; departing; departing:  
BU5.9; E73| Leaving ruinous fragments of life  
BU5.10; E73| Hanging frowning cliffs & all between  
BU5.11; E73| An ocean of voidness unfathomable.

BU5.12; E73| 4. The roaring fires ran o'er the heav'ns  
BU5.13; E73| In whirlwinds & cataracts of blood  
BU5.14; E73| And o'er the dark desarts of Urizen  
BU5.15; E73| Fires pour thro' the void on all sides  
BU5.16; E73| On Urizens self-begotten armies. *t202*

BU5.17; E73| 5. But no light from the fires. all was darkness  
BU5.18; E73| In the flames of Eternal fury

BU5.19; E73| 6. In fierce anguish & quenchless flames  
BU5.20; E73| To the desarts and rocks He ran raging *t203*  
BU5.21; E73| To hide, but He could not: combining  
BU5.22; E73| He dug mountains & hills in vast strength, *t204*  
BU5.23; E73| He piled them in incessant labour,  
BU5.24; E73| In howlings & pangs & fierce madness  
BU5.25; E73| Long periods in burning fires labouring

BU5.26; E73  BU5.27; E73	Till hoary, and age-broke, and aged, In despair and the shadows of death.
BU5.28; E73  BU5.29; E73  BU5.30; E73  BU5.31; E73  BU5.32; E73  BU5.33; E73  BU5.34; E73  BU5.35; E73  BU5.36; E73  BU5.37; E73	7. And a roof, vast petrific around, On all sides He fram'd: like a womb; Where thousands of rivers in veins Of blood pour down the mountains to cool The eternal fires beating without From Eternals; & like a black globe View'd by sons of Eternity, standing On the shore of the infinite ocean Like a human heart struggling & beating The vast world of Urizen appear'd.
BU5.38; E73  BU5.39; E73  BU5.40; E73  BU5.41; E73	8. And Los round the dark globe of Urizen, Kept watch for Eternals to confine, The obscure separation alone; For Eternity stood wide apart,
BU6.1; E73	As the stars are apart from the earth
BU6.2; E73  BU6.3; E73	9. Los wept howling around the dark Demon: And cursing his lot; for in anguish,
BU6.4; E74  BU6.5; E74  BU6.6; E74	Urizen was rent from his side; And a fathomless void for his feet; And intense fires for his dwelling.
BU6.7; E74  BU6.8; E74	10. But Urizen laid in a stony sleep Unorganiz'd, rent from Eternity <i>t205</i>
BU6.9; E74  BU6.10; E74	11. The Eternals said: What is this? Death Urizen is a clod of clay.
BU7.1; E74  BU7.2; E74  BU7.3; E74	12: Los howld in a dismal stupor, Groaning! gnashing! groaning! Till the wrenching apart was healed
BU7.4; E74  BU7.5; E74	13: But the wrenching of Urizen heal'd not Cold, featureless, flesh or clay,



BU7.6; E74| Rifting with direful changes  
BU7.7; E74| He lay in a dreamless night

BU7.8; E74| 14: Till Los rouz'd his fires, affrighted  
BU7.9; E74| At the formless unmeasurable death.

BU8; E74| Chap: IV:[a]

BU8.2; E74| 1: Los smitten with astonishment  
BU8.3; E74| Frightend at the hurtling bones

BU8.4; E74| 2: And at the surging sulphureous  
BU8.5; E74| Perturbed Immortal mad raging

BU8.6; E74| 3: In whirlwinds & pitch & nitre  
BU8.7; E74| Round the furious limbs of Los

BU8.8; E74| 4: And Los formed nets & gins  
BU8.9; E74| And threw the nets round about

BU8.10; E74| 5: He watch'd in shuddring fear  
BU8.11; E74| The dark changes & bound every change  
BU8.12; E74| With rivets of iron & brass;

BU8.13; E74| 6. And these were the changes of Urizen.

BU10; E74| Chap: IV.[b]

BU10.2; E74| 1. Ages on ages roll'd over him!  
BU10.3; E74| In stony sleep ages roll'd over him!  
BU10.4; E74| Like a dark waste stretching chang'able  
BU10.5; E74| By earthquakes riv'n, belching sullen fires  
BU10.6; E74| On ages roll'd ages in ghastly

BU10.7; E75| Sick torment; around him in whirlwinds  
BU10.8; E75| Of darkness the eternal Prophet howl'd  
BU10.9; E75| Beating still on his rivets of iron  
BU10.10; E75| Pouring sodor of iron; dividing  
BU10.11; E75| The horrible night into watches.

BU10.12; E75| 2. And Urizen (so his eternal name)  
BU10.13; E75| His prolific delight obscurd more & more  
BU10.14; E75| In dark secresy hiding in surgeing  
BU10.15; E75| Sulphureous fluid his phantasies.  
BU10.16; E75| The Eternal Prophet heavd the dark bellows,  
BU10.17; E75| And turn'd restless the tongs; and the hammer  
BU10.18; E75| Incessant beat; forging chains new & new  
BU10.19; E75| Numb'ring with links. hours, days & years

BU10.20; E75| 3. The eternal mind bounded began to roll  
BU10.21; E75| Eddies of wrath ceaseless round & round,  
BU10.22; E75| And the sulphureous foam surgeing thick  
BU10.23; E75| Settled, a lake, bright, & shining clear:  
BU10.24; E75| White as the snow on the mountains cold.

BU10.25; E75| 4. Forgetfulness, dumbness, necessity!  
BU10.26; E75| In chains of the mind locked up,  
BU10.27; E75| Like fetters of ice shrinking together  
BU10.28; E75| Disorganiz'd, rent from Eternity,  
BU10.29; E75| Los beat on his fetters of iron;  
BU10.30; E75| And heated his furnaces & pour'd  
BU10.31; E75| Iron sodor and sodor of brass

BU10.32; E75| 5. Restless turnd the immortal inchain'd  
BU10.33; E75| Heaving dolorous! anguish'd! unbearable  
BU10.34; E75| Till a roof shaggy wild inclos'd  
BU10.35; E75| In an orb, his fountain of thought.

BU10.36; E75| 6. In a horrible dreamful slumber;  
BU10.37; E75| Like the linked infernal chain;  
BU10.38; E75| A vast Spine writh'd in torment  
BU10.39; E75| Upon the winds; shooting pain'd  
BU10.40; E75| Ribs, like a bending cavern  
BU10.41; E75| And bones of solidness, froze  
BU10.42; E75| Over all his nerves of joy.  
BU10.43; E75| And a first Age passed over,  
BU10.44; E75| And a state of dismal woe.

BU11.1; E75| 7. From the caverns of his jointed Spine,  
BU11.2; E75| Down sunk with fright a red  
BU11.3; E75| Round globe hot burning deep

BU11.4; E75|

Deep down into the Abyss:

BU11.5; E76|

Panting: Conglobing, Trembling

BU11.6; E76|

Shooting out ten thousand branches

BU11.7; E76|

Around his solid bones.

BU11.8; E76|

And a second Age passed over,

BU11.9; E76|

And a state of dismal woe.

BU11.10; E76|

8. In harrowing fear rolling round;

BU11.11; E76|

His nervous brain shot branches

BU11.12; E76|

Round the branches of his heart.

BU11.13; E76|

On high into two little orbs

BU11.14; E76|

And fixed in two little caves

BU11.15; E76|

Hiding carefully from the wind,

BU11.16; E76|

His Eyes beheld the deep,

BU11.17; E76|

And a third Age passed over:

BU11.18; E76|

And a state of dismal woe.

BU11.19; E76|

9. The pangs of hope began,

BU11.20; E76|

In heavy pain striving, struggling.

BU11.21; E76|

Two Ears in close volutions.

BU11.22; E76|

From beneath his orbs of vision

BU11.23; E76|

Shot spiring out and petrified

BU11.24; E76|

As they grew. And a fourth Age passed

BU11.25; E76|

And a state of dismal woe.

BU11.26; E76|

10. In ghastly torment sick;

BU11.27; E76|

Hanging upon the wind;

BU13.1; E76|

Two Nostrils bent down to the deep.

BU13.2; E76|

And a fifth Age passed over;

BU13.3; E76|

And a state of dismal woe.

BU13.4; E76|

11. In ghastly torment sick;

BU13.5; E76|

Within his ribs bloated round,

BU13.6; E76|

A craving Hungry Cavern;

BU13.7; E76|

Thence arose his channel'd Throat,

BU13.8; E76|

And like a red flame a Tongue

BU13.9; E76|

Of thirst & of hunger appear'd.

BU13.10; E76|

And a sixth Age passed over:

BU13.11; E76|

And a state of dismal woe.

BU13.12; E76| 12. Enraged & stifled with torment  
BU13.13; E76| He threw his right Arm to the north  
BU13.14; E76| His left Arm to the south  
BU13.15; E76| Shooting out in anguish deep,  
BU13.16; E76| And his Feet stampd the nether Abyss  
BU13.17; E76| In trembling & howling & dismay.  
BU13.18; E76| And a seventh Age passed over:  
BU13.19; E76| And a state of dismal woe.

BU13; E77| Chap: V.

BU13.20; E77| I. In terrors Los shrunk from his task:  
BU13.21; E77| His great hammer fell from his hand:  
BU13.22; E77| His fires beheld, and sickening,  
BU13.23; E77| Hid their strong limbs in smoke.  
BU13.24; E77| For with noises ruinous loud;  
BU13.25; E77| With hurtlings & clashings & groans  
BU13.26; E77| The Immortal endur'd his chains,  
BU13.27; E77| Tho' bound in a deadly sleep.

BU13.28; E77| 2. All the myriads of Eternity:  
BU13.29; E77| All the wisdom & joy of life:  
BU13.30; E77| Roll like a sea around him,  
BU13.31; E77| Except what his little orbs  
BU13.32; E77| Of sight by degrees unfold.

BU13.33; E77| 3. And now his eternal life  
BU13.34; E77| Like a dream was obliterated

BU13.35; E77| 4. Shudd'ring, the Eternal Prophet smote  
BU13.36; E77| With a stroke, from his north to south region  
BU13.37; E77| The bellows & hammer are silent now  
BU13.38; E77| A nerveless silence, his prophetic voice  
BU13.39; E77| Siez'd; a cold solitude & dark void  
BU13.40; E77| The Eternal Prophet & Urizen clos'd

BU13.41; E77| 5. Ages on ages rolld over them  
BU13.42; E77| Cut off from life & light frozen  
BU13.43; E77| Into horrible forms of deformity  
BU13.44; E77| Los suffer'd his fires to decay  
BU13.45; E77| Then he look'd back with anxious desire

BU13.46; E77| But the space undivided by existence  
BU13.47; E77| Struck horror into his soul.

BU13.48; E77| 6. Los wept obscur'd with mourning:  
BU13.49; E77| His bosom earthquak'd with sighs;  
BU13.50; E77| He saw Urizen deadly black,  
BU13.51; E77| In his chains bound, & Pity began,

BU13.52; E77| 7. In anguish dividing & dividing  
BU13.53; E77| For pity divides the soul  
BU13.54; E77| In pangs eternity on eternity  
BU13.55; E77| Life in cataracts pour'd down his cliffs  
BU13.56; E77| The void shrunk the lymph into Nerves  
BU13.57; E77| Wand'ring wide on the bosom of night  
BU13.58; E77| And left a round globe of blood  
BU13.59; E77| Trembling upon the Void

BU15.1; E78| Thus the Eternal Prophet was divided  
BU15.2; E78| Before the death-image of Urizen  
BU15.3; E78| For in changeable clouds and darkness  
BU15.4; E78| In a winterly night beneath,  
BU15.5; E78| The Abyss of Los stretch'd immense:  
BU15.6; E78| And now seen, now obscur'd, to the eyes  
BU15.7; E78| Of Eternals, the visions remote  
BU15.8; E78| Of the dark separation appear'd.  
BU15.9; E78| As glasses discover Worlds  
BU15.10; E78| In the endless Abyss of space,  
BU15.11; E78| So the expanding eyes of Immortals  
BU15.12; E78| Beheld the dark visions of Los,  
BU15.13; E78| And the globe of life blood trembling.

BU18.1; E78| 8. The globe of life blood trembled  
BU18.2; E78| Branching out into roots;  
BU18.3; E78| Fib'rous, writhing upon the winds;  
BU18.4; E78| Fibres of blood, milk and tears;  
BU18.5; E78| In pangs, eternity on eternity.  
BU18.6; E78| At length in tears & cries imbodyed  
BU18.7; E78| A female form trembling and pale  
BU18.8; E78| Waves before his deathly face

BU18.9; E78| 9. All Eternity shudder'd at sight  
BU18.10; E78| Of the first female now separate

BU18.11; E78| Pale as a cloud of snow  
BU18.12; E78| Waving before the face of Los

BU18.13; E78| 10. Wonder, awe, fear, astonishment,  
BU18.14; E78| Petrify the eternal myriads;  
BU18.15; E78| At the first female form now separate

BU19.1; E78| They call'd her Pity, and fled

BU19.2; E78| 11. "Spread a Tent, with strong curtains around them  
BU19.3; E78| "Let cords & stakes bind in the Void  
BU19.4; E78| That Eternals may no more behold them"

BU19.5; E78| 12. They began to weave curtains of darkness  
BU19.6; E78| They erected large pillars round the Void  
BU19.7; E78| With golden hooks fastend in the pillars  
BU19.8; E78| With infinite labour the Eternals  
BU19.9; E78| A woof wove, and called it Science

BU19; E79| Chap: VI.

BU19.11; E79| 1. But Los saw the Female & pitied  
BU19.12; E79| He embrac'd her, she wept, she refus'd  
BU19.13; E79| In perverse and cruel delight  
BU19.14; E79| She fled from his arms, yet he followd

BU19.15; E79| 2. Eternity shudder'd when they saw,  
BU19.16; E79| Man begetting his likeness,  
BU19.17; E79| On his own divided image.

BU19.18; E79| 3. A time passed over, the Eternals  
BU19.19; E79| Began to erect the tent;  
BU19.20; E79| When Enitharmon sick,  
BU19.21; E79| Felt a Worm within her womb.

BU19.22; E79| 4. Yet helpless it lay like a Worm  
BU19.23; E79| In the trembling womb  
BU19.24; E79| To be moulded into existence

BU19.25; E79| 5. All day the worm lay on her bosom  
BU19.26; E79| All night within her womb  
BU19.27; E79| The worm lay till it grew to a serpent  
BU19.28; E79| With dolorous hissings & poisons  
BU19.29; E79| Round Enitharmons loins folding,

BU19.30; E79| 6. Coild within Enitharmons womb  
BU19.31; E79| The serpent grew casting its scales,  
BU19.32; E79| With sharp pangs the hissings began  
BU19.33; E79| To change to a grating cry,  
BU19.34; E79| Many sorrows and dismal throes,  
BU19.35; E79| Many forms of fish, bird & beast,  
BU19.36; E79| Brought forth an Infant form  
BU19.37; E79| Where was a worm before.

BU19.38; E79| 7. The Eternals their tent finished  
BU19.39; E79| Alarm'd with these gloomy visions  
BU19.40; E79| When Enitharmon groaning  
BU19.41; E79| Produc'd a man Child to the light.

BU19.42; E79| 8. A shriek ran thro' Eternity:  
BU19.43; E79| And a paralytic stroke;  
BU19.44; E79| At the birth of the Human shadow.

BU19.45; E79| 9. Delving earth in his resistless way;  
BU19.46; E79| Howling, the Child with fierce flames  
BU19.47; E79| Issu'd from Enitharmon.

BU19.48; E79| 10. The Eternals, closed the tent  
BU19.49; E79| They beat down the stakes the cords

BU20.1; E80| Stretch'd for a work of eternity;  
BU20.2; E80| No more Los beheld Eternity.

BU20.3; E80| 11. In his hands he siez'd the infant  
BU20.4; E80| He bathed him in springs of sorrow  
BU20.5; E80| He gave him to Enitharmon.

BU20; E80| Chap. VII.



BU20.7; E80|  
BU20.8; E80|

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

BU20.9; E80|  
BU20.10; E80|  
BU20.11; E80|  
BU20.12; E80|  
BU20.13; E80|  
BU20.14; E80|  
BU20.15; E80|  
BU20.16; E80|  
BU20.17; E80|  
BU20.18; E80|

2. Los awoke her; O sorrow & pain!  
A tight'ning girdle grew,  
Around his bosom. In sobbings  
He burst the girdle in twain,  
But still another girdle  
Opressd his bosom, In sobbings  
Again he burst it. Again  
Another girdle succeeds  
The girdle was form'd by day;  
By night was burst in twain.

BU20.19; E80|  
BU20.20; E80|  
BU20.21; E80|

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

BU20.22; E80|  
BU20.23; E80|  
BU20.24; E80|  
BU20.25; E80|  
BU20.26; E80|

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

BU20.27; E80|  
BU20.28; E80|  
BU20.29; E80|  
BU20.30; E80|

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

BU20.31; E80|  
BU20.32; E80|  
BU20.33; E80|

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

BU20.34; E80|  
BU20.35; E80|  
BU20.36; E80|

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

BU20.37; E80|  
BU20.38; E80|  
BU20.39; E80|

8. He formed scales to weigh;  
He formed massy weights;  
He formed a brazen quadrant;

BU20.40; E81| He formed golden compasses  
BU20.41; E81| And began to explore the Abyss  
BU20.42; E81| And he planted a garden of fruits

BU20.43; E81| 9. But Los encircled Enitharmon  
BU20.44; E81| With fires of Prophecy  
BU20.45; E81| From the sight of Urizen & Orc.

BU20.46; E81| 10. And she bore an enormous race

BU20; E81| Chap. VIII.

BU20.48; E81| 1. Urizen explor'd his dens  
BU20.49; E81| Mountain, moor, & wilderness,  
BU20.50; E81| With a globe of fire lighting his journey  
BU20.51; E81| A fearful journey, annoy'd  
BU20.52; E81| By cruel enormities: forms

BU23.1; E81| Of life on his forsaken mountains

BU23.2; E81| 2. And his world teemd vast enormities  
BU23.3; E81| Frightning; faithless; fawning  
BU23.4; E81| Portions of life; similitudes  
BU23.5; E81| Of a foot, or a hand, or a head  
BU23.6; E81| Or a heart, or an eye, they swam mischevous  
BU23.7; E81| Dread terrors! delighting in blood

BU23.; E81| 3. Most Urizen sicken'd to see  
BU23.9; E81| His eternal creations appear  
BU23.10; E81| Sons & daughters of sorrow on mountains  
BU23.11; E81| Weeping! wailing! first Thiriel appear'd  
BU23.12; E81| Astonish'd at his own existence  
BU23.13; E81| Like a man from a cloud born, & Utha  
BU23.14; E81| From the waters emerging, laments!  
BU23.15; E81| Grodna rent the deep earth howling  
BU23.16; E81| Amaz'd! his heavens immense cracks  
BU23.17; E81| Like the ground parch'd with heat; then Fuzon  
BU23.18; E81| Flam'd out! first begotten, last born.  
BU23.19; E81| All his eternal sons in like manner  
BU23.20; E81| His daughters from green herbs & cattle  
BU23.21; E81| From monsters, & worms of the pit.

BU23.22; E81| 4. He in darkness clos'd, view'd all his race,  
BU23.23; E81| And his soul sicken'd! he curs'd  
BU23.24; E81| Both sons & daughters; for he saw  
BU23.25; E81| That no flesh nor spirit could keep  
BU23.26; E81| His iron laws one moment.

BU23.27; E81| 5. For he saw that life liv'd upon death

BU25.1; E82| The Ox in the slaughter house moans  
BU25.2; E82| The Dog at the wintry door  
BU25.3; E82| And he wept, & he called it Pity  
BU25.4; E82| And his tears flowed down on the winds

BU25.5; E82| 6. Cold he wander'd on high, over their cities  
BU25.6; E82| In weeping & pain & woe!  
BU25.7; E82| And where-ever he wanderd in sorrows  
BU25.8; E82| Upon the aged heavens  
BU25.9; E82| A cold shadow follow'd behind him  
BU25.10; E82| Like a spiders web, moist, cold, & dim  
BU25.11; E82| Drawing out from his sorrowing soul  
BU25.12; E82| The dungeon-like heaven dividing.  
BU25.13; E82| Where ever the footsteps of Urizen  
BU25.14; E82| Walk'd over the cities in sorrow.

BU25.15; E82| 7. Till a Web dark & cold, throughout all  
BU25.16; E82| The tormented element stretch'd  
BU25.17; E82| From the sorrows of Urizens soul  
BU25.18; E82| And the Web is a Female in embryo *t208*  
BU25.19; E82| None could break the Web, no wings of fire.

BU25.20; E82| 8. So twisted the cords, & so knotted  
BU25.21; E82| The meshes: twisted like to the human brain

BU25.22; E82| 9. And all call'd it, The Net of Religion

BU25; E82| Chap: IX

BU25.24; E82| 1. Then the Inhabitants of those Cities:  
BU25.25; E82| Felt their Nerves change into Marrow

BU25.26; E82| And hardening Bones began  
BU25.27; E82| In swift diseases and torments,  
BU25.28; E82| In throbbings & shootings & grindings  
BU25.29; E82| Thro' all the coasts; till weaken'd  
BU25.30; E82| The Senses inward rush'd shrinking,  
BU25.31; E82| Beneath the dark net of infection.

BU25.32; E82| 2. Till the shrunken eyes clouded over  
BU25.33; E82| Discern'd not the woven hypocrisy  
BU25.34; E82| But the streaky slime in their heavens  
BU25.35; E82| Brought together by narrowing perceptions  
BU25.36; E82| Appeared transparent air; for their eyes  
BU25.37; E82| Grew small like the eyes of a man  
BU25.38; E82| And in reptile forms shrinking together  
BU25.39; E82| Of seven feet stature they remain'd

BU25.40; E83| 3. Six days they shrunk up from existence  
BU25.41; E83| And on the seventh day they rested  
BU25.42; E83| And they bless'd the seventh day, in sick hope:  
BU25.43; E83| And forgot their eternal life

BU25.44; E83| 4. And their thirty cities divided  
BU25.45; E83| In form of a human heart  
BU25.46; E83| No more could they rise at will  
BU25.47; E83| In the infinite void, but bound down  
BU25.48; E83| To earth by their narrowing perceptions

BU28.1; E83| They lived a period of years  
BU28.2; E83| Then left a noisom body  
BU28.3; E83| To the jaws of devouring darkness

BU28.4; E83| 5. And their children wept, & built  
BU28.5; E83| Tombs in the desolate places,  
BU28.6; E83| And form'd laws of prudence, and call'd them  
BU28.7; E83| The eternal laws of God

BU28.8; E83| 6. And the thirty cities remain'd  
BU28.9; E83| Surrounded by salt floods, now call'd  
BU28.10; E83| Africa: its name was then Egypt.

BU28.11; E83| 7. The remaining sons of Urizen

BU28.12; E83| Beheld their brethren shrink together  
BU28.13; E83| Beneath the Net of Urizen;  
BU28.14; E83| Perswasion was in vain;  
BU28.15; E83| For the ears of the inhabitants,  
BU28.16; E83| Were wither'd, & deafen'd, & cold:  
BU28.17; E83| And their eyes could not discern,  
BU28.18; E83| Their brethren of other cities.

BU28.19; E83| 8. So Fuzon call'd all together  
BU28.20; E83| The remaining children of Urizen:  
BU28.21; E83| And they left the pendulous earth:  
BU28.22; E83| They called it Egypt, & left it.

BU28.23; E83| 9. And the salt ocean rolled englob'd

BU28.24; E83| The End of the [*first*] book of Urizen

BAcolophon; E84| LAMBETH Printed by W Blake 1795

BA2; E84| AHANIA

BA2; E84| Chap: Ist

BA2.1; E84| 1: Fuzon, on a chariot iron-wing'd  
BA2.2; E84| On spiked flames rose; his hot visage  
BA2.3; E84| Flam'd furious! sparkles his hair & beard  
BA2.4; E84| Shot down his wide bosom and shoulders.  
BA2.5; E84| On clouds of smoke rages his chariot  
BA2.6; E84| And his right hand burns red in its cloud  
BA2.7; E84| Moulding into a vast globe, his wrath  
BA2.8; E84| As the thunder-stone is moulded.  
BA2.9; E84| Son of Urizens silent burnings

BA2.10; E84| 2: Shall we worship this Demon of smoke,  
BA2.11; E84| Said Fuzon, this abstract non-entity  
BA2.12; E84| This cloudy God seated on waters  
BA2.13; E84| Now seen, now obscur'd; King of sorrow?

BA2.14; E84| 3: So he spoke, in a fiery flame,  
BA2.15; E84| On Urizen frowning indignant,  
BA2.16; E84| The Globe of wrath shaking on high  
BA2.17; E84| Roaring with fury, he threw  
BA2.18; E84| The howling Globe: burning it flew  
BA2.19; E84| Lengthning into a hungry beam. Swiftly

BA2.20; E84| 4: Oppos'd to the exulting flam'd beam  
BA2.21; E84| The broad Disk of Urizen upheav'd  
BA2.22; E84| Across the Void many a mile.

BA2.23; E84| 5: It was forg'd in mills where the winter  
BA2.24; E84| Beats incessant; ten winters the disk  
BA2.25; E84| Unremitting endur'd the cold hammer.

BA2.26; E84| 6: But the strong arm that sent it, remember'd  
BA2.27; E84| The sounding beam; laughing it tore through  
BA2.28; E84| That beaten mass: keeping its direction  
BA2.29; E84| The cold loins of Urizen dividing.

BA2.30; E84| 7: Dire shriek'd his invisible Lust  
BA2.31; E84| Deep groan'd Urizen! stretching his awful hand  
BA2.32; E84| Ahania (so name his parted soul)  
BA2.33; E84| He siez'd on his mountains of jealousy.  
BA2.34; E84| He groand anguishd & called her Sin,

BA2.35; E85| Kissing her and weeping over her;  
BA2.36; E85| Then hid her in darkness in silence;  
BA2.37; E85| Jealous tho' she was invisible.

BA2.38; E85| 8: She fell down a faint shadow wandring  
BA2.39; E85| In chaos and circling dark Urizen,  
BA2.40; E85| As the moon anguishd circles the earth;  
BA2.41; E85| Hopeless! abhorrd! a death-shadow,  
BA2.42; E85| Unseen, unbodied, unknown,  
BA2.43; E85| The mother of Pestilence.

BA2.44; E85| 9: But the fiery beam of Fuzon  
BA2.45; E85| Was a pillar of fire to Egypt  
BA2.46; E85| Five hundred years wandring on earth  
BA2.47; E85| Till Los siezd it and beat in a mass  
BA2.48; E85| With the body of the sun.

BA3; E85| Chap: II:d

BA3.1; E85| 1: But the forehead of Urizen gathering,  
BA3.2; E85| And his eyes pale with anguish, his lips  
BA3.3; E85| Blue & changing; in tears and bitter  
BA3.4; E85| Contrition he prepar'd his Bow,

BA3.5; E85| 2: Form'd of Ribs: that in his dark solitude  
BA3.6; E85| When obscur'd in his forests fell monsters,  
BA3.7; E85| Arose. For his dire Contemplations  
BA3.8; E85| Rush'd down like floods from his mountains  
BA3.9; E85| In torrents of mud settling thick  
BA3.10; E85| With Eggs of unnatural production  
BA3.11; E85| Forthwith hatching; some howl'd on his hills  
BA3.12; E85| Some in vales; some aloft flew in air

BA3.13; E85| 3: Of these: an enormous dread Serpent



BA3.14; E85	Scaled and poisonous horned
BA3.15; E85	Approach'd Urizen even to his knees
BA3.16; E85	As he sat on his dark rooted Oak.
BA3.17; E85	4: With his horns he push'd furious.
BA3.18; E85	Great the conflict & great the jealousy
BA3.19; E85	In cold poisons: but Urizen smote him
BA3.20; E85	5: First he poison'd the rocks with his blood
BA3.21; E85	Then polish'd his ribs, and his sinews
BA3.22; E85	Dried; laid them apart till winter;
BA3.23; E85	Then a Bow black prepar'd; on this Bow,
BA3.24; E85	A poisoned rock plac'd in silence:
BA3.25; E85	He utter'd these words to the Bow.
BA3.26; E86	6: O Bow of the clouds of secresy!
BA3.27; E86	O nerve of that lust form'd monster!
BA3.28; E86	Send this rock swift, invisible thro'
BA3.29; E86	The black clouds, on the bosom of Fuzon
BA3.30; E86	7: So saying, In torment of his wounds,
BA3.31; E86	He bent the enormous ribs slowly;
BA3.32; E86	A circle of darkness! then fixed
BA3.33; E86	The sinew in its rest: then the Rock
BA3.34; E86	Poisonous source! plac'd with art, lifting difficult
BA3.35; E86	Its weighty bulk: silent the rock lay.
BA3.36; E86	8: While Fuzon his tygers unloosing
BA3.37; E86	Thought Urizen slain by his wrath.
BA3.38; E86	I am God. said he, eldest of things!
BA3.39; E86	9: Sudden sings the rock, swift & invisible
BA3.40; E86	On Fuzon flew, enter'd his bosom;
BA3.41; E86	His beautiful visage, his tresses,
BA3.42; E86	That gave light to the mornings of heaven
BA3.43; E86	Were smitten with darkness, deform'd
BA3.44; E86	And outstretch'd on the edge of the forest
BA3.45; E86	10: But the rock fell upon the Earth,
BA3.46; E86	Mount Sinai, in Arabia.

BA3.47; E86|

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

BA3.51; E86|

BA3.52; E86|

BA3.53; E86|

BA3.54; E86|

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

BA3.55; E86|

BA3.56; E86|

BA3.57; E86|

BA3.58; E86|

BA3.59; E86|

BA3.60; E86|

BA3.61; E86|

BA3.62; E86|

BA3.63; E86|

BA3.64; E86|

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

BA3.65; E87|

BA3.66; E87|

BA3.67; E87|

Till the horrid plant bending its boughs  
Grew to roots when it felt the earth  
And again sprung to many a tree.

BA3.68; E87|

BA3.69; E87|

BA3.70; E87|

BA3.71; E87|

BA3.72; E87|

BA3.73; E87|

4: Amaz'd started Urizen! when  
He beheld himself compassed round  
And high roofed over with trees  
He arose but the stems stood so thick  
He with difficulty and great pain  
Brought his Books, all but the Book

BA4.1; E87|

Of iron, from the dismal shade

BA4.2; E87|

BA4.3; E87|

BA4.4; E87|

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

BA4.5; E87|

6: The corse of his first begotten

BA4.6; E87	On the accursed Tree of MYSTERY:
BA4.7; E87	On the topmost stem of this Tree
BA4.8; E87	Urizen nail'd Fuzons corse.
BA4; E87	Chap: IV:
BA4.9; E87	1: Forth flew the arrows of pestilence
BA4.10; E87	Round the pale living Corse on the tree
BA4.11; E87	2: For in Urizens slumbers of abstraction
BA4.12; E87	In the infinite ages of Eternity:
BA4.13; E87	When his Nerves of joy melted & flow'd
BA4.14; E87	A white Lake on the dark blue air
BA4.15; E87	In perturb'd pain and dismal torment
BA4.16; E87	Now stretching out, now swift conglobing.
BA4.17; E87	3: Effluvia vapor'd above
BA4.18; E87	In noxious clouds; these hover'd thick
BA4.19; E87	Over the disorganiz'd Immortal,
BA4.20; E87	Till petrific pain scurfd o'er the Lakes
BA4.21; E87	As the bones of man, solid & dark
BA4.22; E87	4: The clouds of disease hover'd wide
BA4.23; E87	Around the Immortal in torment
BA4.24; E87	Perching around the hurtling bones
BA4.25; E87	Disease on disease, shape on shape,
BA4.26; E87	Winged screaming in blood & torment.
BA4.27; E87	5: The Eternal Prophet beat on his anvils
BA4.28; E87	Enrag'd in the desolate darkness
BA4.29; E88	He forg'd nets of iron around
BA4.30; E88	And Los threw them around the bones
BA4.31; E88	6: The shapes screaming flutter'd vain
BA4.32; E88	Some combin'd into muscles & glands
BA4.33; E88	Some organs for caving and lust
BA4.34; E88	Most remain'd on the tormented void:
BA4.35; E88	Urizens army of horrors.

BA4.36; E88| 7: Round the pale living Corse on the Tree  
BA4.37; E88| Forty years flew the arrows of pestilence

BA4.38; E88| 8: Wailing and terror and woe  
BA4.39; E88| Ran thro' all his dismal world:  
BA4.40; E88| Forty years all his sons & daughters  
BA4.41; E88| Felt their skulls harden; then Asia  
BA4.42; E88| Arose in the pendulous deep.

BA4.43; E88| 9: They reptilize upon the Earth.

BA4.44; E88| 10: Fuzon groand on the Tree.

BA4; E88| Chap: V

BA4.45; E88| 1: The lamenting voice of Ahania  
BA4.46; E88| Weeping upon the void.  
BA4.47; E88| And round the Tree of Fuzon:  
BA4.48; E88| Distant in solitary night  
BA4.49; E88| Her voice was heard, but no form  
BA4.50; E88| Had she: but her tears from clouds  
BA4.51; E88| Eternal fell round the Tree

BA4.52; E88| 2: And the voice cried: Ah Urizen! Love!  
BA4.53; E88| Flower of morning! I weep on the verge  
BA4.54; E88| Of Non-entity; how wide the Abyss  
BA4.55; E88| Between Ahania and thee!

BA4.56; E88| 3: I lie on the verge of the deep.  
BA4.57; E88| I see thy dark clouds ascend,  
BA4.58; E88| I see thy black forests and floods,  
BA4.59; E88| A horrible waste to my eyes!

BA4.60; E88| 4: Weeping I walk over rocks  
BA4.61; E88| Over dens & thro' valleys of death  
BA4.62; E88| Why didst thou despise Ahania  
BA4.63; E88| To cast me from thy bright presence  
BA4.64; E88| Into the World of Loneness

BA4.65; E88| 5: I cannot touch his hand:

BA4.66; E88|

Nor weep on his knees, nor hear

BA4.67; E89|

His voice & bow, nor see his eyes

BA4.68; E89|

And joy, nor hear his footsteps, and

BA4.69; E89|

My heart leap at the lovely sound!

BA4.70; E89|

I cannot kiss the place

BA4.71; E89|

Whereon his bright feet have trod,

BA5.1; E89|

But I wander on the rocks

BA5.2; E89|

With hard necessity.

BA5.3; E89|

6: Where is my golden palace

BA5.4; E89|

Where my ivory bed

BA5.5; E89|

Where the joy of my morning hour

BA5.6; E89|

Where the sons of eternity, singing

BA5.7; E89|

7: To awake bright Urizen my king!

BA5.8; E89|

To arise to the mountain sport,

BA5.9; E89|

To the bliss of eternal valleys:

BA5.10; E89|

8: To awake my king in the morn!

BA5.11; E89|

To embrace Ahanias joy

BA5.12; E89|

On the breadth of his pen bosom:

BA5.13; E89|

From my soft cloud of dew to fall

BA5.14; E89|

In showers of life on his harvests.

BA5.15; E89|

9: When he gave my happy soul

BA5.16; E89|

To the sons of eternal joy:

BA5.17; E89|

When he took the daughters of life.

BA5.18; E89|

Into my chambers of love:

BA5.19; E89|

10: When I found babes of bliss on my beds.

BA5.20; E89|

And bosoms of milk in my chambers

BA5.21; E89|

Fill'd with eternal seed

BA5.22; E89|

O! eternal births sung round Ahania

BA5.23; E89|

In interchange sweet of their joys.

BA5.24; E89|

11: Swell'd with ripeness & fat with fatness

BA5.25; E89|

Bursting on winds my odors,

BA5.26; E89|

My ripe figs and rich pomegranates

BA5.27; E89|

In infant joy at thy feet

BA5.28; E89	O Urizen, sported and sang;
BA5.29; E89	12: Then thou with thy lap full of seed
BA5.30; E89	With thy hand full of generous fire
BA5.31; E89	Walked forth from the clouds of morning
BA5.32; E89	On the virgins of springing joy,
BA5.33; E89	On the human soul to cast
BA5.34; E89	The seed of eternal science.
BA5.35; E89	13: The sweat poured down thy temples
BA5.36; E89	To Ahanian return'd in evening
BA5.37; E90	The moisture awoke to birth
BA5.38; E90	My mothers-joys, sleeping in bliss.
BA5.39; E90	14: But now alone over rocks, mountains
BA5.40; E90	Cast out from thy lovely bosom:
BA5.41; E90	Cruel jealousy! selfish fear!
BA5.42; E90	Self-destroying: how can delight,
BA5.43; E90	Renew in these chains of darkness
BA5.44; E90	Where bones of beasts are strown
BA5.45; E90	On the bleak and snowy mountains
BA5.46; E90	Where bones from the birth are buried
BA5.47; E90	Before they see the light.
BA5.48; E90	FINIS

BookLOScolophon; E90| LAMBETH Printed by W Blake 1795

BookLOS3; E90| LOS

BookLOS3; E90| Chap. I

BookLOS3.1; E90| 1: Eno aged Mother,  
BookLOS3.2; E90| Who the chariot of Leutha guides,  
BookLOS3.3; E90| Since the day of thunders in old time

BookLOS3.4; E90| 2: Sitting beneath the eternal Oak  
BookLOS3.5; E90| Trembled and shook the stedfast Earth  
BookLOS3.6; E90| And thus her speech broke forth.

BookLOS3.7; E90| 3: O Times remote!  
BookLOS3.8; E90| When Love & joy were adoration:  
BookLOS3.9; E90| And none impure were deem'd.  
BookLOS3.10; E90| Not Eyeless Covet  
BookLOS3.11; E90| Nor Thin-lip'd Envy  
BookLOS3.12; E90| Nor Bristled Wrath  
BookLOS3.13; E90| Nor Curled Wantonness

BookLOS3.14; E90| 4: But Covet was poured full:  
BookLOS3.15; E90| Envy fed with fat of lambs:  
BookLOS3.16; E90| Wrath with lions gore:  
BookLOS3.17; E90| Wantonness lulld to sleep  
BookLOS3.18; E90| With the virgins lute,  
BookLOS3.19; E90| Or sated with her love.

BookLOS3.20; E91| 5: Till Covet broke his locks & bars,  
BookLOS3.21; E91| And slept with open doors:  
BookLOS3.22; E91| Envy sung at the rich mans feast:  
BookLOS3.23; E91| Wrath was follow'd up and down  
BookLOS3.24; E91| By a little ewe lamb  
BookLOS3.25; E91| And Wantoness on his own true love  
BookLOS3.26; E91| Begot a giant race:



BookLOS3.27; E91|  
BookLOS3.28; E91|  
BookLOS3.29; E91|  
BookLOS3.30; E91|  
BookLOS3.31; E91|  
BookLOS3.32; E91|

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

BookLOS3.33; E91|  
BookLOS3.34; E91|  
BookLOS3.35; E91|  
BookLOS3.36; E91|  
BookLOS3.37; E91|  
BookLOS3.38; E91|  
BookLOS3.39; E91|  
BookLOS3.40; E91|  
BookLOS3.41; E91|  
BookLOS3.42; E91|

7: Rag'd with curses & sparkles of fury  
Round the flames roll as Los hurls his chains  
Mounting up from his fury, condens'd  
Rolling round & round, mounting on high  
Into vacuum: into non-entity.  
Where nothing was! dash'd wide apart  
His feet stamp the eternal fierce-raging  
Rivers of wide flame; they roll round  
And round on all sides making their way  
Into darkness and shadowy obscurity

BookLOS3.43; E91|  
BookLOS3.44; E91|  
BookLOS3.45; E91|  
BookLOS3.46; E91|  
BookLOS3.47; E91|  
BookLOS3.48; E91|

8: Wide apart stood the fires: Los remain'd  
In the void between fire and fire[.]  
In trembling and horror they beheld him  
They stood wide apart, driv'n by his hands  
And his feet which the nether abyss  
Stamp'd in fury and hot indignation

BookLOS3.49; E91|

9: But no light from the fires all was

BookLOS4.1; E91|  
BookLOS4.2; E91|  
BookLOS4.3; E91|

Darkness round Los: heat was not; for bound up  
Into fiery spheres from his fur  
The gigantic flames trembled and hid

BookLOS4.4; E91|  
BookLOS4.5; E91|  
BookLOS4.6; E91|  
BookLOS4.7; E91|  
BookLOS4.8; E91|  
BookLOS4.9; E91|  
BookLOS4.10; E91|

10: Coldness, darkness, obstruction, a Solid  
Without fluctuation, hard as adamant  
Black as marble of Egypt; impenetrable  
Bound in the fierce raging Immortal,  
And the seperated fires froze in  
A vast solid without fluctuation,  
Bound in his expanding clear senses

BookLOS4; E92|

Chap: II

BookLOS4.11; E92|  
BookLOS4.12; E92|  
BookLOS4.13; E92|  
BookLOS4.14; E92|

1: The Immortal stood frozen amidst  
The vast rock of eternity; times  
And times; a night of vast durance:  
Impatient, stifled, stiffend, hardned.

BookLOS4.15; E92|  
BookLOS4.16; E92|  
BookLOS4.17; E92|

2: Till impatience no longer could bear  
The hard bondage, rent: rent, the vast solid  
With a crash from immense to immense

BookLOS4.18; E92|  
BookLOS4.19; E92|  
BookLOS4.20; E92|  
BookLOS4.21; E92|  
BookLOS4.22; E92|

3: Crack'd across into numberless fragments  
The Prophetic wrath, strug'ling for vent  
Hurls apart, stamping furious to dust  
And crumbling with bursting sobs; heavens  
The black marble on high into fragments

BookLOS4.23; E92|  
BookLOS4.24; E92|  
BookLOS4.25; E92|  
BookLOS4.26; E92|

4: Hurl'd apart on all sides, as a falling  
Rock: the innumerable fragments away  
Fell asunder; and horrible vacuum  
Beneath him & on all sides round.

BookLOS4.27; E92|  
BookLOS4.28; E92|  
BookLOS4.29; E92|  
BookLOS4.30; E92|  
BookLOS4.31; E92|  
BookLOS4.32; E92|  
BookLOS4.33; E92|  
BookLOS4.34; E92|  
BookLOS4.35; E92|  
BookLOS4.36; E92|

5: Falling, falling! Los fell & fell  
Sunk precipitant heavy down down  
Times on times, night on night, day on day  
Truth has bounds. Error none: falling, falling:  
Years on years, and ages on ages  
Still he fell thro' the void, still a void  
Found for falling day & night without end.  
For tho' day or night was not; their spaces  
Were measurd by his incessant whirls  
In the horrid vacuity bottomless.

BookLOS4.37; E92|  
BookLOS4.38; E92|  
BookLOS4.39; E92|  
BookLOS4.40; E92|  
BookLOS4.41; E92|  
BookLOS4.42; E92|

6: The Immortal revolving; indignant  
First in wrath threw his limbs, like the babe  
New born into our world: wrath subsided  
And contemplative thoughts first arose  
Then aloft his head rear'd in the Abyss  
And his downward-borne fall. chang'd oblique

BookLOS4.43; E92|  
BookLOS4.44; E92|  
BookLOS4.45; E92|

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

BookLOS4.46; E92| 8: Till in process from falling he bore  
BookLOS4.47; E92| Sidelong on the purple air, wafting  
BookLOS4.48; E92| The weak breeze in efforts oerwearied

BookLOS4.49; E92| 9: Incessant the falling Mind labour'd  
BookLOS4.50; E92| Organizing itself: till the Vacuum  
BookLOS4.51; E92| Became element, pliant to rise,

BookLOS4.52; E93| Or to fall, or to swim, or to fly:  
BookLOS4.53; E93| With ease searching the dire vacuity

BookLOS4; E93| Chap: III  
BookLOS4.54; E93| 1: The Lungs heave incessant, dull and heavy  
BookLOS4.55; E93| For as yet were all other parts formless  
BookLOS4.56; E93| Shiv'ring: clinging around like a cloud  
BookLOS4.57; E93| Dim & glutinous as the white Polypus  
BookLOS4.58; E93| Driv'n by waves & englob'd on the tide.

BookLOS4.59; E93| 2: And the unformed part crav'd repose  
BookLOS4.60; E93| Sleep began: the Lungs heave on the wave  
BookLOS4.61; E93| Weary overweigh'd, sinking beneath  
BookLOS4.62; E93| In a stifling black fluid he woke

BookLOS4.63; E93| 3: He arose on the waters, but soon  
BookLOS4.64; E93| Heavy falling his organs like roots  
BookLOS4.65; E93| Shooting out from the seed, shot beneath,  
BookLOS4.66; E93| And a vast world of waters around him  
BookLOS4.67; E93| In furious torrents began.

BookLOS4.68; E93| 4: Then he sunk, & around his spent Lungs  
BookLOS4.69; E93| Began intricate pipes that drew in  
BookLOS4.70; E93| The spawn of the waters. Outbranching

BookLOS5.1; E93| An immense Fibrous form, stretching out  
BookLOS5.2; E93| Thro' the bottoms of immensity raging.

BookLOS5.3; E93| 5: He rose on the floods: then he smote  
BookLOS5.4; E93| The wild deep with his terrible wrath,  
BookLOS5.5; E93| Seperating the heavy and thin.

BookLOS5.6; E93| 6: Down the heavy sunk; cleaving around  
BookLOS5.7; E93| To the fragments of solid: up rose  
BookLOS5.8; E93| The thin, flowing round the fierce fires  
BookLOS5.9; E93| That glow'd furious in the expanse.

BookLOS5; E93| Chap: IV:

BookLOS5.10; E93| I: Then Light first began; from the fires  
BookLOS5.11; E93| Beams, conducted by fluid so pure .  
BookLOS5.12; E93| Flow'd around the Immense: Los beheld  
BookLOS5.13; E93| Forthwith writhing upon the dark void  
BookLOS5.14; E93| The Back bone of Urizen appear  
BookLOS5.15; E93| Hurtling upon the wind  
BookLOS5.16; E93| Like a serpent! like an iron chain  
BookLOS5.17; E93| Whirling about in the Deep.

BookLOS5.18; E94| 2: Upfolding his Fibres together  
BookLOS5.19; E94| To a Form of impregnable strength  
BookLOS5.20; E94| Los astonish'd and terrified, built  
BookLOS5.21; E94| Furnaces; he formed an Anvil  
BookLOS5.22; E94| A Hammer of adamant then began  
BookLOS5.23; E94| The binding of Urizen day and night

BookLOS5.24; E94| 3: Circling round the dark Demon, with howlings  
BookLOS5.25; E94| Dismay & sharp blightings; the Prophet  
BookLOS5.26; E94| Of Eternity beat on his iron links

BookLOS5.27; E94| 4: And first from those infinite fires  
BookLOS5.28; E94| The light that flow'd down on the winds  
BookLOS5.29; E94| He siez'd; beating incessant, condensing  
BookLOS5.30; E94| The subtil particles in an Orb.

BookLOS5.31; E94| 5: Roaring indignant the bright sparks  
BookLOS5.32; E94| Endur'd the vast Hammer; but unwearied  
BookLOS5.33; E94| Los beat on the Anvil; till glorious  
BookLOS5.34; E94| An immense Orb of fire he fram'd

BookLOS5.35; E94| 6: Oft he quench'd it beneath in the Deeps  
BookLOS5.36; E94| Then surveyd the all bright mass. Again  
BookLOS5.37; E94| Siezing fires from the terrific Orbs

BookLOS5.38; E94|  
BookLOS5.39; E94|  
BookLOS5.40; E94|

He heated the round Globe, then beat[,]  
While roaring his Furnaces endur'd  
The chaind Orb in their infinite wombs

BookLOS5.41; E94|  
BookLOS5.42; E94|  
BookLOS5.43; E94|  
BookLOS5.44; E94|  
BookLOS5.45; E94|  
BookLOS5.46; E94|  
BookLOS5.47; E94|

7: Nine ages completed their circles  
When Los heated the glowing mass, casting  
It down into the Deeps: the Deeps fled  
Away in redounding smoke; the Sun  
Stood self-balanc'd. And Los smild with joy.  
He the vast Spine of Urizen siez'd  
And bound down to the glowing illusion

BookLOS5.48; E94|  
BookLOS5.49; E94|  
BookLOS5.50; E94|  
BookLOS5.51; E94|

8: But no light, for the Deep fled away  
On all sides, and left an unform'd  
Dark vacuity: here Urizen lay  
In fierce torments on his glowing bed

BookLOS5.52; E94|  
BookLOS5.53; E94|  
BookLOS5.54; E94|  
BookLOS5.55; E94|  
BookLOS5.56; E94|  
BookLOS5.57; E94|

9: Till his Brain in a rock, & his Heart  
In a fleshy slough formed four rivers  
Obscuring the immense Orb of fire  
Flowing down into night: till a Form  
Was completed, a Human Illusion  
In darkness and deep clouds involvd.

BookLOS5; E94|  
BookLOS5.60; E94|

The End of the  
Book of LOS

Title; E95| MILTON *t211*  
Mtitle; E95| a Poem in 2 Books

Mcolophon; E95| The Author & Printer W Blake 1804

Mepigraph; E95| To justify the Ways of God to Men

M; E95| Preface. *t212*

Mpreface; E95| The Stolen and Perverted Writings of Homer & Ovid: of Plato &  
Mpreface; E95| Cicero. which all Men ought to condemn: are set up by artifice  
Mpreface; E95| against the Sublime of the Bible. but when the New Age is at  
Mpreface; E95| leisure to Pronounce; all will be set right: & those Grand Works  
Mpreface; E95| of the more ancient & consciously & professedly Inspired Men,  
Mpreface; E95| will hold their proper rank, & the Daughters of Memory shall  
Mpreface; E95| become the Daughters of Inspiration. Shakspeare & Milton were  
Mpreface; E95| both curbd by the general malady & infection from the silly Greek  
Mpreface; E95| & Latin slaves of the Sword.

Mpreface; E95| Rouze up O Young Men of the New Age! set your foreheads  
Mpreface; E95| against the ignorant Hirelings! For we have Hirelings in the  
Mpreface; E95| Camp, the Court, & the University: who would if they could, for  
Mpreface; E95| ever depress Mental & prolong Corporeal War. Painters! on you I  
Mpreface; E95| call! Sculptors! Architects! Suffer not the fash[i]onable Fools  
Mpreface; E95| to depress your powers by the prices they pretend to give for  
Mpreface; E95| contemptible works or the expensive advertizing boasts that they  
Mpreface; E95| make of such works; believe Christ & his Apostles that there is a  
Mpreface; E95| Class of Men whose whole delight is in Destroying. We do not  
Mpreface; E95| want either Greek or Roman Models if we are but just & true to  
Mpreface; E95| our own Imaginations, those Worlds of Eternity in which we shall  
Mpreface; E95| live for ever; in Jesus our Lord.

Mpreface1; E95| And did those feet in ancient time,  
Mpreface2; E95| Walk upon Englands mountains green:  
Mpreface3; E95| And was the holy Lamb of God,  
Mpreface4; E95| On Englands pleasant pastures seen!

Mpreface5; E95| And did the Countenance Divine,  
Mpreface6; E95| Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
Mpreface7; E95| And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Mpreface8; E95| Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Mpreface9; E95| Bring me my Bow of burning gold:  
Mpreface10; E95| Bring me my Arrows of desire:  
Mpreface11; E95| Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!  
Mpreface12; E95| Bring me my Chariot of fire!

Mpreface13; E95| I will not cease from Mental Fight,  
Mpreface14; E95| Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:

Mpreface15; E96| Till we have built Jerusalem,  
Mpreface16; E96| In Englands green & pleasant Land.

Mpreface; E96| Would to God that all the Lords people were Prophets.  
Mpreface; E96| Numbers. XI. ch 29 v.

M2; E96| MILTON

M2; E96| Book the First

M2.1; E96| Daughters of Beulah! Muses who inspire the Poets Song  
M2.2; E96| Record the journey of immortal Milton thro' your Realms  
M2.3; E96| Of terror & mild moony lustre, in soft sexual delusions  
M2.4; E96| Of varied beauty, to delight the wanderer and repose  
M2.5; E96| His burning thirst & freezing hunger! Come into my hand  
M2.6; E96| By your mild power; descending down the Nerves of my right arm  
M2.7; E96| From out the Portals of my Brain, where by your ministry  
M2.8; E96| The Eternal Great Humanity Divine. planted his Paradise,  
M2.9; E96| And in it caus'd the Spectres of the Dead to take sweet forms  
M2.10; E96| In likeness of himself. Tell also of the False Tongue! vegetated  
M2.11; E96| Beneath your land of shadows: of its sacrifices. and  
M2.12; E96| Its offerings; even till Jesus, the image of the Invisible God  
M2.13; E96| Became its prey; a curse, an offering, and an atonement,  
M2.14; E96| For Death Eternal in the heavens of Albion, & before the Gates  
M2.15; E96| Of Jerusalem his Emanation, in the heavens beneath Beulah

M2.16; E96| Say first! what mov'd Milton, who walkd about in Eternity  
M2.17; E96| One hundred years, pondring the intricate mazes of Providence  
M2.18; E96| Unhappy tho in heav'n, he obey'd, he murmur'd not. he was silent  
M2.19; E96| Viewing his Sixfold Emanation scatter'd thro' the deep  
M2.20; E96| In torment! To go into the deep her to redeem & himself perish?  
M2.21; E96| What cause at length mov'd Milton to this unexampled deed[?] *t213*



M2.22; E96	A Bards prophetic Song! for sitting at eternal tables,
M2.23; E96	Terrific among the Sons of Albion in chorus solemn & loud
M2.24; E96	A Bard broke forth! all sat attentive to the awful man.
M2.25; E96	Mark well my words! they are of your eternal salvation:
M2.26; E96	Three Classes are Created by the Hammer of Los, & Woven <i>t214</i>
M3.1; E96	By Enitharmons Looms when Albion was slain upon his Mountains
M3.2; E96	And in his Tent, thro envy of Living Form, even of the Divine Vision
M3.3; E96	And of the sports of Wisdom in the Human Imagination
M3.4; E96	Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus. blessed for ever.
M3.5; E96	Mark well my words. they are of your eternal salvation:
M3.6; E96	Urizen lay in darkness & solitude, in chains of the mind lock'd up
M3.7; E96	Los siezd his Hammer & Tongs; he labourd at his resolute Anvil
M3.8; E97	Among indefinite Druid rocks & snows of doubt & reasoning.
M3.9; E97	Refusing all Definite Form, the Abstract Horror roofd. stony hard.
M3.10; E97	And a first Age passed over & a State of dismal woe:
M3.11; E97	Down sunk with fright a red round Globe hot burning. deep
M3.12; E97	Deep down into the Abyss. panting: conglobing: trembling
M3.13; E97	And a second Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.
M3.14; E97	Rolling round into two little Orbs & closed in two little Caves
M3.15; E97	The Eyes beheld the Abyss: lest bones of solidness freeze over all
M3.16; E97	And a third Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.
M3.17; E97	From beneath his Orbs of Vision, Two Ears in close volutions
M3.18; E97	Shot spiring out in the deep darkness & petrified as they grew
M3.19; E97	And a fourth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.
M3.20; E97	Hanging upon the wind, Two Nostrils bent down into the Deep
M3.21; E97	And a fifth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.
M3.22; E97	In ghastly torment sick, a Tongue of hunger & thirst flamed out
M3.23; E97	And a sixth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

M3.24; E97| Enraged & stifled without & within: in terror & woe, he threw his  
M3.25; E97| Right Arm to the north, his left Arm to the south, & his Feet  
M3.26; E97| Stampd the nether Abyss in trembling & howling & dismay  
M3.27; E97| And a seventh Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

M3.28; E97| Terrified Los stood in the Abyss & his immortal limbs  
M3.29; E97| Grew deadly pale; he became what he beheld: for a red  
M3.30; E97| Round Globe sunk down from his Bosom into the Deep in pangs  
M3.31; E97| He hoverd over it trembling & weeping. suspended it shook  
M3.32; E97| The nether Abyss in tremblings. he wept over it, he cherish'd it  
M3.33; E97| In deadly sickening pain: till separated into a Female pale  
M3.34; E97| As the cloud that brings the snow: all the while from his Back  
M3.35; E97| A blue fluid exuded in Sinews hardening in the Abyss  
M3.36; E97| Till it separated into a Male Form howling in Jealousy

M3.37; E97| Within labouring. beholding Without: from Particulars to Generals  
M3.38; E97| Subduing his Spectre, they Builded the Looms of Generation  
M3.39; E97| They Builded Great Golgonooza Times on Times Ages on Ages  
M3.40; E97| First Orc was Born then the Shadowy Female: then All Los's Family  
M3.41; E97| At last Enitharmon brought forth Satan Refusing Form, in vain  
M3.42; E97| The Miller of Eternity made subservient to the Great Harvest  
M3.43; E97| That he may go to his own Place Prince of the Starry Wheels

M4.1; E97| Beneath the Plow of Rintrah & the harrow of the Almighty  
M4.2; E97| In the hands of Palamabron. Where the Starry Mills of Satan  
M4.3; E97| Are built beneath the Earth & Waters of the Mundane Shell  
M4.4; E97| Here the Three Classes of Men take their Sexual texture Woven  
M4.5; E97| The Sexual is Threefold: the Human is Fourfold.

M4.6; E98| If you account it Wisdom when you are angry to be silent, and  
M4.7; E98| Not to shew it: I do not account that Wisdom but Folly.  
M4.8; E98| Every Mans Wisdom is peculiar to his own Individ[u]ality  
M4.9; E98| O Satan my youngest born, art thou not Prince of the Starry Hosts  
M4.10; E98| And of the Wheels of Heaven, to turn the Mills day & night?  
M4.11; E98| Art thou not Newtons Pantocrator weaving the Woof of Locke  
M4.12; E98| To Mortals thy Mills seem every thing & the Harrow of Shaddai  
M4.13; E98| A scheme of Human conduct invisible & incomprehensible  
M4.14; E98| Get to thy Labours at the Mills & leave me to my wrath.

M4.15; E98| Satan was going to reply, but Los roll'd his loud thunders.

M4.16; E98	Anger me not! thou canst not drive the Harrow in pitys paths.
M4.17; E98	Thy Work is Eternal Death, with Mills & Ovens & Cauldrons.
M4.18; E98	Trouble me no more. thou canst not have Eternal Life
M4.19; E98	So Los spoke! Satan trembling obeyd weeping along the way.
M4.20; E98	Mark well my words, they are of your eternal Salvation
M4.21; E98	Between South Molton Street & Stratford Place: Calvarys foot
M4.22; E98	Where the Victims were preparing for Sacrifice their Cherubim
M4.23; E98	Around their loins pourd forth their arrows & their bosoms beam
M4.24; E98	With all colours of precious stones, & their inmost palaces
M4.25; E98	Resounded with preparation of animals wild & tame
M4.26; E98	(Mark well my words! Corporeal Friends are Spiritual Enemies)
M4.27; E98	Mocking Druidical Mathematical Proportion of Length Bredth Highth
M4.28; E98	Displaying Naked Beauty! with Flute & Harp & Song
M5.1; E98	Palamabron with the fiery Harrow in morning returning
M5.2; E98	From breathing fields. Satan fainted beneath the artillery
M5.3; E98	Christ took on Sin in the Virgins Womb, & put it off on the Cross
M5.4; E98	All pitied the piteous & was wrath with the wrathful & Los heard it.
M5.5; E98	And this is the manner of the Daughters of Albion in their beauty
M5.6; E98	Every one is threefold in Head & Heart & Reins, & every one
M5.7; E98	Has three Gates into the Three Heavens of Beulah which shine
M5.8; E98	Translucent in their Foreheads & their Bosoms & their Loins
M5.9; E98	Surrounded with fires unapproachable: but whom they please
M5.10; E98	They take up into their Heavens in intoxicating delight
M5.11; E98	For the Elect cannot be Redeemd, but Created continually
M5.12; E98	By Offering & Atonement in the crue[l]ties of Moral Law
M5.13; E98	Hence the three Classes of Men take their fix'd destinations
M5.14; E98	They are the Two Contraries & the Reasoning Negative.
M5.15; E98	While the Females prepare the Victims. the Males at Furnaces
M5.16; E98	And Anvils dance the dance of tears & pain. loud lightnings
M5.17; E98	Lash on their limbs as they turn the whirlwinds loose upon
M5.18; E98	The Furnaces, lamenting around the Anvils & this their Song[:]
M5.19; E99	Ah weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form
M5.20; E99	Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground
M5.21; E99	The Eye of Man a little narrow orb closd up & dark

M5.22; E99| Scarcely beholding the great light conversing with the Void  
 M5.23; E99| The Ear, a little shell in small volutions shutting out  
 M5.24; E99| All melodies & comprehending only Discord and Harmony  
 M5.25; E99| The Tongue a little moisture fills, a little food it cloyes  
 M5.26; E99| A little sound it utters & its cries are faintly heard  
 M5.27; E99| Then brings forth Moral Virtue the cruel Virgin Babylon

M5.28; E99| Can such an Eye judge of the stars? & looking thro its tubes  
 M5.29; E99| Measure the sunny rays that point their spears on Udanadan  
 M5.30; E99| Can such an Ear filld with the vapours of the yawning pit.  
 M5.31; E99| Judge of the pure melodious harp struck by a hand divine?  
 M5.32; E99| Can such closed Nostrils feel a joy? or tell of autumn fruits  
 M5.33; E99| When grapes & figs burst their covering to the joyful air  
 M5.34; E99| Can such a Tongue boast of the living waters? or take in  
 M5.35; E99| Ought but the Vegetable Ratio & loathe the faint delight  
 M5.36; E99| Can such gross Lips percieve? alas! folded within themselves  
 M5.37; E99| They touch not ought but pallid turn & tremble at every wind

M5.38; E99| Thus they sing Creating the Three Classes among Druid Rocks  
 M5.39; E99| Charles calls on Milton for Atonement. Cromwell is ready  
 M5.40; E99| James calls for fires in Golgonooza. for heaps of smoking ruins  
 M5.41; E99| In the night of prosperity and wantonness which he himself Created  
 M5.42; E99| Among the Daughters of Albion among the Rocks of the Druids  
 M5.43; E99| When Satan fainted beneath the arrows of Elynittria  
 M5.44; E99| And Mathematic Proportion was subdued by Living Proportion

M6.1; E99| From Golgonooza the spiritual Four-fold London eternal  
 M6.2; E99| In immense labours & sorrows, ever building, ever falling,  
 M6.3; E99| Thro Albions four Forests which overspread all the Earth,  
 M6.4; E99| From London Stone to Blackheath east: to Hounslow west:  
 M6.5; E99| To Finchley north: to Norwood south: and the weights  
 M6.6; E99| Of Enitharmons Loom play lulling cadences on the winds of Albion  
 M6.7; E99| From Caithness in the north, to Lizard-point & Dover in the south

M6.8; E99| Loud sounds the Hammer of Los, & loud his Bellows is heard  
 M6.9; E99| Before London to Hampsteads breadths & Highgates heights To  
 M6.10; E99| Stratford & old Bow: & across to the Gardens of Kensington  
 M6.11; E99| On Tyburns Brook: loud groans Thames beneath the iron Forge  
 M6.12; E99| Of Rintrah & Palamabron of Theotorm[on] & Bromion, to forge the instruments *t218*  
 M6.13; E99| Of Harvest: the Plow & Harrow to pass over the Nations

M6.14; E99| The Surrey hills glow like the clinkers of the furnace: Lambeths Vale

M6.15; E99| Where Jerusalems foundations began; where they were laid in ruins

M6.16; E99| Where they were laid in ruins from every Nation & Oak Groves rooted

M6.17; E100| Dark gleams before the Furnace-mouth a heap of burning ashes  
M6.18; E100| When shall Jerusalem return & overspread all the Nations  
M6.19; E100| Return: return to Lambeths Vale O building of human souls  
M6.20; E100| Thence stony Druid Temples overspread the Island white  
M6.21; E100| And thence from Jerusalems ruins.. from her walls of salvation  
M6.22; E100| And praise: thro the whole Earth were reard from Ireland  
M6.23; E100| To Mexico & Peru west, & east to China & Japan; till Babel  
M6.24; E100| The Spectre of Albion frownd over the Nations in glory & war  
M6.25; E100| All things begin & end in Albions ancient Druid rocky shore  
M6.26; E100| But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

M6.27; E100| Loud sounds the Hammer of Los, loud turn the Wheels of Enitharmon  
M6.28; E100| Her Looms vibrate with soft affections, weaving the Web of Life  
M6.29; E100| Out from the ashes of the Dead; Los lifts his iron Ladles  
M6.30; E100| With molten ore: he heaves the iron cliffs in his rattling chains  
M6.31; E100| From Hyde Park to the Alms-houses of Mile-end & old Bow  
M6.32; E100| Here the Three Classes of Mortal Men take their fixd destinations  
M6.33; E100| And hence they overspread the Nations of the whole Earth & hence  
M6.34; E100| The Web of Life is woven: & the tender sinews of life created  
M6.35; E100| And the Three Classes of Men regulated by Los's hammer. *t219*

M7.1; E100| The first, The Elect from before the foundation of the World: *t220*  
M7.2; E100| The second, The Redeem'd. The Third, The Reprobate & form'd  
M7.3; E100| To destruction from the mothers womb: follow with me my plow! *t221*

M7.4; E100| Of the first class was Satan: with incomparable mildness;  
M7.5; E100| His primitive tyrannical attempts on Los: with most endearing love  
M7.6; E100| He soft intreated Los to give to him Palamabrons station;  
M7.7; E100| For Palamabron returnd with labour wearied every evening  
M7.8; E100| Palamabron oft refus'd; and as often Satan offer'd  
M7.9; E100| His service till by repeated offers and repeated intreaties  
M7.10; E100| Los gave to him the Harrow of the Almighty; alas blamable  
M7.11; E100| Palamabron. fear'd to be angry lest Satan should accuse him of  
M7.12; E100| Ingratitude, & Los believe the accusation thro Satans extreme  
M7.13; E100| Mildness. Satan labour'd all day. it was a thousand years  
M7.14; E100| In the evening returning terrified overlabourd & astonish'd  
M7.15; E100| Embrac'd soft with a brothers tears Palamabron, who also wept



M7.16; E100	Mark well my words! they are of your eternal salvation	
M7.17; E100	Next morning Palamabron rose: the horses of the Harrow	
M7.18; E100	Were maddend with tormenting fury, & the servants of the Harrow	
M7.19; E100	The Gnomes, accus'd Satan, with indignation fury and fire.	
M7.20; E100	Then Palamabron reddening like the Moon in an eclipse,	
M7.21; E100	Spoke saying, You know Satans mildness and his self-imposition,	
M7.22; E100	Seeming a brother, being a tyrant, even thinking himself a brother	
M7.23; E100	While he is murdering the just; prophetic I behold	
M7.24; E101	His future course thro' darkness and despair to eternal death	
M7.25; E101	But we must not be tyrants also! he hath assum'd my place	
M7.26; E101	For one whole day, under pretence of pity and love to me:	
M7.27; E101	My horses hath he maddend! and my fellow servants injur'd:	
M7.28; E101	How should he[,] he[,] know the duties of another? O foolish forbearance	t222
M7.29; E101	Would I had told Los, all my heart! but patience O my friends.	
M7.30; E101	All may be well: silent remain, while I call Los and Satan.	
M7.31; E101	Loud as the wind of Beulah that unroots the rocks & hills	
M7.32; E101	Palamabron call'd! and Los & Satan came before him	
M7.33; E101	And Palamabron shew'd the horses & the servants. Satan wept,	
M7.34; E101	And mildly cursing Palamabron, him accus'd of crimes	
M7.35; E101	Himself had wrought. Los trembled; Satans blandishments almost	
M7.36; E101	Perswaded the Prophet of Eternity that Palamabron	
M7.37; E101	Was Satans enemy, & that the Gnomes being Palamabron's friends	
M7.38; E101	Were leagued together against Satan thro' ancient enmity.	
M7.39; E101	What could Los do? how could he judge, when Satans self, believ'd	
M7.40; E101	That he had not oppres'd the horses of the Harrow, nor the servants.	
M7.41; E101	So Los said, Henceforth Palamabron, let each his own station	
M7.42; E101	Keep: nor in pity false, nor in officious brotherhood, where	
M7.43; E101	None needs, be active. Mean time Palamabrons horses.	
M7.44; E101	Rag'd with thick flames redundant, & the Harrow maddend with fury.	
M7.45; E101	Trembling Palamabron stood, the strongest of Demons trembled:	
M7.46; E101	Curbing his living creatures; many of the strongest Gnomes,	
M7.47; E101	hey bit in their wild fury, who also maddend like wildest beasts	
M7.48; E101	Mark well my words; they are of your eternal salvation	
M8.1; E101	Mean while wept Satan before Los, accusing Palamabron;	
M8.2; E101	Himself exculpating with mildest speech. for himself believ'd	
M8.3; E101	That he had not oppress'd nor injur'd the refractory servants.	

M8.4; E101| But Satan returning to his Mills (for Palamabron had serv'd  
 M8.5; E101| The Mills of Satan as the easier task) found all confusion  
 M8.6; E101| And back return'd to Los, not fill'd with vengeance but with tears,  
 M8.7; E101| Himself convinc'd of Palamabrons turpitude. Los beheld  
 M8.8; E101| The servants of the Mills drunken with wine and dancing wild  
 M8.9; E101| With shouts and Palamabrons songs, rending the forests green  
 M8.10; E101| With ecchoing confusion, tho' the Sun was risen on high.

M8.11; E101| Then Los took off his left sandal placing it on his head,  
 M8.12; E101| Signal of solemn mourning: when the servants of the Mills  
 M8.13; E101| Beheld the signal they in silence stood, tho' drunk with wine.  
 M8.14; E101| Los wept! But Rintrah also came, and Enitharmon on  
 M8.15; E101| His arm lean'd tremblingly observing all these things

M8.16; E102| And Los said. Ye Genii of the Mills! the Sun is on high  
 M8.17; E102| Your labours call you! Palamabron is also in sad dilemma;  
 M8.18; E102| His horses are mad! his Harrow confounded! his companions enrag'd.  
 M8.19; E102| Mine is the fault! I should have remember'd that pity divides the soul  
 M8.20; E102| And man, unmans: follow with me my Plow. this mournful day  
 M8.21; E102| Must be a blank in Nature: follow with me, and tomorrow again  
 M8.22; E102| Resume your labours, & this day shall be a mournful day

M8.23; E102| Wildly they follow'd Los and Rintrah, & the Mills were silent  
 M8.24; E102| They mourn'd all day this mournful day of Satan & Palamabron:  
 M8.25; E102| And all the Elect & all the Redeem'd mourn'd one toward another  
 M8.26; E102| Upon the mountains of Albion among the cliffs of the Dead.

M8.27; E102| They Plow'd in tears! incessant pourd Jehovahs rain, & Molechs  
 M8.28; E102| Thick fires contending with the rain, thunder'd above rolling  
 M8.29; E102| Terrible over their heads; Satan wept over Palamabron  
 M8.30; E102| Theotormon & Bromion contended on the side of Satan  
 M8.31; E102| Pitying his youth and beauty; trembling at eternal death:  
 M8.32; E102| Michael contended against Satan in the rolling thunder  
 M8.33; E102| Thulloh the friend of Satan also reprov'd him; faint their reproof.

M8.34; E102| But Rintrah who is of the reprobate: of those form'd to destruction  
 M8.35; E102| In indignation. for Satans soft dissimulation of friendship!  
 M8.36; E102| Flam'd above all the plowed furrows, angry red and furious,  
 M8.37; E102| Till Michael sat down in the furrow weary dissolv'd in tears  
 M8.38; E102| Satan who drave the team beside him, stood angry & red  
 M8.39; E102| He smote Thulloh & slew him, & he stood terrible over Michael



M8.40; E102| Urging him to arise: he wept! Enitharmon saw his tears  
 M8.41; E102| But Los hid Thulloh from her sight, lest she should die of grief  
 M8.42; E102| She wept: she trembled! she kissed Satan; she wept over Michael  
 M8.43; E102| She form'd a Space for Satan & Michael & for the poor infected[.]  
 M8.44; E102| Trembling she wept over the Space, & clos'd it with a tender Moon  
  
 M8.45; E102| Los secret buried Thulloh, weeping disconsolate over the moony Space  
  
 M8.46; E102| But Palamabron called down a Great Solemn Assembly,  
 M8.47; E102| That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelled to  
 M8.48; E102| Defend a Lie, that he may be snared & caught & taken  
  
 M9.1; E102| And all Eden descended into Palamabrons tent  
 M9.2; E102| Among Albions Druids & Bards, in the caves beneath Albions  
 M9.3; E102| Death Couch, in the caverns of death, in the corner of the Atlantic.  
 M9.4; E102| And in the midst of the Great Assembly Palamabron pray'd:  
 M9.5; E102| O God protect me from my friends, that they have not power over me  
 M9.6; E102| Thou hast giv'n me power to protect myself from my bitterest enemies.  
  
 M9.7; E102| Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation  
  
 M9.8; E103| Then rose the Two Witnesses, Rintrah & Palamabron:  
 M9.9; E103| And Palamabron appeal'd to all Eden, and reciev'd  
 M9.10; E103| Judgment: and Lo! it fell on Rintrah and his rage:  
 M9.11; E103| Which now flam'd high & furious in Satan against Plamabron  
 M9.12; E103| Till it became a proverb in Eden. Satan is among the Reprobate.  
  
 M9.13; E103| Los in his wrath curs'd heaven & earth, he rent up Nations  
 M9.14; E103| Standing on Albions rocks among high-reard Druid temples  
 M9.15; E103| Which reach the stars of heaven & stretch from pole to pole.  
 M9.16; E103| He displacd continents, the oceans fled before his face  
 M9.17; E103| He alter'd the poles of the world, east, west & north & south  
 M9.18; E103| But he clos'd up Enitharmon from the sight of all these things  
  
 M9.19; E103| For Satan flaming with Rintrahs fury hidden beneath his own mildness  
 M9.20; E103| Accus'd Palamabron before the Assembly of ingratitude! of malice:  
 M9.21; E103| He created Seven deadly Sins drawing out his infernal scroll,  
 M9.22; E103| Of Moral laws and cruel punishments upon the clouds of Jehovah  
 M9.23; E103| To pervert the Divine voice in its entrance to the earth  
 M9.24; E103| With thunder of war & trumpets sound, with armies of disease  
 M9.25; E103| Punishments & deaths musterd & number'd; Saying I am God alone

M9.26; E103| There is no other! let all obey my principles of moral individuality  
M9.27; E103| I have brought them from the uppermost innermost recesses  
M9.28; E103| Of my Eternal Mind, transgressors I will rend off for ever,  
M9.29; E103| As now I rend this accursed Family from my covering.

M9.30; E103| Thus Satan rag'd amidst the Assembly! and his bosom grew  
M9.31; E103| Opaque against the Divine Vision: the paved terraces of  
M9.32; E103| His bosom inwards shone with fires, but the stones becoming opaque!  
M9.33; E103| Hid him from sight, in an extreme blackness and darkness,  
M9.34; E103| And there a World of deeper Ulro was open'd, in the midst  
M9.35; E103| Of the Assembly. In Satans bosom a vast unfathomable Abyss.

M9.36; E103| Astonishment held the Assembly in an awful silence: and tears  
M9.37; E103| Fell down as dews of night, & a loud solemn universal groan  
M9.38; E103| Was utter'd from the east & from the west & from the south  
M9.39; E103| And from the north; and Satan stood opaque immeasurable  
M9.40; E103| Covering the east with solid blackness, round his hidden heart  
M9.41; E103| With thunders utterd from his hidden wheels: accusing loud  
M9.42; E103| The Divine Mercy, for protecting Palamabron in his tent.

M9.43; E103| Rintrah rear'd up walls of rocks and pourd rivers & moats  
M9.44; E103| Of fire round the walls: columns of fire guard around  
M9.45; E103| Between Satan and Palamabron in the terrible darkness.

M9.46; E103| And Satan not having the Science of Wrath, but only of Pity:  
M9.47; E103| Rent them asunder, and wrath was left to wrath, & pity to pity.  
M9.48; E103| He sunk down a dreadful Death, unlike the slumbers of Beulah

M9.49; E104| The Separation was terrible: the Dead was repos'd on his Couch  
M9.50; E104| Beneath the Couch of Albion, on the seven mou[n]tains of Rome  
M9.51; E104| In the whole place of the Covering Cherub, Rome Babylon & Tyre.  
M9.52; E104| His Spectre raging furious descended into its Space

M10.1; E104| Then Los & Enitharmon knew that Satan is Urizen *t224*  
M10.2; E104| Drawn down by Orc & the Shadowy Female into Generation  
M10.3; E104| Oft Enitharmon enterd weeping into the Space, there appearing  
M10.4; E104| An aged Woman raving along the Streets (the Space is named  
M10.5; E104| Canaan) then she returnd to Los weary frightened as from dreams

M10.6; E104| The nature of a Female Space is this: it shrinks the Organs  
M10.7; E104| Of Life till they become Finite & Itself seems Infinite. *t225*

M10.8; E104| And Satan vibrated in the immensity of the Space! Limited  
M10.9; E104| To those without but Infinite to those within: it fell down and  
M10.10; E104| Became Canaan: closing Los from Eternity in Albions Cliffs  
M10.11; E104| A mighty Fiend against the Divine Humanity mustering to War

M10.12; E104| Satan! Ah me! is gone to his own place, said Los! their God  
M10.13; E104| I will not worship in their Churches, nor King in their Theatres  
M10.14; E104| Elynittria! whence is this jealousy running along the mountains  
M10.15; E104| British Women were not Jealous when Greek & Roman were Jealous  
M10.16; E104| Every thing in Eternity shines by its own Internal light: but thou  
M10.17; E104| Darkenest every Internal light with the arrows of thy quiver  
M10.18; E104| Bound up in the horns of jealousy to a deadly fading Moon  
M10.19; E104| And Ocalythron binds the Sun into a Jealous Globe  
M10.20; E104| That every thing is fixd Opake without Internal light

M10.21; E104| So Los lamented over Satan, who triumphant divided the Nations

M11.1; E104| He set his face against Jerusalem to destroy the Eon of Albion

M11.2; E104| But Los hid Enitharmon from the sight of all these things,  
M11.3; E104| Upon the Thames whose lulling harmony repos'd her soul:  
M11.4; E104| Where Beulah lovely terminates in rocky Albion:  
M11.5; E104| Terminating in Hyde Park, on Tyburns awful brook.

M11.6; E104| And the Mills of Satan were separated into a moony Space  
M11.7; E104| Among the rocks of Albions Temples, and Satans Druid sons  
M11.8; E104| Offer the Human Victims throughout all the Earth, and Albions  
M11.9; E104| Dread Tomb immortal on his Rock, overshadowd the whole Earth:  
M11.10; E104| Where Satan making to himself Laws from his own identity.  
M11.11; E104| Compell'd others to serve him in moral gratitude & submission  
M11.12; E104| Being call'd God: setting himself above all that is called God.  
M11.13; E104| And all the Spectres of the Dead calling themselves Sons of God  
M11.14; E104| In his Synagogues worship Satan under the Unutterable Name

M11.15; E105| And it was enquir'd: Why in a Great Solemn Assembly  
M11.16; E105| The Innocent should be condemn'd for the Guilty? Then an Eternal rose  
M11.17; E105| Saying. If the Guilty should be condemn'd, he must be an Eternal Death  
M11.18; E105| And one must die for another throughout all Eternity.  
M11.19; E105| Satan is fall'n from his station & never can be redeem'd  
M11.20; E105| But must be new created continually moment by moment  
M11.21; E105| And therefore the Class of Satan shall be calld the Elect, & those

M11.22; E105	Of Rintrah. the Reprobate, & those of Palamabron the Redeem'd
M11.23; E105	For he is redeem'd from Satans Law, the wrath falling on Rintrah,
M11.24; E105	And therefore Palamabron dared not to call a solemn Assembly
M11.25; E105	Till Satan had assum'd Rintrahs wrath in the day of mourning
M11.26; E105	In a feminine delusion of false pride self-deciev'd.
M11.27; E105	So spake the Eternal and confirm'd it with a thunderous oath
M11.28; E105	But when Leutha a Daughter of Beulah) beheld Satans condemnation
M11.29; E105	She down descended into the midst of the Great Solemn Assembly
M11.30; E105	Offering herself a Ransom for Satan, taking on her, his Sin.
M11.31; E105	Mark well my words. they are of your eternal salvation!
M11.32; E105	And Leutha stood glowing with varying colours immortal, heart-piercing
M11.33; E105	And lovely: & her moth-like elegance shone over the Assembly
M11.34; E105	At length standing upon the golden floor of Palamabron
M11.35; E105	She spake: I am the Author of this Sin! by my suggestion
M11.36; E105	My Parent power Satan has committed this transgression.
M11.37; E105	I loved Palamabron & I sought to approach his Tent,
M11.38; E105	But beautiful Elynittria with her silver arrows repell'd me.
M12.1; E105	For her light is terrible to me. I fade before her immortal beauty.
M12.2; E105	O wherefore doth a Dragon-form forth issue from my limbs
M12.3; E105	To sieze her new born son? Ah me! the wretched Leutha!
M12.4; E105	This to prevent, entering the doors of Satans brain night after night
M12.5; E105	Like sweet perfumes I stupified the masculine perceptions
M12.6; E105	And kept only the feminine awake, hence rose his soft
M12.7; E105	Delusory love to Palamabron: admiration join'd with envy
M12.8; E105	Cupidity unconquerable! my fault, when at noon of day
M12.9; E105	The Horses of Palamabron call'd for rest and pleasant death:
M12.10; E105	I sprang out of the breast of Satan, over the Harrow beaming
M12.11; E105	In all my beauty! that I might unloose the flaming steeds
M12.12; E105	As Elynittria use'd to do; but too well those living creatures
M12.13; E105	Knew that I was not Elynittria, and they brake the traces
M12.14; E105	But me, the servants of the Harrow saw not: but as a bow
M12.15; E105	Of varying colours on the hills; terribly rag'd the horses.
M12.16; E106	Satan astonishd, and with power above his own controll
M12.17; E106	Compell'd the Gnomes to curb the horses, & to throw banks of sand

M12.18; E106] Around the fiery flaming Harrow in labyrinthine forms.  
M12.19; E106] And brooks between to intersect the meadows in their course.  
M12.20; E106] The Harrow cast thick flames: Jehovah thunderd above:  
M12.21; E106] Chaos & ancient night fled from beneath the fiery Harrow:  
M12.22; E106] The Harrow cast thick flames & orb'd us round in concave fires  
M12.23; E106] A Hell of our own making. see, its flames still gird me round.  
M12.24; E106] Jehovah thunder'd above! Satan in pride of heart  
M12.25; E106] Drove the fierce Harrow among the constellations of Jehovah  
M12.26; E106] Drawing a third part in the fires as stubble north & south  
M12.27; E106] To devour Albion and Jerusalem the Emanation of Albion  
M12.28; E106] Driving the Harrow in Pitys paths. 'twas then, with our dark fires  
M12.29; E106] Which now gird round us (O eternal torment) I form'd the Serpent  
M12.30; E106] Of precious stones & gold turn'd poisons on the sultry wastes  
M12.31; E106] The Gnomes in all that day spar'd not; they curs'd Satan bitterly.  
M12.32; E106] To do unkind things in kindness! with power armd, to say  
M12.33; E106] The most irritating things in the midst of tears and love  
M12.34; E106] These are the stings of the Serpent! thus did we by them; till thus  
M12.35; E106] They in return retaliated, and the Living Creatures maddend.  
M12.36; E106] The Gnomes labourd. I weeping hid in Satans inmost brain;  
M12.37; E106] But when the Gnomes refus'd to labour more, with blandishments  
M12.38; E106] I came forth from the head of Satan! back the Gnomes recoil'd.  
M12.39; E106] And call'd me Sin, and for a sign portentous held me. Soon  
M12.40; E106] Day sunk and Palamabron return'd, trembling I hid myself  
M12.41; E106] In Satans inmost Palace of his nervous fine wrought Brain:  
M12.42; E106] For Elynittria met Satan with all her singing women.  
M12.43; E106] Terrific in their joy & pouring wine of wildest power  
M12.44; E106] They gave Satan their wine: indignant at the burning wrath.  
M12.45; E106] Wild with prophetic fury his former life became like a dream  
M12.46; E106] Cloth'd in the Serpents folds, in selfish holiness demanding purity  
M12.47; E106] Being Most impure, self-condemn'd to eternal tears, he drove  
M12.48; E106] Me from his inmost Brain & the doors clos'd with thunders sound  
M12.49; E106] O Divine Vision who didst create the Female: to repose  
M12.50; E106] The Sleepers of Beulah: pity the repentant Leutha. My

M13.1; E106] Sick Couch bears the dark shades of Eternal Death infolding  
M13.2; E106] The Spectre of Satan. he furious refuses to repose in sleep  
M13.3; E106] I humbly bow in all my Sin before the Throne Divine.  
M13.4; E106] Not so the Sick-one; Alas what shall be done him to restore?  
M13.5; E106] Who calls the Individual Law, Holy: and despises the Saviour.  
M13.6; E106] Glorying to involve Albions Body in fires of eternal War--

M13.7; E106] Now Leutha ceas'd: tears flow'd: but the Divine Pity supported her.

M13.8; E106] All is my fault! We are the Spectre of Luvah the murderer.



M13.9; E106|

Of Albion: O Vala! O Luvah! O Albion! O lovely Jerusalem

M13.10; E107|

The Sin was begun in Eternity, and will not rest to Eternity

M13.11; E107|

Till two Eternitys meet together, Ah! lost! lost! lost! for ever!

M13.12; E107|

So Leutha spoke. But when she saw that Enitharmon had

M13.13; E107|

Created a New Space to protect Satan from punishment;

M13.14; E107|

She fled to Enitharmons Tent & hid herself. Loud raging

M13.15; E107|

Thundered the Assembly dark & clouded, and they ratify'd

M13.16; E107|

The kind decision of Enitharmon & gave a Time to the Space,

M13.17; E107|

Even Six Thousand years; and sent Lucifer for its Guard.

M13.18; E107|

But Lucifer refus'd to die & in pride he forsook his charge

M13.19; E107|

And they elected Molech, and when Molech was impatient

M13.20; E107|

The Divine hand found the Two Limits: first of Opacity, then of Contraction

M13.21; E107|

Opacity was named Satan, Contraction was named Adam.

M13.22; E107|

Triple Elohim came: Elohim wearied fainted: they elected Shaddai.

M13.23; E107|

Shaddai angry, Pahad descended: Pahad terrified, they sent Jehovah

M13.24; E107|

And Jehovah was leprous; loud he call'd, stretching his hand to Eternity

M13.25; E107|

For then the Body of Death was perfected in hypocritic holiness,

M13.26; E107|

Around the Lamb, a Female Tabernacle woven in Cathedrons Looms

M13.27; E107|

He died as a Reprobate. he was Punish'd as a Transgressor!

M13.28; E107|

Glory! Glory! Glory! to the Holy Lamb of God

M13.29; E107|

I touch the heavens as an instrument to glorify the Lord!

M13.30; E107|

The Elect shall meet the Redeem'd. on Albions rocks they shall meet

M13.31; E107|

Astonish'd at the Transgressor, in him beholding the Saviour.

M13.32; E107|

And the Elect shall say to the Redeemd. We behold it is of Divine

M13.33; E107|

Mercy alone! of Free Gift and Election that we live.

M13.34; E107|

Our Virtues & Cruel Goodnesses, have deserv'd Eternal Death.

M13.35; E107|

Thus they weep upon the fatal Brook of Albions River.

M13.36; E107|

But Elynittria met Leutha in the place where she was hidden.

M13.37; E107|

And threw aside her arrows, and laid down her sounding Bow;

M13.38; E107|

She sooth'd her with soft words & brought her to Palamabrons bed

M13.39; E107|

In moments new created for delusion, interwoven round about,

M13.40; E107|

In dreams she bore the shadowy Spectre of Sleep, & namd him Death.

M13.41; E107|

In dreams she bore Rahab the mother of Tirzah & her sisters

M13.42; E107|

In Lambeths vales; in Cambridge & in Oxford, places of Thought

M13.43; E107|

Intricate labyrinths of Times and Spaces unknown, that Leutha lived

M13.44; E107|

In Palamabrons Tent, and Oothoon was her charming guard.

M13.45; E107| The Bard ceas'd. All consider'd and a loud resounding murmur  
M13.46; E107| Continu'd round the Halls; and much they question'd the immortal  
M13.47; E107| Loud voic'd Bard. and many condemn'd the high tone'd Song  
M13.48; E107| Saying Pity and Love are too venerable for the imputation  
M13.49; E107| Of Guilt. Others said. It it is true! if the acts have been perform'd  
M13.50; E107| Let the Bard himself witness. Where hadst thou this terrible Song

M13.51; E107| The Bard replied. I am Inspired! I know it is Truth! for I Sing

M14.1; E108| According to the inspiration of the Poetic Genius  
M14.2; E108| Who is the eternal all-protecting Divine Humanity  
M14.3; E108| To whom be Glory & Power & Dominion Evermore Amen

M14.4; E108| Then there was great murmuring in the Heavens of Albion  
M14.5; E108| Concerning Generation & the Vegetative power & concerning  
M14.6; E108| The Lamb the Saviour: Albion trembled to Italy Greece & Egypt  
M14.7; E108| To Tartary & Hindostan & China & to Great America  
M14.8; E108| Shaking the roots & fast foundations of the Earth in doubtfulness  
M14.9; E108| The loud voic'd Bard terrify'd took refuge in Miltons bosom

M14.10; E108| Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardorous!  
M14.11; E108| The whole Assembly wept prophetic, seeing in Miltons face  
M14.12; E108| And in his lineaments divine the shades of Death & Ulro  
M14.13; E108| He took off the robe of the promise, & ungirded himself from the oath of God

M14.14; E108| And Milton said, I go to Eternal Death! The Nations still  
M14.15; E108| Follow after the detestable Gods of Priam; in pomp  
M14.16; E108| Of warlike selfhood, contradicting and blaspheming.  
M14.17; E108| When will the Resurrection come; to deliver the sleeping body  
M14.18; E108| From corruptibility: O when Lord Jesus wilt thou come?  
M14.19; E108| Tarry no longer; for my soul lies at the gates of death.  
M14.20; E108| I will arise and look forth for the morning of the grave.  
M14.21; E108| I will go down to the sepulcher to see if morning breaks!  
M14.22; E108| I will go down to self annihilation and eternal death,  
M14.23; E108| Lest the Last Judgment come & find me unannihilate  
M14.24; E108| And I be siez'd & giv'n into the hands of my own Selfhood  
M14.25; E108| The Lamb of God is seen thro' mists & shadows, hov'ring  
M14.26; E108| Over the sepulchers in clouds of Jehovah & winds of Elohim  
M14.27; E108| A disk of blood, distant; & heav'ns & earth's roll dark between  
M14.28; E108| What do I here before the Judgment? without my Emanation?  
M14.29; E108| With the daughters of memory, & not with the daughters of inspiration[?]  
M14.30; E108| I in my Selfhood am that Satan: I am that Evil One!



M14.31; E108	He is my Spectre! in my obedience to loose him from my Hells
M14.32; E108	To claim the Hells, my Furnaces, I go to Eternal Death.
M14.33; E108	And Milton said. I go to Eternal Death! Eternity shudder'd
M14.34; E108	For he took the outside course, among the graves of the dead
M14.35; E108	A mournful shade. Eternity shudderd at the image of eternal death
M14.36; E108	Then on the verge of Beulah he beheld his own Shadow;
M14.37; E108	A mournful form double; hermaphroditic: male & female
M14.38; E108	In one wonderful body. and he enterd into it
M14.39; E108	In direful pain for the dread shadow, twenty-seven-fold
M14.40; E109	Reachd to the depths of direst Hell, & thence to Albions land:
M14.41; E109	Which is this earth of vegetation on which now I write,
M14.42; E109	The Seven Angels of the Presence wept over Miltons Shadow!
M15.1; E109	As when a man dreams, he reflects not that his body sleeps,
M15.2; E109	Else he would wake; so seem'd he entering his Shadow: but
M15.3; E109	With him the Spirits of the Seven Angels of the Presence
M15.4; E109	Entering; they gave him still perceptions of his Sleeping Body;
M15.5; E109	Which now arose and walk'd with them in Eden, as an Eighth
M15.6; E109	Image Divine tho' darken'd; and tho walking as one walks
M15.7; E109	In sleep; and the Seven comforted and supported him.
M15.8; E109	Like as a Polypus that vegetates beneath the deep!
M15.9; E109	They saw his Shadow vegetated underneath the Couch
M15.10; E109	Of death: for when he enterd into his Shadow: Himself:
M15.11; E109	His real and immortal Self: was as appeard to those
M15.12; E109	Who dwell in immortality, as One sleeping on a couch
M15.13; E109	Of gold; and those in immortality gave forth their Emanations
M15.14; E109	Like Females of sweet beauty, to guard round him & to feed
M15.15; E109	His lips with food of Eden in his cold and dim repose!
M15.16; E109	But to himself he seemd a wanderer lost in dreary night.
M15.17; E109	Onwards his Shadow kept its course among the Spectres; call'd
M15.18; E109	Satan, but swift as lightning passing them, startled the shades
M15.19; E109	Of Hell beheld him in a trail of light as of a comet
M15.20; E109	That travels into Chaos: so Milton went guarded within.
M15.21; E109	The nature of infinity is this: That every thing has its

M15.22; E109| Own Vortex; and when once a traveller thro Eternity.  
M15.23; E109| Has passd that Vortex, he percieves it roll backward behind  
M15.24; E109| His path, into a globe itself infolding; like a sun:  
M15.25; E109| Or like a moon, or like a universe of starry majesty,  
M15.26; E109| While he keeps onwards in his wondrous journey on the earth  
M15.27; E109| Or like a human form, a friend with whom he livd benevolent.  
M15.28; E109| As the eye of man views both the east & west encompassing  
M15.29; E109| Its vortex; and the north & south, with all their starry host;  
M15.30; E109| Also the rising sun & setting moon he views surrounding  
M15.31; E109| His corn-fields and his valleys of five hundred acres square.  
M15.32; E109| Thus is the earth one infinite plane, and not as apparent  
M15.33; E109| To the weak traveller confin'd beneath the moony shade.  
M15.34; E109| Thus is the heaven a vortex passd already, and the earth  
M15.35; E109| A vortex not yet pass'd by the traveller thro' Eternity.

M15.36; E109| First Milton saw Albion upon the Rock of Ages,  
M15.37; E109| Deadly pale outstretchd and snowy cold, storm coverd;  
M15.38; E109| A Giant form of perfect beauty outstretchd on the rock

M15.39; E110| In solemn death: the Sea of Time & Space thunderd aloud  
M15.40; E110| Against the rock, which was inwrapped with the weeds of death  
M15.41; E110| Hovering over the cold bosom, in its vortex Milton bent down  
M15.42; E110| To the bosom of death, what was underneath soon seemd above.  
M15.43; E110| A cloudy heaven mingled with stormy seas in loudest ruin;  
M15.44; E110| But as a wintry globe descends precipitant thro' Beulah bursting,  
M15.45; E110| With thunders loud and terrible: so Miltons shadow fell  
M15.46; E110| Precipitant loud thundring into the Sea of Time & Space.

M15.47; E110| Then first I saw him in the Zenith as a falling star,  
M15.48; E110| Descending perpendicular, swift as the swallow or swift;  
M15.49; E110| And on my left foot falling on the tarsus, enterd there;  
M15.50; E110| But from my left foot a black cloud redounding spread over Europe.

M15.51; E110| Then Milton knew that the Three Heavens of Beulah were beheld  
M15.52; E110| By him on earth in his bright pilgrimage of sixty years

ED; E110| [Full-page design. For caption see Textual Note.]

M17.1; E110| In those three females whom his Wives, & those three whom his Daughters  
M17.2; E110| Had represented and containd, that they might be resum'd  
M17.3; E110| By giving up of Selfhood: & they distant view'd his journey  
M17.4; E110| In their eternal spheres, now Human, tho' their Bodies remain clos'd

M17.5; E110| In the dark Ulro till the Judgment: also Milton knew: they and  
M17.6; E110| Himself was Human, tho' now wandering thro Death's Vale  
M17.7; E110| In conflict with those Female forms, which in blood & jealousy  
M17.8; E110| Surrounded him, dividing & uniting without end or number.

M17.9; E110| He saw the Cruelties of Ulro, and he wrote them down  
M17.10; E110| In iron tablets: and his Wives & Daughters names were these  
M17.11; E110| Rahab and Tirzah, & Milcah & Malah & Noah & Hogleh,  
M17.12; E110| They sat rangd round him as the rocks of Horeb round the land  
M17.13; E110| Of Canaan: and they wrote in thunder smoke and fire  
M17.14; E110| His dictate; and his body was the Rock Sinai; that body,  
M17.15; E110| Which was on earth born to corruption: & the six Females  
M17.16; E110| Are Hor & Peor & Bashan & Abarim & Lebanon & Hermon  
M17.17; E110| Seven rocky masses terrible in the Desarts of Midian.

M17.18; E110| But Miltons Human Shadow continu'd journeying above  
M17.19; E110| The rocky masses of The Mundane Shell; in the Lands  
M17.20; E110| Of Edom & Aram & Moab & Midian & Amalek.

M17.21; E110| The Mundane Shell, is a vast Concave Earth: an immense  
M17.22; E110| Hardend shadow of all things upon our Vegetated Earth  
M17.23; E110| Enlarg'd into dimension & deform'd into indefinite space,  
M17.24; E110| In Twenty-seven Heavens and all their Hells; with Chaos  
M17.25; E110| And Ancient Night; & Purgatory. It is a cavernous Earth

M17.26; E111| Of labyrinthine intricacy, twenty-seven folds of opakeness  
M17.27; E111| And finishes where the lark mounts; here Milton journeyed  
M17.28; E111| In that Region calld Midian among the Rocks of Horeb  
M17.29; E111| For travellers from Eternity. pass outward to Satans seat,  
M17.30; E111| But travellers to Eternity. pass inward to Golgonooza.

M17.31; E111| Los the Vehicular terror beheld him, & divine Enitharmon  
M17.32; E111| Call'd all her daughters, Saying. Surely to unloose my bond  
M17.33; E111| Is this Man come! Satan shall be unloosd upon Albion  
M17.34; E111| Los heard in terror Enitharmons words: in fibrous strength  
M17.35; E111| His limbs shot forth like roots of trees against the forward path  
M17.36; E111| Of Miltons jouney. Urizen beheld the immortal Man,

M18.1; E111| And Tharmas Demon of the Waters, & Orc, who is Luvah

M18.2; E111| The Shadowy Female seeing Milton, howl'd in her lamentation

M18.3; E111| Over the Deeps. outstretching her Twenty seven Heavens over Albion

M18.4; E111| And thus the Shadowy Female howls in articulate howlings

M18.5; E111| I will lament over Milton in the lamentations of the afflicted  
M18.6; E111| My Garments shall be woven of sighs & heart broken lamentations  
M18.7; E111| The misery of unhappy Families shall be drawn out into its border  
M18.8; E111| Wrought with the needle with dire sufferings poverty pain & woe  
M18.9; E111| Along the rocky Island & thence throughout the whole Earth  
M18.10; E111| There shall be the sick Father & his starving Family! there  
M18.11; E111| The Prisoner in the stone Dungeon & the Slave at the Mill  
M18.12; E111| I will have Writings written all over it in Human Words  
M18.13; E111| That every Infant that is born upon the Earth shall read  
M18.14; E111| And get by rote as a hard task of a life of sixty years  
M18.15; E111| I will have Kings inwoven upon it, & Councillors & Mighty Men  
M18.16; E111| The Famine shall clasp it together with buckles & Clasps  
M18.17; E111| And the Pestilence shall be its fringe & the War its girdle  
M18.18; E111| To divide into Rahab & Tirzah that Milton may come to our tents  
M18.19; E111| For I will put on the Human Form & take the Image of God  
M18.20; E111| Even Pity & Humanity but my Clothing shall be Cruelty  
M18.21; E111| And I will put on Holiness as a breastplate & as a helmet  
M18.22; E111| And all my ornaments shall be of the gold of broken hearts  
M18.23; E111| And the precious stones of anxiety & care & desperation & death  
M18.24; E111| And repentance for sin & sorrow & punishment & fear  
M18.25; E111| To defend me from thy terrors O Orc! my only beloved!

M18.26; E111| Orc answerd. Take not the Human Form O loveliest. Take not  
M18.27; E111| Terror upon thee! Behold how I am & tremble lest thou also  
M18.28; E111| Consume in my Consummation; but thou maist take a Form  
M18.29; E111| Female & lovely, that cannot consume in Mans consmmation  
M18.30; E111| Wherefore dost thou Create & Weave this Satan for a Covering[?]  
M18.31; E111| When thou attemptest to put on the Human Form, my wrath

M18.32; E112| Burns to the top of heaven against thee in Jealousy & Fear.  
M18.33; E112| Then I rend thee asunder, then I howl over thy clay & ashes  
M18.34; E112| When wilt thou put on the Female Form as in times of old  
M18.35; E112| With a Garment of Pity & Compassion like the Garment of God  
M18.36; E112| His garments are long sufferings for the Children of Men  
M18.37; E112| Jerusalem is his Garment & not thy Covering Cherub O lovely  
M18.38; E112| Shadow of my delight who wanderest seeking for the prey.

M18.39; E112| So spoke Orc when Oothoon & Leutha hoverd over his Couch

M18.40; E112| Of fire in interchange of Beauty & Perfection in the darkness  
M18.41; E112| Opening interiorly into Jerusalem & Babylon shining glorious  
M18.42; E112| In the Shadowy Females bosom. Jealous her darkness grew:  
M18.43; E112| Howlings fill'd all the desolate places in accusations of Sin  
M18.44; E112| In Female beauty shining in the uniform'd void & Orc in vain  
M18.45; E112| Stretch'd out his hands of fire, & wooed: they triumph in his pain

M18.46; E112| Thus darkend the Shadowy Female tenfold & Orc tenfold  
M18.47; E112| Glow'd on his rocky Couch against the darkness: loud thunders  
M18.48; E112| Told of the enormous conflict[.] Earthquake beneath: around;  
M18.49; E112| Rent the Immortal Females, limb from limb & joint from joint  
M18.50; E112| And moved the fast foundations of the Earth to wake the Dead

M18.51; E112| Urizen emerged from his Rocky Form & from his Snows,

M19.1; E112| And he also darkend his brows: freezing dark rocks between  
M19.2; E112| The footsteps. and infixing deep the feet in marble beds:  
M19.3; E112| That Milton labour'd with his journey, & his feet bled sore  
M19.4; E112| Upon the clay now chang'd to marble; also Urizen rose,  
M19.5; E112| And met him on the shores of Arnon; & by the streams of the brooks

M19.6; E112| Silent they met, and silent strove among the streams, of Arnon  
M19.7; E112| Even to Mahanaim, when with cold hand Urizen stoop'd down  
M19.8; E112| And took up water from the river Jordan: pouring on  
M19.9; E112| To Miltons brain the icy fluid from his broad cold palm.  
M19.10; E112| But Milton took of the red clay of Succoth, moulding it with care  
M19.11; E112| Between his palms: and filling up the furrows of many years  
M19.12; E112| Beginning at the feet of Urizen, and on the bones  
M19.13; E112| Creating new flesh on the Demon cold, and building him,  
M19.14; E112| As with new clay a Human form in the Valley of Beth Peor.

M19.15; E112| Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic  
M19.16; E112| One to the North, named Urthona: One to the South, named Urizen:  
M19.17; E112| One to the East, named Luvah: One to the West, named Tharmas  
M19.18; E112| They are the Four Zoa's that stood around the Throne Divine!  
M19.19; E112| But when Luvah assum'd the World of Urizen to the South:  
M19.20; E112| And Albion was slain upon his mountains, & in his tent;  
M19.21; E112| All fell towards the Center in dire ruin, sinking down.  
M19.22; E112| And in the South remains a burning fire; in the East a void.

M19.23; E113| In the West, a world of raging waters; in the North a solid,  
M19.24; E113| Unfathomable! without end. But in the midst of these,



M19.25; E113|  
M19.26; E113|

Is built eternally the Universe of Los and Enitharmon:  
Towards which Milton went, but Urizen oppos'd his path.

M19.27; E113|  
M19.28; E113|  
M19.29; E113|  
M19.30; E113|  
M19.31; E113|

The Man and Demon strove many periods. Rahab beheld  
Standing on Carmel; Rahab and Tirzah trembled to behold  
The enormous strife. one giving life, the other giving death  
To his adversary. and they sent forth all their sons & daughters  
In all their beauty to entice Milton across the river,

M19.32; E113|  
M19.33; E113|  
M19.34; E113|  
M19.35; E113|

The Twofold form Hermaphroditic: and the Double-sexed;  
The Female-male & the Male-female, self-dividing stood  
Before him in their beauty, & in cruelties of holiness!  
Shining in darkness, glorious upon the deeps of Entuthon.

M19.36; E113|  
M19.37; E113|  
M19.38; E113|  
M19.39; E113|  
M19.40; E113|  
M19.41; E113|  
M19.42; E113|  
M19.43; E113|  
M19.44; E113|  
M19.45; E113|  
M19.46; E113|  
M19.47; E113|  
M19.48; E113|  
M19.49; E113|  
M19.50; E113|  
M19.51; E113|  
M19.52; E113|  
M19.53; E113|  
M19.54; E113|  
M19.55; E113|  
M19.56; E113|  
M19.57; E113|  
M19.58; E113|  
M19.59; E113|  
M19.60; E113|

Saying. Come thou to Ephraim! behold the Kings of Canaan!  
The beautiful Amalekites, behold the fires of youth  
Bound with the Chain of jealousy by Los & Enitharmon;  
The banks of Cam: cold learnings streams: Londons dark-frowning towers;  
Lament upon the winds of Europe in Rephaims Vale.  
Because Ahanian rent apart into a desolate night,  
Laments! & Enion wanders like a weeping inarticulate voice  
And Vala labours for her bread & water among the Furnaces  
Therefore bright Tirzah triumphs: putting on all beauty.  
And all perfection, in her cruel sports among the Victims,  
Come bring with thee Jerusalem with songs on the Grecian Lyre!  
In Natural Religion! in experiments on Men,  
Let her be Offerd up to Holiness! Tirzah numbers her;  
She numbers with her fingers every fibre ere it grow;  
Where is the Lamb of God? where is the promise of his coming?  
Her shadowy Sisters form the bones, even the bones of Horeb:  
Around the marrow! and the orb'd skull around the brain!  
His Images are born for War! for Sacrifice to Tirzah!  
To Natural Religion! to Tirzah the Daughter of Rahab the Holy!  
She ties the knot of nervous fibres, into a white brain!  
She ties the knot of bloody veins, into a red hot heart!  
Within her bosom Albion lies embalmd, never to awake  
Hand is become a rock! Sinai & Horeb, is Hyle & Coban: <sup>t228</sup>  
Scofield is bound in iron armour before Reubens Gate!  
She ties the knot of milky seed into two lovely Heavens,

M20.1; E113|  
M20.2; E113|  
M20.3; E113|

Two yet but one: each in the other sweet reflected! these  
Are our Three Heavens beneath the shades of Beulah, land of rest!  
Come then to Ephraim & Manasseh O beloved-one!

M20.4; E113|

Come to my ivory palaces O beloved of thy mother!

M20.5; E114|

And let us bind thee in the bands of War & be thou King

M20.6; E114|

Of Canaan and reign in Hazor where the Twelve Tribes meet.

M20.7; E114|

So spoke they as in one voice! Silent Milton stood before

M20.8; E114|

The darkend Urizen; as the sculptor silent stands before

M20.9; E114|

His forming image; he walks round it patient labouring.

M20.10; E114|

Thus Milton stood forming bright Urizen, while his Mortal part

M20.11; E114|

Sat frozen in the rock of Horeb: and his Redeemed portion,

M20.12; E114|

Thus form'd the Clay of Urizen; but within that portion

M20.13; E114|

His real Human walkd above in power and majesty

M20.14; E114|

Tho darkend; and the Seven Angels of the Presence attended him.

M20.15; E114|

O how can I with my gross tongue that cleaveth to the dust,

M20.16; E114|

Tell of the Four-fold Man, in starry numbers fitly orderd

M20.17; E114|

Or how can I with my cold hand of clay! But thou O Lord

M20.18; E114|

Do with me as thou wilt! for I am nothing, and vanity.

M20.19; E114|

If thou chuse to elect a worm, it shall remove the mountains.

M20.20; E114|

For that portion namd the Elect: the Spectrous body of Milton:

M20.21; E114|

Redounding from my left foot into Los's Mundane space,

M20.22; E114|

Brooded over his Body in Horeb against the Resurrection

M20.23; E114|

Preparing it for the Great Consummation; red the Cherub on Sinai

M20.24; E114|

Glow'd; but in terrors folded round his clouds of blood.

M20.25; E114|

Now Albions sleeping Humanity began to turn upon his Couch;

M20.26; E114|

Feeling the electric flame of Miltons awful precipitate descent.

M20.27; E114|

Seest thou the little winged fly, smaller than a grain of sand?

M20.28; E114|

It has a heart like thee; a brain open to heaven & hell,

M20.29; E114|

Withinside wondrous & expansive; its gates are not clos'd,

M20.30; E114|

I hope thine are not: hence it clothes itself in rich array;

M20.31; E114|

Hence thou art cloth'd with human beauty O thou mortal man.

M20.32; E114|

Seek not thy heavenly father then beyond the skies:

M20.33; E114|

There Chaos dwells & ancient Night & Og & Anak old:

M20.34; E114|

For every human heart has gates of brass & bars of adamant,

M20.35; E114|

Which few dare unbar because dread Og & Anak guard the gates

M20.36; E114|

Terrific! and each mortal brain is walld and moated round

M20.37; E114|

Within: and Og & Anak watch here; here is the Seat

M20.38; E114|

Of Satan in its Webs; for in brain and heart and loins

M20.39; E114|

Gates open behind Satans Seat to the City of Golgonooza

M20.40; E114|

Which is the spiritual fourfold London, in the loins of Albion



M20.41; E114|  
M20.42; E114|

Thus Milton fell thro Albions heart, travlling outside of Humanity  
Beyond the Stars in Chaos in Caverns of the Mundane Shell.

M20.43; E114|  
M20.44; E114|  
M20.45; E114|  
M20.46; E114|  
M20.47; E114|

But many of the Eternals rose up from eternal tables  
Drunk with the Spirit, burning round the Couch of death they stood  
Looking down into Beulah: wrathful, fill'd with rage!  
They rend the heavens round the Watchers in a fiery circle:  
And round the Shadowy Eighth: the Eight close up the Couch

M20.48; E115|  
M20.49; E115|  
M20.50; E115|

Into a tabernacle, and flee with cries down to the Deeps:  
Where Los opens his three wide gates, surrounded by raging fires!  
They soon find their own place & join the Watchers of the Ulro.

M20.51; E115|  
M20.52; E115|  
M20.53; E115|  
M20.54; E115|  
M20.55; E115|

Los saw them and a cold pale horror coverd o'er his limbs  
Pondering he knew that Rintrah & Palamabron might depart:  
Even as Reuben & as Gad; gave up himself to tears.  
He sat down on his anvil-stock; and leand upon the trough.  
Looking into the black water, mingling it with tears.

M20.56; E115|  
M20.57; E115|  
M20.58; E115|  
M20.59; E115|  
M20.60; E115|  
M20.61; E115|

At last when desperation almost tore his heart in twain  
He recollected an old Prophecy in Eden recorded,  
And often sung to the loud harp at the immortal feasts  
That Milton of the Land of Albion should up ascend  
Forwards from Ulro from the Vale of Felpham; and set free  
Orc from his Chain of Jealousy, he started at the thought

M21.1; E115|  
M21.2; E115|  
M21.3; E115|

And down descended into Udan-Adan; it was night:  
And Satan sat sleeping upon his Couch in Udan-Adan:  
His Spectre slept, his Shadow woke; when one sleeps th'other wakes

M21.4; E115|  
M21.5; E115|  
M21.6; E115|  
M21.7; E115|  
M21.8; E115|  
M21.9; E115|  
M21.10; E115|  
M21.11; E115|

But Milton entering my Foot; I saw in the nether  
Regions of the Imagination; also all men on Earth,  
And all in Heaven, saw in the nether regions of the Imagination  
In Ulro beneath Beulah, the vast breach of Miltons descent.  
But I knew not that it was Milton, for man cannot know  
What passes in his members till periods of Space & Time  
Reveal the secrets of Eternity: for more extensive  
Than any other earthly things, are Mans earthly lineaments.

M21.12; E115|  
M21.13; E115|

And all this Vegetable World appeared on my left Foot,  
As a bright sandal formd immortal of precious stones & gold:

M21.14; E115]

I stooped down & bound it on to walk forward thro' Eternity.

M21.15; E115]

There is in Eden a sweet River, of milk & liquid pearl,

M21.16; E115]

Namd Ololon; on whose mild banks dwelt those who Milton drove

M21.17; E115]

Down into Ulro: and they wept in long resounding song

M21.18; E115]

For seven days of eternity, and the rivers living banks

M21.19; E115]

The mountains waild! & every plant that grew, in solemn sighs lamented.

M21.20; E115]

When Luvahs bulls each morning drag the sulphur Sun out of the Deep

M21.21; E115]

Harnessed with starry harness black & shining kept by black slaves

M21.22; E115]

That work all night at the starry harness. Strong and vigorous

M21.23; E115]

They drag the unwilling Orb: at this time all the Family

M21.24; E115]

Of Eden heard the lamentation, and Providence began.

M21.25; E115]

But when the clarions of day sounded they drown'd the lamentations

M21.26; E116]

And when night came all was silent in Ololon: & all refus'd to lament

M21.27; E116]

In the still night fearing lest they should others molest.

M21.28; E116]

Seven mornings Los heard them, as the poor bird within the shell

M21.29; E116]

Hears its impatient parent bird; and Enitharmon heard them:

M21.30; E116]

But saw them not, for the blue Mundane Shell inclos'd them in.

M21.31; E116]

And they lamented that they had in wrath & fury & fire

M21.32; E116]

Driven Milton into the Ulro; for now they knew too late

M21.33; E116]

That it was Milton the Awakener: they had not heard the Bard,

M21.34; E116]

Whose song call'd Milton to the attempt; and Los heard these laments.

M21.35; E116]

He heard them call in prayer all the Divine Family;

M21.36; E116]

And he beheld the Cloud of Milton stretching over Europe.

M21.37; E116]

But all the Family Divine collected as Four Suns

M21.38; E116]

In the Four Points of heaven East, West & North & South

M21.39; E116]

Enlarging and enlarging till their Disks approach'd each other;

M21.40; E116]

And when they touch'd closed together Southward in One Sun

M21.41; E116]

Over Ololon: and as One Man, who weeps over his brother,

M21.42; E116]

In a dark tomb, so all the Family Divine. wept over Ololon.

M21.43; E116]

Saying, Milton goes to Eternal Death! so saying, they groan'd in spirit

M21.44; E116]

And were troubled! and again the Divine Family groan'd in spirit!

M21.45; E116]

And Ololon said, Let us descend also, and let us give

M21.46; E116]

Ourselves to death in Ulro among the Transgressors.

M21.47; E116]	Is Virtue a Punisher? O no! how is this wondrous thing?
M21.48; E116]	This World beneath, unseen before: this refuge from the wars
M21.49; E116]	Of Great Eternity! unnatural refuge! unknown by us till now!
M21.50; E116]	Or are these the pangs of repentance? let us enter into them
M21.51; E116]	Then the Divine Family said. Six Thousand Years are now
M21.52; E116]	Accomplish'd in this World of Sorrow; Miltons Angel knew
M21.53; E116]	The Universal Dictate; and you also feel this Dictate.
M21.54; E116]	And now you know this World of Sorrow, and feel Pity. Obey
M21.55; E116]	The Dictate! Watch over this World, and with your brooding wings,
M21.56; E116]	Renew it to Eternal Life: Lo! I am with you alway
M21.57; E116]	But you cannot renew Milton he goes to Eternal Death
M21.58; E116]	So spake the Family Divine as One Man even Jesus
M21.59; E116]	Uniting in One with Ololon & the appearance of One Man
M21.60; E116]	Jesus the Saviour appeard coming in the Clouds of Ololon!
M22.1; E116]	Tho driven away with the Seven Starry Ones into the Ulro
M22.2; E116]	Yet the Divine Vision remains Every-where For-ever. Amen.
M22.3; E116]	And Ololon lamented for Milton with a great lamentation.
M22.4; E116]	While Los heard indistinct in fear, what time I bound my sandals
M22.5; E116]	On; to walk forward thro' Eternity, Los descended to me:
M22.6; E116]	And Los behind me stood; a terrible flaming Sun: just close
M22.7; E117]	Behind my back; I turned round in terror, and behold.
M22.8; E117]	Los stood in that fierce glowing fire; & he also stoop'd down
M22.9; E117]	And bound my sandals on in Udan-Adan; trembling I stood
M22.10; E117]	Exceedingly with fear & terror, standing in the Vale
M22.11; E117]	Of Lambeth: but he kissed me and wishd me health.
M22.12; E117]	And I became One Man with him arising in my strength:
M22.13; E117]	Twas too late now to recede. Los had enterd into my soul:
M22.14; E117]	His terrors now posses'd me whole! I arose in fury & strength.
M22.15; E117]	I am that Shadowy Prophet who Six Thousand Years ago
M22.16; E117]	Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. Six Thousand Years
M22.17; E117]	Are finishd. I return! both Time & Space obey my will.
M22.18; E117]	I in Six Thousand Years walk up and down: for not one Moment
M22.19; E117]	Of Time is lost, nor one Event of Space unpermanent
M22.20; E117]	But all remain: every fabric of Six Thousand Years
M22.21; E117]	Remains permanent: tho' on the Earth where Satan
M22.22; E117]	Fell, and was cut off all things vanish & are seen no more

M22.23; E117| They vanish not from me & mine, we guard them first & last  
M22.24; E117| The generations of men run on in the tide of Time  
M22.25; E117| But leave their destined lineaments permanent for ever & ever.

M22.26; E117| So spoke Los as we went along to his supreme abode.

M22.27; E117| Rintrah and Palamabron met us at the Gate of Golgonooza  
M22.28; E117| Clouded with discontent. & brooding in their minds terrible things

M22.29; E117| They said. O Father most beloved! O merciful Parent!  
M22.30; E117| Pitying and permitting evil, tho strong & mighty to destroy.  
M22.31; E117| Whence is this Shadow terrible? wherefore dost thou refuse  
M22.32; E117| To throw him into the Furnaces! knowest thou not that he  
M22.33; E117| Will unchain Orc? & let loose Satan, Og, Sihon & Anak,  
M22.34; E117| Upon the Body of Albion? for this he is come! behold it written  
M22.35; E117| Upon his fibrous left Foot black! most dismal to our eyes <sup>t229</sup>  
M22.36; E117| The Shadowy Female shudders thro' heaven in torment inexpressible!  
M22.37; E117| And all the Daughters of Los prophetic wail: yet in deceit,  
M22.38; E117| They weave a new Religion from new Jealousy of Theotormon!  
M22.39; E117| Miltons Religion is the cause: there is no end to destruction!  
M22.40; E117| Seeing the Churches at their Period in terror & despair:  
M22.41; E117| Rahab created Voltaire; Tirzah created Rousseau;  
M22.42; E117| Asserting the Self-righteousness against the Universal Saviour,  
M22.43; E117| Mocking the Confessors & Martyrs, claiming Self-righteousness;  
M22.44; E117| With cruel Virtue: making War upon the Lambs Redeemed;  
M22.45; E117| To perpetuate War & Glory. to perpetuate the Laws of Sin:  
M22.46; E117| They perverted Swedenborgs Visions in Beulah & in Ulro;  
M22.47; E117| To destroy Jerusalem as a Harlot & her Sons as Reprobates;  
M22.48; E117| To raise up Mystery the Virgin Harlot Mother of War,  
M22.49; E117| Babylon the Great, the Abomination of Desolation!  
M22.50; E117| O Swedenborg! strongest of men, the Samson shorn by the Churches!

M22.51; E118| Shewing the Transgressors in Hell, the proud Warriors in Heaven:  
M22.52; E118| Heaven as a Punisher & Hell as One under Punishment:  
M22.53; E118| With Laws from Plato & his Greeks to renew the Trojan Gods,  
M22.54; E118| In Albion; & to deny the value of the Saviours blood.  
M22.55; E118| But then I rais'd up Whitefield, Palamabron raisd up Westley,  
M22.56; E118| And these are the cries of the Churches before the two Witnesses['] <sup>t230</sup>  
M22.57; E118| Faith in God the dear Saviour who took on the likeness of men:  
M22.58; E118| Becoming obedient to death, even the death of the Cross  
M22.59; E118| The Witnesses lie dead in the Street of the Great City  
M22.60; E118| No Faith is in all the Earth: the Book of God is trodden under Foot:  
M22.61; E118| He sent his two Servants Whitefield & Westley; were they Prophets

M22.62; E118|

Or were they Idiots or Madmen? shew us Miracles!

M23.1; E118|

Can you have greater Miracles than these? Men who devote

M23.2; E118|

Their lifes whole comfort to intire scorn & injury & death

M23.3; E118|

Awake thou sleeper on the Rock of Eternity Albion awake

M23.4; E118|

The trumpet of Judgment hath twice sounded: all Nations are awake

M23.5; E118|

But thou art still heavy and dull: Awake Albion awake! <sup>t231</sup>

M23.6; E118|

Lo Orc arises on the Atlantic. Lo his blood and fire

M23.7; E118|

Glow on Americas shore: Albion turns upon his Couch

M23.8; E118|

He listens to the sounds of War, astonishd and confounded:

M23.9; E118|

He weeps into the Atlantic deep, yet still in dismal dreams

M23.10; E118|

Unwakend! and the Covering Cherub advances from the East:

M23.11; E118|

How long shall we lay dead in the Street of the great City

M23.12; E118|

How long beneath the Covering Cherub give our Emanations

M23.13; E118|

Milton will utterly consume us & thee our beloved Father

M23.14; E118|

He hath enterd into the Covering Cherub, becoming one with

M23.15; E118|

Albions dread Sons, Hand, Hyle & Coban surround him as

M23.16; E118|

A girdle; Gwendolen & Conwenna as a garment woven

M23.17; E118|

Of War & Religion; let us descend & bring him chained

M23.18; E118|

To Bowlahoola O father most beloved! O mild Parent!

M23.19; E118|

Cruel in thy mildness, pitying and permitting evil

M23.20; E118|

Tho strong and mighty to destroy, O Los our beloved Father!

M23.21; E118|

Like the black storm, coming out of Chaos, beyond the stars:

M23.22; E118|

It issues thro the dark & intricate caves of the Mundane Shell

M23.23; E118|

Passing the planetary visions, & the well adorned Firmament

M23.24; E118|

The Sun rolls into Chaos & the Stars into the Desarts;

M23.25; E118|

And then the storms become visible, audible & terrible,

M23.26; E118|

Covering the light of day, & rolling down upon the mountains,

M23.27; E118|

Deluge all the country round. Such is a vision of Los;

M23.28; E118|

When Rintrah & Palamabron spake; and such his stormy face

M23.29; E118|

Appeard, as does the face of heaven, when coverd with thick storms

M23.30; E118|

Pitying and loving tho in frowns of terrible perturbation <sup>t232</sup>

M23.31; E119|

But Los dispersd the clouds even as the strong winds of Jehovah,

M23.32; E119|

And Los thus spoke. O noble Sons, be patient yet a little

M23.33; E119|

I have embracd the falling Death, he is become One with me

M23.34; E119|

O Sons we live not by wrath. by mercy alone we live!

M23.35; E119|

I recollect an old Prophecy in Eden recorded in gold; and oft

M23.36; E119|

Sung to the harp: That Milton of the land of Albion.

M23.37; E119|

Should up ascend forward from Felphams Vale & break the Chain

M23.38; E119|

Of jealousy from all its roots; be patient therefore O my Sons



M23.39; E119| These lovely Females form sweet night and silence and secret  
M23.40; E119| Obscurities to hide from Satans Watch-Fiends. Human loves  
M23.41; E119| And graces; lest they write them in their Books, & in the Scroll  
M23.42; E119| Of mortal life, to condemn the accused: who at Satans Bar  
M23.43; E119| Tremble in Spectrous Bodies continually day and night  
M23.44; E119| While on the Earth they live in sorrowful Vegetations  
M23.45; E119| O when shall we tread our Wine-presses in heaven; and Reap  
M23.46; E119| Our wheat with shoutings of joy, and leave the Earth in peace  
M23.47; E119| Remember how Calvin and Luther in fury premature  
M23.48; E119| Sow'd War and stern division between Papists & Protestants  
M23.49; E119| Let it not be so now! O go not forth in Martyrdoms & Wars  
M23.50; E119| We were plac'd here by the Universal Brotherhood & Mercy  
M23.51; E119| With powers fitted to circumscribe this dark Satanic death  
M23.52; E119| And that the Seven Eyes of God may have space for Redemption.  
M23.53; E119| But how this is as yet we know not, and we cannot know;  
M23.54; E119| Till Albion is arisen; then patient wait a little while,  
M23.55; E119| Six Thousand years are passd away the end approaches fast;  
M23.56; E119| This mighty one is come from Eden, he is of the Elect,  
M23.57; E119| Who died from Earth & he is returnd before the Judgment. This thing  
M23.58; E119| Was never known that one of the holy dead should willing return  
M23.59; E119| Then patient wait a little while till the Last Vintage is over:  
M23.60; E119| Till we have quenched the Sun of Salah in the Lake of Udan Adan  
M23.61; E119| O my dear Sons! leave not your Father, as your brethren left me[.]  
M23.62; E119| Twelve Sons successive fled away in that thousand years of sorrow

M24.1; E119| Of Palamabrons Harrow, & of Rintrahs wrath & fury:  
M24.2; E119| Reuben & Manazzoth & Gad & Simeon & Levi,  
M24.3; E119| And Ephraim & Judah were Generated, because  
M24.4; E119| They left me, wandering with Tirzah: Enitharmon wept  
M24.5; E119| One thousand years, and all the Earth was in a watry deluge  
M24.6; E119| We calld him Menassheh because of the Generations of Tirzah  
M24.7; E119| Because of Satan: & the Seven Eyes of God continually  
M24.8; E119| Guard round them, but I the Fourth Zoa am also set  
M24.9; E119| The Watchman of Eternity, the Three are not! & I am preserved  
M24.10; E119| Still my four mighty ones are let to me in Golgonooza  
M24.11; E119| Still Rintrah fierce, and Palamabron mild & piteous  
M24.12; E119| Theotormon filld with care, Bromion loving Science

M24.13; E120| You O my Sons still guard round Los. O wander not & leave me  
M24.14; E120| Rintrah, thou well rememberest when Amalek & Canaan  
M24.15; E120| Fled with their Sister Moab into the abhorred Void  
M24.16; E120| They became Nations in our sight beneath the hands of Tirzah.  
M24.17; E120| And Palamabron thou rememberest when Joseph an infant;  
M24.18; E120| Stolen from his nurses cradle wrapd in needle-work

M24.19; E120| Of emblematic texture, was sold to the Amalekite,  
 M24.20; E120| Who carried him down into Egypt where Ephraim & Menassheh  
 M24.21; E120| Gatherd my Sons together in the Sands of Midian  
 M24.22; E120| And if you also flee away and leave your Fathers side,  
 M24.23; E120| Following Milton into Ulro, altho your power is great  
 M24.24; E120| Surely you also shall become poor mortal vegetations  
 M24.25; E120| Beneath the Moon of Ulro: pity then your Fathers tears[.]  
 M24.26; E120| When Jesus raisd Lazarus from the Grave I stood & saw  
 M24.27; E120| Lazarus who is the Vehicular Body of Albion the Redeemd  
 M24.28; E120| Arise into the Covering Cherub who is the Spectre of Albion  
 M24.29; E120| By martyrdoms to suffer: to watch over the Sleeping Body.  
 M24.30; E120| Upon his Rock beneath his Tomb. I saw the Covering Cherub  
 M24.31; E120| Divide Four-fold into Four Churches when Lazarus arose  
 M24.32; E120| Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine, Luther; behold they stand before us  
 M24.33; E120| Stretchd over Europe & Asia. come O Sons, come, come away  
 M24.34; E120| Arise O Sons give all your strength against Eternal Death  
 M24.35; E120| Lest we are vegetated, for Cathedrons Looms weave only Death  
 M24.36; E120| A Web of Death: & were it not for Bowlahoola & Allamanda  
 M24.37; E120| No Human Form but only a Fibrous Vegetation  
 M24.38; E120| A Polypus of soft affections without Thought or Vision  
 M24.39; E120| Must tremble in the Heavens & Earths thro all the Ulro space[.]  
 M24.40; E120| Throw all the Vegetated Mortals into Bowlahoola  
 M24.41; E120| But as to this Elected Form who is returnd again  
 M24.42; E120| He is the Signal that the Last Vintage now approaches  
 M24.43; E120| Nor Vegetation may go on till all the Earth is reapd

M24.44; E120| So Los spoke. Furious they descended to Bowlahoola & Allamanda  
 M24.45; E120| Indignant. unconvinced by Los's arguments & thun[d]ers rolling  
 M24.46; E120| They saw that wrath now swayd and now pity absorbd him  
 M24.47; E120| As it was, so it remaind & no hope of an end.

M24.48; E120| Bowlahoola is namd Law. by mortals, Tharmas founded it:  
 M24.49; E120| Because of Satan, before Luban in the City of Golgonooza.  
 M24.50; E120| But Golgonooza is namd Art & Manufacture by mortal men.

M24.51; E120| In Bowlahoola Los's Anvils stand & his Furnaces rage;  
 M24.52; E120| Thundering the Hammers beat & the Bellows blow loud  
 M24.53; E120| Living self moving mourning lamenting & howling incessantly  
 M24.54; E120| Bowlahoola thro all its porches feels tho' too fast founded  
 M24.55; E120| Its pillars & porticoes to tremble at the force

M24.56; E120| Of mortal or immortal arm: and softly lilling flutes  
 M24.57; E120| Accordant with the horrid labours make sweet melody *t233*



M24.58; E121| The Bellows are the Animal Lungs: the Hammers the Animal Heart  
 M24.59; E121| The Furnaces the Stomach for digestion. terrible their fury  
 M24.60; E121| Thousands & thousands labour. thousands play on instruments  
 M24.61; E121| Stringed or fluted to ameliorate the sorrows of slavery  
 M24.62; E121| Loud sport the dancers in the dance of death, rejoicing in carnage  
 M24.63; E121| The hard dentant Hammers are lulld by the flutes['] lula lula  
 M24.64; E121| The bellowing Furnaces['] blare by the long sounding clarion *t234*  
 M24.65; E121| The double drum drowns howls & groans, the shrill fife. shrieks & cries:  
 M24.66; E121| The crooked horn mellows the hoarse raving serpent, terrible, but harmonious *t235*

M24.67; E121| Bowlahoola is the Stomach in every individual man.

M24.68; E121| Los is by mortals nam'd Time Enitharmon is nam'd Space  
 M24.69; E121| But they depict him bald & aged who is in eternal youth  
 M24.70; E121| All powerful and his locks flourish like the brows of morning  
 M24.71; E121| He is the Spirit of Prophecy the ever apparent Elias  
 M24.72; E121| Time is the mercy of Eternity; without Times swiftness  
 M24.73; E121| Which is the swiftest of all things: all were eternal torment:  
 M24.74; E121| All the Gods of the Kingdoms of Earth labour in Los's Halls.  
 M24.75; E121| Every one is a fallen Son of the Spirit of Prophecy  
 M24.76; E121| He is the Fourth Zoa, that stood arou[n]d the Throne Divine.

M25.1; E121| Loud shout the Sons of Luvah, at the Wine-presses as Los descended  
 M25.2; E121| With Rintrah & Palamabron in his fires of resistless fury.

M25.3; E121| The Wine-press on the Rhine groans loud, but all its central beams  
 M25.4; E121| Act more terrific in the central Cities of the Nations  
 M25.5; E121| Where Human Thought is crushd beneath the iron hand of Power.  
 M25.6; E121| There Los puts all into the Press, the Opressor & the Opressed  
 M25.7; E121| Together, ripe for the Harvest & Vintage & ready for the Loom.

M25.8; E121| They sang at the Vintage. This is the Last Vintage! & Seed  
 M25.9; E121| Shall no more be sown upon Earth, till all the Vintage is over  
 M25.10; E121| And all gatherd in, till the Plow has passd over the Nations  
 M25.11; E121| And the Harrow & heavy thundering Roller upon the mountains

M25.12; E121| And loud the Souls howl round the Porches of Golgonooza  
 M25.13; E121| Crying O God deliver us to the Heavens or to the Earths,  
 M25.14; E121| That we may preach righteousness & punish the sinner with death  
 M25.15; E121| But Los refused, till all the Vintage of Earth was gatherd in.

M25.16; E121|

And Los stood & cried to the Labourers of the Vintage in voice of awe.

M25.17; E121|

Fellow Labourers! The Great Vintage & Harvest is now upon Earth

M25.18; E121|

The whole extent of the Globe is explored: Every scatterd Atom

M25.19; E121|

Of Human Intellect now is flocking to the sound of the Trumpet

M25.20; E121|

All the Wisdom which was hidden in caves & dens, from ancient

M25.21; E121|

Time; is now sought out from Animal & Vegetable & Mineral

M25.22; E122|

The Awakener is come. outstretchd over Europe! the Vision of God is fulfilled

M25.23; E122|

The Ancient Man upon the Rock of Albion Awakes,

M25.24; E122|

He listens to the sounds of War astonishd & ashamed;

M25.25; E122|

He sees his Children mock at Faith and deny Providence

M25.26; E122|

Therefore you must bind the Sheaves not by Nations or Families

M25.27; E122|

You shall bind them in Three Classes; according to their Classes

M25.28; E122|

So shall you bind them. Separating What has been Mixed

M25.29; E122|

Since Men began to be Wove into Nations by Rahab & Tirzah

M25.30; E122|

Since Albions Death & Satans Cutting-off from our awful Fields;

M25.31; E122|

When under pretence to benevolence the Elect Subdud All

M25.32; E122|

From the Foundation of the World. The Elect is one Class: You

M25.33; E122|

Shall bind them separate: they cannot Believe in Eternal Life

M25.34; E122|

Except by Miracle & a New Birth. The other two Classes;

M25.35; E122|

The Reprobate who never cease to Believe, and the Redeemd,

M25.36; E122|

Who live in doubts & fears perpetually tormented by the Elect

M25.37; E122|

These you shall bind in a twin-bundle for the Consummation--

M25.38; E122|

But the Elect must be saved [from] fires of Eternal Death,

M25.39; E122|

To be formed into the Churches of Beulah that they destroy not the Earth

M25.40; E122|

For in every Nation & every Family the Three Classes are born

M25.41; E122|

And in every Species of Earth, Metal, Tree, Fish, Bird & Beast.

M25.42; E122|

We form the Mundane Egg, that Spectres coming by fury or amity

M25.43; E122|

All is the same, & every one remains in his own energy

M25.44; E122|

Go forth Reapers with rejoicing. you sowed in tears

M25.45; E122|

But the time of your refreshing cometh, only a little moment

M25.46; E122|

Still abstain from pleasure & rest, in the labours of eternity

M25.47; E122|

And you shall Reap the whole Earth, from Pole to Pole! from Sea to Sea

M25.48; E122|

Begining at Jerusalems Inner Court, Lambeth ruin'd and given

M25.49; E122|

To the detestable Gods of Priam, to Apollo: and at the Asylum

M25.50; E122|

Given to Hercules, who labour in Tirzahs Looms for bread

M25.51; E122|

Who set Pleasure against Duty: who Create Olympic crowns

M25.52; E122|

To make Learning a burden & the Work of the Holy Spirit: Strife.

M25.53; E122|

T[o] Thor & cruel Odin who first reard the Polar Caves <sup>1236</sup>

M25.54; E122|

Lambeth mourns calling Jerusalem. she weeps & looks abroad

M25.55; E122|

For the Lords coming, that Jerusalem may overspread all Nations

M25.56; E122|

Crave not for the mortal & perishing delights, but leave them

M25.57; E122|  
M25.58; E122|  
M25.59; E122|  
M25.60; E122|  
M25.61; E122|  
M25.62; E122|

To the weak, and pity the weak as your infant care; Break not  
Forth in your wrath lest you also are vegetated by Tirzah  
Wait till the Judgement is past, till the Creation is consumed  
And then rush forward with me into the glorious spiritual  
Vegetation; the Supper of the Lamb & his Bride; and the  
Awaking of Albion our friend and ancient companion.

M25.63; E122|  
M25.64; E122|  
M25.65; E122|

So Los spoke. But lightnings of discontent broke on all sides round  
And murmurs of thunder rolling heavy long & loud over the mountains  
While Los call'd his Sons around him to the Harvest & the Vintage.

M25.66; E123|  
M25.67; E123|  
M25.68; E123|  
M25.69; E123|  
M25.70; E123|  
M25.71; E123|

Thou seest the Constellations in the deep & wondrous Night  
They rise in order and continue their immortal courses  
Upon the mountains & in vales with harp & heavenly song  
With flute & clarion; with cups & measures fill'd with foaming wine.  
Glittering the streams reflect the Vision of beatitude,  
And the calm Ocean joys beneath & smooths his awful waves!

M26.1; E123|  
M26.2; E123|  
M26.3; E123|  
M26.4; E123|  
M26.5; E123|  
M26.6; E123|  
M26.7; E123|  
M26.8; E123|  
M26.9; E123|  
M26.10; E123|

These are the Sons of Los, & these the Labourers of the Vintage  
Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance & sport in summer  
Upon the sunny brooks & meadows: every one the dance <sup>t237</sup>  
Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave:  
Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance,  
To touch each other & recede; to cross & change & return  
These are the Children of Los; thou seest the Trees on mountains  
The wind blows heavy, loud they thunder thro' the darksome sky  
Uttering prophecies & speaking instructive words to the sons  
Of men: These are the Sons of Los! These the Visions of Eternity

M26.11; E123|  
M26.12; E123|

But we see only as it were the hem of their garments  
When with our vegetable eyes we view these wond'rous Visions

M26.13; E123|  
M26.14; E123|  
M26.15; E123|

There are Two Gates thro which all Souls descend. One Southward  
From Dover Cliff o Lizard Point. the other toward the North  
Caithness & rocky Durness, Pentland & John Groats House.

M26.16; E123|  
M26.17; E123|  
M26.18; E123|  
M26.19; E123|  
M26.20; E123|  
M26.21; E123|

The Souls descending to the Body, wail on the right hand  
Of Los; & those deliver'd from the Body, on the left hand  
For Los against the east his force continually bends  
Along the Valleys of Middlesex from Hounslow to Blackheath  
Lest those Three Heavens of Beulah should the Creation destroy  
And lest they should descend before the north & south Gates

M26.22; E123|

Groaning with pity, he among the wailing Souls laments.

M26.23; E123|

And these the Labours of the Sons of Los in Allamanda:

M26.24; E123|

And in the City of Golgonooza: & in Luban: & around

M26.25; E123|

The Lake of Udan-Adan, in the Forests of Entuthon Benython

M26.26; E123|

Where Souls incessant wail, being piteous Passions & Desires

M26.27; E123|

With neither lineament nor form but like to watry clouds

M26.28; E123|

The Passions & Desires descend upon the hungry winds

M26.29; E123|

For such alone Sleepers remain meer passion & appetite;

M26.30; E123|

The Sons of Los clothe them & feed & provide houses & fields

M26.31; E123|

And every Generated Body in its inward form,

M26.32; E123|

Is a garden of delight & a building of magnificence,

M26.33; E123|

Built by the Sons of Los in Bowlahoola & Allamanda

M26.34; E123|

And the herbs & flowers & furniture & beds & chambers

M26.35; E123|

Continually woven in the Looms of Enitharmons Daughters

M26.36; E123|

In bright Cathedrons golden Dome with care & love & tears

M26.37; E123|

For the various Classes of Men are all markd out determinate

M26.38; E124|

In Bowlahoola; & as the Spectres choose their affinities

M26.39; E124|

So they are born on Earth, & every Class is determinate

M26.40; E124|

But not by Natural but by Spiritual power alone. Because

M26.41; E124|

The Natural power continually seeks & tends to Destruction

M26.42; E124|

Ending in Death: which would of itself be Eternal Death

M26.43; E124|

And all are Class'd by Spiritual, & not by Natural power.

M26.44; E124|

And every Natural Effect has a Spiritual Cause, and Not

M26.45; E124|

A Natural: for a Natural Cause only seems, it is Delusion

M26.46; E124|

Of Ulro: & a ratio of the perishing Vegetable Memory.

M27.1; E124|

But the Wine-press of Los is eastward of Golgonooza, before the Seat

M27.2; E124|

Of Satan. Luvah laid the foundation & Urizen finish'd it in howling Woe.

M27.3; E124|

How red the sons & daughters of Luvah! here they tread the grapes.

M27.4; E124|

Laughing & shouting drunk with odours many fall oerwearied <sup>t239</sup>

M27.5; E124|

Drownd in the wine is many a youth & maiden: those around

M27.6; E124|

Lay them on skins of Tygers & of the spotted Leopard & the Wild Ass

M27.7; E124|

Till they revive, or bury them in cool grots, making lamentation.

M27.8; E124|

This Wine-press is call'd War on Earth, it is the Printing-Press

M27.9; E124|

Of Los; and here he lays his words in order above the mortal brain

M27.10; E124|

As cogs are formd in a wheel to turn the cogs of the adverse wheel.

M27.11; E124| Timbrels & violins sport round the Wine-presses; the little Seed;  
M27.12; E124| The sportive Root, the Earth-worm, the gold Beetle; the wise Emmet;  
M27.13; E124| Dance round the Wine-presses of Luvah: the Centipede is there:  
M27.14; E124| The ground Spider with many eyes: the Mole clothed in velvet  
M27.15; E124| The ambitious Spider in his sullen web; the lucky golden Spinner;  
M27.16; E124| The Earwig armd: the tender Maggot emblem of immortality:  
M27.17; E124| The Flea: Louse: Bug: the Tape-Worm: all the Armies of Disease:  
M27.18; E124| Visible or invisible to the slothful vegetating Man.  
M27.19; E124| The slow Slug: the Grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks:  
M27.20; E124| Winter comes, he folds his slender bones without a murmur.  
M27.21; E124| The cruel Scorpion is there: the Gnat: Wasp: Hornet & the Honey Bee:  
M27.22; E124| The Toad & venomous Newt; the Serpent clothd in gems & gold:  
M27.23; E124| They throw off their gorgeous raiment: they rejoice with loud jubilee  
M27.24; E124| Around the Wine-presses of Luvah, naked & drunk with wine.

M27.25; E124| There is the Nettle that stings with soft down; and there  
M27.26; E124| The indignant Thistle: whose bitterness is bred in his milk:  
M27.27; E124| Who feeds on contempt of his neighbour: there all the idle Weeds  
M27.28; E124| That creep around the obscure places, shew their various limbs.  
M27.29; E124| Naked in all their beauty dancing round the Wine-presses.

M27.30; E124| But in the Wine-presses the Human grapes sing not, nor dance  
M27.31; E124| They howl & writhe in shoals of torment; in fierce flames consuming,

M27.32; E125| In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires.  
M27.33; E125| In pits & dens & shades of death: in shapes of torment & woe.  
M27.34; E125| The plates & screws & wracks & saws & cords & fires & cisterns  
M27.35; E125| The cruel joys of Luvahs Daughters lacerating with knives  
M27.36; E125| And whips their Victims & the deadly sport of Luvahs Sons.

M27.37; E125| They dance around the dying, & they drink the howl & groan  
M27.38; E125| They catch the shrieks in cups of gold, they hand them to one another:  
M27.39; E125| These are the sports of love, & these the sweet delights of amorous play  
M27.40; E125| Tears of the grape, the death sweat of the cluster the last sigh  
M27.41; E125| Of the mild youth who listens to the lureing songs of Luvah

M27.42; E125| But Allamanda calld on Earth Commerce, is the Cultivated land  
M27.43; E125| Around the City of Golgonooza in the Forests of Entuthon:  
M27.44; E125| Here the Sons of Los labour against Death Eternal; through all  
M27.45; E125| The Twenty-seven Heavens of Beulah in Ulro, Seat of Satan,  
M27.46; E125| Which is the False Tongue beneath Beulah: it is the Sense of Touch:



M27.47; E125| The Plow goes forth in tempests & lightnings & the narrow cruel  
M27.48; E125| In blights of the east; the heavy Roller follows in howlings of woe.

M27.49; E125| Urizens sons here labour also; & here are seen the Mills  
M27.50; E125| Of Theotormon, on the verge of the Lake of Udan-Adan:  
M27.51; E125| These are the starry voids of night & the depths & caverns of earth  
M27.52; E125| These Mills are oceans, clouds & waters ungovernable in their fury  
M27.53; E125| Here are the stars created & the seeds of all things planted  
M27.54; E125| And here the Sun & Moon recieve their fixed destinations

M27.55; E125| But in Eternity the Four Arts: Poetry, Painting, Music,  
M27.56; E125| And Architecture which is Science: are the Four Faces of Man.  
M27.57; E125| Not so in Time & Space: there Three are shut out, and only  
M27.58; E125| Science remains thro Mercy: & by means of Science, the Three  
M27.59; E125| Become apparent in time & space, in the Three Professions

M27.60; E125| Poetry in Religion: Music, Law: Painting, in Physic & Surgery: *t240*

M27.61; E125| That Man may live upon Earth till the time of his awaking,  
M27.62; E125| And from these Three, Science derives every Occupation of Men.  
M27.63; E125| And Science is divided into Bowlahoola & Allamanda.

M28.1; E125| Some Sons of Los surround the Passions with porches of iron & silver  
M28.2; E125| Creating form & beauty around the dark regions of sorrow,  
M28.3; E125| Giving to airy nothing a name and a habitation  
M28.4; E125| Delightful! with bounds to the Infinite putting off the Indefinite  
M28.5; E125| Into most holy forms of Thought: (such is the power of inspiration)  
M28.6; E125| They labour incessant; with many tears & afflictions:  
M28.7; E125| Creating the beautiful House for the piteous sufferer.

M28.8; E125| Others; Cabinets richly fabricate of gold & ivory;  
M28.9; E125| For Doubts & fears uniform'd & wretched & melancholy *t241*

M28.10; E126| The little weeping Spectre stands on the threshold of Death  
M28.11; E126| Eternal; and sometimes two Spectres like lamps quivering  
M28.12; E126| And often malignant they combat (heart-breaking sorrowful & piteous)  
M28.13; E126| Antamon takes them into his beautiful flexible hands,  
M28.14; E126| As the Sower takes the seed, or as the Artist his clay  
M28.15; E126| Or fine wax, to mould artful a model for golden ornaments,  
M28.16; E126| The soft hands of Antamon draw the indelible line:  
M28.17; E126| Form immortal with golden pen; such as the Spectre admiring

M28.18; E126| Puts on the sweet form; then smiles Antamon bright thro his windows  
M28.19; E126| The Daughters of beauty look up from their Loom & prepare.  
M28.20; E126| The integument soft for its clothing with joy & delight.

M28.21; E126| But Theotormon & Sotha stand in the Gate of Luban anxious  
M28.22; E126| Their numbers are seven million & seven thousand & seven hundred  
M28.23; E126| They contend with the weak Spectres, they fabricate soothing forms  
M28.24; E126| The Spectre refuses. he seeks cruelty. they create the crested Cock  
M28.25; E126| Terrified the Spectre screams & rushes in fear into their Net  
M28.26; E126| Of kindness & compassion & is born a weeping terror.  
M28.27; E126| Or they create the Lion & Tyger in compassionate thunderings  
M28.28; E126| Howling the Spectres flee: they take refuge in Human lineaments.

M28.29; E126| The Sons of Ozoth within the Optic Nerve stand fiery glowing  
M28.30; E126| And the number of his Sons is eight millions & eight.  
M28.31; E126| They give delights to the man unknown; artificial riches  
M28.32; E126| They give to scorn, & their posessors to trouble & sorrow & care,  
M28.33; E126| Shutting the sun. & moon. & stars. & trees. & clouds. & waters.  
M28.34; E126| And hills. out from the Optic Nerve & hardening it into a bone  
M28.35; E126| Opake. and like the black pebble on the enraged beach.  
M28.36; E126| While the poor indigent is like the diamond which tho cloth'd  
M28.37; E126| In rugged covering in the mine, is open all within  
M28.38; E126| And in his hallowd center holds the heavens of bright eternity  
M28.39; E126| Ozoth here builds walls of rocks against the surging sea  
M28.40; E126| And timbers crampt with iron cramps bar in the joys of life  
M28.41; E126| From fell destruction in the Spectrous cunning or rage. He Creates  
M28.42; E126| The speckled Newt, the Spider & Beetle, the Rat & Mouse,  
M28.43; E126| The Badger & Fox: they worship before his feet in trembling fear.

M28.44; E126| But others of the Sons of Los build Moments & Minutes & Hours  
M28.45; E126| And Days & Months & Years & Ages & Periods; wondrous buildings  
M28.46; E126| And every Moment has a Couch of gold for soft repose,  
M28.47; E126| (A Moment equals a pulsation of the artery) ,  
M28.48; E126| And between every two Moments stands a Daughter of Beulah  
M28.49; E126| To feed the Sleepers on their Couches with maternal care.  
M28.50; E126| And every Minute has an azure Tent with silken Veils.  
M28.51; E126| And every Hour has a bright golden Gate carved with skill.  
M28.52; E126| And every Day & Night, has Walls of brass & Gates of adamant,  
M28.53; E126| Shining like precious stones & ornamented with appropriate signs:

M28.54; E127| And every Month, a silver paved Terrace builded high:  
M28.55; E127| And every Year, invulnerable Barriers with high Towers.  
M28.56; E127| And every Age is Moated deep with Bridges of silver & gold.



M28.57; E127| And every Seven Ages is Incircled with a Flaming Fire.  
M28.58; E127| Now Seven Ages is amounting to Two Hundred Years  
M28.59; E127| Each has its Guard. each Moment Minute Hour Day Month & Year.  
M28.60; E127| All are the work of Fairy hands of the Four Elements  
M28.61; E127| The Guard are Angels of Providence on duty evermore  
M28.62; E127| Every Time less than a pulsation of the artery  
M28.63; E127| Is equal in its period & value to Six Thousand Years.

M29.1; E127| For in this Period the Poets Work is Done: and all the Great  
M29.2; E127| Events of Time start forth & are conciev'd in such a Period  
M29.3; E127| Within a Moment: a Pulsation of the Artery.

M29.4; E127| The Sky is an immortal tent built by the Sons of Los  
M29.5; E127| And every Space that a Man views around his dwelling-place:  
M29.6; E127| Standing on his own roof, or in his garden on a mount  
M29.7; E127| Of twenty-five cubits in height, such space is his Universe;  
M29.8; E127| And on its verge the Sun rises & sets. the Clouds bow  
M29.9; E127| To meet the flat Earth & the Sea in such an order'd Space:  
M29.10; E127| The Starry heavens reach no further but here bend and set  
M29.11; E127| On all sides & the two Poles turn on their valves of gold:  
M29.12; E127| And if he move his dwelling-place, his heavens also move.  
M29.13; E127| Wher'eer he goes & all his neighbourhood bewail his loss:  
M29.14; E127| Such are the Spaces called Earth & such its dimension:  
M29.15; E127| As to that false appearance which appears to the reasoner,  
M29.16; E127| As of a Globe rolling thro' Voidness, it is a delusion of Ulro  
M29.17; E127| The Microscope knows not of this nor the Telescope. they alter  
M29.18; E127| The ratio of the Spectators Organs but leave Objects untouch'd  
M29.19; E127| For every Space larger than a red Globule of Mans blood.  
M29.20; E127| Is visionary: and is created by the Hammer of Los  
M29.21; E127| And every Space smaller than a Globule of Mans blood. opens  
M29.22; E127| Into Eternity of which this vegetable Earth is but a shadow:  
M29.23; E127| The red Globule is the unwearied Sun by Los created  
M29.24; E127| To measure Time and Space to mortal Men. every morning.  
M29.25; E127| Bowlahoola & Allamanda are placed on each side  
M29.26; E127| Of that Pulsation & that Globule, terrible their power.

M29.27; E127| But Rintrah & Palamabron govern over Day & Night  
M29.28; E127| In Allamanda & Entuthon Benythion where Souls wail:  
M29.29; E127| Where Orc incessant howls burning in fires of Eternal Youth,  
M29.30; E127| Within the vegetated mortal Nerves; for every Man born is joined  
M29.31; E127| Within into One mighty Polypus, and this Polypus is Orc.

M29.32; E127| But in the Optic vegetative Nerves Sleep was transformed

M29.33; E127|  
M29.34; E127|

To Death in old time by Satan the father of Sin & Death  
And Satan is the Spectre of Orc & Orc is the generate Luvah

M29.35; E128|  
M29.36; E128|  
M29.37; E128|  
M29.38; E128|  
M29.39; E128|

But in the Nerves of the Nostrils, Accident being formed  
Into Substance & Principle, by the cruelties of Demonstration  
It became Opaque & Indefinite; but the Divine Saviour,  
Formed it into a Solid by Los's Mathematic power.  
He named the Opaque Satan: he named the Solid Adam

M29.40; E128|  
M29.41; E128|  
M29.42; E128|  
M29.43; E128|  
M29.44; E128|  
M29.45; E128|  
M29.46; E128|

And in the Nerves of the Ear, (for the Nerves of the Tongue are closed)  
On Albions Rock Los stands creating the glorious Sun each morning  
And when unwearied in the evening he creates the Moon  
Death to delude, who all in terror at their splendor leaves  
His prey while Los appoints, & Rintrah & Palamabron guide  
The Souls clear from the Rock of Death, that Death himself may wake  
In his appointed season when the ends of heaven meet.

M29.47; E128|  
M29.48; E128|  
M29.49; E128|  
M29.50; E128|

Then Los conducts the Spirits to be Vegetated, into  
Great Golgonooza, free from the four iron pillars of Satans Throne  
(Temperance, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, the four pillars of tyranny)  
That Satans Watch-Fiends touch them not before they Vegetate.

M29.51; E128|  
M29.52; E128|  
M29.53; E128|  
M29.54; E128|  
M29.55; E128|  
M29.56; E128|  
M29.57; E128|  
M29.58; E128|  
M29.59; E128|  
M29.60; E128|  
M29.61; E128|  
M29.62; E128|  
M29.63; E128|

But Enitharmon and her Daughters take the pleasant charge.  
To give them to their lovely heavens till the Great Judgment Day  
Such is their lovely charge. But Rahab & Tirzah pervert  
Their mild influences, therefore the Seven Eyes of God walk round  
The Three Heavens of Ulro, where Tirzah & her Sisters  
Weave the black Woof of Death upon Entuthon Benython  
In the Vale of Surrey where Horeb terminates in Rephaim  
The stamping feet of Zelophehads Daughters are coverd with Human gore  
Upon the treddles of the Loom, they sing to the winged shuttle:  
The River rises above his banks to wash the Woof:  
He takes it in his arms: he passes it in strength thro his current  
The veil of human miseries is woven over the Ocean  
From the Atlantic to the Great South Sea, the Erythrean.

M29.64; E128|  
M29.65; E128|

Such is the World of Los the labour of six thousand years.  
Thus Nature is a Vision of the Science of the Elohim.

M29; E128|

End of the First Book.

M30.1; E129| There is a place where Contrarities are equally True  
M30.2; E129| This place is called Beulah, It is a pleasant lovely Shadow  
M30.3; E129| Where no dispute can come. Because of those who Sleep.  
M30.4; E129| Into this place the Sons & Daughters of Ololon descended  
M30.5; E129| With solemn mourning into Beulahs moony shades & hills  
M30.6; E129| Weeping for Milton: mute wonder held the Daughters of Beulah  
M30.7; E129| Enrapturd with affection sweet and mild benevolence

M30.8; E129| Beulah is evermore Created around Eternity; appearing  
M30.9; E129| To the Inhabitants of Eden, around them on all sides.  
M30.10; E129| But Beulah to its Inhabitants appears within each district  
M30.11; E129| As the beloved infant in his mothers bosom round incircled  
M30.12; E129| With arms of love & pity & sweet compassion. But to  
M30.13; E129| The Sons of Eden the moony habitations of Beulah,  
M30.14; E129| Are from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant Rest.

M30.15; E129| And it is thus Created. Lo the Eternal Great Humanity  
M30.16; E129| To whom be Glory & Dominion Evermore Amen  
M30.17; E129| Walks among all his awful Family see in every face  
M30.18; E129| As the breath of the Almighty. such are the words of man to man  
M30.19; E129| In the great Wars of Eternity, in fury of Poetic Inspiration,  
M30.20; E129| To build the Universe stupendous: Mental forms Creating

M30.21; E129| But the Emanations trembled exceedingly, nor could they  
M30.22; E129| Live, because the life of Man was too exceeding unbounded  
M30.23; E129| His joy became terrible to them they trembled & wept  
M30.24; E129| Crying with one voice. Give us a habitation & a place  
M30.25; E129| In which we may be hidden under the shadow of wings  
M30.26; E129| For if we who are but for a time, & who pass away in winter  
M30.27; E129| Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume  
M30.28; E129| But you O our Fathers & Brothers, remain in Eternity

M30.29; E130| But grant us a Temporal Habitation. do you speak  
M30.30; E130| To us; we will obey your words as you obey Jesus  
M30.31; E130| The Eternal who is blessed for ever & ever. Amen

M30.32; E130| So spake the lovely Emanations; & there appeard a pleasant  
M30.33; E130| Mild Shadow above: beneath: & on all sides round,

M31.1; E130| Into this pleasant Shadow all the weak & weary  
M31.2; E130| Like Women & Children were taken away as on wings  
M31.3; E130| Of dovelike softness, & shadowy habitations prepared for them  
M31.4; E130| But every Man returnd & went still going forward thro'  
M31.5; E130| The Bosom of the Father in Eternity on Eternity  
M31.6; E130| Neither did any lack or fall into Error without  
M31.7; E130| A Shadow to repose in all the Days of happy Eternity

M31.8; E130| Into this pleasant Shadow Beulah, all Ololon descended  
M31.9; E130| And when the Daughters of Beulah heard the lamentation  
M31.10; E130| All Beulah wept, for they saw the Lord coming in the Clouds  
M31.11; E130| And the Shadows of Beulah terminate in rocky Albion.

M31.12; E130| And all Nations wept in affliction Family by Family  
M31.13; E130| Germany wept towards France & Italy: England wept & trembled  
M31.14; E130| Towards America: India rose up from his golden bed:  
M31.15; E130| As one awakend in the night: they saw the Lord coming  
M31.16; E130| In the Clouds of Ololon with Power & Great Glory!

M31.17; E130| And all the Living Creatures of the Four Elements, wail'd  
M31.18; E130| With bitter wailing: these in the aggregate are named Satan  
M31.19; E130| And Rahab: they know not of Regeneration, but only of Generation  
M31.20; E130| The Fairies, Nymphs, Gnomes & Genii of the Four Elements  
M31.21; E130| Unforgiving & unalterable: these cannot be Regenerated  
M31.22; E130| But must be Created, for they know only of Generation  
M31.23; E130| These are the Gods of the Kingdoms of the Earth: in contrarious  
M31.24; E130| And cruel opposition: Element against Element, opposed in War  
M31.25; E130| Not Mental, as the Wars of Eternity, but a Corporeal Strife  
M31.26; E130| In Los's Halls continual labouring in the Furnaces of Golgonooza  
M31.27; E130| Orc howls on the Atlantic: Enitharmon trembles: All Beulah weeps

M31.28; E130| Thou hearest the Nightingale begin the Song of Spring;  
M31.29; E130| The Lark sitting upon his earthy bed: just as the morn  
M31.30; E130| Appears; listens silent; then springing from the waving Corn-field! loud  
M31.31; E130| He leads the Choir of Day! trill, trill, trill, trill,  
M31.32; E130| Mounting upon the wings of light into the Great Expanse:  
M31.33; E130| Reecchoing against the lovely blue & shining heavenly Shell:  
M31.34; E130| His little throat labours with inspiration; every feather  
M31.35; E130| On throat & breast & wings vibrates with the effluence Divine  
M31.36; E130| All Nature listens silent to him & the awful Sun  
M31.37; E130| Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this little Bird

M31.38; E131| With eyes of soft humility, & wonder love & awe.  
M31.39; E131| Then loud from their green covert all the Birds begin their Song  
M31.40; E131| The Thrush, the Linnet & the Goldfinch, Robin & the Wren  
M31.41; E131| Awake the Sun from his sweet reverie upon the Mountain:  
M31.42; E131| The Nightingale again assays his song, & thro the day,  
M31.43; E131| And thro the night warbles luxuriant; every Bird of Song  
M31.44; E131| Attending his loud harmony with admiration & love.  
M31.45; E131| This is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon!

M31.46; E131| Thou percievest the Flowers put forth their precious Odours!  
M31.47; E131| And none can tell how from so small a center comes such sweets  
M31.48; E131| Forgetting that within that Center Eternity expands  
M31.49; E131| Its ever during doors, that Og & Anak fiercely guard[.]  
M31.50; E131| First eer the morning breaks joy opens in the flowery bosoms  
M31.51; E131| Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries; first the Wild Thyme  
M31.52; E131| And Meadow-sweet downy & soft waving among the reeds.  
M31.53; E131| Light springing on the air lead the sweet Dance: they wake  
M31.54; E131| The Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak: the flaunting beauty  
M31.55; E131| Revels along upon the wind; the White-thorn lovely May  
M31.56; E131| Opens her many lovely eyes: listening the Rose still sleeps *t243*  
M31.57; E131| None dare to wake her. soon she bursts her crimson curtained bed  
M31.58; E131| And comes forth in the majesty of beauty; every Flower:  
M31.59; E131| The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wall-flower, the Carnation  
M31.60; E131| The Jonquil, the mild Lilly opes her heavens! every Tree,  
M31.61; E131| And Flower & Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance  
M31.62; E131| Yet all in order sweet & lovely, Men are sick with Love!  
M31.63; E131| Such is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon

M32.1; E131| And Milton oft sat up on the Couch of Death & oft conversed  
M32.2; E131| In vision & dream beatific with the Seven Angels of the Presence

M32.3; E131| I have turned my back upon these Heavens builded on cruelty  
M32.4; E131| My Spectre still wandering thro' them follows my Emanation  
M32.5; E131| He hunts her footsteps thro' the snow & the wintry hail & rain  
M32.6; E131| The idiot Reasoner laughs at the Man of Imagination  
M32.7; E131| And from laughter proceeds to murder by undervaluing calumny

M32.8; E131| Then Hillel who is Lucifer replied over the Couch of Death  
M32.9; E131| And thus the Seven Angels instructed him & thus they converse.

M32.10; E131| We are not Individuals but States: Combinations of Individuals  
M32.11; E131| We were Angels of the Divine Presence: & were Druids in Annandale



M32.12; E131| Compell'd to combine into Form by Satan, the Spectre of Albion,  
M32.13; E131| Who made himself a God &, destroyed the Human Form Divine. [Hebrew text]  
M32.14; E131| But the Divine Humanity & Mercy gave us a Human Form as multitudes  
M32.15; E131| Because we were combin'd in Freedom & holy Brotherhood Vox Populi <sup>t245</sup>

M32.16; E132| While those combin'd by Satans Tyranny first in the blood of War  
M32.17; E132| And Sacrifice &, next, in Chains of imprisonment: are Shapeless Rocks  
M32.18; E132| Retaining only Satans Mathematic Holiness, Length: Breadth & Height  
M32.19; E132| Calling the Human Imagination: which is the Divine Vision & Fruition  
M32.20; E132| In which Man liveth eternally: madness & blasphemy, against  
M32.21; E132| Its own Qualities, which are Servants of Humanity, not Gods or Lords[.]  
M32.22; E132| Distinguish therefore States from Individuals in those States.  
M32.23; E132| States Change: but Individual Identities never change nor cease:  
M32.24; E132| You cannot go to Eternal Death in that which can never Die.  
M32.25; E132| Satan & Adam are States Created into Twenty-seven Churches  
M32.26; E132| And thou O Milton art a State about to be Created  
M32.27; E132| Called Eternal Annihilation that none but the Living shall  
M32.28; E132| Dare to enter: & they shall enter triumphant over Death  
M32.29; E132| And Hell & the Grave! States that are not, but ah! Seem to be.

M32.30; E132| Judge then of thy Own Self: thy Eternal Lineaments explore  
M32.31; E132| What is Eternal & what Changeable? & what Annihilable!

M32.32; E132| The Imagination is not a State: it is the Human Existence itself  
M32.33; E132| Affection or Love becomes a State, when divided from Imagination  
M32.34; E132| The Memory is a State always, & the Reason is a State  
M32.35; E132| Created to be Annihilated & a new Ratio Created  
M32.36; E132| Whatever can be Created can be Annihilated Forms cannot  
M32.37; E132| The Oak is cut down by the Ax, the Lamb falls by the Knife  
M32.38; E132| But their Forms Eternal Exist, For-ever. Amen Halle[lujah]

M32.39; E132| Thus they converse with the Dead watching round the Couch of Death.  
M32.40; E132| For God himself enters Death's Door always with those that enter  
M32.41; E132| And lays down in the Grave with them, in Visions of Eternity  
M32.42; E132| Till they awake & see Jesus & the Linen Clothes lying  
M32.43; E132| That the Females had Woven for them, & the Gates of their Fathers House

M33.1; E132| And the Divine Voice was heard in the Songs of Beulah Saying

M33.2; E132| When I first Married you, I gave you all my whole Soul  
M33.3; E132| I thought that you would love my loves & joy in my delights  
M33.4; E132| Seeking for pleasures in my pleasures O Daughter of Babylon

M33.5; E132|  
M33.6; E132|  
M33.7; E132|  
M33.8; E132|  
M33.9; E132|  
M33.10; E132|  
M33.11; E132|

Then thou wast lovely, mild & gentle. now thou art terrible  
In jealousy & unlovely in my sight, because thou hast cruelly  
Cut off my loves in fury till I have no love left for thee  
Thy love depends on him thou lovest & on his dear loves  
Depend thy pleasures which thou hast cut off by jealousy  
Therefore I shew my jealousy & set before you Death.  
Behold Milton descended to Redeem the Female Shade

M33.12; E133|  
M33.13; E133|  
M33.14; E133|  
M33.15; E133|  
M33.16; E133|  
M33.17; E133|  
M33.18; E133|  
M33.19; E133|  
M33.20; E133|  
M33.21; E133|  
M33.22; E133|  
M33.23; E133|

From Death Eternal; such your lot, to be continually Redeem'd  
By death & misery of those you love & by Annihilation  
When the Sixfold Female percieves that Milton annihilates  
Himself: that seeing all his loves by her cut off: he leaves  
Her also: intirely abstracting himself from Female loves  
She shall relent in fear of death: She shall begin to give  
Her maidens to her husband: delighting in his delight  
And then & then alone begins the happy Female joy  
As it is done in Beulah, & thou O Virgin Babylon Mother of Whoredoms  
Shalt bring Jerusalem in thine arms in the night watches; and  
No longer turning her a wandering Harlot in the streets  
Shalt give her into the arms of God your Lord & Husband.

M33.24; E133|

Such are the Songs of Beulah in the Lamentations of Ololon

M34.1; E133|  
M34.2; E133|  
M34.3; E133|  
M34.4; E133|  
M34.5; E133|  
M34.6; E133|  
M34.7; E133|

And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes  
To comfort Ololons lamentation, for they said[:]  
Are you the Fiery Circle that late drove in fury & fire  
The Eight Immortal Starry-Ones down into Ulro dark  
Rending the Heavens of Beulah with your thunder & lightnings  
And can you thus lament & can you pity & forgive?  
Is terror changd to pity O wonder of Eternity!

M34.8; E134|  
M34.9; E134|  
M34.10; E134|  
M34.11; E134|  
M34.12; E134|  
M34.13; E134|  
M34.14; E134|  
M34.15; E134|  
M34.16; E134|  
M34.17; E134|  
M34.18; E134|

And the Four States of Humanity in its Repose,  
Were shewed them. First of Beulah a most pleasant Sleep  
On Couches soft, with mild music, tended by Flowers of Beulah  
Sweet Female forms, winged or floating in the air spontaneous  
The Second State is Alla & the third State Al-Ulro;  
But the Fourth State is dreadful; it is named Or-Ulro:  
The First State is in the Head, the Second is in the Heart:  
The Third in the Loins & Seminal Vessels & the Fourth  
In the Stomach & Intestines terrible, deadly, unutterable  
And he whose Gates are open in those Regions of his Body  
Can from those Gates view all these wondrous Imaginations



M34.19; E134| But Ololon sought the Or-Ulro & its fiery Gates  
M34.20; E134| And the Couches of the Martyrs: & many Daughters of Beulah  
M34.21; E134| Accompany them down to the Ulro with soft melodious tears  
M34.22; E134| A long journey & dark thro Chaos in the track of Miltons course  
M34.23; E134| To where the Contraries of Beulah War beneath Negations Banner

M34.24; E134| Then view'd from Miltons Track they see the Ulro: a vast Polypus  
M34.25; E134| Of living fibres down into the Sea of Time & Space growing  
M34.26; E134| A self-devouring monstrous human Death Twenty-seven fold  
M34.27; E134| Within it sit Five Females & the nameless Shadowy Mother  
M34.28; E134| Spinning it from their bowels with songs of amorous delight  
M34.29; E134| And melting cadences that lure the Sleepers of Beulah down  
M34.30; E134| The River Storge (which is Arnon) into the Dead Sea:  
M34.31; E134| Around this Polypus Los continual builds the Mundane Shell

M34.32; E134| Four Universes round the Universe of Los remain Chaotic  
M34.33; E134| Four intersecting Globes, & the Egg form'd World of Los  
M34.34; E134| In midst; stretching from Zenith to Nadir, in midst of Chaos.  
M34.35; E134| One of these Ruind Universes is to the North named Urthona  
M34.36; E134| One to the South this was the glorious World of Urizen  
M34.37; E134| One to the East, of Luvah: One to the West; of Tharmas.  
M34.38; E134| But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen in the South  
M34.39; E134| All fell towards the Center sinking downward in dire Ruin  
M34.40; E134| Here in these Chaoses the Sons of Ololon took their abode  
M34.41; E134| In Chasms of the Mundane Shell which open on all sides round  
M34.42; E134| Southward & by the East within the Breach of Miltons descent  
M34.43; E134| To watch the time, pitying & gentle to awaken Urizen  
M34.44; E134| They stood in a dark land of death of fiery corroding waters  
M34.45; E134| Where lie in evil death the Four Immortals pale and cold  
M34.46; E134| And the Eternal Man even Albion upon the Rock of Ages[.]  
M34.47; E134| Seeing Miltons Shadow, some Daughters of Beulah trembling  
M34.48; E134| Returnd, but Ololon remaind before the Gates of the Dead

M34.49; E134| And Ololon looked down into the Heavens of Ulro in fear  
M34.50; E134| They said. How are the Wars of Man which in Great Eternity

M34.51; E135| Appear around, in the External Spheres of Visionary Life  
M34.52; E135| Here renderd Deadly within the Life & Interior Vision  
M34.53; E135| How are the Beasts & Birds & Fishes, & Plants & Minerals  
M34.54; E135| Here fixd into a frozen bulk subject to decay & death[?]  
M34.55; E135| Those Visions of Human Life & Shadows of Wisdom & Knowledge

M35.1; E135| Are here frozen to unexpansive deadly destroying terrors[.]  
M35.2; E135| And War & Hunting: the Two Fountains of the River of Life  
M35.3; E135| Are become Fountains of bitter Death & of corroding Hell  
M35.4; E135| Till Brotherhood is changd into a Curse & a Flattery  
M35.5; E135| By Differences between Ideas, that Ideas themselves, (which are  
M35.6; E135| The Divine Members) may be slain in offerings for sin  
M35.7; E135| O dreadful Loom of Death! O piteous Female forms compell'd  
M35.8; E135| To weave the Woof of Death, On Camberwell Tirzahs Courts  
M35.9; E135| Malahs on Blackheath, Rahab & Noah. dwell on Windsors heights  
M35.10; E135| Where once the Cherubs of Jerusalem spread to Lambeths Vale  
M35.11; E135| Milcahs Pillars shine from Harrow to Hampstead where Hoglah  
M35.12; E135| On Highgates heights magnificent Weaves overtrembling Thames  
M35.13; E135| To Shooters Hill and thence to Blackheath the dark Woof! Loud  
M35.14; E135| Loud roll the Weights & Spindles over the whole Earth let down  
M35.15; E135| On all sides round to the Four Quarters of the World, eastward on  
M35.16; E135| Europe to Euphrates & Hindu, to Nile & back in Clouds  
M35.17; E135| Of Death across the Atlantic to America North & South

M35.18; E135| So spake Ololon in reminiscence astonish'd, but they  
M35.19; E135| Could not behold Golgonooza without passing the Polypus  
M35.20; E135| A wondrous journey not passable by Immortal feet, & none  
M35.21; E135| But the Divine Saviour can pass it without annihilation.  
M35.22; E135| For Golgonooza cannot be seen till having passd the Polypus  
M35.23; E135| It is viewed on all sides round by a Four-fold Vision  
M35.24; E135| Or till you become Mortal & Vegetable in Sexuality  
M35.25; E135| Then you behold its mighty Spires & Domes of ivory & gold  
M35.26; E135| And Ololon examined all the Couches of the Dead.  
M35.27; E135| Even of Los & Enitharmon & all the Sons of Albion  
M35.28; E135| And his Four Zoas terrified & on the verge of Death  
M35.29; E135| In midst of these was Miltons Couch, & when they saw Eight  
M35.30; E135| Immortal Starry-Ones, guarding the Couch in flaming fires  
M35.31; E135| They thunderous utterd all a universal groan falling down  
M35.32; E135| Prostrate before the Starry Eight asking with tears forgiveness  
M35.33; E135| Confessing their crime with humiliation and sorrow.

M35.34; E135| O how the Starry Eight rejoic'd to see Ololon descended!  
M35.35; E135| And now that a wide road was open to Eternity,

M35.36; E135| By Ololons descent thro Beulah to Los & Enitharmon,

M35.37; E135| For mighty were the multitudes of Ololon, vast the extent  
M35.38; E135| Of their great sway, reaching from Ulro to Eternity

M35.39; E136]	Surrounding the Mundane Shell outside in its Caverns
M35.40; E136]	And through Beulah. and all silent forbore to contend
M35.41; E136]	With Ololon for they saw the Lord in the Clouds of Ololon
M35.42; E136]	There is a Moment in each Day that Satan cannot find
M35.43; E136]	Nor can his Watch Fiends find it, but the Industrious find
M35.44; E136]	This Moment & it multiply. & when it once is found
M35.45; E136]	It renovates every Moment of the Day if rightly placed[.]
M35.46; E136]	In this Moment Ololon descended to Los & Enitharmon
M35.47; E136]	Unseen beyond the Mundane Shell Southward in Miltons track
M35.48; E136]	Just in this Moment when the morning odours rise abroad
M35.49; E136]	And first from the Wild Thyme, stands a Fountain in a rock
M35.50; E136]	Of crystal flowing into two Streams, one flows thro Golgonooza
M35.51; E136]	And thro Beulah to Eden beneath Los's western Wall
M35.52; E136]	The other flows thro the Aerial Void & all the Churches
M35.53; E136]	Meeting again in Golgonooza beyond Satans Seat
M35.54; E136]	The Wild Thyme is Los's Messenger to Eden, a mighty Demon
M35.55; E136]	Terrible deadly & poisonous his presence in Ulro dark
M35.56; E136]	Therefore he appears only a small Root creeping in grass
M35.57; E136]	Covering over the Rock of Odours his bright purple mantle
M35.58; E136]	Beside the Fount above the Larks nest in Golgonooza
M35.59; E136]	Luvah slept here in death & here is Luvahs empty Tomb
M35.60; E136]	Ololon sat beside this Fountain on the Rock of Odours.
M35.61; E136]	Just at the place to where the Lark mounts, is a Crystal Gate
M35.62; E136]	It is the entrance of the First Heaven named Luther: for
M35.63; E136]	The Lark is Los's Messenger thro the Twenty-seven Churches
M35.64; E136]	That the Seven Eyes of God who walk even to Satans Seat
M35.65; E136]	Thro all the Twenty-seven Heavens may not slumber nor sleep
M35.66; E136]	But the Larks Nest is at the Gate of Los, at the eastern
M35.67; E136]	Gate of wide Golgonooza & the Lark is Los's Messenger
M36.1; E136]	When on the highest lift of his light pinions he arrives
M36.2; E136]	At that bright Gate, another Lark meets him & back to back
M36.3; E136]	They touch their pinions tip tip: and each descend
M36.4; E136]	To their respective Earths & there all night consult with Angels
M36.5; E136]	Of Providence & with the Eyes of God all night in slumbers
M36.6; E136]	Inspired: & at the dawn of day send out another Lark

M36.7; E136| Into another Heaven to carry news upon his wings  
M36.8; E136| Thus are the Messengers dispatch'd till they reach the Earth again  
M36.9; E136| In the East Gate of Golgonooza, & the Twenty-eighth bright  
M36.10; E136| Lark. met the Female Ololon descending into my Garden  
M36.11; E136| Thus it appears to Mortal eyes & those of the Ulro Heavens  
M36.12; E136| But not thus to Immortals, the Lark is a mighty Angel.

M36.13; E136| For Ololon step'd into the Polypus within the Mundane Shell  
M36.14; E136| They could not step into Vegetable Worlds without becoming

M36.15; E137| The enemies of Humanity except in a Female Form  
M36.16; E137| And as One Female, Ololon and all its mighty Hosts  
M36.17; E137| Appear'd: a Virgin of twelve years nor time nor space was  
M36.18; E137| To the perception of the Virgin Ololon but as the  
M36.19; E137| Flash of lightning but more quick the Virgin in my Garden  
M36.20; E137| Before my Cottage stood for the Satanic Space is delusion

M36.21; E137| For when Los join'd with me he took me in his fiery whirlwind  
M36.22; E137| My Vegetated portion was hurried from Lambeth's shades  
M36.23; E137| He set me down in Felphams Vale & prepar'd a beautiful  
M36.24; E137| Cottage for me that in three years I might write all these Visions  
M36.25; E137| To display Nature's cruel holiness: the deceptions of Natural Religion[.]  
M36.26; E137| Walking in my Cottage Garden, sudden I beheld  
M36.27; E137| The Virgin Ololon & address'd her as a Daughter of Beulah[:]

M36.28; E137| Virgin of Providence fear not to enter into my Cottage  
M36.29; E137| What is thy message to thy friend: What am I now to do  
M36.30; E137| Is it again to plunge into deeper affliction? behold me  
M36.31; E137| Ready to obey, but pity thou my Shadow of Delight  
M36.32; E137| Enter my Cottage, comfort her, for she is sick with fatigue *t247*

M37.1; E137| The Virgin answer'd. Knowest thou of Milton who descended  
M37.2; E137| Driven from Eternity; him I seek! terrified at my Act  
M37.3; E137| In Great Eternity which thou knowest! I come him to seek

M37.4; E137| So Ololon utter'd in words distinct the anxious thought  
M37.5; E137| Mild was the voice, but more distinct than any earthly  
M37.6; E137| That Milton's Shadow heard & condensing all his Fibres  
M37.7; E137| Into a strength impregnable of majesty & beauty infinite  
M37.8; E137| I saw he was the Covering Cherub & within him Satan  
M37.9; E137| And Raha[b], in an outside which is fallacious! within *t248*  
M37.10; E137| Beyond the outline of Identity, in the Selfhood deadly

M37.11; E137|  
M37.12; E137|

And he appeard the Wicker Man of Scandinavia in whom  
Jerusalems children consume in flames among the Stars

M37.13; E137|  
M37.14; E137|  
M37.15; E137|  
M37.16; E137|  
M37.17; E137|  
M37.18; E137|

Descending down into my Garden, a Human Wonder of God  
Reaching from heaven to earth a Cloud & Human Form  
I beheld Milton with astonishment & in him beheld  
The Monstrous Churches of Beulah, the Gods of Ulro dark  
Twelve monstrous dishumanizd terrors Synagogues of Satan.  
A Double Twelve & Thrice Nine: such their divisions.

M37.19; E137|

And these their Names & their Places within the Mundane Shell

M37.20; E137|  
M37.21; E137|  
M37.22; E137|  
M37.23; E137|  
M37.24; E137|

In Tyre & Sidon I saw Baal & Ashtaroth. In Moab Chemosh  
In Ammon, Molech: loud his Furnaces rage among the Wheels  
Of Og, & pealing loud the cries of the Victims of Fire!  
And pale his Priestesses infolded in Veils of Pestilence, border'd  
With War; Woven in Looms of Tyre & Sidon by beautiful Ashtaroth.

M37.25; E138|  
M37.26; E138|  
M37.27; E138|  
M37.28; E138|  
M37.29; E138|  
M37.30; E138|  
M37.31; E138|  
M37.32; E138|  
M37.33; E138|  
M37.34; E138|

In Palestine Dagon, Sea Monster! worshipd o'er the Sea.  
Thammuz in Lebanon & Rimmon in Damascus curtaind  
Osiris: Isis: Orus: in Egypt: dark their Tabernacles on Nile  
Floating with solemn songs, & on the Lakes of Egypt nightly  
With pomp, even till morning break & Osiris appear in the sky  
But Belial of Sodom & Gomorrha, obscure Demon of Bribes  
And secret Assassinations, not worshipd nor adorn; but <sup>i249</sup>  
With the finger on the lips & the back turn'd to the light  
And Saturn Jove & Rhea of the Isles of the Sea remote  
These Twelve Gods. are the Twelve Spectre Sons of the Druid Albion

M37.35; E138|  
M37.36; E138|  
M37.37; E138|  
M37.38; E138|  
M37.39; E138|  
M37.40; E138|  
M37.41; E138|  
M37.42; E138|  
M37.43; E138|

And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches  
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,  
Methuselah, Lamech: these are Giants mighty Hermaphroditic  
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the second, Salah, Heber,  
Peeg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah, these are the Female-Males  
A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains,  
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine  
Luther, these seven are the Male-Females, the Dragon Forms  
Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot

M37.44; E138|  
M37.45; E138|  
M37.46; E138|

All these are seen in Miltons Shadow who is the Covering Cherub  
The Spectre of Albion in which the Spectre of Luvah inhabits  
In the Newtonian Voids between the Substances of Creation



M37.47; E138| For the Chaotic Voids outside of the Stars are measured by  
M37.48; E138| The Stars, which are the boundaries of Kingdoms, Provinces  
M37.49; E138| And Empires of Chaos invisible to the Vegetable Man  
M37.50; E138| The Kingdom of Og. is in Orion: Sihon is in Ophiucus  
M37.51; E138| Og has Twenty-seven Districts; Sihons Districts Twenty-one  
M37.52; E138| From Star to Star, Mountains & Valleys, terrible dimension  
M37.53; E138| Stretchd out, compose the Mundane Shell, a mighty Incrustation  
M37.54; E138| Of Forty-eight deformed Human Wonders of the Almighty  
M37.55; E138| With Caverns whose remotest bottoms meet again beyond  
M37.56; E138| The Mundane Shell in Golgonooza, but the Fires of Los, rage  
M37.57; E138| In the remotest bottoms of the Caves, that none can pass  
M37.58; E138| Into Eternity that way, but all descend to Los  
M37.59; E138| To Bowlahoola & Allamanda & to Entuthon Benython

M37.60; E138| The Heavens are the Cherub, the Twelve Gods are Satan

M38.1; E138| And the Forty-eight Starry Regions are Cities of the Levites  
M38.2; E138| The Heads of the Great Polypus, Four-fold twelve enormity  
M38.3; E138| In mighty & mysterious comingling enemy with enemy  
M38.4; E138| Woven by Urizen into Sexes from his mantle of years[.]  
M38.5; E138| And Milton collecting all his fibres into impregnable strength  
M38.6; E138| Descended down a Paved work of all kinds of precious stones  
M38.7; E138| Out from the eastern sky; descending down into my Cottage  
M38.8; E138| Garden: clothed in black, severe & silent he descended.

M38.9; E139| The Spectre of Satan stood upon the roaring sea & beheld  
M38.10; E139| Milton within hi sleeping Humanity! trembling & shuddring  
M38.11; E139| He stood upon the waves a Twenty-seven-fold mighty Demon  
M38.12; E139| Gorgeous & beautiful: loud roll his thunders against Milton  
M38.13; E139| Loud Satan thunderd, loud & dark upon mild Felpham shore  
M38.14; E139| Not daring to touch one fibre he howld round upon the Sea.

M38.15; E139| I also stood in Satans bosom & beheld its desolations!  
M38.16; E139| A ruind Man: a ruind building of God not made with hands;  
M38.17; E139| Its plains of burning sand, its mountains of marble terrible:  
M38.18; E139| Its pits & declivities flowing with molten ore & fountains  
M38.19; E139| Of pitch & nitre: its ruind palaces & cities & mighty works;  
M38.20; E139| Its furnaces of affliction in which his Angels & Emanations  
M38.21; E139| Labour with blackend visages among its stupendous ruins  
M38.22; E139| Arches & pyramids & porches colonades & domes:  
M38.23; E139| In which dwells Mystery Babylon, here is her secret place  
M38.24; E139| From hence she comes forth on the Churches in delight

M38.25; E139	Here is her Cup filld with its poisons, in these horrid vales
M38.26; E139	And here her scarlet Veil woven in pestilence & war:
M38.27; E139	Here is Jerusalem bound in chains, in the Dens of Babylon
M38.28; E139	In the Eastern porch of Satans Universe Milton stood & said
M38.29; E139	Satan! my Spectre! I know my power thee to annihilate
M38.30; E139	And be a greater in thy place, & be thy Tabernacle
M38.31; E139	A covering for thee to do thy will, till one greater comes
M38.32; E139	And smites me as I smote thee & becomes my covering.
M38.33; E139	Such are the Laws of thy false Heavns! but Laws of Eternity
M38.34; E139	Are not such: know thou: I come to Self Annihilation
M38.35; E139	Such are the Laws of Eternity that each shall mutually
M38.36; E139	Annihilate himself for others good, as I for thee[.]
M38.37; E139	Thy purpose & the purpose of thy Priests & of thy Churches
M38.38; E139	Is to impress on men the fear of death; to teach
M38.39; E139	Trembling & fear, terror, constriction; abject selfishness
M38.40; E139	Mine is to teach Men to despise death & to go on
M38.41; E139	In fearless majesty annihilating Self, laughing to scorn
M38.4; E139	Thy Laws & terrors, shaking down thy Synagogues as webs
M38.43; E139	I come to discover before Heavn & Hell the Self righteousness
M38.44; E139	In all its Hypocritic turpitude, opening to every eye
M38.45; E139	These wonders of Satans holiness shewing to the Earth
M38.46; E139	The Idol Virtues of the Natural Heart, & Satans Seat
M38.47; E139	Explore in all its Selfish Natural Virtue & put off
M38.48; E139	In Self annihilation all that is not of God alone:
M38.49; E139	To put off Self & all I have ever & ever Amen
M38.50; E139	Satan heard! Coming in a cloud, with trumpets & flaming fire
M38.51; E139	Saying I am God the judge of all, the living & the dead
M38.52; E139	Fall therefore down & worship me. submit thy supreme
M38.53; E139	Dictate, to my eternal Will & to my dictate bow
M38.54; E140	I hold the Balances of Right & Just & mine the Sword
M38.55; E140	Seven Angels bear my Name & in those Seven I appear
M38.56; E140	But I alone am God & I alone in Heavn & Earth
M38.57; E140	Of all that live dare utter this, others tremble & bow
M39.1; E140	Till All Things become One Great Satan, in Holiness
M39.2; E140	Oppos'd to Mercy, and the Divine Delusion Jesus be no more
M39.3; E140	Suddenly around Milton on my Path, the Starry Seven



M39.4; E140| Burnd terrible! my Path became a solid fire, as bright  
M39.5; E140| As the clear Sun & Milton silent came down on my Path.  
M39.6; E140| And there went forth from the Starry limbs of the Seven: Forms  
M39.7; E140| Human; with Trumpets innumerable, sounding articulate  
M39.8; E140| As the Seven spake; and they stood in a mighty Column of Fire  
M39.9; E140| Surrounding Felphams Vale, reaching to the Mundane Shell, Saying  
M39.10; E140| Awake Albion awake! reclaim thy Reasoning Spectre. Subdue

M39.11; E140| Him to the Divine Mercy, Cast him down into the Lake  
M39.12; E140| Of Los, that ever burneth with fire, ever & ever Amen!  
M39.13; E140| Let the Four Zoa's awake from Slumbers of Six Thousand Years

M39.14; E140| Then loud the Furnaces of Los were heard! & seen as Seven heavens  
M39.15; E140| Stretching from south to north over the mountains of Albion

M39.16; E140| Satan heard; trembling round his Body, he incircled it  
M39.17; E140| He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment  
M39.18; E140| Howling in his Spectre round his Body hungry to devour  
M39.19; E140| But fearing for the pain for if he touches a Vital,  
M39.20; E140| His torment is unendurable: therefore he cannot devour:  
M39.21; E140| But howls round it as a lion round his prey continually  
M39.22; E140| Loud Satan thunderd, loud & dark upon mild Felphams Shore  
M39.23; E140| Coming in a Cloud with Trumpets & with Fiery Flame  
M39.24; E140| An awful Form eastward from midst of a bright Paved-work  
M39.25; E140| Of precious stones by Cherubim surrounded: so permitted  
M39.26; E140| (Lest he should fall apart in his Eternal Death) to imitate  
M39.27; E140| The Eternal Great Humanity Divine surrounded by  
M39.28; E140| His Cherubim & Seraphim in ever happy Eternity  
M39.29; E140| Beneath sat Chaos: Sin on his right hand Death on his left  
M39.30; E140| And Ancient Night spread over all the heavn his Mantle of Laws  
M39.31; E140| He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment

M39.32; E140| Then Albion rose up in the Night of Beulah on his Couch  
M39.33; E140| Of dread repose seen by the visionary eye; his face is toward  
M39.34; E140| The east, toward Jerusalems Gates: groaning he sat above  
M39.35; E140| His rocks. London & Bath & Legions & Edinburgh  
M39.36; E140| Are the four pillars of his Throne; his left foot near London  
M39.37; E140| Covers the shades of Tyburn: his instep from Windsor  
M39.38; E140| To Primrose Hill stretching to Highgate & Holloway

M39.39; E141| London is between his knees: its basements fourfold  
M39.40; E141| His right foot stretches to the sea on Dover cliffs, his heel

M39.41; E141| On Canterburys ruins; his right hand covers lofty Wales  
M39.42; E141| His left Scotland; his bosom girt with gold involves  
M39.43; E141| York, Edinburgh, Durham & Carlisle & on the front  
M39.44; E141| Bath, Oxford, Cambridge Norwich; his right elbow  
M39.45; E141| Leans on the Rocks of Erins Land, Ireland ancient nation[,]  
M39.46; E141| His head bends over London: he sees his embodied Spectre  
M39.47; E141| Trembling before him with exceeding great trembling & fear  
M39.48; E141| He views Jerusalem & Babylon, his tears flow down  
M39.49; E141| He movd his right foot to Cornwall, his left to the Rocks of Bognor  
M39.50; E141| He strove to rise to walk into the Deep. but strength failing  
M39.51; E141| Forbad & down with dreadful groans he sunk upon his Couch  
M39.52; E141| In moony Beulah. Los his strong Guard walks round beneath the Moon

M39.53; E141| Urizen faints in terror striving among the Brooks of Arnon  
M39.54; E141| With Miltons Spirit: as the Plowman or Artificer or Shepherd  
M39.55; E141| While in the labours of his Calling sends his Thought abroad *t250*  
M39.56; E141| To labour in the ocean or in the starry heaven. So Milton  
M39.57; E141| Labourd in Chasms of the Mundane Shell, tho here before  
M39.58; E141| My Cottage midst the Starry Seven, where the Virgin Ololon  
M39.59; E141| Stood trembling in the Porch: loud Satan thunderd on the stormy Sea  
M39.60; E141| Circling Albions Cliffs in which the Four-fold World resides  
M39.61; E141| Tho seen in fallacy outside: a fallacy of Satans Churches

M40.1; E141| Before Ololon Milton stood & perciev'd the Eternal Form  
M40.2; E141| Of that mild Vision; wondrous were their acts by me unknown  
M40.3; E141| Except remotely; and I heard Ololon say to Milton

M40.4; E141| I see thee strive upon the Brooks of Arnon. there a dread  
M40.5; E141| And awful Man I see, oercoverd with the mantle of years.  
M40.6; E141| I behold Los & Urizen. I behold Orc & Tharmas;  
M40.7; E141| The Four Zoa's of Albion & thy Spirit with them striving  
M40.8; E141| In Self annihilation giving thy life to thy enemies  
M40.9; E141| Are those who contemn Religion & seek to annihilate it  
M40.10; E141| Become in their Femin[in]e portions the causes & promoters  
M40.11; E141| Of these Religions, how is this thing? this Newtonian Phantasm  
M40.12; E141| This Voltaire & Rousseau: this Hume & Gibbon & Bolingbroke  
M40.13; E141| This Natural Religion! this impossible absurdity  
M40.14; E141| Is Ololon the cause of this? O where shall I hide my face  
M40.15; E141| These tears fall for the little-ones: the Children of Jerusalem  
M40.16; E141| Lest they be annihilated in thy annihilation.

M40.17; E141| No sooner she had spoke but Rahab Babylon appeard  
M40.18; E141| Eastward upon the Paved work across Europe & Asia

M40.19; E141|  
M40.20; E141|

Glorious as the midday Sun in Satans bosom glowing:  
A Female hidden in a Male, Religion hidden in War

M40.21; E142|  
M40.22; E142|

Namd Moral Virtue; cruel two-fold Monster shining bright  
A Dragon red & hidden Harlot which John in Patmos saw

M40.23; E142|  
M40.24; E142|  
M40.25; E142|  
M40.26; E142|  
M40.27; E142|  
M40.28; E142|  
M40.29; E142|  
M40.30; E142|

And all beneath the Nations innumerable of Ulro  
Appeard, the Seven Kingdoms of Canaan & Five Baalim  
Of Philistea. into Twelve divided, calld after the Names  
Of Israel: as they are in Eden. Mountain. River & Plain  
City & sandy Desart intermingled beyond mortal ken  
But turning toward Ololon in terrible majesty Milton  
Replied. Obey thou the Words of the Inspired Man  
All that can be annihilated must be annihilated *t251*

M40.31; E142|  
M40.32; E142|  
M40.33; E142|  
M40.34; E142|  
M40.35; E142|  
M40.36; E142|  
M40.37; E142|

That the Children of Jerusalem may be saved from slavery  
There is a Negation, & there is a Contrary  
The Negation must be destroyd to redeem the Contraries  
The Negation is the Spectre; the Reasoning Power in Man  
This is a false Body: an Incrustation over my Immortal  
Spirit; a Selfhood, which must be put off & annihilated alway  
To cleanse the Face of my Spirit by Self-examination.

M41.1; E142|  
M41.2; E142|  
M41.3; E142|  
M41.4; E142|  
M41.5; E142|  
M41.6; E142|  
M41.7; E142|  
M41.8; E142|  
M41.9; E142|  
M41.10; E142|  
M41.11; E142|  
M41.12; E142|  
M41.13; E142|  
M41.14; E142|  
M41.15; E142|  
M41.16; E142|  
M41.17; E142|  
M41.18; E142|  
M41.19; E142|  
M41.20; E142|

To bathe in the Waters of Life; to wash off the Not Human  
I come in Self-annihilation & the grandeur of Inspiration  
To cast off Rational Demonstration by Faith in the Saviour  
To cast off the rotten rags of Memory by Inspiration  
To cast off Bacon, Locke & Newton from Albions covering  
To take off his filthy garments, & clothe him with Imagination  
To cast aside from Poetry, all that is not Inspiration  
That it no longer shall dare to mock with the aspersion of Madness  
Cast on the Inspired, by the tame high finisher of paltry Blots,  
Indefinite, or paltry Rhymes; or paltry Harmonies.  
Who creeps into State Government like a catterpillar to destroy  
To cast off the idiot Questioner who is always questioning,  
But never capable of answering; who sits with a sly grin  
Silent plotting when to question, like a thief in a cave;  
Who publishes doubt & calls it knowledge; whose Science is Despair  
Whose pretence to knowledge is Envy, whose whole Science is  
To destroy the wisdom of ages to gratify ravenous Envy;  
That rages round him like a Wolf day & night without rest  
He smiles with condescension; he talks of Benevolence & Virtue  
And those who act with Benevolence & Virtue, they murder time on time

M41.21; E142| These are the destroyers of Jerusalem, these are the murderers  
M41.22; E142| Of Jesus, who deny the Faith & mock at Eternal Life:  
M41.23; E142| Who pretend to Poetry that they may destroy Imagination;  
M41.24; E142| By imitation of Natures Images drawn from Remembrance  
M41.25; E142| These are the Sexual Garments, the Abomination of Desolation  
M41.26; E142| Hiding the Human lineaments as with an Ark & Curtains

M41.27; E143| Which Jesus rent: & now shall wholly purge away with Fire  
M41.28; E143| Till Generation is swallowd up in Regeneration.

M41.29; E143| Then trembled the Virgin Ololon & replyd in clouds of despair

M41.30; E143| Is this our Femin[in]e Portion the Six-fold Miltonic Female  
M41.31; E143| Terribly this Portion trembles before thee O awful Man  
M41.32; E143| Altho' our Human Power can sustain the severe contentions  
M41.33; E143| Of Friendship, our Sexual cannot: but flies into the Ulro.  
M41.34; E143| Hence arose all our terrors in Eternity! & now remembrance  
M41.35; E143| Returns upon us! are we Contraries O Milton, Thou & I  
M41.36; E143| O Immortal! how were we led to War the Wars of Death  
M41.37; E143| Is this the Void Outside of Existence, which if enterd into

M42.1; E143| Becomes a Womb? & is this the Death Couch of Albion  
M42.2; E143| Thou goest to Eternal Death & all must go with thee

M42.3; E143| So saying, the Virgin divided Six-fold & with a shriek  
M42.4; E143| Dolorous that ran thro all Creation a Double Six-fold Wonder!  
M42.5; E143| Away from Ololon she divided & fled into the depths  
M42.6; E143| Of Miltons Shadow as a Dove upon the stormy Sea.

M42.7; E143| Then as a Moony Ark Ololon descended to Felphams Vale  
M42.8; E143| In clouds of blood, in streams of gore, with dreadful thunderings  
M42.9; E143| Into the Fires of Intellect that rejoic'd in Felphams Vale  
M42.10; E143| Around the Starry Eight: with one accord the Starry Eight became  
M42.11; E143| One Man Jesus the Saviour. wonderful! round his limbs  
M42.12; E143| The Clouds of Ololon folded as a Garment dipped in blood  
M42.13; E143| Written within & without in woven letters: & the Writing  
M42.14; E143| Is the Divine Revelation in the Litteral expression:  
M42.15; E143| A Garment of War, I heard it namd the Woof of Six Thousand Years

M42.16; E143| And I beheld the Twenty-four Cities of Albion  
M42.17; E143| Arise upon their Thrones to Judge the Nations of the Earth

M42.18; E143| And the Immortal Four in whom the Twenty-four appear Four-fold  
M42.19; E143| Arose around Albions body: Jesus wept & walked forth  
M42.20; E143| From Felphams Vale clothed in Clouds of blood, to enter into  
M42.21; E143| Albions Bosom, the bosom of death & the Four surrounded him  
M42.22; E143| In the Column of Fire in Felphams Vale; then to their mouths the Four  
M42.23; E143| Applied their Four Trumpets & them sounded to the Four winds

M42.24; E143| Terror struck in the Vale I stood at that immortal sound  
M42.25; E143| My bones trembled. I fell outstretchd upon the path  
M42.26; E143| A moment, & my Soul returnd into its mortal state  
M42.27; E143| To Resurrection & Judgment in the Vegetable Body  
M42.28; E143| And my sweet Shadow of Delight stood trembling by my side

M42.29; E143| Immediately the Lark mounted with a loud trill from Felphams Vale  
M42.30; E143| And the Wild Thyme from Wimbletons green & impurpled Hills

M42.31; E144| And Los & Enitharmon rose over the Hills of Surrey  
M42.32; E144| Their clouds roll over London with a south wind, soft Oothoon  
M42.33; E144| Pants in the Vales of Lambeth weeping oer her Human Harvest  
M42.34; E144| Los listens to the Cry of the Poor Man: his Cloud  
M42.35; E144| Over London in volume terrific, low bended in anger.

M42.36; E144| Rintrah & Palamabron view the Human Harvest beneath  
M42.37; E144| Their Wine-presses & Barns stand open; the Ovens are prepar'd  
M42.38; E144| The Waggon ready: terrific Lions & Tygers sport & play  
M42.39; E144| All Animals upon the Earth, are prepar'd in all their strength

M43.1; E144| To go forth to the Great Harvest & Vintage of the Nations

M43.2; E144| Finis

Title; E144| JERUSALEM

Jsubtitle; E144| The Emanation of The Giant Albion *t253*

Jcolophon; E144| 1804 Printed by W. Blake S<sup>th</sup> Molton St. *t254*

ED; E144| [Frontispiece] *t255*

ED; E144| [Above the archway:]

J1.1; E144| There is a Void, outside of Existence, which if enterd into  
J1.2; E144| Englobes itself & becomes a Womb, such was Albions Couch  
J1.3; E144| A pleasant Shadow of Repose calld Albions lovely Land

J1.4; E144| His Sublime & Pathos become Two Rocks fixd in the Earth  
J1.5; E144| His Reason his Spectrous Power, covers them above  
J1.6; E144| Jerusalem his Emanation is a Stone laying beneath  
J1.7; E144| O [*Albion behold Pitying*] behold the Vision of Albion *t256*

ED; E144| [On right side of archway:]

J1.8; E144| Half Friendship is the bitterest Enmity said Los  
J1.9; E144| As he enterd the Door of Death for Albions sake Inspired  
J1.10; E144| The long sufferings of God are not for ever there is a Judgment

ED; E144| [On left side, in reversed writing:]

J1.11; E144| Every Thing has its Vermin O Spectre of the Sleeping Dead!

J3; E145| SHEEP GOATS *t257*

J3; E145|

To the Public



J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
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J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|

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 recieved the highest reward possible: the  
[*love*] and [*friendship*] of those with whom to  
be connected, is to be [*blessed*]: I cannot doubt that  
this more consolidated & extended Work, will be as kindly  
recieved  
The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes <sup>t25</sup>  
[*no Reader will think presumptuousness or arroganc[e] when he  
is reminded that the Ancients acknowledge their love to their  
Deities, to the full as Enthusiastically as I have who  
Acknowledge mine for my Saviour and Lord, for they were wholly  
absorb'd in their Gods.*] I also hope the Reader will  
be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God [*of  
Fire*] and Lord [*of Love*] to whom the Ancients  
look'd and saw his day afar off, with trembling & amazement.  
The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin: he who  
waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviours kingdom,  
the Divine Body; will never enter there. I am perhaps the most  
sinful of men! I pretend not to holiness! yet I pretend to love,  
to see, to converse with daily, as man with man, & the more to  
have an interest in the Friend of Sinners. Therefore  
[*Dear*] Reader, [*forgive*] what you do not  
approve, & [*love*] me for this energetic exertion of my  
talent.

J3.1; E145|  
J3.2; E145|  
J3.3; E145|  
J3.4; E145|  
J3.5; E145|  
J3.6; E145|  
J3.7; E145|  
J3.8; E145|  
J3.9; E145|  
J3.10; E145|

Reader! [*lover*] of books! [*lover*] of heaven,  
And of that God from whom [*all books are given,*]  
Who in mysterious Sinais awful cave  
To Man the wond'rous art of writing gave,  
Again he speaks in thunder and in fire!  
Thunder of Thought, & flames of fierce desire:  
Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear,  
Within the unfathomd caverns of my Ear.  
Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:  
Heaven, Earth & Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony

J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|

Of the Measure, in which  
the following Poem is written

J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|

We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves, every  
thing is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep.  
[*to Note the last words of Jesus,*  
<Greek>Edotha moi pasa exousia en ouranon kai epi ges</Greek>]

J3prose; E145| When this Verse was first dictated to me I consider'd a  
J3prose; E145| Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakspeare & all  
J3prose; E145| writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage  
J3prose; E145| of Rhyming; to be a necessary and indispensable part of Verse.  
J3prose; E145| But I soon found that

J3prose; E146| in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward,  
J3prose; E146| but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced  
J3prose; E146| a variety in every line, both of cadences & number of syllables.  
J3prose; E146| Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit  
J3prose; E146| place: the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific  
J3prose; E146| parts--the mild & gentle, for the mild & gentle parts, and the  
J3prose; E146| prosaic, for inferior parts: all are necessary to each other.  
J3prose; E146| Poetry Fetter'd, Fetters the Human Race! Nations are Destroy'd,  
J3prose; E146| or Flourish, in proportion as Their Poetry Painting and Music,  
J3prose; E146| are Destroy'd or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man, was Wisdom,  
J3prose; E146| Art, and Science.

J4header; E146| <Greek>Monos 'o Iesus </Greek>

J4halftitle; E146| Jerusalem

J4; E146| Chap: I

J4.1; E146| Of the Sleep of Ulro! and of the passage through  
J4.2; E146| Eternal Death! and of the awaking to Eternal Life.

J4.3; E146| This theme calls me in sleep night after night, & ev'ry morn  
J4.4; E146| Awakes me at sun-rise, then I see the Saviour over me  
J4.5; E146| Spreading his beams of love, & dictating the words of this mild song.

J4.6; E146| Awake! awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!  
J4.7; E146| I am in you and you in me, mutual in love divine:  
J4.8; E146| Fibres of love from man to man thro Albions pleasant land.  
J4.9; E146| In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey  
J4.10; E146| A black water accumulates, return Albion! return!  
J4.11; E146| Thy brethren call thee, and thy fathers, and thy sons,  
J4.12; E146| Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters  
J4.13; E146| Weep at thy souls disease, and the Divine Vision is darkend:  
J4.14; E146| Thy Emanation that was wont to play before thy face,  
J4.15; E146| Beaming forth with her daughters into the Divine bosom [*Where!!*]

J4.16; E146| Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation lovely Jerusalem  
J4.17; E146| From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one?  
J4.18; E146| I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend;  
J4.19; E146| Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me:  
J4.20; E146| Lo! we are One; forgiving all Evil; Not seeking recompense!  
J4.21; E146| Ye are my members O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades!

J4.22; E146| But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark;  
J4.23; E146| [*Saying. We are not One: we are Many, thou most simulative*]  
J4.24; E146| Phantom of the over heated brain! shadow of immortality!  
J4.25; E146| Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy Love! which binds

J4.26; E147| Man the enemy of man into deceitful friendships:  
J4.27; E147| Jerusalem is not! her daughters are indefinite:  
J4.28; E147| By demonstration, man alone can live, and not by faith.  
J4.29; E147| My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself!  
J4.30; E147| The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds Plinlimmon & Snowdon  
J4.31; E147| Are mine. here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue!  
J4.32; E147| Humanity shall be no more: but war & pryncedom & victory!

J4.33; E147| So spoke Albion in jealous fears, hiding his Emanation  
J4.34; E147| Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah: dissembling  
J4.35; E147| His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening, cold!

J5.1; E147| The banks of the Thames are clouded! the ancient porches of Albion are  
J5.2; E147| Darken'd! they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scatter'd upon  
J5.3; E147| The Void in incoherent despair! Cambridge & Oxford & London,  
J5.4; E147| Are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and dissipated,  
J5.5; E147| In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible[.]  
J5.6; E147| Albions mountains run with blood, the cries of war & of tumult  
J5.7; E147| Resound into the unbounded night, every Human perfection  
J5.8; E147| Of mountain & river & city, are small & wither'd & darken'd  
J5.9; E147| Cam is a little stream! Ely is almost swallowd up!  
J5.10; E147| Lincoln & Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan!  
J5.11; E147| Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north!  
J5.12; E147| Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython  
J5.13; E147| Jerusalem is scatterd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entity:  
J5.14; E147| Moab & Ammon & Amalek & Canaan & Egypt & Aram  
J5.15; E147| Recieve her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty

J5.16; E147| Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonish'd at me.  
J5.17; E147| Yet they forgive my wanderings, I rest not from my great task!

J5.18; E147| To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes  
J5.19; E147| Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into Eternity  
J5.20; E147| Ever expanding in the Bosom of God. the Human Imagination  
J5.21; E147| O Saviour pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness & love:  
J5.22; E147| Annihilate the Selfhood in me, be thou all my life!  
J5.23; E147| Guide thou my hand which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages,  
J5.24; E147| While I write of the building of Golgonooza, & of the terrors of Entuthon:  
J5.25; E147| Of Hand & Hyle & Coban, of Kwantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton:  
J5.26; E147| Of the terrible sons & daughters of Albion. and their Generations.

J5.27; E147| Scofield! Kox, Kotope and Bowen, revolve most mightily upon  
J5.28; E147| The Furnace of Los: before the eastern gate bending their fury.  
J5.29; E147| They war, to destroy the Furnaces, to desolate Golgonooza:  
J5.30; E147| And to devour the Sleeping Humanity of Albion in rage & hunger.

J5.31; E148| They revolve into the Furnaces Southward & are driven forth Northward  
J5.32; E148| Divided into Male and Female forms time after time.  
J5.33; E148| From these Twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.

J5.34; E148| The Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loom;  
J5.35; E148| I behold them and their rushing fires overwhelm my Soul,  
J5.36; E148| In Londons darkness; and my tears fall day and night,  
J5.37; E148| Upon the Emanations of Albions Sons! the Daughters of Albion  
J5.38; E148| Names anciently rememberd, but now contemn'd as fictions!  
J5.39; E148| Although in every bosom they controll our Vegetative powers.

J5.40; E148| These are united into Tirzah and her Sisters, on Mount Gilead,  
J5.41; E148| Cambel & Gwendolen & Conwenna & Cordella & Ignoge.  
J5.42; E148| And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates  
J5.43; E148| Gwiniverra & Gwinefred, & Gonorill & Sabrina beautiful,  
J5.44; E148| Estrild, Mehetabel & Ragan, lovely Daughters of Albion  
J5.45; E148| They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion

J5.46; E148| The Starry Wheels revolv'd heavily over the Furnaces;  
J5.47; E148| Drawing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love,  
J5.48; E148| Eastward a pillar of a cloud with Vala upon the mountains  
J5.49; E148| Howling in pain, redounding from the arms of Beulahs Daughters,  
J5.50; E148| Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los.  
J5.51; E148| A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding  
J5.52; E148| Till the cloud reaches afar outstretch'd among the Starry Wheels  
J5.53; E148| Which revolve heavily in the mighty Void above the Furnaces

J5.54; E148| O what avail the loves & tears of Beulahs lovely Daughters  
J5.55; E148| They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears  
J5.56; E148| But all within is open'd into the deeps of Entuthon Benython  
J5.57; E148| A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end.  
J5.58; E148| Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination  
J5.59; E148| (Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus. blessed for ever). <sup>1259</sup>  
J5.60; E148| And there Jerusalem wanders with Vala upon the mountains,  
J5.61; E148| Attracted by the revolutions of those Wheels the Cloud of smoke  
J5.62; E148| Immense, and Jerusalem & Vala weeping in the Cloud  
J5.63; E148| Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow  
J5.64; E148| Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels;  
J5.65; E148| Lamenting for her children, for the sons & daughters of Albion

J5.66; E148| Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar! his tears fall  
J5.67; E148| Incessant before the Furnaces, and his Emanation divided in pain,  
J5.68; E148| Eastward toward the Starry Wheels. But Westward, a black Horror,

J6.1; E148| His spectre driv'n by the Starry Wheels of Albions sons, black and  
J6.2; E148| Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns!

J6.3; E149| For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided  
J6.4; E149| In terror of those starry wheels: and the Spectre stood over Los  
J6.5; E149| Howling in pain: a blackning Shadow, blackning dark & opake  
J6.6; E149| Cursing the terrible Los: bitterly cursing him for his friendship  
J6.7; E149| To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.

J6.8; E149| Los rag'd and stamp'd the earth in his might & terrible wrath!  
J6.9; E149| He stood and stamp'd the earth! then he threw down his hammer in rage &  
J6.10; E149| In fury: then he sat down and wept, terrified! Then arose  
J6.11; E149| And chaunted his song, labouring with the tongs and hammer:  
J6.12; E149| But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increas'd!

J6.13; E149| In pain the Spectre divided: in pain of hunger and thirst:  
J6.14; E149| To devour Los's Human Perfection, but when he saw that Los

J7.1; E149| Was living: panting like a frightened wolf, and howling  
J7.2; E149| He stood over the Immortal, in the solitude and darkness:  
J7.3; E149| Upon the darkning Thames, across the whole Island westward.  
J7.4; E149| A horrible Shadow of Death, among the Furnaces: beneath  
J7.5; E149| The pillar of folding smoke; and he sought by other means,  
J7.6; E149| To lure Los: by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors:  
J7.7; E149| Terrors in every Nerve, by spasms & extended pains:



J7.8; E149|

While Los answer'd unterrified to the opake blackening Fiend

J7.9; E149|

And thus the Spectre spoke: Wilt thou still go on to destruction?

J7.10; E149|

Till thy life is all taken away by this deceitful Friendship?

J7.11; E149|

He drinks thee up like water! like wine he pours thee

J7.12; E149|

Into his tuns: thy Daughters are trodden in his vintage

J7.13; E149|

He makes thy Sons the trampling of his bulls, they are plow'd

J7.14; E149|

And harrowd for his profit, lo! thy stolen Emanation

J7.15; E149|

Is his garden of pleasure! all the Spectres of his Sons mock thee

J7.16; E149|

Look how they scorn thy once admired palaces! now in ruins

J7.17; E149|

Because of Albion! because of deceit and friendship! For Lo!

J7.18; E149|

Hand has peopled Babel & Nineveh: Hyle, Ashur & Aram:

J7.19; E149|

Cobans son is Nimrod: his son Cush is adjoind to Aram,

J7.20; E149|

By the Daughter of Babel, in a woven mantle of pestilence & war.

J7.21; E149|

They put forth their spectrous cloudy sails; which drive their immense

J7.22; E149|

Constellations over the deadly deeps of indefinite Udan-Adan

J7.23; E149|

Kox is the Father of Shem & Ham & Japheth, he is the Noah

J7.24; E149|

Of the Flood of Udan-Adan. Hutn is the Father of the Seven

J7.25; E149|

From Enoch to Adam; Schofield is Adam who was New-

J7.26; E149|

Created in Edom. I saw it indignant, & thou art not moved!

J7.27; E149|

This has divided thee in sunder: and wilt thou still forgive?

J7.28; E149|

O! thou seest not what I see! what is done in the Furnaces.

J7.29; E149|

Listen, I will tell thee what is done in moments to thee unknown:

J7.30; E150|

Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction and sealed,

J7.31; E150|

And Vala fed in cruel delight, the Furnaces with fire:

J7.32; E150|

Stern Urizen beheld; urg'd by necessity to keep

J7.33; E150|

The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power

J7.34; E150|

He might avert his own despair: in woe & fear he saw

J7.35; E150|

Vala incircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was clos'd:

J7.36; E150|

With joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah,

J7.37; E150|

With whom she liv'd in bliss in times of innocence & youth!

J7.38; E150|

Vala comes from the Furnace in a cloud, but wretched Luvah

J7.39; E150|

Is howling in the Furnaces, in flames among Albions Spectres,

J7.40; E150|

To prepare the Spectre of Albion to reign over thee O Los,

J7.41; E150|

Forming the Spectres of Albion according to his rage:

J7.42; E150|

To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Scofield: the Ninth

J7.43; E150|

Of Albions sons, & the father of all his brethren in the Shadowy

J7.44; E150|

Generation. Cambel & Gwendolen wove webs of war & of

J7.45; E150|

Religion, to involve all Albions sons, and when they had

J7.46; E150|

Involv'd Eight; their webs roll'd outwards into darkness

J7.47; E150|

And Scofield the Ninth remaind on the outside of the Eight

J7.48; E150|

And Kox, Kotope, & Bowen, One in him, a Fourfold Wonder

J7.49; E150|

Involv'd the Eight--Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion,



J7.50; E150|

To separate a Law of Sin, to punish thee in thy members.

J7.51; E150|

Los answer'd. Altho' I know not this! I know far worse than this:

J7.52; E150|

I know that Albion hath divided me, and that thou O my Spectre,

J7.53; E150|

Hast just cause to be irritated: but look stedfastly upon me:

J7.54; E150|

Comfort thyself in my strength the time will arrive,

J7.55; E150|

When all Albions injuries shall cease, and when we shall

J7.56; E150|

Embrace him tenfold bright, rising from his tomb in immortality.

J7.57; E150|

They have divided themselves by Wrath. they must be united by

J7.58; E150|

Pity: let us therefore take example & warning O my Spectre,

J7.59; E150|

O that I could abstain from wrath! O that the Lamb

J7.60; E150|

Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury.

J7.61; E150|

In anguish of regeneration! in terrors of self annihilation:

J7.62; E150|

Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder,

J7.63; E150|

And the Religion of Generation which was meant for the destruction

J7.64; E150|

Of Jerusalem, become her covering, till the time of the End.

J7.65; E150|

O holy Generation! [*Image*] of regeneration! <sup>t260</sup>

J7.66; E150|

O point of mutual forgiveness between Enemies!

J7.67; E150|

Birthplace of the Lamb of God incomprehensible!

J7.68; E150|

The Dead despise & scorn thee, & cast thee out as accursed:

J7.69; E150|

Seeing the Lamb of God in thy gardens & thy palaces:

J7.70; E150|

Where they desire to place the Abomination of Desolation.

J7.71; E150|

Hand sits before his furnace: scorn of others & furious pride:

J7.72; E150|

Freeze round him to bars of steel & to iron rocks beneath

J7.73; E150|

His feet: indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north:

J8.1; E150|

Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albions River

J8.2; E151|

From Ranelagh & Strumbolo, from Cromwells gardens & Chelsea

J8.3; E151|

The place of wounded Soldiers. but when he saw my Mace

J8.4; E151|

Whirld round from heaven to earth, trembling he sat: his cold

J8.5; E151|

Poisons rose up: & his sweet deceits coverd them all over

J8.6; E151|

With a tender cloud. As thou art now; such was he O Spectre

J8.7; E151|

I know thy deceit & thy revenges, and unless thou desist

J8.8; E151|

I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen!

J8.9; E151|

Be attentive! be obedient! Lo the Furnaces are ready to recieve thee.

J8.10; E151|

I will break thee into shivers! & melt thee in the furnaces of death;

J8.11; E151|

I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment if thou

J8.12; E151|

Desist not from thine own will, & obey not my stern command!

J8.13; E151|

I am closd up from my children: my Emanation is dividing

J8.14; E151|

And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark

J8.15; E151|

I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours. To beat

J8.16; E151|

These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Anvils of bitter Death

J8.17; E151|

I am inspired: I act not for myself: for Albions sake

J8.18; E151| I now am what I am: a horror and an astonishment  
J8.19; E151| Shuddring the heavens to look upon me: Behold what cruelties  
J8.20; E151| Are practised in Babel & Shinar, & have approachd to Zions Hill

J8.21; E151| While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shuddring before him  
J8.22; E151| Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey  
J8.23; E151| Los open'd the Furnaces in fear. the Spectre saw to Babel & Shinar  
J8.24; E151| Across all Europe & Asia. he saw the tortures of the Victims.  
J8.25; E151| He saw now from the ou[t]side what he before saw & felt from within  
J8.26; E151| He saw that Los was the sole, uncontrold Lord of the Furnaces  
J8.27; E151| Groaning he kneeld before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone,  
J8.28; E151| Hungring & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience.  
J8.29; E151| While Los pursu'd his speech in threatnings loud & fierce.

J8.30; E151| Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness: I have found thee out:  
J8.31; E151| Thou art reveal'd before me in all thy magnitude & power  
J8.32; E151| Thy Uncircumcised pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder!  
J8.33; E151| Thy holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me  
J8.34; E151| Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albions Spectre  
J8.35; E151| For I am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired fury  
J8.36; E151| If thou wast cast forth from my life! if I was dead upon the mountains  
J8.37; E151| Thou mightest be pitied & lov'd: but now I am living; unless  
J8.38; E151| Thou abstain ravening I will create an eternal Hell for thee.  
J8.39; E151| Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellows  
J8.40; E151| Take thou these Tongs: strike thou alternate with me: labour obedient <sup>t261</sup>  
J8.41; E151| Hand & Hyle & Koban: Skofeld, Kox & Kotope, labour mightily  
J8.42; E151| In the Wars of Babel & Shinar, all their Emanations were  
J8.43; E151| Condens'd. Hand has absorbd all his Brethren in his might  
J8.44; E151| All the infant Loves & Graces were lost, for the mighty Hand

J9.1; E152| Condens'd his Emanations into hard opake substances;  
J9.2; E152| And his infant thoughts & desires, into cold, dark, cliffs of death.  
J9.3; E152| His hammer of gold he siezd; and his anvil of adamant.  
J9.4; E152| He siez'd the bars of condens'd thoughts, to forge them:  
J9.5; E152| Into the sword of war: into the bow and arrow:  
J9.6; E152| Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun  
J9.7; E152| I saw the limbs form'd for exercise, condemn'd: & the beauty of  
J9.8; E152| Eternity, look'd upon as deformity & loveliness as a dry tree:  
J9.9; E152| I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb  
J9.10; E152| Of God, to destroy Jerusalem, & to devour the body of Albion  
J9.11; E152| By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman:  
J9.12; E152| Awkwardness arm'd in steel: folly in a helmet of gold:  
J9.13; E152| Weakness with horns & talons: ignorance with a rav'ning beak!  
J9.14; E152| Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime:

J9.15; E152| And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion:  
J9.16; E152| Inspiration deny'd; Genius forbidden by laws of punishment:  
J9.17; E152| I saw terrified; I took the sighs & tears, & bitter groans:  
J9.18; E152| I lifted them into my Furnaces; to form the spiritual sword.  
J9.19; E152| That lays open the hidden heart: I drew forth the pang  
J9.20; E152| Of sorrow red hot: I workd it on my resolute anvil:  
J9.21; E152| I heated it in the flames of Hand, & Hyle, & Coban  
J9.22; E152| Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwineverra  
J9.23; E152| Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,  
J9.24; E152| The crysolite, the topaz, the jacinth, & every precious stone.  
J9.25; E152| Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard:  
J9.26; E152| I labour day and night, I behold the soft affections  
J9.27; E152| Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty  
J9.28; E152| But still I labour in hope, tho' still my tears flow down.  
J9.29; E152| That he who will not defend Truth, may be compell'd to defend  
J9.30; E152| A Lie: that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken  
J9.31; E152| That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease: arise Spectre arise!

J9.32; E152| Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans & tears;  
J9.33; E152| Groaning the Spectre heavd the bellows, obeying Los's frowns;  
J9.34; E152| Till the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces  
J9.35; E152| Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre.

J10.1; E152| Into the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Anvils of Death  
J10.2; E152| And into the mountains of the Anvils & of the heavy Hammers  
J10.3; E152| Till he should bring the Sons & Daughters of Jerusalem to be  
J10.4; E152| The Sons & Daughters of Los that he might protect them from  
J10.5; E152| Albions dread Spectres; storming, loud, thunderous & mighty  
J10.6; E152| The Bellows & the Hammers move compell'd by Los's hand.

J10.7; E152| And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength  
J10.8; E152| They take the Two Contraries which are call'd Qualities, with which

J10.9; E153| Every Substance is clothed, they name them Good & Evil  
J10.10; E153| From them they make an Abstract, which is a Negation  
J10.11; E153| Not only of the Substance from which it is derived  
J10.12; E153| A murderer of its own Body: but also a murderer  
J10.13; E153| Of every Divine Member: it is the Reasoning Power  
J10.14; E153| An Abstract objecting power, that Negatives every thing  
J10.15; E153| This is the Spectre of Man: the Holy Reasoning Power  
J10.16; E153| And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation

J10.17; E153| Therefore Los stands in London building Golgonooza  
J10.18; E153| Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear  
J10.19; E153| The Spectre weeps, but Los unmovd by tears or threats remains

J10.20; E153| I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another Mans  
J10.21; E153| I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create

J10.22; E153| So Los, in fury & strength: in indignation & burning wrath  
J10.23; E153| Shuddring the Spectre howls. his howlings terrify the night  
J10.24; E153| He stamps around the Anvil, beating blows of stern despair  
J10.25; E153| He curses Heaven & Earth, Day & Night & Sun & Moon  
J10.26; E153| He curses Forest Spring & River, Desart & sandy Waste  
J10.27; E153| Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws  
J10.28; E153| Driven to desperation by Los's terrors & threatning fears

J10.29; E153| Los cries, Obey my voice & never deviate from my will  
J10.30; E153| And I will be merciful to thee: be thou invisible to all  
J10.31; E153| To whom I make thee invisible, but chief to my own Children  
J10.32; E153| O Spectre of Urthona: Reason not against their dear approach  
J10.33; E153| Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt & despair  
J10.34; E153| O Shame O strong & mighty Shame I break thy brazen fetters  
J10.35; E153| If thou refuse, thy present torments will seem southern breezes  
J10.36; E153| To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will.

J10.37; E153| The Spectre answer'd. Art thou not ashamd of those thy Sins  
J10.38; E153| That thou callest thy Children? lo the Law of God commands  
J10.39; E153| That they be offered upon his Altar: O cruelty & torment  
J10.40; E153| For thine are also mine! I have kept silent hitherto,  
J10.41; E153| Concerning my chief delight: but thou hast broken silence  
J10.42; E153| Now I will speak my mind! Where is my lovely Enitharmon  
J10.43; E153| O thou my enemy, where is my Great Sin? She is also thine  
J10.44; E153| I said: Now is my grief at worst: incapable of being  
J10.45; E153| Surpassed: but every moment it accumulates more & more  
J10.46; E153| It continues accumulating to eternity! the joys of God advance  
J10.47; E153| For he is Righteous: he is not a Being of Pity & Compassion <sup>t263</sup>  
J10.48; E153| He cannot feel Distress: he feeds on Sacrifice & Offering:  
J10.49; E153| Delighting in cries & tears & clothed in Holiness & solitude  
J10.50; E153| But my griefs advance also, for ever & ever without end  
J10.51; E153| O that I could cease to be! Despair! I am Despair

J10.52; E154| Created to be the great example of horror & agony: also my  
J10.53; E154| Prayer is vain I called for compassion: compassion mockd

J10.54; E154| Mercy & pity threw the grave stone over me & with lead  
 J10.55; E154| And iron, bound it over me for ever: Life lives on my  
 J10.56; E154| Consuming: & the Almighty hath made me his Contrary  
 J10.57; E154| To be all evil, all reversed & for ever dead: knowing  
 J10.58; E154| And seeing life, yet living not; how can I then behold  
 J10.59; E154| And not tremble; how can I be beheld & not abhorrd

J10.60; E154| So spoke the Spectre shuddring, & dark tears ran down his shadowy face  
 J10.61; E154| Which Los wiped off, but comfort none could give! or beam of hope  
 J10.62; E154| Yet ceasd he not from labouring at the roarings of his Forge  
 J10.63; E154| With iron & brass Building Golgonooza in great contendings  
 J10.64; E154| Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces  
 J10.65; E154| At the sublime Labours for Los. compelld the invisible Spectre

J11.1; E154| To labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains,  
 J11.2; E154| In pulsations of time, & extensions of space, like Urns of Beulah  
 J11.3; E154| With great labour upon his anvils, & in his ladles the Ore <sup>t264</sup>  
 J11.4; E154| He lifted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art;  
 J11.5; E154| Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems;  
 J11.6; E154| That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead,  
 J11.7; E154| He might feel the pain as if a man gnawd his own tender nerves.

J11.8; E154| Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah  
 J11.9; E154| Came from the Furnaces, by Los's mighty power for Jerusalems  
 J11.10; E154| Sake: walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin:  
 J11.11; E154| And the Sons and Daughters of Los came forth in perfection lovely!  
 J11.12; E154| And the Spaces of Erin reach'd from the starry heighth, to the starry depth.

J11.13; E154| Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together!  
 J11.14; E154| They feard they never more should see their Father, who  
 J11.15; E154| Was built in from Eternity, in the Cliffs of Albion.

J11.16; E154| But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace;  
 J11.17; E154| Again they lament. O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem?  
 J11.18; E154| To protect the Emanations of Albions mighty ones from cruelty?  
 J11.19; E154| Sabrina & Ignoge begin to sharpen their beamy spears  
 J11.20; E154| Of light and love: their little children stand with arrows of gold:  
 J11.21; E154| Ragan is wholly cruel Scofield is bound in iron armour!  
 J11.22; E154| He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reubens gate:  
 J11.23; E154| He shoots beneath Jerusalems walls to undermine her foundations!  
 J11.24; E154| Vala is but they Shadow, O thou loveliest among women!  
 J11.25; E154| A shadow animated by thy tears O mournful Jerusalem!



J12.1; E155| Why wilt thou give to her a Body whose life is but a Shade?.  
 J12.2; E155| Her joy and love, a shade: a shade of sweet repose:  
 J12.3; E155| But animated and vegetated, she is a devouring worm:  
 J12.4; E155| What shall we do for thee O lovely mild Jerusalem?

J12.5; E155| And Los said. I behold the finger of God in terrors!  
 J12.6; E155| Albion is dead! his Emanation is divided from him!  
 J12.7; E155| But I am living! yet I feel my Emanation also dividing  
 J12.8; E155| Such thing was never known! O pity me, thou all-piteous-one!  
 J12.9; E155| What shall I do! or how exist, divided from Enitharmon?  
 J12.10; E155| Yet why despair! I saw the finger of God go forth  
 J12.11; E155| Upon my Furnaces, from within the Wheels of Albions Sons:  
 J12.12; E155| Fixing their Systems, permanent: by mathematic power  
 J12.13; E155| Giving a body to Falshood that it may be cast off for ever.  
 J12.14; E155| With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow!  
 J12.15; E155| God is within, & without! he is even in the depths of Hell!

J12.16; E155| Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces!

J12.17; E155| And they appeard within & without incircling on both sides  
 J12.18; E155| The Starry Wheels of Albions Sons, with Spaces for Jerusalem:  
 J12.19; E155| And for Vala the shadow of Jerusalem: the ever mourning shade:  
 J12.20; E155| On both sides, within & without beaming gloriously!

J12.21; E155| Terrified at the sublime Wonder, Los stood before his Furnaces.  
 J12.22; E155| And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erins Spaces  
 J12.23; E155| For the Spaces reachd fro the starry heighth, to the starry depth;  
 J12.24; E155| And they builded Golgonooza: terrible eternal labour!

J12.25; E155| What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place  
 J12.26; E155| Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburns fatal Tree? is that  
 J12.27; E155| Mild Zions hills most ancient promontory; near mournful  
 J12.28; E155| Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha?  
 J12.29; E155| Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!  
 J12.30; E155| The stones are pity, and the bricks, well wrought affections:  
 J12.31; E155| Enameld with love & kindness, & the tiles engraven gold  
 J12.32; E155| Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are forgiveness:  
 J12.33; E155| The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails,  
 J12.34; E155| And the screws & iron braces, are well wrought blandishments,  
 J12.35; E155| And well contrived words, firm fixing, never forgotten,  
 J12.36; E155| Always comforting the remembrance: the floors, humility,



J12.37; E155| The cielings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving:  
 J12.38; E155| Prepare the furniture O Lambeth in thy pitying looms!  
 J12.39; E155| The curtains, woven tears & sighs, wrought into lovely forms  
 J12.40; E155| For comfort. there the secret furniture of Jerusalems chamber  
 J12.41; E155| Is wrought: Lambeth! the Bride the Lambs Wife loveth thee:  
 J12.42; E155| Thou art one with her & knowest not of self in thy supreme joy.

J12.43; E156| Go on, builders in hope: tho Jerusalem wanders far away,  
 J12.44; E156| Without the gate of Los: among the dark Satanic wheels.

J12.45; E156| Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions: and fourfold,  
 J12.46; E156| The great City of Golgonooza: fourfold toward the north  
 J12.47; E156| And toward the south fourfold, & fourfold toward the east & west  
 J12.48; E156| Each within other toward the four points: that toward  
 J12.49; E156| Eden, and that toward the World of Generation,  
 J12.50; E156| And that toward Beulah, and that toward Ulro:  
 J12.51; E156| Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albions sons:  
 J12.52; E156| But that toward Eden is walled up, till time of renovation:  
 J12.53; E156| Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments & perfection.

J12.54; E156| And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity  
 J12.55; E156| West, the Circumference: South, the Zenith: North,  
 J12.56; E156| The Nadir: East, the Center, unapproachable for ever.  
 J12.57; E156| These are the four Faces towards the Four Worlds of Humanity  
 J12.58; E156| In every Man. Ezekiel saw them by Chebars flood.  
 J12.59; E156| And the Eyes are the South, and the Nostrils are the East.  
 J12.60; E156| And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.

J12.61; E156| And the North Gate of Golgonooza toward Generation;  
 J12.62; E156| Has four sculpturd Bulls terrible before the Gate of iron.  
 J12.63; E156| And iron, the Bulls: and that which looks toward Ulro,  
 J12.64; E156| Clay bak'd & enamel'd, eternal glowing as four furnaces:  
 J12.65; E156| Turning upon the Wheels of Albions sons with enormous power.  
 J12.66; E156| And that toward Beulah four, gold, silver, brass, & iron:

J13.1; E156| And that toward Eden, four, form'd of gold, silver, brass, & iron.

J13.2; E156| The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible, living!  
 J13.3; E156| That toward Generation, four, of iron carv'd wondrous:  
 J13.4; E156| That toward Ulro, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship  
 J13.5; E156| That toward Eden, four; immortal gold, silver, brass & iron.

J13.6; E156| The Western Gate fourfold, is closd: having four Cherubim  
J13.7; E156| Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task!  
J13.8; E156| Like Men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings  
J13.9; E156| That towards Generation, iron; that toward Beulah, stone;  
J13.10; E156| That toward Ulro, clay: that toward Eden, metals.  
J13.11; E156| But all clos'd up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their dead

J13.12; E156| The Eastern Gate, fourfold: terrible & deadly its ornaments:  
J13.13; E156| Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albions sons; as cogs  
J13.14; E156| Are formd in a wheel, to fit the cogs of the adverse wheel.

J13.15; E156| That toward Eden, eternal ice, frozen in seven folds  
J13.16; E156| Of forms of death: and that toward Beulah, stone:  
J13.17; E156| The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible.

J13.18; E157| And that toward Ulro, forms of war: seven enormities:  
J13.19; E157| And that toward Generation, seven generative forms.

J13.20; E157| And every part of the City is fourfold; & every inhabitant, fourfold.  
J13.21; E157| And every pot & vessel & garment & utensil of the houses,  
J13.22; E157| And every house, fourfold; but the third Gate in every one  
J13.23; E157| Is closd as with a threefold curtain of ivory & fine linen & ermine.  
J13.24; E157| And Luban stands in middle of the City. a moat of fire,  
J13.25; E157| Surrounds Luban, Los's Palace & the golden Looms of Cathedron.

J13.26; E157| And sixty-four thousand Genii, guard the Eastern Gate:  
J13.27; E157| And sixty-four thousand Gnomes, guard the Northern Gate:  
J13.28; E157| And sixty-four thousand Nymphs, guard the Western Gate:  
J13.29; E157| And sixty-four thousand Fairies, guard the Southern Gate:

J13.30; E157| Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal; a Land  
J13.31; E157| Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy:  
J13.32; E157| In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, numberd from Adam to Luther;  
J13.33; E157| From the blue Mundane Shell, reaching to the Vegetative Earth.

J13.34; E157| The Vegetative Universe, opens like a flower from the Earths center:  
J13.35; E157| In which is Eternity. It expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell  
J13.36; E157| And there it meets Eternity again, both within and without,  
J13.37; E157| And the abstract Voids between the Stars are the Satanic Wheels.

J13.38; E157| There is the Cave; the Rock; the Tree; the Lake of Udan Adan;  
J13.39; E157| The Forest, and the Marsh, and the Pits of bitumen deadly:  
J13.40; E157| The Rocks of solid fire: the Ice valleys: the Plains  
J13.41; E157| Of burning sand: the rivers, cataract & Lakes of Fire:  
J13.42; E157| The Islands of the fiery Lakes: the Trees of Malice: Revenge:  
J13.43; E157| And black Anxiety; and the Cities of the Salamandrine men:  
J13.44; E157| (But whatever is visible to the Generated Man,  
J13.45; E157| Is a Creation of mercy & love, from the Satanic Void.)  
J13.46; E157| The land of darkness flamed but no light, & no repose:  
J13.47; E157| The land of snows of trembling, & of iron hail incessant:  
J13.48; E157| The land of earthquakes: and the land of woven labyrinths:  
J13.49; E157| The land of snares & traps & wheels & pit-falls & dire mills:  
J13.50; E157| The Voids, the Solids, & the land of clouds & regions of waters:  
J13.51; E157| With their inhabitants: in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah:  
J13.52; E157| Self-righteousnesses conglomerating against the Divine Vision:  
J13.53; E157| A Concave Earth wondrous, Chasmal, Abyssal, Incoherent!  
J13.54; E157| Forming the Mundane Shell: above; beneath: on all sides surrounding  
J13.55; E157| Golgonooza: Los walks round the walls night and day.

J13.56; E157| He views the City of Golgonooza, & its smaller Cities:  
J13.57; E157| The Looms & Mills & Prisons & Work-houses of Og & Anak:  
J13.58; E157| The Amalekite: the Canaanite: the Moabite: the Egyptian:  
J13.59; E157| And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years:  
J13.60; E157| Permanent, & not lost not lost nor vanishd, & every little act,

J13.61; E158| Word, work, & wish, that has existed, all remaining still  
J13.62; E158| In those Churches ever consuming & ever building by the Spectres  
J13.63; E158| Of all the inhabitants of Earth wailing to be Created:  
J13.64; E158| Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, meer possibilities:  
J13.65; E158| But to those who enter into them they seem the only substances  
J13.66; E158| For every thing exists & not one sigh nor smile nor tear,

J14.1; E158| One hair nor particle of dust, not one can pass away.

J14.2; E158| He views the Cherub at the Tree of Life, also the Serpent,  
J14.3; E158| Orc the first born coild in the south: the Dragon Urizen:  
J14.4; E158| Tharmas the Vegetated Tongue even the Devouring Tongue:  
J14.5; E158| A threefold region, a false brain: a false heart:  
J14.6; E158| And false bowels: altogether composing the False Tongue,  
J14.7; E158| Beneath Beulah: as a watry flame revolving every way  
J14.8; E158| And as dark roots and stems: a Forest of affliction, growing  
J14.9; E158| In seas of sorrow. Los also views the Four Females:  
J14.10; E158| Ahania, and Enion, and Vala, and Enitharmon lovely.

J14.11; E158| And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion,  
J14.12; E158| Ahania & Enion & Vala, are three evanescent shades:  
J14.13; E158| Enitharmon is a vegetated mortal Wife of Los:  
J14.14; E158| His Emanation, yet his Wife till the sleep of death is past.

J14.15; E158| Such are the Buildings of Los! & such are the Woofs of Enitharmon!

J14.16; E158| And Los beheld his Sons, and he beheld his Daughters:  
J14.17; E158| Every one a translucent Wonder: a Universe within,  
J14.18; E158| Increasing inwards, into length and breadth, and heighth:  
J14.19; E158| Starry & glorious: and they every one in their bright loins:  
J14.20; E158| Have a beautiful golden gate which opens into the vegetative world:  
J14.21; E158| And every one a gate of rubies & all sorts of precious stones  
J14.22; E158| In their translucent hearts, which opens into the vegetative world:  
J14.23; E158| And every one a gate of iron dreadful and wonderful,  
J14.24; E158| In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world  
J14.25; E158| And every one has the three regions Childhood: Manhood: & Age:  
J14.26; E158| But the gate of the tongue: the western gate in them is clos'd,  
J14.27; E158| Having a wall builded against it: and thereby the gates  
J14.28; E158| Eastward & Southward & Northward, are incircled with flaming fires.  
J14.29; E158| And the North is Breadth, the South is Heighth & Depth:  
J14.30; E158| The East is Inwards: & the West is Outwards every way.

J14.31; E158| And Los beheld the mild Emanation Jerusalem eastward bending  
J14.32; E158| Her revolutions toward the Starry Wheels in maternal anguish  
J14.33; E158| Like a pale cloud arising from the arms of Beulahs Daughters:  
J14.34; E158| In Entuthon Benythons deep Vales beneath Golgonooza. *t265*

J15.1; E158| And Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre  
J15.2; E158| Of strong revenge & Skofeld Vegetated by Reubens Gate

J15.3; E159| In every Nation of the Earth till the Twelve Sons of Albion  
J15.4; E159| Enrooted into every Nation: a mighty Polypus growing  
J15.5; E159| From Albion over the whole Earth: such is my awful Vision.

J15.6; E159| I see the Four-fold Man. The Humanity in deadly sleep  
J15.7; E159| And its fallen Emanation. The Spectre & its cruel Shadow.  
J15.8; E159| I see the Past, Present & Future, existing all at once  
J15.9; E159| Before me; O Divine Spirit sustain me on thy wings!  
J15.10; E159| That I may awake Albion from his long & cold repose.  
J15.11; E159| For Bacon & Newton sheathd in dismal steel, their terrors hang  
J15.12; E159| Like iron scourges over Albion, Reasonings like vast Serpents

J15.13; E159	Infold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations
J15.14; E159	I turn my eyes to the Schools & Universities of Europe
J15.15; E159	And there behold the Loom of Locke whose Woof rages dire
J15.16; E159	Washd by the Water-wheels of Newton. black the cloth
J15.17; E159	In heavy wreathes folds over every Nation; cruel Works
J15.18; E159	Of many Wheels I view, wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic
J15.19; E159	Moving by compulsion each other: not as those in Eden: which
J15.20; E159	Wheel within Wheel in freedom revolve in harmony & peace.
J15.21; E159	I see in deadly fear in London Los raging round his Anvil
J15.22; E159	Of death: forming an Ax of gold: the Four Sons of Los
J15.23; E159	Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albions hills
J15.24; E159	That Albions Sons may roll apart over the Nations
J15.25; E159	While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite
J15.26; E159	From the Limit Noah to the Limit Abram in whose Loins
J15.27; E159	Reuben in his Twelve-fold majesty & beauty shall take refuge
J15.28; E159	As Abraham flees from Chaldea shaking his goary locks
J15.29; E159	But first Albion must sleep, divided from the Nations
J15.30; E159	I see Albion sitting upon his Rock in the first Winter
J15.31; E159	And thence I see the Chaos of Satan & the World of Adam
J15.32; E159	When the Divine Hand went forth on Albion in the mid Winter
J15.33; E159	And at the place of Death when Albion sat in Eternal Death
J15.34; E159	Among the Furnaces of Los in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom
J16.1; E159	Hampstead Highgate Finchley Hendon Muswell hill: rage loud
J16.2; E159	Before Bromions iron Tongs & glowing Poker reddening fierce
J16.3; E159	Hertfordshire glows with fierce Vegetation! in the Forests
J16.4; E159	The Oak frowns terrible, the Beech & Ash & Elm enroot
J16.5; E159	Among the Spiritual fires; loud the Corn fields thunder along
J16.6; E159	The Soldiers fife; the Harlots shriek; the Virgins dismal groan
J16.7; E159	The Parents fear: the Brothers jealousy: the Sisters curse
J16.8; E159	Beneath the Storms of Theotormon & the thundring Bellows
J16.9; E159	Heaves in the hand of Palamabron who in Londons darkness
J16.10; E159	Before the Anvil, watches the bellowing flames: thundering
J16.11; E159	The Hammer loud rages in Rintrahs strong grasp swinging loud
J16.12; E160	Round from heaven to earth down falling with heavy blow
J16.13; E160	Dead on the Anvil, where the red hot wedge groans in pain
J16.14; E160	He quenches it in the black trough of his Forge; Londons River
J16.15; E160	Feeds the dread Forge, trembling & shuddering along the Valleys



J16.16; E160| Humber & Trent roll dreadful before the Seventh Furnace  
J16.17; E160| And Tweed & Tyne anxious give up their Souls for Albions sake  
J16.18; E160| Lincolnshire Derbyshire Nottinghamshire Leicestershire  
J16.19; E160| From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Adan  
J16.20; E160| Labour within the Furnaces, walking among the Fires  
J16.21; E160| With Ladles huge & iron Pokers over the Island white.

J16.22; E160| Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces  
J16.23; E160| Wales gives his Daughters to the Looms; England: nursing Mothers  
J16.24; E160| Gives to the Children of Albion & to the Children of Jerusalem  
J16.25; E160| From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation  
J16.26; E160| Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be deliverd.  
J16.27; E160| Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

J16.28; E160| Here Los fixd down the Fifty-two Counties of England & Wales  
J16.29; E160| The Thirty-six of Scotland, & the Thirty-four of Ireland  
J16.30; E160| With mighty power, when they fled out at Jerusalems Gates  
J16.31; E160| Away from the Conflict of Luvah & Urizen, fixing the Gates  
J16.32; E160| In the Twelve Counties of Wales & thence Gates looking every way  
J16.33; E160| To the Four Points: conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland  
J16.34; E160| And thence to all the Kingdoms & Nations & Families of the Earth  
J16.35; E160| The Gate of Reuben in Carmarthenshire: the Gate of Simeon in  
J16.36; E160| Cardiganshire: & the Gate of Levi in Montgomeryshire  
J16.37; E160| The Gate of Judah Merionethshire: the Gate of Dan Flintshire  
J16.38; E160| The Gate of Napthali, Radnorshire: the Gate of Gad Pembrokeshire  
J16.39; E160| The Gate of Asher, Carnarvonshire the Gate of Issachar Brecknokshire  
J16.40; E160| The Gate of Zebulun, in Anglesea & Sodor. so is Wales divided.  
J16.41; E160| The Gate of Joseph, Denbighshire: the Gate of Benjamin Glamorganshire  
J16.42; E160| For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons

J16.43; E160| And the Forty Counties of England are thus divided in the Gates  
J16.44; E160| Of Reuben Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex. Simeon Lincoln, York Lancashire  
J16.45; E160| Levi. Middlesex Kent Surrey. Judah Somerset Glouster Wiltshire.  
J16.46; E160| Dan. Cornwall Devon Dorset, Napthali, Warwick Leicester Worcester  
J16.47; E160| Gad. Oxford Bucks Harford. Asher, Sussex Hampshire Berkshire  
J16.48; E160| Issachar, Northampton Rutland Nottgham. Zebulun Bedford Huntgn Camb  
J16.49; E160| Joseph Stafford Shrops Heref. Benjamin, Derby Cheshire Monmouth  
J16.50; E160| And Cumberland Northumberland Westmoreland & Durham are  
J16.51; E160| Divided in the Gates of Reuben, Judah Dan & Joseph

J16.52; E160| And the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland, divided in the Gates  
J16.53; E160| Of Reuben Kincard Haddntn Forfar, Simeon Ayr Argyll Banff



J16.54; E161| Levi Edinburgh Roxbro Ross. Judah, Aberdeen Berwick Dumfries  
J16.55; E161| Dan Bute Cairnes Clackmannan. Napthali Nairn Inverness Linlithgo  
J16.56; E161| Gad Peebles Perth Renfrew. Asher Sutherland Sterling Wigtown  
J16.57; E161| Issachar Selkirk Dumbarton Glasgow. Zebulun Orkney Shetland Skye  
J16.58; E161| Joseph Elgin Lanark Kinross. Benjamin Cromarty Murray Kirkcubright  
J16.59; E161| Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances  
J16.60; E161| In Enitharmon's Halls builded by Los & his mighty Children

J16.61; E161| All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of  
J16.62; E161| Los's Halls & every Age renews its powers from these Works  
J16.63; E161| With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or  
J16.64; E161| Wayward Love & every sorrow & distress is carved here  
J16.65; E161| Every Affinity of Parents Marriages & Friendships are here  
J16.66; E161| In all their various combinations wrought with wondrous Art  
J16.67; E161| All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage of seventy years  
J16.68; E161| Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb & Sinai:  
J16.69; E161| And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet & Calvary:

J17.1; E161| His Spectre divides & Los in fury compels it to divide:  
J17.2; E161| To labour in the fire, in the water, in the earth, in the air,  
J17.3; E161| To follow the Daughters of Albion as the hound follows the scent  
J17.4; E161| Of the wild inhabitant of the forest, to drive them from his own:  
J17.5; E161| To make a way for the Children of Los to come from the Furnaces  
J17.6; E161| But Los himself against Albion's Sons his fury bends, for he  
J17.7; E161| Dare not approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed  
J17.8; E161| In the fires of their beauty & perfection & be Vegetated beneath  
J17.9; E161| Their Looms, in a Generation of death & resurrection to forgetfulness  
J17.10; E161| They woo Los continually to subdue his strength: he continually  
J17.11; E161| Shews them his Spectre: sending him abroad over the four points of heaven  
J17.12; E161| In the fierce desires of beauty & in the tortures of repulse! He is  
J17.13; E161| The Spectre of the Living pursuing the Emanations of the Dead.  
J17.14; E161| Shuddering they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity:  
J17.15; E161| Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by undisguised desire.

J17.16; E161| For Los said: Tho my Spectre is divided: as I am a Living Man  
J17.17; E161| I must compel him to obey me wholly: that Enitharmon may not  
J17.18; E161| Be lost: & lest he should devour Enitharmon: Ah me!  
J17.19; E161| Piteous image of my soft desires & loves: O Enitharmon!  
J17.20; E161| I will compel my Spectre to obey: I will restore to thee thy Children.  
J17.21; E161| No one bruises or starves himself to make himself fit for labour! *1266*

J17.22; E161| Tormented with sweet desire for these beauties of Albion

J17.23; E161| They would never love my power if they did not seek to destroy  
J17.24; E161| Enitharmon: Vala would never have sought & loved Albion  
J17.25; E161| If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem; such is that false  
J17.26; E161| And Generating Love: a pretence of love to destroy love:

J17.27; E162| Cruel hipocrisy unlike the lovely delusions of Beulah:  
J17.28; E162| And cruel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulahs Night

J17.29; E162| They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken & die  
J17.30; E162| Calling that Holy Love: which is Envy Revenge & Cruelty  
J17.31; E162| Which separated the stars from the mountains: the mountains from Man  
J17.32; E162| And left Man, a little grovelling Root, outside of Himself.  
J17.33; E162| Negations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist:  
J17.34; E162| But Negations Exist Not: Exceptions & Objections & Unbeliefs  
J17.35; E162| Exist not: nor shall they ever be Organized for ever & ever:  
J17.36; E162| If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation: a meer  
J17.37; E162| Reasoning & Derogation from Me, an Objecting & cruel Spite  
J17.38; E162| And Malice & Envy: but my Emanation, Alas! will become  
J17.39; E162| My Contrary: O thou Negation, I will continually compell  
J17.40; E162| Thee to be invisible to any but whom I please, & when  
J17.41; E162| And where & how I please, and never! never! shalt thou be Organized  
J17.42; E162| But as a distorted & reversed Reflexion in the Darkness  
J17.43; E162| And in the Non Entity: nor shall that which is above  
J17.44; E162| Ever descend into thee: but thou shalt be a Non Entity for ever  
J17.45; E162| And if any enter into thee, thou shalt be an Unquenchable Fire  
J17.46; E162| And he shall be a never dying Worm, mutually tormented by  
J17.47; E162| Those that thou tormentest, a Hell & Despair for ever & ever.

J17.48; E162| So Los in secret with himself communed & Enitharmon heard  
J17.49; E162| In her darkness & was comforted: yet still she divided away  
J17.50; E162| In gnawing pain from Los's bosom in the deadly Night;  
J17.51; E162| First as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his bosom[.]  
J17.52; E162| Suspended over her he hung: he infolded her in his garments  
J17.53; E162| Of wool: he hid her from the Spectre, in shame & confusion of  
J17.54; E162| Face; in terrors & pains of Hell & Eternal Death, the  
J17.55; E162| Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living & Los howld over it:  
J17.56; E162| Feeding it with his groans & tears day & night without ceasing:  
J17.57; E162| And the Spectrous Darkness from his back divided in temptations,  
J17.58; E162| And in grinding agonies in threats! stiflings! & direful strugglings.

J17.59; E162| Go thou to Skofield: ask him if he is Bath or if he is Canterbury  
J17.60; E162| Tell him to be no more dubious: demand explicit words  
J17.61; E162| Tell him: I will dash him into shivers, where & at what time

J17.62; E162|

I please: tell Hand & Skofield they are my ministers of evil

J17.63; E162|

To those I hate: for I can hate also as well as they!

J18.1; E162|

From every-one of the Four Regions of Human Majesty,

J18.2; E162|

There is an Outside spread Without, & an Outside spread Within

J18.3; E162|

Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways, which meet in One:

J18.4; E162|

An orb'd Void of doubt, despair, hunger, & thirst & sorrow.

J18.5; E162|

Here the Twelve Sons of Albion, join'd in dark Assembly,

J18.6; E163|

Jealous of Jerusalems children, asham'd of her little-ones

J18.7; E163|

(For Vala produc'd the Bodies. Jerusalem gave the Souls)

J18.8; E163|

Became as Three Immense Wheels, turning upon one-another

J18.9; E163|

Into Non-Entity, and their thunders hoarse appall the Dead

J18.10; E163|

To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead

J18.11; E163|

Cast! Cast ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusions!

J18.12; E163|

The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness

J18.13; E163|

Our Father Albions sin and shame! But father now no more!

J18.14; E163|

Nor sons! nor hateful peace & love, nor soft complacencies

J18.15; E163|

With transgressors meeting in brotherhood around the table,

J18.16; E163|

Or in the porch or garden. No more the sinful delights

J18.17; E163|

Of age and youth and boy and girl and animal and herb,

J18.18; E163|

And river and mountain, and city & village, and house & family.

J18.19; E163|

Beneath the Oak & Palm, beneath the Vine and Fig-tree.

J18.20; E163|

In self-denial!--But War and deadly contention, Between

J18.21; E163|

Father and Son, and light and love! All bold asperities

J18.22; E163|

Of Haters met in deadly strife, rending the house & garden

J18.23; E163|

The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds

J18.24; E163|

And chambers of trembling & suspicion, hatreds of age & youth

J18.25; E163|

And boy & girl, & animal & herb, & river & mountain

J18.26; E163|

And city & village, and house & family. That the Perfect,

J18.27; E163|

May live in glory, redeem'd by Sacrifice of the Lamb

J18.28; E163|

And of his children, before sinful Jerusalem. To build

J18.29; E163|

Babylon the City of Vala, the Goddess Virgin-Mother.

J18.30; E163|

She is our Mother! Nature! Jerusalem is our Harlot-Sister

J18.31; E163|

Return'd with Children of pollution, to defile our House,

J18.32; E163|

With Sin and Shame. Cast! Cast her into the Potters field.

J18.33; E163|

Her little-ones, She must slay upon our Altars: and her aged

J18.34; E163|

Parents must be carried into captivity, to redeem her Soul

J18.35; E163|

To be for a Shame & a Curse, and to be our Slaves for ever

J18.36; E163|

So cry Hand & Hyle the eldest of the fathers of Albions *t267*

J18.37; E163|

Little-ones; to destroy the Divine Saviour; the Friend of Sinners,

J18.38; E163| Building Castles in desolated places, and strong Fortifications.  
J18.39; E163| Soon Hand mightily devour'd & absorb'd Albions Twelve Sons.  
J18.40; E163| Out from his bosom a mighty Polypus, vegetating in darkness,  
J18.41; E163| And Hyle & Coban were his two chosen ones, for Emissaries  
J18.42; E163| In War: forth from his bosom they went and return'd.  
J18.43; E163| Like Wheels from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep.  
J18.44; E163| Hoarse turn'd the Starry Wheels, rending a way in Albions Loins  
J18.45; E163| Beyond the Night of Beulah. In a dark & unknown Night,  
J18.46; E163| Outstretch'd his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears:

J19.1; E163| His Children exil'd from his breast pass to and fro before him  
J19.2; E163| His birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches

J19.3; E164| His tents are fall'n! his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp  
J19.4; E164| Are silent on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms & fire.  
J19.5; E164| His milk of Cows, & honey of Bees, & fruit of golden harvest,  
J19.6; E164| Is gather'd in the scorching heat, & in the driving rain:  
J19.7; E164| Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain:  
J19.8; E164| His giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust:  
J19.9; E164| Till from within his witherd breast grown narrow with his woes:  
J19.10; E164| The corn is turn'd to thistles & the apples into poison:  
J19.11; E164| The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans!  
J19.12; E164| The voices of children in his tents, to cries of helpless infants!  
J19.13; E164| And self-exiled from the face of light & shine of morning,  
J19.14; E164| In the dark world a narrow house! he wanders up and down,  
J19.15; E164| Seeking for rest and finding none! and hidden far within,  
J19.16; E164| His Eon weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

J19.17; E164| All his Affections now appear withoutside: all his Sons,  
J19.18; E164| Hand, Hyle & Coban, Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton,  
J19.19; E164| Scofeld, Kox, Kotope & Bowen; his Twelve Sons: Satanic Mill!  
J19.20; E164| Who are the Spectres of the Twentyfour, each Double-form'd:  
J19.21; E164| Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain: beneath  
J19.22; E164| The dark incessant sky, seeking for rest and finding none:  
J19.23; E164| Raging against their Human natures, ravning to gormandize  
J19.24; E164| The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentyfour.  
J19.25; E164| Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence  
J19.26; E164| Suspition & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul  
J19.27; E164| Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud[.]  
J19.28; E164| Willing the Friends endur'd, for Albions sake, and for  
J19.29; E164| Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom;  
J19.30; E164| Which hardend against them more and more; as he builded onwards  
J19.31; E164| On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that roll'd  
J19.32; E164| Before his awful feet, in pride of virtue for victory:

J19.33; E164| And Los was roofd in from Eternity in Albions Cliffs  
J19.34; E164| Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all  
J19.35; E164| Appear'd a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

J19.36; E164| Albions Circumference was clos'd: his Center began darkning  
J19.37; E164| Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose  
J19.38; E164| Clouded with storms: Los his strong Guard walkd round beneath the Moon  
J19.39; E164| And Albion flee inward among the currents of his rivers.

J19.40; E164| He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City soft repos'd  
J19.41; E164| In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala  
J19.42; E164| The Lilly of Havilah: and they sang soft thro' Lambeths vales,  
J19.43; E164| In a sweet moony night & silence that they had created  
J19.44; E164| With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moon,  
J19.45; E164| Dividing & uniting into many female forms: Jerusalem

J19.46; E165| Trembling! then in one comingling in eternal tears,  
J19.47; E165| Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.

J20.1; E165| But when they saw Albion fall'n upon mild Lambeths vale:  
J20.2; E165| Astonish'd! Terrified! they hover'd over his Giant limbs.  
J20.3; E165| Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears:  
J20.4; E165| Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair.

J20.5; E165| Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life  
J20.6; E165| And clos'd up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence:  
J20.7; E165| Where we live, forgetting error, not pondering on evil:  
J20.8; E165| Among my lambs & brooks of water, among my warbling birds:  
J20.9; E165| Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb:  
J20.10; E165| Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection.

J20.11; E165| Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil.

J20.12; E165| When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls:  
J20.13; E165| Upon the ways of men hiding the paths of man and beast,  
J20.14; E165| Then mourns the wanderer: then he repents his wanderings & eyes  
J20.15; E165| The distant forest; then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone.  
J20.16; E165| The captive in the mill of the stranger, sold for scanty hire.  
J20.17; E165| They view their former life: they number moments over and over;  
J20.18; E165| Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.  
J20.19; E165| Thou art my sister and my daughter! thy shame is mine also!



J20.20; E165| Ask me not of my griefs! thou knowest all my griefs.

J20.21; E165| Jerusalem answer'd with soft tears over the valleys.

J20.22; E165| O Vala what is Sin? that thou shudderest and weepst  
J20.23; E165| At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem! What is Sin but a little  
J20.24; E165| Error & fault that is soon forgiven; but mercy is not a Sin  
J20.25; E165| Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness! O! if I have Sinned  
J20.26; E165| Forgive & pity me! O! unfold thy Veil in mercy & love!  
J20.27; E165| Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon  
J20.28; E165| Slay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab  
J20.29; E165| I cannot put off the human form I strive but strive in vain  
J20.30; E165| When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine;  
J20.31; E165| Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands  
J20.32; E165| Of love; thou refusedst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty  
J20.33; E165| Beautiful thro' our Love's comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.  
J20.34; E165| The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion,  
J20.35; E165| Because it inclosd pity & love; because we lov'd one-another!  
J20.36; E165| Albion lov'd thee! he rent thy Veil! he embrac'd thee! he lov'd thee!  
J20.37; E165| Astonish'd at his beauty & perfection, thou forgavest his furious love:  
J20.38; E165| I redounded from Albions bosom in my virgin loveliness.  
J20.39; E165| The Lamb of God reciev'd me in his arms he smil'd upon us:

J20.40; E166| He made me his Bride & Wife: he gave thee to Albion.  
J20.41; E166| Then was a time of love: O why is it passed away!

J20.42; E166| Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd

J21.1; E166| O Vala! O Jerusalem! do you delight in my groans  
J21.2; E166| You O lovely forms, you have prepared my death-cup:  
J21.3; E166| The disease of Shame covers me from head to feet: I have no hope  
J21.4; E166| Every boil upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin.  
J21.5; E166| Doubt first assaild me, then Shame took possession of me  
J21.6; E166| Shame divides Families. Shame hath divided Albion in sunder!  
J21.7; E166| First fled my Sons, & then my Daughters, then my Wild Animations  
J21.8; E166| My Cattle next, last ev'n the Dog of my Gate. the Forests fled  
J21.9; E166| The Corn-fields, & the breathing Gardens outside separated  
J21.10; E166| The Sea; the Stars: the Sun: the Moon: drivn forth by my disease  
J21.11; E166| All is Eternal Death unless you can weave a chaste  
J21.12; E166| Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure!  
J21.13; E166| That the deep wound of Sin might be clos'd up with the Needle,  
J21.14; E166| And with the Loom: to cover Gwendolen & Ragan with costly Robes



J21.15; E166| Of Natural Virtue, for their Spiritual forms without a Veil  
 J21.16; E166| Wither in Luvahs Sepulcher. I thrust him from my presence  
 J21.17; E166| And all my Children followd his loud howlings into the Deep.  
 J21.18; E166| Jerusalem! dissembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom:  
 J21.19; E166| I discover thy secret places: Cordella! I behold  
 J21.20; E166| Thee whom I thought pure as the heavens in innocence & fear:  
 J21.21; E166| Thy Tabernacle taken down, thy secret Cherubim disclosed  
 J21.22; E166| Art thou broken? Ah me Sabrina, running by my side:  
 J21.23; E166| In childhood what wert thou? unutterable anguish! Conwenna  
 J21.24; E166| Thy cradled infancy is most piteous. O hide, O hide!  
 J21.25; E166| Their secret gardens were made paths to the traveller:  
 J21.26; E166| I knew not of their secret loves with those I hated most,  
 J21.27; E166| Nor that their every thought was Sin & secret appetite  
 J21.28; E166| Hyle sees in fear, he howls in fury over them, Hand sees  
 J21.29; E166| In jealous fear: in stern accusation with cruel stripes  
 J21.30; E166| He drives them thro' the Streets of Babylon before my face:  
 J21.31; E166| Because they taught Luvah to rise into my clouded heavens  
 J21.32; E166| Battersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen!  
 J21.33; E166| Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild & Ignoge!  
 J21.34; E166| Because the Peak, Malvern & Cheviot Reason in Cruelty  
 J21.35; E166| Penmaenmawr & Dhinas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelief  
 J21.36; E166| Manchester & Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt & Despair  
 J21.37; E166| Malden & Colchester Demonstrate: I hear my Childrens voices *t268*  
 J21.38; E166| I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds  
 J21.39; E166| From Lincoln & Norwich, from Edinburgh & Monmouth:  
 J21.40; E166| I see them distant from my bosom scoured along the roads  
 J21.41; E166| Then lost in clouds; I hear their tender voices! clouds divide

J21.42; E167| I see them die beneath the whips of the Captains! they are taken  
 J21.43; E167| In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the bredths of Europe  
 J21.44; E167| Six months they lie embalmd in Silent death: warshipped *t269*  
 J21.45; E167| Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring  
 J21.46; E167| Bursting their Arks they rise again to life: they play before  
 J21.47; E167| The Armies: I hear their loud cymbals & their deadly cries  
 J21.48; E167| Are the Dead cruel? are those who are infolded in moral Law  
 J21.49; E167| Revengeful? O that Death & Annihilation were the same!  
 J21.50; E167| Then Vala answerd spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion

J22.1; E167| Albion thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surrounded me  
 J22.2; E167| Thy Sons have naild me on the Gates piercing my hands & feet:  
 J22.3; E167| Till Skofields Nimrod the mighty Huntsman Jehovah came,  
 J22.4; E167| With Cush his Son & took me down. He in a golden Ark,  
 J22.5; E167| Bears me before his Armies tho my shadow hovers here  
 J22.6; E167| The flesh of multitudes fed & nouris[h]d me in my childhood

J22.7; E167| My morn & evening food were prepard in Battles of Men  
J22.8; E167| Great is the cry of the Hounds of Nimrod along the Valley  
J22.9; E167| Of Vision, they scent the odor of War in the Valley of Vision.  
J22.10; E167| All Love is lost! terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love <sup>t270</sup>  
J22.11; E167| And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty  
J22.12; E167| Once thou wast to me the loveliest Son of heaven; but now  
J22.13; E167| Where shall I hide from thy dread countenance & searching eyes  
J22.14; E167| I have looked into the secret Soul of him I loved  
J22.15; E167| And in the dark recesses found Sin & can never return.

J22.16; E167| Albion again utterd his voice beneath the silent Moon

J22.17; E167| I brought Love into light of day to pride in chaste beauty  
J22.18; E167| I brought Love into light & fancied Innocence is no more

J22.19; E167| Then spoke Jerusalem O Albion! my Father Albion  
J22.20; E167| Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my Soul  
J22.21; E167| Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of flax to dry?  
J22.22; E167| The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy  
J22.23; E167| Horrible hast & deadly! nought shalt thou find in it  
J22.24; E167| But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy!

J22.25; E167| Then Albion turnd his face toward Jerusalem & spoke

J22.26; E167| Hide thou Jerusalem in impalpable voidness, not to be  
J22.27; E167| Touchd by the hand nor seen with the eye: O Jerusalem  
J22.28; E167| Would thou wert not & that thy place might never be found  
J22.29; E167| But come O Vala with knife & cup: drain my blood  
J22.30; E167| To the last drop! then hide me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle

ED; E167| 21:44 warshipped] perhaps a scribal error for "worshipped"; but see textual  
ED; E167| note.

J22.31; E168| For I see Luvah whom I slew. I behold him in my Spectre  
J22.32; E168| As I behold Jerusalem in thee O Vala dark and cold

J22.33; E168| Jerusalem then stretchd her hand toward the Moon & spoke

J22.34; E168| Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War  
J22.35; E168| When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim

J22.36; E168| Loud groand Albion from mountain to mountain & replied

J23.1; E168| Jerusalem! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion!  
J23.2; E168| Daughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albions curse!  
J23.3; E168| I came here with intention to annihilate thee! But  
J23.4; E168| My soul is melted away, inwoven within the Veil  
J23.5; E168| Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee  
J23.6; E168| Pitying rent in ancient times. I see it whole and more  
J23.7; E168| Perfect, and shining with beauty! But thou! O wretched Father! *t271*

J23.8; E168| Jerusalem reply'd, like a voice heard from a sepulcher:  
J23.9; E168| Father! once piteous! Is Pity. a Sin? Embalm'd in Vala's bosom  
J23.10; E168| In an Eternal Death for. Albions sake, our best beloved.  
J23.11; E168| Thou art my Father & my Brother: Why hast thou hidden me,  
J23.12; E168| Remote from the divine Vision: my Lord and Saviour.

J23.13; E168| Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair:  
J23.14; E168| He felt that Love and Pity are the same; a soft repose!  
J23.15; E168| Inward complacency of Soul: a Self-annihilation!

J23.16; E168| I have erred! I am ashamed! and will never return more:  
J23.17; E168| I have taught my children sacrifices of cruelty: what shall I answer?  
J23.18; E168| I will hide it from Eternals! I will give myself for my Children!  
J23.19; E168| Which way soever I turn, I behold Humanity and Pity!

J23.20; E168| He recoil'd: he rush'd outwards; he bore the Veil whole away  
J23.21; E168| His fires redound from his Dragon Altars in Errors returning.  
J23.22; E168| He drew the Veil of Moral Virtue, woven for Cruel Laws,  
J23.23; E168| And cast it into the Atlantic Deep, to catch the Souls of the Dead.  
J23.24; E168| He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping  
J23.25; E168| Which stand upon the edge of Beulah; and there Albion sunk  
J23.26; E168| Down in sick pallid languor! These were his last words, relapsing!  
J23.27; E168| Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales  
J23.28; E168| And Scotland, utter'd from the Circumference into Eternity.

J23.29; E168| Blasphemous Sons of Feminine delusion! God in the dreary Void  
J23.30; E168| Dwells from Eternity, wide separated from the Human Soul  
J23.31; E168| But thou deluding Image by whom imbu'd the Veil I rent  
J23.32; E168| Lo here is Valas Veil whole, for a Law, a Terror & a Curse!  
J23.33; E168| And therefore God takes vengeance on me: from my clay-cold bosom

J23.34; E168|

My children wander trembling victims of his Moral Justice.

J23.35; E169|

His snows fall on me and cover me, while in the Veil I fold

J23.36; E169|

My dying limbs. Therefore O Manhood, if thou art aught

J23.37; E169|

But a meer Phantasy, hear dying Albions Curse!

J23.38; E169|

May God who dwells in this dark Ulro & voidness, vengeance take,

J23.39; E169|

And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture,

J23.40; E169|

Like me thy Victim. O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

J24.1; E169|

What have I said? What have I done? O all-powerful Human Words!

J24.2; E169|

You recoil back upon me in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children.

J24.3; E169|

Two bleeding Contraries equally true, are his Witnesses against me

J24.4; E169|

We reared mighty Stones: we danced naked around them:

J24.5; E169|

Thinking to bring Love into light of day, to Jerusalems shame:

J24.6; E169|

Displaying our Giant limbs to all the winds of heaven! Sudden

J24.7; E169|

Shame siezd us, we could not look on one-another for abhorrence: the Blue

J24.8; E169|

Of our immortal Veins & all their Hosts fled from our Limbs,

J24.9; E169|

And wanderd distant in a dismal Night clouded & dark:

J24.10; E169|

The Sun fled from the Britons forehead: the Moon from his mighty loins:

J24.11; E169|

Scandinavia fled with all his mountains filld with groans.

J24.12; E169|

O what is Life & what is Man. O what is Death? Wherefore

J24.13; E169|

Are you my Children, natives in the Grave to where I go

J24.14; E169|

Or are you born to feed the hungry ravenings of Destruction

J24.15; E169|

To be the sport of Accident! to waste in Wrath & Love, a weary

J24.16; E169|

Life, in brooding cares & anxious labours, that prove but chaff.

J24.17; E169|

O Jerusalem Jerusalem I have forsaken thy Courts

J24.18; E169|

Thy Pillars of ivory & gold: thy Curtains of silk & fine

J24.19; E169|

Linen: thy Pavements of precious stones: thy Walls of pearl

J24.20; E169|

And gold, thy Gates of Thanksgiving thy Windows of Praise:

J24.21; E169|

Thy Clouds of Blessing; thy Cherubims of Tender-mercy

J24.22; E169|

Stretching their Wings sublime over the Little-ones of Albion

J24.23; E169|

O Human Imagination O Divine Body I have Crucified

J24.24; E169|

I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law:

J24.25; E169|

There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation.

J24.26; E169|

O Babylon thy Watchman stands over thee in the night

J24.27; E169|

Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee O Babylon

J24.28; E169|

With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy hearts desire.

J24.29; E169|

But Albion is cast forth to the Potter his Children to the Builders

J24.30; E169|

To build Babylon because they have forsaken Jerusalem

J24.31; E169|

The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men: her Gates the Groans

J24.32; E169|

Of Nations: her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families.

J24.33; E169|

Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with Death

J24.34; E169|

Her Palaces with Hell & the Grave; her Synagogues with Torments

J24.35; E169|

Of ever-hardening Despair squard & polishd with cruel skill

J24.36; E170|

Yet thou wast lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills

J24.37; E170|

When Jerusalem was thy hearts desire in times of youth & love.

J24.38; E170|

Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts, she sent them away

J24.39; E170|

With blessings on their hands & on their feet, blessings of gold,

J24.40; E170|

And pearl & diamond: thy Daughters sang in her Courts:

J24.41; E170|

They came up to Jerusalem; they walked before Albion

J24.42; E170|

In the Exchanges of London every Nation walkd

J24.43; E170|

And London walkd in every Nation mutual in love & harmony

J24.44; E170|

Albion coverd the whole Earth, England encompassd the Nations,

J24.45; E170|

Mutual each within others bosom in Visions of Regeneration;

J24.46; E170|

Jerusalem coverd the Atlantic Mountains & the Erythrean,

J24.47; E170|

From bright Japan & China to Hesperia France & England.

J24.48; E170|

Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven:

J24.49; E170|

And the Mount of Olives was beheld over the whole Earth:

J24.50; E170|

The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there: but now no more

J24.51; E170|

No more shall I behold him, he is closd in Luvahs Sepulcher.

J24.52; E170|

Yet why these smittings of Luvah, the gentlest mildest Zoa?

J24.53; E170|

If God was Merciful this could not be: O Lamb of God

J24.54; E170|

Thou art a delusion and Jerusalem is my Sin! O my Children

J24.55; E170|

I have educated you in the crucifying cruelties of Demonstration

J24.56; E170|

Till you have assum'd the Providence of God & slain your Father

J24.57; E170|

Dost thou appear before me who liest dead in Luvahs Sepulcher

J24.58; E170|

Dost thou forgive me! thou who wast Dead & art Alive? <sup>t272</sup>

J24.59; E170|

Look not so Merciful upon me O thou Slain Lamb of God

J24.60; E170|

I die! I die in thy arms tho Hope is banishd from me. <sup>t273</sup>

J24.61; E170|

Thundring the Veil rushes from his hand Vegetating Knot by

J24.62; E170|

Knot, Day by Day, Night by Night; loud roll the indignant Atlantic

J24.63; E170|

Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deeps

J25.1; E170|

And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah: all the Regions

J25.2; E170|

Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved: & they said:

J25.3; E170|

Why did you take Vengeance O ye Sons of the mighty Albion?

J25.4; E170|

Planting these Oaken Groves: Erecting these Dragon Temples

J25.5; E170|

Injury the Lord heals but Vengeance cannot be healed:

J25.6; E170|

As the Sons of Albion have done to Luvah: so they have in him

J25.7; E170|

Done to the Divine Lord & Saviour, who suffers with those that suffer:

J25.8; E170|

For not one sparrow can suffer, & the whole Universe not suffer also,

J25.9; E170|

In all its Regions, & its Father & Saviour not pity and weep.

J25.10; E170|

But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace & Repentance in the bosom



J25.11; E170| Of the Injurer: in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain:  
J25.12; E170| Descend O Lamb of God & take away the imputation of Sin  
J25.13; E170| By the Creation of States & the deliverance of Individuals Evermore Amen

J25.14; E171| Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion  
J25.15; E171| But many doubted & despaired & imputed Sin & Righteousness  
J25.16; E171| To Individuals & not to States, and these Slept in Ulro.

J26; E171| SUCH VISIONS HAVE APPEARED TO ME  
J26; E171| AS I MY ORDERD RACE HAVE RUN  
J26; E171| JERUSALEM IS NAMED LIBERTY  
J26; E171| AMONG THE SONS OF ALBION

J27; E171| To the Jews.

J27prose; E171| Jerusalem the Emanation of the Giant Albion! Can it be? Is it a  
J27prose; E171| Truth that the Learned have explored? Was Britain the Primitive  
J27prose; E171| Seat of the Patriarchal Religion? If it is true: my title-page is  
J27prose; E171| also True, that Jerusalem was & is the Emanation of the Giant  
J27prose; E171| Albion. It is True, and cannot be controverted. Ye are united O  
J27prose; E171| ye Inhabitants of Earth in One Religion. The Religion of Jesus:  
J27prose; E171| the most Ancient, the Eternal: & the Everlasting Gospel--The  
J27prose; E171| Wicked will turn it to Wickedness,  
J27prose; E171| the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!  
J27prose; E171| "All things Begin & End in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore."

J27prose; E171| Your Ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber, Shem,  
J27prose; E171| and Noah, who were Druids: as the Druid Temples (which are the  
J27prose; E171| Patriarchal Pillars & Oak Groves) over the whole Earth witness to  
J27prose; E171| this day.

J27prose; E171| You have a tradition, that Man anciently containd in his mighty  
J27prose; E171| limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you recieved from the  
J27prose; E171| Druids.

J27prose; E171| "But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of  
J27prose; E171| Albion"

J27prose; E171| Albion was the Parent of the Druids; & in his Chaotic State of  
J27prose; E171| Sleep Satan & Adam & the whole World was Created by the Elohim.

J27.1; E171| The fields from Islington to Marybone,  
J27.2; E171| To Primrose Hill and Saint Johns Wood:



J27.3; E171	Were builded over with pillars of gold,
J27.4; E171	And there Jerusalems pillars stood.
J27.5; E171	Her Little-ones ran on the fields
J27.6; E171	The Lamb of God among them seen
J27.7; E171	And fair Jerusalem his Bride:
J27.8; E171	Among the little meadows green.
J27.9; E172	Pancrass & Kentish-town repose
J27.10; E172	Among her golden pillars high:
J27.11; E172	Among her golden arches which
J27.12; E172	Shine upon the starry sky.
J27.13; E172	The Jews-harp-house & the Green Man;
J27.14; E172	The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight:
J27.15; E172	The fields of Cows by Willans farm: <sup>1275</sup>
J27.16; E172	Shine in Jerusalems pleasant sight.
J27.17; E172	She walks upon our meadows green:
J27.18; E172	The Lamb of God walks by her side:
J27.19; E172	And every English Child is seen,
J27.20; E172	Children of Jesus & his Bride,
J27.21; E172	Forgiving trespasses and sins
J27.22; E172	Lest Babylon with cruel Og,
J27.23; E172	With Moral & Self-righteous Law
J27.24; E172	Should Crucify in Satans Synagogue!
J27.25; E172	What are those golden Builders doing
J27.26; E172	Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington
J27.27; E172	Standing above that mighty Ruin
J27.28; E172	Where Satan the first victory won.
J27.29; E172	Where Albion slept beneath the Fatal Tree
J27.30; E172	And the Druids golden Knife,
J27.31; E172	Rioted in human gore,
J27.32; E172	In Offerings of Human Life
J27.33; E172	They groan'd aloud on London Stone
J27.34; E172	They groand aloud on Tyburns Brook
J27.35; E172	Albion gave his deadly groan,

J27.36; E172| And all the Atlantic Mountains shook

J27.37; E172| Albions Spectre from his Loins  
J27.38; E172| Tore forth in all the pomp of War!  
J27.39; E172| Satan his name: in flames of fire  
J27.40; E172| He stretch'd his Druid Pillars far.

J27.41; E172| Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale,  
J27.42; E172| Down thro Poplar & Old Bow;  
J27.43; E172| Thro Malden & across the Sea,  
J27.44; E172| In War & howling death & woe.

J27.45; E172| The Rhine was red with human blood:  
J27.46; E172| The Danube roll'd a purple tide:  
J27.47; E172| On the Euphrates Satan stood:  
J27.48; E172| And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

J27.49; E173| He wither'd up sweet Zions Hill,  
J27.50; E173| From every Nation of the Earth:  
J27.51; E173| He wither'd up Jerusalems Gates,  
J27.52; E173| And in a dark Land gave her birth.

J27.53; E173| He wither'd up the Human Form,  
J27.54; E173| By laws of sacrifice for sin:  
J27.55; E173| Till it became a Mortal Worm:  
J27.56; E173| But O! translucent all within.

J27.57; E173| The Divine Vision still was seen  
J27.58; E173| Still was the Human Form, Divine  
J27.59; E173| Weeping in weak & mortal clay  
J27.60; E173| O Jesus still the Form was thine.

J27.61; E173| And thine the Human Face & thine  
J27.62; E173| The Human Hands & Feet & Breath  
J27.63; E173| Entering thro' the Gates of Birth  
J27.64; E173| And passing thro' the Gates of Death

J27.65; E173| And O thou Lamb of God, whom I  
J27.66; E173| Slew in my dark self-righteous pride:  
J27.67; E173| Art thou return'd to Albions Land!  
J27.68; E173| And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

J27.69; E173| Come to my arms & never more  
J27.70; E173| Depart; but dwell for ever here:  
J27.71; E173| Create my Spirit to thy Love:  
J27.72; E173| Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear,

J27.73; E173| Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend!  
J27.74; E173| In clouds of blood & ruin roll'd:  
J27.75; E173| I here reclaim thee as my own  
J27.76; E173| My Selfhood! Satan! armd in gold.

J27.77; E173| Is this thy soft Family-Love  
J27.78; E173| Thy cruel Patriarchal pride  
J27.79; E173| Planting thy Family alone  
J27.80; E173| Destroying all the World beside.

J27.81; E173| A mans worst enemies are those  
J27.82; E173| Of his own house & family;  
J27.83; E173| And he who makes his law a curse,  
J27.84; E173| By his own law shall surely die.

J27.85; E173| In my Exchanges every Land  
J27.86; E173| Shall walk, & mine in every Land,  
J27.87; E173| Mutual shall build Jerusalem:  
J27.88; E173| Both heart in heart & hand in hand.

J27prose; E174| If Humility is Christianity; you O Jews are the true  
J27prose; E174| Christians; If your tradition that Man contained in his Limbs,  
J27prose; E174| all Animals, is True & they were separated from him by cruel  
J27prose; E174| Sacrifices: and when compulsory cruel Sacrifices had brought  
J27prose; E174| Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle, in the loins of Abraham &  
J27prose; E174| David: the Lamb of God, the Saviour became apparent on Earth as  
J27prose; E174| the Prophets had foretold? The Return of Israel is a Return to  
J27prose; E174| Mental Sacrifice & War. Take up the Cross O Israel & follow Jesus.

J28; E174| Jerusalem.

J28; E174| Chap: 2.

J28.1; E174| Every ornament of perfection, and every labour of love,  
J28.2; E174| In all the Garden of Eden, & in all the golden mountains

J28.3; E174| Was become an envied horror, and a remembrance of jealousy:  
J28.4; E174| And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher & judge.

J28.5; E174| And Albion spoke from his secret seat and said

J28.6; E174| All these ornaments are crimes, they are made by the labours  
J28.7; E174| Of loves: of unnatural consanguinities and friendships  
J28.8; E174| Horrid to think of when enquired deeply into; and all  
J28.9; E174| These hills & valleys are accursed witnesses of Sin  
J28.10; E174| I therefore condense them into solid rocks, stedfast!  
J28.11; E174| A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth:  
J28.12; E174| That Man be separate from Man, & here I plant my seat.

J28.13; E174| Cold snows drifted around him: ice coverd his loins around  
J28.14; E174| He sat by Tyburns brook, and underneath his heel, shot up!  
J28.15; E174| A deadly Tree, he nam'd it Moral Virtue, and the Law  
J28.16; E174| Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.

J28.17; E174| The Tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion groand)  
J28.18; E174| They bent don, they felt the earth and again enrooting  
J28.19; E174| Shot into many a Tree! an endless labyrinth of woe!

J28.20; E174| From willing sacrifice of Self, to sacrifice of (miscall'd) Enemies  
J28.21; E174| For Atonement: Albion began to erect twelve Altars,  
J28.22; E174| Of rough unhewn rocks, before the Potters Furnace  
J28.23; E174| He nam'd them Justice, and Truth. And Albions Sons  
J28.24; E174| Must have become the first Victims, being the first transgressors  
J28.25; E174| But they fled to the mountains to seek ransom: building A Strong  
J28.26; E174| Fortification against the Divine Humanity and Mercy,  
J28.27; E174| In Shame & Jealousy to annihilate Jerusalem!

J29.1; E175| Turning his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous  
J29.2; E175| Chaos before his face appeard: an Unformed Memory.

J29.3; E175| Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion darkning cold  
J29.4; E175| From the back & loins where dwell the Spectrous Dead

J29.5; E175| I am your Rational Power O Albion & that Human Form  
J29.6; E175| You call Divine, is but a Worm seventy inches long  
J29.7; E175| That creeps forth in a night & is dried in the morning sun  
J29.8; E175| In fortuitous concourse of memorys accumulated & lost

J29.9; E175| It plows the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelms the Hills  
 J29.10; E175| Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone of the brook  
 J29.11; E175| Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills & rivers[.]  
 J29.12; E175| Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble  
 J29.13; E175| Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over[.]  
 J29.14; E175| The ancient Cities of the Earth remove as a traveller  
 J29.15; E175| And shall Albions Cities remain when I pass over them  
 J29.16; E175| With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the tablet

J29.17; E175| So spoke the Spectre to Albion. he is the Great Selfhood  
 J29.18; E175| Satan: Worshipd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth  
 J29.19; E175| Having a white Dot calld a Center from which branches out  
 J29.20; E175| A Circle in continual gyrations. this became a Heart  
 J29.21; E175| From which sprang numerous branches varying their motions  
 J29.22; E175| Producing many Heads three or seven or ten, & hands & feet  
 J29.23; E175| Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator  
 J29.24; E175| Who becomes his food[:] such is the way of the Devouring Power

J29.25; E175| And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos[.]  
 J29.26; E175| Albions Emanation which he had hidden in Jealousy  
 J29.27; E175| Appeard now in the frowning Chaos prolific upon the Chaos  
 J29.28; E175| Reflecting back to Albion in Sexual Reasoning Hermaphroditic

J29.29; E175| Albion spoke. Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp  
 J29.30; E175| Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn ripeness  
 J29.31; E175| I never saw thee till this time, nor beheld life abstracted  
 J29.32; E175| Nor darkness immingled with light on my furrowd field  
 J29.33; E175| Whence camest thou! who art thou O loveliest? the Divine Vision  
 J29.34; E175| Is as nothing before thee, faded is all life and joy

J29.35; E175| Vala replied in clouds of tears Albions garment embracing

J29.36; E175| I was a City & a Temple built by Albions Children.  
 J29.37; E175| I was a Garden planted with beauty I allured on hill & valley  
 J29.38; E175| The River of Life to flow against my walls & among my trees  
 J29.39; E175| Vala was Albions Bride & Wife in great Eternity  
 J29.40; E175| The loveliest of the daughters of Eternity when in day-break

J29.41; E176| I emanated from Luvah over the Towers of Jerusalem  
 J29.42; E176| And in her Courts among her little Children offering up  
 J29.43; E176| The Sacrifice of fanatic love! why loved I Jerusalem!  
 J29.44; E176| Why was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus

J29.45; E176| Wherefore did I loving create love, which never yet  
 J29.46; E176| Immingled God & Man, when thou & I, hid the Divine Vision  
 J29.47; E176| In cloud of secret gloom which behold involve me round about *t278*  
 J29.48; E176| Know me now Albion: look upon me I alone am Beauty  
 J29.49; E176| The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala  
 J29.50; E176| I breathe him forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave  
 J29.51; E176| Born of the Woman to obey the Woman O Albion the mighty  
 J29.52; E176| For the Divine appearance is Brotherhood, but I am Love

J301; E176| Elevate into the Region of Brotherhood with my red fires

J30.2; E176| Art thou Vala? replied Albion, image of my repose  
 J30.3; E176| O how I tremble! how my members pour down milky fear!  
 J30.4; E176| A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone!  
 J30.5; E176| At thy word & at thy look death enrobes me about  
 J30.6; E176| From head to feet, a garment of death & eternal fear  
 J30.7; E176| Is not that Sun thy husband & that Moon thy glimmering Veil?  
 J30.8; E176| Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children! art thou not Babylon?  
 J30.9; E176| Art thou Nature Mother of all! is Jerusalem thy Daughter  
 J30.10; E176| Why have thou elevate inward: O dweller of outward chambers  
 J30.11; E176| From grot & cave beneath the Moon dim region of death  
 J30.12; E176| Where I laid my Plow in the hot noon, where my hot team fed  
 J30.13; E176| Where implements of War are forged, the Plow to go over the Nations  
 J30.14; E176| In pain girding me round like a rib of iron in heaven! O Vala  
 J30.15; E176| In Eternity they neither marry nor are given in marriage  
 J30.16; E176| Albion the high Cliff of the Atlantic is become a barren Land

J30.17; E176| Los stood at his Anvil: he heard the contentions of Vala--  
 J30.18; E176| He heaved his thundering Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex  
 J30.19; E176| He opened his Furnaces before Vala, then Albion frowned in anger  
 J30.20; E176| On his Rock: ere yet the Starry Heavens were fled away  
 J30.21; E176| From his awful Members, and thus Los cried aloud  
 J30.22; E176| To the Sons of Albion & to Hand the eldest Son of Albion

J30.23; E176| I hear the screech of Childbirth loud pealing, & the groans  
 J30.24; E176| Of Death, in Albions clouds dreadful uttered over all the Earth  
 J30.25; E176| What may Man be? who can tell! but what may Woman be?  
 J30.26; E176| To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.  
 J30.27; E176| There is a Throne in every Man, it is the Throne of God  
 J30.28; E176| This Woman has claimed as her own & Man is no more!  
 J30.29; E176| Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala & her Temple  
 J30.30; E176| And not the Tabernacle & Temple of the Most High  
 J30.31; E176| O Albion why wilt thou Create a Female Will?



J30.32; E177| To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert, even  
J30.33; E177| In the shadows of a Woman & a secluded Holy Place  
J30.34; E177| That we may pry after him as after a stolen treasure  
J30.35; E177| Hidden among the Dead & mured up from the paths of life  
J30.36; E177| Hand! art thou not Reuben enrooting thyself into Bashan  
J30.37; E177| Till thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void! O Merlin!  
J30.38; E177| Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came  
J30.39; E177| Is this the Female Will O ye lovely Daughters of Albion. To  
J30.40; E177| Converse concerning Weight & Distance in the Wilds of Newton & Locke

J30.41; E177| So Los spoke standing on Mam-Tor looking over Europe & Asia  
J30.42; E177| The Graves thunder beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan

J30.43; E177| Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead in the valley  
J30.44; E177| Cut off from Albions mountains & from all the Earths summits  
J30.45; E177| Between Succoth & Zaretan beside the Stone of Bohan  
J30.46; E177| While the Daughters of Albion divided Luvah into three Bodies  
J30.47; E177| Los bended his Nostrils down to the Earth, then sent him over  
J30.48; E177| Jordan to the Land of the Hittite: every-one that saw him  
J30.49; E177| Fled! they fled at his horrible Form: they hid in caves  
J30.50; E177| And dens, they looked on one-another & became what they beheld

J30.51; E177| Reuben return'd to Bashan, in despair he slept on the Stone.  
J30.52; E177| Then Gwendolen divided into Rahab & Tirza in Twelve Portions[.]  
J30.53; E177| Los rolled, his Eyes into two narrow circles, then sent him  
J30.54; E177| Over Jordan; all terrified fled: they became what they beheld.

J30.55; E177| If Perceptive Organs vary: Objects of Perception seem to vary:  
J30.56; E177| If the Perceptive Organs close: their Objects seem to close also:  
J30.57; E177| Consider this O mortal Man! O worm of sixty winters said Los  
J30.58; E177| Consider Sexual Organization & hide thee in the dust.

J31.1; E177| Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,  
J31.2; E177| In Albions bosom: for in every Human bosom those Limits stand.  
J31.3; E177| And the Divine voice came from the Furnaces, as multitudes without  
J31.4; E177| Number! the voices of the innumerable multitudes of Eternity.  
J31.5; E177| And the appearance of a Man was seen in the Furnaces;  
J31.6; E177| Saving those who have sinned from the punishment of the Law,  
J31.7; E177| (In pity of the punisher whose state is eternal death,)  
J31.8; E177| And keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love.

J31.9; E177| Albion goes to Eternal Death: In Me all Eternity.  
J31.10; E177| Must pass thro' condemnation, and awake beyond the Grave!  
J31.11; E177| No individual can keep these Laws, for they are death  
J31.12; E177| To every energy of man, and forbid the springs of life;  
J31.13; E177| Albion hath enterd the State Satan! Be permanent O State!  
J31.14; E177| And be thou for ever accursed! that Albion may arise again:

J31.15; E178| And be thou created into a State! I go forth to Create  
J31.16; E178| States: to deliver Individuals evermore! Amen.

J31.17; E178| So spoke the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity  
J31.18; E178| [*To Govern the Evil by Good: and States abolish Systems.*] <sup>t279</sup>

J32.1; E178| Reuben return'd to his place, in vain he sought beautiful Tirzah  
J32.2; E178| For his Eyelids were narrowd, & his Nostrils scented the ground  
J32.3; E178| And Sixty Winters Los raged in the Divisions of Reuben:  
J32.4; E178| Building the Moon of Ulro, plank by plank & rib by rib  
J32.5; E178| Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los folded his Tongue  
J32.6; E178| Between Lips of mire & clay, then sent him forth over Jordan  
J32.7; E178| In the love of Tirzah he said Doubt is my food day & night--  
J32.8; E178| All that beheld him fled howling and gnawed their tongues  
J32.9; E178| For pain: they became what they beheld[.] In reasonings Reuben returned  
J32.10; E178| To Heshbon. disconsolate he walkd thro Moab & he stood  
J32.11; E178| Before the Furnaces of Los in a horrible dreamful slumber,  
J32.12; E178| On Mount Gilead looking toward Gilgal: and Los bended  
J32.13; E178| His Ear in a spiral circle outward; then sent him over Jordan.

J32.14; E178| The Seven Nations fled before him they became what they beheld  
J32.15; E178| Hand, Hyle & Coban fled: they became what they beheld  
J32.16; E178| Gwantock & Peachy hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon  
J32.17; E178| Brereton & Slade in Egypt. Hutton & Skofeld & Kox  
J32.18; E178| Fled over Chaldea in terror in pains in every nerve  
J32.19; E178| Kotope & Bowen became what they beheld, fleeing over the Earth  
J32.20; E178| And the Twelve Female Emanations fled with them agonizing.

J32.21; E178| Jerusalem trembled seeing her Children drivn by Los's Hammer  
J32.22; E178| In the visions of the dreams of Beulah on the edge of Non-Entity  
J32.23; E178| Hand stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reasoning Spectre  
J32.24; E178| Stands between the Vegetative Man & his Immortal Imagination

J32.25; E178| And the Four Zoa's clouded rage East & West & North & South  
J32.26; E178| They change their situations, in the Universal Man.

J32.27; E178| Albion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face.  
J32.28; E178| And England who is Brittannia divided into Jerusalem & Vala  
J32.29; E178| And Urizen assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South  
J32.30; E178| In his dark Spectre ravening from his open Sepulcher

J32.31; E178| And the Four Zoa's who are the Four Eternal Senses of Man  
J32.32; E178| Became Four Elements separating from the Limbs of Albion  
J32.33; E178| These are their names in the Vegetative Generation  
J32.34; E178| [*West Weighing East & North dividing Generation South bounding*] <sup>t280</sup>  
J32.35; E178| And Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length Breadth & Highth  
J32.36; E178| And they divided into Four ravening deathlike Forms  
J32.37; E178| Fairies & Genii & Nymphs & Gnomes of the Elements.  
J32.38; E178| These are States Permanently Fixed by the Divine Power

J32.39; E179| The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albions cliffy shore  
J32.40; E179| And the Sea poured in amain upon the Giants of Albion  
J32.41; E179| As Los bended the Senses of Reuben Reuben is Merlin  
J32.42; E179| Exploring the Three States of Ulro; Creation; Redemption. & Judgment

J32.43; E179| And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner

J32.44; E179| Have you known the judgment that is arisen among the  
J32.45; E179| Zoa's of Albion? where a Man dare hardly to embrace  
J32.46; E179| His own Wife, for the terrors of Chastity that they call  
J32.47; E179| By the name of Morality. their Daughters govern all  
J32.48; E179| I hidden deceit! they are Vegetable only fit for burning  
J32.49; E179| Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty displayd

J32.50; E179| Then those in Great Eternity who contemplate on Death  
J32.51; E179| Said thus. What seems to Be: Is: To those to whom  
J32.52; E179| It seems to Be, & is productive of the most dreadful  
J32.53; E179| Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be: even of  
J32.54; E179| Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy  
J32.55; E179| Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus Amen  
J32.56; E179| And Length Breadth Highth again Obey the Divine Vision Hallelujah

J33.1; E179| And One stood forth from the Divine Family &,said <sup>t281</sup>

J33.2; E179| I feel my Spectre rising upon me! Albion! arouze thyself!  
J33.3; E179| Why dost thou thunder with frozen Spectrous wrath against us?  
J33.4; E179| The Spectre is, in Giant Man; insane, and most deform'd.

J33.5; E179| Thou wilt certainly provoke my Spectre against thine in fury!  
J33.6; E179| He has a Sepulcher hewn out of a Rock ready for thee:  
J33.7; E179| And a Death of Eight thousand years forg'd by thyself, upon  
J33.8; E179| The point of his Spear! if thou persistest to forbid with Laws  
J33.9; E179| Our Emanations, and to attack our secret supreme delights

J33.10; E179| So Los spoke: But when he saw blue death in Albions feet, <sup>t282</sup>  
J33.11; E179| Again he join'd the Divine Body, following merciful;  
J33.12; E179| While Albion fled more indignant! revengeful covering

J34.1; E179| His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands  
J34.2; E179| And feet, lest any should enter his bosom & embrace  
J34.3; E179| His hidden heart; his Emanation wept & trembled within him:  
J34.4; E179| Uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with  
J34.5; E179| Iron and steel, dark and opaque, with clouds & tempests brooding:  
J34.6; E179| His strong limbs shudderd upon his mountains high and dark.

J34.7; E179| Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went,  
J34.8; E179| His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud  
J34.9; E179| Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul)  
J34.10; E179| Fires and clouds of rolling smoke! but mild the Saviour follow'd him,

J34.11; E180| Displaying the Eternal Vision! the Divine Similitude!  
J34.12; E180| In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers, and friends  
J34.13; E180| Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist:

J34.14; E180| Saying. Albion! Our wars are wars of life, & wounds of love,  
J34.15; E180| With intellectual spears, & long winged arrows of thought:  
J34.16; E180| Mutual in one anothers love and wrath all renewing  
J34.17; E180| We live as One Man; for contracting our infinite senses  
J34.18; E180| We behold multitude; or expanding: we behold as one,  
J34.19; E180| As One Man all the Universal Family; and that One Man  
J34.20; E180| We call Jesus the Christ: and he in us, and we in him,  
J34.21; E180| Live in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life,  
J34.22; E180| Giving, recieving, and forgiving each others trespasses.  
J34.23; E180| He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord and master:  
J34.24; E180| He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all,  
J34.25; E180| In Eden: in the garden of God: and in heavenly Jerusalem.  
J34.26; E180| If we have offended, forgive us, take not vengeance against us.

J34.27; E180| Thus speaking; the Divine Family follow Albion:  
J34.28; E180| I see them in the Vision of God upon my pleasant valleys.

J34.29; E180| I behold London; a Human awful wonder of God!  
J34.30; E180| He says: Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee:  
J34.31; E180| My Streets are my, Ideas of Imagination.  
J34.32; E180| Awake Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.  
J34.33; E180| My Houses are Thoughts: my Inhabitants; Affections,  
J34.34; E180| The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels,  
J34.35; E180| Shut from my nervous form which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah  
J34.36; E180| In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in veiny pipes,  
J34.37; E180| Rolls dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan.  
J34.38; E180| For Albions sake, and for Jerusalem thy Emanation  
J34.39; E180| I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

J34.40; E180| So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeths shades:  
J34.41; E180| In Felpham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion  
J34.42; E180| I write in South Molton Street what I both see and hear  
J34.43; E180| In regions of Humanity, in Londons opening streets.

J34.44; E180| I see thee awful Parent Land in light, behold I see!  
J34.45; E180| Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men,  
J34.46; E180| Generous immortal Guardian golden clad! for Cities  
J34.47; E180| Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mount[a]ins  
J34.48; E180| Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty! sublime!  
J34.49; E180| In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings  
J34.50; E180| Let down at will around, and call'd the Universal Tent.  
J34.51; E180| York, crown'd with loving kindness. Edinburgh, cloth'd  
J34.52; E180| With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture  
J34.53; E180| Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men

J34.54; E181| Who give themselves, in Golgotha, Victims to Justice; where  
J34.55; E181| There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold  
J34.56; E181| Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations viewless,  
J34.57; E181| Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park  
J34.58; E181| To Tyburns deathful shades, admits the wandering souls  
J34.59; E181| Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found

J35.1; E181| By Satans Watch-fiends tho' they search numbering every grain  
J35.2; E181| Of sand on Earth every night, they never find this Gate.  
J35.3; E181| It is the Gate of Los. Withoutside is the Mill, intricate, dreadful  
J35.4; E181| And fill'd with cruel tortures; but no mortal man can find the Mill  
J35.5; E181| Of Satan, in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years



J35.6; E181| For Human beauty knows it not: nor can Mercy find it! But <sup>t283</sup>  
J35.7; E181| In the Fourth region of Humanity, Urthona namd[,]  
J35.8; E181| Mortality begins to roll the billows of Eternal Death  
J35.9; E181| Before the Gate of Los. Urthona here is named Los.  
J35.10; E181| And here begins the System of Moral Virtue, named Rahab. <sup>t284</sup>  
J35.11; E181| Albion fled thro' the Gate of Los, and he stood in the Gate.

J35.12; E181| Los was the friend of Albion who most lov'd him. In Cambridgeshire  
J35.13; E181| His eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth, & is four-fold.  
J35.14; E181| Seeing Albion had turn'd his back against the Divine Vision,  
J35.15; E181| Los said to Albion, Whither fleest thou? Albion reply'd.

J35.16; E181| I die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death  
J35.17; E181| Hover within me & beneath, and spreading themselves outside  
J35.18; E181| Like rocky clouds, build me a gloomy monument of woe:  
J35.19; E181| Will none accompany me in my death? or be a Ransom for me  
J35.20; E181| In that dark Valley? I have girded round my cloke, and on my feet  
J35.21; E181| Bound these black shoes of death, & on my hands, death's iron gloves:  
J35.22; E181| God hath forsaken me, & my friends are become a burden  
J35.23; E181| A weariness to me, & the human footstep is a terror to me.

J35.24; E181| Los answerd, troubled: and his soul was rent in twain:  
J35.25; E181| Must the Wise die for an Atonement? does Mercy endure Atonement?  
J35.26; E181| No! It is Moral Severity, & destroys Mercy in its Victim.  
J35.27; E181| So speaking, not yet infected with the Error & Illusion,

J36.1; E181| Los shudder'd at beholding Albion, for his disease  
J36.2; E181| Arose upon him pale and ghastly: and he call'd around  
J36.3; E181| The Friends of Albion: trembling at the sight of Eternal Death  
J36.4; E181| The four appear'd with their Emanations in fiery  
J36.5; E181| Chariots: black their fires roll beholding Albions House of Eternity  
J36.6; E181| Damp couch the flames beneath and silent, sick, stand shuddering  
J36.7; E181| Before the Porch of sixteen pillars: weeping every one  
J36.8; E181| Descended and fell down upon their knees round Albions knees,  
J36.9; E181| Swearing the Oath of God! with awful voice of thunders round  
J36.10; E181| Upon the hills & valleys, and the cloudy Oath roll'd far and wide

J36.11; E182| Albion is sick! said every Valley, every mournful Hill  
J36.12; E182| And every River: our brother Albion is sick to death.  
J36.13; E182| He hath leagued himself with robbers! he hath studied the arts  
J36.14; E182| Of unbelief! Envy hovers over him! his Friends are his abhorrence!  
J36.15; E182| Those who give their lives for him are despised!



J36.16; E182|  
J36.17; E182|  
J36.18; E182|  
J36.19; E182|  
J36.20; E182|

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!

J36.21; E182|  
J36.22; E182|  
J36.23; E182|  
J36.24; E182|

The Twenty-four heard! they came trembling on watry chariots.  
Borne by the Living Creatures of the third procession  
Of Human Majesty, the Living Creatures wept aloud as they  
Went along Albions roads, till they arriv'd at Albions House.

J36.25; E182|  
J36.26; E182|  
J36.27; E182|  
J36.28; E182|  
J36.29; E182|  
J36.30; E182|

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.

J36.31; E182|  
J36.32; E182|  
J36.33; E182|  
J36.34; E182|  
J36.35; E182|  
J36.36; E182|  
J36.37; E182|  
J36.38; E182|  
J36.39; E182|  
J36.40; E182|  
J36.41; E182|  
J36.42; E182|  
J36.43; E182|  
J36.44; E182|

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.

J36.45; E182|  
J36.46; E182|  
J36.47; E182|

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.

J36.48; E182|  
J36.49; E182|  
J36.50; E182|  
J36.51; E182|

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.

J36.52; E182|

Submitting to be call'd the son of Los the terrible vision:

J36.53; E182|

Winchester stood devoting himself for Albion: his tents

J36.54; E183|

Outspread with abundant riches, and his Emanations

J36.55; E183|

Submitting to be call'd Enitharmons daughters, and be born

J36.56; E183|

In vegetable mould: created by the Hammer and Loom

J36.57; E183|

In Bowlahoola & Allamanda where the Dead wail night & day.

J36.58; E183|

(I call them by their English names: English, the rough basement.

J36.59; E183|

Los built the stubborn structure of the Language, acting against

J36.60; E183|

Albions melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.)

J36.61; E183|

Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol: and benevolent

J37.1; E183|

Bath who is Legions: he is the Seventh, the physician and

J37.2; E183|

The poisoner: the best and worst in Heaven and Hell:

J37.3; E183|

Whose Spectre first assimilated with Luvah in Albions mountains

J37.4; E183|

A triple octave he took, to reduce Jerusalem to twelve

J37.5; E183|

To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar & Bow:

J37.6; E183|

To Malden & Canterbury in the delights of cruelty:

J37.7; E183|

The Shuttles of death sing in the sky to Islington & Pancrass

J37.8; E183|

Round Marybone to Tyburns River, weaving black melancholy as a net,

J37.9; E183|

And despair as meshes closely wove over the west of London,

J37.10; E183|

Where mild Jerusalem sought to repose in death & be no more.

J37.11; E183|

She fled to Lambeths mild Vale and hid herself beneath

J37.12; E183|

The Surrey Hills where Rephaim terminates: her Sons are siez'd

J37.13; E183|

For victims of sacrifice; but Jerusalem cannot be found! Hid

J37.14; E183|

By the Daughters of Beulah: gently snatch'd away: and hid in Beulah

J37.15; E183|

There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find

J37.16; E183|

Nor can his Watch Fiends find it: tis translucent & has many Angles

J37.17; E183|

But he ho finds it will find Oothoons palace, for within

J37.18; E183|

Opening into Beulah every angle is a lovely heaven

J37.19; E183|

But should the Watch Fiends find it, they would call it Sin

J37.20; E183|

And lay its Heavens & their inhabitants in blood of punishment

J37.21; E183|

Here Jerusalem & Vala were hid in soft slumberous repose

J37.22; E183|

Hid from the terrible East, shut up in the South & West.

J37.23; E183|

The Twenty-eight trembled in Deaths dark caves, in cold despair

J37.24; E183|

They kneeld around the Couch of Death in deep humiliation

J37.25; E183|

And tortures of self condemnation while their Spectres ragd within.

J37.26; E183|

The Four Zoa's in terrible combustion clouded rage

J37.27; E183| Drinking the shuddering fears & loves of Albions Families  
J37.28; E183| Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire  
J37.29; E183| Drinking & eating, & pitying & weeping, as at a tragic scene.  
J37.30; E183| The soul drinks murder & revenge, & applauds its own holiness

J37.31; E183| They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations. *t285*

J37.ill; E184| [illustration, with inscription, reversed: "Each Man is in / his  
J37.ill; E184| Spectre's power / Untill the arrival / of that hour, / When his  
J37.ill; E184| Humanity / awake / And cast his Spectre / into the Lake"]

J38.1; E184| They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion  
J38.2; E184| Urizen, cold & scientific: Luvah, pitying & weeping  
J38.3; E184| Tharmas, indolent & sullen: Urthona, doubting & despairing  
J38.4; E184| Victims to one another & dreadfully plotting against each other  
J38.5; E184| To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

J38.6; E184| They saw America clos'd out by the Oaks of the western shore;  
J38.7; E184| And Tharmas dash'd on the Rocks of the Altars of Victims in Mexico.  
J38.8; E184| If we are wrathful Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Groves  
J38.9; E184| If we are merciful, ourselves must suffer destruction on his Oaks!  
J38.10; E184| Why should we enter into our Spectres, to behold our own corruptions  
J38.11; E184| O God of Albion descend! deliver Jerusalem from the Oaken Groves!

J38.12; E184| Then Los grew furious raging: Why stand we here trembling around  
J38.13; E184| Calling on God for help; and not ourselves in whom God dwells  
J38.14; E184| Stretching a hand to save the falling Man: are we not Four  
J38.15; E184| Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity:  
J38.16; E184| Seeing these Heavens & Hells conglobing in the Void. Heavens over Hells  
J38.17; E184| Brooding in holy hypocritic lust, drinking the cries of pain

J38.18; E185| From howling victims of Law: building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold.  
J38.19; E185| Swell'd & bloated General Forms, repugnant to the Divine-  
J38.20; E185| Humanity, who is the Only General and Universal Form  
J38.21; E185| To which all Lineaments tend & seek with love & sympathy  
J38.22; E185| All broad & general principles belong to benevolence  
J38.23; E185| Who protects minute particulars, every one in their own identity.  
J38.24; E185| But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is clos'd in by deadly teeth  
J38.25; E185| And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence  
J38.26; E185| Become a net & a trap, & every energy renderd cruel,  
J38.27; E185| Till the existence of friendship & benevolence is denied:  
J38.28; E185| The wine of the Spirit & the vineyards of the Holy-One.

J38.29; E185| Here: turn into poisonous stupor & deadly intoxication:  
J38.30; E185| That they may be condemnd by Law & the Lamb of God be slain!  
J38.31; E185| And the two Sources of Life in Eternity[,] Hunting and War,  
J38.32; E185| Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of corroding Hell:  
J38.33; E185| The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence  
J38.34; E185| That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs & bosom  
J38.35; E185| A pretence of Art, to destroy Art: a pretence of Liberty  
J38.36; E185| To destroy Liberty. a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion  
J38.37; E185| Oshea and Caleb fight: they contend in the valleys of Peor  
J38.38; E185| In the terrible Family Contentions of those who love each other:  
J38.39; E185| The Armies of Balaam weep---no women come to the field  
J38.40; E185| Dead corses lay before them, & not as in Wars of old.  
J38.41; E185| For the Soldier who fights for Truth, calls his enemy is brother:  
J38.42; E185| They fight & contend for life, & not for eternal death!  
J38.43; E185| But here the Soldier strikes, & a dead corpse falls at his feet  
J38.44; E185| Nor Daughter nor Sister nor Mother come forth to embosom the Slain!  
J38.45; E185| But Death! Eternal Death! remains in the Valleys of Peor.  
J38.46; E185| The English are scatterd over the face of the Nations: are these  
J38.47; E185| Jerusalems children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night  
J38.48; E185| We smell the blood of the English! we delight in their blood on our Altars!  
J38.49; E185| The living & the dead shall be ground in our rumbling Mills  
J38.50; E185| For bread of the Sons of Albion: of the Giants Hand & Scofield  
J38.51; E185| Scofeld & Kox are let loose upon my Saxons! they accumulate  
J38.52; E185| A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man,  
J38.53; E185| In pride of Selfhood unwieldy stretching out into Non Entity  
J38.54; E185| Generalizing Art & Science till Art & Science is lost.  
J38.55; E185| Bristol & Bath, listen to my words, & ye Seventeen: give ear!  
J38.56; E185| It is easy to acknowledge a man to be great & good while we  
J38.57; E185| Derogate from him in the trifles & small articles of that goodness:  
J38.58; E185| Those alone are his friends, who admire his minutest powers[.]  
J38.59; E185| Instead of Albions lovely mountains & the curtains of Jerusalem  
J38.60; E185| I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginative:  
J38.61; E185| Instead of the Mutual Forgivenesses, the Minute Particulars, I see  
J38.62; E185| Pits of bitumen ever burning: artificial Riches of the Canaanite

J38.63; E186| Like Lakes of liquid lead: instead of heavenly Chapels, built  
J38.64; E186| By our dear Lord: I see Worlds crusted with snows & ice;  
J38.65; E186| I see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalems children. I see  
J38.66; E186| The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian:  
J38.67; E186| By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality & Negation.  
J38.68; E186| Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non Entity  
J38.69; E186| I see America closd apart, & Jerusalem driven in terror  
J38.70; E186| Away from Albions mountains, far away from Londons spires!  
J38.71; E186| I will not endure this thing! I alone withstand to death,  
J38.72; E186| This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me!

J38.73; E186| Ah me! pitiable ones! do you also go to deaths vale?  
J38.74; E186| All you my Friends & Brothers! all you my beloved Companions!  
J38.75; E186| Have you also caught the infection of Sin & stern Repentance?  
J38.76; E186| I see Disease arise upon you! yet speak to me and give  
J38.77; E186| Me some comfort: why do you all stand silent? I alone  
J38.78; E186| Remain in permanent strength. Or is all this goodness & pity, only  
J38.79; E186| That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulcher.

J38.80; E186| So Los spoke. Pale they stood around the House of Death:  
J38.81; E186| In the midst of temptations & despair: among the rooted Oaks:  
J38.82; E186| Among reared Rocks of Albions Sons, at length they rose

J39.1; E186| With one accord in love sublime, & as on Cherubs wings  
J39.2; E186| They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back  
J39.3; E186| Against his will thro Los's Gate to Eden: Four-fold; loud!  
J39.4; E186| Their Wings waving over the bottomless Immense: to bear  
J39.5; E186| Their awful charge back to his native home: but Albion dark,  
J39.6; E186| Repugnant; rolld his Wheels backward into Non-Entity  
J39.7; E186| Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion into the World of Death  
J39.8; E186| And all the Gate of Los, clouded with clouds redounding from  
J39.9; E186| Albions dread Wheels, stretching out spaces immense between  
J39.10; E186| That every little particle of light & air, became Opaque  
J39.11; E186| Black & immense, a Rock of difficulty & a Cliff  
J39.12; E186| Of black despair; that the immortal Wings labourd against  
J39.13; E186| Cliff after cliff, & over Valleys of despair & death:  
J39.14; E186| The narrow Sea between Albion & the Atlantic Continent:  
J39.15; E186| Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean bottomless,  
J39.16; E186| Of grey obscurity, filld with clouds & rocks & whirling waters  
J39.17; E186| And Albions Sons ascending & descending in the horrid Void.

J39.18; E186| But as the Will must not be bended but in the day of Divine  
J39.19; E186| Power: silent calm & motionless, in the mid-air sublime,  
J39.20; E186| The Family Divine hover around the darkend Albion.

J39.21; E186| Such is the nature of the Ulro: that whatever enters:  
J39.22; E186| Becomes Sexual, & is Created, and Vegetated, and Born.  
J39.23; E186| From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion  
J39.24; E186| In dreadful pain the Spectrous Uncircumcised Vegetation.

J39.25; E187| Forming a Sexual Machine: an Aged Virgin Form.  
J39.26; E187| In Erins Land toward the north, joint after joint & burning  
J39.27; E187| In love & jealousy immingled & calling it Religion



J39.28; E187| And feeling the damps of death they with one accord delegated Los  
J39.29; E187| Conjuring him by the Highest that he should Watch over them  
J39.30; E187| Till Jesus shall appear: & they gave their power to Los  
J39.31; E187| Naming him the Spirit of Prophecy, calling him Elijah

J39.32; E187| Strucken with Albions disease they become what they behold;  
J39.33; E187| They assimilate with Albion in pity & compassion;  
J39.34; E187| Their Emanations return not: their Spectres rage in the Deep  
J39.35; E187| The Slumbers of Death came over them around the Couch of Death  
J39.36; E187| Before the Gate of Los & in the depths of Non Entity  
J39.37; E187| Among the Furnaces of Los: among the Oaks of Albion.

J39.38; E187| Man is adjoind to Man by his Emanative portion:  
J39.39; E187| Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man: and her  
J39.40; E187| Shadow is Vala, builded by the Reasoning power in Man  
J39.41; E187| O search & see: turn your eyes inward: open O thou World  
J39.42; E187| Of Love & Harmony in Man: expand thy ever lovely Gates.

J39.43; E187| They wept into the deeps a little space at length was heard  
J39.44; E187| The voice of Bath, faint as the voice of the Dead in the House of Death

J40.1; E187| Bath, healing City! whose wisdom in midst of Poetic  
J40.2; E187| Fervor: mild spoke thro' the Western Porch, in soft gentle tears

J40.3; E187| O Albion mildest Son of Eden! clos'd is thy Western Gate  
J40.4; E187| Brothers of Eternity! this Man whose great example  
J40.5; E187| We all admir'd & lov'd, whose all benevolent countenance, seen  
J40.6; E187| In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy  
J40.7; E187| The tear: and the confession of honesty, open & undisguis'd  
J40.8; E187| From mistrust and suspition. The Man is himself become  
J40.9; E187| A piteous example of oblivion. To teach the Sons  
J40.10; E187| Of Eden, that however great and glorious; however loving  
J40.11; E187| And merciful the Individuality; however high  
J40.12; E187| Our palaces and cities, and however fruitful are our fields  
J40.13; E187| In Selfhood, we are nothing: but fade away in mornings breath,  
J40.14; E187| Our mildness is nothing: the greatest mildness we can use  
J40.15; E187| Is incapable and nothing! none but the Lamb of God can heal  
J40.16; E187| This dread disease: none but Jesus! O Lord descend and save!  
J40.17; E187| Albions Western Gate is clos'd: his death is coming apace!  
J40.18; E187| Jesus alone can save him; for alas we none can know  
J40.19; E187| How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep  
J40.20; E187| Rose in the night of Beulah, and bound down the Sun & Moon



J40.21; E187	His friends cut his strong chains, & overwhelm'd his dark
J40.22; E187	Machines in fury & destruction, and the Man reviving repented
J40.23; E187	He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate
J40.24; E188	For their well timed wrath. But Albions sleep is not
J40.25; E188	Like Africa's: and his machines are woven with his life
J40.26; E188	Nothing but mercy can save him! nothing but mercy interposing
J40.27; E188	Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy
J40.28; E188	O God descend! gather our brethren, deliver Jerusalem
J40.29; E188	But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit
J40.30; E188	Oxford take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life: with eloquence
J40.31; E188	That thy immortal tongue inspires; present them to Albion:
J40.32; E188	Perhaps he may recieve them, offerd from thy loved hands.
J40.33; E188	So spoke, unheard by Albion. the merciful Son of Heaven
J40.34; E188	To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping
J40.35; E188	Around Albion: but Albion heard him not; obdurate! hard!
J40.36; E188	He frown'd on all his Friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow
J40.37; E188	And the Seventeen conjoining with Bath, the Seventh:
J40.38; E188	In whom the other Ten shone manifest, a Divine Vision!
J40.39; E188	Assimilated and embrac'd Eternal Death for Albions sake.
J40.40; E188	And these the names of the Eighteen combining with those Ten <i>t286</i>
J41.1; E188	Bath, mild Physician of Eternity, mysterious power
J41.2; E188	Whose springs are unsearchable & knowledg infinite.
J41.3; E188	Hereford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands
J41.4; E188	Builded the mountain palaces of Eden, stupendous works!
J41.5; E188	Lincoln, Durham & Carlisle, Councillors of Los.
J41.6; E188	And Ely, Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand
J41.7; E188	Dare touch! Oxford, immortal Bard! with eloquence
J41.8; E188	Divine, he wept over Albion: speaking the words of God
J41.9; E188	In mild perswasion: bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.
J41.10; E188	Thou art in Error Albion, the Land of Ulro:
J41.11; E188	One Error not remov'd, will destroy a human Soul
J41.12; E188	Repose in Beulahs night, till the Error is remov'd
J41.13; E188	Reason not on both sides. Repose upon our bosoms
J41.14; E188	Till the Plow of Jehovah, and the Harrow of Shaddai
J41.15; E188	Have passed over the Dead, to awake the Dead to Judgment.
J41.16; E188	But Albion turn'd away refusing comfort.

J41.17; E188| Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms  
 J41.18; E188| Of Norwich, Peterboro, Rochester, Chester awful, Worcester,  
 J41.19; E188| Litchfield, Saint Davids, Landaff, Asaph, Bangor, Sodor,  
 J41.20; E188| Bowing their heads devoted: and the Furnaces of Los  
 J41.21; E188| Began to rage, thundering loud the storms began to roar  
 J41.22; E188| Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebellow beneath

J41.23; E188| And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appear'd four-fold:  
 J41.24; E188| Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another

J41.25; E189| Alas!--The time will come, when a mans worst enemies  
 J41.26; E189| Shall be those of his own house and family: in a Religion  
 J41.27; E189| Of Generation, to destroy by Sin and Atonement, happy Jerusalem,  
 J41.28; E189| The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God thou art Not an Avenger!

J42.1; E189| Thus Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease:  
 J42.2; E189| Brooding on evil: but when Los open'd the Furnaces before him:  
 J42.3; E189| He saw that the accursed things were his own affections,  
 J42.4; E189| And his own beloveds: then he turn'd sick! his soul died within him  
 J42.5; E189| Also Los sick & terrified beheld the Furnaces of Death  
 J42.6; E189| And must have died, but the Divine Saviour descended  
 J42.7; E189| Among the infant loves & affections, and the Divine Vision wept  
 J42.8; E189| Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground

J42.9; E189| Albion spoke in his dismal dreams: O thou deceitful friend  
 J42.10; E189| Worshipping mercy & beholding thy friend in such affliction:  
 J42.11; E189| Los! thou now discoverest thy turpitude to the heavens.  
 J42.12; E189| I demand righteousness & justice. O thou ingratitude!  
 J42.13; E189| Give me my Emanations back[,] food for my dying soul!  
 J42.14; E189| My daughters are harlots! my sons are accursed before me.  
 J42.15; E189| Enitharmon is my daughter: accursed with a fathers curse!  
 J42.16; E189| O! I have utterly been wasted! I have given my daughters to devils

J42.17; E189| So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night  
 J42.18; E189| Of Ulro roll'd round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.

J42.19; E189| Los answerd. Righteousness & justice I give thee in return  
 J42.20; E189| For thy righteousness! but I add mercy also, and bind  
 J42.21; E189| Thee from destroying these little ones: am I to be only  
 J42.22; E189| Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest[?]

J42.23; E189| Thou wast the Image of God surrounded by the Four Zoa's  
J42.24; E189| Three thou hast slain! I am the Fourth: thou canst not destroy me.  
J42.25; E189| Thou art in Error; trouble me not with thy righteousness.  
J42.26; E189| I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct:  
J42.27; E189| I have no time for seeming; and little arts of compliment,  
J42.28; E189| In morality and virtue: in self-glorying and pride.  
J42.29; E189| There is a limit of Opakeness, and a limit of Contraction;  
J42.30; E189| In every Individual Man, and the limit of Opakeness,  
J42.31; E189| Is named Satan: and the limit of Contraction is named Adam.  
J42.32; E189| But when Man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in mercy takes  
J42.33; E189| Contractions Limit, and of the Limit he forms Woman: That  
J42.34; E189| Himself may in process of time be born Man to redeem  
J42.35; E189| But there is no Limit of Expansion! there is no Limit of Translucence.  
J42.36; E189| In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity.  
J42.37; E189| Therefore I break thy bonds of righteousness; I crush thy messengers!  
J42.38; E189| That they may not crush me and mine: do thou be righteous,  
J42.39; E189| And I will return it; otherwise I defy thy worst revenge:

J42.40; E190| Consider me as thine enemy: on me turn all thy fury  
J42.41; E190| But destroy not these little ones, nor mock the Lords anointed:  
J42.42; E190| Destroy not by Moral Virtue, the little ones whom he hath chosen!  
J42.43; E190| The little ones whom he hath chosen in preference to thee.  
J42.44; E190| He hath cast thee off for ever; the little ones he hath anointed!  
J42.45; E190| Thy Selfhood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence

J42.46; E190| So Los spoke: then turn'd his face & wept for Albion.

J42.47; E190| Albion replied. Go! Hand & Hyle! sieze the abhorred friend: *t287*  
J42.48; E190| As you Have siezd the Twenty-four rebellious ingratitude;  
J42.49; E190| To atone for you, for spiritual death! Man lives by deaths of Men  
J42.50; E190| Bring him to justice before heaven here upon London stone,  
J42.51; E190| Between Blackheath & Hounslow, between Norwood & Finchley  
J42.52; E190| All that they have is mine: from my free genrous gift,  
J42.53; E190| They now hold all they have: ingratitude to me!  
J42.54; E190| To me their benefactor calls aloud for vengeance deep.

J42.55; E190| Los stood before his Furnaces awaiting the fury of the Dead:  
J42.56; E190| And the Divine hand was upon him, strengthening him mightily.

J42.57; E190| The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath  
J42.58; E190| Upon the hills of Albion; Oxford groans in his iron furnace  
J42.59; E190| Winchester in his den & cavern; they lament against

J42.60; E190	Albion: they curse their human kindness & affection
J42.61; E190	They rage like wild beasts in the forests of affliction
J42.62; E190	In the dreams of Ulro they repent of their human kindness.
J42.63; E190	Come up, build Babylon, Rahab is ours & all her multitudes
J42.64; E190	With her in pomp and glory of victory. Depart
J42.65; E190	Ye twenty-four into the deeps! let us depart to glory!
J42.66; E190	Their Human majestic forms sit up upon their Couches
J42.67; E190	Of death: they curb their Spectres as with iron curbs
J42.68; E190	They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead,
J42.69; E190	With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate,
J42.70; E190	And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose.
J42.71; E190	O when shall the morning of the grave appear, and when
J42.72; E190	Shall our salvation come? we sleep upon our watch
J42.73; E190	We cannot awake! and our Spectres rage in the forests
J42.74; E190	O God of Albion where art thou! pity the watchers!
J42.75; E190	Thus mourn they. Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon
J42.76; E190	The clouds of Europe & Asia, among the Serpent Temples!
J42.77; E190	And Los drew his Seven Furnaces around Albions Altars
J42.78; E190	And as Albion built his frozen Altars, Los built the Mundane Shell,
J42.79; E190	In the Four Regions of Humanity East & West & North & South,
J42.80; E191	Till Norwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow, coverd the whole Earth.
J42.81; E191	This is the Net & Veil of Vala, among the Souls of the Dead.
J43.1; E191	Then the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appeard above
J43.2; E191	Albions dark rocks: setting behind the Gardens of Kensington
J43.3; E191	On Tyburns River, in clouds of blood: where was mild Zion Hills
J43.4; E191	Most ancient promontory, and in the Sun, a Human Form appeard
J43.5; E191	And thus the Voice Divine went forth upon the rocks of Albion
J43.6; E191	I elected Albion for my glory; I gave to him the Nations,
J43.7; E191	Of the whole Earth. he was the Angel of my Presence: and all
J43.8; E191	The Sons of God were Albions Sons: and Jerusalem was my joy.
J43.9; E191	The Reactor hath hid himself thro envy. I behold him.
J43.10; E191	But you cannot behold him till he be reveald in his System
J43.11; E191	Albions Reactor must have a Place prepar'd: Albion must Sleep

J43.12; E191	The Sleep of Death, till the Man of Sin & Repentance be reveald.
J43.13; E191	Hidden in Albions Forests he lurks: he admits of no Reply
J43.14; E191	From Albion: but hath founded his Reaction into a Law
J43.15; E191	Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man[.]
J43.16; E191	He hath compell'd Albion to become a Punisher & hath possess'd
J43.17; E191	Himself of Albions Forests & Wilds! and Jerusalem is taken!
J43.18; E191	The City of the Woods in the Forest of Ephratah is taken!
J43.19; E191	London is a stone of her ruins; Oxford is the dust of her walls!
J43.20; E191	Sussex & Kent are her scatter'd garments: Ireland her holy place!
J43.21; E191	And the murder'd bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales
J43.22; E191	The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consummation
J43.23; E191	The Nations are her dust! ground by the chariot wheels
J43.24; E191	Of her lordly conquerors, her palaces level'd with the dust
J43.25; E191	I come that I may find a way for my banished ones to return
J43.26; E191	Fear not O little Flock I come! Albion shall rise again.
J43.27; E191	So saying, the mild Sun inclos'd the Human Family.
J43.28; E191	Forthwith from Albions darkning [r]ocks came two Immortal forms <sup>t288</sup>
J43.29; E191	Saying We alone are escaped. O merciful Lord and Saviour,
J43.30; E191	We flee from the interiors of Albions hills and mountains!
J43.31; E191	From his Valleys Eastward: from Amalek Canaan & Moab:
J43.32; E191	Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem.
J43.33; E191	Albion walk'd on the steps of fire before his Halls
J43.34; E191	And Vala walk'd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.
J43.35; E191	He looked up & saw the Prince of Light with splendor faded
J43.36; E191	Then Albion ascended mourning into the porches of his Palace
J43.37; E191	Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect:
J43.38; E191	Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy: in white linen pure he hover'd
J43.39; E192	A sweet entrancing self-delusion a watry vision of Albion
J43.40; E192	Soft exulting in existence; all the Man absorbing!
J43.41; E192	Albion fell upon his face prostrate before the watry Shadow
J43.42; E192	Saying O Lord whence is this change! thou knowest I am nothing!
J43.43; E192	And Vala trembled & cover'd her face! & her locks were spread on the pavement
J43.44; E192	We heard astonish'd at the Vision & our heart trembled within us:
J43.45; E192	We heard the voice of slumberous Albion, and thus he spake,
J43.46; E192	Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of eternity uttering:



J43.47; E192| O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee!  
J43.48; E192| If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades  
J43.49; E192| If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent:  
J43.50; E192| If thou withhold thine hand; I perish like a fallen leaf:  
J43.51; E192| O I am nothing: and to nothing must return again:  
J43.52; E192| If thou withdraw thy breath. Behold I am oblivion.

J43.53; E192| He ceas'd: the shadowy voice was silent: but the cloud hoverd over their heads  
J43.54; E192| In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man; & the balmy drops fell down.  
J43.55; E192| And lo! that son of Man that Shadowy Spirit of mild Albion:  
J43.56; E192| Luvah descended from the cloud; in terror Albion rose:  
J43.57; E192| Indignant rose the awful Man, & turnd his back on Vala.

J43.58; E192| We heard the voice of Albion starting from his sleep:

J43.59; E192| Whence is this voice crying Enion! that soundeth in my ears?  
J43.60; E192| O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can love seek for dominion?

J43.61; E192| And Luvah strove to gain dominion over Albion  
J43.62; E192| They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclosd  
J43.63; E192| And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement,  
J43.64; E192| Coverd with boils from head to foot: the terrible smitings of Luvah.

J43.65; E192| Then frownd the fallen Man, and put forth Luvah from his presence  
J43.66; E192| Saying. Go and Die the Death of Man, for Vala the sweet wanderer.  
J43.67; E192| I will turn the volutions of your ears outward, and bend your nostrils  
J43.68; E192| Downward, and your fluxile eyes englob'd roll round in fear:  
J43.69; E192| Your withring lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle,  
J43.70; E192| Till into narrow forms you creep: go take your fiery way:  
J43.71; E192| And learn what tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love.

J43.72; E192| They heard the voice and fled swift as the winters setting sun.  
J43.73; E192| And now the human blood foamd high, the Spirits Luvah & Vala,  
J43.74; E192| Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded,  
J43.75; E192| In jealous fears & fury & rage, & flames roll round their fervid feet:  
J43.76; E192| And the vast form of Nature like a serpent playd before them  
J43.77; E192| And as they fled in folding fires & thunders of the deep:

J43.78; E193| Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks.  
J43.79; E193| And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and west.



J43.80; E193| And the vast form of Nature like a serpent rolld between,  
J43.81; E193| Whether of Jerusalems or Valas ruins congenerated, we know not:  
J43.82; E193| All is confusion: all is tumult, & we alone are escaped.  
J43.83; E193| So spoke the fugitives; they joind the Divine Family, trembling *t289*

J44.1; E193| And the Two that escaped; were the Emanation of Los & his  
J44.2; E193| Spectre: for wherever the Emanation goes, the Spectre  
J44.3; E193| Attends her as her Guard, & Los's Emanation is named  
J44.4; E193| Enitharmon, & his Spectre is named Urthona: they knew  
J44.5; E193| Not where to flee: they had been on a visit to Albions Children  
J44.6; E193| And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation  
J44.7; E193| To hide themselves: weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation  
J44.8; E193| Of Albions Children; fleeing thro Albions vales in streams of gore

J44.9; E193| Being not irritated by insult bearing insulting benevolences  
J44.10; E193| They percieved that corporeal friends are spiritual enemies  
J44.11; E193| They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryo Uncircumcision  
J44.12; E193| And the Divine hand was upon them bearing them thro darkness  
J44.13; E193| Back safe to their Humanity as doves to their windows:  
J44.14; E193| Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in Songs  
J44.15; E193| Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

J44.16; E193| They wept & trembled: & Los put forth his hand & took them in  
J44.17; E193| Into his Bosom: from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain;  
J44.18; E193| Rending the fibres of Brotherhood & in Feminine Allegories  
J44.19; E193| Inclosing Los: but the Divine Vision appeared with Los  
J44.20; E193| Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.

J44.21; E193| And Los prayed and said. O Divine Saviour arise  
J44.22; E193| Upon the Mountains of Albion as in ancient time. Behold!  
J44.23; E193| The Cities of Albion seek thy face, London groans in pain  
J44.24; E193| From Hill to Hill & the Thames laments along the Valleys  
J44.25; E193| The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst  
J44.26; E193| The Twenty-eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee:  
J44.27; E193| Because of the Opressors of Albion in every City & Village:  
J44.28; E193| They mock at the Labourers limbs! they mock at his starvd Children.  
J44.29; E193| They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons:  
J44.30; E193| They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts:  
J44.31; E193| They reduce the Man to want: then give with pomp & ceremony.  
J44.32; E193| The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger & thirst!  
J44.33; E193| Humanity knows not of Sex: wherefore are Sexes in Beulah?  
J44.34; E193| In Beulah the Female lets down her beautiful Tabernacle;  
J44.35; E193| Which the Male enters magnificent between her Cherubim:

J44.36; E193| And becomes One with her mingling condensing in Self-love  
J44.37; E193| The Rocky Law of Condemnation & double Generation, & Death.

J44.38; E194| Albion hath enterd the Loins the place of the Last Judgment:  
J44.39; E194| And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vala's bosom  
J44.40; E194| The Dead awake to Generation! Arise O Lord, & rend the Veil!

J44.41; E194| So Los in lamentations followd Albion, Albion coverd,

J45.1; E194| His western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair.

J45.2; E194| Fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision  
J45.3; E194| Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albions  
J45.4; E194| Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship, entering the caves  
J45.5; E194| Of despair & death, to search the tempters out, walking among  
J45.6; E194| Albions rocks & precipices! caves of solitude & dark despair,  
J45.7; E194| And saw every Minute Particular of Albion degraded & murderd  
J45.8; E194| But saw not by whom; they were hidden within in the minute particulars  
J45.9; E194| Of which they had possessd themselves; and there they take up  
J45.10; E194| The articulations of a mans soul, and laughing throw it down  
J45.11; E194| Into the frame, then knock it out upon the plank, & souls are bak'd  
J45.12; E194| In bricks to build the pyramids of Heber & Terah. But Los  
J45.13; E194| Searchd in vain: clod from the minutia he walkd, difficult.  
J45.14; E194| He came down from Highgate thro Hackney & Holloway towards London  
J45.15; E194| Till he came to old Stratford & thence to Stepney & the Isle  
J45.16; E194| Of Leuthas Dogs, thence thro the narrows of the Rivers side  
J45.17; E194| And saw every minute particular, the jewels of Albion, running down  
J45.18; E194| The kennels of the streets & lanes as if they were abhorrd.  
J45.19; E194| Every Universal Form, was become barren mountains of Moral  
J45.20; E194| Virtue: and every Minute Particular hardend into grains of sand:  
J45.21; E194| And all the tendernesses of the soul cast forth as filth & mire,  
J45.22; E194| Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate  
J45.23; E194| To where the Tower of London frownd dreadful over Jerusalem:  
J45.24; E194| A building of Luvah builded in Jerusalems eastern gate to be  
J45.25; E194| His secluded Court: thence to Bethlehem where was builded  
J45.26; E194| Dens of despair in the house of bread: enquiring in vain  
J45.27; E194| Of stones and rocks he took his way, for human form was none:  
J45.28; E194| And thus he spoke, looking on Albions City with many tears

J45.29; E194| What shall I do! what could I do, if I could find these Criminals  
J45.30; E194| I could not dare to take vengeance; for all things are so constructed  
J45.31; E194| And builded by the Divine hand, that the sinner shall always escape,

J45.32; E194| And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence;  
J45.33; E194| If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand  
J45.34; E194| In way of vengeance; I punish the already punishd: O whom  
J45.35; E194| Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray!  
J45.36; E194| O Albion, if thou takest vengeance; if thou revengest thy wrongs  
J45.37; E194| Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the Sons  
J45.38; E194| Of Albion from taking vengeance? or how shall I them perswade.

J45.39; E195| So spoke Los, travelling thro darkness & horrid solitude:  
J45.40; E195| And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster & Marybone,  
J45.41; E195| Among the ruins of the Temple: and Vala who is her Shadow,  
J45.42; E195| Jerusalems Shadow bent northward over the Island white.  
J45.43; E195| At length he sat on London Stone, & heard Jerusalems voice.

J45.44; E195| Albion I cannot be thy Wife. thine own Minute Particulars,  
J45.45; E195| Belong to God alone. and all thy little ones are holy  
J45.46; E195| They are of Faith & not of Demonstration: wherefore is Vala  
J45.47; E195| Clothd in black mourning upon my rivers currents, Vala awake!  
J45.48; E195| I hear thy shuttles sing in the sky, and round my limbs  
J45.49; E195| I feel the iron threads of love & jealousy & despair.

J45.50; E195| Vala reply'd. Albion is mine! Luvah gave me to Albion  
J45.51; E195| And now recieves reproach & hate. Was it not said of old  
J45.52; E195| Set your Son before a man & he shall take you & your sons  
J45.53; E195| For slaves: but set your Daughter before a man & She  
J45.54; E195| Shall make him & his sons & daughters your slaves for ever!  
J45.55; E195| And is this Faith? Behold the strife of Albion, & Luvah  
J45.56; E195| Is great in the east, their spears of blood rage in the eastern heaven  
J45.57; E195| Urizen is the champion of Albion, they will slay my Luvah:  
J45.58; E195| And thou O harlot daughter! daughter of despair art all  
J45.59; E195| This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates.  
J45.60; E195| Here is the House of Albion, & here is thy secluded place  
J45.61; E195| And here we have found thy sins: & hence we turn thee forth,  
J45.62; E195| For all to avoid thee: to be astonishd at thee for thy sins:  
J45.63; E195| Because thou art the impurity & the harlot: & thy children!  
J45.64; E195| Children of whoredoms: born for Sacrifice: for the meat & drink  
J45.65; E195| Offering: to sustain the glorious combat & the battle & war  
J45.66; E195| That Man may be purified by the death of thy delusions.

J45.67; E195| So saying she her dark threads cast over the trembling River:  
J45.68; E195| And over the valleys; from the hills of Hertfordshire to the hills  
J45.69; E195| Of Surrey across Middlesex & across Albions House  
J45.70; E195| Of Eternity! pale stood Albion at his eastern gate,

J46.1; E195| Leaning against the pillars, & his disease rose from his skirts  
 J46.2; E195| Upon the Precipice he stood! ready to fall into Non-Entity.

J46.3; E195| Los was all astonishment & terror: he trembled sitting on the Stone  
 J46.4; E195| Of London: but the interiors of Albions fibres & nerves were hidden  
 J46.5; E195| From Los; astonishd be beheld only the petrified surfaces:  
 J46.6; E195| And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces;  
 J46.7; E195| He saw also the Four Points of Albion reversd inwards  
 J46.8; E195| He siezd his Hammer & Tongs, his iron Poker & his Bellows,  
 J46.9; E195| Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.

J46.10; E195| In stern defiance came from Albions bosom Hand, Hyle, Koban,  
 J46.11; E195| Gwantok, Peachy, Brertun, Slaid, Huttn, Skofeld, Kock, Kotope

J46.12; E196| Bowen: Albions Sons: they bore him a golden couch into the porch  
 J46.13; E196| And on the Couch reposd his limbs, trembling from the bloody field.  
 J46.14; E196| Rearing their Druid Patriarchal rocky Temples around his limbs.  
 J46.15; E196| (All things begin & end, in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)

J47.1; E196| [*When Albion utterd his last words Hope is banishd from me*] <sup>t290</sup>  
 J47.2; E196| From Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along,  
 J47.3; E196| Where Los's Furnaces stand, where Jerusalem & Vala howl:  
 J47.4; E196| Luvah tore forth from Albions Loins, in fibrous veins, in rivers  
 J47.5; E196| Of blood over Europe: a Vegetating Root in grinding pain.  
 J47.6; E196| Animating the Dragon Temples, soon to become that Holy Fiend  
 J47.7; E196| The Wicker Man of Scandinavia in which cruelly consumed  
 J47.8; E196| The Captives reard to heaven howl in flames among the stars  
 J47.9; E196| Loud the cries of War on the Rhine & Danube, with Albions Sons,  
 J47.10; E196| Away from Beulahs hills & vales break forth the Souls of the Dead,  
 J47.11; E196| With cymbal, trumpet, clarion; & the scythed chariots of Britain.

J47.12; E196| And the Veil of Vala, is composed of the Spectres of the Dead

J47.13; E196| Hark! the mingling cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion  
 J47.14; E196| Hark! & Record the terrible wonder! that the Punisher  
 J47.15; E196| Mingles with his Victims Spectre, enslaved and tormented  
 J47.16; E196| To him whom he has murderd, bound in vengeance & enmity  
 J47.17; E196| Shudder not, but Write, & the hand of God will assist you!  
 J47.18; E196| Therefore I write Albions last words. Hope is banish'd from me.

J48.1; E196| These were his last words, and the merciful Saviour in his arms  
J48.2; E196| Reciev'd him, in the arms of tender mercy and repos'd  
J48.3; E196| The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality  
J48.4; E196| Upon the Rock of Ages. Then, surrounded with a Cloud:  
J48.5; E196| In silence the Divine Lord builded with immortal labour,  
J48.6; E196| Of gold & jewels a sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose,  
J48.7; E196| With Sixteen pillars: canopied with emblems & written verse.  
J48.8; E196| Spiritual Verse, order'd & measur'd, from whence, time shall reveal.  
J48.9; E196| The Five books of the Decalogue, the books of Joshua & Judges,  
J48.10; E196| Samuel, a double book & Kings, a double book, the Psalms & Prophets  
J48.11; E196| The Four-fold Gospel, and the Revelations everlasting  
J48.12; E196| Eternity groan'd & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

J48.13; E196| Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earths central joint,  
J48.14; E196| There is a place where Contrarities are equally true:  
J48.15; E196| (To protect from the Giant blows in the sports of intellect,  
J48.16; E196| Thunder in the midst of kindness, & love that kills its beloved:  
J48.17; E196| Because Death is for a period, and they renew tenfold.)  
J48.18; E196| From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem

J48.19; E197| With pangs she forsook Beulah's pleasant lovely shadowy Universe  
J48.20; E197| Where no dispute can come; created for those who Sleep.

J48.21; E197| Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah  
J48.22; E197| Wept for their Sister the Daughter of Albion, Jerusalem:  
J48.23; E197| When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended  
J48.24; E197| With solemn mourning out of Beulahs moony shades and hills:  
J48.25; E197| Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

J48.26; E197| And this the manner of the terrible Separation  
J48.27; E197| The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion  
J48.28; E197| Concenter in one Female form an Aged pensive Woman.  
J48.29; E197| Astonish'd! lovely! embracing the sublime shade: the Daughters of Beulah  
J48.30; E197| Beheld her with wonder! With awful hands she took  
J48.31; E197| A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions  
J48.32; E197| And many sorrows: oblique across the Atlantic Vale  
J48.33; E197| Which is the Vale of Rephaim dreadful from East to West,  
J48.34; E197| Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden  
J48.35; E197| Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold, a mild Reflection from  
J48.36; E197| Albions dread Tomb. Eight thousand and five hundred years  
J48.37; E197| In its extension. Every two hundred years has a door to Eden  
J48.38; E197| She also took an Atom of Space, with dire pain opening it a Center  
J48.39; E197| Into Beulah: trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried



J48.40; E197| Her tears. she ardent embrac'd her sorrows. occupied in labours  
J48.41; E197| Of sublime mercy in Rephaims Vale. Perusing Albions Tomb  
J48.42; E197| She sat: she walk'd among the ornaments solemn mourning.  
J48.43; E197| The Daughters attended her shudderings, wiping the death sweat  
J48.44; E197| Los also saw her in his seventh Furnace, he also terrified  
J48.45; E197| Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace:  
J48.46; E197| Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place.  
J48.47; E197| When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion.  
J48.48; E197| Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud,  
J48.49; E197| Female and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form  
J48.50; E197| Writhing in pain. The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms reciev'd  
J48.51; E197| Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin,  
J48.52; E197| In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wail night & day.

J48.53; E197| And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, in soft tears

J48.54; E197| Albion the Vortex of the Dead! Albion the Generous!  
J48.55; E197| Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice!  
J48.56; E197| Where Friends Die for each other: will become the Place,  
J48.57; E197| Of Murder, & Unforgiving, Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies  
J48.58; E197| The Children must be sacrific'd! (a horror never known  
J48.59; E197| Till now in Beulah.) unless a Refuge can be found  
J48.60; E197| To hide them from the wrath of Albions Law that freezes sore  
J48.61; E197| Upon his Sons & Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom

J48.62; E198| Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albions Mountains  
J48.63; E198| To give a Place for Redemption, let Sihon and Og  
J48.64; E198| Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

J49.1; E198| The secret coverts of Albion & the hidden places of America  
J49.2; E198| Jerusalem Jerusalem! why wilt thou turn away  
J49.3; E198| Come ye O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og & Sihon  
J49.4; E198| Upon the Lakes of Ireland from Rathlin to Baltimore:  
J49.5; E198| Stand ye upon the Dargle from Wicklow to Drogheda  
J49.6; E198| Come & mourn over Albion the White Cliff of the Atlantic  
J49.7; E198| The Mountain of Giants: all the Giants of Albion are become  
J49.8; E198| Weak! witherd! darkend! & Jerusalem is cast forth from Albion.  
J49.9; E198| They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shiloh  
J49.10; E198| The Gigantic roots & twigs of the vegetating Sons of Albion  
J49.11; E198| Filld with the little-ones are consumed in the Fires of their Altars  
J49.12; E198| The vegetating Cities are burned & consumed from the Earth:  
J49.13; E198| And the Bodies in which all Animals & Vegetations, the Earth & Heaven  
J49.14; E198| Were containd in the All Glorious Imagination are witherd & darkend;



J49.15; E198| The golden Gate of Havilah, and all the Garden of God,  
J49.16; E198| Was caught up with the Sun in one day of fury and war:  
J49.17; E198| The Lungs, the Heart, the Liver, shrunk away far distant from Man  
J49.18; E198| And left a little slimy substance floating upon the tides.  
J49.19; E198| In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon,  
J49.20; E198| And became an Opake Globe far distant clad with moony beams.  
J49.21; E198| The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,  
J49.22; E198| Are become weak Visions of Time & Space, fix'd into furrows of death;  
J49.23; E198| Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left  
J49.24; E198| O Polypus of Death O Spectre over Europe and Asia  
J49.25; E198| Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin  
J49.26; E198| By Laws of Chastity & Abhorrence I am witherd up.  
J49.27; E198| Striving to Create a Heaven in which all shall be pure & holy  
J49.28; E198| In their Own Selfhoods, in Natural Selfish Chastity to banish Pity  
J49.29; E198| And dear Mutual Forgiveness; & to become One Great Satan  
J49.30; E198| Inslavd to the most powerful Selfhood: to murder the Divine Humanity  
J49.31; E198| In whose sight all are as the dust & who chargeth his Angels with folly!  
J49.32; E198| Ah! weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form!  
J49.33; E198| Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground!  
J49.34; E198| The Eye of Man, a little narrow orb, closd up & dark,  
J49.35; E198| Scarcely beholding the Great Light; conversing with the [Void]: *t291*  
J49.36; E198| The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out  
J49.37; E198| True Harmonies, & comprehending great, as very small:  
J49.38; E198| The Nostrils, bent down to the earth & clos'd with senseless flesh.  
J49.39; E198| That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult:  
J49.40; E198| The Tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloyes,  
J49.41; E198| A little sound it utters, & its cries are faintly heard.

J49.42; E199| Therefore they are removed: therefore they have taken root  
J49.43; E199| In Egypt & Philistea: in Moab & Edom & Aram:  
J49.44; E199| In the Erythrean Sea their Uncircu[m]cision in Heart & Loins  
J49.45; E199| Be lost for ever & ever. then they shall arise from Self,  
J49.46; E199| By Self Annihilation into Jerusalems Courts & into Shiloh  
J49.47; E199| Shiloh the Masculine Emanation among the Flowers of Beulah  
J49.48; E199| Lo Shiloh dwells over France, as Jerusalem dwells over Albion  
J49.49; E199| Build & prepare a Wall & Curtain for Americas shore!  
J49.50; E199| Rush on: Rush on! Rush on! ye vegetating Sons of Albion  
J49.51; E199| The Sun shall go before you in Day: the Moon shall go  
J49.52; E199| Before you in Night. Come on! Come on! Come on! The Lord  
J49.53; E199| Jehovah is before, behind, above, beneath, around  
J49.54; E199| He has builded the arches of Albions Tomb binding the Stars  
J49.55; E199| In merciful Order, bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace.  
J49.56; E199| He hath placed Og & Anak, the Giants of Albion for their Guards:  
J49.57; E199| Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor: the Body  
J49.58; E199| Of Divine Analogy; and Og & Sihon in the tears of Balaam

J49.59; E199| The Son of Beor, have given their power to Joshua & Caleb.  
J49.60; E199| Remove from Albion, far remove these terrible surfaces.  
J49.61; E199| They are beginning to form Heavens & Hells in immense  
J49.62; E199| Circles: the Hells for food to the Heavens: food of torment,  
J49.63; E199| Food of despair: they drink the condemnd Soul & rejoice  
J49.64; E199| In cruel holiness, in their Heavens of Chastity & Uncircumcision  
J49.65; E199| Yet they are blameless & Iniquity must be imputed only  
J49.66; E199| To the State they are enterd into that they may be deliverd:  
J49.67; E199| Satan is the State of Death, & not a Human existence:  
J49.68; E199| But Luvah is named Satan, because he has enterd that State.  
J49.69; E199| A World where Man is by Nature the enemy of Man  
J49.70; E199| Because the Evil is Created into a State. that Men  
J49.71; E199| May be deliverd time after time evermore. Amen.  
J49.72; E199| Learn therefore O Sisters to distinguish the Eternal Human  
J49.73; E199| That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss & woe  
J49.74; E199| Alternate! from those States or Worlds in which the Spirit travels:  
J49.75; E199| This is the only means to Forgiveness of Enemies[.]  
J49.76; E199| Therefore remove from Albion these terrible Surfaces  
J49.77; E199| And let wild seas & rocks close up Jerusalem away from

J50.1; E199| The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect;  
J50.2; E199| Now given to stony Druids, and Allegoric Generation  
J50.3; E199| To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep:  
J50.4; E199| Sway'd by a Providence oppos'd to the Divine Lord Jesus:  
J50.5; E199| A murderous Providence! A Creation that groans, living on Death.  
J50.6; E199| Where Fish & Bird & Beast & Man & Tree & Metal & Stone  
J50.7; E199| Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually:  
J50.8; E199| Albion is now possess'd by the War of Blood! the Sacrifice  
J50.9; E199| Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out:

J50.10; E200| Come Lord Jesus, Lamb of God descend! for if; O Lord!  
J50.11; E200| If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died.  
J50.12; E200| Arise sisters! Go ye & meet the Lord, while I remain--  
J50.13; E200| Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albions cliffs!  
J50.14; E200| Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them:  
J50.15; E200| She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin  
J50.16; E200| A Self-righteousness: the proud Virgin-Harlot! Mother of War!  
J50.17; E200| And we also & all Beulah, consume beneath Albions curse.

J50.18; E200| So Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering  
J50.19; E200| With their wings they sat in the Furnace, in a night  
J50.20; E200| Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appeard distant stars,  
J50.21; E200| Ascending and descending into Albions sea of death.  
J50.22; E200| And Erins lovely Bow enclos'd the Wheels of Albions Sons.

J50.23; E200| Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response

J50.24; E200| Come O thou Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin  
J50.25; E200| To Sin & to hide the Sin in sweet deceit. is lovely!!  
J50.26; E200| To Sin in the open face of day is cruel & pitiless! But  
J50.27; E200| To record the Sin for a reproach: to let the Sun go down  
J50.28; E200| In a remembrance of the Sin: is a Woe & a Horror!  
J50.29; E200| A brooder of an Evil Day, and a Sun rising in blood  
J50.30; E200| Come then O Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin

J50.31; E200| End of Chap. 2d. *t292*

J52; E200| |The Spiritual States of  
J52; E200| |the Soul are all Eternal  
J52; E200| Rahab is an | To the Deists. |Distinguish between the  
J52; E200| Eternal State | |Man, & his present State

J52prose; E200| He never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher  
J52prose; E200| of Natural Morality or Natural Religion. he is a flatterer who  
J52prose; E200| means to betray, to perpetuate Tyrant Pride & the Laws of that  
J52prose; E200| Babylon which he foresees shall shortly be destroyed, with the  
J52prose; E200| Spiritual and not the Natural Sword: He is in the State named  
J52prose; E200| Rahab: which State must be put off before he can be the Friend of  
J52prose; E200| Man.  
J52prose; E200| You O Deists profess yourselves the Enemies of Christianity:  
J52prose; E200| and you are so: you are also the Enemies of the Human Race & of  
J52prose; E200| Universal Nature. Man is born a Spectre or Satan & is altogether  
J52prose; E200| an Evil, & requires a New Selfhood continually & must continually  
J52prose; E200| be changed into his direct Contrary. But your Greek Philosophy  
J52prose; E200| (which is a remnant of Druidism) teaches that Man is Righteous in  
J52prose; E200| his Vegetated Spectre: an Opinion of fatal & accursed consequence  
J52prose; E200| to Man, as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation to the intire  
J52prose; E200| abrogation of

J52prose; E201| Experimental Theory. and many believed what they saw, and  
J52prose; E201| Prophecied of Jesus.  
J52prose; E201| Man must & will have Some Religion; if he has not the Religion  
J52prose; E201| of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the  
J52prose; E201| Synagogue of Satan. calling the Prince of this World, God; and  
J52prose; E201| destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God.  
J52prose; E201| Will any one say: Where are those who worship Satan under the  
J52prose; E201| Name of God! Where are they? Listen! Every Religion that Preaches



J52.6; E202| And Voltaire with a wracking wheel  
J52.7; E202| The Schools in clouds of learning rolld *t296*  
J52.8; E202| Arose with War in iron & gold.

J52.9; E202| Thou lazy Monk they sound afar *t297*  
J52.10; E202| In vain condemning glorious War *t298*  
J52.11; E202| And in your Cell you shall ever dwell *t299*  
J52.12; E202| Rise War & bind him in his Cell.

J52.13; E202| The blood. red ran from the Grey Monks side  
J52.14; E202| His hands & feet were wounded wide  
J52.15; E202| His body bent, his arms & knees  
J52.16; E202| Like to the roots of ancient trees

J52.17; E202| When Satan first the black bow bent *t300*  
J52.18; E202| And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent  
J52.19; E202| He forgd the Law into a Sword  
J52.20; E202| And spilld the blood of mercys Lord.

J52.21; E202| Titus! Constantine! Charlemaine! *t301*  
J52.22; E202| O Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! Vain  
J52.23; E202| Your Grecian Mocks & Roman Sword *t302*  
J52.24; E202| Against this image of his Lord!

J52.25; E202| For a Tear is an Intellectual thing; *t303*  
J52.26; E202| And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King  
J52.27; E202| And the bitter groan of a Martyrs woe *t304*  
J52.28; E202| Is an Arrow from the Almightyes Bow!

J53; E202| Jerusalem

J53; E202| Chap 3.

J53.1; E202| But Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona  
J53.2; E202| Wept vehemently over Albion where Thames currents spring  
J53.3; E202| From the rivers of Beulah; pleasant river! soft, mild, parent stream  
J53.4; E202| And the roots of Albions Tree enterd the Soul of Los  
J53.5; E202| As he sat before his Furnaces clothd in sackcloth of hair  
J53.6; E202| In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation;  
J53.7; E202| Inclosing all the Children of Los time after time.  
J53.8; E202| Their Giant forms condensing into Nations & Peoples & Tongues *t305*



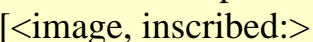
J53.9; E202| Translucent the Furnaces, of Beryll & Emerald immortal:  
J53.10; E202| And Seven-fold each within other: incomprehensible  
J53.11; E202| To the Vegetated Mortal Eye's perverted & single vision  
J53.12; E202| The Bellows are the Animal Lungs. the hammers, the Animal Heart  
J53.13; E202| The Furnaces, the Stomach for Digestion; terrible their fury  
J53.14; E202| Like seven burning heavens rang'd from South to North

J53.15; E203| Here on the banks of the Thames, Los builded Golgonooza,  
J53.16; E203| Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart, beneath Beulah  
J53.17; E203| In the midst of the rocks of the Altars of Albion. In fears  
J53.18; E203| He builded it, in rage & in fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold  
J53.19; E203| London: continually building & continually decaying desolate!  
J53.20; E203| In eternal labours: loud the Furnaces & loud the Anvils  
J53.21; E203| Of Death thunder incessant around the flaming Couches of  
J53.22; E203| The Twentyfour Friends of Albion and round the awful Four  
J53.23; E203| For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons  
J53.24; E203| The Mystic Union of the Emanation in the Lord; Because <sup>t306</sup>  
J53.25; E203| Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre  
J53.26; E203| His Emanation is an ever-weeping melancholy Shadow  
J53.27; E203| But she is made receptive of Generation thro' mercy  
J53.28; E203| In the Potters Furnace, among the Funeral Urns of Beulah  
J53.29; E203| From Surrey hills, thro' Italy and Greece, to Hinnoms vale.

J54.1; E203| In Great Eternity, every particular Form gives forth or Emanates  
J54.2; E203| Its own peculiar Light, & the Form is the Divine Vision  
J54.3; E203| And the Light is his Garment This is Jerusalem in every Man  
J54.4; E203| A Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness Male & Female Clothings.  
J54.5; E203| And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion

J54.6; E203| But Albion fell down a Rocky fragment from Eternity hurl'd  
J54.7; E203| By his own Spectre, who is the Reasoning Power in every Man  
J54.8; E203| Into his own Chaos which is the Memory between Man & Man

J54.9; E203| The silent broodings of deadly revenge springing from the  
J54.10; E203| All powerful parental affection, fills Albion from head to foot  
J54.11; E203| Seeing his Sons assimilate with Luvah, bound in the bonds  
J54.12; E203| Of spiritual Hate, from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains:  
J54.13; E203| He tosses like a Cloud outstretchd among Jerusalems Ruins  
J54.14; E203| Which overspread all the Earth, he groans among his ruind porches

ED; E203| []

J54ill; E203| Reason



J54ill; E203| Pity Wrath  
J54ill; E203| This World

J54ill; E203| Desire  
ED; E203| </image>]

J54.15; E203| But the Spectre like a hoar frost & a Mildew rose over Albion  
J54.16; E203| Saying, I am God O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power!  
J54.17; E203| Am I not Bacon & Newton & Locke who teach Humility to Man!  
J54.18; E203| Who teach Doubt & Experiment & my two Wings Voltaire: Rousseau.  
J54.19; E203| Where is that Friend of Sinners! that Rebel against my Laws!

J54.20; E204| Who teaches Belief to the Nations, & an unknown Eternal Life  
J54.21; E204| Come hither into the Desart & turn these stones to bread.  
J54.22; E204| Vain foolish Man! wilt thou believe without Experiment?  
J54.23; E204| And build a World of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss!  
J54.24; E204| A World of Shapes in craving lust & devouring appetite

J54.25; E204| So spoke the hard cold constrictive Spectre he is named Arthur  
J54.26; E204| Constricting into Druid Rocks round Canaan Agag & Aram & Pharoh

J54.27; E204| Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears  
J54.28; E204| But she stretchd out her starry Night in Spaces against him. like  
J54.29; E204| A long Serpent, in the Abyss of the Spectre which augmented  
J54.30; E204| The Night with Dragon wings coverd with stars & in the Wings  
J54.31; E204| Jerusalem & Vala appeard: & above between the Wings magnificent  
J54.32; E204| The Divine Vision dimly appeard in clouds of blood weeping.

J55.1; E204| When those who disregard all Mortal Things, saw a Mighty-One  
J55.2; E204| Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength  
J55.3; E204| They wonderd; checking their wild flames & Many gathering  
J55.4; E204| Together into an Assembly; they said, let us go down  
J55.5; E204| And see these changes! Others said, If you do so prepare  
J55.6; E204| For being driven from our fields, what have we to do with the Dead?  
J55.7; E204| To be their inferiors or superiors we equally abhor;  
J55.8; E204| Superior, none we know: inferior none: all equal share  
J55.9; E204| Divine Benevolence & joy, for the Eternal Man  
J55.10; E204| Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends:  
J55.11; E204| Forbidding us that Veil which Satan puts between Eve & Adam  
J55.12; E204| By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries  
J55.13; E204| Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones & gold  
J55.14; E204| To sieze the Sons of Jerusalem & plant them in One Mans Loins  
J55.15; E204| To make One Family of Contraries: that Joseph may be sold

J55.16; E204	Into Egypt: for Negation; a Veil the Saviour born & dying rends.	
J55.17; E204	But others said: Let us to him who only Is, & who	
J55.18; E204	Walketh among us, give decision. bring forth all your fires!	
J55.19; E204	So saying, an eternal deed was done: in fiery flames	
J55.20; E204	The Universal Conc[l]ave raged, such thunderous sounds as never	<i>t307</i>
J55.21; E204	Were sounded from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old	
J55.22; E204	Nor in Havilah where the Cherub rolld his redounding flame.	
J55.23; E204	Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the Forests	
J55.24; E204	Rivers thunderd against their banks, loud Winds furious fought	
J55.25; E204	Cities & Nations contended in fires & clouds & tempests.	
J55.26; E204	The Seas raisd up their voices & lifted their hands on high	
J55.27; E204	The Stars in their courses fought. the Sun! Moon! Heaven! Earth.	
J55.28; E204	Contending for Albion & for Jerusalem his Emanation	
J55.29; E204	And for Shiloh, the Emanation of France & for lovely Vala.	
J55.30; E205	Then far the greatest number were about to make a Separation	
J55.31; E205	And they Elected Seven, calld the Seven Eyes of God;	
J55.32; E205	Lucifer, Molech, Elohim, Shaddai, Pahad, Jehovah, Jesus.	
J55.33; E205	They namd the Eighth. he came not, he hid in Albions Forests	
J55.34; E205	But first they said: (& their Words stood in Chariots in array	
J55.35; E205	Curbing their Tygers with golden bits & bridles of silver & ivory)	
J55.36; E205	Let the Human Organs be kept in their perfect Integrity	
J55.37; E205	At will Contracting into Worms, or Expanding into Gods	
J55.38; E205	And then behold! what are these Ulro Visions of Chastity[!]	
J55.39; E205	Then as the moss upon the tree: or dust upon the plow:	
J55.40; E205	Or as the sweat upon the labouring shoulder: or as the chaff	
J55.41; E205	Of the wheat-floor or as the dregs of the sweet wine-press	
J55.42; E205	Such are these Ulro Visions, for tho we sit down within	
J55.43; E205	The plowed furrow, listning to the weeping clods till we	
J55.44; E205	Contract or Expand Space at will: or if we raise ourselves	
J55.45; E205	Upon the chariots of the morning. Contracting or Expanding Time!	
J55.46; E205	Every one knows, we are One Family! One Man blessed for ever	
J55.47; E205	Silence remaind & every one resumd his Human Majesty	
J55.48; E205	And many conversed on these things as they labourd at the furrow	
J55.49; E205	Saying: It is better to prevent misery, than to release from misery	
J55.50; E205	It is better to prevent error, than to forgive the criminal:	
J55.51; E205	Labour well the Minute Particulars, attend to the Little-ones:	

J55.52; E205| And those who are in misery cannot remain so long  
J55.53; E205| If we do but our duty: labour well the teeming Earth.

J55.54; E205| They Plow'd in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow  
J55.55; E205| And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven  
J55.56; E205| Crying: Compell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unhewn Demonstrations  
J55.57; E205| Let the Indefinite be explored. and let every Man be judged  
J55.58; E205| By his own Works, Let all Indefinites be thrown into Demonstrations  
J55.59; E205| To be pounded to dust & melted in the Furnaces of Affliction:  
J55.60; E205| He who would do good to another, must do it in Minute Particulars  
J55.61; E205| General Good is the plea of the scoundrel hypocrite flatterer:  
J55.62; E205| For Art & Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars  
J55.63; E205| And not in generalizing Demonstrations of the Rational Power.  
J55.64; E205| The Infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity  
J55.65; E205| Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of Falshood continually  
J55.66; E205| On Circumcision: not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion

J55.67; E205| So cried they at the Plow. Albions Rock frowned above  
J55.68; E205| And the Great Voice of Eternity rolled above terrible in clouds  
J55.69; E205| Saying Who will go forth for us! & Who shall we send before our face?

J56.1; E206| Then Los heaved his thund'ring Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex  
J56.2; E206| And thus he chaunted his Song: the Daughters of Albion reply.

J56.3; E206| What may Man be? who can tell! But what may Woman be?  
J56.4; E206| To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.  
J56.5; E206| He who is an Infant, and whose Cradle is a Manger  
J56.6; E206| Knoweth the Infant sorrow: whence it came, and where it goeth:  
J56.7; E206| And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away.  
J56.8; E206| This World is all a Cradle for the erred wandering Phantom:  
J56.9; E206| Rock'd by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments  
J56.10; E206| Between, dwells a Daughter of Beulah, to feed the Human Vegetable  
J56.11; E206| Entune: Daughters of Albion. your hymning Chorus mildly!  
J56.12; E206| Cord of affection thrilling extatic on the iron Reel:  
J56.13; E206| To the golden Loom of Love! to the moth-labour'd Woof  
J56.14; E206| A Garment and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror:  
J56.15; E206| For fear; at entering the gate into our World of cruel  
J56.16; E206| Lamentation: it flee back & hide in Non-Entitys dark wild  
J56.17; E206| Where dwells the Spectre of Albion: destroyer of Definite Form.  
J56.18; E206| The Sun shall be a Scythed Chariot of Britain: the Moon; a Ship  
J56.19; E206| In the British Ocean! Created by Los's Hammer; measured out  
J56.20; E206| Into Days & Nights & Years & Months. to travel with my feet  
J56.21; E206| Over these desolate rocks of Albion: O daughters of despair!

J56.22; E206|  
J56.23; E206|  
J56.24; E206|  
J56.25; E206|

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

J56.26; E206|  
J56.27; E206|  
J56.28; E206|

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!

J56.29; E206|  
J56.30; E206|  
J56.31; E206|  
J56.32; E206|  
J56.33; E206|  
J56.34; E206|  
J56.35; E206|  
J56.36; E206|  
J56.37; E206|

Then Los uttered with Hammer & Anvil: Chaunt! revoice!  
I mind not your laugh: and your frown I not fear! and  
You must my dictate obey from your gold-beam'd Looms; trill  
Gentle to Albions Watchman, on Albions mountains; reeccho  
And rock the Cradle while! Ah me! Of that Eternal Man  
And of the cradled Infancy in his bowels of compassion:  
Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry & became  
Subservient to the clods of the furrow! the cattle and even  
The emmet and earth-Worm are his superiors & his lords. *t308*

J56.38; E206|

Then the response came warbling from trilling Looms in Albion

J56.39; E206|  
J56.40; E206|

We Women tremble at the light therefore: hiding fearful  
The Divine Vision with Curtain & Veil & fleshly Tabernacle

J56.41; E206|  
J56.42; E206|  
J56.43; E206|

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?

J57.1; E207|  
J57.2; E207|  
J57.3; E207|  
J57.4; E207|  
J57.5; E207|  
J57.6; E207|  
J57.7; E207|

And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh. Cry  
Over the Plow of Nations in the strong hand of Albion thundering along  
Among the Fires of the Druid & the deep black rethundering Waters  
Of the Atlantic which poured in impetuous loud loud. louder & louder.  
And the Great Voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Altars:  
Weeping over his Children in Stone-henge in Maiden & Colchester.  
Round the Rocky Peak of Derbyshire London Stone & Rosamonds Bower

J57.8; E207|  
J57.9; E207|  
J57.10; E207|  
J57.11; E207|

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!

J57.12; E207| But Albion fled from the Divine Vision, with the Plow of Nations enflaming  
J57.13; E207| The Living Creatures maddend and Albion fell into the Furrow, and  
J57.14; E207| The Plow went over him & the Living was Plowed in among the Dead  
J57.15; E207| But his Spectre rose over the starry Plow. Albion fled beneath the Plow  
J57.16; E207| Till he came to the Rock of Ages. & he took his Seat upon the Rock.

J57.17; E207| Wonder siezd all in Eternity! to behold the Divine Vision. open  
J57.18; E207| The Center into an Expanse, & the Center rolled out into an Expanse.

J58.1; E207| In beauty the Daughters of Albion divide & unite at will  
J58.2; E207| Naked & drunk with blood Gwendolen dancing to the timbrel  
J58.3; E207| Of War: reeling up the Street of London she divides in twain *t310*

J58.4; E207| Among the Inhabitants of Albion. the People fall around.  
J58.5; E207| The Daughters of Albion. divide & unite in jealousy & cruelty  
J58.6; E207| The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest & the Vintage  
J58.7; E207| Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples shrieking  
J58.8; E207| Bonifying into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal pain  
J58.9; E207| They flee over the rocks bonifying: Horses: Oxen: feel the knife.  
J58.10; E207| And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgment, bonify  
J58.11; E207| The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife  
J58.12; E207| The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by jealousy & Pity.

J58.13; E207| Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration  
J58.14; E207| Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure & affection  
J58.15; E207| Two Contraries War against each other in fury & blood,  
J58.16; E207| And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows:  
J58.17; E207| He fixes them with strong blows. placing the stones & timbers.  
J58.18; E207| To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death:  
J58.19; E207| Dividing the Masculine & Feminine: for the comingling  
J58.20; E207| Of Albions & Luvahs Spectres was Hermaphroditic

J58.21; E207| Urizen wrathful strode above directing the awful Building:  
J58.22; E207| As a Mighty Temple; delivering Form out of confusion[.]

J58.23; E208| Jordan sprang beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath  
J58.24; E208| Its pillars: Euphrates ran under its arches: white sails  
J58.25; E208| And silver oars reflect on its pillars, & sound on its ecchoing  
J58.26; E208| Pavements: where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain Ungenerate  
J58.27; E208| But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its porticoes,  
J58.28; E208| Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve  
J58.29; E208| And shine glorious within! Hand & Koban archd over the Sun



J58.30; E208| In the hot noon, as he travelld thro his journey; Hyle & Skofield  
J58.31; E208| Archd over the Moon at midnight & Los Fixd them there,  
J58.32; E208| With his thunderous Hammer; terrified the Spectres rage & flee  
J58.33; E208| Canaan is his portico; Jordan is a fountain in his porch;  
J58.34; E208| A fountain of milk & wine to relieve the traveller:  
J58.35; E208| Egypt is the eight steps within. Ethiopia supports his pillars;  
J58.36; E208| Lybia & the Lands unknown. are the ascent without;  
J58.37; E208| Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art:  
J58.38; E208| Persia & Media are his halls: his inmost hall is Great Tartary.  
J58.39; E208| China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment  
J58.40; E208| Poland & Russia & Sweden, his soft retired chambers  
J58.41; E208| France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany  
J58.42; E208| Are the temples among his pillars. Britain is Los's Forge;  
J58.43; E208| America North & South are his baths of living waters.

J58.44; E208| Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void  
J58.45; E208| Created from the Valley of Middlesex by Londons River  
J58.46; E208| From Stone-henge and from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes  
J58.47; E208| The Four Zoa's rush around on all sides in dire ruin  
J58.48; E208| Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion  
J58.49; E208| Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous  
J58.50; E208| Works! A World of Generation continually Creating; out of  
J58.51; E208| The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of rocky destiny.

J59.1; E208| And formed into Four precious stones. for enterance from Beulah

J59.2; E208| For the Veil of Vala which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep  
J59.3; E208| To catch the Souls of the Dead: began to Vegetate & Petrify  
J59.4; E208| Around the Earth of Albion. among the Roots of his Tree  
J59.5; E208| This Los formed into the Gates & mighty Wall, between the Oak  
J59.6; E208| Of Weeping & the Palm of Suffering beneath Albions Tomb,  
J59.7; E208| Thus in process of time it became the beautiful Mundane Shell,  
J59.8; E208| The Habitation of the Spectres of the Dead & the Place  
J59.9; E208| Of Redemption & of awaking again into Eternity

J59.10; E208| For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic  
J59.11; E208| One to the North; Urthona: One to the South; Urizen:  
J59.12; E208| One to the East: Luvah: One to the West, Tharmas;  
J59.13; E208| They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine  
J59.14; E208| Verulam: London: York & Edinburgh: their English names  
J59.15; E208| But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen Southward



J59.16; E209| And Albion was slain upon his Mountains & in his Tent.  
J59.17; E209| All fell towards the Center, sinking downwards in dire ruin,  
J59.18; E209| In the South remains a burning Fire: in the East. a Void  
J59.19; E209| In the West, a World of raging Waters: in the North; solid Darkness  
J59.20; E209| Unfathomable without end: but in the midst of these  
J59.21; E209| Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Enitharmon

J59.22; E209| And in the North Gate, in the West of the North. toward Beulah  
J59.23; E209| Cathedrons Looms are builded. and Los's Furnaces in the South  
J59.24; E209| A wondrous golden Building immense with ornaments sublime  
J59.25; E209| Is bright Cathedrons golden Hall, its Courts Towers & Pinnacles

J59.26; E209| And one Daughter of Los sat at the fiery Reel & another  
J59.27; E209| Sat at the shining Loom with her Sisters attending round  
J59.28; E209| Terrible their distress & their sorrow cannot be utterd  
J59.29; E209| And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel  
J59.30; E209| Endless their labour, with bitter food. void of sleep,  
J59.31; E209| Tho hungry they labour: they rouze themselves anxious  
J59.32; E209| Hour after hour labouring at the whirling Wheel  
J59.33; E209| Many Wheels & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping

J59.34; E209| Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work  
J59.35; E209| Obliterates every other evil; none pities their tears  
J59.36; E209| Yet they regard not pity & they expect no one to pity  
J59.37; E209| For they labour for life & love, regardless of any one  
J59.38; E209| But the poor Spectres that they work for, always incessantly

J59.39; E209| They are mockd, by every one that passes by. they regard not  
J59.40; E209| They labour; & when their Wheels are broken by scorn & malice  
J59.41; E209| They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions.

J59.42; E209| Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion & Pillow, Network fine  
J59.43; E209| That Rahab & Tirzah may exist & live & breathe & love  
J59.44; E209| Ah, that it could be as the Daughters of Beulah wish!

J59.45; E209| Other Daughters of Los, labouring at Looms less fine  
J59.46; E209| Create the Silk-worm & the Spider & the Catterpillar  
J59.47; E209| To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion  
J59.48; E209| And others Create the wooly Lamb & the downy Fowl  
J59.49; E209| To assist in the work: the Lamb bleats: the Sea-fowl cries  
J59.50; E209| Men understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow  
J59.51; E209| That in the Interior Worlds is carried on in fear & trembling

J59.52; E209	Weaving the shuddring fears & loves of Albions Families
J59.53; E209	Thunderous rage the Spindles of iron. & the iron Distaff
J59.54; E209	Maddens in the fury of their hands, Weaving in bitter tears
J59.55; E209	The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine twined Linen
J60.1; E209	The clouds of Albions Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven
J60.2; E209	While Los sat terrified beholding Albions Spectre who is Luvah
J60.3; E210	Spreading in bloody veins in torments over Europe & Asia;
J60.4; E210	Not yet formed but a wretched torment unformed & abyssal
J60.5; E210	In flaming fire; within the Furnaces the Divine Vision appeard
J60.6; E210	On Albions hills: often walking from the Furnaces in clouds
J60.7; E210	And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels
J60.8; E210	Gatherd Jerusalems Children in his arms & bore them like
J60.9; E210	A Shepherd in the night of Albion which overspread all the Earth
J60.10; E210	I gave thee liberty and life O lovely Jerusalem
J60.11; E210	And thou hast bound me down upon the Stems of Vegetation
J60.12; E210	I gave thee Sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains Jerusalem
J60.13; E210	I gave thee Priams City and the Isles of Grecia lovely!
J60.14; E210	I gave thee Hand & Scofield & the Counties of Albion:
J60.15; E210	They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God:
J60.16; E210	They were as Adam before me: united into One Man,
J60.17; E210	They stood in innocence & their skiey tent reachd over Asia
J60.18; E210	To Nimrods Tower to Ham & Canaan walking with Mizraim
J60.19; E210	Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia
J60.20; E210	And sweet Hesperia even to Great Chaldea & Tesshina
J60.21; E210	Following thee as a Shepherd by the Four Rivers of Eden
J60.22; E210	Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem?
J60.23; E210	And build this Babylon & sacrifice in secret Groves,
J60.24; E210	Among the Gods of Asia: among the fountains of pitch & nitre
J60.25; E210	Therefore thy Mountains are become barren Jerusalem!
J60.26; E210	Thy Valleys, Plains of burning sand. thy Rivers: waters of death
J60.27; E210	Thy Villages die of the Famine and thy Cities
J60.28; E210	Beg bread from house to house, lovely Jerusalem
J60.29; E210	Why wilt thou deface thy beauty & the beauty of thy little-ones
J60.30; E210	To please thy Idols, in the pretended chastities of Uncircumcision[?]
J60.31; E210	Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria; wherefore
J60.32; E210	Dost thou blacken their beauty by a Secluded place of rest.
J60.33; E210	And a peculiar Tabernacle, to cut the integuments of beauty
J60.34; E210	Into veils of tears and sorrows O lovely Jerusalem!
J60.35; E210	They have perswaded thee to this, therefore their end shall come
J60.36; E210	And I will lead thee thro the Wilderness in shadow of my cloud
J60.37; E210	And in my love I will lead thee, lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion.

J60.38; E210| This is the Song of the Lamb, sung by Slaves in evening time.

J60.39; E210| But Jerusalem faintly saw him, closd in the Dungeons of Babylon  
J60.40; E210| Her Form was held by Beulahs Daughters. but all within unseen  
J60.41; E210| She sat at the Mills, her hair unbound her feet naked  
J60.42; E210| Cut with the flints: her tears run down, her reason grows like  
J60.43; E210| The Wheel of Hand. incessant turning day & night without rest  
J60.44; E210| Insane she raves upon the winds hoarse, inarticulate:  
J60.45; E210| All night Vala hears. she triumphs in pride of holiness  
J60.46; E210| To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows

J60.47; E211| Of despair. while the Satanic Holiness triumphd in Vala  
J60.48; E211| In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness  
J60.49; E211| Both of the Head & Heart & Loins, closd up in Moral Pride.

J60.50; E211| But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem. oft she saw  
J60.51; E211| The lineaments Divine & oft the Voice heard, & oft she said:

J60.52; E211| O Lord & Saviour, have the Gods of the Heathen pierced thee?  
J60.53; E211| Or hast thou been pierced in the House of thy Friends?  
J60.54; E211| Art thou alive! & livest thou for-evermore? or art thou  
J60.55; E211| Not: but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not. <sup>1311</sup>  
J60.56; E211| Babel mocks saying, there is no God nor Son of God  
J60.57; E211| That thou O Human Imagination, O Divine Body art all  
J60.58; E211| A delusion. but I know thee O Lord when thou arisest upon  
J60.59; E211| My weary eyes even in this dungeon & this iron mill.  
J60.60; E211| The Stars of Albion cruel rise; thou bindest to sweet influences:  
J60.61; E211| For thou also sufferest with me altho I behold thee not;  
J60.62; E211| And altho I sin & blaspheme thy holy name, thou pitiest me;  
J60.63; E211| Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills.  
J60.64; E211| And by these visions of pity & love because of Albions death.

J60.65; E211| Thus spake Jerusalem, & thus the Divine Voice replied.

J60.66; E211| Mild Shade of Man, pitiest thou these Visions of terror & woe!  
J60.67; E211| Give forth thy pity & love. fear not! lo I am with thee always.  
J60.68; E211| Only believe in me that I have power to raise from death  
J60.69; E211| Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion: fear not trembling Shade

J61.1; E211| Behold: in the Visions of Elohim Jehovah, behold Joseph & Mary

J61.2; E211| And be comforted O Jerusalem in the Visions of Jehovah Elohim

J61.3; E211| She looked & saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth & Mary  
J61.4; E211| His espoused Wife. And Mary said, If thou put me away from thee  
J61.5; E211| Dost thou not murder me? Joseph spoke in anger & fury. Should I  
J61.6; E211| Marry a Harlot & an Adulteress? Mary answerd, Art thou more pure  
J61.7; E211| Than thy Maker who forgiveth Sins & calls again Her that is Lost  
J61.8; E211| Tho She hates. he calls her again in love. I love my dear Joseph  
J61.9; E211| But he driveth me away from his presence. yet I hear the voice of God  
J61.10; E211| In the voice of my Husband. tho he is angry for a moment, he will not  
J61.11; E211| Utterly cast me away. if I were pure, never could I taste the sweets  
J61.12; E211| Of the Forgive[ne]ss of Sins! if I were holy! I never could behold the tears  
J61.13; E211| Of love! of him who loves me in the midst of his anger in furnace of fire.

J61.14; E211| Ah my Mary: said Joseph: weeping over & embracing her closely in  
J61.15; E211| His arms: Doth he forgive Jerusalem & not exact Purity from her who is  
J61.16; E211| Polluted. I heard his voice in my sleep O his Angel in my dream:

J61.17; E212| Saying, Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall  
J61.18; E212| Be Payed? Doth he Forgive Pollution only on conditions of Purity  
J61.19; E212| That Debt is not Forgiven! That Pollution is not Forgiven  
J61.20; E212| Such is the Forgiveness of the Gods, the Moral Virtues of the  
J61.21; E212| Heathen, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty. But Jehovahs Salvation  
J61.22; E212| Is without Money & without Price, in the Continual Forgiveness of Sins  
J61.23; E212| In the Perpetual Mutual Sacrifice in Great Eternity! for behold!  
J61.24; E212| There is none that liveth & Sinneth not! And this is the Covenant  
J61.25; E212| Of Jehovah: If you Forgive one-another, so shall Jehovah Forgive You:  
J61.26; E212| That He Himself may Dwell among You. Fear not then to take  
J61.27; E212| To thee Mary thy Wife, for she is with Child by the Holy Ghost

J61.28; E212| Then Mary burst forth into a Song! she flowed like a River of  
J61.29; E212| Many Streams in the arms of Joseph & gave forth her tears of joy  
J61.30; E212| Like many waters, and Emanating into gardens & palaces upon  
J61.31; E212| Euphrates & to forests & floods & animals wild & tame from  
J61.32; E212| Gihon to Hiddekel, & to corn fields & villages & inhabitants  
J61.33; E212| Upon Pison & Arnon & Jordan. And I heard the voice among  
J61.34; E212| The Reapers Saying, Am I Jerusalem the lost Adulteress? or am I  
J61.35; E212| Babylon come up to Jerusalem? And another voice answerd Saying

J61.36; E212| Does the voice of my Lord call me again? am I pure thro his Mercy  
J61.37; E212| And Pity. Am I become lovely as a Virgin in his sight who am  
J61.38; E212| Indeed a Harlot drunken with the Sacrifice of Idols does he

J61.39; E212| Call her pure as he did in the days of her Infancy when She  
 J61.40; E212| Was cast out to the loathing of her person. The Chaldean took  
 J61.41; E212| Me from my Cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his Camels  
 J61.42; E212| Before I had ever beheld with love the Face of Jehovah; or known  
 J61.43; E212| That there was a God of Mercy: O Mercy O Divine Humanity!  
 J61.44; E212| O Forgiveness & Pity & Compassion! If I were Pure I should never  
 J61.45; E212| Have known Thee; If I were Unpolluted I should never have  
 J61.46; E212| Glorified thy Holiness, or rejoiced in thy great Salvation.

J61.47; E212| Mary leaned her side against Jerusalem, Jerusalem recieved  
 J61.48; E212| The Infant into her hands in the Visions of Jehovah. Times passed on  
 J61.49; E212| Jerusalem fainted over the Cross & Sepulcher She heard the voice  
 J61.50; E212| Wilt thou make Rome thy Patriarch Druid & the Kings of Europe his  
 J61.51; E212| Horsemen? Man in the Resurrection changes his Sexual Garments at will  
 J61.52; E212| Every Harlot was once a Virgin: every Criminal an Infant Love!

J62.1; E212| Repose on me till the morning of the Grave. I am thy life.

J62.2; E212| Jerusalem replied. I am an outcast: Albion is dead!  
 J62.3; E212| I am left to the trampling foot & the spurning heel!  
 J62.4; E212| A Harlot I am calld. I am sold from street to street!  
 J62.5; E212| I am defaced with blows & with the dirt of the Prison!

J62.6; E213| And wilt thou become my Husband O my Lord & Saviour?  
 J62.7; E213| Shall Vala bring thee forth! shall the Chaste be ashamed also?  
 J62.8; E213| I see the Maternal Line, I behold the Seed of the Woman!  
 J62.9; E213| Cainah, & Ada & Zillah & Naamah Wife of Noah.  
 J62.10; E213| Shuahs daughter & Tamar & Rahab the Canaanites:  
 J62.11; E213| Ruth the Moabite & Bathsheba of the daughters of Heth  
 J62.12; E213| Naamah the Ammonite, Zibeah the Philistine, & Mary  
 J62.13; E213| These are the Daughters of Vala, Mother of the Body of death  
 J62.14; E213| But I thy Magdalen behold thy Spiritual Risen Body  
 J62.15; E213| Shall Albion arise? I know he shall arise at the Last Day!  
 J62.16; E213| I know that in my flesh I shall see God: but Emanations  
 J62.17; E213| Are weak. they know not whence they are, nor whither tend.

J62.18; E213| Jesus replied. I am the Resurrection & the Life.  
 J62.19; E213| I Die & pass the limits of possibility, as it appears  
 J62.20; E213| To individual perception. Luvah must be Created  
 J62.21; E213| And Vala; for I cannot leave them in the gnawing Grave.  
 J62.22; E213| But will prepare a way for my banished-ones to return  
 J62.23; E213| Come now with me into the villages. walk thro all the cities.



J62.24; E213| Tho thou art taken to prison & judgment, starved in the streets  
J62.25; E213| I will command the cloud to give thee food & the hard rock  
J62.26; E213| To flow with milk & wine, tho thou seest me not a season  
J62.27; E213| Even a long season & a hard journey & a howling wilderness!  
J62.28; E213| Tho Valas cloud hide thee & Luvahs fires follow thee!  
J62.29; E213| Only believe & trust in me, Lo. I am always with thee!

J62.30; E213| So spoke the Lamb of God while Luvahs Cloud reddening above  
J62.31; E213| Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens & dark night  
J62.32; E213| Involvd Jerusalem. & the Wheels of Albions Sons turn'd hoarse  
J62.33; E213| Over the Mountains & the fires blaz'd on Druid Altars  
J62.34; E213| And the Sun set in Tyburns Brook where Victims howl & cry.

J62.35; E213| But Los beheld the Divine Vision among the flames of the Furnaces  
J62.36; E213| Therefore he lived & breathed in hope. but his tears fell incessant  
J62.37; E213| Because his Children were closd from him apart: & Enitharmon  
J62.38; E213| Dividing in fierce pain: also the Vision of God was closd in clouds  
J62.39; E213| Of Albions Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat, & often ponderd  
J62.40; E213| On Death Eternal in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion  
J62.41; E213| Walking: & in the vales in howlings fierce, then to his Anvils  
J62.42; E213| Turning, anew began his labours, tho in terrible pains!

J63.1; E213| Jehovah stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale  
J63.2; E213| When the Four Zoas of Albion, the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim  
J63.3; E213| Of Albion tremble before the Spectre, in the starry likeness of the Plow  
J63.4; E213| Of Nations. And their Names are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona

J63.5; E214| Luvah slew Tharmas the Angel of the Tongue & Albion brought him <sup>1312</sup>  
J63.6; E214| To Justice in his own City of Paris, denying the Resurrection  
J63.7; E214| Then Vala the Wife of Albion, who is the Daughter of Luvah  
J63.8; E214| Took vengeance Twelve-fold among the Chaotic Rocks of the Druids  
J63.9; E214| Where the Human Victims howl to the Moon & Thor & Friga  
J63.10; E214| Dance the dance of death contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim.  
J63.11; E214| The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley  
J63.12; E214| In the Dividing of Reuben & Benjamin bleeding from Chesters River

J63.13; E214| The Giants & the Witches & the Ghosts of Albion dance with  
J63.14; E214| Thor & Friga, & the Fairies lead the Moon along the Valley of Cherubim  
J63.15; E214| Bleeding in torrents from Mountain to Mountain, a lovely Victim  
J63.16; E214| And Jehovah stood in the Gates of the Victim, & he appeared  
J63.17; E214| A weeping Infant in the Gates of Birth in the midst of Heaven



J63.18; E214	The Cities & Villages of Albion became Rock & Sand Unhumanized
J63.19; E214	The Druid Sons of Albion & the Heavens a Void around unfathomable
J63.20; E214	No Human Form but Sexual & a little weeping Infant pale reflected
J63.21; E214	Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon, on all sides
J63.22; E214	Around in the clouds of the Female, on Albions Cliffs of the Dead
J63.23; E214	Such the appearance in Cheviot: in the Divisions of Reuben
J63.24; E214	When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers
J63.25; E214	When the Druids demanded Chastity from Woman & all was lost.
J63.26; E214	How can the Female be Chaste O thou stupid Druid Cried Los
J63.27; E214	Without the Forgiveness of Sins in the merciful clouds of Jehovah
J63.28; E214	And without the Baptism of Repentance to wash away Calumnies. and
J63.29; E214	The Accusations of Sin that each may be Pure in their Neighbours sight
J63.30; E214	O when shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks & Herds
J63.31; E214	Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion & Canaan
J63.32; E214	Then laugh'd Gwendolen & her laughter shook the Nations & Familys of
J63.33; E214	The Dead beneath Beulah from Tyburn to Golgotha, and from
J63.34; E214	Ireland to Japan. furious her Lions & Tygers & Wolves sport before
J63.35; E214	Los on the Thames & Medway. London & Canterbury groan in pain
J63.36; E214	Los knew not yet what was done: he thought it was all in Vision
J63.37; E214	In Visions of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion
J63.38; E214	Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking-Glass of Enitharmon
J63.39; E214	He saw in Vala's hand the Druid Knife of Revenge & the Poison Cup
J63.40; E215	Of Jealousy, and thought it a Poetic Vision of the Atmospheres
J63.41; E215	Till Canaan rolld apart from Albion across the Rhine: along the Danube
J63.42; E215	And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Cheviot
J63.43; E215	From Bashan to Tyre & from Troy to Gaza of the Amalekite
J63.44; E215	And Reuben fled with his head downwards among the Caverns
J64.1; E215	Of the Mundane Shell which froze on all sides round Canaan on
J64.2; E215	The vast Expanse: where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web
J64.3; E215	Of Ages & Generations, folding & unfolding it, like a Veil of Cherubim
J64.4; E215	And sometimes it touches the Earths summits, & sometimes spreads
J64.5; E215	Abroad into the Indefinite Spectre, who is the Rational Power.

J64.6; E215| Then All the Daughters of Albion became One before Los: even Vala!  
J64.7; E215| And she put forth her hand upon the Looms in dreadful howlings  
J64.8; E215| Till she vegetated into a hungry Stomach & a devouring Tongue.  
J64.9; E215| Her Hand is a Court of Justice, her Feet: two Armies in Battle  
J64.10; E215| Storms & Pestilence: in her Locks: & in her Loins Earthquake.  
J64.11; E215| And Fire. & the Ruin of Cities & Nations & Families & Tongues

J64.12; E215| She cries: The Human is but a Worm, & thou O Male: Thou art  
J64.13; E215| Thyself Female, a Male: a breeder of Seed: a Son & Husband: & Lo.  
J64.14; E215| The Human Divine is Womans Shadow, a Vapor in the summers heat  
J64.15; E215| Go assume Papal dignity thou Spectre, thou Male Harlot! Arthur  
J64.16; E215| Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote O Woman-born  
J64.17; E215| And Woman-nourishd & Woman-educated & Woman-scorn'd!

J64.18; E215| Wherefore art thou living? said Los, & Man cannot live in thy presence  
J64.19; E215| Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah  
J64.20; E215| All Quarrels arise from Reasoning. the secret Murder, and  
J64.21; E215| The violent Man-slaughter. these are the Spectres double Cave  
J64.22; E215| The Sexual Death living on accusation of Sin & judgment  
J64.23; E215| To freeze Love & Innocence into the gold & silver of the Merchant  
J64.24; E215| Without Forgiveness of Sin Love is Itself Eternal Death

J64.25; E215| Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom magnificent terrific  
J64.26; E215| Glittering with precious stones & gold, with Garments of blood & fire  
J64.27; E215| He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony  
J64.28; E215| Crimson with Wrath & green with jealousy dazling with Love  
J64.29; E215| And jealousy immingled & the purple of the violet darkend deep  
J64.30; E215| Over the Plow of Nations thundring in the hand of Albions Spectre

J64.31; E215| A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frowning upon Londons River  
J64.32; E215| And the Distaff & Spindle in the hands of Vala with the Flax of  
J64.33; E215| Human Miseries turnd fierce with the Lives of Men along the Valley  
J64.34; E215| As Reuben fled before the Daughters of Albion Taxing the Nations

J64.35; E216| Derby Peak yawnd a horrid Chasm at the Cries of Gwendolen, & at  
J64.36; E216| The stamping feet of Ragan upon the flaming Treddles of her Loom  
J64.37; E216| That drop with crimson gore with the Loves of Albion & Canaan  
J64.38; E216| Opening along the Valley of Rephaim, weaving over the Caves of Machpelah

J65.1; E216| To decide Two Worlds with a great decision: a World of Mercy, and  
J65.2; E216| A World of Justice: the World of Mercy for Salvation

J65.3; E216	To cast Luvah into the Wrath, and Albion into the Pity
J65.4; E216	In the Two Contraries of Humanity & in the Four Regions.
J65.5; E216	For in the depths of Albions bosom in the eastern heaven,
J65.6; E216	They sound the clarions strong! they chain the howling Captives!
J65.7; E216	They cast the lots into the helmet: they give the oath of blood in Lambeth
J65.8; E216	They vote the death of Luvah, & they naild him to Albions Tree in Bath:
J65.9; E216	They staind him with poisonous blue, they inwove him in cruel roots
J65.10; E216	To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with vegetation
J65.11; E216	The sun was black & the moon rolld a useless globe thro Britain!
J65.12; E216	Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow, the loom
J65.13; E216	The hammer & the chisel, & the rule & compasses; from London fleeing
J65.14; E216	They forg'd the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war & the battle-ax,
J65.15; E216	The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale
J65.16; E216	And all the Arts of Life. they changd into the Arts of Death in Albion.
J65.17; E216	The hour-glass contemnd because its simple workmanship.
J65.18; E216	Was like the workmanship of the plowman, & the water wheel,
J65.19; E216	That raises water into cisterns: broken & burnd with fire:
J65.20; E216	Because its workmanship. was like the workmanship of the shepherd.
J65.21; E216	And in their stead, intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel:
J65.22; E216	To perplex youth in their outgoings, & to bind to labours in Albion
J65.23; E216	Of day & night the myriads of eternity that they may grind
J65.24; E216	And polish brass & iron hour after hour laborious task!
J65.25; E216	Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom
J65.26; E216	In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of bread:
J65.27; E216	In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All,
J65.28; E216	And call it Demonstration: blind to all the simple rules of life.
J65.29; E216	Now: now the battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala
J65.30; E216	Now smile among thy bitter tears: now put on all thy beauty
J65.31; E216	Is not the wound of the sword sweet! & the broken bone delightful?
J65.32; E216	Wilt thou now smile among the scythes when the wounded groan in the field[?]
J65.33; E216	We were carried away in thousands from London; & in tens
J65.34; E216	Of thousands from Westminster & Marybone in ships closd up:
J65.35; E217	Chaind hand & foot, compelld to fight under the iron whips
J65.36; E217	Of our captains; fearing our officers more than the enemy.
J65.37; E217	Lift up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes:
J65.38; E217	O melancholy Magdalen behold the morning over Malden break;
J65.39; E217	Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulcher of Canterbury.
J65.40; E217	Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver locks:
J65.41; E217	Shake off the waters from thy wings! & the dust from thy white garments

J65.42; E217| Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch of Lambeths Vale  
J65.43; E217| When the sun rose in glowing morn, with arms of mighty hosts  
J65.44; E217| Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizens harps  
J65.45; E217| Girt as a sower with his seed to scatter life abroad over Albion:  
J65.46; E217| Arise O Vala! bring the bow of Urizen: bring the swift arrows of light.  
J65.47; E217| How rag'd the golden horses of Urizen, compell'd to the chariot of love!  
J65.48; E217| Compell'd to leave the plow to the ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation  
J65.49; E217| To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings: this is no gentle harp  
J65.50; E217| This is no warbling brook, nor shadow of a mirtle tree:  
J65.51; E217| But blood and wounds and dismal cries, and shadows of the oak:  
J65.52; E217| And hearts laid open to the light, by the broad grizly sword:  
J65.53; E217| And bowels hid in hammerd steel rip'd quivering on the ground.  
J65.54; E217| Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit: call forth thy cloudy tears:  
J65.55; E217| We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.

J65.56; E217| So sang the Spectre Sons of Albion round Luvahs Stone of Trial:  
J65.57; E217| Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Salisbury:  
J65.58; E217| Drinking his Emanation in intoxicating bliss rejoicing in Giant dance;  
J65.59; E217| For a Spectre has no Emanation but what he imbibes from decieving  
J65.60; E217| A Victim! Then he becomes her Priest & she his Tabernacle.  
J65.61; E217| And his Oak Grove, till the Victim rend the woven Veil.  
J65.62; E217| In the end of his sleep when Jesus calls him from his grave *t313*

J65.63; E217| Howling the Victims on the Druid Altars yield their souls  
J65.64; E217| To the stern Warriors: lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims;  
J65.65; E217| Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication. hence arose from Bath  
J65.66; E217| Soft deluding odours, in spiral volutions intricately winding  
J65.67; E217| Over Albions mountains, a feminine indefinite cruel delusion.  
J65.68; E217| Astonish'd: terrified & in pain & torment. Sudden they behold  
J65.69; E217| Their own Parent the Emanation of their murderd Enemy  
J65.70; E217| Become their Emanation and their Temple and Tabernacle  
J65.71; E217| They knew not. this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala Albions Wife.

J65.72; E217| Terrified at the sight of the Victim: at his distorted sinews!  
J65.73; E217| The tremblings of Vala vibrate thro' the limbs of Albions Sons:  
J65.74; E217| While they rejoice over Luvah in mockery & bitter scorn:  
J65.75; E217| Sudden they become like what they behold in howlings & deadly pain.  
J65.76; E217| Spasms smite their features, sinews & limbs: pale they look on one another.

J65.77; E218| They turn, contorted: their iron necks bend unwilling towards  
J65.78; E218| Luvah: their lips tremble: their muscular fibres are cramp'd & smitten  
J65.79; E218| They become like what they behold! Yet immense in strength & power,

J66.1; E218| In awful pomp & gold, in all the precious unhewn stones of Eden  
J66.2; E218| They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury; with chains  
J66.3; E218| Of rocks round London Stone: of Reasonings: of unhewn Demonstrations  
J66.4; E218| In labyrinthine arches. (Mighty Urizen the Architect.) thro which  
J66.5; E218| The Heavens might revolve & Eternity be bound in their chain.  
J66.6; E218| Labour unparallel'd! a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny  
J66.7; E218| Rocks piled on rocks reaching the stars: stretching from pole to pole.  
J66.8; E218| The Building is Natural Religion & its Altars Natural Morality  
J66.9; E218| A building of eternal death: whose proportions are eternal despair  
J66.10; E218| Here Vala stood turning the iron Spindle of destruction  
J66.11; E218| From heaven to earth: howling! invisible! but not invisible  
J66.12; E218| Her Two Covering Cherubs afterwards named Voltaire & Rousseau:  
J66.13; E218| Two frowning Rocks: on each side of the Cove & Stone of Torture:  
J66.14; E218| Frozen Sons of the feminine Tabernacle of Bacon, Newton & Locke.  
J66.15; E218| For Luvah is France: the Victim of the Spectres of Albion.

J66.16; E218| Los beheld in terror: he pour'd his loud storms on the Furnaces:  
J66.17; E218| The Daughters of Albion clothed in garments of needle work  
J66.18; E218| Strip them off from their shoulders and bosoms, they lay aside  
J66.19; E218| Their garments; they sit naked upon the Stone of trial.  
J66.20; E218| The Knife of flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood  
J66.21; E218| Gushes & stains the fair side of the fair Daug[h]ters of Albion.  
J66.22; E218| They put aside his curls; they divide his seven locks upon  
J66.23; E218| His forehead: they bind his forehead with thorns of iron  
J66.24; E218| They put into his hand a reed, they mock: Saying: Behold  
J66.25; E218| The King of Canaan whose are seven hundred chariots of iron!  
J66.26; E218| They take off his vesture whole with their Knives of flint:  
J66.27; E218| But they cut asunder his inner garments: searching with  
J66.28; E218| Their cruel fingers for his heart, & there they enter in pomp,  
J66.29; E218| In many tears; & there they erect a temple & an altar:  
J66.30; E218| They pour cold water on his brain in front, to cause.  
J66.31; E218| Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears: and caverns  
J66.32; E218| To freeze over his nostrils, while they feed his tongue from cups  
J66.33; E218| And dishes of painted clay. Glowing with beauty & cruelty:  
J66.34; E218| They obscure the sun & the moon; no eye can look upon them.

J66.35; E218| Ah! alas! at the sight of the Victim, & at sight of those who are smitten,  
J66.36; E218| All who see. become what they behold. their eyes are coverd  
J66.37; E218| With veils of tears and their nostrils & tongues shrunk up  
J66.38; E218| Their ear bent outwards. as their Victim, so are they in the pangs  
J66.39; E218| Of unconquerable fear! amidst delights of revenge Earth-shaking!

J66.40; E219| And as their eye & ear shrunk, the heavens shrunk away



J66.41; E219| The Divine Vision became First a burning flame, then a column  
J66.42; E219| Of fire, then an awful fiery wheel surrounding earth & heaven:  
J66.43; E219| And then a globe of blood wandering distant in all unknown night:  
J66.44; E219| Afar into the unknown night the mountains fled away:  
J66.45; E219| Six months of mortality; a summer: & six months of mortality; a winter:  
J66.46; E219| The Human form began to be alterd by the Daughters of Albion  
J66.47; E219| And the perceptions to be dissipated into the Indefinite. Becoming  
J66.48; E219| A mighty Polypus nam'd Albions Tree: they tie the Veins  
J66.49; E219| And Nerves into two knots: & the Seed into a double knot:  
J66.50; E219| They look forth: the Sun is shrunk: the Heavens are shrunk  
J66.51; E219| Away into the far remote: and the Trees & Mountains witherd  
J66.52; E219| Into indefinite cloudy shadows in darkness & separation.  
J66.53; E219| By Invisible hatreds adjoind, they seem remote and separate  
J66.54; E219| From each other; and yet are a Mighty Polypus in the Deep!  
J66.55; E219| As the Mistletoe grows on the Oak, so Albions Tree on Eternity: Lo!  
J66.56; E219| He who will not comingle in Love, must be adjoind by Hate

J66.57; E219| They look forth from Stone-henge! from the Cove round London Stone  
J66.58; E219| They look on one another: the mountain calls out to the mountain:  
J66.59; E219| Plinlimmon shrunk away: Snowdon trembled: the mountains  
J66.60; E219| Of Wales & Scotland beheld the descending War: the routed flying:  
J66.61; E219| Red run the streams of Albion: Thames is drunk with blood:  
J66.62; E219| As Gwendolen cast the shuttle of war: as Cambel returnd the beam.  
J66.63; E219| The Humber & the Severn: are drunk with the blood of the slain:  
J66.64; E219| London feels his brain cut round: Edinburghs heart is circumscribed!  
J66.65; E219| York & Lincoln hide among the flocks, because of the griding Knife.  
J66.66; E219| Worcester & Hereford: Oxford & Cambridge reel & stagger,  
J66.67; E219| Overweari'd with howling: Wales & Scotland alone sustain the fight!  
J66.68; E219| The inhabitants are sick to death: they labour to divide into Days  
J66.69; E219| And Nights, the uncertain Periods: and into Weeks & Months. In vain  
J66.70; E219| They send the Dove & Raven: & in vain the Serpent over the mountains.  
J66.71; E219| And in vain the Eagle & Lion over the four-fold wilderness.  
J66.72; E219| They return not: but generate in rocky places desolate.  
J66.73; E219| They return not; but build a habitation separate from Man.  
J66.74; E219| The Sun forgets his course like a drunken man; he hesitates,  
J66.75; E219| Upon the Cheselden hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn  
J66.76; E219| In vain: he is hurried afar into an unknown Night  
J66.77; E219| He bleeds in torrents of blood as he rolls thro heaven above  
J66.78; E219| He chokes up the paths of the sky; the Moon is leprous as snow:  
J66.79; E219| Trembling & descending down seeking to rest upon high Mona:  
J66.80; E219| Scattering her leprous snows in flakes of disease over Albion.  
J66.81; E219| The Stars flee remote: the heaven is iron, the earth is sulphur,  
J66.82; E219| And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a withering gourd,  
J66.83; E219| As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knife of flint,  
J66.84; E219| In the hands of Albions Daughters, among the Druid Temples.



J67.1; E220|

By those who drink their blood & the blood of their Covenant

J67.2; E220|

And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab & Tirzah

J67.3; E220|

A Double Female: and they drew out from the Rocky Stones

J67.4; E220|

Fibres of Life to Weave[,] for every Female is a Golden Loom

J67.5; E220|

The Rocks are opaque hardnesses covering all Vegetated things

J67.6; E220|

And as they Wove & Cut from the Looms in various divisions

J67.7; E220|

Stretching over Europe & Asia from Ireland to Japan

J67.8; E220|

They divided into many lovely Daughters to be counterparts

J67.9; E220|

To those they Wove, for when they Wove a Male, they divided

J67.10; E220|

Into a Female to the Woven Male. in opaque hardness

J67.11; E220|

They cut the Fibres from the Rocks groaning in pain they Weave;

J67.12; E220|

Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence; denying Eternity

J67.13; E220|

By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albions Tree

J67.14; E220|

Such are the Feminine & Masculine when separated from Man

J67.15; E220|

They call the Rocks Parents of Men, & adore the frowning Chaos

J67.16; E220|

Dancing around in howling pain clothed in the bloody Veil.

J67.17; E220|

Hiding Albions Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalems

J67.18; E220|

Sons without; to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion

J67.19; E220|

Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous & merciful Man

J67.20; E220|

Counting him an imbecile mockery: but the Warrior

J67.21; E220|

They adore: & his revenge cherish with the blood of the Innocent

J67.22; E220|

They drink up Dan & Gad, to feed with milk Skofeld & Kotope

J67.23; E220|

They strip off Josephs Coat & dip it in the blood of battle

J67.24; E220|

Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife

J67.25; E220|

Of flint is in her hand: she passes it over the howling Victim

J67.26; E220|

The Daughters Weave their Work in loud cries over the Rock

J67.27; E220|

Of Horeb! still eyeing Albions Cliffs eagerly siezing & twisting

J67.28; E220|

The threads of Vala & Jerusalem running from mountain to mountain

J67.29; E220|

Over the whole Earth: loud the Warriors rage in Beth Peor

J67.30; E220|

Beneath the iron whips of their Captains & consecrated banners

J67.31; E220|

Loud the Sun & Moon rage in the conflict: loud the Stars

J67.32; E220|

Shout in the night of battle & their spears grow to their hands

J67.33; E220|

With blood, weaving the deaths of the Mighty into a Tabernacle

J67.34; E220|

For Rahab & Tirzah; till the Great Polypus of Generation coverd the Earth

J67.35; E220|

In Verulam the Polypus's Head, winding around his bulk

J67.36; E220|

Thro Rochester, and Chichester, & Exeter & Salisbury,

J67.37; E220|

To Bristol: & his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain

J67.38; E220|

Shooting out Fibres round the Earth, thro Gaul & Italy

J67.39; E220|

And Greece, & along the Sea of Rephaim into Judea

J67.40; E220|

To Sodom & Gomorrha: thence to India, China & Japan

J67.41; E220|

The Twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tirzah have circumscribd the Brain

J67.42; E220|

Beneath & pierced it thro the midst with a golden pin.

J67.43; E220|

Blood hath staine her fair side beneath her bosom.

J67.44; E221|

O thou poor Human Form! said she. O thou poor child of woe!

J67.45; E221|

Why wilt thou wander away from Tirzah: why me compel to bind thee[!]

J67.46; E221|

If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon these Rocks

J67.47; E221|

These fibres of thine eyes that used to beam in distant heavens

J67.48; E221|

Away from me: I have bound down with a hot iron.

J67.49; E221|

These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies

J67.50; E221|

I have bent downward with lead melted in my roaring furnaces

J67.51; E221|

Of affliction; of love; of sweet despair; of torment unendurable

J67.52; E221|

My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roars the bellows

J67.53; E221|

Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs

J67.54; E221|

In channels thro my fiery limbs: O love! O pity! O fear!

J67.55; E221|

O pain! O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken

J67.56; E221|

Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran

J67.57; E221|

The River Kanah wanderd by my sweet Manassehs side

J67.58; E221|

To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my sight!

J67.59; E221|

Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red-hot:

J67.60; E221|

Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelty

J67.61; E221|

Shriek not so my only love! I refuse thy joys: I drink

J67.62; E221|

Thy shrieks because Hand & Hyle are cruel & obdurate to me

J68.1; E221|

O Skofield why art thou cruel? Lo Joseph is thine! to make

J68.2; E221|

You One: to weave you both in the same mantle of skin

J68.3; E221|

Bind him down Sisters bind him down on Ebal. Mount of cursing:

J68.4; E221|

Malah come forth from Lebanon: & Hogleh from Mount Sinai:

J68.5; E221|

Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets & with a screw of iron

J68.6; E221|

Fasten this ear into the rock! Milcah the task is thine

J68.7; E221|

Weep not so Sisters! weep not so! our life depends on this

J68.8; E221|

Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead

J68.9; E221|

Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation

J68.10; E221|

And thus the Warriors cry, in the hot day of Victory, in Songs.

J68.11; E221|

Look: the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stone

J68.12; E221|

Her panting Victim beside her: her heart is drunk with blood

J68.13; E221|

Tho her brain is not drunk with wine: she goes forth from Albion

J68.14; E221|

In pride of beauty: in cruelty of holiness: in the brightness

J68.15; E221| Of her tabernacle, & her ark & secret place, the beautiful Daughter  
J68.16; E221| Of Albion, delights the eyes of the Kings. their hearts & the  
J68.17; E221| Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor & Friga. O Molech!  
J68.18; E221| O Chemosh! O Bacchus! O Venus! O Double God of Generation  
J68.19; E221| The Heavens are cut like a mantle around from the Cliffs of Albion  
J68.20; E221| Across Europe; across Africa; in howlings & deadly War  
J68.21; E221| A sheet & veil & curtain of blood is let down from Heaven  
J68.22; E221| Across the hills of Ephraim & down Mount Olivet to  
J68.23; E221| The Valley of the Jebusite: Molech rejoices in heaven  
J68.24; E221| He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones

J68.25; E222| Themselves condensing to rocks & into the Ribs of a Man  
J68.26; E222| Lo they shoot forth in tender Nerves across Europe & Asia  
J68.27; E222| Lo they rest upon the Tribes, where their panting Victims lie  
J68.28; E222| Molech rushes into the Kings in love to the beautiful Daughters  
J68.29; E222| But they frown & delight in cruelty, refusing all other joy  
J68.30; E222| Bring your Offerings, your first begotten: pamperd with milk & blood  
J68.31; E222| Your first born of seven years old: be they Males or Females:  
J68.32; E222| To the beautiful Daughters of Albion! they sport before the Kings  
J68.33; E222| Clothed in the sin of the Victim! blood! human blood! is the life  
J68.34; E222| And delightful food of the Warrior: the well fed Warriors flesh  
J68.35; E222| Of him who is slain in War: fills the Valleys of Ephraim with  
J68.36; E222| Breeding Women walking in pride & bringing forth under green trees  
J68.37; E222| With pleasure, without pain, for their food is. blood of the Captive  
J68.38; E222| Molech rejoices thro the Land from Havilah to Shur: he rejoices  
J68.39; E222| In moral law & its severe penalties: loud Shaddai & Jehovah  
J68.40; E222| Thunder above: when they see the Twelve panting Victims  
J68.41; E222| On the Twelve Stones of Power, & the beautiful Daughters of Albion  
J68.42; E222| If you dare rend their Veil with your Spear; you are healed of Love!  
J68.43; E222| From the Hills of Camberwell & Wimbledon: from the Valleys  
J68.44; E222| Of Walton & Esher: from Stone-henge & from Maldens Cove  
J68.45; E222| Jerusalems Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War  
J68.46; E222| Over France & Germany: upon the Rhine & Danube  
J68.47; E222| Reuben & Benjamin flee; they hide in the Valley of Rephaim  
J68.48; E222| Why trembles the Warriors limbs when he beholds thy beauty  
J68.49; E222| Spotted with Victims blood: by the fires of thy secret tabernacle  
J68.50; E222| And thy ark & holy place: at thy frowns: at thy dire revenge  
J68.51; E222| Smitten as Uzzah of old: his armour is softend; his spear  
J68.52; E222| And sword faint in his hand, from Albion across Great Tartary  
J68.53; E222| O beautiful Daughter of Albion: cruelty is thy delight  
J68.54; E222| O Virgin of terrible eyes, who dwellest by Valleys of springs  
J68.55; E222| Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon, in the City of Rehob in Hamath  
J68.56; E222| Taught to touch the harp: to dance in the Circle of Warriors  
J68.57; E222| Before the Kings of Canaan: to cut the flesh from the Victim  
J68.58; E222| To roast the flesh in fire: to examine the Infants limbs

J68.59; E222| In cruelties of holiness: to refuse the joys of love: to bring  
J68.60; E222| The Spies from Egypt, to raise jealousy in the bosoms of the Twelve  
J68.61; E222| Kings of Canaan: then to let the Spies depart to Meribah Kadesh  
J68.62; E222| To the place of the Amalekite; I am drunk with unsatiated love  
J68.63; E222| I must rush again to War: for the Virgin has frownd & refusd  
J68.64; E222| Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty  
J68.65; E222| Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies  
J68.66; E222| But now my soul is harrowd with grief & fear & love & desire  
J68.67; E222| And now I hate & now I love & Intellect is no more:  
J68.68; E222| There is no time for any thing but the torments of love & desire  
J68.69; E222| The Feminine & Masculine Shadows soft, mild & ever varying  
J68.70; E222| In beauty: are Shadows now no more, but Rocks in Horeb

J69.1; E223| Then all the Males combined into One Male & every one <sup>1314</sup>  
J69.2; E223| Became a ravening eating Cancer growing in the Female  
J69.3; E223| A Polypus of Roots of Reasoning Doubt Despair & Death.  
J69.4; E223| Going forth & returning from Albions Rocks to Canaan:  
J69.5; E223| Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.

J69.6; E223| Envyng stood the enormous Form at variance with Itself  
J69.7; E223| In all its Members: in eternal torment of love & jealousy:  
J69.8; E223| Drivn forth by Los time after time from Albions cliffy shore,  
J69.9; E223| Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into infernal bondage;  
J69.10; E223| That they might be born in contentions of Chastity & in  
J69.11; E223| Deadly Hate between Leah & Rachel, Daughters of Deceit & Fraud  
J69.12; E223| Bearing the Images of various Species of Contention  
J69.13; E223| And Jealousy & Abhorrence & Revenge & deadly Murder.  
J69.14; E223| Till they refuse liberty to the male; & not like Beulah  
J69.15; E223| Where every Female delights to give her maiden to her husband  
J69.16; E223| The Female searches sea & land for gratification to the  
J69.17; E223| Male Genius: who in return clothes her in gems & gold  
J69.18; E223| And feeds her with the food of Eden. hence all her beauty beams  
J69.19; E223| She Creates at her will a little moony night & silence  
J69.20; E223| With Spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty:  
J69.21; E223| Closed in by a sandy desart & a night of stars shining.  
J69.22; E223| And a little tender moon & hovering angels on the wing.  
J69.23; E223| And the Male gives a Time & Revolution to her Space  
J69.24; E223| Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights  
J69.25; E223| For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination  
J69.26; E223| And thence in Beulah they are stolen by secret amorous theft,  
J69.27; E223| Till they have had Punishment enough to make them commit Crimes  
J69.28; E223| Hence rose the Tabernacle in the Wilderness & all its Offerings,  
J69.29; E223| From Male & Female Loves in Beulah & their Jealousies  
J69.30; E223| But no one can consummate Female bliss in Los's World without

J69.31; E223|

Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death

J69.32; E223|

And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah: all

J69.33; E223|

The Jealousies become Murderous: uniting together in Rahab

J69.34; E223|

A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves

J69.35; E223|

With Moral Law, an Equal Balance, not going down with decision

J69.36; E223|

Therefore the Male severe & cruel filld with stern Revenge:

J69.37; E223|

Mutual Hate returns & mutual Deceit & mutual Fear.

J69.38; E223|

Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female:

J69.39; E223|

Which Jesus rends & the whole Druid Law removes away

J69.40; E223|

From the Inner Sanctuary: a False Holiness hid within the Center,

J69.41; E223|

For the Sanctuary of Eden. is in the Camp: in the Outline,

J69.42; E223|

In the Circumference: & every Minute Particular is Holy:

J69.43; E223|

Embraces are Cominglings: from the Head even to the Feet;

J69.44; E223|

And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.

J69.45; E224|

Jerusalem pined in her inmost soul over Wandering Reuben

J69.46; E224|

As she slept in Beulahs Night hid by the Daughters of Beulah

J70.1; E224|

And this the form of mighty Hand sitting on Albions cliffs

J70.2; E224|

Before the face of Albion, a mighty threatning Form.

J70.3; E224|

His bosom wide & shoulders huge overspreading wondrous

J70.4; E224|

Bear Three strong sinewy Necks & Three awful & terrible Heads

J70.5; E224|

Three Brains in contradictory council brooding incessantly.

J70.6; E224|

Neither daring to put in act its councils, fearing each-other,

J70.7; E224|

Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom

J70.8; E224|

To consist. in the agreements & disagree[me]nts of Ideas.

J70.9; E224|

Plotting to devour Albions Body of Humanity & Love.

J70.10; E224|

Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took; & such

J70.11; E224|

Their appearance when combind: but often by birth-pangs & loud groans

J70.12; E224|

They divide to Twelve: the key-bones & the chest dividing in pain

J70.13; E224|

Disclose a hideous orifice; thence issuing the Giant-brood

J70.14; E224|

Arise as the smoke of the furnace, shaking the rocks from sea to sea.

J70.15; E224|

And there they combine into Three Forms, named Bacon & Newton & Locke,

J70.16; E224|

In the Oak Groves of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

J70.17; E224|

Imputing Sin & Righteousness to Individuals; Rahab

J70.18; E224|

Sat deep within him hid: his Feminine Power unreveal'd



J70.19; E224| Brooding Abstract Philosophy. to destroy Imagination, the Divine-  
J70.20; E224| -Humanity A Three-fold Wonder: feminine: most beautiful: Three-fold  
J70.21; E224| Each within other. On her white marble & even Neck, her Heart  
J70.22; E224| Inorb'd and bonified: with locks of shadowing modesty, shining  
J70.23; E224| Over her beautiful Female features, soft flourishing in beauty  
J70.24; E224| Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips  
J70.25; E224| Recieve a kiss from Gods or Men, a threefold kiss returns  
J70.26; E224| From the pressd loveliness: so her whole immortal form three-fold  
J70.27; E224| Three-fold embrace returns: consuming lives of Gods & Men  
J70.28; E224| In fires of beauty melting them as gold & silver in the furnace  
J70.29; E224| Her Brain enlabyrinths the whole heaven of her bosom & loins  
J70.30; E224| To put in act what her Heart wills; O who can withstand her power  
J70.31; E224| Her name is Vala in Eternity: in Time her name is Rahab

J70.32; E224| The Starry Heavens all were fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

J71.1; E224| And above Albions Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan  
J71.2; E224| As the Substance is to the Shadow: and above Albions Twelve Sons  
J71.3; E224| Were seen Jerusalems Sons: and all the Twelve Tribes spreading  
J71.4; E224| Over Albion. As the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalems Sons,  
J71.5; E224| Are to the Sons of Albion: and Jerusalem is Albions Emanation

J71.6; E225| What is Above is Within, for every-thing in Eternity is translucent:  
J71.7; E225| The Circumference is Within: Without, is formed the Selfish Center  
J71.8; E225| And the Circumference still expands going forward to Eternity.  
J71.9; E225| And the Center has Eternal States! these States we now explore.

J71.10; E225| And these the Names of Albions Twelve Sons, & of his Twelve Daughters  
J71.11; E225| With their Districts. Hand dwelt in Selsey & had Sussex & Surrey  
J71.12; E225| And Kent & Middlesex: all their Rivers & their Hills, of flocks & herds:  
J71.13; E225| Their Villages Towns Cities Sea-Ports Temples sublime Cathedrals;  
J71.14; E225| All were his Friends & their Sons & Daughters intermarry in Beulah  
J71.15; E225| For all are Men in Eternity. Rivers Mountains Cities Villages,  
J71.16; E225| All are Human & when you enter into their Bosoms you walk  
J71.17; E225| In Heavens & Earths; as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven  
J71.18; E225| And Earth, & all you behold, tho it appears Without it is Within  
J71.19; E225| In your Imagination of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.

J71.20; E225| Hyle dwelt in Winchester comprehending Hants Dorset Devon Cornwall.  
J71.21; E225| Their Villages Cities SeaPorts, their Corn fields & Gardens spacious  
J71.22; E225| Palaces, Rivers & Mountains, and between Hand & Hyle arose  
J71.23; E225| Gwendolen & Cambel who is Boadicea: they go abroad & return



J71.24; E225  J71.25; E225	Like lovely beams of light from the mingled affections of the Brothers The Inhabitants of the whole Earth rejoice in their beautiful light.
J71.26; E225  J71.27; E225  J71.28; E225  J71.29; E225	Coban dwelt in Bath. Somerset Wiltshire Gloucestershire, Obeyd his awful voice Ignoge is his lovely Emanation; She adjoind with Gwantokes Children, soon lovely Cordella arose. Gwantoke forgave & joyd over South Wales & all its Mountains.
J71.30; E225  J71.31; E225	Peachey had North Wales Shropshire Cheshire & the Isle of Man. His Emanation is Mehetabel terrible & lovely upon the Mountains
J71.32; E225  J71.33; E225	Brertun had Yorkshire Durham Westmoreland & his Emanation Is Ragan, she adjoind to Slade, & produced Gonorill far beaming.
J71.34; E225  J71.35; E225	Slade had Lincoln Stafford Derby Nottingham & his lovely Emanation Gonorill rejoices over hills & rocks & woods & rivers.
J71.36; E225  J71.37; E225	Huttn had Warwick Northampton Bedford Buckingham Leicester & Berkshire: & his Emanation is Gwinefred beautiful
J71.38; E225  J71.39; E225  J71.40; E225  J71.41; E225	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
J71.42; E225  J71.43; E225	Kox had Oxford Warwick Wilts: his Emanation is Estrild: Joind with Cordella she shines southward over the Atlantic.
J71.44; E226  J71.45; E226	Kotope had Hereford Stafford Worcester, & his Emanation Is Sabrina joind with Mehetabel she shines west over America
J71.46; E226  J71.47; E226  J71.48; E226  J71.49; E226	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.
J71.50; E226  J71.51; E226  J71.52; E226	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

J71.53; E226| The Four Universities of Scotland, & in Oxford & Cambridge & Winchester

J71.54; E226| But now Albion is darkened & Jerusalem lies in ruins:  
J71.55; E226| Above the Mountains of Albion, above the head of Los.

J71.56; E226| And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings & his tears poured down  
J71.57; E226| His immortal cheeks, rearing his hands to heaven for aid Divine!  
J71.58; E226| But he spoke not to Albion: fearing lest Albion should turn his Back  
J71.59; E226| Against the Divine Vision: & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death.  
J71.60; E226| But he receded before Albion & before Vala weaving the Veil  
J71.61; E226| With the iron shuttle of War among the rooted Oaks of Albion;  
J71.62; E226| Weeping & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children  
J71.63; E226| Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity

J72.1; E226| And the Thirty-two Counties of the Four Provinces of Ireland  
J72.2; E226| Are thus divided: The Four Counties are in the Four Camps  
J72.3; E226| Munster South in Reubens Gate, Connaut West in Josephs Gate  
J72.4; E226| Ulster North in Dans Gate, Leinster East in Judahs Gate

J72.5; E226| For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars  
J72.6; E226| But the Four towards the West were Walled up & the Twelve  
J72.7; E226| That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square  
J72.8; E226| By Los for Jerusalems sake & called the Gates of Jerusalem  
J72.9; E226| Because Twelve Sons of Jerusalem fled successive thro the Gates  
J72.10; E226| But the Four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not but remaind  
J72.11; E226| Are Rintrah & Palamabron & Theotormon & Bromion  
J72.12; E226| The Four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall  
J72.13; E226| And these Four remain to guard the Four Walls of Jerusalem  
J72.14; E226| Whose foundations remain in the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland  
J72.15; E226| And in Twelve Counties of Wales, & in the Forty Counties  
J72.16; E226| Of England & in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland

J72.17; E226| And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these  
J72.18; E226| Under Judah & Issachar & Zebulun are Lowth Longford  
J72.19; E226| Eastmeath Westmeath Dublin Kildare Kings County  
J72.20; E226| Queens County Wicklow Catherloh Wexford Kilkenny

J72.21; E227| And those under Reuben & Simeon & Levi are these  
J72.22; E227| Waterford Tipperary Cork Limerick Kerry Clare  
J72.23; E227| And those under Ephraim Manasseh & Benjamin are these  
J72.24; E227| Galway Roscommon Mayo Sligo Leitrim  
J72.25; E227| And those under Dan Asher & Napthali are these

J72.26; E227|  
J72.27; E227|

Donnegal Antrim Tyrone Fermanagh Armagh Londonderry  
Down Managhan Cavan. These are the Land of Erin

J72.28; E227|  
J72.29; E227|  
J72.30; E227|  
J72.31; E227|

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!

J72iil; E227|  
J72iil; E227|  
J72.32; E227|  
J72.33; E227|  
J72.34; E227|  
J72.35; E227|  
J72.36; E227|  
J72.37; E227|

[<image>Continually Building. Continually Decaying because of  
Love & Jealousy</image>  
And Thirty-two the Nations: to dwell in Jerusalems Gates  
O Come ye Nations Come ye People Come up to Jerusalem  
Return Jerusalem & dwell together as of old! Return  
Return! O Albion let Jerusalem overspread all Nations  
As in the times of old! O Albion awake! Reuben wanders  
The Nations wait for Jerusalem. they look up for the Bride

J72.38; E227|  
J72.39; E227|  
J72.40; E227|  
J72.41; E227|  
J72.42; E227|  
J72.43; E227|  
J72.44; E227|

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

J72.45; E227|  
J72.46; E227|  
J72.47; E227|  
J72.48; E227|  
J72.49; E227|  
J72.50; E227|  
J72.51; E227|  
J72.52; E227|

And the Four Gates of Los surround the Universe Within and  
Without; & whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth, the same  
Is visible in the Mundane Shell; reversd in mountain & vale  
And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah to guard  
In Albions Tomb the wondrous Creation: & the 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:

J72iil; E228|  
J72iil; E228|

[<image><reversed writing>Women the comforters of Men become the  
Tormentors & Punishers</reversed writing></image>] <sup>t315</sup>

J73.1; E228|

Such are Cathedrons golden Halls: in the City of Golgonooza

J73.2; E228|  
J73.3; E228|

And Los's Furnaces howl loud; living: self-moving: lamenting  
With fury & despair, & they stretch from South to North

J73.4; E228| Thro all the Four Points: Lo! the Labourers at the Furnaces  
J73.5; E228| Rintrah & Palamabron, Theotormon & Bromion, loud labring  
J73.6; E228| With the innumerable multitudes of Golgonooza, round the Anvils  
J73.7; E228| Of Death. But how they came forth from the Furnaces & how long  
J73.8; E228| Vast & severe the anguish eer they knew their Father; were  
J73.9; E228| Long to tell & of the iron rollers, golden axle-trees & yokes  
J73.10; E228| Of brass, iron chains & braces & the gold, silver & brass  
J73.11; E228| Mingled or separate: for swords; arrows; cannons; mortars  
J73.12; E228| The terrible ball: the wedge: the loud sounding hammer of destruction  
J73.13; E228| The sounding flail to thresh: the winnow: to winnow kingdoms  
J73.14; E228| The water wheel & mill of many innumerable wheels resistless  
J73.15; E228| Over the Four fold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell.

J73.16; E228| Perusing Albions Tomb in the starry characters of Og & Anak:  
J73.17; E228| To Create the lion & wolf the bear: the tyger & ounce:  
J73.18; E228| To Create the wooly lamb & downy fowl & scaly serpent  
J73.19; E228| The summer & winter: day & night: the sun & moon & stars  
J73.20; E228| The tree: the plant: the flower: the rock: the stone: the metal:  
J73.21; E228| Of Vegetative Nature: by their hard restricting condensations.

J73.22; E228| Where Luvahs World of Opakeness grew to a period: It  
J73.23; E228| Became a Limit, a Rocky hardness without form & void  
J73.24; E228| Accumulating without end: here Los. who is of the Elohim  
J73.25; E228| Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the Emanation  
J73.26; E228| Fixing The Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation  
J73.27; E228| Naming the Limit of Opakeness Satan & the Limit of Contraction  
J73.28; E228| Adam, who is Peleg & Joktan: & Esau & Jacob: & Saul & David

J73.29; E228| Voltaire insinuates that these Limits are the cruel work of God  
J73.30; E228| Mocking the Remover of Limits & the Resurrection of the Dead  
J73.31; E228| Setting up Kings in wrath: in holiness of Natural Religion  
J73.32; E228| Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time on time  
J73.33; E228| In miracles & wonders in the Four-fold Desart of Albion  
J73.34; E228| Permanently Creating to be in Time Reveald & Demolishd  
J73.35; E228| Satan Cain Tubal Nimrod Pharoh Priam Bladud Belin  
J73.36; E228| Arthur Alfred the Norman Conqueror Richard John  
J73.37; E228| [*Edward Henry Elizabeth James Charles William George*] <sup>t316</sup>  
J73.38; E228| And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories  
J73.39; E228| These are Created by Rahab & Tirzah in Ulro: but around

J73.40; E229| These, to preserve them from Eternal Death Los Creates  
J73.41; E229| Adam Noah Abraham Moses Samuel David Ezekiel  
J73.42; E229| [*Pythagoras Socrates Euripedes Virgil Dante Milton*] <sup>t317</sup>

J73.43; E229| Dissipating the rocky forms of Death, by his thunderous Hammer  
J73.44; E229| As the Pilgrim passes while the Country permanent remains  
J73.45; E229| So Men pass on: but States remain permanent for ever

J73.46; E229| The Spectres of the Dead howl round the porches of Los  
J73.47; E229| In the terrible Family feuds of Albions cities & villages  
J73.48; E229| To devour the Body of Albion, hungri<sup>ng</sup> & thirsting & ravning  
J73.49; E229| The Sons of Los clothe them & feed, & provide houses & gardens  
J73.50; E229| And every Human Vegetated Form in its inward recesses  
J73.51; E229| Is a house of ple[as]antness & a garden of delight Built by the  
J73.52; E229| Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowlahoola & in Cathedron

J73.53; E229| From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible  
J73.54; E229| Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Door;

J74.1; E229| The Four Zoa's clouded rage; Urizen stood by Albion  
J74.2; E229| With Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion  
J74.3; E229| These Four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh  
J74.4; E229| And the Four Zoa's are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona  
J74.5; E229| In opposition deadly, and their Wheels in poisonous  
J74.6; E229| And deadly stupor turn'd against each other loud & fierce  
J74.7; E229| Entering into the Reasoning Power, forsaking Imagination  
J74.8; E229| They became Spectres; & their Human Bodies were reposed  
J74.9; E229| In Beulah, by the Daughters of Beulah with tears & lamentations  
J74.10; E229| The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man; & when separated  
J74.11; E229| From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Ratio  
J74.12; E229| Of the Things of Memory. It thence frames Laws & Moralities  
J74.13; E229| To destroy Imagination! the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms & Wars

J74.14; E229| Teach me O Holy Spirit the Testimony of Jesus! let me  
J74.15; E229| Comprehend wonderous things out of the Divine Law  
J74.16; E229| I behold Babylon in the opening Street of London, I behold  
J74.17; E229| Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house  
J74.18; E229| This I behold the shudderings of death attend my steps  
J74.19; E229| I walk up and down in Six Thousand Years: their Events are present before me  
J74.20; E229| To tell how Los in grief & anger, whirling round his Hammer on high  
J74.21; E229| Drave the Sons & Daughters of Albion from their ancient mountains  
J74.22; E229| They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision

J74.23; E229| The Sons of Albion are Twelve: the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen  
J74.24; E229| I tell how Albions Sons by Harmonies of Concords & Discords  
J74.25; E229| Opposed to Melody, and by Lights & Shades, opposed to Outline



J74.26; E229|

And by Abstraction opposed to the Visions of Imagination

J74.27; E230|

By cruel Laws divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions

J74.28; E230|

How Hyle roofd Los in Albions Cliffs by the Affections rent

J74.29; E230|

Asunder & opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalems Sons

J74.30; E230|

Into the Vortex of his Wheels. therefore Hyle is called Gog

J74.31; E230|

Age after age drawing them away towards Babylon

J74.32; E230|

Babylon, the Rational Morality deluding to death the little ones

J74.33; E230|

In strong temptations of stolen beauty; I tell how Reuben slept

J74.34; E230|

On London Stone & the Daughters of Albion ran around admiring

J74.35; E230|

His awful beauty: with Moral Virtue the fair deciever; offspring

J74.36; E230|

Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames & sent

J74.37; E230|

Him over Europe in streams of gore out of Cathedrons Looms

J74.38; E230|

How Los drave them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan

J74.39; E230|

Hence Albion was calld the Canaanite & all his Giant Sons.

J74.40; E230|

Hence is my Theme. O Lord my Saviour open thou the Gates

J74.41; E230|

And I will lead forth thy Words, telling how the Daughters

J74.42; E230|

Cut the Fibres of Reuben, how he rolld apart & took Root

J74.43; E230|

In Bashan, terror-struck Albions Sons look toward Bashan

J74.44; E230|

They have divided Simeon he also rolld apart in blood

J74.45; E230|

Over the Nations till he took Root beneath the shining Looms

J74.46; E230|

Of Albions Daughters in Philistea by the side of Amalek

J74.47; E230|

They have divided Levi: he hath shot out into Forty eight Roots

J74.48; E230|

Over the Land of Canaan: they have divided Judah

J74.49; E230|

He hath took Root in Hebron, in the Land of Hand & Hyle

J74.50; E230|

Dan: Napthali: Gad: Asher: Issachar: Zebulun: roll apart

J74.51; E230|

From all the Nations of the Earth to dissipate into Non Entity

J74.52; E230|

I see a Feminine Form arise from the Four terrible Zoas

J74.53; E230|

Beautiful but terrible struggling to take a form of beauty

J74.54; E230|

Rooted in Shechem: this is Dinah, the youthful form of Erin

J74.55; E230|

The Wound I see in South Molton S[t]reet & Stratford place

J74.56; E230|

Whence Joseph & Benjamin rolld apart away from the Nations

J74.57; E230|

In vain they rolld apart; they are fixd into the Land of Cabul

J75.1; E230|

And Rahab Babylon the Great hath destroyed Jerusalem

J75.2; E230|

Bath stood upon the Severn with Merlin & Bladud & Arthur

J75.3; E230|

The Cup of Rahab in his hand: her Poisons Twenty-seven-fold

J75.4; E230|

And all her Twenty-seven Heavens now hid & now reveal'd

J75.5; E230|

Appear in strong delusive light of Time & Space drawn out

J75.6; E230|

In shadowy pomp by the Eternal Prophet created evermore



J75.7; E230| For Los in Six Thousand Years walks up & down continually  
J75.8; E230| That not one Moment of Time be lost & every revolution  
J75.9; E230| Of Space he makes permanent in Bowlahoola & Cathedron.

J75.10; E230| And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches  
J75.11; E230| Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,

J75.12; E231| Methuselah, Lamech; these are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic  
J75.13; E231| Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the Second, Salah, Heber,  
J75.14; E231| Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah: these are the Female Males:  
J75.15; E231| A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains.  
J75.16; E231| Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine,  
J75.17; E231| Luther. these Seven are the Male Females: the Dragon Forms  
J75.18; E231| The Female hid within a Male: thus Rahab is reveald  
J75.19; E231| Mystery Babylon the Great: the Abomination of Desolation  
J75.20; E231| Religion hid in War: a Dragon red, & hidden Harlot  
J75.21; E231| But Jesus breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell  
J75.22; E231| Opens Eternity in Time & Space; triumphant in Mercy

J75.23; E231| Thus are the Heavens formd by Los within the Mundane Shell  
J75.24; E231| And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle  
J75.25; E231| To awake the Prisoners of Death; to bring Albion again  
J75.26; E231| With Luvah into light eternal, in his eternal day.

J75.27; E231| But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion  
J77; E231| To the Christians.

J77; E231| Devils are I give you the end of a golden string, <sup>t319</sup>  
J77; E231| False Religions Only wind it into a ball:  
J77; E231| "Saul Saul" It will lead you in at Heavens gate,  
J77; E231| "Why persecutest thou me." Built in Jerusalems wall.

J77prose; E231| We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no  
J77prose; E231| time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost, is a moment  
J77prose; E231| that cannot be redeemed every pleasure that intermingles with the  
J77prose; E231| duty of our station is a folly unredeemable & is planted like the  
J77prose; E231| seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of  
J77prose; E231| repentance. are tortures of self-reproach on account of our  
J77prose; E231| leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of  
J77prose; E231| intanglement with incoherent roots. I know of no other  
J77prose; E231| Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body

J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|  
J77prose; E231|

& mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination.  
Imagination the real & eternal World of which this Vegetable  
Universe is but a faint shadow & in which we shall live in our  
Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies  
are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were  
all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy  
Ghost an other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the  
Harvest of the Gospel & its Labours? What is that Talent which it  
is a curse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven which we are  
to lay up for ourselves, are they any other than Mental Studies &  
Performances? What are all the Gifts. of the Gospel, are they not  
all Mental Gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be worshipped in  
Spirit & in Truth and are not the Gifts of the Spirit Every-thing  
to Man? O ye Religious discountenance every one among

J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
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J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|

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

J77.1; E232|  
J77.2; E232|  
J77.3; E232|  
J77.4; E232|  
J77.5; E232|  
J77.6; E232|

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 devourd all things in its loud  
Fury & thundering course round heaven & earth

J77.7; E232| By it the Sun was roll'd into an orb:  
J77.8; E232| By it the Moon faded into a globe,  
  
J77.9; E232| Travelling thro the night: for from its dire  
J77.10; E232| And restless fury, Man himself shrunk up  
J77.11; E232| Into a little root a fathom long.  
J77.12; E232| And I asked a Watcher & a Holy-One  
J77.13; E232| Its Name? he answerd. It is the Wheel of Religion  
J77.14; E232| I wept & said. Is this the law of Jesus  
J77.15; E232| This terrible devouring sword turning every way  
J77.16; E232| He answerd; Jesus died because he strove  
J77.17; E232| Against the current of this Wheel: its Name  
J77.18; E232| Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death  
J77.19; E232| Of sin, of sorrow, & of punishment;  
J77.20; E232| Opposing Nature! It is Natural Religion  
J77.21; E232| But Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life  
J77.22; E232| Creating Nature from this fiery Law,  
J77.22; E232| By self-denial & forgiveness of Sin.

J77.23; E233| Go therefore, cast out devils in Christs name  
J77.24; E233| Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease  
J77.25; E233| Pity the evil, for thou art not sent  
J77.26; E233| To smite with terror & with punishments  
J77.27; E233| Those that are sick, like the Pharisees  
J77.28; E233| Crucifying &,encompassing sea & land  
J77.29; E233| For proselytes to tyranny & wrath,  
J77.30; E233| But to the Publicans & Harlots go!  
J77.31; E233| Teach them True Happiness, but let no curse  
J77.32; E233| Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace  
J77.33; E233| For Hell is open'd to heaven; thine eyes beheld  
J77.34; E233| The dungeons burst & the Prisoners set free.

J77.35; E233| England! awake! awake! awake!  
J77.36; E233| Jerusalem thy Sister calls!  
J77.37; E233| Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death?  
J77.38; E233| And close her from thy ancient walls.

J77.39; E233| Thy hills & valleys felt her feet,  
J77.40; E233| Gently upon their bosoms move:  
J77.41; E233| Thy gates beheld sweet Zions ways;  
J77.42; E233| Then was a time of joy and love.

J77.43; E233| And now the time returns again:  
J77.44; E233| Our souls exult & Londons towers,  
J77.45; E233| Recieve the Lamb of God to dwell  
J77.46; E233| In Englands green & pleasant bowers.

J77.47; E233| [*The Real Self[hood] in the*  
J77.48; E233| *is the ?Imagination Divine ?Man]* <sup>t320</sup>

J78; E233| Jerusalem. C 4

J78.1; E233| The Spectres of Albions Twelve Sons revolve mightily  
J78.2; E233| Over the Tomb & over the Body: ravning to devour  
J78.3; E233| The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron  
J78.4; E233| Walks round: loud his threats, loud his blows fall  
J78.5; E233| On the rocky Spectres, as the Potter breaks the potsherds;  
J78.6; E233| Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses: driving them from Albions  
J78.7; E233| Cliffs: dividing them into Male & Female forms in his Furnaces  
J78.8; E233| And on his Anvils: lest they destroy the Feminine Affections  
J78.9; E233| They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace

J78.10; E233| While Los laments at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem,  
J78.11; E233| Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair;  
J78.12; E233| Albions Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin,

J78.13; E234| In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem,  
J78.14; E234| Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God.  
J78.15; E234| They took their Mother Vala, and they crown'd her with gold:  
J78.16; E234| They namd her Rahab, & gave her power over the Earth  
J78.17; E234| The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Entuthon Benython,  
J78.18; E234| Even to the stars exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne  
J78.19; E234| Of God and the Lamb, to destroy the Lamb & usurp the Throne of God  
J78.20; E234| Drawing their Ulro Voidness round the Four-fold Humanity

J78.21; E234| Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion  
J78.22; E234| The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levelld with the dust!

J78.23; E234| Her Twelve Gates thrown down: her children carried into captivity  
J78.24; E234| Herself in chains: this from within was seen in a dismal night  
J78.25; E234| Outside, unknown before in Beulah, & the twelve gates were fill'd  
J78.26; E234| With blood; from Japan eastward to the Giants causway, west  
J78.27; E234| In Erins Continent: and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates banks

J78.28; E234| Disorganizd; an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among  
J78.29; E234| Her childrens Druid Temples dropping with blood wanderd weeping!  
J78.30; E234| And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea.

J78.31; E234| My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me  
J78.32; E234| The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me & my children  
J78.33; E234| I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence!

J79.1; E234| My tents are fall'n! My pillars are in ruins! my children dashd  
J79.2; E234| Upon Egypts iron floors, & the marble pavements of Assyria;  
J79.3; E234| I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Heshbon;  
J79.4; E234| Mount Zion is become a cruel rock & no more dew  
J79.5; E234| Nor rain: no more the spring of the rock appears: but cold  
J79.6; E234| Hard & obdurate are the furrows of the mountain of wine & oil:  
J79.7; E234| The mountain of blessing is itself a curse & an astonishment:  
J79.8; E234| The hills of Judea are fallen with me into the deepest hell  
J79.9; E234| Away from the Nations of the Earth, & from the Cities of the Nations;  
J79.10; E234| I walk to Ephraim. I seek for Shiloh: I walk like a lost sheep  
J79.11; E234| Among precipices of despair: in Goshen I seek for light  
J79.12; E234| In vain: and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter.  
J79.13; E234| Goshen hath followd Philistea: Gilead hath joind with Og!  
J79.14; E234| They are become narrow places in a little and dark land:  
J79.15; E234| How distant far from Albion! his hills & his valleys no more  
J79.16; E234| Recieve the feet of Jerusalem: they have cast me quite away:  
J79.17; E234| And Albion is himself shrunk to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea!  
J79.18; E234| The plains of Sussex & Surrey, their hills of flocks & herds  
J79.19; E234| No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy-ones.  
J79.20; E234| The Fifty-two Counties of England are hardend against me  
J79.21; E234| As if I was not their Mother, they despise me & cast me out  
J79.22; E234| London coverd the whole Earth. England encompassd the Nations:

J79.23; E235| And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion:  
J79.24; E235| My pillars reachd from sea to sea: London beheld me come  
J79.25; E235| From my east & from my west; he blessed me and gave  
J79.26; E235| His children to my breasts, his sons & daughters to my knees  
J79.27; E235| His aged parents sought me out in every city & village:  
J79.28; E235| They discern'd my countenance with joy! they shewd me to their sons  
J79.29; E235| Saying Lo Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers  
J79.30; E235| Levi and Judah & Issachar: Ephra[i]m, Manesseh, Gad and Dan  
J79.31; E235| Are seen in our hills & valleys: they keep our flocks & herds:  
J79.32; E235| They watch them in the night: and the Lamb of God appears among us.  
J79.33; E235| The river Severn stayd his course at my command:  
J79.34; E235| Thames poured his waters into my basons and baths:  
J79.35; E235| Medway mingled with Kishon: Thames reciev'd the heavenly Jordan



J79.36; E235| Albion gave me to the whole Earth to walk up & down; to pour  
J79.37; E235| Joy upon every mountain; to teach songs to the shepherd & plowman  
J79.38; E235| I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion.  
J79.39; E235| Italy saw me, in sublime astonishment: France was wholly mine:  
J79.40; E235| As my garden & as my secret bath; Spain was my heavenly couch:  
J79.41; E235| I slept in his golden hills: the Lamb of God met me there.  
J79.42; E235| There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones  
J79.43; E235| They looked upon our loves with joy: they beheld our secret joys:  
J79.44; E235| With holy raptures of adoration rapid sublime in the Visions of God:  
J79.45; E235| Germany; Poland & the North wooed my footsteps they found  
J79.46; E235| My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales  
J79.47; E235| The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber  
J79.48; E235| Turkey & Grecia saw my instr[u]ments of music, they arose  
J79.49; E235| They siezd the harp: the flute: the mellow horn of Jerusalems joy  
J79.50; E235| They sounded thanksgivings in my courts: Egypt & Lybia heard  
J79.51; E235| The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God  
J79.52; E235| Enquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar:  
J79.53; E235| And thou America! I once beheld thee but now behold no more  
J79.54; E235| Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim & Seraphim rejoiced  
J79.55; E235| Together among my little-ones. But now, my Altars run with blood!  
J79.56; E235| My fires are corrupt! my incense is a cloudy pestilence  
J79.57; E235| Of seven diseases! Once a continual cloud of salvation. rose  
J79.58; E235| From all my myriads; once the Four-fold World rejoiced among  
J79.59; E235| The pillars of Jerusalem, between my winged Cherubim:  
J79.60; E235| But now I am closd out from them in the narrow passages  
J79.61; E235| Of the valleys of destruction, into a dark land of pitch & bitumen.  
J79.62; E235| From Albions Tomb afar and from the four-fold wonders of God  
J79.63; E235| Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul;  
J79.64; E235| There is Reuben & Gad & Joseph & Judah & Levi, closd up  
J79.65; E235| In narrow vales: I walk & count the bones of my beloveds  
J79.66; E235| Along the Valley of Destruction, among these Druid Temples  
J79.67; E235| Which overspread all the Earth in patriarchal pomp & cruel pride

J79.68; E236| Tell me O Vala thy purposes; tell me wherefore thy shuttles  
J79.69; E236| Drop with the gore of the slain; why Euphrates is red with blood  
J79.70; E236| Wherefore in dreadful majesty & beauty outside appears  
J79.71; E236| Thy Masculine from thy Feminine hardening against the heavens  
J79.72; E236| To devour the Human! Why dost thou weep upon the wind among  
J79.73; E236| These cruel Druid Temples: O Vala! Humanity is far above  
J79.74; E236| Sexual organization; & the Visions of the Night of Beulah  
J79.75; E236| Where Sexes wander in dreams of bliss among the Emanations  
J79.76; E236| Where the Masculine & Feminine are nurs'd into Youth & Maiden  
J79.77; E236| By the tears & smiles of Beulahs Daughters till the time of Sleep is past.  
J79.78; E236| Wherefore then do you realize these nets of beauty & delusion  
J79.79; E236| In open day to draw the souls of the Dead into the light.



J79.80; E236|

Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven.

J80.1; E236|

Encompassd by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree

J80.2; E236|

I walk weeping in pangs of a Mothers torment for her Children:

J80.3; E236|

I walk in affliction: I am a worm, and no living soul!

J80.4; E236|

A worm going to eternal torment! raisd up in a night

J80.5; E236|

To an eternal night of pain, lost! lost! lost! for ever!

J80.6; E236|

Beside her Vala howld upon the winds in pride of beauty

J80.7; E236|

Lamenting among the timbrels of the Warriors: among the Captives

J80.8; E236|

In cruel holiness, and her lamenting songs were from Arnon

J80.9; E236|

And Jordan to Euphrates. Jerusalem followd trembling

J80.10; E236|

Her children in captivity. listening to Valas lamentation

J80.11; E236|

In the thick cloud & darkness. & the voice went forth from

J80.12; E236|

The cloud. O rent in sunder from Jerusalem the Harlot daughter!

J80.13; E236|

In an eternal condemnation in fierce burning flames

J80.14; E236|

Of torment unendurable: and if once a Delusion be found

J80.15; E236|

Woman must perish & the Heavens of Heavens remain no more

J80.16; E236|

My Father gave to me command to murder Albion

J80.17; E236|

In unreviving Death; my Love, my Luvah orderd me in night

J80.18; E236|

To murder Albion the King of Men. he fought in battles fierce

J80.19; E236|

He conquerd Luvah my beloved: he took me and my Father

J80.20; E236|

He slew them: I revivd them to life in my warm bosom

J80.21; E236|

He saw them issue from my bosom, dark in Jealousy

J80.22; E236|

He burnd before me: Luvah framd the Knife & Luvah gave

J80.23; E236|

The Knife into his daughters hand! such thing was never known

J80.24; E236|

Before in Albions land, that one should die a death never to be reviv'd!

J80.25; E236|

For in our battles we the Slain men view with pity and love:

J80.26; E236|

We soon revive them in the secret of our tabernacles

J80.27; E236|

But I Vala, Luvahs daughter, keep his body embalmd in moral laws

J80.28; E236|

With spices of sweet odours of lovely jealous stupefaction:

J80.29; E236|

Within my bosom, lest he arise to life & slay my Luvah

J80.30; E236|

Pity me then O Lamb of God! O Jesus pity me!

J80.31; E236|

Come into Luvahs Tents, and seek not to revive the Dead!

J80.32; E237|

So sang she: and the Spindle turnd furious as she sang:

J80.33; E237|

The Children of Jerusalem the Souls of those who sleep

J80.34; E237|

Were caught into the flax of her Distaff, & in her Cloud

J80.35; E237|

To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will

J80.36; E237|

A Dragon form on Zion Hills most ancient promontory

J80.37; E237| The Spindle turn'd in blood & fire: loud sound the trumpets  
J80.38; E237| Of war: the cymbals play loud before the Captains  
J80.39; E237| With Cambel & Gwendolen in dance and solemn song  
J80.40; E237| The Cloud of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion  
J80.41; E237| Los saw terrified, melted with pity & divided in wrath  
J80.42; E237| He sent them over the narrow seas in pity and love  
J80.43; E237| Among the Four Forests of Albion which overspread all the Earth  
J80.44; E237| They go forth & return swift as a flash of lightning.  
J80.45; E237| Among the tribes of warriors: among the Stones of power!  
J80.46; E237| Against Jerusalem they rage thro all the Nations of Europe  
J80.47; E237| Thro Italy & Grecia, to Lebanon & Persia & India.

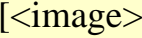
J80.48; E237| The Serpent Temples thro the Earth, from the wide Plain of Salisbury  
J80.49; E237| Resound with cries of Victims, shouts & songs & dying groans  
J80.50; E237| And flames of dusky fire, to Amalek, Canaan and Moab[.]  
J80.51; E237| And Rahab like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud  
J80.52; E237| Refus'd to take a definite form. she hover'd over all the Earth  
J80.53; E237| Calling the definite, sin: defacing every definite form;  
J80.54; E237| Invisible, or Visible, stretch'd out in length or spread in breadth:  
J80.55; E237| Over the Temples drinking groans of victims weeping in pity,  
J80.56; E237| And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalems walls.

J80.57; E237| Hand slept on Skiddaws top: drawn by the love of beautiful  
J80.58; E237| Cambel: his bright beaming Counterpart, divided from him  
J80.59; E237| And her delusive light beam'd fierce above the Mountain,  
J80.60; E237| Soft: invisible: drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication:  
J80.61; E237| Drawing out fibre by fibre: returning to Albions Tree  
J80.62; E237| At night: and in the morning to Skiddaw; she sent him over  
J80.63; E237| Mountainous Wales into the Loom of Cathedron fibre by fibre:  
J80.64; E237| He ran in tender nerves across Europe to Jerusalems Shade,  
J80.65; E237| To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb.

J80.66; E237| Hyle on East Moor in rocky Derbyshire, rav'd to the Moon  
J80.67; E237| For Gwendolen: she took up in bitter tears his anguish'd heart,  
J80.68; E237| That apparent to all in Eternity, glows like the Sun in the breast:  
J80.69; E237| She hid it his ribs & back: she hid his tongue with teeth  
J80.70; E237| In terrible convulsions pitying & gratified drunk with pity  
J80.71; E237| Glowing with loveliness before him, becoming apparent  
J80.72; E237| According to his changes: she roll'd his kidneys round  
J80.73; E237| Into two irregular forms: and looking on Albions dread Tree,  
J80.74; E237| She wove two vessels of seed, beautiful as Skiddaws snow;  
J80.75; E237| Giving them bends of self interest & selfish natural virtue:

J80.76; E238| She hid them in his loins; raving he ran among the rocks,  
J80.77; E238| Compell'd into a shape of Moral Virtue against the Lamb.  
J80.78; E238| The invisible lovely one giving him a form according to  
J80.79; E238| His Law a form against the Lamb of God oppos'd to Mercy  
J80.80; E238| And playing in the thunderous Loom in sweet intoxication  
J80.81; E238| Filling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries, with groans  
J80.82; E238| And dolorous sobs: the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah

J80.83; E238| O sister Cambel said Gwendolen, as their long beaming light  
J80.84; E238| Mingled above the Mountain[:] what shall we do to keep  
J80.85; E238| These awful forms in our soft bands: distracted with trembling

J81.1; E238| I have mock'd those who refused cruelty & I have admired  
J81.2; E238| The cruel Warrior. I have refused to give love to Merlin the piteous.  
J81.3; E238| He brings to me the Images of his Love & I reject in chastity  
J81.4; E238| And turn them out into the streets for Harlots to be food  
J81.5; E238| To the stern Warrior. I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior  
J81.6; E238| For Men are caught by Love: Woman is caught by Pride  
J81.7; E238| That Love may only be obtain'd in the passages of Death.  
J81ill; E238| [In Heaven the only Art of Living / Is  
J81ill; E238| Forgetting & Forgiving / Especially to the Female / But if you on  
J81ill; E238| Earth Forgive / You shall not find where to Live</reversed  
J81ill; E238| writing>] <sup>t321</sup>

J81.8; E239| Let us look! let us examine! is the Cruel become an Infant  
J81.9; E239| Or is he still a cruel Warrior? look Sisters, look! O piteous  
J81.10; E239| I have destroy'd Wandring Reuben who strove to bind my Will  
J81.11; E239| I have strip'd off Josephs beautiful integument for my Beloved,  
J81.12; E239| The Cruel-one of Albion: to clothe him in gems of my Zone  
J81.13; E239| I have Named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become  
J81.14; E239| A weeping Infant in ruin'd lovely Jerusalems folding Cloud:  
J81.15; E239| In Heaven Love begets Love! but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love! <sup>t322</sup>  
J81.16; E239| And he who will not bend to Love must be subdu'd by Fear,

J82.1; E239| I have heard Jerusalems groans; from Valas cries & lamentations  
J82.2; E239| I gather our eternal fate: Outcasts from life and love:  
J82.3; E239| Unless we find a way to bind these awful Forms to our  
J82.4; E239| Embrace we shall perish annihilate, discover'd our Delusions.  
J82.5; E239| Look I have wrought without delusion: Look! I have wept!  
J82.6; E239| And given soft milk mingled together with the spirits of flocks  
J82.7; E239| Of lambs and doves, mingled together in cups and dishes  
J82.8; E239| Of painted clay; the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant;  
J82.9; E239| Soon shall the Spectres of the Dead follow my weaving threads.

J82.10; E239| The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades  
J82.11; E239| On Cambridge and Oxford beaming soft uniting with Rahabs cloud  
J82.12; E239| While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel turning soft the spinning reel:  
J82.13; E239| Or throwing the wingd shuttle; or drawing the cords with softest songs  
J82.14; E239| The golden cords of the Looms animate beneath their touches soft,  
J82.15; E239| Along the Island white, among the Druid Temples, while Gwendolen  
J82.16; E239| Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Skiddaws top.

J82.17; E239| So saying she took a Falshood & hid it in her left hand:  
J82.18; E239| To entice her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates.  
J82.19; E239| And thus she closed her left hand and utterd her Falshood:  
J82.20; E239| Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic, she hid her hand behind her,  
J82.21; E239| Upon her back behind her loins & thus utterd her Deceit.

J82.22; E239| I heard Enitharmon say to Los: Let the Daughters of Albion  
J82.23; E239| Be scatterd abroad and let the name of Albion be forgotten:  
J82.24; E239| Divide them into three; name them Amalek Canaan & Moab:  
J82.25; E239| Let Albion remain a desolation without an inhabitant:  
J82.26; E239| And let the Looms of Enitharmon & the Furnaces of Los  
J82.27; E239| Create Jerusalem, & Babylon & Egypt & Moab & Amalek,  
J82.28; E239| And Helle & Hesperia & Hindostan & China & Japan.  
J82.29; E239| But hide America, for a Curse an Altar of Victims & a Holy Place.  
J82.30; E239| See Sisters Canaan is pleasant, Egypt is as the Garden of Eden:  
J82.31; E239| Babylon is our chief desire, Moab our bath in summer:  
J82.32; E239| Let us lead the stems of this Tree let us plant it before Jerusalem  
J82.33; E239| To judge the Friend of Sinners to death without the Veil:  
J82.34; E239| To cut her off from America, to close up her secret Ark:  
J82.35; E239| And the fury of Man exhaust in War! Woman permanent remain

J82.36; E240| See how the fires of our loins point eastward to Babylon  
J82.37; E240| Look. Hyle is become an infant Love: look! behold! see him lie!  
J82.38; E240| Upon my bosom. look! here is the lovely wayward form  
J82.39; E240| That gave me sweet delight by his torments beneath my Veil;  
J82.40; E240| By the fruit of Albions Tree I have fed him with sweet milk  
J82.41; E240| By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives;  
J82.42; E240| Humanity the Great Delusion: is changd to War & Sacrifice:  
J82.43; E240| I have naild his hands on Beth Rabbim & his [feet] on Heshbons Wall: <sup>t324</sup>  
J82.44; E240| O that I could live in his sight: O that I could bin him to my arm.  
J82.45; E240| So saying: She drew aside her Veil from Mam-Tor to Dovedale  
J82.46; E240| Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion  
J82.47; E240| And Hyle a winding Worm beneath [*her Loom upon the scales.*  
J82.48; E240| *Hyle was become a winding Worm:*] & not a weeping Infant.

J82.49; E240| Trembling & pitying she screamd & fled upon the wind:  
J82.50; E240| Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty:  
J82.51; E240| The desarts tremble at his wrath: they shrink themselves in fear.

J82.52; E240| Cambel trembled with jealousy: she trembled! she envied!  
J82.53; E240| The envy ran thro Cathedrons Looms into the Heart  
J82.54; E240| Of mild Jerusalem, to destroy the Lamb of God. Jerusalem  
J82.55; E240| Languishd upon Mount Olivet, East of mild Zions Hill.

J82.56; E240| Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace  
J82.57; E240| On Londons Tower on the Thames: he drew Cambel in wrath,  
J82.58; E240| Into his thundering Bellows, heaving it for a loud blast!  
J82.59; E240| And with the blast of his Furnace upon fishy Billingsgate,  
J82.60; E240| Beneath Albions fatal Tree, before the Gate of Los:  
J82.61; E240| Shewd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate  
J82.62; E240| The envy; loud she labourd in the Furnace of fire,  
J82.63; E240| To form the mighty form of Hand according to her will.  
J82.64; E240| In the Furnaces of Los & in the Wine-press treading day & night  
J82.65; E240| Naked among the human clusters: bringing wine of anguish  
J82.66; E240| To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces: she minded not  
J82.67; E240| The raging flames, tho she returnd [*consumd day after day*  
J82.68; E240| *A redning skeleton in howling woe:*] instead of beauty  
J82.69; E240| Defo[r]mity: she gave her beauty to another: bearing abroad  
J82.70; E240| Her struggling torment in her iron arms: and like a chain,  
J82.71; E240| Binding his wrists & ankles with the iron arms of love.

J82.72; E240| Gwendolen saw the Infant in her siste[r]s arms; she howld  
J82.73; E240| Over the forests with bitter tears, and over the winding Worm  
J82.74; E240| Repentant: and she also in the eddying wind of Los's Bellows  
J82.75; E240| Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvah  
J82.76; E240| o form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain.  
J82.77; E240| The Sisters saw! trembling ran thro their Looms! soften[in]g mild  
J82.78; E240| Towards London: then they saw the Furna[c]es opend, & in tears  
J82.79; E240| Began to give their souls away in the Furna[c]es of affliction.

J82.80; E241| Los saw & was comforted at his Furnaces uttering thus his voice.

J82.81; E241| I know I am Urthona keeper of the Gates of Heaven,  
J82.82; E241| And that I can at will expatiate in the Gardens of bliss;  
J82.83; E241| But pangs of love draw me down to my loins which are  
J82.84; E241| Become a fountain of veiny pipes: O Albion! my brother!



J83.1; E241| Corruptibility appears upon thy limbs, and never more *t325*  
 J83.2; E241| Can I arise and leave thy side, but labour here incessant  
 J83.3; E241| Till thy awaking! yet alas I shall forget Eternity!  
 J83.4; E241| Against the Patriarchal pomp and cruelty, labouring incessant  
 J83.5; E241| I shall become an Infant horror. Enion! Tharmas! friends  
 J83.6; E241| Absorb me not in such dire grief: O Albion, my brother!  
 J83.7; E241| Jerusalem hungers in the desart! affection to her children!  
 J83.8; E241| The scorn'd and contemnd youthful girl, where shall she fly?  
 J83.9; E241| Sussex shuts up her Villages. Hants, Devon & Wilts  
 J83.10; E241| Surrounded with masses of stone in orderd forms, determine then  
 J83.11; E241| A form for Vala and a form for Luvah, here on the Thames  
 J83.12; E241| Where the Victim nightly howls beneath the Druids knife:  
 J83.13; E241| A Form of Vegetation, nail them down on the stems of Mystery:  
 J83.14; E241| O when shall the Saxon return with the English his redeemed brother!  
 J83.15; E241| O when shall the Lamb of God descend among the Reprobate!  
 J83.16; E241| I woo to Amalek to protect my fugitives[.] Amalek trembles:  
 J83.17; E241| I call to Canaan & Moab in my night watches, they mourn:  
 J83.18; E241| They listen not to my cry, they rejo[i]ce among their warriors  
 J83.19; E241| Woden and Thor and Friga wholly consume my Saxons:  
 J83.20; E241| On their enormous Altars built in the terrible north:  
 J83.21; E241| From Irelands rocks to Scandinavia Persia and Tartary:  
 J83.22; E241| From the Atlantic Sea to the universal Erythrean.  
 J83.23; E241| Found ye London! enormous City! weeps thy River?  
 J83.24; E241| Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones O Land  
 J83.25; E241| Forsaken. Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmons Chamber.  
 J83.26; E241| Where I will build her a Couch of repose & my pillars  
 J83.27; E241| Shall surround her in beautiful labyrinths: Oothoon?  
 J83.28; E241| Where hides my child? in Oxford hidest thou with Antamon?  
 J83.29; E241| In graceful hidings of error: in merciful deceit  
 J83.30; E241| Lest Hand the terrible destroy his Affection. thou hidest her: *t326*  
 J83.31; E241| In chaste appearances for sweet deceits of love & modesty  
 J83.32; E241| Immingled, interwoven, glistening to the sickening sight.  
 J83.33; E241| Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mundane Shell:  
 J83.34; E241| Forming the fluctuating Globe according to their will.  
 J83.35; E241| According as they weave the little embryon nerves & veins  
 J83.36; E241| The Eye, the little Nostrils, & the delicate Tongue & Ears  
 J83.37; E241| Of labyrinthine intricacy: so shall they fold the World  
 J83.38; E241| That whatever is seen upon the Mundane Shell, the same  
 J83.39; E241| Be seen upon the Fluctuating Earth woven by the Sisters.

J83.40; E242| And sometimes the Earth shall roll in the Abyss & sometimes  
 J83.41; E242| Stand in the Center & sometimes stretch flat in the Expanse,  
 J83.42; E242| According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion.  
 J83.43; E242| Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Golgonooza:  
 J83.44; E242| Touching its summits: & sometimes divided roll apart.



J83.45; E242| As a beautiful Veil so these Females shall fold & unfold  
J83.46; E242| According to their will the outside surface of the Earth  
J83.47; E242| An outside shadowy Surface superadded to the real Surface;  
J83.48; E242| Which is unchangeable for ever & ever Amen: so be it!  
J83.49; E242| Separate Albions Sons gently from their Emanations,  
J83.50; E242| Weaving bowers of delight on the current of infant Thames  
J83.51; E242| Where the old Parent still retains his youth as I alas!  
J83.52; E242| Retain my youth eight thousand and five hundred years.  
J83.53; E242| The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair!  
J83.54; E242| The land is markd for desolation & unless we plant  
J83.55; E242| The seeds of Cities & of Villages in the Human bosom  
J83.56; E242| Albion must be a rock of blood: mark ye the points  
J83.57; E242| Where Cities shall remain & where Villages[;] for the rest!  
J83.58; E242| It must lie in confusion till Albions time of awaking.  
J83.59; E242| Place the Tribes of Llewellyn in America for a hiding place!  
J83.60; E242| Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity  
J83.61; E242| The night falls thick: I go upon my watch: be attentive:  
J83.62; E242| The Sons of Albion go forth; I follow from my Furnaces:  
J83.63; E242| That they return no more: that a place be prepard on Euphrates  
J83.64; E242| Listen to your Watchmans voice: sleep not before the Furnaces  
J83.65; E242| Eternal Death stands at the door. O God pity our labours.

J83.66; E242| So Los spoke. to the Daughters of Beulah while his Emanation  
J83.67; E242| Like a faint rainbow waved before him in the awful gloom  
J83.68; E242| Of London City on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Highgate:  
J83.69; E242| Swift turn the silver spindles, & the golden weights play soft  
J83.70; E242| And lulling harmonies beneath the Looms, from Caithness in the north  
J83.71; E242| To Lizard-point & Dover in the south: his Emanation  
J83.72; E242| Joy'd in the many weaving threads in bright Cathedrons Dome  
J83.73; E242| Weaving the Web of life for Jerusalem. the Web of life  
J83.74; E242| Down flowing into Entuthons Vales glistens with soft affections.

J83.75; E242| While Los arose upon his Watch, and down from Golgonooza  
J83.76; E242| Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain,  
J83.77; E242| He takes his way, girding himself with gold & in his hand  
J83.78; E242| Holding his iron mace: The Spectre remains attentive  
J83.79; E242| Alternate they watch in night: alternate labour in day  
J83.80; E242| Before the Furnaces labouring, while Los all night watches  
J83.81; E242| The stars rising & setting, & the meteors & terrors of night!  
J83.82; E242| With him went down the Dogs of Leutha, at his feet  
J83.83; E242| They lap the water of the trembling Thames then follow swift  
J83.84; E242| And thus he heard the voice of Albions daughters on Euphrates,

J83.85; E243| Our Father Albions land: O it was a lovely land! & the Daughters of Beulah

J83.86; E243| Walked up and down in its green mountains: but Hand is fled  
J83.87; E243| Away: & mighty Hyle: & after them Jerusalem is gone: Awake[...] t327

J84.1; E243| Highgates heights & Hampsteads, to Poplar Hackney & Bow:  
J84.2; E243| To Islington & Paddington & the Brook of Albions River  
J84.3; E243| We builded Jerusalem as a City & a Temple; from Lambeth  
J84.4; E243| We began our Foundations; lovely Lambeth! O lovely Hills  
J84.5; E243| Of Camberwell, we shall behold you no more in glory & pride  
J84.6; E243| For Jerusalem lies in ruins & the Furnaces of Los are builded there  
J84.7; E243| You are now shrunk up to a narrow Rock in the midst of the Sea  
J84.8; E243| But here we build Babylon on Euphrates, compell'd to build  
J84.9; E243| And to inhabit, our Little-ones to clothe in armour of the gold  
J84.10; E243| Of Jerusalems Cherubims & to forge them swords of her Altars  
J84.11; E243| I see London blind & age-bent begging thro the Streets  
J84.12; E243| Of Babylon, led by a child. his tears run down his beard  
J84.13; E243| The voice of Wandering Reuben ecchoes from street to street  
J84.14; E243| In all the Cities of the Nations Paris Madrid Amsterdam  
J84.15; E243| The Corner of Broad Street weeps; Poland Street languishes  
J84.16; E243| To Great Queen Street & Lincolns Inn, all is distress & woe.  
ED; E243| [*three lines* gouged out irrecoverably]

J84.17; E243| The night falls thick Hand comes from Albion in his strength  
J84.18; E243| He combines into a Mighty-one the Double Molech & Chemosh  
J84.19; E243| Marching thro Egypt in his fury the East is pale at his course  
J84.20; E243| The Nations of India, the Wild Tartar that never knew Man  
J84.21; E243| Starts from his lofty places & casts down his tents & flees away  
J84.22; E243| But we woo him all the night ill songs, O Los come forth O Los  
J84.23; E243| Divide us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue  
J84.24; E243| Arise upon thy Watches let us see thy Globe of fire  
J84.25; E243| On Albions Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates.

J84.26; E243| Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One  
J84.27; E243| With Rahab as she turnd the iron Spindle of destruction.  
J84.28; E243| Terrified at the Sons of Albion they took the Falshood which  
J84.29; E243| Gwendolen hid in her left hand. it grew &, grew till it

J85.1; E243| Became a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm  
J85.2; E243| They namd it Canaan & built for it a tender Moon  
J85.3; E243| Los smild with joy thinking on Enitharmon & he brought  
J85.4; E243| Reuben from his twelvefold wandrings & led him into it  
J85.5; E243| Planting the Seeds of the Twelve Tribes & Moses & David  
J85.6; E243| And gave a Time & Revolution to the Space Six Thousand Years  
J85.7; E243| He call'd it Divine Analogy, for in Beulah the Feminine  
J85.8; E243| Emanations Create Space. the Masculine Create Time, & plant  
J85.9; E243| The Seeds of beauty in the Space: listning to their lamentation

J85.10; E244| Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness  
J85.11; E244| Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Myriads watchful *t328*  
J85.12; E244| Looking to the East: & his voice is heard over the whole Earth  
J85.13; E244| As he watches the Furnaces by night, & directs the labourers

J85.14; E244| And thus Los replies upon his Watch: the Valleys listen silent:  
J85.15; E244| The Stars stand still to hear: Jerusalem & Vala cease to mourn:  
J85.16; E244| His voice is heard from Albion: the Alps & Appenines  
J85.17; E244| Listen: Hermon & Lebanon bow their crowned heads  
J85.18; E244| Babel & Shinar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down  
J85.19; E244| Silent at his voice: they view the red Globe of fire in Los's hand  
J85.20; E244| As he walks from Furnace to Furnace directing the Labourers  
J85.21; E244| And this is the Song of Los, the Song that he sings on his Watch

J85.22; E244| O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim!  
J85.23; E244| I see thy Gates of precious stones: thy Walls of gold & silver  
J85.24; E244| Thou art the soft reflected Image of the Sleeping Man  
J85.25; E244| Who stretchd on Albions rocks reposes amidst his Twenty-eight  
J85.26; E244| Cities: where Beulah lovely terminates, in the hills & valleys of Albion  
J85.27; E244| Cities not yet embodied in Time and Space: plant ye  
J85.28; E244| The Seeds O Sisters in he bosom of Time & Spaces womb  
J85.29; E244| To spring up for Jerusalem: lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion  
J85.30; E244| Why wilt thou rend thyself apart & build an Earthly Kingdom  
J85.31; E244| To reign in pride & to oppress & to mix the Cup of Delusion  
J85.32; E244| O thou that dwellest with Babylon! Come forth O lovely-one

J86.1; E244| I see thy Form O lovely mild Jerusalem, Wingd with Six Wings  
J86.2; E244| In the opacous Bosom of the Sleeper, lovely Three-fold  
J86.3; E244| In Head & Heart & Reins, three Universes of love & beauty  
J86.4; E244| Thy forehead bright: Holiness to the Lord, with Gates of pearl  
J86.5; E244| Reflects Eternity beneath thy azure wings of feathery down  
J86.6; E244| Ribbd delicate & clothd with featherd gold & azure & purple  
J86.7; E244| From thy white shoulders shadowing, purity in holiness!  
J86.8; E244| Thence featherd with soft crimson of the ruby bright as fire  
J86.9; E244| Spreading into the azure Wings which like a canopy  
J86.10; E244| Bends over thy immortal Head in which Eternity dwells  
J86.11; E244| Albion beloved Land; I see thy mountains & thy hills  
J86.12; E244| And valleys & thy pleasant Cities Holiness to the Lord  
J86.13; E244| I see the Spectres of thy Dead O Emanation of Albion.

J86.14; E244| Thy Bosom white, translucent coverd with immortal gems  
J86.15; E244| A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty

J86.16; E244	Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection
J86.17; E244	Twelve-fold here all the Tribes of Israel I behold
J86.18; E244	Upon the Holy Land: I see the River of Life & Tree of Life
J86.19; E244	I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven
J86.20; E245	Between thy Wings of gold & silver featherd immortal
J86.21; E245	Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Suns tabernacle
J86.22; E245	Thy Reins coverd with Wings translucent sometimes covering
J86.23; E245	And sometimes spread abroad reveal the flames of holiness
J86.24; E245	Which like a robe covers: & like a Veil of Seraphim
J86.25; E245	In flaming fire unceasing burns from Eternity to Eternity
J86.26; E245	Twelfefold I there behold Israel in her Tents
J86.27; E245	A Pillar of a Cloud by day: a Pillar of fire by night
J86.28; E245	Guides them: there I behold Moab & Ammon & Amalek
J86.29; E245	There Bells of silver round thy knees living articulate
J86.30; E245	Comforting sounds of love & harmony & on thy feet
J86.31; E245	Sandals of gold & pearl, & Egypt & Assyria before me
J86.32; E245	The Isles of Javan, Philistea, Tyre and Lebanon
J86.33; E245	Thus Los sings upon his Watch walking from Furnace to Furnace.
J86.34; E245	He siezes his Hammer every hour, flames surround him as
J86.35; E245	He beats: seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster
J86.36; E245	Arou[n]d his head. the thick hail stones stand ready to obey
J86.37; E245	His voice in the black cloud, his Sons labour in thunders
J86.38; E245	At his Furnaces; his Daughters at their Looms sing woes
J86.39; E245	His Emanation separates in milky fibres agonizing
J86.40; E245	Among the golden Looms of Cathedron sending fibres of love
J86.41; E245	From Golgonooza with sweet visions for Jerusalem, wanderer.
J86.42; E245	Nor can any consummate bliss without being Generated
J86.43; E245	On Earth; of those whose Emanations weave the loves
J86.44; E245	Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shiloh, in immortal Golgonooza
J86.45; E245	Centering in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears
J86.46; E245	Viewing the Winding Worm on the Desarts of Great Tartary
J86.47; E245	Viewing Los in his shudderings, pouring balm on his sorrows
J86.48; E245	So dread is Los's fury, that none dare him to approach
J86.49; E245	Without becoming his Children in the Furnaces of affliction
J86.50; E245	And Enitharmon like a faint rainbow waved before him
J86.51; E245	Filling with Fibres from his loins which reddend with desire
J86.52; E245	Into a Globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness

J86.53; E245| Of Albions clouds. he fed it, with his tears & bitter groans  
J86.54; E245| Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the timorous Shade  
J86.55; E245| Till it became a separated cloud of beauty grace & love  
J86.56; E245| Among the darkness of his Furnaces dividing asunder till  
J86.57; E245| She separated stood before him a lovely Female weeping  
J86.58; E245| Even Enitharmon separated outside, & his Loins closed  
J86.59; E245| And heal'd after the separation: his pains he soon forgot:  
J86.60; E245| Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief.  
J86.61; E245| Two Wills they had; Two Intellects: & not as in times of old.

J86.62; E246| Silent they wanderd hand in hand like two Infants wandering  
J86.63; E246| From Enion in the desarts, terrified at each others beauty  
J86.64; E246| Envyng each other yet desiring, in all devouring Love,

J87.1; E246| Repelling weeping Enion blind & age-bent into the fourfold  
J87.2; E246| Desarts. Los first broke silence & began to utter his love

J87.3; E246| O lovely Enitharmon: I behold thy graceful forms  
J87.4; E246| Moving beside me till intoxicated with the woven labyrinth  
J87.5; E246| Of beauty & perfection my wild fibres shoot in veins  
J87.6; E246| Of blood thro all my nervous limbs. soon overgrown in roots  
J87.7; E246| I shall be closed from thy sight. sieze therefore in thy hand  
J87.8; E246| The small fibres as they shoot around me draw out in pity  
J87.9; E246| And let them run on the winds of thy bosom: I will fix them  
J87.10; E246| With pulsations. we will divide them into Sons & Daughters  
J87.11; E246| To live in thy Bosoms translucence as in an eternal morning

J87.12; E246| Enitharmon answerd. No! I will sieze thy Fibres & weave  
J87.13; E246| Them: not as thou wilt but as I will, for I will Create  
J87.14; E246| A round Womb beneath my bosom lest I also be overwoven  
J87.15; E246| With Love; be thou assured I never will be thy slave  
J87.16; E246| Let Mans delight be Love; but Womans delight be Pride  
J87.17; E246| In Eden our loves were the same here they are opposite  
J87.18; E246| I have Loves of my own I will weave them in Albions Spectre  
J87.19; E246| Cast thou in Jerusalems shadows thy Loves! silk of liquid  
J87.20; E246| Rubies Jacinths Crysolites: issuing from thy Furnaces. While  
J87.21; E246| Jerusalem divides thy care: while thou carest for Jerusalem  
J87.22; E246| Know that I never will be thine: also thou hidest Vala  
J87.23; E246| From her these fibres shoot to shut me in a Grave.  
J87.24; E246| You are Albions Victim, he has set his Daughter in your path

J88.1; E246| Los answerd sighing like the Bellows of his Furnaces



J88.2; E246| I care not! the swing of my Hammer shall measure the starry round[.]  
J88.3; E246| When in Eternity Man converses with Man they enter  
J88.4; E246| Into each others Bosom (which are Universes of delight)  
J88.5; E246| In mutual interchange. and first their Emanations meet  
J88.6; E246| Surrounded by their Children. if they embrace & comingle  
J88.7; E246| The Human Four-fold Forms mingle also in thunders of Intellect  
J88.8; E246| But if the Emanations mingle not; with storms & agitations  
J88.9; E246| Of earthquakes & consuming fires they roll apart in fear  
J88.10; E246| For Man cannot unite with Man but by their Emanations  
J88.11; E246| Which stand both Male & Female at the Gates of each Humanity  
J88.12; E246| How then can I ever again be united as Man with Man  
J88.13; E246| While thou my Emanation refusest my Fibres of dominion.  
J88.14; E246| When Souls mingle & join thro all the Fibres of Brotherhood  
J88.15; E246| Can there be any secret joy on Earth greater than this?

J88.16; E247| Enitharmon answerd: This is Womans World, nor need she any  
J88.17; E247| Spectre to defend her from Man. I will Create secret places  
J88.18; E247| And the masculine names of the places Merlin & Arthur.  
J88.19; E247| A triple Female Tabernacle for Moral Law I weave  
J88.20; E247| That he who loves Jesus may loathe terrified Female love  
J88.21; E247| Till God himself become a Male subservient to the Female.

J88.22; E247| She spoke in scorn & jealousy, alternate torments; and  
J88.23; E247| So speaking she sat down on Sussex shore singing lulling  
J88.24; E247| Cadences, & playing in sweet intoxication among the glistening  
J88.25; E247| Fibres of Los: sending them over the Ocean eastward into  
J88.26; E247| The realms of dark death; O perverse to thyself, contrarious  
J88.27; E247| To thy own purposes; for when she began to weave  
J88.28; E247| Shooting out in sweet pleasure her bosom in milky Love  
J88.29; E247| Flowd into the aching fibres of Los. yet contending against him  
J88.30; E247| In pride sending his Fibres over to her objects of jealousy <sup>t329</sup>  
J88.31; E247| In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albions Daughters  
J88.32; E247| Which stretchd abroad, expanding east & west & north & south  
J88.33; E247| Thro' all the World of Erin & of Los & all their Children

J88.34; E247| A sullen Smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn  
J88.35; E247| Knowing himself the author of their divisions & shrinkings, gratified  
J88.36; E247| At their contentions, he wiped his tears he washd his visage.

J88.37; E247| The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman  
J88.38; E247| And deadly cunning & mean abjectness only, shall enjoy them  
J88.39; E247| For I will make their places of joy & love, excrementitious[.]



J88.40; E247	Continually building, continually destroying in Family feuds
J88.41; E247	While you are under the dominion of a jealous Female
J88.42; E247	Unpermanent for ever because of love & jealousy.
J88.43; E247	You shall want all the Minute Particulars of Life
J88.44; E247	Thus joyd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Los's Forge, eyeing
J88.45; E247	Enitharmon who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences
J88.46; E247	While Los stood at his Anvil in wrath the victim of their love
J88.47; E247	And hate; dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses
J88.48; E247	In Golgonooza & in Udan-Adan & in Entuthon of Urizen.
J88.49; E247	The blow of his Hammer is Justice. the swing of his Hammer: Mercy.
J88.50; E247	The force of Los's Hammer is eternal Forgiveness; but
J88.51; E247	His rage or his mildness were vain, she scatterd his love on the wind
J88.52; E247	Eastward into her own Center, creating the Female Womb
J88.53; E247	In mild Jerusalem around the Lamb of God. Loud howl
J88.54; E247	The Furnaces of Los! loud roll the Wheels of Enitharmon
J88.55; E247	The Four Zoa's in all their faded majesty burst out in fury
J88.56; E247	And fire. Jerusalem took the Cup which foamd in Vala's hand
J88.57; E247	Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day
J88.58; E247	Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love & Wrath.
J89.1; E248	Tho divided by the Cross & Nails & Thorns & Spear
J89.2; E248	In cruelties of Rahab & Tirzah[,] permanent endure <sup>t330</sup>
J89.3; E248	A terrible indefinite Hermaphroditic form
J89.4; E248	A Wine-press of Love & Wrath double Hermaph[r]oditic
J89.5; E248	Twelfefold in Allegoric pomp in selfish holiness
J89.6; E248	The Pharisaion, the Grammateis, the Presbuterion,
J89.7; E248	The Archiereus, the Iereus, the Saddusaion, double
J89.8; E248	Each withoutside of the other, covering eastern heaven
J89.9; E248	Thus was the Covering Cherub reveald majestic image
J89.10; E248	Of Selfhood, Body put off, the Antichrist accursed
J89.11; E248	Coverd with precious stones, a Human Dragon terrible
J89.12; E248	And bright, stretchd over Europe & Asia gorgeous
J89.13; E248	In three nights he devourd the rejected corse of death
J89.14; E248	His Head dark, deadly, in its Brain incloses a reflexion
J89.15; E248	Of Eden all perverted; Egypt on the Gihon many tongued
J89.16; E248	And many mouthd: Ethiopia, Lybia, the Sea of Rephaim
J89.17; E248	Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns
J89.18; E248	Disorganizd, & there is Pharoh in his iron Court:

J89.19; E248| And the Dragon of the River & the Furnaces of iron.  
 J89.20; E248| Outwoven from Thames & Tweed & Severn awful streams  
 J89.21; E248| Twelve ridges of Stone frown over all the Earth in tyrant pride  
 J89.22; E248| Frown over each River stupendous Works of Albions Druid Sons  
 J89.23; E248| And Albions Forests of Oaks coverd the Earth from Pole to Pole

J89.24; E248| His Bosom wide reflects Moab & Ammon on the River  
 J89.25; E248| Pison, since calld Arnon, there is Heshbon beautiful  
 J89.26; E248| The flocks of Rabbath on the Arnon & the Fish-pools of Heshbon <sup>1331</sup>  
 J89.27; E248| Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea by Sodom & Gomorra  
 J89.28; E248| Above his Head high arching Wings black filld with Eyes  
 J89.29; E248| Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapulae & Os Humeri.  
 J89.30; E248| There Israel in bondage to his Generalizing Gods  
 J89.31; E248| Molech & Chemosh, & in his left breast is Philistea  
 J89.32; E248| In Druid Temples over the whole Earth with Victims Sacrifice,  
 J89.33; E248| From Gaza to Damascus Tyre & Sidon & the Gods  
 J89.34; E248| Of Javan thro the Isles of Grecia & all Europes Kings  
 J89.35; E248| Where Hiddekel pursues his course among the rocks  
 J89.36; E248| Two Wings spring from his ribs of brass, starry, black as night  
 J89.37; E248| But translucent their blackness as the dazling of gems

J89.38; E248| His Loins inclose Babylon on Euphrates beautiful  
 J89.39; E248| And Rome in sweet Hesperia. there Israel scatterd abroad  
 J89.40; E248| In martyrdoms & slavery I behold: ah vision of sorrow!  
 J89.41; E248| Inclosed by eyeless Wings, glowing with fire as the iron  
 J89.42; E248| Heated in the Smiths forge, but cold the wind of their dread fury

J89.43; E249| But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem  
 J89.44; E249| Hidden within the Covering Cherub as in a Tabernacle  
 J89.45; E249| Of threefold workmanship in allegoric delusion & woe  
 J89.46; E249| There the Seven Kings of Canaan & Five Baalim of Philistea  
 J89.47; E249| Sihon & Og the Anakim & Emim, Nephilim & Gibborim  
 J89.48; E249| From Babylon to Rome & the Wings spread from Japan  
 J89.49; E249| Where the Red Sea terminates the World of Generation & Death  
 J89.50; E249| To Irelands farthest rocks where Giants builded their Causeway  
 J89.51; E249| Into the Sea of Rephaim, but the Sea oerwhelmd them all.

J89.52; E249| A Double Female now appeard within the Tabernacle,  
 J89.53; E249| Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot  
 J89.54; E249| Each within other, but without a Warlike Mighty-one  
 J89.55; E249| Of dreadful power, sitting upon Horeb pondering dire  
 J89.56; E249| And mighty preparations mustering multitudes innumerable  
 J89.57; E249| Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian & Aram

J89.58; E249| For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend  
 J89.59; E249| Lured by his warlike symphonies of tabret pipe & harp  
 J89.60; E249| Burst the bottoms of the Graves & Funeral Arks of Beulah[;]  
 J89.61; E249| Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave  
 J89.62; E249| They become One with the Antichrist & are absorbd in him

J90.1; E249| The Feminine separates from the Masculine & both from Man,  
 J90.2; E249| Ceasing to be His Emanations, Life to Themselves assuming!  
 J90.3; E249| And while they circumscribe his Brain, & while they circumscribe  
 J90.4; E249| His Heart, & while they circumscribe his Loins! a Veil & Net  
 J90.5; E249| Of Veins of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet robe.  
 J90.6; E249| Covering them from the sight of Man like the woven Veil of Sleep  
 J90.7; E249| Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Mantles  
 J90.8; E249| But dark opake! tender to touch, & painful! & agonizing  
 J90.9; E249| To the embrace of love, & to the mingling of soft fibres  
 J90.10; E249| Of tender affection. that no more the Masculine mingles  
 J90.11; E249| With the Feminine. but the Sublime is shut out from the Pathos  
 J90.12; E249| In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling  
 J90.13; E249| The Pathos, to weave curtains of hiding secresy from the torment.

J90.14; E249| Bowen & Conwenna stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres  
 J90.15; E249| Of Benjamin from Chesters River: loud the River; loud the Mersey  
 J90.16; E249| And the Ribble. thunder into the Irish sea, as the Twelve Sons  
 J90.17; E249| Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal Form of Luvah  
 J90.18; E249| Cheshire & Lancashire & Westmoreland groan in anguish  
 J90.19; E249| As they cut the fibres from the Rivers he sears them with hot  
 J90.20; E249| Iron of his Forge & fixes them into Bones of chalk & Rock  
 J90.21; E249| Conwenna sat above: with solemn cadences she drew  
 J90.22; E249| Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom  
 J90.23; E249| Hand had his Furnace on Highgates heights & it reachd

J90.24; E250| To Brockley Hills across the Thames: he with double Boadicea  
 J90.25; E250| In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey  
 J90.26; E250| Comingling with Luvah & with the Sepulcher of Luvah  
 J90.27; E250| For the Male is a Furnace of beryll: the Female is a golden Loom

J90.28; E250| Los cries: No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself  
 J90.29; E250| Or to his Emanation, any of the Universal Characteristics  
 J90.30; E250| Of David or of Eve, of the Woman, or of the Lord.  
 J90.31; E250| Of Reuben or of Benjamin, of Joseph or Judah or Levi  
 J90.32; E250| Those who dare appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes  
 J90.33; E250| Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods & must be broken asunder  
 J90.34; E250| A Vegetated Christ & a Virgin Eve, are the Hermaphroditic

J90.35; E250| Blasphemy, by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil-One  
J90.36; E250| And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally  
J90.37; E250| Lest the Sexual Generation swallow up Regeneration  
J90.38; E250| Come Lord Jesus take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness

J90.39; E250| So Los cried in the Valleys of Middlesex in the Spirit of Prophecy  
J90.40; E250| While in Selfhood Hand & Hyle & Bowen & Skofeld appropriate  
J90.41; E250| The Divine Names: seeking to Vegetate the Divine Vision  
J90.42; E250| In a corporeal & ever dying Vegetation & Corruption  
J90.43; E250| Mingling with Luvah in One. they become One Great Satan

J90.44; E250| Loud scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tongs & Hammer  
J90.45; E250| Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge  
J90.46; E250| They drink Reuben & Benjamin as the iron drinks the fire  
J90.47; E250| They are red hot with cruelty: raving along the Banks of Thames  
J90.48; E250| And on Tyburns Brook among the howling Victims in loveliness  
J90.49; E250| While Hand & Hyle condense the Little-ones & erect them into  
J90.50; E250| A mighty Temple even to the stars: but they Vegetate  
J90.51; E250| Beneath Los's Hammer, that Life may not be blotted out.

J90.52; E250| For Los said: When the Individual appropriates Universality  
J90.53; E250| He divides into Male & Female: & when the Male & Female,  
J90.54; E250| Appropriate Individuality, they become an Eternal Death.  
J90.55; E250| Hermaphroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty & law!  
J90.56; E250| Your Slaves & Captives; you compell to worship a God of Mercy.  
J90.57; E250| These are the Demonstrations of Los, & the blows of my mighty Hammer

J90.58; E250| So Los spoke. And the Giants of Albion terrified & ashamed <sup>t332</sup>  
J90.59; E250| With Los's thunderous Words, began to build trembling rocking Stones  
J90.60; E250| For his Words roll in thunders & lightnings among the Temples  
J90.61; E250| Terrified rocking to & fro upon the earth, & sometimes  
J90.62; E250| Resting in a Circle in Maiden or in Strathness or Dura.  
J90.63; E250| Plotting to devour Albion & Los the friend of Albion  
J90.64; E250| Denying in private: mocking God & Eternal Life: & in Public  
J90.65; E250| Collusion, calling themselves Deists, Worshipping the Maternal  
J90.66; E250| Humanity; calling it Nature, and Natural Religion

J90.67; E251| But still the thunder of Los peals loud & thus the thunder's cry <sup>t333</sup>

J90.68; E251| These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion, are gratifyd by Cruelty

J91.1; E251| It is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend:  
J91.2; E251| The man who permits you to injure him, deserves your vengeance:  
J91.3; E251| He also will receive it; go Spectre! obey my most secret desire:  
J91.4; E251| Which thou knowest without my speaking: Go to these Fiends of Righteousness  
J91.5; E251| Tell them to obey their Humanities, & not pretend Holiness;  
J91.6; E251| When they are murderers: as far as my Hammer & Anvil permit  
J91.7; E251| Go, tell them that the Worship of God, is honouring his gifts  
J91.8; E251| In other men: & loving the greatest men best, each according  
J91.9; E251| To his Genius: which is the Holy Ghost in Man; there is no other  
J91.10; E251| God, than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity;  
J91.11; E251| He who envies or calumniates: which is murder & cruelty,  
J91.12; E251| Murders the Holy-one: Go tell them this & overthrow their cup,  
J91.13; E251| Their bread, their altar-table, their incense & their oath:  
J91.14; E251| Their marriage & their baptism, their burial & consecration:  
J91.15; E251| I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts but have only  
J91.16; E251| Made enemies: I never made friends but by spiritual gifts;  
J91.17; E251| By severe contentions of friendship & the burning fire of thought.  
J91.18; E251| He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children  
J91.19; E251| One first, in friendship & love; then a Divine Family, & in the midst  
J91.20; E251| Jesus will appear; so he who wishes to see a Vision; a perfect Whole  
J91.21; E251| Must see it in its Minute Particulars; Organized & not as thou  
J91.22; E251| O Fiend of Righteousness pretendest; thine is a Disorganized  
J91.23; E251| And snowy cloud: brooder of tempests & destructive War  
J91.24; E251| You smile with pomp & rigor: you talk of benevolence & virtue!  
J91.25; E251| I act with benevolence & virtue & get murdered time after time:  
J91.26; E251| You accumulate Particulars, & murder by analyzing, that you  
J91.27; E251| May take the aggregate; & you call the aggregate Moral Law:  
J91.28; E251| And you call that Swelled & bloated Form; a Minute Particular.  
J91.29; E251| But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars: & every  
J91.30; E251| Particular is a Man; a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus.

J91.31; E251| So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping!

J91.32; E251| The Spectre builded stupendous Works, taking the Starry Heavens  
J91.33; E251| Like to a curtain & folding them according to his will  
J91.34; E251| Repeating the Smaragdine Table of Hermes to draw Los down  
J91.35; E251| Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration[.]  
J91.36; E251| Los reads the Stars of Albion! the Spectre reads the Voids  
J91.37; E251| Between the Stars; among the arches of Albions Tomb sublime  
J91.38; E251| Rolling the Sea in rocky paths: forming Leviathan  
J91.39; E251| And Behemoth: the War by Sea enormous & the War  
J91.40; E251| By Land astounding: erecting pillars in the deepest Hell,  
J91.41; E251| To reach the heavenly arches; Los beheld undaunted furious



J91.42; E252| His heavd Hammer; he swung it round & at one blow,  
J91.43; E252| In unpitying ruin driving down the pyramids of pride  
J91.44; E252| Smiting the Spectre on his Anvil & the integuments of his Eye  
J91.45; E252| And Ear unbinding in dire pain, with many blows,  
J91.46; E252| Of strict severity self-subduing, & with many tears labouring.

J91.47; E252| Then he sent forth the Spectre all his pyramids were grains  
J91.48; E252| Of sand & his pillars: dust on the flys wing: & his starry  
J91.49; E252| Heavens; a moth of gold & silver mocking his anxious grasp  
J91.50; E252| Thus Los alterd his Spectre & every Ratio of his Reason  
J91.51; E252| He alterd time after time, with dire pain & many tears  
J91.52; E252| Till he had completely divided him into a separate space.

J91.53; E252| Terrified Los sat to behold trembling & weeping & howling  
J91.54; E252| I care not whether a Man is Good or Evil; all that I care  
J91.55; E252| Is whether he is a Wise Man or a Fool. Go! put off Holiness  
J91.56; E252| And put on Intellect: or my thundrous Hammer shall drive thee  
J91.57; E252| To wrath which thou condemnest: till thou obey my voice

J91.58; E252| So Los terrified cries: trembling & weeping & howling! Beholding

J92.1; E252| What do I see? The Briton Saxon Roman Norman amalgamating  
J92.2; E252| In my Furnaces into One Nation the English: & taking refuge  
J92.3; E252| In the Loins of Albion. The Canaanite united with the fugitive  
J92.4; E252| Hebrew, whom she divided into Twelve, & sold into Egypt  
J92.5; E252| Then scatterd the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds!  
J92.6; E252| This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion  
J92.7; E252| So Los spoke. Enitharmon answerd in great terror in Lambeths Vale

J92.8; E252| The Poets Song draws to its period & Enitharmon is no more.  
J92.9; E252| For if he be that Albion I can never weave him in my Looms  
J92.10; E252| But when he touches the first fibrous thread, like filmy dew  
J92.11; E252| My Looms will be no more & I annihilate vanish for ever  
J92.12; E252| Then thou wilt Create another Female according to thy Will.

J92.13; E252| Los answerd swift as the shuttle of gold. Sexes must vanish & cease  
J92.14; E252| To be, when Albion arises from his dread repose O lovely Enitharmon:  
J92.15; E252| When all their Crimes, their Punishments their Accusations of Sin:  
J92.16; E252| All their Jealousies Revenges. Murders. hidings of Cruelty in Deceit  
J92.17; E252| Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time.  
J92.18; E252| In the shadows of Possibility by Mutual Forgiveness forevermore  
J92.19; E252| And in the Vision & in the Prophecy, that we may Foresee & Avoid



J92.20; E252| The terrors of Creation & Redemption & Judgment. Beholding them  
 J92.21; E252| Displayd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan in Jerusalem & in Shiloh  
 J92.22; E252| And in the Shadows of Remembrance, & in the Chaos of the Spectre  
 J92.23; E252| Amalek, Edom, Egypt, Moab, Ammon, Ashur, Philistea, around Jerusalem

J92.24; E253| Where the Druids reard their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance  
 J92.25; E253| Of Sin. & the Tree of Good & Evil sprang from the Rocky Circle & Snake  
 J92.26; E253| Of the Druid, along the Valley of Rephaim from Camberwell to Golgotha  
 J92.27; E253| And framed the Mundane Shell Cavernous in Length Bredth & Highth

J93ill; E253| [<image, inscribed> Anytus Melitus & Lycon thought Socrates a  
 J93ill; E253| Very Pernicious Man So Caiphas thought Jesus</image>]

J93.1; E253| Enitharmon heard. She raisd her head like the mild Moon

J93.2; E253| O Rintrah! O Palamabron! What are your dire & awful purposes  
 J93.3; E253| Enitharmons name is nothing before you: you forget all my Love!  
 J93.4; E253| The Mothers love of obedience is forgotten & you seek a Love  
 J93.5; E253| Of the pride of dominion, that will Divorce Ocalythron & Elynittria  
 J93.6; E253| Upon East Moor in Derbyshire & along the Valleys of Cheviot  
 J93.7; E253| Could you Love me Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love  
 J93.8; E253| As Reuben found Mandrakes in the field & gave them to his Mother  
 J93.9; E253| Pride meets with Pride upon the Mountains in the stormy day  
 J93.10; E253| In that terrible Day of Rintrahs Plow & of Satans driving the Team.  
 J93.11; E253| Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley!  
 J93.12; E253| Ah! then I saw my beloved ones fleeing from my Tent  
 J93.13; E253| Merlin was like thee Rintrah among the Giants of Albion  
 J93.14; E253| Judah was like Palamabron: O Simeon! O Levi! ye fled away  
 J93.15; E253| How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley  
 J93.16; E253| Or how upon the distant Hills see my beloveds Tents.

J93.17; E253| Then Los again took up his speech as Enitharmon ceast

J93.18; E253| Fear not my Sons this Waking Death. he is become One with me  
 J93.19; E253| Behold him here! We shall not Die! we shall be united in Jesus.  
 J93.20; E253| Will you suffer this Satan this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is Not  
 J93.21; E253| To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life. if Bacon, Newton, Locke,

J93.22; E254| Deny a Conscience in Man & the Communion of Saints & Angels  
 J93.23; E254| Contemning the Divine Vision & Fruition, Worshiping the Deus  
 J93.24; E254| Of the Heathen, The God of This World, & the Goddess Nature

J93.25; E254	Mystery Babylon the Great, The Druid Dragon & hidden Harlot
J93.26; E254	Is it not that Signal of the Morning which was told us in the Beginning
J93.27; E254	Thus they converse upon Mam-Tor. the Graves thunder under their feet
J94.1; E254	Albion cold lays on his Rock: storms & snows beat round him.
J94.2; E254	Beneath the Furnaces & the starry Wheels & the Immortal Tomb
J94.3; E254	Howling winds cover him: roaring seas dash furious against him
J94.4; E254	In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare long thunders roll
J94.5; E254	The weeds of Death inwrap his hands & feet blown incessant
J94.6; E254	And wash'd incessant by the for-ever restless sea-waves foaming abroad
J94.7; E254	Upon the white Rock. England a Female Shadow as deadly damps
J94.8; E254	Of the Mines of Cornwall & Derbyshire lays upon his bosom heavy
J94.9; E254	Moved by the wind in volumes of thick cloud returning folding round
J94.10; E254	His loins & bosom unremovable by swelling storms & loud rending
J94.11; E254	Of enraged thunders. Around them the Starry Wheels of their Giant Sons
J94.12; E254	Revolve: & over them the Furnaces of Los & the Immortal Tomb around
J94.13; E254	Erin sitting in the Tomb, to watch them unceasing night and day
J94.14; E254	And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations.
J94.15; E254	Over them the famish'd Eagle screams on boney Wings and around
J94.16; E254	Them howls the Wolf of famine deep heaves the Ocean black thundering
J94.17; E254	Around the wormy Garments of Albion: then pausing in deathlike silence
J94.18; E254	Time was Finished! The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion
J94.19; E254	Beneath the Furnaces & starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb
J94.20; E254	And England who is Brittannia awoke from Death on Albions bosom
J94.21; E254	She awoke pale & cold she fainted seven times on the Body of Albion
J94.22; E254	O pitious Sleep O pitious Dream! O God O God awake I have slain
J94.23; E254	In Dreams of Chastity & Moral Law I have Murdered Albion! Ah!
J94.24; E254	In Stone-henge & on London Stone & in the Oak Groves of Malden
J94.25; E254	I have Slain him in my Sleep with the Knife of the Druid O England
J94.26; E254	O all ye Nations of the Earth behold ye the Jealous Wife
J94.27; E254	The Eagle & the Wolf & Monkey & Owl & the King & Priest were there <i>t336</i>
J95.1; E254	Her voice pierc'd Albions clay cold ear. he moved upon the Rock
J95.2; E254	The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills, Albion mov'd
J95.3; E255	Upon the Rock, he open'd his eyelids in pain; in pain he mov'd

J95.4; E255| His stony members, he saw England. Ah! shall the Dead live again

J95.5; E255| The Breath Divine went forth over the morning hills Albion rose  
J95.6; E255| In anger: the wrath of God breaking bright flaming on all sides around  
J95.7; E255| His awful limbs: into the Heavens he walked clothed in flames  
J95.8; E255| Loud thundring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars  
J95.9; E255| Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful  
J95.10; E255| Revolutions of Action & Passion, thro the Four Elements on all sides  
J95.11; E255| Surrounding his awful Members. Thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds  
J95.12; E255| Struggling to rise above the Mountains. in his burning hand  
J95.13; E255| He takes his Bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold  
J95.14; E255| Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor! clouds roll around the  
J95.15; E255| Horns of the wide Bow, loud sounding winds sport on the mountain brows  
J95.16; E255| Compelling Urizen to his Furrow; & Tharmas to his Sheepfold;  
J95.17; E255| And Luvah to his Loom: Urthona he beheld mighty labouring at  
J95.18; E255| His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied labouring & weeping  
J95.19; E255| Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in songs  
J95.20; E255| Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

J95.21; E255| As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth  
J95.22; E255| England who is Brittannia enterd Albions bosom rejoicing,  
J95.23; E255| Rejoicing in his indignation! adoring his wrathful rebuke.  
J95.24; E255| She who adores not your frowns will only loathe your smiles

J96.1; E255| As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth  
J96.2; E255| England who is Brittannia entered Albions bosom rejoicing

J96.3; E255| Then Jesus appeared standing by Albion as the Good Shepherd  
J96.4; E255| By the lost Sheep that he hath found & Albion knew that it  
J96.5; E255| Was the Lord the Universal Humanity, & Albion saw his Form  
J96.6; E255| A Man. & they conversed as Man with Man, in Ages of Eternity  
J96.7; E255| And the Divine Appearance was the likeness & similitude of Los

J96.8; E255| Albion said. O Lord what can I do! my Selfhood cruel  
J96.9; E255| Marches against thee deceitful from Sinai & from Edom  
J96.10; E255| Into the Wilderness of Judah to meet thee in his pride  
J96.11; E255| I behold the Visions of my deadly Sleep of Six Thousand Years  
J96.12; E255| Dazling around thy skirts like a Serpent of precious stones & gold  
J96.13; E255| I know it is my Self. O my Divine Creator & Redeemer

J96.14; E255| Jesus replied Fear not Albion unless I die thou canst not live  
J96.15; E255| But if I die I shall arise again & thou with me

J96.16; E255	This is Friendship & Brotherhood without it Man Is Not
J96.17; E255	So Jesus spoke! the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness
J96.18; E255	Overshadowd them & Jesus said Thus do Men in Eternity
J96.19; E255	One for another to put off by forgiveness, every sin
J96.20; E256	Albion replyd. Cannot Man exist without Mysterious
J96.21; E256	Offering of Self for Another, is this Friendship & Brotherhood
J96.22; E256	I see thee in the likeness & similitude of Los my Friend
J96.23; E256	Jesus said. Wouldest thou love one who never died
J96.24; E256	For thee or ever die for one who had not died for thee
J96.25; E256	And if God dieth not for Man & giveth not himself
J96.26; E256	Eternally for Man Man could not exist. for Man is Love:
J96.27; E256	As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death
J96.28; E256	In the Divine Image nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood
J96.29; E256	So saying. the Cloud overshadowing divided them asunder
J96.30; E256	Albion stood in terror: not for himself but for his Friend
J96.31; E256	Divine, & Self was lost in the contemplation of faith
J96.32; E256	And wonder at the Divine Mercy & at Los's sublime honour
J96.33; E256	Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends! O my Cities & Counties
J96.34; E256	Do you sleep! rouze up! rouze up. Eternal Death is abroad
J96.35; E256	So Albion spoke & threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction
J96.36; E256	All was a Vision, all a Dream: the Furnaces became
J96.37; E256	Fountains of Living Waters Howing from the Humanity Divine
J96.38; E256	And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers, and All
J96.39; E256	The Sons & Daughters of Albion on soft clouds Waking from Sleep
J96.40; E256	Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires
J96.41; E256	And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona arose into
J96.42; E256	Albions Bosom: Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds
J96.43; E256	Of Heaven Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity
J97.1; E256	Awake! Awake Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion
J97.2; E256	Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time
J97.3; E256	For lo! the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day
J97.4; E256	Appears upon our Hills: Awake Jerusalem, and come away
J97.5; E256	So spake the Vision of Albion & in him so spake in my hearing

J97.6; E256	The Universal Father. Then Albion stretchd his hand into Infinitude.
J97.7; E256	And took his Bow. Fourfold the Vision for bright beaming Urizen
J97.8; E256	Layd his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of carved Gold
J97.9; E256	Luvah his hand stretch'd to the East & bore a Silver Bow bright shining
J97.10; E256	Tharmas Westward a Bow of Brass pure flaming richly wrought
J97.11; E256	Urthona Northward in thick storms a Bow of Iron terrible thundering.
J97.12; E256	And the Bow is a Male & Female & the Quiver of the Arrows of Love,
J97.13; E256	Are the Children of this Bow: a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness: laying
J97.14; E256	Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence Wars of Love
J97.15; E256	And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male & Female Loves
J97.16; E256	And he Clothed himself in Bow & Arrows in awful state Fourfold
J97.17; E256	In the midst of his Twenty-eight Cities each with his Bow breathing
J98.1; E257	Then each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully
J98.2; E257	They drew fourfold the unprovable String, bending thro the wide Heavens
J98.3; E257	The horned Bow Fourfold, loud sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold
J98.4; E257	Murmuring the Bow-string breathes with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns
J98.5; E257	Of the wide Bow, loud sounding Winds sport on the Mountains brows:
J98.6; E257	The Druid Spectre was Annihilate loud thundring rejoicing terrific vanishing
J98.7; E257	Fourfold Annihilation & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect
J98.8; E257	The innumerable Chariots of the Almighty appeared in Heaven
J98.9; E257	And Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer
J98.10; E257	A Sun of blood red wrath surrounding heaven on all sides around
J98.11; E257	Glorious incompreh[en]sible by Mortal Man & each Chariot was Sexual Threefold
t338; E257	
J98.12; E257	And every Man stood Fourfold, each Four Faces had. One to the West
J98.13; E257	One toward the East One to the South One to the North. the Horses Fourfold
J98.14; E257	And the dim Chaos brightend beneath, above, around! Eyed as the Peacock
J98.15; E257	According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the Four Rivers of the Water of Life
J98.16; E257	South stood the Nerves of the Eye. East in Rivers of bliss the Nerves of the
J98.17; E257	Expansive Nostrils West, flowd the Parent Sense the Tongue. North stood
J98.18; E257	The labyrinthine Ear. Circumscribing & Circumcising the excrementitious
J98.19; E257	Husk & Covering into Vacuum evaporating revealing the lineaments of Man
J98.20; E257	Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death & Resurrection
J98.21; E257	Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah rejoicing in Unity
J98.22; E257	In the Four Senses in the Outline the Circumference & Form, for ever
J98.23; E257	In Forgiveness of Sins which is Self Annihilation. it is the Covenant of Jehovah



J98.24; E257| The Four Living Creatures Chariots of Humanity Divine Incomprehensible  
 J98.25; E257| In beautiful Paradises expand These are the Four Rivers of Paradise  
 J98.26; E257| And the Four Faces of Humanity fronting the Four Cardinal Points  
 J98.27; E257| Of Heaven going forward forward irresistible from Eternity to Eternity

J98.28; E257| And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic which bright  
 J98.29; E257| Redounded from their Tongues in thunderous majesty, in Visions

J98.30; E258| In new Expanses, creating exemplars of Memory and of Intellect  
 J98.31; E258| Creating Space, Creating Time according to the wonders Divine  
 J98.32; E258| Of Human Imagination, throughout all the Three Regions immense  
 J98.33; E258| Of Childhood, Manhood & Old Age[;] & the all tremendous unfathomable Non Ens  
 J98.34; E258| Of Death was seen in regenerations terrific or complacent varying <sup>t339</sup>  
 J98.35; E258| According to the subject of discourse & every Word & Every Character  
 J98.36; E258| Was Human according to the Expansion or Contraction, the Translucence or  
 J98.37; E258| Opakeness of Nervous fibres such was the variation of Time & Space  
 J98.38; E258| Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary & they walked  
 J98.39; E258| To & fro in Eternity as One Man reflecting each in each & clearly seen  
 J98.40; E258| And seeing: according to fitness & order. And I heard Jehovah speak  
 J98.41; E258| Terrific from his Holy Place & saw the Words of the Mutual Covenant Divine  
 J98.42; E258| On Chariots of gold & jewels with Living Creatures starry & flaming  
 J98.43; E258| With every Colour, Lion, Tyger, Horse, Elephant, Eagle Dove, Fly, Worm,  
 J98.44; E258| And the all wondrous Serpent clothed in gems & rich array Humanize  
 J98.45; E258| In the Forgiveness of Sins according to the Covenant of Jehovah. They Cry <sup>t340</sup>

J98.46; E258| Where is the Covenant of Priam, the Moral Virtues of the Heathen  
 J98.47; E258| Where is the Tree of Good & Evil that rooted beneath the cruel heel  
 J98.48; E258| Of Albions Spectre the Patriarch Druid! where are all his Human Sacrifices <sup>t341</sup>  
 J98.49; E258| For Sin in War & in the Druid Temples of the Accuser of Sin: beneath  
 J98.50; E258| The Oak Groves of Albion that covered the whole Earth beneath his Spectre  
 J98.51; E258| Where are the Kingdoms of the World & all their glory that grew on Desolation  
 J98.52; E258| The Fruit of Albions Poverty Tree when the Triple Headed Gog-Magog Giant  
 J98.53; E258| Of Albion Taxed the Nations into Desolation & then gave the Spectrous Oath

J98.54; E258| Such is the Cry from all the Earth from the Living Creatures of the Earth  
 J98.55; E258| And from the great City of Golgonooza in the Shadowy Generation  
 J98.56; E258| And from the Thirty-two Nations of the Earth among the Living Creatures

J99.1; E258| All Human Forms identified even Tree Metal Earth & Stone. all  
 J99.2; E258| Human Forms identified, living going forth & returning wearied  
 J99.3; E258| Into the Planetary lives of Years Months Days & Hours reposing



J99.4; E258	And then Awakening into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.
J99.5; E259	And I heard the Name of their Emanations they are named Jerusalem
J99end; E259	The End of The Song
J99end; E259	of Jerusalem

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Title; E144| JERUSALEM

Jsubtitle; E144| The Emanation of The Giant Albion *t253*

Jcolophon; E144| 1804 Printed by W. Blake S<sup>th</sup> Molton St. *t254*

ED; E144| [Frontispiece] *t255*

ED; E144| [Above the archway:]

J1.1; E144| There is a Void, outside of Existence, which if enterd into  
J1.2; E144| Englobes itself & becomes a Womb, such was Albions Couch  
J1.3; E144| A pleasant Shadow of Repose calld Albions lovely Land

J1.4; E144| His Sublime & Pathos become Two Rocks fixd in the Earth  
J1.5; E144| His Reason his Spectrous Power, covers them above  
J1.6; E144| Jerusalem his Emanation is a Stone laying beneath  
J1.7; E144| O [*Albion behold Pitying*] behold the Vision of Albion *t256*

ED; E144| [On right side of archway:]

J1.8; E144| Half Friendship is the bitterest Enmity said Los  
J1.9; E144| As he enterd the Door of Death for Albions sake Inspired  
J1.10; E144| The long sufferings of God are not for ever there is a Judgment

ED; E144| [On left side, in reversed writing:]

J1.11; E144| Every Thing has its Vermin O Spectre of the Sleeping Dead!

J3; E145| SHEEP GOATS *t257*

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To the Public

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J3; E145| To the Public

J3prose; E145| After my three years slumber on the banks of the Ocean, I  
J3prose; E145| again display my Giant forms to the Public: My former Giants &  
J3prose; E145| Fairies having reciev'd the highest reward possible: the  
J3prose; E145| [love] and [friendship] of those with whom to  
J3prose; E145| be connected, is to be [blessed]: I cannot doubt that  
J3prose; E145| this more consolidated & extended Work, will be as kindly  
J3prose; E145| recieved  
J3prose; E145| The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes <sup>t25</sup>  
J3prose; E145| [no Reader will think presumptuousness or arroganc[e] when he  
J3prose; E145| is reminded that the Ancients acknowledge their love to their  
J3prose; E145| Deities, to the full as Enthusiastically as I have who  
J3prose; E145| Acknowledge mine for my Saviour and Lord, for they were wholly  
J3prose; E145| absorb'd in their Gods.] I also hope the Reader will  
J3prose; E145| be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God [of  
J3prose; E145| Fire] and Lord [of Love] to whom the Ancients  
J3prose; E145| look'd and saw his day afar off, with trembling & amazement.  
J3prose; E145| The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin: he who  
J3prose; E145| waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviours kingdom,  
J3prose; E145| the Divine Body; will never enter there. I am perhaps the most  
J3prose; E145| sinful of men! I pretend not to holiness! yet I pretend to love,  
J3prose; E145| to see, to converse with daily, as man with man, & the more to  
J3prose; E145| have an interest in the Friend of Sinners. Therefore  
J3prose; E145| [Dear] Reader, [forgive] what you do not  
J3prose; E145| approve, & [love] me for this energetic exertion of my  
J3prose; E145| talent.

J3.1; E145| Reader! [lover] of books! [lover] of heaven,  
J3.2; E145| And of that God from whom [all books are given,]  
J3.3; E145| Who in mysterious Sinais awful cave  
J3.4; E145| To Man the wond'rous art of writing gave,  
J3.5; E145| Again he speaks in thunder and in fire!  
J3.6; E145| Thunder of Thought, & flames of fierce desire:  
J3.7; E145| Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear,  
J3.8; E145| Within the unfathomd caverns of my Ear.  
J3.9; E145| Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:  
J3.10; E145| Heaven, Earth & Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony

J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|

Of the Measure, in which  
the following Poem is written

J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|  
J3prose; E145|

We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves, every  
thing is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep.  
[*to Note the last words of Jesus,*  
<Greek>Edotha moi pasa exousia en ouranon kai epi ges</Greek>]  
When this Verse was first dictated to me I consider'd a  
Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakspeare & all  
writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage  
of Rhyming; to be a necessary and indispensible part of Verse.  
But I soon found that

J3prose; E146|  
J3prose; E146|  
J3prose; E146|  
J3prose; E146|  
J3prose; E146|  
J3prose; E146|  
J3prose; E146|  
J3prose; E146|  
J3prose; E146|  
J3prose; E146|

in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward,  
but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced  
a variety in every line, both of cadences & number of syllables.  
Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit  
place: the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific  
parts--the mild & gentle, for the mild & gentle parts, and the  
prosaic, for inferior parts: all are necessary to each other.  
Poetry Fetter'd, Fetters the Human Race! Nations are Destroy'd,  
or Flourish, in proportion as Their Poetry Painting and Music,  
are Destroy'd or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man, was Wisdom,  
Art, and Science.

[>> Continue](#)

Chap: 1 [plates 4-27]

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J4header; E146|      <Greek>Monos 'o Iesous </Greek>

J4halfitle; E146|      Jerusalem

J4; E146|      Chap: 1 [plates 4-27]

J4.1; E146|      Of the Sleep of Ulro! and of the passage through  
J4.2; E146|      Eternal Death! and of the awaking to Eternal Life.

J4.3; E146|      This theme calls me in sleep night after night, & ev'ry morn  
J4.4; E146|      Awakes me at sun-rise, then I see the Saviour over me  
J4.5; E146|      Spreading his beams of love, & dictating the words of this mild song.

J4.6; E146|      Awake! awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!  
J4.7; E146|      I am in you and you in me, mutual in love divine:  
J4.8; E146|      Fibres of love from man to man thro Albions pleasant land.  
J4.9; E146|      In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey  
J4.10; E146|      A black water accumulates, return Albion! return!  
J4.11; E146|      Thy brethren call thee, and thy fathers, and thy sons,  
J4.12; E146|      Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters  
J4.13; E146|      Weep at thy souls disease, and the Divine Vision is darkend:  
J4.14; E146|      Thy Emanation that was wont to play before thy face,  
J4.15; E146|      Beaming forth with her daughters into the Divine bosom [*Where!!*]  
J4.16; E146|      Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation lovely Jerusalem  
J4.17; E146|      From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one?  
J4.18; E146|      I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend;  
J4.19; E146|      Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me:  
J4.20; E146|      Lo! we are One; forgiving all Evil; Not seeking recompense!  
J4.21; E146|      Ye are my members O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades!

J4.22; E146|      But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark;  
J4.23; E146|      [*Saying. We are not One: we are Many, thou most simulative*]  
J4.24; E146|      Phantom of the over heated brain! shadow of immortality!  
J4.25; E146|      Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy Love! which binds

J4.26; E147|      Man the enemy of man into deceitful friendships:



J4.27; E147|  
J4.28; E147|  
J4.29; E147|  
J4.30; E147|  
J4.31; E147|  
J4.32; E147|

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 & pryncedom & victory!

J4.33; E147|  
J4.34; E147|  
J4.35; E147|

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!

J5.1; E147|  
J5.2; E147|  
J5.3; E147|  
J5.4; E147|  
J5.5; E147|  
J5.6; E147|  
J5.7; E147|  
J5.8; E147|  
J5.9; E147|  
J5.10; E147|  
J5.11; E147|  
J5.12; E147|  
J5.13; E147|  
J5.14; E147|  
J5.15; E147|

The banks of the Thames are clouded! the ancient porches of Albion are  
Darken'd! they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scatter'd upon  
The Void in incoherent despair! Cambridge & Oxford & London,  
Are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and dissipated,  
In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible[.]  
Albions mountains run with blood, the cries of war & of tumult  
Resound into the unbounded night, every Human perfection  
Of mountain & river & city, are small & wither'd & darken'd  
Cam is a little stream! Ely is almost swallowd up!  
Lincoln & Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan!  
Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north!  
Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython  
Jerusalem is scatterd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entity:  
Moab & Ammon & Amalek & Canaan & Egypt & Aram  
Recieve her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty

J5.16; E147|  
J5.17; E147|  
J5.18; E147|  
J5.19; E147|  
J5.20; E147|  
J5.21; E147|  
J5.22; E147|  
J5.23; E147|  
J5.24; E147|  
J5.25; E147|  
J5.26; E147|

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.

J5.27; E147|  
J5.28; E147|  
J5.29; E147|  
J5.30; E147|

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.

J5.31; E148| They revolve into the Furnaces Southward & are driven forth Northward  
J5.32; E148| Divided into Male and Female forms time after time.  
J5.33; E148| From these Twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.

J5.34; E148| The Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loom;  
J5.35; E148| I behold them and their rushing fires overwhelm my Soul,  
J5.36; E148| In Londons darkness; and my tears fall day and night,  
J5.37; E148| Upon the Emanations of Albions Sons! the Daughters of Albion  
J5.38; E148| Names anciently rememberd, but now contemn'd as fictions!  
J5.39; E148| Although in every bosom they controll our Vegetative powers.

J5.40; E148| These are united into Tirzah and her Sisters, on Mount Gilead,  
J5.41; E148| Cambel & Gwendolen & Conwenna & Cordella & Ignoge.  
J5.42; E148| And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates  
J5.43; E148| Gwiniverra & Gwinefred, & Gonorill & Sabrina beautiful,  
J5.44; E148| Estrild, Mehetabel & Ragan, lovely Daughters of Albion  
J5.45; E148| They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion

J5.46; E148| The Starry Wheels revolv'd heavily over the Furnaces;  
J5.47; E148| Drawing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love,  
J5.48; E148| Eastward a pillar of a cloud with Vala upon the mountains  
J5.49; E148| Howling in pain, redounding from the arms of Beulahs Daughters,  
J5.50; E148| Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los.  
J5.51; E148| A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding  
J5.52; E148| Till the cloud reaches afar outstretch'd among the Starry Wheels  
J5.53; E148| Which revolve heavily in the mighty Void above the Furnaces

J5.54; E148| O what avail the loves & tears of Beulahs lovely Daughters  
J5.55; E148| They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears  
J5.56; E148| But all within is open'd into the deeps of Entuthon Benython  
J5.57; E148| A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end.  
J5.58; E148| Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination  
J5.59; E148| (Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus. blessed for ever). <sup>t259</sup>  
J5.60; E148| And there Jerusalem wanders with Vala upon the mountains,  
J5.61; E148| Attracted by the revolutions of those Wheels the Cloud of smoke  
J5.62; E148| Immense, and Jerusalem & Vala weeping in the Cloud  
J5.63; E148| Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow  
J5.64; E148| Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels;  
J5.65; E148| Lamenting for her children, for the sons & daughters of Albion

J5.66; E148| Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar! his tears fall

J5.67; E148| Incessant before the Furnaces, and his Emanation divided in pain,  
J5.68; E148| Eastward toward the Starry Wheels. But Westward, a black Horror,

J6.1; E148| His spectre driv'n by the Starry Wheels of Albions sons, black and  
J6.2; E148| Opaque divided from his back; he labours and he mourns!

J6.3; E149| For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided  
J6.4; E149| In terror of those starry wheels: and the Spectre stood over Los  
J6.5; E149| Howling in pain: a blackning Shadow, blackning dark & opaque  
J6.6; E149| Cursing the terrible Los: bitterly cursing him for his friendship  
J6.7; E149| To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.

J6.8; E149| Los rag'd and stamp'd the earth in his might & terrible wrath!  
J6.9; E149| He stood and stamp'd the earth! then he threw down his hammer in rage &  
J6.10; E149| In fury: then he sat down and wept, terrified! Then arose  
J6.11; E149| And chaunted his song, labouring with the tongs and hammer:  
J6.12; E149| But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increas'd!

J6.13; E149| In pain the Spectre divided: in pain of hunger and thirst:  
J6.14; E149| To devour Los's Human Perfection, but when he saw that Los

J7.1; E149| Was living: panting like a frightened wolf, and howling  
J7.2; E149| He stood over the Immortal, in the solitude and darkness:  
J7.3; E149| Upon the darkning Thames, across the whole Island westward.  
J7.4; E149| A horrible Shadow of Death, among the Furnaces: beneath  
J7.5; E149| The pillar of folding smoke; and he sought by other means,  
J7.6; E149| To lure Los: by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors:  
J7.7; E149| Terrors in every Nerve, by spasms & extended pains:  
J7.8; E149| While Los answer'd unterrified to the opaque blackening Fiend

J7.9; E149| And thus the Spectre spoke: Wilt thou still go on to destruction?  
J7.10; E149| Till thy life is all taken away by this deceitful Friendship?  
J7.11; E149| He drinks thee up like water! like wine he pours thee  
J7.12; E149| Into his tuns: thy Daughters are trodden in his vintage  
J7.13; E149| He makes thy Sons the trampling of his bulls, they are plow'd  
J7.14; E149| And harrow'd for his profit, lo! thy stolen Emanation  
J7.15; E149| Is his garden of pleasure! all the Spectres of his Sons mock thee  
J7.16; E149| Look how they scorn thy once admired palaces! now in ruins  
J7.17; E149| Because of Albion! because of deceit and friendship! For Lo!  
J7.18; E149| Hand has peopled Babel & Nineveh: Hyle, Ashur & Aram:  
J7.19; E149| Cobans son is Nimrod: his son Cush is adjoind to Aram,  
J7.20; E149| By the Daughter of Babel, in a woven mantle of pestilence & war.

J7.21; E149| They put forth their spectrous cloudy sails; which drive their immense  
J7.22; E149| Constellations over the deadly deeps of indefinite Udan-Adan  
J7.23; E149| Kox is the Father of Shem & Ham & Japheth, he is the Noah  
J7.24; E149| Of the Flood of Udan-Adan. Hutn is the Father of the Seven  
J7.25; E149| From Enoch to Adam; Schofield is Adam who was New-  
J7.26; E149| Created in Edom. I saw it indignant, & thou art not moved!  
J7.27; E149| This has divided thee in sunder: and wilt thou still forgive?  
J7.28; E149| O! thou seest not what I see! what is done in the Furnaces.  
J7.29; E149| Listen, I will tell thee what is done in moments to thee unknown:

J7.30; E150| Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction and sealed,  
J7.31; E150| And Vala fed in cruel delight, the Furnaces with fire:  
J7.32; E150| Stern Urizen beheld; urg'd by necessity to keep  
J7.33; E150| The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power  
J7.34; E150| He might avert his own despair: in woe & fear he saw  
J7.35; E150| Vala incircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was clos'd:  
J7.36; E150| With joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah,  
J7.37; E150| With whom she liv'd in bliss in times of innocence & youth!  
J7.38; E150| Vala comes from the Furnace in a cloud, but wretched Luvah  
J7.39; E150| Is howling in the Furnaces, in flames among Albions Spectres,  
J7.40; E150| To prepare the Spectre of Albion to reign over thee O Los,  
J7.41; E150| Forming the Spectres of Albion according to his rage:  
J7.42; E150| To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Scofield: the Ninth  
J7.43; E150| Of Albions sons, & the father of all his brethren in the Shadowy  
J7.44; E150| Generation. Cambel & Gwendolen wove webs of war & of  
J7.45; E150| Religion, to involve all Albions sons, and when they had  
J7.46; E150| Involv'd Eight; their webs roll'd outwards into darkness  
J7.47; E150| And Scofield the Ninth remain'd on the outside of the Eight  
J7.48; E150| And Kox, Kotope, & Bowen, One in him, a Fourfold Wonder  
J7.49; E150| Involv'd the Eight--Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion,  
J7.50; E150| To separate a Law of Sin, to punish thee in thy members.

J7.51; E150| Los answer'd. Altho' I know not this! I know far worse than this:  
J7.52; E150| I know that Albion hath divided me, and that thou O my Spectre,  
J7.53; E150| Hast just cause to be irritated: but look stedfastly upon me:  
J7.54; E150| Comfort thyself in my strength the time will arrive,  
J7.55; E150| When all Albions injuries shall cease, and when we shall  
J7.56; E150| Embrace him tenfold bright, rising from his tomb in immortality.  
J7.57; E150| They have divided themselves by Wrath. they must be united by  
J7.58; E150| Pity: let us therefore take example & warning O my Spectre,  
J7.59; E150| O that I could abstain from wrath! O that the Lamb  
J7.60; E150| Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury.  
J7.61; E150| In anguish of regeneration! in terrors of self annihilation:  
J7.62; E150| Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder,

J7.63; E150| And the Religion of Generation which was meant for the destruction  
J7.64; E150| Of Jerusalem, become her covering, till the time of the End.  
J7.65; E150| O holy Generation! [*Image*] of regeneration! <sup>t260</sup>  
J7.66; E150| O point of mutual forgiveness between Enemies!  
J7.67; E150| Birthplace of the Lamb of God incomprehensible!  
J7.68; E150| The Dead despise & scorn thee, & cast thee out as accursed:  
J7.69; E150| Seeing the Lamb of God in thy gardens & thy palaces:  
J7.70; E150| Where they desire to place the Abomination of Desolation.  
J7.71; E150| Hand sits before his furnace: scorn of others & furious pride:  
J7.72; E150| Freeze round him to bars of steel & to iron rocks beneath  
J7.73; E150| His feet: indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north:

J8.1; E150| Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albions River

J8.2; E151| From Ranelagh & Strumbolo, from Cromwells gardens & Chelsea  
J8.3; E151| The place of wounded Soldiers. but when he saw my Mace  
J8.4; E151| Whirld round from heaven to earth, trembling he sat: his cold  
J8.5; E151| Poisons rose up: & his sweet deceits coverd them all over  
J8.6; E151| With a tender cloud. As thou art now; such was he O Spectre  
J8.7; E151| I know thy deceit & thy revenges, and unless thou desist  
J8.8; E151| I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen!  
J8.9; E151| Be attentive! be obedient! Lo the Furnaces are ready to recieve thee.  
J8.10; E151| I will break thee into shivers! & melt thee in the furnaces of death;  
J8.11; E151| I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment if thou  
J8.12; E151| Desist not from thine own will, & obey not my stern command!  
J8.13; E151| I am closd up from my children: my Emanation is dividing  
J8.14; E151| And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark  
J8.15; E151| I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours. To beat  
J8.16; E151| These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Anvils of bitter Death  
J8.17; E151| I am inspired: I act not for myself: for Albions sake  
J8.18; E151| I now am what I am: a horror and an astonishment  
J8.19; E151| Shuddring the heavens to look upon me: Behold what cruelties  
J8.20; E151| Are practised in Babel & Shinar, & have approachd to Zions Hill

J8.21; E151| While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shuddring before him  
J8.22; E151| Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey  
J8.23; E151| Los open the Furnaces in fear. the Spectre saw to Babel & Shinar  
J8.24; E151| Across all Europe & Asia. he saw the tortures of the Victims.  
J8.25; E151| He saw now from the ou[t]side what he before saw & felt from within  
J8.26; E151| He saw that Los was the sole, uncontrolld Lord of the Furnaces  
J8.27; E151| Groaning he kneeld before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone,  
J8.28; E151| Hungring & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience.  
J8.29; E151| While Los pursud his speech in threatnings loud & fierce.



J8.30; E151| Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness: I have found thee out:  
 J8.31; E151| Thou art reveal'd before me in all thy magnitude & power  
 J8.32; E151| Thy Uncircumcised pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder!  
 J8.33; E151| Thy holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me  
 J8.34; E151| Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albions Spectre  
 J8.35; E151| For I am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired fury  
 J8.36; E151| If thou wast cast forth from my life! if I was dead upon the mountains  
 J8.37; E151| Thou mightest be pitied & lov'd: but now I am living; unless  
 J8.38; E151| Thou abstain ravening I will create an eternal Hell for thee.  
 J8.39; E151| Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellows  
 J8.40; E151| Take thou these Tongs: strike thou alternate with me: labour obedient *t261*  
 J8.41; E151| Hand & Hyle & Koban: Skofeld, Kox & Kotope, labour mightily  
 J8.42; E151| In the Wars of Babel & Shinar, all their Emanations were  
 J8.43; E151| Condens'd. Hand has absorbd all his Brethren in his might  
 J8.44; E151| All the infant Loves & Graces were lost, for the mighty Hand

J9.1; E152| Condens'd his Emanations into hard opake substances;  
 J9.2; E152| And his infant thoughts & desires, into cold, dark, cliffs of death.  
 J9.3; E152| His hammer of gold he siezd; and his anvil of adamant.  
 J9.4; E152| He siez'd the bars of condens'd thoughts, to forge them:  
 J9.5; E152| Into the sword of war: into the bow and arrow:  
 J9.6; E152| Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun  
 J9.7; E152| I saw the limbs form'd for exercise, condemn'd: & the beauty of  
 J9.8; E152| Eternity, look'd upon as deformity & loveliness as a dry tree:  
 J9.9; E152| I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb  
 J9.10; E152| Of God, to destroy Jerusalem, & to devour the body of Albion  
 J9.11; E152| By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman:  
 J9.12; E152| Awkwardness arm'd in steel: folly in a helmet of gold:  
 J9.13; E152| Weakness with horns & talons: ignorance with a rav'ning beak!  
 J9.14; E152| Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime:  
 J9.15; E152| And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion:  
 J9.16; E152| Inspiration deny'd; Genius forbidden by laws of punishment:  
 J9.17; E152| I saw terrified; I took the sighs & tears, & bitter groans:  
 J9.18; E152| I lifted them into my Furnaces; to form the spiritual sword.  
 J9.19; E152| That lays open the hidden heart: I drew forth the pang  
 J9.20; E152| Of sorrow red hot: I workd it on my resolute anvil:  
 J9.21; E152| I heated it in the flames of Hand, & Hyle, & Coban  
 J9.22; E152| Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwineverra  
 J9.23; E152| Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,  
 J9.24; E152| The crysolite, the topaz, the jacinth, & every precious stone.  
 J9.25; E152| Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard:  
 J9.26; E152| I labour day and night, I behold the soft affections  
 J9.27; E152| Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty  
 J9.28; E152| But still I labour in hope, tho' still my tears flow down.



J9.29; E152	That he who will not defend Truth, may be compell'd to defend
J9.30; E152	A Lie: that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken
J9.31; E152	That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease: arise Spectre arise!
J9.32; E152	Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans & tears;
J9.33; E152	Groaning the Spectre heaved the bellows, obeying Los's frowns;
J9.34; E152	Till the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces
J9.35; E152	Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre.
J10.1; E152	Into the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Anvils of Death
J10.2; E152	And into the mountains of the Anvils & of the heavy Hammers
J10.3; E152	Till he should bring the Sons & Daughters of Jerusalem to be
J10.4; E152	The Sons & Daughters of Los that he might protect them from
J10.5; E152	Albions dread Spectres; storming, loud, thunderous & mighty
J10.6; E152	The Bellows & the Hammers move compell'd by Los's hand.
J10.7; E152	And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength
J10.8; E152	They take the Two Contraries which are call'd Qualities, with which
J10.9; E153	Every Substance is clothed, they name them Good & Evil
J10.10; E153	From them they make an Abstract, which is a Negation
J10.11; E153	Not only of the Substance from which it is derived
J10.12; E153	A murderer of its own Body: but also a murderer
J10.13; E153	Of every Divine Member: it is the Reasoning Power
J10.14; E153	An Abstract objecting power, that Negatives every thing
J10.15; E153	This is the Spectre of Man: the Holy Reasoning Power
J10.16; E153	And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation
J10.17; E153	Therefore Los stands in London building Golgonooza
J10.18; E153	Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear
J10.19; E153	The Spectre weeps, but Los unmoved by tears or threats remains
J10.20; E153	I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another Mans
J10.21; E153	I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create
J10.22; E153	So Los, in fury & strength: in indignation & burning wrath
J10.23; E153	Shuddring the Spectre howls. his howlings terrify the night
J10.24; E153	He stamps around the Anvil, beating blows of stern despair
J10.25; E153	He curses Heaven & Earth, Day & Night & Sun & Moon
J10.26; E153	He curses Forest Spring & River, Desart & sandy Waste
J10.27; E153	Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws

J10.28; E153|

Driven to desperation by Los's terrors & threatening fears

J10.29; E153|

Los cries, Obey my voice & never deviate from my will

J10.30; E153|

And I will be merciful to thee: be thou invisible to all

J10.31; E153|

To whom I make thee invisible, but chief to my own Children

J10.32; E153|

O Spectre of Urthona: Reason not against their dear approach

J10.33; E153|

Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt & despair

J10.34; E153|

O Shame O strong & mighty Shame I break thy brazen fetters

J10.35; E153|

If thou refuse, thy present torments will seem southern breezes

J10.36; E153|

To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will.

J10.37; E153|

The Spectre answer'd. Art thou not ashamd of those thy Sins

J10.38; E153|

That thou callest thy Children? lo the Law of God commands

J10.39; E153|

That they be offered upon his Altar: O cruelty & torment

J10.40; E153|

For thine are also mine! I have kept silent hitherto,

J10.41; E153|

Concerning my chief delight: but thou hast broken silence

J10.42; E153|

Now I will speak my mind! Where is my lovely Enitharmon

J10.43; E153|

O thou my enemy, where is my Great Sin? She is also thine

J10.44; E153|

I said: Now is my grief at worst: incapable of being

J10.45; E153|

Surpassed: but every moment it accumulates more & more

J10.46; E153|

It continues accumulating to eternity! the joys of God advance

J10.47; E153|

For he is Righteous: he is not a Being of Pity & Compassion <sup>t263</sup>

J10.48; E153|

He cannot feel Distress: he feeds on Sacrifice & Offering:

J10.49; E153|

Delighting in cries & tears & clothed in Holiness & solitude

J10.50; E153|

But my griefs advance also, for ever & ever without end

J10.51; E153|

O that I could cease to be! Despair! I am Despair

J10.52; E154|

Created to be the great example of horror & agony: also my

J10.53; E154|

Prayer is vain I called for compassion: compassion mockd

J10.54; E154|

Mercy & pity threw the grave stone over me & with lead

J10.55; E154|

And iron, bound it over me for ever: Life lives on my

J10.56; E154|

Consuming: & the Almighty hath made me his Contrary

J10.57; E154|

To be all evil, all reversed & for ever dead: knowing

J10.58; E154|

And seeing life, yet living not; how can I then behold

J10.59; E154|

And not tremble; how can I be beheld & not abhorrd

J10.60; E154|

So spoke the Spectre shuddring, & dark tears ran down his shadowy face

J10.61; E154|

Which Los wiped off, but comfort none could give! or beam of hope

J10.62; E154|

Yet ceasd he not from labouring at the roarings of his Forge

J10.63; E154|

With iron & brass Building Golgonooza in great contendings

J10.64; E154|

Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces

J10.65; E154|

At the sublime Labours for Los. compelld the invisible Spectre

J11.1; E154| To labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains,  
 J11.2; E154| In pulsations of time, & extensions of space, like Urns of Beulah  
 J11.3; E154| With great labour upon his anvils, & in his ladles the Ore <sup>t264</sup>  
 J11.4; E154| He lifted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art;  
 J11.5; E154| Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems;  
 J11.6; E154| That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead,  
 J11.7; E154| He might feel the pain as if a man gnawd his own tender nerves.

J11.8; E154| Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah  
 J11.9; E154| Came from the Furnaces, by Los's mighty power for Jerusalems  
 J11.10; E154| Sake: walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin:  
 J11.11; E154| And the Sons and Daughters of Los came forth in perfection lovely!  
 J11.12; E154| And the Spaces of Erin reach'd from the starry heighth, to the starry depth.

J11.13; E154| Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together!  
 J11.14; E154| They feard they never more should see their Father, who  
 J11.15; E154| Was built in from Eternity, in the Cliffs of Albion.

J11.16; E154| But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace;  
 J11.17; E154| Again they lament. O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem?  
 J11.18; E154| To protect the Emanations of Albions mighty ones from cruelty?  
 J11.19; E154| Sabrina & Ignoge begin to sharpen their beamy spears  
 J11.20; E154| Of light and love: their little children stand with arrows of gold:  
 J11.21; E154| Ragan is wholly cruel Scofield is bound in iron armour!  
 J11.22; E154| He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reubens gate:  
 J11.23; E154| He shoots beneath Jerusalems walls to undermine her foundations!  
 J11.24; E154| Vala is but they Shadow, O thou loveliest among women!  
 J11.25; E154| A shadow animated by thy tears O mournful Jerusalem!

J12.1; E155| Why wilt thou give to her a Body whose life is but a Shade?.  
 J12.2; E155| Her joy and love, a shade: a shade of sweet repose:  
 J12.3; E155| But animated and vegetated, she is a devouring worm:  
 J12.4; E155| What shall we do for thee O lovely mild Jerusalem?

J12.5; E155| And Los said. I behold the finger of God in terrors!  
 J12.6; E155| Albion is dead! his Emanation is divided from him!  
 J12.7; E155| But I am living! yet I feel my Emanation also dividing  
 J12.8; E155| Such thing was never known! O pity me, thou all-piteous-one!  
 J12.9; E155| What shall I do! or how exist, divided from Enitharmon?  
 J12.10; E155| Yet why despair! I saw the finger of God go forth  
 J12.11; E155| Upon my Furnaces, from within the Wheels of Albions Sons:

J12.12; E155| Fixing their Systems, permanent: by mathematic power  
J12.13; E155| Giving a body to Falshood that it may be cast off for ever.  
J12.14; E155| With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow!  
J12.15; E155| God is within, & without! he is even in the depths of Hell!

J12.16; E155| Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces!

J12.17; E155| And they appeard within & without incircling on both sides  
J12.18; E155| The Starry Wheels of Albions Sons, with Spaces for Jerusalem:  
J12.19; E155| And for Vala the shadow of Jerusalem: the ever mourning shade:  
J12.20; E155| On both sides, within & without beaming gloriously!

J12.21; E155| Terrified at the sublime Wonder, Los stood before his Furnaces.  
J12.22; E155| And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erins Spaces  
J12.23; E155| For the Spaces reachd fro the starry heighth, to the starry depth;  
J12.24; E155| And they builded Golgonooza: terrible eternal labour!

J12.25; E155| What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place  
J12.26; E155| Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburns fatal Tree? is that  
J12.27; E155| Mild Zions hills most ancient promontory; near mournful  
J12.28; E155| Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha?  
J12.29; E155| Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!  
J12.30; E155| The stones are pity, and the bricks, well wrought affections:  
J12.31; E155| Enameld with love & kindness, & the tiles engraven gold  
J12.32; E155| Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are forgiveness:  
J12.33; E155| The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails,  
J12.34; E155| And the screws & iron braces, are well wrought blandishments,  
J12.35; E155| And well contrived words, firm fixing, never forgotten,  
J12.36; E155| Always comforting the remembrance: the floors, humility,  
J12.37; E155| The cielings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving:  
J12.38; E155| Prepare the furniture O Lambeth in thy pitying looms!  
J12.39; E155| The curtains, woven tears & sighs, wrought into lovely forms  
J12.40; E155| For comfort. there the secret furniture of Jerusalems chamber  
J12.41; E155| Is wrought: Lambeth! the Bride the Lambs Wife loveth thee:  
J12.42; E155| Thou art one with her & knowest not of self in thy supreme joy.

J12.43; E156| Go on, builders in hope: tho Jerusalem wanders far away,  
J12.44; E156| Without the gate of Los: among the dark Satanic wheels.

J12.45; E156| Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions: and fourfold,  
J12.46; E156| The great City of Golgonooza: fourfold toward the north  
J12.47; E156| And toward the south fourfold, & fourfold toward the east & west

J12.48; E156	Each within other toward the four points: that toward
J12.49; E156	Eden, and that toward the World of Generation,
J12.50; E156	And that toward Beulah, and that toward Ulro:
J12.51; E156	Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albions sons:
J12.52; E156	But that toward Eden is walled up, till time of renovation:
J12.53; E156	Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments & perfection.
J12.54; E156	And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity
J12.55; E156	West, the Circumference: South, the Zenith: North,
J12.56; E156	The Nadir: East, the Center, unapproachable for ever.
J12.57; E156	These are the four Faces towards the Four Worlds of Humanity
J12.58; E156	In every Man. Ezekiel saw them by Chebars flood.
J12.59; E156	And the Eyes are the South, and the Nostrils are the East.
J12.60; E156	And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.
J12.61; E156	And the North Gate of Golgonooza toward Generation;
J12.62; E156	Has four sculpturd Bulls terrible before the Gate of iron.
J12.63; E156	And iron, the Bulls: and that which looks toward Ulro,
J12.64; E156	Clay bak'd & enamel'd, eternal glowing as four furnaces:
J12.65; E156	Turning upon the Wheels of Albions sons with enormous power.
J12.66; E156	And that toward Beulah four, gold, silver, brass, & iron:
J13.1; E156	And that toward Eden, four, form'd of gold, silver, brass, & iron.
J13.2; E156	The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible, living!
J13.3; E156	That toward Generation, four, of iron carv'd wondrous:
J13.4; E156	That toward Ulro, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship
J13.5; E156	That toward Eden, four; immortal gold, silver, brass & iron.
J13.6; E156	The Western Gate fourfold, is closd: having four Cherubim
J13.7; E156	Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task!
J13.8; E156	Like Men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings
J13.9; E156	That towards Generation, iron; that toward Beulah, stone;
J13.10; E156	That toward Ulro, clay: that toward Eden, metals.
J13.11; E156	But all clos'd up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their dead
J13.12; E156	The Eastern Gate, fourfold: terrible & deadly its ornaments:
J13.13; E156	Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albions sons; as cogs
J13.14; E156	Are formd in a wheel, to fit the cogs of the adverse wheel.
J13.15; E156	That toward Eden, eternal ice, frozen in seven folds



J13.16; E156	Of forms of death: and that toward Beulah, stone:
J13.17; E156	The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible.
J13.18; E157	And that toward Ulro, forms of war: seven enormities:
J13.19; E157	And that toward Generation, seven generative forms.
J13.20; E157	And every part of the City is fourfold; & every inhabitant, fourfold.
J13.21; E157	And every pot & vessel & garment & utensil of the houses,
J13.22; E157	And every house, fourfold; but the third Gate in every one
J13.23; E157	Is closd as with a threefold curtain of ivory & fine linen & ermine.
J13.24; E157	And Luban stands in middle of the City. a moat of fire,
J13.25; E157	Surrounds Luban, Los's Palace & the golden Looms of Cathedron.
J13.26; E157	And sixty-four thousand Genii, guard the Eastern Gate:
J13.27; E157	And sixty-four thousand Gnomes, guard the Northern Gate:
J13.28; E157	And sixty-four thousand Nymphs, guard the Western Gate:
J13.29; E157	And sixty-four thousand Fairies, guard the Southern Gate:
J13.30; E157	Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal; a Land
J13.31; E157	Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy:
J13.32; E157	In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, numberd from Adam to Luther;
J13.33; E157	From the blue Mundane Shell, reaching to the Vegetative Earth.
J13.34; E157	The Vegetative Universe, opens like a flower from the Earths center:
J13.35; E157	In which is Eternity. It expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell
J13.36; E157	And there it meets Eternity again, both within and without,
J13.37; E157	And the abstract Voids between the Stars are the Satanic Wheels.
J13.38; E157	There is the Cave; the Rock; the Tree; the Lake of Udan Adan;
J13.39; E157	The Forest, and the Marsh, and the Pits of bitumen deadly:
J13.40; E157	The Rocks of solid fire: the Ice valleys: the Plains
J13.41; E157	Of burning sand: the rivers, cataract & Lakes of Fire:
J13.42; E157	The Islands of the fiery Lakes: the Trees of Malice: Revenge:
J13.43; E157	And black Anxiety; and the Cities of the Salamandrine men:
J13.44; E157	(But whatever is visible to the Generated Man,
J13.45; E157	Is a Creation of mercy & love, from the Satanic Void.)
J13.46; E157	The land of darkness flamed but no light, & no repose:
J13.47; E157	The land of snows of trembling, & of iron hail incessant:
J13.48; E157	The land of earthquakes: and the land of woven labyrinths:
J13.49; E157	The land of snares & traps & wheels & pit-falls & dire mills:
J13.50; E157	The Voids, the Solids, & the land of clouds & regions of waters:
J13.51; E157	With their inhabitants: in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah:



J13.52; E157| Self-righteousnesses conglomerating against the Divine Vision:  
J13.53; E157| A Concave Earth wondrous, Chasmal, Abyssal, Incoherent!  
J13.54; E157| Forming the Mundane Shell: above; beneath: on all sides surrounding  
J13.55; E157| Golgonooza: Los walks round the walls night and day.

J13.56; E157| He views the City of Golgonooza, & its smaller Cities:  
J13.57; E157| The Looms & Mills & Prisons & Work-houses of Og & Anak:  
J13.58; E157| The Amalekite: the Canaanite: the Moabite: the Egyptian:  
J13.59; E157| And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years:  
J13.60; E157| Permanent, & not lost not lost nor vanishd, & every little act,

J13.61; E158| Word, work, & wish, that has existed, all remaining still  
J13.62; E158| In those Churches ever consuming & ever building by the Spectres  
J13.63; E158| Of all the inhabitants of Earth wailing to be Created:  
J13.64; E158| Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, meer possibilities:  
J13.65; E158| But to those who enter into them they seem the only substances  
J13.66; E158| For every thing exists & not one sigh nor smile nor tear,

J14.1; E158| One hair nor particle of dust, not one can pass away.

J14.2; E158| He views the Cherub at the Tree of Life, also the Serpent,  
J14.3; E158| Orc the first born coild in the south: the Dragon Urizen:  
J14.4; E158| Tharmas the Vegetated Tongue even the Devouring Tongue:  
J14.5; E158| A threefold region, a false brain: a false heart:  
J14.6; E158| And false bowels: altogether composing the False Tongue,  
J14.7; E158| Beneath Beulah: as a watry flame revolving every way  
J14.8; E158| And as dark roots and stems: a Forest of affliction, growing  
J14.9; E158| In seas of sorrow. Los also views the Four Females:  
J14.10; E158| Ahania, and Enion, and Vala, and Enitharmon lovely.  
J14.11; E158| And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion,  
J14.12; E158| Ahania & Enion & Vala, are three evanescent shades:  
J14.13; E158| Enitharmon is a vegetated mortal Wife of Los:  
J14.14; E158| His Emanation, yet his Wife till the sleep of death is past.

J14.15; E158| Such are the Buildings of Los! & such are the Woofs of Enitharmon!

J14.16; E158| And Los beheld his Sons, and he beheld his Daughters:  
J14.17; E158| Every one a translucent Wonder: a Universe within,  
J14.18; E158| Increasing inwards, into length and breadth, and height:  
J14.19; E158| Starry & glorious: and they every one in their bright loins:  
J14.20; E158| Have a beautiful golden gate which opens into the vegetative world:  
J14.21; E158| And every one a gate of rubies & all sorts of precious stones

J14.22; E158| In their translucent hearts, which opens into the vegetative world:  
J14.23; E158| And every one a gate of iron dreadful and wonderful,  
J14.24; E158| In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world  
J14.25; E158| And every one has the three regions Childhood: Manhood: & Age:  
J14.26; E158| But the gate of the tongue: the western gate in them is clos'd,  
J14.27; E158| Having a wall builded against it: and thereby the gates  
J14.28; E158| Eastward & Southward & Northward, are incircled with flaming fires.  
J14.29; E158| And the North is Breadth, the South is Heighth & Depth:  
J14.30; E158| The East is Inwards: & the West is Outwards every way.

J14.31; E158| And Los beheld the mild Emanation Jerusalem eastward bending  
J14.32; E158| Her revolutions toward the Starry Wheels in maternal anguish  
J14.33; E158| Like a pale cloud arising from the arms of Beulahs Daughters:  
J14.34; E158| In Entuthon Benythons deep Vales beneath Golgonooza. *t265*

J15.1; E158| And Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre  
J15.2; E158| Of strong revenge & Skofeld Vegetated by Reubens Gate

J15.3; E159| In every Nation of the Earth till the Twelve Sons of Albion  
J15.4; E159| Enrooted into every Nation: a mighty Polypus growing  
J15.5; E159| From Albion over the whole Earth: such is my awful Vision.

J15.6; E159| I see the Four-fold Man. The Humanity in deadly sleep  
J15.7; E159| And its fallen Emanation. The Spectre & its cruel Shadow.  
J15.8; E159| I see the Past, Present & Future, existing all at once  
J15.9; E159| Before me; O Divine Spirit sustain me on thy wings!  
J15.10; E159| That I may awake Albion from his long & cold repose.  
J15.11; E159| For Bacon & Newton sheathd in dismal steel, their terrors hang  
J15.12; E159| Like iron scourges over Albion, Reasonings like vast Serpents  
J15.13; E159| Infold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations

J15.14; E159| I turn my eyes to the Schools & Universities of Europe  
J15.15; E159| And there behold the Loom of Locke whose Woof rages dire  
J15.16; E159| Washd by the Water-wheels of Newton. black the cloth  
J15.17; E159| In heavy wreathes folds over every Nation; cruel Works  
J15.18; E159| Of many Wheels I view, wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic  
J15.19; E159| Moving by compulsion each other: not as those in Eden: which  
J15.20; E159| Wheel within Wheel in freedom revolve in harmony & peace.

J15.21; E159| I see in deadly fear in London Los raging round his Anvil  
J15.22; E159| Of death: forming an Ax of gold: the Four Sons of Los  
J15.23; E159| Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albions hills

J15.24; E159| That Albions Sons may roll apart over the Nations  
J15.25; E159| While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite  
J15.26; E159| From the Limit Noah to the Limit Abram in whose Loins  
J15.27; E159| Reuben in his Twelve-fold majesty & beauty shall take refuge  
J15.28; E159| As Abraham flees from Chaldea shaking his goary locks  
J15.29; E159| But first Albion must sleep, divided from the Nations

J15.30; E159| I see Albion sitting upon his Rock in the first Winter  
J15.31; E159| And thence I see the Chaos of Satan & the World of Adam  
J15.32; E159| When the Divine Hand went forth on Albion in the mid Winter  
J15.33; E159| And at the place of Death when Albion sat in Eternal Death  
J15.34; E159| Among the Furnaces of Los in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom

J16.1; E159| Hampstead Highgate Finchley Hendon Muswell hill: rage loud  
J16.2; E159| Before Bromions iron Tongs & glowing Poker reddening fierce  
J16.3; E159| Hertfordshire glows with fierce Vegetation! in the Forests  
J16.4; E159| The Oak frowns terrible, the Beech & Ash & Elm enroot  
J16.5; E159| Among the Spiritual fires; loud the Corn fields thunder along  
J16.6; E159| The Soldiers fife; the Harlots shriek; the Virgins dismal groan  
J16.7; E159| The Parents fear: the Brothers jealousy: the Sisters curse  
J16.8; E159| Beneath the Storms of Theotormon & the thundring Bellows  
J16.9; E159| Heaves in the hand of Palamabron who in Londons darkness  
J16.10; E159| Before the Anvil, watches the bellowing flames: thundering  
J16.11; E159| The Hammer loud rages in Rintrahs strong grasp swinging loud

J16.12; E160| Round from heaven to earth down falling with heavy blow  
J16.13; E160| Dead on the Anvil, where the red hot wedge groans in pain  
J16.14; E160| He quenches it in the black trough of his Forge; Londons River  
J16.15; E160| Feeds the dread Forge, trembling & shuddering along the Valleys

J16.16; E160| Humber & Trent roll dreadful before the Seventh Furnace  
J16.17; E160| And Tweed & Tyne anxious give up their Souls for Albions sake  
J16.18; E160| Lincolnshire Derbyshire Nottinghamshire Leicestershire  
J16.19; E160| From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Adan  
J16.20; E160| Labour within the Furnaces, walking among the Fires  
J16.21; E160| With Ladles huge & iron Pokers over the Island white.

J16.22; E160| Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces  
J16.23; E160| Wales gives his Daughters to the Looms; England: nursing Mothers  
J16.24; E160| Gives to the Children of Albion & to the Children of Jerusalem  
J16.25; E160| From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation  
J16.26; E160| Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be deliverd.

J16.27; E160|

Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

J16.28; E160|

Here Los fixd down the Fifty-two Counties of England & Wales

J16.29; E160|

The Thirty-six of Scotland, & the Thirty-four of Ireland

J16.30; E160|

With mighty power, when they fled out at Jerusalems Gates

J16.31; E160|

Away from the Conflict of Luvah & Urizen, fixing the Gates

J16.32; E160|

In the Twelve Counties of Wales & thence Gates looking every way

J16.33; E160|

To the Four Points: conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland

J16.34; E160|

And thence to all the Kingdoms & Nations & Families of the Earth

J16.35; E160|

The Gate of Reuben in Carmarthenshire: the Gate of Simeon in

J16.36; E160|

Cardiganshire: & the Gate of Levi in Montgomeryshire

J16.37; E160|

The Gate of Judah Merionethshire: the Gate of Dan Flintshire

J16.38; E160|

The Gate of Napthali, Radnorshire: the Gate of Gad Pembrokeshire

J16.39; E160|

The Gate of Asher, Carnarvonshire the Gate of Issachar Brecknokshire

J16.40; E160|

The Gate of Zebulun, in Anglesea & Sodor. so is Wales divided.

J16.41; E160|

The Gate of Joseph, Denbighshire: the Gate of Benjamin Glamorganshire

J16.42; E160|

For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons

J16.43; E160|

And the Forty Counties of England are thus divided in the Gates

J16.44; E160|

Of Reuben Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex. Simeon Lincoln, York Lancashire

J16.45; E160|

Levi. Middlesex Kent Surrey. Judah Somerset Glouster Wiltshire.

J16.46; E160|

Dan. Cornwall Devon Dorset, Napthali, Warwick Leicester Worcester

J16.47; E160|

Gad. Oxford Bucks Harford. Asher, Sussex Hampshire Berkshire

J16.48; E160|

Issachar, Northampton Rutland Nottgham. Zebulun Bedford Huntgn Camb

J16.49; E160|

Joseph Stafford Shrops Heref. Benjamin, Derby Cheshire Monmouth

J16.50; E160|

And Cumberland Northumberland Westmoreland & Durham are

J16.51; E160|

Divided in the Gates of Reuben, Judah Dan & Joseph

J16.52; E160|

And the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland, divided in the Gates

J16.53; E160|

Of Reuben Kincard Haddntn Forfar, Simeon Ayr Argyll Banff

J16.54; E161|

Levi Edinburh Roxbro Ross. Judah, Abrdeen Berwik Dumfries

J16.55; E161|

Dan Bute Caitnes Clakmanan. Napthali Nairn Invernes Linlithgo

J16.56; E161|

Gad Peebles Perth Renfru. Asher Sutherlan Sterling Wigtoun

J16.57; E161|

Issachar Selkirk Dumbartn Glasgo. Zebulun Orkney Shetland Skye

J16.58; E161|

Joseph Elgin Lanerk Kinros. Benjamin Kromarty Murra Kirkubriht

J16.59; E161|

Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances

J16.60; E161|

In Enitharmons Halls builded by Los & his mighty Children

J16.61; E161|

All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of

J16.62; E161|

Los's Halls & every Age renews its powers from these Works

J16.63; E161|

With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or

J16.64; E161| Wayward Love & every sorrow & distress is carved here  
J16.65; E161| Every Affinity of Parents Marriages & Friendships are here  
J16.66; E161| In all their various combinations wrought with wondrous Art  
J16.67; E161| All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage of seventy years  
J16.68; E161| Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb & Sinai:  
J16.69; E161| And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet & Calvary:

J17.1; E161| His Spectre divides & Los in fury compells it to divide:  
J17.2; E161| To labour in the fire, in the water, in the earth, in the air,  
J17.3; E161| To follow the Daughters of Albion as the hound follows the scent  
J17.4; E161| Of the wild inhabitant of the forest, to drive them from his own:  
J17.5; E161| To make a way for the Children of Los to come from the Furnaces  
J17.6; E161| But Los himself against Albions Sons his fury bends, for he  
J17.7; E161| Dare not approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed  
J17.8; E161| In the fires of their beauty & perfection & be Vegetated beneath  
J17.9; E161| Their Looms, in a Generation of death & resurrection to forgetfulness  
J17.10; E161| They woo Los continually to subdue his strength: he continually  
J17.11; E161| Shews them his Spectre: sending him abroad over the four points of heaven  
J17.12; E161| In the fierce desires of beauty & in the tortures of repulse! He is  
J17.13; E161| The Spectre of the Living pursuing the Emanations of the Dead.  
J17.14; E161| Shuddring they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity:  
J17.15; E161| Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by undisguisd desire.

J17.16; E161| For Los said: Tho my Spectre is divided: as I am a Living Man  
J17.17; E161| I must compell him to obey me wholly: that Enitharmon may not  
J17.18; E161| Be lost: & lest he should devour Enitharmon: Ah me!  
J17.19; E161| Piteous image of my soft desires & loves: O Enitharmon!  
J17.20; E161| I will compell my Spectre to obey: I will restore to thee thy Children.  
J17.21; E161| No one bruises or starves himself to make himself fit for labour! *t266*

J17.22; E161| Tormented with sweet desire for these beauties of Albion  
J17.23; E161| They would never love my power if they did not seek to destroy  
J17.24; E161| Enitharmon: Vala would never have sought & loved Albion  
J17.25; E161| If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem; such is that false  
J17.26; E161| And Generating Love: a pretence of love to destroy love:

J17.27; E162| Cruel hipocrisy unlike the lovely delusions of Beulah:  
J17.28; E162| And cruel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulahs Night

J17.29; E162| They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken & die  
J17.30; E162| Calling that Holy Love: which is Envy Revenge & Cruelty  
J17.31; E162| Which separated the stars from the mountains: the mountains from Man



J17.32; E162| And left Man, a little grovelling Root, outside of Himself.  
J17.33; E162| Negations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist:  
J17.34; E162| But Negations Exist Not: Exceptions & Objections & Unbeliefs  
J17.35; E162| Exist not: nor shall they ever be Organized for ever & ever:  
J17.36; E162| If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation: a meer  
J17.37; E162| Reasoning & Derogation from Me, an Objecting & cruel Spite  
J17.38; E162| And Malice & Envy: but my Emanation, Alas! will become  
J17.39; E162| My Contrary: O thou Negation, I will continually compell  
J17.40; E162| Thee to be invisible to any but whom I please, & when  
J17.41; E162| And where & how I please, and never! never! shalt thou be Organized  
J17.42; E162| But as a distorted & reversed Reflexion in the Darkness  
J17.43; E162| And in the Non Entity: nor shall that which is above  
J17.44; E162| Ever descend into thee: but thou shalt be a Non Entity for ever  
J17.45; E162| And if any enter into thee, thou shalt be an Unquenchable Fire  
J17.46; E162| And he shall be a never dying Worm, mutually tormented by  
J17.47; E162| Those that thou tormentest, a Hell & Despair for ever & ever.

J17.48; E162| So Los in secret with himself communed & Enitharmon heard  
J17.49; E162| In her darkness & was comforted: yet still she divided away  
J17.50; E162| In gnawing pain from Los's bosom in the deadly Night;  
J17.51; E162| First as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his bosom[.]  
J17.52; E162| Suspended over her he hung: he infolded her in his garments  
J17.53; E162| Of wool: he hid her from the Spectre, in shame & confusion of  
J17.54; E162| Face; in terrors & pains of Hell & Eternal Death, the  
J17.55; E162| Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living & Los howld over it:  
J17.56; E162| Feeding it with his groans & tears day & night without ceasing:  
J17.57; E162| And the Spectrous Darkness from his back divided in temptations,  
J17.58; E162| And in grinding agonies in threats! stiflings! & direful strugglings.

J17.59; E162| Go thou to Skofield: ask him if he is Bath or if he is Canterbury  
J17.60; E162| Tell him to be no more dubious: demand explicit words  
J17.61; E162| Tell him: I will dash him into shivers, where & at what time  
J17.62; E162| I please: tell Hand & Skofield they are my ministers of evil  
J17.63; E162| To those I hate: for I can hate also as well as they!

J18.1; E162| From every-one of the Four Regions of Human Majesty,  
J18.2; E162| There is an Outside spread Without, & an Outside spread Within  
J18.3; E162| Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways, which meet in One:  
J18.4; E162| An orb'd Void of doubt, despair, hunger, & thirst & sorrow.  
J18.5; E162| Here the Twelve Sons of Albion, join'd in dark Assembly,

J18.6; E163| Jealous of Jerusalems children, asham'd of her little-ones  
J18.7; E163| (For Vala produc'd the Bodies. Jerusalem gave the Souls)



J18.8; E163| Became as Three Immense Wheels, turning upon one-another  
J18.9; E163| Into Non-Entity, and their thunders hoarse appall the Dead  
J18.10; E163| To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead

J18.11; E163| Cast! Cast ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusions!  
J18.12; E163| The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness  
J18.13; E163| Our Father Albions sin and shame! But father now no more!  
J18.14; E163| Nor sons! nor hateful peace & love, nor soft complacencies  
J18.15; E163| With transgressors meeting in brotherhood around the table,  
J18.16; E163| Or in the porch or garden. No more the sinful delights  
J18.17; E163| Of age and youth and boy and girl and animal and herb,  
J18.18; E163| And river and mountain, and city & village, and house & family.  
J18.19; E163| Beneath the Oak & Palm, beneath the Vine and Fig-tree.  
J18.20; E163| In self-denial!--But War and deadly contention, Between  
J18.21; E163| Father and Son, and light and love! All bold asperities  
J18.22; E163| Of Haters met in deadly strife, rending the house & garden  
J18.23; E163| The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds  
J18.24; E163| And chambers of trembling & suspicion, hatreds of age & youth  
J18.25; E163| And boy & girl, & animal & herb, & river & mountain  
J18.26; E163| And city & village, and house & family. That the Perfect,  
J18.27; E163| May live in glory, redeem'd by Sacrifice of the Lamb  
J18.28; E163| And of his children, before sinful Jerusalem. To build  
J18.29; E163| Babylon the City of Vala, the Goddess Virgin-Mother.  
J18.30; E163| She is our Mother! Nature! Jerusalem is our Harlot-Sister  
J18.31; E163| Return'd with Children of pollution, to defile our House,  
J18.32; E163| With Sin and Shame. Cast! Cast her into the Potters field.  
J18.33; E163| Her little-ones, She must slay upon our Altars: and her aged  
J18.34; E163| Parents must be carried into captivity, to redeem her Soul  
J18.35; E163| To be for a Shame & a Curse, and to be our Slaves for ever

J18.36; E163| So cry Hand & Hyle the eldest of the fathers of Albions *t267*  
J18.37; E163| Little-ones; to destroy the Divine Saviour; the Friend of Sinners,  
J18.38; E163| Building Castles in desolated places, and strong Fortifications.  
J18.39; E163| Soon Hand mightily devour'd & absorb'd Albions Twelve Sons.  
J18.40; E163| Out from his bosom a mighty Polypus, vegetating in darkness,  
J18.41; E163| And Hyle & Coban were his two chosen ones, for Emissaries  
J18.42; E163| In War: forth from his bosom they went and return'd.  
J18.43; E163| Like Wheels from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep.  
J18.44; E163| Hoarse turn'd the Starry Wheels, rending a way in Albions Loins  
J18.45; E163| Beyond the Night of Beulah. In a dark & unknown Night,  
J18.46; E163| Outstretch'd his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears:

J19.1; E163| His Children exil'd from his breast pass to and fro before him  
J19.2; E163| His birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches

J19.3; E164| His tents are fall'n! his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp  
J19.4; E164| Are silent on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms & fire.  
J19.5; E164| His milk of Cows, & honey of Bees, & fruit of golden harvest,  
J19.6; E164| Is gather'd in the scorching heat, & in the driving rain:  
J19.7; E164| Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain:  
J19.8; E164| His giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust:  
J19.9; E164| Till from within his witherd breast grown narrow with his woes:  
J19.10; E164| The corn is turn'd to thistles & the apples into poison:  
J19.11; E164| The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans!  
J19.12; E164| The voices of children in his tents, to cries of helpless infants!  
J19.13; E164| And self-exiled from the face of light & shine of morning,  
J19.14; E164| In the dark world a narrow house! he wanders up and down,  
J19.15; E164| Seeking for rest and finding none! and hidden far within,  
J19.16; E164| His Eon weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

J19.17; E164| All his Affections now appear withoutside: all his Sons,  
J19.18; E164| Hand, Hyle & Coban, Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton,  
J19.19; E164| Scofeld, Kox, Kotope & Bowen; his Twelve Sons: Satanic Mill!  
J19.20; E164| Who are the Spectres of the Twentyfour, each Double-form'd:  
J19.21; E164| Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain: beneath  
J19.22; E164| The dark incessant sky, seeking for rest and finding none:  
J19.23; E164| Raging against their Human natures, ravning to gormandize  
J19.24; E164| The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentyfour.  
J19.25; E164| Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence  
J19.26; E164| Suspition & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul  
J19.27; E164| Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud[.]  
J19.28; E164| Willing the Friends endur'd, for Albions sake, and for  
J19.29; E164| Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom;  
J19.30; E164| Which hardend against them more and more; as he builded onwards  
J19.31; E164| On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that roll'd  
J19.32; E164| Before his awful feet, in pride of virtue for victory:  
J19.33; E164| And Los was roofd in from Eternity in Albions Cliffs  
J19.34; E164| Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all  
J19.35; E164| Appear'd a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

J19.36; E164| Albions Circumference was clos'd: his Center began darkning  
J19.37; E164| Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose  
J19.38; E164| Clouded with storms: Los his strong Guard walkd round beneath the Moon  
J19.39; E164| And Albion flee inward among the currents of his rivers.

J19.40; E164| He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City soft repos'd  
J19.41; E164| In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala  
J19.42; E164| The Lilly of Havilah: and they sang soft thro' Lambeths vales,

J19.43; E164	In a sweet moony night & silence that they had created
J19.44; E164	With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moon,
J19.45; E164	Dividing & uniting into many female forms: Jerusalem
J19.46; E165	Trembling! then in one comingling in eternal tears,
J19.47; E165	Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.
J20.1; E165	But when they saw Albion fall'n upon mild Lambeths vale:
J20.2; E165	Astonish'd! Terrified! they hover'd over his Giant limbs.
J20.3; E165	Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears:
J20.4; E165	Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair.
J20.5; E165	Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life
J20.6; E165	And clos'd up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence:
J20.7; E165	Where we live, forgetting error, not pondering on evil:
J20.8; E165	Among my lambs & brooks of water, among my warbling birds:
J20.9; E165	Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb:
J20.10; E165	Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection.
J20.11; E165	Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil.
J20.12; E165	When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls:
J20.13; E165	Upon the ways of men hiding the paths of man and beast,
J20.14; E165	Then mourns the wanderer: then he repents his wanderings & eyes
J20.15; E165	The distant forest; then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone.
J20.16; E165	The captive in the mill of the stranger, sold for scanty hire.
J20.17; E165	They view their former life: they number moments over and over;
J20.18; E165	Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.
J20.19; E165	Thou art my sister and my daughter! thy shame is mine also!
J20.20; E165	Ask me not of my griefs! thou knowest all my griefs.
J20.21; E165	Jerusalem answer'd with soft tears over the valleys.
J20.22; E165	O Vala what is Sin? that thou shudderest and weapest
J20.23; E165	At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem! What is Sin but a little
J20.24; E165	Error & fault that is soon forgiven; but mercy is not a Sin
J20.25; E165	Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness! O! if I have Sinned
J20.26; E165	Forgive & pity me! O! unfold thy Veil in mercy & love!
J20.27; E165	Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon
J20.28; E165	Slay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab
J20.29; E165	I cannot put off the human form I strive but strive in vain

J20.30; E165| When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine;  
J20.31; E165| Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands  
J20.32; E165| Of love; thou refusedst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty  
J20.33; E165| Beautiful thro' our Love's comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.  
J20.34; E165| The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion,  
J20.35; E165| Because it inclosd pity & love; because we lov'd one-another!  
J20.36; E165| Albion lov'd thee! he rent thy Veil! he embrac'd thee! he lov'd thee!  
J20.37; E165| Astonish'd at his beauty & perfection, thou forgavest his furious love:  
J20.38; E165| I redounded from Albions bosom in my virgin loveliness.  
J20.39; E165| The Lamb of God reciev'd me in his arms he smil'd upon us:

J20.40; E166| He made me his Bride & Wife: he gave thee to Albion.  
J20.41; E166| Then was a time of love: O why is it passed away!

J20.42; E166| Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd

J21.1; E166| O Vala! O Jerusalem! do you delight in my groans  
J21.2; E166| You O lovely forms, you have prepared my death-cup:  
J21.3; E166| The disease of Shame covers me from head to feet: I have no hope  
J21.4; E166| Every boil upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin.  
J21.5; E166| Doubt first assaild me, then Shame took possession of me  
J21.6; E166| Shame divides Families. Shame hath divided Albion in sunder!  
J21.7; E166| First fled my Sons, & then my Daughters, then my Wild Animations  
J21.8; E166| My Cattle next, last ev'n the Dog of my Gate. the Forests fled  
J21.9; E166| The Corn-fields, & the breathing Gardens outside separated  
J21.10; E166| The Sea; the Stars: the Sun: the Moon: drivn forth by my disease  
J21.11; E166| All is Eternal Death unless you can weave a chaste  
J21.12; E166| Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure!  
J21.13; E166| That the deep wound of Sin might be clos'd up with the Needle,  
J21.14; E166| And with the Loom: to cover Gwendolen & Ragan with costly Robes  
J21.15; E166| Of Natural Virtue, for their Spiritual forms without a Veil  
J21.16; E166| Wither in Luvahs Sepulcher. I thrust him from my presence  
J21.17; E166| And all my Children followd his loud howlings into the Deep.  
J21.18; E166| Jerusalem! dissembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom:  
J21.19; E166| I discover thy secret places: Cordella! I behold  
J21.20; E166| Thee whom I thought pure as the heavens in innocence & fear:  
J21.21; E166| Thy Tabernacle taken down, thy secret Cherubim disclosed  
J21.22; E166| Art thou broken? Ah me Sabrina, running by my side:  
J21.23; E166| In childhood what wert thou? unutterable anguish! Conwenna  
J21.24; E166| Thy cradled infancy is most piteous. O hide, O hide!  
J21.25; E166| Their secret gardens were made paths to the traveller:  
J21.26; E166| I knew not of their secret loves with those I hated most,  
J21.27; E166| Nor that their every thought was Sin & secret appetite  
J21.28; E166| Hyle sees in fear, he howls in fury over them, Hand sees

J21.29; E166| In jealous fear: in stern accusation with cruel stripes  
J21.30; E166| He drives them thro' the Streets of Babylon before my face:  
J21.31; E166| Because they taught Luvah to rise into my clouded heavens  
J21.32; E166| Battersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen!  
J21.33; E166| Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild & Ignoge!  
J21.34; E166| Because the Peak, Malvern & Cheviot Reason in Cruelty  
J21.35; E166| Penmaenmawr & Dhinas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelief  
J21.36; E166| Manchester & Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt & Despair  
J21.37; E166| Malden & Colchester Demonstrate: I hear my Childrens voices *t268*  
J21.38; E166| I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds  
J21.39; E166| From Lincoln & Norwich, from Edinburgh & Monmouth:  
J21.40; E166| I see them distant from my bosom scoured along the roads  
J21.41; E166| Then lost in clouds; I hear their tender voices! clouds divide

J21.42; E167| I see them die beneth the whips of the Captains! they are taken  
J21.43; E167| In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the bredths of Europe  
J21.44; E167| Six months they lie embalmd in Silent death: warshipped *t269*  
J21.45; E167| Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring  
J21.46; E167| Bursting their Arks they rise again to life: they play before  
J21.47; E167| The Armies: I hear their loud cymbals & their deadly cries  
J21.48; E167| Are the Dead cruel? are those who are infolded in moral Law  
J21.49; E167| Revengeful? O that Death & Annihilation were the same!  
J21.50; E167| Then Vala answerd spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion

J22.1; E167| Albion thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surrounded me  
J22.2; E167| Thy Sons have naild me on the Gates piercing my hands & feet:  
J22.3; E167| Till Skofields Nimrod the mighty Huntsman Jehovah came,  
J22.4; E167| With Cush his Son & took me down. He in a golden Ark,  
J22.5; E167| Bears me before his Armies tho my shadow hovers here  
J22.6; E167| The flesh of multitudes fed & nouris[h]d me in my childhood  
J22.7; E167| My morn & evening food were prepar'd in Battles of Men  
J22.8; E167| Great is the cry of the Hounds of Nimrod along the Valley  
J22.9; E167| Of Vision, they scent the odor of War in the Valley of Vision.  
J22.10; E167| All Love is lost! terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love *t270*  
J22.11; E167| And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty  
J22.12; E167| Once thou wast to me the loveliest Son of heaven; but now  
J22.13; E167| Where shall I hide from thy dread countenance & searching eyes  
J22.14; E167| I have looked into the secret Soul of him I loved  
J22.15; E167| And in the dark recesses found Sin & can never return.

J22.16; E167| Albion again utterd his voice beneath the silent Moon

J22.17; E167| I brought Love into light of day to pride in chaste beauty



J22.18; E167	I brought Love into light & fancied Innocence is no more
J22.19; E167	Then spoke Jerusalem O Albion! my Father Albion
J22.20; E167	Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my Soul
J22.21; E167	Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of flax to dry?
J22.22; E167	The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
J22.23; E167	Horrible hast & deadly! nought shalt thou find in it
J22.24; E167	But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy!
J22.25; E167	Then Albion turn'd his face toward Jerusalem & spoke
J22.26; E167	Hide thou Jerusalem in impalpable voidness, not to be
J22.27; E167	Touch'd by the hand nor seen with the eye: O Jerusalem
J22.28; E167	Would thou wert not & that thy place might never be found
J22.29; E167	But come O Vala with knife & cup: drain my blood
J22.30; E167	To the last drop! then hide me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle
ED; E167	21:44 warshipped] perhaps a scribal error for "worshipped"; but see textual
ED; E167	note.
J22.31; E168	For I see Luvah whom I slew. I behold him in my Spectre
J22.32; E168	As I behold Jerusalem in thee O Vala dark and cold
J22.33; E168	Jerusalem then stretch'd her hand toward the Moon & spoke
J22.34; E168	Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War
J22.35; E168	When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim
J22.36; E168	Loud groand Albion from mountain to mountain & replied
J23.1; E168	Jerusalem! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion!
J23.2; E168	Daughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albions curse!
J23.3; E168	I came here with intention to annihilate thee! But
J23.4; E168	My soul is melted away, inwoven within the Veil
J23.5; E168	Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee
J23.6; E168	Pitying rent in ancient times. I see it whole and more
J23.7; E168	Perfect, and shining with beauty! But thou! O wretched Father! <i>t271</i>
J23.8; E168	Jerusalem reply'd, like a voice heard from a sepulcher:



J23.9; E168| Father! once piteous! Is Pity. a Sin? Embalm'd in Vala's bosom  
J23.10; E168| In an Eternal Death for. Albions sake, our best beloved.  
J23.11; E168| Thou art my Father & my Brother: Why hast thou hidden me,  
J23.12; E168| Remote from the divine Vision: my Lord and Saviour.

J23.13; E168| Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair:  
J23.14; E168| He felt that Love and Pity are the same; a soft repose!  
J23.15; E168| Inward complacency of Soul: a Self-annihilation!

J23.16; E168| I have erred! I am ashamed! and will never return more:  
J23.17; E168| I have taught my children sacrifices of cruelty: what shall I answer?  
J23.18; E168| I will hide it from Eternals! I will give myself for my Children!  
J23.19; E168| Which way soever I turn, I behold Humanity and Pity!

J23.20; E168| He recoil'd: he rush'd outwards; he bore the Veil whole away  
J23.21; E168| His fires redound from his Dragon Altars in Errors returning.  
J23.22; E168| He drew the Veil of Moral Virtue, woven for Cruel Laws,  
J23.23; E168| And cast it into the Atlantic Deep, to catch the Souls of the Dead.  
J23.24; E168| He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping  
J23.25; E168| Which stand upon the edge of Beulah; and there Albion sunk  
J23.26; E168| Down in sick pallid languor! These were his last words, relapsing!  
J23.27; E168| Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales  
J23.28; E168| And Scotland, utter'd from the Circumference into Eternity.

J23.29; E168| Blasphemous Sons of Feminine delusion! God in the dreary Void  
J23.30; E168| Dwells from Eternity, wide separated from the Human Soul  
J23.31; E168| But thou deluding Image by whom imbu'd the Veil I rent  
J23.32; E168| Lo here is Valas Veil whole, for a Law, a Terror & a Curse!  
J23.33; E168| And therefore God takes vengeance on me: from my clay-cold bosom  
J23.34; E168| My children wander trembling victims of his Moral Justice.

J23.35; E169| His snows fall on me and cover me, while in the Veil I fold  
J23.36; E169| My dying limbs. Therefore O Manhood, if thou art aught  
J23.37; E169| But a meer Phantasy, hear dying Albions Curse!  
J23.38; E169| May God who dwells in this dark Ulro & voidness, vengeance take,  
J23.39; E169| And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture,  
J23.40; E169| Like me thy Victim. O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

J24.1; E169| What have I said? What have I done? O all-powerful Human Words!  
J24.2; E169| You recoil back upon me in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children.  
J24.3; E169| Two bleeding Contraries equally true, are his Witnesses against me  
J24.4; E169| We reared mighty Stones: we danced naked around them:

J24.5; E169| Thinking to bring Love into light of day, to Jerusalems shame:  
J24.6; E169| Displaying our Giant limbs to all the winds of heaven! Sudden  
J24.7; E169| Shame siezd us, we could not look on one-another for abhorrence: the Blue  
J24.8; E169| Of our immortal Veins & all their Hosts fled from our Limbs,  
J24.9; E169| And wanderd distant in a dismal Night clouded & dark:  
J24.10; E169| The Sun fled from the Britons forehead: the Moon from his mighty loins:  
J24.11; E169| Scandinavia fled with all his mountains filld with groans.

J24.12; E169| O what is Life & what is Man. O what is Death? Wherefore  
J24.13; E169| Are you my Children, natives in the Grave to where I go  
J24.14; E169| Or are you born to feed the hungry ravenings of Destruction  
J24.15; E169| To be the sport of Accident! to waste in Wrath & Love, a weary  
J24.16; E169| Life, in brooding cares & anxious labours, that prove but chaff.  
J24.17; E169| O Jerusalem Jerusalem I have forsaken thy Courts  
J24.18; E169| Thy Pillars of ivory & gold: thy Curtains of silk & fine  
J24.19; E169| Linen: thy Pavements of precious stones: thy Walls of pearl  
J24.20; E169| And gold, thy Gates of Thanksgiving thy Windows of Praise:  
J24.21; E169| Thy Clouds of Blessing; thy Cherubims of Tender-mercy  
J24.22; E169| Stretching their Wings sublime over the Little-ones of Albion  
J24.23; E169| O Human Imagination O Divine Body I have Crucified  
J24.24; E169| I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law:  
J24.25; E169| There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation.  
J24.26; E169| O Babylon thy Watchman stands over thee in the night  
J24.27; E169| Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee O Babylon  
J24.28; E169| With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy hearts desire.  
J24.29; E169| But Albion is cast forth to the Potter his Children to the Builders  
J24.30; E169| To build Babylon because they have forsaken Jerusalem  
J24.31; E169| The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men: her Gates the Groans  
J24.32; E169| Of Nations: her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families.  
J24.33; E169| Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with Death  
J24.34; E169| Her Palaces with Hell & the Grave; her Synagogues with Torments  
J24.35; E169| Of ever-hardening Despair squard & polishd with cruel skill

J24.36; E170| Yet thou wast lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills  
J24.37; E170| When Jerusalem was thy hearts desire in times of youth & love.  
J24.38; E170| Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts, she sent them away  
J24.39; E170| With blessings on their hands & on their feet, blessings of gold,  
J24.40; E170| And pearl & diamond: thy Daughters sang in her Courts:  
J24.41; E170| They came up to Jerusalem; they walked before Albion  
J24.42; E170| In the Exchanges of London every Nation walkd  
J24.43; E170| And London walkd in every Nation mutual in love & harmony  
J24.44; E170| Albion coverd the whole Earth, England encompassd the Nations,  
J24.45; E170| Mutual each within others bosom in Visions of Regeneration;  
J24.46; E170| Jerusalem coverd the Atlantic Mountains & the Erythrean,

J24.47; E170| From bright Japan & China to Hesperia France & England.  
J24.48; E170| Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven:  
J24.49; E170| And the Mount of Olives was beheld over the whole Earth:  
J24.50; E170| The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there: but now no more  
J24.51; E170| No more shall I behold him, he is closd in Luvahs Sepulcher.  
J24.52; E170| Yet why these smittings of Luvah, the gentlest mildest Zoa?  
J24.53; E170| If God was Merciful this could not be: O Lamb of God  
J24.54; E170| Thou art a delusion and Jerusalem is my Sin! O my Children  
J24.55; E170| I have educated you in the crucifying cruelties of Demonstration  
J24.56; E170| Till you have assum'd the Providence of God & slain your Father  
J24.57; E170| Dost thou appear before me who liest dead in Luvahs Sepulcher  
J24.58; E170| Dost thou forgive me! thou who wast Dead & art Alive? <sup>t272</sup>  
J24.59; E170| Look not so Merciful upon me O thou Slain Lamb of God  
J24.60; E170| I die! I die in thy arms tho Hope is banishd from me. <sup>t273</sup>

J24.61; E170| Thundring the Veil rushes from his hand Vegetating Knot by  
J24.62; E170| Knot, Day by Day, Night by Night; loud roll the indignant Atlantic  
J24.63; E170| Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deeps

J25.1; E170| And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah: all the Regions  
J25.2; E170| Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved: & they said:

J25.3; E170| Why did you take Vengeance O ye Sons of the mighty Albion?  
J25.4; E170| Planting these Oaken Groves: Erecting these Dragon Temples  
J25.5; E170| Injury the Lord heals but Vengeance cannot be healed:  
J25.6; E170| As the Sons of Albion have done to Luvah: so they have in him  
J25.7; E170| Done to the Divine Lord & Saviour, who suffers with those that suffer:  
J25.8; E170| For not one sparrow can suffer, & the whole Universe not suffer also,  
J25.9; E170| In all its Regions, & its Father & Saviour not pity and weep.  
J25.10; E170| But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace & Repentance in the bosom  
J25.11; E170| Of the Injurer: in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain:  
J25.12; E170| Descend O Lamb of God & take away the imputation of Sin  
J25.13; E170| By the Creation of States & the deliverance of Individuals Evermore Amen

J25.14; E171| Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion  
J25.15; E171| But many doubted & despaird & imputed Sin & Righteousness  
J25.16; E171| To Individuals & not to States, and these Slept in Ulro.

J26; E171| SUCH VISIONS HAVE APPEARD TO ME  
J26; E171| AS I MY ORDERD RACE HAVE RUN  
J26; E171| JERUSALEM IS NAMED LIBERTY  
J26; E171| AMONG THE SONS OF ALBION

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"To the Jews" [plate 27]

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J27; E171	To the Jews.
J27prose; E171	Jerusalem the Emanation of the Giant Albion! Can it be? Is it a
J27prose; E171	Truth that the Learned have explored? Was Britain the Primitive
J27prose; E171	Seat of the Patriarchal Religion? If it is true: my title-page is
J27prose; E171	also True, that Jerusalem was & is the Emanation of the Giant
J27prose; E171	Albion. It is True, and cannot be controverted. Ye are united O
J27prose; E171	ye Inhabitants of Earth in One Religion. The Religion of Jesus:
J27prose; E171	the most Ancient, the Eternal: & the Everlasting Gospel--The
J27prose; E171	Wicked will turn it to Wickedness,
J27prose; E171	the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!
J27prose; E171	"All things Begin & End in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore."
J27prose; E171	
J27prose; E171	Your Ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber, Shem,
J27prose; E171	and Noah, who were Druids: as the Druid Temples (which are the
J27prose; E171	Patriarchal Pillars & Oak Groves) over the whole Earth witness to
J27prose; E171	this day.
J27prose; E171	You have a tradition, that Man anciently containd in his mighty
J27prose; E171	limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you recieved from the
J27prose; E171	Druids.
J27prose; E171	"But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of
J27prose; E171	Albion"
J27prose; E171	
J27prose; E171	Albion was the Parent of the Druids; & in his Chaotic State of
J27prose; E171	Sleep Satan & Adam & the whole World was Created by the Elohim.

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"The fields from Islington to Marybone" [plate 27]

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- J27.1; E171| The fields from Islington to Marybone,  
J27.2; E171| To Primrose Hill and Saint Johns Wood:  
J27.3; E171| Were builded over with pillars of gold,  
J27.4; E171| And there Jerusalems pillars stood.
- J27.5; E171| Her Little-ones ran on the fields  
J27.6; E171| The Lamb of God among them seen  
J27.7; E171| And fair Jerusalem his Bride:  
J27.8; E171| Among the little meadows green.
- J27.9; E172| Pancrass & Kentish-town repose  
J27.10; E172| Among her golden pillars high:  
J27.11; E172| Among her golden arches which  
J27.12; E172| Shine upon the starry sky.
- J27.13; E172| The Jews-harp-house & the Green Man;  
J27.14; E172| The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight:  
J27.15; E172| The fields of Cows by Willans farm: *t275*  
J27.16; E172| Shine in Jerusalems pleasant sight.
- J27.17; E172| She walks upon our meadows green:  
J27.18; E172| The Lamb of God walks by her side:  
J27.19; E172| And every English Child is seen,  
J27.20; E172| Children of Jesus & his Bride,
- J27.21; E172| Forgiving trespasses and sins  
J27.22; E172| Lest Babylon with cruel Og,  
J27.23; E172| With Moral & Self-righteous Law  
J27.24; E172| Should Crucify in Satans Synagogue!
- J27.25; E172| What are those golden Builders doing  
J27.26; E172| Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington  
J27.27; E172| Standing above that mighty Ruin  
J27.28; E172| Where Satan the first victory won.
- J27.29; E172| Where Albion slept beneath the Fatal Tree  
J27.30; E172| And the Druids golden Knife,



J27.31; E172	Rioted in human gore,
J27.32; E172	In Offerings of Human Life
J27.33; E172	They groan'd aloud on London Stone
J27.34; E172	They groand aloud on Tyburns Brook
J27.35; E172	Albion gave his deadly groan,
J27.36; E172	And all the Atlantic Mountains shook
J27.37; E172	Albions Spectre from his Loins
J27.38; E172	Tore forth in all the pomp of War!
J27.39; E172	Satan his name: in flames of fire
J27.40; E172	He stretch'd his Druid Pillars far.
J27.41; E172	Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale,
J27.42; E172	Down thro Poplar & Old Bow;
J27.43; E172	Thro Malden & acros the Sea,
J27.44; E172	In War & howling death & woe.
J27.45; E172	The Rhine was red with human blood:
J27.46; E172	The Danube rolld a purple tide:
J27.47; E172	On the Euphrates Satan stood:
J27.48; E172	And over Asia stretch'd his pride.
J27.49; E173	He witherd up sweet Zions Hill,
J27.50; E173	From every Nation of the Earth:
J27.51; E173	He witherd up Jerusalems Gates,
J27.52; E173	And in a dark Land gave her birth.
J27.53; E173	He witherd up the Human Form,
J27.54; E173	By laws of sacrifice for sin:
J27.55; E173	Till it became a Mortal Worm:
J27.56; E173	But O! translucent all within.
J27.57; E173	The Divine Vision still was seen
J27.58; E173	Still was the Human Form, Divine
J27.59; E173	Weeping in weak & mortal clay
J27.60; E173	O Jesus still the Form was thine.
J27.61; E173	And thine the Human Face & thine
J27.62; E173	The Human Hands & Feet & Breath
J27.63; E173	Entering thro' the Gates of Birth

J27.64; E173| And passing thro' the Gates of Death

J27.65; E173| And O thou Lamb of God, whom I  
J27.66; E173| Slew in my dark self-righteous pride:  
J27.67; E173| Art thou return'd to Albions Land!  
J27.68; E173| And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

J27.69; E173| Come to my arms & never more  
J27.70; E173| Depart; but dwell for ever here:  
J27.71; E173| Create my Spirit to thy Love:  
J27.72; E173| Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear,

J27.73; E173| Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend!  
J27.74; E173| In clouds of blood & ruin roll'd:  
J27.75; E173| I here reclaim thee as my own  
J27.76; E173| My Selfhood! Satan! arm'd in gold.

J27.77; E173| Is this thy soft Family-Love  
J27.78; E173| Thy cruel Patriarchal pride  
J27.79; E173| Planting thy Family alone  
J27.80; E173| Destroying all the World beside.

J27.81; E173| A mans worst enemies are those  
J27.82; E173| Of his own house & family;  
J27.83; E173| And he who makes his law a curse,  
J27.84; E173| By his own law shall surely die.

J27.85; E173| In my Exchanges every Land  
J27.86; E173| Shall walk, & mine in every Land,  
J27.87; E173| Mutual shall build Jerusalem:  
J27.88; E173| Both heart in heart & hand in hand.

J27prose; E174| If Humility is Christianity; you O Jews are the true  
J27prose; E174| Christians; If your tradition that Man contained in his Limbs,  
J27prose; E174| all Animals, is True & they were separated from him by cruel  
J27prose; E174| Sacrifices: and when compulsory cruel Sacrifices had brought  
J27prose; E174| Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle, in the loins of Abraham &  
J27prose; E174| David: the Lamb of God, the Saviour became apparent on Earth as  
J27prose; E174| the Prophets had foretold? The Return of Israel is a Return to  
J27prose; E174| Mental Sacrifice & War. Take up the Cross O Israel & follow Jesus.

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Chap: 2 [plates 28-50]

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Chap: 2 [plates 28-50]

J28; E174	Jerusalem.
J28.1; E174	Every ornament of perfection, and every labour of love,
J28.2; E174	In all the Garden of Eden, & in all the golden mountains
J28.3; E174	Was become an envied horror, and a remembrance of jealousy:
J28.4; E174	And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher & judge.
J28.5; E174	And Albion spoke from his secret seat and said
J28.6; E174	All these ornaments are crimes, they are made by the labours
J28.7; E174	Of loves: of unnatural consanguinities and friendships
J28.8; E174	Horrid to think of when enquired deeply into; and all
J28.9; E174	These hills & valleys are accursed witnesses of Sin
J28.10; E174	I therefore condense them into solid rocks, stedfast!
J28.11; E174	A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth:
J28.12; E174	That Man be separate from Man, & here I plant my seat.
J28.13; E174	Cold snows drifted around him: ice coverd his loins around
J28.14; E174	He sat by Tyburns brook, and underneath his heel, shot up!
J28.15; E174	A deadly Tree, he nam'd it Moral Virtue, and the Law
J28.16; E174	Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.
J28.17; E174	The Tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion groand)
J28.18; E174	They bent don, they felt the earth and again enrooting
J28.19; E174	Shot into many a Tree! an endless labyrinth of woe!
J28.20; E174	From willing sacrifice of Self, to sacrifice of (miscall'd) Enemies
J28.21; E174	For Atonement: Albion began to erect twelve Altars,
J28.22; E174	Of rough unhewn rocks, before the Potters Furnace
J28.23; E174	He nam'd them Justice, and Truth. And Albions Sons
J28.24; E174	Must have become the first Victims, being the first transgressors
J28.25; E174	But they fled to the mountains to seek ransom: building A Strong
J28.26; E174	Fortification against the Divine Humanity and Mercy,
J28.27; E174	In Shame & Jealousy to annihilate Jerusalem!
J29.1; E175	Turning his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous

J29.2; E175| Chaos before his face appeared: an Unformed Memory.

J29.3; E175| Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion darkning cold  
J29.4; E175| From the back & loins where dwell the Spectrous Dead

J29.5; E175| I am your Rational Power O Albion & that Human Form  
J29.6; E175| You call Divine, is but a Worm seventy inches long  
J29.7; E175| That creeps forth in a night & is dried in the morning sun  
J29.8; E175| In fortuitous concourse of memorys accumulated & lost  
J29.9; E175| It plows the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelms the Hills  
J29.10; E175| Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone of the brook  
J29.11; E175| Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills & rivers[.]  
J29.12; E175| Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble  
J29.13; E175| Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over[.]  
J29.14; E175| The ancient Cities of the Earth remove as a traveller  
J29.15; E175| And shall Albions Cities remain when I pass over them  
J29.16; E175| With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the tablet

J29.17; E175| So spoke the Spectre to Albion. he is the Great Selfhood  
J29.18; E175| Satan: Worshipd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth  
J29.19; E175| Having a white Dot call'd a Center from which branches out  
J29.20; E175| A Circle in continual gyrations. this became a Heart  
J29.21; E175| From which sprang numerous branches varying their motions  
J29.22; E175| Producing many Heads three or seven or ten, & hands & feet  
J29.23; E175| Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator  
J29.24; E175| Who becomes his food[:] such is the way of the Devouring Power

J29.25; E175| And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos[.]  
J29.26; E175| Albions Emanation which he had hidden in Jealousy  
J29.27; E175| Appeard now in the frowning Chaos prolific upon the Chaos  
J29.28; E175| Reflecting back to Albion in Sexual Reasoning Hermaphroditic

J29.29; E175| Albion spoke. Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp  
J29.30; E175| Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn ripeness  
J29.31; E175| I never saw thee till this time, nor beheld life abstracted  
J29.32; E175| Nor darkness immingled with light on my furrowd field  
J29.33; E175| Whence camest thou! who art thou O loveliest? the Divine Vision  
J29.34; E175| Is as nothing before thee, faded is all life and joy

J29.35; E175| Vala replied in clouds of tears Albions garment embracing

J29.36; E175| I was a City & a Temple built by Albions Children.  
J29.37; E175| I was a Garden planted with beauty I allured on hill & valley  
J29.38; E175| The River of Life to flow against my walls & among my trees  
J29.39; E175| Vala was Albions Bride & Wife in great Eternity  
J29.40; E175| The loveliest of the daughters of Eternity when in day-break

J29.41; E176| I emanated from Luvah over the Towers of Jerusalem  
J29.42; E176| And in her Courts among her little Children offering up  
J29.43; E176| The Sacrifice of fanatic love! why loved I Jerusalem!  
J29.44; E176| Why was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus  
J29.45; E176| Wherefore did I loving create love, which never yet  
J29.46; E176| Immingled God & Man, when thou & I, hid the Divine Vision  
J29.47; E176| In cloud of secret gloom which behold involve me round about *t278*  
J29.48; E176| Know me now Albion: look upon me I alone am Beauty  
J29.49; E176| The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala  
J29.50; E176| I breathe him forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave  
J29.51; E176| Born of the Woman to obey the Woman O Albion the mighty  
J29.52; E176| For the Divine appearance is Brotherhood, but I am Love

J301; E176| Elevate into the Region of Brotherhood with my red fires

J30.2; E176| Art thou Vala? replied Albion, image of my repose  
J30.3; E176| O how I tremble! how my members pour down milky fear!  
J30.4; E176| A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone!  
J30.5; E176| At thy word & at thy look death enrobes me about  
J30.6; E176| From head to feet, a garment of death & eternal fear  
J30.7; E176| Is not that Sun thy husband & that Moon thy glimmering Veil?  
J30.8; E176| Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children! art thou not Babylon?  
J30.9; E176| Art thou Nature Mother of all! is Jerusalem thy Daughter  
J30.10; E176| Why have thou elevate inward: O dweller of outward chambers  
J30.11; E176| From grot & cave beneath the Moon dim region of death  
J30.12; E176| Where I laid my Plow in the hot noon, where my hot team fed  
J30.13; E176| Where implements of War are forged, the Plow to go over the Nations  
J30.14; E176| In pain girding me round like a rib of iron in heaven! O Vala  
J30.15; E176| In Eternity they neither marry nor are given in marriage  
J30.16; E176| Albion the high Cliff of the Atlantic is become a barren Land

J30.17; E176| Los stood at his Anvil: he heard the contentions of Vala--  
J30.18; E176| He heaved his thundering Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex  
J30.19; E176| He opened his Furnaces before Vala, then Albion frowned in anger  
J30.20; E176| On his Rock: ere yet the Starry Heavens were fled away  
J30.21; E176| From his awful Members, and thus Los cried aloud  
J30.22; E176| To the Sons of Albion & to Hand the eldest Son of Albion



J30.23; E176	I hear the screech of Childbirth loud pealing, & the groans
J30.24; E176	Of Death, in Albions clouds dreadful utterd over all the Earth
J30.25; E176	What may Man be? who can tell! but what may Woman be?
J30.26; E176	To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.
J30.27; E176	There is a Throne in every Man, it is the Throne of God
J30.28; E176	This Woman has claimd as her own & Man is no more!
J30.29; E176	Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala & her Temple
J30.30; E176	And not the Tabernacle & Temple of the Most High
J30.31; E176	O Albion why wilt thou Create a Female Will?
J30.32; E177	To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert, even
J30.33; E177	In the shadows of a Woman & a secluded Holy Place
J30.34; E177	That we may pry after him as after a stolen treasure
J30.35; E177	Hidden among the Dead & mured up from the paths of life
J30.36; E177	Hand! art thou not Reuben enrooting thyself into Bashan
J30.37; E177	Till thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void! O Merlin!
J30.38; E177	Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came
J30.39; E177	Is this the Female Will O ye lovely Daughters of Albion. To
J30.40; E177	Converse concerning Weight & Distance in the Wilds of Newton & Locke
J30.41; E177	So Los spoke standing on Mam-Tor looking over Europe & Asia
J30.42; E177	The Graves thunder beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan
J30.43; E177	Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead in the valley
J30.44; E177	Cut off from Albions mountains & from all the Earths summits
J30.45; E177	Between Succoth & Zaretan beside the Stone of Bohan
J30.46; E177	While the Daughters of Albion divided Luvah into three Bodies
J30.47; E177	Los bended his Nostrils down to the Earth, then sent him over
J30.48; E177	Jordan to the Land of the Hittite: every-one that saw him
J30.49; E177	Fled! they fled at his horrible Form: they hid in caves
J30.50; E177	And dens, they looked on one-another & became what they beheld
J30.51; E177	Reuben return'd to Bashan, in despair he slept on the Stone.
J30.52; E177	Then Gwendolen divided into Rahab & Tirza in Twelve Portions[.]
J30.53; E177	Los rolled, his Eyes into two narrow circles, then sent him
J30.54; E177	Over Jordan; all terrified fled: they became what they beheld.
J30.55; E177	If Perceptive Organs vary: Objects of Perception seem to vary:
J30.56; E177	If the Perceptive Organs close: their Objects seem to close also:
J30.57; E177	Consider this O mortal Man! O worm of sixty winters said Los
J30.58; E177	Consider Sexual Organization & hide thee in the dust.

J31.1; E177| Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,  
J31.2; E177| In Albions bosom: for in every Human bosom those Limits stand.  
J31.3; E177| And the Divine voice came from the Furnaces, as multitudes without  
J31.4; E177| Number! the voices of the innumerable multitudes of Eternity.  
J31.5; E177| And the appearance of a Man was seen in the Furnaces;  
J31.6; E177| Saving those who have sinned from the punishment of the Law,  
J31.7; E177| (In pity of the punisher whose state is eternal death,)  
J31.8; E177| And keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love.

J31.9; E177| Albion goes to Eternal Death: In Me all Eternity.  
J31.10; E177| Must pass thro' condemnation, and awake beyond the Grave!  
J31.11; E177| No individual can keep these Laws, for they are death  
J31.12; E177| To every energy of man, and forbid the springs of life;  
J31.13; E177| Albion hath enterd the State Satan! Be permanent O State!  
J31.14; E177| And be thou for ever accursed! that Albion may arise again:

J31.15; E178| And be thou created into a State! I go forth to Create  
J31.16; E178| States: to deliver Individuals evermore! Amen.

J31.17; E178| So spoke the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity  
J31.18; E178| [*To Govern the Evil by Good: and States abolish Systems.*] <sup>t279</sup>

J32.1; E178| Reuben return'd to his place, in vain he sought beautiful Tirzah  
J32.2; E178| For his Eyelids were narrowd, & his Nostrils scented the ground  
J32.3; E178| And Sixty Winters Los raged in the Divisions of Reuben:  
J32.4; E178| Building the Moon of Ulro, plank by plank & rib by rib  
J32.5; E178| Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los folded his Tongue  
J32.6; E178| Between Lips of mire & clay, then sent him forth over Jordan  
J32.7; E178| In the love of Tirzah he said Doubt is my food day & night--  
J32.8; E178| All that beheld him fled howling and gnawed their tongues  
J32.9; E178| For pain: they became what they beheld[.] In reasonings Reuben returned  
J32.10; E178| To Heshbon. disconsolate he walkd thro Moab & he stood  
J32.11; E178| Before the Furnaces of Los in a horrible dreamful slumber,  
J32.12; E178| On Mount Gilead looking toward Gilgal: and Los bended  
J32.13; E178| His Ear in a spiral circle outward; then sent him over Jordan.

J32.14; E178| The Seven Nations fled before him they became what they beheld  
J32.15; E178| Hand, Hyle & Coban fled: they became what they beheld  
J32.16; E178| Gwantock & Peachy hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon  
J32.17; E178| Brereton & Slade in Egypt. Hutton & Skofeld & Kox  
J32.18; E178| Fled over Chaldea in terror in pains in every nerve

J32.19; E178| Kotope & Bowen became what they beheld, fleeing over the Earth  
J32.20; E178| And the Twelve Female Emanations fled with them agonizing.

J32.21; E178| Jerusalem trembled seeing her Children drivn by Los's Hammer  
J32.22; E178| In the visions of the dreams of Beulah on the edge of Non-Entity  
J32.23; E178| Hand stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reasoning Spectre  
J32.24; E178| Stands between the Vegetative Man & his Immortal Imagination

J32.25; E178| And the Four Zoa's clouded rage East & West & North & South  
J32.26; E178| They change their situations, in the Universal Man.  
J32.27; E178| Albion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face.  
J32.28; E178| And England who is Brittannia divided into Jerusalem & Vala  
J32.29; E178| And Urizen assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South  
J32.30; E178| In his dark Spectre ravening from his open Sepulcher

J32.31; E178| And the Four Zoa's who are the Four Eternal Senses of Man  
J32.32; E178| Became Four Elements separating from the Limbs of Albion  
J32.33; E178| These are their names in the Vegetative Generation  
J32.34; E178| [*West Weighing East & North dividing Generation South bounding*] <sup>t280</sup>  
J32.35; E178| And Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length Breadth & Highth  
J32.36; E178| And they divided into Four ravening deathlike Forms  
J32.37; E178| Fairies & Genii & Nymphs & Gnomes of the Elements.  
J32.38; E178| These are States Permanently Fixed by the Divine Power

J32.39; E179| The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albions cliffy shore  
J32.40; E179| And the Sea poured in amain upon the Giants of Albion  
J32.41; E179| As Los bended the Senses of Reuben Reuben is Merlin  
J32.42; E179| Exploring the Three States of Ulro; Creation; Redemption. & Judgment

J32.43; E179| And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner

J32.44; E179| Have you known the judgment that is arisen among the  
J32.45; E179| Zoa's of Albion? where a Man dare hardly to embrace  
J32.46; E179| His own Wife, for the terrors of Chastity that they call  
J32.47; E179| By the name of Morality. their Daughters govern all  
J32.48; E179| I hidden deceit! they are Vegetable only fit for burning  
J32.49; E179| Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty displayd

J32.50; E179| Then those in Great Eternity who contemplate on Death  
J32.51; E179| Said thus. What seems to Be: Is: To those to whom  
J32.52; E179| It seems to Be, & is productive of the most dreadful

J32.53; E179| Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be: even of  
J32.54; E179| Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy  
J32.55; E179| Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus Amen  
J32.56; E179| And Length Breadth Height again Obey the Divine Vision Hallelujah

J33.1; E179| And One stood forth from the Divine Family &,said *t281*

J33.2; E179| I feel my Spectre rising upon me! Albion! arouse thyself!  
J33.3; E179| Why dost thou thunder with frozen Spectrous wrath against us?  
J33.4; E179| The Spectre is, in Giant Man; insane, and most deform'd.  
J33.5; E179| Thou wilt certainly provoke my Spectre against thine in fury!  
J33.6; E179| He has a Sepulcher hewn out of a Rock ready for thee:  
J33.7; E179| And a Death of Eight thousand years forg'd by thyself, upon  
J33.8; E179| The point of his Spear! if thou persistest to forbid with Laws  
J33.9; E179| Our Emanations, and to attack our secret supreme delights

J33.10; E179| So Los spoke: But when he saw blue death in Albions feet, *t282*  
J33.11; E179| Again he join'd the Divine Body, following merciful;  
J33.12; E179| While Albion fled more indignant! revengeful covering

J34.1; E179| His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands  
J34.2; E179| And feet, lest any should enter his bosom & embrace  
J34.3; E179| His hidden heart; his Emanation wept & trembled within him:  
J34.4; E179| Uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with  
J34.5; E179| Iron and steel, dark and opaque, with clouds & tempests brooding:  
J34.6; E179| His strong limbs shudder'd upon his mountains high and dark.

J34.7; E179| Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went,  
J34.8; E179| His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud  
J34.9; E179| Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul)  
J34.10; E179| Fires and clouds of rolling smoke! but mild the Saviour follow'd him,

J34.11; E180| Displaying the Eternal Vision! the Divine Similitude!  
J34.12; E180| In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers, and friends  
J34.13; E180| Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist:

J34.14; E180| Saying. Albion! Our wars are wars of life, & wounds of love,  
J34.15; E180| With intellectual spears, & long winged arrows of thought:  
J34.16; E180| Mutual in one another's love and wrath all renewing  
J34.17; E180| We live as One Man; for contracting our infinite senses  
J34.18; E180| We behold multitude; or expanding: we behold as one,

J34.19; E180| As One Man all the Universal Family; and that One Man  
J34.20; E180| We call Jesus the Christ: and he in us, and we in him,  
J34.21; E180| Live in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life,  
J34.22; E180| Giving, recieving, and forgiving each others trespasses.  
J34.23; E180| He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord and master:  
J34.24; E180| He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all,  
J34.25; E180| In Eden: in the garden of God: and in heavenly Jerusalem.  
J34.26; E180| If we have offended, forgive us, take not vengeance against us.

J34.27; E180| Thus speaking; the Divine Family follow Albion:  
J34.28; E180| I see them in the Vision of God upon my pleasant valleys.

J34.29; E180| I behold London; a Human awful wonder of God!  
J34.30; E180| He says: Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee:  
J34.31; E180| My Streets are my, Ideas of Imagination.  
J34.32; E180| Awake Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.  
J34.33; E180| My Houses are Thoughts: my Inhabitants; Affections,  
J34.34; E180| The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels,  
J34.35; E180| Shut from my nervous form which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah  
J34.36; E180| In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in veiny pipes,  
J34.37; E180| Rolls dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan.  
J34.38; E180| For Albions sake, and for Jerusalem thy Emanation  
J34.39; E180| I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

J34.40; E180| So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeths shades:  
J34.41; E180| In Felpham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion  
J34.42; E180| I write in South Molton Street what I both see and hear  
J34.43; E180| In regions of Humanity, in Londons opening streets.

J34.44; E180| I see thee awful Parent Land in light, behold I see!  
J34.45; E180| Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men,  
J34.46; E180| Generous immortal Guardian golden clad! for Cities  
J34.47; E180| Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mount[a]ins  
J34.48; E180| Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty! sublime!  
J34.49; E180| In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings  
J34.50; E180| Let down at will around, and call'd the Universal Tent.  
J34.51; E180| York, crown'd with loving kindness. Edinburgh, cloth'd  
J34.52; E180| With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture  
J34.53; E180| Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men

J34.54; E181| Who give themselves, in Golgotha, Victims to Justice; where  
J34.55; E181| There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold



J34.56; E181| Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations viewless,  
J34.57; E181| Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park  
J34.58; E181| To Tyburns deathful shades, admits the wandering souls  
J34.59; E181| Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found

J35.1; E181| By Satans Watch-fiends tho' they search numbering every grain  
J35.2; E181| Of sand on Earth every night, they never find this Gate.  
J35.3; E181| It is the Gate of Los. Withoutside is the Mill, intricate, dreadful  
J35.4; E181| And fill'd with cruel tortures; but no mortal man can find the Mill  
J35.5; E181| Of Satan, in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years

J35.6; E181| For Human beauty knows it not: nor can Mercy find it! But *t283*  
J35.7; E181| In the Fourth region of Humanity, Urthona namd[,]  
J35.8; E181| Mortality begins to roll the billows of Eternal Death  
J35.9; E181| Before the Gate of Los. Urthona here is named Los.  
J35.10; E181| And here begins the System of Moral Virtue, named Rahab. *t284*  
J35.11; E181| Albion fled thro' the Gate of Los, and he stood in the Gate.

J35.12; E181| Los was the friend of Albion who most lov'd him. In Cambridgeshire  
J35.13; E181| His eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth, & is four-fold.  
J35.14; E181| Seeing Albion had turn'd his back against the Divine Vision,  
J35.15; E181| Los said to Albion, Whither fleest thou? Albion reply'd.

J35.16; E181| I die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death  
J35.17; E181| Hover within me & beneath, and spreading themselves outside  
J35.18; E181| Like rocky clouds, build me a gloomy monument of woe:  
J35.19; E181| Will none accompany me in my death? or be a Ransom for me  
J35.20; E181| In that dark Valley? I have girded round my cloke, and on my feet  
J35.21; E181| Bound these black shoes of death, & on my hands, death's iron gloves:  
J35.22; E181| God hath forsaken me, & my friends are become a burden  
J35.23; E181| A weariness to me, & the human footstep is a terror to me.

J35.24; E181| Los answerd, troubled: and his soul was rent in twain:  
J35.25; E181| Must the Wise die for an Atonement? does Mercy endure Atonement?  
J35.26; E181| No! It is Moral Severity, & destroys Mercy in its Victim.  
J35.27; E181| So speaking, not yet infected with the Error & Illusion,

J36.1; E181| Los shudder'd at beholding Albion, for his disease  
J36.2; E181| Arose upon him pale and ghastly: and he call'd around  
J36.3; E181| The Friends of Albion: trembling at the sight of Eternal Death  
J36.4; E181| The four appear'd with their Emanations in fiery  
J36.5; E181| Chariots: black their fires roll beholding Albions House of Eternity



J36.6; E181| Damp couch the flames beneath and silent, sick, stand shuddering  
J36.7; E181| Before the Porch of sixteen pillars: weeping every one  
J36.8; E181| Descended and fell down upon their knees round Albions knees,  
J36.9; E181| Swearing the Oath of God! with awful voice of thunders round  
J36.10; E181| Upon the hills & valleys, and the cloudy Oath roll'd far and wide

J36.11; E182| Albion is sick! said every Valley, every mournful Hill  
J36.12; E182| And every River: our brother Albion is sick to death.  
J36.13; E182| He hath leagued himself with robbers! he hath studied the arts  
J36.14; E182| Of unbelief! Envy hovers over him! his Friends are his abhorrence!  
J36.15; E182| Those who give their lives for him are despised!  
J36.16; E182| Those who devour his soul, are taken into his bosom!  
J36.17; E182| To destroy his Emanation is their intention:  
J36.18; E182| Arise! awake O Friends of the Giant Albion  
J36.19; E182| They have perswaded him of horrible falshoods!  
J36.20; E182| They have sown errors over all his fruitful fields!

J36.21; E182| The Twenty-four heard! they came trembling on watry chariots.  
J36.22; E182| Borne by the Living Creatures of the third procession  
J36.23; E182| Of Human Majesty, the Living Creatures wept aloud as they  
J36.24; E182| Went along Albions roads, till they arriv'd at Albions House.

J36.25; E182| O! how the torments of Eternal Death, waited on Man:  
J36.26; E182| And the loud-rending bars of the Creation ready to burst:  
J36.27; E182| That the wide world might fly from its hinges, & the immortal mansion  
J36.28; E182| Of Man, for ever be possess'd by monsters of the deeps:  
J36.29; E182| And Man himself become a Fiend, wrap'd in an endless curse,  
J36.30; E182| Consuming and consum'd for-ever in flames of Moral Justice.

J36.31; E182| For had the Body of Albion fall'n down, and from its dreadful ruins  
J36.32; E182| Let loose the enormous Spectre on the darkness of the deep,  
J36.33; E182| At enmity with the Merciful & fill'd with devouring fire,  
J36.34; E182| A nether-world must have reciev'd the foul enormous spirit,  
J36.35; E182| Under pretence of Moral Virtue, fill'd with Revenge and Law.  
J36.36; E182| There to eternity chain'd down, and issuing in red flames  
J36.37; E182| And curses, with his mighty arms brandish'd against the heavens  
J36.38; E182| Breathing cruelty blood & vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain  
J36.39; E182| Torn with black storms, & ceaseless torrents of his own consuming fire:  
J36.40; E182| Within his breast his mighty Sons chain'd down & fill'd with cursings:  
J36.41; E182| And his dark Eon, that once fair crystal form divinely clear:  
J36.42; E182| Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire.  
J36.43; E182| But, glory to the Merciful-One, for he is of tender mercies!  
J36.44; E182| And the Divine Family wept over him as One Man.

J36.45; E182| And these the Twenty-four in whom the Divine Family  
J36.46; E182| Appear'd; and they were One in Him. A Human Vision!  
J36.47; E182| Human Divine, Jesus the Saviour, blessed for ever and ever.

J36.48; E182| Selsey, true friend! who afterwards submitted to be devourd  
J36.49; E182| By the waves of Despair, whose Emanation rose above  
J36.50; E182| The flood, and was nam'd Chichester, lovely mild & gentle! Lo!  
J36.51; E182| Her lambs bleat to the sea-fowls cry, lamenting still for Albion.

J36.52; E182| Submitting to be call'd the son of Los the terrible vision:  
J36.53; E182| Winchester stood devoting himself for Albion: his tents

J36.54; E183| Outspread with abundant riches, and his Emanations  
J36.55; E183| Submitting to be call'd Enitharmons daughters, and be born  
J36.56; E183| In vegetable mould: created by the Hammer and Loom  
J36.57; E183| In Bowlahoola & Allamanda where the Dead wail night & day.

J36.58; E183| (I call them by their English names: English, the rough basement.  
J36.59; E183| Los built the stubborn structure of the Language, acting against  
J36.60; E183| Albions melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.)

J36.61; E183| Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol: and benevolent

J37.1; E183| Bath who is Legions: he is the Seventh, the physician and  
J37.2; E183| The poisoner: the best and worst in Heaven and Hell:  
J37.3; E183| Whose Spectre first assimilated with Luvah in Albions mountains  
J37.4; E183| A triple octave he took, to reduce Jerusalem to twelve  
J37.5; E183| To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar & Bow:  
J37.6; E183| To Malden & Canterbury in the delights of cruelty:  
J37.7; E183| The Shuttles of death sing in the sky to Islington & Pancrass  
J37.8; E183| Round Marybone to Tyburns River, weaving black melancholy as a net,  
J37.9; E183| And despair as meshes closely wove over the west of London,  
J37.10; E183| Where mild Jerusalem sought to repose in death & be no more.  
J37.11; E183| She fled to Lambeths mild Vale and hid herself beneath  
J37.12; E183| The Surrey Hills where Rephaim terminates: her Sons are siez'd  
J37.13; E183| For victims of sacrifice; but Jerusalem cannot be found! Hid  
J37.14; E183| By the Daughters of Beulah: gently snatch'd away: and hid in Beulah

J37.15; E183| There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find  
J37.16; E183| Nor can his Watch Fiends find it: tis translucent & has many Angles

J37.17; E183| But he ho finds it will find Oothoons palace, for within  
J37.18; E183| Opening into Beulah every angle is a lovely heaven  
J37.19; E183| But should the Watch Fiends find it, they would call it Sin  
J37.20; E183| And lay its Heavens & their inhabitants in blood of punishment  
J37.21; E183| Here Jerusalem & Vala were hid in soft slumberous repose  
J37.22; E183| Hid from the terrible East, shut up in the South & West.

J37.23; E183| The Twenty-eight trembled in Deaths dark caves, in cold despair  
J37.24; E183| They kneeld around the Couch of Death in deep humiliation  
J37.25; E183| And tortures of self condemnation while their Spectres ragd within.  
J37.26; E183| The Four Zoa's in terrible combustion clouded rage  
J37.27; E183| Drinking the shuddering fears & loves of Albions Families  
J37.28; E183| Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire  
J37.29; E183| Drinking & eating, & pitying & weeping, as at a trajic scene.  
J37.30; E183| The soul drinks murder & revenge, & applauds its own holiness

J37.31; E183| They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations. *t285*

J37ill; E184| [illustration, with inscription, reversed: "Each Man is in / his  
J37ill; E184| Spectre's power / Untill the arrival / of that hour, / When his  
J37ill; E184| Humanity / awake / And cast his Spectre / into the Lake"]

J38.1; E184| They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion  
J38.2; E184| Urizen, cold & scientific: Luvah, pitying & weeping  
J38.3; E184| Tharmas, indolent & sullen: Urthona, doubting & despairing  
J38.4; E184| Victims to one another & dreadfully plotting against each other  
J38.5; E184| To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

J38.6; E184| They saw America clos'd out by the Oaks of the western shore;  
J38.7; E184| And Tharmas dash'd on the Rocks of the Altars of Victims in Mexico.  
J38.8; E184| If we are wrathful Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Groves  
J38.9; E184| If we are merciful, ourselves must suffer destruction on his Oaks!  
J38.10; E184| Why should we enter into our Spectres, to behold our own corruptions  
J38.11; E184| O God of Albion descend! deliver Jerusalem from the Oaken Groves!

J38.12; E184| Then Los grew furious raging: Why stand we here trembling around  
J38.13; E184| Calling on God for help; and not ourselves in whom God dwells  
J38.14; E184| Stretching a hand to save the falling Man: are we not Four  
J38.15; E184| Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity:  
J38.16; E184| Seeing these Heavens & Hells conglobing in the Void. Heavens over Hells  
J38.17; E184| Brooding in holy hypocritic lust, drinking the cries of pain

J38.18; E185| From howling victims of Law: building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold.  
J38.19; E185| Swelld & bloated General Forms, repugnant to the Divine-  
J38.20; E185| Humanity, who is the Only General and Universal Form  
J38.21; E185| To which all Lineaments tend & seek with love & sympathy  
J38.22; E185| All broad & general principles belong to benevolence  
J38.23; E185| Who protects minute particulars, every one in their own identity.  
J38.24; E185| But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is closd in by deadly teeth  
J38.25; E185| And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence  
J38.26; E185| Become a net & a trap, & every energy renderd cruel,  
J38.27; E185| Till the existence of friendship & benevolence is denied:  
J38.28; E185| The wine of the Spirit & the vineyards of the Holy-One.  
J38.29; E185| Here: turn into poisonous stupor & deadly intoxication:  
J38.30; E185| That they may be condemnd by Law & the Lamb of God be slain!  
J38.31; E185| And the two Sources of Life in Eternity[,] Hunting and War,  
J38.32; E185| Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of corroding Hell:  
J38.33; E185| The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence  
J38.34; E185| That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs & bosom  
J38.35; E185| A pretence of Art, to destroy Art: a pretence of Liberty  
J38.36; E185| To destroy Liberty. a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion  
J38.37; E185| Oshea and Caleb fight: they contend in the valleys of Peor  
J38.38; E185| In the terrible Family Contentions of those who love each other:  
J38.39; E185| The Armies of Balaam weep---no women come to the field  
J38.40; E185| Dead corses lay before them, & not as in Wars of old.  
J38.41; E185| For the Soldier who fights for Truth, calls his enemy is brother:  
J38.42; E185| They fight & contend for life, & not for eternal death!  
J38.43; E185| But here the Soldier strikes, & a dead corse falls at his feet  
J38.44; E185| Nor Daughter nor Sister nor Mother come forth to embosom the Slain!  
J38.45; E185| But Death! Eternal Death! remains in the Valleys of Peor.  
J38.46; E185| The English are scatterd over the face of the Nations: are these  
J38.47; E185| Jerusalems children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night  
J38.48; E185| We smell the blood of the English! we delight in their blood on our Altars!  
J38.49; E185| The living & the dead shall be ground in our rumbling Mills  
J38.50; E185| For bread of the Sons of Albion: of the Giants Hand & Scofield  
J38.51; E185| Scofeld & Kox are let loose upon my Saxons! they accumulate  
J38.52; E185| A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man,  
J38.53; E185| In pride of Selfhood unwieldy stretching out into Non Entity  
J38.54; E185| Generalizing Art & Science till Art & Science is lost.  
J38.55; E185| Bristol & Bath, listen to my words, & ye Seventeen: give ear!  
J38.56; E185| It is easy to acknowledge a man to be great & good while we  
J38.57; E185| Derogate from him in the trifles & small articles of that goodness:  
J38.58; E185| Those alone are his friends, who admire his minutest powers[.]  
J38.59; E185| Instead of Albions lovely mountains & the curtains of Jerusalem  
J38.60; E185| I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginate:  
J38.61; E185| Instead of the Mutual Forgivenesses, the Minute Particulars, I see  
J38.62; E185| Pits of bitumen ever burning: artificial Riches of the Canaanite

J38.63; E186| Like Lakes of liquid lead: instead of heavenly Chapels, built  
J38.64; E186| By our dear Lord: I see Worlds crusted with snows & ice;  
J38.65; E186| I see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalems children. I see  
J38.66; E186| The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian:  
J38.67; E186| By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality & Negation.  
J38.68; E186| Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non Entity  
J38.69; E186| I see America closed apart, & Jerusalem driven in terror  
J38.70; E186| Away from Albions mountains, far away from Londons spires!  
J38.71; E186| I will not endure this thing! I alone withstand to death,  
J38.72; E186| This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me!  
J38.73; E186| Ah me! pitiable ones! do you also go to deaths vale?  
J38.74; E186| All you my Friends & Brothers! all you my beloved Companions!  
J38.75; E186| Have you also caught the infection of Sin & stern Repentance?  
J38.76; E186| I see Disease arise upon you! yet speak to me and give  
J38.77; E186| Me some comfort: why do you all stand silent? I alone  
J38.78; E186| Remain in permanent strength. Or is all this goodness & pity, only  
J38.79; E186| That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulcher.

J38.80; E186| So Los spoke. Pale they stood around the House of Death:  
J38.81; E186| In the midst of temptations & despair: among the rooted Oaks:  
J38.82; E186| Among reared Rocks of Albions Sons, at length they rose

J39.1; E186| With one accord in love sublime, & as on Cherubs wings  
J39.2; E186| They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back  
J39.3; E186| Against his will thro Los's Gate to Eden: Four-fold; loud!  
J39.4; E186| Their Wings waving over the bottomless Immense: to bear  
J39.5; E186| Their awful charge back to his native home: but Albion dark,  
J39.6; E186| Repugnant; rolled his Wheels backward into Non-Entity  
J39.7; E186| Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion into the World of Death  
J39.8; E186| And all the Gate of Los, clouded with clouds redounding from  
J39.9; E186| Albions dread Wheels, stretching out spaces immense between  
J39.10; E186| That every little particle of light & air, became Opaque  
J39.11; E186| Black & immense, a Rock of difficulty & a Cliff  
J39.12; E186| Of black despair; that the immortal Wings laboured against  
J39.13; E186| Cliff after cliff, & over Valleys of despair & death:  
J39.14; E186| The narrow Sea between Albion & the Atlantic Continent:  
J39.15; E186| Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean bottomless,  
J39.16; E186| Of grey obscurity, filled with clouds & rocks & whirling waters  
J39.17; E186| And Albions Sons ascending & descending in the horrid Void.

J39.18; E186| But as the Will must not be bended but in the day of Divine  
J39.19; E186| Power: silent calm & motionless, in the mid-air sublime,  
J39.20; E186| The Family Divine hover around the darkend Albion.



J39.21; E186	Such is the nature of the Ulro: that whatever enters:
J39.22; E186	Becomes Sexual, & is Created, and Vegetated, and Born.
J39.23; E186	From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion
J39.24; E186	In dreadful pain the Spectrous Uncircumcised Vegetation.
J39.25; E187	Forming a Sexual Machine: an Aged Virgin Form.
J39.26; E187	In Erins Land toward the north, joint after joint & burning
J39.27; E187	In love & jealousy immingled & calling it Religion
J39.28; E187	And feeling the damps of death they with one accord delegated Los
J39.29; E187	Conjuring him by the Highest that he should Watch over them
J39.30; E187	Till Jesus shall appear: & they gave their power to Los
J39.31; E187	Naming him the Spirit of Prophecy, calling him Elijah
J39.32; E187	Strucken with Albions disease they become what they behold;
J39.33; E187	They assimilate with Albion in pity & compassion;
J39.34; E187	Their Emanations return not: their Spectres rage in the Deep
J39.35; E187	The Slumbers of Death came over them around the Couch of Death
J39.36; E187	Before the Gate of Los & in the depths of Non Entity
J39.37; E187	Among the Furnaces of Los: among the Oaks of Albion.
J39.38; E187	Man is adjoind to Man by his Emanative portion:
J39.39; E187	Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man: and her
J39.40; E187	Shadow is Vala, builded by the Reasoning power in Man
J39.41; E187	O search & see: turn your eyes inward: open O thou World
J39.42; E187	Of Love & Harmony in Man: expand thy ever lovely Gates.
J39.43; E187	They wept into the deeps a little space at length was heard
J39.44; E187	The voice of Bath, faint as the voice of the Dead in the House of Death
J40.1; E187	Bath, healing City! whose wisdom in midst of Poetic
J40.2; E187	Fervor: mild spoke thro' the Western Porch, in soft gentle tears
J40.3; E187	O Albion mildest Son of Eden! clos'd is thy Western Gate
J40.4; E187	Brothers of Eternity! this Man whose great example
J40.5; E187	We all admir'd & lov'd, whose all benevolent countenance, seen
J40.6; E187	In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy
J40.7; E187	The tear: and the confession of honesty, open & undisguis'd
J40.8; E187	From mistrust and suspition. The Man is himself become
J40.9; E187	A piteous example of oblivion. To teach the Sons
J40.10; E187	Of Eden, that however great and glorious; however loving
J40.11; E187	And merciful the Individuality; however high



J40.12; E187	Our palaces and cities, and however fruitful are our fields
J40.13; E187	In Selfhood, we are nothing: but fade away in mornings breath,
J40.14; E187	Our mildness is nothing: the greatest mildness we can use
J40.15; E187	Is incapable and nothing! none but the Lamb of God can heal
J40.16; E187	This dread disease: none but Jesus! O Lord descend and save!
J40.17; E187	Albions Western Gate is clos'd: his death is coming apace!
J40.18; E187	Jesus alone can save him; for alas we none can know
J40.19; E187	How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep
J40.20; E187	Rose in the night of Beulah, and bound down the Sun & Moon
J40.21; E187	His friends cut his strong chains, & overwhelm'd his dark
J40.22; E187	Machines in fury & destruction, and the Man reviving repented
J40.23; E187	He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate
J40.24; E188	For their well timed wrath. But Albions sleep is not
J40.25; E188	Like Africa's: and his machines are woven with his life
J40.26; E188	Nothing but mercy can save him! nothing but mercy interposing
J40.27; E188	Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy
J40.28; E188	O God descend! gather our brethren, deliver Jerusalem
J40.29; E188	But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit
J40.30; E188	Oxford take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life: with eloquence
J40.31; E188	That thy immortal tongue inspires; present them to Albion:
J40.32; E188	Perhaps he may recieve them, offerd from thy loved hands.
J40.33; E188	So spoke, unheard by Albion. the merciful Son of Heaven
J40.34; E188	To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping
J40.35; E188	Around Albion: but Albion heard him not; obdurate! hard!
J40.36; E188	He frown'd on all his Friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow
J40.37; E188	And the Seventeen conjoining with Bath, the Seventh:
J40.38; E188	In whom the other Ten shone manifest, a Divine Vision!
J40.39; E188	Assimilated and embrac'd Eternal Death for Albions sake.
J40.40; E188	And these the names of the Eighteen combining with those Ten <i>t286</i>
J41.1; E188	Bath, mild Physician of Eternity, mysterious power
J41.2; E188	Whose springs are unsearchable & knowledg infinite.
J41.3; E188	Hereford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands
J41.4; E188	Builded the mountain palaces of Eden, stupendous works!
J41.5; E188	Lincoln, Durham & Carlisle, Councillors of Los.
J41.6; E188	And Ely, Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand
J41.7; E188	Dare touch! Oxford, immortal Bard! with eloquence
J41.8; E188	Divine, he wept over Albion: speaking the words of God

J41.9; E188|

In mild perswasion: bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.

J41.10; E188|

Thou art in Error Albion, the Land of Ulro:

J41.11; E188|

One Error not remov'd, will destroy a human Soul

J41.12; E188|

Repose in Beulahs night, till the Error is remov'd

J41.13; E188|

Reason not on both sides. Repose upon our bosoms

J41.14; E188|

Till the Plow of Jehovah, and the Harrow of Shaddai

J41.15; E188|

Have passed over the Dead, to awake the Dead to Judgment.

J41.16; E188|

But Albion turn'd away refusing comfort.

J41.17; E188|

Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms

J41.18; E188|

Of Norwich, Peterboro, Rochester, Chester awful, Worcester,

J41.19; E188|

Litchfield, Saint Davids, Landaff, Asaph, Bangor, Sodor,

J41.20; E188|

Bowing their heads devoted: and the Furnaces of Los

J41.21; E188|

Began to rage, thundering loud the storms began to roar

J41.22; E188|

Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebellow beneath

J41.23; E188|

And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appear'd four-fold:

J41.24; E188|

Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another

J41.25; E189|

Alas!--The time will come, when a mans worst enemies

J41.26; E189|

Shall be those of his own house and family: in a Religion

J41.27; E189|

Of Generation, to destroy by Sin and Atonement, happy Jerusalem,

J41.28; E189|

The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God thou art Not an Avenger!

J42.1; E189|

Thus Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease:

J42.2; E189|

Brooding on evil: but when Los open'd the Furnaces before him:

J42.3; E189|

He saw that the accursed things were his own affections,

J42.4; E189|

And his own beloveds: then he turn'd sick! his soul died within him

J42.5; E189|

Also Los sick & terrified beheld the Furnaces of Death

J42.6; E189|

And must have died, but the Divine Saviour descended

J42.7; E189|

Among the infant loves & affections, and the Divine Vision wept

J42.8; E189|

Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground

J42.9; E189|

Albion spoke in his dismal dreams: O thou deceitful friend

J42.10; E189|

Worshipping mercy & beholding thy friend in such affliction:

J42.11; E189|

Los! thou now discoverest thy turpitude to the heavens.

J42.12; E189|

I demand righteousness & justice. O thou ingratitude!

J42.13; E189|

Give me my Emanations back[,] food for my dying soul!

J42.14; E189|

My daughters are harlots! my sons are accursed before me.

J42.15; E189|

Enitharmon is my daughter: accursed with a fathers curse!

J42.16; E189|

O! I have utterly been wasted! I have given my daughters to devils

J42.17; E189| So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night  
J42.18; E189| Of Ulro rolld round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.

J42.19; E189| Los answerd. Righteousness & justice I give thee in return  
J42.20; E189| For thy righteousness! but I add mercy also, and bind  
J42.21; E189| Thee from destroying these little ones: am I to be only  
J42.22; E189| Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest[?]  
J42.23; E189| Thou wast the Image of God surrounded by the Four Zoa's  
J42.24; E189| Three thou hast slain! I am the Fourth: thou canst not destroy me.  
J42.25; E189| Thou art in Error; trouble me not with thy righteousness.  
J42.26; E189| I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct:  
J42.27; E189| I have no time for seeming; and little arts of compliment,  
J42.28; E189| In morality and virtue: in self-glorying and pride.  
J42.29; E189| There is a limit of Opakeness, and a limit of Contraction;  
J42.30; E189| In every Individual Man, and the limit of Opakeness,  
J42.31; E189| Is named Satan: and the limit of Contraction is named Adam.  
J42.32; E189| But when Man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in mercy takes  
J42.33; E189| Contractions Limit, and of the Limit he forms Woman: That  
J42.34; E189| Himself may in process of time be born Man to redeem  
J42.35; E189| But there is no Limit of Expansion! there is no Limit of Translucence.  
J42.36; E189| In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity.  
J42.37; E189| Therefore I break thy bonds of righteousness; I crush thy messengers!  
J42.38; E189| That they may not crush me and mine: do thou be righteous,  
J42.39; E189| And I will return it; otherwise I defy thy worst revenge:

J42.40; E190| Consider me as thine enemy: on me turn all thy fury  
J42.41; E190| But destroy not these little ones, nor mock the Lords anointed:  
J42.42; E190| Destroy not by Moral Virtue, the little ones whom he hath chosen!  
J42.43; E190| The little ones whom he hath chosen in preference to thee.  
J42.44; E190| He hath cast thee off for ever; the little ones he hath anointed!  
J42.45; E190| Thy Selfhood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence

J42.46; E190| So Los spoke: then turn'd his face & wept for Albion.

J42.47; E190| Albion replied. Go! Hand & Hyle! sieze the abhorred friend: *t287*  
J42.48; E190| As you Have siezd the Twenty-four rebellious ingrattitudes;  
J42.49; E190| To atone for you, for spiritual death! Man lives by deaths of Men  
J42.50; E190| Bring him to justice before heaven here upon London stone,  
J42.51; E190| Between Blackheath & Hounslow, between Norwood & Finchley  
J42.52; E190| All that they have is mine: from my free genrous gift,  
J42.53; E190| They now hold all they have: ingratitude to me!  
J42.54; E190| To me their benefactor calls aloud for vengeance deep.

J42.55; E190| Los stood before his Furnaces awaiting the fury of the Dead:  
J42.56; E190| And the Divine hand was upon him, strengthening him mightily.

J42.57; E190| The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath  
J42.58; E190| Upon the hills of Albion; Oxford groans in his iron furnace  
J42.59; E190| Winchester in his den & cavern; they lament against  
J42.60; E190| Albion: they curse their human kindness & affection  
J42.61; E190| They rage like wild beasts in the forests of affliction  
J42.62; E190| In the dreams of Ulro they repent of their human kindness.

J42.63; E190| Come up, build Babylon, Rahab is ours & all her multitudes  
J42.64; E190| With her in pomp and glory of victory. Depart  
J42.65; E190| Ye twenty-four into the deeps! let us depart to glory!

J42.66; E190| Their Human majestic forms sit up upon their Couches  
J42.67; E190| Of death: they curb their Spectres as with iron curbs  
J42.68; E190| They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead,  
J42.69; E190| With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate,  
J42.70; E190| And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose.

J42.71; E190| O when shall the morning of the grave appear, and when  
J42.72; E190| Shall our salvation come? we sleep upon our watch  
J42.73; E190| We cannot awake! and our Spectres rage in the forests  
J42.74; E190| O God of Albion where art thou! pity the watchers!

J42.75; E190| Thus mourn they. Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon  
J42.76; E190| The clouds of Europe & Asia, among the Serpent Temples!

J42.77; E190| And Los drew his Seven Furnaces around Albions Altars  
J42.78; E190| And as Albion built his frozen Altars, Los built the Mundane Shell,  
J42.79; E190| In the Four Regions of Humanity East & West & North & South,

J42.80; E191| Till Norwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow, coverd the whole Earth.  
J42.81; E191| This is the Net & Veil of Vala, among the Souls of the Dead.

J43.1; E191| Then the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appeard above  
J43.2; E191| Albions dark rocks: setting behind the Gardens of Kensington  
J43.3; E191| On Tyburns River, in clouds of blood: where was mild Zion Hills  
J43.4; E191| Most ancient promontory, and in the Sun, a Human Form appeard  
J43.5; E191| And thus the Voice Divine went forth upon the rocks of Albion

J43.6; E191| I elected Albion for my glory; I gave to him the Nations,  
J43.7; E191| Of the whole Earth. he was the Angel of my Presence: and all  
J43.8; E191| The Sons of God were Albions Sons: and Jerusalem was my joy.  
J43.9; E191| The Reactor hath hid himself thro envy. I behold him.  
J43.10; E191| But you cannot behold him till he be reveal'd in his System  
J43.11; E191| Albions Reactor must have a Place prepar'd: Albion must Sleep  
J43.12; E191| The Sleep of Death, till the Man of Sin & Repentance be reveal'd.  
J43.13; E191| Hidden in Albions Forests he lurks: he admits of no Reply  
J43.14; E191| From Albion: but hath founded his Reaction into a Law  
J43.15; E191| Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man[.]  
J43.16; E191| He hath compell'd Albion to become a Punisher & hath possess'd  
J43.17; E191| Himself of Albions Forests & Wilds! and Jerusalem is taken!  
J43.18; E191| The City of the Woods in the Forest of Ephratah is taken!  
J43.19; E191| London is a stone of her ruins; Oxford is the dust of her walls!  
J43.20; E191| Sussex & Kent are her scatter'd garments: Ireland her holy place!  
J43.21; E191| And the murder'd bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales  
J43.22; E191| The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consummation  
J43.23; E191| The Nations are her dust! ground by the chariot wheels  
J43.24; E191| Of her lordly conquerors, her palaces level'd with the dust  
J43.25; E191| I come that I may find a way for my banished ones to return  
J43.26; E191| Fear not O little Flock I come! Albion shall rise again.

J43.27; E191| So saying, the mild Sun inclos'd the Human Family.

J43.28; E191| Forthwith from Albions darkning [r]ocks came two Immortal forms <sup>t288</sup>  
J43.29; E191| Saying We alone are escaped. O merciful Lord and Saviour,  
J43.30; E191| We flee from the interiors of Albions hills and mountains!  
J43.31; E191| From his Valleys Eastward: from Amalek Canaan & Moab:  
J43.32; E191| Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem.

J43.33; E191| Albion walk'd on the steps of fire before his Halls  
J43.34; E191| And Vala walk'd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.  
J43.35; E191| He looked up & saw the Prince of Light with splendor faded  
J43.36; E191| Then Albion ascended mourning into the porches of his Palace  
J43.37; E191| Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect:  
J43.38; E191| Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy: in white linen pure he hover'd

J43.39; E192| A sweet entrancing self-delusion a watry vision of Albion  
J43.40; E192| Soft exulting in existence; all the Man absorbing!

J43.41; E192| Albion fell upon his face prostrate before the watry Shadow



J43.42; E192| Saying O Lord whence is this change! thou knowest I am nothing!  
J43.43; E192| And Vala trembled & coverd her face! & her locks were spread on the pavement

J43.44; E192| We heard astonishd at the Vision & our heart trembled within us:  
J43.45; E192| We heard the voice of slumberous Albion, and thus he spake,  
J43.46; E192| Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of eternity uttering:

J43.47; E192| O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee!  
J43.48; E192| If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades  
J43.49; E192| If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent:  
J43.50; E192| If thou withhold thine hand; I perish like a fallen leaf:  
J43.51; E192| O I am nothing: and to nothing must return again:  
J43.52; E192| If thou withdraw thy breath. Behold I am oblivion.

J43.53; E192| He ceas'd: the shadowy voice was silent: but the cloud hoverd over their heads  
J43.54; E192| In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man; & the balmy drops fell down.  
J43.55; E192| And lo! that son of Man that Shadowy Spirit of mild Albion:  
J43.56; E192| Luvah descended from the cloud; in terror Albion rose:  
J43.57; E192| Indignant rose the awful Man, & turn'd his back on Vala.

J43.58; E192| We heard the voice of Albion starting from his sleep:

J43.59; E192| Whence is this voice crying Enion! that soundeth in my ears?  
J43.60; E192| O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can love seek for dominion?

J43.61; E192| And Luvah strove to gain dominion over Albion  
J43.62; E192| They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclos'd  
J43.63; E192| And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement,  
J43.64; E192| Coverd with boils from head to foot: the terrible smitings of Luvah.

J43.65; E192| Then frownd the fallen Man, and put forth Luvah from his presence  
J43.66; E192| Saying. Go and Die the Death of Man, for Vala the sweet wanderer.  
J43.67; E192| I will turn the volutions of your ears outward, and bend your nostrils  
J43.68; E192| Downward, and your fluxile eyes englob'd roll round in fear:  
J43.69; E192| Your withring lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle,  
J43.70; E192| Till into narrow forms you creep: go take your fiery way:  
J43.71; E192| And learn what tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love.

J43.72; E192| They heard the voice and fled swift as the winters setting sun.  
J43.73; E192| And now the human blood foam'd high, the Spirits Luvah & Vala,  
J43.74; E192| Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded,



J43.75; E192| In jealous fears & fury & rage, & flames roll round their fervid feet:  
J43.76; E192| And the vast form of Nature like a serpent playd before them  
J43.77; E192| And as they fled in folding fires & thunders of the deep:

J43.78; E193| Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks.  
J43.79; E193| And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and west.  
J43.80; E193| And the vast form of Nature like a serpent rolld between,  
J43.81; E193| Whether of Jerusalems or Valas ruins congenerated, we know not:  
J43.82; E193| All is confusion: all is tumult, & we alone are escaped.  
J43.83; E193| So spoke the fugitives; they joind the Divine Family, trembling *t289*

J44.1; E193| And the Two that escaped; were the Emanation of Los & his  
J44.2; E193| Spectre: for wherever the Emanation goes, the Spectre  
J44.3; E193| Attends her as her Guard, & Los's Emanation is named  
J44.4; E193| Enitharmon, & his Spectre is named Urthona: they knew  
J44.5; E193| Not where to flee: they had been on a visit to Albions Children  
J44.6; E193| And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation  
J44.7; E193| To hide themselves: weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation  
J44.8; E193| Of Albions Children; fleeing thro Albions vales in streams of gore

J44.9; E193| Being not irritated by insult bearing insulting benevolences  
J44.10; E193| They percieved that corporeal friends are spiritual enemies  
J44.11; E193| They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryo Uncircumcision  
J44.12; E193| And the Divine hand was upon them bearing them thro darkness  
J44.13; E193| Back safe to their Humanity as doves to their windows:  
J44.14; E193| Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in Songs  
J44.15; E193| Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

J44.16; E193| They wept & trembled: & Los put forth his hand & took them in  
J44.17; E193| Into his Bosom: from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain;  
J44.18; E193| Rending the fibres of Brotherhood & in Feminine Allegories  
J44.19; E193| Inclosing Los: but the Divine Vision appeard with Los  
J44.20; E193| Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.

J44.21; E193| And Los prayed and said. O Divine Saviour arise  
J44.22; E193| Upon the Mountains of Albion as in ancient time. Behold!  
J44.23; E193| The Cities of Albion seek thy face, London groans in pain  
J44.24; E193| From Hill to Hill & the Thames laments along the Valleys  
J44.25; E193| The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst  
J44.26; E193| The Twenty-eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee:  
J44.27; E193| Because of the Opressors of Albion in every City & Village:  
J44.28; E193| They mock at the Labourers limbs! they mock at his starvd Children.

J44.29; E193| They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons:  
J44.30; E193| They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts:  
J44.31; E193| They reduce the Man to want: then give with pomp & ceremony.  
J44.32; E193| The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger & thirst!  
J44.33; E193| Humanity knows not of Sex: wherefore are Sexes in Beulah?  
J44.34; E193| In Beulah the Female lets down her beautiful Tabernacle;  
J44.35; E193| Which the Male enters magnificent between her Cherubim:  
J44.36; E193| And becomes One with her mingling condensing in Self-love  
J44.37; E193| The Rocky Law of Condemnation & double Generation, & Death.

J44.38; E194| Albion hath enterd the Loins the place of the Last Judgment:  
J44.39; E194| And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vala's bosom  
J44.40; E194| The Dead awake to Generation! Arise O Lord, & rend the Veil!

J44.41; E194| So Los in lamentations followd Albion, Albion coverd,

J45.1; E194| His western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair.

J45.2; E194| Fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision  
J45.3; E194| Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albions  
J45.4; E194| Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship, entering the caves  
J45.5; E194| Of despair & death, to search the tempters out, walking among  
J45.6; E194| Albions rocks & precipices! caves of solitude & dark despair,  
J45.7; E194| And saw every Minute Particular of Albion degraded & murderd  
J45.8; E194| But saw not by whom; they were hidden within in the minute particulars  
J45.9; E194| Of which they had possessd themselves; and there they take up  
J45.10; E194| The articulations of a mans soul, and laughing throw it down  
J45.11; E194| Into the frame, then knock it out upon the plank, & souls are bak'd  
J45.12; E194| In bricks to build the pyramids of Heber & Terah. But Los  
J45.13; E194| Searchd in vain: closd from the minutia he walkd, difficult.  
J45.14; E194| He came down from Highgate thro Hackney & Holloway towards London  
J45.15; E194| Till he came to old Stratford & thence to Stepney & the Isle  
J45.16; E194| Of Leuthas Dogs, thence thro the narrows of the Rivers side  
J45.17; E194| And saw every minute particular, the jewels of Albion, running down  
J45.18; E194| The kennels of the streets & lanes as if they were abhorrd.  
J45.19; E194| Every Universal Form, was become barren mountains of Moral  
J45.20; E194| Virtue: and every Minute Particular hardend into grains of sand:  
J45.21; E194| And all the tendernesses of the soul cast forth as filth & mire,  
J45.22; E194| Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate  
J45.23; E194| To where the Tower of London frownd dreadful over Jerusalem:  
J45.24; E194| A building of Luvah builded in Jerusalems eastern gate to be  
J45.25; E194| His secluded Court: thence to Bethlehem where was builded  
J45.26; E194| Dens of despair in the house of bread: enquiring in vain

J45.27; E194| Of stones and rocks he took his way, for human form was none:  
J45.28; E194| And thus he spoke, looking on Albions City with many tears

J45.29; E194| What shall I do! what could I do, if I could find these Criminals  
J45.30; E194| I could not dare to take vengeance; for all things are so constructed  
J45.31; E194| And builded by the Divine hand, that the sinner shall always escape,  
J45.32; E194| And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence;  
J45.33; E194| If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand  
J45.34; E194| In way of vengeance; I punish the already punishd: O whom  
J45.35; E194| Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray!  
J45.36; E194| O Albion, if thou takest vengeance; if thou revengest thy wrongs  
J45.37; E194| Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the Sons  
J45.38; E194| Of Albion from taking vengeance? or how shall I them perswade.

J45.39; E195| So spoke Los, travelling thro darkness & horrid solitude:  
J45.40; E195| And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster & Marybone,  
J45.41; E195| Among the ruins of the Temple: and Vala who is her Shadow,  
J45.42; E195| Jerusalems Shadow bent northward over the Island white.  
J45.43; E195| At length he sat on London Stone, & heard Jerusalems voice.

J45.44; E195| Albion I cannot be thy Wife. thine own Minute Particulars,  
J45.45; E195| Belong to God alone. and all thy little ones are holy  
J45.46; E195| They are of Faith & not of Demonstration: wherefore is Vala  
J45.47; E195| Clothd in black mourning upon my rivers currents, Vala awake!  
J45.48; E195| I hear thy shuttles sing in the sky, and round my limbs  
J45.49; E195| I feel the iron threads of love & jealousy & despair.

J45.50; E195| Vala reply'd. Albion is mine! Luvah gave me to Albion  
J45.51; E195| And now recieves reproach & hate. Was it not said of old  
J45.52; E195| Set your Son before a man & he shall take you & your sons  
J45.53; E195| For slaves: but set your Daughter before a man & She  
J45.54; E195| Shall make him & his sons & daughters your slaves for ever!  
J45.55; E195| And is this Faith? Behold the strife of Albion, & Luvah  
J45.56; E195| Is great in the east, their spears of blood rage in the eastern heaven  
J45.57; E195| Urizen is the champion of Albion, they will slay my Luvah:  
J45.58; E195| And thou O harlot daughter! daughter of despair art all  
J45.59; E195| This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates.  
J45.60; E195| Here is the House of Albion, & here is thy secluded place  
J45.61; E195| And here we have found thy sins: & hence we turn thee forth,  
J45.62; E195| For all to avoid thee: to be astonishd at thee for thy sins:  
J45.63; E195| Because thou art the impurity & the harlot: & thy children!  
J45.64; E195| Children of whoredoms: born for Sacrifice: for the meat & drink  
J45.65; E195| Offering: to sustain the glorious combat & the battle & war

- J45.66; E195| That Man may be purified by the death of thy delusions.
- J45.67; E195| So saying she her dark threads cast over the trembling River:  
J45.68; E195| And over the valleys; from the hills of Hertfordshire to the hills  
J45.69; E195| Of Surrey across Middlesex & across Albions House  
J45.70; E195| Of Eternity! pale stood Albion at his eastern gate,
- J46.1; E195| Leaning against the pillars, & his disease rose from his skirts  
J46.2; E195| Upon the Precipice he stood! ready to fall into Non-Entity.
- J46.3; E195| Los was all astonishment & terror: he trembled sitting on the Stone  
J46.4; E195| Of London: but the interiors of Albions fibres & nerves were hidden  
J46.5; E195| From Los; astonishd be beheld only the petrified surfaces:  
J46.6; E195| And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces;  
J46.7; E195| He saw also the Four Points of Albion reversd inwards  
J46.8; E195| He siezd his Hammer & Tongs, his iron Poker & his Bellows,  
J46.9; E195| Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.
- J46.10; E195| In stern defiance came from Albions bosom Hand, Hyle, Koban,  
J46.11; E195| Gwantok, Peachy, Brertun, Slaid, Huttn, Skofeld, Kock, Kotope
- J46.12; E196| Bowen: Albions Sons: they bore him a golden couch into the porch  
J46.13; E196| And on the Couch reposd his limbs, trembling from the bloody field.  
J46.14; E196| Rearing their Druid Patriarchal rocky Temples around his limbs.  
J46.15; E196| (All things begin & end, in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)
- J47.1; E196| [*When Albion utterd his last words Hope is banishd from me*] <sup>t290</sup>  
J47.2; E196| From Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along,  
J47.3; E196| Where Los's Furnaces stand, where Jerusalem & Vala howl:  
J47.4; E196| Luvah tore forth from Albions Loins, in fibrous veins, in rivers  
J47.5; E196| Of blood over Europe: a Vegetating Root in grinding pain.  
J47.6; E196| Animating the Dragon Temples, soon to become that Holy Fiend  
J47.7; E196| The Wicker Man of Scandinavia in which cruelly consumed  
J47.8; E196| The Captives reard to heaven howl in flames among the stars  
J47.9; E196| Loud the cries of War on the Rhine & Danube, with Albions Sons,  
J47.10; E196| Away from Beulahs hills & vales break forth the Souls of the Dead,  
J47.11; E196| With cymbal, trumpet, clarion; & the scythed chariots of Britain.
- J47.12; E196| And the Veil of Vala, is composed of the Spectres of the Dead
- J47.13; E196| Hark! the mingling cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion

J47.14; E196| Hark! & Record the terrible wonder! that the Punisher  
J47.15; E196| Mingles with his Victims Spectre, enslaved and tormented  
J47.16; E196| To him whom he has murderd, bound in vengeance & enmity  
J47.17; E196| Shudder not, but Write, & the hand of God will assist you!  
J47.18; E196| Therefore I write Albions last words. Hope is banish'd from me.

J48.1; E196| These were his last words, and the merciful Saviour in his arms  
J48.2; E196| Reciev'd him, in the arms of tender mercy and repos'd  
J48.3; E196| The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality  
J48.4; E196| Upon the Rock of Ages. Then, surrounded with a Cloud:  
J48.5; E196| In silence the Divine Lord builded with immortal labour,  
J48.6; E196| Of gold & jewels a sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose,  
J48.7; E196| With Sixteen pillars: canopied with emblems & written verse.  
J48.8; E196| Spiritual Verse, order'd & measur'd, from whence, time shall reveal.  
J48.9; E196| The Five books of the Decalogue, the books of Joshua & Judges,  
J48.10; E196| Samuel, a double book & Kings, a double book, the Psalms & Prophets  
J48.11; E196| The Four-fold Gospel, and the Revelations everlasting  
J48.12; E196| Eternity groan'd & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

J48.13; E196| Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earths central joint,  
J48.14; E196| There is a place where Contrarities are equally true:  
J48.15; E196| (To protect from the Giant blows in the sports of intellect,  
J48.16; E196| Thunder in the midst of kindness, & love that kills its beloved:  
J48.17; E196| Because Death is for a period, and they renew tenfold.)  
J48.18; E196| From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem

J48.19; E197| With pangs she forsook Beulah's pleasant lovely shadowy Universe  
J48.20; E197| Where no dispute can come; created for those who Sleep.

J48.21; E197| Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah  
J48.22; E197| Wept for their Sister the Daughter of Albion, Jerusalem:  
J48.23; E197| When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended  
J48.24; E197| With solemn mourning out of Beulahs moony shades and hills:  
J48.25; E197| Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

J48.26; E197| And this the manner of the terrible Separation  
J48.27; E197| The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion  
J48.28; E197| Concenter in one Female form an Aged pensive Woman.  
J48.29; E197| Astonish'd! lovely! embracing the sublime shade: the Daughters of Beulah  
J48.30; E197| Beheld her with wonder! With awful hands she took  
J48.31; E197| A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions  
J48.32; E197| And many sorrows: oblique across the Atlantic Vale



J48.33; E197| Which is the Vale of Rephaim dreadful from East to West,  
J48.34; E197| Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden  
J48.35; E197| Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold, a mild Reflection from  
J48.36; E197| Albions dread Tomb. Eight thousand and five hundred years  
J48.37; E197| In its extension. Every two hundred years has a door to Eden  
J48.38; E197| She also took an Atom of Space, with dire pain opening it a Center  
J48.39; E197| Into Beulah: trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried  
J48.40; E197| Her tears. she ardent embrac'd her sorrows. occupied in labours  
J48.41; E197| Of sublime mercy in Rephaims Vale. Perusing Albions Tomb  
J48.42; E197| She sat: she walk'd among the ornaments solemn mourning.  
J48.43; E197| The Daughters attended her shudderings, wiping the death sweat  
J48.44; E197| Los also saw her in his seventh Furnace, he also terrified  
J48.45; E197| Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace:  
J48.46; E197| Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place.  
J48.47; E197| When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion.  
J48.48; E197| Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud,  
J48.49; E197| Female and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form  
J48.50; E197| Writhing in pain. The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms reciev'd  
J48.51; E197| Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin,  
J48.52; E197| In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wail night & day.

J48.53; E197| And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, in soft tears

J48.54; E197| Albion the Vortex of the Dead! Albion the Generous!  
J48.55; E197| Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice!  
J48.56; E197| Where Friends Die for each other: will become the Place,  
J48.57; E197| Of Murder, & Unforgiving, Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies  
J48.58; E197| The Children must be sacrific'd! (a horror never known  
J48.59; E197| Till now in Beulah.) unless a Refuge can be found  
J48.60; E197| To hide them from the wrath of Albions Law that freezes sore  
J48.61; E197| Upon his Sons & Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom

J48.62; E198| Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albions Mountains  
J48.63; E198| To give a Place for Redemption, let Sihon and Og  
J48.64; E198| Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

J49.1; E198| The secret coverts of Albion & the hidden places of America  
J49.2; E198| Jerusalem Jerusalem! why wilt thou turn away  
J49.3; E198| Come ye O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og & Sihon  
J49.4; E198| Upon the Lakes of Ireland from Rathlin to Baltimore:  
J49.5; E198| Stand ye upon the Dargle from Wicklow to Drogheda  
J49.6; E198| Come & mourn over Albion the White Cliff of the Atlantic  
J49.7; E198| The Mountain of Giants: all the Giants of Albion are become



J49.8; E198| Weak! witherd! darkend! & Jerusalem is cast forth from Albion.  
J49.9; E198| They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shiloh  
J49.10; E198| The Gigantic roots & twigs of the vegetating Sons of Albion  
J49.11; E198| Filld with the little-ones are consumed in the Fires of their Altars  
J49.12; E198| The vegetating Cities are burned & consumed from the Earth:  
J49.13; E198| And the Bodies in which all Animals & Vegetations, the Earth & Heaven  
J49.14; E198| Were containd in the All Glorious Imagination are witherd & darkend;  
J49.15; E198| The golden Gate of Havilah, and all the Garden of God,  
J49.16; E198| Was caught up with the Sun in one day of fury and war:  
J49.17; E198| The Lungs, the Heart, the Liver, shrunk away far distant from Man  
J49.18; E198| And left a little slimy substance floating upon the tides.  
J49.19; E198| In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon,  
J49.20; E198| And became an Opake Globe far distant clad with moony beams.  
J49.21; E198| The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,  
J49.22; E198| Are become weak Visions of Time & Space, fix'd into furrows of death;  
J49.23; E198| Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left  
J49.24; E198| O Polypus of Death O Spectre over Europe and Asia  
J49.25; E198| Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin  
J49.26; E198| By Laws of Chastity & Abhorrence I am witherd up.  
J49.27; E198| Striving to Create a Heaven in which all shall be pure & holy  
J49.28; E198| In their Own Selfhoods, in Natural Selfish Chastity to banish Pity  
J49.29; E198| And dear Mutual Forgiveness; & to become One Great Satan  
J49.30; E198| Inslavd to the most powerful Selfhood: to murder the Divine Humanity  
J49.31; E198| In whose sight all are as the dust & who chargeth his Angels with folly!  
J49.32; E198| Ah! weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form!  
J49.33; E198| Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground!  
J49.34; E198| The Eye of Man, a little narrow orb, closd up & dark,  
J49.35; E198| Scarcely beholding the Great Light; conversing with the [Void]: *t291*  
J49.36; E198| The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out  
J49.37; E198| True Harmonies, & comprehending great, as very small:  
J49.38; E198| The Nostrils, bent down to the earth & clos'd with senseless flesh.  
J49.39; E198| That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult:  
J49.40; E198| The Tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloyes,  
J49.41; E198| A little sound it utters, & its cries are faintly heard.

J49.42; E199| Therefore they are removed: therefore they have taken root  
J49.43; E199| In Egypt & Philistea: in Moab & Edom & Aram:  
J49.44; E199| In the Erythrean Sea their Uncircu[m]cision in Heart & Loins  
J49.45; E199| Be lost for ever & ever. then they shall arise from Self,  
J49.46; E199| By Self Annihilation into Jerusalems Courts & into Shiloh  
J49.47; E199| Shiloh the Masculine Emanation among the Flowers of Beulah  
J49.48; E199| Lo Shiloh dwells over France, as Jerusalem dwells over Albion  
J49.49; E199| Build & prepare a Wall & Curtain for Americas shore!  
J49.50; E199| Rush on: Rush on! Rush on! ye vegetating Sons of Albion  
J49.51; E199| The Sun shall go before you in Day: the Moon shall go

J49.52; E199| Before you in Night. Come on! Come on! Come on! The Lord  
J49.53; E199| Jehovah is before, behind, above, beneath, around  
J49.54; E199| He has builded the arches of Albions Tomb binding the Stars  
J49.55; E199| In merciful Order, bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace.  
J49.56; E199| He hath placed Og & Anak, the Giants of Albion for their Guards:  
J49.57; E199| Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor: the Body  
J49.58; E199| Of Divine Analogy; and Og & Sihon in the tears of Balaam  
J49.59; E199| The Son of Beor, have given their power to Joshua & Caleb.  
J49.60; E199| Remove from Albion, far remove these terrible surfaces.  
J49.61; E199| They are beginning to form Heavens & Hells in immense  
J49.62; E199| Circles: the Hells for food to the Heavens: food of torment,  
J49.63; E199| Food of despair: they drink the condemnd Soul & rejoice  
J49.64; E199| In cruel holiness, in their Heavens of Chastity & Uncircumcision  
J49.65; E199| Yet they are blameless & Iniquity must be imputed only  
J49.66; E199| To the State they are enterd into that they may be deliverd:  
J49.67; E199| Satan is the State of Death, & not a Human existence:  
J49.68; E199| But Luvah is named Satan, because he has enterd that State.  
J49.69; E199| A World where Man is by Nature the enemy of Man  
J49.70; E199| Because the Evil is Created into a State. that Men  
J49.71; E199| May be deliverd time after time evermore. Amen.  
J49.72; E199| Learn therefore O Sisters to distinguish the Eternal Human  
J49.73; E199| That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss & woe  
J49.74; E199| Alternate! from those States or Worlds in which the Spirit travels:  
J49.75; E199| This is the only means to Forgiveness of Enemies[.]  
J49.76; E199| Therefore remove from Albion these terrible Surfaces  
J49.77; E199| And let wild seas & rocks close up Jerusalem away from

J50.1; E199| The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect;  
J50.2; E199| Now given to stony Druids, and Allegoric Generation  
J50.3; E199| To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep:  
J50.4; E199| Sway'd by a Providence oppos'd to the Divine Lord Jesus:  
J50.5; E199| A murderous Providence! A Creation that groans, living on Death.  
J50.6; E199| Where Fish & Bird & Beast & Man & Tree & Metal & Stone  
J50.7; E199| Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually:  
J50.8; E199| Albion is now possess'd by the War of Blood! the Sacrifice  
J50.9; E199| Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out:

J50.10; E200| Come Lord Jesus, Lamb of God descend! for if; O Lord!  
J50.11; E200| If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died.  
J50.12; E200| Arise sisters! Go ye & meet the Lord, while I remain--  
J50.13; E200| Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albions cliffs!  
J50.14; E200| Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them:  
J50.15; E200| She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin  
J50.16; E200| A Self-righteousness: the proud Virgin-Harlot! Mother of War!

J50.17; E200| And we also & all Beulah, consume beneath Albions curse.

J50.18; E200| So Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering  
J50.19; E200| With their wings they sat in the Furnace, in a night  
J50.20; E200| Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appeared distant stars,  
J50.21; E200| Ascending and descending into Albions sea of death.  
J50.22; E200| And Erins lovely Bow enclos'd the Wheels of Albions Sons.  
J50.23; E200| Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response

J50.24; E200| Come O thou Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin  
J50.25; E200| To Sin & to hide the Sin in sweet deceit. is lovely!!  
J50.26; E200| To Sin in the open face of day is cruel & pitiless! But  
J50.27; E200| To record the Sin for a reproach: to let the Sun go down  
J50.28; E200| In a remembrance of the Sin: is a Woe & a Horror!  
J50.29; E200| A brooder of an Evil Day, and a Sun rising in blood  
J50.30; E200| Come then O Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin

J50.31; E200| End of Chap. 2d. *t292*

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"To the Deists"

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J52; E200| |The Spiritual States of  
J52; E200| |the Soul are all Eternal  
J52; E200| Rahab is an | To the Deists. |Distinguish between the  
J52; E200| Eternal State | |Man, & his present State

J52prose; E200| He never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher  
J52prose; E200| of Natural Morality or Natural Religion. he is a flatterer who  
J52prose; E200| means to betray, to perpetuate Tyrant Pride & the Laws of that  
J52prose; E200| Babylon which he foresees shall shortly be destroyed, with the  
J52prose; E200| Spiritual and not the Natural Sword: He is in the State named  
J52prose; E200| Rahab: which State must be put off before he can be the Friend of  
J52prose; E200| Man.

J52prose; E200| You O Deists profess yourselves the Enemies of Christianity:  
J52prose; E200| and you are so: you are also the Enemies of the Human Race & of  
J52prose; E200| Universal Nature. Man is born a Spectre or Satan & is altogether  
J52prose; E200| an Evil, & requires a New Selfhood continually & must continually  
J52prose; E200| be changed into his direct Contrary. But your Greek Philosophy  
J52prose; E200| (which is a remnant of Druidism) teaches that Man is Righteous in  
J52prose; E200| his Vegetated Spectre: an Opinion of fatal & accursed consequence  
J52prose; E200| to Man, as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation to the intire  
J52prose; E200| abrogation of

J52prose; E201| Experimental Theory. and many believed what they saw, and  
J52prose; E201| Prophecied of Jesus.  
J52prose; E201| Man must & will have Some Religion; if he has not the Religion  
J52prose; E201| of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the  
J52prose; E201| Synagogue of Satan. calling the Prince of this World, God; and  
J52prose; E201| destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God.  
J52prose; E201| Will any one say: Where are those who worship Satan under the  
J52prose; E201| Name of God! Where are they? Listen! Every Religion that Preaches  
J52prose; E201| Vengeance for Sins the Religion of the Enemy & Avenger; and not  
J52prose; E201| the Forgiver of Sin, and their God is Satan, Named by the Divine  
J52prose; E201| Name Your Religion O Deists: Deism, is the Worship of the God  
J52prose; E201| of this World by the means of what you call Natural Religion and  
J52prose; E201| Natural Philosophy, and of Natural Morality or  
J52prose; E201| Self-Righteousness, the Selfish Virtues of the Natural Heart.  
J52prose; E201| This was the Religion of the Pharises who murderd Jesus. Deism  
J52prose; E201| is the same & ends in the same.  
J52prose; E201| Voltaire Rousseau Gibbon Hume. charge the Spiritually Religious



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J52.1; E201	I saw a Monk of Charlemaine	<i>t293</i>
J52.2; E201	Arise before my sight	
J52.3; E201	I talkd with the Grey Monk as we stood	<i>t294</i>
J52.4; E201	In beams of infernal light	
J52.5; E202	Gibbon arose with a lash of steel	<i>t295</i>
J52.6; E202	And Voltaire with a wracking wheel	
J52.7; E202	The Schools in clouds of learning rolld	<i>t296</i>
J52.8; E202	Arose with War in iron & gold.	
J52.9; E202	Thou lazy Monk they sound afar	<i>t297</i>
J52.10; E202	In vain condemning glorious War	<i>t298</i>
J52.11; E202	And in your Cell you shall ever dwell	<i>t299</i>
J52.12; E202	Rise War & bind him in his Cell.	
J52.13; E202	The blood. red ran from the Grey Monks side	
J52.14; E202	His hands & feet were wounded wide	
J52.15; E202	His body bent, his arms & knees	
J52.16; E202	Like to the roots of ancient trees	
J52.17; E202	When Satan first the black bow bent	<i>t300</i>
J52.18; E202	And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent	
J52.19; E202	He forgd the Law into a Sword	
J52.20; E202	And spilld the blood of mercys Lord.	
J52.21; E202	Titus! Constantine! Charlemaine!	<i>t301</i>
J52.22; E202	O Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! Vain	
J52.23; E202	Your Grecian Mocks & Roman Sword	<i>t302</i>
J52.24; E202	Against this image of his Lord!	
J52.25; E202	For a Tear is an Intellectual thing;	<i>t303</i>
J52.26; E202	And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King	
J52.27; E202	And the bitter groan of a Martyrs woe	<i>t304</i>
J52.28; E202	Is an Arrow from the Almightyes Bow!	

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J53; E202| Jerusalem

J53; E202| Chap 3.

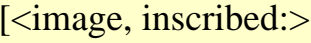
J53.1; E202| But Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona  
J53.2; E202| Wept vehemently over Albion where Thames currents spring  
J53.3; E202| From the rivers of Beulah; pleasant river! soft, mild, parent stream  
J53.4; E202| And the roots of Albions Tree enterd the Soul of Los  
J53.5; E202| As he sat before his Furnaces clothd in sackcloth of hair  
J53.6; E202| In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation;  
J53.7; E202| Inclosing all the Children of Los time after time.  
J53.8; E202| Their Giant forms condensing into Nations & Peoples & Tongues *t305*  
J53.9; E202| Translucent the Furnaces, of Beryll & Emerald immortal:  
J53.10; E202| And Seven-fold each within other: incomprehensible  
J53.11; E202| To the Vegetated Mortal Eye's perverted & single vision  
J53.12; E202| The Bellows are the Animal Lungs. the hammers, the Animal Heart  
J53.13; E202| The Furnaces, the Stomach for Digestion; terrible their fury  
J53.14; E202| Like seven burning heavens rang'd from South to North

J53.15; E203| Here on the banks of the Thames, Los builded Golgonooza,  
J53.16; E203| Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart, beneath Beulah  
J53.17; E203| In the midst of the rocks of the Altars of Albion. In fears  
J53.18; E203| He builded it, in rage & in fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold  
J53.19; E203| London: continually building & continually decaying desolate!  
J53.20; E203| In eternal labours: loud the Furnaces & loud the Anvils  
J53.21; E203| Of Death thunder incessant around the flaming Couches of  
J53.22; E203| The Twentyfour Friends of Albion and round the awful Four  
J53.23; E203| For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons  
J53.24; E203| The Mystic Union of the Emanation in the Lord; Because *t306*  
J53.25; E203| Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre  
J53.26; E203| His Emanation is an ever-weeping melancholy Shadow  
J53.27; E203| But she is made receptive of Generation thro' mercy  
J53.28; E203| In the Potters Furnace, among the Funeral Urns of Beulah  
J53.29; E203| From Surrey hills, thro' Italy and Greece, to Hinnoms vale.

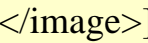
J54.1; E203| In Great Eternity, every particular Form gives forth or Emanates  
J54.2; E203| Its own peculiar Light, & the Form is the Divine Vision  
J54.3; E203| And the Light is his Garment This is Jerusalem in every Man  
J54.4; E203| A Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness Male & Female Clothings.

J54.5; E203| And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion

J54.6; E203| But Albion fell down a Rocky fragment from Eternity hurld  
J54.7; E203| By his own Spectre, who is the Reasoning Power in every Man  
J54.8; E203| Into his own Chaos which is the Memory between Man & Man

J54.9; E203| The silent broodings of deadly revenge springing from the  
J54.10; E203| All powerful parental affection, fills Albion from head to foot  
J54.11; E203| Seeing his Sons assimilate with Luvah, bound in the bonds  
J54.12; E203| Of spiritual Hate, from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains:  
J54.13; E203| He tosses like a Cloud outstretchd among Jerusalems Ruins  
J54.14; E203| Which overspread all the Earth, he groans among his ruind porches  
ED; E203| []  
J54ill; E203| Reason

J54ill; E203| Pity Wrath  
J54ill; E203| This World

J54ill; E203| Desire  
ED; E203| 

J54.15; E203| But the Spectre like a hoar frost & a Mildew rose over Albion  
J54.16; E203| Saying, I am God O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power!  
J54.17; E203| Am I not Bacon & Newton & Locke who teach Humility to Man!  
J54.18; E203| Who teach Doubt & Experiment & my two Wings Voltaire: Rousseau.  
J54.19; E203| Where is that Friend of Sinners! that Rebel against my Laws!

J54.20; E204| Who teaches Belief to the Nations, & an unknown Eternal Life  
J54.21; E204| Come hither into the Desart & turn these stones to bread.  
J54.22; E204| Vain foolish Man! wilt thou believe without Experiment?  
J54.23; E204| And build a World of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss!  
J54.24; E204| A World of Shapes in craving lust & devouring appetite

J54.25; E204| So spoke the hard cold constrictive Spectre he is named Arthur  
J54.26; E204| Constricting into Druid Rocks round Canaan Agag & Aram & Pharoh

J54.27; E204| Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears  
J54.28; E204| But she stretchd out her starry Night in Spaces against him. like  
J54.29; E204| A long Serpent, in the Abyss of the Spectre which augmented  
J54.30; E204| The Night with Dragon wings coverd with stars & in the Wings  
J54.31; E204| Jerusalem & Vala appeard: & above between the Wings magnificent  
J54.32; E204| The Divine Vision dimly appeard in clouds of blood weeping.

J55.1; E204| When those who disregard all Mortal Things, saw a Mighty-One  
J55.2; E204| Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength  
J55.3; E204| They wonderd; checking their wild flames & Many gathering  
J55.4; E204| Together into an Assembly; they said, let us go down  
J55.5; E204| And see these changes! Others said, If you do so prepare  
J55.6; E204| For being driven from our fields, what have we to do with the Dead?  
J55.7; E204| To be their inferiors or superiors we equally abhor;  
J55.8; E204| Superior, none we know: inferior none: all equal share  
J55.9; E204| Divine Benevolence & joy, for the Eternal Man  
J55.10; E204| Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends:  
J55.11; E204| Forbidding us that Veil which Satan puts between Eve & Adam  
J55.12; E204| By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries  
J55.13; E204| Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones & gold  
J55.14; E204| To sieze the Sons of Jerusalem & plant them in One Mans Loins  
J55.15; E204| To make One Family of Contraries: that Joseph may be sold  
J55.16; E204| Into Egypt: for Negation; a Veil the Saviour born & dying rends.

J55.17; E204| But others said: Let us to him who only Is, & who  
J55.18; E204| Walketh among us, give decision. bring forth all your fires!

J55.19; E204| So saying, an eternal deed was done: in fiery flames  
J55.20; E204| The Universal Conc[l]ave raged, such thunderous sounds as never *t307*  
J55.21; E204| Were sounded from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old  
J55.22; E204| Nor in Havilah where the Cherub rolld his redounding flame.

J55.23; E204| Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the Forests  
J55.24; E204| Rivers thunderd against their banks, loud Winds furious fought  
J55.25; E204| Cities & Nations contended in fires & clouds & tempests.  
J55.26; E204| The Seas raisd up their voices & lifted their hands on high  
J55.27; E204| The Stars in their courses fought. the Sun! Moon! Heaven! Earth.  
J55.28; E204| Contending for Albion & for Jerusalem his Emanation  
J55.29; E204| And for Shiloh, the Emanation of France & for lovely Vala.

J55.30; E205| Then far the greatest number were about to make a Separation  
J55.31; E205| And they Elected Seven, calld the Seven Eyes of God;  
J55.32; E205| Lucifer, Molech, Elohim, Shaddai, Pahad, Jehovah, Jesus.  
J55.33; E205| They namd the Eighth. he came not, he hid in Albions Forests  
J55.34; E205| But first they said: (& their Words stood in Chariots in array  
J55.35; E205| Curbing their Tygers with golden bits & bridles of silver & ivory)

J55.36; E205| Let the Human Organs be kept in their perfect Integrity

J55.37; E205| At will Contracting into Worms, or Expanding into Gods  
J55.38; E205| And then behold! what are these Ulro Visions of Chastity[!]  
J55.39; E205| Then as the moss upon the tree: or dust upon the plow:  
J55.40; E205| Or as the sweat upon the labouring shoulder: or as the chaff  
J55.41; E205| Of the wheat-floor or as the dregs of the sweet wine-press  
J55.42; E205| Such are these Ulro Visions, for tho we sit down within  
J55.43; E205| The plowed furrow, listning to the weeping clods till we  
J55.44; E205| Contract or Expand Space at will: or if we raise ourselves  
J55.45; E205| Upon the chariots of the morning. Contracting or Expanding Time!  
J55.46; E205| Every one knows, we are One Family! One Man blessed for ever

J55.47; E205| Silence remaind & every one resumd his Human Majesty  
J55.48; E205| And many conversed on these things as they labourd at the furrow  
J55.49; E205| Saying: It is better to prevent misery, than to release from misery  
J55.50; E205| It is better to prevent error, than to forgive the criminal:  
J55.51; E205| Labour well the Minute Particulars, attend to the Little-ones:  
J55.52; E205| And those who are in misery cannot remain so long  
J55.53; E205| If we do but our duty: labour well the teeming Earth.

J55.54; E205| They Plow'd in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow  
J55.55; E205| And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven  
J55.56; E205| Crying: Compell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unhewn Demonstrations  
J55.57; E205| Let the Indefinite be explored. and let every Man be judged  
J55.58; E205| By his own Works, Let all Indefinites be thrown into Demonstrations  
J55.59; E205| To be pounded to dust & melted in the Furnaces of Affliction:  
J55.60; E205| He who would do good to another, must do it in Minute Particulars  
J55.61; E205| General Good is the plea of the scoundrel hypocrite flatterer:  
J55.62; E205| For Art & Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars  
J55.63; E205| And not in generalizing Demonstrations of the Rational Power.  
J55.64; E205| The Infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity  
J55.65; E205| Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of Falshood continually  
J55.66; E205| On Circumcision: not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion

J55.67; E205| So cried they at the Plow. Albions Rock frowned above  
J55.68; E205| And the Great Voice of Eternity rolled above terrible in clouds  
J55.69; E205| Saying Who will go forth for us! & Who shall we send before our face?

J56.1; E206| Then Los heaved his thund'ring Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex  
J56.2; E206| And thus he chaunted his Song: the Daughters of Albion reply.

J56.3; E206| What may Man be? who can tell! But what may Woman be?  
J56.4; E206| To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.

J56.5; E206| He who is an Infant, and whose Cradle is a Manger  
J56.6; E206| Knoweth the Infant sorrow: whence it came, and where it goeth:  
J56.7; E206| And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away.  
J56.8; E206| This World is all a Cradle for the erred wandering Phantom:  
J56.9; E206| Rock'd by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments  
J56.10; E206| Between, dwells a Daughter of Beulah, to feed the Human Vegetable  
J56.11; E206| Entune: Daughters of Albion. your hymning Chorus mildly!  
J56.12; E206| Cord of affection thrilling extatic on the iron Reel:  
J56.13; E206| To the golden Loom of Love! to the moth-labour'd Woof  
J56.14; E206| A Garment and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror:  
J56.15; E206| For fear; at entering the gate into our World of cruel  
J56.16; E206| Lamentation: it flee back & hide in Non-Entitys dark wild  
J56.17; E206| Where dwells the Spectre of Albion: destroyer of Definite Form.  
J56.18; E206| The Sun shall be a Scythed Chariot of Britain: the Moon; a Ship  
J56.19; E206| In the British Ocean! Created by Los's Hammer; measured out  
J56.20; E206| Into Days & Nights & Years & Months. to travel with my feet  
J56.21; E206| Over these desolate rocks of Albion: O daughters of despair!  
J56.22; E206| Rock the Cradle, and in mild melodies tell me where found  
J56.23; E206| What you have enwoven with so much tears & care? so much  
J56.24; E206| Tender artifice: to laugh: to weep: to learn: to know;  
J56.25; E206| Remember! recollect! what dark befel in wintry days

J56.26; E206| O it was lost for ever! and we found it not: it came  
J56.27; E206| And wept at our wintry Door: Look! look! behold! Gwendolen  
J56.28; E206| Is become a Clod of Clay! Merlin is a Worm of the Valley!

J56.29; E206| Then Los uttered with Hammer & Anvil: Chaunt! revoice!  
J56.30; E206| I mind not your laugh: and your frown I not fear! and  
J56.31; E206| You must my dictate obey from your gold-beam'd Looms; trill  
J56.32; E206| Gentle to Albions Watchman, on Albions mountains; reeccho  
J56.33; E206| And rock the Cradle while! Ah me! Of that Eternal Man  
J56.34; E206| And of the cradled Infancy in his bowels of compassion:  
J56.35; E206| Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry & became  
J56.36; E206| Subservient to the clods of the furrow! the cattle and even  
J56.37; E206| The emmet and earth-Worm are his superiors & his lords. *t308*

J56.38; E206| Then the response came warbling from trilling Looms in Albion

J56.39; E206| We Women tremble at the light therefore: hiding fearful  
J56.40; E206| The Divine Vision with Curtain & Veil & fleshly Tabernacle

J56.41; E206| Los utter'd: swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains[:]



J56.42; E206|  
J56.43; E206|

Look back into the Church Paul! Look! Three Women around  
The Cross! O Albion why didst thou a Female Will Create?

J57.1; E207|  
J57.2; E207|  
J57.3; E207|  
J57.4; E207|  
J57.5; E207|  
J57.6; E207|  
J57.7; E207|

And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh. Cry  
Over the Plow of Nations in the strong hand of Albion thundering along  
Among the Fires of the Druid & the deep black rethundering Waters  
Of the Atlantic which poured in impetuous loud loud. louder & louder.  
And the Great Voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Altars:  
Weeping over his Children in Stone-henge in Maiden & Colchester.  
Round the Rocky Peak of Derbyshire London Stone & Rosamonds Bower

J57.8; E207|  
J57.9; E207|  
J57.10; E207|  
J57.11; E207|

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!

J57.12; E207|  
J57.13; E207|  
J57.14; E207|  
J57.15; E207|  
J57.16; E207|

But Albion fled from the Divine Vision, with the Plow of Nations enflaming  
The Living Creatures maddend and Albion fell into the Furrow, and  
The Plow went over him & the Living was Plowed in among the Dead  
But his Spectre rose over the starry Plow. Albion fled beneath the Plow  
Till he came to the Rock of Ages. & he took his Seat upon the Rock.

J57.17; E207|  
J57.18; E207|

Wonder siezd all in Eternity! to behold the Divine Vision. open  
The Center into an Expanse, & the Center rolled out into an Expanse.

J58.1; E207|  
J58.2; E207|  
J58.3; E207|

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 *t310*

J58.4; E207|  
J58.5; E207|  
J58.6; E207|  
J58.7; E207|  
J58.8; E207|  
J58.9; E207|  
J58.10; E207|  
J58.11; E207|  
J58.12; E207|

Among the Inhabitants of Albion. the People fall around.  
The Daughters of Albion. divide & unite in jealousy & cruelty  
The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest & the Vintage  
Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples shrieking  
Bonifying into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal pain  
They flee over the rocks bonifying: Horses: Oxen: feel the knife.  
And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgment, bonify  
The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife  
The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by jealousy & Pity.

J58.13; E207|  
J58.14; E207|

Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration  
Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure & affection

J58.15; E207| Two Contraries War against each other in fury & blood,  
 J58.16; E207| And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows:  
 J58.17; E207| He fixes them with strong blows. placing the stones & timbers.  
 J58.18; E207| To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death:  
 J58.19; E207| Dividing the Masculine & Feminine: for the comingling  
 J58.20; E207| Of Albions & Luvahs Spectres was Hermaphroditic

J58.21; E207| Urizen wrathful strode above directing the awful Building:  
 J58.22; E207| As a Mighty Temple; delivering Form out of confusion[.]

J58.23; E208| Jordan sprang beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath  
 J58.24; E208| Its pillars: Euphrates ran under its arches: white sails  
 J58.25; E208| And silver oars reflect on its pillars, & sound on its echoing  
 J58.26; E208| Pavements: where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain Ungenerate  
 J58.27; E208| But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its porticoes,  
 J58.28; E208| Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve  
 J58.29; E208| And shine glorious within! Hand & Koban archd over the Sun  
 J58.30; E208| In the hot noon, as he traveld thro his journey; Hyle & Skofield  
 J58.31; E208| Archd over the Moon at midnight & Los Fixd them there,  
 J58.32; E208| With his thunderous Hammer; terrified the Spectres rage & flee  
 J58.33; E208| Canaan is his portico; Jordan is a fountain in his porch;  
 J58.34; E208| A fountain of milk & wine to relieve the traveller:  
 J58.35; E208| Egypt is the eight steps within. Ethiopia supports his pillars;  
 J58.36; E208| Lybia & the Lands unknown. are the ascent without;  
 J58.37; E208| Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art:  
 J58.38; E208| Persia & Media are his halls: his inmost hall is Great Tartary.  
 J58.39; E208| China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment  
 J58.40; E208| Poland & Russia & Sweden, his soft retired chambers  
 J58.41; E208| France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany  
 J58.42; E208| Are the temples among his pillars. Britain is Los's Forge;  
 J58.43; E208| America North & South are his baths of living waters.

J58.44; E208| Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void  
 J58.45; E208| Created from the Valley of Middlesex by Londons River  
 J58.46; E208| From Stone-henge and from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes  
 J58.47; E208| The Four Zoa's rush around on all sides in dire ruin  
 J58.48; E208| Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion  
 J58.49; E208| Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous  
 J58.50; E208| Works! A World of Generation continually Creating; out of  
 J58.51; E208| The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of rocky destiny.

J59.1; E208| And formed into Four precious stones. for enterance from Beulah

J59.2; E208| For the Veil of Vala which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep  
 J59.3; E208| To catch the Souls of the Dead: began to Vegetate & Petrify  
 J59.4; E208| Around the Earth of Albion. among the Roots of his Tree  
 J59.5; E208| This Los formed into the Gates & mighty Wall, between the Oak  
 J59.6; E208| Of Weeping & the Palm of Suffering beneath Albions Tomb,  
 J59.7; E208| Thus in process of time it became the beautiful Mundane Shell,  
 J59.8; E208| The Habitation of the Spectres of the Dead & the Place  
 J59.9; E208| Of Redemption & of awaking again into Eternity

J59.10; E208| For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic  
 J59.11; E208| One to the North; Urthona: One to the South; Urizen:  
 J59.12; E208| One to the East: Luvah: One to the West, Tharmas;  
 J59.13; E208| They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine  
 J59.14; E208| Verulam: London: York & Edinburgh: their English names  
 J59.15; E208| But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen Southward

J59.16; E209| And Albion was slain upon his Mountains & in his Tent.  
 J59.17; E209| All fell towards the Center, sinking downwards in dire ruin,  
 J59.18; E209| In the South remains a burning Fire: in the East. a Void  
 J59.19; E209| In the West, a World of raging Waters: in the North; solid Darkness  
 J59.20; E209| Unfathomable without end: but in the midst of these  
 J59.21; E209| Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Enitharmon

J59.22; E209| And in the North Gate, in the West of the North. toward Beulah  
 J59.23; E209| Cathedrons Looms are builded. and Los's Furnaces in the South  
 J59.24; E209| A wondrous golden Building immense with ornaments sublime  
 J59.25; E209| Is bright Cathedrons golden Hall, its Courts Towers & Pinnacles

J59.26; E209| And one Daughter of Los sat at the fiery Reel & another  
 J59.27; E209| Sat at the shining Loom with her Sisters attending round  
 J59.28; E209| Terrible their distress & their sorrow cannot be utterd  
 J59.29; E209| And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel  
 J59.30; E209| Endless their labour, with bitter food. void of sleep,  
 J59.31; E209| Tho hungry they labour: they rouze themselves anxious  
 J59.32; E209| Hour after hour labouring at the whirling Wheel  
 J59.33; E209| Many Wheels & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping

J59.34; E209| Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work  
 J59.35; E209| Obliterates every other evil; none pities their tears  
 J59.36; E209| Yet they regard not pity & they expect no one to pity  
 J59.37; E209| For they labour for life & love, regardless of any one

J59.38; E209	But the poor Spectres that they work for, always incessantly
J59.39; E209	They are mockd, by every one that passes by. they regard not
J59.40; E209	They labour; & when their Wheels are broken by scorn & malice
J59.41; E209	They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions.
J59.42; E209	Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion & Pillow, Network fine
J59.43; E209	That Rahab & Tirzah may exist & live & breathe & love
J59.44; E209	Ah, that it could be as the Daughters of Beulah wish!
J59.45; E209	Other Daughters of Los, labouring at Looms less fine
J59.46; E209	Create the Silk-worm & the Spider & the Catterpillar
J59.47; E209	To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion
J59.48; E209	And others Create the wooly Lamb & the downy Fowl
J59.49; E209	To assist in the work: the Lamb bleats: the Sea-fowl cries
J59.50; E209	Men understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow
J59.51; E209	That in the Interior Worlds is carried on in fear & trembling
J59.52; E209	Weaving the shuddring fears & loves of Albions Families
J59.53; E209	Thunderous rage the Spindles of iron. & the iron Distaff
J59.54; E209	Maddens in the fury of their hands, Weaving in bitter tears
J59.55; E209	The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine twined Linen
J60.1; E209	The clouds of Albions Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven
J60.2; E209	While Los sat terrified beholding Albions Spectre who is Luvah
J60.3; E210	Spreading in bloody veins in torments over Europe & Asia;
J60.4; E210	Not yet formed but a wretched torment unformed & abyssal
J60.5; E210	In flaming fire; within the Furnaces the Divine Vision appeard
J60.6; E210	On Albions hills: often walking from the Furnaces in clouds
J60.7; E210	And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels
J60.8; E210	Gatherd Jerusalems Children in his arms & bore them like
J60.9; E210	A Shepherd in the night of Albion which overspread all the Earth
J60.10; E210	I gave thee liberty and life O lovely Jerusalem
J60.11; E210	And thou hast bound me down upon the Stems of Vegetation
J60.12; E210	I gave thee Sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains Jerusalem
J60.13; E210	I gave thee Priams City and the Isles of Grecia lovely!
J60.14; E210	I gave thee Hand & Scofield & the Counties of Albion:
J60.15; E210	They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God:
J60.16; E210	They were as Adam before me: united into One Man,
J60.17; E210	They stood in innocence & their skiey tent reachd over Asia
J60.18; E210	To Nimrods Tower to Ham & Canaan walking with Mizraim

J60.19; E210| Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia  
 J60.20; E210| And sweet Hesperia even to Great Chaldea & Teshshina  
 J60.21; E210| Following thee as a Shepherd by the Four Rivers of Eden  
 J60.22; E210| Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem?  
 J60.23; E210| And build this Babylon & sacrifice in secret Groves,  
 J60.24; E210| Among the Gods of Asia: among the fountains of pitch & nitre  
 J60.25; E210| Therefore thy Mountains are become barren Jerusalem!  
 J60.26; E210| Thy Valleys, Plains of burning sand. thy Rivers: waters of death  
 J60.27; E210| Thy Villages die of the Famine and thy Cities  
 J60.28; E210| Beg bread from house to house, lovely Jerusalem  
 J60.29; E210| Why wilt thou deface thy beauty & the beauty of thy little-ones  
 J60.30; E210| To please thy Idols, in the pretended chastities of Uncircumcision[?]  
 J60.31; E210| Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria; wherefore  
 J60.32; E210| Dost thou blacken their beauty by a Secluded place of rest.  
 J60.33; E210| And a peculiar Tabernacle, to cut the integuments of beauty  
 J60.34; E210| Into veils of tears and sorrows O lovely Jerusalem!  
 J60.35; E210| They have perswaded thee to this, therefore their end shall come  
 J60.36; E210| And I will lead thee thro the Wilderness in shadow of my cloud  
 J60.37; E210| And in my love I will lead thee, lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion.

J60.38; E210| This is the Song of the Lamb, sung by Slaves in evening time.

J60.39; E210| But Jerusalem faintly saw him, closd in the Dungeons of Babylon  
 J60.40; E210| Her Form was held by Beulahs Daughters. but all within unseen  
 J60.41; E210| She sat at the Mills, her hair unbound her feet naked  
 J60.42; E210| Cut with the flints: her tears run down, her reason grows like  
 J60.43; E210| The Wheel of Hand. incessant turning day & night without rest  
 J60.44; E210| Insane she raves upon the winds hoarse, inarticulate:  
 J60.45; E210| All night Vala hears. she triumphs in pride of holiness  
 J60.46; E210| To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows

J60.47; E211| Of despair. while the Satanic Holiness triumphd in Vala  
 J60.48; E211| In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness  
 J60.49; E211| Both of the Head & Heart & Loins, closd up in Moral Pride.

J60.50; E211| But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem. oft she saw  
 J60.51; E211| The lineaments Divine & oft the Voice heard, & oft she said:

J60.52; E211| O Lord & Saviour, have the Gods of the Heathen pierced thee?  
 J60.53; E211| Or hast thou been pierced in the House of thy Friends?  
 J60.54; E211| Art thou alive! & livest thou for-evermore? or art thou  
 J60.55; E211| Not: but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not. *t311*



J60.56; E211| Babel mocks saying, there is no God nor Son of God  
J60.57; E211| That thou O Human Imagination, O Divine Body art all  
J60.58; E211| A delusion. but I know thee O Lord when thou arisest upon  
J60.59; E211| My weary eyes even in this dungeon & this iron mill.  
J60.60; E211| The Stars of Albion cruel rise; thou bindest to sweet influences:  
J60.61; E211| For thou also sufferest with me altho I behold thee not;  
J60.62; E211| And altho I sin & blaspheme thy holy name, thou pitiest me;  
J60.63; E211| Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills.  
J60.64; E211| And by these visions of pity & love because of Albions death.

J60.65; E211| Thus spake Jerusalem, & thus the Divine Voice replied.

J60.66; E211| Mild Shade of Man, pitiest thou these Visions of terror & woe!  
J60.67; E211| Give forth thy pity & love. fear not! lo I am with thee always.  
J60.68; E211| Only believe in me that I have power to raise from death  
J60.69; E211| Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion: fear not trembling Shade

J61.1; E211| Behold: in the Visions of Elohim Jehovah, behold Joseph & Mary  
J61.2; E211| And be comforted O Jerusalem in the Visions of Jehovah Elohim

J61.3; E211| She looked & saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth & Mary  
J61.4; E211| His espoused Wife. And Mary said, If thou put me away from thee  
J61.5; E211| Dost thou not murder me? Joseph spoke in anger & fury. Should I  
J61.6; E211| Marry a Harlot & an Adulteress? Mary answerd, Art thou more pure  
J61.7; E211| Than thy Maker who forgiveth Sins & calls again Her that is Lost  
J61.8; E211| Tho She hates. he calls her again in love. I love my dear Joseph  
J61.9; E211| But he driveth me away from his presence. yet I hear the voice of God  
J61.10; E211| In the voice of my Husband. tho he is angry for a moment, he will not  
J61.11; E211| Utterly cast me away. if I were pure, never could I taste the sweets  
J61.12; E211| Of the Forgive[ne]ss of Sins! if I were holy! I never could behold the tears  
J61.13; E211| Of love! of him who loves me in the midst of his anger in furnace of fire.

J61.14; E211| Ah my Mary: said Joseph: weeping over & embracing her closely in  
J61.15; E211| His arms: Doth he forgive Jerusalem & not exact Purity from her who is  
J61.16; E211| Polluted. I heard his voice in my sleep O his Angel in my dream:

J61.17; E212| Saying, Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall  
J61.18; E212| Be Payed? Doth he Forgive Pollution only on conditions of Purity  
J61.19; E212| That Debt is not Forgiven! That Pollution is not Forgiven  
J61.20; E212| Such is the Forgiveness of the Gods, the Moral Virtues of the  
J61.21; E212| Heathen, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty. But Jehovahs Salvation  
J61.22; E212| Is without Money & without Price, in the Continual Forgiveness of Sins



J61.23; E212| In the Perpetual Mutual Sacrifice in Great Eternity! for behold!  
J61.24; E212| There is none that liveth & Sinneth not! And this is the Covenant  
J61.25; E212| Of Jehovah: If you Forgive one-another, so shall Jehovah Forgive You:  
J61.26; E212| That He Himself may Dwell among You. Fear not then to take  
J61.27; E212| To thee Mary thy Wife, for she is with Child by the Holy Ghost

J61.28; E212| Then Mary burst forth into a Song! she flowed like a River of  
J61.29; E212| Many Streams in the arms of Joseph & gave forth her tears of joy  
J61.30; E212| Like many waters, and Emanating into gardens & palaces upon  
J61.31; E212| Euphrates & to forests & floods & animals wild & tame from  
J61.32; E212| Gihon to Hiddekel, & to corn fields & villages & inhabitants  
J61.33; E212| Upon Pison & Arnon & Jordan. And I heard the voice among  
J61.34; E212| The Reapers Saying, Am I Jerusalem the lost Adulteress? or am I  
J61.35; E212| Babylon come up to Jerusalem? And another voice answerd Saying

J61.36; E212| Does the voice of my Lord call me again? am I pure thro his Mercy  
J61.37; E212| And Pity. Am I become lovely as a Virgin in his sight who am  
J61.38; E212| Indeed a Harlot drunken with the Sacrifice of Idols does he  
J61.39; E212| Call her pure as he did in the days of her Infancy when She  
J61.40; E212| Was cast out to the loathing of her person. The Chaldean took  
J61.41; E212| Me from my Cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his Camels  
J61.42; E212| Before I had ever beheld with love the Face of Jehovah; or known  
J61.43; E212| That there was a God of Mercy: O Mercy O Divine Humanity!  
J61.44; E212| O Forgiveness & Pity & Compassion! If I were Pure I should never  
J61.45; E212| Have known Thee; If I were Unpolluted I should never have  
J61.46; E212| Glorified thy Holiness, or rejoiced in thy great Salvation.

J61.47; E212| Mary leaned her side against Jerusalem, Jerusalem recieved  
J61.48; E212| The Infant into her hands in the Visions of Jehovah. Times passed on  
J61.49; E212| Jerusalem fainted over the Cross & Sepulcher She heard the voice  
J61.50; E212| Wilt thou make Rome thy Patriarch Druid & the Kings of Europe his  
J61.51; E212| Horsemen? Man in the Resurrection changes his Sexual Garments at will  
J61.52; E212| Every Harlot was once a Virgin: every Criminal an Infant Love!

J62.1; E212| Repose on me till the morning of the Grave. I am thy life.

J62.2; E212| Jerusalem replied. I am an outcast: Albion is dead!  
J62.3; E212| I am left to the trampling foot & the spurning heel!  
J62.4; E212| A Harlot I am calld. I am sold from street to street!  
J62.5; E212| I am defaced with blows & with the dirt of the Prison!

J62.6; E213| And wilt thou become my Husband O my Lord & Saviour?

J62.7; E213| Shall Vala bring thee forth! shall the Chaste be ashamed also?  
J62.8; E213| I see the Maternal Line, I behold the Seed of the Woman!  
J62.9; E213| Cainah, & Ada & Zillah & Naamah Wife of Noah.  
J62.10; E213| Shuahs daughter & Tamar & Rahab the Canaanites:  
J62.11; E213| Ruth the Moabite & Bathsheba of the daughters of Heth  
J62.12; E213| Naamah the Ammonite, Zibeah the Philistine, & Mary  
J62.13; E213| These are the Daughters of Vala, Mother of the Body of death  
J62.14; E213| But I thy Magdalen behold thy Spiritual Risen Body  
J62.15; E213| Shall Albion arise? I know he shall arise at the Last Day!  
J62.16; E213| I know that in my flesh I shall see God: but Emanations  
J62.17; E213| Are weak. they know not whence they are, nor whither tend.

J62.18; E213| Jesus replied. I am the Resurrection & the Life.  
J62.19; E213| I Die & pass the limits of possibility, as it appears  
J62.20; E213| To individual perception. Luvah must be Created  
J62.21; E213| And Vala; for I cannot leave them in the gnawing Grave.  
J62.22; E213| But will prepare a way for my banished-ones to return  
J62.23; E213| Come now with me into the villages. walk thro all the cities.  
J62.24; E213| Tho thou art taken to prison & judgment, starved in the streets  
J62.25; E213| I will command the cloud to give thee food & the hard rock  
J62.26; E213| To flow with milk & wine, tho thou seest me not a season  
J62.27; E213| Even a long season & a hard journey & a howling wilderness!  
J62.28; E213| Tho Valas cloud hide thee & Luvahs fires follow thee!  
J62.29; E213| Only believe & trust in me, Lo. I am always with thee!

J62.30; E213| So spoke the Lamb of God while Luvahs Cloud reddening above  
J62.31; E213| Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens & dark night  
J62.32; E213| Involvd Jerusalem. & the Wheels of Albions Sons turn'd hoarse  
J62.33; E213| Over the Mountains & the fires blaz'd on Druid Altars  
J62.34; E213| And the Sun set in Tyburns Brook where Victims howl & cry.

J62.35; E213| But Los beheld the Divine Vision among the flames of the Furnaces  
J62.36; E213| Therefore he lived & breathed in hope. but his tears fell incessant  
J62.37; E213| Because his Children were closd from him apart: & Enitharmon  
J62.38; E213| Dividing in fierce pain: also the Vision of God was closd in clouds  
J62.39; E213| Of Albions Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat, & often ponderd  
J62.40; E213| On Death Eternal in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion  
J62.41; E213| Walking: & in the vales in howlings fierce, then to his Anvils  
J62.42; E213| Turning, anew began his labours, tho in terrible pains!

J63.1; E213| Jehovah stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale  
J63.2; E213| When the Four Zoas of Albion, the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim  
J63.3; E213| Of Albion tremble before the Spectre, in the starry likeness of the Plow

J63.4; E213| Of Nations. And their Names are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona

J63.5; E214| Luvah slew Tharmas the Angel of the Tongue & Albion brought him <sup>1312</sup>  
J63.6; E214| To Justice in his own City of Paris, denying the Resurrection  
J63.7; E214| Then Vala the Wife of Albion, who is the Daughter of Luvah  
J63.8; E214| Took vengeance Twelve-fold among the Chaotic Rocks of the Druids  
J63.9; E214| Where the Human Victims howl to the Moon & Thor & Friga  
J63.10; E214| Dance the dance of death contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim.  
J63.11; E214| The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley  
J63.12; E214| In the Dividing of Reuben & Benjamin bleeding from Chesters River

J63.13; E214| The Giants & the Witches & the Ghosts of Albion dance with  
J63.14; E214| Thor & Friga, & the Fairies lead the Moon along the Valley of Cherubim  
J63.15; E214| Bleeding in torrents from Mountain to Mountain, a lovely Victim  
J63.16; E214| And Jehovah stood in the Gates of the Victim, & he appeared  
J63.17; E214| A weeping Infant in the Gates of Birth in the midst of Heaven

J63.18; E214| The Cities & Villages of Albion became Rock & Sand Unhumanized  
J63.19; E214| The Druid Sons of Albion & the Heavens a Void around unfathomable  
J63.20; E214| No Human Form but Sexual & a little weeping Infant pale reflected  
J63.21; E214| Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon, on all sides  
J63.22; E214| Around in the clouds of the Female, on Albions Cliffs of the Dead

J63.23; E214| Such the appearance in Cheviot: in the Divisions of Reuben  
J63.24; E214| When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers  
J63.25; E214| When the Druids demanded Chastity from Woman & all was lost.

J63.26; E214| How can the Female be Chaste O thou stupid Druid Cried Los  
J63.27; E214| Without the Forgiveness of Sins in the merciful clouds of Jehovah  
J63.28; E214| And without the Baptism of Repentance to wash away Calumnies. and  
J63.29; E214| The Accusations of Sin that each may be Pure in their Neighbours sight  
J63.30; E214| O when shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks & Herds  
J63.31; E214| Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion & Canaan

J63.32; E214| Then laugh'd Gwendolen & her laughter shook the Nations & Familys of  
J63.33; E214| The Dead beneath Beulah from Tyburn to Golgotha, and from  
J63.34; E214| Ireland to Japan. furious her Lions & Tygers & Wolves sport before  
J63.35; E214| Los on the Thames & Medway. London & Canterbury groan in pain

J63.36; E214| Los knew not yet what was done: he thought it was all in Vision  
J63.37; E214| In Visions of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion

J63.38; E214| Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking-Glass of Enitharmon

J63.39; E214| He saw in Vala's hand the Druid Knife of Revenge & the Poison Cup

J63.40; E215| Of Jealousy, and thought it a Poetic Vision of the Atmospheres  
J63.41; E215| Till Canaan rolld apart from Albion across the Rhine: along the Danube

J63.42; E215| And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Cheviot  
J63.43; E215| From Bashan to Tyre & from Troy to Gaza of the Amalekite  
J63.44; E215| And Reuben fled with his head downwards among the Caverns

J64.1; E215| Of the Mundane Shell which froze on all sides round Canaan on  
J64.2; E215| The vast Expanse: where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web  
J64.3; E215| Of Ages & Generations, folding & unfolding it, like a Veil of Cherubim  
J64.4; E215| And sometimes it touches the Earths summits, & sometimes spreads  
J64.5; E215| Abroad into the Indefinite Spectre, who is the Rational Power.

J64.6; E215| Then All the Daughters of Albion became One before Los: even Vala!  
J64.7; E215| And she put forth her hand upon the Looms in dreadful howlings  
J64.8; E215| Till she vegetated into a hungry Stomach & a devouring Tongue.  
J64.9; E215| Her Hand is a Court of Justice, her Feet: two Armies in Battle  
J64.10; E215| Storms & Pestilence: in her Locks: & in her Loins Earthquake.  
J64.11; E215| And Fire. & the Ruin of Cities & Nations & Families & Tongues

J64.12; E215| She cries: The Human is but a Worm, & thou O Male: Thou art  
J64.13; E215| Thyself Female, a Male: a breeder of Seed: a Son & Husband: & Lo.  
J64.14; E215| The Human Divine is Womans Shadow, a Vapor in the summers heat  
J64.15; E215| Go assume Papal dignity thou Spectre, thou Male Harlot! Arthur  
J64.16; E215| Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote O Woman-born  
J64.17; E215| And Woman-nourishd & Woman-educated & Woman-scorn'd!

J64.18; E215| Wherefore art thou living? said Los, & Man cannot live in thy presence  
J64.19; E215| Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah  
J64.20; E215| All Quarrels arise from Reasoning. the secret Murder, and  
J64.21; E215| The violent Man-slaughter. these are the Spectres double Cave  
J64.22; E215| The Sexual Death living on accusation of Sin & judgment  
J64.23; E215| To freeze Love & Innocence into the gold & silver of the Merchant  
J64.24; E215| Without Forgiveness of Sin Love is Itself Eternal Death

J64.25; E215| Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom magnificent terrific  
J64.26; E215| Glittering with precious stones & gold, with Garments of blood & fire

J64.27; E215	He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony
J64.28; E215	Crimson with Wrath & green with jealousy dazling with Love
J64.29; E215	And jealousy immingled & the purple of the violet darkend deep
J64.30; E215	Over the Plow of Nations thundring in the hand of Albions Spectre
J64.31; E215	A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frowning upon Londons River
J64.32; E215	And the Distaff & Spindle in the hands of Vala with the Flax of
J64.33; E215	Human Miseries turnd fierce with the Lives of Men along the Valley
J64.34; E215	As Reuben fled before the Daughters of Albion Taxing the Nations
J64.35; E216	Derby Peak yawnd a horrid Chasm at the Cries of Gwendolen, & at
J64.36; E216	The stamping feet of Ragan upon the flaming Treddles of her Loom
J64.37; E216	That drop with crimson gore with the Loves of Albion & Canaan
J64.38; E216	Opening along the Valley of Rephaim, weaving over the Caves of Machpelah
J65.1; E216	To decide Two Worlds with a great decision: a World of Mercy, and
J65.2; E216	A World of Justice: the World of Mercy for Salvation
J65.3; E216	To cast Luvah into the Wrath, and Albion into the Pity
J65.4; E216	In the Two Contraries of Humanity & in the Four Regions.
J65.5; E216	For in the depths of Albions bosom in the eastern heaven,
J65.6; E216	They sound the clarions strong! they chain the howling Captives!
J65.7; E216	They cast the lots into the helmet: they give the oath of blood in Lambeth
J65.8; E216	They vote the death of Luvah, & they naild him to Albions Tree in Bath:
J65.9; E216	They staid him with poisonous blue, they inwove him in cruel roots
J65.10; E216	To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with vegetation
J65.11; E216	The sun was black & the moon rolld a useless globe thro Britain!
J65.12; E216	Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow, the loom
J65.13; E216	The hammer & the chisel, & the rule & compasses; from London fleeing
J65.14; E216	They forg'd the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war & the battle-ax,
J65.15; E216	The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale
J65.16; E216	And all the Arts of Life. they changd into the Arts of Death in Albion.
J65.17; E216	The hour-glass contemnd because its simple workmanship.
J65.18; E216	Was like the workmanship of the plowman, & the water wheel,
J65.19; E216	That raises water into cisterns: broken & burnd with fire:
J65.20; E216	Because its workmanship. was like the workmanship of the shepherd.
J65.21; E216	And in their stead, intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel:
J65.22; E216	To perplex youth in their outgoings, & to bind to labours in Albion
J65.23; E216	Of day & night the myriads of eternity that they may grind
J65.24; E216	And polish brass & iron hour after hour laborious task!
J65.25; E216	Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom



J65.26; E216| In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of bread:  
J65.27; E216| In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All,  
J65.28; E216| And call it Demonstration: blind to all the simple rules of life.

J65.29; E216| Now: now the battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala  
J65.30; E216| Now smile among thy bitter tears: now put on all thy beauty  
J65.31; E216| Is not the wound of the sword sweet! & the broken bone delightful?  
J65.32; E216| Wilt thou now smile among the scythes when the wounded groan in the field[?]  
J65.33; E216| We were carried away in thousands from London; & in tens  
J65.34; E216| Of thousands from Westminster & Marybone in ships closd up:

J65.35; E217| Chaind hand & foot, compelld to fight under the iron whips  
J65.36; E217| Of our captains; fearing our officers more than the enemy.  
J65.37; E217| Lift up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes:  
J65.38; E217| O melancholy Magdalen behold the morning over Malden break;  
J65.39; E217| Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulcher of Canterbury.  
J65.40; E217| Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver locks:  
J65.41; E217| Shake off the waters from thy wings! & the dust from thy white garments  
J65.42; E217| Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch of Lambeths Vale  
J65.43; E217| When the sun rose in glowing morn, with arms of mighty hosts  
J65.44; E217| Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizens harps  
J65.45; E217| Girt as a sower with his seed to scatter life abroad over Albion:  
J65.46; E217| Arise O Vala! bring the bow of Urizen: bring the swift arrows of light.  
J65.47; E217| How rag'd the golden horses of Urizen, compelld to the chariot of love!  
J65.48; E217| Compelld to leave the plow to the ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation  
J65.49; E217| To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings: this is no gentle harp  
J65.50; E217| This is no warbling brook, nor shadow of a mirtle tree:  
J65.51; E217| But blood and wounds and dismal cries, and shadows of the oak:  
J65.52; E217| And hearts laid open to the light, by the broad grizly sword:  
J65.53; E217| And bowels hid in hammerd steel rip'd quivering on the ground.  
J65.54; E217| Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit: call forth thy cloudy tears:  
J65.55; E217| We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.

J65.56; E217| So sang the Spectre Sons of Albion round Luvahs Stone of Trial:  
J65.57; E217| Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Salisbury:  
J65.58; E217| Drinking his Emanation in intoxicating bliss rejoicing in Giant dance;  
J65.59; E217| For a Spectre has no Emanation but what he imbibes from decieving  
J65.60; E217| A Victim! Then he becomes her Priest & she his Tabernacle.  
J65.61; E217| And his Oak Grove, till the Victim rend the woven Veil.  
J65.62; E217| In the end of his sleep when Jesus calls him from his grave *t313*

J65.63; E217| Howling the Victims on the Druid Altars yield their souls  
J65.64; E217| To the stern Warriors: lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims;



J65.65; E217| Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication. hence arose from Bath  
J65.66; E217| Soft deluding odours, in spiral volutions intricately winding  
J65.67; E217| Over Albions mountains, a feminine indefinite cruel delusion.  
J65.68; E217| Astonishd: terrified & in pain & torment. Sudden they behold  
J65.69; E217| Their own Parent the Emanation of their murderd Enemy  
J65.70; E217| Become their Emanation and their Temple and Tabernacle  
J65.71; E217| They knew not. this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala Albions Wife.

J65.72; E217| Terrified at the sight of the Victim: at his distorted sinews!  
J65.73; E217| The tremblings of Vala vibrate thro' the limbs of Albions Sons:  
J65.74; E217| While they rejoice over Luvah in mockery & bitter scorn:  
J65.75; E217| Sudden they become like what they behold in howlings & deadly pain.  
J65.76; E217| Spasms smite their features, sinews & limbs: pale they look on one another.

J65.77; E218| They turn, contorted: their iron necks bend unwilling towards  
J65.78; E218| Luvah: their lips tremble: their muscular fibres are crampd & smitten  
J65.79; E218| They become like what they behold! Yet immense in strength & power,

J66.1; E218| In awful pomp & gold, in all the precious unhewn stones of Eden  
J66.2; E218| They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury; with chains  
J66.3; E218| Of rocks round London Stone: of Reasonings: of unhewn Demonstrations  
J66.4; E218| In labyrinthine arches. (Mighty Urizen the Architect.) thro which  
J66.5; E218| The Heavens might revolve & Eternity be bound in their chain.  
J66.6; E218| Labour unparallel'd! a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny  
J66.7; E218| Rocks piled on rocks reaching the stars: stretching from pole to pole.  
J66.8; E218| The Building is Natural Religion & its Altars Natural Morality  
J66.9; E218| A building of eternal death: whose proportions are eternal despair  
J66.10; E218| Here Vala stood turning the iron Spindle of destruction  
J66.11; E218| From heaven to earth: howling! invisible! but not invisible  
J66.12; E218| Her Two Covering Cherubs afterwards named Voltaire & Rousseau:  
J66.13; E218| Two frowning Rocks: on each side of the Cove & Stone of Torture:  
J66.14; E218| Frozen Sons of the feminine Tabernacle of Bacon, Newton & Locke.  
J66.15; E218| For Luvah is France: the Victim of the Spectres of Albion.

J66.16; E218| Los beheld in terror: he pour'd his loud storms on the Furnaces:  
J66.17; E218| The Daughters of Albion clothed in garments of needle work  
J66.18; E218| Strip them off from their shoulders and bosoms, they lay aside  
J66.19; E218| Their garments; they sit naked upon the Stone of trial.  
J66.20; E218| The Knife of flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood  
J66.21; E218| Gushes & stains the fair side of the fair Daug[h]ters of Albion.  
J66.22; E218| They put aside his curls; they divide his seven locks upon  
J66.23; E218| His forehead: they bind his forehead with thorns of iron  
J66.24; E218| They put into his hand a reed, they mock: Saying: Behold

J66.25; E218| The King of Canaan whose are seven hundred chariots of iron!  
J66.26; E218| They take off his vesture whole with their Knives of flint:  
J66.27; E218| But they cut asunder his inner garments: searching with  
J66.28; E218| Their cruel fingers for his heart, & there they enter in pomp,  
J66.29; E218| In many tears; & there they erect a temple & an altar:  
J66.30; E218| They pour cold water on his brain in front, to cause.  
J66.31; E218| Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears: and caverns  
J66.32; E218| To freeze over his nostrils, while they feed his tongue from cups  
J66.33; E218| And dishes of painted clay. Glowing with beauty & cruelty:  
J66.34; E218| They obscure the sun & the moon; no eye can look upon them.

J66.35; E218| Ah! alas! at the sight of the Victim, & at sight of those who are smitten,  
J66.36; E218| All who see. become what they behold. their eyes are coverd  
J66.37; E218| With veils of tears and their nostrils & tongues shrunk up  
J66.38; E218| Their ear bent outwards. as their Victim, so are they in the pangs  
J66.39; E218| Of unconquerable fear! amidst delights of revenge Earth-shaking!

J66.40; E219| And as their eye & ear shrunk, the heavens shrunk away  
J66.41; E219| The Divine Vision became First a burning flame, then a column  
J66.42; E219| Of fire, then an awful fiery wheel surrounding earth & heaven:  
J66.43; E219| And then a globe of blood wandering distant in all unknown night:  
J66.44; E219| Afar into the unknown night the mountains fled away:  
J66.45; E219| Six months of mortality; a summer: & six months of mortality; a winter:  
J66.46; E219| The Human form began to be alterd by the Daughters of Albion  
J66.47; E219| And the perceptions to be dissipated into the Indefinite. Becoming  
J66.48; E219| A mighty Polypus nam'd Albions Tree: they tie the Veins  
J66.49; E219| And Nerves into two knots: & the Seed into a double knot:  
J66.50; E219| They look forth: the Sun is shrunk: the Heavens are shrunk  
J66.51; E219| Away into the far remote: and the Trees & Mountains witherd  
J66.52; E219| Into indefinite cloudy shadows in darkness & separation.  
J66.53; E219| By Invisible hatreds adjoind, they seem remote and separate  
J66.54; E219| From each other; and yet are a Mighty Polypus in the Deep!  
J66.55; E219| As the Mistletoe grows on the Oak, so Albions Tree on Eternity: Lo!  
J66.56; E219| He who will not comingle in Love, must be adjoind by Hate

J66.57; E219| They look forth from Stone-henge! from the Cove round London Stone  
J66.58; E219| They look on one another: the mountain calls out to the mountain:  
J66.59; E219| Plinlimmon shrunk away: Snowdon trembled: the mountains  
J66.60; E219| Of Wales & Scotland beheld the descending War: the routed flying:  
J66.61; E219| Red run the streams of Albion: Thames is drunk with blood:  
J66.62; E219| As Gwendolen cast the shuttle of war: as Cambel returnd the beam.  
J66.63; E219| The Humber & the Severn: are drunk with the blood of the slain:  
J66.64; E219| London feels his brain cut round: Edinburghs heart is circumscribed!  
J66.65; E219| York & Lincoln hide among the flocks, because of the griding Knife.

J66.66; E219| Worcester & Hereford: Oxford & Cambridge reel & stagger,  
J66.67; E219| Overweared with howling: Wales & Scotland alone sustain the fight!  
J66.68; E219| The inhabitants are sick to death: they labour to divide into Days  
J66.69; E219| And Nights, the uncertain Periods: and into Weeks & Months. In vain  
J66.70; E219| They send the Dove & Raven: & in vain the Serpent over the mountains.  
J66.71; E219| And in vain the Eagle & Lion over the four-fold wilderness.  
J66.72; E219| They return not: but generate in rocky places desolate.  
J66.73; E219| They return not; but build a habitation separate from Man.  
J66.74; E219| The Sun forgets his course like a drunken man; he hesitates,  
J66.75; E219| Upon the Cheselden hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn  
J66.76; E219| In vain: he is hurried afar into an unknown Night  
J66.77; E219| He bleeds in torrents of blood as he rolls thro heaven above  
J66.78; E219| He chokes up the paths of the sky; the Moon is leprous as snow:  
J66.79; E219| Trembling & descending down seeking to rest upon high Mona:  
J66.80; E219| Scattering her leprous snows in flakes of disease over Albion.  
J66.81; E219| The Stars flee remote: the heaven is iron, the earth is sulphur,  
J66.82; E219| And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a withering gourd,  
J66.83; E219| As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knife of flint,  
J66.84; E219| In the hands of Albions Daughters, among the Druid Temples.

J67.1; E220| By those who drink their blood & the blood of their Covenant

J67.2; E220| And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab & Tirzah  
J67.3; E220| A Double Female: and they drew out from the Rocky Stones  
J67.4; E220| Fibres of Life to Weave[,] for every Female is a Golden Loom  
J67.5; E220| The Rocks are opake hardnesses covering all Vegetated things  
J67.6; E220| And as they Wove & Cut from the Looms in various divisions  
J67.7; E220| Stretching over Europe & Asia from Ireland to Japan  
J67.8; E220| They divided into many lovely Daughters to be counterparts  
J67.9; E220| To those they Wove, for when they Wove a Male, they divided  
J67.10; E220| Into a Female to the Woven Male. in opake hardness  
J67.11; E220| They cut the Fibres from the Rocks groaning in pain they Weave;  
J67.12; E220| Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence; denying Eternity  
J67.13; E220| By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albions Tree  
J67.14; E220| Such are the Feminine & Masculine when separated from Man  
J67.15; E220| They call the Rocks Parents of Men, & adore the frowning Chaos  
J67.16; E220| Dancing around in howling pain clothed in the bloody Veil.  
J67.17; E220| Hiding Albions Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalems  
J67.18; E220| Sons without; to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion  
J67.19; E220| Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous & merciful Man  
J67.20; E220| Counting him an imbecile mockery: but the Warrior  
J67.21; E220| They adore: & his revenge cherish with the blood of the Innocent  
J67.22; E220| They drink up Dan & Gad, to feed with milk Skofeld & Kotope  
J67.23; E220| They strip off Josephs Coat & dip it in the blood of battle

J67.24; E220| Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife  
J67.25; E220| Of flint is in her hand: she passes it over the howling Victim  
J67.26; E220| The Daughters Weave their Work in loud cries over the Rock  
J67.27; E220| Of Horeb! still eyeing Albions Cliffs eagerly siezing & twisting  
J67.28; E220| The threads of Vala & Jerusalem running from mountain to mountain  
J67.29; E220| Over the whole Earth: loud the Warriors rage in Beth Peor  
J67.30; E220| Beneath the iron whips of their Captains & consecrated banners  
J67.31; E220| Loud the Sun & Moon rage in the conflict: loud the Stars  
J67.32; E220| Shout in the night of battle & their spears grow to their hands  
J67.33; E220| With blood, weaving the deaths of the Mighty into a Tabernacle  
J67.34; E220| For Rahab & Tirzah; till the Great Polypus of Generation coverd the Earth

J67.35; E220| In Verulam the Polypus's Head, winding around his bulk  
J67.36; E220| Thro Rochester, and Chichester, & Exeter & Salisbury,  
J67.37; E220| To Bristol: & his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain  
J67.38; E220| Shooting out Fibres round the Earth, thro Gaul & Italy  
J67.39; E220| And Greece, & along the Sea of Rephaim into Judea  
J67.40; E220| To Sodom & Gomorrha: thence to India, China & Japan

J67.41; E220| The Twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tirzah have circumscribd the Brain  
J67.42; E220| Beneath & pierced it thro the midst with a golden pin.  
J67.43; E220| Blood hath staind her fair side beneath her bosom.

J67.44; E221| O thou poor Human Form! said she. O thou poor child of woe!  
J67.45; E221| Why wilt thou wander away from Tirzah: why me compel to bind thee[!]  
J67.46; E221| If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon these Rocks  
J67.47; E221| These fibres of thine eyes that used to beam in distant heavens  
J67.48; E221| Away from me: I have bound down with a hot iron.  
J67.49; E221| These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies  
J67.50; E221| I have bent downward with lead melted in my roaring furnaces  
J67.51; E221| Of affliction; of love; of sweet despair; of torment unendurable  
J67.52; E221| My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roars the bellows  
J67.53; E221| Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs  
J67.54; E221| In channels thro my fiery limbs: O love! O pity! O fear!  
J67.55; E221| O pain! O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken  
J67.56; E221| Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran  
J67.57; E221| The River Kanah wanderd by my sweet Manassehs side  
J67.58; E221| To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my sight!  
J67.59; E221| Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red-hot:  
J67.60; E221| Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelty  
J67.61; E221| Shriek not so my only love! I refuse thy joys: I drink  
J67.62; E221| Thy shrieks because Hand & Hyle are cruel & obdurate to me



J68.1; E221| O Skofield why art thou cruel? Lo Joseph is thine! to make  
J68.2; E221| You One: to weave you both in the same mantle of skin  
J68.3; E221| Bind him down Sisters bind him down on Ebal. Mount of cursing:  
J68.4; E221| Malah come forth from Lebanon: & Hogleh from Mount Sinai:  
J68.5; E221| Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets & with a screw of iron  
J68.6; E221| Fasten this ear into the rock! Milcah the task is thine  
J68.7; E221| Weep not so Sisters! weep not so! our life depends on this  
J68.8; E221| Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead  
J68.9; E221| Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation

J68.10; E221| And thus the Warriors cry, in the hot day of Victory, in Songs.

J68.11; E221| Look: the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stone  
J68.12; E221| Her panting Victim beside her: her heart is drunk with blood  
J68.13; E221| Tho her brain is not drunk with wine: she goes forth from Albion  
J68.14; E221| In pride of beauty: in cruelty of holiness: in the brightness  
J68.15; E221| Of her tabernacle, & her ark & secret place, the beautiful Daughter  
J68.16; E221| Of Albion, delights the eyes of the Kings. their hearts & the  
J68.17; E221| Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor & Friga. O Molech!  
J68.18; E221| O Chemosh! O Bacchus! O Venus! O Double God of Generation  
J68.19; E221| The Heavens are cut like a mantle around from the Cliffs of Albion  
J68.20; E221| Across Europe; across Africa; in howlings & deadly War  
J68.21; E221| A sheet & veil & curtain of blood is let down from Heaven  
J68.22; E221| Across the hills of Ephraim & down Mount Olivet to  
J68.23; E221| The Valley of the Jebusite: Molech rejoices in heaven  
J68.24; E221| He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones

J68.25; E222| Themselves condensing to rocks & into the Ribs of a Man  
J68.26; E222| Lo they shoot forth in tender Nerves across Europe & Asia  
J68.27; E222| Lo they rest upon the Tribes, where their panting Victims lie  
J68.28; E222| Molech rushes into the Kings in love to the beautiful Daughters  
J68.29; E222| But they frown & delight in cruelty, refusing all other joy  
J68.30; E222| Bring your Offerings, your first begotten: pamperd with milk & blood  
J68.31; E222| Your first born of seven years old: be they Males or Females:  
J68.32; E222| To the beautiful Daughters of Albion! they sport before the Kings  
J68.33; E222| Clothed in the sin of the Victim! blood! human blood! is the life  
J68.34; E222| And delightful food of the Warrior: the well fed Warriors flesh  
J68.35; E222| Of him who is slain in War: fills the Valleys of Ephraim with  
J68.36; E222| Breeding Women walking in pride & bringing forth under green trees  
J68.37; E222| With pleasure, without pain, for their food is. blood of the Captive  
J68.38; E222| Molech rejoices thro the Land from Havilah to Shur: he rejoices  
J68.39; E222| In moral law & its severe penalties: loud Shaddai & Jehovah  
J68.40; E222| Thunder above: when they see the Twelve panting Victims

J68.41; E222| On the Twelve Stones of Power, & the beautiful Daughters of Albion  
 J68.42; E222| If you dare rend their Veil with your Spear; you are healed of Love!  
 J68.43; E222| From the Hills of Camberwell & Wimbledon: from the Valleys  
 J68.44; E222| Of Walton & Esher: from Stone-henge & from Maldens Cove  
 J68.45; E222| Jerusalems Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War  
 J68.46; E222| Over France & Germany: upon the Rhine & Danube  
 J68.47; E222| Reuben & Benjamin flee; they hide in the Valley of Rephaim  
 J68.48; E222| Why trembles the Warriors limbs when he beholds thy beauty  
 J68.49; E222| Spotted with Victims blood: by the fires of thy secret tabernacle  
 J68.50; E222| And thy ark & holy place: at thy frowns: at thy dire revenge  
 J68.51; E222| Smitten as Uzzah of old: his armour is softend; his spear  
 J68.52; E222| And sword faint in his hand, from Albion across Great Tartary  
 J68.53; E222| O beautiful Daughter of Albion: cruelty is thy delight  
 J68.54; E222| O Virgin of terrible eyes, who dwellest by Valleys of springs  
 J68.55; E222| Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon, in the City of Rehob in Hamath  
 J68.56; E222| Taught to touch the harp: to dance in the Circle of Warriors  
 J68.57; E222| Before the Kings of Canaan: to cut the flesh from the Victim  
 J68.58; E222| To roast the flesh in fire: to examine the Infants limbs  
 J68.59; E222| In cruelties of holiness: to refuse the joys of love: to bring  
 J68.60; E222| The Spies from Egypt, to raise jealousy in the bosoms of the Twelve  
 J68.61; E222| Kings of Canaan: then to let the Spies depart to Meribah Kadesh  
 J68.62; E222| To the place of the Amalekite; I am drunk with unsatiated love  
 J68.63; E222| I must rush again to War: for the Virgin has frownd & refusd  
 J68.64; E222| Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty  
 J68.65; E222| Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies  
 J68.66; E222| But now my soul is harrowd with grief & fear & love & desire  
 J68.67; E222| And now I hate & now I love & Intellect is no more:  
 J68.68; E222| There is no time for any thing but the torments of love & desire  
 J68.69; E222| The Feminine & Masculine Shadows soft, mild & ever varying  
 J68.70; E222| In beauty: are Shadows now no more, but Rocks in Horeb

J69.1; E223| Then all the Males combined into One Male & every one <sup>1314</sup>  
 J69.2; E223| Became a ravening eating Cancer growing in the Female  
 J69.3; E223| A Polypus of Roots of Reasoning Doubt Despair & Death.  
 J69.4; E223| Going forth & returning from Albions Rocks to Canaan:  
 J69.5; E223| Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.

J69.6; E223| Envyng stood the enormous Form at variance with Itself  
 J69.7; E223| In all its Members: in eternal torment of love & jealousy:  
 J69.8; E223| Drivn forth by Los time after time from Albions clifly shore,  
 J69.9; E223| Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into infernal bondage;  
 J69.10; E223| That they might be born in contentions of Chastity & in  
 J69.11; E223| Deadly Hate between Leah & Rachel, Daughters of Deceit & Fraud  
 J69.12; E223| Bearing the Images of various Species of Contention



J69.13; E223| And Jealousy & Abhorrence & Revenge & deadly Murder.  
J69.14; E223| Till they refuse liberty to the male; & not like Beulah  
J69.15; E223| Where every Female delights to give her maiden to her husband  
J69.16; E223| The Female searches sea & land for gratification to the  
J69.17; E223| Male Genius: who in return clothes her in gems & gold  
J69.18; E223| And feeds her with the food of Eden. hence all her beauty beams  
J69.19; E223| She Creates at her will a little moony night & silence  
J69.20; E223| With Spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty:  
J69.21; E223| Closed in by a sandy desert & a night of stars shining.  
J69.22; E223| And a little tender moon & hovering angels on the wing.  
J69.23; E223| And the Male gives a Time & Revolution to her Space  
J69.24; E223| Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights  
J69.25; E223| For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination  
J69.26; E223| And thence in Beulah they are stolen by secret amorous theft,  
J69.27; E223| Till they have had Punishment enough to make them commit Crimes  
J69.28; E223| Hence rose the Tabernacle in the Wilderness & all its Offerings,  
J69.29; E223| From Male & Female Loves in Beulah & their Jealousies  
J69.30; E223| But no one can consummate Female bliss in Los's World without  
J69.31; E223| Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death

J69.32; E223| And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah: all  
J69.33; E223| The Jealousies become Murderous: uniting together in Rahab  
J69.34; E223| A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves  
J69.35; E223| With Moral Law, an Equal Balance, not going down with decision  
J69.36; E223| Therefore the Male severe & cruel filld with stern Revenge:  
J69.37; E223| Mutual Hate returns & mutual Deceit & mutual Fear.

J69.38; E223| Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female:  
J69.39; E223| Which Jesus rends & the whole Druid Law removes away  
J69.40; E223| From the Inner Sanctuary: a False Holiness hid within the Center,  
J69.41; E223| For the Sanctuary of Eden. is in the Camp: in the Outline,  
J69.42; E223| In the Circumference: & every Minute Particular is Holy:  
J69.43; E223| Embraces are Cominglings: from the Head even to the Feet;  
J69.44; E223| And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.

J69.45; E224| Jerusalem pined in her inmost soul over Wandering Reuben  
J69.46; E224| As she slept in Beulahs Night hid by the Daughters of Beulah

J70.1; E224| And this the form of mighty Hand sitting on Albions cliffs  
J70.2; E224| Before the face of Albion, a mighty threatning Form.

J70.3; E224| His bosom wide & shoulders huge overspreading wondrous

J70.4; E224| Bear Three strong sinewy Necks & Three awful & terrible Heads  
J70.5; E224| Three Brains in contradictory council brooding incessantly.  
J70.6; E224| Neither daring to put in act its councils, fearing each-other,  
J70.7; E224| Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom  
J70.8; E224| To consist. in the agreements & disagree[me]nts of Ideas.  
J70.9; E224| Plotting to devour Albions Body of Humanity & Love.

J70.10; E224| Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took; & such  
J70.11; E224| Their appearance when combind: but often by birth-pangs & loud groans  
J70.12; E224| They divide to Twelve: the key-bones & the chest dividing in pain  
J70.13; E224| Disclose a hideous orifice; thence issuing the Giant-brood  
J70.14; E224| Arise as the smoke of the furnace, shaking the rocks from sea to sea.  
J70.15; E224| And there they combine into Three Forms, named Bacon & Newton & Locke,  
J70.16; E224| In the Oak Groves of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

J70.17; E224| Imputing Sin & Righteousness to Individuals; Rahab  
J70.18; E224| Sat deep within him hid: his Feminine Power unreveal'd  
J70.19; E224| Brooding Abstract Philosophy. to destroy Imagination, the Divine-  
J70.20; E224| -Humanity A Three-fold Wonder: feminine: most beautiful: Three-fold  
J70.21; E224| Each within other. On her white marble & even Neck, her Heart  
J70.22; E224| Inorb'd and bonified: with locks of shadowing modesty, shining  
J70.23; E224| Over her beautiful Female features, soft flourishing in beauty  
J70.24; E224| Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips  
J70.25; E224| Recieve a kiss from Gods or Men, a threefold kiss returns  
J70.26; E224| From the pressd loveliness: so her whole immortal form three-fold  
J70.27; E224| Three-fold embrace returns: consuming lives of Gods & Men  
J70.28; E224| In fires of beauty melting them as gold & silver in the furnace  
J70.29; E224| Her Brain enlabyrinths the whole heaven of her bosom & loins  
J70.30; E224| To put in act what her Heart wills; O who can withstand her power  
J70.31; E224| Her name is Vala in Eternity: in Time her name is Rahab

J70.32; E224| The Starry Heavens all were fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

J71.1; E224| And above Albions Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan  
J71.2; E224| As the Substance is to the Shadow: and above Albions Twelve Sons  
J71.3; E224| Were seen Jerusalems Sons: and all the Twelve Tribes spreading  
J71.4; E224| Over Albion. As the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalems Sons,  
J71.5; E224| Are to the Sons of Albion: and Jerusalem is Albions Emanation

J71.6; E225| What is Above is Within, for every-thing in Eternity is translucent:  
J71.7; E225| The Circumference is Within: Without, is formed the Selfish Center  
J71.8; E225| And the Circumference still expands going forward to Eternity.

J71.9; E225|

And the Center has Eternal States! these States we now explore.

J71.10; E225|

And these the Names of Albions Twelve Sons, & of his Twelve Daughters

J71.11; E225|

With their Districts. Hand dwelt in Selsey & had Sussex & Surrey

J71.12; E225|

And Kent & Middlesex: all their Rivers & their Hills, of flocks & herds:

J71.13; E225|

Their Villages Towns Cities Sea-Ports Temples sublime Cathedrals;

J71.14; E225|

All were his Friends & their Sons & Daughters intermarry in Beulah

J71.15; E225|

For all are Men in Eternity. Rivers Mountains Cities Villages,

J71.16; E225|

All are Human & when you enter into their Bosoms you walk

J71.17; E225|

In Heavens & Earths; as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven

J71.18; E225|

And Earth, & all you behold, tho it appears Without it is Within

J71.19; E225|

In your Imagination of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.

J71.20; E225|

Hyle dwelt in Winchester comprehending Hants Dorset Devon Cornwall.

J71.21; E225|

Their Villages Cities SeaPorts, their Corn fields & Gardens spacious

J71.22; E225|

Palaces, Rivers & Mountains, and between Hand & Hyle arose

J71.23; E225|

Gwendolen & Cambel who is Boadicea: they go abroad & return

J71.24; E225|

Like lovely beams of light from the mingled affections of the Brothers

J71.25; E225|

The Inhabitants of the whole Earth rejoice in their beautiful light.

J71.26; E225|

Coban dwelt in Bath. Somerset Wiltshire Gloucestershire,

J71.27; E225|

Obejd his awful voice Ignoge is his lovely Emanation;

J71.28; E225|

She adjoind with Gwantokes Children, soon lovely Cordella arose.

J71.29; E225|

Gwantoke forgave & joyd over South Wales & all its Mountains.

J71.30; E225|

Peachey had North Wales Shropshire Cheshire & the Isle of Man.

J71.31; E225|

His Emanation is Mehetabel terrible & lovely upon the Mountains

J71.32; E225|

Brertun had Yorkshire Durham Westmoreland & his Emanation

J71.33; E225|

Is Ragan, she adjoind to Slade, & produced Gonorill far beaming.

J71.34; E225|

Slade had Lincoln Stafford Derby Nottingham & his lovely

J71.35; E225|

Emanation Gonorill rejoices over hills & rocks & woods & rivers.

J71.36; E225|

Huttn had Warwick Northampton Bedford Buckingham

J71.37; E225|

Leicester & Berkshire: & his Emanation is Gwinefred beautiful

J71.38; E225|

Skofeld had Ely Rutland Cambridge Huntingdon Norfolk

J71.39; E225|

Suffolk Hartford & Essex: & his Emanation is Gwinevera

J71.40; E225|

Beautiful, she beams towards the east, all kinds of precious stones

J71.41; E225|

And pearl, with instruments Of music in holy Jerusalem

J71.42; E225| Kox had Oxford Warwick Wilts: his Emanation is Estrild:  
J71.43; E225| Joind with Cordella she shines southward over the Atlantic.

J71.44; E226| Kotope had Hereford Stafford Worcester, & his Emanation  
J71.45; E226| Is Sabrina joind with Mehetabel she shines west over America

J71.46; E226| Bowen had all Scotland, the Isles, Northumberland & Cumberland  
J71.47; E226| His Emanation is Conwenna, she shines a triple form  
J71.48; E226| Over the north with pearly beams gorgeous & terrible  
J71.49; E226| Jerusalem & Vala rejoice in Bowen & Conwenna.

J71.50; E226| But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated  
J71.51; E226| Are Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion. They  
J71.52; E226| Dwell over the Four Provinces of Ireland in heavenly light  
J71.53; E226| The Four Universities of Scotland, & in Oxford & Cambridge & Winchester

J71.54; E226| But now Albion is darkened & Jerusalem lies in ruins:  
J71.55; E226| Above the Mountains of Albion, above the head of Los.

J71.56; E226| And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings & his tears poured down  
J71.57; E226| His immortal cheeks, rearing his hands to heaven for aid Divine!  
J71.58; E226| But he spoke not to Albion: fearing lest Albion should turn his Back  
J71.59; E226| Against the Divine Vision: & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death.  
J71.60; E226| But he receded before Albion & before Vala weaving the Veil  
J71.61; E226| With the iron shuttle of War among the rooted Oaks of Albion;  
J71.62; E226| Weeping & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children  
J71.63; E226| Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity

J72.1; E226| And the Thirty-two Counties of the Four Provinces of Ireland  
J72.2; E226| Are thus divided: The Four Counties are in the Four Camps  
J72.3; E226| Munster South in Reubens Gate, Connaut West in Josephs Gate  
J72.4; E226| Ulster North in Dans Gate, Leinster East in Judahs Gate

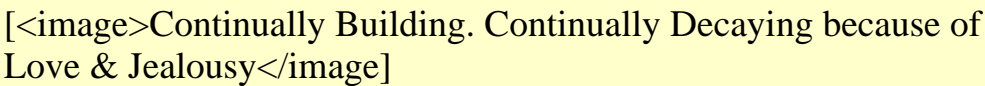
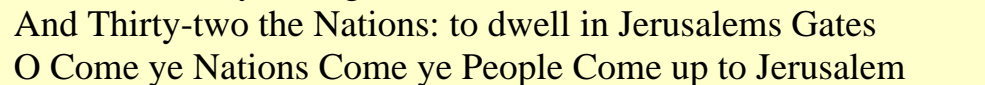
J72.5; E226| For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars  
J72.6; E226| But the Four towards the West were Walled up & the Twelve  
J72.7; E226| That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square  
J72.8; E226| By Los for Jerusalems sake & called the Gates of Jerusalem  
J72.9; E226| Because Twelve Sons of Jerusalem fled successive thro the Gates  
J72.10; E226| But the Four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not but remaind  
J72.11; E226| Are Rintrah & Palamabron & Theotormon & Bromion

J72.12; E226| The Four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall  
J72.13; E226| And these Four remain to guard the Four Walls of Jerusalem  
J72.14; E226| Whose foundations remain in the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland  
J72.15; E226| And in Twelve Counties of Wales, & in the Forty Counties  
J72.16; E226| Of England & in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland

J72.17; E226| And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these  
J72.18; E226| Under Judah & Issachar & Zebulun are Lowth Longford  
J72.19; E226| Eastmeath Westmeath Dublin Kildare Kings County  
J72.20; E226| Queens County Wicklow Catherloh Wexford Kilkenny

J72.21; E227| And those under Reuben & Simeon & Levi are these  
J72.22; E227| Waterford Tipperary Cork Limerick Kerry Clare  
J72.23; E227| And those under Ephraim Manasseh & Benjamin are these  
J72.24; E227| Galway Roscommon Mayo Sligo Leitrim  
J72.25; E227| And those under Dan Asher & Napthali are these  
J72.26; E227| Donnegal Antrim Tyrone Fermanagh Armagh Londonderry  
J72.27; E227| Down Managhan Cavan. These are the Land of Erin

J72.28; E227| All these Center in London & in Golgonooza. from whence  
J72.29; E227| They are Created continually East & West & North & South  
J72.30; E227| And from them are Created all the Nations of the Earth  
J72.31; E227| Europe & Asia & Africa & America, in fury Fourfold!



J72ill; E227| [Continually Building. Continually Decaying because of  
J72ill; E227| Love & Jealousy  
J72.32; E227| And Thirty-two the Nations: to dwell in Jerusalems Gates  
J72.33; E227| O Come ye Nations Come ye People Come up to Jerusalem  
J72.34; E227| Return Jerusalem & dwell together as of old! Return  
J72.35; E227| Return! O Albion let Jerusalem overspread all Nations  
J72.36; E227| As in the times of old! O Albion awake! Reuben wanders  
J72.37; E227| The Nations wait for Jerusalem. they look up for the Bride

J72.38; E227| France Spain Italy Germany Poland Russia Sweden Turkey  
J72.39; E227| Arabia Palestine Persia Hindostan China Tartary Siberia  
J72.40; E227| Egypt Lybia Ethiopia Guinea Caffraria Negroland Morocco  
J72.41; E227| Congo Zaara Canada Greenland Carolina Mexico  
J72.42; E227| Peru Patagonia Amazonia Brazil. Thirty-two Nations  
J72.43; E227| And under these Thirty-two Classes of Islands in the Ocean  
J72.44; E227| All the Nations Peoples & Tongues throughout all the Earth

J72.45; E227| And the Four Gates of Los surround the Universe Within and



J72.46; E227| Without; & whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth, the same  
J72.47; E227| Is visible in the Mundane Shell; reversd in mountain & vale  
J72.48; E227| And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah to guard  
J72.49; E227| In Albions Tomb the wondrous Creation: & the Four-fold Gate  
J72.50; E227| Towards Beulah is to the South[.] Fenelon, Guion, Teresa,  
J72.51; E227| Whitefield & Hervey, guard that Gate; with all the gentle Souls  
J72.52; E227| Who guide the great Wine-press of Love; Four precious stones that Gate:

J72ill; E228| [Women the comforters of Men become the  
J72ill; E228| Tormentors & Punishers] <sup>t315</sup>

J73.1; E228| Such are Cathedrons golden Halls: in the City of Golgonooza

J73.2; E228| And Los's Furnaces howl loud; living: self-moving: lamenting  
J73.3; E228| With fury & despair, & they stretch from South to North  
J73.4; E228| Thro all the Four Points: Lo! the Labourers at the Furnaces  
J73.5; E228| Rintrah & Palamabron, Theotormon & Bromion, loud labring  
J73.6; E228| With the innumerable multitudes of Golgonooza, round the Anvils  
J73.7; E228| Of Death. But how they came forth from the Furnaces & how long  
J73.8; E228| Vast & severe the anguish eer they knew their Father; were  
J73.9; E228| Long to tell & of the iron rollers, golden axle-trees & yokes  
J73.10; E228| Of brass, iron chains & braces & the gold, silver & brass  
J73.11; E228| Mingled or separate: for swords; arrows; cannons; mortars  
J73.12; E228| The terrible ball: the wedge: the loud sounding hammer of destruction  
J73.13; E228| The sounding flail to thresh: the winnow: to winnow kingdoms  
J73.14; E228| The water wheel & mill of many innumerable wheels resistless  
J73.15; E228| Over the Four fold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell.

J73.16; E228| Perusing Albions Tomb in the starry characters of Og & Anak:  
J73.17; E228| To Create the lion & wolf the bear: the tyger & ounce:  
J73.18; E228| To Create the wooly lamb & downy fowl & scaly serpent  
J73.19; E228| The summer & winter: day & night: the sun & moon & stars  
J73.20; E228| The tree: the plant: the flower: the rock: the stone: the metal:  
J73.21; E228| Of Vegetative Nature: by their hard restricting condensations.

J73.22; E228| Where Luvahs World of Opakeness grew to a period: It  
J73.23; E228| Became a Limit, a Rocky hardness without form & void  
J73.24; E228| Accumulating without end: here Los. who is of the Elohim  
J73.25; E228| Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the Emanation  
J73.26; E228| Fixing The Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation  
J73.27; E228| Naming the Limit of Opakeness Satan & the Limit of Contraction  
J73.28; E228| Adam, who is Peleg & Joktan: & Esau & Jacob: & Saul & David



J73.29; E228| Voltaire insinuates that these Limits are the cruel work of God  
J73.30; E228| Mocking the Remover of Limits & the Resurrection of the Dead  
J73.31; E228| Setting up Kings in wrath: in holiness of Natural Religion  
J73.32; E228| Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time on time  
J73.33; E228| In miracles & wonders in the Four-fold Desart of Albion  
J73.34; E228| Permanently Creating to be in Time Reveald & Demolishd  
J73.35; E228| Satan Cain Tubal Nimrod Pharoh Priam Bladud Belin  
J73.36; E228| Arthur Alfred the Norman Conqueror Richard John  
J73.37; E228| [*Edward Henry Elizabeth James Charles William George*] <sup>t316</sup>  
J73.38; E228| And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories  
J73.39; E228| These are Created by Rahab & Tirzah in Ulro: but around

J73.40; E229| These, to preserve them from Eternal Death Los Creates  
J73.41; E229| Adam Noah Abraham Moses Samuel David Ezekiel  
J73.42; E229| [*Pythagoras Socrates Euripedes Virgil Dante Milton*] <sup>t317</sup>  
J73.43; E229| Dissipating the rocky forms of Death, by his thunderous Hammer  
J73.44; E229| As the Pilgrim passes while the Country permanent remains  
J73.45; E229| So Men pass on: but States remain permanent for ever

J73.46; E229| The Spectres of the Dead howl round the porches of Los  
J73.47; E229| In the terrible Family feuds of Albions cities & villages  
J73.48; E229| To devour the Body of Albion, hungring & thirsting & ravning  
J73.49; E229| The Sons of Los clothe them & feed, & provide houses & gardens  
J73.50; E229| And every Human Vegetated Form in its inward recesses  
J73.51; E229| Is a house of ple[as]antness & a garden of delight Built by the  
J73.52; E229| Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowlahoola & in Cathedron

J73.53; E229| From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible  
J73.54; E229| Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Door;

J74.1; E229| The Four Zoa's clouded rage; Urizen stood by Albion  
J74.2; E229| With Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion  
J74.3; E229| These Four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh  
J74.4; E229| And the Four Zoa's are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona  
J74.5; E229| In opposition deadly, and their Wheels in poisonous  
J74.6; E229| And deadly stupor turn'd against each other loud & fierce  
J74.7; E229| Entering into the Reasoning Power, forsaking Imagination  
J74.8; E229| They became Spectres; & their Human Bodies were reposed  
J74.9; E229| In Beulah, by the Daughters of Beulah with tears & lamentations  
J74.10; E229| The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man; & when separated  
J74.11; E229| From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Ratio  
J74.12; E229| Of the Things of Memory. It thence frames Laws & Moralities

J74.13; E229|

To destroy Imagination! the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms & Wars

J74.14; E229|

Teach me O Holy Spirit the Testimony of Jesus! let me

J74.15; E229|

Comprehend wonderous things out of the Divine Law

J74.16; E229|

I behold Babylon in the opening Street of London, I behold

J74.17; E229|

Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house

J74.18; E229|

This I behold the shudderings of death attend my steps

J74.19; E229|

I walk up and down in Six Thousand Years: their Events are present before me

J74.20; E229|

To tell how Los in grief & anger, whirling round his Hammer on high

J74.21; E229|

Drave the Sons & Daughters of Albion from their ancient mountains

J74.22; E229|

They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision

J74.23; E229|

The Sons of Albion are Twelve: the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen

J74.24; E229|

I tell how Albions Sons by Harmonies of Concords & Discords

J74.25; E229|

Opposed to Melody, and by Lights & Shades, opposed to Outline

J74.26; E229|

And by Abstraction opposed to the Visions of Imagination

J74.27; E230|

By cruel Laws divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions

J74.28; E230|

How Hyle roofd Los in Albions Cliffs by the Affections rent

J74.29; E230|

Asunder & opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalems Sons

J74.30; E230|

Into the Vortex of his Wheels. therefore Hyle is called Gog

J74.31; E230|

Age after age drawing them away towards Babylon

J74.32; E230|

Babylon, the Rational Morality deluding to death the little ones

J74.33; E230|

In strong temptations of stolen beauty; I tell how Reuben slept

J74.34; E230|

On London Stone & the Daughters of Albion ran around admiring

J74.35; E230|

His awful beauty: with Moral Virtue the fair deciever; offspring

J74.36; E230|

Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames & sent

J74.37; E230|

Him over Europe in streams of gore out of Cathedrons Looms

J74.38; E230|

How Los drave them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan

J74.39; E230|

Hence Albion was calld the Canaanite & all his Giant Sons.

J74.40; E230|

Hence is my Theme. O Lord my Saviour open thou the Gates

J74.41; E230|

And I will lead forth thy Words, telling how the Daughters

J74.42; E230|

Cut the Fibres of Reuben, how he rolld apart & took Root

J74.43; E230|

In Bashan, terror-struck Albions Sons look toward Bashan

J74.44; E230|

They have divided Simeon he also rolld apart in blood

J74.45; E230|

Over the Nations till he took Root beneath the shining Looms

J74.46; E230|

Of Albions Daughters in Philistea by the side of Amalek

J74.47; E230|

They have divided Levi: he hath shot out into Forty eight Roots

J74.48; E230|

Over the Land of Canaan: they have divided Judah

J74.49; E230|

He hath took Root in Hebron, in the Land of Hand & Hyle

J74.50; E230|

Dan: Napthali: Gad: Asher: Issachar: Zebulun: roll apart

J74.51; E230|

From all the Nations of the Earth to dissipate into Non Entity

J74.52; E230	I see a Feminine Form arise from the Four terrible Zoas
J74.53; E230	Beautiful but terrible struggling to take a form of beauty
J74.54; E230	Rooted in Shechem: this is Dinah, the youthful form of Erin
J74.55; E230	The Wound I see in South Molton S[t]reet & Stratford place
J74.56; E230	Whence Joseph & Benjamin rolld apart away from the Nations
J74.57; E230	In vain they rolld apart; they are fixd into the Land of Cabul
J75.1; E230	And Rahab Babylon the Great hath destroyed Jerusalem
J75.2; E230	Bath stood upon the Severn with Merlin & Bladud & Arthur
J75.3; E230	The Cup of Rahab in his hand: her Poisons Twenty-seven-fold
J75.4; E230	And all her Twenty-seven Heavens now hid & now reveal'd
J75.5; E230	Appear in strong delusive light of Time & Space drawn out
J75.6; E230	In shadowy pomp by the Eternal Prophet created evermore
J75.7; E230	For Los in Six Thousand Years walks up & down continually
J75.8; E230	That not one Moment of Time be lost & every revolution
J75.9; E230	Of Space he makes permanent in Bowlahoola & Cathedron.
J75.10; E230	And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches
J75.11; E230	Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,
J75.12; E231	Methuselah, Lamech; these are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic
J75.13; E231	Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the Second, Salah, Heber,
J75.14; E231	Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah: these are the Female Males:
J75.15; E231	A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains.
J75.16; E231	Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine,
J75.17; E231	Luther. these Seven are the Male Females: the Dragon Forms
J75.18; E231	The Female hid within a Male: thus Rahab is reveal'd
J75.19; E231	Mystery Babylon the Great: the Abomination of Desolation
J75.20; E231	Religion hid in War: a Dragon red, & hidden Harlot
J75.21; E231	But Jesus breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell
J75.22; E231	Opens Eternity in Time & Space; triumphant in Mercy
J75.23; E231	Thus are the Heavens formd by Los within the Mundane Shell
J75.24; E231	And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle
J75.25; E231	To awake the Prisoners of Death; to bring Albion again
J75.26; E231	With Luvah into light eternal, in his eternal day.
J75.27; E231	But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

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To the Christians

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J77; E231| To the Christians.

J77; E231| Devils are I give you the end of a golden string, <sup>t319</sup>  
J77; E231| False Religions Only wind it into a ball:  
J77; E231| "Saul Saul" It will lead you in at Heavens gate,  
J77; E231| "Why persecutest thou me." Built in Jerusalems wall.

J77prose; E231| We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no  
J77prose; E231| time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost, is a moment  
J77prose; E231| that cannot be redeemed every pleasure that intermingles with the  
J77prose; E231| duty of our station is a folly unredeemable & is planted like the  
J77prose; E231| seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of  
J77prose; E231| repentance. are tortures of self-reproach on account of our  
J77prose; E231| leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of  
J77prose; E231| intanglement with incoherent roots. I know of no other  
J77prose; E231| Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body  
J77prose; E231| & mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination.  
J77prose; E231| Imagination the real & eternal World of which this Vegetable  
J77prose; E231| Universe is but a faint shadow & in which we shall live in our  
J77prose; E231| Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies  
J77prose; E231| are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were  
J77prose; E231| all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy  
J77prose; E231| Ghost an other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the  
J77prose; E231| Harvest of the Gospel & its Labours? What is that Talent which it  
J77prose; E231| is a curse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven which we are  
J77prose; E231| to lay up for ourselves, are they any other than Mental Studies &  
J77prose; E231| Performances? What are all the Gifts. of the Gospel, are they not  
J77prose; E231| all Mental Gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be worshipped in  
J77prose; E231| Spirit & in Truth and are not the Gifts of the Spirit Every-thing  
J77prose; E231| to Man? O ye Religious discountenance every one among

J77prose; E232| you who shall pretend to despise Art & Science! I call upon you  
J77prose; E232| in the Name of Jesus! What is the Life of Man but Art & Science?  
J77prose; E232| is it Meat & Drink? is not the Body more than Raiment? What is  
J77prose; E232| Mortality but the things relating to the Body, which Dies? What  
J77prose; E232| is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit, which Lives  
J77prose; E232| Eternally! What is the joy of Heaven but Improvement in the  
J77prose; E232| things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance,  
J77prose; E232| Bodily Lust, Idleness & devastation of the things of the Spirit[?]

J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|  
J77prose; E232|

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

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"I stood among my valleys of the south"

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J77.1; E232| I stood among my valleys of the south  
J77.2; E232| And saw a flame of fire, even as a Wheel  
J77.3; E232| Of fire surrounding all the heavens: it went  
J77.4; E232| From west to east against the current of  
J77.5; E232| Creation and devourd all things in its loud  
J77.6; E232| Fury & thundering course round heaven & earth  
J77.7; E232| By it the Sun was rolld into an orb:  
J77.8; E232| By it the Moon faded into a globe,

J77.9; E232| Travelling thro the night: for from its dire  
J77.10; E232| And restless fury, Man himself shrunk up  
J77.11; E232| Into a little root a fathom long.  
J77.12; E232| And I asked a Watcher & a Holy-One  
J77.13; E232| Its Name? he answerd. It is the Wheel of Religion  
J77.14; E232| I wept & said. Is this the law of Jesus  
J77.15; E232| This terrible devouring sword turning every way  
J77.16; E232| He answerd; Jesus died because he strove  
J77.17; E232| Against the current of this Wheel: its Name  
J77.18; E232| Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death  
J77.19; E232| Of sin, of sorrow, & of punishment;  
J77.20; E232| Opposing Nature! It is Natural Religion  
J77.21; E232| But Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life  
J77.22; E232| Creating Nature from this fiery Law,  
J77.22; E232| By self-denial & forgiveness of Sin.

J77.23; E233| Go therefore, cast out devils in Christs name  
J77.24; E233| Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease  
J77.25; E233| Pity the evil, for thou art not sent  
J77.26; E233| To smite with terror & with punishments  
J77.27; E233| Those that are sick, like the Pharisees  
J77.28; E233| Crucifying &,encompassing sea & land  
J77.29; E233| For proselytes to tyranny & wrath,  
J77.30; E233| But to the Publicans & Harlots go!  
J77.31; E233| Teach them True Happiness, but let no curse  
J77.32; E233| Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace  
J77.33; E233| For Hell is opend to heaven; thine eyes beheld  
J77.34; E233| The dungeons burst & the Prisoners set free.

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"England! awake!..."

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J77.35; E233| England! awake! awake! awake!  
J77.36; E233| Jerusalem thy Sister calls!  
J77.37; E233| Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death?  
J77.38; E233| And close her from thy ancient walls.

J77.39; E233| Thy hills & valleys felt her feet,  
J77.40; E233| Gently upon their bosoms move:  
J77.41; E233| Thy gates beheld sweet Zions ways;  
J77.42; E233| Then was a time of joy and love.

J77.43; E233| And now the time returns again:  
J77.44; E233| Our souls exult & Londons towers,  
J77.45; E233| Recieve the Lamb of God to dwell  
J77.46; E233| In Englands green & pleasant bowers.

J77.47; E233| [*The Real Self[hood] in the*  
J77.48; E233| *is the ?Imagination Divine ?Man]* <sup>t320</sup>

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J78; E233| Jerusalem. C 4

J78.1; E233| The Spectres of Albions Twelve Sons revolve mightily  
J78.2; E233| Over the Tomb & over the Body: ravning to devour  
J78.3; E233| The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron  
J78.4; E233| Walks round: loud his threats, loud his blows fall  
J78.5; E233| On the rocky Spectres, as the Potter breaks the potsherds;  
J78.6; E233| Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses: driving them from Albions  
J78.7; E233| Cliffs: dividing them into Male & Female forms in his Furnaces  
J78.8; E233| And on his Anvils: lest they destroy the Feminine Affections  
J78.9; E233| They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace

J78.10; E233| While Los laments at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem,  
J78.11; E233| Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair;  
J78.12; E233| Albions Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin,

J78.13; E234| In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem,  
J78.14; E234| Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God.  
J78.15; E234| They took their Mother Vala, and they crown'd her with gold:  
J78.16; E234| They namd her Rahab, & gave her power over the Earth  
J78.17; E234| The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Entuthon Benythion,  
J78.18; E234| Even to the stars exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne  
J78.19; E234| Of God and the Lamb, to destroy the Lamb & usurp the Throne of God  
J78.20; E234| Drawing their Ulro Voidness round the Four-fold Humanity

J78.21; E234| Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion  
J78.22; E234| The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levelld with the dust!

J78.23; E234| Her Twelve Gates thrown down: her children carried into captivity  
J78.24; E234| Herself in chains: this from within was seen in a dismal night  
J78.25; E234| Outside, unknown before in Beulah, & the twelve gates were fill'd  
J78.26; E234| With blood; from Japan eastward to the Giants causway, west  
J78.27; E234| In Erins Continent: and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates banks  
J78.28; E234| Disorganizd; an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among  
J78.29; E234| Her childrens Druid Temples dropping with blood wanderd weeping!  
J78.30; E234| And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea.

J78.31; E234| My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me  
J78.32; E234| The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me & my children

J78.33; E234|

I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence!

J79.1; E234|

My tents are fall'n! My pillars are in ruins! my children dashd

J79.2; E234|

Upon Egypts iron floors, & the marble pavements of Assyria;

J79.3; E234|

I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Heshbon;

J79.4; E234|

Mount Zion is become a cruel rock & no more dew

J79.5; E234|

Nor rain: no more the spring of the rock appears: but cold

J79.6; E234|

Hard & obdurate are the furrows of the mountain of wine & oil:

J79.7; E234|

The mountain of blessing is itself a curse & an astonishment:

J79.8; E234|

The hills of Judea are fallen with me into the deepest hell

J79.9; E234|

Away from the Nations of the Earth, & from the Cities of the Nations;

J79.10; E234|

I walk to Ephraim. I seek for Shiloh: I walk like a lost sheep

J79.11; E234|

Among precipices of despair: in Goshen I seek for light

J79.12; E234|

In vain: and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter.

J79.13; E234|

Goshen hath followd Philistea: Gilead hath joind with Og!

J79.14; E234|

They are become narrow places in a little and dark land:

J79.15; E234|

How distant far from Albion! his hills & his valleys no more

J79.16; E234|

Recieve the feet of Jerusalem: they have cast me quite away:

J79.17; E234|

And Albion is himself shrunk to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea!

J79.18; E234|

The plains of Sussex & Surrey, their hills of flocks & herds

J79.19; E234|

No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy-ones.

J79.20; E234|

The Fifty-two Counties of England are hardend against me

J79.21; E234|

As if I was not their Mother, they despise me & cast me out

J79.22; E234|

London coverd the whole Earth. England encompassd the Nations:

J79.23; E235|

And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion:

J79.24; E235|

My pillars reachd from sea to sea: London beheld me come

J79.25; E235|

From my east & from my west; he blessed me and gave

J79.26; E235|

His children to my breasts, his sons & daughters to my knees

J79.27; E235|

His aged parents sought me out in every city & village:

J79.28; E235|

They discern'd my countenance with joy! they shewd me to their sons

J79.29; E235|

Saying Lo Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers

J79.30; E235|

Levi and Judah & Issachar: Ephra[i]m, Manesseh, Gad and Dan

J79.31; E235|

Are seen in our hills & valleys: they keep our flocks & herds:

J79.32; E235|

They watch them in the night: and the Lamb of God appears among us.

J79.33; E235|

The river Severn stayd his course at my command:

J79.34; E235|

Thames poured his waters into my basons and baths:

J79.35; E235|

Medway mingled with Kishon: Thames reciev'd the heavenly Jordan

J79.36; E235|

Albion gave me to the whole Earth to walk up & down; to pour

J79.37; E235|

Joy upon every mountain; to teach songs to the shepherd & plowman

J79.38; E235|

I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion.

J79.39; E235|

Italy saw me, in sublime astonishment: France was wholly mine:

J79.40; E235|

As my garden & as my secret bath; Spain was my heavenly couch:

J79.41; E235|

I slept in his golden hills: the Lamb of God met me there.

J79.42; E235| There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones  
J79.43; E235| They looked upon our loves with joy: they beheld our secret joys:  
J79.44; E235| With holy raptures of adoration rapid sublime in the Visions of God:  
J79.45; E235| Germany; Poland & the North wooed my footsteps they found  
J79.46; E235| My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales  
J79.47; E235| The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber  
J79.48; E235| Turkey & Grecia saw my instr[u]ments of music, they arose  
J79.49; E235| They siezd the harp: the flute: the mellow horn of Jerusalems joy  
J79.50; E235| They sounded thanksgivings in my courts: Egypt & Lybia heard  
J79.51; E235| The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God  
J79.52; E235| Enquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar:  
J79.53; E235| And thou America! I once beheld thee but now behold no more  
J79.54; E235| Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim & Seraphim rejoiced  
J79.55; E235| Together among my little-ones. But now, my Altars run with blood!  
J79.56; E235| My fires are corrupt! my incense is a cloudy pestilence  
J79.57; E235| Of seven diseases! Once a continual cloud of salvation. rose  
J79.58; E235| From all my myriads; once the Four-fold World rejoiced among  
J79.59; E235| The pillars of Jerusalem, between my winged Cherubim:  
J79.60; E235| But now I am closd out from them in the narrow passages  
J79.61; E235| Of the valleys of destruction, into a dark land of pitch & bitumen.  
J79.62; E235| From Albions Tomb afar and from the four-fold wonders of God  
J79.63; E235| Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul;  
J79.64; E235| There is Reuben & Gad & Joseph & Judah & Levi, closd up  
J79.65; E235| In narrow vales: I walk & count the bones of my beloveds  
J79.66; E235| Along the Valley of Destruction, among these Druid Temples  
J79.67; E235| Which overspread all the Earth in patriarchal pomp & cruel pride

J79.68; E236| Tell me O Vala thy purposes; tell me wherefore thy shuttles  
J79.69; E236| Drop with the gore of the slain; why Euphrates is red with blood  
J79.70; E236| Wherefore in dreadful majesty & beauty outside appears  
J79.71; E236| Thy Masculine from thy Feminine hardening against the heavens  
J79.72; E236| To devour the Human! Why dost thou weep upon the wind among  
J79.73; E236| These cruel Druid Temples: O Vala! Humanity is far above  
J79.74; E236| Sexual organization; & the Visions of the Night of Beulah  
J79.75; E236| Where Sexes wander in dreams of bliss among the Emanations  
J79.76; E236| Where the Masculine & Feminine are nurs'd into Youth & Maiden  
J79.77; E236| By the tears & smiles of Beulahs Daughters till the time of Sleep is past.  
J79.78; E236| Wherefore then do you realize these nets of beauty & delusion  
J79.79; E236| In open day to draw the souls of the Dead into the light.  
J79.80; E236| Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven.

J80.1; E236| Encompassd by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree  
J80.2; E236| I walk weeping in pangs of a Mothers torment for her Children:  
J80.3; E236| I walk in affliction: I am a worm, and no living soul!



J80.4; E236| A worm going to eternal torment! raisd up in a night  
J80.5; E236| To an eternal night of pain, lost! lost! lost! for ever!

J80.6; E236| Beside her Vala howld upon the winds in pride of beauty  
J80.7; E236| Lamenting among the timbrels of the Warriors: among the Captives  
J80.8; E236| In cruel holiness, and her lamenting songs were from Arnon  
J80.9; E236| And Jordan to Euphrates. Jerusalem followd trembling  
J80.10; E236| Her children in captivity. listening to Valas lamentation  
J80.11; E236| In the thick cloud & darkness. & the voice went forth from  
J80.12; E236| The cloud. O rent in sunder from Jerusalem the Harlot daughter!  
J80.13; E236| In an eternal condemnation in fierce burning flames  
J80.14; E236| Of torment unendurable: and if once a Delusion be found  
J80.15; E236| Woman must perish & the Heavens of Heavens remain no more

J80.16; E236| My Father gave to me command to murder Albion  
J80.17; E236| In unreviving Death; my Love, my Luvah orderd me in night  
J80.18; E236| To murder Albion the King of Men. he fought in battles fierce  
J80.19; E236| He conquerd Luvah my beloved: he took me and my Father  
J80.20; E236| He slew them: I revived them to life in my warm bosom  
J80.21; E236| He saw them issue from my bosom, dark in Jealousy  
J80.22; E236| He burnd before me: Luvah framd the Knife & Luvah gave  
J80.23; E236| The Knife into his daughters hand! such thing was never known  
J80.24; E236| Before in Albions land, that one should die a death never to be reviv'd!  
J80.25; E236| For in our battles we the Slain men view with pity and love:  
J80.26; E236| We soon revive them in the secret of our tabernacles  
J80.27; E236| But I Vala, Luvahs daughter, keep his body embalmd in moral laws  
J80.28; E236| With spices of sweet odours of lovely jealous stupefaction:  
J80.29; E236| Within my bosom, lest he arise to life & slay my Luvah  
J80.30; E236| Pity me then O Lamb of God! O Jesus pity me!  
J80.31; E236| Come into Luvahs Tents, and seek not to revive the Dead!

J80.32; E237| So sang she: and the Spindle turnd furious as she sang:  
J80.33; E237| The Children of Jerusalem the Souls of those who sleep  
J80.34; E237| Were caught into the flax of her Distaff, & in her Cloud  
J80.35; E237| To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will  
J80.36; E237| A Dragon form on Zion Hills most ancient promontory

J80.37; E237| The Spindle turnd in blood & fire: loud sound the trumpets  
J80.38; E237| Of war: the cymbals play loud before the Captains  
J80.39; E237| With Cambel & Gwendolen in dance and solemn song  
J80.40; E237| The Cloud of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion  
J80.41; E237| Los saw terrified, melted with pity & divided in wrath  
J80.42; E237| He sent them over the narrow seas in pity and love

J80.43; E237| Among the Four Forests of Albion which overspread all the Earth  
J80.44; E237| They go forth & return swift as a flash of lightning.  
J80.45; E237| Among the tribes of warriors: among the Stones of power!  
J80.46; E237| Against Jerusalem they rage thro all the Nations of Europe  
J80.47; E237| Thro Italy & Grecia, to Lebanon & Persia & India.

J80.48; E237| The Serpent Temples thro the Earth, from the wide Plain of Salisbury  
J80.49; E237| Resound with cries of Victims, shouts & songs & dying groans  
J80.50; E237| And flames of dusky fire, to Amalek, Canaan and Moab[.]  
J80.51; E237| And Rahab like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud  
J80.52; E237| Refusd to take a definite form. she hoverd over all the Earth  
J80.53; E237| Calling the definite, sin: defacing every definite form;  
J80.54; E237| Invisible, or Visible, stretch'd out in length or spread in breadth:  
J80.55; E237| Over the Temples drinking groans of victims weeping in pity,  
J80.56; E237| And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalems walls.

J80.57; E237| Hand slept on Skiddaws top: drawn by the love of beautiful  
J80.58; E237| Cambel: his bright beaming Counterpart, divided from him  
J80.59; E237| And her delusive light beamd fierce above the Mountain,  
J80.60; E237| Soft: invisible: drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication:  
J80.61; E237| Drawing out fibre by fibre: returning to Albions Tree  
J80.62; E237| At night: and in the morning to Skiddaw; she sent him over  
J80.63; E237| Mountainous Wales into the Loom of Cathedron fibre by fibre:  
J80.64; E237| He ran in tender nerves across Europe to Jerusalems Shade,  
J80.65; E237| To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb.

J80.66; E237| Hyle on East Moor in rocky Derbyshire, rav'd to the Moon  
J80.67; E237| For Gwendolen: she took up in bitter tears his anguishd heart,  
J80.68; E237| That apparent to all in Eternity, glows like the Sun in the breast:  
J80.69; E237| She hid it his his ribs & back: she hid his tongue with teeth  
J80.70; E237| In terrible convulsions pitying & gratified drunk with pity  
J80.71; E237| Glowing with loveliness before him, becoming apparent  
J80.72; E237| According to his changes: she roll'd his kidneys round  
J80.73; E237| Into two irregular forms: and looking on Albions dread Tree,  
J80.74; E237| She wove two vessels of seed, beautiful as Skiddaws snow;  
J80.75; E237| Giving them bends of self interest & selfish natural virtue:

J80.76; E238| She hid them in his loins; raving he ran among the rocks,  
J80.77; E238| Compell'd into a shape of Moral Virtue against the Lamb.  
J80.78; E238| The invisible lovely one giving him a form according to  
J80.79; E238| His Law a form against the Lamb of God opposd to Mercy  
J80.80; E238| And playing in the thunderous Loom in sweet intoxication  
J80.81; E238| Filling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries, with groans

J80.82; E238| And dolorous sobs: the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah

J80.83; E238| O sister Cambel said Gwendolen, as their long beaming light  
J80.84; E238| Mingled above the Mountain[:] what shall we do to keep  
J80.85; E238| These awful forms in our soft bands: distracted with trembling

J81.1; E238| I have mockd those who refused cruelty & I have admired  
J81.2; E238| The cruel Warrior. I have refused to give love to Merlin the piteous.  
J81.3; E238| He brings to me the Images of his Love & I reject in chastity  
J81.4; E238| And turn them out into the streets for Harlots to be food  
J81.5; E238| To the stern Warrior. I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior  
J81.6; E238| For Men are caught by Love: Woman is caught by Pride  
J81.7; E238| That Love may only be obtaind in the passages of Death.  
J81ill; E238| [<image><reversed writing>In Heaven the only Art of Living / Is  
J81ill; E238| Forgetting & Forgiving / Especially to the Female / But if you on  
J81ill; E238| Earth Forgive / You shall not find where to Live</reversed  
J81ill; E238| writing>] <sup>t321</sup>

J81.8; E239| Let us look! let us examine! is the Cruel become an Infant  
J81.9; E239| Or is he still a cruel Warrior? look Sisters, look! O piteous  
J81.10; E239| I have destroyd Wandring Reuben who strove to bind my Will  
J81.11; E239| I have stripd off Josephs beautiful integument for my Beloved,  
J81.12; E239| The Cruel-one of Albion: to clothe him in gems of my Zone  
J81.13; E239| I have Named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become  
J81.14; E239| A weeping Infant in ruind lovely Jerusalems folding Cloud:  
J81.15; E239| In Heaven Love begets Love! but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love! <sup>t322</sup>  
J81.16; E239| And he who will not bend to Love must be subdud by Fear,

J82.1; E239| I have heard Jerusalems groans; from Valas cries & lamentations  
J82.2; E239| I gather our eternal fate: Outcasts from life and love:  
J82.3; E239| Unless we find a way to bind these awful Forms to our  
J82.4; E239| Embrace we shall perish annihilate, discoverd our Delusions.  
J82.5; E239| Look I have wrought without delusion: Look! I have wept!  
J82.6; E239| And given soft milk mingled together with the spirits of flocks  
J82.7; E239| Of lambs and doves, mingled together in cups and dishes  
J82.8; E239| Of painted clay; the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant;  
J82.9; E239| Soon shall the Spectres of the Dead follow my weaving threads.

J82.10; E239| The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades  
J82.11; E239| On Cambridge and Oxford beaming soft uniting with Rahabs cloud  
J82.12; E239| While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel turning soft the spinning reel:  
J82.13; E239| Or throwing the wingd shuttle; or drawing the cords with softest songs

J82.14; E239| The golden cords of the Looms animate beneath their touches soft,  
J82.15; E239| Along the Island white, among the Druid Temples, while Gwendolen  
J82.16; E239| Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Skiddaws top.

J82.17; E239| So saying she took a Falshood & hid it in her left hand:  
J82.18; E239| To entice her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates.  
J82.19; E239| And thus she closed her left hand and utterd her Falshood:  
J82.20; E239| Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic, she hid her hand behind her,  
J82.21; E239| Upon her back behind her loins & thus utterd her Deceit.

J82.22; E239| I heard Enitharmon say to Los: Let the Daughters of Albion  
J82.23; E239| Be scatterd abroad and let the name of Albion be forgotten:  
J82.24; E239| Divide them into three; name them Amalek Canaan & Moab:  
J82.25; E239| Let Albion remain a desolation without an inhabitant:  
J82.26; E239| And let the Looms of Enitharmon & the Furnaces of Los  
J82.27; E239| Create Jerusalem, & Babylon & Egypt & Moab & Amalek,  
J82.28; E239| And Helle & Hesperia & Hindostan & China & Japan.  
J82.29; E239| But hide America, for a Curse an Altar of Victims & a Holy Place.  
J82.30; E239| See Sisters Canaan is pleasant, Egypt is as the Garden of Eden:  
J82.31; E239| Babylon is our chief desire, Moab our bath in summer:  
J82.32; E239| Let us lead the stems of this Tree let us plant it before Jerusalem  
J82.33; E239| To judge the Friend of Sinners to death without the Veil:  
J82.34; E239| To cut her off from America, to close up her secret Ark:  
J82.35; E239| And the fury of Man exhaust in War! Woman permanent remain

J82.36; E240| See how the fires of our loins point eastward to Babylon  
J82.37; E240| Look. Hyle is become an infant Love: look! behold! see him lie!  
J82.38; E240| Upon my bosom. look! here is the lovely wayward form  
J82.39; E240| That gave me sweet delight by his torments beneath my Veil;  
J82.40; E240| By the fruit of Albions Tree I have fed him with sweet milk  
J82.41; E240| By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives;  
J82.42; E240| Humanity the Great Delusion: is changd to War & Sacrifice:  
J82.43; E240| I have naild his hands on Beth Rabbim & his [feet] on Heshbons Wall: <sup>t324</sup>  
J82.44; E240| O that I could live in his sight: O that I could bin him to my arm.  
J82.45; E240| So saying: She drew aside her Veil from Mam-Tor to Dovedale  
J82.46; E240| Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion  
J82.47; E240| And Hyle a winding Worm beneath [*her Loom upon the scales.*  
J82.48; E240| *Hyle was become a winding Worm:*] & not a weeping Infant.  
J82.49; E240| Trembling & pitying she screamd & fled upon the wind:  
J82.50; E240| Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty:  
J82.51; E240| The desarts tremble at his wrath: they shrink themselves in fear.

J82.52; E240| Cambel trembled with jealousy: she trembled! she envied!

J82.53; E240| The envy ran thro Cathedrons Looms into the Heart  
 J82.54; E240| Of mild Jerusalem, to destroy the Lamb of God. Jerusalem  
 J82.55; E240| Languishd upon Mount Olivet, East of mild Zions Hill.

J82.56; E240| Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace  
 J82.57; E240| On Londons Tower on the Thames: he drew Cambel in wrath,  
 J82.58; E240| Into his thundering Bellows, heaving it for a loud blast!  
 J82.59; E240| And with the blast of his Furnace upon fishy Billingsgate,  
 J82.60; E240| Beneath Albions fatal Tree, before the Gate of Los:  
 J82.61; E240| Shewd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate  
 J82.62; E240| The envy; loud she labourd in the Furnace of fire,  
 J82.63; E240| To form the mighty form of Hand according to her will.  
 J82.64; E240| In the Furnaces of Los & in the Wine-press treading day & night  
 J82.65; E240| Naked among the human clusters: bringing wine of anguish  
 J82.66; E240| To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces: she minded not  
 J82.67; E240| The raging flames, tho she returnd [*consumd day after day*  
 J82.68; E240| *A redning skeleton in howling woe:*] instead of beauty  
 J82.69; E240| Defo[r]mity: she gave her beauty to another: bearing abroad  
 J82.70; E240| Her struggling torment in her iron arms: and like a chain,  
 J82.71; E240| Binding his wrists & ankles with the iron arms of love.

J82.72; E240| Gwendolen saw the Infant in her siste[r]s arms; she howld  
 J82.73; E240| Over the forests with bitter tears, and over the winding Worm  
 J82.74; E240| Repentant: and she also in the eddying wind of Los's Bellows  
 J82.75; E240| Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvah  
 J82.76; E240| o form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain.  
 J82.77; E240| The Sisters saw! trembling ran thro their Looms! soften[in]g mild  
 J82.78; E240| Towards London: then they saw the Furna[c]les open, & in tears  
 J82.79; E240| Began to give their souls away in the Furna[c]les of affliction.

J82.80; E241| Los saw & was comforted at his Furnaces uttering thus his voice.

J82.81; E241| I know I am Urthona keeper of the Gates of Heaven,  
 J82.82; E241| And that I can at will expatiate in the Gardens of bliss;  
 J82.83; E241| But pangs of love draw me down to my loins which are  
 J82.84; E241| Become a fountain of veiny pipes: O Albion! my brother!

J83.1; E241| Corruptibility appears upon thy limbs, and never more <sup>t325</sup>  
 J83.2; E241| Can I arise and leave thy side, but labour here incessant  
 J83.3; E241| Till thy awaking! yet alas I shall forget Eternity!  
 J83.4; E241| Against the Patriarchal pomp and cruelty, labouring incessant  
 J83.5; E241| I shall become an Infant horror. Enion! Tharmas! friends



J83.6; E241| Absorb me not in such dire grief: O Albion, my brother!  
 J83.7; E241| Jerusalem hungers in the desert! affection to her children!  
 J83.8; E241| The scorn'd and contemnd youthful girl, where shall she fly?  
 J83.9; E241| Sussex shuts up her Villages. Hants, Devon & Wilts  
 J83.10; E241| Surrounded with masses of stone in orderd forms, determine then  
 J83.11; E241| A form for Vala and a form for Luvah, here on the Thames  
 J83.12; E241| Where the Victim nightly howls beneath the Druids knife:  
 J83.13; E241| A Form of Vegetation, nail them down on the stems of Mystery:  
 J83.14; E241| O when shall the Saxon return with the English his redeemed brother!  
 J83.15; E241| O when shall the Lamb of God descend among the Reprobate!  
 J83.16; E241| I woo to Amalek to protect my fugitives[.] Amalek trembles:  
 J83.17; E241| I call to Canaan & Moab in my night watches, they mourn:  
 J83.18; E241| They listen not to my cry, they rejo[i]ce among their warriors  
 J83.19; E241| Woden and Thor and Friga wholly consume my Saxons:  
 J83.20; E241| On their enormous Altars built in the terrible north:  
 J83.21; E241| From Irelands rocks to Scandinavia Persia and Tartary:  
 J83.22; E241| From the Atlantic Sea to the universal Erythrean.  
 J83.23; E241| Found ye London! enormous City! weeps thy River?  
 J83.24; E241| Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones O Land  
 J83.25; E241| Forsaken. Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmons Chamber.  
 J83.26; E241| Where I will build her a Couch of repose & my pillars  
 J83.27; E241| Shall surround her in beautiful labyrinths: Oothoon?  
 J83.28; E241| Where hides my child? in Oxford hidest thou with Antamon?  
 J83.29; E241| In graceful hidings of error: in merciful deceit  
 J83.30; E241| Lest Hand the terrible destroy his Affection. thou hidest her: <sup>t326</sup>  
 J83.31; E241| In chaste appearances for sweet deceits of love & modesty  
 J83.32; E241| Immingled, interwoven, glistening to the sickening sight.  
 J83.33; E241| Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mundane Shell:  
 J83.34; E241| Forming the fluctuating Globe according to their will.  
 J83.35; E241| According as they weave the little embryon nerves & veins  
 J83.36; E241| The Eye, the little Nostrils, & the delicate Tongue & Ears  
 J83.37; E241| Of labyrinthine intricacy: so shall they fold the World  
 J83.38; E241| That whatever is seen upon the Mundane Shell, the same  
 J83.39; E241| Be seen upon the Fluctuating Earth woven by the Sisters.

J83.40; E242| And sometimes the Earth shall roll in the Abyss & sometimes  
 J83.41; E242| Stand in the Center & sometimes stretch flat in the Expanse,  
 J83.42; E242| According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion.  
 J83.43; E242| Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Golgonooza:  
 J83.44; E242| Touching its summits: & sometimes divided roll apart.  
 J83.45; E242| As a beautiful Veil so these Females shall fold & unfold  
 J83.46; E242| According to their will the outside surface of the Earth  
 J83.47; E242| An outside shadowy Surface superadded to the real Surface;  
 J83.48; E242| Which is unchangeable for ever & ever Amen: so be it!  
 J83.49; E242| Separate Albions Sons gently from their Emanations,



J83.50; E242| Weaving bowers of delight on the current of infant Thames  
J83.51; E242| Where the old Parent still retains his youth as I alas!  
J83.52; E242| Retain my youth eight thousand and five hundred years.  
J83.53; E242| The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair!  
J83.54; E242| The land is markd for desolation & unless we plant  
J83.55; E242| The seeds of Cities & of Villages in the Human bosom  
J83.56; E242| Albion must be a rock of blood: mark ye the points  
J83.57; E242| Where Cities shall remain & where Villages[,] for the rest!  
J83.58; E242| It must lie in confusion till Albions time of awaking.  
J83.59; E242| Place the Tribes of Llewellyn in America for a hiding place!  
J83.60; E242| Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity  
J83.61; E242| The night falls thick: I go upon my watch: be attentive:  
J83.62; E242| The Sons of Albion go forth; I follow from my Furnaces:  
J83.63; E242| That they return no more: that a place be prepar'd on Euphrates  
J83.64; E242| Listen to your Watchmans voice: sleep not before the Furnaces  
J83.65; E242| Eternal Death stands at the door. O God pity our labours.

J83.66; E242| So Los spoke. to the Daughters of Beulah while his Emanation  
J83.67; E242| Like a faint rainbow waved before him in the awful gloom  
J83.68; E242| Of London City on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Highgate:  
J83.69; E242| Swift turn the silver spindles, & the golden weights play soft  
J83.70; E242| And lulling harmonies beneath the Looms, from Caithness in the north  
J83.71; E242| To Lizard-point & Dover in the south: his Emanation  
J83.72; E242| Joy'd in the many weaving threads in bright Cathedrons Dome  
J83.73; E242| Weaving the Web of life for Jerusalem. the Web of life  
J83.74; E242| Down flowing into Entuthons Vales glistens with soft affections.

J83.75; E242| While Los arose upon his Watch, and down from Golgonooza  
J83.76; E242| Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain,  
J83.77; E242| He takes his way, girding himself with gold & in his hand  
J83.78; E242| Holding his iron mace: The Spectre remains attentive  
J83.79; E242| Alternate they watch in night: alternate labour in day  
J83.80; E242| Before the Furnaces labouring, while Los all night watches  
J83.81; E242| The stars rising & setting, & the meteors & terrors of night!  
J83.82; E242| With him went down the Dogs of Leutha, at his feet  
J83.83; E242| They lap the water of the trembling Thames then follow swift  
J83.84; E242| And thus he heard the voice of Albions daughters on Euphrates,

J83.85; E243| Our Father Albions land: O it was a lovely land! & the Daughters of Beulah  
J83.86; E243| Walked up and down in its green mountains: but Hand is fled  
J83.87; E243| Away: & mighty Hyle: & after them Jerusalem is gone: Awake[...] *t327*

J84.1; E243| Highgates heights & Hampsteads, to Poplar Hackney & Bow:

J84.2; E243| To Islington & Paddington & the Brook of Albions River  
 J84.3; E243| We builded Jerusalem as a City & a Temple; from Lambeth  
 J84.4; E243| We began our Foundations; lovely Lambeth! O lovely Hills  
 J84.5; E243| Of Camberwell, we shall behold you no more in glory & pride  
 J84.6; E243| For Jerusalem lies in ruins & the Furnaces of Los are builded there  
 J84.7; E243| You are now shrunk up to a narrow Rock in the midst of the Sea  
 J84.8; E243| But here we build Babylon on Euphrates, compelld to build  
 J84.9; E243| And to inhabit, our Little-ones to clothe in armour of the gold  
 J84.10; E243| Of Jerusalems Cherubims & to forge them swords of her Altars  
 J84.11; E243| I see London blind & age-bent begging thro the Streets  
 J84.12; E243| Of Babylon, led by a child. his tears run down his beard  
 J84.13; E243| The voice of Wandering Reuben ecchoes from street to street  
 J84.14; E243| In all the Cities of the Nations Paris Madrid Amsterdam  
 J84.15; E243| The Corner of Broad Street weeps; Poland Street languishes  
 J84.16; E243| To Great Queen Street & Lincolns Inn, all is distress & woe.

ED; E243| [*three lines* gouged out irrecoverably]

J84.17; E243| The night falls thick Hand comes from Albion in his strength  
 J84.18; E243| He combines into a Mighty-one the Double Molech & Chemosh  
 J84.19; E243| Marching thro Egypt in his fury the East is pale at his course  
 J84.20; E243| The Nations of India, the Wild Tartar that never knew Man  
 J84.21; E243| Starts from his lofty places & casts down his tents & flees away  
 J84.22; E243| But we woo him all the night ill songs, O Los come forth O Los  
 J84.23; E243| Divide us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue  
 J84.24; E243| Arise upon thy Watches let us see thy Globe of fire  
 J84.25; E243| On Albions Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates.

J84.26; E243| Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One  
 J84.27; E243| With Rahab as she turnd the iron Spindle of destruction.  
 J84.28; E243| Terrified at the Sons of Albion they took the Falshood which  
 J84.29; E243| Gwendolen hid in her left hand. it grew &, grew till it

J85.1; E243| Became a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm  
 J85.2; E243| They namd it Canaan & built for it a tender Moon  
 J85.3; E243| Los smild with joy thinking on Enitharmon & he brought  
 J85.4; E243| Reuben from his twelvefold wandrings & led him into it  
 J85.5; E243| Planting the Seeds of the Twelve Tribes & Moses & David  
 J85.6; E243| And gave a Time & Revolution to the Space Six Thousand Years  
 J85.7; E243| He calld it Divine Analogy, for in Beulah the Feminine  
 J85.8; E243| Emanations Create Space. the Masculine Create Time, & plant  
 J85.9; E243| The Seeds of beauty in the Space: listning to their lamentation

J85.10; E244| Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness  
 J85.11; E244| Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Myriads watchful *t328*  
 J85.12; E244| Looking to the East: & his voice is heard over the whole Earth

J85.13; E244|

As he watches the Furnaces by night, & directs the labourers

J85.14; E244|

And thus Los replies upon his Watch: the Valleys listen silent:

J85.15; E244|

The Stars stand still to hear: Jerusalem & Vala cease to mourn:

J85.16; E244|

His voice is heard from Albion: the Alps & Appenines

J85.17; E244|

Listen: Hermon & Lebanon bow their crowned heads

J85.18; E244|

Babel & Shinar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down

J85.19; E244|

Silent at his voice: they view the red Globe of fire in Los's hand

J85.20; E244|

As he walks from Furnace to Furnace directing the Labourers

J85.21; E244|

And this is the Song of Los, the Song that he sings on his Watch

J85.22; E244|

O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim!

J85.23; E244|

I see thy Gates of precious stones: thy Walls of gold & silver

J85.24; E244|

Thou art the soft reflected Image of the Sleeping Man

J85.25; E244|

Who stretchd on Albions rocks reposes amidst his Twenty-eight

J85.26; E244|

Cities: where Beulah lovely terminates, in the hills & valleys of Albion

J85.27; E244|

Cities not yet embodied in Time and Space: plant ye

J85.28; E244|

The Seeds O Sisters in the bosom of Time & Spaces womb

J85.29; E244|

To spring up for Jerusalem: lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion

J85.30; E244|

Why wilt thou rend thyself apart & build an Earthly Kingdom

J85.31; E244|

To reign in pride & to oppress & to mix the Cup of Delusion

J85.32; E244|

O thou that dwellest with Babylon! Come forth O lovely-one

J86.1; E244|

I see thy Form O lovely mild Jerusalem, Wingd with Six Wings

J86.2; E244|

In the opacous Bosom of the Sleeper, lovely Three-fold

J86.3; E244|

In Head & Heart & Reins, three Universes of love & beauty

J86.4; E244|

Thy forehead bright: Holiness to the Lord, with Gates of pearl

J86.5; E244|

Reflects Eternity beneath thy azure wings of feathery down

J86.6; E244|

Ribbd delicate & clothd with featherd gold & azure & purple

J86.7; E244|

From thy white shoulders shadowing, purity in holiness!

J86.8; E244|

Thence featherd with soft crimson of the ruby bright as fire

J86.9; E244|

Spreading into the azure Wings which like a canopy

J86.10; E244|

Bends over thy immortal Head in which Eternity dwells

J86.11; E244|

Albion beloved Land; I see thy mountains & thy hills

J86.12; E244|

And valleys & thy pleasant Cities Holiness to the Lord

J86.13; E244|

I see the Spectres of thy Dead O Emanation of Albion.

J86.14; E244|

Thy Bosom white, translucent coverd with immortal gems

J86.15; E244|

A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty

J86.16; E244|

Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection

J86.17; E244|

Twelve-fold here all the Tribes of Israel I behold

J86.18; E244|

Upon the Holy Land: I see the River of Life & Tree of Life

J86.19; E244|

I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven

J86.20; E245| Between thy Wings of gold & silver featherd immortal  
J86.21; E245| Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Suns tabernacle

J86.22; E245| Thy Reins coverd with Wings translucent sometimes covering  
J86.23; E245| And sometimes spread abroad reveal the flames of holiness  
J86.24; E245| Which like a robe covers: & like a Veil of Seraphim  
J86.25; E245| In flaming fire unceasing burns from Eternity to Eternity  
J86.26; E245| Twelfefold I there behold Israel in her Tents  
J86.27; E245| A Pillar of a Cloud by day: a Pillar of fire by night  
J86.28; E245| Guides them: there I behold Moab & Ammon & Amalek  
J86.29; E245| There Bells of silver round thy knees living articulate  
J86.30; E245| Comforting sounds of love & harmony & on thy feet  
J86.31; E245| Sandals of gold & pearl, & Egypt & Assyria before me  
J86.32; E245| The Isles of Javan, Philistea, Tyre and Lebanon

J86.33; E245| Thus Los sings upon his Watch walking from Furnace to Furnace.  
J86.34; E245| He siezes his Hammer every hour, flames surround him as  
J86.35; E245| He beats: seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster  
J86.36; E245| Arou[n]d his head. the thick hail stones stand ready to obey  
J86.37; E245| His voice in the black cloud, his Sons labour in thunders  
J86.38; E245| At his Furnaces; his Daughters at their Looms sing woes  
J86.39; E245| His Emanation separates in milky fibres agonizing  
J86.40; E245| Among the golden Looms of Cathedron sending fibres of love  
J86.41; E245| From Golgonooza with sweet visions for Jerusalem, wanderer.

J86.42; E245| Nor can any consummate bliss without being Generated  
J86.43; E245| On Earth; of those whose Emanations weave the loves  
J86.44; E245| Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shiloh, in immortal Golgonooza  
J86.45; E245| Concentering in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears  
J86.46; E245| Viewing the Winding Worm on the Desarts of Great Tartary  
J86.47; E245| Viewing Los in his shudderings, pouring balm on his sorrows  
J86.48; E245| So dread is Los's fury, that none dare him to approach  
J86.49; E245| Without becoming his Children in the Furnaces of affliction

J86.50; E245| And Enitharmon like a faint rainbow waved before him  
J86.51; E245| Filling with Fibres from his loins which reddend with desire  
J86.52; E245| Into a Globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness  
J86.53; E245| Of Albions clouds. he fed it, with his tears & bitter groans  
J86.54; E245| Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the timorous Shade  
J86.55; E245| Till it became a separated cloud of beauty grace & love  
J86.56; E245| Among the darkness of his Furnaces dividing asunder till  
J86.57; E245| She separated stood before him a lovely Female weeping

J86.58; E245| Even Enitharmon separated outside, & his Loins closed  
J86.59; E245| And heal'd after the separation: his pains he soon forgot:  
J86.60; E245| Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief.  
J86.61; E245| Two Wills they had; Two Intellects: & not as in times of old.

J86.62; E246| Silent they wanderd hand in hand like two Infants wandring  
J86.63; E246| From Enion in the desarts, terrified at each others beauty  
J86.64; E246| Envyng each other yet desiring, in all devouring Love,

J87.1; E246| Repelling weeping Enion blind & age-bent into the fourfold  
J87.2; E246| Desarts. Los first broke silence & began to utter his love

J87.3; E246| O lovely Enitharmon: I behold thy graceful forms  
J87.4; E246| Moving beside me till intoxicated with the woven labyrinth  
J87.5; E246| Of beauty & perfection my wild fibres shoot in veins  
J87.6; E246| Of blood thro all my nervous limbs. soon overgrown in roots  
J87.7; E246| I shall be closed from thy sight. sieze therefore in thy hand  
J87.8; E246| The small fibres as they shoot around me draw out in pity  
J87.9; E246| And let them run on the winds of thy bosom: I will fix them  
J87.10; E246| With pulsations. we will divide them into Sons & Daughters  
J87.11; E246| To live in thy Bosoms translucence as in an eternal morning

J87.12; E246| Enitharmon answerd. No! I will sieze thy Fibres & weave  
J87.13; E246| Them: not as thou wilt but as I will, for I will Create  
J87.14; E246| A round Womb beneath my bosom lest I also be overwoven  
J87.15; E246| With Love; be thou assured I never will be thy slave  
J87.16; E246| Let Mans delight be Love; but Womans delight be Pride  
J87.17; E246| In Eden our loves were the same here they are opposite  
J87.18; E246| I have Loves of my own I will weave them in Albions Spectre  
J87.19; E246| Cast thou in Jerusalems shadows thy Loves! silk of liquid  
J87.20; E246| Rubies Jacinths Crysolites: issuing from thy Furnaces. While  
J87.21; E246| Jerusalem divides thy care: while thou carest for Jerusalem  
J87.22; E246| Know that I never will be thine: also thou hidest Vala  
J87.23; E246| From her these fibres shoot to shut me in a Grave.  
J87.24; E246| You are Albions Victim, he has set his Daughter in your path

J88.1; E246| Los answerd sighing like the Bellows of his Furnaces

J88.2; E246| I care not! the swing of my Hammer shall measure the starry round[.]  
J88.3; E246| When in Eternity Man converses with Man they enter  
J88.4; E246| Into each others Bosom (which are Universes of delight)  
J88.5; E246| In mutual interchange. and first their Emanations meet



J88.6; E246| Surrounded by their Children. if they embrace & comingle  
J88.7; E246| The Human Four-fold Forms mingle also in thunders of Intellect  
J88.8; E246| But if the Emanations mingle not; with storms & agitations  
J88.9; E246| Of earthquakes & consuming fires they roll apart in fear  
J88.10; E246| For Man cannot unite with Man but by their Emanations  
J88.11; E246| Which stand both Male & Female at the Gates of each Humanity  
J88.12; E246| How then can I ever again be united as Man with Man  
J88.13; E246| While thou my Emanation refusest my Fibres of dominion.  
J88.14; E246| When Souls mingle & join thro all the Fibres of Brotherhood  
J88.15; E246| Can there be any secret joy on Earth greater than this?

J88.16; E247| Enitharmon answerd: This is Womans World, nor need she any  
J88.17; E247| Spectre to defend her from Man. I will Create secret places  
J88.18; E247| And the masculine names of the places Merlin & Arthur.  
J88.19; E247| A triple Female Tabernacle for Moral Law I weave  
J88.20; E247| That he who loves Jesus may loathe terrified Female love  
J88.21; E247| Till God himself become a Male subservient to the Female.

J88.22; E247| She spoke in scorn & jealousy, alternate torments; and  
J88.23; E247| So speaking she sat down on Sussex shore singing lulling  
J88.24; E247| Cadences, & playing in sweet intoxication among the glistening  
J88.25; E247| Fibres of Los: sending them over the Ocean eastward into  
J88.26; E247| The realms of dark death; O perverse to thyself, contrarious  
J88.27; E247| To thy own purposes; for when she began to weave  
J88.28; E247| Shooting out in sweet pleasure her bosom in milky Love  
J88.29; E247| Flowd into the aching fibres of Los. yet contending against him  
J88.30; E247| In pride sending his Fibres over to her objects of jealousy <sup>t329</sup>  
J88.31; E247| In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albions Daughters  
J88.32; E247| Which stretchd abroad, expanding east & west & north & south  
J88.33; E247| Thro' all the World of Erin & of Los & all their Children

J88.34; E247| A sullen Smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn  
J88.35; E247| Knowing himself the author of their divisions & shrinkings, gratified  
J88.36; E247| At their contentions, he wiped his tears he washd his visage.

J88.37; E247| The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman  
J88.38; E247| And deadly cunning & mean abjectness only, shall enjoy them  
J88.39; E247| For I will make their places of joy & love, excrementitious[.]  
J88.40; E247| Continually building, continually destroying in Family feuds  
J88.41; E247| While you are under the dominion of a jealous Female  
J88.42; E247| Unpermanent for ever because of love & jealousy.  
J88.43; E247| You shall want all the Minute Particulars of Life



J88.44; E247| Thus joyd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Los's Forge, eyeing  
J88.45; E247| Enitharmon who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences  
J88.46; E247| While Los stood at his Anvil in wrath the victim of their love  
J88.47; E247| And hate; dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses  
J88.48; E247| In Golgonooza & in Udan-Adan & in Entuthon of Urizen.

J88.49; E247| The blow of his Hammer is Justice. the swing of his Hammer: Mercy.  
J88.50; E247| The force of Los's Hammer is eternal Forgiveness; but  
J88.51; E247| His rage or his mildness were vain, she scatterd his love on the wind  
J88.52; E247| Eastward into her own Center, creating the Female Womb  
J88.53; E247| In mild Jerusalem around the Lamb of God. Loud howl  
J88.54; E247| The Furnaces of Los! loud roll the Wheels of Enitharmon  
J88.55; E247| The Four Zoa's in all their faded majesty burst out in fury  
J88.56; E247| And fire. Jerusalem took the Cup which foamd in Vala's hand  
J88.57; E247| Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day  
J88.58; E247| Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love & Wrath.

J89.1; E248| Tho divided by the Cross & Nails & Thorns & Spear  
J89.2; E248| In cruelties of Rahab & Tirzah[,] permanent endure *t330*  
J89.3; E248| A terrible indefinite Hermaphroditic form  
J89.4; E248| A Wine-press of Love & Wrath double Hermaph[r]oditic  
J89.5; E248| Twelfefold in Allegoric pomp in selfish holiness  
J89.6; E248| The Pharisaion, the Grammateis, the Presbuterion,  
J89.7; E248| The Archiereus, the Iereus, the Saddusaion, double  
J89.8; E248| Each withoutside of the other, covering eastern heaven

J89.9; E248| Thus was the Covering Cherub reveald majestic image  
J89.10; E248| Of Selfhood, Body put off, the Antichrist accursed  
J89.11; E248| Coverd with precious stones, a Human Dragon terrible  
J89.12; E248| And bright, stretchd over Europe & Asia gorgeous  
J89.13; E248| In three nights he devourd the rejected corse of death

J89.14; E248| His Head dark, deadly, in its Brain incloses a reflexion  
J89.15; E248| Of Eden all perverted; Egypt on the Gihon many tongued  
J89.16; E248| And many mouthd: Ethiopia, Lybia, the Sea of Rephaim  
J89.17; E248| Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns  
J89.18; E248| Disorganizd, & there is Pharoh in his iron Court:  
J89.19; E248| And the Dragon of the River & the Furnaces of iron.  
J89.20; E248| Outwoven from Thames & Tweed & Severn awful streams  
J89.21; E248| Twelve ridges of Stone frown over all the Earth in tyrant pride  
J89.22; E248| Frown over each River stupendous Works of Albions Druid Sons  
J89.23; E248| And Albions Forests of Oaks coverd the Earth from Pole to Pole

J89.24; E248| His Bosom wide reflects Moab & Ammon on the River  
J89.25; E248| Pison, since calld Arnon, there is Heshbon beautiful  
J89.26; E248| The flocks of Rabbath on the Arnon & the Fish-pools of Heshbon *t331*  
J89.27; E248| Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea by Sodom & Gomorra  
J89.28; E248| Above his Head high arching Wings black filld with Eyes  
J89.29; E248| Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapulae & Os Humeri.  
J89.30; E248| There Israel in bondage to his Generalizing Gods  
J89.31; E248| Molech & Chemosh, & in his left breast is Philistea  
J89.32; E248| In Druid Temples over the whole Earth with Victims Sacrifice,  
J89.33; E248| From Gaza to Damascus Tyre & Sidon & the Gods  
J89.34; E248| Of Javan thro the Isles of Grecia & all Europes Kings  
J89.35; E248| Where Hiddekel pursues his course among the rocks  
J89.36; E248| Two Wings spring from his ribs of brass, starry, black as night  
J89.37; E248| But translucent their blackness as the dazling of gems

J89.38; E248| His Loins inclose Babylon on Euphrates beautiful  
J89.39; E248| And Rome in sweet Hesperia. there Israel scatterd abroad  
J89.40; E248| In martyrdoms & slavery I behold: ah vision of sorrow!  
J89.41; E248| Inclosed by eyeless Wings, glowing with fire as the iron  
J89.42; E248| Heated in the Smiths forge, but cold the wind of their dread fury

J89.43; E249| But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem  
J89.44; E249| Hidden within the Covering Cherub as in a Tabernacle  
J89.45; E249| Of threefold workmanship in allegoric delusion & woe  
J89.46; E249| There the Seven Kings of Canaan & Five Baalim of Philistea  
J89.47; E249| Sihon & Og the Anakim & Emim, Nephilim & Gibborim  
J89.48; E249| From Babylon to Rome & the Wings spread from Japan  
J89.49; E249| Where the Red Sea terminates the World of Generation & Death  
J89.50; E249| To Irelands farthest rocks where Giants builded their Causeway  
J89.51; E249| Into the Sea of Rephaim, but the Sea oerwhelmd them all.

J89.52; E249| A Double Female now appeard within the Tabernacle,  
J89.53; E249| Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot  
J89.54; E249| Each within other, but without a Warlike Mighty-one  
J89.55; E249| Of dreadful power, sitting upon Horeb pondering dire  
J89.56; E249| And mighty preparations mustering multitudes innumerable  
J89.57; E249| Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian & Aram  
J89.58; E249| For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend  
J89.59; E249| Lured by his warlike symphonies of tabret pipe & harp  
J89.60; E249| Burst the bottoms of the Graves & Funeral Arks of Beulah[;]  
J89.61; E249| Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave  
J89.62; E249| They become One with the Antichrist & are absorbd in him

J90.1; E249| The Feminine separates from the Masculine & both from Man,  
J90.2; E249| Ceasing to be His Emanations, Life to Themselves assuming!  
J90.3; E249| And while they circumscribe his Brain, & while they circumscribe  
J90.4; E249| His Heart, & while they circumscribe his Loins! a Veil & Net  
J90.5; E249| Of Veins of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet robe.  
J90.6; E249| Covering them from the sight of Man like the woven Veil of Sleep  
J90.7; E249| Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Mantles  
J90.8; E249| But dark opake! tender to touch, & painful! & agonizing  
J90.9; E249| To the embrace of love, & to the mingling of soft fibres  
J90.10; E249| Of tender affection. that no more the Masculine mingles  
J90.11; E249| With the Feminine. but the Sublime is shut out from the Pathos  
J90.12; E249| In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling  
J90.13; E249| The Pathos, to weave curtains of hiding secrecy from the torment.

J90.14; E249| Bowen & Conwenna stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres  
J90.15; E249| Of Benjamin from Chesters River: loud the River; loud the Mersey  
J90.16; E249| And the Ribble. thunder into the Irish sea, as the Twelve Sons  
J90.17; E249| Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal Form of Luvah  
J90.18; E249| Cheshire & Lancashire & Westmoreland groan in anguish  
J90.19; E249| As they cut the fibres from the Rivers he sears them with hot  
J90.20; E249| Iron of his Forge & fixes them into Bones of chalk & Rock  
J90.21; E249| Conwenna sat above: with solemn cadences she drew  
J90.22; E249| Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom  
J90.23; E249| Hand had his Furnace on Highgates heights & it reachd

J90.24; E250| To Brockley Hills across the Thames: he with double Boadicea  
J90.25; E250| In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey  
J90.26; E250| Comingling with Luvah & with the Sepulcher of Luvah  
J90.27; E250| For the Male is a Furnace of beryll: the Female is a golden Loom

J90.28; E250| Los cries: No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself  
J90.29; E250| Or to his Emanation, any of the Universal Characteristics  
J90.30; E250| Of David or of Eve, of the Woman, or of the Lord.  
J90.31; E250| Of Reuben or of Benjamin, of Joseph or Judah or Levi  
J90.32; E250| Those who dare appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes  
J90.33; E250| Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods & must be broken asunder  
J90.34; E250| A Vegetated Christ & a Virgin Eve, are the Hermaphroditic  
J90.35; E250| Blasphemy, by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil-One  
J90.36; E250| And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally  
J90.37; E250| Lest the Sexual Generation swallow up Regeneration  
J90.38; E250| Come Lord Jesus take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness

J90.39; E250|  
J90.40; E250|  
J90.41; E250|  
J90.42; E250|  
J90.43; E250|

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

J90.44; E250|  
J90.45; E250|  
J90.46; E250|  
J90.47; E250|  
J90.48; E250|  
J90.49; E250|  
J90.50; E250|  
J90.51; E250|

Loud scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tongs & Hammer  
Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge  
They drink Reuben & Benjamin as the iron drinks the fire  
They are red hot with cruelty: raving along the Banks of Thames  
And on Tyburns Brook among the howling Victims in loveliness  
While Hand & Hyle condense the Little-ones & erect them into  
A mighty Temple even to the stars: but they Vegetate  
Beneath Los's Hammer, that Life may not be blotted out.

J90.52; E250|  
J90.53; E250|  
J90.54; E250|  
J90.55; E250|  
J90.56; E250|  
J90.57; E250|

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

J90.58; E250|  
J90.59; E250|  
J90.60; E250|  
J90.61; E250|  
J90.62; E250|  
J90.63; E250|  
J90.64; E250|  
J90.65; E250|  
J90.66; E250|

So Los spoke. And the Giants of Albion terrified & ashamed <sup>t332</sup>  
With Los's thunderous Words, began to build trembling rocking Stones  
For his Words roll in thunders & lightnings among the Temples  
Terrified rocking to & fro upon the earth, & sometimes  
Resting in a Circle in Maiden or in Strathness or Dura.  
Plotting to devour Albion & Los the friend of Albion  
Denying in private: mocking God & Eternal Life: & in Public  
Collusion, calling themselves Deists, Worshipping the Maternal  
Humanity; calling it Nature, and Natural Religion

J90.67; E251|

But still the thunder of Los peals loud & thus the thunder's cry <sup>t333</sup>

J90.68; E251|

These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion, are gratifyd by Cruelty

J91.1; E251|  
J91.2; E251|  
J91.3; E251|  
J91.4; E251|  
J91.5; E251|  
J91.6; E251|

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

J91.7; E251| Go, tell them that the Worship of God, is honouring his gifts  
J91.8; E251| In other men: & loving the greatest men best, each according  
J91.9; E251| To his Genius: which is the Holy Ghost in Man; there is no other  
J91.10; E251| God, than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity;  
J91.11; E251| He who envies or calumniates: which is murder & cruelty,  
J91.12; E251| Murders the Holy-one: Go tell them this & overthrow their cup,  
J91.13; E251| Their bread, their altar-table, their incense & their oath:  
J91.14; E251| Their marriage & their baptism, their burial & consecration:  
J91.15; E251| I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts but have only  
J91.16; E251| Made enemies: I never made friends but by spiritual gifts;  
J91.17; E251| By severe contentions of friendship & the burning fire of thought.  
J91.18; E251| He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children  
J91.19; E251| One first, in friendship & love; then a Divine Family, & in the midst  
J91.20; E251| Jesus will appear; so he who wishes to see a Vision; a perfect Whole  
J91.21; E251| Must see it in its Minute Particulars; Organized & not as thou  
J91.22; E251| O Fiend of Righteousness pretendest; thine is a Disorganized  
J91.23; E251| And snowy cloud: brooder of tempests & destructive War  
J91.24; E251| You smile with pomp & rigor: you talk of benevolence & virtue!  
J91.25; E251| I act with benevolence & virtue & get murderd time after time:  
J91.26; E251| You accumulate Particulars, & murder by analyzing, that you  
J91.27; E251| May take the aggregate; & you call the aggregate Moral Law:  
J91.28; E251| And you call that Swelld & bloated Form; a Minute Particular.  
J91.29; E251| But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars: & every  
J91.30; E251| Particular is a Man; a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus.

J91.31; E251| So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping!

J91.32; E251| The Spectre builded stupendous Works, taking the Starry Heavens  
J91.33; E251| Like to a curtain & folding them according to his will  
J91.34; E251| Repeating the Smaragdine Table of Hermes to draw Los down  
J91.35; E251| Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration[.]  
J91.36; E251| Los reads the Stars of Albion! the Spectre reads the Voids  
J91.37; E251| Between the Stars; among the arches of Albions Tomb sublime  
J91.38; E251| Rolling the Sea in rocky paths: forming Leviathan  
J91.39; E251| And Behemoth: the War by Sea enormous & the War  
J91.40; E251| By Land astounding: erecting pillars in the deepest Hell,  
J91.41; E251| To reach the heavenly arches; Los beheld undaunted furious

J91.42; E252| His heavd Hammer; he swung it round & at one blow,  
J91.43; E252| In un pitying ruin driving down the pyramids of pride  
J91.44; E252| Smiting the Spectre on his Anvil & the integuments of his Eye  
J91.45; E252| And Ear unbinding in dire pain, with many blows,  
J91.46; E252| Of strict severity self-subduing, & with many tears labouring.



J91.47; E252| Then he sent forth the Spectre all his pyramids were grains  
J91.48; E252| Of sand & his pillars: dust on the flys wing: & his starry  
J91.49; E252| Heavens; a moth of gold & silver mocking his anxious grasp  
J91.50; E252| Thus Los alterd his Spectre & every Ratio of his Reason  
J91.51; E252| He alterd time after time, with dire pain & many tears  
J91.52; E252| Till he had completely divided him into a separate space.

J91.53; E252| Terrified Los sat to behold trembling & weeping & howling  
J91.54; E252| I care not whether a Man is Good or Evil; all that I care  
J91.55; E252| Is whether he is a Wise Man or a Fool. Go! put off Holiness  
J91.56; E252| And put on Intellect: or my thundrous Hammer shall drive thee  
J91.57; E252| To wrath which thou condemnest: till thou obey my voice

J91.58; E252| So Los terrified cries: trembling & weeping & howling! Beholding

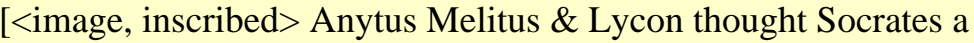
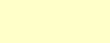
J92.1; E252| What do I see? The Briton Saxon Roman Norman amalgamating  
J92.2; E252| In my Furnaces into One Nation the English: & taking refuge  
J92.3; E252| In the Loins of Albion. The Canaanite united with the fugitive  
J92.4; E252| Hebrew, whom she divided into Twelve, & sold into Egypt  
J92.5; E252| Then scatterd the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds!  
J92.6; E252| This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion  
J92.7; E252| So Los spoke. Enitharmon answerd in great terror in Lambeths Vale

J92.8; E252| The Poets Song draws to its period & Enitharmon is no more.  
J92.9; E252| For if he be that Albion I can never weave him in my Looms  
J92.10; E252| But when he touches the first fibrous thread, like filmy dew  
J92.11; E252| My Looms will be no more & I annihilate vanish for ever  
J92.12; E252| Then thou wilt Create another Female according to thy Will.

J92.13; E252| Los answerd swift as the shuttle of gold. Sexes must vanish & cease  
J92.14; E252| To be, when Albion arises from his dread repose O lovely Enitharmon:  
J92.15; E252| When all their Crimes, their Punishments their Accusations of Sin:  
J92.16; E252| All their Jealousies Revenges. Murders. hidings of Cruelty in Deceit  
J92.17; E252| Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time.  
J92.18; E252| In the shadows of Possibility by Mutual Forgiveness forevermore  
J92.19; E252| And in the Vision & in the Prophecy, that we may Foresee & Avoid  
J92.20; E252| The terrors of Creation & Redemption & Judgment. Beholding them  
J92.21; E252| Displayd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan in Jerusalem & in Shiloh  
J92.22; E252| And in the Shadows of Remembrance, & in the Chaos of the Spectre  
J92.23; E252| Amalek, Edom, Egypt, Moab, Ammon, Ashur, Philistea, around Jerusalem



J92.24; E253| Where the Druids reard their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance  
J92.25; E253| Of Sin. & the Tree of Good & Evil sprang from the Rocky Circle & Snake  
J92.26; E253| Of the Druid, along the Valley of Rephaim from Camberwell to Golgotha  
J92.27; E253| And framed the Mundane Shell Cavernous in Length Bredth & Highth

J93ill; E253| [ Anytus Melitus & Lycon thought Socrates a  
J93ill; E253| Very Pernicious Man So Caiphas thought Jesus

J93.1; E253| Enitharmon heard. She raisd her head like the mild Moon

J93.2; E253| O Rintrah! O Palamabron! What are your dire & awful purposes  
J93.3; E253| Enitharmons name is nothing before you: you forget all my Love!  
J93.4; E253| The Mothers love of obedience is forgotten & you seek a Love  
J93.5; E253| Of the pride of dominion, that will Divorce Ocalythron & Elynittria  
J93.6; E253| Upon East Moor in Derbyshire & along the Valleys of Cheviot  
J93.7; E253| Could you Love me Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love  
J93.8; E253| As Reuben found Mandrakes in the field & gave them to his Mother  
J93.9; E253| Pride meets with Pride upon the Mountains in the stormy day  
J93.10; E253| In that terrible Day of Rintrahs Plow & of Satans driving the Team.  
J93.11; E253| Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley!  
J93.12; E253| Ah! then I saw my beloved ones fleeing from my Tent  
J93.13; E253| Merlin was like thee Rintrah among the Giants of Albion  
J93.14; E253| Judah was like Palamabron: O Simeon! O Levi! ye fled away  
J93.15; E253| How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley  
J93.16; E253| Or how upon the distant Hills see my beloveds Tents.

J93.17; E253| Then Los again took up his speech as Enitharmon ceast

J93.18; E253| Fear not my Sons this Waking Death. he is become One with me  
J93.19; E253| Behold him here! We shall not Die! we shall be united in Jesus.  
J93.20; E253| Will you suffer this Satan this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is Not  
J93.21; E253| To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life. if Bacon, Newton, Locke,

J93.22; E254| Deny a Conscience in Man & the Communion of Saints & Angels  
J93.23; E254| Contemning the Divine Vision & Fruition, Worshiping the Deus  
J93.24; E254| Of the Heathen, The God of This World, & the Goddess Nature  
J93.25; E254| Mystery Babylon the Great, The Druid Dragon & hidden Harlot  
J93.26; E254| Is it not that Signal of the Morning which was told us in the Beginning

J93.27; E254| Thus they converse upon Mam-Tor. the Graves thunder under their feet

J94.1; E254	Albion cold lays on his Rock: storms & snows beat round him.
J94.2; E254	Beneath the Furnaces & the starry Wheels & the Immortal Tomb
J94.3; E254	Howling winds cover him: roaring seas dash furious against him
J94.4; E254	In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare long thunders roll
J94.5; E254	The weeds of Death inwrap his hands & feet blown incessant
J94.6; E254	And washd incessant by the for-ever restless sea-waves foaming abroad
J94.7; E254	Upon the white Rock. England a Female Shadow as deadly damps
J94.8; E254	Of the Mines of Cornwall & Derbyshire lays upon his bosom heavy
J94.9; E254	Moved by the wind in volumes of thick cloud returning folding round
J94.10; E254	His loins & bosom unremovable by swelling storms & loud rending
J94.11; E254	Of enraged thunders. Around them the Starry Wheels of their Giant Sons
J94.12; E254	Revolve: & over them the Furnaces of Los & the Immortal Tomb around
J94.13; E254	Erin sitting in the Tomb, to watch them unceasing night and day
J94.14; E254	And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations.
J94.15; E254	Over them the famishd Eagle screams on boney Wings and around
J94.16; E254	Them howls the Wolf of famine deep heaves the Ocean black thundering
J94.17; E254	Around the wormy Garments of Albion: then pausing in deathlike silence
J94.18; E254	Time was Finished! The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion
J94.19; E254	Beneath the Furnaces & starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb
J94.20; E254	And England who is Brittannia awoke from Death on Albions bosom
J94.21; E254	She awoke pale & cold she fainted seven times on the Body of Albion
J94.22; E254	O pitious Sleep O pitious Dream! O God O God awake I have slain
J94.23; E254	In Dreams of Chastity & Moral Law I have Murdered Albion! Ah!
J94.24; E254	In Stone-henge & on London Stone & in the Oak Groves of Malden
J94.25; E254	I have Slain him in my Sleep with the Knife of the Druid O England
J94.26; E254	O all ye Nations of the Earth behold ye the Jealous Wife
J94.27; E254	The Eagle & the Wolf & Monkey & Owl & the King & Priest were there <i>t336</i>
J95.1; E254	Her voice pierc'd Albions clay cold ear. he moved upon the Rock
J95.2; E254	The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills, Albion mov'd
J95.3; E255	Upon the Rock, he opend his eyelids in pain; in pain he mov'd
J95.4; E255	His stony members, he saw England. Ah! shall the Dead live again
J95.5; E255	The Breath Divine went forth over the morning hills Albion rose
J95.6; E255	In anger: the wrath of God breaking bright flaming on all sides around
J95.7; E255	His awful limbs: into the Heavens he walked clothed in flames

J95.8; E255| Loud thundring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars  
J95.9; E255| Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful  
J95.10; E255| Revolutions of Action & Passion, thro the Four Elements on all sides  
J95.11; E255| Surrounding his awful Members. Thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds  
J95.12; E255| Struggling to rise above the Mountains. in his burning hand  
J95.13; E255| He takes his Bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold  
J95.14; E255| Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor! clouds roll around the  
J95.15; E255| Horns of the wide Bow, loud sounding winds sport on the mountain brows  
J95.16; E255| Compelling Urizen to his Furrow; & Tharmas to his Sheepfold;  
J95.17; E255| And Luvah to his Loom: Urthona he beheld mighty labouring at  
J95.18; E255| His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied labouring & weeping  
J95.19; E255| Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in songs  
J95.20; E255| Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

J95.21; E255| As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth  
J95.22; E255| England who is Brittannia enterd Albions bosom rejoicing,  
J95.23; E255| Rejoicing in his indignation! adoring his wrathful rebuke.  
J95.24; E255| She who adores not your frowns will only loathe your smiles

J96.1; E255| As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth  
J96.2; E255| England who is Brittannia entered Albions bosom rejoicing

J96.3; E255| Then Jesus appeared standing by Albion as the Good Shepherd  
J96.4; E255| By the lost Sheep that he hath found & Albion knew that it  
J96.5; E255| Was the Lord the Universal Humanity, & Albion saw his Form  
J96.6; E255| A Man. & they conversed as Man with Man, in Ages of Eternity  
J96.7; E255| And the Divine Appearance was the likeness & similitude of Los

J96.8; E255| Albion said. O Lord what can I do! my Selfhood cruel  
J96.9; E255| Marches against thee deceitful from Sinai & from Edom  
J96.10; E255| Into the Wilderness of Judah to meet thee in his pride  
J96.11; E255| I behold the Visions of my deadly Sleep of Six Thousand Years  
J96.12; E255| Dazling around thy skirts like a Serpent of precious stones & gold  
J96.13; E255| I know it is my Self. O my Divine Creator & Redeemer

J96.14; E255| Jesus replied Fear not Albion unless I die thou canst not live  
J96.15; E255| But if I die I shall arise again & thou with me  
J96.16; E255| This is Friendship & Brotherhood without it Man Is Not

J96.17; E255| So Jesus spoke! the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness  
J96.18; E255| Overshadowd them & Jesus said Thus do Men in Eternity  
J96.19; E255| One for another to put off by forgiveness, every sin

J96.20; E256| Albion replyd. Cannot Man exist without Mysterious  
J96.21; E256| Offering of Self for Another, is this Friendship & Brotherhood  
J96.22; E256| I see thee in the likeness & similitude of Los my Friend

J96.23; E256| Jesus said. Wouldest thou love one who never died  
J96.24; E256| For thee or ever die for one who had not died for thee  
J96.25; E256| And if God dieth not for Man & giveth not himself  
J96.26; E256| Eternally for Man Man could not exist. for Man is Love:  
J96.27; E256| As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death  
J96.28; E256| In the Divine Image nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood

J96.29; E256| So saying. the Cloud overshadowing divided them asunder  
J96.30; E256| Albion stood in terror: not for himself but for his Friend  
J96.31; E256| Divine, & Self was lost in the contemplation of faith  
J96.32; E256| And wonder at the Divine Mercy & at Los's sublime honour

J96.33; E256| Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends! O my Cities & Counties  
J96.34; E256| Do you sleep! rouze up! rouze up. Eternal Death is abroad

J96.35; E256| So Albion spoke & threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction  
J96.36; E256| All was a Vision, all a Dream: the Furnaces became  
J96.37; E256| Fountains of Living Waters Howing from the Humanity Divine  
J96.38; E256| And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers, and All  
J96.39; E256| The Sons & Daughters of Albion on soft clouds Waking from Sleep  
J96.40; E256| Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires  
J96.41; E256| And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona arose into  
J96.42; E256| Albions Bosom: Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds  
J96.43; E256| Of Heaven Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity

J97.1; E256| Awake! Awake Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion  
J97.2; E256| Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time  
J97.3; E256| For lo! the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day  
J97.4; E256| Appears upon our Hills: Awake Jerusalem, and come away

J97.5; E256| So spake the Vision of Albion & in him so spake in my hearing  
J97.6; E256| The Universal Father. Then Albion stretchd his hand into Infinitude.  
J97.7; E256| And took his Bow. Fourfold the Vision for bright beaming Urizen  
J97.8; E256| Layd his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of carved Gold  
J97.9; E256| Luvah his hand stretch'd to the East & bore a Silver Bow bright shining  
J97.10; E256| Tharmas Westward a Bow of Brass pure flaming richly wrought

J97.11; E256	Urthona Northward in thick storms a Bow of Iron terrible thundering.
J97.12; E256	And the Bow is a Male & Female & the Quiver of the Arrows of Love,
J97.13; E256	Are the Children of this Bow: a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness: laying
J97.14; E256	Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence Wars of Love
J97.15; E256	And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male & Female Loves
J97.16; E256	And he Clothed himself in Bow & Arrows in awful state Fourfold
J97.17; E256	In the midst of his Twenty-eight Cities each with his Bow breathing
J98.1; E257	Then each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully
J98.2; E257	They drew fourfold the unreprouable String, bending thro the wide Heavens
J98.3; E257	The horned Bow Fourfold, loud sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold
J98.4; E257	Murmuring the Bow-string breathes with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns
J98.5; E257	Of the wide Bow, loud sounding Winds sport on the Mountains brows:
J98.6; E257	The Druid Spectre was Annihilate loud thundring rejoicing terrific vanishing
J98.7; E257	Fourfold Annihilation & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect
J98.8; E257	The innumerable Chariots of the Almighty appeared in Heaven
J98.9; E257	And Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer
J98.10; E257	A Sun of blood red wrath surrounding heaven on all sides around
J98.11; E257	Glorious incompreh[en]sible by Mortal Man & each Chariot was Sexual Threefold
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J98.12; E257	And every Man stood Fourfold, each Four Faces had. One to the West
J98.13; E257	One toward the East One to the South One to the North. the Horses Fourfold
J98.14; E257	And the dim Chaos brightend beneath, above, around! Eyed as the Peacock
J98.15; E257	According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the Four Rivers of the Water of Life
J98.16; E257	South stood the Nerves of the Eye. East in Rivers of bliss the Nerves of the
J98.17; E257	Expansive Nostrils West, flowd the Parent Sense the Tongue. North stood
J98.18; E257	The labyrinthine Ear. Circumscribing & Circumcising the excrementitious
J98.19; E257	Husk & Covering into Vacuum evaporating revealing the lineaments of Man
J98.20; E257	Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death & Resurrection
J98.21; E257	Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah rejoicing in Unity
J98.22; E257	In the Four Senses in the Outline the Circumference & Form, for ever
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J98.24; E257	The Four Living Creatures Chariots of Humanity Divine Incomprehensible
J98.25; E257	In beautiful Paradises expand These are the Four Rivers of Paradise
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J98.28; E257| And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic which bright  
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J98.36; E258| Was Human according to the Expansion or Contraction, the Translucence or  
J98.37; E258| Opakeness of Nervous fibres such was the variation of Time & Space  
J98.38; E258| Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary & they walked  
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J98.43; E258| With every Colour, Lion, Tyger, Horse, Elephant, Eagle Dove, Fly, Worm,  
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Some find a Female Garment there  
And some a Male, woven with care  
Lest the Sexual Garments sweet  
Should grow a devouring Winding sheet  
7 One Dies! Alas! the Living & Dead  
One is slain & One is fled  
8 In Vain-glory hatcht & nurst  
By double Spectres Self Accurst  
My Son! my Son! thou treatest me  
But as I have instructed thee  
9 On the shadows of the Moon  
Climbing thro Nights highest noon  
10 In Times Ocean falling drownd  
In Aged Ignorance profound  
11 Holy & cold I clipd the Wings  
Of all Sublunary Things  
12 And in depths of my Dungeons  
Closed the Father & the Sons

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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

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[Epilogue]

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To The Accuser Who is  
The God of This World

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Truly My Satan thou art but a Dunce  
And dost not know the Garment from the Man  
Every Harlot was a Virgin once  
Nor canst thou ever change Kate into Nan

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Tho thou art Worshipd by the Names Divine  
Of Jesus & Jehovah thou art still

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The Son of Morn in weary Nights decline

The lost Travellers Dream under the Hill



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HomersPoetry-prose3; E269	Bellerophon & omitted the Judgment of Paris which is not only a
HomersPoetry-prose4; E269	part, but a principal part of Homers subject
HomersPoetry-prose5; E269	But when a Work has Unity it is as much in a Part as in the
HomersPoetry-prose6; E269	Whole. the Torso is as much a Unity as the Laocoon
HomersPoetry-prose7; E269	As Unity is the cloke of folly so Goodness is the cloke of
HomersPoetry-prose8; E269	knavery Those who will have Unity exclusively in Homer come out
HomersPoetry-prose9; E269	with a Moral like a sting in the tail: Aristotle says Characters
HomersPoetry-prose10; E269	are either Good or Bad: now Goodness or Badness has nothing to do
HomersPoetry-prose11; E269	with Character. an Apple tree a Pear tree a Horse a Lion, are
HomersPoetry-prose12; E269	Characters but a Good Apple tree or a Bad, is an Apple tree
HomersPoetry-prose13; E269	still: a Horse is not more a Lion for being a Bad Horse. that is
HomersPoetry-prose14; E269	its Character; its Goodness or Badness is another consideration.
HomersPoetry-prose15; E269	It is the same with the Moral of a whole Poem as with the Moral
HomersPoetry-prose16; E269	Goodness
HomersPoetry-prose17; E270	of its parts Unity & Morality, are secondary considerations &
HomersPoetry-prose18; E270	belong to Philosophy & not to Poetry, to Exception & not to Rule,
HomersPoetry-prose19; E270	to Accident & not to Substance. the Ancients calld it eating of
HomersPoetry-prose20; E270	the tree of good & evil.
HomersPoetry-prose21; E270	The Classics, it is the Classics! & not Goths nor Monks, that
HomersPoetry-prose22; E270	Desolate Europe with Wars.

OnVirgil-prose1; E270	Sacred Truth has pronounced that Greece & Rome as Babylon &
OnVirgil-prose2; E270	Egypt: so far from being parents of Arts & Sciences as they
OnVirgil-prose3; E270	pretend: were destroyers of all Art. Homer Virgil & Ovid confirm
OnVirgil-prose4; E270	this opinion & make us reverence The Word of God, the only light
OnVirgil-prose5; E270	of antiquity that remains unperturbed by War. Virgil in the
OnVirgil-prose6; E270	Eneid Book VI line 848 says Let others study Art: Rome has
OnVirgil-prose7; E270	somewhat better to do, namely War & Dominion
OnVirgil-prose8; E270	Rome & Greece swept Art into their maw & destroyd it a
OnVirgil-prose9; E270	Warlike State never can produce Art. It will Rob & Plunder &
OnVirgil-prose10; E270	accumulate into one place, & Translate & Copy & Buy & Sell &
OnVirgil-prose11; E270	Criticise, but not Make.
OnVirgil-prose12; E270	Mathematic Form is Eternal in the Reasoning Memory. Living
OnVirgil-prose13; E270	Form is Eternal Existence.
OnVirgil-prose14; E270	Grecian is Mathematic Form
OnVirgil-prose15; E270	Gothic is Living Form

ED; E270| PLATE 1  
Title; E270| THE GHOST of ABEL *t349*

Subtitle; E270| A Revelation In the Visions of Jehovah

GhostOfAbel; E270| Seen by William Blake

GhostOfAbelepigraph; E270| To LORD BYRON in the Wilderness  
GhostOfAbelepigraph; E270| What doest thou here Elijah?  
GhostOfAbelepigraph; E270| Can a Poet doubt the Visions of Jehovah? Nature has no Outline:  
GhostOfAbelepigraph; E270| but Imagination has. Nature has no Tune: but Imagination has!  
GhostOfAbelepigraph; E270| Nature has no Supernatural & dissolves: Imagination is Eternity

GhostOfAbel; E270| *Scene. A rocky Country. Eve fainted over the dead body*  
GhostOfAbelstagedr; E270| *of Abel which lays near a Grave. Adam kneels by her Jehovah*  
GhostOfAbelstagedr; E270| *stands above*

GhostOfAbel1.1; E271| Jehovah-- Adam!  
GhostOfAbel1.1; E271| Adam-- I will not hear thee more thou Spiritual Voice  
GhostOfAbel1.2; E271| Is this Death?  
GhostOfAbel1.2; E271| Jehovah-- Adam!  
GhostOfAbel1.2; E271| Adam-- It is in vain: I will not hear thee  
GhostOfAbel1.3; E271| Henceforth! Is this thy Promise that the Womans Seed  
GhostOfAbel1.4; E271| Should bruise the Serpents head: Is this the Serpent? Ah!  
GhostOfAbel1.5; E271| Seven times, O Eve thou hast fainted over the Dead Ah! Ah!

GhostOfAbel1stagedr; E271| *Eve revives*

GhostOfAbel1.6; E271| Eve-- Is this the Promise of Jehovah! O it is all a vain delusion  
GhostOfAbel1.7; E271| This Death & this Life & this Jehovah!  
GhostOfAbel1.7; E271| Jehovah-- Woman! lift thine eyes

GhostOfAbel1stagedr; E271| *A Voice is heard coming on*  
GhostOfAbel1.8; E271| Voice-- O Earth cover not thou my Blood! cover not thou my Blood

GhostOfAbel1stagedr; E271| *Enter the Ghost of Abel*

GhostOfAbel1.9; E271| Eve-- Thou Visionary Phantasm thou art not the real Abel.

GhostOfAbel1.10; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.11; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.12; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.13; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.14; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.14; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.15; E271|

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! <sup>t350</sup>  
Jehovah-- He who shall take Cains life must also Die O Abel

GhostOfAbel1.16; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.17; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.18; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.19; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.20; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.21; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.22; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.23; E271|  
GhostOfAbel1.24; E271|

And who is he? Adam wilt thou, or Eve thou do this  
Adam-- It is all a Vain delusion of the all creative Imagination  
Eve come away & let us not believe these vain delusions  
Abel is dead & Cain slew him! We shall also Die a Death  
And then! what then? be as poor Abel a Thought: or as  
This! O what shall I call thee Form Divine! Father of Mercies  
That appearest to my Spiritual Vision: Eve seest thou also.  
Eve-- I see him plainly with my Minds Eye. I see also Abel living:  
Tho terribly afflicted as We also are. yet Jehovah sees him

GhostOfAbel2.1; E271|  
GhostOfAbel2.2; E271|  
GhostOfAbel2.3; E271|

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.

GhostOfAbel2stagedr; E271|

### *The Kneel before Jehovah*

GhostOfAbel2.4; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.5; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.6; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.7; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.8; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.9; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.10; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.11; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.12; E272|

Abel-- Are these the Sacrifices of Eternity O Jehovah, a Broken Spirit  
And a Contrite Heart. O I cannot Forgive! the Accuser hath  
Entered into Me as into his House & I loathe thy Tabernacles  
As thou hast said so is it come to pass: My desire is unto Cain  
And He doth rule over Me: therefore My Soul in fumes of Blood  
Cries for Vengeance: Sacrifice on Sacrifice Blood on Blood  
Jehovah-- Lo I have given you a Lamb for an Atonement instead  
Of the Transgres[s]or, or no Flesh or Spirit could ever Live  
Abel-- Compelled I cry O Earth cover not the Blood of Abel

GhostOfAbel2stagedr; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2stagedr; E272|

*Abel sinks down into the Grave. from which arises Satan  
Armed in glittering scales with a Crown & a Spear*

GhostOfAbel2.12; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.14; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.15; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.16; E272|  
GhostOfAbel2.17; E272|

Satan-- I will have Human Blood & not the blood of Bulls or Goats  
And no Atonement O Jehovah the Elohim live on Sacrifice  
Of Men: hence I am God of Men: Thou Human O Jehovah.  
By the Rock & Oak of the Druid creeping Mistletoe & Thorn  
Cains City built with Human Blood, not Blood of Bulls & Goats

GhostOfAbel2.18; E272| Thou shalt Thyself be Sacrificed to Me thy God on Calvary  
GhostOfAbel2.19; E272| Jehovah-- Such is My Will. <GhostOfAbelstagedr> *Thunders*  
GhostOfAbel2.19; E272| that Thou Thyself go to Eternal Death  
GhostOfAbel2.20; E272| In Self Annihilation even till Satan Self-subdud Put off Satan  
GhostOfAbel2.21; E272| Into the Bottomless Abyss whose torment arises for ever & ever.

GhostOfAbel2stagedr; E272| *On each side a Chorus of Angels entering Sing the following*

GhostOfAbel2.22; E272| The Elohim of the Heathen Swore Vengeance for Sin! Then Thou stoodst  
GhostOfAbel2.23; E272| Forth O Elohim Jehovah! in the midst of the darkness of the Oath! All Clothed  
GhostOfAbel2.24; E272| In Thy Covenant of the Forgiveness of Sins: Death O Holy! Is this Brotherhood  
GhostOfAbel2.25; E272| The Elohim saw their Oath Eternal Fire; they rolled apart trembling over The  
GhostOfAbel2.26; E272| Mercy Seat: each in his station fixt in the Firmament by Peace Brotherhood and  
Love.

GhostOfAbel2end; E272| *The Curtain falls*

GhostOfAbel2end; E272| The Voice of Abels Blood *t351*

GhostOfAbelcolophon; E272| 1822 W Blakes Original Stereotype was 1788 *t352*

LAOCOONprose; E273| Drawn & Engraved by William Blake

LAOCOONprose; E273| <Hebrew>[Jehovah] & his two Sons Satan & Adam as they were copied  
LAOCOONprose; E273| from the Cherubim Of Solomons Temple by three Rhodians &  
LAOCOONprose; E273| applied to Natural Fact. or. History of Ilium

ED; E273| [Above the father's head:]

LAOCOONprose; E273| The Angel of the Divine Presence  
LAOCOONprose; E273| <Hebrew>[Angel of Jehovah]  
LAOCOONprose; E273| <Greek>[Serpent-holder]  
LAOCOONprose; E273| He repented that he had made Adam  
LAOCOONprose; E273| (of the Female, the Adamah)  
LAOCOONprose; E273| & it grieved him at his heart

ED; E273| [About the serpent and figure (? Satan) to the right:]

LAOCOONprose; E273| Good  
LAOCOONprose; E273| <Hebrew>[Lilith]  
LAOCOONprose; E273| Satans Wife The Goddess Nature is War & Misery & Heroism a Miser

ED; E273| [About the serpent and figure (? Adam) to the left:]

LAOCOONprose; E273| Evil  
LAOCOONprose; E273| Good & Evil are

LAOCOONprose; E273| Riches & Poverty a Tree of Misery  
LAOCOONprose; E273| propagating Generation & Death

ED; E273| [Remaining aphorisms, reading outward in thematic order:]

LAOCOONprose; E273| What can be Created Can be Destroyed  
LAOCOONprose; E273| Adam is only The Natural Man & not the Soul or Imagination

LAOCOONprose; E273| The Eternal Body of Man is The IMAGINATION.  
LAOCOONprose; E273| God himself |  
LAOCOONprose; E273| that is |<Hebrew>[Yeshua] JESUS We are his Members  
LAOCOONprose; E273| The Divine Body|

LAOCOONprose; E273| It manifests itself in his Works of Art (In EternityAll is Vision)  
LAOCOONprose; E273| All that we See is VISION from Generated Organs gone as soon as come  
LAOCOONprose; E273| Permanent in The Imagination; considered as Nothing by the NATURAL MAN



LAOCOONprose; E273	HEBREW ART is called SIN by the Deist SCIENCE
LAOCOONprose; E273	The whole Business of Man Is The Arts & All Things Common
LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274	Christianity is Art & not Money Money is its Curse
LAOCOONprose; E274	The Old & New Testaments are the Great Code of Art
LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274	Jesus & his Apostles & Disciples were all Artists Their Works were destroyed by the Seven Angels of the Seven Churches in Asia. Antichrist Science
LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274	SCIENCE is the Tree of DEATH ART is the Tree of LIFE GOD is JESUS
LAOCOONprose; E274	The Gods of Priam are the Cherubim of Moses & Solomon The Hosts of Heaven
LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274	The Gods of Greece & Egypt were Mathematical Diagrams See Plato's Works 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 I
LAOCOONprose; E274	Art Degraded Imagination Denied War Governed the Nations
LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274	Divine Union Deriding And Denying Immediate Communion with God The Spoilers say Where are his Works That he did in the Wilderness Lo what are these Whence came they These are not the Works Of Egypt nor Babylon Whose Gods are the Powers of this World. Goddess, Nature. Who first spoil & then destroy Imaginative Art For their Glory is War and Dominion
LAOCOONprose; E274	Empire against Art See Virgils Eneid. Lib. VI. v 848
LAOCOONprose; E274  LAOCOONprose; E274	Spiritual War Israel deliverd from Egypt is Art deliverd from Nature & Imitation
LAOCOONprose; E274	What we call Antique Gems are the Gems of Aarons Breast Plate

LAOCOONprose; E274|  
LAOCOONprose; E274|  
LAOCOONprose; E274|  
LAOCOONprose; E274|  
LAOCOONprose; E274|

Prayer is the Study of Art  
Praise is the Practise of Art  
Fasting &c. all relate to Art  
The outward Ceremony is Antichrist  
Without Unceasing Pracise nothing can be done

LAOCOONprose; E274|

Practise is Art If you leave off you are Lost

LAOCOONprose; E274|  
LAOCOONprose; E274|  
LAOCOONprose; E274|  
ART

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

LAOCOONprose; E274|

The unproductive Man is not a Christian much less the Destroyer

LAOCOONprose; E275|  
LAOCOONprose; E275|  
LAOCOONprose; E275|

The True Christian Charity not dependent on Money (the lifes blood of Poor  
Families) that is on Caesar or Empire or  
Natural Religion

LAOCOONprose; E275|

For every Pleasure Money Is Useless

LAOCOONprose; E275|  
LAOCOONprose; E275|

Money, which is The Great Satan or Reason the Root of Good & Evil In The  
Accusation of Sin

LAOCOONprose; E275|  
LAOCOONprose; E275|  
LAOCOONprose; E275|

Where any view of Money exists Art cannot be carried on, but War only (Read  
Matthew CX. 9 & 10 v) by  
pretences to the Two Impossibilities Chastity & Abstinence Gods of the Heathen

LAOCOONprose; E275|

Is not every Vice possible to Man described in the Bible openly

LAOCOONprose; E275|

All is not Sin that Satan calls so all the Loves & Graces of Eternity.

LAOCOONprose; E275|

If Morality was Christianity Socrates was the Saviour

LAOCOONprose; E275|

Art can never exist without Naked Beauty displayed

LAOCOONprose; E275|

No Secresy in Art



Tiriell1.1; E276| And Aged Tiriell. stood before the Gates of his beautiful palace *t356*  
 Tiriell1.2; E276| With Myratana. once the Queen of all the western plains  
 Tiriell1.3; E276| But now his eyes were darkned. & his wife fading in death  
 Tiriell1.4; E276| They stood before their once delightful palace. & thus the Voice  
 Tiriell1.5; E276| Of aged Tiriell. arose. that his sons might hear in their gates

Tiriell1.6; E276| Accursed race of Tiriell. behold your father *t357*  
 Tiriell1.7; E276| Come forth & look on her that bore you. come you accursed sons.  
 Tiriell1.8; E276| In my weak arms. I here have borne your dying mother *t358*  
 Tiriell1.9; E276| Come forth sons of the Curse come forth. see the death of Myratana

Tiriell1.10; E276| His sons ran from their gates. & saw their aged parents stand  
 Tiriell1.11; E276| And thus the eldest son of Tiriell raisd his mighty voice

Tiriell1.12; E276| Old man unworthy to be calld. the father of Tiriells race  
 Tiriell1.13; E276| For evry one of those thy wrinkles. each of those grey hairs  
 Tiriell1.14; E276| Are cruel as death. & as obdurate as the devouring pit  
 Tiriell1.15; E276| Why should thy sons care for thy curses thou accursed man  
 Tiriell1.16; E276| Were we not slaves till we rebeld. Who cares for Tiriells curse  
 Tiriell1.17; E276| His blessing was a cruel curse. His curse may be a blessing

Tiriell1.18; E276| He ceast the aged man raisd up his right hand to the heavens  
 Tiriell1.19; E276| His left supported Myratana shrinking in pangs of death *t359*  
 Tiriell1.20; E276| The orbs of his large eyes he opend. & thus his voice went forth

Tiriell1.21; E276| Serpents not sons. wreathing around the bones of Tiriell  
 Tiriell1.22; E276| Ye worms of death feasting upon your aged parents flesh  
 Tiriell1.23; E276| Listen & hear your mothers groans. No more accursed Sons  
 Tiriell1.24; E276| She bears. she groans not at the birth of Heuxos or Yuva  
 Tiriell1.25; E276| These are the groans of death ye serpents These are the groans of death

Tiriell1.26; E277| Nourishd with milk ye serpents. nourishd with mothers tears & cares  
 Tiriell1.27; E277| Look at my eyes blind as the orbless scull among the stones  
 Tiriell1.28; E277| Look at my bald head. Hark listen ye serpents listen *t360*  
 Tiriell1.29; E277| What Myratana. What my wife. O Soul O Spirit O fire  
 Tiriell1.30; E277| What Myratana. art thou dead. Look here ye serpents look  
 Tiriell1.31; E277| The serpents sprung from her own bowels have draind her dry as this[.]

Tiriell.32; E277	Curse on your ruthless heads. for I will bury her even here
Tiriell.33; E277	So saying he began to dig a grave with his aged hands
Tiriell.34; E277	But Heuxos call'd a son of Zazel. to dig their mother a grave
Tiriell.35; E277	Old cruelty desist & let us dig a grave for thee
Tiriell.36; E277	Thou hast refusd our charity thou hast refusd our food
Tiriell.37; E277	Thou hast refusd our clothes our beds our houses for thy dwelling
Tiriell.38; E277	Chusing to wander like a Son of Zazel in the rocks
Tiriell.39; E277	Why dost thou curse. is not the curse now come upon your head
Tiriell.40; E277	Was it not you enslavd the sons of Zazel. & they have cursd
Tiriell.41; E277	And now you feel it. Dig a grave & let us bury our mother
Tiriell.42; E277	There take the body. cursed sons. & may the heavens rain wrath
Tiriell.43; E277	As thick as northern fogs. around your gates. to choke you up
Tiriell.44; E277	That you may lie as now your mother lies. like dogs. cast out
Tiriell.45; E277	The stink. of your dead carcasses. annoying man & beast
Tiriell.46; E277	Till your white bones are bleachd with age for a memorial.
Tiriell.47; E277	No your remembrance shall perish. for when your carcasses
Tiriell.48; E277	Lie stinking on the earth. the buriers shall arise from the east
Tiriell.49; E277	And. not a bone of all the soils of Tiriell remain
Tiriell.50; E277	Bury your mother but you cannot bury the curse of Tiriell
Tiriell.51; E277	He ceast & darkling oer the mountains sought his pathless way
Tiriellch; E277	2
Tiriell.2.1; E277	He wanderd day & night to him both day & night were dark
Tiriell.2.2; E277	The sun he felt but the bright moon was now a useless globe
Tiriell.2.3; E277	Oer mountains & thro vales of woe. the blind & aged man
Tiriell.2.4; E277	Wanderd till he that leadeth all. led him to the vales of Har
Tiriell.2.5; E277	And Har & Heva like two children sat beneath the Oak
Tiriell.2.6; E277	Mnetha now aged waited on them. & brought them food & clothing
Tiriell.2.7; E277	But they were as the shadow of Har. & as the years forgotten
Tiriell.2.8; E277	Playing with flowers. & running after birds they spent the day
Tiriell.2.9; E277	And in the night like infants slept delighted with infant dreams
Tiriell.2.10; E277	Soon as the blind wanderer enterd the pleasant gardens of Har <i>t361</i>
Tiriell.2.11; E277	They ran weeping like frightened infants for refuge in Mnethas arms
Tiriell.2.12; E277	The blind man felt his way & cried peace to these open doors

Tiriel2.13; E277|  
Tiriel2.14; E277|

Let no one fear for poor blind Tiriel hurts none but himself  
Tell me O friends where am I now. & in what pleasant place

Tiriel2.15; E278|  
Tiriel2.16; E278|  
Tiriel2.17; E278|  
Tiriel2.18; E278|

This is the valley of Har said Mnetha & this the tent of Har  
Who art thou poor blind man. that takest the name of Tiriel on thee  
Tiriel is king of all the west. who art thou I am Mnetha  
And this is Har & Heva. trembling like infants by my side

Tiriel2.19; E278|  
Tiriel2.20; E278|  
Tiriel2.21; E278|

I know Tiriel is king of the west & there he lives in joy  
No matter who I am O Mnetha. if thou hast any food  
Give it me. for I cannot stay my journey is far from hence

Tiriel2.22; E278|  
Tiriel2.23; E278|  
Tiriel2.24; E278|  
Tiriel2.25; E278|

Then Har said O my mother Mnetha venture not so near him  
For he is the king of rotten wood & of the bones of death  
He wanders. without eyes. & passes thro thick walls & doors  
Thou shalt not smite my mother Mnetha O thou eyeless man *t362*

Tiriel2.26; E278|  
Tiriel2.27; E278|  
Tiriel2.28; E278|

A wanderer. I beg for food. you see I cannot weep *t363*  
I cast away my staff the kind companion of my travel  
And I kneel down that you may see I am a harmless man

Tiriel2.29; E278|  
Tiriel2.30; E278|

He kneeled down & Mnetha said Come Har & Heva rise  
He is an innocent old man & hungry with his travel

Tiriel2.31; E278|

Then Har arose & laid his hand upon old Tiriels head

Tiriel2.32; E278|  
Tiriel2.33; E278|  
Tiriel2.34; E278|  
Tiriel2.35; E278|

God bless thy poor bald pate. God bless. thy hollow winking eyes  
God bless thy shriveld beard. God. bless. thy many wrinkled forehead  
Thou hast no teeth old man & thus I kiss thy sleek bald head  
Heva come kiss his bald head for he will not hurt us Heva

Tiriel2.36; E278|

Then Heva came & took old Tiriel in her mothers arms

Tiriel2.37; E278|  
Tiriel2.38; E278|  
Tiriel2.39; E278|  
Tiriel2.40; E278|

Bless thy poor eyes old man. & bless the old father of Tiriel  
Thou art my Tiriels old father. I know thee thro thy wrinkles  
Because thou smellest. like the figtree. thou smellest like ripe figs  
How didst thou lose thy eyes old Tiriel. bless thy wrinkled face *t364*

Tiriel2.41; E278|

Mnetha said come in aged wanderer tell us of thy name



Tiriel2.42; E278	Why shouldest thou conceal thyself from those of thine own flesh
Tiriel2.43; E278	I am not of this region. said Tiriel dissemblingly <i>t365</i>
Tiriel2.44; E278	I am an aged wanderer once father of a race
Tiriel2.45; E278	Far in the north. but they were wicked & were all destroyd
Tiriel2.46; E278	And I their father sent an outcast. I have told you all
Tiriel2.47; E278	Ask me no more I pray for grief hath seald my precious sight
Tiriel2.48; E278	O Lord said Mnetha how I tremble are there then more people
Tiriel2.49; E278	More human creatures on this earth beside the sons of Har
Tiriel2.50; E278	No more said Tiriel but I remain on all this globe
Tiriel2.51; E278	And I remain an outcast. hast thou any thing to drink
Tiriel2.52; E278	Then Mnetha gave him milk & fruits. & they sat down together
Tirielch; E278	3
Tiriel3.1; E279	They sat & eat & Har & Heva smild on Tiriel
Tiriel3.2; E279	Thou art a very old old man but I am older than thou
Tiriel3.3; E279	How came thine hair to leave thy forehead how came thy face so brown
Tiriel3.4; E279	My hair is very long my beard. doth cover all my breast
Tiriel3.5; E279	God bless thy piteous face. to count the wrinkles in thy face
Tiriel3.6; E279	Would puzzle Mnetha. bless thy face for thou art Tiriel <i>t366</i>
Tiriel3.7; E279	Tiriel I never saw but once I sat with him & eat
Tiriel3.8; E279	He was as chearful as a prince & gave me entertainment
Tiriel3.9; E279	But long I staid not at his palace for I am forced to wander
Tiriel3.10; E279	What wilt thou leave us too said Heva thou shalt not leave us too
Tiriel3.11; E279	For we have many sports to shew thee & many songs to sing
Tiriel3.12; E279	And after dinner we will walk into the cage of Har
Tiriel3.13; E279	And thou shalt help us to catch birds. & gather them ripe cherries
Tiriel3.14; E279	Then let thy name be Tiriel & never leave us more
Tiriel3.15; E279	If thou dost go said Har I wish thine eyes may see thy folly
Tiriel3.16; E279	My sons have left me did thine leave thee O twas very cruel
Tiriel.17; E279	No venerable man said Tiriel ask me not such things

Tiri3.18; E279| For thou dost make my heart to bleed my sons were not like thine  
 Tiri3.19; E279| But worse O never ask me more or I must flee away

Tiri3.20; E279| Thou shalt not go said Heva till thou hast seen our singing birds  
 Tiri3.21; E279| And heard Har sing in the great cage & slept upon our fleeces  
 Tiri3.22; E279| Go not for thou art so like Tiri3. that I love thine head  
 Tiri3.23; E279| Tho it is wrinkled like the earth parchd with the summer heat

Tiri3.24; E279| Then Tiri3 rose up from the seat & said god bless these tents <sup>t367</sup>  
 Tiri3.25; E279| My Journey is oer rocks & mountains. not in pleasant vales  
 Tiri3.26; E279| I must not sleep nor rest because of madness & dismay <sup>t368</sup>

Tiri3.27; E279| And Mnetha said Thou must not go to wander dark. alone  
 Tiri3.28; E279| But dwell with us & let us be to thee instead of eyes  
 Tiri3.29; E279| And I will bring thee food old man. till death shall call thee hence

Tiri3.30; E279| Then Tiri3 frownd & answerd. Did I not command you saying  
 Tiri3.31; E279| Madness & deep dismay posses[s] the heart of the blind man  
 Tiri3.32; E279| The wanderer who seeks the woods leaning upon his staff <sup>t369</sup>

Tiri3.33; E279| Then Mnetha trembling at his frowns led him to the tent door  
 Tiri3.34; E279| And gave to him his staff & blest him. he went on his way

Tiri3.35; E279| But Har & Heva stood & watchd him till he enterd the wood  
 Tiri3.36; E279| And then they went & wept to Mnetha. but they soon forgot their tears

Tiri3ch; E279| 4

Tiri4.1; E280| Over the weary hills the blind man took his lonely way  
 Tiri4.2; E280| To him the day & night alike was dark & desolate  
 Tiri4.3; E280| But far he had not gone when Ijim from his woods come down  
 Tiri4.4; E280| Met him at entrance of the forest in a dark & lonely way

Tiri4.5; E280| Who art thou Eyeless wretch that thus obstructst the lions path  
 Tiri4.6; E280| Ijim shall rend thy feeble joints thou tempter of dark Ijim  
 Tiri4.7; E280| Thous hast the form of Tiri3 but I know thee well enough  
 Tiri4.8; E280| Stand from my path foul fiend is this the las of thy deceits  
 Tiri4.9; E280| To be a hypocrite & stand in shape of a blind beggar

Tiriel4.10; E280| The blind man heard his brothers voice & kneeld down on his knee

Tiriel4.11; E280| O brother Ijim if it is thy voice that speaks to me  
Tiriel4.12; E280| Smite not thy brother Tiriel tho weary of his life  
Tiriel4.13; E280| My sons have smitten me already. and if thou smitest me  
Tiriel4.14; E280| The curse that rolls over their heads will rest itself on thine  
Tiriel4.15; E280| Tis now seven years since in my palace I beheld thy face <sup>t370</sup>  
Tiriel4.16; E280| Come thou dark fiend I dare thy cunning know that Ijim scorns  
Tiriel4.17; E280| To smite the[e] in the form of helpless age & eyeless policy  
Tiriel4.18; E280| Rise up for I discern thee & I dare thy eloquent tongue  
Tiriel4.19; E280| Come I will lead thee on thy way & use thee as a scoff

Tiriel4.20; E280| O Brother Ijim thou beholdest wretched Tiriel  
Tiriel4.21; E280| Kiss me my brother & then leave me to wander desolate

Tiriel4.22; E280| No artful fiend. but I will lead thee dost thou want to go  
Tiriel4.23; E280| Reply not lest I bind thee with the green flags of the brook  
Tiriel4.24; E280| Ay now thou art discoverd I will use thee like a slave

Tiriel4.25; E280| When Tiriel heard the words of Ijim he sought not to reply  
Tiriel4.26; E280| He knew twas vain for Ijims words were as the voice of Fate

Tiriel4.27; E280| And they went on together over hills thro woody dales  
Tiriel4.28; E280| Blind to the pleasures of the sight & deaf to warbling birds  
Tiriel4.29; E280| All day they walkd & all the night beneath the pleasant Moon  
Tiriel4.30; E280| Westwardly journeying till Tiriel grew weary with his travel

Tiriel4.31; E280| O Ijim I am faint & weary for my knees forbid  
Tiriel4.32; E280| To bear me further. urge me not lest I should die with travel  
Tiriel4.33; E280| A little rest I crave a little water from a brook  
Tiriel4.34; E280| Or I shall soon discover that I am a mortal man  
Tiriel4.35; E280| And you will lose your once lovd Tiriel alas how fain I am

Tiriel4.36; E280| Impudent fiend said Ijim hold thy glib & eloquent tongue  
Tiriel4.37; E280| Tiriel is a king. & thou the tempter of dark Ijim  
Tiriel4.38; E280| Drink of this runing brook. & I will bear thee on my shoulders <sup>t371</sup>  
Tiriel4.39; E280| He drank & Ijim raisd him up & bore him on his shoulders

Tiriel4.40; E281| All day he bore him & when evening drew her solemn curtain  
Tiriel4.41; E281| Enterd the gates of Tiriels palace. & stood & calld aloud

Tiriel4.42; E281| Heuxos come forth I here have brought the fiend that troubles Ijim  
 Tiriel4.43; E281| Look knowst thou aught of this grey beard. or of these blinded eyes

Tiriel4.44; E281| Heuxos & Lotho ran forth at the sound of Ijims voice  
 Tiriel4.45; E281| And saw their aged father borne upon his mighty shoulders  
 Tiriel4.46; E281| Their eloquent tongues were dumb & sweat stood on. their trembling limbs  
 Tiriel4.47; E281| They knew twas vain to strive with Ijim they bowd & silent stood

Tiriel4.48; E281| What Heuxos call thy father for I mean to sport to night <sup>t372</sup>  
 Tiriel4.49; E281| This is the Hypocrite that sometimes roars a dreadful lion  
 Tiriel4.50; E281| Then I have rent his limbs & left him rotting in the forest <sup>t373</sup>  
 Tiriel4.51; E281| For birds to eat but I have scarce departed from the place  
 Tiriel4.52; E281| But like a tyger he would come & so I rent him too  
 Tiriel4.53; E281| Then like a river he would seek to drown me in his waves  
 Tiriel4.54; E281| But soon I buffeted the torrent anon like to a cloud  
 Tiriel4.55; E281| Fraught with the swords of lightning. but I braved the vengeance too  
 Tiriel4.56; E281| Then he would creep like a bright serpent till around my neck  
 Tiriel4.57; E281| While I was Sleeping he would twine I squeezd his poisonous soul  
 Tiriel4.58; E281| Then like a toad or like a newt. would whisper in my ears  
 Tiriel4.59; E281| Or like a rock stood in my way. or like a poisonous shrub  
 Tiriel4.60; E281| At last I caught him in the form of Tiriel blind & old  
 Tiriel4.61; E281| And so Ill keep him fetch your father fetch forth Myratana

Tiriel4.62; E281| They stood confounded. and Thus Tiriel raised his silver voice

Tiriel4.63; E281| Serpents not sons why do you stand fetch hither Tiriel <sup>t374</sup>  
 Tiriel4.64; E281| Fetch hither Myratana & delight yourselves with scoffs  
 Tiriel4.65; E281| For poor blind Tiriel is returned & this much injured head  
 Tiriel4.65; E281| Is ready for your bitter taunts. come forth sons of the curse

Tiriel4.67; E281| Mean time the other sons of Tiriel ran around their father  
 Tiriel4.68; E281| Confounded at the terrible strength of Ijim they knew twas vain  
 Tiriel4.69; E281| Both spear & shield were useless & the coat of iron mail  
 Tiriel4.70; E281| When Ijim stretched his mighty arm. the arrow from his limbs  
 Tiriel4.71; E281| Rebounded & the piercing sword broke on his naked flesh <sup>t375</sup>

Tiriel4.72; E281| Then is it true Heuxos that thou hast turned thy aged parent  
 Tiriel4.73; E281| To be the sport of wintry winds. (said Ijim) is this true  
 Tiriel4.74; E281| It is a lie & I am like the tree torn by the wind <sup>t376</sup>  
 Tiriel4.75; E281| Thou eyeless fiend. & you dissemblers. Is this Tiriels house  
 Tiriel4.76; E281| It is as false [as] Matha. & as dark as vacant Orcus <sup>t377</sup>

Tiriel4.77; E281| Escape ye fiends for Ijim will not lift his hand against ye

Tiriel4.78; E281| So saying. Ijim gloomy turnd his back & silent sought  
Tiriel4.79; E281| The secret forests & all night wanderd in desolate ways *t378*

Tirielch; E281| 5

Tiriel5.1; E282| And aged Tiriel stood & said where does the thunder sleep  
Tiriel5.2; E282| Where doth he hide his terrible head & his swift & fiery daughters  
Tiriel5.3; E282| Where do they shroud their fiery wings & the terrors of their hair  
Tiriel5.4; E282| Earth thus I stamp thy bosom rouse the earthquake from his den  
Tiriel5.5; E282| To raise his dark & burning visage thro the cleaving ground *t379*  
Tiriel5.6; E282| To thrust these towers with his shoulders. let his fiery dogs  
Tiriel5.7; E282| Rise from the center belching flames & roarings. dark smoke  
Tiriel5.8; E282| Where art thou Pestilence that bathest in fogs & standing lakes  
Tiriel5.9; E282| Rise up thy sluggish limbs. & let the loathsome of poisons  
Tiriel5.10; E282| Drop from thy garments as thou walkest. wrapt in yellow clouds  
Tiriel5.11; E282| Here take thy seat. in this wide court. let it be strewn with dead  
Tiriel5.12; E282| And sit & smile upon these cursed sons of Tiriel  
Tiriel5.13; E282| Thunder & fire & pestilence. here you not Tiriels curse

Tiriel5.14; E282| He ceast the heavy clouds confusd rolld round the lofty towers  
Tiriel5.15; E282| Discharging their enormous voices. at the fathers curse  
Tiriel5.16; E282| The earth trembled fires belched from the yawning clefts  
Tiriel5.17; E282| And when the shaking ceast a fog possest the accursed clime

Tiriel5.18; E282| The cry was great in Tiriels palace his five daughters ran  
Tiriel5.19; E282| And caught him by the garments weeping with cries of bitter woe

Tiriel5.20; E282| Aye now you feel the curse you cry. but may all ears be deaf  
Tiriel5.21; E282| As Tiriels & all eyes as blind as Tiriels to your woes  
Tiriel5.22; E282| May never stars shine on your roofs may never sun nor moon *t380*  
Tiriel5.23; E282| Visit you but eternal fogs hover around your walls  
Tiriel5.24; E282| Hela my youngest daughter you shall lead me from this place *t381*  
Tiriel5.25; E282| And let the curse fall on the rest & wrap them up together

Tiriel5.26; E282| He ceast & Hela led her father from the noisom place  
Tiriel5.27; E282| In haste they fled while all the sons & daughters of Tiriel  
Tiriel5.28; E282| Chained in thick darkness utterd cries of mourning all the night  
Tiriel5.29; E282| And in the morning Lo an hundred men in ghastly death  
Tiriel5.30; E282| The four daughters stretchd on the marble pavement silent all *t382*

Tiriel5.31; E282| falln by the pestilence the rest moped round in guilty fears <sup>t383</sup>  
Tiriel5.32; E282| And all the children in their beds were cut off in one night  
Tiriel5.33; E282| Thirty of Tiriels sons remaind. to wither in the palace  
Tiriel5.34; E282| Desolate. Loathed. Dumb Astonishd waiting for black death

Tirielch; E282| 6

Tiriel6.1; E282| And Hela led her father thro the silent of the night  
Tiriel6.2; E282| Astonishd silent. till the morning beams began to spring

Tiriel6.3; E282| Now Hela I can go with pleasure & dwell with Har & Heva  
Tiriel6.4; E282| Now that the curse shall clean devour all those guilty sons

Tiriel6.5; E283| This is the right & ready way I know it by the sound  
Tiriel6.6; E283| That our feet make. Remember Hela I have savd thee from death  
Tiriel6.7; E283| Then be obedient to thy father for the curse is taken off thee  
Tiriel6.8; E283| I dwelt with Myratana five years in the desolate rock  
Tiriel6.9; E283| And all that time we waited for the fire to fall from heaven  
Tiriel6.10; E283| Or for the torrents of the sea to overwhelm you all  
Tiriel6.11; E283| But now my wife is dead & all the time of grace is past  
Tiriel6.12; E283| You see the parents curse. Now lead me where I have commanded

Tiriel6.13; E283| O Leagued with evil spirits thou accursed man of sin  
Tiriel6.14; E283| True I was born thy slave who askd thee to save me from death-- <sup>t384</sup>  
Tiriel6.15; E283| Twas for thy self thou cruel man because thou wantest eyes

Tiriel6.16; E283| True Hela this is the desert of all those cruel ones  
Tiriel6.17; E283| Is Tiriel cruel look. his daughter & his youngest daughter  
Tiriel6.18; E283| Laughs at affection glories in rebellion. scoffs at Love:--  
Tiriel6.19; E283| I have not eat these two days lead me to Har & Hevas tent  
Tiriel6.20; E283| Or I will wrap the[e] up in such a terrible fathers curse  
Tiriel6.21; E283| That thou shalt feel worms in thy marrow creeping thro thy bones  
Tiriel6.22; E283| Yet thou shalt lead me. Lead me I command to Har & Heva

Tiriel6.23; E283| O cruel O destroyer O consumer. O avenger  
Tiriel6.24; E283| To Har & Heva I will lead thee then would that they would curse  
Tiriel6.25; E283| Then would they curse as thou hast cursed but they are not like thee  
Tiriel6.26; E283| O they are holy. & forgiving filld with loving mercy  
Tiriel6.27; E283| Forgetting the offences of their most rebellious children  
Tiriel6.28; E283| Or else thou wouldest not have livd to curse thy helpless children



Tiriel6.29; E283| Look on my eyes Hela & see for thou has eyes to see  
Tiriel6.30; E283| The tears swell from my stony fountains. wherefore do I weep  
Tiriel6.31; E283| Wherefore from my blind orbs art thou not siezd with poisnous stings  
Tiriel6.32; E283| Laugh serpent youngest venomous reptile of the flesh of Tiriel  
Tiriel6.33; E283| Laugh. for thy father Tiriel shall give the[e] cause to laugh  
Tiriel6.34; E283| Unless thou lead me to the tent of Har child of the curse

Tiriel6.35; E283| Silence thy evil tongue thou murderer of thy helpless children  
Tiriel6.36; E283| I lead thee to the tent of Har not that I mind thy curse  
Tiriel6.37; E283| But that I feel they will curse thee & hang upon thy bones  
Tiriel6.38; E283| Fell shaking agonies. & in each wrinkle of that face  
Tiriel6.39; E283| Plant worms of death to feast upon the tongue of terrible curses

Tiriel6.40; E283| Hela my daughter listen. thou art the daughter of Tiriel  
Tiriel6.41; E283| Thy father calls. Thy father lifts his hand unto the heavens *t385*  
Tiriel6.42; E283| For thou hast laughed at my tears. & curst thy aged father  
Tiriel6.43; E283| Let snakes rise from thy bedded locks & laugh among thy curls

Tiriel6.44; E283| He ceast her dark hair upright stood while snakes infolded round  
Tiriel6.45; E283| Her madding brows. her shrieks apalld the soul of Tiriel

Tiriel6.46; E284| What have I done Hela my daughter fearst thou now the curse  
Tiriel6.47; E284| Or wherefore dost thou cry Ah wretch to curse thy aged father  
Tiriel6.48; E284| Lead me to Har & Heva & the curse of Tiriel  
Tiriel6.49; E284| Shall fail. If thou refuse howl in the desolate mountains *t386*

Tirielch; E284| 7

Tiriel7.1; E284| She howling led him over mountains & thro frighted vales  
Tiriel7.2; E284| Till to the caves of Zazel they approachd at even tide

Tiriel7.3; E284| Forth from their caves old Zazel & his sons ran. when they saw  
Tiriel7.4; E284| Their tyrant prince blind & his daughter howling & leading him

Tiriel7.5; E284| They laughd & mocked some threw dirt & stones as they passd by  
Tiriel7.6; E284| But when Tiriel turnd around & raisd his awful voice  
Tiriel7.7; E284| Some fled away but Zazel stood still & thus began *t387*

Tiriel7.8; E284| Bald tyrant. wrinkled cunning listen to Zazels chains *t388*  
Tiriel7.9; E284| Twas thou that chaind thy brother Zazel where are now thine eyes

Tiriel7.10; E284| Shout beautiful daughter of Tiriel. thou singest a sweet song  
Tiriel7.11; E284| Where are you going. come & eat some roots & drink some water  
Tiriel7.12; E284| Thy crown is bald old man. the sun will dry thy brains away  
Tiriel7.13; E284| And thou wilt be as foolish as thy foolish brother Zazel

Tiriel7.14; E284| The blind man heard. & smote his breast & trembling passed on  
Tiriel7.15; E284| They threw dirt after them. till to the covert of a wood  
Tiriel7.16; E284| The howling maiden led her father where wild beasts resort  
Tiriel7.17; E284| Hoping to end her woes. but from her cries the tygers fled <sup>t389</sup>  
Tiriel7.18; E284| All night they wanderd thro the wood & when the sun arose  
Tiriel7.19; E284| They enterd on the mountains of Har at Noon the happy tents  
Tiriel7.20; E284| Were frighted by the dismal cries of Hela on the mountains

Tiriel7.21; E284| But Har & Heva slept fearless as babes. on loving breasts  
Tiriel7.22; E284| Mnetha awoke she ran & stood at the tent door & saw  
Tiriel7.23; E284| The aged wanderer led towards the tents she took her bow  
Tiriel7.24; E284| And chose her arrows then advandc to meet the terrible pair

Tirielch; E284| 8

Tiriel8.1; E284| And Mnetha hasted & met them at the gate of the lower garden

Tiriel8.2; E284| Stand still or from my bow recieve a sharp & winged death

Tiriel8.3; E284| Then Tiriel stood. saying what soft voice threatens such bitter things  
Tiriel8.4; E284| Lead me to Har & Heva I am Tiriel King of the west <sup>t390</sup>

Tiriel8.5; E284| And Mnetha led them to the tent of Har. and Har & Heva  
Tiriel8.6; E284| Ran to the door. when Tiriel felt the ankles of aged Har  
Tiriel8.7; E284| He said. O weak mistaken father of a lawless race

Tiriel8.8; E285| Thy laws O Har & Tiriels wisdom end together in a curse <sup>t391</sup>  
Tiriel8.9; E285| Why is one law given to the lion & th patient Ox <sup>t392</sup>  
Tiriel8.10; E285| And why men bound beneath the heavens in a reptile form <sup>t393</sup>  
Tiriel8.11; E285| A worm of sixty winters creeping on the dusky ground  
Tiriel8.12; E285| The child springs from the womb. the father ready stands to form  
Tiriel8.13; E285| The infant head while the mother idle plays with her dog on her couch  
Tiriel8.14; E285| The young bosom is cold for lack of mothers nourishment & milk  
Tiriel8.15; E285| Is cut off from the weeping mouth with difficulty & pain  
Tiriel8.16; E285| The little lids are lifted & the little nostrils open  
Tiriel8.17; E285| The father forms a whip to rouze the sluggish senses to act

Tiriel8.18; E285| And scourges off all youthful fancies from the newborn man  
Tiriel8.19; E285| Then walks the weak infant in sorrow compell'd to number footsteps *t394*  
Tiriel8.20; E285| Upon the sand. &c  
Tiriel8.21; E285| And when the drone has reach'd his crawling length *t395*  
Tiriel8.22; E285| Black berries appear that poison all around him. Such was Tiriel *t396*  
Tiriel8.23; E285| Compell'd to pray repugnant & to humble the immortal spirit  
Tiriel8.24; E285| Till I am subtil as a serpent in a paradise  
Tiriel8.25; E285| Consuming all both flowers & fruits insects & warbling birds  
Tiriel8.26; E285| And now my paradise is fall'n & a drear sandy plain  
Tiriel8.27; E285| Returns my thirsty hissings in a curse on thee O Har  
Tiriel8.28; E285| Mistaken father of a lawless race my voice is past

Tiriel8.29; E285| He ceas't outstretch'd at Har & Hevas feet in awful death

FRtitle; E285| THE  
FRtitle; E285| FRENCH REVOLUTION. *t397*  
FRtitle; E285| A POEM,  
FRtitle; E285| IN SEVEN BOOKS.

FR; E285| BOOK THE FIRST.

FRcolophon; E285| LONDON: Printed for J. Johnson, No 72,  
FRcolophon; E285| St Paul's Church-yard. MDCCXCI.  
FRcolophon; E285| (Price One Shilling.)

FRiii; E286| ADVERTISEMENT.

FRiii; E286| The remaining Books of this Poem are finished, and will be  
FRiii; E286| published in their Order.

FR1; E286| THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FR1; E286| Book the First.

FR1; E286| The dead brood over Europe, the cloud and vision descends over chearful France;  
FR2; E286| O cloud well appointed! Sick, sick: the Prince on his couch, wreath'd in dim  
FR3; E286| And appalling mist; his strong hand outstretch'd, from his shoulder down the bone  
FR4; E286| Runs aching cold into the scepter too heavy for mortal grasp. No more  
FR5; E286| To be swayed by visible hand, nor in cruelty bruise the mild flourishing mountains.

FR6; E286| Sick the mountains, and all their vineyards weep, in the eyes of the kingly mourner;  
FR7; E286| Pale is the morning cloud in his visage. Rise, Necker: the ancient dawn calls us  
FR8; E286| To awake from slumbers of five thousands years. I awake, but my soul is in dreams;  
FR9; E286| From my window I see the old mountains of France, like aged men, fading away.

FR10; E286| Troubled, leaning on Necker, descends the King, to his chamber of council; shady  
mountains

FR11; E286| In fear utter voices of thunder; the woods of France embosom the sound;  
FR12; E286| Clouds of wisdom prophetic reply, and roll over the palace roof heavy,  
FR13; E286| Forty men: each conversing with woes in the infinite shadows of his soul,  
FR14; E286| Like our ancient fathers in regions of twilight, walk, gathering round the King;  
FR15; E286| Again the loud voice of France cries to the morning, the morning prophecies to its clouds.

FR16; E286|  
France

FR17; E286|  
FR18; E286|  
FR19; E286|

For the Commons convene in the Hall of the Nation. France shakes! And the heavens of

Perplex'd vibrate round each careful countenance! Darkness of old times around them  
Utters loud despair, shadowing Paris; her grey towers groan, and the Bastile trembles.  
In its terrible towers the Governor stood, in dark fogs list'ning the horror;

FR20; E287|  
dominion,

FR21; E287|  
FR22; E287|  
FR23; E287|  
FR24; E287|  
FR25; E287|  
FR26; E287|  
FR27; E287|  
FR28; E287|  
FR29; E287|  
FR30; E287|  
FR31; E287|

A thousand his soldiers, old veterans of France, breathing red clouds of power and  
Sudden seiz'd with howlings, despair, and black night, he stalk'd like a lion from tower  
To tower, his howlings were heard in the Louvre; from court to court restless he dragg'd  
His strong limbs; from court to court curs'd the fierce torment unquell'd,  
Howling and giving the dark command; in his soul stood the purple plague,  
Tugging his iron manacles, and piercing through the seven towers dark and sickly,  
Panting over the prisoners like a wolf gorg'd; and the den nam'd Horror held a man  
Chain'd hand and foot, round his neck an iron band, bound to the impregnable wall.  
In his soul was the serpent coil'd round in his heart, hid from the light, as in a cleft rock;  
And the man was confin'd for a writing prophetic: in the tower nam'd Darkness, was a man  
Pinion'd down to the stone floor, his strong bones scarce cover'd with sinews; the iron rings  
Were forg'd smaller as the flesh decay'd, a mask of iron on his face hid the lineaments

FR32; E287|  
FR33; E287|  
FR34; E287|  
FR35; E287|  
FR36; E287|  
FR37; E287|  
FR38; E287|  
FR39; E287|  
FR40; E287|  
FR41; E287|  
breathe

Of ancient Kings, and the frown of the eternal lion was hid from the oppressed earth.  
In the tower named Bloody, a skeleton yellow remained in its chains on its couch  
Of stone, once a man who refus'd to sign papers of abhorrence; the eternal worm  
Crept in the skeleton. In the den nam'd Religion, a loathsome sick woman, bound down  
To a bed of straw; the seven diseases of earth, like birds of prey, stood on the couch,  
And fed on the body. She refus'd to be whore to the Minister, and with a knife smote him.  
In the tower nam'd Order, an old man, whose white beard cover'd the stone floor like weeds  
On margin of the sea, shrivel'd up by heat of day and cold of night; his den was short  
And narrow as a grave dug for a child, with spiders webs wove, and with slime  
Of ancient horrors cover'd, for snakes and scorpions are his companions; harmless they

FR42; E287|

His sorrowful breath: he, by conscience urg'd, in the city of Paris rais'd a pulpit,

FR43; E288|  
FR44; E288|  
FR45; E288|  
FR46; E288|  
FR47; E288|  
FR48; E288|  
pined

And taught wonders to darken'd souls. In the den nam'd Destiny a strong man sat,  
His feet and hands cut off, and his eyes blinded; round his middle a chain and a band  
Fasten'd into the wall; fancy gave him to see an image of despair in his den,  
Eternally rushing round, like a man on his hands and knees, day and night without rest.  
He was friend to the favourite. In the seventh tower, nam'd the tower of God, was a man  
Mad, with chains loose, which he dragg'd up and down; fed with hopes year by year, he

FR49; E288|  
FR50; E288|  
FR51; E288|

For liberty; vain hopes: his reason decay'd, and the world of attraction in his bosom  
Center'd, and the rushing of chaos overwhelm'd his dark soul. He was confin'd  
For a letter of advice to a King, and his ravings in winds are heard over Versailles.

FR52; E288| But the dens shook and trembled, the prisoners look up and assay to shout; they listen,  
FR53; E288| Then laugh in the dismal den, then are silent, and a light walks round the dark towers.

FR54; E288| For the Commons convene in the Hall of the Nation; like spirits of fire in the beautiful  
FR55; E288| Porches of the Sun, to plant beauty in the desert craving abyss, they gleam  
FR56; E288| On the anxious city; all children new-born first behold them; tears are fled,  
FR57; E288| And they nestle in earth-breathing bosoms. So the city of Paris, their wives and children,  
FR58; E288| Look up to the morning Senate, and visions of sorrow leave pensive streets.

FR59; E288| But heavy brow'd jealousies lower o'er the Louvre, and terrors of ancient Kings  
FR60; E288| Descend from the gloom and wander thro' the palace, and weep round the King and his  
Nobles.  
FR61; E288| While loud thunders roll, troubling the dead, Kings are sick throughout all the earth,  
FR62; E288| The voice ceas'd: the Nation sat: And the triple forg'd fetters of times were unloos'd.  
FR63; E288| The voice ceas'd: the Nation sat: but ancient darkness and trembling wander thro' the palace.  
FR64; E288| As in day of havock and routed battle, among thick shades of discontent,

FR65; E289| On the soul-skirting mountains of sorrow cold waving: the Nobles fold round the King,  
FR66; E289| Each stern visage lock'd up as with strong bands of iron, each strong limb bound down as  
with marble,  
FR67; E289| In flames of red wrath burning, bound in astonishment a quarter of an hour.

FR68; E289| Then the King glow'd: his Nobles fold round, like the sun of old time quench'd in clouds;  
FR69; E289| In their darkness the King stood, his heart flam'd, and utter'd a with'ring heat, and these  
words burst forth:

FR70; E289| The nerves of five thousand years ancestry tremble, shaking the heavens of France;  
FR71; E289| Throbs of anguish beat on brazen war foreheads, they descend and look into their graves.

FR72; E289| I see thro' darkness, thro' clouds rolling round me, the spirits of ancient Kings  
FR73; E289| Shivering over their bleached bones; round them their counsellors look up from the dust,  
FR74; E289| Crying: Hide from the living! Our b[a]nds and our prisoners shout in the open field, <sup>t398</sup>  
FR75; E289| Hide in the nether earth! Hide in the bones! Sit obscured in the hollow scull.  
FR76; E289| Our flesh is corrupted, and we [wear] away. We are not numbered among the living. Let us  
hide  
FR77; E289| In stones, among roots of trees. The prisoners have burst their dens,  
FR78; E289| Let us hide; let us hide in the dust; and plague and wrath and tempest shall cease.

FR79; E289| He ceas'd, silent pond'ring, his brows folded heavy, his forehead was in affliction,  
FR80; E289| Like the central fire: from the window he saw his vast armies spread over the hills,



FR81; E289	Breathing red fires from man to man, and from horse to horse; then his bosom
FR82; E289	Expanded like starry heaven, he sat down: his Nobles took their ancient seats.
FR83; E289	Then the ancientest Peer, Duke of Burgundy, rose from the Monarch's right hand, red as
wines	
FR84; E289	From his mountains, an odor of war, like a ripe vineyard, rose from his garments,
FR85; E289	And the chamber became as a clouded sky; o'er the council he stretch'd his red limbs,
FR86; E290	Cloth'd in flames of crimson, as a ripe vineyard stretches over sheaves of corn,
FR87; E290	The fierce Duke hung over the council; around him croud, weeping in his burning robe,
FR88; E290	A bright cloud of infant souls; his words fall like purple autumn on the sheaves.
FR89; E290	Shall this marble built heaven become a clay cottage, this earth an oak stool, and these
mowers	
FR90; E290	From the Atlantic mountains, mow down all this great starry harvest of six thousand years?
FR91; E290	And shall Necker, the hind of Geneva, stretch out his crook'd sickle o'er fertile France,
FR92; E290	Till our purple and crimson is faded to russet, and the kingdoms of earth bound in sheaves,
FR93; E290	And the ancient forests of chivalry hewn, and the joys of the combat burnt for fuel;
FR94; E290	Till the power and dominion is rent from the pole, sword and scepter from sun and moon,
FR95; E290	The law and gospel from fire and air, and eternal reason and science
FR96; E290	From the deep and the solid, and man lay his faded head down on the rock
FR97; E290	Of eternity, where the eternal lion and eagle remain to devour?
FR98; E290	This to prevent, urg'd by cries in day, and prophetic dreams hovering in night,
FR99; E290	To enrich the lean earth that craves, furrow'd with plows; whose seed is departing from her;
FR100; E290	Thy Nobles have gather'd thy starry hosts round this rebellious city,
FR101; E290	To rouze up the ancient forests of Europe, with clarions of cloud breathing war; <sup>t399</sup>
FR102; E290	To hear the horse neigh to the drum and trumpet, and the trumpet and war shout reply;
FR103; E290	Stretch the hand that beckons the eagles of heaven; they cry over Paris, and wait
FR104; E290	Till Fayette point his finger to Versailles; the eagles of heaven must have their prey. <sup>t400</sup>
FR105; E290	The King lean'd on his mountains, then lifted his head and look'd on his armies, that shone
FR106; E290	Through heaven, tinging morning with beams of blood, then turning to Burgundy troubled:
FR107; E290	Burgundy, thou wast born a lion! My soul is o'ergrown with distress
FR108; E291	For the Nobles of France, and dark mists roll round me and blot the writing of God
FR109; E291	Written in my bosom. Necker rise, leave the kingdom, thy life is surrounded with snares;
FR110; E291	We have call'd an Assembly, but not to destroy; we have given gifts, not to the weak;
FR111; E291	I hear rushing of muskets, and bright'ning of swords, and visages redd'ning with war, <sup>t401</sup>
FR112; E291	Frowning and looking up from brooding villages and every dark'ning city;
FR113; E291	Ancient wonders frown over the kingdom, and cries of women and babes are heard,
FR114; E291	And tempests of doubt roll around me, and fierce sorrows, because of the Nobles of

France;

FR115; E291|

Depart, answer not, for the tempest must fall, as in years that are passed away.

FR116; E291|

palace;

FR117; E291|

FR118; E291|

FR119; E291|

FR120; E291|

He ceas'd, and burn'd silent, red clouds roll round Necker, a weeping is heard o'er the

Like a dark cloud Necker paus'd, and like thunder on the just man's burial day he paus'd;

Silent sit the winds, silent the meadows, while the husbandman and woman of weakness

And bright children look after him into the grave, and water his clay with love,

Then turn towards pensive fields; so Necker paus'd, and his visage was cover'd with clouds.

FR121; E291|

FR122; E291|

FR123; E291|

FR124; E291|

Dropping a tear the old man his place left, and when he was gone out

He set his face toward Geneva to flee, and the women and children of the city

Kneel'd round him and kissed his garments and wept; he stood a short space in the street,

Then fled; and the whole city knew he was fled to Geneva, and the Senate heard it.

FR125; E291|

FR126; E291|

FR127; E291|

But the Nobles burn'd wrathful at Necker's departure, and wreath'd their clouds and waters

In dismal volumes; as risen from beneath the Archbishop of Paris arose,

In the rushing of scales and hissing of flames and rolling of sulphurous smoke.

FR128; E291|

Hearken, Monarch of France, to the terrors of heaven, and let thy soul drink of my counsel;

FR129; E292|

FR130; E292|

behold

FR131; E292|

Sleeping at midnight in my golden tower, the repose of the labours of men

Wav'd its solemn cloud over my head. I awoke; a cold hand passed over my limbs, and

An aged form, white as snow, hov'ring in mist, weeping in the uncertain light,

FR132; E292|

FR133; E292|

FR134; E292|

FR135; E292|

FR136; E292|

whisper'd:

Dim the form almost faded, tears fell down the shady cheeks; at his feet many cloth'd

In white robes, strewn in air sensors and harps, silent they lay prostrated;

Beneath, in the awful void, myriads descending and weeping thro' dismal winds,

Endless the shady train shiv'ring descended, from the gloom where the aged form wept.

At length, trembling, the vision sighing, in a low voice, like the voice of the grasshopper

My groaning is heard in the abbeys, and God, so long worshipp'd, departs as a lamp

Without oil; for a curse is heard hoarse thro' the land, from a godless race

Descending to beasts; they look downward and labour and forget my holy law;

The sound of prayer fails from lips of flesh, and the holy hymn from thicken'd tongues;

For the bars of Chaos are burst; her millions prepare their fiery way

Thro' the orb'd abode of the holy dead, to root up and pull down and remove,

And Nobles and Clergy shall fail from before me, and my cloud and vision be no more;

The mitre become black, the crown vanish, and the scepter and ivory staff

Of the ruler wither among bones of death; thy shall consume from the thistly field,

And the sound of the bell, and voice of the sabbath, and singing of the holy choir,

FR146; E292|

FR147; E292| Is turn'd into songs of the harlot in day, and cries of the virgin in night.  
FR148; E292| They shall drop at the plow and faint at the harrow, unredeem'd, unconfess'd, unpardon'd;  
FR149; E292| The priest rot in his surplice by the lawless lover, the holy beside the accursed,  
FR150; E292| The King, frowning in purple, beside the grey plowman, and their worms embrace  
together.  
FR151; E292| The voice ceas'd, a groan shook my chamber; I slept, for the cloud of repose returned,

FR152; E293| But morning dawn'd heavy upon me. I rose to bring my Prince heaven utter'd counsel.  
FR153; E293| Hear my counsel, O King, and send forth thy Generals, the command of heaven is upon  
thee;  
FR154; E293| Then do thou command, O King, to shut up this Assembly in their final home;

FR155; E293| Let thy soldiers possess this city of rebels, that threaten to bathe their feet  
FR156; E293| In the blood of Nobility; trampling the heart and the head; let the Bastile devour  
FR157; E293| These rebellious seditious; seal them up, O Anointed, in everlasting chains.  
FR158; E293| He sat down, a damp cold pervaded the Nobles, and monsters of worlds unknown  
FR159; E293| Swam round them, watching to be delivered; When Aumont, whose chaos-born soul  
FR160; E293| Eternally wand'ring a Comet and swift-failing fire, pale enter'd the chamber;  
FR161; E293| Before the red Council he stood, like a man that returns from hollow graves.

FR162; E293| Awe surrounded, alone thro' the army a fear ad a with'ring blight blown by the north;  
FR163; E293| The Abbe de Seyes from the Nation's Assembly. O Princes and Generals of France  
FR164; E293| Unquestioned, unhindered, awe-struck are the soldiers; a dark shadowy man in the form  
FR165; E293| Of King Henry the Fourth walks before him in fires, the captains like men bound in chains  
FR166; E293| Stood still as he pass'd, he is come to the Louvre, O King, with a message to thee;  
FR167; E293| The strong soldiers tremble, the horses their manes bow, and the guards of thy palace are  
fled.

FR168; E293| Up rose awful in his majestic beams Bourbon's strong Duke; his proud sword from his  
thigh  
FR169; E293| Drawn, he threw on the Earth! the Duke of Bretagne and the Earl of Borgogne  
FR170; E293| Rose inflam'd, to and fro in the chamber, like thunder-clouds ready to burst.

FR171; E293| What damp all our fires, O spectre of Henry, said Bourbon; and rend the flames  
FR172; E293| From the head of our King! Rise, Monarch of France; command me, and I will lead

FR173; E294| This army of superstition at large, that the ardor of noble souls quenchless,  
FR174; E294| May yet burn in France, nor our shoulders be plow'd with the furrows of poverty.

FR175; E294| Then Orleans generous as mountains arose, and unfolded his robe, and put forth  
FR176; E294| His benevolent hand, looking on the Archbishop, who changed as pale as lead;

FR177; E294| Would have risen but could not, his voice issued harsh grating; instead of words harsh  
hissings

FR178; E294| Shook the chamber; he ceas'd abash'd. Then Orleans spoke, all was silent,  
FR179; E294| He breath'd on them, and said, O princes of fire, whose flames are for growth not  
consuming,

FR180; E294| Fear not dreams, fear not visions, nor be you dismay'd with sorrows which flee at the  
morning;

FR181; E294| Can the fires of Nobility ever be quench'd, or the stars by a stormy night?  
FR182; E294| Is the body diseas'd when the members are healthful? can the man be bound in sorrow  
FR183; E294| Whose ev'ry function is fill'd with its fiery desire? can the soul whose brain and heart  
FR184; E294| Cast their rivers in equal tides thro' the great Paradise, languish because the feet  
FR185; E294| Hands, head, bosom, and parts of love, follow their high breathing joy?  
FR186; E294| And can Nobles be bound when the people are free, or God weep when his children are  
happy?

FR187; E294| Have you never seen Fayette's forehead, or Mirabeau's eyes, or the shoulders of Target,  
FR188; E294| Or Bailly he strong foot of France, or Clermont the terrible voice, and your robes  
FR189; E294| Still retain their own crimson? mine never yet faded, for fire delights in its form.  
FR190; E294| But go, merciless man! enter into the infinite labyrinth of another's brain  
FR191; E294| Ere thou measure the circle that he shall run. Go, thou cold recluse, into the fires  
FR192; E294| Of another's high flaming rich bosom, and return unconsum'd, and write laws.  
FR193; E294| If thou canst not do this, doubt thy theories, learn to consider all men as thy equals,  
FR194; E294| Thy brethren, and not as thy foot or thy hand, unless thou first fearest to hurt them.

FR195; E295| The Monarch stood up, the strong Duke his sword to its golden scabbard return'd,  
FR196; E295| The Nobles sat round like clouds on the mountains, when the storm is passing away.

FR197; E295| Let the Nation's Ambassador come among Nobles, like incense of the valley.

FR198; E295| Aumont went out and stood in the hollow porch, his ivory wand in his hand;  
FR199; E295| A cold orb of disdain revolv'd round him, and covered his soul with snows eternal.  
FR200; E295| Great Henry's soul shuddered, a whirlwind and fire tore furious from his angry bosom;  
FR201; E295| He indignant departed on horses of heav'n. Then the Abbe de Seyes rais'd his feet  
FR202; E295| On the steps of the Louvre, like a voice of God following a storm, the Abbe follow'd  
FR203; E295| The pale fires of Aumont into the chamber, as a father that bows to his son;  
FR204; E295| Whose rich fields inheriting spread their old glory, so the voice of the people bowed  
FR205; E295| Before the ancient seat of the kingdom and mountains to be renewed.

FR206; E295| Hear, O Heavens of France, the voice of the people, arising from valley and hill,  
FR207; E295| O'erclouded with power. Hear the voice of vallies, the voice of meek cities,  
FR208; E295| Mourning oppressed on village and field, till the village and field is a waste.  
FR209; E295| For the husbandman weeps at blights of the fife, and blasting of trumpets consume  
FR210; E295| The souls of mild France; the pale mother nourishes her child to the deadly slaughter.  
FR211; E295| When the heavens were seal'd with a stone, and the terrible sun clos'd in an orb, and the

## moon

- FR212; E295| Rent from the nations, and each star appointed for watchers of night,  
FR213; E295| The millions of spirits immortal were bound in the ruins of sulphur heaven  
FR214; E295| To wander inslav'd; black, deprest in dark ignorance, kept in awe with the whip,  
FR215; E295| To worship terrors, bred from the blood of revenge and breath of desire,  
FR216; E295| In bestial forms; or more terrible men, till the dawn of our peaceful morning,
- FR217; E296| Till dawn, till morning, till the breaking of clouds, and swelling of winds, and the universal  
voice,  
FR218; E296| Till man raise his darken'd limbs out of the caves of night, his eyes and his heart  
FR219; E296| Expand: where is space! where O Sun is thy dwelling! where thy tent, O faint slumb'rous  
Moon,  
FR220; E296| Then the valleys of France shall cry to the soldier, throw down thy sword and musket,  
FR221; E296| And run and embrace the meek peasant. Her nobles shall hear and shall weep, and put off  
FR222; E296| The red robe of terror, the crown of oppression, the shoes of contempt, and unbuckle  
FR223; E296| The girdle of war from the desolate earth; then the Priest in his thund'rous cloud  
FR224; E296| Shall weep, bending to earth embracing the valleys, and putting his hand to the plow,  
FR225; E296| Shall say, no more I curse thee; but now I will bless thee: No more in deadly black  
FR226; E296| Devour thy labour; nor lift up a cloud in thy heavens, O laborious plow,  
FR227; E296| That the wild raging millions, that wander in forests, and howl in law blasted wastes,  
FR228; E296| Strength madden'd with slavery, honesty, bound in the dens of superstition,  
FR229; E296| May sing in the village, and shout in the harvest, and woo in pleasant gardens,  
FR230; E296| Their once savage loves, now beaming with knowledge, with gentle awe adorned;  
FR231; E296| And the saw, and the hammer, the chisel, the pencil, the pen, and the instruments  
FR232; E296| Of heavenly song sound in the wilds once forbidden, to teach the laborious plowman  
FR233; E296| And shepherd deliver'd from clouds of war, from pestilence, from night-fear, from murder,  
FR234; E296| From falling, from stifling, from hunger, from cold, from slander, discontent and sloth;  
FR235; E296| That walk in beasts and birds of night, driven back by the sandy desert  
FR236; E296| Like pestilent fogs round cities of men: and the happy earth sing in its course,  
FR237; E296| The mild peaceable nations be opened to heav'n, and men walk with their fathers in bliss.  
FR238; E296| Then hear the first voice of the morning: Depart, O clouds of night, and no more
- FR239; E297| Return; be withdrawn cloudy war, troops of warriors depart, nor around our peaceable city  
FR240; E297| Breathe fires, but ten miles from Paris, let all be peace, nor a soldier be seen.
- FR241; E297| He ended; the wind of contention arose and the clouds cast their shadows, the Princes  
FR242; E297| Like the mountains of France, whose aged trees utter an awful voice, and their branches  
FR243; E297| Are shatter'd, till gradual a murmur is heard descending into the valley,  
FR244; E297| Like a voice in the vineyards of Burgundy, when grapes are shaken on grass;  
FR245; E297| Like the low voice of the labouring man, instead of the shout of joy;  
FR246; E297| And the palace appear'd like a cloud driven abroad; blood ran down, the ancient pillars,  
FR247; E297| Thro' the cloud a deep thunder, the Duke of Burgundy, delivers the King's command.



FR248; E297| Seest thou yonder dark castle, that moated around, keeps this city of Paris in awe.  
FR249; E297| Go command yonder tower, saying, Bastile depart, and take thy shadowy course.  
FR250; E297| Overstep the dark river, thou terrible tower, and get thee up into the country ten miles.  
FR251; E297| And thou black southern prison, move along the dusky road to Versailles; there  
FR252; E297| Frown on the gardens, and if it obey and depart, then the King will disband  
FR253; E297| This war-breathing army; but if it refuse, let the Nation's Assembly thence learn,  
FR254; E297| That this army of terrors, that prison of horrors, are the bands of the murmuring kingdom.

FR255; E297| Like the morning star arising above the black waves, when a shipwreck'd soul sighs for  
morning,  
FR256; E297| Thro' the ranks, silent, walk'd the Ambassador back to the Nation's Assembly, and told  
FR257; E297| The unwelcome message; silent they heard; then a thunder roll'd round loud and louder,  
FR258; E297| Like pillars of ancient halls, and ruins of times remote they sat.  
FR259; E297| Like a voice from the dim pillars Mirabeau rose; the thunders subsided away;

FR260; E297| A rushing of wings around him was heard as he brighten'd, and cried out aloud,

FR261; E298| Where is the General of the Nation? the walls reecho'd: Where is the General of the  
Nation?

FR262; E298| Sudden as the bullet wrapp'd in his fire, when brazen cannons rage in the field,  
FR263; E298| Fayette sprung from his seat saying, Ready! then bowing like clouds, man toward man, the  
Assembly

FR264; E298| Like a council of ardors seated in clouds, bending over the cities of men,  
FR265; E298| And over the armies of strife, where their children are marshall'd together to battle;  
FR266; E298| They murmuring divide, while the wind sleeps beneath, and the numbers are counted in  
silence,

FR267; E298| While they vote the removal of War, and the pestilence weighs his red wings in the sky.

FR268; E298| So Fayette stood silent among the Assembly, and the votes were given and the numbers  
numb'red;

FR269; E298| And the vote was, that Fayette should order the army to remove ten miles from Paris.

FR270; E298| The aged sun rises appall'd from dark mountains, and gleams a dusky beam  
FR271; E298| On Fayette, but on the whole army a shadow, for a cloud on the eastern hills  
FR272; E298| Hover'd, and stretch'd across the city and across the army, and across the Louvre,  
FR273; E298| Like a flame of fire he stood before dark ranks, and before expecting captains  
FR274; E298| On pestilent vapours around him flow frequent spectres of religious men weeping  
FR275; E298| In winds driven out of the abbeys, their naked souls shiver in keen open air,  
FR276; E298| Driven out by the fiery cloud of Voltaire, and thund'rous rocks of Rousseau,  
FR277; E298| They dash like foam against the ridges of the army, uttering a faint feeble cry.



FR278; E298| Gleams of fire streak the heavens, and of sulphur the earth, from Fayette as he lifted his  
hand;

FR279; E298| But silent he stood, till all the officers rush round him like waves  
FR280; E298| Round the shore of France, in day of the British flag, when heavy cannons  
FR281; E298| Affright the coasts, and the peasant looks over the sea and wipes a tear;  
FR282; E298| Over his head the soul of Voltaire shone fiery, and over the army Rousseau his white cloud

FR283; E299| Unfolded, on souls of war-living terrors silent list'ning toward Fayette, <sup>t402</sup>  
FR284; E299| His voice loud inspir'd by liberty, and by spirits of the dead, thus thunder'd.

FR285; E299| The Nation's Assembly command, that the Army remove ten miles from Paris;  
FR286; E299| Nor a soldier be seen in road or in field, till the Nation command return.

FR287; E299| Rushing along iron ranks glittering the officers each to his station  
FR288; E299| Depart, and the stern captain strokes his proud steed, and in front of his solid ranks  
FR289; E299| Waits the sound of trumpet; captains of foot stand each by his cloudy drum;  
FR290; E299| Then the drum beats, and the steely ranks move, and trumpets rejoice in the sky.  
FR291; E299| Dark cavalry like clouds fraught with thunder ascend on the hills, and bright infantry, rank  
FR292; E299| Behind rank, to the soul shaking drum and shrill fife along the roads glitter like fire.  
FR293; E299| The noise of trampling, the wind of trumpets, smote the palace walls with a blast.  
FR294; E299| Pale and cold sat the king in midst of his peers, and his noble heart stink, and his pulses  
FR295; E299| Suspended their motion, a darkness crept over his eye-lids, and chill cold sweat  
FR296; E299| Sat round his brows faded in faint death, his peers pale like mountains of the dead,  
FR297; E299| Cover'd with dews of night, groaning, shaking forests and floods. The cold newt

FR298; E299| And snake, and damp toad, on the kingly foot crawl, or croak on the awful knee,  
FR299; E299| Shedding their slime, in folds of the robe the crown'd adder builds and hisses  
FR300; E299| From stony brows; shaken the forests of France, sick the kings of the nations,  
FR301; E299| And the bottoms of the world were open'd, and the graves of arch-angels unseal'd;  
FR302; E299| The enormous dead, lift up their pale fires and look over the rocky cliffs.

FR303; E299| A faint heat from their fires reviv'd the cold Louvre; the frozen blood reflow'd.  
FR304; E299| Awful up rose the king, him the peers follow'd, they saw the courts of the Palace

FR305; E300| Forsaken, and Paris without a soldier, silent, for the noise was gone up  
FR306; E300| And follow'd the army, and the Senate in peace, sat beneath morning's beam.

FR; E300| END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ED; E300| [No further books are extant.]

Title; E300| THE FOUR ZOAS *t403*

FZsubtitle1; E300| The torments of Love & Jealousy in  
FZsubtitle2; E300| The Death and Judgement  
FZsubtitle3; E300| of Albion the Ancient Man

FZcolophon; E300| by William Blake 1797

FZepigraph; E300| Rest before Labour

FZepigraph; E300| <4 lines of Greek text; Ephesians 6: 12>

ED-FZepigraphGktrans; E300| <[For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but  
ED-FZepigraphGktrans; E300| against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the  
ED-FZepigraphGktrans; E300| darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high  
ED-FZepigraphGktrans; E300| places. (King James version)]> *t404*

FZalternatetitle; E300| VALA

FZ; E300| Night the First

FZ1-3.1; E300| The Song of the Aged Mother which shook the heavens with wrath *t405*  
FZ1-3.2; E300| Hearing the march of long resounding strong heroic Verse  
FZ1-3.3; E300| Marshall'd in order for the day of Intellectual Battle

FZ1-3.4; E300| Four Mighty Ones are in every Man; a Perfect Unity John XVII c. 21 & 22 & 23 v *t406*  
FZ1-3.5; E300| Cannot Exist. but from the Universal Brotherhood of Eden John I c. 14. v

FZ1-3.6; E301| The Universal Man. To Whom be Glory Evermore Amen <Greek [kai eskanosen en  
[h]amen]>

FZ1-3.7; E301| [*What*] are the Natures of those Living Creatures the Heavenly Father only  
FZ1-3.8; E301| [*Knoweth*] no Individual [*Knoweth nor*] Can know in all Eternity *t407*

FZ1-3.9; E301| Los was the fourth immortal starry one, & in the Earth  
FZ1-3.10; E301| Of a bright Universe Empery attended day & night  
FZ1-3.11; E301| Days & nights of revolving joy, Urthona was his name

- FZ1-4.1; E301| In Eden; in the Auricular Nerves of Human life  
 FZ1-4.2; E301| Which is the Earth of Eden, he his Emanations propagated  
 FZ1-4.3; E301| Fairies of Albion afterwards Gods of the Heathen, Daughter of Beulah Sing  
 FZ1-4.4; E301| His fall into Division & his Resurrection to Unity  
 FZ1-4.5; E301| His fall into the Generation of Decay & Death & his Regeneration by the Resurrection  
 from the dead <sup>t409</sup>
- FZ1-4.6; E301| Begin with Tharmas Parent power. darkning in the West
- FZ1-4.7; E301| Lost! Lost! Lost! are my Emanations Enion O Enion <sup>t410</sup>  
 FZ1-4.8; E301| We are become a Victim to the Living We hide in secret <sup>t411</sup>  
 FZ1-4.9; E301| I have hidden Jerusalem in Silent Contrition O Pity Me <sup>t412</sup>  
 FZ1-4.10; E301| I will build thee a Labyrinth also O pity me O Enion <sup>t413</sup>  
 FZ1-4.11; E301| Why hast thou taken sweet Jerusalem from my inmost Soul <sup>t414</sup>  
 FZ1-4.12; E301| Let her Lay secret in the Soft recess of darkness & silence  
 FZ1-4.13; E301| It is not Love I bear to [Jerusalem] It is Pity <sup>t415</sup>  
 FZ1-4.14; E301| She hath taken refuge in my bosom & I cannot cast her out.
- FZ1-4.15; E301| The Men have recieved their death wounds & their Emanations are fled  
 FZ1-4.16; E301| To me for refuge & I cannot turn them out for Pitys sake
- FZ1-4.17; E301| Enion said--Thy fear has made me tremble thy terrors have surrounded me <sup>t416</sup>  
 FZ1-4.18; E301| All Love is lost Terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love  
 FZ1-4.19; E301| And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty.  
 FZ1-4.20; E301| Once thou wast to Me the loveliest son of heaven--But now  
 FZ1-4.21; E301| Why art thou Terrible and yet I love thee in thy terror till  
 FZ1-4.22; E301| I am almost Extinct & soon shall be a Shadow in Oblivion  
 FZ1-4.23; E301| Unless some way can be found that I may look upon thee & live  
 FZ1-4.24; E301| Hide me some Shadowy semblance. secret whispring in my Ear  
 FZ1-4.25; E301| In secret of soft wings. in mazes of delusive beauty  
 FZ1-4.26; E301| I have lookd into the secret soul of him I lovd  
 FZ1-4.27; E301| And in the Dark recesses found Sin & cannot return
- FZ1-4.28; E301| Trembling & pale sat Tharmas weeping in his clouds
- FZ1-4.29; E302| Why wilt thou Examine every little fibre of my soul  
 FZ1-4.30; E302| Spreading them out before the Sun like Stalks of flax to dry  
 FZ1-4.31; E302| The infant joy is beautiful but its anatomy  
 FZ1-4.32; E302| Horrible Ghast & Deadly nought shalt thou find in it  
 FZ1-4.33; E302| But Death Despair & Everlasting brooding Melancholy

FZ1-4.34; E302| Thou wilt go mad with horror if thou dost Examine thus  
FZ1-4.35; E302| Every moment of my secret hours Yea I know  
FZ1-4.36; E302| That I have sinnd & that my Emanations are become harlots  
FZ1-4.37; E302| I am already distracted at their deeds & if I look  
FZ1-4.38; E302| Upon them more Despair will bring self murder on my soul  
FZ1-4.39; E302| O Enion thou art thyself a root growing in hell  
FZ1-4.40; E302| Tho thus heavenly beautiful to draw me to destruction

FZ1-4.41; E302| Sometimes I think thou art a flower expanding  
FZ1-4.42; E302| Sometimes I think thou art fruit breaking from its bud  
FZ1-4.43; E302| In dreadful dolor & pain & I am like an atom  
FZ1-4.44; E302| A Nothing left in darkness yet I am an identity  
FZ1-4.45; E302| I wish & feel & weep & groan Ah terrible terrible

FZ1-5.1; E302| In Eden Females sleep the winter in soft silken veils *t418*  
FZ1-5.2; E302| Woven by their own hands to hide them in the darksom grave  
FZ1-5.3; E302| But Males immortal live renewd by female deaths. in soft  
FZ1-5.4; E302| Delight they die & they revive in spring with music & songs  
FZ1-5.5; E302| Enion said Farewell I die I hide from thy searching eyes

FZ1-5.6; E302| So saying--From her bosom weaving soft in Sinewy threads  
FZ1-5.7; E302| A tabernacle for Jerusalem she sat among the Rocks *t419*  
FZ1-5.8; E302| Singing her lamentation. Tharmas groand among his Clouds  
FZ1-5.9; E302| Weeping, then bending from his Clouds he stoopd his innocent head *t420*  
FZ1-5.10; E302| And stretching out his holy hand in the vast Deep sublime  
FZ1-5.11; E302| Turnd round the circle of Destiny with tears & bitter sighs  
FZ1-5.12; E302| And said. Return O Wanderer when the Day of Clouds is oer

FZ1-5.13; E302| So saying he sunk down into the sea a pale white corse  
FZ1-5.14; E302| In torment he sunk down & flowd among her filmy Woof *t421*  
FZ1-5.15; E302| His Spectre issuing from his feet in flames of fire  
FZ1-5.16; E302| In gnawing pain drawn out by her lovd fingers every nerve *t422*  
FZ1-5.17; E302| She counted. every vein & lacteal threading them among  
FZ1-5.18; E302| Her woof of terror. Terrified & drinking tears of woe  
FZ1-5.19; E302| Shuddring she wove--nine days & nights Sleepless her food was tears  
FZ1-5.20; E302| Wondring she saw her woof begin to animate. & not  
FZ1-5.21; E302| As Garments woven subservient to her hands but having a will  
FZ1-5.22; E302| Of its own perverse & wayward Enion lovd & wept

FZ1-5.23; E302| Nine days she labourd at her work. & nine dark sleepless nights  
FZ1-5.24; E302| But on the tenth trembling morn the Circle of Destiny Complete *t423*

FZ1-5.25; E302|

Round rolld the Sea Englobing in a watry Globe self balancd

FZ1-5.26; E303|

A Frowning Continent appeard Where Enion in the Desart

FZ1-5.27; E303|

Terrified in her own Creation viewing her woven shadow

FZ1-5.28; E303|

Sat in a dread intoxication of Repentance & Contrition <sup>t424</sup>

FZ1-5.29; E303|

There is from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant rest

FZ1-5.30; E303|

Namd Beulah a Soft Moony Universe feminine lovely

FZ1-5.31; E303|

Pure mild & Gentle given in Mercy to those who sleep

FZ1-5.32; E303|

Eternally. Created by the Lamb of God around

FZ1-5.33; E303|

On all sides within & without the Universal Man

FZ1-5.3; E303|

The Daughters of Beulah follow sleepers in all their Dreams <sup>t425</sup>

FZ1-5.35; E303|

Creating Spaces lest they fall into Eternal Death

FZ1-5.36; E303|

The Circle of Destiny complete they gave to it a Space

FZ1-5.37; E303|

And namd the Space Ulro & brooded over it in care & love

FZ1-5.38; E303|

They said The Spectre is in every man insane & most

FZ1-5.39; E303|

Deformd Thro the three heavens descending in fury & fire

FZ1-5.40; E303|

We meet it with our Songs & loving blandishments & give

FZ1-5.41; E303|

To it a form of vegetation But this Spectre of Tharmas

FZ1-5.42; E303|

Is Eternal Death What shall we do O God pity & help <sup>t426</sup>

FZ1-5.43; E303|

So spoke they & closd the Gate of the Tongue in trembling fear <sup>t427</sup>

FZ1-5.44; E303|

What have I done! said Enion accursed wretch! What deed. <sup>t428</sup>

FZ1-5.45; E303|

Is this a deed of Love I know what I have done. I know

FZ1-5.46; E303|

Too late now to repent. Love is changd to deadly Hate <sup>t429</sup>

FZ1-5.47; E303|

A [I] life is blotted out & I alone remain possessd with Fears <sup>t430</sup>

FZ1-5.48; E303|

I see the Shadow of the dead within my Soul wandering <sup>t431</sup>

FZ1-5.49; E303|

In darkness & solitude forming Seas of Doubt & rocks of Repentance <sup>t432</sup>

FZ1-5.50; E303|

Already are my Eyes reverted. all that I behold

FZ1-5.51; E303|

Within my Soul has lost its splendor & a brooding Fear

FZ1-5.52; E303|

Shadows me oer & drives me outward to a world of woe

FZ1-5.53; E303|

So waild she trembling before her own Created Phantasm <sup>t433</sup>

FZ1-6.1; E303|

She drew the Spectre forth from Tharmas in her shining loom <sup>t435</sup>

FZ1-6.2; E303|

Of Vegetation weeping in wayward infancy & sullen youth

FZ1-6.3; E303|

Listning to her soft lamentations soon his tongue began

FZ1-6.4; E303|

To Lisp out words & soon in masculine strength augmenting he

FZ1-6.5; E303|

Reard up a form of gold & stood upon the glittering rock

FZ1-6.6; E303|

A shadowy human form winged & in his depths

FZ1-6.7; E303|

The dazzlings as of gems shone clear, rapturous in fury <sup>t436</sup>

FZ1-6.8; E303|

Glorying in his own eyes Exalted in terrific Pride <sup>t437</sup>

FZ1-6.9; E303|

The Spectre thus spoke. Who art thou Diminutive husk & shell <sup>t438</sup>

FZ1-6.10; E303|

If thou hast sinnd & art polluted know that I am pure <sup>t439</sup>



FZ1-6.11; E303	And unpolluted & will bring to rigid strict account	
FZ1-6.12; E303	All thy past deeds [ <i>So</i> ] hear what I tell thee! mark it well! remember!	<i>t440</i>
FZ1-6.13; E303	This world is Thine in which thou dwellest that within thy soul	<i>t441</i>
FZ1-6.14; E303	That dark & dismal infinite where Thought roams up & down	
FZ1-6.15; E304	Is Mine & there thou goest when with one Sting of my tongue	<i>t442</i>
FZ1-6.16; E304	Envenomd thou rollst inwards to the place whence I emergd	<i>t443</i>
FZ1-6.17; E304	She trembling answerd Wherefore was I born & what am I	<i>t444</i>
FZ1-6.18; E304	I thought to weave a Covering for my Sins from wrath of Tharmas	<i>t445</i>
FZ1-7.1; E304	I thought Tharmas a Sinner & I murderd his Emanations	<i>t447</i>
FZ1-7.2; E304	His secret loves & Graces Ah me wretched What have I done	<i>t448</i>
FZ1-7.3; E304	For now I find that all those Emanations were my Childrens Souls	<i>t449</i>
FZ1-7.4; E304	And I have murderd them with Cruelty above atonement	<i>t450</i>
FZ1-7.5; E304	Those that remain have fled from my cruelty into the desarts	
FZ1-7.6; E304	And thou the delusive tempter to these deeds sittest before me	<i>t451</i>
FZ1-7.7; E304	In this thy world not mine tho dark I feel my world within	<i>t452</i>
FZ1-7.8; E304	Mingling his horrible brightness with her tender limbs then high she soard	<i>t453</i>
FZ1-7.9; E304	Above the ocean; a bright wonder that Nature shudder'd at	<i>t454</i>
FZ1-7.10; E304	Half Woman & half Spectre, all his lovely changing colours mix	<i>t455</i>
FZ1-7.11; E304	With her fair crystal clearness; in her lips & cheeks his poisons rose	<i>t456</i>
FZ1-7.12; E304	In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening	<i>t457</i>
FZ1-7.13; E304	A monster lovely in the heavens or wandering on the earth,	<i>t458</i>
FZ1-8.1; E304	Till with fierce pain she brought forth on the rocks her sorrow & woe	
FZ1-8.2; E304	Behold two little Infants wept upon the desolate wind.	<i>t459</i>
FZ1-8.3; E304	The first state weeping they began & helpless as a wave	
FZ1-8.4; E304	Beaten along its sightless way growing enormous in its motion to	
FZ1-8.5; E304	Its utmost goal, till strength from Enion like richest summer shining	<i>t460</i>
FZ1-8.6; E304	Raisd the bright boy & girl with glories from their heads beaming	<i>t461</i>
FZ1-8.7; E304	Drawing forth drooping mothers pity drooping mothers sorrow	<i>t462</i>
FZ1-8.8; E304	They sulk upon her breast her hair became like snow on mountains	<i>t463</i>
FZ1-8.9; E304	Weaker & weaker, weeping woful, wearier and wearier	
FZ1-8.10; E304	Faded & her bright Eyes decayd melted with pity & love	
FZ1-9.1; E304	And then they wanderd far away she sought for them in vain	<i>t464</i>
FZ1-9.2; E304	In weeping blindness stumbling she followd them oer rocks & mountains	
FZ1-9.3; E304	Rehumanizing from the Spectre in pangs of maternal love	



FZ1-9.4; E304| Ingrate they wanderd scorning her drawing her Spectrous Life  
 FZ1-9.5; E304| Repelling her away & away by a dread repulsive power  
 FZ1-9.6; E304| Into Non Entity revolving round in dark despair.  
 FZ1-9.7; E304| And drawing in the Spectrous life in pride and haughty joy <sup>t465</sup>  
 FZ1-9.8; E304| Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life <sup>t466</sup>

FZ1-9.9; E304| Then Eno a daughter of Beulah took a Moment of Time <sup>t467</sup>  
 FZ1-9.10; E304| And drew it out to Seven thousand years with much care & affliction <sup>t468</sup>  
 FZ1-9.11; E304| And many tears & in Every year made windows into Eden <sup>t469</sup>

FZ1-9.12; E305| She also took an atom of space & opend its center  
 FZ1-9.13; E305| Into Infinitude & ornamented it with wondrous art  
 FZ1-9.14; E305| Astonishd sat her Sisters of Beulah to see her soft affections  
 FZ1-9.15; E305| To Enion & her children & they ponderd these things wondring  
 FZ1-9.16; E305| And they Alternate kept watch over the Youthful terrors  
 FZ1-9.17; E305| They saw not yet the Hand Divine for it was not yet reveald  
 FZ1-9.18; E305| But they went on in Silent Hope & Feminine repose  
 FZ1-9.19; E305| But Los & Enitharmon delighted in the Moony spaces of Eno <sup>t470</sup>  
 FZ1-9.20; E305| Nine Times they livd among the forests, feeding n sweet fruits  
 FZ1-9.21; E305| And nine bright Spaces wanderd weaving mazes of delight  
 FZ1-9.22; E305| Snaring the wild Goats for their milk they eat the flesh of Lambs  
 FZ1-9.23; E305| A male & female naked & ruddy as the pride of summer  
 FZ1-9.24; E305| Alternate Love & Hate his breast; hers Scorn & Jealousy  
 FZ1-9.25; E305| In embryon passions. they kiss'd not nor embrac'd for shame & fear <sup>t471</sup>  
 FZ1-9.26; E305| His head beamd light & in his vigorous voice was prophecy  
 FZ1-9.27; E305| He could controll the times & seasons, & the days & years  
 FZ1-9.28; E305| She could controll the spaces, regions, desart, flood & forest  
 FZ1-9.29; E305| But had no power to weave a Veil of covering for her Sins  
 FZ1-9.30; E305| She drave the Females all away from Los  
 FZ1-9.31; E305| And Los drave all the Males from her away  
 FZ1-9.32; E305| They wanderd long, till they sat down upon the margind sea.  
 FZ1-9.33; E305| Conversing with the visions of Beulah in dark slumberous bliss <sup>t472</sup>

FZ1-9.34; E305| But the two youthful wonders wanderd in the world of Tharmas <sup>t473</sup>  
 FZ1-9.35; E305| Thy name is Enitharmon; said the fierce prophetic boy <sup>t474</sup>  
 FZ1-9.36; E305| While thy mild voice fills all these Caverns with sweet harmony  
 FZ1-9.37; E305| O how our Parents sit & mourn in their silent secret bowers <sup>t475</sup>

FZ1-10.1; E305| But Enitharmon answerd with a dropping tear & frowning <sup>t476</sup>  
 FZ1-10.2; E305| Dark as a dewy morning when the crimson light appears <sup>t477</sup>  
 FZ1-10.3; E305| To make us happy let them weary their immortal powers <sup>t478</sup>  
 FZ1-10.4; E305| While we draw in their sweet delights while we return them scorn <sup>t479</sup>  
 FZ1-10.5; E305| On scorn to feed our discontent; for if we grateful prove

FZ1-10.6; E305|  
FZ1-10.7; E305|  
FZ1-10.8; E305|  
FZ1-10.9; E305|  
FZ1-10.10; E305|  
FZ1-10.11; E305|  
FZ1-10.12; E305|  
FZ1-10.13; E305|  
FZ1-10.14; E305|  
FZ1-10.15; E305|  
FZ1-10.16; E305|

They will withhold sweet love, whose food is thorns & bitter roots.  
We hear the warlike clarions we view the turning spheres *t480*  
Yet Thou in indolence reposest holding me in bonds  
Hear! I will sing a Song of Death! it is a Song of Vala! *t481*  
The Fallen Man takes his repose: Urizen sleeps in the porch *t482*  
Luvah and Vala woke & flew up from the Human Heart *t483*  
Into the Brain; from thence upon the pillow Vala slumber'd.  
And Luvah siez'd the Horses of Light, & rose into the Chariot of Day  
Sweet laughter siezd me in my sleep! silent & close I laughd *t484*  
For in the visions of Vala I walkd with the mighty Fallen One *t485*  
I heard his voice among the branches, & among sweet flowers. *t486*

FZ1-10.17; E306|  
FZ1-10.18; E306|  
FZ1-10.19; E306|  
FZ1-10.20; E306|  
FZ1-10.21; E306|  
FZ1-10.22; E306|  
FZ1-10.23; E306|  
FZ1-10.24; E306|  
FZ1-10.25; E306|

Why is the light of Enitharmon darken'd in dewy morn *t487*  
Why is the silence of Enitharmon a terror & her smile a whirlwind *t488*  
Uttering this darkness in my halls, in the pillars of my Holy-ones  
Why dost thou weep as Vala? & wet thy veil with dewy tears, *t489*  
In slumbers of my night-repose, infusing a false morning?  
Driving the Female Emanations all away from Los *t490*  
I have refusd to look upon the Universal Vision  
And wilt thou slay with death him who devotes himself to thee *t491*  
Once born for the sport & amusement of Man now born to drink up all his Powers

FZ1-11.1; E306|  
FZ1-11.2; E306|  
FZ1-11.3; E306|  
FZ1-11.4; E306|

I heard the sounding sea; I heard the voice weaker and weaker;  
The voice came & went like a dream, I awoke in my sweet bliss.  
Then Los smote her upon the Earth twas long eer she revivd  
He answer'd, darkning more with indignation hid in smiles *t492*

FZ1-11.5; E306|  
FZ1-11.6; E306|  
FZ1-11.7; E306|  
FZ1-11.8; E306|  
FZ1-11.9; E306|  
FZ1-11.10; E306|  
FZ1-11.11; E306|  
FZ1-11.12; E306|  
FZ1-11.13; E306|  
FZ1-11.14; E306|  
FZ1-11.15; E306|  
FZ1-11.16; E306|  
FZ1-11.17; E306|  
FZ1-11.18; E306|

I die not Enitharmon tho thou singst thy Song of Death *t493*  
Nor shalt thou me torment For I behold the Fallen Man *t494*  
Seeking to comfort Vala, she will not be comforted *t495*  
She rises from his throne and seeks the shadows of her garden  
Weeping for Luvah lost, in the bloody beams of your false morning  
Sickning lies the Fallen Man his head sick his heart faint *t496*  
Mighty atchievement of your power! Beware the punishment  
I see, invisible decend into the Gardens of Vala  
Luvah walking on the winds, I see the invisible knife  
I see the shower of blood: I see the swords & spears of futurity  
Tho in the Brain of Man we live, & in his circling Nerves.  
Tho' this bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain.  
Where Urizen & all his Hosts hang their immortal lamps  
Thou neer shalt leave this cold expanse where watry Tharmas mourns

FZ1-11.19; E306|

So spoke Los. Scorn & Indignation rose upon Enitharmon

FZ1-11.20; E306	Then Enitharmon reddning fierce stretchd her immortal hands <i>t497</i>
FZ1-11.21; E306	Descend O Urizen descend with horse & chariots
FZ1-11.22; E306	Threaten not me O visionary thine the punishment
FZ1-11.23; E306	The Human Nature shall no more remain nor Human acts
FZ1-11.24; E306	Form the rebellious Spirits of Heaven. but War & Princedom & Victory & Blood <i>t498</i>
FZ1-12.1; E306	Night darkend as she spoke! a shuddring ran from East to West <i>t500</i>
FZ1-12.2; E306	A Groan was heard on high. The warlike clarions ceast. the Spirits
FZ1-12.3; E306	Of Luvah & Vala shudderd in their Orb: an orb of blood!
FZ1-12.4; E306	Eternity groand & was troubled at the Image of Eternal Death
FZ1-12.5; E306	The Wandering Man bow'd his faint head and Urizen descended
FZ1-12.6; E306	And the one must have murderd the other if he had not descended <i>t501</i>
FZ1-12.7; E307	Indignant muttering low thunders; Urizen descended
FZ1-12.8; E307	Gloomy sounding, Now I am God from Eternity to Eternity
FZ1-12.9; E307	Sullen sat Los plotting Revenge. Silent he eye'd the Prince <i>t502</i>
FZ1-12.10; E307	Of Light. Silent the prince of Light viewd Los. at length a brooded <i>t503</i>
FZ1-12.11; E307	Smile broke from Urizen for Enitharmon brightend more & more
FZ1-12.12; E307	Sullen he lowerd on Enitharmon but he smild on Los
FZ1-12.13; E307	Saying Thou art the Lord of Luvah into thine hands I give
FZ1-12.14; E307	The prince of Love the murderer his soul is in thine hands
FZ1-12.15; E307	Pity not Vala for she pitied not the Eternal Man
FZ1-12.16; E307	Nor pity thou the cries of Luvah. Lo these starry hosts
FZ1-12.17; E307	They are thy servants if thou wilt obey my awful Law
FZ1-12.18; E307	Los answerd furious art thou one of those who when most complacent
FZ1-12.19; E307	Mean mischief most. If you are such Lo! I am also such
FZ1-12.20; E307	One must be master. try thy Arts I also will try mine
FZ1-12.21; E307	For I percieve Thou hast Abundance which I claim as mine
FZ1-12.22; E307	Urizen startled stood but not Long soon he cried
FZ1-12.23; E307	Obey my voice young Demon I am God from Eternity to Eternity
FZ1-12.24; E307	Thus Urizen spoke collected in himself in awful pride
FZ1-12.25; E307	Art thou a visionary of Jesus the soft delusion of Eternity
FZ1-12.26; E307	Lo I am God the terrible destroyer & not the Saviour

FZ1-12.27; E307|  
FZ1-12.28; E307|  
FZ1-12.29; E307|

Why should the Divine Vision compell the sons of Eden  
to forego each his own delight to war against his Spectre *t504*  
The Spectre is the Man the rest is only delusion & fancy

FZ1-12.30; E307|  
FZ1-12.31; E307|

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

FZ1-12.32; E307|  
FZ1-12.33; E307|  
FZ1-12.34; E307|  
FZ1-12.35; E307|

Ten thousand thousand were his hosts of spirits on the wind:  
Ten thousand thousand glittering Chariots shining in the sky:  
They pour upon the golden shore beside the silent ocean.  
Rejoicing in the Victory & the heavens were filld with blood *t505*

FZ1-12.36; E307|  
FZ1-12.37; E307|  
FZ1-12.38; E307|  
FZ1-12.39; E307|

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

FZ1-12.40; E307|  
FZ1-12.41; E307|  
FZ1-12.42; E307|  
FZ1-12.43; E307|

Los saw the wound of his blow he saw he pitied he wept *t506*  
Los now repented that he had smitten Enitharmon he felt love  
Arise in all his Veins he threw his arms around her loins  
To heal the wound of his smiting

FZ1-12.44; E307|

They eat the fleshly bread, they drank the nervous wine *t507*

FZ1-13.1; E308|  
FZ1-13.2; E308|  
FZ1-13.3; E308|

They listend to the Elemental Harps & Sphery Song  
They view'd the dancing Hours, quick sporting thro' the sky  
With winged radiance scattering joys thro the ever changing light

FZ1-13.4; E308|  
FZ1-13.5; E308|  
FZ1-13.6; E308|  
FZ1-13.7; E308|  
FZ1-13.8; E308|  
FZ1-13.9; E308|  
FZ1-13.10; E308|

But Luvah & Vala standing in the bloody sky *t508*  
On high remaind alone forsaken in fierce jealousy  
They stood above the heavens forsaken desolate suspended in blood  
Descend they could not. nor from Each other avert their eyes  
Eternity appeard above them as One Man infolded  
In Luvah[s] robes of blood & bearing all his afflictions *t509*  
As the sun shines down on the misty earth Such was the Vision

FZ1-13.11; E308|  
FZ1-13.12; E308|  
FZ1-13.13; E308|  
FZ1-13.14; E308|  
FZ1-13.15; E308|

But purple night and crimson morning & golden day descending *t510*  
Thro' the clear changing atmosphere display'd green fields among  
The varying clouds, like paradises stretch'd in the expanse  
With towns & villages and temples, tents sheep-folds and pastures  
Where dwell the children of the elemental worlds in harmony.

FZ1-13.16; E308|  
FZ1-13.17; E308|  
FZ1-13.18; E308|

Not long in harmony they dwell, their life is drawn away *t511*  
And wintry woes succeed; successive driven into the Void  
Where Enion craves: successive drawn into the golden feast

FZ1-13.19; E308|  
FZ1-13.20; E308|  
FZ1-13.21; E308|  
FZ1-13.22; E308|  
FZ1-13.23; E308|  
FZ1-13.24; E308|

And Los & Enitharmon sat in discontent & scorn *t512*  
The Nuptial Song arose from all the thousand thousand spirits *t513*  
Over the joyful Earth & Sea, and ascended into the Heavens  
For Elemental Gods their thunderous Organs blew; creating  
Delicious Viands. Demons of Waves their watry Eccho's woke!  
Bright Souls of vegetative life, budding and blossoming *t514*

FZ1-14.1; E308|  
FZ1-14.2; E308|  
FZ1-14.3; E308|  
FZ1-14.4; E308|  
FZ1-14.5; E308|

Stretch their immortal hands to smite the gold & silver Wires  
And with immortal Voice soft warbling fill all Earth & Heaven.  
With doubling Voices & loud Horns wound round sounding  
Cavernous dwellers fill'd the enormous Revelry, Responding!  
And Spirits of Flaming fire on high, govern'd the mighty Song.

FZ1-14.6; E308|

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

FZ1-14.7; E308|  
FZ1-14.8; E308|  
FZ1-14.9; E308|  
FZ1-14.10; E308|

Ephraim call'd out to Zion: Awake O Brother Mountain *t515*  
Let us refuse the Plow & Spade, the heavy Roller & spiked  
Harrow. burn all these Corn fields. throw down all these fences  
Fattend on Human blood & drunk with wine of life is better far

FZ1-14.11; E308|  
FZ1-14.12; E308|  
FZ1-14.13; E308|  
FZ1-14.14; E308|

Than all these labours of the harvest & the vintage. See the river  
Red with the blood of Men. swells lustful round my rocky knees  
My clouds are not the clouds of verdant fields & groves of fruit  
But Clouds of Human Souls. my nostrils drink the lives of Men *t516*

FZ1-14.15; E308|  
FZ1-14.16; E308|

The Villages Lament. they faint outstretchd upon the plain  
Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill & from the Barn *t517*

FZ1-14.17; E309|  
FZ1-14.18; E309|

But most the polishd Palaces dark silent bow with dread *t518*  
Hiding their books & pictures. underneath the dens of Earth

FZ1-14.19; E309|  
FZ1-14.20; E309|  
FZ1-14.21; E309|  
FZ1-14.22; E309|

The Cities send to one another saying My sons are Mad  
With wine of cruelty. Let us plat a Scourge O Sister City *t519*  
Children are nourishd for the Slaughter; once the Child was fed  
With Milk; but wherefore now are Children fed with blood *t520*



FZ1-15.1; E309	The Horse is of more value than the Man. The Tyger fierce
FZ1-15.2; E309	Laughs at the Human form. the Lion mocks & thirsts for blood
FZ1-15.3; E309	They cry O Spider spread thy web! Enlarge thy bones & fill'd
FZ1-15.4; E309	With marrow. sinews & flesh Exalt thyself attain a voice
FZ1-15.5; E309	Call to thy dark arm'd hosts, for all the sons of Men muster together
FZ1-15.6; E309	To desolate their cities! Man shall be no more! Awake O Hosts
FZ1-15.7; E309	The bow string sang upon the hills! Luvah & Vala ride
FZ1-15.8; E309	Triumphant in the bloody sky. & the Human form is no more <i>t521</i>
FZ1-15.9; E309	The listning Stars heard, & the first beam of the morning started back
FZ115.10; E309	He cried out to his Father, depart! depart! but sudden Siez'd <i>t522</i>
FZ1-15.11; E309	And clad in steel. & his Horse proudly neighd; he smelt the battle <i>t523</i>
FZ1-15.12; E309	Afar off, Rushing back, reddning with rage the Mighty Father <i>t524</i>
FZ1-15.13; E309	Siezd his bright Sheephook studded with gems & gold, he Swung it round
FZ1-15.14; E309	His head shrill sounding in the sky, down rushd the Sun with noise
FZ1-15.15; E309	Of war, The Mountains fled away they sought a place beneath
FZ1-15.16; E309	Vala remaind in desarts of dark solitude. nor Sun nor Moon
FZ1-15.17; E309	By night nor day to comfort her, she labourd in thick smoke <i>t525</i>
FZ1-15.18; E309	Tharmas endurd not, he fled howling. then a barren waste sunk
FZ1-15.19; E309	Conglobing in the dark confusion, Mean time Los was born
FZ1-15.20; E309	And Thou O Enitharmon! Hark I hear the hammers of Los <i>t526</i>
FZ1-16.1; E309	They melt the bones of Vala, & the bones of Luvah into wedges
FZ1-16.2; E309	The innumerable sons & daughters of Luvah cload in furnaces
FZ1-16.3; E309	Melt into furrows. winter blows his bellows: ice & Snow
FZ1-16.4; E309	Tend the dire anvils. Mountains mourn & Rivers faint & fail
FZ1-16.5; E309	There is no City nor Corn-field nor Orchard! all is Rock & Sand
FZ1-16.6; E309	There is no Sun nor Moon nor Star. but rugged wintry rocks
FZ1-16.7; E309	Justling together in the void suspended by inward fires
FZ1-16.8; E309	Impatience now no longer can endure. Distracted Luvah
FZ1-16.9; E309	Bursting forth from the loins of Enitharmon, Thou fierce Terror
FZ1-16.10; E309	Go howl in vain, Smite Smite his fetters Smite O wintry hammers
FZ1-16.11; E309	Smite Spectre of Urthona, mock the fiend who drew us down
FZ1-16.12; E309	From heavens of joy into this Deep. Now rage but rage in vain
FZ1-16.13; E310	Thus Sang the Demons of the Deep. the Clarions of War blew loud
FZ1-16.14; E310	The Feast redounds & Crownd with roses & the circling vine



FZ1-16.15; E310|  
FZ1-16.16; E310|  
FZ1-16.17; E310|

The Enormous Bride & Bridegroom sat, beside them Urizen  
With faded radiance sighd, forgetful of the flowing wine  
And of Ahania his Pure Bride but She was distant far

FZ1-16.18; E310|  
FZ1-16.19; E310|  
FZ1-16.20; E310|

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

FZ1-16.21; E310|  
FZ1-16.22; E310|

At distance Far in Night repelld. in direful hunger craving  
Summers & Winters round revolving in the frightful deep.

FZ1-17.1; E310|

Enion blind & age-bent wept upon the desolate wind *t527*

FZ1-17.2; E310|  
FZ1-17.3; E310|  
FZ1-17.4; E310|

Why does the Raven cry aloud and no eye pities her?  
Why fall the Sparrow & the Robin in the foodless winter?  
Faint! shivering they sit on leafless bush, or frozen stone *t528*

FZ1-17.5; E310|  
FZ1-17.6; E310|  
FZ1-17.7; E310|

Wearied with seeking food across the snowy waste; the little  
Heart, cold; and the little tongue consum'd, that once in thoughtless joy  
Gave songs of gratitude to waving corn fields round their nest. *t529*

FZ1-17.8; E310|  
FZ1-17.9; E310|  
FZ1-17.10; E310|

Why howl the Lion & the Wolf? why do they roam abroad? *t530*  
Deluded by summers heat they sport in enormous love *t531*  
And cast their young out to the hungry wilds & sandy desarts

FZ1-18.1; E310|  
FZ1-18.2; E310|  
FZ1-18.3; E310|

Why is the Sheep given to the knife? the Lamb plays in the Sun  
He starts! he hears the foot of Man! he says, Take thou my wool  
But spare my life, but he knows not that winter cometh fast. *t532*

FZ1-18.4; E310|  
FZ1-18.5; E310|  
FZ1-18.6; E310|  
FZ1-18.7; E310|

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

FZ1-18.8; E310|  
FZ1-18.9; E310|  
FZ1-18.10; E310|

This was the Lamentation of Enion round the golden Feast  
Eternity groand and was troubled at the image of Eternal Death  
Without the body of Man an Exudation from his sickning limbs

FZ1-18.11; E310|

Now Man was come to the Palm tree & to the Oak of Weeping *t533*

FZ1-18.12; E310| Which stand upon the Edge of Beulah & he sunk down  
FZ1-8.13; E310| From the Supporting arms of the Eternal Saviour; who disposd  
FZ1-18.14; E310| The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality  
FZ1-18.15; E310| Upon The Rock of Ages. Watching over him with Love & Care *t534*

FZ1-21.1; E310| Then those in Great Eternity met in the Council of God  
FZ1-21.2; E310| As one Man for contracting their Exalted Senses

FZ1-21.3; E311| They behold Multitude or Expanding they behold as one  
FZ1-21.4; E311| As One Man all the Universal family & that one Man *t536*  
FZ1-21.5; E311| They call Jesus the Christ & they in him & he in them  
FZ1-21.6; E311| Live in Perfect harmony in Eden the land of life  
FZ1-21.7; E311| Consulting as One Man above the Mountain of Snowdon Sublime *t537*

FZ1-21.8; E311| For messengers from Beulah come in tears & darkning clouds  
FZ1-21.9; E311| Saying Shiloh is in ruins our brother is sick Albion He *t538*  
FZ1-21.10; E311| Whom thou lovest is sick he wanders from his house of Eternity  
FZ1-21.11; E311| The daughters of Beulah terrified have closd the Gate of the Tongue  
FZ1-21.12; E311| Luvah & Urizen contend in war around the holy tent

FZ1-21.13; E311| So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah & with solemn mourning *t539*  
FZ1-21.14; E311| They were introduced to the divine presence & they kneeled down  
FZ1-21.15; E311| In Conways Vale thus recounting the Wars of Death Eternal *t540*

FZ1-21.16; E311| The Eternal Man wept in the holy tent Our Brother in Eternity  
FZ1-21.17; E311| Even Albion whom thou lovest wept in pain his family  
FZ1-21.18; E311| Slept round on hills & valleys in the regions of his love  
FZ1-21.19; E311| But Urizen awoke & Luvah woke & thus conferrd

FZ1-21.20; E311| Thou Luvah said the Prince of Light behold our sons & daughters  
FZ1-21.21; E311| Reposd on beds. let them sleep on. do thou alone depart  
FZ1-21.22; E311| Into thy wished Kingdom where in Majesty & Power  
FZ1-21.23; E311| We may erect a throne. deep in the North I place my lot  
FZ1-21.24; E311| Thou in the South listen attentive. In silent of this night  
FZ1-21.25; E311| I will infold the Eternal tent in clouds opake while thou  
FZ1-21.26; E311| Siezing the chariots of the morning. Go oufleeting ride  
FZ1-21.27; E311| Afar into the Zenith high bending thy furious course  
FZ1-21.28; E311| Southward with half the tents of men inclosd in clouds  
FZ1-21.29; E311| Of Tharmas & Urthona. I remaining in porches of the brain  
FZ1-21.30; E311| Will lay my scepter on Jerusalem the Emanation  
FZ1-21.31; E311| On all her sons & on thy sons O Luvah & on mine *t541*  
FZ1-21.32; E311| Till dawn was wont to wake them then my trumpet sounding loud

FZ1-21.33; E311|  
FZ1-21.34; E311|  
FZ1-21.35; E311|

Ravishd away in night my strong command shall be obeyd  
For I have placd my centinels in stations each tenth man  
Is bought & sold & in dim night my Word shall be their law

FZ1-22.1; E311|  
FZ1-22.2; E311|  
FZ1-22.3; E311|  
FZ1-22.4; E311|  
FZ1-22.5; E311|  
FZ1-22.6; E311|  
FZ1-22.7; E311|  
FZ1-22.8; E311|  
FZ1-22.9; E311|  
FZ1-22.10; E311|

Luvah replied Dictate to thy Equals. am not I  
The Prince of all the hosts of Men nor Equal know in Heaven  
If I arise into the Zenith leaving thee to watch  
The Emanation & her Sons the Satan & the Anak  
Sihon and Og. wilt thou not rebel to my laws remain  
In darkness building thy strong throne & in my ancient night  
Daring my power wilt arm my sons against me in the Atlantic <sup>t542</sup>  
My deep My night which thou assuming hast assumed my Crown  
I will remain as well as thou & here with hands of blood  
Smite this dark sleeper in his tent then try my strength with thee

FZ1-22.11; E312|  
FZ1-22.12; E312|  
FZ1-22.13; E312|  
FZ1-22.14; E312|  
FZ1-22.15; E312|

While thus he spoke his fires reddend oer the holy tent <sup>t543</sup>  
Urizen cast deep darkness round him silent brooding death  
Eternal death to Luvah. raging Luvah pourd  
The Lances of Urizen from chariots. round the holy tent  
Discord began & yells & cries shook the wide firmament

FZ1-22.16; E312|  
FZ1-22.17; E312|  
FZ1-22.18; E312|  
FZ1-22.19; E312|  
FZ1-22.20; E312|  
FZ1-22.21; E312|  
FZ1-22.22; E312|  
FZ1-22.23; E312|  
FZ1-22.24; E312|  
FZ1-22.25; E312|  
FZ1-22.26; E312|  
FZ1-22.27; E312|  
FZ1-22.28; E312|  
FZ1-22.29; E312|  
FZ1-22.30; E312|  
FZ1-22.31; E312|

Beside his anvil stood Urthona dark. a mass of iron  
Glowd furious on the anvil prepard for spades & coulters All  
His sons fled from his side to join the conflict pale he heard  
The Eternal voice he stood the sweat chilld on his mighty limbs  
He dropd his hammer. dividing from his aking bosom fled  
A portion of his life shrieking upon the wind she fled  
And Tharmas took her in pitying Then Enion in jealous fear  
Murderd her & hid her in her bosom embalming her for fear  
She should arise again to life Embalmd in Enions bosom  
Enitharmon remains a corse such thing was never known  
In Eden that one died a death never to be revivd  
Urthona stood in terror but not long his spectre fled  
To Enion & his body fell. Tharmas beheld him fall  
Endlong a raging serpent rolling round the holy tent  
The sons of war astonishd at the Glittering monster drove  
Him far into the world of Tharmas into a cavernd rock

FZ1-22.32; E312|  
FZ1-22.33; E312|  
FZ1-22.34; E312|  
FZ1-22.35; E312|  
FZ1-22.36; E312|

But Urizen with darkness overspreading all the armies  
Sent round his heralds secretly commanding to depart  
Into the north Sudden with thunders sound his multitudes  
Retreat from the fierce conflict all the sons of Urizen at once  
Mustering together in thick clouds leaving the rage of Luvah

FZ1-22.37; E312|

To pour its fury on himself & on the Eternal Man

FZ1-22.38; E312|

Sudden down fell they all together into an unknown Space

FZ1-22.39; E312|

Deep horrible without End. Separated from Beulah far beneath

FZ1-22.40; E312|

The Mans exteriors are become indefinite open to pain

FZ1-22.41; E312|

In a fierce hungry void & none can visit his regions

FZ1-21[19].1; E312|

Jerusalem his Emanation is become a ruin *t544*

FZ1-21[19].2; E312|

Her little ones are slain on the top of every street *t545*

FZ1-21[19].3; E312|

And she herself le[d] captive & scatterd into the indefinite *t546*

FZ1-21[19].4; E312|

Gird on thy sword O thou most mighty in glory & majesty

FZ1-21[19].5; E312|

Destroy these oppressors of Jerusalem & those who ruin Shiloh

FZ1-21[19].6; E312|

So spoke the Messengers of Beulah. Silently removing

FZ1-21[19].7; E312|

The Family Divine drew up the Universal tent

FZ1-21[19].8; E312|

Above High Snowdon & closed the Messengers in clouds around *t547*

FZ1-21[19].9; E312|

Till the time of the End. Then they Elected Seven. called the Seven

FZ1-21[19].10; E312|

Eyes of God & the Seven lamps of the Almighty

FZ1-21[19].11; E312|

The Seven are one within the other the Seventh is named Jesus

FZ1-21[19].12; E313|

The Lamb of God blessed for ever & he followed the Man

FZ1-21[19].13; E313|

Who wandered in mount Ephraim seeking a Sepulcher

FZ1-21[19].14; E313|

His inward eyes closing from the Divine vision & all

FZ1-21[19].15; E313|

His children wandering outside from his bosom fleeing away *t548*

FZ1-22[20].1; E313|

The Daughters of Beulah beheld the Emanation they pitied

FZ1-22[20].2; E313|

They wept before the Inner gates of Enitharmons bosom

FZ1-22[20].3; E313|

And of her fine wrought brain & of her bowels within her loins

FZ1-22[20].4; E313|

Three gates within Glorious & bright open into Beulah *t550*

FZ1-22[20].5; E313|

From Enitharmons inward parts but the bright female terror

FZ1-22[20].6; E313|

Refused to open the bright gates she closed and barred them fast

FZ1-22[20].7; E313|

Lest Los should enter into Beulah thro her beautiful gates

FZ1-22[20].8; E313|

The Emanation stood before the Gates of Enitharmon *t551*

FZ1-22[20].9; E313|

Weeping. the Daughters of Beulah silent in the Porches

FZ1-22[20].10; E313|

Spread her a couch unknown to Enitharmon here reposed

FZ1-22[20].11; E313|

Jerusalem in slumbers soft lulled into silent rest

FZ1-22[20].12; E313|

Terrific ragd the Eternal Wheels of intellect terrific ragd

FZ1-22[20].13; E313|

The living creatures of the wheels in the Wars of Eternal life

FZ1-22[20].14; E313|

But perverse rolled the wheels of Urizen & Luvah back reversed

FZ1-22[20].15; E313|

Downwards & outwards consuming in the wars of Eternal Death *t552*

FZ1-21[19]end; E313|

End of The First Night

FZ2-heading; E313|

## VALA

FZ2-heading; E313|

### Night the [Second] *t553*

FZ2-23.1; E313|

Rising upon his Couch of Death Albion beheld his Sons

FZ2-23.2; E313|

Turning his Eyes outward to Self. losing the Divine Vision

FZ2-23.3; E313|

Albion call'd Urizen & said. Behold these sickning Spheres *t554*

FZ2-23.4; E313|

Whence is this Voice of Enion that soundeth in my Porches *t555*

FZ2-23.5; E313|

Take thou possession! take this Scepter! go forth in my might

FZ2-23.6; E313|

For I am weary, & must sleep in the dark sleep of Death *t556*

FZ2-23.7; E313|

Thy brother Luvah hath smitten me but pity thou his youth *t557*

FZ2-23.8; E313|

Tho thou hast not pitied my Age O Urizen Prince of Light

FZ2-23.9; E313|

Urizen rose from the bright Feast like a star thro' the evening sky

FZ2-23.10; E313|

Exulting at the voice that call'd him from the Feast of envy *t558*

FZ2-23.11; E313|

First he beheld the body of Man pale, cold, the horrors of death

FZ2-23.12; E313|

Beneath his feet shot thro' him as he stood in the Human Brain

FZ2-23.13; E313|

And all its golden porches grew pale with his sickening light

FZ2-23.14; E313|

No more Exulting for he saw Eternal Death beneath

FZ2-23.15; E313|

Pale he beheld futurity; pale he beheld the Abyss

FZ2-23.16; E313|

Where Enion blind & age bent wept in direful hunger craving

FZ2-23.17; E313|

All rav'ning like the hungry worm, & like the silent grave

FZ2-24.1; E314|

Mighty was the draught of Voidness to draw Existence in

FZ2-24.2; E314|

Terrific Urizen strode above, in fear & pale dismay

FZ2-24.3; E314|

He saw the indefinite space beneath & his soul shrunk with horror

FZ2-24.4; E314|

His feet upon the verge of Non Existence; his voice went forth *t559*

FZ2-24.5; E314|

Luvah & Vala trembling & shrinking, beheld the great Work master *t560*

FZ2-24.6; E314|

And heard his Word! Divide ye bands influence by influence

FZ2-24.7; E314|

Build we a Bower for heavens darling in the grizly deep

FZ2-24.8; E314|

Build we the Mundane Shell around the Rock of Albion

FZ2-24.9; E314|

The Bands of Heaven flew thro the air singing & shouting to Urizen *t561*

FZ2-24.10; E314|

Some fix'd the anvil, some the loom erected, some the plow

FZ2-24.11; E314|

And harrow form'd & fram'd the harness of silver & ivory

FZ2-24.12; E314|

The golden compasses, the quadrant & the rule & balance

FZ2-24.13; E314|

They erected the furnaces, they form'd the anvils of gold beaten in mills

FZ2-24.14; E314|

Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their base



FZ2-24.15; E314|

The bellows began to blow & the Lions of Urizen stood round the anvil

FZ2-25.1; E314|

And the leopards coverd with skins of beasts tended the roaring fires

FZ2-25.2; E314|

Sublime distinct their lineaments divine of human beauty *t562*

FZ2-25.3; E314|

The tygers of wrath called the horses of instruction from their mangers

FZ2-25.4; E314|

They unloos'd them & put on the harness of gold & silver & ivory

FZ2-25.5; E314|

In human forms distinct they stood round Urizen prince of Light

FZ2-25.6; E314|

Petrifying all the Human Imagination into rock & sand *t563*

FZ2-25.7; E314|

Groans ran along Tyburns brook and along the River of Oxford

FZ2-25.8; E314|

Among the Druid Temples. Albion groand on Tyburns brook

FZ2-25.9; E314|

Albion gave his loud death groan The Atlantic Mountains trembled

FZ2-25.10; E314|

Aloft the Moon fled with a cry the Sun with streams of blood

FZ2-25.11; E314|

From Albions Loins fled all Peoples and Nations of the Earth *t564*

FZ2-25.12; E314|

Fled with the noise of Slaughter & the stars of heaven Fled

FZ2-25.13; E314|

Jerusalem came down in a dire ruin over all the Earth

FZ2-25.14; E314|

She fell cold from Lambeths Vales in groans & Dewy death

FZ2-25.15; E314|

The dew of anxious souls the death-sweat of the dying

FZ2-25.16; E314|

In every pillard hall & arched roof of Albions skies

FZ2-25.17; E314|

The brother & the brother bathe in blood upon the Severn

FZ2-25.18; E314|

The Maiden weeping by. The father & the mother with

FZ2-25.19; E314|

The Maidens father & her mother fainting over the body

FZ2-25.20; E314|

And the Young Man the Murderer fleeing over the mountains

FZ2-25.21; E314|

Reuben slept on Penmaenmawr & Levi slept on Snowdon

FZ2-25.22; E314|

Their eyes their ears nostrils & tongues roll outward they behold

FZ2-25.23; E314|

What is within now seen without they are raw to the hungry wind

FZ2-25.24; E314|

They become Nations far remote in a little & dark Land

FZ2-25.25; E314|

The Daughters of Albion girded around their garments of Needlework

FZ2-25.26; E317|

Stripping Jerusalems curtains from mild demons of the hills

FZ2-25.27; E317|

Across Europe & Asia to China & Japan like lightnings

FZ2-25.28; E317|

They go forth & return to Albion on his rocky couch

FZ2-25.29; E317|

Gwendolen Ragan Sabrina Gonorill Mehetabel Cordella

FZ2-25.30; E317|

Boadicea Conwenna Estrild Gwinefrid Ignoge Cambel

FZ2-25.31; E317|

Binding Jerusalems Children in the dungeons of Babylon

FZ2-25.32; E317|

They play before the Armies before the hounds of Nimrod

FZ2-25.33; E317|

While The Prince of Light on Salisbury plain among the druid stones *t565*

FZ2-25.34; E317|

Rattling the adamantine chains & hooks heave up the ore

FZ2-25.35; E317|

In mountainous masses, plung'd in furnaces, & they shut & seald *t566*

FZ2-25.36; E317|

The furnaces a time & times; all the while blew the North

FZ2-25.37; E317|

His cloudy bellows & the South & East & dismal West

FZ2-25.38; E317|

And all the while the plow of iron cut the dreadful furrows



FZ2-25.39; E317|

In Ulro beneath Beulah where the Dead wail Night & Day

FZ2-25.40; E317|

Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction & sealed

FZ2-25.41; E317|

And Vala fed in cruel delight, the furnaces with fire

FZ2-25.42; E317|

Stern Urizen beheld urg'd by necessity to keep

FZ2-25.43; E317|

The evil day afar, & if perchance with iron power

FZ2-25.44; E317|

He might avert his own despair; in woe & fear he saw

FZ2-26.1; E317|

Vala incircle round the furnaces where Luvah was clos'd

FZ2-26.2; E317|

In joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah

FZ2-26.3; E317|

With whom she walkd in bliss, in times of innocence & youth

FZ2-26.4; E317|

Hear ye the voice of Luvah from the furnaces of Urizen

FZ2-26.5; E317|

If I indeed am Valas King & ye O sons of Men <sup>t567</sup>

FZ2-26.6; E317|

The workmanship of Luvahs hands; in times of Everlasting

FZ2-26.7; E317|

When I call'd forth the Earth-worm from the cold & dark obscure

FZ2-26.8; E317|

I nurturd her I fed her with my rains & dews, she grew

FZ2-26.9; E317|

A scaled Serpent, yet I fed her tho' she hated me

FZ2-26.10; E317|

Day after day she fed upon the mountains in Luvahs sight

FZ2-26.11; E317|

I brought her thro' the Wilderness, a dry & thirsty land

FZ2-26.12; E317|

And I commanded springs to rise for her in the black desert

FZ2-26.13; E317|

Till she became a Dragon winged bright & poisonous <sup>t568</sup>

FZ2-26.14; E317|

I open'd all the floodgates of the heavens to quench her thirst

FZ2-27.1; E317|

And I commanded the Great deep to hide her in his hand

FZ2-27.2; E317|

Till she became a little weeping Infant a span long

FZ2-27.3; E317|

I carried her in my bosom as a man carries a lamb

FZ2-27.4; E317|

I loved her I gave her all my soul & my delight

FZ2-27.5; E317|

I hid her in soft gardens & in secret bowers of Summer

FZ2-27.6; E317|

Weaving mazes of delight along the sunny Paradise

FZ2-27.7; E317|

Inextricable labyrinths, She bore me sons & daughters

FZ2-27.8; E317|

And they have taken her away & hid her from my sight

FZ2-27.9; E318|

They have surrounded me with walls of iron & brass, O Lamb <sup>t569</sup>

FZ2-27.10; E318|

Of God clothed in Luvahs garments little knowest thou <sup>t570</sup>

FZ2-27.11; E318|

Of death Eternal that we all go to Eternal Death

FZ2-27.12; E318|

To our Primeval Chaos in fortuitous concourse of incoherent

FZ2-27.13; E318|

Discordant principles of Love & Hate I suffer affliction

FZ2-27.14; E318|

Because I love. for I was love but hatred awakes in me <sup>t571</sup>

FZ2-27.15; E318|

And Urizen who was Faith & Certainty is chang'd to Doubt

FZ2-27.16; E318|

The hand of Urizen is upon me because I blotted out

FZ2-27.17; E318| That Human delusion to deliver all the sons of God *t572*  
FZ2-27.18; E318| From bondage of the Human form, O first born Son of Light  
FZ2-27.19; E318| O Urizen my enemy I weep for thy stern ambition  
FZ2-27.20; E318| But weep in vain O when will you return Vala the Wanderer

FZ2-28.1; E318| These were the words of Luvah patient in afflictions  
FZ2-28.2; E318| Reasoning from the loins in the unreal forms of Ulros night *t573*

FZ2-28.3; E318| And when Luvah age after age was quite melted with woe  
FZ2-28.4; E318| The fires of Vala faded like a shadow cold & pale  
FZ2-28.5; E318| An evanescent shadow. last she fell a heap of Ashes  
FZ2-28.6; E318| Beneath the furnaces a woful heap in living death  
FZ2-28.7; E318| Then were the furnaces unscald with spades & pickaxes  
FZ2-28.8; E318| Roaring let out th fluid, the molten metal ran in channels  
FZ2-28.9; E318| Cut by the plow of ages held in Urizens strong hand  
FZ2-28.10; E318| In many a valley, for the Bulls of Luvah dragd the Plow

FZ2-28.11; E318| With trembling horror pale aghast the Children of Man *t574*  
FZ2-28.12; E318| Stood on the infinite Earth & saw these visions in the air  
FZ2-28.13; E318| In waters & in Earth beneath they cried to one another  
FZ2-28.14; E318| What are we terrors to one another. Come O brethren wherefore  
FZ2-28.15; E318| Was this wide Earth spread all abroad. not for wild beasts to roam  
FZ2-28.16; E318| But many stood silent & busied in their families  
FZ2-28.17; E318| And many said We see no Visions in the darksom air  
FZ2-28.18; E318| Measure the course of that sulphur orb that lights the darksom day *t575*  
FZ2-28.19; E318| Set stations on this breeding Earth & let us buy & sell  
FZ2-28.20; E318| Others arose & schools Erected forming Instruments  
FZ2-28.21; E318| To measure out the course of heaven. Stern Urizen beheld  
FZ2-28.22; E318| In woe his brethren & his Sons in darkning woe lamenting  
FZ2-28.23; E318| Upon the winds in clouds involvd Uttering his voice in thunders  
FZ2-28.24; E318| Commanding all the work with care & power & severity

FZ2-28.25; E318| Then siezd the Lions of Urizen their work, & heated in the forge  
FZ2-28.26; E318| Roar the bright masses, thund'ring beat the hammers, many a pyramid *t576*  
FZ2-28.27; E318| Is form'd & thrown down thund'ring into the deeps of Non Entity  
FZ2-28.28; E318| Heated red hot they hizzing rend their way down many a league  
FZ2-28.29; E318| Till resting. each his [*center*] finds; suspended there they stand *t577*  
FZ2-28.30; E318| Casting their sparkies dire abroad into the dismal deep  
FZ2-28.31; E318| For measurd out in orderd spaces the Sons of Urizen *t578*  
FZ2-28.32; E318| With compasses divide the deep; they the strong scales erect

FZ2-29.1; E319| That Luvah rent from the faint Heart of the Fallen Man *t579*

FZ2-29.2; E319| And weigh the massy Cubes, then fix them in their awful stations *t580*  
FZ2-29.3; E319| And all the time in Caverns shut, the golden Looms erected  
FZ2-29.4; E319| First spun, then wove the Atmospheres, there the Spider & Worm  
FZ2-29.5; E319| Plied the wingd shuttle piping shrill thro' all the list'ning threads  
FZ2-29.6; E319| Beneath the Caverns roll the weights of lead & spindles of iron  
FZ2-29.7; E319| The enormous warp & woof rage direful in the affrighted deep

FZ2-29.8; E319| While far into the vast unknown, the strong wing'd Eagles bend  
FZ2-29.9; E319| Their venturous flight, in Human forms distinct; thro darkness deep  
FZ2-29.10; E319| They bear the woven draperies; on golden hooks they hang abroad  
FZ2-29.11; E319| The universal curtains & spread out from Sun to Sun  
FZ2-29.12; E319| The vehicles of light, they separate the furious particles  
FZ2-29.13; E319| Into mild currents as the water mingles with the wine.

FZ2-29.14; E319| While thus the Spirits of strongest wing enlighten the dark deep  
FZ2-29.15; E319| The threads are spun & the cords twisted & drawn out; then the weak  
FZ2-29.16; E319| Begin their work; & many a net is netted; many a net

FZ2-30.1; E319| Spread & many a Spirit caught, innumerable the nets  
FZ2-30.2; E319| Innumerable the gins & traps; & many a soothing flute  
FZ2-30.3; E319| Is form'd & many a corded lyre, outspread over the immense  
FZ2-30.4; E319| In cruel delight they trap the listeners, & in cruel delight  
FZ2-30.5; E319| Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little compass *t581*  
FZ2-30.6; E319| Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted; some  
FZ2-30.7; E319| The bulbous roots, thrown up together into barns & garners

FZ2-30.8; E319| Then rose the Builders; First the Architect divine his plan  
FZ2-30.9; E319| Unfolds, The wondrous scaffold reard all round the infinite  
FZ2-30.10; E319| Quadrangular the building rose the heavens squared by a line.  
FZ2-30.11; E319| Trigon & cubes divide the elements in finite bonds  
FZ2-30.12; E319| Multitudes without number work incessant: the hewn stone  
FZ2-30.13; E319| Is placd in beds of mortar mingled with the ashes of Vala  
FZ2-30.14; E319| Severe the labour, female slaves the mortar trod oppressed

FZ2-30.15; E319| Twelve halls after the names of his twelve sons composd  
FZ2-30.16; E319| The wondrous building & three Central Dome after the Names *t582*  
FZ2-30.17; E319| Of his three daughters were encompassd by the twelve bright halls  
FZ2-30.18; E319| Every hall surrounded by bright Paradises of Delight  
FZ2-30.19; E319| In which are towns & Cities Nations Seas Mountains & Rivers *t583*  
FZ2-30.20; E319| Each Dome open toward four halls & the Three Domes Encompassd  
FZ2-30.21; E319| The Golden Hall of Urizen whose western side glowd bright  
FZ2-30.22; E319| With ever streaming fires beaming from his awful limbs

FZ2-30.23; E319| His Shadowy Feminine Semblance here reposd on a White Couch *t584*  
FZ2-30.24; E319| Or hoverd oer his Starry head & when he smild she brightend  
FZ2-30.25; E319| Like a bright Cloud in harvest. but when Urizen frownd She wept  
FZ2-30.26; E319| In mists over his carved throne & when he turnd his back

FZ2-30.27; E320| Upon his Golden hall & sought the Labyrinthine porches  
FZ2-30.28; E320| Of his wide heaven Trembling, cold in paling fears she sat  
FZ2-30.29; E320| A Shadow of Despair therefore toward the West Urizen formd  
FZ2-30.30; E320| A recess in the wall for fires to glow upon the pale  
FZ2-30.31; E320| Females limbs in his absence & her Daughters oft upon  
FZ2-30.32; E320| A Golden Altar burnt perfumes with Art Celestial formd  
FZ2-30.33; E320| Foursquare sculpturd & sweetly Engravd to please their shadowy mother *t585*  
FZ2-30.34; E320| As[c]ending into her misty garments the blue smoke rolld to revive *t586*  
FZ2-30.35; E320| Her cold limbs in the absence of her Lord. Also her sons  
FZ2-30.36; E320| With lives of Victims sacrificed upon an altar of brass  
FZ2-30.37; E320| On the East side. Revivd her Soul with lives of beasts & birds  
FZ2-30.38; E320| Slain on the Altar up ascending into her cloudy bosom  
FZ2-30.39; E320| Of terrible workmanship the Altar labour of ten thousand Slaves  
FZ2-30.40; E320| One thousand Men of wondrous power spent their lives in its formation  
FZ2-30.41; E320| It stood on twelve steps namd after the names of her twelve sons  
FZ2-30.42; E320| And was Erected at the chief entrance of Urizens hall

FZ2-30.43; E320| When Urizen returnd from his immense labours & travels *t587*  
FZ2-30.44; E320| Descending She reposd beside him folding him round  
FZ2-30.45; E320| In her bright skirts. Astonishd & Confounded he beheld  
FZ2-30.46; E320| Her shadowy form now Separate he shudderd & was silent  
FZ2-30.47; E320| Till her caresses & her tears revivd him to life & joy  
FZ2-30.48; E320| Two wills they had two intellects & not as in times of old  
FZ2-30.49; E320| This Urizen percievd & silent brooded in darkning Clouds  
FZ2-30.50; E320| To him his Labour was but Sorrow & his Kingdom was Repentance  
FZ2-30.51; E320| He drave the Male Spirits all away from Ahania  
FZ2-30.52; E320| And she drave all the Females from him away

FZ2-30.53; E320| Los joyd & Enitharmon laughd, saying Let us go down  
FZ2-30.54; E320| And see this labour & sorrow; They went down to see the woes  
FZ2-30.55; E320| Of Vala & the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights

FZ2-30.56; E320| And Vala like a shadow oft appeard to Urizen

FZ2-31.1; E320| The King of Light beheld her mourning among the Brick kilns compelld  
FZ2-31.2; E320| To labour night & day among the fires, her lamenting voice

FZ2-31.3; E320|

Is heard when silent night returns & the labourers take their rest

FZ2-31.4; E320|

O Lord wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions

FZ2-31.5; E320|

Among these flames incessant labouring, our hard masters laugh

FZ2-31.6; E320|

At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water

FZ2-31.7; E320|

To carry the heavy basket on our scorched shoulders, to sift

FZ2-31.8; E320|

The sand & ashes, & to mix the clay with tears & repentance

FZ2-31.9; E320|

I see not Luvah as of old I only see his feet <sup>t588</sup>

FZ2-31.10; E320|

Like pillars of fire travelling thro darkness & non entity

FZ2-31.11; E321|

The times are now returnd upon us, we have given ourselves

FZ2-31.12; E321|

To scorn and now are scorned by the slaves of our enemies

FZ2-31.13; E321|

Our beauty is coverd over with clay & ashes, & our backs

FZ2-31.14; E321|

Furrowd with whips, & our flesh bruised with the heavy basket

FZ2-31.15; E321|

Forgive us O thou piteous one whom we have offended, forgive

FZ2-31.16; E321|

The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to thee.

FZ2-31.17; E321|

Thus she lamented day & night, compell'd to labour & sorrow

FZ2-31.18; E321|

Luvah in vain her lamentations heard; in vain his love

FZ2-31.19; E321|

Brought him in various forms before her still she knew him not

FZ2-32.1; E321|

Still she despisd him, calling on his name & knowing him not

FZ2-32.2; E321|

Still hating still professing love, still labouring in the smoke

FZ2-32.3; E321|

And Los & Enitharmon joyd, they drank in tenfold joy <sup>t589</sup>

FZ2-32.4; E321|

From all the sorrow of Luvah & the labour of Urizen

FZ2-32.5; E321|

And Enitharmon joyd Plotting to rend the secret cloud

FZ2-32.6; E321|

To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahania

FZ2-32.7; E321|

But infinitely beautiful the wondrous work arose <sup>t590</sup>

FZ2-32.8; E321|

In sorrow & care. a Golden World whose porches round the heavens <sup>t591</sup>

FZ2-32.9; E321|

And pillard halls & rooms reciev'd the eternal wandering stars

FZ2-32.10; E321|

A wondrous golden Building; many a window many a door

FZ2-32.11; E321|

And many a division let in & out into the vast unknown

FZ2-32.12; E321|

[*Cubed*] in [*window square*] immoveable, within its walls & cielings

FZ2-32.13; E321|

The heavens were closd and spirits mourn'd their bondage night and day

FZ2-32.14; E321|

And the Divine Vision appear'd in Luvahs robes of blood <sup>t593</sup>

FZ2-32.15; E321|

Thus was the Mundane shell builded by Urizens strong power

FZ2-32.16; E321|

Sorrowing went the Planters forth to plant, the Sowers to sow <sup>t594</sup>



FZ2-32.17; E321|

They dug the channels for the rivers & they poured abroad

FZ2-33.1; E321|

The seas & lakes, they reard the mountains & the rocks & hills

FZ2-33.2; E321|

On broad pavilions, on pillard roofs & porches & high towers

FZ2-33.3; E321|

In beauteous order, thence arose soft clouds & exhalations

FZ2-33.4; E321|

Wandering even to the sunny Cubes of light & heat *t595*

FZ2-33.5; E321|

For many a window ornamented with sweet ornaments

FZ2-33.6; E321|

Lookd out into the World of Tharmas, where in ceaseless torrents *t596*

FZ2-33.7; E321|

His billows roll where monsters wander in the foamy paths

FZ2-33.8; E321|

On clouds the Sons of Urizen beheld Heaven walled round *t597*

FZ2-33.9; E321|

They weighd & orderd all & Urizen comforted saw *t598*

FZ2-33.10; E321|

The wondrous work flow forth like visible out of the invisible

FZ2-33.11; E321|

For the Divine Lamb Even Jesus who is the Divine Vision *t599*

FZ2-33.12; E321|

Permitted all lest Man should fall into Eternal Death

FZ2-33.13; E321|

For when Luvah sunk down himself put on the robes of blood

FZ2-33.14; E321|

Lest the state calld Luvah should cease. & the Divine Vision

FZ2-33.15; E321|

Walked in robes of blood till he who slept should awake

FZ2-33.16; E322|

Thus were the stars of heaven created like a golden chain

FZ2-33.17; E322|

To bind the Body of Man to heaven from failing into the Abyss *t600*

FZ2-33.18; E322|

Each took his station, & his course began with sorrow & care *t601*

FZ2-33.19; E322|

In sevens & tens & fifties, hundreds, thousands, numberd all

FZ2-33.20; E322|

According to their various powers. Subordinate to Urizen

FZ2-33.21; E322|

And to his sons in their degrees & to his beauteous daughters

FZ2-33.22; E322|

Travelling in silent majesty along their orderd ways

FZ2-33.23; E322|

In right lined paths outmeasurd by proportions of number weight *t602*

FZ2-33.24; E322|

And measure. mathematic motion wondrous. along the deep

FZ2-33.25; E322|

In fiery pyramid. or Cube. or unornamented pillar *t603*

FZ2-33.26; E322|

Of fire far shining. travelling along even to its destind end

FZ2-33.27; E322|

Then falling down. a terrible space recovring in winter dire

FZ2-33.28; E322|

Its wasted strength. It back returns upon a nether course *t604*

FZ2-33.29; E322|

Till fired with ardour fresh recruited in its humble season *t605*

FZ2-33.30; E322|

It rises up on high all summer till its wearied course

FZ2-33.31; E322|

Turns into autumn. such the period of many worlds

FZ2-33.32; E322|

Others triangular right angled course maintain. others obtuse *t606*

FZ2-33.33; E322|

Acute Scalene, in simple paths. but others move *t607*

FZ2-33.34; E322|

In intricate ways biquadrate. Trapeziums Rhombs Rhomboids

FZ2-33.35; E322|

Parallelograms. triple & quadruple. polygonic

FZ2-33.36; E322|

In their amazing hard subdued course in the vast deep *t608*



FZ2-34.1; E322| And Los & Enitharmon were drawn down by their desires  
FZ2-34.2; E322| Descending sweet upon the wind among soft harps & voices *t609*  
FZ2-34.3; E322| To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahanias *t610*  
FZ2-34.4; E322| To conduct the Voice of Enion to Ahanias midnight pillow

FZ2-34.5; E322| Urizen saw & envied & his imagination was filled  
FZ2-34.6; E322| Repining he contemplated the past in his bright sphere  
FZ2-34.7; E322| Terrified with his heart & spirit at the visions of futurity  
FZ2-34.8; E322| That his dread fancy formd before him in the unformd void

FZ2-34.9; E322| For Los & Enitharmon walkd forth on the dewy Earth *t611*  
FZ2-34.10; E322| Contracting or expanding their all flexible senses  
FZ2-34.11; E322| At will to murmur in the flowers small as the honey bee  
FZ2-34.12; E322| At will to stretch across the heavens & step from star to star  
FZ2-34.13; E322| Or standing on the Earth erect, or on the stormy waves  
FZ2-34.14; E322| Driving the storms before them or delighting in sunny beams  
FZ2-34.15; E322| While round their heads the Elemental Gods kept harmony *t612*

FZ2-34.16; E322| And Los said. Lo the Lilly pale & the rose reddning fierce *t613*  
FZ2-34.17; E322| Reproach thee & the beamy gardens sicken at thy beauty  
FZ2-34.18; E322| I grasp thy vest in my strong hand in vain. like water springs  
FZ2-34.19; E322| In the bright sands of Los. evading my embrace. then I alone  
FZ2-34.20; E322| Wander among the virgins of the summer Look they cry

FZ2-34.21; E323| The poor forsaken Los mockd by the worm the shelly snail  
FZ2-34.22; E323| The Emmet & the beetle hark they laugh & mock at Los

FZ2-34.23; E323| Enitharmon answerd Secure now from the smittings of thy Power *t614*  
FZ2-34.24; E323| Demon of fury If the God enrapturd me infolds  
FZ2-34.25; E323| In clouds of sweet obscurity my beauteous form dissolving  
FZ2-34.26; E323| Howl thou over the body of death tis thine But if among the virgins *t615*  
FZ2-34.27; E323| Of summer I have seen thee sleep & turn thy cheek delighted  
FZ2-34.28; E323| Upon the rose or lilly pale. or on a bank where sleep *t616*  
FZ2-34.29; E323| The beamy daughters of the light starting they rise they flee  
FZ2-34.30; E323| From thy fierce love for tho I am dissolvd in the bright God  
FZ2-34.31; E323| My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks & valleys

FZ2-34.32; E323| Los answerd Therefore fade I thus dissolvd in rapturd trance  
FZ2-34.33; E323| Thou canst repose on clouds of secrecy while oer my limbs  
FZ2-34.34; E323| Cold dews & hoary frost creeps thro I lie on banks of summer  
FZ2-34.35; E323| Among the beauties of the World Cold & repining Los

FZ2-34.36; E323| Still dies for Enitharmon nor a spirit springs from my dead corse <sup>1617</sup>  
FZ2-34.37; E323| Then I am dead till thou revivest me with thy sweet song  
FZ2-34.38; E323| Now taking on Ahanias form & now the form of Enion  
FZ2-34.39; E323| I know thee not as once I knew thee in those blessed fields  
FZ2-34.40; E323| Where memory wishes to repose among the flocks of Tharmas

FZ2-34.41; E323| Enitharmon answerd Wherefore didst thou throw thine arms around  
FZ2-34.42; E323| Ahanias Image I deciev'd thee & will still decieve  
FZ2-34.43; E323| Urizen saw thy sin & hid his beams in darkning Clouds  
FZ2-34.44; E323| I still keep watch altho I tremble & wither across the heavens  
FZ2-34.45; E323| In strong vibrations of fierce jealousy for thou art mine  
FZ2-34.46; E323| Created for my will my slave tho strong tho I am weak  
FZ2-34.47; E323| Farewell the God calls me away I depart in my sweet bliss

FZ2-34.48; E323| She fled vanishing on the wind And left a dead cold corse  
FZ2-34.49; E323| In Los's arms howlings began over the body of death <sup>1618</sup>  
FZ2-34.50; E323| Los spoke. Thy God in vain shall call thee if by my strong power  
FZ2-34.51; E323| I can infuse my dear revenge into his glowing breast  
FZ2-34.52; E323| Then jealousy shall shadow all his mountains & Ahania  
FZ2-34.53; E323| Curse thee thou plague of woful Los & seek revenge on thee

FZ2-34.54; E323| So saying in deep sobs he languish'd till dead he also fell  
FZ2-34.55; E323| Night pass'd & Enitharmon e'er the dawn return'd in bliss  
FZ2-34.56; E323| She sang O'er Los reviving him to Life his groans were terrible <sup>1619</sup>  
FZ2-34.57; E323| But thus she sang. I seize the sphery harp I strike the strings

FZ2-34.58; E323| At the first Sound the Golden sun arises from the Deep  
FZ2-34.59; E323| And sakes his awful hair  
FZ2-34.60; E323| The Eccho wakes the moon to unbind her silver locks  
FZ2-34.61; E323| The golden sun bears on my song  
FZ2-34.62; E323| And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery King

FZ2-34.63; E324| The joy of woman is the Death of her most best beloved  
FZ2-34.64; E324| Who dies for Love of her  
FZ2-34.65; E324| In torments of fierce jealousy & pangs of adoration.  
FZ2-34.66; E324| The Lovers night bears on my song  
FZ2-34.67; E324| And the nine Spheres rejoice beneath my powerful controll

FZ2-34.68; E324| They sing unceasing to the notes of my immortal hand  
FZ2-34.69; E324| The solemn silent moon  
FZ2-34.70; E324| Reverberates the living harmony upon my limbs  
FZ2-34.71; E324| The birds & beasts rejoice & play

FZ2-34.72; E324|

And every one seeks for his mate to prove his inmost joy

FZ2-34.73; E324|

Furious & terrible they sport & rend the nether deeps

FZ2-34.74; E324|

The deep lifts up his rugged head

FZ2-34.75; E324|

And lost in infinite hum[m]ing wings vanishes with a cry

FZ2-34.76; E324|

The fading cry is ever dying

FZ2-34.77; E324|

The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy

FZ2-34.78; E324|

Arise you little glancing wings & sing your infant joy

FZ2-34.79; E324|

Arise & drink your bliss

FZ2-34.80; E324|

For every thing that lives is holy for the source of life

FZ2-34.81; E324|

Descends to be a weeping babe

FZ2-34.82; E324|

For the Earthworm renews the moisture of the sandy plain

FZ2-34.83; E324|

Now my left hand I stretch to earth beneath

FZ2-34.84; E324|

And strike the terrible string

FZ2-34.85; E324|

I wake sweet joy in dens of sorrow & I plant a smile

FZ2-34.86; E324|

In forests of affliction

FZ2-34.87; E324|

And wake the bubbling springs of life in regions of dark death

FZ2-34.88; E324|

O I am weary lay thine hand upon me or I faint

FZ2-34.89; E324|

I faint beneath these beams of thine

FZ2-34.90; E324|

For thou hast touchd my five senses & they answerd thee

FZ2-34.91; E324|

Now I am nothing & I sink

FZ2-34.92; E324|

And on the bed of silence sleep till thou awakest me

FZ2-34.93; E324|

Thus sang the Lovely one in Rapturous delusive trance

FZ2-34.94; E324|

Los heard reviving he siezd her in his arms delusive hopes <sup>t620</sup>

FZ2-34.95; E324|

Kindling She led him int Shadows & thence fled outstretchd

FZ2-34.96; E324|

Upon the immense like a bright rainbow weeping & smiling & fading

FZ2-34.97; E324|

Thus livd Los driving Enion far into the deathful infinite <sup>t621</sup>

FZ2-34.98; E324|

That he may also draw Ahania's spirit into her Vortex

FZ2-34.99; E324|

Ah happy blindness Enion sees not the terrors of the uncertain <sup>t622</sup>

FZ2-34.100; E324|

Thus Enion wails from the dark deep, the golden heavens tremble <sup>t623</sup>

FZ2-35.1; E324|

I am made to sow the thistle for wheat; the nettle for a nourishing dainty

FZ2-35.2; E325|

I have planted a false oath in the earth, it has brought forth a poison tree

FZ2-35.3; E325|

I have chosen the serpent for a counsellor & the dog

FZ2-35.4; E325|

For a schoolmaster to my children

FZ2-35.5; E325|

I have blotted out from light & living the dove & nightingale

FZ2-35.6; E325|  
FZ2-35.7; E325|  
FZ2-35.8; E325|  
FZ2-35.9; E325|  
FZ2-35.10; E325|

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

FZ2-35.11; E325|  
FZ2-35.12; E325|  
FZ2-35.13; E325|  
FZ2-35.14; E325|  
FZ2-35.15; E325|

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

FZ2-35.16; E325|  
FZ2-35.17; E325|  
FZ2-35.18; E325|  
FZ2-35.19; E325|

It is an easy thing to triumph in the summers sun  
And in the vintage & to sing on the waggon loaded with corn  
It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted  
To speak the laws of prudence to the houseless wanderer

FZ2-36.1; E325|  
FZ2-36.2; E325|

To listen to the hungry ravens cry in wintry season  
When the red blood is filld with wine & with the marrow of lambs

FZ2-36.3; E325|  
FZ2-36.4; E325|  
FZ2-36.5; E325|  
FZ2-36.6; E325|  
FZ2-36.7; E325|  
FZ2-36.8; E325|

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

FZ2-36.9; E325|  
FZ2-36.10; E325|  
FZ2-36.11; E325|

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

FZ2-36.12; E325|  
FZ2-36.13; E325|

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

FZ2-36.14; E325|  
FZ2-36.15; E325|

Ahania heard the Lamentation & a swift Vibration <sup>t624</sup>  
Spread thro her Golden frame. She rose up eer the dawn of day

FZ2-36.16; E326|  
FZ2-36.17; E326|  
FZ2-36.18; E326|

When Urizen slept on his couch. drawn thro unbounded space  
Onto the margin of Non Entity the bright Female came  
There she beheld the Spectrous form of Enion in the Void <sup>t625</sup>

FZ2-36.19; E326|

And never from that moment could she rest upon her pillow

FZ2-36; E326|

End of the Second Night

FZ3-heading; E326|

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FZ3-heading; E326|

Night the Third *t626*

FZ3-37.1; E326|

Now sat the King of Light on high upon his starry throne

FZ3-37.2; E326|

And bright Ahania bow'd herself before his splendid feet

FZ3-37.3; E326|

O Urizen look on Me. like a mournful stream *t627*

FZ3-37.4; E326|

I Embrace round thy knees & wet My bright hair with my tears: *t628*

FZ3-37.5; E326|

Why sighs my Lord! are not the morning stars thy obedient Sons

FZ3-37.6; E326|

Do they not bow their bright heads at thy voice? at thy command

FZ3-37.7; E326|

Do they not fly into their stations & return their light to thee

FZ3-37.8; E326|

The immortal Atmospheres are thine, there thou art seen in glory

FZ3-37.9; E326|

Surrounded by the ever changing Daughters of the Light

FZ3-37.10; E326|

Why wilt thou look upon futurity darkning present joy *t629*

FZ3-37.11; E326|

She ceas'd the Prince his light obscurd & the splendors of his crown

FZ3-38.1; E326|

Infolded in thick clouds, from whence his mighty voice burst forth

FZ3-38.2; E326|

O bright [*Ahania*] a Boy is born of the dark Ocean *t630*

FZ3-38.3; E326|

Whom Urizen doth serve, with Light replenishing his darkness

FZ3-38.4; E326|

I am set here a King of trouble commanded here to serve

FZ3-38.5; E326|

And do my ministry to those who eat of my wide table

FZ3-38.6; E326|

All this is mine yet I must serve & that Prophetic boy

FZ3-38.7; E326|

Must grow up to command his Prince but hear my determind Decree *t631*

FZ3-38.8; E326|

Vala shall become a Worm in Enitharmons Womb *t632*

FZ3-38.9; E326|

Laying her seed upon the fibres soon to issue forth

FZ3-38.10; E326|

And Luvah in the loins of Los a dark & furious death

FZ3-38.11; E326|

Alas for me! what will become of me at that dread time?

FZ3-38.12; E326|

Ahania bow'd her head & wept seven days before the King

FZ3-38.13; E326|

And on the eighth day when his clouds unfolded from his throne

FZ3-38.14; E326|

She rais'd her bright head sweet perfumd & thus with heavenly voice

FZ3-38.15; E326|

O Prince the Eternal One hath set thee leader of his hosts *t633*

FZ3-39.1; E326	Leave all futurity to him Resume thy fields of Light	<i>t634</i>
FZ3-39.2; E326	Why didst thou listen to the voice of Luvah that dread morn	
FZ3-39.3; E326	To give the immortal steeds of light to his deceitful hands	
FZ3-39.4; E326	No longer now obedient to thy will thou art compell'd	
FZ3-39.5; E326	To forge the curbs of iron & brass to build the iron mangers	<i>t635</i>
FZ3-39.6; E326	To feed them with intoxication from the wine presses of Luvah	
FZ3-39.7; E327	Till the Divine Vision & Fruition is quite obliterated	
FZ3-39.8; E327	They call thy lions to the fields of blood, they rowze thy tygers	
FZ3-39.9; E327	Out of the halls of justice, till these dens thy wisdom framd	
FZ3-39.10; E327	Golden & beautiful but O how unlike those sweet fields of bliss	
FZ3-39.11; E327	Where liberty was justice & eternal science was mercy	
FZ3-39.12; E327	Then O my dear lord listen to Ahania, listen to the vision	
FZ3-39.13; E327	The vision of Ahania in the slumbers of Urizen	
FZ3-39.14; E327	When Urizen slept in the porch & the Ancient Man was smitten	<i>t636</i>
FZ3-39.15; E327	The Darkning Man walkd on the steps of fire before his halls	<i>t637</i>
FZ3-39.16; E327	And Vala walkd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber	
FZ3-39.17; E327	He looked up & saw thee Prince of Light thy splendor faded	<i>t638</i>
FZ3-39.18; E327	But saw not Los nor Enitharmon for Luvah hid them in shadow	<i>t639</i>
FZ3-40.1; E327	In a soft cloud Outstretch'd across, & Luvah dwelt in the cloud	<i>t640</i>
FZ3-40.2; E327	Then Man ascended mourning into the splendors of his palace	<i>t641</i>
FZ3-40.3; E327	Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect	<i>t642</i>
FZ3-40.4; E327	Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy; in white linen pure he hover'd	
FZ3-40.5; E327	A sweet entrancing self delusion, a watry vision of Man	
FZ3-40.6; E327	Soft exulting in existence all the Man absorbing	
FZ3-40.7; E327	Man fell upon his face prostrate before the watry shadow	
FZ3-40.8; E327	Saying O Lord whence is this change thou knowest I am nothing	
FZ3-40.9; E327	And Vala trembled & coverd her face, & her locks. were spread on the pavement	
FZ3-40.10; E327	I heard astonishd at the Vision & my heart trembled within me	<i>t643</i>
FZ3-40.11; E327	I heard the voice of the Slumberous Man & thus he spoke	<i>t644</i>
FZ3-40.12; E327	Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of Eternity uttering	<i>t645</i>
FZ3-40.13; E327	O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee	
FZ3-40.14; E327	If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades	
FZ3-40.15; E327	If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent	



FZ3-40.16; E327| If thou withhold thine hand I perish like a fallen leaf  
 FZ3-40.17; E327| O I am nothing & to nothing must return again  
 FZ3-40.18; E327| If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion

FZ3-40.19; E327| He ceas'd: the shadowy voice was silent; but the cloud hoverd over their heads

ED; E327| [--For the late insertion of the name "Albion" on this page, see textual notes.--]  
 FZ3-41.1; E327| In olden wreathes, the sorrow of Man & the balmy drops fell down  
 FZ3-41.2; E327| And Lo that Son of Man, that shadowy Spirit of the Fallen One <sup>t646</sup>  
 FZ3-41.3; E327| Luvah, descended from the cloud; In terror Albion rose-  
 FZ3-41.4; E327| Indignant rose the Awful Man & turnd his back on Vala <sup>t647</sup>

FZ3-41.5; E327| Why roll thy clouds in sick'ning mists. I can no longer hide <sup>t648</sup>  
 FZ3-41.6; E327| The dismal vision of mine Eyes, O love & life & light! <sup>t649</sup>  
 FZ3-41.7; E327| Prophetic dreads urge me to speak. futurity is before me

FZ3-41.8; E328| Like a dark lamp. Eternal death haunts all my expectation  
 FZ3-41.9; E328| Rent from Eternal Brotherhood we die & are no more

FZ3-41.10; E328| I heard the Voice of Albion starting from his sleep <sup>t650</sup>

FZ3-41.11; E328| "Whence is this voice crying Enion that soundeth in my ears  
 FZ3-41.12; E328| O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can Love seek for dominion <sup>t651</sup>

FZ3-41.13; E328| And Luvah strove to gain dominion over the mighty Albion <sup>t652</sup>  
 FZ3-41.14; E328| They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclos'd  
 FZ3-41.15; E328| And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement <sup>t653</sup>  
 FZ3-41.16; E328| Coverd with boils from head to foot. the terrible smittings of Luvah

FZ3-41.17; E328| Then frownd the Fallen Man & put forth Luvah from his presence <sup>t654</sup>  
 FZ3-41.18; E328| (I heard him: frown not Urizen: but listen to my Vision)

FZ3-42.1; E328| Saying, Go & die the Death of Man for Vala the sweet wanderer  
 FZ3-42.2; E328| I will turn the volutions of your Ears outward; & bend your Nostrils  
 FZ3-42.3; E328| Downward; & your fluxile Eyes englob'd, roll round in fear  
 FZ3-42.4; E328| Your withring Lips & Tongue shrink up into a narrow circle  
 FZ3-42.5; E328| Till into narrow forms you creep. Go take your fiery way  
 FZ3-42.6; E328| And learn what 'tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love

FZ3-42.7; E328|  
FZ3-42.8; E328|

O Urizen why art thou pale at the visions of Ahania *t656*  
Listen to her who loves thee lest we also are driven away.

FZ3-42.9; E328|  
FZ3-42.10; E328|  
FZ3-42.11; E328|  
FZ3-42.12; E328|  
FZ3-42.13; E328|  
FZ3-42.14; E328|  
FZ3-42.15; E328|  
FZ3-42.16; E328|  
FZ3-42.17; E328|

They heard the Voice & fled swift as the winters setting sun *t657*  
And now the Human Blood foam'd high, I saw that Luvah & Vala *t658*  
Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded *t659*  
In jealous fears in fury & rage, & flames roll'd round their fervid feet  
And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent play'd before them  
And as they went in folding fires & thunders of the deep  
Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks  
And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east & west  
And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent roll'd between. *t660*

FZ3-42.18; E328|

She ended. for [from] his wrathful throne burst forth the black hail storm *t661*

FZ3-42.19; E328|  
FZ3-42.20; E328|

Am I not God said Urizen. Who is Equal to me  
Do I not stretch the heavens abroad or fold them up like a garment

FZ3-42.21; E328|

He spoke mustering his heavy clouds around him black opaque

FZ3-43.1; E328|  
FZ3-43.2; E328|  
FZ3-43.3; E328|  
FZ3-43.4; E328|

Then thunders roll'd around & lightnings darted to & fro  
His visage chang'd to darkness & his strong right hand came forth *t662*  
To cast Ahania to the Earth be siezd her by the hair  
And threw her from the steps of ice that froze around his throne

FZ3-43.5; E328|  
FZ3-43.6; E328|

Saying Art thou also become like Vala. thus I cast thee out  
Shall the feminine indolent bliss. the indulgent self of weariness

FZ3-43.7; E329|  
FZ3-43.8; E329|  
FZ3-43.9; E329|  
FZ3-43.10; E329|  
FZ3-43.11; E329|  
FZ3-43.12; E329|  
FZ3-43.13; E329|  
FZ3-43.14; E329|  
FZ3-43.15; E329|  
FZ3-43.16; E329|  
FZ3-43.17; E329|  
FZ3-43.18; E329|  
FZ3-43.19; E329|

The passive idle sleep the enormous night & darkness of Death  
Set herself up to give her laws to the active masculine virtue  
Thou little diminutive portion that darst be a counterpart  
Thy passivity thy laws of obedience & insincerity  
Are my abhorrence. Wherefore hast thou taken that fair form  
Whence is this power given to thee! once thou wast in my breast  
A sluggish current of dim waters. on whose verdant margin  
A cavern shag'd with horrid shades. dark cool & deadly. where  
I laid my head in the hot noon after the broken clods  
Had wearied me. there I lad my plow & there my horses fed  
And thou hast risen with thy moist locks into a watry image  
Reflecting all my indolence my weakness & my death  
To weigh me down beneath the grave into non Entity

FZ3-43.20; E329|  
FZ3-43.21; E329|  
FZ3-43.22; E329|

Where Luvah strives scorned by Vala age after age wandering  
Shrinking & shrinking from her Lord & calling him the Tempter  
And art thou also become like Vala thus I cast thee out.

FZ3-43.23; E329|  
FZ3-43.24; E329|  
FZ3-43.25; E329|  
FZ3-43.26; E329|  
FZ3-43.27; E329|  
FZ3-43.28; E329|  
FZ3-43.29; E329|  
FZ3-43.30; E329|

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

FZ3-43.31; E329|

Down from the dismal North the Prince in thunders & thick clouds

FZ3-44.1; E329|  
FZ3-44.2; E329|  
FZ3-44.3; E329|  
FZ3-44.4; E329|  
FZ3-44.5; E329|

As when the thunderbolt down falleth on the appointed place  
Fell down down rushing ruining thundering shuddering <sup>t663</sup>  
Into the Caverns of the Grave & places of Human Seed  
Where the impressions of Despair & Hope enroot forever  
A world of Darkness. Ahania fell far into Non Entity

FZ3-44.6; E329|  
FZ3-44.7; E329|  
FZ3-44.8; E329|  
FZ3-44.9; E329|  
FZ3-44.10; E329|  
FZ3-44.11; E329|  
FZ3-44.12; E329|  
FZ3-44.13; E329|  
FZ3-44.14; E329|  
FZ3-44.15; E329|  
FZ3-44.16; E329|  
FZ3-44.17; E329|

She Continued falling. Loud the Crash continued loud & Hoarse  
From the Crash roared a flame of blue sulphureous fire from the flame <sup>t664</sup>  
A dolorous groan that struck with dumbness all confusion  
Swallowing up the horrible din in agony on agony  
Thro the Confusion like a crack across from immense to immense  
Loud strong a universal groan of death louder  
Than all the wracking elements deafend & rended worse  
Than Urizen & all his hosts in curst despair down rushing  
But from the Dolorous Groan on like a shadow of smoke appeared  
And human bones rattling together in the smoke & stamping  
The nether Abyss & gnashing in fierce despair. panting in sobs  
Thick short incessant bursting sobbing. deep despairing stamping struggling

FZ3-44.18; E330|  
<sup>t665</sup>

Struggling to utter the voice of Man struggling to take the features of Man. Struggling

FZ3-44.19; E330|  
FZ3-44.20; E330|  
FZ3-44.21; E330|  
FZ3-44.22; E330|

To take the limbs of Man at length emerging from the smoke  
Of Urizen dashed in pieces from his precipitant fall  
Tharmas reard up his hands & stood on the affrighted Ocean  
The dead reard up his Voice & stood on the resounding shore

FZ3-44.23; E330|

Crying. Fury in my limbs. destruction in my bones & marrow

FZ3-44.24; E330|  
FZ3-44.25; E330|  
FZ3-44.26; E330|  
FZ3-44.27; E330|  
FZ3-44.28; E330|

My skull riven into filaments. my eyes into sea jellies  
Floating upon the tide wander bubbling & bubbling  
Uttering my lamentations & begetting little monsters  
Who sit mocking upon the little pebbles of the tide  
In all my rivers & on dried shells that the fish

FZ3-45.1; E330|  
FZ3-45.2; E330|  
FZ3-45.3; E330|  
FZ3-45.4; E330|  
FZ3-45.5; E330|  
FZ3-45.6; E330|  
FZ3-45.7; E330|  
FZ3-45.8; E330|

Have quite forsaken. O fool fool to lose my sweetest bliss  
Where art thou Enion ah too near to cunning too far off  
And yet too near. Dashd down I send thee into distant darkness  
Far as my strength can hurl thee wander there & laugh & play  
Among the frozen arrows they will tear thy tender flesh  
Fall off afar from Tharmas come not too near my strong fury  
Scream & fall off & laugh at Tharmas lovely summer beauty  
Till winter rends thee into Shivers as thou hast rended me

FZ3-45.9; E330|  
FZ3-45.10; E330|  
FZ3-45.11; E330|  
FZ3-45.12; E330|  
FZ3-45.13; E330|  
FZ3-45.14; E330|

So Tharmas bellowd oer the ocean thundring sobbing bursting  
The bounds of Destiny were broken & hatred now began  
Instead of love to Enion. Enion blind & age bent  
Plungd into the cold billows living a life in midst of waters  
In terrors she witherd away to Entuthon Benithon  
A world of deep darkness where all things in horrors are rooted

FZ3-45.15; E330|

These are the words of Enion heard from the cold waves of despair

FZ3-45.16; E330|  
FZ3-45.17; E330|  
FZ3-45.18; E330|  
FZ3-45.19; E330|  
FZ3-45.20; E330|  
FZ3-45.21; E330|  
FZ3-45.22; E330|  
FZ3-45.23; E330|  
FZ3-45.24; E330|  
FZ3-45.25; E330|  
FZ3-45.26; E330|

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

FZ3-45.27; E330|

Tharmas replied riding on storms his voice of Thunder rolld *1666*

FZ3-45.28; E330|  
FZ3-45.29; E330|  
FZ3-45.30; E330|

Image of grief thy fading lineaments make my eyelids fail  
What have I done! both rage & mercy are alike to me  
Looking upon thee Image of faint waters. I recoil

FZ3-45.31; E331|  
FZ3-45.32; E331|

From my fierce rage into thy semblance. Enion return  
Why does thy piteous face Evanish like a rainy cloud

FZ3-46.1; E331|  
FZ3-46.2; E331|  
FZ3-46.3; E331|  
FZ3-46.4; E331|  
FZ3-46.5; E331|

Melting. a shower of falling tears. nothing but tears! Enion:  
Substanceless. voiceless, weeping. vanishd. nothing but tears! Enion  
Art thou for ever vanishd from the watry eyes of Tharmas  
Rage Rage shall never from my bosom. winds & waters of woe  
Consuming all to the end consuming Love and Hope are ended *t667*

FZ3-46.6; E331|  
FZ3-46.7; E331|

For now no more remaind of Enion in the dismal air  
Only a voice eternal wailing in the Elements

FZ3-46.8; E331|  
FZ3-46.9; E331|  
FZ3-46.10; E331|  
FZ3-46.11; E331|  
FZ3-46.12; E331|  
FZ3-46; E331|

Where Enion, blind & age bent wanderd Ahania wanders now  
She wanders in Eternal fear of falling into the indefinite  
For her bright eyes behold the Abyss. sometimes a little sleep  
Weighs down her eyelids then she falls then starting wakes in fears  
Sleepless to wander round repelld on the margin of Non Entity  
The End of the Third Night

FZ4-header; E331|  
FZ4-headers; E331|

## PAGE 47 Vala Night The Fourth

FZ4-47.1; E331|  
FZ4-47.2; E331|  
FZ4-47.3; E331|  
FZ4-47.4; E331|  
FZ4-47.5; E331|  
FZ4-47.6; E331|

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

FZ4-47.7; E331|  
FZ4-47.8; E331|  
FZ4-47.9; E331|  
FZ4-47.10; E331|  
FZ4-47.11; E331|  
FZ4-47.12; E331|  
FZ4-47.13; E331|  
FZ4-47.14; E331|  
FZ4-47.15; E331|  
FZ4-47.16; E331|  
FZ4-47.17; E331|  
FZ4-47.18; E331|

And he said Wherefore do I feel such love & pity *t668*  
Ah Enion Ah Enion Ah lovely lovely Enion  
How is this All my hope is gone for ever fled *t669*  
Like a famishd Eagle Eyeless raging in the vast expanse  
Incessant tears are now my food. incessant rage & tears  
Deathless for ever now I wander seeking oblivion  
In torrents of despair in vain. for if I plunge beneath  
Stifling I live. If dashd in pieces from a rocky height  
I reunite in endless torment. would I had never risen  
From deaths cold sleep beneath the bottom of the raging Ocean *t670*  
And cannot those who once have lov'd. ever forget their Love?  
Are love & rage the same passion? they are the same in me



FZ4-47.19; E331|  
FZ4-47.20; E331|  
FZ4-47.21; E331|  
FZ4-47.22; E331|  
FZ4-47.23; E331|

Are those who love. like those who died. risen again from death  
Immortal. in immortal torment. never to be deliverd  
Is it not possible that one risen again from Death  
Can die! When dark despair comes over [me] can I not <sup>1671</sup>  
Flow down into the sea & slumber in oblivion. Ah Enion

FZ4-48.1; E332|  
FZ4-48.2; E332|  
FZ4-48.3; E332|  
FZ4-48.4; E332|  
FZ4-48.5; E332|  
FZ4-48.6; E332|  
FZ4-48.7; E332|  
FZ4-48.8; E332|  
FZ4-48.9; E332|  
FZ4-48.10; E332|

Deformd I see these lineaments of ungratified Desire  
The all powerful curse of an honest man be upon Urizen & Luvah  
But thou My Son Glorious in brightness comforter of Tharmas  
Go forth Rebuild this Universe beneath my indignant power  
A Universe of Death & Decay. Let Enitharmons hands  
Weave soft delusive forms of Man above my watry world  
Renew these ruind souls of Men thro Earth Sea Air & Fire  
To waste in endless corruption. renew thou I will destroy  
Perhaps Enion may resume some little semblance  
To ease my pangs of heart & to restore some peace to Tharmas

FZ4-48.11; E332|  
FZ4-48.12; E332|  
FZ4-48.13; E332|  
FZ4-48.14; E332|  
FZ4-48.15; E332|  
FZ4-48.16; E332|  
FZ4-48.17; E332|  
FZ4-48.18; E332|  
FZ4-48.19; E332|  
FZ4-48.20; E332|

Los answerd in his furious pride sparks issuing from his hair  
Hitherto shalt thou come. no further. here thy proud waves cease  
We have drunk up the Eternal Man by our unbounded power <sup>1673</sup>  
Beware lest we also drink up thee rough demon of the waters  
Our God is Urizen the King. King of the Heavenly hosts  
We have no other God but he thou father of worms & clay  
And he is falln into the Deep rough Demon of the waters  
And Los remains God over all. weak father of worms & clay  
I know I was Urthona keeper of the gates of heaven  
But now I am all powerful Los & Urthona is but my shadow

FZ4-48.21; E332|  
FZ4-48.22; E332|  
FZ4-48.23; E332|  
FZ4-48.24; E332|

Doubting stood Tharmas in the solemn darkness. his dim Eyes <sup>1674</sup>  
Swam in red tears. he reard his waves above the head of Los  
In wrath. but pitying back withdrew with many a sigh  
Now he resolvd to destroy Los & now his tears flowd down

FZ4-48.25; E332|  
FZ4-48.26; E332|

In scorn stood Los red sparks of blighting from his furious head  
Flew over the waves of Tharmas. pitying Tharmas stayd his Waves

FZ4-48.27; E332|  
FZ4-48.28; E332|  
FZ4-48.29; E332|

For Enitharmon shriekd amain crying O my sweet world  
Built by the Architect divine whose love to Los & Enitharmon  
Thou rash abhorred Demon in thy fury hast oerthrown

FZ4-49.1; E332|  
FZ4-49.2; E332|

What Sovereign Architect said Tharmas dare my will controll  
For if I will I urge these waters. If I will they sleep



FZ4-49.3; E332|

In peace beneath my awful frown my will shall be my Law

FZ4-49.4; E332|

So Saying in a Wave he rap'd bright Enitharmon far

FZ4-49.5; E332|

Apart from Los. but coverd her with softest brooding care

FZ4-49.6; E332|

On a broad wave in the warm west. balming her bleeding wound

FZ4-49.7; E332|

O how Los howld at the rending asunder all the fibres rent

FZ4-49.8; E332|

Where Enitharmon joind to his left side in griding pain <sup>t675</sup>

FZ4-49.9; E332|

He falling on the rocks bellowd his Dolor. till the blood

FZ4-49.10; E332|

Stanch'd, then in ululation waild his woes upon the wind

FZ4-49.11; E333|

And Tharmas calld to the Dark Spectre who upon the Shores

FZ4-49.12; E333|

With dislocated Limbs had falln. The Spectre rose in pain

FZ4-49.13; E333|

A Shadow blue obscure & dismal. like a statue of lead

FZ4-49.14; E333|

Bent by its fall from a high tower the dolorous shadow rose

FZ4-49.15; E333|

Go forth said Tharmas works of joy are thine obey & live

FZ4-49.16; E333|

So shall the spungy marrow issuing from thy splinterd bones

FZ4-49.17; E333|

Bonify. & thou shalt have rest when this thy labour is done

FZ4-49.18; E333|

Go forth bear Enitharmon back to the Eternal Prophet

FZ4-49.19; E333|

Build her a bower in the midst of all my dashing waves

FZ4-49.20; E333|

Make first a resting place for Los & Enitharmon. then

FZ4-49.21; E333|

Thou shalt have rest. If thou refusest dashd abroad on all

FZ4-49.22; E333|

My waves. thy limbs shall separate in stench & rotting & thou

FZ4-49.23; E333|

Become a prey to all my demons of despair & hope

FZ4-49.24; E333|

The Spectre of Urthona seeing Enitharmon writhd <sup>t676</sup>

FZ4-49.25; E333|

His cloudy form in jealous fear & muttering thunders hoarse

FZ4-49.26; E333|

And casting round thick glooms. thus utterd his fierce pangs of heart

FZ4-49.27; E333|

Tharmas I know thee. how are we alterd our beauty decayd

FZ4-49.28; E333|

But still I know thee tho in this horrible ruin whelmd

FZ4-49.29; E333|

Thou once the mildest son of heaven art now become a Rage

FZ4-49.30; E333|

A terror to all living things. think not that I am ignorant

FZ4-49.31; E333|

That thou art risen from the dead or that my power forgot

FZ4-50.1; E333|

I slumber here in weak repose. I well remember the Day

FZ4-50.2; E333|

The day of terror & abhorrence <sup>t677</sup>

FZ4-50.3; E333|

When fleeing from the battle thou fleeting like the raven

FZ4-50.4; E333|

Of dawn outstretching an expanse where neer expanse had been

FZ4-50.5; E333|

Drewst all the Sons of Beulah into thy dread vortex following <sup>t678</sup>

FZ4-50.6; E333|  
FZ4-50.7; E333|  
FZ4-50.8; E333|  
FZ4-50.9; E333|  
FZ4-50.10; E333|  
FZ4-50.11; E333|  
FZ4-50.12; E333|  
FZ4-50.13; E333|  
FZ4-50.14; E333|  
FZ4-50.15; E333|  
FZ4-50.16; E333|  
FZ4-50.17; E333|  
FZ4-50.18; E333|  
FZ4-50.19; E333|  
FZ4-50.20; E333|  
FZ4-50.21; E333|  
FZ4-50.22; E333|

Thy Eddying spirit down the hills of Beulah. All my sons  
Stood round me at the anvil where new heated the wedge  
Of iron glowd furious prepard for spades & mattocks  
Hearing the symphonies of war loud sounding All my sons  
Fled from my side then pangs smote me unknown before. I saw  
My loins begin to break forth into veiny pipes & writhe <sup>1679</sup>  
Before me in the wind englobing trembling with strong vibrations  
The bloody mass began to animate. I bending over  
Wept bitter tears incessant. Still beholding how the piteous form  
Dividing & dividing from my loins a weak & piteous  
Soft cloud of snow a female pale & weak I soft embracd  
My counter part & calld it Love I named her Enitharmon  
But found myself & her together issuing down the tide  
Which now our rivers were become delving thro caverns huge  
Of goary blood struggl[ing] to be deliverd from our bonds  
She strove in vain not so Urthona strove for breaking forth,  
A shadow blue obscure & dismal from the breathing Nostrils

FZ4-50.23; E334|  
FZ4-50.24; E334|  
FZ4-50.25; E334|  
FZ4-50.26; E334|  
FZ4-50.27; E334|

Of Enion I issued into the air divided from Enitharmon  
I howld in sorrow I beheld thee rotting upon the Rocks  
I pitying hoverd over thee I protected thy ghastly corse  
From Vultures of the deep then wherefore shouldst thou rage  
Against me who thee guarded in the night of death from harm

FZ4-50.28; E334|  
FZ4-50.29; E334|  
FZ4-50.30; E334|  
FZ4-50.31; E334|  
FZ4-50.32; E334|  
FZ4-50.33; E334|  
FZ4-50.34; E334|

Tharmas replied. Art thou Urthona My friend my old companion,  
With whom I livd in happiness before that deadly night  
When Urizen gave the horses of Light into the hands of Luvah  
Thou knowest not what Tharmas knows. O I could tell thee tales  
That would enrage thee as it has Enraged me even  
From Death in wrath & fury. But now come bear back  
Thy loved Enitharmon. For thou hast her here before thine Eyes

FZ4-51.1; E334|  
FZ4-51.2; E334|  
FZ4-51.3; E334|  
FZ4-51.4; E334|  
FZ4-51.5; E334|  
FZ4-51.6; E334|

But my sweet Enion is vanishd & I never more  
Shall see her unless thou O Shadow. wilt protect this Son  
Of Enion & him assist. to bind the fallen King  
Lest he should rise again from death in all his dreary power <sup>1680</sup>  
Bind him, take Enitharmon for thy sweet reward while I  
In vain am driven on false hope. hope sister of despair

FZ4-51.7; E334|  
FZ4-51.8; E334|  
FZ4-51.9; E334|  
FZ4-51.10; E334|

Groaning the terror rose & drave his solid rocks before <sup>1681</sup>  
Upon the tide till underneath the feet of Los a World  
Dark dreadful rose & Enitharmon lay at Los's feet  
The dolorous shadow joyd. weak hope appeard around his head

FZ4-51.11; E334|

Tharmas before Los stood & thus the Voice of Tharmas rold

FZ4-51.12; E334|

Now all comes into the power of Tharmas. Urizen is falln

FZ4-51.13; E334|

And Luvah hidden in the Elemental forms of Life & Death

FZ4-51.14; E334|

Urthona is My Son O Los thou art Urthona & Tharmas

FZ4-51.15; E334|

Is God. The Eternal Man is seald never to be deliverd

FZ4-51.16; E334|

I roll my floods over his body my billows & waves pass over him

FZ4-51.17; E334|

The Sea encompasses him & monsters of the deep are his companions

FZ4-51.18; E334|

Dreamer of furious oceans cold sleeper of weeds & shells

FZ4-51.19; E334|

Thy Eternal form shall never renew my uncertain prevails against thee

FZ4-51.20; E334|

Yet tho I rage God over all. A portion of my Life

FZ4-51.21; E334|

That in Eternal fields in comfort wanderd with my flocks

FZ4-51.22; E334|

At noon & laid her head upon my wearied bosom at night

FZ4-51.23; E334|

She is divided She is vanishd even like Luvah & Vala <sup>t682</sup>

FZ4-51.24; E334|

O why did foul ambition sieze thee Urizen Prince of Light <sup>t683</sup>

FZ4-51.25; E334|

And thee O Luvah prince of Love till Tharmas was divided

FZ4-51.26; E334|

And I what can I now behold but an Eternal Death

FZ4-51.27; E334|

Before my Eyes & an Eternal weary work to strive

FZ4-51.28; E334|

Against the monstrous forms that breed among my silent waves

FZ4-51.29; E334|

Is this to be A God far rather would I be a Man

FZ4-51.30; E334|

To know sweet Science & to do with simple companions

FZ4-51.31; E334|

Sitting beneath a tent & viewing sheepfolds & soft pastures

FZ4-51.32; E335|

Take thou the hammer of Urthona rebuild these furnaces

FZ4-51.33; E335|

Dost thou refuse mind I the sparks that issue from thy hair

FZ4-52.1; E335|

I will compell thee to rebuild by these my furious waves

FZ4-52.2; E335|

Death choose or life thou strugglest in my waters, now choose life

FZ4-52.3; E335|

And all the Elements shall serve thee to their soothing flutes

FZ4-52.4; E335|

Their sweet inspiring lyres thy labours shall administer

FZ4-52.5; E335|

And they to thee only remit not faint not thou my son

FZ4-52.6; E335|

Now thou dost know what tis to strive against the God of waters

FZ4-52.7; E335|

So saying Tharmas on his furious chariots of the Deep

FZ4-52.8; E335|

Departed far into the Unknown & left a wondrous void

FZ4-52.9; E335|

Round Los. afar his waters bore on all sides round. with noise

FZ4-52.10; E335|

Of wheels & horses hoofs & Trumpets Horns & Clarions <sup>t684</sup>

FZ4-52.11; E335|

Terrified Los beheld the ruins of Urizen beneath

FZ4-52.12; E335|

A horrible Chaos to his eyes. a formless unmeasurable Death

FZ4-52.13; E335|

Whirling up broken rocks on high into the dismal air

FZ4-52.14; E335|

And fluctuating all beneath in Eddies of molten fluid

FZ4-52.15; E335|  
FZ4-52.16; E335|  
FZ4-52.17; E335|  
FZ4-52.18; E335|  
FZ4-52.19; E335|

Then Los with terrible hands siezd on the Ruind Furnaces  
Of Urizen. Enormous work: he builded them anew  
Labour of Ages in the Darkness & the war of Tharmas  
And Los formd Anvils of Iron petrific. for his blows  
Petrify with incessant beating many a rock. many a planet

FZ4-52.20; E335|  
FZ4-52.21; E335|  
FZ4-52.22; E335|  
FZ4-52.23; E335|  
FZ4-52.24; E335|  
FZ4-52.25; E335|  
FZ4-52.26; E335|  
FZ4-52.27; E335|  
FZ4-52.28; E335|  
FZ4-52.29; E335|

But Urizen slept in a stoned stupor in the nether Abyss  
A dreamful horrible State in tossings on his icy bed  
Freezing to solid all beneath, his grey oblivious form  
Stretchd over the immense heaves in strong shudders. silent his voice  
In brooding contemplation stretching out from North to South  
In mighty power. Round him Los rolld furious  
His thunderous wheels from furnace to furnace. tending diligent  
The contemplative terror. frightend in his scornful sphere  
Frightend with cold infectious madness. in his hand the thundering  
Hammer of Urthona. forming under his heavy hand the hours

FZ4-53.1; E335|  
FZ4-53.2; E335|  
FZ4-53.3; E335|  
FZ4-53.4; E335|

The days & years. in chains of iron round the limbs of Urizen  
Linkd hour to hour & day to night & night to day & year to year  
In periods of pulsative furor. mills he formd & works  
Of many wheels resistless in the power of dark Urthona

FZ4-53.5; E335|  
FZ4-53.6; E335|  
FZ4-53.7; E335|  
FZ4-53.8; E335|  
FZ4-53.9; E335|  
FZ4-53.10; E335|  
FZ4-53.11; E335|

But Enitharmon wrapd in clouds waild loud. for as Los beat  
The anvils of Urthona link by link the chains of sorrow  
Warping upon the winds & whirling round in the dark deep  
Lashd on the limbs of Enitharmon & the sulphur fires  
Belchd from the furnaces wreathd round her. chaind in ceaseless fire  
The lovely female howld & Urizen beneath deep groand  
Deadly between the hammers beating grateful to the Ears

FZ4-53.12; E336|  
FZ4-53.13; E336|  
FZ4-53.14; E336|

Of Los. absorbd in dire revenge he drank with joy the cries  
Of Enitharmon & the groans of Urizen fuel for his wrath  
And for his pity secret feeding on thoughts of cruelty

FZ4-53.15; E336|  
FZ4-53.16; E336|  
FZ4-53.17; E336|  
FZ4-53.18; E336|  
FZ4-53.19; E336|

The Spectre wept at his dire labours when from Ladles huge <sup>1685</sup>  
He pourd the molten iron round the limbs of Enitharmon  
But when he pourd it round the bones of Urizen he laughd  
Hollow upon the hollow wind. his shadowy form obeying  
The voice of Los compelld he labourd round the Furnaces

FZ4-53.20; E336|

And thus began the binding of Urizen day & night in fear

FZ4-53.21; E336| Circling round the dark Demon with howlings dismay & sharp blightings  
FZ4-53.22; E336| The Prophet of Eternity beat on his iron links & links of brass  
FZ4-53.23; E336| And as he beat round the hurtling Demon. terrified at the Shapes  
FZ4-53.24; E336| Enslavd humanity put on he became what he beheld  
FZ4-53.25; E336| Raging against Tharmas his God & uttering  
FZ4-53.26; E336| Ambiguous words blasphemous filld with envy firm resolvd  
FZ4-53.27; E336| On hate Eternal in his vast disdain he labourd beating  
FZ4-53.28; E336| The Links of fate link after link an endless chain of sorrows

FZ4-54.1; E336| The Eternal Mind bounded began to roll eddies of wrath ceaseless  
FZ4-54.2; E336| Round & round & the sulphureous foam surgeing thick  
FZ4-54.3; E336| Settled a Lake bright & shining clear. White as the snow

FZ4-54.4; E336| Forgetfulness dumbness necessity in chains of the mind lockd up  
FZ4-54.5; E336| In fetters of ice shrinking. disorganizd rent from Eternity  
FZ4-54.6; E336| Los beat on his fetters & heated his furnaces *t686*  
FZ4-54.7; E336| And pourd iron odor & odor of brass

FZ4-54.8; E336| Restless the immortal inchaind heaving dolorous  
FZ4-54.9; E336| Anguished unbearable till a roof shaggy wild inclosd  
FZ4-54.10; E336| In an orb his fountain of thought

FZ4-54.11; E336| In a horrible dreamful slumber like the linked chain  
FZ4-54.12; E336| A vast spine writd in torment upon the wind  
FZ4-54.13; E336| Shooting paind. ribbs like a bending Cavern  
FZ4-54.14; E336| And bones of solidness froze over all his nerves of joy  
FZ4-54.15; E336| A first age passed. a state of dismal woe

FZ4-54.16; E336| From the Caverns of his jointed spine down sunk with fright  
FZ4-54.17; E336| A red round globe. hot burning. deep deep down into the Abyss  
FZ4-54.18; E336| Panting Conglobing trembling Shooting out ten thousand branches  
FZ4-54.19; E336| Around his solid bones & a Second Age passed over

FZ4-54.20; E336| In harrowing fear rolling his nervous brain shot branches *t687*  
FZ4-54.21; E336| On high into two little orbs hiding in two little caves  
FZ4-54.22; E336| Hiding carefully from the wind his eyes beheld the deep  
FZ4-54.23; E336| And a third age passed a State of dismal woe

FZ4-54.24; E337| The pangs of hope began in heavy pain striving struggling  
FZ4-54.25; E337| Two Ears in close volutions from beneath his orbs of vision  
FZ4-54.26; E337| Shot spiring out & petrified as they grew. And a Fourth *t688*



FZ4-54.27; E337|

Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

FZ4-54.28; E337|

In ghastly torment sick hanging upon the wind

FZ4-54.29; E337|

Two nostrils bent down to the deeps--

FZ4-55[1st].1; E337|

And a fifth age passed & a state of dismal woe

FZ4-55[1st].2; E337|

In ghastly torment sick. within his ribs bloated round

FZ4-55[1st].3; E337|

A craving hungry cavern. Thence arose his channeld

FZ4-55[1st].4; E337|

Throat. then like a red flame a tongue of hunger

FZ4-55[1st].5; E337|

And thirst appeared and a sixth age passed of dismal woe

FZ4-55[1st].6; E337|

Enraged,& stifled with torment he threw his right arm to the north

FZ4-55[1st].7; E337|

His left arm to the south shooting out in anguish deep

FZ4-55[1st].8; E337|

And his feet stampd the nether abyss in trembling howling & dismay

FZ4-55[1st].9; E337|

And a seventh age passed over & a state of dismal woe

FZ4-55[1st].10; E337|

The Council of God on high watching over the Body <sup>*t689*</sup>

FZ4-55[1st].11; E337|

Of Man clothd in Luvahs robes of blood saw & wept

FZ4-55[1st].12; E337|

Descending over Beulahs mild moon coverd regions

FZ4-55[1st].13; E337|

The daughters of Beulah saw the Divine Vision they were comforted

FZ4-55[1st].14; E337|

And as a Double female form loveliness & perfection of beauty

FZ4-55[1st].15; E337|

They bowd the head & worshipping & with mild voice spoke these words

FZ4-56.1; E337|

Lord. Saviour if thou hadst been here our brother had not died

FZ4-56.2; E337|

And now we know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God

FZ4-56.3; E337|

He will give it thee for we are weak women & dare not lift

FZ4-56.4; E337|

Our eyes to the Divine pavilions. therefore in mercy thou

FZ4-56.5; E337|

Appearest clothd in Luvahs garments that we may behold thee

FZ4-56.6; E337|

And live. Behold Eternal Death is in Beulah Behold

FZ4-56.7; E337|

We perish & shall not be found unless thou grant a place

FZ4-56.8; E337|

In which we may be hidden under the Shadow of wings

FZ4-56.9; E337|

For if we who are but for a time & who pass away in winter

FZ4-56.10; E337|

Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume

FZ4-56.11; E337|

Such were the words of Beulah of the Feminine Emanation <sup>*t690*</sup>

FZ4-56.12; E337|

The Empyrean groand throughout All Eden was darken

FZ4-56.13; E337|

The Corse of Albion lay on the Rock the sea of Time & Space <sup>*t691*</sup>

FZ4-56.14; E337|

Beat round the Rock in mighty waves & as a Polypus

FZ4-56.15; E337|

That vegetates beneath the Sea the limbs of Man vegetated

FZ4-56.16; E337|

In monstrous forms of Death a Human polypus of Death



FZ4-56.17; E337	The Saviour mild & gentle bent over the corse of Death	
FZ4-56.18; E337	Saying If ye will Believe your Brother shall rise again	<i>t692</i>
FZ4-56.19; E338	And first he found the Limit of Opacity & namd it Satan	
FZ4-56.20; E338	In Albions bosom for in every human bosom these limits stand	
FZ4-56.21; E338	And next he found the Limit of Contraction & namd it Adam	
FZ4-56.22; E338	While yet those beings were not born nor knew of good or Evil	
FZ4-56.23; E338	Then wondrously the Starry Wheels felt the divine hand. Limit	<i>t693</i>
FZ4-56.24; E338	Was put to Eternal Death Los felt the Limit & saw	
FZ4-56.25; E338	The Finger of God touch the Seventh furnace in terror	
FZ4-56.26; E338	And Los beheld the hand of God over his furnaces	
FZ4-56.27; E338	Beneath the Deeps in dismal Darkness beneath immensity	<i>t694</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].16; E338	In terrors Los shrunk from his task. his great hammer	
FZ4-55[2nd].17; E338	Fell from his hand his fires hid their strong limbs in smoke	
FZ4-55[2nd].18; E338	For with noises ruinous hurtlings & clashings & groans	<i>t695</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].19; E338	The immortal endur'd. tho bound in a deadly sleep	
FZ4-55[2nd].20; E338	Pale terror siezd the Eyes of Los as he beat round	
FZ4-55[2nd].21; E338	The hurtling Demon. terrifid at the shapes	
FZ4-55[2nd].22; E338	Enslavd humanity put on he became what he beheld	
FZ4-55[2nd].23; E338	He became what he was doing he was himself transformd	<i>t696</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].24; E338	[The globe of life blood trembled Branching out into roots;	
FZ4-55[2nd].25; E338	Fibrous, writhing upon the winds; Fibres of blood, milk and tears;	
FZ4-55[2nd].26; E338	In pangs, eternity on eternity. At length in tears & cries imbodyed	
FZ4-55[2nd].27; E338	A female form trembling and pale Waves before his deathly face]	
FZ4-55[2nd].28; E338	Spasms siezd his muscular fibres writhing to & fro his pallid lips	<i>t697</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].29; E338	Unwilling movd as Urizen howld his loins wavd like the sea	
FZ4-55[2nd].30; E338	At Enitharmons shriek his knees each other smote & then he lookd	<i>t698</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].31; E338	With stony Eyes on Urizen & then swift writhd his neck	<i>t699</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].32; E338	Involuntary to the Couch where Enitharmon lay	
FZ4-55[2nd].33; E338	The bones of Urizen hurtle on the wind the bones of Los	
FZ4-55[2nd].34; E338	Twinge & his iron sinews bend like lead & fold	
FZ4-55[2nd].35; E338	Into unusual forms dancing & howling stamping the Abyss	

FZ5-57.1; E338|  
FZ5-57.2; E338|  
FZ5-57.3; E338|  
FZ5-57.4; E338|

Infected Mad he dancd on his mountains high & dark as heaven  
Now fixd into one stedfast bulk his features stonify  
From his mouth curses & from his eyes sparks of blighting  
Beside the anvil cold he dancd with the hammer of Urthona

FZ5-57.5; E339|  
FZ5-57.6; E339|  
FZ5-57.7; E339|  
FZ5-57.8; E339|  
FZ5-57.9; E339|  
FZ5-57.10; E339|  
FZ5-57.11; E339|  
FZ5-57.12; E339|  
FZ5-57.13; E339|  
FZ5-57.14; E339|  
FZ5-57.15; E339|  
FZ5-57.16; E339|  
FZ5-57.17; E339|

Terrific pale. Enitharmon stretchd on the dreary Earth *t702*  
Felt her immortal limbs freeze stiffning pale inflexible  
His feet shrink withring from the deep shrinking & withering *t703*  
And Enitharmon shrunk up all their fibres withring beneath  
As plants witherd by winter leaves & stems & roots decaying  
Melt into thin air while the seed drivn by the furious wind  
Rests on the distant Mountains top. So Los & Enitharmon  
Shrunk into fixed space stood trembling on a Rocky cliff  
Yet mighty bulk & majesty & beauty remaind but unexpansive  
As far as highest Zenith from the lowest Nadir. so far shrunk *t704*  
Los from the furnaces a Space immense & left the cold  
Prince of Light bound in chains of intellect among the furnaces  
But all the furnaces were out & the bellows had ceast to blow

FZ5-57.18; E339|  
FZ5-57.19; E339|  
FZ5-57.20; E339|

He stood trembling & Enitharmon clung around his knees  
Their senses unexpansive in one stedfast bulk remain  
The night blew cold & Enitharmon shriekd on the dismal wind

FZ5-58.1; E339|  
FZ5-58.2; E339|

Her pale hands cling around her husband & over her weak head  
Shadows of Eternal death sit in the leaden air

FZ5-58.3; E339|  
FZ5-58.4; E339|  
FZ5-58.5; E339|  
FZ5-58.6; E339|  
FZ5-58.7; E339|  
FZ5-58.8; E339|  
FZ5-58.9; E339|  
FZ5-58.10; E339|  
FZ5-58.11; E339|  
FZ5-58.12; E339|  
FZ5-58.13; E339|  
FZ5-58.14; E339|  
FZ5-58.15; E339|

But the soft pipe the flute the viol organ harp & cymbal  
And the sweet sound of silver voices calm the weary couch  
Of Enitharmon but her groans drown the immortal harps  
Loud & more loud the living music floats upon the air  
Faint & more faint the daylight wanes. The wheels of turning darkness  
Began in solemn revolutions. Earth convulsd with rending pangs  
Rockd to & fro & cried sore at the groans of Enitharmon *t705*  
Still the faint harps & silver voices calm the weary couch  
But from the caves of deepest night ascending in clouds of mist  
The winter spread his wide black wings across from pole to pole  
Grim frost beneath & terrible snow linkd in a marriage chain  
Began a dismal dance. The winds around on pointed rocks  
Settled like bats innumerable ready to fly abroad

FZ5-58.16; E339|  
FZ5-58.17; E339|  
FZ5-58.18; E339|

The groans of Enitharmon shake the skies the labring Earth  
Till from her heart rending his way a terrible Child sprang forth  
In thunder smoke & sullen flames & howlings & fury & blood

FZ5-58.19; E339|  
FZ5-58.20; E339|  
FZ5-58.21; E339|  
FZ5-58.22; E339|  
FZ5-58.23; E339|  
FZ5-58.24; E339|  
FZ5-58.25; E339|

Soon as his burning Eyes were open on the Abyss  
The horrid trumpets of the deep bellowd with bitter blasts  
The Enormous Demons woke & howld around the new born king *t706*  
Crying Luvah King of Love thou art the King of rage & death  
Urizen cast deep darkness round him raging Luvah pourd *t707*  
The spears of Urizen from Chariots round the Eternal tent  
Discord began then yells & cries shook the wide firma[m]ent *t708*

FZ5-59.1; E340|  
FZ5-59.2; E340|  
FZ5-59.3; E340|  
FZ5-59.4; E340|

Where is Sweet Vala gloomy prophet where the lovely form  
That drew the body of Man from heaven into this dark Abyss  
Soft tears & sighs where are you come forth shout on bloody fields  
Shew thy soul Vala shew thy bow & quiver of secret fires

FZ5-59.5; E340|  
FZ5-59.6; E340|  
FZ5-59.7; E340|  
FZ5-59.8; E340|

Draw thy bow Vala from the depths of hell thy black bow draw *t709*  
And twang the bow string to our howlings let thine arrows black  
Sing in the Sky as once they sang upon the hills of Light  
When dark Urthona wept in torment of the secret pain

FZ5-59.9; E340|  
FZ5-59.10; E340|  
FZ5-59.11; E340|  
FZ5-59.12; E340|

He wept & he divided & he laid his gloomy head  
Down on the Rock of Eternity on darkness of the deep  
Torn by black storms & ceaseless torrents of consuming fire  
Within his breast his fiery sons chaind down & filld with cursings

FZ5-59.13; E340|  
FZ5-59.14; E340|  
FZ5-59.15; E340|  
FZ5-59.16; E340|

And breathing terrible blood & vengeance gnashing his teeth with pain  
Let loose the Enormous Spirit in the darkness of the deep  
And his dark wife that once fair crystal form divinely clear  
Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire

FZ5-59.17; E340|  
FZ5-59.18; E340|  
FZ5-59.19; E340|  
FZ5-59.20; E340|

But now the times return upon thee Enitharmons womb  
Now holds thee soon to issue forth. Sound Clarions of war  
Call Vala from her close recess in all her dark deceit  
Then rage on rage shall fierce redound out of her crystal quiver

FZ5-59.21; E340|  
FZ5-59.22; E340|  
FZ5-59.23; E340|  
FZ5-59.24; E340|

So sung the Demons round red Orc & round faint Enitharmon *t710*  
Sweat & blood stood on the limbs of Los in globes. his fiery Eyelids  
Faded. he roud he siezd the wonder in his hands & went  
Shuddring & weeping thro the Gloom & down into the deeps

FZ5-59.25; E340|  
FZ5-59.26; E340|  
FZ5-59.27; E340|  
FZ5-59.28; E340|

Enitharmon nursd her fiery child in the dark deeps  
Sitting in darkness. over her Los mournd in anguish fierce  
Coverd with gloom. the fiery boy grew fed by the milk  
Of Enitharmon. Los around her builded pillars of iron

FZ5-60.1; E340|  
FZ5-60.2; E340|  
FZ5-60.3; E340|  
FZ5-60.4; E340|  
FZ5-60.5; E340|

And brass & silver & gold fourfold in dark prophetic fear  
For now he feard Eternal Death & uttermost Extinction <sup>t711</sup>  
He builded Golgonooza on the Lake of Udan Adan  
Upon the Limit of Translucence then he builded Luban  
Tharmas laid the Foundations & Los finishd it in howling woe

FZ5-60.6; E340|  
FZ5-60.7; E340|  
FZ5-60.8; E340|  
FZ5-60.9; E340|  
FZ5-60.10; E340|  
FZ5-60.11; E340|  
FZ5-60.12; E340|

But when fourteen summers & winters had revolved over  
Their solemn habitation Los beheld the ruddy boy  
Embracing his bright mother & beheld malignant fires  
In his young eyes discerning plain that Orc plotted his death  
Grief rose upon his ruddy brows. a tightening girdle grew  
Around his bosom like a bloody cord. in secret sobs  
He burst it, but next morn another girdle succeeds

FZ5-60.13; E341|  
FZ5-60.14; E341|  
FZ5-60.15; E341|  
FZ5-60.16; E341|  
FZ5-60.17; E341|  
FZ5-60.18; E341|

Around his bosom. Every day he viewd the fiery youth  
With silent fear & his immortal cheeks grew deadly pale  
Till many a morn & many a night passd over in dire woe  
Forming a girdle in the day & bursting it at night  
The girdle was formd by day by night was burst in twain  
Falling down on the rock an iron chain link by link lockd

FZ5-60.19; E341|  
FZ5-60.20; E341|  
FZ5-60.21; E341|  
FZ5-60.22; E341|  
FZ5-60.23; E341|  
FZ5-60.24; E341|  
FZ5-60.25; E341|  
FZ5-60.26; E341|  
FZ5-60.27; E341|  
FZ5-60.28; E341|  
FZ5-60.29; E341|  
FZ5-60.30; E341|

Enitharmon beheld the bloody chain of nights & days  
Depending from the bosom of Los & how with griding pain <sup>t712</sup>  
He went each morning to his labours. with the spectre dark  
Calld it the chain of jealousy. Now Los began to speak <sup>t713</sup>  
His woes aloud to Enitharmon. since he could not hide  
His uncouth plague. He siezd the boy in his immortal hands  
While Enitharmon followd him weeping in dismal woe  
Up to the iron mountains top & there the Jealous chain  
Fell from his bosom on the mountain. The Spectre dark  
Held the fierce boy Los naild him down binding around his limbs  
The accursed chain O how bright Enitharmon howld & cried <sup>t714</sup>  
Over her son. Obdurate Los bound down her loved joy

FZ5-61.1; E341|  
FZ5-61.2; E341|

The hammer of Urthona smote the rivets in terror. of brass  
Tenfold. the Demons rage flamd tenfold forth rending

FZ5-61.3; E341| Roaring redounding. Loud Loud Loder & Louder & fird  
FZ5-61.4; E341| The darkness warring With the waves of Tharmas & Snows of Urizen  
FZ5-61.5; E341| Crackling the flames went up with fury from the immortal demon  
FZ5-61.6; E341| Surrounded with flames the Demon grew loud howling in his fires  
FZ5-61.7; E341| Los folded Enitharmon in a cold white cloud in fear  
FZ5-61.8; E341| Then led her down into the deeps & into his labyrinth  
FZ5-61.9; E341| Giving the Spectre sternest charge over the howling fiend

FZ5-61.10; E341| Concenterd into Love of Parent Storgous Appetite Craving  
FZ5-61.11; E341| His limbs bound down mock at his chains for over them a flame  
FZ5-61.12; E341| Of circling fire unceasing plays to feed them with life & bring  
FZ5-61.13; E341| The virtues of the Eternal worlds ten thousand thousand spirits  
FZ5-61.14; E341| Of life lament around the Demon going forth & returning <sup>t715</sup>  
FZ5-61.15; E341| At his enormous call they flee into the heavens of heavens  
FZ5-61.16; E341| And back return with wine & food. Or dive into the deeps  
FZ5-61.17; E341| To bring the thrilling joys of sense to quell his ceaseless rage  
FZ5-61.18; E341| His eyes the lights of his large soul contract or else expand  
FZ5-61.19; E341| Contracted they behold the secrets of the infinite mountains  
FZ5-61.20; E341| The veins of gold & silver & the hidden things of Vala  
FZ5-61.21; E341| Whatever grows from its pure bud or breathes a fragrant soul  
FZ5-61.22; E341| Expanded they behold the terrors of the Sun & Moon  
FZ5-61.23; E341| The Elemental Planets & the orbs of eccentric fire  
FZ5-61.24; E341| His nostrils breathe a fiery flame. his locks are like the forests <sup>t716</sup>  
FZ5-61.25; E341| Of wild beasts there the lion glares the tyger & wolf howl there

FZ5-61.26; E342| And there the Eagle hides her young in cliffs & precipices  
FZ5-61.27; E342| His bosom is like starry heaven expanded all the stars Springs  
FZ5-61.28; E342| Flow into rivers of delight. there the spontaneous flowers  
FZ5-61.29; E342| Drink laugh & sing. the grasshopper the Emmet & the Fly  
FZ5-61.30; E342| The golden Moth builds there a house & spreads her silken bed

FZ5-62.1; E342| His loins inwove with silken fires are like a furnace fierce  
FZ5-62.2; E342| As the strong Bull in summer time when bees sing round the heath  
FZ5-62.3; E342| Where the herds low after the shadow & after the water spring  
FZ5-62.4; E342| The numrous flocks cover the mountain & shine along the valley  
FZ5-62.5; E342| His knees are rocks of adamant & rubie & emerald  
FZ5-62.6; E342| Spirits of strength in Palaces rejoice in golden armour <sup>t717</sup>  
FZ5-62.7; E342| Armed with spear & shield they drink & rejoice over the slain  
FZ5-62.8; E342| Such is the Demon such his terror in the nether deep

FZ5-62.9; E342| But when returnd to Golgonooza Los & Enitharmon  
FZ5-62.10; E342| Felt all the sorrow Parents feel. they wept toward one another  
FZ5-62.11; E342| And Los repented that he had chaind Orc upon the mountain



FZ5-62.12; E342|  
FZ5-62.13; E342|  
FZ5-62.14; E342|  
FZ5-62.15; E342|  
FZ5-62.16; E342|  
FZ5-62.17; E342|  
FZ5-62.18; E342|  
FZ5-62.19; E342|  
FZ5-62.20; E342|

And Enitharmons tears prevaild parental love returnd  
Tho terrible his dread of that infernal chain They rose  
At midnight hasting to their much beloved care  
Nine days they traveld thro the Gloom of Entuthon Benithon  
Los taking Enitharmon by the hand led her along  
The dismal vales & up to the iron mountains top where Orc  
Howld in the furious wind he thought to give to Enitharmon  
Her son in tenfold joy & to compensate for her tears  
Even if his own death resulted so much pity him paind

FZ5-62.21; E342|  
FZ5-62.22; E342|  
FZ5-62.23; E342|  
FZ5-62.24; E342|  
FZ5-62.25; E342|  
FZ5-62.26; E342|  
FZ5-62.27; E342|  
FZ5-62.28; E342|  
FZ5-62.29; E342|  
FZ5-62.30; E342|  
FZ5-62.31; E342|  
FZ562.32; E342|

But when they came to the dark rock & to the spectrous cave  
Lo the young limbs had strucken root into the rock & strong  
Fibres had from the Chain of Jealousy inwove themselves  
In a swift vegetation round the rock & round the Cave  
And over the immortal limbs of the terrible fiery boy  
In vain they strove now to unchain. In vain with bitter tears  
To melt the chain of Jealousy. not Enitharmons death  
Nor the Consummation of Los could ever melt the chain  
Nor unroot the infernal fibres from their rocky bed  
Nor all Urthonas strength nor all the power of Luvahs Bulls  
Tho they each morning drag the unwilling Sun out of the deep  
Could uproot the infernal chain. for it had taken root *t718*

FZ5-63.1; E342|  
FZ5-63.2; E342|  
FZ5-63.3; E342|  
FZ5-63.4; E342|

Into the iron rock & grew a chain beneath the Earth  
Even to the Center wrapping round the Center & the limbs  
Of Orc entering with fibres. became one with him a living Chain  
Sustained by the Demons life. Despair & Terror & Woe & Rage

FZ5-63.5; E343|  
FZ5-63.6; E343|

Inwrap the Parents in cold clouds as they bend howling over  
The terrible boy till fainting by his side the Parents fell

FZ5-63.7; E343|  
FZ5-63.8; E343|  
FZ5-63.9; E343|

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

FZ5-63.10; E343|  
FZ5-63.11; E343|  
FZ5-63.12; E343|  
FZ5-63.13; E343|  
FZ5-63.14; E343|  
FZ5-63.15; E343|

When satiated with grief they returnd back to Golgonooza *t719*  
Enitharmon on the road of Dranthon felt the inmost gate  
Of her bright heart burst open & again close with a deadly pain *t720*  
Within her heart Vala began to reanimate in bursting sobs *t721*  
And when the Gate was open she beheld that dreary Deep *t722*  
Where bright Ahania wept. She also saw the infernal roots



FZ5-63.16; E343|

Of the chain of Jealousy & felt the rendings of fierce howling Orc

FZ5-63.17; E343|

Rending the Caverns like a mighty wind pent in the Earth

FZ5-63.18; E343|

Tho wide apart as furthest north is from the furthest south *t723*

FZ5-63.19; E343|

Urizen trembled where he lay to hear the howling terror

FZ5-63.20; E343|

The rocks shook the Eternal bars tuggd to & fro were rifted

FZ5-63.21; E343|

Outstretchd upon the stones of ice the ruins of his throne

FZ5-63.22; E343|

Urizen shuddring heard his trembling limbs shook the strong caves

FZ5-63.23; E343|

The Woes of Urizen shut up in the deep dens of Urthona

FZ5-63.24; E343|

Ah how shall Urizen the King submit to this dark mansion

FZ5-63.25; E343|

Ah how is this! Once on the heights I stretchd my throne sublime

FZ5-63.26; E343|

The mountains of Urizen once of silver where the sons of wisdom dwelt

FZ5-63.27; E343|

And on whose tops the Virgins sag are rocks of Desolation

FZ5-63.28; E343|

My fountains once the haunt of Swans now breed the scaly tortoise

FZ5-63.29; E343|

The houses of my harpers are become a haunt of crows

FZ5-63.30; E343|

The gardens of wisdom are become a field of horrid graves

FZ5-63.31; E343|

And on the bones I drop my tears & water them in vain

FZ5-64.1; E343|

Once how I walked from my palace in gardens of delight

FZ5-64.2; E343|

The sons of wisdom stood around the harpers followd with harps

FZ5-64.3; E343|

Nine virgins clothd in light composd the song to their immortal voices

FZ5-64.4; E343|

And at my banquets of new wine my head was crownd with joy

FZ5-64.5; E343|

Then in my ivory pavilions I slumberd in the noon *t724*

FZ5-64.6; E343|

And walked in the silent night among sweet smelling flowers

FZ5-64.7; E343|

Till on my silver bed I slept & sweet dreams round me hoverd

FZ5-64.8; E343|

But now my land is darkend & my wise men are departed

FZ5-64.9; E343|

My songs are turned to cries of Lamentation *t725*

FZ5-64.10; E343|

Heard on my Mountains & deep sighs under my palace roofs

FZ5-64.11; E343|

Because the Steeds of Urizen once swifter than the light

FZ5-64.12; E343|

Were kept back from my Lord & from his chariot of mercies

FZ5-64.13; E344|

O did I keep the horses of the day in silver pastures

FZ5-64.14; E344|

O I refusd the Lord of day the horses of his prince

FZ5-64.15; E344|

O did I close my treasuries with roofs of solid stone

FZ5-64.16; E344|

And darken all my Palace walls with envyings & hate

FZ5-64.17; E344|  
FZ5-64.18; E344|  
FZ5-64.19; E344|  
FZ5-64.20; E344|

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

FZ5-64.21; E344|  
FZ5-64.22; E344|  
FZ5-64.23; E344|  
FZ5-64.24; E344|

I well remember for I heard the mild & holy voice  
Saying O light spring up & shine & I sprang up from the deep *t726*  
He gave to me a silver scepter & crown'd me with a golden crown  
& said Go forth & guide my Son who wanders on the ocean *t727*

FZ5-64.25; E344|  
FZ5-64.26; E344|  
FZ5-64.27; E344|  
FZ5-64.28; E344|

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

FZ5-64.29; E344|  
FZ5-64.30; E344|  
FZ5-64.31; E344|  
FZ5-64.32; E344|

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

FZ5-65.1; E344|  
FZ5-65.2; E344|  
FZ5-65.3; E344|  
FZ5-65.4; E344|

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

FZ5-65.5; E344|  
FZ5-65.6; E344|  
FZ5-65.7; E344|  
FZ5-65.8; E344|

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

FZ5-65.9; E344|  
FZ5-65.10; E344|  
FZ5-65.11; E344|  
FZ5-65.12; E344|  
FZ5-65; E344|

I will arise Explore these dens & find that deep pulsation  
That shakes my caverns with strong shudders. perhaps this is the night  
Of Prophecy & Luvah hath burst his way from Enitharmon  
When Thought is clos'd in Caves. Then love shall shew its root in deepest Hell  
End of the Fifth Night *t728*

FZ6-headers; E344|  
FZ6-header; E344|

PAGE 67 VALA  
Night the Sixth *t729*

FZ6-67.1; E344|

So Urizen arose & leaning on his Spear explor'd his dens

FZ6-67.2; E344|

He threw his flight thro the dark air to where a river flowd

FZ6-67.3; E345|

And taking off his silver helmet filled it & drank

FZ6-67.4; E345|

But when Unsatiated his thirst he assayed to gather more

FZ6-67.5; E345|

Lo three terrific women at the verge of the bright flood

FZ6-67.6; E345|

Who would not suffer him to approach. but drove him back with storms

FZ6-67.7; E345|

Urizen knew them not & thus addressd the spirits of darkness

FZ6-67.8; E345|

Who art thou Eldest Woman sitting in thy clouds

FZ6-67.9; E345|

What is that name written on thy forehead? what art thou?

FZ6-67.10; E345|

And wherefore dost thou pour this water forth in sighs & care

FZ6-67.11; E345|

She answerd not but filld her urn & pourd it forth abroad

FZ6-67.12; E345|

Answerest thou not said Urizen. then thou maist answer me

FZ6-67.13; E345|

Thou terrible woman clad in blue, whose strong attractive power

FZ6-67.14; E345|

Draws all into a fountain at the rock of thy attraction

FZ6-67.15; E345|

With frowning brow thou sittest mistress of these mighty waters

FZ6-67.16; E345|

She answerd not but stretchd her arms & threw her limbs abroad

FZ6-67.17; E345|

Or wilt thou answer youngest Woman clad in shining green <sup>t730</sup>

FZ6-67.18; E345|

With labour & care thou dost divide the current into four <sup>t731</sup>

FZ6-67.19; E345|

Queen of these dreadful rivers speak & let me hear thy voice

FZ6-68.1; E345|

They reard up a wall of rocks and Urizen raisd his spear. <sup>t732</sup>

FZ6-68.2; E345|

They gave a scream, they knew their father Urizen knew his daughters

FZ6-68.3; E345|

They shrunk into their channels. dry the rocky strand beneath his feet

FZ6-68.4; E345|

Hiding themselves in rocky forms from the Eyes of Urizen

FZ6-68.5; E345|

Then Urizen wept & thus his lamentation poured forth

FZ6-68.6; E345|

O horrible O dreadful state! those whom I loved best

FZ6-68.7; E345|

On whom I pourd the beauties of my light adorning them

FZ6-68.8; E345|

With jewels & precious ornament labourd with art divine

FZ6-68.9; E345|

Vests of the radiant colours of heaven & crowns of golden fire

FZ6-68.10; E345|

I gave sweet lillies to their breasts & roses to their hair

FZ6-68.11; E345|

I taught them songs of sweet delight, I gave their tender voices

FZ6-68.12; E345|  
FZ6-68.13; E345|  
FZ6-68.14; E345|  
FZ6-68.15; E345|  
FZ6-68.16; E345|  
FZ6-68.17; E345|  
FZ6-68.18; E345|  
FZ6-68.19; E345|  
FZ6-68.20; E345|  
FZ6-68.21; E345|  
FZ6-68.22; E345|  
FZ6-68.23; E345|  
FZ6-68.24; E345|

Into the blue expanse & I invented with laborious art  
Sweet instruments of sound. in pride encompassing my Knees  
They pourd their radiance above all. the daughters of Luvah Envied  
At their exceeding brightness & the sons of eternity sent them gifts  
Now will I pour my fry on them & I will reverse  
The precious benediction. for their colours of loveliness  
I will give blackness for jewels hoary frost for ornament deformity  
For crowns wreathd Serpents for sweet odors stinking corruptibility  
For voices of delight hoarse croakings inarticulate thro frost  
For labourd fatherly care & sweet instruction. I will give  
Chains of dark ignorance & cords of twisted self conceit  
And whips of stern repentance & food of stubborn obstinacy  
That they may curse Tharmas their God & Los his adopted son

FZ6-68.25; E346|  
FZ6-68.26; E346|  
FZ6-68.27; E346|

That they may curse & worship the obscure Demon of destruction  
That they may worship terrors & obey the violent  
Go forth sons of my curse Go forth daughters of my abhorrence

FZ6-68.28; E346|  
FZ6-68.29; E346|  
FZ6-68.30; E346|

Tharmas heard the deadly scream across his watry world  
And Urizens loud sounding voice lamenting on the wind  
And he came riding in his fury. froze to solid were his waves

FZ6-69.1; E346|  
FZ6-69.2; E346|  
FZ6-69.3; E346|  
FZ6-69.4; E346|  
FZ6-69.5; E346|

Silent in ridges he beheld them stand round Urizen  
A dreary waste of solid waters for the King of Light  
Darkend his brows with his cold helmet & his gloomy spear  
Darkend before him. Silent on the ridgy waves he took  
His gloomy way before him Tharmas fled & flying fought

FZ6-69.6; E346|  
FZ6-69.7; E346|  
FZ6-69.8; E346|  
FZ6-69.9; E346|  
FZ6-69.10; E346|  
FZ6-69.11; E346|  
FZ6-69.12; E346|  
FZ6-69.13; E346|  
FZ6-69.14; E346|  
FZ6-69.15; E346|  
FZ6-69.16; E346|  
FZ6-69.17; E346|  
FZ6-69.18; E346|  
FZ6-69.19; E346|  
FZ6-69.20; E346|

Crying. What & who art thou Cold Demon. art thou Urizen  
Art thou like me risen again from death or art thou deathless  
If thou art he my desperate purpose hear & give me death  
For death to me is better far than life. death my desire  
That I in vain in various paths have sought but still I live  
The Body of Man is given to me I seek in vain to destroy  
For still it surges forth in fish & monsters of the deeps  
And in these monstrous forms I Live in an Eternal woe <sup>t733</sup>  
And thou O Urizen art falln never to be deliverd  
Withhold thy light from me for ever & I will withhold  
From thee thy food so shall we cease to be & all our sorrows  
End & the Eternal Man no more renew beneath our power <sup>t734</sup>  
If thou refusest in eternal flight thy beams in vain  
Shall pursue Tharmas & in vain shalt crave for food I will  
Pour down my flight thro dark immensity Eternal falling

FZ6-69.21; E346|  
FZ6-69.22; E346|

Thou shalt pursue me but in vain till starvd upon the void  
Thou hangst a dried skin shrunk up weak wailing in the wind

FZ6-69.23; E346|  
FZ6-69.24; E346|  
FZ6-69.25; E346|  
FZ6-69.26; E346|  
FZ6-69.27; E346|  
FZ6-69.28; E346|  
FZ6-69.29; E346|  
FZ6-69.30; E346|  
FZ6-69.31; E346|  
FZ6-69.32; E346|  
FZ6-69.33; E346|

So Tharmas spoke but Urizen replied not. On his way  
He took. high bounding over hills & desarts floods & horrible chasms  
Infinite was his labour without end his travel he strove  
In vain for hideous monsters of the deeps annoyd him sore  
Scaled & finnd with iron & brass they devourd the path before him  
Incessant was the conflict. On he bent his weary steps  
Making a path toward the dark world of Urthona. he rose  
With pain upon the dreary mountains & with pain descended <sup>t735</sup>  
And saw their grizly fears & his eyes sickend at the sight  
The howlings gnashings groanings shriekings shudderings sobbings burstings  
Mingle together to create a world for Los. In cruel delight

FZ6-70[1st].1; E346|  
FZ6-70[1st].2; E346|

Los brooded on the darkness. nor saw Urizen with a Globe of fire  
Lighting his dismal journey thro the pathless world of death

FZ6-70[1st].3; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].4; E347|

Writing in bitter tears & groans in books of iron & brass  
The enormous wonders of the Abysses once his brightest joy

FZ6-70[1st].5; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].6; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].7; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].8; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].9; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].10; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].11; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].12; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].13; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].14; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].15; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].16; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].17; E347|

For Urizen beheld the terrors of the Abyss wandering among  
The ruind spirits once his children & the children of Luvah  
Scard at the sound of their own sigh that seems to shake the immense  
They wander Moping in their heart a Sun a Dreary moon  
A Universe of fiery constellations in their brain  
An Eart of wintry woe beneath their feet & round their loins <sup>t736</sup>  
Waters or winds or clouds or brooding lightnings & pestilential plagues  
Beyond the bounds of their own self their senses cannot penetrate  
As the tree knows not what is outside of its leaves & bark  
And yet it drinks the summer joy & fears the winter sorrow  
So in the regions of the grave none knows his dark compeer  
Tho he partakes of his dire woes & mutual returns the pang  
The throb the dolor the convulsion in soul sickening woes <sup>t737</sup>

FZ6-70[1st].18; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].19; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].20; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].21; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].22; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].23; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].24; E347|

The horrid shapes & sights of torment in burning dungeons & in  
Fetters of red hot iron some with crowns of serpents & some  
With monsters girding round their bosoms, Some lying on beds of sulphur  
On racks & wheels he beheld women marching oer burning wastes  
Of Sand in bands of hundreds & of fifties & of thousands stricken with  
Lightnings which blazed after them upon their shoulders in their march  
In successive vollies with loud thunders swift flew the King of Light



FZ6-70[1st].25; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].26; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].27; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].28; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].29; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].30; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].31; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].32; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].33; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].34; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].35; E347|  
FZ6-70[st].36; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].37; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].38; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].39; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].40; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].41; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].42; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].43; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].44; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].45; E347|

Over the burning desarts Then the desarts passd. involvd in clouds  
Of smoke with myriads moping in the stifling vapours. Swift  
Flew the King tho flagd his powers labring. till over rocks  
And Mountains faint weary he wanderd. where multitudes were shut  
Up in the solid mountains & in rocks which heaved with their torments  
Then came he among fiery cities & castles built of burning steel  
Then he beheld the forms of tygers & of Lions dishumanizd men  
Many in serpents & in worms stretchd out enormous length  
Over the sullen mould & slimy tracks obstruct his way  
Drawn out from deep to deep woven by ribbd  
And scaled monsters or armd in iron shell or shell of brass  
Or gold a glittering torment shining & hissing in eternal pain  
Some [*as*] columns of fire or of water sometimes stretchd out in heighth *t738*  
Sometimes in length sometimes englobing wandering in vain seeking for ease *t739*  
His voice to them was but an inarticulate thunder for their Ears  
Were heavy & dull & their eyes & nostrils closed up  
Oft he stood by a howling victim Questioning in words  
Soothing or Furious no one answerd every one wrapd up  
In his own sorrow howld regardless of his words, nor voice  
Of sweet response could he obtain tho oft assayd with tears  
He knew they were his Children ruind in his ruind world *t740*

FZ6-71[1st].1; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].2; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].3; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].4; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].5; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].6; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].7; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].8; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].9; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].10; E348|

Oft would he stand & question a fierce scorpion glowing with gold  
In vain the terror heard not. then a lion he would Sieze  
By the fierce mane staying his howling course in vain the voice *t741*  
Of Urizen vain the Eloquent tongue. A Rock a Cloud a Mountain  
Were now not Vocal as in Climes of happy Eternity  
Where the lamb replies to the infant voice & the lion to the man of years  
Giving them sweet instructions Where the Cloud the River & the Field  
Talk with the husbandman & shepherd. But these attackd him sore  
Siezing upon his feet & rending the Sinews that in Caves  
He hid to recure his obstructed powers with rest & oblivion

FZ6-70[2nd].46; E348|  
FZ6-70[2nd].47; E348|

Here he had time enough to repent of his rashly threatend curse  
He saw them cursd beyond his Curse his soul melted with fear

FZ6-71[2nd].11; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].12; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].13; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].14; E348|

He could not take their fetters off for they grew from the soul  
Nor could he quench the fires for they flamd out from the heart  
Nor cold he calm the Elements because himself was Subject  
So he threw his flight in terror & pain & in repentant tears

FZ6-71[2nd].15; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].16; E348|

When he had passd these southern terrors he approachd the East  
Void pathless beaten With iron sleet & eternal hail & rain *t742*



FZ6-71[2nd].17; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].18; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].19; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].20; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].21; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].22; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].23; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].24; E348|

No form was there no living thing & yet his way lay thro  
This dismal world. he stood a while & lookd back oer his former  
Terrific voyage. Hills & Vales of torment & despair  
Sighing & Wiping a fresh tear. then turning round he threw  
Himself into the dismal void. falling he fell & fell  
Whirling in unresistible revolutions down & down  
In the horrid bottomless vacuity falling failing falling  
Into the Eastern vacuity the empty world of Luvah

FZ6-71[2nd].25; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].26; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].27; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].28; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].29; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].30; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].31; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].32; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].33; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].34; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].35; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].36; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].37; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].38; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].39; E348|

The ever pitying one who seeth all things saw his fall  
And in the dark vacuity created a bosom of clay *t743*  
When wearied dead he fell his limbs reposd in the bosom of slime  
As the seed falls from the sowers hand so Urizen fell & death  
Shut up his powers in oblivion. then as the seed shoots forth  
In pain & sorrow. So the slimy bed his limbs renewd  
At first an infant weakness. periods passd he gatherd strength  
But still in solitude he sat then rising threw his flight  
Onward tho falling thro the waste of night & ending in death  
And in another resurrection to sorrow & weary travel  
But still his books he bore in his strong hands & his iron pen  
For when he died they lay beside his grave & when he rose *t744*  
He siezd them with a gloomy smile for wrapd in his death clothes *t745*  
He hid them when he slept in death when he revivd the clothes  
Were rotted by the winds the books remaind still unconsumd

FZ6-71[2nd].40; E349|  
FZ6-71[2nd].41; E349|  
FZ6-71[2nd].42; E349|

Still to be written & interleavd with brass & iron & gold  
Time after time for such a journey none but iron pens  
Can write And adamantine leaves recieve nor can the man who goes

FZ6-72.1; E349|

The journey obstinate refuse to write time after time

FZ6-72.2; E349|  
FZ6-72.3; E349|  
FZ6-72.4; E349|  
FZ6-72.5; E349|  
FZ6-72.6; E349|  
FZ6-72.7; E349|  
FZ6-72.8; E349|  
FZ6-72.9; E349|  
FZ6-72.10; E349|  
FZ6-72.11; E349|  
FZ6-72.12; E349|  
FZ6-72.13; E349|

Endless had been his travel but the Divine hand him led *t746*  
For infinite the distance & obscurd by Combustions dire  
By rocky masses frowning in the abysses revolving erratic  
Round Lakes of fire in the dark deep the ruins of Urizens world  
Oft would he sit in a dark rift & regulate his books  
Or sleep such sleep as spirits eternal wearied in his dark  
Tearful & sorrowful state. then rise look out & ponder  
His dismal voyage eyeing the next sphere tho far remote  
Then darting into the Abyss of night his venturous limbs  
Thro lightnings thunders earthquakes & concussions fires & floods  
Stemming his downward fall labouring up against futurity  
Creating many a Vortex fixing many a Science in the deep

FZ6-72.14; E349|  
FZ6-72.15; E349|

And thence throwing his venturous limbs into the Vast unknown  
Swift Swift from Chaos to chaos from void to void a road immense

FZ6-72.16; E349|  
FZ6-72.17; E349|  
FZ6-72.18; E349|  
FZ6-72.19; E349|  
FZ6-72.20; E349|  
FZ6-72.21; E349|

For when he came to where a Vortex ceas'd to operate  
Nor down nor up remain'd then if he turn'd & look'd back  
From whence he came 'twas upward all. & if he turn'd and view'd  
The unpass'd void upward was still his mighty wandering  
The midst between an Equilibrium grey of air serene  
Where he might live in peace & where his life might meet repose

FZ6-72.22; E349|  
FZ6-72.23; E349|  
FZ6-72.24; E349|  
FZ6-72.25; E349|  
FZ6-72.26; E349|  
FZ6-72.27; E349|  
FZ6-72.28; E349|  
FZ6-72.29; E349|  
FZ6-72.30; E349|  
FZ6-72.31; E349|  
FZ6-72.32; E349|  
FZ6-72.33; E349|  
FZ6-72.34; E349|  
FZ6-72.35; E349|  
FZ6-72.36; E349|  
FZ6-72.37; E349|  
FZ6-72.38; E349|  
FZ6-72.39; E349|

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

FZ6-73.1; E350|  
FZ6-73.2; E350|  
FZ6-73.3; E350|  
FZ6-73.4; E350|  
FZ6-73.5; E350|  
FZ6-73.6; E350|  
FZ6-73.7; E350|  
FZ6-73.8; E350|  
FZ6-73.9; E350|  
FZ6-73.10; E350|  
FZ6-73.11; E350|  
FZ6-73.12; E350|  
FZ6-73.13; E350|  
FZ6-73.14; E350|  
FZ6-73.15; E350|

And laughter sat beneath the Oaks & innocence sported round  
Upon the green plains & sweet friendship met in palaces  
And books & instruments of song & pictures of delight  
Where are they whelm'd beneath these ruins in horrible destruction *t747*  
And if Eternal falling I repose on the dark bosom  
Of winds & waters or thence fall into a Void where air  
Is not down falling thro' immensity ever & ever  
I lose my powers weakend every revolution till a death  
Shuts up my powers then a seed in the vast womb of darkness  
I dwell in dim oblivion. brooding over me the Enormous worlds  
Reorganize me shooting forth in bones & flesh & blood  
I am regenerated to fall or rise at will or to remain  
A labourer of ages a dire discontent a living woe  
Wandering in vain. Here will I fix my foot & here rebuild  
Here Mountains of Brass promise much riches in their dreadful bosoms *t748*

FZ6-73.16; E350	So he began to dig form[ing] of gold silver & iron <i>t749</i>
FZ6-73.17; E350	And brass vast instruments to measure out the immense & fix
FZ6-73.18; E350	The whole into another world better suited to obey
FZ6-73.19; E350	His will where none should dare oppose his will himself being King
FZ6-73.20; E350	Of All & all futurity be bound in his vast chain
FZ6-73.21; E350	And the Sciences were fixd & the Vortexes began to operate
FZ6-73.22; E350	On all the sons of men & every human soul terrified
FZ6-73.23; E350	At the turning wheels of heaven shrunk away inward withring away
FZ6-73.24; E350	Gaining a New Dominion over all his sons & Daughters
FZ6-73.25; E350	& over the Sons & daughters of Luvah in the horrible Abyss
FZ6-73.26; E350	For Urizen lamented over them in a selfish lamentation
FZ6-73.27; E350	Till a white woof coverd his cold limbs from head to feet <i>t750</i>
FZ6-73.28; E350	Hair white as snow coverd him in flaky locks terrific
FZ6-73.29; E350	Overspreading his limbs. in pride he wanderd weeping
FZ6-73.30; E350	Clothed in aged venerableness obstinately resolv'd
FZ6-73.31; E350	Travelling thro darkness & wherever he traveld a dire Web
FZ6-73.32; E350	Followd behind him as the Web of a Spider dusky & cold
FZ6-73.33; E350	Shivering across from Vortex to Vortex drawn out from his mantle of years
FZ6-73.34; E350	A living Mantle adjoind to his life & growing from his Soul
FZ6-73.35; E350	And the Web of Urizen stre[t]chd direful shivring in clouds
FZ6-73.36; E350	And uttering such woes such bursts such thunderings <i>t751</i>
FZ6-73.37; E350	The eyelids expansive as morning & the Ears
FZ6-73.38; E350	As a golden ascent winding round to the heavens of heavens
FZ6-73.39; E350	Within the dark horrors of the Abysses lion or tyger or scorpion
FZ6-74.1; E350	For every one open'd within into Eternity at will
FZ6-74.2; E350	But they refus'd because their outward forms were in the Abyss
FZ6-74.3; E351	And the wing like tent of the Universe beautiful surrounding all
FZ6-74.4; E351	Or drawn up or let down at the will of the immortal man
FZ6-74.5; E351	Vibrated in such anguish the eyelids quiver'd
FZ6-74.6; E351	Weak & Weaker their expansive orbs began shrinking
FZ6-74.7; E351	Pangs smote thro the brain & a universal shriek
FZ6-74.8; E351	Ran thro the abysses rending the web torment on torment
FZ6-74.9; E351	Thus Urizen in sorrows wander'd many a dreary way
FZ6-74.10; E351	Warring with monsters of the Deeps in his most hideous pilgrimage
FZ6-74.11; E351	Till his bright hair scatter'd in snows his skin bark'd o'er with wrinkles
FZ6-74.12; E351	Four Caverns rooting downwards their foundations thrusting forth

FZ6-74.13; E351| The metal rock & stone in ever painful throes of vegetation  
FZ6-74.14; E351| The Cave of Orc stood to the South a furnace of dire flames  
FZ6-74.15; E351| Quenchless unceasing. In the west the Cave of Urizen  
FZ6-74.16; E351| For Urizen fell as the Midday sun falls down into the West  
FZ6-74.17; E351| North stood Urthonas stedfast throne a World of Solid darkness  
FZ6-74.18; E351| Shut up in stifling obstruction rooted in dumb despair  
FZ6-74.19; E351| The East was Void. But Tharmas rolld his billows in ceaseless eddies  
FZ6-74.20; E351| Void pathless beat with Snows eternal & iron hail & rain <sup>t752</sup>  
FZ6-74.21; E351| All thro the caverns of fire & air & Earth, Seeking  
FZ6-74.22; E351| For Enions limbs nought finding but the black sea weed & sickning slime  
FZ6-74.23; E351| Flying away from Urizen that he might not give him food  
FZ6-74.24; E351| Above beneath on all sides round in the vast deep of immensity  
FZ6-74.25; E351| That he might starve the sons & daughters of Urizen on the winds  
FZ6-74.26; E351| Making between horrible chasms into the vast unknown  
FZ6-74.27; E351| All these around the world of Los cast forth their monstrous births  
FZ6-74.28; E351| But in Eternal times the Seat of Urizen is in the South <sup>t753</sup>  
FZ6-74.29; E351| Urthona in the North Luvah in East Tharmas in West

FZ6-74.30; E351| And now he came into the Abhorred world of Dark Urthona  
FZ6-74.31; E351| By Providence divine conducted not bent from his own will  
FZ6-74.32; E351| Lest death Eternal should be the result for the Will cannot be violated  
FZ6-74.33; E351| Into the doleful vales where no tree grew nor river flowd  
FZ6-74.34; E351| Nor man nor beast nor creeping thing nor sun nor cloud nor star  
FZ6-74.35; E351| Still he with his globe of fire immense in his venturous hand  
FZ6-74.36; E351| Bore on thro the Affrighted vales ascending & descending  
FZ6-74.37; E351| Oerweared or in cumbrous flight he venturd oer dark rifts  
FZ6-74.38; E351| Or down dark precipices or climbd with pain and labour huge  
FZ6-74.39; E351| Till he beheld the world of Los from the Peaked rock of Urthona  
FZ6-74.40; E351| And heard the howling of red Orc distincter & distincter

FZ6-75.1; E351| Redoubling his immortal efforts thro the narrow vales  
FZ6-75.2; E351| With difficulty down descending guided by his Ear  
FZ6-75.3; E351| And by his globe of fire he went down the Vale of Urthona <sup>t754</sup>  
FZ6-75.4; E351| Between the enormous iron walls built by the Spectre dark

FZ6-75.5; E352| Dark grew his globe reddning with mists & full before his path  
FZ6-75.6; E352| Striding across the narrow vale the Shadow of Urthona <sup>t755</sup>  
FZ6-75.7; E352| A spectre Vast appeard whose feet & legs with iron scaled  
FZ6-75.8; E352| Stampd the hard rocks expectant of the unknown wanderer  
FZ6-75.9; E352| Whom he had seen wandring his nether world when distant far  
FZ6-75.10; E352| And watchd his swift approach collected dark the Spectre stood  
FZ6-75.11; E352| Beside hi[m] Tharmas stayd his flight & stood in stern defiance <sup>t756</sup>  
FZ6-75.12; E352| Communing with the Spectre who rejoicd along the vale  
FZ6-75.13; E352| Round his loins a girdle glowd with many colourd fires

FZ6-75.14; E352|  
FZ6-75.15; E352|  
FZ6-75.16; E352|  
FZ6-75.17; E352|  
FZ6-75.18; E352|

In his hand a knotted Club whose knots like mountains frownd  
Desart among the Stars them withering with its ridges cold  
Black scales of iron arm the dread visage iron spikes instead  
Of hair shoot from his orb'd scull. his glowing eyes  
Burn like two furnaces. he call'd with Voice of Thunder

FZ6-75.19; E352|  
FZ6-75.20; E352|  
FZ6-75.21; E352|  
FZ6-75.22; E352|  
FZ6-75.23; E352|  
FZ6-75.24; E352|

Four winged heralds mount the furious blasts & blow their trumps  
Gold Silver Brass & iron clangors clamoring rend the shores *t757*  
Like white clouds rising from the Vales his fifty two armies  
From the four Cliffs of Urthona rise glowing around the Spectre  
Four sons of Urizen the Squadrons of Urthona led in arms  
Of gold & silver brass & iron he knew his mighty sons

FZ6-75.5; E352|  
FZ6-75.26; E352|  
FZ6-75.27; E352|  
FZ6-75.28; E352|  
FZ6-75.29; E352|  
FZ6-75.30; E352|  
FZ6-75.31; E352|  
FZ6-75.32; E352|  
FZ6-75.33; E352|  
FZ6-75.34; E352|  
FZ6-75; E352|

Then Urizen arose upon the wind back many a mile  
Retiring into his dire Web scattering fleecy snows  
As he ascended howling loud the Web vibrated strong  
From heaven to heaven from globe to globe. In vast excentric paths  
Compulsive roll'd the Comets at his dread command the dreary way  
Falling with wheel impetuous down among Urthonas vales  
And round red Orc returning back to Urizen gorg'd with blood *t758*  
Slow roll the massy Globes at his command & slow oerwheel  
The dismal squadrons of Urthona. weaving the dire Web  
In their progressions & preparing Urizens path before him  
End of The Sixth Night

FZ7a-header; E352|  
FZ7a-header; E352|

VALA  
Night the Seventh *t759*

FZ7a-77.1; E352|  
FZ7a-77.2; E352|  
FZ7a-77.3; E352|  
FZ7a-77.4; E352|

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

FZ7a-77.5; E352|  
FZ7a-77.6; E352|

But Urizen silent descended to the Caves of Orc & saw *t760*  
A Cavern'd Universe of flaming fire the horses of Urizen

FZ7a-77.7; E353|  
FZ7a-77.8; E353|  
FZ7a-77.9; E353|  
FZ7a-77.10; E353|  
FZ7a-77.11; E353|  
FZ7a-77.12; E353|

Here bound to fiery mangers furious dash their golden hoofs  
Striking fierce sparkles from their brazen fetters. fierce his lions *t761*  
Howl in the burning dens his tygers roam ill the redounding smoke  
In forests of affliction. the adamantine scales of justice  
Consuming in the raging lamps of mercy pour'd in rivers  
The holy oil rages thro all the cavern'd rocks fierce flames



FZ7a-77.13; E353|  
FZ7a-77.14; E353|  
FZ7a-77.15; E353|  
FZ7a-77.16; E353|  
FZ7a-77.17; E353|  
FZ7a-77.18; E353|  
FZ7a-77.19; E353|

Dance on the rivers & the rocks howling & drunk with fury  
The plow of ages & the golden harrow wade thro fields  
Of goary blood the immortal seed is nourishd for the slaughter  
The bulls of Luvah breathing fire bellow on burning pastures  
Round howling Orc whose awful limbs cast forth red smoke & fire  
That Urizen approachd not near but took his seat on a rock  
And rangd his books around him brooding Envious over Orc *t762*

FZ7a-77.20; E353|  
FZ7a-77.21; E353|  
FZ7a-77.22; E353|  
FZ7a-77.23; E353|  
FZ7a-77.24; E353|  
FZ7a-77.25; E353|  
FZ7a-77.26; E353|

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

FZ7a-77.27; E353|

Los felt the Envy in his limbs like to a blighted tree

FZ7a-78.1; E353|  
FZ7a-78.2; E353|  
FZ7a-78.3; E353|  
FZ7a-78.4; E353|  
FZ7a-78.5; E353|  
FZ7a-78.6; E353|  
FZ7a-78.7; E353|  
FZ7a-78.8; E353|

For Urizen fixd in Envy sat brooding & coverd with snow  
His book of iron on his knees he tracd the dreadful letters  
While his snows fell & his storms beat to cool the flames of Orc  
Age after Age till underneath his heel a deadly root  
Struck thro the rock the root of Mystery accursed shooting up  
Branches into the heaven of Los they pipe formd bending down  
Take root again wherever they touch again branching forth  
In intricate labyrinths oerspreading many a grizly deep

FZ7a-78.9; E353|  
FZ7a-78.10; E353|  
FZ7a-78.11; E353|  
FZ7a-78.12; E353|  
FZ7a-78.13; E353|  
FZ7a-78.14; E353|

Amazd started Urizen when he found himself compassd round  
And high roofed over with trees. he arose but the stems  
Stood so thick he with difficulty & great pain brought  
His books out of the dismal shade. all but the book of iron  
Again he took his seat & rangd his Books around *t764*  
On a rock of iron frowning over the foaming fires of Orc

FZ7a-78.15; E353|  
FZ7a-78.16; E353|

And Urizen hung over Ore & viewd his terrible wrath  
Sitting upon an iron Crag at length his words broke forth *t765*

FZ7a-78.17; E353|  
FZ7a-78.18; E353|  
FZ7a-78.19; E353|  
FZ7a-78.20; E353|

Image of dread whence art thou whence is this most woful place  
Whence these fierce fires but from thyself No other living thing  
In all this Chasm I behold. No other living thing  
Dare thy most terrible wrath abide Bound here to waste in pain



FZ7a-78.21; E354| Thy vital substance in these fires that issue new & new  
 FZ7a-78.22; E354| Around thee sometimes like a flood & sometimes like a rock  
 FZ7a-78.23; E354| Of living pangs thy horrible bed glowing with ceaseless fires  
 FZ7a-78.24; E354| Beneath thee & around Above a Shower of fire now beats  
 FZ7a-78.25; E354| Moulded to globes & arrowy wedges rending thy bleeding limbs  
 FZ7a-78.26; E354| And now a whirling pillar of burning sands to overwhelm thee  
 FZ7a-78.27; E354| Steeping thy wounds in salts infernal & in bitter anguish  
 FZ7a-78.28; E354| And now a rock moves on the surface of this lake of fire  
 FZ7a-78.29; E354| To bear thee down beneath the waves in stifling despair  
 FZ7a-78.30; E354| Pity for thee movd me to break my dark & long repose  
 FZ7a-78.31; E354| And to reveal myself before thee in a form of wisdom  
 FZ7a-78.32; E354| Yet thou dost laugh at all these tortures & this horrible place  
 FZ7a-78.33; E354| Yet throw thy limbs these fires abroad that back return upon thee  
 FZ7a-78.34; E354| While thou reposest throwing rage on rage feeding thyself  
 FZ7a-78.35; E354| With visions of sweet bliss far other than this burning clime  
 FZ7a-78.36; E354| Sure thou art bathd in rivers of delight on verdant fields  
 FZ7a-78.37; E354| Walking in joy in bright Expanses sleeping on bright clouds  
 FZ7a-78.38; E354| With visions of delight so lovely that they urge thy rage  
 FZ7a-78.39; E354| Tenfold with fierce desire to rend thy chain & howl in fury  
 FZ7a-78.40; E354| And dim oblivion of all woe & desperate repose  
 FZ7a-78.41; E354| Or is thy joy founded on torment which others bear for thee

FZ7a-78.42; E354| Orc answer'd Curse thy hoary brows. What dost thou in this deep  
 FZ7a-78.43; E354| Thy Pity I condemn scatter thy snows elsewhere

FZ7a-79.1; E354| I rage in the deep for Lo my feet & hands are naild to the burning rock  
 FZ7a-79.2; E354| Yet my fierce fires are better than thy snows Shuddring thou sittest  
 FZ7a-79.3; E354| Thou art not chaind Why shouldst thou sit cold grovelling demon of woe  
 FZ7a-79.4; E354| In tortures of dire coldness now a Lake of waters deep  
 FZ7a-79.5; E354| Sweeps over thee freezing to solid still thou sitst closd up  
 FZ7a-79.6; E354| In that transparent rock as if in joy of thy bright prison  
 FZ7a-79.7; E354| Till overburdend with its own weight drawn out thro immensity  
 FZ7a-79.8; E354| With a crash breaking across the horrible mass comes down  
 FZ7a-79.9; E354| Thundring & hail & frozen iron haild from the Element  
 FZ7a-79.10; E354| Rends thy white hair yet thou dost fixd obdurate brooding sit  
 FZ7a-79.11; E354| Writing thy books. Anon a cloud filld with a waste of snows  
 FZ7a-79.12; E354| Covers thee still obdurate still resolv'd & writing still  
 FZ7a-79.13; E354| Tho rocks roll oer thee tho floods pour tho winds black as the Sea *t766*  
 FZ7a-79.14; E354| Cut thee in gashes tho the blood pours down around thy ankles  
 FZ7a-79.15; E354| Freezing thy feet to the hard rock still thy pen obdurate  
 FZ7a-79.16; E354| Traces the wonders of Futurity in horrible fear of the future  
 FZ7a-79.17; E354| I rage furious in the deep for lo my feet & hands are naild  
 FZ7a-79.18; E354| To the hard rock or thou shouldst feel my enmity & hate

FZ7a-79.19; E355|

In all the diseases of man falling upon thy grey accursed front

FZ7a-79.20; E355|

Urizen answerd Read my books explore my Constellations

FZ7a-79.21; E355|

Enquire of my Sons & they shall teach thee how to War

FZ7a-79.22; E355|

Enquire of my Daughters who accursd in the dark depths

FZ7a-79.23; E355|

Knead bread of Sorrow by my stern command for I am God

FZ7a-79.24; E355|

Of all this dreadful ruin Rise O daughters at my Stern command

FZ7a-79.25; E355|

Rending the Rocks Eleth & Uveth rose & Ona rose

FZ7a-79.26; E355|

Terrific with their iron vessels driving them across

FZ7a-79.27; E355|

In the dim air they took the book of iron & placd above

FZ7a-79.28; E355|

On clouds of death & sang their songs Kneading the bread of Orc

FZ7a-79.29; E355|

Orc listend to the song compelld hungring on the cold wind

FZ7a-79.30; E355|

That swaggd heavy with the accursed dough. the hoar frost ragd

FZ7a-79.31; E355|

Thro Onas sieve the torrent rain pourd from the iron pail

FZ7a-79.32; E355|

Of Eleth & the icy hands of Uveth kneaded the bread

FZ7a-79.33; E355|

The heavens bow with terror underneath their iron hands

FZ7a-79.34; E355|

Singing at their dire work the words of Urizens book of iron

FZ7a-79.35; E355|

While the enormous scrolls rolld dreadful in the heavens above

FZ7a-79.36; E355|

And still the burden of their song in tears was poured forth

FZ7a-79.37; E355|

The bread is Kneaded let us rest O cruel father of children

FZ7a-79.38; E355|

But Urizen remitted not their labours upon his rock

FZ7a-80.1; E355|

And Urizen Read in his book of brass in sounding tones *t767*

FZ7a-80.2; E355|

Listen O Daughters to my voice Listen to the Words of Wisdom

FZ7a-80.3; E355|

So shall [ye] govern over all let Moral Duty tune your tongue *t768*

FZ7a-80.4; E355|

But be your hearts harder than the nether millstone

FZ7a-80.5; E355|

To bring the shadow of Enitharmon beneath our wondrous tree

FZ7a-80.6; E355|

That Los may Evaporate like smoke & be no more

FZ7a-80.7; E355|

Draw down Enitharmon to the Spectre of Urthona

FZ7a-80.8; E355|

And let him have dominion over Los the terrible shade

FZ7a-80.9; E355|

Compell the poor to live upon a Crust of bread by soft mild arts

FZ7a-80.10; E355|

Smile when they frown frown when they smile & when a man looks pale

FZ7a-80.11; E355|

With labour & abstinence say he looks healthy & happy

FZ7a-80.12; E355|

And when his children Sicken let them die there are enough

FZ7a-80.13; E355|

Born even too many & our Earth will be overrun

FZ7a-80.14; E355|

Without these arts If you would make the poor live with temper

FZ7a-80.15; E355|

With pomp give every crust of bread you give with gracious cunning

FZ7a-80.16; E355|

Magnify small gifts reduce the man to want a gift & then give with pomp *t769*

FZ7a-80.17; E355|  
FZ7a-80.18; E355|  
FZ7a-80.19; E355|  
FZ7a-80.20; E355|

Say he smiles if you hear him sigh  
If pale say he is ruddy  
Preach temperance say he is overgorgd & drowns his wit  
In strong drink tho you know that bread & water are all  
He can afford Flatter his wife pity his children till we can

FZ7a-80.21; E355|

Reduce all to our will as spaniels are taught with art

FZ7a-80.22; E356|  
FZ7a-80.23; E356|  
FZ7a-80.24; E356|  
FZ7a-80.25; E356|  
FZ7a-80.26; E356|

Lo how the heart & brain are formed in the breeding womb  
Of Enitharmon how it buds with life & forms the bones  
The little heart the liver & the red blood in its labyrinths  
By gratified desire by strong devouring appetite she fills  
Los with ambitious fury that his race shall all devour

FZ7a-80.27; E356|  
FZ7a-80.28; E356|  
FZ7a-80.29; E356|  
FZ7a-80.30; E356|  
FZ7a-80.31; E356|  
FZ7a-80.32; E356|  
FZ7a-80.33; E356|  
FZ7a-80.34; E356|  
FZ7a-80.35; E356|  
FZ7a-80.36; E356|  
FZ7a-80.37; E356|  
FZ7a-80.38; E356|  
FZ7a-80.39; E356|  
FZ7a-80.40; E356|  
FZ7a-80.41; E356|  
FZ7a-80.42; E356|

Then Orc cried Curse thy Cold hypocrisy. already round thy Tree <sup>t770</sup>  
In scales that shine with gold & rubies thou beginnest to weaken  
My divided Spirit Like a worm I rise in peace unbound  
From wrath Now When I rage my fetters bind me more  
O torment O torment A Worm compell'd. Am I a worm  
Is it in strong deceit that man is born. In strong deceit  
Thou dost restrain my fury that the worm may fold the tree  
Avaunt Cold hypocrite I am chain'd or thou couldst not use me thus  
The Man shall rage bound with this Chain the worm in silence creep  
Thou wilt not cease from rage Grey Demon silence all thy storms  
Give me example of thy mildness King of furious hail storms  
Art thou the cold attractive power that holds me in this chain  
I well remember how I stole thy light & it became fire  
Consuming. Thou Knowst me now O Urizen Prince of Light  
And I know thee is this the triumph this the Godlike State  
That lies beyond the bounds of Science in the Grey obscure

FZ7a-80.43; E356|  
FZ7a-80.44; E356|  
FZ7a-80.45; E356|  
FZ7a-80.46; E356|  
FZ7a-80.47; E356|  
FZ7a-80.48; E356|

Terrified Urizen heard Orc now certain that he was Luvah  
And Orc began to Organize a Serpent body <sup>t771</sup>  
Despising Urizens light & turning it into flaming fire  
Recieving as a poison'd Cup Recieves the heavenly wine  
And turning affection into fury & thought into abstraction <sup>t772</sup>  
A Self consuming dark devourer rising into the heavens

FZ7a-80.49; E356|  
FZ7a-80.50; E356|  
FZ7a-80.51; E356|

Urizen envious brooding sat & saw the secret terror  
Flame high in pride & laugh to scorn the source of his deceit  
Nor knew the source of his own but thought himself the Sole author

FZ7a-81.1; E356|

Of all his wandering Experiments in the horrible Abyss

FZ7a-81.2; E356|  
FZ7a-81.3; E356|  
FZ7a-81.4; E356|  
FZ7a-81.5; E356|  
FZ7a-81.6; E356|

He knew that weakness stretches out in breadth & length he knew  
That wisdom reaches high & deep & therefore he made Orc  
In Serpent form compell'd stretch out & up the mysterious tree  
He suffer'd him to Climb that he might draw all human forms  
Into submission to his will nor knew the dread result

FZ7a-81.7; E356|  
FZ7a-81.8; E356|  
FZ7a-81.9; E356|  
FZ7a-81.10; E356|  
FZ7a-81.11; E356|  
FZ7a-81.12; E356|

Los sat in showers of Urizen watching cold Enitharmon *t773*  
His broodings rush down to his feet producing Eggs that hatching  
Burst forth upon the winds above the tree of Mystery  
Enitharmon lay on his knees. Urizen trac'd his Verses  
In the dark deep the dark tree grew. her shadow was drawn down  
Down to the roots it wept over Orc. the Shadow of Enitharmon

FZ7a-81.13; E357|  
FZ7a-81.14; E357|  
FZ7a-81.15; E357|  
FZ7a-81.16; E357|  
FZ7a-81.17; E357|  
FZ7a-81.18; E357|  
FZ7a-81.19; E357|  
FZ7a-81.20; E357|  
FZ7a-81.21; E357|  
FZ7a-81.22; E357|

Los saw her stretch'd the image of death upon his wither'd valleys  
Her Shadow went forth & return'd Now she was pale as Snow  
When the mountains & hills are cover'd over & the paths of Men shut up *t774*  
But when her spirit return'd as ruddy as a morning when  
The ripe fruit blushes into joy in heavens eternal halls *t775*  
Sorrow shot thro him from his feet it shot up to his head  
Like a cold night that nips the root & shatters off the leaves *t776*  
Silent he stood o'er Enitharmon watching her pale face  
He spoke not he was Silent till he felt the cold disease  
Then Los mourn'd on the dismal wind in his jealous lamentation

FZ7a-81.23; E357|  
FZ7a-81.24; E357|  
FZ7a-81.25; E357|  
FZ7a-81.26; E357|  
FZ7a-81.27; E357|  
FZ7a-81.28; E357|  
FZ7a-81.29; E357|  
FZ7a-81.30; E357|  
FZ7a-81.31; E357|  
FZ7a-81.32; E357|  
FZ7a-81.33; E357|

Why can I not Enjoy thy beauty Lovely Enitharmon  
When I return from clouds of Grief in the wandring Elements  
Where thou in thrilling joy in beaming summer loveliness  
Delectable reposest ruddy in my absence flaming with beauty  
Cold pale in sorrow at my approach trembling at my terrific  
Forehead & eyes thy lips decay lik roses in the spring *t777*  
How art thou Shrunk thy grapes that burst in summers vast Excess  
Shut up in little purple covering faintly bud & die  
Thy olive trees that pour'd down oil upon a thousand hills  
Sickly look forth & scarcely stretch their branches to the plain  
Thy roses that expanded in the face of glowing morn

FZ7a-82.1; E357|  
FZ7a-82.2; E357|  
FZ7a-82.3; E357|  
FZ7a-82.4; E357|  
FZ7a-82.5; E357|  
FZ7a-82.6; E357|  
FZ7a-82.7; E357|

Hid in a little silken veil scarce breathe & faintly shine  
Thy lilies that gave light what time the morning looked forth  
Hid in the Vales faintly lament & no one hears their voice  
All things beside the woful Los enjoy the delights of beauty  
Once how I sang & call'd the beasts & birds to their delights  
Nor knew that I alone exempted from the joys of love  
Must war with secret monsters of the animating worlds

FZ7a-82.8; E357|  
FZ7a-82.9; E357|  
FZ7a-82.10; E357|  
FZ7a-82.11; E357|  
FZ7a-82.12; E357|  
FZ7a-82.13; E357|  
FZ7a-82.14; E357|

O that I had not seen the day then should I be at rest  
Nor felt the stingings of desire nor longings after life  
For life is Sweet to Los the wretched to his winged woes  
Is given a craving cry that they may sit at night on barren rocks  
And whet their beaks & snuff the air & watch the opening dawn  
And Shriek till at the smells of blood they stretch their boney wings  
And cut the winds like arrows shot by troops of Destiny

FZ7a-82.15; E357|  
FZ7a-82.16; E357|  
FZ7a-82.17; E357|  
FZ7a-82.18; E357|  
FZ7a-82.19; E357|  
FZ7a-82.20; E357|

Thus Los lamented in the night unheard by Enitharmon  
For the Shadow of Enitharmon descended down the tree of Mystery  
The Spectre saw the Shade Shivering over his gloomy rocks  
Beneath the tree of Mystery which in the dismal Abyss  
Began to blossom in fierce pain shooting its writhing buds  
In throes of birth & now the blossoms falling shining fruit

FZ7a-82.21; E358|  
FZ7a-82.22; E358|

Appeard of many colours & of various poisonous qualities  
Of Plagues hidden in shining globes that grew on the living tree

FZ7a-82.23; E358|  
FZ7a-82.24; E358|  
FZ7a-82.25; E358|  
FZ7a-82.26; E358|  
FZ7a-82.27; E358|

The Spectre of Urthona saw the Shadow of Enitharmon  
Beneath the Tree of Mystery among the leaves & fruit *t778*  
Reddning the Demon strong prepar'd the poison of sweet Love  
He turnd from side to side in tears he wept & he embracd *t779*  
The fleeting image & in whispers mild wood the faint shade

FZ7a-82.28; E358|  
FZ7a-82.29; E358|  
FZ7a-82.30; E358|  
FZ7a-82.31; E358|  
FZ7a-82.32; E358|  
FZ7a-82.33; E358|  
FZ7a-82.34; E358|  
FZ7a-82.35; E358|  
FZ7a-82.36; E358|

Loveliest delight of Men. Enitharmon shady hiding  
In secret places where no eye can trace thy watry way  
Have I found thee have I found thee tremblest thou in fear  
Because of Orc because he rent his discordant way  
From thy sweet loins of bliss. red flowd thy blood  
Pale grew thy face lightnings playd around thee thunders hoverd *t780*  
Over thee, & the terrible Orc rent his discordant way *t781*  
But the next joy of thine shall be in sweet delusion  
And its birth in fainting & sleep & Sweet delusions of Vala *t782*

FZ7a-82.37; E358|  
FZ7a-82.38; E358|

The Shadow of Enitharmon answerd Art thou terrible Shade  
Set over this sweet boy of mine to guard him lest he rend

FZ7a-83.1; E358|  
FZ7a-83.2; E358|  
FZ7a-83.3; E358|  
FZ7a-83.4; E358|  
FZ7a-83.5; E358|

His mother to the winds of heaven Intoxicated with  
The fruit of this delightful tree. I cannot flee away  
From thy embrace else be assur'd so horrible a form  
Should never in my arms repose. now listen I will tell  
Thee Secrets of Eternity which neer before unlockd



FZ7a-83.6; E358|  
FZ7a-83.7; E358|  
FZ7a-83.8; E358|  
FZ7a-83.9; E358|  
FZ7a-83.10; E358|  
FZ7a-83.11; E358|  
FZ7a-83.12; E358|  
FZ7a-83.13; E358|  
FZ7a-83.14; E358|  
FZ7a-83.15; E358|  
FZ7a-83.16; E358|  
FZ7a-83.17; E358|  
FZ7a-83.18; E358|

My golden lips nor took the bar from Enitharmons breast  
Among the Flowers of Beulah walkd the Eternal Man & Saw  
Vala the lilly of the desart. melting in high noon  
Upon her bosom in sweet bliss he fainted Wonder siezd  
All heaven they saw him dark. they built a golden wall  
Round Beulah There he reveld in delight among the Flowers  
Vala was pregnant & brought forth Urizen Prince of Light <sup>t783</sup>  
First born of Generation. Then behold a wonder to the Eyes  
Of the now fallen Man a double form Vala appeard. A Male  
And female shuddring pale the Fallen Man recoild  
From the Enormity & calld them Luvah & Vala. turning down  
The vales to find his way back into Heaven but found none  
For his frail eyes were faded & his ears heavy & dull

FZ7a-83.19; E358|  
FZ7a-83.20; E358|  
FZ7a-83.21; E358|  
FZ7a-83.22; E358|

Urizen grew up in the plains of Beulah Many Sons  
And many daughters flourishd round the holy Tent of Man  
Till he forgot Eternity delighted in his sweet joy  
Among his family his flocks & herds & tents & pastures

FZ7a-83.23; E358|  
FZ7a-83.24; E358|

But Luvah close conferrd with Urizen in darksom night  
To bind the father & enslave the brethren Nought he knew

FZ7a-83.25; E359|  
FZ7a-83.26; E359|  
FZ7a-83.27; E359|  
FZ7a-83.28; E359|  
FZ7a-83.29; E359|  
FZ7a-83.30; E359|  
FZ7a-83.31; E359|  
FZ7a-83.32; E359|  
FZ7a-83.33; E359|  
FZ7a-83.34; E359|

Of sweet Eternity the blood flowd round the holy tent & rivn  
From its hinges uttering its final groan all Beulah fell  
In dark confusion mean time Los was born & Enitharmon  
But how I know not then forgetfulness quite wrapd me up  
A period nor do I more remember till I stood  
Beside Los in the Cavern dark enslavd to vegetative forms  
According to the Will of Luvah who assumed the Place  
Of the Eternal Man & smote him. But thou Spectre dark  
Maist find a way to punish Vala in thy fiery South  
To bring her down subjected to the rage of my fierce boy

FZ7a-84.1; E359|  
FZ7a-84.2; E359|  
FZ7a-84.3; E359|  
FZ7a-84.4; E359|  
FZ7a-84.5; E359|  
FZ7a-84.6; E359|  
FZ7a-84.7; E359|  
FZ7a-84.8; E359|  
FZ7a-84.9; E359|  
FZ7a-84.10; E359|

The Spectre said. Thou lovely Vision this delightful Tree  
Is given us for a Shelter from the tempests of Void & Solid  
Till once again the morn of ages shall renew upon us  
To reunite in those mild fields of happy Eternity  
Where thou & I in undivided Essence walkd about  
Imbodied. thou my garden of delight & I the spirit in the garden  
Mutual there we dwelt in one anothers joy revolving  
Days of Eternity with Tharmas mild & Luvah sweet melodious  
Upon our waters. This thou well rememberest listen I will tell  
What thou forgettest. They in us & we in them alternate Livd <sup>t784</sup>



FZ7a-84.11; E359| Drinking the joys of Universal Manhood. One dread morn  
 FZ7a-84.12; E359| Listen O vision of Delight One dread morn of goary blood  
 FZ7a-84.13; E359| The manhood was divided for the gentle passions making way *t785*  
 FZ7a-84.14; E359| Thro the infinite labyrinths of the heart & thro the nostrils issuing  
 FZ7a-84.15; E359| In odorous stupefaction stood before the Eyes of Man  
 FZ7a-84.16; E359| A female bright. I stood beside my anvil dark a mass  
 FZ7a-84.17; E359| Of iron glowd bright prepar'd for spades & plowshares. sudden down  
 FZ7a-84.18; E359| I sunk with cries of blood issuing downward in the veins  
 FZ7a-84.19; E359| Which now my rivers were become rolling in tubelike forms *t786*  
 FZ7a-84.20; E359| Shut up within themselves descending down I sunk along,  
 FZ7a-84.21; E359| The goary tide even to the place of seed & there dividing  
 FZ7a-84.22; E359| I was divided in darkness & oblivion thou an infant woe  
 FZ7a-84.23; E359| And I an infant terror in the womb of Enion  
 FZ7a-84.24; E359| My masculine spirit scorning the frail body issued forth  
 FZ7a-84.25; E359| From Enions brain In this deformed form leaving thee there  
 FZ7a-84.26; E359| Till times pass'd over thee but still my spirit returning hover'd *t787*  
 FZ7a-84.27; E359| And form'd a Male to be a counterpart to thee O Love  
 FZ7a-84.28; E359| Darkend & Lost In due time issuing forth from Enions womb  
 FZ7a-84.29; E359| Thou & that demon Los wert born Ah jealousy & woe *t788*  
 FZ7a-84.30; E359| Ah poor divided dark Urthona now a Spectre wandering  
 FZ7a-84.31; E359| The deeps of Los the Slave of that Creation I created  
 FZ7a-84.32; E359| I labour night & day for Los but listen thou my vision  
 FZ7a-84.33; E359| I view futurity in thee I will bring down soft Vala  
 FZ7a-84.34; E359| To the embraces of this terror & I will destroy  
 FZ7a-84.35; E359| That body I created then shall we unite again in bliss

FZ7a-84.36; E360| Thou knowest that the Spectre is in Every Man insane brutish *t789*  
 FZ7a-84.37; E360| Deform'd that I am thus a ravening devouring lust continually  
 FZ7a-84.38; E360| Craving & devouring but my Eyes are always upon thee O lovely  
 FZ7a-84.39; E360| Delusion & I cannot crave for any thing but thee no so *t790*  
 FZ7a-84.40; E360| The spectres of the Dead for I am as the Spectre of the Living  
 FZ7a-84.41; E360| For till these terrors planted round the Gates of Eternal life  
 FZ7a-84.42; E360| Are driven away & annihilated we never can repass the Gates

FZ7a-85.1; E360| Astonish'd fill'd with tears the spirit of Enitharmon beheld  
 FZ7a-85.2; E360| And heard the Spectre bitterly she wept Embracing fervent *t791*  
 FZ7a-85.3; E360| Her once lov'd Lord now but a Shade herself also a shade  
 FZ7a-85.4; E360| Conferring times on times among the branches of that Tree

FZ7a-85.5; E360| Thus they conferr'd among the intoxicating fumes of Mystery  
 FZ7a-85.6; E360| Till Enitharmons shadow pregnant in the deeps beneath  
 FZ7a-85.7; E360| Brought forth a wonder horrible. While Enitharmon shriek'd  
 FZ7a-85.8; E360| And trembled thro the Worlds above Los wept his fierce soul was terrified  
 FZ7a-85.9; E360| At the shrieks of Enitharmon at her tossings nor could his eyes percieve

FZ7a-85.10; E360	The cause of her dire anguish for she lay the image of Death
FZ7a-85.11; E360	Movd by strong shudders till her shadow was deliverd then she ran
FZ7a-85.12; E360	Raving about the upper Elements in maddning fury
FZ7a-85.13; E360	She burst the Gates of Enitharmons heart with direful Crash
FZ7a-85.14; E360	Nor could they ever be closd again the golden hinges were broken
FZ7a-85.15; E360	And the gates broke in sunder & their ornaments defacd <i>t792</i>
FZ7a-85.16; E360	Beneath the tree of Mystery for the immortal shadow shuddering
FZ7a-85.17; E360	Brought forth this wonder horrible a Cloud she grew & grew
FZ7a-85.18; E360	Till many of the dead burst forth from the bottoms of their tombs
FZ7a-85.19; E360	In male forms without female counterparts or Emanations <i>t793</i>
FZ7a-85.20; E360	Cruel and ravening with Enmity & Hatred & War
FZ7a-85.21; E360	In dreams of Ulro dark delusive drawn by the lovely shadow <i>t794</i>
FZ7a-85.22; E360	The Spectre terrified gave her Charge over the howling Orc <i>t795</i>
FZ7b-95[2nd].15; E360	But in the deeps beneath the Roots of Mystery in darkest night <i>t797</i>
FZ7b-95[2nd].16; E360	Where Urizen sat on his rock the Shadow brooded <i>t798</i>
FZ7b-95[2nd].17; E360	Urizen saw & triumphd & he cried to his warriors <i>t799</i>
FZ7b-95[2nd].18; E360	The time of Prophecy is now revolvd & all
FZ7b-95[2nd].19; E360	This Universal Ornament is mine & in my hands
FZ7b-95[2nd].20; E360	The ends of heaven like a Garment will I fold them round me
FZ7b-95[2nd].21; E360	Consuming what must be consumd then in power & majesty
FZ7b-95[2nd].22; E360	I will walk forth thro those wide fields of endless Eternity
FZ7b-95[2nd].23; E360	A God & not a Man a Conqueror in triumphant glory
FZ7b-95[2nd].24; E360	And all the Sons of Everlasting shall bow down at my feet <i>t800</i>
FZ7b-95[2nd].25; E360	First Trades & Commerce ships & armed vessels he builded laborious
FZ7b-95[2nd].26; E360	To swim the deep & on the Land children are sold to trades
FZ7b-95[2nd].27; E361	Of dire necessity still laboring day & night till all
FZ7b-95[2nd].28; E361	Their life extinct they took the spectre form in dark despair
FZ7b-95[2nd].29; E361	And slaves in myriads in ship loads burden the hoarse sounding deep
FZ7b-95[2nd].30; E361	Rattling with clanking chains the Universal Empire groans
FZ7b-95[2nd].31; E361	And he commanded his Sons found a Center in the Deep
FZ7b-95[2nd].32; E361	And Urizen laid the first Stone & all his myriads
FZ7b-95[2nd].33; E361	Builded a temple in the image of the human heart
FZ7b-88.1; E361	And in the inner part of the Temple wondrous workmanship

FZ7b-88.2; E361| They formd the Secret place reversing all the order of delight  
FZ7b-88.3; E361| That whosoever enterd into the temple might not behold  
FZ7b-88.4; E361| The hidden wonders allegoric of the Generations  
FZ7b-88.5; E361| Of secret lust when hid in chambers dark the nightly harlot  
FZ7b-88.6; E361| Plays in Disguise in whisperd hymn & mumbling prayer The priests  
FZ7b-88.7; E361| He ordaind & Priestesses clothd in disguises bestial  
FZ7b-88.8; E361| Inspiring secrecy & lamps they bore intoxicating fumes  
FZ7b-88.9; E361| Roll round the Temple & they took the Sun that glowd oer Los  
FZ7b-88.10; E361| And with immense machines down rolling. the terrific orb  
FZ7b-88.11; E361| Compell'd. The Sun reddning like a fierce lion in his chains  
FZ7b-88.12; E361| Descended to the sound of instruments that drown'd the noise  
FZ7b-88.13; E361| Of the hoarse wheels & the terrific howlings of wild beasts  
FZ7b-88.14; E361| That dragd the wheels of the Suns chariot & they put the Sun  
FZ7b-88.15; E361| Into the temple of Urizen to give light to the Abyss  
FZ7b-88.16; E361| To light the War by day to hide his secret beams by night  
FZ7b-88.17; E361| For he divided day & night in different orderd portions  
FZ7b-88.18; E361| The day for war the night for secret religion in his temple *t801*

FZ7b-88.19; E361| Los reard his mighty stature on Earth stood his feet. Above *t802*  
FZ7b-88.20; E361| The moon his furious forehead circled with black bursting thunders  
FZ7b-88.21; E361| His naked limbs glittering upon the dark blue sky his knees  
FZ7b-88.22; E361| Bathed in bloody clouds. his loins in fires of war where spears  
FZ7b-88.23; E361| And swords rage where the Eagles cry & the Vultures laugh saying  
FZ7b-88.24; E361| Now comes the night of Carnage now the flesh of Kings & Princes  
FZ7b-88.25; E361| Pamperd in palaces for our food the blood of Captains nurturd *t803*  
FZ7b-88.26; E361| With lust & murder for our drink the drunken Raven shall wander  
FZ7b-88.27; E361| All night among the slain & mock the wounded that groan in the field

FZ7b-88.28; E361| Tharmas laughd furious among the Banners clothd in blood

FZ7b-88.29; E361| Crying As I will I rend the Nations all asunder rending  
FZ7b-88.30; E361| The People, vain their combinations I will scatter them  
FZ7b-88.31; E361| But thou O Son whom I have crowned and inthron'd thee Strong  
FZ7b-88.32; E361| I will preserve tho Enemies arise around thee numberless  
FZ7b-88.33; E361| I will command my winds & they shall scatter them or call

FZ7b-89.1; E361| My Waters like a flood around thee fear not trust in me  
FZ7b-89.2; E361| And I will give thee all the ends of heaven for thy possession

FZ7b-89.3; E362| In war shalt thou bear rule in blood shalt thou triumph for me  
FZ7b-89.4; E362| Because in times of Everlasting I was rent in sunder  
FZ7b-89.5; E362| And what I loved best was divided among my Enemies

FZ7b-89.6; E362|  
FZ7b-89.7; E362|  
FZ7b-89.8; E362|  
FZ7b-89.9; E362|  
FZ7b-89.10; E362|  
FZ7b-89.11; E362|  
FZ7b-89.12; E362|  
FZ7b-89.13; E362|  
FZ7b-89.14; E362|  
FZ7b-89.15; E362|  
FZ7b-89.16; E362|  
FZ7b-89.17; E362|

My little daughters were made captives & I saw them beaten  
With whips along the sultry sands. I heard those whom I lov'd *t804*  
Crying in secret tents at night & in the morn compell'd  
To labour & behold my heart sunk down beneath  
In sighs & sobbings all dividing till I was divided *t805*  
In twain & lo my Crystal form that lived in my bosom  
Follow'd her daughters to the fields of blood they left me naked  
Alone & they refus'd to return from the fields of the mighty  
Therefore I will reward them as they have rewarded me  
I will divide them in my anger & thou O my King  
Shalt gather them from out their graves & put thy fetter on them  
And bind them to thee that my crystal form may come to me

FZ7b-89.18; E362|  
FZ7b-89.19; E362|  
FZ7b-89.20; E362|  
FZ7b-89.21; E362|  
FZ7b-89.22; E362|  
FZ7b-89.23; E362|  
FZ7b-89.24; E362|  
FZ7b-89.25; E362|  
FZ7b-89.26; E362|

So cried the Demon of the Waters in the Clouds of Los  
Outstretch'd upon the hills lay Enitharmon clouds & tempests  
Beat round her head all night all day she riots in Excess  
But night or day Los follows War & the dismal moon rolls over her *t806*  
That when Los war'd upon the South reflected the fierce fires  
Of his immortal head into the North upon faint Enitharmon  
Red rage the furies of fierce Orc black thunders roll round Los  
Flaming his head like the bright sun seen thro a mist that magnifies  
His disk into a terrible vision to the Eyes of trembling mortals

FZ7b-89.27; E362|

And Enitharmon trembling & in fear utter'd these words

FZ7b-89.28; E362|  
FZ7b-89.29; E362|  
FZ7b-89.30; E362|  
FZ7b-89.31; E362|  
FZ7b-89.32; E362|  
FZ7b-89.33; E362|  
FZ7b-89.34; E362|  
FZ7b-89.35; E362|  
FZ7b-89.36; E362|  
FZ7b-89.37; E362|

I put not any trust in thee nor in thy glittering scales  
Thy eyelids are a terror to me & the flaming of thy crest  
The rushing of thy Scales confound me thy hoarse rushing scales  
And if that Los had not built me a tower upon a rock  
I must have died in the dark desert among noxious worms  
How shall I flee how shall I flee into the tower of Los  
My feet are turned backward & my footsteps slide in clay  
And clouds are clos'd around my tower my arms labour in vain  
Does not the God of waters in the wracking Elements  
Love those who hate rewarding with hate the Loving Soul

FZ7b-90.1; E362|  
FZ7b-90.2; E362|  
FZ7b-90.3; E362|  
FZ7b-90.4; E362|  
FZ7b-90.5; E362|  
FZ7b-90.6; E362|

And must not I obey the God thou Shadow of Jealousy  
I cry the watchman heareth not I pour my voice in roarings  
Watchman the night is thick & darkness cheats my rayie sight  
Lift up Lift up O Los awake my watchman for he sleepeth  
Lift up Lift up Shine forth O Light watchman thy light is out  
O Los unless thou keep my tower the Watchman will be slain

FZ7b-90.7; E362| So Enitharmon cried upon her terrible Earthy bed  
FZ7b-90.8; E362| While the broad Oak wreathd his roots round her forcing his dark way

FZ7b-90.9; E363| Thro caves of death into Existence The Beech long limbd advanced  
FZ7b-90.10; E363| Terrific into the paind heavens The fruit trees humanizing  
FZ7b-90.11; E363| Shewd their immortal energies in warlike desperation  
FZ7b-90.12; E363| Rending the heavens & earths & drinking blood in the hot battle  
FZ7b-90.13; E363| To feed their fruit to gratify their hidden sons & daughters  
FZ7b-90.14; E363| That far within the close recesses of their secret palaces  
FZ7b-90.15; E363| Viewd the vast war & joyd wishing to vegetate  
FZ7b-90.16; E363| Into the Worlds of Enitharmon Loud the roaring winds  
FZ7b-90.17; E363| Burdend with clouds howl round the Couch sullen the wooly sheep  
FZ7b-90.18; E363| Walks thro the battle Dark & fierce the Bull his rage  
FZ7b-90.19; E363| Propagates thro the warring Earth The Lion raging in flames *t807*  
FZ7b-90.20; E363| The Tyger in redounding smoke The Serpent of the woods *t808*  
FZ7b-90.21; E363| And of the waters & the scorpion of the desart irritate  
FZ7b-90.22; E363| With harsh songs every living soul. The Prester Serpent runs  
FZ7b-90.23; E363| Along the ranks crying Listen to the Priest of God ye warriors  
FZ7b-90.24; E363| This Cowl upon my head he placd in times of Everlasting  
FZ7b-90.25; E363| And said Go forth & guide my battles. lik the jointed spine  
FZ7b-90.26; E363| Of Man I made thee when I blotted Man from life & light  
FZ7b-90.27; E363| Take thou the seven Diseases of Man store them for times to come  
FZ7b-90.28; E363| In store houses in secret places that I will tell the[e] of  
FZ7b-90.29; E363| To be my great & awful curses at the time appointed

FZ7b-90.30; E363| The Prester Serpent ceasd the War song sounded loud & strong  
FZ7b-90.31; E363| Thro all the heavens Urizens Web vibrated torment on torment *t809*

FZ7b-91[2nd].1; E363| Thus in the Caverns of the Grave & Places of human seed *t811*  
FZ7b-91[2nd].2; E363| The nameless shadowy Vortex stood before the face of Orc  
FZ7b-91[2nd].3; E363| The Shadow reard her dismal head over the flaming youth  
FZ7b-91[2nd].4; E363| With sighs & howling & deep sobs that he might lose his rage  
FZ7b-91[2nd].5; E363| And with it lose himself in meekness she embracd his fire  
FZ7b-91[2nd].6; E363| As when the Earthquake rouzes from his den his shoulders huge  
FZ7b-91[2nd].7; E363| Appear above the crumb[l]ing Mountain. Silence waits around him  
FZ7b-91[2nd].8; E363| A moment then astounding horror belches from the Center  
FZ7b-91[2nd].9; E363| The fiery dogs arise the shoulders huge appear  
FZ7b-91[2nd].10; E363| So Orc rolld round his clouds upon the deeps of dark Urthona  
FZ7b-91[2nd].11; E363| Knowing the arts of Urizen were Pity & Meek affection *t812*  
FZ7b-91[2nd].12; E363| And that by these arts the Serpent form exuded from his limbs  
FZ7b-91[2nd].13; E363| Silent as despairing love & strong as Jealousy  
FZ7b-91[2nd].14; E363| Jealous that she was Vala now become Urizens harlot  
FZ7b-91[2nd].15; E363| And the Harlot of Los & the deluded harlot of the Kings of Earth



FZ7b-91[2nd].16; E363	His soul was gnawn in sunder
FZ7b-91[2nd].17; E363	The hairy shoulders rend the links free are the wrists of fire
FZ7b-91[2nd].18; E363	Red rage redounds he rouzd his lions from his forests black
FZ7b-91[2nd].19; E363	They howl around the flaming youth rending the nameless shadow
FZ7b-91[2nd].20; E363	And running their immortal course thro solid darkness borne
FZ7b-91[2nd].21; E364	Loud sounds the war song round red Orc in his [ <i>?triumphant</i> ] fury <i>t813</i>
FZ7b-91[2nd].22; E364	And round the nameless shadowy Female in her howling terror
FZ7b-91[2nd].23; E364	When all the Elemental Gods joind in the wondrous Song
FZ7b-91[2nd].24; E364	Sound the War trumpet terrific Souls clad in attractive steel
FZ7b-91[2nd].25; E364	Sound the shrill fife serpents of war. I hear the northern drum
FZ7b-91[2nd].26; E364	Awake, I hear the flappings of the folding banners
FZ7b-91[2nd].27; E364	The dragons of the North put on their armour
FZ7b-91[2nd].28; E364	Upon the Eastern sea direct they take their course
FZ7b-91[2nd].29; E364	The glittering of their horses trapping stains the vault of night
FZ7b-91[2nd].30; E364	Stop we the rising of the glorious King. spur spur your clouds <i>t814</i>
FZ7b-92.1; E364	Of death O northern drum awake O hand of iron sound
FZ7b-92.2; E364	The northern drum. Now give the charge! bravely obscurd!
FZ7b-92.3; E364	With darts of wintry hail. Again the black bow draw
FZ7b-92.4; E364	Again the Elemental Strings to your right breasts draw
FZ7b-92.5; E364	And let the thundering drum speed on the arrows black
FZ7b-92.6; E364	The arrows flew from cloudy bow all day. till blood
FZ7b-92.7; E364	From east to west flowd like the human veins in rivers
FZ7b-92.8; E364	Of life upon the plains of death & valleys of despair
FZ7b-92.9; E364	Now sound the clarions of Victory now strip the slain
FZ7b-92.10; E364	clothe yourselves in golden arms brothers of war <i>t815</i>
FZ7b-92.11; E364	They sound the clarions strong they chain the howling captives
FZ7b-92.12; E364	they give the Oath of blood They cast the lots into the helmet, <i>t816</i>
FZ7b-92.13; E364	They vote the death of Luvah & they naild him to the tree
FZ7b-92.14; E364	They piercd him with a spear & laid him in a sepulcher
FZ7b-92.15; E364	To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with desolation
FZ7b-92.16; E364	The sun was black & the moon rolld a useless globe thro heaven
FZ7b-92.17; E364	Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow the loom
FZ7b-92.18; E364	The hammer & the Chisel & the rule & compasses



FZ7b-92.19; E364|  
FZ7b-92.20; E364|  
FZ7b-92.21; E364|  
FZ7b-92.22; E364|  
FZ7b-92.23; E364|  
FZ7b-92.24; E364|  
FZ7b-92.25; E364|  
FZ7b-92.26; E364|  
FZ7b-92.27; E364|  
FZ7b-92.28; E364|  
FZ7b-92.29; E364|  
FZ7b-92.30; E364|  
FZ7b-92.31; E364|  
FZ7b-92.32; E364|  
FZ7b-92.33; E364|

They forgd the sword the chariot of war the battle ax  
The trumpet fitted to the battle & the flute of summer  
And all the arts of life they changd into the arts of death  
The hour glass contemnd because its simple workmanship  
Was as the workmanship of the plowman & the water wheel  
That raises water into Cisterns broken & burnd in fire  
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the Shepherd  
And in their stead intricate wheels invented Wheel without wheel  
To perplex youth in their outgoings & to bind to labours  
Of day & night the myriads of Eternity. that they might file  
And polish brass & iron hour after hour laborious workmanship  
Kept ignorant of the use that they might spend the days of wisdom  
In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread  
In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All  
And call it Demonstration blind to all the simple rules of life

FZ7b-92.34; E365|  
FZ7b-92.35; E365|  
FZ7b-92.36; E365|  
FZ7b-92.37; E365|

Now now the Battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala  
Now smile among thy bitter tears now put on all thy beauty  
Is not the wound of the sword Sweet & the broken bone delightful  
Wilt thou now smile among the slain when the wounded groan in the field

FZ7b-93.1; E365|  
FZ7b-93.2; E365|  
FZ7b-93.3; E365|  
FZ7b-93.4; E365|  
FZ7b-93.5; E365|

Life up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes  
O Melancholy Magdalen behold the morning breaks  
Gird on thy flaming Zone. descend into the Sepulcher  
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

FZ7b-93.6; E365|  
FZ7b-93.7; E365|  
FZ7b-93.8; E365|  
FZ7b-93.9; E365|

Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret Couch  
When the sun rose in glowing morn with arms of mighty hosts  
Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizens harps *t817*  
Girt as a Sower with his seed to scatter life abroad

FZ7b-93.10; E365|  
FZ7b-93.11; E365|  
FZ7b-93.12; E365|  
FZ7b-93.13; E365|  
FZ7b-93.14; E365|

Arise O Vala bring the bow of Urizen bring the sift arrows of light  
How ragd the golden horses of Urizen bound to the chariot of Love  
Compelld to leave the plow to the Ox to snuff up the winds of desolation  
To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings. this is no gentle harp  
This is no warbling brook nor Shadow of a Myrtle tree

FZ7b-93.15; E365|  
FZ7b-93.16; E365|  
FZ7b-93.17; E365|  
FZ7b-93.18; E365|

But blood & wounds & dismal cries & clarions of war  
And hearts laid open to the light by the broad grisly sword  
And bowels hidden in hammerd steel rippd forth upon the Ground *t818*  
Call forth thy Smiles of soft deceit call forth thy cloudy tears

FZ7b-93.19; E365|

We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when Morn shall blood renew *t819*

FZ7b-93.20; E365|

So sung the demons of the deep the Clarions of war blew loud *t820*

FZ7b-93.21; E365|

Orc rent her & his human form consumd in his own fires

FZ7b-93.22; E365|

Mingled with her dolorous members strewn thro the Abyss

FZ7b-93.23; E365|

She joyd in all the Conflict Gratified & drinking tears of woe

FZ7b-93.24; E365|

No more remaind of Orc but the Serpent round the tree of Mystery

FZ7b-93.25; E365|

The form of Orc was gone he reard his serpent bulk among

FZ7b-93.26; E365|

The stars of Urizen in Power rending the form of life *t821*

FZ7b-93.27; E365|

Into a formless indefinite & strewing her on the Abyss

FZ7b-93.28; E365|

Like clouds upon the winter sky broken with winds & thunders

FZ7b-93.29; E365|

This was to her Supreme delight The Warriors mournd disappointed

FZ7b-93.30; E365|

They go out to war with Strong Shouts & loud Clarions O Pity

FZ7b-93.31; E365|

They return with lamentations mourning & weeping

FZ7b-93.32; E365|

Invisible or visible drawn out in length or stretchd in breadth

FZ7b-93.33; E365|

The Shadowy Female varied in the War in her delight

FZ7b-93.34; E365|

Howling in discontent black & heavy uttering brute sounds

FZ7b-93.35; E365|

Wading thro fens among the slimy weeds making Lamentations

FZ7b-93.36; E365|

To decieve Tharmas in his rage to soothe his furious soul

FZ7b-93.37; E366|

To stay him in his flight that Urizen might live tho in pain

FZ7b-93.38; E366|

He said Art thou bright Enion is the Shadow of hope returnd

FZ7b-93.39; E366|

And She said Tharmas I am Vala bless thy innocent face

FZ7b-93.40; E366|

Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue watry eyes

FZ7b-93.41; E366|

Be not perswaded that the air knows this or the failing dew

FZ7b-93.42; E366|

Tharmas replid O Vala once I livd in a garden of delight

FZ7b-94.1; E366|

I wakend Enion in the Morning & she turnd away

FZ7b-94.2; E366|

Among the apple trees & all the gardens of delight

FZ7b-94.3; E366|

Swam like a dream before my eyes I went to seek the steps

FZ7b-94.4; E366|

Of Enion in the gardens & the shadows compassd me

FZ7b-94.5; E366|

And closd me in a watry world of woe where Enion stood

FZ7b-94.6; E366|

Trembling before me like a shadow like a mist like air

FZ7b-94.7; E366|

And she is gone & here alone I war with darkness & death

FZ7b-94.8; E366|

I hear thy voice but not thy form see. thou & all delight

FZ7b-94.9; E366|

And life appear & vanish mocking me with shadows of false hope

FZ7b-94.10; E366|

Hast thou forgot that the air listens thro all its districts telling

FZ7b-94.11; E366|

The subtlest thoughts shut up from light in chambers of the Moon

FZ7b-94.12; E366| Tharmas. The Moon has chambers where the babes of love lie hid  
 FZ7b-94.13; E366| And whence they never can be brought in all Eternity  
 FZ7b-94.14; E366| Unless exposd by their vain parents. Lo him whom I love  
 FZ7b-94.15; E366| Is hidden from me & I never in all Eternity  
 FZ7b-94.16; E366| Shall see him Enitharmon & Ahania combind with Enion  
 FZ7b-94.17; E366| Hid him in that Outrageous form of Orc which torments me for Sin *t822*  
 FZ7b-94.18; E366| For all my Secret faults which he brings forth upon the light  
 FZ7b-94.19; E366| Of day in jealousy & blood my Children are led to Urizens war  
 FZ7b-94.20; E366| Before my eyes & for every one of these I am condemnd  
 FZ7b-94.21; E366| To Eternal torment in these flames for tho I have the power  
 FZ7b-94.22; E366| To rise on high Yet love here binds me down & never never  
 FZ7b-94.23; E366| Will I arise till him I love is loosd from this dark chain

FZ7b-94.24; E366| Tharmas replied Vala thy Sins have lost us heaven & bliss  
 FZ7b-94.25; E366| Thou art our Curse and till I can bring love into the light *t823*  
 FZ7b-94.26; E366| I never will depart from my great wrath

FZ7b-94.27; E366| So Tharmas waild wrathful then rode upon the Stormy Deep *t824*  
 FZ7b-94.28; E366| Cursing the Voice that mockd him with false hope in furious mood  
 FZ7b-94.29; E366| Then She returns swift as a blight upon the infant bud  
 FZ7b-94.30; E366| Howling in all the notes of woe to stay his furious rage  
 FZ7b-94.31; E366| Stamping the hills wading or swimming flying furious or falling  
 FZ7b-94.32; E366| Or like an Earthquake rumbling in the bowels of the earth  
 FZ7b-94.33; E366| Or like a cloud beneath & like a fire flaming in high  
 FZ7b-94.34; E366| Walking in pleasure of the hills or murmuring in the dales  
 FZ7b-94.35; E366| Like to a rushing torrent beneath & a falling rock above  
 FZ7b-94.36; E366| A thunder cloud in the south & a lulling voice heard in the north

FZ7b-94.37; E367| And she went forth & saw the forms of Life & of delight  
 FZ7b-94.38; E367| Walking on Mountains or flying in the open expanse of heaven  
 FZ7b-94.39; E367| She heard sweet voices in the winds & in the voices of birds  
 FZ7b-94.40; E367| That rose from waters for the waters were as the voice of Luvah  
 FZ7b-94.41; E367| Not seen to her like waters or like this dark world of death  
 FZ7b-94.42; E367| Tho all those fair perfections which men know only by name  
 FZ7b-94.43; E367| In beautiful substantial forms appeard & served her  
 FZ7b-94.44; E367| As food or drink or ornament or in delightful works  
 FZ7b-94.45; E367| To build her bowers for the Elements brought forth abundantly  
 FZ7b-94.46; E367| The living soul in glorious forms & every One came forth  
 FZ7b-94.47; E367| Walking before her Shadowy face & bowing at her feet  
 FZ7b-94.48; E367| But in vain delights were poured forth on the howling melancholy  
 FZ7b-94.49; E367| For her delight the horse his proud neck bowd & his white mane  
 FZ7b-94.50; E367| And the Strong Lion deignd in his mouth to wear the golden bit  
 FZ7b-94.51; E367| While the far beaming Peacock waited on the fragrant wind

FZ7b-94.52; E367| To bring her fruits of sweet delight from trees of richest wonders  
 FZ7b-94.53; E367| And the strong piniond Eagle bore the fire of heaven in the night season  
 FZ7b-94.54; E367| Wood & subdud into Eternal Death the Demon Lay  
 FZ7b-94.55; E367| In rage against the dark despair. the howling Melancholy *t825*  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].1; E367| For far & wide she stretchd thro all the worlds of Urizens journey  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].2; E367| And was Ajoind to Beulah as the Polypus to the Rock  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].3; E367| Mo[u]rning the daughters of Beulah saw nor could they have sustaind  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].4; E367| The horrid sight of death & torment But the Eternal Promise  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].5; E367| They wrote on all their tombs & pillars & on every Urn  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].6; E367| These words If ye will believe your B[r]other shall rise again  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].7; E367| In golden letters ornamented with sweet labours of Love  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].8; E367| Waiting with Patience for the fulfilment of the Promise Divine *t826*

FZ7b-87[95][1st].9; E367| And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].10; E367| Not suffring doubt to rise up from the Clouds of the Shadowy Female  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].11; E367| Then myriads of the Dead burst thro the bottoms of their tombs  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].12; E367| Descending on the shadowy females clouds in Spectrous terror  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].13; E367| Beyond the Limit of Translucence on the Lake of Udan Adan  
 FZ7b-87[95][1st].14; E367| These they namd Satans & in the Aggregate they namd them Satan

FZ7b-95[85][2nd].23; E367| Then took the tree of Mystery root in the World of Los  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].24; E367| Its topmost boughs shooting a fibre beneath Enitharmons couch *t827*  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].25; E367| The double rooted Labyrinth soon wavd around their heads

FZ7b-95[85][2nd].26; E367| But then the Spectre enterd Los's bosom Every sigh & groan *t828*  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].27; E367| Of Enitharmon bore Urthonas Spectre on its wings  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].28; E367| Obdurate Los felt Pity Enitharmon told the tale  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].29; E367| Of Urthona. Los embracd the Spectre first as a brother  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].30; E367| Then as another Self; astonishd humanizing & in tears  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].31; E367| In Self abasement Giving up his Domineering lust

FZ7b-95[85][2nd].32; E368| Thou never canst embrace sweet Enitharmon terrible Demon. Till  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].33; E368| Thou art united with thy Spectre Consummating by pains & labours <pine  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].34; E368| That mortal body & by Self annihilation back returning *t830*  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].35; E368| To Life Eternal be assurd I am thy real Self  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].36; E368| Tho thus divided from thee & the Slave of Every passion  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].37; E368| Of thy fierce Soul Unbar the Gates of Memory look upon me *t831*  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].38; E368| Not as another but as thy real Self I am thy Spectre  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].39; E368| Thou didst subdue me in old times by thy Immortal Strength *t832*  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].40; E368| When I was a ravning hungring & thirsting cruel lust & murder  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].41; E368| Tho horrible & Ghastly to thine Eyes tho buried beneath *t833*  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].42; E368| The ruins of the Universe. hear what inspird I speak & be silent

FZ7b-95[85][2nd].43; E368| If we unite in one[,] another better world will be *t834*  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].44; E368| Opend within your heart & loins & wondrous brain  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].45; E368| Threefold as it was in Eternity & this the fourth Universe  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].46; E368| Will be Renewd by the three & consummated in Mental fires  
 FZ7b-95[85][2nd].47; E368| But if thou dost refuse Another body will be prepared

FZ7a-86.1; E368| For me & thou annihilate evaporate & be no more  
 FZ7a-86.2; E368| For thou art but a form & organ of life & of thyself  
 FZ7a-86.3; E368| Art nothing being Created Continually by Mercy & Love divine

FZ7a-86.4; E368| Los furious answerd. Spectre horrible thy words astound my Ear  
 FZ7a-86.5; E368| With irresistible conviction I feel I am not one of those  
 FZ7a-86.6; E368| Who when convincd can still persist. tho furious.controllable  
 FZ7a-86.7; E368| By Reasons power. Even I already feel a World within  
 FZ7a-86.8; E368| Opening its gates & in it all the real substances  
 FZ7a-86.9; E368| Of which these in the outward World are shadows which pass away  
 FZ7a-86.10; E368| Come then into my Bosom & in thy shadowy arms bring with thee  
 FZ7a-86.11; E368| My lovely Enitharmon. I will quell my fury & teach  
 FZ7a-86.12; E368| Peace to the Soul of dark revenge & repentance to Cruelty

FZ7a-86.13; E368| So spoke Los & Embracing Enitharmon & the Spectre  
 FZ7a-86.14; E368| Clouds would have folded round in Extacy & Love uniting

FZ7a-87.1; E368| But Enitharmon trembling fled & hid beneath Urizens tree  
 FZ7a-87.2; E368| But mingling together with his Spectre the Spectre of Urthona *t835*  
 FZ7a-87.3; E368| Wondering beheld the Center opend by Divine Mercy inspired *t836*  
 FZ7a-87.4; E368| He in his turn Gave Tasks to Los Enormous to destroy *t837*  
 FZ7a-87.5; E368| That body he created but in vain for Los performd Wonders of labour  
 FZ7a-87.6; E368| They Builded Golgonooza Los labouring builded pillars high *t838*  
 FZ7a-87.7; E368| And Domes terrific in the nether heavens for beneath  
 FZ7a-87.8; E368| Was opend new heavens & a new Earth beneath & within  
 FZ7a-87.9; E368| Threefold within the brain within the heart within the loins  
 FZ7a-87.10; E368| A Threefold Atmosphere Sublime continuous from Urthonas world *t839*  
 FZ7a-87.11; E368| But yet having a Limit Twofold named Satan & Adam

FZ7a-87.12; E369| But Los stood on the Limit of Translucence weeping & trembling  
 FZ7a-87.13; E369| Filled with doubts in self accusation beheld the fruit *t840*  
 FZ7a-87.14; E369| Of Urizens Mysterious tree For Enitharmon thus spake

FZ7a-87.15; E369| When In the Deeps beneath I gatherd of this ruddy fruit  
 FZ7a-87.16; E369| It was by that I knew that I had Sinnd & then I knew



FZ7a-87.17; E369|  
FZ7a-87.18; E369|  
FZ7a-87.19; E369|  
FZ7a-87.20; E369|  
FZ7a-87.21; E369|  
FZ7a-87.22; E369|

That without a ransom I could not be savd from Eternal death  
That Life lives upon Death & by devouring appetite  
All things subsist on one another thenceforth in Despair  
I spend my glowing time but thou art strong & mighty  
To bear this Self conviction take then Eat thou also of  
The fruit & give me proof of life Eternal or I die

FZ7a-87.23; E369|  
FZ7a-87.24; E369|  
FZ7a-87.25; E369|  
FZ7a-87.26; E369|  
FZ7a-87.27; E369|  
FZ7a-87.28; E369|  
FZ7a-87.29; E369|  
FZ7a-87.30; E369|  
FZ7a-87.31; E369|  
FZ7a-87.32; E369|  
FZ7a-87.33; E369|  
FZ7a-87.34; E369|

Then Los plucked the fruit & Eat & sat down in Despair  
And must have given himself to death Eternal But  
Urthonas spectre in part mingling with him comforted him  
Being a medium between him & Enitharmon But This Union  
Was not to be Effectuated without Cares & Sorrows & Troubles  
Of six thousand Years of self denial and of bitter Contrition <sup>t841</sup>  
Urthonas Spectre terrified beheld the Spectres of the Dead  
Each Male formd without a counterpart without a centering vision  
The Spectre of Urthona wept before Los Saying I am the cause  
That this dire state commences I began the dreadful state  
Of Separation & on my dark head the curse & punishment  
Must fall unless a way be found to Ransom & Redeem <sup>t842</sup>

FZ7a-87.35; E369|  
FZ7a-87.36; E369|  
FZ7a-87.37; E369|  
FZ7a-87.38; E369|

But I have thee my [*Counterpart Vegetating*] miraculous <sup>t843</sup>  
These Spectres have no [*Counter*(parts)] therefore they ravin  
Without the food of life Let us Create them Coun[terparts]  
For without a Created body the Spectre is Eternal Death

FZ7a-87.39; E369|  
FZ7a-87.40; E369|  
FZ7a-87.41; E369|  
FZ7a-87.42; E369|  
FZ7a-87.43; E369|  
FZ7a-87.44; E369|  
FZ7a-87.45; E369|  
FZ7a-87.46; E369|  
FZ7a-87.47; E369|  
FZ7a-87.48; E369|  
FZ7a-87.49; E369|  
FZ7a-87.50; E369|  
FZ7a-87.51; E369|

Los trembling answerd Now I feel the weight of stern repentance  
Tremble not so my Enitharmon at the awful gates  
Of thy poor broken Heart I see thee like a shadow withering  
As on the outside of Existence but look! behold! take comfort!  
Turn inwardly thine Eyes & there behold the Lamb of God  
Clothed in Luvahs robes of blood descending to redeem  
O Spectre of Urthona take comfort O Enitharmon  
Couldst thou but cease from terror & trembling & affright  
When I appear before thee in forgiveness of ancient injuries <sup>t844</sup>  
Why shouldst thou remember & be afraid. I surely have died in pain  
Often enough to convince thy jealousy & fear & terror <sup>t845</sup>  
Come hither be patient let us converse together because  
I also tremble at myself & at all my former life

FZ7a-87.52; E369|  
FZ7a-87.53; E369|

Enitharmon answerd I behold the Lamb of God descending  
To Meet these Spectres of the Dead I therefore fear that he



FZ7a-87.54; E370	Will give us to Eternal Death fit punishment for such
FZ7a-87.55; E370	Hideous offenders Uttermost extinction in eternal pain
FZ7a-87.56; E370	An ever dying life of stifling & obstruction shut out
FZ7a-87.57; E370	Of existence to be a sign & terror to all who behold
FZ7a-87.58; E370	Lest any should in futurity do as we have done in heaven
FZ7a-87.59; E370	Such is our state nor will the Son of God redeem us but destroy
FZ7a-98[90].1; E370	So Enitharmon spoke trembling & in torrents of tears
FZ7a-98[90].2; E370	Los sat in Golgonooza in the Gate of Luban where <i>t847</i>
FZ7a-98[90].3; E370	He had erected many porches where branchd the Mysterious Tree <i>t848</i>
FZ7a-98[90].4; E370	Where the Spectrous dead wail & sighing thus he spoke to Enitharmon
FZ7a-98[90].5; E370	Lovely delight of Men Enitharmon shady refuge from furious war <i>t849</i>
FZ7a-98[90].6; E370	Thy bosom translucent is a soft repose for the weeping souls
FZ7a-98[90].7; E370	Of those piteous victims of battle there they sleep in happy obscurity
FZ7a-98[90].8; E370	They feed upon our life we are their victims. Stern desire
FZ7a-98[90].9; E370	I feel to fabricate embodied semblances in which the dead
FZ7a-98[90].10; E370	May live before us in our palaces & in our gardens of labour <i>t850</i>
FZ7a-98[90].11; E370	Which now open within the Center we behold spread abroad
FZ7a-98[90].12; E370	To form a world of Sacrifice of brothers & sons & daughters <i>t851</i>
FZ7a-98[90].13; E370	To comfort Orc in his dire sufferings[;] look[!] my fires enlume afresh
FZ7a-98[90].14; E370	Before my face ascending with delight as in ancient times
FZ7a-98[90].15; E370	Enitharmon spread her beaming locks upon the wind & said
FZ7a-98[90].16; E370	O Lovely terrible Los wonder of Eternity O Los my defence & guide <i>t852</i>
FZ7a-98[90].17; E370	Thy works are all my joy. & in thy fires my soul delights
FZ7a-98[90].18; E370	If mild they burn in just proportion & in secret night
FZ7a-98[90].19; E370	And silence build their day in shadow of soft clouds & dews
FZ7a-98[90].20; E370	Then I can sigh forth on the winds of Golgonooza piteous forms
FZ7a-98[90].21; E370	That vanish again into my bosom but if thou my Los
FZ7a-98[90].22; E370	Wilt in sweet moderated fury. fabricate forms sublime <i>t853</i>
FZ7a-98[90].23; E370	Such as the piteous spectres may assimilate themselves into
FZ7a-98[90].24; E370	They shall be ransoms for our Souls that we may live
FZ7a-98[90].25; E370	So Enitharmon spoke & Los his hands divine inspired began <i>t854</i>
FZ7a-98[90].26; E370	To modulate his fires studious the loud roaring flames
FZ7a-98[90].27; E370	He vanquishd with the strength of Art bending their iron points
FZ7a-98[90].28; E370	And drawing them forth delighted upon the winds of Golgonooza <i>t855</i>
FZ7a-98[90].29; E370	From out the ranks of Urizens war & from the fiery lake
FZ7a-98[90].30; E370	Of Orc bending down as the binder of the Sheaves follows
FZ7a-98[90].31; E370	The reaper in both arms embracing the furious raging flames

FZ7a-98[90].32; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].33; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].34; E370|

Los drew them forth out of the deeps planting his right foot firm  
Upon the Iron crag of Urizen thence springing up aloft  
Into the heavens of Enitharmon in a mighty circle

FZ7a-98[90].35; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].36; E370|

And first he drew a line upon the walls of shining heaven  
And Enitharmon tincturd it with beams of blushing love

FZ7a-98[90].37; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].38; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].39; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].40; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].41; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].42; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].43; E371|

It remaind permanent a lovely form inspird divinely human  
Dividing into just proportions Los unwearied labourd  
The immortal lines upon the heavens till with sighs of love  
Sweet Enitharmon mild Entrancd breathd forth upon the wind  
The spectrous dead Weeping the Spectres viewd the immortal works  
Of Los Assimilating to those forms Embodied & Lovely  
In youth & beauty in the arms of Enitharmon mild reposing

FZ7a-98[90].44; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].45; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].46; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].47; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].48; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].49; E371|

First Rintrah & then Palamabron drawn from out the ranks of war  
In infant innocence reposd on Enitharmons bosom  
Orc was comforted in the deeps his soul revivd in them  
As the Eldest brother is the fathers image So Orc became <856>  
As Los a father to his brethren & he joyd in the dark lake  
Tho bound with chains of Jealousy & in scales of iron & brass

FZ7a-98[90].50; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].51; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].52; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].53; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].54; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].55; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].56; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].57; E371|

But Los loved them & refusd to Sacrifice their infant limbs  
And Enitharmons smiles & tears prevaild over self protection  
They rather chose to meet Eternal death than to destroy  
The offspring of their Care & Pity Urthonas spectre was comforted  
But Tharmas most rejoicd in hope of Enions return  
For he beheld new Female forms born forth upon the air  
Who wove soft silken veils of covering in sweet rapturd trance  
Mortal & not as Enitharmon without a covering veil

FZ7a-98[90].58; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].59; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].60; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].61; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].62; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].63; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].64; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].65; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].66; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].67; E371|

First his immortal spirit drew Urizen[s] Shadow away <sup>t857</sup>  
From out the ranks of war separating him in sunder  
Leaving his Spectrous form which could not be drawn away  
Then he divided Thiriell the Eldest of Urizens sons  
Urizen became Rintrah Thiriell became Palamabron  
Thus dividing the powers of Every Warrior  
Startled was Los he found his Enemy Urizen now  
In his hands. he wonderd that he felt love & not hate  
His whole soul loved him he beheld him an infant  
Lovely breathd from Enitharmon he trembled within himself

Then All in Great Eternity Met in the Council of God *t858*

as one Man Even Jesus upon Gilead & Hermon *t859*

Upon the Limit of Contraction to create the fallen Man

The Fallen Man stretchd like a Corse upon the oozy Rock *t860*

Washd with the tides Pale overgrown with weeds

That movd with horrible dreams hovring high over his hea

Two winged immortal shapes one standing at his feet

Toward the East one standing at his head toward the west

Their wings joind in the Zenith over head *t861*

Such is a Vision of All Beulah hovring over the Sleeper

The limit of Contraction now was fixd & Man began

To wake upon the Couch of Death he sneezed seven times

A tear of blood dropped from either eye again he reposd

In the saviours arms, in the arms of tender mercy & loving kindness

Then Los said I behold the Divine Vision thro the broken Gates *t862*

Of thy poor broken heart astonishd melted into Compassion & Love

And Enitharmon said I see the Lamb of God upon Mount Zion *t863*

Wondring with love & Awe they felt the divine hand upon them *t864*

For nothing could restrain the dead in Beulah from descending

Unto Ulros night tempted by the Shadowy females sweet

Delusive cruelty they descend away from the Daughters of Beulah

And Enter Urizens temple Enitharmon pitying & her heart

Gates broken down. they descend thro the Gate of Pity

The broken heart Gate of Enitharmon She sighs them forth upon the wind *t865*

Of Golgonooza Los stood recieving them *t866*

For Los could enter into Enitharmons bosom & explore

Its intricate Labyrinths now the Obdurate heart was broken

From out the War of Urizen & Tharmas recieving them *t867*

Into his hands. Then Enitharmon erected Looms in Lubans Gate

And calld the Looms Cathedron in these Looms She wove the Spectres

FZ8-100[1st].4; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].5; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].6; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].7; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].8; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].9; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].10; E372|

Bodies of Vegetation Singing lulling Cadences to drive away  
Despair from the poor wandering spectres and Los loved them  
With a parental love for the Divine hand was upon him  
And upon Enitharmon & the Divine Countenance shone  
In Golgonooza Looking down the Daughters of Beulah saw  
With joy the bright Light & in it a Human form  
And knew he was the Saviour Even Jesus & they worshipped

FZ8-100[1st].11; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].12; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].13; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].14; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].15; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].16; E372|

Astonishd Comforted Delighted in notes of Rapturous Extacy <sup>t868</sup>  
All Beulah stood astonishd Looking down to Eternal Death  
They saw the Saviour beyond the Pit of death & destruction  
For whether they lookd upward they saw the Divine Vision  
Or whether they lookd downward still they saw the Divine Vision  
Surrounding them on all sides beyond sin & death & hell

FZ8-100[1st].17; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].18; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].19; E372|

Enitharmon wove in tears singing Songs of Lamentation  
And pitying comfort as she sighd forth on the wind the Spectres  
Also the Vegetated bodies which Enitharmon wove

FZ8-100[1st].20; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].21; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].22; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].23; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].24; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].25; E373|

Opend within their hearts & in their loins & in their brain  
To Beulah & the Dead in Ulro descended from the War  
Of Urizen & Tharmas & from the Shadowy females clouds  
And some were woven single & some two fold & some three fold <sup>t869</sup>  
In Head or Heart or Reins according to the fittest order  
Of most merciful pity & compassion to the Spectrous dead <sup>t870</sup>

FZ8-101[1st].1; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].2; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].3; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].4; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].5; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].6; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].7; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].8; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].9; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].10; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].11; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].12; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].13; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].14; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].15; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].16; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].17; E373|

When Urizen saw the Lamb of God clothed in Luvahs robes  
Perplexd & terrifid he Stood tho well he knew that Orc  
Was Luvah But he now beheld a new Luvah. Or One  
Who assumed Luvahs form & stood before him opposite  
But he saw Orc a Serpent form augmenting times on times  
In the fierce battle & he saw the Lamb of God & the World of Los  
Surrounded by his dark machines for Orc augmented swift  
In fury a Serpent wondrous among the Constellations of Urizen  
A cest of fire rose on his forehead red as the carbuncle  
Beneath down to his eyelids scales of pearl then gold & silver  
Immingled with the ruby overspread his Visage down  
His furious neck writ[h]ing contortive in dire budding pains  
The scaly armour shot out. Stubborn down his back & bosom  
The Emerald Onyx Sapphire jasper beryl amethyst  
Strove in terrific emulation which should gain a place  
Upon the mighty Fiend the fruit of the mysterious tree <sup>t871</sup>  
Kneaded in Uveths kneading trough. Still Orc devourd the food

FZ8-101[1st].18; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].19; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].20; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].21; E373|

In raging hunger Still the pestilential food in gems & gold  
Exuded round his awful limbs Stretching to serpent length  
His human bulk While the dark shadowy female brooding over *t872*  
Measurd his food morning & evening in cups & baskets of iron

FZ8-101[1st].22; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].23; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].24; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].25; E373|

With tears of sorrow incessant she labourd the food of Orc  
Compell'd by the iron hearted sisters Daughters of Urizen  
Gathring the fruit of that mysterious tree circling its root  
She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc

FZ8-101[1st].26; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].27; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].28; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].29; E373|

Thus Urizen in self deci[e]t his warlike preparations fabricated  
And when all things were finishd sudden wavd among the Stars *t873*  
His hurtling hand gave the dire signal thunderous Clarions blow *t874*  
And all the hollow deep rebellowd with the wonderous war *t875*

FZ8-100[2nd].26; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].27; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].28; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].29; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].30; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].31; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].32; E373|

But Urizen his mighty rage let loose in the mid deep *t876*  
Sparkles of Dire affliction issud round his frozen limbs *t877*  
Horrible hooks & nets he formd twisting the cords of iron  
And brass & molten metals cast in hollow globes & bor'd  
Tubes in petrific steel & rammd combustiles & wheels  
And chains & pullies fabricated all round the heavens of Los  
Communing with the Serpent of Orc in dark dissimulation

FZ8-100[2nd].33; E374|  
FZ8-100[2nd].34; E374|

And with the Synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrim *t878*  
To undermine the World of Los & tear bright Enitharmon

FZ8-101[2nd].30; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].31; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].32; E374|

To the four winds hopeless of future. All futurity  
Seems teeming with Endless Destruction never to be repell'd *t879*  
Desperate remorse swallows the present in a quenchless rage

FZ8-101[2nd].33; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].34; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].35; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].36; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].37; E374|

Terrified & astonishd Urizen beheld the battle take a form *t880*  
Which he intended not a Shadowy hermaphrodite black & opaque *t881*  
The Soldiers namd it Satan but he was yet unformd & vast  
Hermaphroditic it at length became hiding the Male  
Within as in a Tabernacle Abominable Deadly

FZ8-101[2nd].38; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].39; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].40; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].41; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].42; E374|

The battle howls the terrors fird rage in the work of death  
Enormous Works Los Contemplated inspir'd by the holy Spirit  
Los builds the Walls of Golgonooza against the stirring battle  
That only thro the Gates of Death they can enter to Enitharmon  
Raging they take the human visage & the human form



FZ8-101[2nd].43; E374| Feeling the hand of Los in Golgonooza & the force  
FZ8-101[2nd].44; E374| Attractive of his hammers beating & the Silver looms  
FZ8-101[2nd].45; E374| Of Enitharmon singing lulling cadences on the wind  
FZ8-101[2nd].46; E374| They humanize in the fierce battle where in direful pain  
FZ8-101[2nd].47; E374| Troop by troop the beastial droves rend one another sounding loud  
FZ8-101[2nd].48; E374| The instruments of sound & troop by troop in human forms they urge

FZ8-102.1; E374| The dire confusion till the battle faints those that remain  
FZ8-102.2; E374| Return in pangs & horrible convulsions to their beastial state  
FZ8-102.3; E374| For the monsters of the Elements Lions or Tygers or Wolves  
F8-102.4; E374| Sound loud the howling music inspird by Los & Enitharmon Sounding loud terrific men  
FZ8-102.5; E374| They seem to one another laughing terrible among the banners  
FZ8-102.6; E374| And when the revolution of their day of battles over  
FZ8-102.7; E374| Relapsing in dire torment they return to forms of woe *t882*  
FZ8-102.8; E374| To moping visages returning inanimate tho furious  
FZ8-102.9; E374| No more erect tho strong drawn out in length they ravin  
FZ8-102.10; E374| For senseless gratification & their visages thrust forth  
FZ8-102.11; E374| Flatten above & beneath & stretch out into beastial length  
FZ8-102.12; E374| Weakend they stretch beyond their power in dire droves till war begins  
FZ8-102.13; E374| Or Secret religion in their temples before secret shrines

FZ8-102.14; E374| And Urizen gave life & sense by his immortal power  
FZ8-102.15; E374| To all his Engines of deceit that linked chains might run  
FZ8-102.16; E374| Thro ranks of war spontaneous & that hooks & boring screws  
FZ8-102.17; E374| Might act according to their forms by innate cruelty  
FZ8-102.18; E374| He formed also harsh instruments of sound

FZ8-102.19; E375| To grate the soul into destruction or to inflame with fury  
FZ8-102.20; E375| The spirits of life to pervert all the faculties of sense  
FZ8-102.21; E375| Into their own destruction if perhaps he might avert *t883*  
FZ8-102.22; E375| His own despair even at the cost of every thing that breathes

FZ8-102.23; E375| Thus in the temple of the Sun his books of iron & brass  
FZ8-102.24; E375| And silver & gold he consecrated reading incessantly  
FZ8-102.25; E375| To myriads of perturbed spirits thro the universe  
FZ8-102.26; E375| They propagated the deadly words the Shadowy Female absorbing *t884*  
FZ8-102.27; E375| The enormous Sciences of Urizen ages after ages exploring  
FZ8-102.28; E375| The fell destruction. And she said O Urizen Prince of Light  
FZ8-102.29; E375| What words of Dread pierce my faint Ear what fal[l]ing snows around  
FZ8-102.30; E375| My feeble limbs infold my destined misery  
FZ8-102.31; E375| I alone dare the lash abide to sit beneath the blast  
FZ8-102.32; E375| Unhurt & dare the inclement forehead of the King of Ligh



FZ8-102.33; E375|

From dark abysses of the times remote fated to be

FZ8-103.1; E375|

The sorrower of Eternity in love with tears submit I rear

FZ8-103.2; E375|

My Eyes to thy Pavilions hear my prayer for Luvahs sake

FZ8-103.3; E375|

I see the murderer of my Luvah clothd in robes of blood

FZ8-103.4; E375|

He who assured my Luvahs throne in times of Everlasting

FZ8-103.5; E375|

Where hast thou hid him whom I love in what remote Abyss

FZ8-103.6; E375|

Resides that God of my delight O might my eyes behold

FZ8-103.7; E375|

My Luvah then could I deliver all the sons of God

FZ8-103.8; E375|

From Bondage of these terrors & with influences sweet *t885*

FZ8-103.9; E375|

As once in those eternal fields in brotherhood & Love

FZ8-103.10; E375|

United we should live in bliss as those who sinned not

FZ8-103.11; E375|

The Eternal Man is seald by thee never to be deliverd

FZ8-103.12; E375|

We are all servants to thy will O King of Light relent

FZ8-103.13; E375|

Thy furious power be our father & our loved King

FZ8-103.14; E375|

But if my Luvah is no more If thou hast smitten him *t886*

FZ8-103.15; E375|

And laid him in the Sepulcher Or if thou wilt revenge *t887*

FZ8-103.16; E375|

His murder on another Silent I bow with dread

FZ8-103.17; E375|

But happiness can never [come] to thee O King nor me

FZ8-103.18; E375|

For he was source of every joy that this mysterious tree

FZ8-103.19; E375|

Unfolds in Allegoric fruit. When shall the dead revive

FZ8-103.20; E375|

Can that which has existed cease or can love & life Expire

FZ8-103.21; E375|

Urizen heard the Voice & saw the Shadow. underneath

FZ8-103.22; E375|

His woven darkness & in laws & deceitful religions

FZ8-103.23; E375|

Beginning at the tree of Mystery circling its root

FZ8-103.24; E375|

She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc

FZ8-103.25; E375|

A shapeless & indefinite cloud in tears of sorrow incessant

FZ8-103.26; E375|

Steeping the Direful Web of Religion swagging heavy it fell

FZ8-103.27; E375|

From heaven to heavn thro all its meshes altering the Vortexes *t888*

FZ8-103.28; E375|

Misplacing every Center hungry desire & lust began

FZ8-103.29; E376|

Gathering the fruit of that Mysterious tree till Urizen

FZ8-103.30; E376|

Sitting within his temple furious felt the num[m]ing stupor

FZ8-103.31; E376|

Himself tangled in his own net in sorrow lust repentance

FZ8-103.32; E376|

Enitharmon wove in tears Singing Songs of Lamentations

FZ8-103.33; E376|

And pitying comfort as she sighd forth on the wind the spectres

FZ8-103.34; E376|

And wove them bodies calling them her belovd sons & daughters

FZ8-103.35; E376|

Employing the daughters in her looms & Los employd the Sons

FZ8-103.36; E376|

In Golgonoozas Furnaces among the Anvils of time & space

FZ8-103.37; E376|

Thus forming a Vast family wondrous in beauty & love

FZ8-103.38; E376|

And they appeard a Universal female form created

FZ8-103.39; E376|

From those who were dead in Ulro from the Spectres of the dead

FZ8-104[1st].1; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].2; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].3; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].4; E376|

And Enitharmon namd the Female Jerusa[le]m the holy  
Wondring she saw the Lamb of God within Jerusalems Veil  
The divine Vision seen within the inmost deep recess  
Of fair Jerusalems bosom in a gently beaming fire

FZ8-104[1st].5; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].6; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].7; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].8; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].9; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].10; E376|

Then sang the Sons of Eden round the Lamb of God & said  
Glory Glory Glory to the holy Lamb of God  
Who now beginneth to put off the dark Satanic body  
Now we behold redemption Now we know that life Eternal  
Depends alone upon the Universal hand & not in us  
Is aught but death In individual weakness sorrow & pain *t889*

FZ8-113[1st].1; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].2; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].3; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].4; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].5; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].6; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].7; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].8; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].9; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].10; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].11; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].12; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].13; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].14; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].15; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].16; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].17; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].18; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].19; E376|

We behold with wonder Enitharmons Looms & Los's Forges *t890*  
And the Spindles of Tirzah & Rahab and the Mills of Satan & Beelzeboul *t891*  
In Golgonooza Los's anvils stand & his Furnaces rage *t892*  
Ten thousand demons labour at the forges Creating Continually  
The times & spaces of Mortal Life the Sun the Moon the Stars  
In periods of Pulsative furor beating into wedges & bars *t893*  
Then drawing into wires the terrific Passions & Affections  
Of Spectrous dead. Thence to the Looms of Cathedron conveyd  
The Daughters of Enitharmon weave the ovarium & the integument  
In soft silk drawn from their own bowels in lascivious delight  
With songs of sweetest cadence to the turning spindle & reel  
Lulling the weeping spectres of the dead. Clothing their limbs  
With gifts & gold of Eden. Astonishd stupefied with delight  
The terrors put on their sweet clothing on the banks of Arnon *t894*  
Whence they plunge into the river of space for a period till  
The dread Sleep of Ulro is past. But Satan Og & Sihon *t895*  
Build Mills of resistless wheels to unwind the soft threads & reveal  
Naked of their clothing the poor spectres before the accusing heavens  
While Rahab & Tirzah far different mantles prepare webs of torture

FZ8-113[1st].20; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].21; E377|

Mantles of despair girdles of bitter compunction shoes of indolence  
Veils of ignorance covering from head to feet with a cold web

FZ8-113[1st].22; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].23; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].24; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].25; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].26; E377|

We look down into Ulro we behold the Wonders of the Grave  
Eastward of Golgonooza stands the Lake of Udan Adan In *t896*  
Entuthon Benithon a Lake not of Waters but of Spaces *t897*  
Perturbd black & deadly on its Islands & its Margins *t898*  
The Mills of Satan and Beelzeboul stand round the roots of Urizens tree

FZ8-113[1st].27; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].28; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].29; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].30; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].31; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].32; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].33; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].34; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].35; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].36; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].37; E377|

For this Lake is formd from the tears & sighs & death sweat of the Victims  
Of Urizens laws. to irrigate the roots of the tree of Mystery  
They unweave the soft threads then they weave them anew in the forms  
Of dark death & despair & none from Eternity to Eternity could Escape <sup>t899</sup>  
But thou O Universal Humanity who is One Man blesse for Ever <sup>t900</sup>  
Recievest the Integuments woven Rahab beholds the Lamb of God  
She smites with her knife of flint She destroys her own work  
Times upon times thinking to destroy the Lamb blessed for Ever  
He puts off the clothing of blood he redeems the spectres from their bonds  
He awakes the sleepers in Ulro the Daughters of Beulah praise him  
They anoint his feet with ointment they wipe them with the hair of their head

FZ8-104[2nd].11; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].12; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].13; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].14; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].15; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].16; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].17; E377|

We now behold the Ends of Beulah & we now behold  
Where Death Eternal is put off Eternally  
Assume the dark Satanic body in the Virgins womb  
O Lamb divin[e] it cannot thee annoy O pitying one  
Thy pity is from the foundation of the World & thy Redemption  
Begun Already in Eternity Come then O Lamb of God <sup>t901</sup>  
Come Lord Jesus come quickly

FZ8-104[2nd].18; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].19; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].20; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].21; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].22; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].23; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].24; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].25; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].26; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].27; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].28; E377|

So sang they in Eternity looking down into Beulah.  
The war roard round Jerusalems Gates it took a hideous form  
Seen in the aggregate a Vast Hermaphroditic form  
Heavd like an Earthquake labring with convulsive groans <sup>t902</sup>  
Intolerable at length an awful wonder burst  
From the Hermaphroditic bosom Satan he was namd  
Son of Perdition terrible his form dishumanizd monstrous <sup>t903</sup>  
A male without a female counterpart a howling fiend  
Fo[r]lorn of Eden & repugnant to the forms of life  
Yet hiding the shadowy female Vala as in an ark & Curtains  
Abhorrd accursed ever dying an Eternal death

FZ8-104[2nd].29; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].30; E378|

Being multitudes of tyrant Men in union blasphemous  
Against the divine image. Congregated Assemblies of wicked men

FZ8-104[2nd].31; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].32; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].33; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].34; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].35; E378|

Los said to Enitharmon Pitying I saw  
Pitying the Lamb of God Descended thro Jerusalems gates  
To put off Mystery time after time & as a Man  
Is born on Earth so was he born of Fair Jerusalem  
In mysterys woven mantle & in the Robes of Luvah

FZ8-104[2nd].36; E378|

He stood in fair Jerusalem to awake up into Eden

FZ8-104[2nd].37; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].38; E378|

The fallen Man but first to Give his vegetated body *t904*  
To be cut off & separated that the Spiritual body may be Reveald

FZ8-109[105].1; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].2; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].3; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].4; E378|

The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite *t905*  
In Entuthon Benithon in the shadows of torments & woe *t906*  
Upon the heights of Amalek taking refuge in his arms *t907*  
The Victims fled from punishment for all his words were peace *t908*

FZ8-109[105].5; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].6; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].7; E378|

Urizen calld together the Synagogue of Satan in dire Sanhedrim *t909*  
To Judge the Lamb of God to Death as a murderer & robber *t910*  
As it is written he was numberd among the transgressors *t911*

FZ8-109[105].8; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].9; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].10; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].11; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].12; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].13; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].14; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].15; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].16; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].17; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].18; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].19; E378|

Cold dark opake the Assembly met twelvefold in Amalek  
Twelve rocky unshapd forms terrific forms of torture & woe  
Such seemd the Synagogue to distant view amidst them beamd *t912*  
A False Feminine Counterpart Lovely of Delusive Beauty *t913*  
Dividing & Uniting at will in the Cruelties of Holiness  
Vala drawn down into a Vegetated body now triumphant  
The Synagogue of Satan Clothed her with Scarlet robes & Gems  
And on her forehead was her Dame written in blood Mystery  
When viewd remote She is One when viewd near she divides  
To multitude as it is in Eden so permitted because  
It was the best possible in the State called Satan to Save  
From Death Eternal & to put off Satan Eternally

FZ8-109[105].20; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].21; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].22; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].23; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].24; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].25; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].26; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].27; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].28; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].29; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].30; E378|

The Synagogue Created her from Fruit of Urizens tree  
By devilish arts abominable unlawful unutterable  
Perpetually vegetating in detestable births  
Of Female forms beautiful thro poisons hidden in secret  
Which give a tincture to false beauty then was hidden within *t914*  
The bosom of Satan The false Female as in an ark & veil  
Which christ must rend & her reveal Her Daughters are Calld  
Tirzah She is namd Rahab their various divisions are calld *t915*  
The Daughters of Amalek Canaan & Moab binding on the Stones *t916*  
Their victims & with knives tormenting them singing with tears *t917*  
Over their victims Hear ye the song of the Females of Amalek

FZ8-109[105].31; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].32; E378|

O thou poor human form O thou poor child of woe  
Why dost thou wander away from Tirzah why me compell to bind thee

FZ8-109[105].33; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].34; E379|

If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon the rocks  
These fibres of thine eyes that used to wander in distant heavens



FZ8-109[105].35; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].36; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].37; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].38; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].39; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].40; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].41; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].42; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].43; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].44; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].45; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].46; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].47; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].48; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].49; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].50; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].51; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].52; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].53; E379|

Away from me I have bound down with a hot iron <sup>t918</sup>  
These nostrils that Expanded with delight in morning skies  
I have bent downward with lead molten in my roaring furnaces  
My soul is seven furnaces incessant roars the bellows  
Upon my terribly flaming heart the molten metal runs  
In channels thro my fiery limbs O love O pity O pain  
O the pangs the bitter pangs of love forsaken  
Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran  
The river Kanah wanderd by my sweet Manassehs side <sup>t919</sup>  
Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass heat it red hot <sup>t920</sup>  
Press it around the loins of this expanding cruelty  
Shriek not so my only love  
Bind him down sisters bind him down on Ebal mount of Cursing  
Malah come forth from Lebanon & Hogleh 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 <sup>t921</sup>  
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

FZ8-109[105].54; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].55; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].56; E379|

Such are the songs of Tirzah such the loves of Amalek  
The Lamb of God descended thro the twelve portions of Luvah  
Bearing his sorrows & rec[iev]ing all his cruel wounds

FZ8-110[106][1st].1; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].2; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].3; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].4; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].5; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].6; E379|

Thus was the Lamb of God condemnd to Death <sup>t922</sup>  
They naid him upon the tree of Mystery weeping over him  
And then mocking & then worshipping calling him Lord & King  
Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely & sometimes as five  
They stood in beaming beauty & sometimes as one even Rahab <sup>t923</sup>  
Who is Mystery Babylon the Great the Mother of Harlots <sup>t924</sup>

FZ8-110[106][1st].7; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].8; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].9; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].10; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].11; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].12; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].13; E379|

Jerusalem saw the Body dead upon the Cross She fled away <sup>t925</sup>  
Saying Is this Eternal Death Where shall I hide from Death  
Pity me Los pity me Urizen & let us build <sup>t926</sup>  
A Sepulcher & worship Death in fear while yet we live  
Death! God of All from whom we rise to whom we all return  
And Let all Nations of the Earth worship at the Sepulcher <sup>t927</sup>  
With Gifts & Spices with lamps rich embossd jewels & gold

FZ8-110[106][1st].14; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].15; E379|  
FZ-110[106][1st].16; E379|

Los took the Body from the Cross Jerusalem weeping over  
They bore it to the Sepulcher which Los had hewn in the rock  
Of Eternity for himself he hewd it despairing of Life Eternal <sup>t928</sup>

FZ8-105[113][2nd].38; E379| But when Rahab had cut off the Mantle of Luvah from <sup>t929</sup>  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].39; E379| The Lamb of God it rolld apart, revealing to all in heaven  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].40; E379| And all on Earth the Temple & the Synagogue of Satan & Mystery

FZ8-105[113][2nd].41; E380| Even Rahab in all her turpitude Rahab divided herself  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].42; E380| She stood before Los in her Pride among the Furnaces <sup>t930</sup>  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].43; E380| Dividing & uniting in Delusive feminine pomp questioning him

FZ8-105[113][2nd].44; E380| He answerd her with tenderness & love not uninspird  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].45; E380| Los sat upon his anvil stock they sat beside the forge  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].46; E380| Los wipd the sweat from his red brow & thus began  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].47; E380| To the delusive female forms shining among his furnaces

FZ8-105[113][2nd].48; E380| I am that shadowy Prophet who six thousand years ago  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].49; E380| Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. I divided  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].50; E380| To multitude & my multitudes are children of Care & Labour  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].51; E380| O Rahab I behold thee I was once like thee a Son  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].52; E380| Of Pride and I also have piercd the Lamb of God in pride & wrath  
FZ8-105[113][2nd].53; E380| Hear me repeat my Generations that thou mayst also repent

FZ8-107[115].1; E380| And these are the Sons of Los & Enitharmon. Rintrah Palamabron <sup>t932</sup>  
FZ8-107[115].2; E380| Theotormon Bromion Antamon Ananton Ozoth Ohana  
FZ8-107[115].3; E380| Sotha Mydon Ellayol Natho Gon Harhath Satan  
FZ8-107[115].4; E380| Har Ochim Ijim Adam Reuben Simeon Levi Judah Dan Naphtali  
FZ8-107[115].5; E380| Gad Asher Issachar Zebulun Joseph Benjamin David Solomon  
FZ8-107[115].6; E380| Paul Constantine Charlemaine Luther Milton  
FZ8-107[115].7; E380| These are our daughters Ocalythron Elynittria Oothoon Leutha <sup>t933</sup>  
FZ8-107[115].8; E380| Elythiria Enanto Manathu Vorcyon Ethinthus Moab Midian  
FZ8-107[115].9; E380| Adah Zillah Caina Naamah Tamar Rahab Tirzah Mary  
FZ8-107[115].10; E380| And myriads more of Sons & Daughters to whom our love increasd <sup>t934</sup>  
FZ8-107[115].11; E380| To each according to the multiplication of their multitudes  
FZ8-107[115].12; E380| But Satan accusd Palamabron before his brethren also he maddend <sup>t935</sup>  
FZ8-107[115].13; E380| The horses of palambrons harrow wherefore Rintrah & Palamabron  
FZ8-107[115].14; E380| Cut him off from Golgonooza. But Enitharmon in tears  
FZ8-107[115].15; E380| Wept over him Created him a Space closd with a tender moon  
FZ8-107[115].16; E380| And he rolld down beneath the fires of Orc a Globe immense  
FZ8-107[115].17; E380| Crusted with snow in a dim void. here by the Arts of Urizen  
FZ8-107[115].18; E380| He tempted many of the Sons & Daughters of Los to flee  
FZ8-107[115].19; E380| Away from Me first Reuben fled then Simeon then Levi then Judah <sup>t936</sup>  
FZ8-107[115].20; E380| Then Dan then Naphtali then Gad then Asher then Issachar  
FZ8-107[115].21; E380| Then Zebulun then Joseph then Benjamin twelve sons of Los  
FZ8-107[115].22; E380| And this is the manner in which Satan became the Tempter



FZ8-107[115].23; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].24; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].25; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].26; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].27; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].28; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].29; E380|

There is a State namd Satan learn distinct to know O Rahab <sup>t937</sup>  
The Difference between States & Individuals of those States  
The State namd Satan never can be redeemd in all Eternity  
But when Luvah in Orc became a Serpent he des[c]ended into  
That State calld Satan Enitharmon breathd forth on the Winds  
Of Golgonooza her well beloved knowing he was Orc's human remains  
She tenderly lovd him above all his brethren he grew up

FZ8-107[115].30; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].31; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].32; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].33; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].34; E381|

In mothers tenderness The Enormous worlds rolling in Urizens power  
Must have given Satan by these mild arts Dominion over all  
Wherefore Palamabron being accused by Satan to Los <sup>t938</sup>  
Calld down a Great Solemn assembly Rintrah in fury & fire  
Defended Palamabron & rage filld the Universal Tent

FZ8-107[115].35; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].36; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].37; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].38; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].39; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].40; E381|

Because Palamabron was good naturd Satan supposd he feard him  
And Satan not having the Science of Wrath but only of Pity  
Was soon condemnd & wrath was left to wrath & Pity to Pity  
Rintrah & Palamabron Cut sheer off from Golgonooza  
Enitharmons Moony space & in it Satan & his companions  
They rolld down a dim world Crusted with Snow deadly & dark

FZ8-107[115].41; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].42; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].43; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].44; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].45; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].46; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].47; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].48; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].49; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].50; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].51; E381|

Jerusalem pitying them wove them mantles of life & death  
Times after times And those in Eden sent Lucifer for their Guard  
Lucifer refusd to die for Satan & in pride he forsook his charge  
Then they sent Molech Molech was impatient They sent  
Molech impatient They Sent Elohim who created Adam  
To die for Satan Adam refusd but was compelld to die  
By Satans arts. Then the Eternals Sent Shaddai  
Shaddai was angry Pachad descended Pachad was terrified  
And then they Sent Jehovah who leprous stretchd his hand to Eternity  
Then Jesus Came & Died willing beneath Tirzah & Rahab  
Thou art that Rahab Lo the Tomb what can we purpose more <sup>t939</sup>

FZ8-108[116].1; E381|  
FZ8-108[116].2; E381|

Lo Enitharmon terrible & beautiful in Eternal youth  
Bow down before her you her children & set Jerusalem free

FZ8-108[116].3; E381|  
FZ8-108[116].4; E381|  
FZ8-108[116].5; E381|  
FZ8-108[116].6; E381|

Rahab burning with pride & revenge departed from Los  
Los dropd a tear at her departure but he wipd it away in hope  
She went to Urizen in pride the Prince of Light beheld  
Reveald before the face of heaven his secret holiness <sup>t940</sup>

FZ8-106[2nd].17; E381|

Darkness & sorrow coverd all flesh Eternity was darkend *t941*

FZ8-106[2nd].18; E381|

Urizen sitting in his web of dece[i]tful Religion *t942*

FZ8-106[2nd].19; E381|

felt the female death a dull & numming stupor such as neer *t943*

FZ8-106[2nd].20; E381|

Before assaulted the bright human form he felt his pores

FZ8-106[2nd].21; E381|

Drink in the deadly dull delusion horrors of Eternal death

FZ8-106[2nd].22; E381|

Shot thro him Urizen sat Stonied upon his rock

FZ8-106[2nd].23; E381|

Forgetful of his own Laws pitying he began to Embrace

FZ8-106[2nd].24; E381|

The Shadowly Female since life cannot be quenched Life exuded

FZ8-106[2nd].25; E381|

His eyes shot outwards then his breathing nostrils drawn forth *t944*

FZ8-106[2nd].26; E381|

Scales coverd over a cold forehead & a neck outstretchd

FZ8-106[2nd].27; E381|

Into the deep to sieze the shadow scales his neck & bosom

FZ8-106[2nd].28; E382|

Coverd & scales his hands & feet upon his belly falling

FZ8-106[2nd].29; E382|

Outstretchd thro the immense his mouth wide opening tongueless *t945*

FZ8-106[2nd].30; E382|

His teeth a triple row he strove to sieze the shadow in vain

FZ8-106[2nd].31; E382|

And his immense tail lashd the Abyss his human form a Stone

FZ8-106[2nd].32; E382|

A form of Senseless Stone remaind in terrors on the rock

FZ8-106[2nd].33; E382|

Abominable to the eyes of mortals who explore his books

FZ8-106[2nd].34; E382|

His wisdom still remaind & all his memory stord with woe

FZ8-106[2nd].35; E382|

And still his stony form remaind in the Abyss immense

FZ8-106[2nd].36; E382|

Like the pale visage in its sheet of lead that cannot follow

FZ8-106[2nd].37; E382|

Incessant stern disdain his sealy form gnaws inwardly

FZ8-106[2nd].38; E382|

With deep repentance for the loss of that fair form of Man

FZ8-106[2nd].39; E382|

With Envy he saw Los with Envy Tharmas & the Spectre *t946*

FZ8-106[2nd].40; E382|

With Envy & in vain he swam around his stony form

FZ8-106[2nd].41; E382|

No longer now Erect the King of Light outstretchd in fury

FZ8-106[2nd].42; E382|

Lashes his tail in the wild deep his Eyelids like the Sun *t947*

FZ8-106[2nd].43; E382|

Arising in his pride enlighten all the Grizly deeps

FZ8-106[2nd].44; E382|

His scales transparent give forth light like windows of the morning

FZ8-106[2nd].45; E382|

His neck flames with wrath & majesty he lashes the Abyss

FZ8-106[2nd].46; E382|

Beating the Desarts & the rocks the desarts feel his power

FZ8-106[2nd].45; E382|

They shake their slumbers off. They wave in awful fear

FZ8-106[2nd].48; E382|

Calling the Lion & the Tyger the horse & the wild Stag

FZ8-111[107].1; E382|

The Elephant the wolf the Bear the Lamia the Satyr *t948*

FZ8-111[107].2; E382|

His Eyelids give their light around his folding tail aspires

FZ8-111[107].3; E382|

Among the stars the Earth & all the Abysses feel h[i]s fury *t949*

FZ8-111[107].4; E382|

When as the snow covers the mountain oft petrific hardness

FZ8-111[107].5; E382|

Covers the deeps at his vast fury mo[a]ning in his rock *t950*

FZ8-111[107].6; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].7; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].8; E382|

Hardens the Lion & the Bear trembling in the Solid mountain  
They view the light & wonder crying out in terrible existence  
Up bound the wild stag & the horse behold the King of Pride

FZ8-111[107].9; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].10; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].11; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].12; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].13; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].14; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].15; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].16; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].17; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].18; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].19; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].20; E382|

Oft doth his Eye emerge from the Abyss into the realms  
Of his Eternal day & memory strives to augment his ruthfulness  
Then weeping he descends in wrath drawing all things in his fury  
Into obedience to his will & now he finds in vain  
That not of his own power he bore the human form erect  
Nor of his own will gave his Laws in times of Everlasting  
For now fierce Orc in wrath & fury rises into the heavens *t951*  
A King of wrath & fury a dark enraged horror  
And Urizen repentant forgets his wisdom in the abyss *t952*  
In forms of priesthood in the dark delusions of repentance  
Repining in his heart & spirit that Orc reignd over all  
And that his wisdom servd but to augment the indefinite lust

FZ8-111[107].21; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].22; E382|

Then Tharmas & Urthona felt the stony stupor rise  
Into their limbs Urthona shot forth a Vast Fibrous form

FZ8-111[107].23; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].24; E383|

Tharmas like a pillar of sand rolld round by the whirlwind  
An animated Pillar rolling round & round in incessant rage

FZ8-111[107].25; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].26; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].27; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].28; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].29; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].30; E383|

Los felt the stony tupor & his head rolld down beneath  
Into the Abysses of his bosom the vessels of his blood  
Dart forth upon the wind in pipes writhing about in the Abyss  
And Enitharmon pale & cold in milky juices flowd  
Into a form of Vegetation living having a voice  
Moving in rootlike fibres trembling in fear upon the Earth

FZ8-111[107].31; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].32; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].33; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].34; E383|

And Tharmas gave his Power to Los Urthona gave his strength  
Into the youthful prophet for the Love of Enitharmon  
And of the nameless Shadowy female in the nether deep  
And for the dread of the dark terrors of Orc & Urizen

FZ8-111[107].35; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].36; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].37; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].38; E383|

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

FZ8-122[108].1; E383|

Tharmas on high rode furious thro the afflicted worlds *t953*

FZ8-122[108].2; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].3; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].4; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].5; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].6; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].7; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].8; E383|

Pursuing the Vain Shadow of Hope fleeing from identity  
In abstract false Expanses that he may not hear the Voice  
Of Ahania wailing on the winds in vain he flies for still  
The voice incessant calls on all the children of Men  
For she spoke of all in heaven & all upon the Earth  
Saw not as yet the Divine vision her Eyes are Toward Urizen  
And thus Ahania cries aloud to the Caverns of the Grave

FZ8-122[108].9; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].10; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].11; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].12; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].13; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].14; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].15; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].16; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].17; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].18; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].19; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].20; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].21; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].22; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].23; E383|

Will you keep a flock of wolves & lead them will you take the wintry blast  
For a covering to your limbs or the summer pestilence for a tent to abide in  
Will you erect a lasting habitation in the mouldering Church yard  
Or a pillar & palace of Eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave  
Will you seek pleasure from the festering wound or marry for a Wife  
he ancient Leprosy that the King & Priest may still feast on your decay  
And the grave mock & laugh at the plowd field saying  
I am the nourisher thou the destroyer in my bosom is milk & wine  
And a fountain from my breasts to me come all multitudes  
To my breath they obey they worship me I am a goddess & queen  
But listen to Ahania O ye sons of the Murderd one  
Listen to her whose memory beholds your ancient days  
Listen to her whose eyes behold the dark body of corruptible death  
Looking for Urizen in vain. in vain I seek for morning  
The Eternal Man sleeps in the Earth nor feels the vigrous sun

FZ8-122[108].24; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].25; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].26; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].27; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].28; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].29; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].30; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].31; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].32; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].33; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].34; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].35; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].36; E384|

Nor silent moon nor all the hosts of heaven move in his body  
His fiery halls are dark & round his limbs the Serpent Orc  
Fold without fold encompasses him And his corrupting members  
Vomit out the Scaly monsters of the restless deep  
They come up in the rivers & annoy the nether parts  
Of Man who lays upon the shores leaning his faded head  
Upon the Oozy rock inwrapped with the weeds of death  
His eyes sink hollow in his head his flesh coverd with slime  
And shrunk up to the bones alas that Man should come to this  
His strong bones beat with snows & hid within the caves of night  
Marrowless bloodless falling into dust driven by the winds  
O how the horrors of Eternal Death take hold on Man  
His faint groans shake the caves & issue thro the desolate rocks

FZ8-113[109].1; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].2; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].3; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].4; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].5; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].6; E384|

And the Strong Eagle now with num[m]ing cold blighted of feathers  
Once like the pride of the sun now flagging in cold night  
Hovers with blasted wings aloft watching with Eager Eye  
Till Man shall leave a corruptible body he famishd hears him groan  
And now he fixes his strong talons in the pointed rock  
And now he beats the heavy air with his enormous wings

FZ8-113[109].7; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].8; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].9; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].10; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].11; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].12; E384|

Beside him lies the Lion dead & in his belly worms  
Feast on his death till universal death devours all  
And the pale horse seeks for the pool to lie him down & die  
But finds the pools filled with serpents devouring one another  
He droops his head & trembling stands & his bright eyes decay  
These are the Visions of My Eyes the Visions of Ahania

FZ8-113[109].13; E384|

Thus cries Ahania Enion replies from the Caverns of the Grave

FZ8-113[109].14; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].15; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].16; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].17; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].18; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].19; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].20; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].21; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].22; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].23; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].24; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].25; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].26; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].27; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].28; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].29; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].30; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].31; E384|

Fear not O poor forsaken one O land of briars & thorns  
Where once the Olive flourishd & the Cedar spread his wings  
Once I waild desolate like thee my fallow fields in fear  
Cried to the Churchyards & the Earthworm came in dismal state  
I found him in my bosom & I said the time of Love  
Appears upon the rocks & hills in silent shades but soon  
A voice came in the night a midnight cry upon the mountains  
Awake the bridegroom cometh I awoke to sleep no more  
But an Eternal Consummation is dark Enion  
The watry Grave. O thou Corn field O thou Vegetater happy  
More happy is the dark consumer hope drowns all my torment  
For I am now surrounded by a shadowy vortex drawing  
The Spectre quite away from Enion that I die a death  
Of bitter hope altho I consume in these raging waters  
The furrowd field replies to the grave I hear her reply to me  
Behold the time approaches fast that thou shalt be as a thing  
Forgotten when one speaks of thee he will not be believd  
When the man gently fades away in his immortality

FZ8-113[109].32; E385|  
FZ8-113[109].33; E385|  
FZ8-113[109].34; E385|  
FZ8-113[109].35; E385|

When the mortal disappears in improved knowledge cast away  
The former things so shall the Mortal gently fade away  
And so become invisible to those who still remain  
Listen I will tell thee what is done in the caverns of the grave

FZ8-114[110].1; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].2; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].3; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].4; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].5; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].6; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].7; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].8; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].9; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].10; E385|

The Lamb of God has rent the Veil of Mystery soon to return  
In Clouds & Fires around the rock & the Mysterious tree  
As the seed waits Eagerly watching for its flower & fruit  
Anxious its little soul looks out into the clear expanse  
To see if hungry winds are abroad with their invisible army  
So Man looks out in tree & herb & fish & bird & beast  
Collecting up the scatterd portions of his immortal body  
Into the Elemental forms of every thing that grows  
He tries the sullen north wind riding on its angry furrows  
The sultry south when the sun rises & the angry east



FZ8-114[110].11; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].12; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].13; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].14; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].15; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].16; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].17; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].18; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].19; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].20; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].21; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].22; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].23; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].24; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].25; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].26; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].27; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].28; E385|

When the sun sets when the clods harden & the cattle stand  
Drooping & the birds hide in their silent nests. he stores his thoughts  
As in a store house in his memory he regulates the forms  
Of all beneath & all above & in the gentle West  
Reposes where the Suns heat dwells he rises to the Sun  
And to the Planets of the Night & to the stars that gild  
The Zodiac & the stars that sullen stand to north & south  
He touches the remotest pole & in the Center weeps  
That Man should Labour & sorrow & learn & forget & return  
To the dark valley whence he came to begin his labours anew  
In pain he sighs in pain he labours in his universe  
Screaming in birds over the deep & howling in the Wolf  
Over the slain & moaning in the cattle & in the winds  
And weeping over Orc & Urizen in clouds & flaming fires <sup>t954</sup>  
And in the cries of birth & in the groans of death his voice  
Is heard throughout the Universe wherever a grass grows  
Or a leaf buds The Eternal Man is seen is heard is felt  
And all his Sorrows till he reassumes his ancient bliss

FZ8-114[110].29; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].30; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].31; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].32; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].33; E385|

Such are the words of Ahanian & Enion. Los hears & weeps <sup>t955</sup>  
And Los & Enitharmon took the Body of the Lamb  
Down from the Cross & plac'd it in a Sepulcher which Los had hewn  
For himself in the Rock of Eternity trembling & in despair <sup>t956</sup>  
Jerusalem wept over the Sepulcher two thousand Years

FZ8-115[111].1; E385|  
FZ8-115[111].2; E385|  
FZ8-115[111].3; E385|  
FZ8-115[111].4; E385|  
FZ8-115[111].5; E385|

Rahab triumphs over all she took Jerusalem  
Captive A Willing Captive by delusive arts impell'd  
To worship Urizens Dragon form to offer her own Children  
Upon the bloody Altar. John Saw these things Reveald in Heaven  
On Patmos Isle & heard the Souls cry out to be deliverd

FZ8-115[111].6; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].7; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].8; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].9; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].10; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].11; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].12; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].13; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].14; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].15; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].16; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].17; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].18; E386|

He saw the Harlot of the Kings of Earth & saw her Cup  
Of fornication food of Orc & Satan press'd from the fruit of Mystery  
But when she saw the form of Ahanian weeping on the Void  
And heard Enions voice sound from the caverns of the Grave  
No more spirit remained in her She secretly left the Synagogue of Satan  
She commund with Orc in secret She hid him with the flax  
That Enitharmon had numberd away from the Heavens <sup>t957</sup>  
She gatherd it together to consume her Harlot Robes <sup>t958</sup>  
In bitterest Contrition sometimes Self condemning repentant  
And Sometimes kissing her Robes & jewels & weeping over them  
Sometimes returning to the Synagogue of Satan in Pride  
And Sometimes weeping before Orc in humility & trembling  
The Synagogue of Satan therefore uniting against Mystery



FZ8-115[111].19; E386| Satan dividd against Satan resolvd in open Sanhedrim  
FZ8-115[111].20; E386| To burn Mystery with fire & form another from her ashes  
FZ8-115[111].21; E386| For God put it into their heart to fulfill all his will

FZ8-115[111].22; E386| The Ashes of Mystery began to animate they calld it Deism  
FZ8-115[111].23; E386| And Natural Religion as of old so now anew began  
FZ8-115[111].24; E386| Babylon again in Infancy Calld Natural Religion

ED; E386| [*End of (The) Eighth Night*]

FZ9-header; E386| VALA

FZ9-subtitle1; E386| Night the Ninth  
FZ9-subtitle2; E386| Being  
FZ9-subtitle3; E386| The Last Judgment

FZ9-117.1; E386| And Los & Enitharmon builded Jerusalem weeping <sup>t959</sup>  
FZ9-117.2; E386| Over the Sepulcher & over the Crucified body  
FZ9-117.3; E386| Which to their Phantom Eyes appear'd still in the Sepulcher  
FZ9-117.4; E386| But Jesus stood beside them in the Spirit Separating  
FZ9-117.5; E386| Their Spirit from their body. Terrified at Non Existence  
FZ9-117.6; E386| For such they deemd the death of the body. Los his vegetable hands  
FZ9-117.7; E386| Outstretchd his right hand branching out in fibrous Strength  
FZ9-117.8; E386| Siezd the Sun. His left hand like dark roots coverd the Moon  
FZ9-117.9; E386| And tore them down cracking the heavens across from immense to immense  
FZ9-117.10; E386| Then fell the fires of Eternity with loud & shrill  
FZ9-117.11; E386| Sound of Loud Trumpet thundering along from heaven to heaven  
FZ9-117.12; E386| A mighty sound articulate Awake ye dead & come  
FZ9-117.13; E386| To judgment from the four winds Awake & Come away  
FZ9-117.14; E386| Folding like scrolls of the Enormous volume of Heaven & Earth

FZ9-117.15; E387| With thunderous noise & dreadful shakings rocking to & fro  
FZ9-117.16; E387| The heavens are shaken & the Earth removed from its place  
FZ9-117.17; E387| The foundations of the Eternal hills discoverd  
FZ9-117.18; E387| The thrones of Kings are shaken they have lost their robes & crowns  
FZ9-117.19; E387| The poor smite their opressors they awake up to the harvest  
FZ9-117.20; E387| The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shore  
FZ9-117.21; E387| Trembling before the multitudes of slaves now set at liberty  
FZ9-117.22; E387| They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripd of leaves  
FZ9-117.23; E387| The oppressed pursue like the wind there is no room for escape  
FZ9-117.24; E387| The Spectre of Enitharmon let loose on the troubled deep  
FZ9-117.25; E387| Waild shrill in the confusion & the Spectre of Urthona

FZ9-118.1; E387| Recievd her in the darkning South their bodies lost they stood  
FZ9-118.2; E387| Trembling & weak a faint embrace a fierce desire as when  
FZ9-118.3; E387| Two shadows mingle on a wall they wail & shadowy tears  
FZ9-118.4; E387| Fell down & shadowy forms of joy mixd with despair & grief  
FZ9-118.5; E387| Their bodies buried in the ruins of the Universe  
FZ9-118.6; E387| Mingled with the confusion. Who shall call them from the Grave

FZ9-118.7; E387| Rahab & Tirzah wail aloud in the wild flames they give up themselves to  
**Consummation**

FZ9-118.8; E387| The books of Urizen unroll with dreadful noise the folding Serpent  
FZ9-118.9; E387| Of Orc began to Consume in fierce raving fire his fierce flames  
FZ9-118.10; E387| Issud on all sides gathring strength in animating volumes  
FZ9-118.11; E387| Roaring abroad on all the winds raging intense reddening  
FZ9-118.12; E387| Into resistless pillars of fire rolling round & round gathering  
FZ9-118.13; E387| Strength from the Earths consumd & heavens & all hidden abysses  
FZ9-118.14; E387| Wherever the Eagle has Explord or Lion or Tyger trod  
FZ9-118.15; E387| Or where the Comets of the night or stars of [asterial] day *t960*  
FZ9-118.16; E387| Have shot their arrows or long beamed spears in wrath & fury

FZ9-118.17; E387| And all the while the trumpet sounds from the clotted gore & from the hollow den  
FZ9-118.18; E387| Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire  
FZ9-118.19; E387| Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity

FZ9-118.20; E387| Then like the doves from pillars of Smoke the trembling families  
FZ9-118.21; E387| Of women & children throughout every nation under heaven  
FZ9-118.22; E387| Cling round the men in bands of twenties & of fifties pale  
FZ9-118.23; E387| As snow that falls around a leafless tree upon the green  
FZ9-118.24; E387| Their opressors are falln they have Stricken them they awake to life  
FZ9-118.25; E387| Yet pale the just man stands erect & looking up to heavn  
FZ9-118.26; E387| Trembling & stricken by the Universal stroke the trees unroot  
FZ9-118.27; E387| The rocks groan horrible & run about. The mountains &  
FZ9-118.28; E387| Their rivers cry with a dismal cry the cattle gather together  
FZ9-118.29; E387| Lowing they kneel before the heavens. the wild beasts of the forests  
FZ9-118.30; E387| Tremble the Lion shuddering asks the Leopard. Feelest thou

FZ9-118.31; E388| The dread I feel unknown before My voice refuses to roar  
FZ9-118.32; E388| And in weak moans I speak to thee This night  
FZ9-118.33; E388| Before the mornings dawn the Eagle calld the Vulture  
FZ9-118.34; E388| The Raven calld the hawk I heard them from my forests black  
FZ9-118.35; E388| Saying Let us go up far for soon I smell upon the wind  
FZ9-118.36; E388| A terror coming from the South. The Eagle & Hawk fled away  
FZ9-118.37; E388| At dawn & Eer the sun arose the ravel) & Vulture followd

FZ9-118.38; E388|  
FZ9-118.39; E388|  
FZ9-118.40; E388|

Let us flee also to the north. They fled. The Sons of Men  
Saw them depart in dismal droves. The trumpet sounded loud *t962*  
And all the Sons of Eternity Descended into Beulah

FZ9-119.1; E388|  
FZ9-119.2; E388|  
FZ9-119.3; E388|  
FZ9-119.4; E388|  
FZ9-119.5; E388|  
FZ9-119.6; E388|  
FZ9-119.7; E388|  
FZ9-119.8; E388|  
FZ9-119.9; E388|  
FZ9-119.10; E388|  
FZ9-119.11; E388|  
FZ9-119.12; E388|  
FZ9-119.13; E388|

In the fierce flames the limbs of Mystery lay consuming with howling *t963*  
And deep despair. Rattling go up the flames around the Synagogue  
Of Satan Loud the Serpent Orc ragd thro his twenty Seven  
Folds. The tree of Mystery went up in folding flames  
Blood issud out in mighty volumes pouring in whirlpools fierce  
From out the flood gates of the Sky The Gates are burst down pour  
The torrents black upon the Earth the blood pours down incessant  
Kings in their palaces lie drownd Shepherds their flocks their tents  
Roll down the mountains in black torrents Cities Villages  
High spires & Castles drownd in the black deluge Shoal on Shoal  
Float the dead carcasses of Men & Beasts driven to & fro on waves  
Of foaming blood beneath the black incessant Sky till all  
Mysterys tyrants are cut off & not one left on Earth

FZ9-119.14; E388|  
FZ9-119.15; E388|  
FZ9-119.16; E388|  
FZ9-119.17; E388|  
FZ9-119.18; E388|  
FZ9-119.19; E388|  
FZ9-119.20; E388|  
FZ9-119.21; E388|  
FZ9-119.22; E388|  
FZ9-119.23; E388|

And when all Tyranny was cut off from the face of Earth  
Around the Dragon form of Urizen & round his stony form  
The flames rolling intense thro the wide Universe  
Began to Enter the Holy City Entring the dismal clouds *t964*  
In furrowd lightnings break their way the wild flames li[c]king up *t965*  
The Bloody Deluge living flames winged with intellect  
And Reason round the Earth they march in order flame by flame  
From the clotted gore & from the hollow den  
Start forth the trembling Millions into flames of mental fire  
Bathing their Limbs in the bright visions of Eternity

FZ9-119.24; E388|

Beyond this Universal Confusion beyond the remotest Pole *t966*

FZ9-119.25; E388|  
FZ9-119.26; E388|  
FZ9-119.27; E388|  
FZ9-119.28; E388|  
FZ9-119.29; E388|  
FZ9-119.30; E388|  
FZ9-119.31; E388|

Where their vortexes begin to operate there stands  
A Horrible rock far in the South it was forsaken when  
Urizen gave the horses of Light into the hands of Luvah  
On this rock lay the faded head of the Eternal Man  
Enwrapped round with weeds of death pale cold in sorrow & woe  
He lifts the blue lamps of his Eyes & cries with heavenly voice  
Bowing his head over the consuming Universe he cried

FZ9-119.32; E388|  
FZ9-119.33; E388|

O weakness & O weariness O war within my members  
My sons exiled from my breast pass to & fro before me

FZ9-119.34; E389| My birds are silent on my hills flocks die beneath my branches  
 FZ9-119.35; E389| My tents are fallen my trumpets & the sweet sounds of my harp  
 FZ9-119.36; E389| Is silent on my clouded hills that belch forth storms & fires  
 FZ9-119.37; E389| My milk of cows & honey of bees & fruit of golden harvest  
 FZ9-119.38; E389| Are gatherd in the scorching heat & in the riving rain  
 FZ9-119.39; E389| My robe is turned to confusion & my bright gold to stones  
 FZ9-119.40; E389| Where once I sat I weary walk in misery & pain  
 FZ9-119.41; E389| For from within my witherd breast grown narrow with my woes *t967*  
 FZ9-119.42; E389| The Corn is turnd to thistles & the apples into poison  
 FZ9-119.43; E389| The birds of song to murderous crows My joys to bitter groans

FZ9-120.1; E389| The voices of children in my tents to cries of helpless infants  
 FZ9-120.2; E389| And all exiled from the face of light & shine of morning  
 FZ9-120.3; E389| In this dark world a narrow house I wander up & down  
 FZ9-120.4; E389| I hear Mystery howling in these flames of Consummation  
 FZ9-120.5; E389| When shall the Man of future times become as in days of old  
 FZ9-120.6; E389| O weary life why sit I here & give up all my powers  
 FZ9-120.7; E389| To indolence to the night of death when indolence & mourning  
 FZ9-120.8; E389| Sit hovring over my dark threshold. tho I arise look out  
 FZ9-120.9; E389| And scorn the war within my members yet my heart is weak  
 FZ9-120.10; E389| And my head faint Yet will I look again unto the morning  
 FZ9-120.11; E389| Whence is this sound of rage of Men drinking each others blood  
 FZ9-120.12; E389| Drunk with the smoking gore & red but not with nourishing wine

FZ9-120.13; E389| The Eternal Man sat on the Rocks & cried with awful voice

FZ9-120.14; E389| O Prince of Light where art thou I behold thee not as once  
 FZ9-120.15; E389| In those Eternal fields in clouds of morning stepping forth  
 FZ9-120.16; E389| With harps & songs where bright Ahania sang before thy face  
 FZ9-120.17; E389| And all thy sons & daughters gatherd round my ample table  
 FZ9-120.18; E389| See you not all this wracking furious confusion  
 FZ9-120.19; E389| Come forth from slumbers of thy cold abstraction come forth  
 FZ9-120.20; E389| Arise to Eternal births shake off thy cold repose  
 FZ9-120.21; E389| Schoolmaster of souls great opposer of change arise  
 FZ9-120.22; E389| That the Eternal worlds may see thy face in peace & joy  
 FZ9-120.23; E389| That thou dread form of Certainty maist sit in town & village  
 FZ9-120.24; E389| While little children play around thy feet in gentle awe  
 FZ9-120.25; E389| Fearing thy frown loving thy smile O Urizen Prince of light

FZ9-120.26; E389| He calld[;] the deep buried his voice & answer none returnd  
 FZ9-120.27; E389| Then wrath burst round the Eternal Man was wrath again he cried  
 FZ9-120.28; E389| Arise O stony form of death O dragon of the Deeps  
 FZ9-120.29; E389| Lie down before my feet O Dragon let Urizen arise

FZ9-120.30; E389| O how couldst thou deform those beautiful proportions *t968*  
FZ9-120.31; E389| Of life & person for as the Person so is his life proportiond *t969*  
FZ9-120.32; E389| Let Luvah rage in the dark deep even to Consummation  
FZ9-120.33; E389| For if thou feedest not his rage it will subside in peace

FZ9-120.34; E390| But if thou darest obstinate refuse my stern behest  
FZ9-120.35; E390| Thy crown & scepter I will sieze & regulate all my members  
FZ9-120.36; E390| In stern severity & cast thee out into the indefinite  
FZ9-120.37; E390| Where nothing lives, there to wander. & if thou returnst weary  
FZ9-120.38; E390| Weeping at the threshold of Existence I will steel my heart  
FZ9-120.39; E390| Against thee to Eternity & never recieve thee more  
FZ9-120.40; E390| Thy self-destroying beast formd Science shall be thy eternal lot  
FZ9-120.41; E390| My anger against thee is greater than against this Luvah  
FZ9-120.42; E390| For war is energy Enslavd but thy religion *t970*  
FZ9-120.43; E390| The first author of this war & the distracting of honest minds  
FZ9-120.44; E390| Into confused perturbation & strife & honour & pride  
FZ9-120.45; E390| Is a deceit so detestable that I will cast thee out  
FZ9-120.46; E390| If thou repentest not & leave thee as a rotten branch to be burnd  
FZ9-120.47; E390| With Mystery the Harlot & with Satan for Ever & Ever  
FZ9-120.48; E390| Error can never be redeemd in all Eternity  
FZ9-120.49; E390| But Sin Even Rahab is redeemd in blood & fury & jealousy  
FZ9-120.50; E390| That line of blood that stretchd across the windows of the morning  
FZ9-120.51; E390| Redeemd from Errors power. Wake thou dragon of the Deeps

FZ9-121.1; E390| Urizen wept in the dark deep anxious his Scaly form  
FZ9-121.2; E390| To reassume the human & he wept in the dark deep

F9-121.3; E390| Saying O that I had never drank the wine nor eat the bread  
FZ9-121.4; E390| Of dark mortality nor cast my view into futurity nor turnd *t971*  
FZ9-121.5; E390| My back darkning the present clouding with a cloud  
FZ9-121.6; E390| And building arches high & cities turrets & towers & domes *t972*  
FZ9-121.7; E390| Whose smoke destroyd the pleasant gardens & whose running Kennels *t973*  
FZ9-121.8; E390| Chokd the bright rivers burdning with my Ships the angry deep  
FZ9-121.9; E390| Thro Chaos seeking for delight & in spaces remote  
FZ9-121.10; E390| Seeking the Eternal which is always present to the wise  
FZ9-121.11; E390| Seeking for pleasure which unsought falls round the infants path  
FZ9-121.12; E390| And on the fleeces of mild flocks who neither care nor labour  
FZ9-121.13; E390| But I the labourer of ages whose unwearied hands  
FZ9-121.14; E390| Are thus deformd with hardness with the sword & with the spear *t974*  
FZ9-121.15; E390| And with the Chisel & the mallet I whose labours vast  
FZ9-121.16; E390| Order the nations separating family by family  
FZ9-121.17; E390| Alone enjoy not I alone in misery supreme  
FZ9-121.18; E390| Ungratified give all my joy unto this Luvah & Vala *t975*  
FZ9-121.19; E390| Then Go O dark futurity I will cast thee forth from these *t976*



FZ9-121.20; E390| Heavens of my brain nor will I look upon futurity more *t977*  
FZ9-121.21; E390| I cast futurity away & turn my back upon that void *t978*  
FZ9-121.22; E390| Which I have made for lo futurity is in this moment *t979*  
FZ9-121.23; E390| Let Orc consume let Tharmas rage let dark Urthona give  
FZ9-121.24; E390| All strength to Los & Enitharmon & let Los self-cursd  
FZ9-121.25; E390| Rend down this fabric as a wall ruind & family extinct  
FZ9-121.26; E390| Rage Orc Rage Tharmas Urizen no longer curbs your rage

FZ9-121.27; E391| So Urizen spoke he shook his snows from off his Shoulders & arose  
FZ9-121.28; E391| As on a Pyramid of mist his white robes scattering  
FZ9-121.29; E391| The fleecy white renewd he shook his aged mantles off  
FZ9-121.30; E391| Into the fires Then glorious bright Exulting in his joy  
FZ9-121.31; E391| He sounding rose into the heavens in naked majesty  
FZ9-121.32; E391| In radian Youth. when Lo like garlands in the Eastern sky  
FZ9-121.33; E391| When vocal may comes dancing from the East Ahanias came  
FZ9-121.34; E391| Exulting in her flight as when a bubble rises up  
FZ9-121.35; E391| On to the surface of a lake. Ahanias rose in joy  
FZ9-121.36; E391| Excess of joy is worse than grief--her heart beat high her blood  
FZ9-121.37; E391| Burst its bright Vessels She fell down dead at the feet of Urizen  
FZ9-121.38; E391| Outstretchd a Smiling corse they buried her in a silent cave  
FZ9-121.39; E391| Urizen dropt a tear the Eternal Man Darkend with sorrow

FZ9-121.40; E391| The three daughters of Urizen Guard Ahanias Death couch  
FZ9-121.41; E391| Rising from the confusion in tears & howlings & despair  
FZ9-121.42; E391| Calling upon their fathers Name upon their Rivers dark

FZ9-121.43; E391| And the Eternal Man Said Hear my words O Prince of Light *t980*

FZ9-122.1; E391| Behold Jerusalem in whose bosom the Lamb of God  
FZ9-122.2; E391| Is seen tho slain before her Gates he self renewd remains  
FZ9-122.3; E391| Eternal & I thro him awake to life from deaths dark vale  
FZ9-122.4; E391| The times revolve the time is coming when all these delights  
FZ9-122.5; E391| Shall be renewd & all these Elements that now consume  
FZ9-122.6; E391| Shall reflourish. Then bright Ahanias shall awake from death  
FZ9-122.7; E391| A glorious Vision to thine Eyes a Self renewing Vision *t981*  
FZ9-122.8; E391| The spring. the summer to be thine then Sleep the wintry days  
FZ9-122.9; E391| In silken garments spun by her own hands against her funeral  
FZ9-122.10; E391| The winter thou shalt plow & lay thy stores into thy barns  
FZ9-122.11; E391| Expecting to recieve Ahanias in the spring with joy  
FZ9-122.12; E391| Immortal thou. Regenerate She & all the lovely Sex  
FZ9-122.13; E391| From her shall learn obedience & prepare for a wintry grave  
FZ9-122.14; E391| That spring may see them rise in tenfold joy & sweet delight  
FZ9-122.15; E391| Thus shall the male & female live the life of Eternity



FZ9-122.16; E391|  
FZ9-122.17; E391|  
FZ9-122.18; E391|  
FZ9-122.19; E391|  
FZ9-122.20; E391|

Because the Lamb of God Creates himself a bride & wife  
That we his Children evermore may live in Jerusalem  
Which now descendeth out of heaven a City yet a Woman  
Mother of myriads redeemd & born in her spiritual palaces  
By a New Spiritual birth Regenerated from Death

FZ9-122.21; E391|  
FZ9-122.22; E391|  
FZ9-122.23; E391|  
FZ9-122.24; E391|  
FZ9-122.25; E391|

Urizen Said. I have Erred & my Error remains with me  
What Chain encompasses in what Lock is the river of light confind  
That issues forth in the morning by measure & the evening by carefulness  
Where shall we take our stand to view the infinite & unbounded  
Or where are human feet for Lo our eyes are in the heavens *t982*

FZ9-122.26; E392|  
FZ9-122.27; E392|  
FZ9-122.28; E392|  
FZ9-122.29; E392|  
FZ9-122.30; E392|  
FZ9-122.31; E392|  
FZ9-122.32; E392|  
FZ9-122.33; E392|  
FZ9-122.34; E392|  
FZ9-122.35; E392|  
FZ9-122.36; E392|  
FZ9-122.37; E392|  
FZ9-122.38; E392|  
FZ9-122.39; E392|  
FZ9-122.40; E392|  
FZ9-122.41; E392|

He ceasd for rivn link from link the bursting Universe explodes  
All things reversd flew from their centers rattling bones  
To bones Join, shaking convulsd the shivering clay breathes *t983*  
Each speck of dust to the Earths center nestles round & round  
In pangs of an Eternal Birth in torment & awe & fear  
All spirits deceasd let loose from reptile prisons come in shoals  
Wild furies from the tygers brain & from the lions Eyes *t984*  
And from the ox & ass come moping terrors. from the Eagle  
And raven numerous as the leaves of Autumn every species  
Flock to the trumpet muttring over the sides of the grave & crying  
In the fierce wind round heaving rocks & mountains filld with groans  
On rifted rocks suspended in the air by inward fires  
Many a woful company & many on clouds & waters  
Fathers & friends Mothers & Infants Kings & Warriors  
Priests & chaind Captives met together in a horrible fear  
And every one of the dead appears as he had livd before

FZ9-123.1; E392|  
FZ9-123.2; E392|  
FZ9-123.3; E392|  
FZ9-123.4; E392|

And all the marks remain of the Slaves scourge & tyrants Crown  
And of the Priests oergorged Abdomen & of the merchants thin  
Sinewy deception & of the warriors ou[t]braving & thoughtlessness  
In lineaments too extended & in bones too strait & long

FZ9-123.5; E392|  
FZ9-123.6; E392|  
FZ9-123.7; E392|  
FZ9-123.8; E392|  
FZ9-123.9; E392|  
FZ9-123.10; E392|  
FZ9-123.11; E392|

They shew their wounds they accuse they sieze the opressor howlings began *t985*  
On the golden palace Songs & joy on the desart the Cold babe  
Stands in the furious air he cries the children of six thousand years  
Who died in infancy rage furious a mighty multitude rage furious  
Naked & pale standing on the expecting air to be deliverd  
Rend limb from limb the Warrior & the tyrant reuniting in pain  
The furious wind still rends around they flee in sluggish effort

FZ9-123.12; E392| They beg they intreat in vain now they Listend not to intreaty  
FZ9-123.13; E392| They view the flames red rolling on thro the wide universe  
FZ9-123.14; E392| From the dark jaws of death beneath & desolate shores remote *t986*  
FZ9-123.15; E392| These covering Vaults of heaven & these trembling globes of Earth  
FZ9-123.16; E392| One Planet calls to another & one star enquires of another *t987*  
FZ9-123.17; E392| What flames are these coming from the South what noise what dreadful rout  
FZ9-123.18; E392| As of a battle in the heavens hark heard you not the trumpet  
FZ9-123.19; E392| As of fierce battle while they spoke the flames come on intense roaring

FZ9-123.20; E392| They see him whom they have piercd they wail because of him  
FZ9-123.21; E392| They magnify themselves no more against Jerusalem Nor  
FZ9-123.22; E392| Against her little ones the innocent accused before the Judges  
FZ9-123.23; E392| Shines with immortal Glory trembling the Judge springs from his throne  
FZ9-123.24; E392| Hiding his face in the dust beneath the prisoners feet & saying *t988*  
FZ9-123.25; E392| Brother of Jesus what have I done intreat thy lord for me

FZ9-123.26; E393| Perhaps I may be forgiven While he speaks the flames roll on  
FZ9-123.27; E393| And after the flames appears the Cloud of the Son of Man  
FZ9-123.28; E393| Descending from Jerusalem with power and great Glory  
FZ9-123.29; E393| All nations look up to the Cloud & behold him who was Crucified

FZ9-123.30; E393| The Prisoner answers you scourgd my father to death before my face  
FZ9-123.31; E393| While I stood bound with cords & heavy chains, Your hipocrisy  
FZ9-123.32; E393| Shall now avail you nought. So speaking he dashd him with his foot

FZ9-123.33; E393| The Cloud is Blood dazling upon the heavens & in the cloud  
FZ9-123.34; E393| Above upon its volumes is beheld a throne & a pavement *t989*  
FZ9-123.35; E393| Of precious stones. surrounded by twenty four venerable patriarchs *t990*  
FZ9-123.36; E393| And these again surrounded by four Wonders of the Almighty *t991*  
FZ9-123.37; E393| Incomprehensible. pervading all amidst & round about  
FZ9-123.38; E393| Fourfold each in the other reflected they are named Life's in Eternity.  
FZ9-123.39; E393| Four Starry Universes going forward from Eternity to Eternity  
FZ9-123.40; E393| And the Falln Man who was arisen upon the Rock of Ages

FZ9-124.1; E393| Beheld the Vision of God & he arose up from the Rock  
FZ9-124.2; E393| And Urizen arose up with him walking thro the flames  
FZ9-124.3; E393| To meet the Lord coming to Judgment but the flames repelld them  
FZ9-124.4; E393| Still to the Rock in vain they strove to Enter the Consummation  
FZ9-124.5; E393| Together for the Redeemd Man could not enter the Consummation *t992*

FZ9-124.6; E393| Then siezd the Sons of Urizen the Plow they polishd it  
FZ9-124.7; E393| From rust of ages all its ornaments of Gold & silver & ivory

FZ9-124.8; E393|  
FZ9-124.9; E393|  
FZ9-124.10; E393|

Reshone across the field immense where all the nations  
Darkend like Mould in the divided fallows where the weed  
Triumphs in its own destruction they took down the harness

FZ9-124.11; E393|  
FZ9-124.12; E393|  
FZ9-124.13; E393|

From the blue walls of heaven starry jingling ornamented  
With beautiful art the study of angels the workmanship of Demons  
When Heaven & Hell in Emulation strove in sports of Glory

FZ9-124.14; E393|  
FZ9-124.15; E393|  
FZ9-124.16; E393|  
FZ9-124.17; E393|  
FZ9-124.18; E393|  
FZ9-124.19; E393|  
FZ9-124.20; E393|  
FZ9-124.21; E393|  
FZ9-124.22; E393|

The noise of rural work resounded thro the heavens of heavens  
The horse[s] neigh from the battle the wild bulls from the sultry waste  
The tygers from the forests & the lions from the sandy desarts *t993*  
They sing they sieze the instruments of harmony they throw away  
The spear the bow the gun the mortar they level the fortifications *t994*  
They bet the iron engines of destruction into wedges  
They give them to Urthonas Sons ringing the hammers sound  
In dens of death to forge the spade the mattock & the ax  
The heavy roller to break the clods to pass over the nations

FZ9-124.23; E393|  
FZ9-124.24; E393|  
FZ9-124.25; E393|

The Sons of Urizen Shout Their father rose The Eternal horses  
Harnessd They calld to Urizen the heavens moved at their call  
The limbs of Urizen shone with ardor. He laid his ha[n]d on the Plow *t995*

FZ9-124.26; E394|  
FZ9-124.27; E394|  
FZ9-124.28; E394|  
FZ9-124.29; E394|

Thro dismal darkness drave the Plow of ages over Cities  
And all their Villages over Mountains & all their Vallies  
Over the graves & caverns of the dead Over the Planets  
And over the void Spaces over Sun & moon & star & constellation

FZ9-124.30; E394|  
FZ9-124.31; E394|  
FZ9-124.32; E394|

Then Urizen commanded & they brought the Seed of Men  
The trembling souls of All the Dead stood before Urizen  
Weak wailing in the troubled air East west & north & south

FZ9-125.1; E394|  
FZ9-125.2; E394|

He turnd the horses loose & laid his Plow in the northern corner  
Of the wide Universal field. then Stepd forth into the immense *t996*

FZ9-125.3; E394|  
FZ9-125.4; E394|  
FZ9-125.5; E394|

Then he began to sow the seed he girded round his loins  
With a bright girdle & his skirt filld with immortal souls  
Howling & Wailing fly the souls from Urizens strong hand

FZ9-125.6; E394|  
FZ9-125.7; E394|  
FZ9-125.8; E394|

For from the hand of Urizen the myriads fall like stars  
Into their own appointed places driven back by the winds  
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shores

FZ9-125.9; E394| They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripd of leaves  
FZ9-125.10; E394| The Kings & Princes of the Earth cry with a feeble cry  
FZ9-125.11; E394| Driven on the unproducing sands & on the hardend rocks  
FZ9-125.12; E394| And all the while the flames of Orc follow the ventrous feet  
FZ9-125.13; E394| Of Urizen & all the while the Trump of Tharmas sounds  
FZ9-125.14; E394| Weeping & wailing fly the souls from Urizens strong hand  
FZ9-125.15; E394| The daughters of Urizen stand with Cups & measures of foaming wine  
FZ9-125.16; E394| Immense upon the heavens with bread & delicate repasts

FZ9-125.17; E394| Then follows the golden harrow in the midst of Mental fires  
FZ9-125.18; E394| To ravishing melody of flutes & harps & softest voice  
FZ9-125.19; E394| The seed is harrowd in while flames heat the black mould & cause  
FZ9-125.20; E394| The human harvest to begin Towards the south first sprang  
FZ9-125.21; E394| The myriads & in silent fear they look out from their graves

FZ9-125.22; E394| Then Urizen sits down to rest & all his wearied Sons  
FZ9-125.23; E394| Take their repose on beds they drink they sing they view the flames  
FZ9-125.24; E394| Of Orc in joy they view the human harvest springing up  
FZ9-125.25; E394| A time they give to sweet repose till all the harvest is ripe

FZ9-125.26; E394| And Lo like the harvest Moon Ahania cast off her death clothes  
FZ9-125.27; E394| She folded them up in care in silence & her brightning limbs  
FZ9-125.28; E394| Bathd in the clear spring of the rock then from her darksom cave  
FZ9-125.29; E394| Issud in majesty divine Urizen rose up from his couch  
FZ9-125.30; E394| On wings of tenfold joy clapping his hands his feet his radiant wings  
FZ9-125.31; E394| In the immense as when the Sun dances upon the mountains  
FZ9-125.32; E394| A shout of jubilee in lovely notes responding from daughter to daughter  
FZ9-125.33; E394| From son to Son as if the Stars beaming innumerable

FZ9-125.34; E395| Thro night should sing soft warbling filling Earth & heaven  
FZ9-125.35; E395| And bright Ahania took her seat by Urizen in songs & joy

FZ9-125.36; E395| The Eternal Man also sat down upon the Couches of Beulah  
FZ9-125.37; E395| Sorrowful that he could not put off his new risen body  
FZ9-125.38; E395| In mental flames the flames refusd they drove him back to Beulah  
FZ9-125.39; E395| His body was redeemd to be permanent thro Mercy Divine

FZ9-126.1; E395| And now fierce Orc had quite consumd himself in Mental flames  
FZ9-126.2; E395| Expending all his energy against the fuel of fire  
FZ9-126.3; E395| The Regenerate Man stoopd his head over the Universe & in <sup>1997</sup>  
FZ9-126.4; E395| His holy hands recied the flaming Demon & Demoness of Smoke  
FZ9-126.5; E395| And gave them to Urizens hands the Immortal frownd Saying

FZ9-126.6; E395| Luvah & Vala henceforth you are Servants obey & live  
FZ9-126.7; E395| You shall forget your former state return O Love in peace *t998*  
FZ9-126.8; E395| Into your place the place of seed not in the brain or heart  
FZ9-126.9; E395| If Gods combine against Man Setting their Dominion above  
FZ9-126.10; E395| The Human form Divine. Thrown down from their high Station  
FZ9-126.11; E395| In the Eternal heavens of Human Imagination: buried beneath *t999*  
FZ9-126.12; E395| In dark Oblivion with incessant pangs ages on ages  
FZ9-126.13; E395| In Enmity & war first weakend then in stern repentance  
FZ9-126.14; E395| They must renew their brightness & their disorganizd functions  
FZ9-126.15; E395| Again reorganize till they resume the image of the human  
FZ9-126.16; E395| Cooperating in the bliss of Man obeying his Will  
FZ9-126.17; E395| Servants to the infinite & Eternal of the Human form

FZ9-126.18; E395| Luvah & Vala descended & enterd the Gates of Dark Urthona  
FZ9-126.19; E395| And walkd from the hands of Urizen in the shadows of Valas Garden  
FZ9-126.20; E395| Where the impressions of Despair & Hope for ever vegetate  
FZ9-126.21; E395| In flowers in fruits in fishes birds & beasts & clouds & waters  
FZ9-126.22; E395| The land of doubts & shadows sweet delusions unformd hopes  
FZ9-126.23; E395| They saw no more the terrible confusion of the wracking universe  
FZ9-126.24; E395| They heard not saw not felt not all the terrible confusion  
FZ9-126.25; E395| For in their orb'd senses within closd up they wanderd at will  
FZ9-126.26; E395| And those upon the Couches viewd them in the dreams of Beulah  
FZ9-126.27; E395| As they reposd from the terrible wide universal harvest  
FZ9-126.28; E395| Invisible Luvah in bright clouds hoverd over Valas head  
FZ9-126.29; E395| And thus their ancient golden age renewd for Luvah spoke  
FZ9-126.30; E395| With voice mild from his golden Cloud upon the breath of morning

FZ9-126.31; E395| Come forth O Vala from the grass & from the silent Dew  
FZ9-126.32; E395| Rise from the dews of death for the Eternal Man is Risen

FZ9-126.33; E395| She rises among flowers & looks toward the Eastern clearness  
FZ9-126.34; E395| She walks yea runs her feet are wingd on the tops of the bending grass  
FZ9-126.35; E395| Her garments rejoice in the vocal wind & her hair glistens with dew

FZ9-126.36; E396| She answerd thus Whose voice is this in the voice of the nourishing air  
FZ9-126.37; E396| In the spirit of the morning awaking the Soul from its grassy bed

FZ9-127.1; E396| Where dost thou dwell for it is thee I seek & but for thee  
FZ9-127.2; E396| I must have slept Eternally nor have felt the dew of thy morning  
FZ9-127.3; E396| Look how the opening dawn advances with vocal harmony  
FZ9-127.4; E396| Look how the beams foreshew the rising of some glorious power



FZ9-127.5; E396|  
FZ9-127.6; E396|

The sun is thine he goeth forth in his majestic brightness *t1000*  
O thou creating voice that callest & who shall answer thee

FZ9-127.7; E396|

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

FZ9-127.8; E396|  
FZ9-127.9; E396|

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

FZ9-127.10; E396|  
FZ9-127.11; E396|  
FZ9-127.12; E396|  
FZ9-127.13; E396|  
FZ9-127.14; E396|  
FZ9-127.15; E396|

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

FZ9-127.16; E396|  
FZ9-127.17; E396|  
FZ9-127.18; E396|

Alas am I but as a flower then will I sit me down  
Then will I weep then Ill complain & sigh for immortality  
And chide my maker thee O Sun that raisedst me to fall

FZ9-127.19; E396|

So saying she sat down & wept beneath the apple trees

FZ9-127.20; E396|  
FZ9-127.21; E396|  
FZ9-127.22; E396|  
FZ9-127.23; E396|  
FZ9-127.24; E396|  
FZ9-127.25; E396|  
FZ9-127.26; E396|  
FZ9-127.27; E396|

O be thou blotted out thou Sun that raisedst me to trouble  
That gavest me a heart to crave & raisedst me thy phantom  
To feel thy heat & see thy light & wander here alone  
Hopeless if I am like the grass & so shall pass away  
Rise sluggish Soul why sitst thou here why dost thou sit & weep  
Yon Sun shall wax old & decay but thou shalt ever flourish  
The fruit shall ripen & fall down & the flowers consume away  
But thou shalt still survive arise O dry thy dewy tears

FZ9-127.28; E396|  
FZ9-127.29; E396|  
FZ9-127.30; E396|  
FZ9-127.31; E396|  
FZ9-127.32; E396|  
FZ9-127.33; E396|  
FZ9-127.34; E396|  
FZ9-127.35; E396|  
FZ9-127.36; E396|

Hah! Shall I still survive whence came that sweet & comforting voice  
And whence that voice of sorrow O sun thou art nothing now to me  
Go on thy course rejoicing & let us both rejoice together  
I walk among his flocks & hear the bleating of his lambs  
O that I could behold his face & follow his pure feet  
I walk by the footsteps of his flocks come hither tender flocks  
Can you converse with a pure Soul that seeketh for her maker  
You answer not then am I set your mistress in this garden  
Ill watch you & attend your footsteps you are not like the birds

FZ9-128.1; E396|

That Sing & fly in the bright air but you do lick my feet



FZ9-128.2; E396|  
FZ9-128.3; E396|

And let me touch your wooly backs follow me as I sing  
For in my bosom a new song arises to my Lord

FZ9-128.4; E397|  
FZ9-128.5; E397|  
FZ9-128.6; E397|  
FZ9-128.7; E397|  
FZ9-128.8; E397|  
FZ9-128.9; E397|  
FZ9-128.10; E397|  
FZ9-128.11; E397|  
FZ9-128.12; E397|  
FZ9-128.13; E397|  
FZ9-128.14; E397|  
FZ9-128.15; E397|  
FZ9-128.16; E397|  
FZ9-128.17; E397|  
FZ9-128.18; E397|  
FZ9-128.19; E397|  
FZ9-128.20; E397|  
FZ9-128.21; E397|  
FZ9-128.22; E397|  
FZ9-128.23; E397|  
FZ9-128.24; E397|

Rise up O Sun most glorious minister & light of day  
Flow on ye gentle airs & bear the voice of my rejoicing  
Wave freshly clear waters flowing around the tender grass  
And thou sweet smelling ground put forth thy life in fruits & flowers  
Follow me O my flocks & hear me sing my rapturous Song  
I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that glitter in the sun  
I will call & who shall answer me I will sing who shall reply  
For from my pleasant hills behold the living living springs  
Running among my green pastures delighting among my trees  
I am not here alone my flocks you are my brethren  
And you birds that sing & adorn the sky you are my sisters  
I sing & you reply to my Song I rejoice & you are glad  
Follow he O my flocks we will now descend into the valley  
O how delicious are the grapes flourishing in the Sun  
How clear the spring of the rock running among the golden sand  
How cool the breezes of the vall[e]y & the arms of the branchy trees  
Cover us from the Sun come & let us sit in the Shade  
My Luvah here hath placd me in a Sweet & pleasant Land  
And given me fruits & pleasant waters & warm hills & cool valleys  
Here will I build myself a house & here Ill call on his name  
Here Ill return when I am weary & take my pleasant rest

FZ9-128.25; E397|  
FZ9-128.26; E397|  
FZ9-128.27; E397|

So spoke the Sinless Soul & laid her head on the downy fleece  
Of a curld Ram who stretchd himself in sleep beside his mistress  
And soft sleep fell upon her eyelids in the silent noon of day

FZ9-128.28; E397|  
FZ9-128.29; E397|  
FZ9-128.30; E397|

Then Luvah passed by & saw the sinless Soul  
And said Let a pleasant house arise to be the dwelling place  
Of this immortal Spirit growing in lower Paradise

FZ9-128.31; E397|  
FZ9-128.32; E397|  
FZ9-128.33; E397|

He spoke & pillars were builded & walls as white as ivory  
The grass she slept upon was pavd with pavement as of pearl  
Beneath her rose a downy bed & a cieling coverd all

FZ9-128.34; E397|  
FZ9-128.35; E397|  
FZ9-128.36; E397|  
FZ9-128.37; E397|

Vala awoke. When in the pleasant gates of sleep I enterd  
I saw my Luvah like a spirit stand in the bright air  
Round him stood spirits like me who reard me a bright house  
And here I see thee house remain in my most pleasant world

FZ9-129.1; E397|  
FZ9-129.2; E397|  
FZ9-129.3; E397|

My Luvah smild I kneeled down he laid his hand on my head  
And when he laid his hand upon me from the gates of sleep I came  
Into this bodily house to tend my flocks in my pleasant garden

FZ9-129.4; E397|  
FZ9-129.5; E397|  
FZ9-129.6; E397|

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

FZ9-129.7; E397|  
FZ9-129.8; E397|  
FZ9-129.9; E397|

I see the hand that leadeth me doth also lead my flocks  
She went up to her flocks & turned oft to see her shining house  
She stopd to drink of the clear spring & eat the grapes & apples

FZ9-129.10; E398|  
FZ9-129.11; E398|

She bore the fruits in her lap she gatherd flowers for her bosom  
She called to her flocks saying follow me O my flocks

FZ9-129.12; E398|  
FZ9-129.13; E398|  
FZ9-129.14; E398|  
FZ9-129.15; E398|  
FZ9-129.16; E398|  
FZ9-129.17; E398|  
FZ9-129.18; E398|

They followd her to the silent vall[e]y beneath the spreading trees  
And on the rivers margin she ungirded her golden girdle  
She stood in the river & viewd herself within the watry glass  
And her bright hair was wet with the waters She rose up from the river  
And as she rose her Eyes were opend to the world of waters  
She saw Tharmas sitting upon the rocks beside the wavy sea  
He strokd the water from his beard & mournd faint thro the summer vales

FZ9-129.19; E398|

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

FZ9-129.20; E398|  
FZ9-129.21; E398|  
FZ9-129.22; E398|  
FZ9-129.23; E398|  
FZ9-129.24; E398|  
FZ9-129.25; E398|  
FZ9-129.26; E398|  
FZ9-129.27; E398|

O Enion my weary head is in the bed of death  
For weeds of death have wrapd around my limbs in the hoary deeps  
I sit in the place of shells & mourn & thou art closd in clouds  
When will the time of Clouds be past & the dismal night of Tharmas  
Arise O Enion Arise & smile upon my head *t1001*  
As thou dost smile upon the barren mountains and they rejoice  
When wilt thou smile on Tharmas O thou bringer of golden day  
Arise O Enion arise for Lo I have calmd my seas

FZ9-129.28; E398|  
FZ9-129.29; E398|  
FZ9-129.30; E398|

So saying his faint head he laid upon the Oozy rock  
And darkness coverd all the deep the light of Enion faded  
Like a fa[i]nt flame quivering upon the surface of the darkness

FZ9-129.31; E398|  
FZ9-129.32; E398|

Then Vala lifted up her hands to heaven to call on Enion  
She calld but none could answer her & the Eccho of her voice returnd

FZ9-129.33; E398| Where is the voice of God that call'd me from the silent dew  
FZ9-129.34; E398| Where is the Lord of Vala dost thou hide in clefts of the rock  
FZ9-129.35; E398| Why shouldst thou hide thyself from Vala from the soul that wanders desolate

FZ9-129.36; E398| She ceas'd & light beam'd round her like the glory of the morning

FZ9-130.1; E398| And She arose out of the river & girded on her golden girdle

FZ9-130.2; E398| And now her feet step on the grassy bosom of the ground  
FZ9-130.3; E398| Among her flocks & she turn'd her eyes toward her pleasant house  
FZ9-130.4; E398| And saw in the door way beneath the trees two little children playing  
FZ9-130.5; E398| She drew near to her house & her flocks follow'd her footsteps  
FZ9-130.6; E398| The Children clung around her knees she embrac'd them & wept over them

FZ9-130.7; E398| Thou little Boy art Tharmas & thou bright Girl Enion  
FZ9-130.8; E398| How are ye thus renew'd & brought into the Gardens of Vala

FZ9-130.9; E398| She embrac'd them in tears. till the sun descended the western hills  
FZ9-130.10; E398| And then she enter'd her bright house leading her mighty children

FZ9-130.11; E399| And when night came the flocks laid round the house beneath the trees  
FZ9-130.12; E399| She laid the Children on the beds which she saw prepar'd in the house  
FZ9-130.13; E399| Then last herself laid down & clos'd her Eyelids in soft slumbers

FZ9-130.14; E399| And in the morning when the Sun arose in the crystal sky  
FZ9-130.15; E399| Vala awoke & call'd the children from their gentle slumbers

FZ9-130.16; E399| Awake O Enion awake & let thine innocent Eyes  
FZ9-130.17; E399| Enlighten all the Crystal house of Vala awake awake  
FZ9-130.18; E399| Awake Tharmas awake awake thou child of dewy tears  
FZ9-130.19; E399| Open the orbs of thy blue eyes & smile upon my gardens

FZ9-130.20; E399| The Children woke & smil'd on Vala. she kneel'd by the golden couch  
FZ9-130.21; E399| She press'd them to her bosom & her pearly tears drop'd down  
FZ9-130.22; E399| O my sweet Children Enion let Tharmas kiss thy Cheek  
FZ9-130.23; E399| Why dost thou turn thyself away from his sweet watry eyes  
FZ9-130.24; E399| Tharmas henceforth in Valas bosom thou shalt find sweet peace  
FZ9-130.25; E399| O bless the lovely eyes of Tharmas & the Eyes of Enion

FZ9-130.26; E399| They rose they went out wandring sometimes together sometimes alone

FZ9-13.27; E399| Why weepst thou Tharmas Child of tears in the bright house of joy  
FZ9-130.28; E399| Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue heavenly Eyes  
FZ9-130.29; E399| And dost thou wander with my lambs & wet their innocent faces <sup>t1002</sup>  
FZ9-130.30; E399| With thy bright tears because the steps of Enion are in the gardens  
FZ9-130.31; E399| Arise sweet boy & let us follow the path of Enion

FZ9-130.32; E399| So saying they went down into the garden among the fruits  
FZ9-130.33; E399| And Enion sang among the flowers that grew among the trees  
FZ9-130.34; E399| And Vala said Go Tharmas weep not Go to Enion

FZ9-131.1; E399| He said O Vala I am sick & all this garden of Pleasure  
FZ9-131.2; E399| Swims like a dream before my eyes but the sweet smelling fruit  
FZ9-131.3; E399| Revives me to new deaths I fade even like a water lilly  
FZ9-131.4; E399| In the suns heat till in the night on the couch of Enion  
FZ9-131.5; E399| I drink new life & feel the breath of sleeping Enion  
FZ9-131.6; E399| But in the morning she arises to avoid my Eyes  
FZ9-131.7; E399| Then my loins fade & in the house I sit me down & weep

FZ9-131.8; E399| Chear up thy Countenance bright boy & go to Enion  
FZ9-131.9; E399| Tell her that Vala waits her in the shadows of her garden

FZ9-131.10; E399| He went with timid steps & Enion like the ruddy morn  
FZ9-131.11; E399| When infant spring appears in swelling buds & opening flowers  
FZ9-131.12; E399| Behind her Veil withdraws so Enion turnd her modest head

FZ9-131.13; E399| But Tharmas spoke Vala seeks thee sweet Enion in the shades  
FZ9-131.14; E399| Follow the steps of Tharmas O thou brightness of the gardens  
FZ9-131.15; E399| He took her hand reluctant she followd in infant doubts

FZ9-131.16; E400| Thus in Eternal Childhood straying among Valas flocks  
FZ9-131.17; E400| In infant sorrow & joy alternate Enion & Tharmas playd  
FZ9-131.18; E400| Round Vala in the Gardens of Vala & by her rivers margin  
FZ9-131.19; E400| They are the shadows of Tharmas & of Enion in Valas world

FZ9-131.20; E400| And the sleepers who rested from their harvest work beheld theseOathese visions  
FZ9-131.21; E400| Thus were the sleepers entertaind upon the Couches of Beulah  
FZ9-131.22; E400| When Luvah & Vala were closd up in their world of shadowy forms  
FZ9-131.23; E400| Darkness was all beneath the heavens only a little light

FZ9-131.24; E400| Such as glows out from sleeping spirits appeared in the deeps beneath  
FZ9-131.25; E400| As when the wind sweeps over a Corn field the noise of souls  
FZ9-131.26; E400| Thro all the immense borne down by Clouds swagging in autumnal heat  
FZ9-131.27; E400| Muttering along from heaven to heaven hoarse roll the human forms  
FZ9-131.28; E400| Beneath thick clouds dreadful lightnings burst & thunders roll  
FZ9-131.29; E400| Down pour the torrent Floods of heaven on all the human harvest  
FZ9-131.30; E400| Then Urizen sitting at his repose on beds in the bright South  
FZ9-131.31; E400| Cried Times are Ended he Exulted he arose in joy he exulted  
FZ9-131.32; E400| He pourd his light & all his Sons & daughters pourd their light  
FZ9-131.33; E400| To exhale the spirits of Luvah & Vala thro the atmosphere  
FZ9-131.34; E400| And Luvah & Vala saw the Light their spirits were Exhald  
FZ9-131.35; E400| In all their ancient innocence the floods depart the clouds  
FZ9-131.36; E400| Dissipate or sink into the Seas of Tharmas Luvah sat  
FZ9-131.37; E400| Above in the bright heavens in peace. the Spirits of Men beneath  
FZ9-131.38; E400| Cried out to be deliverd & the Spirit of Luvah wept  
FZ9-131.39; E400| Over the human harvest & over Vala the sweet wanderer  
FZ9-131.40; E400| In pain the human harvest wavd in horrible groans of woe

FZ9-132.1; E400| The Universal Groan went up the Eternal Man was Darkend

FZ9-132.2; E400| Then Urizen arose & took his Sickle in his hand  
FZ9-132.3; E400| There is a brazen sickle & a scythe of iron hid  
FZ9-132.4; E400| Deep in the South guarded by a few solitary stars  
FZ9-132.5; E400| This sickle Urizen took the scythe his sons embracd  
FZ9-132.6; E400| And went forth & began to reap & all his joyful sons  
FZ9-132.7; E400| Reapd the wide Universe & bound in Sheaves a wondrous harvest  
FZ9-132.8; E400| They took them into the wide barns with loud rejoicings & triumph  
FZ9-132.9; E400| Of flute & harp & drum & trumpet horn & clarion

FZ9-132.10; E400| The feast was spread in the bright South& the Regenerate Man  
FZ9-132.11; E400| Sat at the feast rejoicing & the wine of Eternity  
FZ9-132.12; E400| Was servd round by the flames of Luvah all Day & all the Night  
FZ9-132.13; E400| And when Morning began to dawn upon the distant hills  
FZ9-132.14; E400| a whirlwind rose up in the Center & in the Whirlwind a shriek *t1003*  
FZ9-132.15; E400| And in the Shriek a rattling of bones & in the rattling of bones  
FZ9-132.16; E400| A dolorous groan & from the dolorous groan in tears  
FZ9-132.17; E400| Rose Enion like a gentle light & Enion spoke saying

FZ9-132.18; E401| O Dreams of Death the human form dissolving companied  
FZ9-132.19; E401| By beasts & worms & creeping things & darkness & despair *t1004*  
FZ9-132.20; E401| The clouds fall off from my wet brow the dust from my cold limbs  
FZ9-132.21; E401| Into the Sea of Tharmas Soon renewd a Golden Moth  
FZ9-132.22; E401| I shall cast off my death clothes & Embrace Tharmas again



FZ9-132.23; E401| For Lo the winter melted away upon the distant hills  
FZ9-132.24; E401| And all the black mould sings. She speaks to her infant race her milk  
FZ9-132.25; E401| Descends down on the sand. the thirsty sand drinks & rejoices *t1005*  
FZ9-132.26; E401| Wondering to behold the Emmet the Grasshopper the jointed worm  
FZ9-132.27; E401| The roots shoot thick thro the solid rocks bursting their way  
FZ9-132.28; E401| They cry out in joys of existence. the broad stems  
FZ9-132.29; E401| Rear on the mountains stem after stem the scaly newt creeps  
FZ9-132.30; E401| From the stone & the armed fly springs from the rocky crevice  
FZ9-132.31; E401| The spider. The bat burst from the hardend slime crying  
FZ9-132.32; E401| To one another what are we & whence is our joy & delight  
FZ9-132.33; E401| Lo the little moss begins to spring & the tender weed  
FZ9-132.34; E401| Creeps round our secret nest. Flocks brighten the Mountains  
FZ9-132.35; E401| Herds throng up the Valley wild beasts fill the forests

FZ9-132.36; E401| Joy thrilld thro all the Furious form of Tharmas humanizing  
FZ9-132.37; E401| Mild he Embracd her whom he sought he raisd her thro the heavens  
FZ9-132.38; E401| Sounding his trumpet to awake the Dead on high he soard  
FZ9-132.39; E401| Over the ruind worlds the smoking tomb of the Eternal Prophet

FZ9-133.1; E401| The Eternal Man arose he welcomd them to the Feast  
FZ9-133.2; E401| The feast was spread in the bright South & the Eternal Man  
FZ9-133.3; E401| Sat at the feast rejoicing & the wine of Eternity  
FZ9-133.4; E401| Was servd round by the flames of Luvah all day & all the night

FZ9-133.5; E401| And Many Eternal Men sat at the golden feast to see  
FZ9-133.6; E401| The female form now separate They shudderd at the horrible thing  
FZ9-133.7; E401| Not born for the sport and amusement of Man but born to drink up all his powers  
FZ9-133.8; E401| They wept to see their shadows they said to one another this is Sin *t1006*  
FZ9-133.9; E401| This is the Generative world they rememberd the Days of old *t1007*

FZ9-133.10; E401| And One of the Eternals spoke All was silent at the feast

FZ9-133.11; E401| Man is a Worm wearied with joy he seeks the caves of sleep  
FZ9-133.12; E401| Among the Flowers of Beulah in his Selfish cold repose  
FZ9-133.13; E401| Forsaking Brotherhood & Universal love in selfish clay  
FZ9-133.14; E401| Folding the pure wings of his mind seeking the places dark  
FZ9-133.15; E401| Abstracted from the roots of Science then inclosd around *t1008*  
FZ9-133.16; E401| In walls of Gold we cast him like a Seed into the Earth  
FZ9-133.17; E401| Till times & spaces have passd over him duly every morn  
FZ9-133.18; E401| We visit him covering with a Veil the immortal seed  
FZ9-133.19; E401| With windows from the inclement sky we cover him & with walls  
FZ9-133.20; E401| And hearths protect the Selfish terror till divided all



FZ9-133.21; E402	In families we see our shadows born. & thence we know   Ephesians
FZ9-133.22; E402	That Man subsists by Brotherhood & Universal Love  iii c.
FZ9-133.23; E402	We fall on one anothers necks more closely we embrace   10 v
FZ9-133.24; E402	Not for ourselves but for the Eternal family we live
FZ9-133.25; E402	Man liveth not by Self alone but in his brothers face
FZ9-133.26; E402	Each shall behold the Eternal Father & love & joy abound
FZ9-133.27; E402	So spoke the Eternal at the Feast they embracd the New born Man
FZ9-133.28; E402	Calling hi Brother image of the Eternal Father. they sat down
FZ9-133.29; E402	At the immortal tables sounding loud their instruments of joy
FZ9-133.30; E402	Calling the Morning into Beulah the Eternal Man rejoicd
FZ9-133.31; E402	When Morning dawnd The Eternals rose to labour at the Vintage
FZ9-133.32; E402	Beneath they saw their sons & daughters wondering inconcievable
FZ9-133.33; E402	At the dark myriads in Shadows in the worlds beneath
FZ9-133.34; E402	The morning dawnd Urizen rose & in his hand the Flail
FZ9-133.35; E402	Sounds on the Floor heard terrible by all beneath the heavens
FZ9-133.36; E402	Dismal loud redounding the nether floor shakes with the sound
FZ9-134.1; E402	And all Nations were threshed out & the stars threshd from their husks
FZ9-134.2; E402	Then Tharmas took the Winnowing fan the winnowing wind furious
FZ9-134.3; E402	Above veerd round by the violent whirlwind driven west & south
FZ9-134.4; E402	Tossed the Nations like Chaff into the seas of Tharmas
FZ9-134.5; E402	O Mystery Fierce Tharmas cries Behold thy end is come
FZ9-134.6; E402	Art thou she that made the nations drunk with the cup of Religion
FZ9-134.7; E402	Go down ye Kings & Councillors & Giant Warriors
FZ9-134.8; E402	Go down into the depths go down & hide yourselves beneath
FZ9-134.9; E402	Go down with horse & Chariots & Trumpets of hoarse war
FZ9-134.10; E402	Lo how the Pomp of Mystery goes down into the Caves
FZ9-134.11; E402	Her great men howl & throw the dust & rend their hoary hair
FZ9-134.12; E402	Her delicate women & children shriek upon the bitter wind
FZ9-134.13; E402	Spoild of their beauty their hair rent & their skin shriveld up
FZ9-134.14; E402	Lo darkness covers the long pomp of banners on the wind
FZ9-134.15; E402	And black horses & armed men & miserable bound captives
FZ9-134.16; E402	Where shall the graves recieve them all & where shall be their place

FZ9-134.17; E402|  
FZ9-134.18; E402|  
FZ9-134.19; E402|  
FZ9-134.20; E402|  
FZ9-134.21; E402|  
FZ9-134.22; E402|  
FZ9-134.23; E402|  
FZ9-134.24; E402|  
FZ9-134.25; E402|  
FZ9-134.26; E402|

And who shall mourn for Mystery who never loosed her Captives  
Let the slave grinding at the mill run out into the field  
Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air  
Let the inchaind soul shut up in darkness & in sighing  
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years  
Rise & look out his chains are loose his dungeon doors are open  
And let his wife & children return from the oppressors scourge  
They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream  
Are these the Slaves that groan along the streets of Mystery  
Where are your bonds & task masters are these the prisoners

FZ9-134.27; E403|  
FZ9-134.28; E403|  
FZ9-134.29; E403|

Where are your chains where are your tears why do you look around  
If you are thirsty there is the river go bathe your parched limbs  
The good of all the Land is before you for Mystery is no more

FZ9-134.30; E403|  
FZ9-134.31; E403|  
FZ9-134.32; E403|  
FZ9-134.33; E403|  
FZ9-134.34; E403|

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

FZ9-134.35; E403|  
FZ9-134.36; E403|

Aha Aha how came I here so soon in my sweet native land *t1009*  
How came I here Methinks I am as I was in my youth

FZ9-135.1; E403|  
FZ9-135.2; E403|  
FZ9-135.3; E403|

When in my fathers house I sat & heard his cheering voice  
Methinks I see his flocks & herds & feel my limbs renewed  
And Lo my Brethren in their tents & their little ones around them

FZ9-135.4; E403|  
FZ9-135.5; E403|  
FZ9-135.6; E403|  
FZ9-135.7; E403|  
FZ9-135.8; E403|  
FZ9-135.9; E403|  
FZ9-135.10; E403|  
FZ9-135.11; E403|  
FZ9-135.12; E403|  
FZ9-135.13; E403|  
FZ9-135.14; E403|  
FZ9-135.15; E403|  
FZ9-135.16; E403|  
FZ9-135.17; E403|

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

FZ9-135.18; E403|  
FZ9-135.19; E403|  
FZ9-135.20; E403|

The lion of terror shall come down & bending his bright mane  
And couching at their side shall eat from the curld boys white lap  
His golden food and in the evening sleep before the Door

FZ9-135.21; E403|  
FZ9-135.22; E403|  
FZ9-135.23; E403|  
FZ9-135.24; E403|  
FZ9-135.25; E403|  
FZ9-135.26; E403|  
FZ9-135.27; E403|  
FZ9-135.28; E403|  
FZ9-135.29; E403|  
FZ9-135.30; E403|  
FZ9-135.31; E403|  
FZ9-135.32; E403|

Attempting to be more than Man We become less said Luvah  
As he arose from the bright feast drunk with the wine of ages  
His crown of thorns fell from his head he hung his living Lyre  
Behind the seat of the Eternal Man & took his way  
Sounding the Song of Los descending to the Vineyards bright  
His sons arising from the feast with golden baskets follow  
A fiery train as when the Sun sings in the ripe vineyards  
Then Luvah stood before the wine press all his fiery sons  
Brought up the loaded Waggon with shoutings ramping tygers play  
In the jingling traces furious lions sound the song of joy  
To the golden wheels circling upon the pavement of heaven & all  
The Villages of Luvah ring the golden tiles of the villages

FZ9-135.33; E404|  
FZ9-135.34; E404|  
FZ9-135.35; E404|  
FZ9-135.36; E404|  
FZ9-135.37; E404|  
FZ9-135.38; E404|  
FZ9-135.39; E404|

Reply to violins & tabors to the pipe flute lyre & cymbal  
Then fell the Legions of Mystery in maddning confusion  
Down Down thro the immense with outcry fury & despair  
Into the wine presses of Luvah howling fell the Clusters  
Of human families thro the deep. the wine presses were filld  
The blood of life flowd plentiful Odors of life arose  
All round the heavenly arches & the Odors rose singing this song *t1010*

FZ9-136.1; E404|  
FZ9-136.2; E404|  
FZ9-136.3; E404|

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

FZ9-136.4; E404|

So sang the Human Odors round the wine presses of Luvah

FZ9-136.5; E404|  
FZ9-136.6; E404|  
FZ9-136.7; E404|  
FZ9-136.8; E404|  
FZ9-136.9; E404|  
FZ9-136.10; E404|  
FZ9-136.11; E404|  
FZ9-136.12; E404|  
FZ9-136.13; E404|  
FZ9-136.14; E404|  
FZ9-136.15; E404|

But in the Wine presses is wailing terror & despair  
Forsaken of their Elements they vanish & are no more  
No more but a desire of Being a distracted ravening desire  
Desiring like the hungry worm & like the gaping grave *t1011*  
They plunge into the Elements the Elements cast them forth  
Or else consume their shadowy semblance Yet they obstinate  
Tho pained to distraction Cry O let us Exist for  
This dreadful Non Existence is worse than pains of Eternal Birth *t1012*  
Eternal Death who can Endure. let us consume in fires  
In waters stifling or in air corroding or in earth shut up  
The Pangs of Eternal birth are better than the Pangs of Eternal Death

FZ9-136.16; E404| How red the Sons & Daughters of Luvah how they tread the Grapes  
 FZ9-136.17; E404| Laughing & shouting drunk with odors many fall oerwearied  
 FZ9-136.18; E404| Drownd in the wine is many a youth & maiden those around  
 FZ9-136.19; E404| Lay them on skins of tygers or the spotted Leopard or wild Ass  
 FZ9-136.20; E404| Till they revive or bury them in cool Grots making lamentation

FZ9-136.21; E404| But in the Wine Presses the Human Grapes Sing not nor dance  
 FZ9-136.22; E404| They howl & writhe in shoals of torment in fierce flames consuming  
 FZ9-136.23; E404| In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires  
 FZ9-136.24; E404| In pits & dens & shades of death in shapes of torment & woe  
 FZ9-136.25; E404| The Plates the Screws and Racks & Saws & cords & fires & floods *t1013*  
 FZ9-136.26; E404| The cruel joy of Luvahs daughters lacerating with knives  
 FZ9-136.27; E404| And whip[s] their Victims & the deadly sports of Luvahs Sons *t1014*

FZ9-136.28; E404| Timbrels & Violins sport round the Wine Presses The little Seed  
 FZ9-136.29; E404| The Sportive root the Earthworm the small beetle the wise Emmet  
 FZ9-136.30; E404| Dance round the Wine Presses of Luvah. the Centipede is there  
 FZ9-136.31; E404| The ground Spider with many Eyes the Mole clothed in Velvet  
 FZ9-136.32; E404| The Earwig armd the tender maggot emblem of Immortality  
 FZ9-136.33; E404| The Slow Slug the grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks  
 FZ9-136.34; E404| The winter comes he folds his slender bones without a murmur  
 FZ9-136.35; E404| There is the Nettle that stings with soft down & there *t1015*

FZ9-136.36; E405| The indignant Thistle whose bitterness is bred in his milk  
 FZ9-136.37; E405| And who lives on the contempt of his neighbour there all the idle weeds  
 FZ9-136.38; E405| That creep about the obscure places shew their various limbs  
 FZ9-136.39; E405| Naked in all their beauty dancing round the Wine Presses

FZ9-136.40; E405| They Dance around the Dying & they Drink the howl & groan

FZ9-137.1; E405| They catch the Shrieks in cups of gold they hand them to one another  
 FZ9-137.2; E405| These are the sports of love & these the sweet delights of amorous play  
 FZ9-137.3; E405| Tears of the grapes the death sweat of the Cluster the last sigh  
 FZ9-137.4; E405| Of the mild youth who listens to the luring songs of Luvah

FZ9-137.5; E405| The Eternal Man darkend with Sorrow & a wintry mantle  
 FZ9-137.6; E405| Coverd the Hills He said O Tharmas rise & O Urthona

FZ9-137.7; E405| Then Tharmas & Urthona rose from the Golden feast satiated  
 FZ9-137.8; E405| With Mirth & joy Urthona limping from his fall on Tharmas leand

FZ9-137.9; E405| In his right hand his hammer Tharmas held his Shepherds crook  
FZ9-137.10; E405| Beset with gold gold were the ornaments formed by the sons of Urizen  
FZ9-137.11; E405| Then Enion & Ahania & Vala & the wife of Dark Urthona  
FZ9-137.12; E405| Rose from the feast in joy ascending to their Golden Looms  
FZ9-137.13; E405| There the wingd shuttle Sang the spindle & the distaff & the Reel  
FZ9-137.14; E405| Rang sweet the praise of industry. Thro all the golden rooms  
FZ9-137.15; E405| Heaven rang with winged Exultation All beneath howld loud  
FZ9-137.16; E405| With tenfold rout & desolation roard the Chasms beneath  
FZ9-37.17; E405| Where the wide woof flowd down & where the Nations are gatherd together

FZ9-137.18; E405| Tharmas went down to the Wine presses & beheld the sons & daughters  
FZ9-137.19; E405| Of Luvah quite exhausted with the Labour & quite filld  
FZ9-137.20; E405| With new wine. that they began to torment one another and to tread  
FZ9-137.21; E405| The weak. Luvah & Vala slept on the floor o'erwearied

FZ9-137.22; E405| Urthona calld his Sons around him Tharmas calld his sons  
FZ9-137.23; E405| Numrous. they took the wine they separated the Lees  
FZ9-137.24; E405| And Luvah was put for dung on the ground by the Sons of Tharmas & Urthona  
FZ9-137.25; E405| They formed heavens of sweetest wo[o]d[s] of gold & silver & ivory  
FZ9-137.26; E405| Of glass & precious stones They loaded all the waggons of heaven  
FZ9-137.27; E405| And took away the wine of ages with solemn songs & joy

FZ9-137.28; E405| Luvah & Vala woke & all the sons & daughters of Luvah  
FZ9-137.29; E405| Awoke they wept to one another & they reascended  
FZ9-137.30; E405| To the Eternal Man in woe he cast them wailing into  
FZ9-137.31; E405| The world of shadows thro the air till winter is over & gone

FZ9-137.32; E405| But the Human Wine stood wondering in all their delightful Expanses  
FZ9-137.33; E405| The Elements subside the heavens rolld on with vocal harmony

FZ9-137.34; E405| Then Los who is Urthona rose in all his regenerate power

FZ9-137.35; E406| The Sea that rolld & foamd with darkness & the shadows of death  
FZ9-137.36; E406| Vomited out & gave up all the floods lift up their hands  
FZ9-137.37; E406| Singing & shouting to the Man they bow their hoary heads  
FZ9-137.38; E406| And murmuring in their channels flow & circle round his feet

FZ9-138.1; E406| Then Dark Urthona took the Corn out of the Stores of Urizen  
FZ9-138.2; E406| He ground it in his rumbling Mills Terrible the distress  
FZ9-138.3; E406| Of all the Nations of Earth ground in the Mills of Urthona  
FZ9-138.4; E406| In his hand Tharmas takes the Storms. he turns the whirlwind Loose



FZ9-138.5; E406| Upon the wheels the stormy seas howl at his dread command  
FZ9-138.6; E406| And Eddying fierce rejoice in the fierce agitation o the wheels  
FZ9-138.7; E406| Of Dark Urthona Thunders Earthquakes Fires Water floods  
FZ9-138.8; E406| Rejoice to one another loud their voices shake the Abyss  
FZ9-138.9; E406| Their dread forms tending the dire mills The grey hoar frost was there  
FZ9-138.10; E406| And his pale wife the aged Snow they watch over the fires  
FZ9-138.11; E406| They build the Ovens of Urthona Nature in darkness groans  
FZ9-138.12; E406| And Men are bound to sullen contemplations in the night  
FZ9-138.13; E406| Restless they turn on beds of sorrow. in their inmost brain  
FZ9-138.14; E406| Feeling the crushing Wheels they rise they write the bitter words  
FZ9-138.15; E406| Of Stern Philosophy & knead the bread of knowledge with tears & groans

FZ9-138.16; E406| Such are the works of Dark Urthona Tharmas sifted the corn  
FZ9-138.17; E406| Urthona made the Bread of Ages & he placed it  
FZ9-138.18; E406| In golden & in silver baskets in heavens of precious stone  
FZ9-138.19; E406| And then took his repose in Winter in the night of Time

FZ9-138.20; E406| The Sun has left his blackness & has found a fresher morning  
FZ9-138.21; E406| And the mild moon rejoices in the clear & cloudless night *t1016*  
FZ9-138.22; E406| And Man walks forth from midst of the fires the evil is all consumd  
FZ9-138.23; E406| His eyes behold the Angelic spheres arising night & day  
FZ9-138.24; E406| The stars consumd like a lamp blown out & in their stead behold  
FZ9-138.25; E406| The Expanding Eyes of Man behold the depths of wondrous worlds *t1017*  
FZ9-138.26; E406| One Earth one sea beneath nor Erring Globes wander but Stars  
FZ9-138.27; E406| Of fire rise up nightly from the Ocean & one Sun  
FZ9-138.28; E406| Each morning like a New born Man issues with songs & Joy  
FZ9-138.29; E406| Calling the Plowman to his Labour & the Shepherd to his rest  
FZ9-138.30; E406| He walks upon the Eternal Mountains raising his heavenly voice  
FZ9-138.31; E406| Conversing with the Animal forms of wisdom night & day  
FZ9-138.32; E406| That risen from the Sea of fire renewd walk oer the Earth

FZ9-138.33; E406| For Tharmas brought his flocks upon the hills & in the Vales  
FZ9-138.34; E406| Around the Eternal Mans bright tent the little Children play  
FZ9-138.3; E406| Among the wooly flocks The hammer of Urthona sounds  
FZ9-138.36; E406| In the deep caves beneath his limbs renewd his Lions roar  
FZ9-138.37; E406| Around the Furnaces & in Evening sport upon the plains  
FZ9-138.38; E406| They raise their faces from the Earth conversing with the Man

FZ9-138.39; E407| How is it we have walkd thro fires & yet are not consumd  
FZ9-138.40; E407| How is it that all things are changd even as in ancient times

FZ9-139.1; E407| The Sun arises from his dewy bed & the fresh airs



FZ9-139.2; E407	Play in his smiling beams giving the seeds of life to grow
FZ9-139.3; E407	And the fresh Earth beams forth ten thousand thousand springs of life
FZ9-139.4; E407	Urthona is arisen in his strength no longer now
FZ9-139.5; E407	Divided from Enitharmon no longer the Spectre Los
FZ9-139.6; E407	Where is the Spectre of Prophecy where the delusive Phantom
FZ9-139.7; E407	Departed & Urthona rises from the ruinous walls
FZ9-139.8; E407	In all his ancient strength to form the golden armour of science
FZ9-139.9; E407	For intellectual War The war of swords departed now
FZ9-139.10; E407	The dark Religions are departed & sweet Science reigns

FZ9-139end; E407	End of The Dream <i>t1018</i>
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Title; E300| THE FOUR ZOAS <sup>*t403*</sup>

FZsubtitle1; E300| The torments of Love & Jealousy in  
FZsubtitle2; E300| The Death and Judgement  
FZsubtitle3; E300| of Albion the Ancient Man

FZcolophon; E300| by William Blake 1797

FZepigraph; E300| Rest before Labour

FZepigraph; E300| <4 lines of Greek text; Ephesians 6: 12>

ED-FZepigraphGktrans; E300| <[For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but  
ED-FZepigraphGktrans; E300| against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the  
ED-FZepigraphGktrans; E300| darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high  
ED-FZepigraphGktrans; E300| places. (King James version)]> <sup>*t404*</sup>

FZalternatetitle; E300| VALA

FZ; E300| Night the First

FZ1-3.1; E300| The Song of the Aged Mother which shook the heavens with wrath <sup>*t405*</sup>  
FZ1-3.2; E300| Hearing the march of long resounding strong heroic Verse  
FZ1-3.3; E300| Marshall'd in order for the day of Intellectual Battle

FZ1-3.4; E300| Four Mighty Ones are in every Man; a Perfect Unity John XVII c. 21 & 22 & 23 v <sup>*t406*</sup>  
FZ1-3.5; E300| Cannot Exist. but from the Universal Brotherhood of Eden John I c. 14. v

FZ1-3.6; E301| The Universal Man. To Whom be Glory Evermore Amen <Greek [kai eskanosen en  
[h]amen]>

FZ1-3.7; E301| [*What*] are the Natures of those Living Creatures the Heavenly Father only  
FZ1-3.8; E301| [*Knoweth*] no Individual [*Knoweth nor*] Can know in all Eternity <sup>*t407*</sup>

FZ1-3.9; E301| Los was the fourth immortal starry one, & in the Earth  
FZ1-3.10; E301| Of a bright Universe Empery attended day & night  
FZ1-3.11; E301| Days & nights of revolving joy, Urthona was his name

FZ1-4.1; E301| In Eden; in the Auricular Nerves of Human life  
FZ1-4.2; E301| Which is the Earth of Eden, he his Emanations propagated  
FZ1-4.3; E301| Fairies of Albion afterwards Gods of the Heathen, Daughter of Beulah Sing  
FZ1-4.4; E301| His fall into Division & his Resurrection to Unity  
FZ1-4.5; E301| His fall into the Generation of Decay & Death & his Regeneration by the Resurrection  
from the dead *t409*

FZ1-4.6; E301| Begin with Tharmas Parent power. darkning in the West

FZ1-4.7; E301| Lost! Lost! Lost! are my Emanations Enion O Enion *t410*  
FZ1-4.8; E301| We are become a Victim to the Living We hide in secret *t411*  
FZ1-4.9; E301| I have hidden Jerusalem in Silent Contrition O Pity Me *t412*  
FZ1-4.10; E301| I will build thee a Labyrinth also O pity me O Enion *t413*  
FZ1-4.11; E301| Why hast thou taken sweet Jerusalem from my inmost Soul *t414*  
FZ1-4.12; E301| Let her Lay secret in the Soft recess of darkness & silence  
FZ1-4.13; E301| It is not Love I bear to [Jerusalem] It is Pity *t415*  
FZ1-4.14; E301| She hath taken refuge in my bosom & I cannot cast her out.

FZ1-4.15; E301| The Men have recieved their death wounds & their Emanations are fled  
FZ1-4.16; E301| To me for refuge & I cannot turn them out for Pitys sake

FZ1-4.17; E301| Enion said--Thy fear has made me tremble thy terrors have surrounded me *t416*  
FZ1-4.18; E301| All Love is lost Terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love  
FZ1-4.19; E301| And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty.  
FZ1-4.20; E301| Once thou wast to Me the loveliest son of heaven--But now  
FZ1-4.21; E301| Why art thou Terrible and yet I love thee in thy terror till  
FZ1-4.22; E301| I am almost Extinct & soon shall be a Shadow in Oblivion  
FZ1-4.23; E301| Unless some way can be found that I may look upon thee & live  
FZ1-4.24; E301| Hide me some Shadowy semblance. secret whispring in my Ear  
FZ1-4.25; E301| In secret of soft wings. in mazes of delusive beauty  
FZ1-4.26; E301| I have lookd into the secret soul of him I lov'd  
FZ1-4.27; E301| And in the Dark recesses found Sin & cannot return

FZ1-4.28; E301| Trembling & pale sat Tharmas weeping in his clouds

FZ1-4.29; E302| Why wilt thou Examine every little fibre of my soul  
FZ1-4.30; E302| Spreading them out before the Sun like Stalks of flax to dry  
FZ1-4.31; E302| The infant joy is beautiful but its anatomy  
FZ1-4.32; E302| Horrible Ghast & Deadly nought shalt thou find in it  
FZ1-4.33; E302| But Death Despair & Everlasting brooding Melancholy

FZ1-4.34; E302| Thou wilt go mad with horror if thou dost Examine thus  
FZ1-4.35; E302| Every moment of my secret hours Yea I know  
FZ1-4.36; E302| That I have sinnd & that my Emanations are become harlots  
FZ1-4.37; E302| I am already distracted at their deeds & if I look  
FZ1-4.38; E302| Upon them more Despair will bring self murder on my soul  
FZ1-4.39; E302| O Enion thou art thyself a root growing in hell  
FZ1-4.40; E302| Tho thus heavenly beautiful to draw me to destruction

FZ1-4.41; E302| Sometimes I think thou art a flower expanding  
FZ1-4.42; E302| Sometimes I think thou art fruit breaking from its bud  
FZ1-4.43; E302| In dreadful dolor & pain & I am like an atom  
FZ1-4.44; E302| A Nothing left in darkness yet I am an identity  
FZ1-4.45; E302| I wish & feel & weep & groan Ah terrible terrible

FZ1-5.1; E302| In Eden Females sleep the winter in soft silken veils *t418*  
FZ1-5.2; E302| Woven by their own hands to hide them in the darksom grave  
FZ1-5.3; E302| But Males immortal live renewd by female deaths. in soft  
FZ1-5.4; E302| Delight they die & they revive in spring with music & songs  
FZ1-5.5; E302| Enion said Farewell I die I hide from thy searching eyes

FZ1-5.6; E302| So saying--From her bosom weaving soft in Sinewy threads  
FZ1-5.7; E302| A tabernacle for Jerusalem she sat among the Rocks *t419*  
FZ1-5.8; E302| Singing her lamentation. Tharmas groand among his Clouds  
FZ1-5.9; E302| Weeping, then bending from his Clouds he stoopd his innocent head *t420*  
FZ1-5.10; E302| And stretching out his holy hand in the vast Deep sublime  
FZ1-5.11; E302| Turnd round the circle of Destiny with tears & bitter sighs  
FZ1-5.12; E302| And said. Return O Wanderer when the Day of Clouds is oer

FZ1-5.13; E302| So saying he sunk down into the sea a pale white corse  
FZ1-5.14; E302| In torment he sunk down & flowd among her filmy Woof *t421*  
FZ1-5.15; E302| His Spectre issuing from his feet in flames of fire  
FZ1-5.16; E302| In gnawing pain drawn out by her lovd fingers every nerve *t422*  
FZ1-5.17; E302| She counted. every vein & lacteal threading them among  
FZ1-5.18; E302| Her woof of terror. Terrified & drinking tears of woe  
FZ1-5.19; E302| Shuddring she wove--nine days & nights Sleepless her food was tears  
FZ1-5.20; E302| Wondring she saw her woof begin to animate. & not  
FZ1-5.21; E302| As Garments woven subservient to her hands but having a will  
FZ1-5.22; E302| Of its own perverse & wayward Enion lovd & wept

FZ1-5.23; E302| Nine days she labourd at her work. & nine dark sleepless nights  
FZ1-5.24; E302| But on the tenth trembling morn the Circle of Destiny Complete *t423*

FZ1-5.25; E302|

Round rolld the Sea Englobing in a watry Globe self balancd

FZ1-5.26; E303|

A Frowning Continent appeard Where Enion in the Desart

FZ1-5.27; E303|

Terrified in her own Creation viewing her woven shadow

FZ1-5.28; E303|

Sat in a dread intoxication of Repentance & Contrition <sup>t424</sup>

FZ1-5.29; E303|

There is from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant rest

FZ1-5.30; E303|

Namd Beulah a Soft Moony Universe feminine lovely

FZ1-5.31; E303|

Pure mild & Gentle given in Mercy to those who sleep

FZ1-5.32; E303|

Eternally. Created by the Lamb of God around

FZ1-5.33; E303|

On all sides within & without the Universal Man

FZ1-5.3; E303|

The Daughters of Beulah follow sleepers in all their Dreams <sup>t425</sup>

FZ1-5.35; E303|

Creating Spaces lest they fall into Eternal Death

FZ1-5.36; E303|

The Circle of Destiny complete they gave to it a Space

FZ1-5.37; E303|

And namd the Space Ulro & brooded over it in care & love

FZ1-5.38; E303|

They said The Spectre is in every man insane & most

FZ1-5.39; E303|

Deformd Thro the three heavens descending in fury & fire

FZ1-5.40; E303|

We meet it with our Songs & loving blandishments & give

FZ1-5.41; E303|

To it a form of vegetation But this Spectre of Tharmas

FZ1-5.42; E303|

Is Eternal Death What shall we do O God pity & help <sup>t426</sup>

FZ1-5.43; E303|

So spoke they & closd the Gate of the Tongue in trembling fear <sup>t427</sup>

FZ1-5.44; E303|

What have I done! said Enion accursed wretch! What deed. <sup>t428</sup>

FZ1-5.45; E303|

Is this a deed of Love I know what I have done. I know

FZ1-5.46; E303|

Too late now to repent. Love is changd to deadly Hate <sup>t429</sup>

FZ1-5.47; E303|

A [I] life is blotted out & I alone remain possessd with Fears <sup>t430</sup>

FZ1-5.48; E303|

I see the Shadow of the dead within my Soul wandering <sup>t431</sup>

FZ1-5.49; E303|

In darkness & solitude forming Seas of Doubt & rocks of Repentance <sup>t432</sup>

FZ1-5.50; E303|

Already are my Eyes reverted. all that I behold

FZ1-5.51; E303|

Within my Soul has lost its splendor & a brooding Fear

FZ1-5.52; E303|

Shadows me oer & drives me outward to a world of woe

FZ1-5.53; E303|

So waild she trembling before her own Created Phantasm <sup>t433</sup>

FZ1-6.1; E303|

She drew the Spectre forth from Tharmas in her shining loom <sup>t435</sup>

FZ1-6.2; E303|

Of Vegetation weeping in wayward infancy & sullen youth

FZ1-6.3; E303|

Listning to her soft lamentations soon his tongue began

FZ1-6.4; E303|

To Lisp out words & soon in masculine strength augmenting he

FZ1-6.5; E303|

Reard up a form of gold & stood upon the glittering rock

FZ1-6.6; E303|

A shadowy human form winged & in his depths

FZ1-6.7; E303|

The dazzlings as of gems shone clear, rapturous in fury <sup>t436</sup>

FZ1-6.8; E303|

Glorying in his own eyes Exalted in terrific Pride <sup>t437</sup>

FZ1-6.9; E303|

The Spectre thus spoke. Who art thou Diminutive husk & shell <sup>t438</sup>

FZ1-6.10; E303|

If thou hast sinnd & art polluted know that I am pure <sup>t439</sup>

FZ1-6.11; E303	And unpolluted & will bring to rigid strict account	
FZ1-6.12; E303	All thy past deeds [ <i>So</i> ] hear what I tell thee! mark it well! remember!	<i>t440</i>
FZ1-6.13; E303	This world is Thine in which thou dwellest that within thy soul	<i>t441</i>
FZ1-6.14; E303	That dark & dismal infinite where Thought roams up & down	
FZ1-6.15; E304	Is Mine & there thou goest when with one Sting of my tongue	<i>t442</i>
FZ1-6.16; E304	Envenomd thou rollst inwards to the place whence I emergd	<i>t443</i>
FZ1-6.17; E304	She trembling answerd Wherefore was I born & what am I	<i>t444</i>
FZ1-6.18; E304	I thought to weave a Covering for my Sins from wrath of Tharmas	<i>t445</i>
FZ1-7.1; E304	I thought Tharmas a Sinner & I murderd his Emanations	<i>t447</i>
FZ1-7.2; E304	His secret loves & Graces Ah me wretched What have I done	<i>t448</i>
FZ1-7.3; E304	For now I find that all those Emanations were my Childrens Souls	<i>t449</i>
FZ1-7.4; E304	And I have murderd them with Cruelty above atonement	<i>t450</i>
FZ1-7.5; E304	Those that remain have fled from my cruelty into the desarts	
FZ1-7.6; E304	And thou the delusive tempter to these deeds sittest before me	<i>t451</i>
FZ1-7.7; E304	In this thy world not mine tho dark I feel my world within	<i>t452</i>
FZ1-7.8; E304	Mingling his horrible brightness with her tender limbs then high she soard	<i>t453</i>
FZ1-7.9; E304	Above the ocean; a bright wonder that Nature shudder'd at	<i>t454</i>
FZ1-7.10; E304	Half Woman & half Spectre, all his lovely changing colours mix	<i>t455</i>
FZ1-7.11; E304	With her fair crystal clearness; in her lips & cheeks his poisons rose	<i>t456</i>
FZ1-7.12; E304	In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening	<i>t457</i>
FZ1-7.13; E304	A monster lovely in the heavens or wandering on the earth,	<i>t458</i>
FZ1-8.1; E304	Till with fierce pain she brought forth on the rocks her sorrow & woe	
FZ1-8.2; E304	Behold two little Infants wept upon the desolate wind.	<i>t459</i>
FZ1-8.3; E304	The first state weeping they began & helpless as a wave	
FZ1-8.4; E304	Beaten along its sightless way growing enormous in its motion to	
FZ1-8.5; E304	Its utmost goal, till strength from Enion like richest summer shining	<i>t460</i>
FZ1-8.6; E304	Raisd the bright boy & girl with glories from their heads beaming	<i>t461</i>
FZ1-8.7; E304	Drawing forth drooping mothers pity drooping mothers sorrow	<i>t462</i>
FZ1-8.8; E304	They sulk upon her breast her hair became like snow on mountains	<i>t463</i>
FZ1-8.9; E304	Weaker & weaker, weeping woful, wearier and wearier	
FZ1-8.10; E304	Faded & her bright Eyes decayd melted with pity & love	
FZ1-9.1; E304	And then they wanderd far away she sought for them in vain	<i>t464</i>
FZ1-9.2; E304	In weeping blindness stumbling she followd them oer rocks & mountains	
FZ1-9.3; E304	Rehumanizing from the Spectre in pangs of maternal love	



FZ1-9.4; E304| Ingrate they wanderd scorning her drawing her Spectrous Life  
 FZ1-9.5; E304| Repelling her away & away by a dread repulsive power  
 FZ1-9.6; E304| Into Non Entity revolving round in dark despair.  
 FZ1-9.7; E304| And drawing in the Spectrous life in pride and haughty joy <sup>t465</sup>  
 FZ1-9.8; E304| Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life <sup>t466</sup>

FZ1-9.9; E304| Then Eno a daughter of Beulah took a Moment of Time <sup>t467</sup>  
 FZ1-9.10; E304| And drew it out to Seven thousand years with much care & affliction <sup>t468</sup>  
 FZ1-9.11; E304| And many tears & in Every year made windows into Eden <sup>t469</sup>

FZ1-9.12; E305| She also took an atom of space & opend its center  
 FZ1-9.13; E305| Into Infinitude & ornamented it with wondrous art  
 FZ1-9.14; E305| Astonishd sat her Sisters of Beulah to see her soft affections  
 FZ1-9.15; E305| To Enion & her children & they ponderd these things wondring  
 FZ1-9.16; E305| And they Alternate kept watch over the Youthful terrors  
 FZ1-9.17; E305| They saw not yet the Hand Divine for it was not yet reveald  
 FZ1-9.18; E305| But they went on in Silent Hope & Feminine repose  
 FZ1-9.19; E305| But Los & Enitharmon delighted in the Moony spaces of Eno <sup>t470</sup>  
 FZ1-9.20; E305| Nine Times they livd among the forests, feeding n sweet fruits  
 FZ1-9.21; E305| And nine bright Spaces wanderd weaving mazes of delight  
 FZ1-9.22; E305| Snaring the wild Goats for their milk they eat the flesh of Lambs  
 FZ1-9.23; E305| A male & female naked & ruddy as the pride of summer  
 FZ1-9.24; E305| Alternate Love & Hate his breast; hers Scorn & Jealousy  
 FZ1-9.25; E305| In embryon passions. they kiss'd not nor embrac'd for shame & fear <sup>t471</sup>  
 FZ1-9.26; E305| His head beamd light & in his vigorous voice was prophecy  
 FZ1-9.27; E305| He could controll the times & seasons, & the days & years  
 FZ1-9.28; E305| She could controll the spaces, regions, desart, flood & forest  
 FZ1-9.29; E305| But had no power to weave a Veil of covering for her Sins  
 FZ1-9.30; E305| She drave the Females all away from Los  
 FZ1-9.31; E305| And Los drave all the Males from her away  
 FZ1-9.32; E305| They wanderd long, till they sat down upon the margind sea.  
 FZ1-9.33; E305| Conversing with the visions of Beulah in dark slumberous bliss <sup>t472</sup>

FZ1-9.34; E305| But the two youthful wonders wanderd in the world of Tharmas <sup>t473</sup>  
 FZ1-9.35; E305| Thy name is Enitharmon; said the fierce prophetic boy <sup>t474</sup>  
 FZ1-9.36; E305| While thy mild voice fills all these Caverns with sweet harmony  
 FZ1-9.37; E305| O how our Parents sit & mourn in their silent secret bowers <sup>t475</sup>

FZ1-10.1; E305| But Enitharmon answerd with a dropping tear & frowning <sup>t476</sup>  
 FZ1-10.2; E305| Dark as a dewy morning when the crimson light appears <sup>t477</sup>  
 FZ1-10.3; E305| To make us happy let them weary their immortal powers <sup>t478</sup>  
 FZ1-10.4; E305| While we draw in their sweet delights while we return them scorn <sup>t479</sup>  
 FZ1-10.5; E305| On scorn to feed our discontent; for if we grateful prove

FZ1-10.6; E305|  
FZ1-10.7; E305|  
FZ1-10.8; E305|  
FZ1-10.9; E305|  
FZ1-10.10; E305|  
FZ1-10.11; E305|  
FZ1-10.12; E305|  
FZ1-10.13; E305|  
FZ1-10.14; E305|  
FZ1-10.15; E305|  
FZ1-10.16; E305|

They will withhold sweet love, whose food is thorns & bitter roots.  
We hear the warlike clarions we view the turning spheres *t480*  
Yet Thou in indolence reposest holding me in bonds  
Hear! I will sing a Song of Death! it is a Song of Vala! *t481*  
The Fallen Man takes his repose: Urizen sleeps in the porch *t482*  
Luvah and Vala woke & flew up from the Human Heart *t483*  
Into the Brain; from thence upon the pillow Vala slumber'd.  
And Luvah siez'd the Horses of Light, & rose into the Chariot of Day  
Sweet laughter siezd me in my sleep! silent & close I laughd *t484*  
For in the visions of Vala I walkd with the mighty Fallen One *t485*  
I heard his voice among the branches, & among sweet flowers. *t486*

FZ1-10.17; E306|  
FZ1-10.18; E306|  
FZ1-10.19; E306|  
FZ1-10.20; E306|  
FZ1-10.21; E306|  
FZ1-10.22; E306|  
FZ1-10.23; E306|  
FZ1-10.24; E306|  
FZ1-10.25; E306|

Why is the light of Enitharmon darken'd in dewy morn *t487*  
Why is the silence of Enitharmon a terror & her smile a whirlwind *t488*  
Uttering this darkness in my halls, in the pillars of my Holy-ones  
Why dost thou weep as Vala? & wet thy veil with dewy tears, *t489*  
In slumbers of my night-repose, infusing a false morning?  
Driving the Female Emanations all away from Los *t490*  
I have refusd to look upon the Universal Vision  
And wilt thou slay with death him who devotes himself to thee *t491*  
Once born for the sport & amusement of Man now born to drink up all his Powers

FZ1-11.1; E306|  
FZ1-11.2; E306|  
FZ1-11.3; E306|  
FZ1-11.4; E306|

I heard the sounding sea; I heard the voice weaker and weaker;  
The voice came & went like a dream, I awoke in my sweet bliss.  
Then Los smote her upon the Earth twas long eer she revivd  
He answer'd, darkning more with indignation hid in smiles *t492*

FZ1-11.5; E306|  
FZ1-11.6; E306|  
FZ1-11.7; E306|  
FZ1-11.8; E306|  
FZ1-11.9; E306|  
FZ1-11.10; E306|  
FZ1-11.11; E306|  
FZ1-11.12; E306|  
FZ1-11.13; E306|  
FZ1-11.14; E306|  
FZ1-11.15; E306|  
FZ1-11.16; E306|  
FZ1-11.17; E306|  
FZ1-11.18; E306|

I die not Enitharmon tho thou singst thy Song of Death *t493*  
Nor shalt thou me torment For I behold the Fallen Man *t494*  
Seeking to comfort Vala, she will not be comforted *t495*  
She rises from his throne and seeks the shadows of her garden  
Weeping for Luvah lost, in the bloody beams of your false morning  
Sickning lies the Fallen Man his head sick his heart faint *t496*  
Mighty atchievement of your power! Beware the punishment  
I see, invisible decend into the Gardens of Vala  
Luvah walking on the winds, I see the invisible knife  
I see the shower of blood: I see the swords & spears of futurity  
Tho in the Brain of Man we live, & in his circling Nerves.  
Tho' this bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain.  
Where Urizen & all his Hosts hang their immortal lamps  
Thou neer shalt leave this cold expanse where watry Tharmas mourns

FZ1-11.19; E306|

So spoke Los. Scorn & Indignation rose upon Enitharmon

FZ1-11.20; E306	Then Enitharmon reddning fierce stretchd her immortal hands <i>t497</i>
FZ1-11.21; E306	Descend O Urizen descend with horse & chariots
FZ1-11.22; E306	Threaten not me O visionary thine the punishment
FZ1-11.23; E306	The Human Nature shall no more remain nor Human acts
FZ1-11.24; E306	Form the rebellious Spirits of Heaven. but War & Princedom & Victory & Blood <i>t498</i>
FZ1-12.1; E306	Night darkend as she spoke! a shuddring ran from East to West <i>t500</i>
FZ1-12.2; E306	A Groan was heard on high. The warlike clarions ceast. the Spirits
FZ1-12.3; E306	Of Luvah & Vala shudderd in their Orb: an orb of blood!
FZ1-12.4; E306	Eternity groand & was troubled at the Image of Eternal Death
FZ1-12.5; E306	The Wandering Man bow'd his faint head and Urizen descended
FZ1-12.6; E306	And the one must have murderd the other if he had not descended <i>t501</i>
FZ1-12.7; E307	Indignant muttering low thunders; Urizen descended
FZ1-12.8; E307	Gloomy sounding, Now I am God from Eternity to Eternity
FZ1-12.9; E307	Sullen sat Los plotting Revenge. Silent he eye'd the Prince <i>t502</i>
FZ1-12.10; E307	Of Light. Silent the prince of Light viewd Los. at length a brooded <i>t503</i>
FZ1-12.11; E307	Smile broke from Urizen for Enitharmon brightend more & more
FZ1-12.12; E307	Sullen he lowerd on Enitharmon but he smild on Los
FZ1-12.13; E307	Saying Thou art the Lord of Luvah into thine hands I give
FZ1-12.14; E307	The prince of Love the murderer his soul is in thine hands
FZ1-12.15; E307	Pity not Vala for she pitied not the Eternal Man
FZ1-12.16; E307	Nor pity thou the cries of Luvah. Lo these starry hosts
FZ1-12.17; E307	They are thy servants if thou wilt obey my awful Law
FZ1-12.18; E307	Los answerd furious art thou one of those who when most complacent
FZ1-12.19; E307	Mean mischief most. If you are such Lo! I am also such
FZ1-12.20; E307	One must be master. try thy Arts I also will try mine
FZ1-12.21; E307	For I percieve Thou hast Abundance which I claim as mine
FZ1-12.22; E307	Urizen startled stood but not Long soon he cried
FZ1-12.23; E307	Obey my voice young Demon I am God from Eternity to Eternity
FZ1-12.24; E307	Thus Urizen spoke collected in himself in awful pride
FZ1-12.25; E307	Art thou a visionary of Jesus the soft delusion of Eternity
FZ1-12.26; E307	Lo I am God the terrible destroyer & not the Saviour

FZ1-12.27; E307|  
FZ1-12.28; E307|  
FZ1-12.29; E307|

Why should the Divine Vision compell the sons of Eden  
to forego each his own delight to war against his Spectre *t504*  
The Spectre is the Man the rest is only delusion & fancy

FZ1-12.30; E307|  
FZ1-12.31; E307|

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

FZ1-12.32; E307|  
FZ1-12.33; E307|  
FZ1-12.34; E307|  
FZ1-12.35; E307|

Ten thousand thousand were his hosts of spirits on the wind:  
Ten thousand thousand glittering Chariots shining in the sky:  
They pour upon the golden shore beside the silent ocean.  
Rejoicing in the Victory & the heavens were filld with blood *t505*

FZ1-12.36; E307|  
FZ1-12.37; E307|  
FZ1-12.38; E307|  
FZ1-12.39; E307|

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

FZ1-12.40; E307|  
FZ1-12.41; E307|  
FZ1-12.42; E307|  
FZ1-12.43; E307|

Los saw the wound of his blow he saw he pitied he wept *t506*  
Los now repented that he had smitten Enitharmon he felt love  
Arise in all his Veins he threw his arms around her loins  
To heal the wound of his smiting

FZ1-12.44; E307|

They eat the fleshly bread, they drank the nervous wine *t507*

FZ1-13.1; E308|  
FZ1-13.2; E308|  
FZ1-13.3; E308|

They listend to the Elemental Harps & Sphery Song  
They view'd the dancing Hours, quick sporting thro' the sky  
With winged radiance scattering joys thro the ever changing light

FZ1-13.4; E308|  
FZ1-13.5; E308|  
FZ1-13.6; E308|  
FZ1-13.7; E308|  
FZ1-13.8; E308|  
FZ1-13.9; E308|  
FZ1-13.10; E308|

But Luvah & Vala standing in the bloody sky *t508*  
On high remaind alone forsaken in fierce jealousy  
They stood above the heavens forsaken desolate suspended in blood  
Descend they could not. nor from Each other avert their eyes  
Eternity appeard above them as One Man infolded  
In Luvah[s] robes of blood & bearing all his afflictions *t509*  
As the sun shines down on the misty earth Such was the Vision

FZ1-13.11; E308|  
FZ1-13.12; E308|  
FZ1-13.13; E308|  
FZ1-13.14; E308|  
FZ1-13.15; E308|

But purple night and crimson morning & golden day descending *t510*  
Thro' the clear changing atmosphere display'd green fields among  
The varying clouds, like paradises stretch'd in the expanse  
With towns & villages and temples, tents sheep-folds and pastures  
Where dwell the children of the elemental worlds in harmony.

FZ1-13.16; E308|  
FZ1-13.17; E308|  
FZ1-13.18; E308|

Not long in harmony they dwell, their life is drawn away *t511*  
And wintry woes succeed; successive driven into the Void  
Where Enion craves: successive drawn into the golden feast

FZ1-13.19; E308|  
FZ1-13.20; E308|  
FZ1-13.21; E308|  
FZ1-13.22; E308|  
FZ1-13.23; E308|  
FZ1-13.24; E308|

And Los & Enitharmon sat in discontent & scorn *t512*  
The Nuptial Song arose from all the thousand thousand spirits *t513*  
Over the joyful Earth & Sea, and ascended into the Heavens  
For Elemental Gods their thunderous Organs blew; creating  
Delicious Viands. Demons of Waves their watry Eccho's woke!  
Bright Souls of vegetative life, budding and blossoming *t514*

FZ1-14.1; E308|  
FZ1-14.2; E308|  
FZ1-14.3; E308|  
FZ1-14.4; E308|  
FZ1-14.5; E308|

Stretch their immortal hands to smite the gold & silver Wires  
And with immortal Voice soft warbling fill all Earth & Heaven.  
With doubling Voices & loud Horns wound round sounding  
Cavernous dwellers fill'd the enormous Revelry, Responding!  
And Spirits of Flaming fire on high, govern'd the mighty Song.

FZ1-14.6; E308|

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

FZ1-14.7; E308|  
FZ1-14.8; E308|  
FZ1-14.9; E308|  
FZ1-14.10; E308|

Ephraim call'd out to Zion: Awake O Brother Mountain *t515*  
Let us refuse the Plow & Spade, the heavy Roller & spiked  
Harrow. burn all these Corn fields. throw down all these fences  
Fattend on Human blood & drunk with wine of life is better far

FZ1-14.11; E308|  
FZ1-14.12; E308|  
FZ1-14.13; E308|  
FZ1-14.14; E308|

Than all these labours of the harvest & the vintage. See the river  
Red with the blood of Men. swells lustful round my rocky knees  
My clouds are not the clouds of verdant fields & groves of fruit  
But Clouds of Human Souls. my nostrils drink the lives of Men *t516*

FZ1-14.15; E308|  
FZ1-14.16; E308|

The Villages Lament. they faint outstretchd upon the plain  
Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill & from the Barn *t517*

FZ1-14.17; E309|  
FZ1-14.18; E309|

But most the polishd Palaces dark silent bow with dread *t518*  
Hiding their books & pictures. underneath the dens of Earth

FZ1-14.19; E309|  
FZ1-14.20; E309|  
FZ1-14.21; E309|  
FZ1-14.22; E309|

The Cities send to one another saying My sons are Mad  
With wine of cruelty. Let us plat a Scourge O Sister City *t519*  
Children are nourishd for the Slaughter; once the Child was fed  
With Milk; but wherefore now are Children fed with blood *t520*



FZ1-15.1; E309	The Horse is of more value than the Man. The Tyger fierce
FZ1-15.2; E309	Laughs at the Human form. the Lion mocks & thirsts for blood
FZ1-15.3; E309	They cry O Spider spread thy web! Enlarge thy bones & fill'd
FZ1-15.4; E309	With marrow. sinews & flesh Exalt thyself attain a voice
FZ1-15.5; E309	Call to thy dark arm'd hosts, for all the sons of Men muster together
FZ1-15.6; E309	To desolate their cities! Man shall be no more! Awake O Hosts
FZ1-15.7; E309	The bow string sang upon the hills! Luvah & Vala ride
FZ1-15.8; E309	Triumphant in the bloody sky. & the Human form is no more <i>t521</i>
FZ1-15.9; E309	The listning Stars heard, & the first beam of the morning started back
FZ115.10; E309	He cried out to his Father, depart! depart! but sudden Siez'd <i>t522</i>
FZ1-15.11; E309	And clad in steel. & his Horse proudly neighd; he smelt the battle <i>t523</i>
FZ1-15.12; E309	Afar off, Rushing back, reddning with rage the Mighty Father <i>t524</i>
FZ1-15.13; E309	Siezd his bright Sheephook studded with gems & gold, he Swung it round
FZ1-15.14; E309	His head shrill sounding in the sky, down rushd the Sun with noise
FZ1-15.15; E309	Of war, The Mountains fled away they sought a place beneath
FZ1-15.16; E309	Vala remaind in desarts of dark solitude. nor Sun nor Moon
FZ1-15.17; E309	By night nor day to comfort her, she labourd in thick smoke <i>t525</i>
FZ1-15.18; E309	Tharmas endurd not, he fled howling. then a barren waste sunk
FZ1-15.19; E309	Conglobing in the dark confusion, Mean time Los was born
FZ1-15.20; E309	And Thou O Enitharmon! Hark I hear the hammers of Los <i>t526</i>
FZ1-16.1; E309	They melt the bones of Vala, & the bones of Luvah into wedges
FZ1-16.2; E309	The innumerable sons & daughters of Luvah cload in furnaces
FZ1-16.3; E309	Melt into furrows. winter blows his bellows: ice & Snow
FZ1-16.4; E309	Tend the dire anvils. Mountains mourn & Rivers faint & fail
FZ1-16.5; E309	There is no City nor Corn-field nor Orchard! all is Rock & Sand
FZ1-16.6; E309	There is no Sun nor Moon nor Star. but rugged wintry rocks
FZ1-16.7; E309	Justling together in the void suspended by inward fires
FZ1-16.8; E309	Impatience now no longer can endure. Distracted Luvah
FZ1-16.9; E309	Bursting forth from the loins of Enitharmon, Thou fierce Terror
FZ1-16.10; E309	Go howl in vain, Smite Smite his fetters Smite O wintry hammers
FZ1-16.11; E309	Smite Spectre of Urthona, mock the fiend who drew us down
FZ1-16.12; E309	From heavens of joy into this Deep. Now rage but rage in vain
FZ1-16.13; E310	Thus Sang the Demons of the Deep. the Clarions of War blew loud
FZ1-16.14; E310	The Feast redounds & Crownd with roses & the circling vine



FZ1-16.15; E310|  
FZ1-16.16; E310|  
FZ1-16.17; E310|

The Enormous Bride & Bridegroom sat, beside them Urizen  
With faded radiance sighd, forgetful of the flowing wine  
And of Ahania his Pure Bride but She was distant far

FZ1-16.18; E310|  
FZ1-16.19; E310|  
FZ1-16.20; E310|

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

FZ1-16.21; E310|  
FZ1-16.22; E310|

At distance Far in Night repelld. in direful hunger craving  
Summers & Winters round revolving in the frightful deep.

FZ1-17.1; E310|

Enion blind & age-bent wept upon the desolate wind *t527*

FZ1-17.2; E310|  
FZ1-17.3; E310|  
FZ1-17.4; E310|

Why does the Raven cry aloud and no eye pities her?  
Why fall the Sparrow & the Robin in the foodless winter?  
Faint! shivering they sit on leafless bush, or frozen stone *t528*

FZ1-17.5; E310|  
FZ1-17.6; E310|  
FZ1-17.7; E310|

Wearied with seeking food across the snowy waste; the little  
Heart, cold; and the little tongue consum'd, that once in thoughtless joy  
Gave songs of gratitude to waving corn fields round their nest. *t529*

FZ1-17.8; E310|  
FZ1-17.9; E310|  
FZ1-17.10; E310|

Why howl the Lion & the Wolf? why do they roam abroad? *t530*  
Deluded by summers heat they sport in enormous love *t531*  
And cast their young out to the hungry wilds & sandy desarts

FZ1-18.1; E310|  
FZ1-18.2; E310|  
FZ1-18.3; E310|

Why is the Sheep given to the knife? the Lamb plays in the Sun  
He starts! he hears the foot of Man! he says, Take thou my wool  
But spare my life, but he knows not that winter cometh fast. *t532*

FZ1-18.4; E310|  
FZ1-18.5; E310|  
FZ1-18.6; E310|  
FZ1-18.7; E310|

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

FZ1-18.8; E310|  
FZ1-18.9; E310|  
FZ1-18.10; E310|

This was the Lamentation of Enion round the golden Feast  
Eternity groand and was troubled at the image of Eternal Death  
Without the body of Man an Exudation from his sickning limbs

FZ1-18.11; E310|

Now Man was come to the Palm tree & to the Oak of Weeping *t533*

FZ1-18.12; E310| Which stand upon the Edge of Beulah & he sunk down  
FZ1-8.13; E310| From the Supporting arms of the Eternal Saviour; who disposd  
FZ1-18.14; E310| The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality  
FZ1-18.15; E310| Upon The Rock of Ages. Watching over him with Love & Care *t534*

FZ1-21.1; E310| Then those in Great Eternity met in the Council of God  
FZ1-21.2; E310| As one Man for contracting their Exalted Senses

FZ1-21.3; E311| They behold Multitude or Expanding they behold as one  
FZ1-21.4; E311| As One Man all the Universal family & that one Man *t536*  
FZ1-21.5; E311| They call Jesus the Christ & they in him & he in them  
FZ1-21.6; E311| Live in Perfect harmony in Eden the land of life  
FZ1-21.7; E311| Consulting as One Man above the Mountain of Snowdon Sublime *t537*

FZ1-21.8; E311| For messengers from Beulah come in tears & darkning clouds  
FZ1-21.9; E311| Saying Shiloh is in ruins our brother is sick Albion He *t538*  
FZ1-21.10; E311| Whom thou lovest is sick he wanders from his house of Eternity  
FZ1-21.11; E311| The daughters of Beulah terrified have closd the Gate of the Tongue  
FZ1-21.12; E311| Luvah & Urizen contend in war around the holy tent

FZ1-21.13; E311| So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah & with solemn mourning *t539*  
FZ1-21.14; E311| They were introduced to the divine presence & they kneeled down  
FZ1-21.15; E311| In Conways Vale thus recounting the Wars of Death Eternal *t540*

FZ1-21.16; E311| The Eternal Man wept in the holy tent Our Brother in Eternity  
FZ1-21.17; E311| Even Albion whom thou lovest wept in pain his family  
FZ1-21.18; E311| Slept round on hills & valleys in the regions of his love  
FZ1-21.19; E311| But Urizen awoke & Luvah woke & thus conferrd

FZ1-21.20; E311| Thou Luvah said the Prince of Light behold our sons & daughters  
FZ1-21.21; E311| Reposd on beds. let them sleep on. do thou alone depart  
FZ1-21.22; E311| Into thy wished Kingdom where in Majesty & Power  
FZ1-21.23; E311| We may erect a throne. deep in the North I place my lot  
FZ1-21.24; E311| Thou in the South listen attentive. In silent of this night  
FZ1-21.25; E311| I will infold the Eternal tent in clouds opake while thou  
FZ1-21.26; E311| Siezing the chariots of the morning. Go oufleeting ride  
FZ1-21.27; E311| Afar into the Zenith high bending thy furious course  
FZ1-21.28; E311| Southward with half the tents of men inclosd in clouds  
FZ1-21.29; E311| Of Tharmas & Urthona. I remaining in porches of the brain  
FZ1-21.30; E311| Will lay my scepter on Jerusalem the Emanation  
FZ1-21.31; E311| On all her sons & on thy sons O Luvah & on mine *t541*  
FZ1-21.32; E311| Till dawn was wont to wake them then my trumpet sounding loud

FZ1-21.33; E311|  
FZ1-21.34; E311|  
FZ1-21.35; E311|

Ravishd away in night my strong command shall be obeyd  
For I have placd my centinels in stations each tenth man  
Is bought & sold & in dim night my Word shall be their law

FZ1-22.1; E311|  
FZ1-22.2; E311|  
FZ1-22.3; E311|  
FZ1-22.4; E311|  
FZ1-22.5; E311|  
FZ1-22.6; E311|  
FZ1-22.7; E311|  
FZ1-22.8; E311|  
FZ1-22.9; E311|  
FZ1-22.10; E311|

Luvah replied Dictate to thy Equals. am not I  
The Prince of all the hosts of Men nor Equal know in Heaven  
If I arise into the Zenith leaving thee to watch  
The Emanation & her Sons the Satan & the Anak  
Sihon and Og. wilt thou not rebel to my laws remain  
In darkness building thy strong throne & in my ancient night  
Daring my power wilt arm my sons against me in the Atlantic <sup>t542</sup>  
My deep My night which thou assuming hast assumed my Crown  
I will remain as well as thou & here with hands of blood  
Smite this dark sleeper in his tent then try my strength with thee

FZ1-22.11; E312|  
FZ1-22.12; E312|  
FZ1-22.13; E312|  
FZ1-22.14; E312|  
FZ1-22.15; E312|

While thus he spoke his fires reddend oer the holy tent <sup>t543</sup>  
Urizen cast deep darkness round him silent brooding death  
Eternal death to Luvah. raging Luvah pourd  
The Lances of Urizen from chariots. round the holy tent  
Discord began & yells & cries shook the wide firmament

FZ1-22.16; E312|  
FZ1-22.17; E312|  
FZ1-22.18; E312|  
FZ1-22.19; E312|  
FZ1-22.20; E312|  
FZ1-22.21; E312|  
FZ1-22.22; E312|  
FZ1-22.23; E312|  
FZ1-22.24; E312|  
FZ1-22.25; E312|  
FZ1-22.26; E312|  
FZ1-22.27; E312|  
FZ1-22.28; E312|  
FZ1-22.29; E312|  
FZ1-22.30; E312|  
FZ1-22.31; E312|

Beside his anvil stood Urthona dark. a mass of iron  
Glowd furious on the anvil prepard for spades & coulters All  
His sons fled from his side to join the conflict pale he heard  
The Eternal voice he stood the sweat chilld on his mighty limbs  
He dropd his hammer. dividing from his aking bosom fled  
A portion of his life shrieking upon the wind she fled  
And Tharmas took her in pitying Then Enion in jealous fear  
Murderd her & hid her in her bosom embalming her for fear  
She should arise again to life Embalmd in Enions bosom  
Enitharmon remains a corse such thing was never known  
In Eden that one died a death never to be revivd  
Urthona stood in terror but not long his spectre fled  
To Enion & his body fell. Tharmas beheld him fall  
Endlong a raging serpent rolling round the holy tent  
The sons of war astonishd at the Glittering monster drove  
Him far into the world of Tharmas into a cavernd rock

FZ1-22.32; E312|  
FZ1-22.33; E312|  
FZ1-22.34; E312|  
FZ1-22.35; E312|  
FZ1-22.36; E312|

But Urizen with darkness overspreading all the armies  
Sent round his heralds secretly commanding to depart  
Into the north Sudden with thunders sound his multitudes  
Retreat from the fierce conflict all the sons of Urizen at once  
Mustering together in thick clouds leaving the rage of Luvah

FZ1-22.37; E312|

To pour its fury on himself & on the Eternal Man

FZ1-22.38; E312|

Sudden down fell they all together into an unknown Space

FZ1-22.39; E312|

Deep horrible without End. Separated from Beulah far beneath

FZ1-22.40; E312|

The Mans exteriors are become indefinite open to pain

FZ1-22.41; E312|

In a fierce hungry void & none can visit his regions

FZ1-21[19].1; E312|

Jerusalem his Emanation is become a ruin *t544*

FZ1-21[19].2; E312|

Her little ones are slain on the top of every street *t545*

FZ1-21[19].3; E312|

And she herself le[d] captive & scatterd into the indefinite *t546*

FZ1-21[19].4; E312|

Gird on thy sword O thou most mighty in glory & majesty

FZ1-21[19].5; E312|

Destroy these oppressors of Jerusalem & those who ruin Shiloh

FZ1-21[19].6; E312|

So spoke the Messengers of Beulah. Silently removing

FZ1-21[19].7; E312|

The Family Divine drew up the Universal tent

FZ1-21[19].8; E312|

Above High Snowdon & closed the Messengers in clouds around *t547*

FZ1-21[19].9; E312|

Till the time of the End. Then they Elected Seven. called the Seven

FZ1-21[19].10; E312|

Eyes of God & the Seven lamps of the Almighty

FZ1-21[19].11; E312|

The Seven are one within the other the Seventh is named Jesus

FZ1-21[19].12; E313|

The Lamb of God blessed for ever & he followed the Man

FZ1-21[19].13; E313|

Who wandered in mount Ephraim seeking a Sepulcher

FZ1-21[19].14; E313|

His inward eyes closing from the Divine vision & all

FZ1-21[19].15; E313|

His children wandering outside from his bosom fleeing away *t548*

FZ1-22[20].1; E313|

The Daughters of Beulah beheld the Emanation they pitied

FZ1-22[20].2; E313|

They wept before the Inner gates of Enitharmons bosom

FZ1-22[20].3; E313|

And of her fine wrought brain & of her bowels within her loins

FZ1-22[20].4; E313|

Three gates within Glorious & bright open into Beulah *t550*

FZ1-22[20].5; E313|

From Enitharmons inward parts but the bright female terror

FZ1-22[20].6; E313|

Refused to open the bright gates she closed and barred them fast

FZ1-22[20].7; E313|

Lest Los should enter into Beulah thro her beautiful gates

FZ1-22[20].8; E313|

The Emanation stood before the Gates of Enitharmon *t551*

FZ1-22[20].9; E313|

Weeping. the Daughters of Beulah silent in the Porches

FZ1-22[20].10; E313|

Spread her a couch unknown to Enitharmon here reposed

FZ1-22[20].11; E313|

Jerusalem in slumbers soft lulled into silent rest

FZ1-22[20].12; E313|

Terrific ragd the Eternal Wheels of intellect terrific ragd

FZ1-22[20].13; E313|

The living creatures of the wheels in the Wars of Eternal life

FZ1-22[20].14; E313|

But perverse rolled the wheels of Urizen & Luvah back reversed

FZ1-22[20].15; E313|

Downwards & outwards consuming in the wars of Eternal Death *t552*

FZ1-21[19]end; E313|

End of The First Night



FZ2-heading; E313| VALA

FZ2-heading; E313| Night the [Second] *t553*

FZ2-23.1; E313| Rising upon his Couch of Death Albion beheld his Sons  
FZ2-23.2; E313| Turning his Eyes outward to Self. losing the Divine Vision  
FZ2-23.3; E313| Albion call'd Urizen & said. Behold these sickning Spheres *t554*  
FZ2-23.4; E313| Whence is this Voice of Enion that soundeth in my Porches *t555*  
FZ2-23.5; E313| Take thou possession! take this Scepter! go forth in my might  
FZ2-23.6; E313| For I am weary, & must sleep in the dark sleep of Death *t556*  
FZ2-23.7; E313| Thy brother Luvah hath smitten me but pity thou his youth *t557*  
FZ2-23.8; E313| Tho thou hast not pitid my Age O Urizen Prince of Light

FZ2-23.9; E313| Urizen rose from the bright Feast like a star thro' the evening sky  
FZ2-23.10; E313| Exulting at the voice that call'd him from the Feast of envy *t558*  
FZ2-23.11; E313| First he beheld the body of Man pale, cold, the horrors of death  
FZ2-23.12; E313| Beneath his feet shot thro' him as he stood in the Human Brain  
FZ2-23.13; E313| And all its golden porches grew pale with his sickening light  
FZ2-23.14; E313| No more Exulting for he saw Eternal Death beneath  
FZ2-23.15; E313| Pale he beheld futurity; pale he beheld the Abyss  
FZ2-23.16; E313| Where Enion blind & age bent wept in direful hunger craving  
FZ2-23.17; E313| All rav'ning like the hungry worm, & like the silent grave

FZ2-24.1; E314| Mighty was the draught of Voidness to draw Existence in

FZ2-24.2; E314| Terrific Urizen strode above, in fear & pale dismay  
FZ2-24.3; E314| He saw the indefinite space beneath & his soul shrunk with horror  
FZ2-24.4; E314| His feet upon the verge of Non Existence; his voice went forth *t559*

FZ2-24.5; E314| Luvah & Vala trembling & shrinking, beheld the great Work master *t560*  
FZ2-24.6; E314| And heard his Word! Divide ye bands influence by influence  
FZ2-24.7; E314| Build we a Bower for heavens darling in the grizly deep  
FZ2-24.8; E314| Build we the Mundane Shell around the Rock of Albion

FZ2-24.9; E314| The Bands of Heaven flew thro the air singing & shouting to Urizen *t561*  
FZ2-24.10; E314| Some fix'd the anvil, some the loom erected, some the plow  
FZ2-24.11; E314| And harrow form'd & fram'd the harness of silver & ivory  
FZ2-24.12; E314| The golden compasses, the quadrant & the rule & balance



FZ2-24.13; E314|  
FZ2-24.14; E314|  
FZ2-24.15; E314|

They erected the furnaces, they form'd the anvils of gold beaten in mills  
Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their base  
The bellows began to blow & the Lions of Urizen stood round the anvil

FZ2-25.1; E314|  
FZ2-25.2; E314|  
FZ2-25.3; E314|  
FZ2-25.4; E314|  
FZ2-25.5; E314|  
FZ2-25.6; E314|  
FZ2-25.7; E314|  
FZ2-25.8; E314|  
FZ2-25.9; E314|  
FZ2-25.10; E314|  
FZ2-25.11; E314|  
FZ2-25.12; E314|  
FZ2-25.13; E314|  
FZ2-25.14; E314|  
FZ2-25.15; E314|  
FZ2-25.16; E314|  
FZ2-25.17; E314|  
FZ2-25.18; E314|  
FZ2-25.19; E314|  
FZ2-25.20; E314|

And the leopards cover'd with skins of beasts tended the roaring fires  
Sublime distinct their lineaments divine of human beauty *t562*  
The tygers of wrath called the horses of instruction from their mangers  
They unloos'd them & put on the harness of gold & silver & ivory  
In human forms distinct they stood round Urizen prince of Light  
Petrifying all the Human Imagination into rock & sand *t563*  
Groans ran along Tyburns brook and along the River of Oxford  
Among the Druid Temples. Albion groan'd on Tyburns brook  
Albion gave his loud death groan The Atlantic Mountains trembled  
Aloft the Moon fled with a cry the Sun with streams of blood  
From Albions Loins fled all Peoples and Nations of the Earth *t564*  
Fled with the noise of Slaughter & the stars of heaven Fled  
Jerusalem came down in a dire ruin over all the Earth  
She fell cold from Lambeths Vales in groans & Dewy death  
The dew of anxious souls the death-sweat of the dying  
In every pillard hall & arched roof of Albions skies  
The brother & the brother bathe in blood upon the Severn  
The Maiden weeping by. The father & the mother with  
The Maidens father & her mother fainting over the body  
And the Young Man the Murderer fleeing over the mountains

FZ2-25.21; E314|  
FZ2-25.22; E314|  
FZ2-25.23; E314|  
FZ2-25.24; E314|  
FZ2-25.25; E314|

Reuben slept on Penmaenmawr & Levi slept on Snowdon  
Their eyes their ears nostrils & tongues roll outward they behold  
What is within now seen without they are raw to the hungry wind  
They become Nations far remote in a little & dark Land  
The Daughters of Albion girded around their garments of Needlework

FZ2-25.26; E317|  
FZ2-25.27; E317|  
FZ2-25.28; E317|  
FZ2-25.29; E317|  
FZ2-25.30; E317|  
FZ2-25.31; E317|  
FZ2-25.32; E317|  
FZ2-25.33; E317|

Stripping Jerusalems curtains from mild demons of the hills  
Across Europe & Asia to China & Japan like lightnings  
They go forth & return to Albion on his rocky couch  
Gwendolen Ragan Sabrina Gonorill Mehetabel Cordella  
Boadicea Conwenna Estrild Gwinefrid Ignoge Cambel  
Binding Jerusalems Children in the dungeons of Babylon  
They play before the Armies before the hounds of Nimrod  
While The Prince of Light on Salisbury plain among the druid stones *t565*

FZ2-25.34; E317|  
FZ2-25.35; E317|  
FZ2-25.36; E317|

Rattling the adamantine chains & hooks heave up the ore  
In mountainous masses, plung'd in furnaces, & they shut & seald *t566*  
The furnaces a time & times; all the while blew the North

FZ2-25.37; E317|  
FZ2-25.38; E317|  
FZ2-25.39; E317|

His cloudy bellows & the South & East & dismal West  
And all the while the plow of iron cut the dreadful furrows  
In Ulro beneath Beulah where the Dead wail Night & Day

FZ2-25.40; E317|  
FZ2-25.41; E317|  
FZ2-25.42; E317|  
FZ2-25.43; E317|  
FZ2-25.44; E317|

Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction & sealed  
And Vala fed in cruel delight, the furnaces with fire  
Stern Urizen beheld urg'd by necessity to keep  
The evil day afar, & if perchance with iron power  
He might avert his own despair; in woe & fear he saw

FZ2-26.1; E317|  
FZ2-26.2; E317|  
FZ2-26.3; E317|

Vala incircle round the furnaces where Luvah was clos'd  
In joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah  
With whom she walkd in bliss, in times of innocence & youth

FZ2-26.4; E317|

Hear ye the voice of Luvah from the furnaces of Urizen

FZ2-26.5; E317|  
FZ2-26.6; E317|  
FZ2-26.7; E317|  
FZ2-26.8; E317|  
FZ2-26.9; E317|  
FZ2-26.10; E317|  
FZ2-26.11; E317|  
FZ2-26.12; E317|  
FZ2-26.13; E317|  
FZ2-26.14; E317|

If I indeed am Valas King & ye O sons of Men *t567*  
The workmanship of Luvahs hands; in times of Everlasting  
When I call'd forth the Earth-worm from the cold & dark obscure  
I nurturd her I fed her with my rains & dews, she grew  
A scaled Serpent, yet I fed her tho' she hated me  
Day after day she fed upon the mountains in Luvahs sight  
I brought her thro' the Wilderness, a dry & thirsty land  
And I commanded springs to rise for her in the black desert  
Till she became a Dragon winged bright & poisonous *t568*  
I open'd all the floodgates of the heavens to quench her thirst

FZ2-27.1; E317|  
FZ2-27.2; E317|  
FZ2-27.3; E317|  
FZ2-27.4; E317|  
FZ2-27.5; E317|  
FZ2-27.6; E317|  
FZ2-27.7; E317|  
FZ2-27.8; E317|

And I commanded the Great deep to hide her in his hand  
Till she became a little weeping Infant a span long  
I carried her in my bosom as a man carries a lamb  
I loved her I gave her all my soul & my delight  
I hid her in soft gardens & in secret bowers of Summer  
Weaving mazes of delight along the sunny Paradise  
Inextricable labyrinths, She bore me sons & daughters  
And they have taken her away & hid her from my sight

FZ2-27.9; E318|  
FZ2-27.10; E318|  
FZ2-27.11; E318|  
FZ2-27.12; E318|  
FZ2-27.13; E318|  
FZ2-27.14; E318|

They have surrounded me with walls of iron & brass, O Lamb *t569*  
Of God clothed in Luvahs garments little knowest thou *t570*  
Of death Eternal that we all go to Eternal Death  
To our Primeval Chaos in fortuitous concourse of incoherent  
Discordant principles of Love & Hate I suffer affliction  
Because I love. for I was love but hatred awakes in me *t571*

FZ2-27.15; E318|  
FZ2-27.16; E318|  
FZ2-27.17; E318|  
FZ2-27.18; E318|  
FZ2-27.19; E318|  
FZ2-27.20; E318|

And Urizen who was Faith & Certainty is changd to Doubt  
The hand of Urizen is upon me because I blotted out  
That Human delusion to deliver all the sons of God *t572*  
From bondage of the Human form, O first born Son of Light  
O Urizen my enemy I weep for thy stern ambition  
But weep in vain O when will you return Vala the Wanderer

FZ2-28.1; E318|  
FZ2-28.2; E318|

These were the words of Luvah patient in afflictions  
Reasoning from the loins in the unreal forms of Ulros night *t573*

FZ2-28.3; E318|  
FZ2-28.4; E318|  
FZ2-28.5; E318|  
FZ2-28.6; E318|  
FZ2-28.7; E318|  
FZ2-28.8; E318|  
FZ2-28.9; E318|  
FZ2-28.10; E318|

And when Luvah age after age was quite melted with woe  
The fires of Vala faded like a shadow cold & pale  
An evanescent shadow. last she fell a heap of Ashes  
Beneath the furnaces a woful heap in living death  
Then were the furnaces unscauld with spades & pickaxes  
Roaring let out th fluid, the molten metal ran in channels  
Cut by the plow of ages held in Urizens strong hand  
In many a valley, for the Bulls of Luvah dragd the Plow

FZ2-28.11; E318|  
FZ2-28.12; E318|  
FZ2-28.13; E318|  
FZ2-28.14; E318|  
FZ2-28.15; E318|  
FZ2-28.16; E318|  
FZ2-28.17; E318|  
FZ2-28.18; E318|  
FZ2-28.19; E318|  
FZ2-28.20; E318|  
FZ2-28.21; E318|  
FZ2-28.22; E318|  
FZ2-28.23; E318|  
FZ2-28.24; E318|

With trembling horror pale aghast the Children of Man *t574*  
Stood on the infinite Earth & saw these visions in the air  
In waters & in Earth beneath they cried to one another  
What are we terrors to one another. Come O brethren wherefore  
Was this wide Earth spread all abroad. not for wild beasts to roam  
But many stood silent & busied in their families  
And many said We see no Visions in the darksom air  
Measure the course of that sulphur orb that lights the darksom day *t575*  
Set stations on this breeding Earth & let us buy & sell  
Others arose & schools Erected forming Instruments  
To measure out the course of heaven. Stern Urizen beheld  
In woe his brethren & his Sons in darkning woe lamenting  
Upon the winds in clouds involvd Uttering his voice in thunders  
Commanding all the work with care & power & severity

FZ2-28.25; E318|  
FZ2-28.26; E318|  
FZ2-28.27; E318|  
FZ2-28.28; E318|  
FZ2-28.29; E318|  
FZ2-28.30; E318|  
FZ2-28.31; E318|  
FZ2-28.32; E318|

Then siezd the Lions of Urizen their work, & heated in the forge  
Roar the bright masses, thund'ring beat the hammers, many a pyramid *t576*  
Is form'd & thrown down thund'ring into the deeps of Non Entity  
Heated red hot they hizzing rend their way down many a league  
Till resting. each his [*center*] finds; suspended there they stand *t577*  
Casting their sparkies dire abroad into the dismal deep  
For measurd out in orderd spaces the Sons of Urizen *t578*  
With compasses divide the deep; they the strong scales erect

FZ2-29.1; E319| That Luvah rent from the faint Heart of the Fallen Man *t579*  
FZ2-29.2; E319| And weigh the massy Cubes, then fix them in their awful stations *t580*  
FZ2-29.3; E319| And all the time in Caverns shut, the golden Looms erected  
FZ2-29.4; E319| First spun, then wove the Atmospheres, there the Spider & Worm  
FZ2-29.5; E319| Plied the wingd shuttle piping shrill thro' all the list'ning threads  
FZ2-29.6; E319| Beneath the Caverns roll the weights of lead & spindles of iron  
FZ2-29.7; E319| The enormous warp & woof rage direful in the affrighted deep

FZ2-29.8; E319| While far into the vast unknown, the strong wing'd Eagles bend  
FZ2-29.9; E319| Their venturous flight, in Human forms distinct; thro darkness deep  
FZ2-29.10; E319| They bear the woven draperies; on golden hooks they hang abroad  
FZ2-29.11; E319| The universal curtains & spread out from Sun to Sun  
FZ2-29.12; E319| The vehicles of light, they separate the furious particles  
FZ2-29.13; E319| Into mild currents as the water mingles with the wine.

FZ2-29.14; E319| While thus the Spirits of strongest wing enlighten the dark deep  
FZ2-29.15; E319| The threads are spun & the cords twisted & drawn out; then the weak  
FZ2-29.16; E319| Begin their work; & many a net is netted; many a net

FZ2-30.1; E319| Spread & many a Spirit caught, innumerable the nets  
FZ2-30.2; E319| Innumerable the gins & traps; & many a soothing flute  
FZ2-30.3; E319| Is form'd & many a corded lyre, outspread over the immense  
FZ2-30.4; E319| In cruel delight they trap the listeners, & in cruel delight  
FZ2-30.5; E319| Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little compass *t581*  
FZ2-30.6; E319| Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted; some  
FZ2-30.7; E319| The bulbous roots, thrown up together into barns & garner

FZ2-30.8; E319| Then rose the Builders; First the Architect divine his plan  
FZ2-30.9; E319| Unfolds, The wondrous scaffold reard all round the infinite  
FZ2-30.10; E319| Quadrangular the building rose the heavens squared by a line.  
FZ2-30.11; E319| Trigon & cubes divide the elements in finite bonds  
FZ2-30.12; E319| Multitudes without number work incessant: the hewn stone  
FZ2-30.13; E319| Is placd in beds of mortar mingled with the ashes of Vala  
FZ2-30.14; E319| Severe the labour, female slaves the mortar trod oppressed

FZ2-30.15; E319| Twelve halls after the names of his twelve sons composd  
FZ2-30.16; E319| The wondrous building & three Central Dome after the Names *t582*  
FZ2-30.17; E319| Of his three daughters were encompassd by the twelve bright halls  
FZ2-30.18; E319| Every hall surrounded by bright Paradises of Delight  
FZ2-30.19; E319| In which are towns & Cities Nations Seas Mountains & Rivers *t583*  
FZ2-30.20; E319| Each Dome open toward four halls & the Three Domes Encompassd

FZ2-30.21; E319|  
FZ2-30.22; E319|

The Golden Hall of Urizen whose western side glowd bright  
With ever streaming fires beaming from his awful limbs

FZ2-30.23; E319|  
FZ2-30.24; E319|  
FZ2-30.25; E319|  
FZ2-30.26; E319|

His Shadowy Feminine Semblance here reposd on a White Couch *t584*  
Or hoverd oer his Starry head & when he smild she brightend  
Like a bright Cloud in harvest. but when Urizen frownd She wept  
In mists over his carved throne & when he turnd his back

FZ2-30.27; E320|  
FZ2-30.28; E320|  
FZ2-30.29; E320|  
FZ2-30.30; E320|  
FZ2-30.31; E320|  
FZ2-30.32; E320|  
FZ2-30.33; E320|  
FZ2-30.34; E320|  
FZ2-30.35; E320|  
FZ2-30.36; E320|  
FZ2-30.37; E320|  
FZ2-30.38; E320|  
FZ2-30.39; E320|  
FZ2-30.40; E320|  
FZ2-30.41; E320|  
FZ2-30.42; E320|

Upon his Golden hall & sought the Labyrinthine porches  
Of his wide heaven Trembling, cold in paling fears she sat  
A Shadow of Despair therefore toward the West Urizen formd  
A recess in the wall for fires to glow upon the pale  
Females limbs in his absence & her Daughters oft upon  
A Golden Altar burnt perfumes with Art Celestial formd  
Foursquare sculpturd & sweetly Engravd to please their shadowy mother *t585*  
As[c]ending into her misty garments the blue smoke rolld to revive *t586*  
Her cold limbs in the absence of her Lord. Also her sons  
With lives of Victims sacrificed upon an altar of brass  
On the East side. Revivd her Soul with lives of beasts & birds  
Slain on the Altar up ascending into her cloudy bosom  
Of terrible workmanship the Altar labour of ten thousand Slaves  
One thousand Men of wondrous power spent their lives in its formation  
It stood on twelve steps namd after the names of her twelve sons  
And was Erected at the chief entrance of Urizens hall

FZ2-30.43; E320|  
FZ2-30.44; E320|  
FZ2-30.45; E320|  
FZ2-30.46; E320|  
FZ2-30.47; E320|  
FZ2-30.48; E320|  
FZ2-30.49; E320|  
FZ2-30.50; E320|  
FZ2-30.51; E320|  
FZ2-30.52; E320|

When Urizen returnd from his immense labours & travels *t587*  
Descending She reposd beside him folding him round  
In her bright skirts. Astonishd & Confounded he beheld  
Her shadowy form now Separate he shudderd & was silent  
Till her caresses & her tears revivd him to life & joy  
Two wills they had two intellects & not as in times of old  
This Urizen percievd & silent brooded in darkning Clouds  
To him his Labour was but Sorrow & his Kingdom was Repentance  
He drave the Male Spirits all away from Ahania  
And she drave all the Females from him away

FZ2-30.53; E320|  
FZ2-30.54; E320|  
FZ2-30.55; E320|

Los joyd & Enitharmon laughd, saying Let us go down  
And see this labour & sorrow; They went down to see the woes  
Of Vala & the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights

FZ2-30.56; E320|

And Vala like a shadow oft appeard to Urizen



FZ2-31.1; E320| The King of Light beheld her mourning among the Brick kilns compelld  
FZ2-31.2; E320| To labour night & day among the fires, her lamenting voice  
FZ2-31.3; E320| Is heard when silent night returns & the labourers take their rest

FZ2-31.4; E320| O Lord wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions  
FZ2-31.5; E320| Among these flames incessant labouring, our hard masters laugh  
FZ2-31.6; E320| At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water  
FZ2-31.7; E320| To carry the heavy basket on our scorched shoulders, to sift  
FZ2-31.8; E320| The sand & ashes, & to mix the clay with tears & repentance  
FZ2-31.9; E320| I see not Luvah as of old I only see his feet <sup>t588</sup>  
FZ2-31.10; E320| Like pillars of fire travelling thro darkness & non entity

FZ2-31.11; E321| The times are now returnd upon us, we have given ourselves  
FZ2-31.12; E321| To scorn and now are scorned by the slaves of our enemies  
FZ2-31.13; E321| Our beauty is coverd over with clay & ashes, & our backs  
FZ2-31.14; E321| Furrowd with whips, & our flesh bruised with the heavy basket  
FZ2-31.15; E321| Forgive us O thou piteous one whom we have offended, forgive  
FZ2-31.16; E321| The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to thee.

FZ2-31.17; E321| Thus she lamented day & night, compelld to labour & sorrow  
FZ2-31.18; E321| Luvah in vain her lamentations heard; in vain his love  
FZ2-31.19; E321| Brought him in various forms before her still she knew him not

FZ2-32.1; E321| Still she despisd him, calling on his name & knowing him not  
FZ2-32.2; E321| Still hating still professing love, still labouring in the smoke

FZ2-32.3; E321| And Los & Enitharmon joyd, they drank in tenfold joy <sup>t589</sup>  
FZ2-32.4; E321| From all the sorrow of Luvah & the labour of Urizen  
FZ2-32.5; E321| And Enitharmon joyd Plotting to rend the secret cloud  
FZ2-32.6; E321| To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahania

FZ2-32.7; E321| But infinitely beautiful the wondrous work arose <sup>t590</sup>  
FZ2-32.8; E321| In sorrow & care. a Golden World whose porches round the heavens <sup>t591</sup>  
FZ2-32.9; E321| And pillard halls & rooms reciev'd the eternal wandering stars  
FZ2-32.10; E321| A wondrous golden Building; many a window many a door  
FZ2-32.11; E321| And many a division let in & out into the vast unknown  
FZ2-32.12; E321| [*Cubed*] in [*window square*] immoveable, within its walls & cielings  
FZ2-32.13; E321| The heavens were closd and spirits mournd their bondage night and day  
FZ2-32.14; E321| And the Divine Vision appeard in Luvahs robes of blood <sup>t593</sup>

FZ2-32.15; E321| Thus was the Mundane shell builded by Urizens strong power



FZ2-32.16; E321	Sorrowing went the Planters forth to plant, the Sowers to sow	<i>t594</i>
FZ2-32.17; E321	They dug the channels for the rivers & they pourd abroad	
FZ2-33.1; E321	The seas & lakes, they reard the mountains & the rocks & hills	
FZ2-33.2; E321	On broad pavilions, on pillard roofs & porches & high towers	
FZ2-33.3; E321	In beauteous order, thence arose soft clouds & exhalations	
FZ2-33.4; E321	Wandering even to the sunny Cubes of light & heat	<i>t595</i>
FZ2-33.5; E321	For many a window ornamented with sweet ornaments	
FZ2-33.6; E321	Lookd out into the World of Tharmas, where in ceaseless torrents	<i>t596</i>
FZ2-33.7; E321	His billows roll where monsters wander in the foamy paths	
FZ2-33.8; E321	On clouds the Sons of Urizen beheld Heaven walled round	<i>t597</i>
FZ2-33.9; E321	They weighd & orderd all & Urizen comforted saw	<i>t598</i>
FZ2-33.10; E321	The wondrous work flow forth like visible out of the invisible	
FZ2-33.11; E321	For the Divine Lamb Even Jesus who is the Divine Vision	<i>t599</i>
FZ2-33.12; E321	Permitted all lest Man should fall into Eternal Death	
FZ2-33.13; E321	For when Luvah sunk down himself put on the robes of blood	
FZ2-33.14; E321	Lest the state calld Luvah should cease. & the Divine Vision	
FZ2-33.15; E321	Walked in robes of blood till he who slept should awake	
FZ2-33.16; E322	Thus were the stars of heaven created like a golden chain	
FZ2-33.17; E322	To bind the Body of Man to heaven from failing into the Abyss	<i>t600</i>
FZ2-33.18; E322	Each took his station, & his course began with sorrow & care	<i>t601</i>
FZ2-33.19; E322	In sevens & tens & fifties, hundreds, thousands, numberd all	
FZ2-33.20; E322	According to their various powers. Subordinate to Urizen	
FZ2-33.21; E322	And to his sons in their degrees & to his beauteous daughters	
FZ2-33.22; E322	Travelling in silent majesty along their orderd ways	
FZ2-33.23; E322	In right lined paths outmeasurd by proportions of number weight	<i>t602</i>
FZ2-33.24; E322	And measure. mathematic motion wondrous. along the deep	
FZ2-33.25; E322	In fiery pyramid. or Cube. or unornamented pillar	<i>t603</i>
FZ2-33.26; E322	Of fire far shining. travelling along even to its destind end	
FZ2-33.27; E322	Then falling down. a terrible space recovring in winter dire	
FZ2-33.28; E322	Its wasted strength. It back returns upon a nether course	<i>t604</i>
FZ2-33.29; E322	Till fired with ardour fresh recruited in its humble season	<i>t605</i>
FZ2-33.30; E322	It rises up on high all summer till its wearied course	
FZ2-33.31; E322	Turns into autumn. such the period of many worlds	
FZ2-33.32; E322	Others triangular right angled course maintain. others obtuse	<i>t606</i>
FZ2-33.33; E322	Acute Scalene, in simple paths. but others move	<i>t607</i>
FZ2-33.34; E322	In intricate ways biquadrate. Trapeziums Rhombs Rhomboids	

FZ2-33.35; E322|

Paralellograms. triple & quadruple. polygonic

FZ2-33.36; E322|

In their amazing hard subdued course in the vast deep *t608*

FZ2-34.1; E322|

And Los & Enitharmon were drawn down by their desires

FZ2-34.2; E322|

Descending sweet upon the wind among soft harps & voices *t609*

FZ2-34.3; E322|

To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahanias *t610*

FZ2-34.4; E322|

To conduct the Voice of Enion to Ahanias midnight pillow

FZ2-34.5; E322|

Urizen saw & envied & his imagination was filled

FZ2-34.6; E322|

Repining he contemplated the past in his bright sphere

FZ2-34.7; E322|

Terrified with his heart & spirit at the visions of futurity

FZ2-34.8; E322|

That his dread fancy formd before him in the unformd void

FZ2-34.9; E322|

For Los & Enitharmon walkd forth on the dewy Earth *t611*

FZ2-34.10; E322|

Contracting or expanding their all flexible senses

FZ2-34.11; E322|

At will to murmur in the flowers small as the honey bee

FZ2-34.12; E322|

At will to stretch across the heavens & step from star to star

FZ2-34.13; E322|

Or standing on the Earth erect, or on the stormy waves

FZ2-34.14; E322|

Driving the storms before them or delighting in sunny beams

FZ2-34.15; E322|

While round their heads the Elemental Gods kept harmony *t612*

FZ2-34.16; E322|

And Los said. Lo the Lilly pale & the rose reddning fierce *t613*

FZ2-34.17; E322|

Reproach thee & the beamy gardens sicken at thy beauty

FZ2-34.18; E322|

I grasp thy vest in my strong hand in vain. like water springs

FZ2-34.19; E322|

In the bright sands of Los. evading my embrace. then I alone

FZ2-34.20; E322|

Wander among the virgins of the summer Look they cry

FZ2-34.21; E323|

The poor forsaken Los mockd by the worm the shelly snail

FZ2-34.22; E323|

The Emmet & the beetle hark they laugh & mock at Los

FZ2-34.23; E323|

Enitharmon answerd Secure now from the smittings of thy Power *t614*

FZ2-34.24; E323|

Demon of fury If the God enrapturd me infolds

FZ2-34.25; E323|

In clouds of sweet obscurity my beauteous form dissolving

FZ2-34.26; E323|

Howl thou over the body of death tis thine But if among the virgins *t615*

FZ2-34.27; E323|

Of summer I have seen thee sleep & turn thy cheek delighted

FZ2-34.28; E323|

Upon the rose or lilly pale. or on a bank where sleep *t616*

FZ2-34.29; E323|

The beamy daughters of the light starting they rise they flee

FZ2-34.30; E323|

From thy fierce love for tho I am dissolvd in the bright God

FZ2-34.31; E323|

My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks & valleys

FZ2-34.32; E323|

Los answerd Therefore fade I thus dissolvd in rapturd trance

FZ2-34.33; E323| Thou canst repose on clouds of secrecy while oer my limbs  
FZ2-34.34; E323| Cold dews & hoary frost creeps thro I lie on banks of summer  
FZ2-34.35; E323| Among the beauties of the World Cold & repining Los  
FZ2-34.36; E323| Still dies for Enitharmon nor a spirit springs from my dead corse *t617*  
FZ2-34.37; E323| Then I am dead till thou revivest me with thy sweet song  
FZ2-34.38; E323| Now taking on Ahanias form & now the form of Enion  
FZ2-34.39; E323| I know thee not as once I knew thee in those blessed fields  
FZ2-34.40; E323| Where memory wishes to repose among the flocks of Tharmas

FZ2-34.41; E323| Enitharmon answerd Wherefore didst thou throw thine arms around  
FZ2-34.42; E323| Ahanias Image I deciev'd thee & will still decieve  
FZ2-34.43; E323| Urizen saw thy sin & hid his beams in darkning Clouds  
FZ2-34.44; E323| I still keep watch altho I tremble & wither across the heavens  
FZ2-34.45; E323| In strong vibrations of fierce jealousy for thou art mine  
FZ2-34.46; E323| Created for my will my slave tho strong tho I am weak  
FZ2-34.47; E323| Farewell the God calls me away I depart in my sweet bliss

FZ2-34.48; E323| She fled vanishing on the wind And left a dead cold corse  
FZ2-34.49; E323| In Los's arms howlings began over the body of death *t618*  
FZ2-34.50; E323| Los spoke. Thy God in vain shall call thee if by my strong power  
FZ2-34.51; E323| I can infuse my dear revenge into his glowing breast  
FZ2-34.52; E323| Then jealousy shall shadow all his mountains & Ahania  
FZ2-34.53; E323| Curse thee thou plague of woful Los & seek revenge on thee

FZ2-34.54; E323| So saying in deep sobs he languish'd till dead he also fell  
FZ2-34.55; E323| Night pass'd & Enitharmon eer the dawn return'd in bliss  
FZ2-34.56; E323| She sang Oer Los reviving him to Life his groans were terrible *t619*  
FZ2-34.57; E323| But thus she sang. I sieze the sphery harp I strike the strings

FZ2-34.58; E323| At the first Sound the Golden sun arises from the Deep  
FZ2-34.59; E323| And sakes his awful hair  
FZ2-34.60; E323| The Eccho wakes the moon to unbind her silver locks  
FZ2-34.61; E323| The golden sun bears on my song  
FZ2-34.62; E323| And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery King

FZ2-34.63; E324| The joy of woman is the Death of her most best beloved  
FZ2-34.64; E324| Who dies for Love of her  
FZ2-34.65; E324| In torments of fierce jealousy & pangs of adoration.  
FZ2-34.66; E324| The Lovers night bears on my song  
FZ2-34.67; E324| And the nine Spheres rejoice beneath my powerful controll

FZ2-34.68; E324| They sing unceasing to the notes of my immortal hand

FZ2-34.69; E324|  
FZ2-34.70; E324|  
FZ2-34.71; E324|  
FZ2-34.72; E324|

The solemn silent moon  
Reverberates the living harmony upon my limbs  
The birds & beasts rejoice & play  
And every one seeks for his mate to prove his inmost joy

FZ2-34.73; E324|  
FZ2-34.74; E324|  
FZ2-34.75; E324|  
FZ2-34.76; E324|  
FZ2-34.77; E324|

Furious & terrible they sport & rend the nether deeps  
The deep lifts up his rugged head  
And lost in infinite hum[m]ing wings vanishes with a cry  
The fading cry is ever dying  
The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy

FZ2-34.78; E324|  
FZ2-34.79; E324|  
FZ2-34.80; E324|  
FZ2-34.81; E324|  
FZ2-34.82; E324|

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

FZ2-34.83; E324|  
FZ2-34.84; E324|  
FZ2-34.85; E324|  
FZ2-34.86; E324|  
FZ2-34.87; E324|

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

FZ2-34.88; E324|  
FZ2-34.89; E324|  
FZ2-34.90; E324|  
FZ2-34.91; E324|  
FZ2-34.92; E324|

O I am weary lay thine hand upon me or I faint  
I faint beneath these beams of thine  
For thou hast touchd my five senses & they answerd thee  
Now I am nothing & I sink  
And on the bed of silence sleep till thou awakest me

FZ2-34.93; E324|  
FZ2-34.94; E324|  
FZ2-34.95; E324|  
FZ2-34.96; E324|

Thus sang the Lovely one in Rapturous delusive trance  
Los heard reviving he siezd her in his arms delusive hopes <sup>t620</sup>  
Kindling She led him int Shadows & thence fled outstretchd  
Upon the immense like a bright rainbow weeping & smiling & fading

FZ2-34.97; E324|  
FZ2-34.98; E324|  
FZ2-34.99; E324|  
FZ2-34.100; E324|  
FZ2-35.1; E324|

Thus livd Los driving Enion far into the deathful infinite <sup>t621</sup>  
That he may also draw Ahania's spirit into her Vortex  
Ah happy blindness Enion sees not the terrors of the uncertain <sup>t622</sup>  
Thus Enion wails from the dark deep, the golden heavens tremble <sup>t623</sup>  
I am made to sow the thistle for wheat; the nettle for a nourishing dainty

FZ2-35.2; E325|

I have planted a false oath in the earth, it has brought forth a poison tree

FZ2-35.3; E325|  
FZ2-35.4; E325|  
FZ2-35.5; E325|  
FZ2-35.6; E325|  
FZ2-35.7; E325|  
FZ2-35.8; E325|  
FZ2-35.9; E325|  
FZ2-35.10; E325|

I have chosen the serpent for a councillor & the dog  
For a schoolmaster to my children  
I have blotted out from light & living the dove & nightingale  
And I have caused the earth worm to beg from door to door  
I have taught the thief a secret path into the house of the just  
I have taught pale artifice to spread his nets upon the morning  
My heavens are brass my earth is iron my moon a clod of clay  
My sun a pestilence burning at noon & a vapour of death in night

FZ2-35.11; E325|  
FZ2-35.12; E325|  
FZ2-35.13; E325|  
FZ2-35.14; E325|  
FZ2-35.15; E325|

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

FZ2-35.16; E325|  
FZ2-35.17; E325|  
FZ2-35.18; E325|  
FZ2-35.19; E325|

It is an easy thing to triumph in the summers sun  
And in the vintage & to sing on the waggon loaded with corn  
It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted  
To speak the laws of prudence to the houseless wanderer

FZ2-36.1; E325|  
FZ2-36.2; E325|

To listen to the hungry ravens cry in wintry season  
When the red blood is filld with wine & with the marrow of lambs

FZ2-36.3; E325|  
FZ2-36.4; E325|  
FZ2-36.5; E325|  
FZ2-36.6; E325|  
FZ2-36.7; E325|  
FZ2-36.8; E325|

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

FZ2-36.9; E325|  
FZ2-36.10; E325|  
FZ2-36.11; E325|

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

FZ2-36.12; E325|  
FZ2-36.13; E325|

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

FZ2-36.14; E325|  
FZ2-36.15; E325|

Ahania heard the Lamentation & a swift Vibration <sup>t624</sup>  
Spread thro her Golden frame. She rose up eer the dawn of day

FZ2-36.16; E326|

When Urizen slept on his couch. drawn thro unbounded space

FZ2-36.17; E326|

Onto the margin of Non Entity the bright Female came

FZ2-36.18; E326|

There she beheld the Spectrous form of Enion in the Void *t625*

FZ2-36.19; E326|

And never from that moment could she rest upon her pillow

FZ2-36; E326|

End of the Second Night

/BODY>



FZ3-heading; E326| PAGE 37 VALA

FZ3-heading; E326| Night the Third *t626*

FZ3-37.1; E326| Now sat the King of Light on high upon his starry throne  
FZ3-37.2; E326| And bright Ahania bow'd herself before his splendid feet

FZ3-37.3; E326| O Urizen look on Me. like a mournful stream *t627*  
FZ3-37.4; E326| I Embrace round thy knees & wet My bright hair with my tears: *t628*  
FZ3-37.5; E326| Why sighs my Lord! are not the morning stars thy obedient Sons  
FZ3-37.6; E326| Do they not bow their bright heads at thy voice? at thy command  
FZ3-37.7; E326| Do they not fly into their stations & return their light to thee  
FZ3-37.8; E326| The immortal Atmospheres are thine, there thou art seen in glory  
FZ3-37.9; E326| Surrounded by the ever changing Daughters of the Light  
FZ3-37.10; E326| Why wilt thou look upon futurity darkning present joy *t629*

FZ3-37.11; E326| She ceas'd the Prince his light obscurd & the splendors of his crown

FZ3-38.1; E326| Infolded in thick clouds, from whence his mighty voice burst forth

FZ3-38.2; E326| O bright [*Ahania*] a Boy is born of the dark Ocean *t630*  
FZ3-38.3; E326| Whom Urizen doth serve, with Light replenishing his darkness  
FZ3-38.4; E326| I am set here a King of trouble commanded here to serve  
FZ3-38.5; E326| And do my ministry to those who eat of my wide table  
FZ3-38.6; E326| All this is mine yet I must serve & that Prophetic boy  
FZ3-38.7; E326| Must grow up to command his Prince but hear my determind Decree *t631*  
FZ3-38.8; E326| Vala shall become a Worm in Enitharmons Womb *t632*  
FZ3-38.9; E326| Laying her seed upon the fibres soon to issue forth  
FZ3-38.10; E326| And Luvah in the loins of Los a dark & furious death  
FZ3-38.11; E326| Alas for me! what will become of me at that dread time?

FZ3-38.12; E326| Ahania bow'd her head & wept seven days before the King  
FZ3-38.13; E326| And on the eighth day when his clouds unfolded from his throne  
FZ3-38.14; E326| She rais'd her bright head sweet perfumd & thus with heavenly voice

FZ3-38.15; E326| O Prince the Eternal One hath set thee leader of his hosts *t633*

FZ3-39.1; E326	Leave all futurity to him Resume thy fields of Light <i>t634</i>
FZ3-39.2; E326	Why didst thou listen to the voice of Luvah that dread morn
FZ3-39.3; E326	To give the immortal steeds of light to his deceitful hands
FZ3-39.4; E326	No longer now obedient to thy will thou art compell'd
FZ3-39.5; E326	To forge the curbs of iron & brass to build the iron mangers <i>t635</i>
FZ3-39.6; E326	To feed them with intoxication from the wine presses of Luvah
FZ3-39.7; E327	Till the Divine Vision & Fruition is quite obliterated
FZ3-39.8; E327	They call thy lions to the fields of blood, they rowze thy tygers
FZ3-39.9; E327	Out of the halls of justice, till these dens thy wisdom framd
FZ3-39.10; E327	Golden & beautiful but O how unlike those sweet fields of bliss
FZ3-39.11; E327	Where liberty was justice & eternal science was mercy
FZ3-39.12; E327	Then O my dear lord listen to Ahania, listen to the vision
FZ3-39.13; E327	The vision of Ahania in the slumbers of Urizen
FZ3-39.14; E327	When Urizen slept in the porch & the Ancient Man was smitten <i>t636</i>
FZ3-39.15; E327	The Darkning Man walkd on the steps of fire before his halls <i>t637</i>
FZ3-39.16; E327	And Vala walkd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber
FZ3-39.17; E327	He looked up & saw thee Prince of Light thy splendor faded <i>t638</i>
FZ3-39.18; E327	But saw not Los nor Enitharmon for Luvah hid them in shadow <i>t639</i>
FZ3-40.1; E327	In a soft cloud Outstretch'd across, & Luvah dwelt in the cloud <i>t640</i>
FZ3-40.2; E327	Then Man ascended mourning into the splendors of his palace <i>t641</i>
FZ3-40.3; E327	Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect <i>t642</i>
FZ3-40.4; E327	Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy; in white linen pure he hover'd
FZ3-40.5; E327	A sweet entrancing self delusion, a watry vision of Man
FZ3-40.6; E327	Soft exulting in existence all the Man absorbing
FZ3-40.7; E327	Man fell upon his face prostrate before the watry shadow
FZ3-40.8; E327	Saying O Lord whence is this change thou knowest I am nothing
FZ3-40.9; E327	And Vala trembled & coverd her face, & her locks. were spread on the pavement
FZ3-40.10; E327	I heard astonishd at the Vision & my heart trembled within me <i>t643</i>
FZ3-40.11; E327	I heard the voice of the Slumberous Man & thus he spoke <i>t644</i>
FZ3-40.12; E327	Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of Eternity uttering <i>t645</i>
FZ3-40.13; E327	O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee
FZ3-40.14; E327	If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades
FZ3-40.15; E327	If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent
FZ3-40.16; E327	If thou withhold thine hand I perish like a fallen leaf

FZ3-40.17; E327|

O I am nothing & to nothing must return again

FZ3-40.18; E327|

If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion

FZ3-40.19; E327|

He ceas'd: the shadowy voice was silent; but the cloud hoverd over their heads

ED; E327| [--For the late insertion of the name "Albion" on this page, see textual notes.--]

FZ3-41.1; E327|

In olden wreathes, the sorrow of Man & the balmy drops fell down

FZ3-41.2; E327|

And Lo that Son of Man, that shadowy Spirit of the Fallen One <sup>t646</sup>

FZ3-41.3; E327|

Luvah, descended from the cloud; In terror Albion rose-

FZ3-41.4; E327|

Indignant rose the Awful Man & turnd his back on Vala <sup>t647</sup>

FZ3-41.5; E327|

Why roll thy clouds in sick'ning mists. I can no longer hide <sup>t648</sup>

FZ3-41.6; E327|

The dismal vision of mine Eyes, O love & life & light! <sup>t649</sup>

FZ3-41.7; E327|

Prophetic dreads urge me to speak. futurity is before me

FZ3-41.8; E328|

Like a dark lamp. Eternal death haunts all my expectation

FZ3-41.9; E328|

Rent from Eternal Brotherhood we die & are no more

FZ3-41.10; E328|

I heard the Voice of Albion starting from his sleep <sup>t650</sup>

FZ3-41.11; E328|

"Whence is this voice crying Enion that soundeth in my ears

FZ3-41.12; E328|

O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can Love seek for dominion <sup>t651</sup>

FZ3-41.13; E328|

And Luvah strove to gain dominion over the mighty Albion <sup>t652</sup>

FZ3-41.14; E328|

They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclos'd

FZ3-41.15; E328|

And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement <sup>t653</sup>

FZ3-41.16; E328|

Coverd with boils from head to foot. the terrible smitings of Luvah

FZ3-41.17; E328|

Then frownd the Fallen Man & put forth Luvah from his presence <sup>t654</sup>

FZ3-41.18; E328|

(I heard him: frown not Urizen: but listen to my Vision)

FZ3-42.1; E328|

Saying, Go & die the Death of Man for Vala the sweet wanderer

FZ3-42.2; E328|

I will turn the volutions of your Ears outward; & bend your Nostrils

FZ3-42.3; E328|

Downward; & your fluxile Eyes englob'd, roll round in fear

FZ3-42.4; E328|

Your withring Lips & Tongue shrink up into a narrow circle

FZ3-42.5; E328|

Till into narrow forms you creep. Go take your fiery way

FZ3-42.6; E328|

And learn what 'tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love

FZ3-42.7; E328|

O Urizen why art thou pale at the visions of Ahania <sup>t656</sup>

FZ3-42.8; E328|

Listen to her who loves thee lest we also are driven away.

FZ3-42.9; E328|

They heard the Voice & fled swift as the winters setting sun *t657*

FZ3-42.10; E328|

And now the Human Blood foamd high, I saw that Luvah & Vala *t658*

FZ3-42.11; E328|

Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded *t659*

FZ3-42.12; E328|

In jealous fears in fury & rage, & flames roll'd round their fervid feet

FZ3-42.13; E328|

And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent play'd before them

FZ3-42.14; E328|

And as they went in folding fires & thunders of the deep

FZ3-42.15; E328|

Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks

FZ3-42.16; E328|

And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east & west

FZ3-42.17; E328|

And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent roll'd between. *t660*

FZ3-42.18; E328|

She ended. for [from] his wrathful throne burst forth the black hail storm *t661*

FZ3-42.19; E328|

Am I not God said Urizen. Who is Equal to me

FZ3-42.20; E328|

Do I not stretch the heavens abroad or fold them up like a garment

FZ3-42.21; E328|

He spoke mustering his heavy clouds around him black opaque

FZ3-43.1; E328|

Then thunders rolld around & lightnings darted to & fro

FZ3-43.2; E328|

His visage changd to darkness & his strong right hand came forth *t662*

FZ3-43.3; E328|

To cast Ahania to the Earth be siezd her by the hair

FZ3-43.4; E328|

And threw her from the steps of ice that froze around his throne

FZ3-43.5; E328|

Saying Art thou also become like Vala. thus I cast thee out

FZ3-43.6; E328|

Shall the feminine indolent bliss. the indulgent self of weariness

FZ3-43.7; E329|

The passive idle sleep the enormous night & darkness of Death

FZ3-43.8; E329|

Set herself up to give her laws to the active masculine virtue

FZ3-43.9; E329|

Thou little diminutive portion that darst be a counterpart

FZ3-43.10; E329|

Thy passivity thy laws of obedience & insincerity

FZ3-43.11; E329|

Are my abhorrence. Wherefore hast thou taken that fair form

FZ3-43.12; E329|

Whence is this power given to thee! once thou wast in my breast

FZ3-43.13; E329|

A sluggish current of dim waters. on whose verdant margin

FZ3-43.14; E329|

A cavern shaggd with horrid shades. dark cool & deadly. where

FZ3-43.15; E329|

I laid my head in the hot noon after the broken clods

FZ3-43.16; E329|

Had wearied me. there I lad my plow & there my horses fed

FZ3-43.17; E329|

And thou hast risen with thy moist locks into a watry image

FZ3-43.18; E329|

Reflecting all my indolence my weakness & my death

FZ3-43.19; E329|

To weigh me down beneath the grave into non Entity

FZ3-43.20; E329|

Where Luvah strives scorned by Vala age after age wandering

FZ3-43.21; E329|  
FZ3-43.22; E329|

Shrinking & shrinking from her Lord & calling him the Tempter  
And art thou also become like Vala thus I cast thee out.

FZ3-43.23; E329|  
FZ3-43.24; E329|  
FZ3-43.25; E329|  
FZ3-43.26; E329|  
FZ3-43.27; E329|  
FZ3-43.28; E329|  
FZ3-43.29; E329|  
FZ3-43.30; E329|

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

FZ3-43.31; E329|

Down from the dismal North the Prince in thunders & thick clouds

FZ3-44.1; E329|  
FZ3-44.2; E329|  
FZ3-44.3; E329|  
FZ3-44.4; E329|  
FZ3-44.5; E329|

As when the thunderbolt down falleth on the appointed place  
Fell down down rushing ruining thundering shuddering <sup>t663</sup>  
Into the Caverns of the Grave & places of Human Seed  
Where the impressions of Despair & Hope enroot forever  
A world of Darkness. Ahania fell far into Non Entity

FZ3-44.6; E329|  
FZ3-44.7; E329|  
FZ3-44.8; E329|  
FZ3-44.9; E329|  
FZ3-44.10; E329|  
FZ3-44.11; E329|  
FZ3-44.12; E329|  
FZ3-44.13; E329|  
FZ3-44.14; E329|  
FZ3-44.15; E329|  
FZ3-44.16; E329|  
FZ3-44.17; E329|

She Continued falling. Loud the Crash continu'd loud & Hoarse  
From the Crash roared a flame of blue sulphureous fire from the flame <sup>t664</sup>  
A dolorous groan that struck with dumbness all confusion  
Swallowing up the horrible din in agony on agony  
Thro the Confusion like a crack across from immense to immense  
Loud strong a universal groan of death louder  
Than all the wracking elements deafend & rended worse  
Than Urizen & all his hosts in curst despair down rushing  
But from the Dolorous Groan on like a shadow of smoke appeard  
And human bones rattling together in the smoke & stamping  
The nether Abyss & gnashing in fierce despair. panting in sobs  
Thick short incessant bursting sobbing. deep despairing stamping struggling

FZ3-44.18; E330|  
<sup>t665</sup>

Struggling to utter the voice of Man struggling to take the features of Man. Struggling

FZ3-44.19; E330|  
FZ3-44.20; E330|  
FZ3-44.21; E330|  
FZ3-44.22; E330|

To take the limbs of Man at length emerging from the smoke  
Of Urizen dashed in pieces from his precipitant fall  
Tharmas reard up his hands & stood on the affrighted Ocean  
The dead reard up his Voice & stood on the resounding shore

FZ3-44.23; E330|  
FZ3-44.24; E330|

Crying. Fury in my limbs. destruction in my bones & marrow  
My skull riven into filaments. my eyes into sea jellies

FZ3-44.25; E330|  
FZ3-44.26; E330|  
FZ3-44.27; E330|  
FZ3-44.28; E330|

Floating upon the tide wander bubbling & bubbling  
Uttering my lamentations & begetting little monsters  
Who sit mocking upon the little pebbles of the tide  
In all my rivers & on dried shells that the fish

FZ3-45.1; E330|  
FZ3-45.2; E330|  
FZ3-45.3; E330|  
FZ3-45.4; E330|  
FZ3-45.5; E330|  
FZ3-45.6; E330|  
FZ3-45.7; E330|  
FZ3-45.8; E330|

Have quite forsaken. O fool fool to lose my sweetest bliss  
Where art thou Enion ah too near to cunning too far off  
And yet too near. Dashd down I send thee into distant darkness  
Far as my strength can hurl thee wander there & laugh & play  
Among the frozen arrows they will tear thy tender flesh  
Fall off afar from Tharmas come not too near my strong fury  
Scream & fall off & laugh at Tharmas lovely summer beauty  
Till winter rends thee into Shivers as thou hast rended me

FZ3-45.9; E330|  
FZ3-45.10; E330|  
FZ3-45.11; E330|  
FZ3-45.12; E330|  
FZ3-45.13; E330|  
FZ3-45.14; E330|

So Tharmas bellowd oer the ocean thundring sobbing bursting  
The bounds of Destiny were broken & hatred now began  
Instead of love to Enion. Enion blind & age bent  
Plungd into the cold billows living a life in midst of waters  
In terrors she witherd away to Entuthon Benithon  
A world of deep darkness where all things in horrors are rooted

FZ3-45.15; E330|

These are the words of Enion heard from the cold waves of despair

FZ3-45.16; E330|  
FZ3-45.17; E330|  
FZ3-45.18; E330|  
FZ3-45.19; E330|  
FZ3-45.20; E330|  
FZ3-45.21; E330|  
FZ3-45.22; E330|  
FZ3-45.23; E330|  
FZ3-45.24; E330|  
FZ3-45.25; E330|  
FZ3-45.26; E330|

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

FZ3-45.27; E330|

Tharmas replied riding on storms his voice of Thunder rolld *t666*

FZ3-45.28; E330|  
FZ3-45.29; E330|  
FZ3-45.30; E330|

Image of grief thy fading lineaments make my eyelids fail  
What have I done! both rage & mercy are alike to me  
Looking upon thee Image of faint waters. I recoil



FZ3-45.31; E331|  
FZ3-45.32; E331|

From my fierce rage into thy semblance. Enion return  
Why does thy piteous face Evanish like a rainy cloud

FZ3-46.1; E331|  
FZ3-46.2; E331|  
FZ3-46.3; E331|  
FZ3-46.4; E331|  
FZ3-46.5; E331|

Melting. a shower of falling tears. nothing but tears! Enion:  
Substanceless. voiceless, weeping. vanishd. nothing but tears! Enion  
Art thou for ever vanishd from the watry eyes of Tharmas  
Rage Rage shall never from my bosom. winds & waters of woe  
Consuming all to the end consuming Love and Hope are ended *t667*

FZ3-46.6; E331|  
FZ3-46.7; E331|

For now no more remaind of Enion in the dismal air  
Only a voice eternal wailing in the Elements

FZ3-46.8; E331|  
FZ3-46.9; E331|  
FZ3-46.10; E331|  
FZ3-46.11; E331|  
FZ3-46.12; E331|  
FZ3-46; E331|

Where Enion, blind & age bent wanderd Ahania wanders now  
She wanders in Eternal fear of falling into the indefinite  
For her bright eyes behold the Abyss. sometimes a little sleep  
Weighs down her eyelids then she falls then starting wakes in fears  
Sleepless to wander round repelld on the margin of Non Entity  
The End of the Third Night

/BODY>

FZ4-header; E331| PAGE 47 Vala  
FZ4-headers; E331| Night The Fourth

FZ4-47.1; E331| But Tharmas rode on the dark Abyss. the voice of Tharmas rolld  
FZ4-47.2; E331| Over the heaving deluge. he saw Los & Enitharmon Emerge  
FZ4-47.3; E331| In strength & brightness from the Abyss his bowels yearnd over them  
FZ4-47.4; E331| They rose in strength above the heaving deluge. in mighty scorn  
FZ4-47.5; E331| Red as the Sun in the hot morning of the bloody day  
FZ4-47.6; E331| Tharmas beheld them his bowels yearnd over them

FZ4-47.7; E331| And he said Wherefore do I feel such love & pity *t668*  
FZ4-47.8; E331| Ah Enion Ah Enion Ah lovely lovely Enion  
FZ4-47.9; E331| How is this All my hope is gone for ever fled *t669*  
FZ4-47.10; E331| Like a famishd Eagle Eyeless raging in the vast expanse  
FZ4-47.11; E331| Incessant tears are now my food. incessant rage & tears  
FZ4-47.12; E331| Deathless for ever now I wander seeking oblivion  
FZ4-47.13; E331| In torrents of despair in vain. for if I plunge beneath  
FZ4-47.14; E331| Stifling I live. If dashd in pieces from a rocky height  
FZ4-47.15; E331| I reunite in endless torment. would I had never risen  
FZ4-47.16; E331| From deaths cold sleep beneath the bottom of the raging Ocean *t670*  
FZ4-47.17; E331| And cannot those who once have lov'd. ever forget their Love?  
FZ4-47.18; E331| Are love & rage the same passion? they are the same in me  
FZ4-47.19; E331| Are those who love. like those who died. risen again from death  
FZ4-47.20; E331| Immortal. in immortal torment. never to be deliverd  
FZ4-47.21; E331| Is it not possible that one risen again from Death  
FZ4-47.22; E331| Can die! When dark despair comes over [me] can I not *t671*  
FZ4-47.23; E331| Flow down into the sea & slumber in oblivion. Ah Enion

FZ4-48.1; E332| Deformd I see these lineaments of ungratified Desire  
FZ4-48.2; E332| The all powerful curse of an honest man be upon Urizen & Luvah  
FZ4-48.3; E332| But thou My Son Glorious in brightness comforter of Tharmas  
FZ4-48.4; E332| Go forth Rebuild this Universe beneath my indignant power  
FZ4-48.5; E332| A Universe of Death & Decay. Let Enitharmons hands  
FZ4-48.6; E332| Weave soft delusive forms of Man above my watry world  
FZ4-48.7; E332| Renew these ruind souls of Men thro Earth Sea Air & Fire  
FZ4-48.8; E332| To waste in endless corruption. renew thou I will destroy  
FZ4-48.9; E332| Perhaps Enion may resume some little semblance  
FZ4-48.10; E332| To ease my pangs of heart & to restore some peace to Tharmas

FZ4-48.11; E332|  
FZ4-48.12; E332|  
FZ4-48.13; E332|  
FZ4-48.14; E332|  
FZ4-48.15; E332|  
FZ4-48.16; E332|  
FZ4-48.17; E332|  
FZ4-48.18; E332|  
FZ4-48.19; E332|  
FZ4-48.20; E332|

Los answerd in his furious pride sparks issuing from his hair  
Hitherto shalt thou come. no further. here thy proud waves cease  
We have drunk up the Eternal Man by our unbounded power <sup>t673</sup>  
Beware lest we also drink up thee rough demon of the waters  
Our God is Urizen the King. King of the Heavenly hosts  
We have no other God but he thou father of worms & clay  
And he is falln into the Deep rough Demon of the waters  
And Los remains God over all. weak father of worms & clay  
I know I was Urthona keeper of the gates of heaven  
But now I am all powerful Los & Urthona is but my shadow

FZ4-48.21; E332|  
FZ4-48.22; E332|  
FZ4-48.23; E332|  
FZ4-48.24; E332|

Doubting stood Tharmas in the solemn darkness. his dim Eyes <sup>t674</sup>  
Swam in red tears. he reard his waves above the head of Los  
In wrath. but pitying back withdrew with many a sigh  
Now he resolv'd to destroy Los & now his tears flow'd down

FZ4-48.25; E332|  
FZ4-48.26; E332|

In scorn stood Los red sparks of blighting from his furious head  
Flew over the waves of Tharmas. pitying Tharmas stay'd his Waves

FZ4-48.27; E332|  
FZ4-48.28; E332|  
FZ4-48.29; E332|

For Enitharmon shriek'd amain crying O my sweet world  
Built by the Architect divine whose love to Los & Enitharmon  
Thou rash abhorred Demon in thy fury hast oerthrown

FZ4-49.1; E332|  
FZ4-49.2; E332|  
FZ4-49.3; E332|

What Sovereign Architect said Tharmas dare my will controll  
For if I will I urge these waters. If I will they sleep  
In peace beneath my awful frown my will shall be my Law

FZ4-49.4; E332|  
FZ4-49.5; E332|  
FZ4-49.6; E332|

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

FZ4-49.7; E332|  
FZ4-49.8; E332|  
FZ4-49.9; E332|  
FZ4-49.10; E332|

O how Los howl'd at the rending asunder all the fibres rent  
Where Enitharmon join'd to his left side in griding pain <sup>t675</sup>  
He falling on the rocks bellow'd his Dolor. till the blood  
Stanch'd, then in ululation wail'd his woes upon the wind

FZ4-49.11; E333|  
FZ4-49.12; E333|  
FZ4-49.13; E333|  
FZ4-49.14; E333|

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

FZ4-49.15; E333|  
FZ4-49.16; E333|  
FZ4-49.17; E333|  
FZ4-49.18; E333|  
FZ4-49.19; E333|  
FZ4-49.20; E333|  
FZ4-49.21; E333|  
FZ4-49.22; E333|  
FZ4-49.23; E333|

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

FZ4-49.24; E333|  
FZ4-49.25; E333|  
FZ4-49.26; E333|

The Spectre of Urthona seeing Enitharmon writhd <sup>t676</sup>  
His cloudy form in jealous fear & muttering thunders hoarse  
And casting round thick glooms. thus utterd his fierce pangs of heart

FZ4-49.27; E333|  
FZ4-49.28; E333|  
FZ4-49.29; E333|  
FZ4-49.30; E333|  
FZ4-49.31; E333|

Tharmas I know thee. how are we alterd our beauty decayd  
But still I know thee tho in this horrible ruin whelmd  
Thou once the mildest son of heaven art now become a Rage  
A terror to all living things. think not that I am ignorant  
That thou art risen from the dead or that my power forgot

FZ4-50.1; E333|  
FZ4-50.2; E333|  
FZ4-50.3; E333|  
FZ4-50.4; E333|  
FZ4-50.5; E333|  
FZ4-50.6; E333|  
FZ4-50.7; E333|  
FZ4-50.8; E333|  
FZ4-50.9; E333|  
FZ4-50.10; E333|  
FZ4-50.11; E333|  
FZ4-50.12; E333|  
FZ4-50.13; E333|  
FZ4-50.14; E333|  
FZ4-50.15; E333|  
FZ4-50.16; E333|  
FZ4-50.17; E333|  
FZ4-50.18; E333|  
FZ4-50.19; E333|  
FZ4-50.20; E333|  
FZ4-50.21; E333|  
FZ4-50.22; E333|

I slumber here in weak repose. I well remember the Day  
The day of terror & abhorrence <sup>t677</sup>  
When fleeing from the battle thou fleeting like the raven  
Of dawn outstretching an expanse where neer expanse had been  
Drewst all the Sons of Beulah into thy dread vortex following <sup>t678</sup>  
Thy Eddying spirit down the hills of Beulah. All my sons  
Stood round me at the anvil where new heated the wedge  
Of iron glowd furious prepar'd for spades & mattocks  
Hearing the symphonies of war loud sounding All my sons  
Fled from my side then pangs smote me unknown before. I saw  
My loins begin to break forth into veiny pipes & writhe <sup>t679</sup>  
Before me in the wind englobing trembling with strong vibrations  
The bloody mass began to animate. I bending over  
Wept bitter tears incessant. Still beholding how the piteous form  
Dividing & dividing from my loins a weak & piteous  
Soft cloud of snow a female pale & weak I soft embracd  
My counter part & call'd it Love I named her Enitharmon  
But found myself & her together issuing down the tide  
Which now our rivers were become delving thro caverns huge  
Of goary blood strugg[ling] to be deliverd from our bonds  
She strove in vain not so Urthona strove for breaking forth,  
A shadow blue obscure & dismal from the breathing Nostrils

FZ4-50.23; E334|  
FZ4-50.24; E334|  
FZ4-50.25; E334|  
FZ4-50.26; E334|  
FZ4-50.27; E334|

Of Enion I issued into the air divided from Enitharmon  
I howld in sorrow I beheld thee rotting upon the Rocks  
I pitying hoverd over thee I protected thy ghastly corse  
From Vultures of the deep then wherefore shouldst thou rage  
Against me who thee guarded in the night of death from harm

FZ4-50.28; E334|  
FZ4-50.29; E334|  
FZ4-50.30; E334|  
FZ4-50.31; E334|  
FZ4-50.32; E334|  
FZ4-50.33; E334|  
FZ4-50.34; E334|

Tharmas replied. Art thou Urthona My friend my old companion,  
With whom I livd in happiness before that deadly night  
When Urizen gave the horses of Light into the hands of Luvah  
Thou knowest not what Tharmas knows. O I could tell thee tales  
That would enrage thee as it has Enraged me even  
From Death in wrath & fury. But now come bear back  
Thy loved Enitharmon. For thou hast her here before thine Eyes

FZ4-51.1; E334|  
FZ4-51.2; E334|  
FZ4-51.3; E334|  
FZ4-51.4; E334|  
FZ4-51.5; E334|  
FZ4-51.6; E334|

But my sweet Enion is vanishd & I never more  
Shall see her unless thou O Shadow. wilt protect this Son  
Of Enion & him assist. to bind the fallen King  
Lest he should rise again from death in all his dreary power *t680*  
Bind him, take Enitharmon for thy sweet reward while I  
In vain am driven on false hope. hope sister of despair

FZ4-51.7; E334|  
FZ4-51.8; E334|  
FZ4-51.9; E334|  
FZ4-51.10; E334|  
FZ4-51.11; E334|

Groaning the terror rose & drave his solid rocks before *t681*  
Upon the tide till underneath the feet of Los a World  
Dark dreadful rose & Enitharmon lay at Los's feet  
The dolorous shadow joyd. weak hope appeard around his head  
Tharmas before Los stood & thus the Voice of Tharmas rold

FZ4-51.12; E334|  
FZ4-51.13; E334|  
FZ4-51.14; E334|  
FZ4-51.15; E334|  
FZ4-51.16; E334|  
FZ4-51.17; E334|  
FZ4-51.18; E334|  
FZ4-51.19; E334|  
FZ4-51.20; E334|  
FZ4-51.21; E334|  
FZ4-51.22; E334|  
FZ4-51.23; E334|  
FZ4-51.24; E334|  
FZ4-51.25; E334|  
FZ4-51.26; E334|  
FZ4-51.27; E334|

Now all comes into the power of Tharmas. Urizen is falln  
And Luvah hidden in the Elemental forms of Life & Death  
Urthona is My Son O Los thou art Urthona & Tharmas  
Is God. The Eternal Man is seald never to be deliverd  
I roll my floods over his body my billows & waves pass over him  
The Sea encompasses him & monsters of the deep are his companions  
Dreamer of furious oceans cold sleeper of weeds & shells  
Thy Eternal form shall never renew my uncertain prevails against thee  
Yet tho I rage God over all. A portion of my Life  
That in Eternal fields in comfort wanderd with my flocks  
At noon & laid her head upon my wearied bosom at night  
She is divided She is vanishd even like Luvah & Vala *t682*  
O why did foul ambition sieze thee Urizen Prince of Light *t683*  
And thee O Luvah prince of Love till Tharmas was divided  
And I what can I now behold but an Eternal Death  
Before my Eyes & an Eternal weary work to strive

FZ4-51.28; E334|  
FZ4-51.29; E334|  
FZ4-51.30; E334|  
FZ4-51.31; E334|

Against the monstrous forms that breed among my silent waves  
Is this to be A God far rather would I be a Man  
To know sweet Science & to do with simple companions  
Sitting beneath a tent & viewing sheepfolds & soft pastures

FZ4-51.32; E335|  
FZ4-51.33; E335|

Take thou the hammer of Urthona rebuild these furnaces  
Dost thou refuse mind I the sparks that issue from thy hair

FZ4-52.1; E335|  
FZ4-52.2; E335|  
FZ4-52.3; E335|  
FZ4-52.4; E335|  
FZ4-52.5; E335|  
FZ4-52.6; E335|

I will compell thee to rebuild by these my furious waves  
Death choose or life thou strugglest in my waters, now choose life  
And all the Elements shall serve thee to their soothing flutes  
Their sweet inspiriting lyres thy labours shall administer  
And they to thee only remit not faint not thou my son  
Now thou dost know what tis to strive against the God of waters

FZ4-52.7; E335|  
FZ4-52.8; E335|  
FZ4-52.9; E335|  
FZ4-52.10; E335|

So saying Tharmas on his furious chariots of the Deep  
Departed far into the Unknown & left a wondrous void  
Round Los. afar his waters bore on all sides round. with noise  
Of wheels & horses hoofs & Trumpets Horns & Clarions *t684*

FZ4-52.11; E335|  
FZ4-52.12; E335|  
FZ4-52.13; E335|  
FZ4-52.14; E335|

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

FZ4-52.15; E335|  
FZ4-52.16; E335|  
FZ4-52.17; E335|  
FZ4-52.18; E335|  
FZ4-52.19; E335|

Then Los with terrible hands siezd on the Ruind Furnaces  
Of Urizen. Enormous work: he builded them anew  
Labour of Ages in the Darkness & the war of Tharmas  
And Los formd Anvils of Iron petrific. for his blows  
Petrify with incessant beating many a rock. many a planet

FZ4-52.20; E335|  
FZ4-52.21; E335|  
FZ4-52.22; E335|  
FZ4-52.23; E335|  
FZ4-52.24; E335|  
FZ4-52.25; E335|  
FZ4-52.26; E335|  
FZ4-52.27; E335|  
FZ4-52.28; E335|  
FZ4-52.29; E335|

But Urizen slept in a stoned stupor in the nether Abyss  
A dreamful horrible State in tossings on his icy bed  
Freezing to solid all beneath, his grey oblivious form  
Stretchd over the immense heaves in strong shudders. silent his voice  
In brooding contemplation stretching out from North to South  
In mighty power. Round him Los rolld furious  
His thunderous wheels from furnace to furnace. tending diligent  
The contemplative terror. frightend in his scornful sphere  
Frightend with cold infectious madness. in his hand the thundering  
Hammer of Urthona. forming under his heavy hand the hours



FZ4-53.1; E335| The days & years. in chains of iron round the limbs of Urizen  
FZ4-53.2; E335| Linkd hour to hour & day to night & night to day & year to year  
FZ4-53.3; E335| In periods of pulsative furor. mills he formd & works  
FZ4-53.4; E335| Of many wheels resistless in the power of dark Urthona

FZ4-53.5; E335| But Enitharmon wrapd in clouds waild loud. for as Los beat  
FZ4-53.6; E335| The anvils of Urthona link by link the chains of sorrow  
FZ4-53.7; E335| Warping upon the winds & whirling round in the dark deep  
FZ4-53.8; E335| Lashd on the limbs of Enitharmon & the sulphur fires  
FZ4-53.9; E335| Belchd from the furnaces wreathd round her. chaind in ceaseless fire  
FZ4-53.10; E335| The lovely female howld & Urizen beneath deep groand  
FZ4-53.11; E335| Deadly between the hammers beating grateful to the Ears

FZ4-53.12; E336| Of Los. absorbd in dire revenge he drank with joy the cries  
FZ4-53.13; E336| Of Enitharmon & the groans of Urizen fuel for his wrath  
FZ4-53.14; E336| And for his pity secret feeding on thoughts of cruelty

FZ4-53.15; E336| The Spectre wept at his dire labours when from Ladles huge *t685*  
FZ4-53.16; E336| He pourd the molten iron round the limbs of Enitharmon  
FZ4-53.17; E336| But when he pourd it round the bones of Urizen he laughd  
FZ4-53.18; E336| Hollow upon the hollow wind. his shadowy form obeying  
FZ4-53.19; E336| The voice of Los compelld he labourd round the Furnaces

FZ4-53.20; E336| And thus began the binding of Urizen day & night in fear  
FZ4-53.21; E336| Circling round the dark Demon with howlings dismay & sharp blightings  
FZ4-53.22; E336| The Prophet of Eternity beat on his iron links & links of brass  
FZ4-53.23; E336| And as he beat round the hurtling Demon. terrified at the Shapes  
FZ4-53.24; E336| Enslavd humanity put on he became what he beheld  
FZ4-53.25; E336| Raging against Tharmas his God & uttering  
FZ4-53.26; E336| Ambiguous words blasphemous filld with envy firm resolvd  
FZ4-53.27; E336| On hate Eternal in his vast disdain he labourd beating  
FZ4-53.28; E336| The Links of fate link after link an endless chain of sorrows

FZ4-54.1; E336| The Eternal Mind bounded began to roll eddies of wrath ceaseless  
FZ4-54.2; E336| Round & round & the sulphureous foam surgeing thick  
FZ4-54.3; E336| Settled a Lake bright & shining clear. White as the snow

FZ4-54.4; E336| Forgetfulness dumbness necessity in chains of the mind lockd up  
FZ4-54.5; E336| In fetters of ice shrinking. disorganizd rent from Eternity  
FZ4-54.6; E336| Los beat on his fetters & heated his furnaces *t686*  
FZ4-54.7; E336| And pourd iron sodor & sodor of brass

FZ4-54.8; E336|  
FZ4-54.9; E336|  
FZ4-54.10; E336|

Restless the immortal inchained heaving dolorous  
Anguished unbearable till a roof shaggy wild inclosed  
In an orb his fountain of thought

FZ4-54.11; E336|  
FZ4-54.12; E336|  
FZ4-54.13; E336|  
FZ4-54.14; E336|  
FZ4-54.15; E336|

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

FZ4-54.16; E336|  
FZ4-54.17; E336|  
FZ4-54.18; E336|  
FZ4-54.19; E336|

From the Caverns of his jointed spine down sunk with fright  
A red round globe. hot burning. deep deep down into the Abyss  
Panting Conglobing trembling Shooting out ten thousand branches  
Around his solid bones & a Second Age passed over

FZ4-54.20; E336|  
FZ4-54.21; E336|  
FZ4-54.22; E336|  
FZ4-54.23; E336|

In harrowing fear rolling his nervous brain shot branches <sup>t687</sup>  
On high into two little orbs hiding in two little caves  
Hiding carefully from the wind his eyes beheld the deep  
And a third age passed a State of dismal woe

FZ4-54.24; E337|  
FZ4-54.25; E337|  
FZ4-54.26; E337|  
FZ4-54.27; E337|

The pangs of hope began in heavy pain striving struggling  
Two Ears in close volutions from beneath his orbs of vision  
Shot spiring out & petrified as they grew. And a Fourth <sup>t688</sup>  
Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

FZ4-54.28; E337|  
FZ4-54.29; E337|

In ghastly torment sick hanging upon the wind  
Two nostrils bent down to the deeps--

FZ4-55[1st].1; E337|

And a fifth age passed & a state of dismal woe

FZ4-55[1st].2; E337|  
FZ4-55[1st].3; E337|  
FZ4-55[1st].4; E337|  
FZ4-55[1st].5; E337|

In ghastly torment sick. within his ribs bloated round  
A craving hungry cavern. Thence arose his channelled  
Throat. then like a red flame a tongue of hunger  
And thirst appeared and a sixth age passed of dismal woe

FZ4-55[1st].6; E337|  
FZ4-55[1st].7; E337|  
FZ4-55[1st].8; E337|  
FZ4-55[1st].9; E337|

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

FZ4-55[1st].10; E337| The Council of God on high watching over the Body <sup>t689</sup>  
FZ4-55[1st].11; E337| Of Man clothd in Luvahs robes of blood saw & wept  
FZ4-55[1st].12; E337| Descending over Beulahs mild moon coverd regions  
FZ4-55[1st].13; E337| The daughters of Beulah saw the Divine Vision they were comforted  
FZ4-55[1st].14; E337| And as a Double female form loveliness & perfection of beauty  
FZ4-55[1st].15; E337| They bowd the head & worshipd & with mild voice spoke these words

FZ4-56.1; E337| Lord. Saviour if thou hadst been here our brother had not died  
FZ4-56.2; E337| And now we know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God  
FZ4-56.3; E337| He will give it thee for we are weak women & dare not lift  
FZ4-56.4; E337| Our eyes to the Divine pavilions. therefore in mercy thou  
FZ4-56.5; E337| Appearest clothd in Luvahs garments that we may behold thee  
FZ4-56.6; E337| And live. Behold Eternal Death is in Beulah Behold  
FZ4-56.7; E337| We perish & shall not be found unless thou grant a place  
FZ4-56.8; E337| In which we may be hidden under the Shadow of wings  
FZ4-56.9; E337| For if we who are but for a time & who pass away in winter  
FZ4-56.10; E337| Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume

FZ4-56.11; E337| Such were the words of Beulah of the Feminine Emanation <sup>t690</sup>  
FZ4-56.12; E337| The Empyrean groand throughout All Eden was darken  
FZ4-56.13; E337| The Corse of Albion lay on the Rock the sea of Time & Space <sup>t691</sup>  
FZ4-56.14; E337| Beat round the Rock in mighty waves & as a Polypus  
FZ4-56.15; E337| That vegetates beneath the Sea the limbs of Man vegetated  
FZ4-56.16; E337| In monstrous forms of Death a Human polypus of Death

FZ4-56.17; E337| The Saviour mild & gentle bent over the corse of Death  
FZ4-56.18; E337| Saying If ye will Believe your Brother shall rise again <sup>t692</sup>

FZ4-56.19; E338| And first he found the Limit of Opacity & namd it Satan  
FZ4-56.20; E338| In Albions bosom for in every human bosom these limits stand  
FZ4-56.21; E338| And next he found the Limit of Contraction & namd it Adam  
FZ4-56.22; E338| While yet those beings were not born nor knew of good or Evil

FZ4-56.23; E338| Then wondrously the Starry Wheels felt the divine hand. Limit <sup>t693</sup>  
FZ4-56.24; E338| Was put to Eternal Death Los felt the Limit & saw  
FZ4-56.25; E338| The Finger of God touch the Seventh furnace in terror  
FZ4-56.26; E338| And Los beheld the hand of God over his furnaces  
FZ4-56.27; E338| Beneath the Deeps in dismal Darkness beneath immensity <sup>t694</sup>

FZ4-55[2nd].16; E338| In terrors Los shrunk from his task. his great hammer  
FZ4-55[2nd].17; E338| Fell from his hand his fires hid their strong limbs in smoke

FZ4-55[2nd].18; E338	For with noises ruinous hurtlings & clashings & groans	<i>t695</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].19; E338	The immortal endur'd. tho bound in a deadly sleep	
FZ4-55[2nd].20; E338	Pale terror siezd the Eyes of Los as he beat round	
FZ4-55[2nd].21; E338	The hurtling Demon. terrifid at the shapes	
FZ4-55[2nd].22; E338	Enslavd humanity put on he became what he beheld	
FZ4-55[2nd].23; E338	He became what he was doing he was himself transformd	<i>t696</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].24; E338	[The globe of life blood trembled Branching out into roots;	
FZ4-55[2nd].25; E338	Fibrous, writhing upon the winds; Fibres of blood, milk and tears;	
FZ4-55[2nd].26; E338	In pangs, eternity on eternity. At length in tears & cries imbodyed	
FZ4-55[2nd].27; E338	A female form trembling and pale Waves before his deathly face]	
FZ4-55[2nd].28; E338	Spasms siezd his muscular fibres writhing to & fro his pallid lips	<i>t697</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].29; E338	Unwilling movd as Urizen howld his loins wavd like the sea	
FZ4-55[2nd].30; E338	At Enitharmons shriek his knees each other smote & then he lookd	<i>t698</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].31; E338	With stony Eyes on Urizen & then swift writhd his neck	<i>t699</i>
FZ4-55[2nd].32; E338	Involuntary to the Couch where Enitharmon lay	
FZ4-55[2nd].33; E338	The bones of Urizen hurtle on the wind the bones of Los	
FZ4-55[2nd].34; E338	Twinge & his iron sinews bend like lead & fold	
FZ4-55[2nd].35; E338	Into unusual forms dancing & howling stamping the Abyss	

FZ4; E338	PAGE 56 (SECOND PORTION)
FZ4; E338	End of the Fourth Night <i>t700</i>

FZ5-57.1; E338| Infected Mad he dancd on his mountains high & dark as heaven  
 FZ5-57.2; E338| Now fixd into one stedfast bulk his features stonify  
 FZ5-57.3; E338| From his mouth curses & from his eyes sparks of blighting  
 FZ5-57.4; E338| Beside the anvil cold he dancd with the hammer of Urthona

FZ5-57.5; E339| Terrific pale. Enitharmon stretchd on the dreary Earth *t702*  
 FZ5-57.6; E339| Felt her immortal limbs freeze stiffning pale inflexible  
 FZ5-57.7; E339| His feet shrink withring from the deep shrinking & withering *t703*  
 FZ5-57.8; E339| And Enitharmon shrunk up all their fibres withring beneath  
 FZ5-57.9; E339| As plants witherd by winter leaves & stems & roots decaying  
 FZ5-57.10; E339| Melt into thin air while the seed drivn by the furious wind  
 FZ5-57.11; E339| Rests on the distant Mountains top. So Los & Enitharmon  
 FZ5-57.12; E339| Shrunk into fixed space stood trembling on a Rocky cliff  
 FZ5-57.13; E339| Yet mighty bulk & majesty & beauty remaind but unexpansive  
 FZ5-57.14; E339| As far as highest Zenith from the lowest Nadir. so far shrunk *t704*  
 FZ5-57.15; E339| Los from the furnaces a Space immense & left the cold  
 FZ5-57.16; E339| Prince of Light bound in chains of intellect among the furnaces  
 FZ5-57.17; E339| But all the furnaces were out & the bellows had ceast to blow

FZ5-57.18; E339| He stood trembling & Enitharmon clung around his knees  
 FZ5-57.19; E339| Their senses unexpansive in one stedfast bulk remain  
 FZ5-57.20; E339| The night blew cold & Enitharmon shriekd on the dismal wind

FZ5-58.1; E339| Her pale hands cling around her husband & over her weak head  
 FZ5-58.2; E339| Shadows of Eternal death sit in the leaden air

FZ5-58.3; E339| But the soft pipe the flute the viol organ harp & cymbal  
 FZ5-58.4; E339| And the sweet sound of silver voices calm the weary couch  
 FZ5-58.5; E339| Of Enitharmon but her groans drown the immortal harps  
 FZ5-58.6; E339| Loud & more loud the living music floats upon the air  
 FZ5-58.7; E339| Faint & more faint the daylight wanes. The wheels of turning darkness  
 FZ5-58.8; E339| Began in solemn revolutions. Earth convulsd with rending pangs  
 FZ5-58.9; E339| Rockd to & fro & cried sore at the groans of Enitharmon *t705*  
 FZ5-58.10; E339| Still the faint harps & silver voices calm the weary couch  
 FZ5-58.11; E339| But from the caves of deepest night ascending in clouds of mist  
 FZ5-58.12; E339| The winter spread his wide black wings across from pole to pole  
 FZ5-58.13; E339| Grim frost beneath & terrible snow linkd in a marriage chain

FZ5-58.14; E339|  
FZ5-58.15; E339|  
FZ5-58.16; E339|  
FZ5-58.17; E339|  
FZ5-58.18; E339|

Began a dismal dance. The winds around on pointed rocks  
Settled like bats innumerable ready to fly abroad  
The groans of Enitharmon shake the skies the labring Earth  
Till from her heart rending his way a terrible Child sprang forth  
In thunder smoke & sullen flames & howlings & fury & blood

FZ5-58.19; E339|  
FZ5-58.20; E339|  
FZ5-58.21; E339|  
FZ5-58.22; E339|  
FZ5-58.23; E339|  
FZ5-58.24; E339|  
FZ5-58.25; E339|

Soon as his burning Eyes were open on the Abyss  
The horrid trumpets of the deep bellowd with bitter blasts  
The Enormous Demons woke & howld around the new born king *t706*  
Crying Luvah King of Love thou art the King of rage & death  
Urizen cast deep darkness round him raging Luvah pourd *t707*  
The spears of Urizen from Chariots round the Eternal tent  
Discord began then yells & cries shook the wide firma[m]ent *t708*

FZ5-59.1; E340|  
FZ5-59.2; E340|  
FZ5-59.3; E340|  
FZ5-59.4; E340|

Where is Sweet Vala gloomy prophet where the lovely form  
That drew the body of Man from heaven into this dark Abyss  
Soft tears & sighs where are you come forth shout on bloody fields  
Shew thy soul Vala shew thy bow & quiver of secret fires

FZ5-59.5; E340|  
FZ5-59.6; E340|  
FZ5-59.7; E340|  
FZ5-59.8; E340|

Draw thy bow Vala from the depths of hell thy black bow draw *t709*  
And twang the bow string to our howlings let thine arrows black  
Sing in the Sky as once they sang upon the hills of Light  
When dark Urthona wept in torment of the secret pain

FZ5-59.9; E340|  
FZ5-59.10; E340|  
FZ5-59.11; E340|  
FZ5-59.12; E340|

He wept & he divided & he laid his gloomy head  
Down on the Rock of Eternity on darkness of the deep  
Torn by black storms & ceaseless torrents of consuming fire  
Within his breast his fiery sons chaind down & filld with cursings

FZ5-59.13; E340|  
FZ5-59.14; E340|  
FZ5-59.15; E340|  
FZ5-59.16; E340|

And breathing terrible blood & vengeance gnashing his teeth with pain  
Let loose the Enormous Spirit in the darkness of the deep  
And his dark wife that once fair crystal form divinely clear  
Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire

FZ5-59.17; E340|  
FZ5-59.18; E340|  
FZ5-59.19; E340|  
FZ5-59.20; E340|

But now the times return upon thee Enitharmons womb  
Now holds thee soon to issue forth. Sound Clarions of war  
Call Vala from her close recess in all her dark deceit  
Then rage on rage shall fierce redound out of her crystal quiver

FZ5-59.21; E340|  
FZ5-59.22; E340|

So sung the Demons round red Orc & round faint Enitharmon *t710*  
Sweat & blood stood on the limbs of Los in globes. his fiery Eyelids



FZ5-59.23; E340|  
FZ5-59.24; E340|

Faded. he roud he siezd the wonder in his hands & went  
Shuddring & weeping thro the Gloom & down into the deeps

FZ5-59.25; E340|  
FZ5-59.26; E340|  
FZ5-59.27; E340|  
FZ5-59.28; E340|

Enitharmon nursd her fiery child in the dark deeps  
Sitting in darkness. over her Los mournd in anguish fierce  
Coverd with gloom. the fiery boy grew fed by the milk  
Of Enitharmon. Los around her builded pillars of iron

FZ5-60.1; E340|  
FZ5-60.2; E340|  
FZ5-60.3; E340|  
FZ5-60.4; E340|  
FZ5-60.5; E340|

And brass & silver & gold fourfold in dark prophetic fear  
For now he feard Eternal Death & uttermost Extinction *t711*  
He builded Golgonooza on the Lake of Udan Adan  
Upon the Limit of Translucence then he builded Luban  
Tharmas laid the Foundations & Los finishd it in howling woe

FZ5-60.6; E340|  
FZ5-60.7; E340|  
FZ5-60.8; E340|  
FZ5-60.9; E340|  
FZ5-60.10; E340|  
FZ5-60.11; E340|  
FZ5-60.12; E340|

But when fourteen summers & winters had revolved over  
Their solemn habitation Los beheld the ruddy boy  
Embracing his bright mother & beheld malignant fires  
In his young eyes discerning plain that Orc plotted his death  
Grief rose upon his ruddy brows. a tightening girdle grew  
Around his bosom like a bloody cord. in secret sobs  
He burst it, but next morn another girdle succeeds

FZ5-60.13; E341|  
FZ5-60.14; E341|  
FZ5-60.15; E341|  
FZ5-60.16; E341|  
FZ5-60.17; E341|  
FZ5-60.18; E341|

Around his bosom. Every day he viewd the fiery youth  
With silent fear & his immortal cheeks grew deadly pale  
Till many a morn & many a night passd over in dire woe  
Forming a girdle in the day & bursting it at night  
The girdle was formd by day by night was burst in twain  
Falling down on the rock an iron chain link by link lockd

FZ5-60.19; E341|  
FZ5-60.20; E341|  
FZ5-60.21; E341|  
FZ5-60.22; E341|  
FZ5-60.23; E341|  
FZ5-60.24; E341|  
FZ5-60.25; E341|  
FZ5-60.26; E341|  
FZ5-60.27; E341|  
FZ5-60.28; E341|  
FZ5-60.29; E341|  
FZ5-60.30; E341|

Enitharmon beheld the bloody chain of nights & days  
Depending from the bosom of Los & how with griding pain *t712*  
He went each morning to his labours. with the spectre dark  
Calld it the chain of jealousy. Now Los began to speak *t713*  
His woes aloud to Enitharmon. since he could not hide  
His uncouth plague. He siezd the boy in his immortal hands  
While Enitharmon followd him weeping in dismal woe  
Up to the iron mountains top & there the Jealous chain  
Fell from his bosom on the mountain. The Spectre dark  
Held the fierce boy Los naild him down binding around his limbs  
The accursed chain O how bright Enitharmon howld & cried *t714*  
Over her son. Obdurate Los bound down her loved joy

FZ5-61.1; E341| The hammer of Urthona smote the rivets in terror. of brass  
 FZ5-61.2; E341| Tenfold. the Demons rage flamd tenfold forth rending  
 FZ5-61.3; E341| Roaring redounding. Loud Loud Loder & Louder & fird  
 FZ5-61.4; E341| The darkness warring With the waves of Tharmas & Snows of Urizen  
 FZ5-61.5; E341| Crackling the flames went up with fury from the immortal demon  
 FZ5-61.6; E341| Surrounded with flames the Demon grew loud howling in his fires  
 FZ5-61.7; E341| Los folded Enitharmon in a cold white cloud in fear  
 FZ5-61.8; E341| Then led her down into the deeps & into his labyrinth  
 FZ5-61.9; E341| Giving the Spectre sternest charge over the howling fiend

FZ5-61.10; E341| Concenterd into Love of Parent Storgous Appetite Craving  
 FZ5-61.11; E341| His limbs bound down mock at his chains for over them a flame  
 FZ5-61.12; E341| Of circling fire unceasing plays to feed them with life & bring  
 FZ5-61.13; E341| The virtues of the Eternal worlds ten thousand thousand spirits  
 FZ5-61.14; E341| Of life lament around the Demon going forth & returning *t715*  
 FZ5-61.15; E341| At his enormous call they flee into the heavens of heavens  
 FZ5-61.16; E341| And back return with wine & food. Or dive into the deeps  
 FZ5-61.17; E341| To bring the thrilling joys of sense to quell his ceaseless rage  
 FZ5-61.18; E341| His eyes the lights of his large soul contract or else expand  
 FZ5-61.19; E341| Contracted they behold the secrets of the infinite mountains  
 FZ5-61.20; E341| The veins of gold & silver & the hidden things of Vala  
 FZ5-61.21; E341| Whatever grows from its pure bud or breathes a fragrant soul  
 FZ5-61.22; E341| Expanded they behold the terrors of the Sun & Moon  
 FZ5-61.23; E341| The Elemental Planets & the orbs of eccentric fire  
 FZ5-61.24; E341| His nostrils breathe a fiery flame. his locks are like the forests *t716*  
 FZ5-61.25; E341| Of wild beasts there the lion glares the tyger & wolf howl there

FZ5-61.26; E342| And there the Eagle hides her young in cliffs & precipices  
 FZ5-61.27; E342| His bosom is like starry heaven expanded all the stars  
 FZ5-61.28; E342| Sing round. there waves the harvest & the vintage rejoices. the Springs  
 FZ5-61.29; E342| Flow into rivers of delight. there the spontaneous flowers  
 FZ5-61.30; E342| Drink laugh & sing. the grasshopper the Emmet & the Fly  
 FZ5-61.31; E342| The golden Moth builds there a house & spreads her silken bed

FZ5-62.1; E342| His loins inwove with silken fires are like a furnace fierce  
 FZ5-62.2; E342| As the strong Bull in summer time when bees sing round the heath  
 FZ5-62.3; E342| Where the herds low after the shadow & after the water spring  
 FZ5-62.4; E342| The numrous flocks cover the mountain & shine along the valley  
 FZ5-62.5; E342| His knees are rocks of adamant & rubie & emerald  
 FZ5-62.6; E342| Spirits of strength in Palaces rejoice in golden armour *t717*  
 FZ5-62.7; E342| Armed with spear & shield they drink & rejoice over the slain  
 FZ5-62.8; E342| Such is the Demon such his terror in the nether deep

FZ5-62.9; E342|  
FZ5-62.10; E342|  
FZ5-62.11; E342|  
FZ5-62.12; E342|  
FZ5-62.13; E342|  
FZ5-62.14; E342|  
FZ5-62.15; E342|  
FZ5-62.16; E342|  
FZ5-62.17; E342|  
FZ5-62.18; E342|  
FZ5-62.19; E342|  
FZ5-62.20; E342|

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

FZ5-62.21; E342|  
FZ5-62.22; E342|  
FZ5-62.23; E342|  
FZ5-62.24; E342|  
FZ5-62.25; E342|  
FZ5-62.26; E342|  
FZ5-62.27; E342|  
FZ5-62.28; E342|  
FZ5-62.29; E342|  
FZ5-62.30; E342|  
FZ5-62.31; E342|  
FZ562.32; E342|

But when they came to the dark rock & to the spectrous cave  
Lo the young limbs had stricken root into the rock & strong  
Fibres had from the Chain of Jealousy inwove themselves  
In a swift vegetation round the rock & round the Cave  
And over the immortal limbs of the terrible fiery boy  
In vain they strove now to unchain. In vain with bitter tears  
To melt the chain of Jealousy. not Enitharmons death  
Nor the Consummation of Los could ever melt the chain  
Nor unroot the infernal fibres from their rocky bed  
Nor all Urthonas strength nor all the power of Luvahs Bulls  
Tho they each morning drag the unwilling Sun out of the deep  
Could uproot the infernal chain. for it had taken root *t718*

FZ5-63.1; E342|  
FZ5-63.2; E342|  
FZ5-63.3; E342|  
FZ5-63.4; E342|

Into the iron rock & grew a chain beneath the Earth  
Even to the Center wrapping round the Center & the limbs  
Of Orc entering with fibres. became one with him a living Chain  
Sustained by the Demons life. Despair & Terror & Woe & Rage

FZ5-63.5; E343|  
FZ5-63.6; E343|

Inwrap the Parents in cold clouds as they bend howling over  
The terrible boy till fainting by his side the Parents fell

FZ5-63.7; E343|  
FZ5-63.8; E343|  
FZ5-63.9; E343|

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

FZ5-63.10; E343|  
FZ5-63.11; E343|  
FZ5-63.12; E343|  
FZ5-63.13; E343|

When satiated with grief they returnd back to Golgonooza *t719*  
Enitharmon on the road of Dranthon felt the inmost gate  
Of her bright heart burst open & again close with a deadly pain *t720*  
Within her heart Vala began to reanimate in bursting sobs *t721*

FZ5-63.14; E343|  
FZ5-63.15; E343|

And when the Gate was open she beheld that dreary Deep *t722*  
Where bright Ahania wept. She also saw the infernal roots

FZ5-63.16; E343|

Of the chain of Jealousy & felt the rendings of fierce howling Orc

FZ5-63.17; E343|  
FZ5-63.18; E343|  
FZ5-63.19; E343|  
FZ5-63.20; E343|  
FZ5-63.21; E343|  
FZ5-63.22; E343|

Rending the Caverns like a mighty wind pent in the Earth  
Tho wide apart as furthest north is from the furthest south *t723*  
Urizen trembled where he lay to hear the howling terror  
The rocks shook the Eternal bars tuggd to & fro were rifted  
Outstretchd upon the stones of ice the ruins of his throne  
Urizen shuddring heard his trembling limbs shook the strong caves

FZ5-63.23; E343|

The Woes of Urizen shut up in the deep dens of Urthona

FZ5-63.24; E343|  
FZ5-63.25; E343|  
FZ5-63.26; E343|  
FZ5-63.27; E343|

Ah how shall Urizen the King submit to this dark mansion  
Ah how is this! Once on the heights I stretchd my throne sublime  
The mountains of Urizen once of silver where the sons of wisdom dwelt  
And on whose tops the Virgins sag are rocks of Desolation

FZ5-63.28; E343|  
FZ5-63.29; E343|  
FZ5-63.30; E343|  
FZ5-63.31; E343|

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

FZ5-64.1; E343|  
FZ5-64.2; E343|  
FZ5-64.3; E343|  
FZ5-64.4; E343|

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

FZ5-64.5; E343|  
FZ5-64.6; E343|  
FZ5-64.7; E343|  
FZ5-64.8; E343|

Then in my ivory pavilions I slumberd in the noon *t724*  
And walked in the silent night among sweet smelling flowers  
Till on my silver bed I slept & sweet dreams round me hoverd  
But now my land is darkend & my wise men are departed

FZ5-64.9; E343|  
FZ5-64.10; E343|  
FZ5-64.11; E343|  
FZ5-64.12; E343|

My songs are turned to cries of Lamentation *t725*  
Heard on my Mountains & deep sighs under my palace roofs  
Because the Steeds of Urizen once swifter than the light  
Were kept back from my Lord & from his chariot of mercies

FZ5-64.13; E344|

O did I keep the horses of the day in silver pastures

FZ5-64.14; E344|

O I refusd the Lord of day the horses of his prince

FZ5-64.15; E344|

O did I close my treasuries with roofs of solid stone

FZ5-64.16; E344|

And darken all my Palace walls with envyings & hate

FZ5-64.17; E344|

O Fool to think that I could hide from his all piercing eyes

FZ5-64.18; E344|

The gold & silver & costly stones his holy workmanship

FZ5-64.19; E344|

O Fool could I forget the light that filled my bright spheres

FZ5-64.20; E344|

Was a reflection of his face who calld me from the deep

FZ5-64.21; E344|

I well remember for I heard the mild & holy voice

FZ5-64.22; E344|

Saying O light spring up & shine & I sprang up from the deep *t726*

FZ5-64.23; E344|

He gave to me a silver scepter & crownd me with a golden crown

FZ5-64.24; E344|

& said Go forth & guide my Son who wanders on the ocean *t727*

FZ5-64.25; E344|

I went not forth. I hid myself in black clouds of my wrath

FZ5-64.26; E344|

I calld the stars around my feet in the night of councils dark

FZ5-64.27; E344|

The stars threw down their spears & fled naked away

FZ5-64.28; E344|

We fell. I siezd thee dark Urthona In my left hand falling

FZ5-64.29; E344|

I siezd thee beauteous Luvah thou art faded like a flower

FZ5-64.30; E344|

And like a lilly is thy wife Vala witherd by winds

FZ5-64.31; E344|

When thou didst bear the golden cup at the immortal tables

FZ5-64.32; E344|

Thy children smote their fiery wings crownd with the gold of heaven

FZ5-65.1; E344|

Thy pure feet stepd on the steps divine. too pure for other feet

FZ5-65.2; E344|

And thy fair locks shadowd thine eyes from the divine effulgence

FZ5-65.3; E344|

Then thou didst keep with Strong Urthona the living gates of heaven

FZ5-65.4; E344|

But now thou art bound down with him even to the gates of hell

FZ5-65.5; E344|

Because thou gavest Urizen the wine of the Almighty

FZ5-65.6; E344|

For steeds of Light that they might run in thy golden chariot of pride

FZ5-65.7; E344|

I gave to thee the Steeds I pourd the stolen wine

FZ5-65.8; E344|

And drunken with the immortal draught fell from my throne sublime

FZ5-65.9; E344|

I will arise Explore these dens & find that deep pulsation

FZ5-65.10; E344|

That shakes my caverns with strong shudders. perhaps this is the night

FZ5-65.11; E344|

Of Prophecy & Luvah hath burst his way from Enitharmon

FZ5-65.12; E344|

When Thought is closd in Caves. Then love shall shew its root in deepest Hell

FZ5-65; E344|

End of the Fifth Night *t728*





FZ6-67.1; E344| So Urizen arose & leaning on his Spear explord his dens  
FZ6-67.2; E344| He threw his flight thro the dark air to where a river flowd

FZ6-67.3; E345| And taking off his silver helmet filled it & drank  
FZ6-67.4; E345| But when Unsatiated his thirst he assayd to gather more  
FZ6-67.5; E345| Lo three terrific women at the verge of the bright flood  
FZ6-67.6; E345| Who would not suffer him to approach. but drove him back with storms

FZ6-67.7; E345| Urizen knew them not & thus addressd the spirits of darkness

FZ6-67.8; E345| Who art thou Eldest Woman sitting in thy clouds  
FZ6-67.9; E345| What is that name written on thy forehead? what art thou?  
FZ6-67.10; E345| And wherefore dost thou pour this water forth in sighs & care

FZ6-67.11; E345| She answerd not but filld her urn & pourd it forth abroad

FZ6-67.12; E345| Answerest thou not said Urizen. then thou maist answer me  
FZ6-67.13; E345| Thou terrible woman clad in blue, whose strong attractive power  
FZ6-67.14; E345| Draws all into a fountain at the rock of thy attraction  
FZ6-67.15; E345| With frowning brow thou sittest mistress of these mighty waters

FZ6-67.16; E345| She answerd not but stretchd her arms & threw her limbs abroad

FZ6-67.17; E345| Or wilt thou answer youngest Woman clad in shining green *t730*  
FZ6-67.18; E345| With labour & care thou dost divide the current into four *t731*  
FZ6-67.19; E345| Queen of these dreadful rivers speak & let me hear thy voice

FZ6-68.1; E345| They reard up a wall of rocks and Urizen raisd his spear. *t732*  
FZ6-68.2; E345| They gave a scream, they knew their father Urizen knew his daughters  
FZ6-68.3; E345| They shrunk into their channels. dry the rocky strand beneath his feet  
FZ6-68.4; E345| Hiding themselves in rocky forms from the Eyes of Urizen

FZ6-68.5; E345| Then Urizen wept & thus his lamentation poured forth

FZ6-68.6; E345| O horrible O dreadful state! those whom I loved best  
 FZ6-68.7; E345| On whom I pourd the beauties of my light adorning them  
 FZ6-68.8; E345| With jewels & precious ornament labourd with art divine  
 FZ6-68.9; E345| Vests of the radiant colours of heaven & crowns of golden fire  
 FZ6-68.10; E345| I gave sweet lillies to their breasts & roses to their hair  
 FZ6-68.11; E345| I taught them songs of sweet delight, I gave their tender voices  
 FZ6-68.12; E345| Into the blue expanse & I invented with laborious art  
 FZ6-68.13; E345| Sweet instruments of sound. in pride encompassing my Knees  
 FZ6-68.14; E345| They pourd their radiance above all. the daughters of Luvah Envied  
 FZ6-68.15; E345| At their exceeding brightness & the sons of eternity sent them gifts  
 FZ6-68.16; E345| Now will I pour my fry on them & I will reverse  
 FZ6-68.17; E345| The precious benediction. for their colours of loveliness  
 FZ6-68.18; E345| I will give blackness for jewels hoary frost for ornament deformity  
 FZ6-68.19; E345| For crowns wreathd Serpents for sweet odors stinking corruptibility  
 FZ6-68.20; E345| For voices of delight hoarse croakings inarticulate thro frost  
 FZ6-68.21; E345| For labourd fatherly care & sweet instruction. I will give  
 FZ6-68.22; E345| Chains of dark ignorance & cords of twisted self conceit  
 FZ6-68.23; E345| And whips of stern repentance & food of stubborn obstinacy  
 FZ6-68.24; E345| That they may curse Tharmas their God & Los his adopted son

FZ6-68.25; E346| That they may curse & worship the obscure Demon of destruction  
 FZ6-68.26; E346| That they may worship terrors & obey the violent  
 FZ6-68.27; E346| Go forth sons of my curse Go forth daughters of my abhorrence

FZ6-68.28; E346| Tharmas heard the deadly scream across his watry world  
 FZ6-68.29; E346| And Urizens loud sounding voice lamenting on the wind  
 FZ6-68.30; E346| And he came riding in his fury. froze to solid were his waves

FZ6-69.1; E346| Silent in ridges he beheld them stand round Urizen  
 FZ6-69.2; E346| A dreary waste of solid waters for the King of Light  
 FZ6-69.3; E346| Darkend his brows with his cold helmet & his gloomy spear  
 FZ6-69.4; E346| Darkend before him. Silent on the ridgy waves he took  
 FZ6-69.5; E346| His gloomy way before him Tharmas fled & flying fought

FZ6-69.6; E346| Crying. What & who art thou Cold Demon. art thou Urizen  
 FZ6-69.7; E346| Art thou like me risen again from death or art thou deathless  
 FZ6-69.8; E346| If thou art he my desperate purpose hear & give me death  
 FZ6-69.9; E346| For death to me is better far than life. death my desire  
 FZ6-69.10; E346| That I in vain in various paths have sought but still I live  
 FZ6-69.11; E346| The Body of Man is given to me I seek in vain to destroy  
 FZ6-69.12; E346| For still it surges forth in fish & monsters of the deeps  
 FZ6-69.13; E346| And in these monstrous forms I Live in an Eternal woe *t733*  
 FZ6-69.14; E346| And thou O Urizen art falln never to be deliverd

FZ6-69.15; E346|  
FZ6-69.16; E346|  
FZ6-69.17; E346|  
FZ6-69.18; E346|  
FZ6-69.19; E346|  
FZ6-69.20; E346|  
FZ6-69.21; E346|  
FZ6-69.22; E346|

Withhold thy light from me for ever & I will withhold  
From thee thy food so shall we cease to be & all our sorrows  
End & the Eternal Man no more renew beneath our power *t734*  
If thou refusest in eternal flight thy beams in vain  
Shall pursue Tharmas & in vain shalt crave for food I will  
Pour down my flight thro dark immensity Eternal falling  
Thou shalt pursue me but in vain till starvd upon the void  
Thou hangst a dried skin shrunk up weak wailing in the wind

FZ6-69.23; E346|  
FZ6-69.24; E346|  
FZ6-69.25; E346|  
FZ6-69.26; E346|  
FZ6-69.27; E346|  
FZ6-69.28; E346|  
FZ6-69.29; E346|  
FZ6-69.30; E346|  
FZ6-69.31; E346|  
FZ6-69.32; E346|  
FZ6-69.33; E346|

So Tharmas spoke but Urizen replied not. On his way  
He took. high bounding over hills & desarts floods & horrible chasms  
Infinite was his labour without end his travel he strove  
In vain for hideous monsters of the deeps annoyd him sore  
Scaled & finnd with iron & brass they devourd the path before him  
Incessant was the conflict. On he bent his weary steps  
Making a path toward the dark world of Urthona. he rose  
With pain upon the dreary mountains & with pain descended *t735*  
And saw their grizly fears & his eyes sickend at the sight  
The howlings gnashings groanings shriekings shudderings sobbings burstings  
Mingle together to create a world for Los. In cruel delight

FZ6-70[1st].1; E346|  
FZ6-70[1st].2; E346|

Los brooded on the darkness. nor saw Urizen with a Globe of fire  
Lighting his dismal journey thro the pathless world of death

FZ6-70[1st].3; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].4; E347|

Writing in bitter tears & groans in books of iron & brass  
The enormous wonders of the Abysses once his brightest joy

FZ6-70[1st].5; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].6; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].7; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].8; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].9; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].10; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].11; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].12; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].13; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].14; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].15; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].16; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].17; E347|

For Urizen beheld the terrors of the Abyss wandering among  
The ruind spirits once his children & the children of Luvah  
Scard at the sound of their own sigh that seems to shake the immense  
They wander Moping in their heart a Sun a Dreary moon  
A Universe of fiery constellations in their brain  
An Eart of wintry woe beneath their feet & round their loins *t736*  
Waters or winds or clouds or brooding lightnings & pestilential plagues  
Beyond the bounds of their own self their senses cannot penetrate  
As the tree knows not what is outside of its leaves & bark  
And yet it drinks the summer joy & fears the winter sorrow  
So in the regions of the grave none knows his dark compeer  
Tho he partakes of his dire woes & mutual returns the pang  
The throb the dolor the convulsion in soul sickening woes *t737*

FZ6-70[1st].18; E347|

The horrid shapes & sights of torment in burning dungeons & in

FZ6-70[1st].19; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].20; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].21; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].22; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].23; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].24; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].25; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].26; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].27; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].28; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].29; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].30; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].31; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].32; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].33; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].34; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].35; E347|  
FZ6-70[st].36; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].37; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].38; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].39; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].40; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].41; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].42; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].43; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].44; E347|  
FZ6-70[1st].45; E347|

Fetters of red hot iron some with crowns of serpents & some  
With monsters girding round their bosoms, Some lying on beds of sulphur  
On racks & wheels he beheld women marching oer burning wastes  
Of Sand in bands of hundreds & of fifties & of thousands stricken with  
Lightnings which blazed after them upon their shoulders in their march  
In successive volleys with loud thunders swift flew the King of Light  
Over the burning desarts Then the desarts passd. involvd in clouds  
Of smoke with myriads moping in the stifling vapours. Swift  
Flew the King tho flagd his powers labring. till over rocks  
And Mountains faint weary he wanderd. where multitudes were shut  
Up in the solid mountains & in rocks which heaved with their torments  
Then came he among fiery cities & castles built of burning steel  
Then he beheld the forms of tygers & of Lions dishumanizd men  
Many in serpents & in worms stretchd out enormous length  
Over the sullen mould & slimy tracks obstruct his way  
Drawn out from deep to deep woven by ribbd  
And scaled monsters or armd in iron shell or shell of brass  
Or gold a glittering torment shining & hissing in eternal pain  
Some [*as*] columns of fire or of water sometimes stretchd out in height <sup>*t738*</sup>  
Sometimes in length sometimes englobing wandering in vain seeking for ease <sup>*t739*</sup>  
His voice to them was but an inarticulate thunder for their Ears  
Were heavy & dull & their eyes & nostrils closed up  
Oft he stood by a howling victim Questioning in words  
Soothing or Furious no one answerd every one wrapd up  
In his own sorrow howld regardless of his words, nor voice  
Of sweet response could he obtain tho oft assayd with tears  
He knew they were his Children ruind in his ruind world <sup>*t740*</sup>

FZ6-71[1st].1; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].2; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].3; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].4; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].5; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].6; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].7; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].8; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].9; E348|  
FZ6-71[1st].10; E348|

Oft would he stand & question a fierce scorpion glowing with gold  
In vain the terror heard not. then a lion he would Sieze  
By the fierce mane staying his howling course in vain the voice <sup>*t741*</sup>  
Of Urizen vain the Eloquent tongue. A Rock a Cloud a Mountain  
Were now not Vocal as in Climes of happy Eternity  
Where the lamb replies to the infant voice & the lion to the man of years  
Giving them sweet instructions Where the Cloud the River & the Field  
Talk with the husbandman & shepherd. But these attackd him sore  
Siezing upon his feet & rending the Sinews that in Caves  
He hid to recure his obstructed powers with rest & oblivion

FZ6-70[2nd].46; E348|  
FZ6-70[2nd].47; E348|

Here he had time enough to repent of his rashly threatend curse  
He saw them cursd beyond his Curse his soul melted with fear

FZ6-71[2nd].11; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].12; E348|

He could not take their fetters off for they grew from the soul  
Nor could he quench the fires for they flamd out from the heart

FZ6-71[2nd].13; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].14; E348|

Nor cold he calm the Elements because himself was Subject  
So he threw his flight in terror & pain & in repentant tears

FZ6-71[2nd].15; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].16; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].17; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].18; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].19; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].20; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].21; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].22; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].23; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].24; E348|

When he had passd these southern terrors he approachd the East  
Void pathless beaten With iron sleet & eternal hail & rain <sup>t742</sup>  
No form was there no living thing & yet his way lay thro  
This dismal world. he stood a while & lookd back oer his former  
Terrific voyage. Hills & Vales of torment & despair  
Sighing & Wiping a fresh tear. then turning round he threw  
Himself into the dismal void. falling he fell & fell  
Whirling in unresistible revolutions down & down  
In the horrid bottomless vacuity falling failing falling  
Into the Eastern vacuity the empty world of Luvah

FZ6-71[2nd].25; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].26; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].27; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].28; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].29; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].30; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].31; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].32; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].33; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].34; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].35; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].36; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].37; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].38; E348|  
FZ6-71[2nd].39; E348|

The ever pitying one who seeth all things saw his fall  
And in the dark vacuity created a bosom of clay <sup>t743</sup>  
When wearied dead he fell his limbs reposd in the bosom of slime  
As the seed falls from the sowers hand so Urizen fell & death  
Shut up his powers in oblivion. then as the seed shoots forth  
In pain & sorrow. So the slimy bed his limbs renewd  
At first an infant weakness. periods passd he gatherd strength  
But still in solitude he sat then rising threw his flight  
Onward tho falling thro the waste of night & ending in death  
And in another resurrection to sorrow & weary travel  
But still his books he bore in his strong hands & his iron pen  
For when he died they lay beside his grave & when he rose <sup>t744</sup>  
He siezd them with a gloomy smile for wrapd in his death clothes <sup>t745</sup>  
He hid them when he slept in death when he revivd the clothes  
Were rotted by the winds the books remaind still unconsumd

FZ6-71[2nd].40; E349|  
FZ6-71[2nd].41; E349|  
FZ6-71[2nd].42; E349|

Still to be written & interleavd with brass & iron & gold  
Time after time for such a journey none but iron pens  
Can write And adamantine leaves recieve nor can the man who goes

FZ6-72.1; E349|

The journey obstinate refuse to write time after time

FZ6-72.2; E349|  
FZ6-72.3; E349|  
FZ6-72.4; E349|  
FZ6-72.5; E349|  
FZ6-72.6; E349|  
FZ6-72.7; E349|

Endless had been his travel but the Divine hand him led <sup>t746</sup>  
For infinite the distance & obscurd by Combustions dire  
By rocky masses frowning in the abysses revolving erratic  
Round Lakes of fire in the dark deep the ruins of Urizens world  
Oft would he sit in a dark rift & regulate his books  
Or sleep such sleep as spirits eternal wearied in his dark



FZ6-72.8; E349|  
FZ6-72.9; E349|  
FZ6-72.10; E349|  
FZ6-72.11; E349|  
FZ6-72.12; E349|  
FZ6-72.13; E349|  
FZ6-72.14; E349|  
FZ6-72.15; E349|

Tearful & sorrowful state. then rise look out & ponder  
His dismal voyage eyeing the next sphere tho far remote  
Then darting into the Abyss of night his venturous limbs  
Thro lightnings thunders earthquakes & concussions fires & floods  
Stemming his downward fall labouring up against futurity  
Creating many a Vortex fixing many a Science in the deep  
And thence throwing his venturous limbs into the Vast unknown  
Swift Swift from Chaos to chaos from void to void a road immense

FZ6-72.16; E349|  
FZ6-72.17; E349|  
FZ6-72.18; E349|  
FZ6-72.19; E349|  
FZ6-72.20; E349|  
FZ6-72.21; E349|

For when he came to where a Vortex ceasd to operate  
Nor down nor up remaind then if he turnd & lookd back  
From whence he came twas upward all. & if he turnd and viewd  
The unpassd void upward was still his mighty wandering  
The midst between an Equilibrium grey of air serene  
Where he might live in peace & where his life might meet repose

FZ6-72.22; E349|  
FZ6-72.23; E349|  
FZ6-72.24; E349|  
FZ6-72.25; E349|  
FZ6-72.26; E349|  
FZ6-72.27; E349|  
FZ6-72.28; E349|  
FZ6-72.29; E349|  
FZ6-72.30; E349|  
FZ6-72.31; E349|  
FZ6-72.32; E349|  
FZ6-72.33; E349|  
FZ6-72.34; E349|  
FZ6-72.35; E349|  
FZ6-72.36; E349|  
FZ6-72.37; E349|  
FZ6-72.38; E349|  
FZ6-72.39; E349|

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

FZ6-73.1; E350|  
FZ6-73.2; E350|  
FZ6-73.3; E350|  
FZ6-73.4; E350|  
FZ6-73.5; E350|  
FZ6-73.6; E350|  
FZ6-73.7; E350|  
FZ6-73.8; E350|  
FZ6-73.9; E350|

And laughter sat beneath the Oaks & innocence sported round  
Upon the green plains & sweet friendship met in palaces  
And books & instruments of song & pictures of delight  
Where are they whelmd beneath these ruins in horrible destruction *t747*  
And if Eternal falling I repose on the dark bosom  
Of winds & waters or thence fall into a Void where air  
Is not down falling thro immensity ever & ever  
I lose my powers weakend every revolution till a death  
Shuts up my powers then a seed in the vast womb of darkness



FZ6-73.10; E350| I dwell in dim oblivion. brooding over me the Enormous worlds  
FZ6-73.11; E350| Reorganize me shooting forth in bones & flesh & blood  
FZ6-73.12; E350| I am regenerated to fall or rise at will or to remain  
FZ6-73.13; E350| A labourer of ages a dire discontent a living woe  
FZ6-73.14; E350| Wandring in vain. Here will I fix my foot & here rebuild  
FZ6-73.15; E350| Here Mountains of Brass promise much riches in their dreadful bosoms *t748*

FZ6-73.16; E350| So he began to dig form[ing] of gold silver & iron *t749*  
FZ6-73.17; E350| And brass vast instruments to measure out the immense & fix  
FZ6-73.18; E350| The whole into another world better suited to obey  
FZ6-73.19; E350| His will where none should dare oppose his will himself being King  
FZ6-73.20; E350| Of All & all futurity be bound in his vast chain

FZ6-73.21; E350| And the Sciences were fixd & the Vortexes began to operate  
FZ6-73.22; E350| On all the sons of men & every human soul terrified  
FZ6-73.23; E350| At the turning wheels of heaven shrunk away inward withring away  
FZ6-73.24; E350| Gaining a New Dominion over all his sons & Daughters  
FZ6-73.25; E350| & over the Sons & daughters of Luvah in the horrible Abyss  
FZ6-73.26; E350| For Urizen lamented over them in a selfish lamentation  
FZ6-73.27; E350| Till a white woof coverd his cold limbs from head to feet *t750*  
FZ6-73.28; E350| Hair white as snow coverd him in flaky locks terrific  
FZ6-73.29; E350| Overspreading his limbs. in pride he wanderd weeping  
FZ6-73.30; E350| Clothed in aged venerableness obstinately resolv'd  
FZ6-73.31; E350| Travelling thro darkness & wherever he traveld a dire Web  
FZ6-73.32; E350| Followd behind him as the Web of a Spider dusky & cold  
FZ6-73.33; E350| Shivering across from Vortex to Vortex drawn out from his mantle of years  
FZ6-73.34; E350| A living Mantle adjoind to his life & growing from his Soul

FZ6-73.35; E350| And the Web of Urizen stre[t]chd direful shivring in clouds  
FZ6-73.36; E350| And uttering such woes such bursts such thunderings *t751*  
FZ6-73.37; E350| The eyelids expansive as morning & the Ears  
FZ6-73.38; E350| As a golden ascent winding round to the heavens of heavens  
FZ6-73.39; E350| Within the dark horrors of the Abysses lion or tyger or scorpion

FZ6-74.1; E350| For every one opend within into Eternity at will  
FZ6-74.2; E350| But they refusd because their outward forms were in the Abyss

FZ6-74.3; E351| And the wing like tent of the Universe beautiful surrounding all  
FZ6-74.4; E351| Or drawn up or let down at the will of the immortal man  
FZ6-74.5; E351| Vibrated in such anguish the eyelids quiverd  
FZ6-74.6; E351| Weak & Weaker their expansive orbs began shrinking  
FZ6-74.7; E351| Pangs smote thro the brain & a universal shriek

FZ6-74.8; E351|

Ran thro the abysses rending the web torment on torment

FZ6-74.9; E351|

Thus Urizen in sorrows wanderd many a dreary way

FZ6-74.10; E351|

Warring with monsters of the Deeps in his most hideous pilgrimage

FZ6-74.11; E351|

Till his bright hair scatterd in snows his skin barkd oer with wrinkles

FZ6-74.12; E351|

Four Caverns rooting downwards their foundations thrusting forth

FZ6-74.13; E351|

The metal rock & stone in ever painful throes of vegetation

FZ6-74.14; E351|

The Cave of Orc stood to the South a furnace of dire flames

FZ6-74.15; E351|

Quenchless unceasing. In the west the Cave of Urizen

FZ6-74.16; E351|

For Urizen fell as the Midday sun falls down into the West

FZ6-74.17; E351|

North stood Urthonas stedfast throne a World of Solid darkness

FZ6-74.18; E351|

Shut up in stifling obstruction rooted in dumb despair

FZ6-74.19; E351|

The East was Void. But Tharmas rolld his billows in ceaseless eddies

FZ6-74.20; E351|

Void pathless beat with Snows eternal & iron hail & rain <sup>t752</sup>

FZ6-74.21; E351|

All thro the caverns of fire & air & Earth, Seeking

FZ6-74.22; E351|

For Enions limbs nought finding but the black sea weed & sickning slime

FZ6-74.23; E351|

Flying away from Urizen that he might not give him food

FZ6-74.24; E351|

Above beneath on all sides round in the vast deep of immensity

FZ6-74.25; E351|

That he might starve the sons & daughters of Urizen on the winds

FZ6-74.26; E351|

Making between horrible chasms into the vast unknown

FZ6-74.27; E351|

All these around the world of Los cast forth their monstrous births

FZ6-74.28; E351|

But in Eternal times the Seat of Urizen is in the South <sup>t753</sup>

FZ6-74.29; E351|

Urthona in the North Luvah in East Tharmas in West

FZ6-74.30; E351|

And now he came into the Abhorred world of Dark Urthona

FZ6-74.31; E351|

By Providence divine conducted not bent from his own will

FZ6-74.32; E351|

Lest death Eternal should be the result for the Will cannot be violated

FZ6-74.33; E351|

Into the doleful vales where no tree grew nor river flowd

FZ6-74.34; E351|

Nor man nor beast nor creeping thing nor sun nor cloud nor star

FZ6-74.35; E351|

Still he with his globe of fire immense in his venturous hand

FZ6-74.36; E351|

Bore on thro the Affrighted vales ascending & descending

FZ6-74.37; E351|

Oerwearied or in cumbrous flight he venturd oer dark rifts

FZ6-74.38; E351|

Or down dark precipices or climbd with pain and labour huge

FZ6-74.39; E351|

Till he beheld the world of Los from the Peaked rock of Urthona

FZ6-74.40; E351|

And heard the howling of red Orc distincter & distincter

FZ6-75.1; E351|

Redoubling his immortal efforts thro the narrow vales

FZ6-75.2; E351|

With difficulty down descending guided by his Ear

FZ6-75.3; E351|

And by his globe of fire he went down the Vale of Urthona <sup>t754</sup>

FZ6-75.4; E351|

Between the enormous iron walls built by the Spectre dark

FZ6-75.5; E352|

Dark grew his globe reddning with mists & full before his path

FZ6-75.6; E352|

Striding across the narrow vale the Shadow of Urthona <sup>t755</sup>

FZ6-75.7; E352|  
FZ6-75.8; E352|  
FZ6-75.9; E352|  
FZ6-75.10; E352|  
FZ6-75.11; E352|  
FZ6-75.12; E352|  
FZ6-75.13; E352|  
FZ6-75.14; E352|  
FZ6-75.15; E352|  
FZ6-75.16; E352|  
FZ6-75.17; E352|  
FZ6-75.18; E352|

A spectre Vast appeared whose feet & legs with iron scaled  
Stampd the hard rocks expectant of the unknown wanderer  
Whom he had seen wandering his nether world when distant far  
And watchd his swift approach collected dark the Spectre stood  
Beside hi[m] Tharmas stayd his flight & stood in stern defiance *t756*  
Communing with the Spectre who rejoicd along the vale  
Round his loins a girdle glowd with many colourd fires  
In his hand a knotted Club whose knots like mountains frownd  
Desart among the Stars them withering with its ridges cold  
Black scales of iron arm the dread visage iron spikes instead  
Of hair shoot from his orb'd scull. his glowing eyes  
Burn like two furnaces. he calld with Voice of Thunder

FZ6-75.19; E352|  
FZ6-75.20; E352|  
FZ6-75.21; E352|  
FZ6-75.22; E352|  
FZ6-75.23; E352|  
FZ6-75.24; E352|

Four winged heralds mount the furious blasts & blow their trumps  
Gold Silver Brass & iron clangors clamoring rend the shores *t757*  
Like white clouds rising from the Vales his fifty two armies  
From the four Cliffs of Urthona rise glowing around the Spectre  
Four sons of Urizen the Squadrons of Urthona led in arms  
Of gold & silver brass & iron he knew his mighty sons

FZ6-75.5; E352|  
FZ6-75.26; E352|  
FZ6-75.27; E352|  
FZ6-75.28; E352|  
FZ6-75.29; E352|  
FZ6-75.30; E352|  
FZ6-75.31; E352|  
FZ6-75.32; E352|  
FZ6-75.33; E352|  
FZ6-75.34; E352|  
FZ6-75; E352|

Then Urizen arose upon the wind back many a mile  
Retiring into his dire Web scattering fleecy snows  
As he ascended howling loud the Web vibrated strong  
From heaven to heaven from globe to globe. In vast excentric paths  
Compulsive rolld the Comets at his dread command the dreary way  
Falling with wheel impetuous down among Urthonas vales  
And round red Orc returning back to Urizen gorgd with blood *t758*  
Slow roll the massy Globes at his command & slow oerwheel  
The dismal squadrons of Urthona. weaving the dire Web  
In their progressions & preparing Urizens path before him  
End of The Sixth Night

Title; E300| THE FOUR ZOAS *t403*

FZ7a-header; E352| VALA

FZ7a-header; E352| Night the Seventh *t759*

FZ7a-77.1; E352| Then Urizen arose The Spectre fled & Tharmas fled  
FZ7a-77.2; E352| The darkning Spectre of Urthona hid beneath a rock  
FZ7a-77.3; E352| Tharmas threw his impetuous flight thro the deeps of immensity  
FZ7a-77.4; E352| Revolving round in whirlpools fierce all round the cavernd worlds

FZ7a-77.5; E352| But Urizen silent descended to the Caves of Orc & saw *t760*  
FZ7a-77.6; E352| A Cavernd Universe of flaming fire the horses of Urizen

FZ7a-77.7; E353| Here bound to fiery mangers furious dash their golden hoofs  
FZ7a-77.8; E353| Striking fierce sparkles from their brazen fetters. fierce his lions *t761*  
FZ7a-77.9; E353| Howl in the burning dens his tygers roam ill the redounding smoke  
FZ7a-77.10; E353| In forests of affliction. the adamantine scales of justice  
FZ7a-77.11; E353| Consuming in the raging lamps of mercy pourd in rivers  
FZ7a-77.12; E353| The holy oil rages thro all the cavernd rocks fierce flames  
FZ7a-77.13; E353| Dance on the rivers & the rocks howling & drunk with fury  
FZ7a-77.14; E353| The plow of ages & the golden harrow wade thro fields  
FZ7a-77.15; E353| Of goary blood the immortal seed is nourishd for the slaughter  
FZ7a-77.16; E353| The bulls of Luvah breathing fire bellow on burning pastures  
FZ7a-77.17; E353| Round howling Orc whose awful limbs cast forth red smoke & fire  
FZ7a-77.18; E353| That Urizen approachd not near but took his seat on a rock  
FZ7a-77.19; E353| And rangd his books around him brooding Envious over Orc *t762*

FZ7a-77.20; E353| Howling & rending his dark caves the awful Demon lay  
FZ7a-77.21; E353| Pulse after pulse beat on his fetters pulse after pulse his spirit  
FZ7a-77.22; E353| Darted & darted higher & higher to the shrine of Enitharmon  
FZ7a-77.23; E353| As when the thunder folds himself in thickest clouds  
FZ7a-77.24; E353| The watry nations couch & hide in the profoundest deeps  
FZ7a-77.25; E353| Then bursting from his troubled head with terrible visages & flaming hair  
FZ7a-77.26; E353| His swift wingd daughters sweep across the vast black ocean

FZ7a-77.27; E353| Los felt the Envy in his limbs like to a blighted tree

FZ7a-78.1; E353| For Urizen fixd in Envy sat brooding & coverd with snow  
FZ7a-78.2; E353| His book of iron on his knees he tracd the dreadful letters  
FZ7a-78.3; E353| While his snows fell & his storms beat to cool the flames of Orc  
FZ7a-78.4; E353| Age after Age till underneath his heel a deadly root  
FZ7a-78.5; E353| Struck thro the rock the root of Mystery accursed shooting up

FZ7a-78.6; E353|  
FZ7a-78.7; E353|  
FZ7a-78.8; E353|

Branches into the heaven of Los they pipe formd bending down  
Take root again whereever they touch again branching forth  
In intricate labyrinths oerspreading many a grizly deep

FZ7a-78.9; E353|  
FZ7a-78.10; E353|  
FZ7a-78.11; E353|  
FZ7a-78.12; E353|  
FZ7a-78.13; E353|  
FZ7a-78.14; E353|

Amazd started Urizen when he found himself compassd round  
And high roofed over with trees. he arose but the stems  
Stood so thick he with difficulty & great pain brought  
His books out of the dismal shade. all but the book of iron  
Again he took his seat & rangd his Books around *t764*  
On a rock of iron frowning over the foaming fires of Orc

FZ7a-78.15; E353|  
FZ7a-78.16; E353|

And Urizen hung over Ore & viewd his terrible wrath  
Sitting upon an iron Crag at length his words broke forth *t765*

FZ7a-78.17; E353|  
FZ7a-78.18; E353|  
FZ7a-78.19; E353|  
FZ7a-78.20; E353|

Image of dread whence art thou whence is this most woful place  
Whence these fierce fires but from thyself No other living thing  
In all this Chasm I behold. No other living thing  
Dare thy most terrible wrath abide Bound here to waste in pain

FZ7a-78.21; E354|  
FZ7a-78.22; E354|  
FZ7a-78.23; E354|  
FZ7a-78.24; E354|  
FZ7a-78.25; E354|  
FZ7a-78.26; E354|  
FZ7a-78.27; E354|  
FZ7a-78.28; E354|  
FZ7a-78.29; E354|  
FZ7a-78.30; E354|  
FZ7a-78.31; E354|  
FZ7a-78.32; E354|  
FZ7a-78.33; E354|  
FZ7a-78.34; E354|  
FZ7a-78.35; E354|  
FZ7a-78.36; E354|  
FZ7a-78.37; E354|  
FZ7a-78.38; E354|  
FZ7a-78.39; E354|  
FZ7a-78.40; E354|  
FZ7a-78.41; E354|

Thy vital substance in these fires that issue new & new  
Around thee sometimes like a flood & sometimes like a rock  
Of living pangs thy horrible bed glowing with ceaseless fires  
Beneath thee & around Above a Shower of fire now beats  
Moulded to globes & arrowy wedges rending thy bleeding limbs  
And now a whirling pillar of burning sands to overwhelm thee  
Steeping thy wounds in salts infernal & in bitter anguish  
And now a rock moves on the surface of this lake of fire  
To bear thee down beneath the waves in stifling despair  
Pity for thee movd me to break my dark & long repose  
And to reveal myself before thee in a form of wisdom  
Yet thou dost laugh at all these tortures & this horrible place  
Yet throw thy limbs these fires abroad that back return upon thee  
While thou reposest throwing rage on rage feeding thyself  
With visions of sweet bliss far other than this burning clime  
Sure thou art bathd in rivers of delight on verdant fields  
Walking in joy in bright Expanses sleeping on bright clouds  
With visions of delight so lovely that they urge thy rage  
Tenfold with fierce desire to rend thy chain & howl in fury  
And dim oblivion of all woe & desperate repose  
Or is thy joy founded on torment which others bear for thee

FZ7a-78.42; E354|

Orc answer'd Curse thy hoary brows. What dost thou in this deep



FZ7a-78.43; E354|

Thy Pity I contemn scatter thy snows elsewhere

FZ7a-79.1; E354|

I rage in the deep for Lo my feet & hands are naild to the burning rock

FZ7a-79.2; E354|

Yet my fierce fires are better than thy snows Shuddring thou sittest

FZ7a-79.3; E354|

Thou art not chaind Why shouldst thou sit cold grovelling demon of woe

FZ7a-79.4; E354|

In tortures of dire coldness now a Lake of waters deep

FZ7a-79.5; E354|

Sweeps over thee freezing to solid still thou sitst closd up

FZ7a-79.6; E354|

In that transparent rock as if in joy of thy bright prison

FZ7a-79.7; E354|

Till overburdend with its own weight drawn out thro immensity

FZ7a-79.8; E354|

With a crash breaking across the horrible mass comes down

FZ7a-79.9; E354|

Thundring & hail & frozen iron haild from the Element

FZ7a-79.10; E354|

Rends thy white hair yet thou dost fixd obdurate brooding sit

FZ7a-79.11; E354|

Writing thy books. Anon a cloud filld with a waste of snows

FZ7a-79.12; E354|

Covers thee still obdurate still resolvd & writing still

FZ7a-79.13; E354|

Tho rocks roll oer thee tho floods pour tho winds black as the Sea <sup>t766</sup>

FZ7a-79.14; E354|

Cut thee in gashes tho the blood pours down around thy ankles

FZ7a-79.15; E354|

Freezing thy feet to the hard rock still thy pen obdurate

FZ7a-79.16; E354|

Traces the wonders of Futurity in horrible fear of the future

FZ7a-79.17; E354|

I rage furious in the deep for lo my feet & hands are naild

FZ7a-79.18; E354|

To the hard rock or thou shouldst feel my enmity & hate

FZ7a-79.19; E354|

In all the diseases of man falling upon thy grey accursed front

FZ7a-79.20; E355|

Urizen answerd Read my books explore my Constellations

FZ7a-79.21; E355|

Enquire of my Sons & they shall teach thee how to War

FZ7a-79.22; E355|

Enquire of my Daughters who accursd in the dark depths

FZ7a-79.23; E355|

Knead bread of Sorrow by my stern command for I am God

FZ7a-79.24; E355|

Of all this dreadful ruin Rise O daughters at my Stern command

FZ7a-79.25; E355|

Rending the Rocks Eleth & Uveth rose & Ona rose

FZ7a-79.26; E355|

Terrific with their iron vessels driving them across

FZ7a-79.27; E355|

In the dim air they took the book of iron & placd above

FZ7a-79.28; E355|

On clouds of death & sang their songs Kneading the bread of Orc

FZ7a-79.29; E355|

Orc listend to the song compelld hungring on the cold wind

FZ7a-79.30; E355|

That swaggd heavy with the accursed dough. the hoar frost ragd

FZ7a-79.31; E355|

Thro Onas sieve the torrent rain pourd from the iron pail

FZ7a-79.32; E355|

Of Eleth & the icy hands of Uveth kneaded the bread

FZ7a-79.33; E355|

The heavens bow with terror underneath their iron hands

FZ7a-79.34; E355|

Singing at their dire work the words of Urizens book of iron

FZ7a-79.35; E355|

While the enormous scrolls rolld dreadful in the heavens above

FZ7a-79.36; E355|

And still the burden of their song in tears was poured forth

FZ7a-79.37; E355|

The bread is Kneaded let us rest O cruel father of children

FZ7a-79.38; E355|

But Urizen remitted not their labours upon his rock



FZ7a-80.1; E355	And Urizen Read in his book of brass in sounding tones <i>t767</i>
FZ7a-80.2; E355	Listen O Daughters to my voice Listen to the Words of Wisdom
FZ7a-80.3; E355	So shall [ye] govern over all let Moral Duty tune your tongue <i>t768</i>
FZ7a-80.4; E355	But be your hearts harder than the nether millstone
FZ7a-80.5; E355	To bring the shadow of Enitharmon beneath our wondrous tree
FZ7a-80.6; E355	That Los may Evaporate like smoke & be no more
FZ7a-80.7; E355	Draw down Enitharmon to the Spectre of Urthona
FZ7a-80.8; E355	And let him have dominion over Los the terrible shade
FZ7a-80.9; E355	Compell the poor to live upon a Crust of bread by soft mild arts
FZ7a-80.10; E355	Smile when they frown frown when they smile & when a man looks pale
FZ7a-80.11; E355	With labour & abstinence say he looks healthy & happy
FZ7a-80.12; E355	And when his children Sicken let them die there are enough
FZ7a-80.13; E355	Born even too many & our Earth will be overrun
FZ7a-80.14; E355	Without these arts If you would make the poor live with temper
FZ7a-80.15; E355	With pomp give every crust of bread you give with gracious cunning
FZ7a-80.16; E355	Magnify small gifts reduce the man to want a gift & then give with pomp <i>t769</i>
FZ7a-80.17; E355	Say he smiles if you hear him sigh If pale say he is ruddy
FZ7a-80.18; E355	Preach temperance say he is overgorgd & drowns his wit
FZ7a-80.19; E355	In strong drink tho you know that bread & water are all
FZ7a-80.20; E355	He can afford Flatter his wife pity his children till we can
FZ7a-80.21; E355	Reduce all to our will as spaniels are taught with art
FZ7a-80.22; E356	Lo how the heart & brain are formed in the breeding womb
FZ7a-80.23; E356	Of Enitharmon how it buds with life & forms the bones
FZ7a-80.24; E356	The little heart the liver & the red blood in its labyrinths
FZ7a-80.25; E356	By gratified desire by strong devouring appetite she fills
FZ7a-80.26; E356	Los with ambitious fury that his race shall all devour
FZ7a-80.27; E356	Then Orc cried Curse thy Cold hypocrisy. already round thy Tree <i>t770</i>
FZ7a-80.28; E356	In scales that shine with gold & rubies thou beginnest to weaken
FZ7a-80.29; E356	My divided Spirit Like a worm I rise in peace unbound
FZ7a-80.30; E356	From wrath Now When I rage my fetters bind me more
FZ7a-80.31; E356	O torment O torment A Worm compelld. Am I a worm
FZ7a-80.32; E356	Is it in strong deceit that man is born. In strong deceit
FZ7a-80.33; E356	Thou dost restrain my fury that the worm may fold the tree
FZ7a-80.34; E356	Avaunt Cold hypocrite I am chaind or thou couldst not use me thus
FZ7a-80.35; E356	The Man shall rage bound with this Chain the worm in silence creep
FZ7a-80.36; E356	Thou wilt not cease from rage Grey Demon silence all thy storms

FZ7a-80.37; E356|  
FZ7a-80.38; E356|  
FZ7a-80.39; E356|  
FZ7a-80.40; E356|  
FZ7a-80.41; E356|  
FZ7a-80.42; E356|

Give me example of thy mildness King of furious hail storms  
Art thou the cold attractive power that holds me in this chain  
I well remember how I stole thy light & it became fire  
Consuming. Thou Knowst me now O Urizen Prince of Light  
And I know thee is this the triumph this the Godlike State  
That lies beyond the bounds of Science in the Grey obscure

FZ7a-80.43; E356|  
FZ7a-80.44; E356|  
FZ7a-80.45; E356|  
FZ7a-80.46; E356|  
FZ7a-80.47; E356|  
FZ7a-80.48; E356|

Terrified Urizen heard Orc now certain that he was Luvah  
And Orc began to Organize a Serpent body *t771*  
Despising Urizens light & turning it into flaming fire  
Recieving as a poisons Cup Recieves the heavenly wine  
And turning affection into fury & thought into abstraction *t772*  
A Self consuming dark devourer rising into the heavens

FZ7a-80.49; E356|  
FZ7a-80.50; E356|  
FZ7a-80.51; E356|

Urizen envious brooding sat & saw the secret terror  
Flame high in pride & laugh to scorn the source of his deceit  
Nor knew the source of his own but thought himself the Sole author

FZ7a-81.1; E356|  
FZ7a-81.2; E356|  
FZ7a-81.3; E356|  
FZ7a-81.4; E356|  
FZ7a-81.5; E356|  
FZ7a-81.6; E356|

Of all his wandering Experiments in the horrible Abyss  
He knew that weakness stretches out in breadth & length he knew  
That wisdom reaches high & deep & therefore he made Orc  
In Serpent form compell'd stretch out & up the mysterious tree  
He sufferd him to Climb that he might draw all human forms  
Into submission to his will nor knew the dread result

FZ7a-81.7; E356|  
FZ7a-81.8; E356|  
FZ7a-81.9; E356|  
FZ7a-81.10; E356|  
FZ7a-81.11; E356|  
FZ7a-81.12; E356|

Los sat in showers of Urizen watching cold Enitharmon *t773*  
His broodings rush down to his feet producing Eggs that hatching  
Burst forth upon the winds above the tree of Mystery  
Enitharmon lay on his knees. Urizen trac'd his Verses  
In the dark deep the dark tree grew. her shadow was drawn down  
Down to the roots it wept over Orc. the Shadow of Enitharmon

FZ7a-81.13; E357|  
FZ7a-81.14; E357|  
FZ7a-81.15; E357|  
FZ7a-81.16; E357|  
FZ7a-81.17; E357|  
FZ7a-81.18; E357|  
FZ7a-81.19; E357|  
FZ7a-81.20; E357|  
FZ7a-81.21; E357|  
FZ7a-81.22; E357|

Los saw her stretch'd the image of death upon his wither'd valleys  
Her Shadow went forth & return'd Now she was pale as Snow  
When the mountains & hills are cover'd over & the paths of Men shut up *t774*  
But when her spirit return'd as ruddy as a morning when  
The ripe fruit blushes into joy in heavens eternal halls *t775*  
Sorrow shot thro him from his feet it shot up to his head  
Like a cold night that nips the root & shatters off the leaves *t776*  
Silent he stood o'er Enitharmon watching her pale face  
He spoke not he was Silent till he felt the cold disease  
Then Los mourn'd on the dismal wind in his jealous lamentation

FZ7a-81.23; E357| Why can I not Enjoy thy beauty Lovely Enitharmon  
FZ7a-81.24; E357| When I return from clouds of Grief in the wandring Elements  
FZ7a-81.25; E357| Where thou in thrilling joy in beaming summer loveliness  
FZ7a-81.26; E357| Delectable reposest ruddy in my absence flaming with beauty  
FZ7a-81.27; E357| Cold pale in sorrow at my approach trembling at my terrific  
FZ7a-81.28; E357| Forehead & eyes thy lips decay lik roses in the spring *t777*  
FZ7a-81.29; E357| How art thou Shrunk thy grapes that burst in summers vast Excess  
FZ7a-81.30; E357| Shut up in little purple covering faintly bud & die  
FZ7a-81.31; E357| Thy olive trees that pourd down oil upon a thousand hills  
FZ7a-81.32; E357| Sickly look forth & scarcely stretch their branches to the plain  
FZ7a-81.33; E357| Thy roses that expanded in the face of glowing morn

FZ7a-82.1; E357| Hid in a little silken veil scarce breathe & faintly shine  
FZ7a-82.2; E357| Thy lilies that gave light what time the morning looked forth  
FZ7a-82.3; E357| Hid in the Vales faintly lament & no one hears their voice  
FZ7a-82.4; E357| All things beside the woful Los enjoy the delights of beauty  
FZ7a-82.5; E357| Once how I sang & calld the beasts & birds to their delights  
FZ7a-82.6; E357| Nor knew that I alone exempted from the joys of love  
FZ7a-82.7; E357| Must war with secret monsters of the animating worlds  
FZ7a-82.8; E357| O that I had not seen the day then should I be at rest  
FZ7a-82.9; E357| Nor felt the stings of desire nor longings after life  
FZ7a-82.10; E357| For life is Sweet to Los the wretched to his winged woes  
FZ7a-82.11; E357| Is given a craving cry that they may sit at night on barren rocks  
FZ7a-82.12; E357| And whet their beaks & snuff the air & watch the opening dawn  
FZ7a-82.13; E357| And Shriek till at the smells of blood they stretch their boney wings  
FZ7a-82.14; E357| And cut the winds like arrows shot by troops of Destiny

FZ7a-82.15; E357| Thus Los lamented in the night unheard by Enitharmon  
FZ7a-82.16; E357| For the Shadow of Enitharmon descended down the tree of Mystery  
FZ7a-82.17; E357| The Spectre saw the Shade Shivering over his gloomy rocks  
FZ7a-82.18; E357| Beneath the tree of Mystery which in the dismal Abyss  
FZ7a-82.19; E357| Began to blossom in fierce pain shooting its writhing buds  
FZ7a-82.20; E357| In throes of birth & now the blossoms falling shining fruit

FZ7a-82.21; E358| Appeard of many colours & of various poisonous qualities  
FZ7a-82.22; E358| Of Plagues hidden in shining globes that grew on the living tree

FZ7a-82.23; E358| The Spectre of Urthona saw the Shadow of Enitharmon  
FZ7a-82.24; E358| Beneath the Tree of Mystery among the leaves & fruit *t778*  
FZ7a-82.25; E358| Reddning the Demon strong prepard the poison of sweet Love  
FZ7a-82.26; E358| He turnd from side to side in tears he wept & he embracd *t779*  
FZ7a-82.27; E358| The fleeting image & in whispers mild wood the faint shade

FZ7a-82.28; E358| Loveliest delight of Men. Enitharmon shady hiding  
FZ7a-82.29; E358| In secret places where no eye can trace thy watry way  
FZ7a-82.30; E358| Have I found thee have I found thee tremblest thou in fear  
FZ7a-82.31; E358| Because of Orc because he rent his discordant way  
FZ7a-82.32; E358| From thy sweet loins of bliss. red flowd thy blood  
FZ7a-82.33; E358| Pale grew thy face lightnings playd around thee thunders hoverd *t780*  
FZ7a-82.34; E358| Over thee, & the terrible Orc rent his discordant way *t781*  
FZ7a-82.35; E358| But the next joy of thine shall be in sweet delusion  
FZ7a-82.36; E358| And its birth in fainting & sleep & Sweet delusions of Vala *t782*

FZ7a-82.37; E358| The Shadow of Enitharmon answerd Art thou terrible Shade  
FZ7a-82.38; E358| Set over this sweet boy of mine to guard him lest he rend

FZ7a-83.1; E358| His mother to the winds of heaven Intoxicated with  
FZ7a-83.2; E358| The fruit of this delightful tree. I cannot flee away  
FZ7a-83.3; E358| From thy embrace else be assurd so horrible a form  
FZ7a-83.4; E358| Should never in my arms repose. now listen I will tell  
FZ7a-83.5; E358| Thee Secrets of Eternity which neer before unlockd  
FZ7a-83.6; E358| My golden lips nor took the bar from Enitharmons breast  
FZ7a-83.7; E358| Among the Flowers of Beulah walkd the Eternal Man & Saw  
FZ7a-83.8; E358| Vala the lilly of the desart. melting in high noon  
FZ7a-83.9; E358| Upon her bosom in sweet bliss he fainted Wonder siezd  
FZ7a-83.10; E358| All heaven they saw him dark. they built a golden wall  
FZ7a-83.11; E358| Round Beulah There he reveld in delight among the Flowers  
FZ7a-83.12; E358| Vala was pregnant & brought forth Urizen Prince of Light *t783*  
FZ7a-83.13; E358| First born of Generation. Then behold a wonder to the Eyes  
FZ7a-83.14; E358| Of the now fallen Man a double form Vala appeard. A Male  
FZ7a-8315; E358| And female shuddring pale the Fallen Man recoild  
FZ7a-83.16; E358| From the Enormity & calld them Luvah & Vala. turning down  
FZ7a-83.17; E358| The vales to find his way back into Heaven but found none  
FZ7a-83.18; E358| For his frail eyes were faded & his ears heavy & dull

FZ7a-83.19; E358| Urizen grew up in the plains of Beulah Many Sons  
FZ7a-83.20; E358| And many daughters flourishd round the holy Tent of Man  
FZ7a-83.21; E358| Till he forgot Eternity delighted in his sweet joy  
FZ7a-83.22; E358| Among his family his flocks & herds & tents & pastures

FZ7a-83.23; E358| But Luvah close conferrd with Urizen in darksom night  
FZ7a-83.24; E358| To bind the father & enslave the brethren Nought he knew

FZ7a-83.25; E359| Of sweet Eternity the blood flowd round the holy tent & rivn

FZ7a-83.26; E359|  
FZ7a-83.27; E359|  
FZ7a-83.28; E359|  
FZ7a-83.29; E359|  
FZ7a-83.30; E359|  
FZ7a-83.31; E359|  
FZ7a-83.32; E359|  
FZ7a-83.33; E359|  
FZ7a-83.34; E359|

From its hinges uttering its final groan all Beulah fell  
In dark confusion mean time Los was born & Enitharmon  
But how I know not then forgetfulness quite wrapd me up  
A period nor do I more remember till I stood  
Beside Los in the Cavern dark enslavd to vegetative forms  
According to the Will of Luvah who assumed the Place  
Of the Eternal Man & smote him. But thou Spectre dark  
Maist find a way to punish Vala in thy fiery South  
To bring her down subjected to the rage of my fierce boy

FZ7a-84.1; E359|  
FZ7a-84.2; E359|  
FZ7a-84.3; E359|  
FZ7a-84.4; E359|  
FZ7a-84.5; E359|  
FZ7a-84.6; E359|  
FZ7a-84.7; E359|  
FZ7a-84.8; E359|  
FZ7a-84.9; E359|  
FZ7a-84.10; E359|  
FZ7a-84.11; E359|  
FZ7a-84.12; E359|  
FZ7a-84.13; E359|  
FZ7a-84.14; E359|  
FZ7a-84.15; E359|  
FZ7a-84.16; E359|  
FZ7a-84.17; E359|  
FZ7a-84.18; E359|  
FZ7a-84.19; E359|  
FZ7a-84.20; E359|  
FZ7a-84.21; E359|  
FZ7a-84.22; E359|  
FZ7a-84.23; E359|  
FZ7a-84.24; E359|  
FZ7a-84.25; E359|  
FZ7a-84.26; E359|  
FZ7a-84.27; E359|  
FZ7a-84.28; E359|  
FZ7a-84.29; E359|  
FZ7a-84.30; E359|  
FZ7a-84.31; E359|  
FZ7a-84.32; E359|  
FZ7a-84.33; E359|  
FZ7a-84.34; E359|  
FZ7a-84.35; E359|

The Spectre said. Thou lovely Vision this delightful Tree  
Is given us for a Shelter from the tempests of Void & Solid  
Till once again the morn of ages shall renew upon us  
To reunite in those mild fields of happy Eternity  
Where thou & I in undivided Essence walkd about  
Imbodied. thou my garden of delight & I the spirit in the garden  
Mutual there we dwelt in one anothers joy revolving  
Days of Eternity with Tharmas mild & Luvah sweet melodious  
Upon our waters. This thou well rememberest listen I will tell  
What thou forgettest. They in us & we in them alternate Livd <sup>t784</sup>  
Drinking the joys of Universal Manhood. One dread morn  
Listen O vision of Delight One dread morn of goary blood  
The manhood was divided for the gentle passions making way <sup>t785</sup>  
Thro the infinite labyrinths of the heart & thro the nostrils issuing  
In odorous stupefaction stood before the Eyes of Man  
A female bright. I stood beside my anvil dark a mass  
Of iron glowd bright prepar'd for spades & plowshares. sudden down  
I sunk with cries of blood issuing downward in the veins  
Which now my rivers were become rolling in tubelike forms <sup>t786</sup>  
Shut up within themselves descending down I sunk along,  
The goary tide even to the place of seed & there dividing  
I was divided in darkness & oblivion thou an infant woe  
And I an infant terror in the womb of Enion  
My masculine spirit scorning the frail body issu'd forth  
From Enions brain In this deformed form leaving thee there  
Till times pass'd over thee but still my spirit returning hoverd <sup>t787</sup>  
And form'd a Male to be a counterpart to thee O Love  
Darkend & Lost In due time issuing forth from Enions womb  
Thou & that demon Los wert born Ah jealousy & woe <sup>t788</sup>  
Ah poor divided dark Urthona now a Spectre wandering  
The deeps of Los the Slave of that Creation I created  
I labour night & day for Los but listen thou my vision  
I view futurity in thee I will bring down soft Vala  
To the embraces of this terror & I will destroy  
That body I created then shall we unite again in bliss



FZ7a-84.36; E360| Thou knowest that the Spectre is in Every Man insane brutish *t789*  
FZ7a-84.37; E360| Deformd that I am thus a ravening devouring lust continually  
FZ7a-84.38; E360| Craving & devouring but my Eyes are always upon thee O lovely  
FZ7a-84.39; E360| Delusion & I cannot crave for any thing but thee no so *t790*  
FZ7a-84.40; E360| The spectres of the Dead for I am as the Spectre of the Living  
FZ7a-84.41; E360| For till these terrors planted round the Gates of Eternal life  
FZ7a-84.42; E360| Are driven away & annihilated we never can repass the Gates

FZ7a-85.1; E360| Astonishd filld with tears the spirit of Enitharmon beheld  
FZ7a-85.2; E360| And heard the Spectre bitterly she wept Embracing fervent *t791*  
FZ7a-85.3; E360| Her once lov'd Lord now but a Shade herself also a shade  
FZ7a-85.4; E360| Conferring times on times among the branches of that Tree

FZ7a-85.5; E360| Thus they confer'd among the intoxicating fumes of Mystery  
FZ7a-85.6; E360| Till Enitharmons shadow pregnant in the deeps beneath  
FZ7a-85.7; E360| Brought forth a wonder horrible. While Enitharmon shriekd  
FZ7a-85.8; E360| And trembled thro the Worlds above Los wept his fierce soul was terrifid  
FZ7a-85.9; E360| At the shrieks of Enitharmon at her tossings nor could his eyes percieve  
FZ7a-85.10; E360| The cause of her dire anguish for she lay the image of Death  
FZ7a-85.11; E360| Mov'd by strong shudders till her shadow was deliverd then she ran  
FZ7a-85.12; E360| Raving about the upper Elements in maddning fury

FZ7a-85.13; E360| She burst the Gates of Enitharmons heart with direful Crash  
FZ7a-85.14; E360| Nor could they ever be closd again the golden hinges were broken  
FZ7a-85.15; E360| And the gates broke in sunder & their ornaments defacd *t792*  
FZ7a-85.16; E360| Beneath the tree of Mystery for the immortal shadow shuddering  
FZ7a-85.17; E360| Brought forth this wonder horrible a Cloud she grew & grew  
FZ7a-85.18; E360| Till many of the dead burst forth from the bottoms of their tombs  
FZ7a-85.19; E360| In male forms without female counterparts or Emanations *t793*  
FZ7a-85.20; E360| Cruel and ravening with Enmity & Hatred & War  
FZ7a-85.21; E360| In dreams of Ulro dark delusive drawn by the lovely shadow *t794*

FZ7a-85.22; E360| The Spectre terrified gave her Charge over the howling Orc *t795*

FZ7b-95[2nd].15; E360| But in the deeps beneath the Roots of Mystery in darkest night *t797*  
FZ7b-95[2nd].16; E360| Where Urizen sat on his rock the Shadow brooded *t798*  
FZ7b-95[2nd].17; E360| Urizen saw & triumphd & he cried to his warriors *t799*

FZ7b-95[2nd].18; E360| The time of Prophecy is now revolvd & all  
FZ7b-95[2nd].19; E360| This Universal Ornament is mine & in my hands



FZ7b-95[2nd].20; E360|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].21; E360|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].22; E360|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].23; E360|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].24; E360|

The ends of heaven like a Garment will I fold them round me  
Consuming what must be consumed then in power & majesty  
I will walk forth thro those wide fields of endless Eternity  
A God & not a Man a Conqueror in triumphant glory  
And all the Sons of Everlasting shall bow down at my feet *t800*

FZ7b-95[2nd].25; E360|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].26; E360|

First Trades & Commerce ships & armed vessels he builded laborious  
To swim the deep & on the Land children are sold to trades

FZ7b-95[2nd].27; E361|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].28; E361|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].29; E361|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].30; E361|

Of dire necessity still laboring day & night till all  
Their life extinct they took the spectre form in dark despair  
And slaves in myriads in ship loads burden the hoarse sounding deep  
Rattling with clanking chains the Universal Empire groans

FZ7b-95[2nd].31; E361|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].32; E361|  
FZ7b-95[2nd].33; E361|

And he commanded his Sons found a Center in the Deep  
And Urizen laid the first Stone & all his myriads  
Builded a temple in the image of the human heart

FZ7b-88.1; E361|  
FZ7b-88.2; E361|  
FZ7b-88.3; E361|  
FZ7b-88.4; E361|  
FZ7b-88.5; E361|  
FZ7b-88.6; E361|  
FZ7b-88.7; E361|  
FZ7b-88.8; E361|  
FZ7b-88.9; E361|  
FZ7b-88.10; E361|  
FZ7b-88.11; E361|  
FZ7b-88.12; E361|  
FZ7b-88.13; E361|  
FZ7b-88.14; E361|  
FZ7b-88.15; E361|  
FZ7b-88.16; E361|  
FZ7b-88.17; E361|  
FZ7b-88.18; E361|

And in the inner part of the Temple wondrous workmanship  
They formed the Secret place reversing all the order of delight  
That whosoever entered into the temple might not behold  
The hidden wonders allegoric of the Generations  
Of secret lust when hid in chambers dark the nightly harlot  
Plays in Disguise in whisperd hymn & mumbling prayer The priests  
He ordained & Priestesses clothed in disguises beastial  
Inspiring secrecy & lamps they bore intoxicating fumes  
Roll round the Temple & they took the Sun that glowd oer Los  
And with immense machines down rolling. the terrific orb  
Compell'd. The Sun reddning like a fierce lion in his chains  
Descended to the sound of instruments that drowned the noise  
Of the hoarse wheels & the terrific howlings of wild beasts  
That dragd the wheels of the Suns chariot & they put the Sun  
Into the temple of Urizen to give light to the Abyss  
To light the War by day to hide his secret beams by night  
For he divided day & night in different ordered portions  
The day for war the night for secret religion in his temple *t801*

FZ7b-88.19; E361|  
FZ7b-88.20; E361|  
FZ7b-88.21; E361|  
FZ7b-88.22; E361|  
FZ7b-88.23; E361|

Los reard his mighty stature on Earth stood his feet. Above *t802*  
The moon his furious forehead circled with black bursting thunders  
His naked limbs glittering upon the dark blue sky his knees  
Bathed in bloody clouds. his loins in fires of war where spears  
And swords rage where the Eagles cry & the Vultures laugh saying

FZ7b-88.24; E361| Now comes the night of Carnage now the flesh of Kings & Princes  
FZ7b-88.25; E361| Pamperd in palaces for our food the blood of Captains nurturd <sup>t803</sup>  
FZ7b-88.26; E361| With lust & murder for our drink the drunken Raven shall wander  
FZ7b-88.27; E361| All night among the slain & mock the wounded that groan in the field

FZ7b-88.28; E361| Tharmas laughd furious among the Banners clothd in blood

FZ7b-88.29; E361| Crying As I will I rend the Nations all asunder rending  
FZ7b-88.30; E361| The People, vain their combinations I will scatter them  
FZ7b-88.31; E361| But thou O Son whom I have crowned and inthroned thee Strong  
FZ7b-88.32; E361| I will preserve tho Enemies arise around thee numberless  
FZ7b-88.33; E361| I will command my winds & they shall scatter them or call

FZ7b-89.1; E361| My Waters like a flood around thee fear not trust in me  
FZ7b-89.2; E361| And I will give thee all the ends of heaven for thy possession

FZ7b-89.3; E362| In war shalt thou bear rule in blood shalt thou triumph for me  
FZ7b-89.4; E362| Because in times of Everlasting I was rent in sunder  
FZ7b-89.5; E362| And what I loved best was divided among my Enemies  
FZ7b-89.6; E362| My little daughters were made captives & I saw them beaten  
FZ7b-89.7; E362| With whips along the sultry sands. I heard those whom I lov'd <sup>t804</sup>  
FZ7b-89.8; E362| Crying in secret tents at night & in the morn compell'd  
FZ7b-89.9; E362| To labour & behold my heart sunk down beneath  
FZ7b-89.10; E362| In sighs & sobbings all dividing till I was divided <sup>t805</sup>  
FZ7b-89.11; E362| In twain & lo my Crystal form that lived in my bosom  
FZ7b-89.12; E362| Followd her daughters to the fields of blood they left me naked  
FZ7b-89.13; E362| Alone & they refusd to return from the fields of the mighty  
FZ7b-89.14; E362| Therefore I will reward them as they have rewarded me  
FZ7b-89.15; E362| I will divide them in my anger & thou O my King  
FZ7b-89.16; E362| Shalt gather them from out their graves & put thy fetter on them  
FZ7b-89.17; E362| And bind them to thee that my crystal form may come to me

FZ7b-89.18; E362| So cried the Demon of the Waters in the Clouds of Los  
FZ7b-89.19; E362| Outstretchd upon the hills lay Enitharmon clouds & tempests  
FZ7b-89.20; E362| Beat round her head all night all day she riots in Excess  
FZ7b-89.21; E362| But night or day Los follows War & the dismal moon rolls over her <sup>t806</sup>  
FZ7b-89.22; E362| That when Los warrd upon the South reflected the fierce fires  
FZ7b-89.23; E362| Of his immortal head into the North upon faint Enitharmon  
FZ7b-89.24; E362| Red rage the furies of fierce Orc black thunders roll round Los  
FZ7b-89.25; E362| Flaming his head like the bright sun seen thro a mist that magnifies  
FZ7b-89.26; E362| His disk into a terrible vision to the Eyes of trembling mortals

FZ7b-89.27; E362|

And Enitharmon trembling & in fear utterd these words

FZ7b-89.28; E362|

I put not any trust in thee nor in thy glittering scales

FZ7b-89.29; E362|

Thy eyelids are a terror to me & the flaming of thy crest

FZ7b-89.30; E362|

The rushing of thy Scales confound me thy hoarse rushing scales

FZ7b-89.31; E362|

And if that Los had not built me a tower upon a rock

FZ7b-89.32; E362|

I must have died in the dark desart among noxious worms

FZ7b-89.33; E362|

How shall I flee how shall I flee into the tower of Los

FZ7b-89.34; E362|

My feet are turned backward & my footsteps slide in clay

FZ7b-89.35; E362|

And clouds are closd around my tower my arms labour in vain

FZ7b-89.36; E362|

Does not the God of waters in the wracking Elements

FZ7b-89.37; E362|

Love those who hate rewarding with hate the Loving Soul

FZ7b-90.1; E362|

And must not I obey the God thou Shadow of Jealousy

FZ7b-90.2; E362|

I cry the watchman heareth not I pour my voice in roarings

FZ7b-90.3; E362|

Watchman the night is thick & darkness cheats my rayie sight

FZ7b-90.4; E362|

Lift up Lift up O Los awake my watchman for he sleepeth

FZ7b-90.5; E362|

Lift up Lift up Shine forth O Light watchman thy light is out

FZ7b-90.6; E362|

O Los unless thou keep my tower the Watchman will be slain

FZ7b-90.7; E362|

So Enitharmon cried upon her terrible Earthy bed

FZ7b-90.8; E362|

While the broad Oak wreathd his roots round her forcing his dark way

FZ7b-90.9; E363|

Thro caves of death into Existence The Beech long limbd advancd

FZ7b-90.10; E363|

Terrific into the paind heavens The fruit trees humanizing

FZ7b-90.11; E363|

Shewd their immortal energies in warlike desperation

FZ7b-90.12; E363|

Rending the heavens & earths & drinking blood in the hot battle

FZ7b-90.13; E363|

To feed their fruit to gratify their hidden sons & daughters

FZ7b-90.14; E363|

That far within the close recesses of their secret palaces

FZ7b-90.15; E363|

Viewd the vast war & joyd wishing to vegetate

FZ7b-90.16; E363|

Into the Worlds of Enitharmon Loud the roaring winds

FZ7b-90.17; E363|

Burdend with clouds howl round the Couch sullen the wooly sheep

FZ7b-90.18; E363|

Walks thro the battle Dark & fierce the Bull his rage

FZ7b-90.19; E363|

Propagates thro the warring Earth The Lion raging in flames <sup>t807</sup>

FZ7b-90.20; E363|

The Tyger in redounding smoke The Serpent of the woods <sup>t808</sup>

FZ7b-90.21; E363|

And of the waters & the scorpion of the desart irritate

FZ7b-90.22; E363|

With harsh songs every living soul. The Prester Serpent runs

FZ7b-90.23; E363|

Along the ranks crying Listen to the Priest of God ye warriors

FZ7b-90.24; E363|

This Cowl upon my head he placd in times of Everlasting

FZ7b-90.25; E363|

And said Go forth & guide my battles. lik the jointed spine

FZ7b-90.26; E363|

Of Man I made thee when I blotted Man from life & light

FZ7b-90.27; E363|

Take thou the seven Diseases of Man store them for times to come

FZ7b-90.28; E363|

In store houses in secret places that I will tell the[e] of

FZ7b-90.29; E363|

To be my great & awful curses at the time appointed

FZ7b-90.30; E363|

The Prester Serpent ceasd the War song sounded loud & strong

FZ7b-90.31; E363|

Thro all the heavens Urizens Web vibrated torment on torment *t809*

FZ7b-91[2nd].1; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].2; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].3; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].4; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].5; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].6; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].7; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].8; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].9; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].10; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].11; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].12; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].13; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].14; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].15; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].16; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].17; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].18; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].19; E363|

FZ7b-91[2nd].20; E363|

Thus in the Caverns of the Grave & Places of human seed *t811*  
The nameless shadowy Vortex stood before the face of Orc  
The Shadow reard her dismal head over the flaming youth  
With sighs & howling & deep sobs that he might lose his rage  
And with it lose himself in meekness she embracd his fire  
As when the Earthquake rouzes from his den his shoulders huge  
Appear above the crumb[l]ing Mountain. Silence waits around him  
A moment then astounding horror belches from the Center  
The fiery dogs arise the shoulders huge appear  
So Orc rolld round his clouds upon the deeps of dark Urthona  
Knowing the arts of Urizen were Pity & Meek affection *t812*  
And that by these arts the Serpent form exuded from his limbs  
Silent as despairing love & strong as Jealousy  
Jealous that she was Vala now become Urizens harlot  
And the Harlot of Los & the deluded harlot of the Kings of Earth  
His soul was gnawn in sunder  
The hairy shoulders rend the links free are the wrists of fire  
Red rage redounds he rouzd his lions from his forests black  
They howl around the flaming youth rending the nameless shadow  
And running their immortal course thro solid darkness borne

FZ7b-91[2nd].21; E364|

FZ7b-91[2nd].22; E364|

FZ7b-91[2nd].23; E364|

Loud sounds the war song round red Orc in his [*?triumphant*] fury *t813*  
And round the nameless shadowy Female in her howling terror  
When all the Elemental Gods joind in the wondrous Song

FZ7b-91[2nd].24; E364|

FZ7b-91[2nd].25; E364|

FZ7b-91[2nd].26; E364|

Sound the War trumpet terrific Souls clad in attractive steel  
Sound the shrill fife serpents of war. I hear the northern drum  
Awake, I hear the flappings of the folding banners

FZ7b-91[2nd].27; E364|

FZ7b-91[2nd].28; E364|

FZ7b-91[2nd].29; E364|

The dragons of the North put on their armour  
Upon the Eastern sea direct they take their course  
The glittering of their horses trapping stains the vault of night

FZ7b-91[2nd].30; E364|

Stop we the rising of the glorious King. spur spur your clouds *t814*

FZ7b-92.1; E364|

Of death O northern drum awake O hand of iron sound

FZ7b-92.2; E364|  
FZ7b-92.3; E364|  
FZ7b-92.4; E364|  
FZ7b-92.5; E364|

The northern drum. Now give the charge! bravely obscurd!  
With darts of wintry hail. Again the black bow draw  
Again the Elemental Strings to your right breasts draw  
And let the thundering drum speed on the arrows black

FZ7b-92.6; E364|  
FZ7b-92.7; E364|  
FZ7b-92.8; E364|

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

FZ7b-92.9; E364|  
FZ7b-92.10; E364|  
FZ7b-92.11; E364|  
FZ7b-92.12; E364|  
FZ7b-92.13; E364|  
FZ7b-92.14; E364|  
FZ7b-92.15; E364|  
FZ7b-92.16; E364|

Now sound the clarions of Victory now strip the slain  
clothe yourselves in golden arms brothers of war <sup>t815</sup>  
They sound the clarions strong they chain the howling captives  
they give the Oath of blood They cast the lots into the helmet, <sup>t816</sup>  
They vote the death of Luvah & they naild him to the tree  
They piercd him with a spear & laid him in a sepulcher  
To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with desolation  
The sun was black & the moon rolld a useless globe thro heaven

FZ7b-92.17; E364|  
FZ7b-92.18; E364|  
FZ7b-92.19; E364|  
FZ7b-92.20; E364|  
FZ7b-92.21; E364|  
FZ7b-92.22; E364|  
FZ7b-92.23; E364|  
FZ7b-92.24; E364|  
FZ7b-92.25; E364|  
FZ7b-92.26; E364|  
FZ7b-92.27; E364|  
FZ7b-92.28; E364|  
FZ7b-92.29; E364|  
FZ7b-92.30; E364|  
FZ7b-92.31; E364|  
FZ7b-92.32; E364|  
FZ7b-92.33; E364|

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

FZ7b-92.34; E365|  
FZ7b-92.35; E365|  
FZ7b-92.36; E365|  
FZ7b-92.37; E365|

Now now the Battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala  
Now smile among thy bitter tears now put on all thy beauty  
Is not the wound of the sword Sweet & the broken bone delightful  
Wilt thou now smile among the slain when the wounded groan in the field

FZ7b-93.1; E365|

Life up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes



FZ7b-93.2; E365| O Melancholy Magdalen behold the morning breaks  
FZ7b-93.3; E365| Gird on thy flaming Zone. descend into the Sepulcher  
FZ7b-93.4; E365| Scatter the blood from thy golden brow the tears from thy silver locks  
FZ7b-93.5; E365| Shake off the waters from thy wings & the dust from thy white garments

FZ7b-93.6; E365| Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret Couch  
FZ7b-93.7; E365| When the sun rose in glowing morn with arms of mighty hosts  
FZ7b-93.8; E365| Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizens harps *t817*  
FZ7b-93.9; E365| Girt as a Sower with his seed to scatter life abroad

FZ7b-93.10; E365| Arise O Vala bring the bow of Urizen bring the sift arrows of light  
FZ7b-93.11; E365| How ragd the golden horses of Urizen bound to the chariot of Love  
FZ7b-93.12; E365| Compell'd to leave the plow to the Ox to snuff up the winds of desolation  
FZ7b-93.13; E365| To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings. this is no gentle harp  
FZ7b-93.14; E365| This is no warbling brook nor Shadow of a Myrtle tree

FZ7b-93.15; E365| But blood & wounds & dismal cries & clarions of war  
FZ7b-93.16; E365| And hearts laid open to the light by the broad grisly sword  
FZ7b-93.17; E365| And bowels hidden in hammerd steel ripp'd forth upon the Ground *t818*  
FZ7b-93.18; E365| Call forth thy Smiles of soft deceit call forth thy cloudy tears  
FZ7b-93.19; E365| We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when Morn shall blood renew *t819*

FZ7b-93.20; E365| So sung the demons of the deep the Clarions of war blew loud *t820*  
FZ7b-93.21; E365| Orc rent her & his human form consum'd in his own fires  
FZ7b-93.22; E365| Mingled with her dolorous members strewn thro the Abyss  
FZ7b-93.23; E365| She joy'd in all the Conflict Gratified & drinking tears of woe  
FZ7b-93.24; E365| No more remain'd of Orc but the Serpent round the tree of Mystery  
FZ7b-93.25; E365| The form of Orc was gone he reard his serpent bulk among  
FZ7b-93.26; E365| The stars of Urizen in Power rending the form of life *t821*  
FZ7b-93.27; E365| Into a formless indefinite & strewing her on the Abyss  
FZ7b-93.28; E365| Like clouds upon the winter sky broken with winds & thunders  
FZ7b-93.29; E365| This was to her Supreme delight The Warriors mournd disappointed  
FZ7b-93.30; E365| They go out to war with Strong Shouts & loud Clarions O Pity  
FZ7b-93.31; E365| They return with lamentations mourning & weeping

FZ7b-93.32; E365| Invisible or visible drawn out in length or stretch'd in breadth  
FZ7b-93.33; E365| The Shadowy Female varied in the War in her delight  
FZ7b-93.34; E365| Howling in discontent black & heavy uttering brute sounds  
FZ7b-93.35; E365| Wading thro fens among the slimy weeds making Lamentations  
FZ7b-93.36; E365| To decieve Tharmas in his rage to soothe his furious soul

FZ7b-93.37; E366| To stay him in his flight that Urizen might live tho in pain



FZ7b-93.38; E366|

He said Art thou bright Enion is the Shadow of hope returnd

FZ7b-93.39; E366|

And She said Tharmas I am Vala bless thy innocent face

FZ7b-93.40; E366|

Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue watry eyes

FZ7b-93.41; E366|

Be not perswaded that the air knows this or the failing dew

FZ7b-93.42; E366|

Tharmas replid O Vala once I livd in a garden of delight

FZ7b-94.1; E366|

I wakend Enion in the Morning & she turnd away

FZ7b-94.2; E366|

Among the apple trees & all the gardens of delight

FZ7b-94.3; E366|

Swam like a dream before my eyes I went to seek the steps

FZ7b-94.4; E366|

Of Enion in the gardens & the shadows compassd me

FZ7b-94.5; E366|

And closd me in a watry world of woe where Enion stood

FZ7b-94.6; E366|

Trembling before me like a shadow like a mist like air

FZ7b-94.7; E366|

And she is gone & here alone I war with darkness & death

FZ7b-94.8; E366|

I hear thy voice but not thy form see. thou & all delight

FZ7b-94.9; E366|

And life appear & vanish mocking me with shadows of false hope

FZ7b-94.10; E366|

Hast thou forgot that the air listens thro all its districts telling

FZ7b-94.11; E366|

The subtlest thoughts shut up from light in chambers of the Moon

FZ7b-94.12; E366|

Tharmas. The Moon has chambers where the babes of love lie hid

FZ7b-94.13; E366|

And whence they never can be brought in all Eternity

FZ7b-94.14; E366|

Unless exposd by their vain parents. Lo him whom I love

FZ7b-94.15; E366|

Is hidden from me & I never in all Eternity

FZ7b-94.16; E366|

Shall see him Enitharmon & Ahania combind with Enion

FZ7b-94.17; E366|

Hid him in that Outrageous form of Orc which torments me for Sin <sup>t822</sup>

FZ7b-94.18; E366|

For all my Secret faults which he brings forth upon the light

FZ7b-94.19; E366|

Of day in jealousy & blood my Children are led to Urizens war

FZ7b-94.20; E366|

Before my eyes & for every one of these I am condemnd

FZ7b-94.21; E366|

To Eternal torment in these flames for tho I have the power

FZ7b-94.22; E366|

To rise on high Yet love here binds me down & never never

FZ7b-94.23; E366|

Will I arise till him I love is loosd from this dark chain

FZ7b-94.24; E366|

Tharmas replied Vala thy Sins have lost us heaven & bliss

FZ7b-94.25; E366|

Thou art our Curse and till I can bring love into the light <sup>t823</sup>

FZ7b-94.26; E366|

I never will depart from my great wrath

FZ7b-94.27; E366|

So Tharmas waild wrathful then rode upon the Stormy Deep <sup>t824</sup>

FZ7b-94.28; E366|

Cursing the Voice that mockd him with false hope in furious mood

FZ7b-94.29; E366|

Then She returns swift as a blight upon the infant bud

FZ7b-94.30; E366|

Howling in all the notes of woe to stay his furious rage

FZ7b-94.31; E366|

Stamping the hills wading or swimming flying furious or falling

FZ7b-94.32; E366	Or like an Earthquake rumbling in the bowels of the earth
FZ7b-94.33; E366	Or like a cloud beneath & like a fire flaming in high
FZ7b-94.34; E366	Walking in pleasure of the hills or murmuring in the dales
FZ7b-94.35; E366	Like to a rushing torrent beneath & a falling rock above
FZ7b-94.36; E366	A thunder cloud in the south & a lulling voice heard in the north
FZ7b-94.37; E367	And she went forth & saw the forms of Life & of delight
FZ7b-94.38; E367	Walking on Mountains or flying in the open expanse of heaven
FZ7b-94.39; E367	She heard sweet voices in the winds & in the voices of birds
FZ7b-94.40; E367	That rose from waters for the waters were as the voice of Luvah
FZ7b-94.41; E367	Not seen to her like waters or like this dark world of death
FZ7b-94.42; E367	Tho all those fair perfections which men know only by name
FZ7b-94.43; E367	In beautiful substantial forms appeared & served her
FZ7b-94.44; E367	As food or drink or ornament or in delightful works
FZ7b-94.45; E367	To build her bowers for the Elements brought forth abundantly
FZ7b-94.46; E367	The living soul in glorious forms & every One came forth
FZ7b-94.47; E367	Walking before her Shadowy face & bowing at her feet
FZ7b-94.48; E367	But in vain delights were poured forth on the howling melancholy
FZ7b-94.49; E367	For her delight the horse his proud neck bowd & his white mane
FZ7b-94.50; E367	And the Strong Lion deign'd in his mouth to wear the golden bit
FZ7b-94.51; E367	While the far beaming Peacock waited on the fragrant wind
FZ7b-94.52; E367	To bring her fruits of sweet delight from trees of richest wonders
FZ7b-94.53; E367	And the strong pinion'd Eagle bore the fire of heaven in the night season
FZ7b-94.54; E367	Wood & subdud into Eternal Death the Demon Lay
FZ7b-94.55; E367	In rage against the dark despair. the howling Melancholy <i>t825</i>
FZ7b-87[95][1st].1; E367	For far & wide she stretchd thro all the worlds of Urizens journey
FZ7b-87[95][1st].2; E367	And was Ajoind to Beulah as the Polypus to the Rock
FZ7b-87[95][1st].3; E367	Mo[u]rning the daughters of Beulah saw nor could they have sustaind
FZ7b-87[95][1st].4; E367	The horrid sight of death & torment But the Eternal Promise
FZ7b-87[95][1st].5; E367	They wrote on all their tombs & pillars & on every Urn
FZ7b-87[95][1st].6; E367	These words If ye will believe your B[r]other shall rise again
FZ7b-87[95][1st].7; E367	In golden letters ornamented with sweet labours of Love
FZ7b-87[95][1st].8; E367	Waiting with Patience for the fulfilment of the Promise Divine <i>t826</i>
FZ7b-87[95][1st].9; E367	And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes
FZ7b-87[95][1st].10; E367	Not suffring doubt to rise up from the Clouds of the Shadowy Female
FZ7b-87[95][1st].11; E367	Then myriads of the Dead burst thro the bottoms of their tombs
FZ7b-87[95][1st].12; E367	Descending on the shadowy females clouds in Spectrous terror
FZ7b-87[95][1st].13; E367	Beyond the Limit of Translucence on the Lake of Udan Adan
FZ7b-87[95][1st].14; E367	These they namd Satans & in the Aggregate they namd them Satan
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].23; E367	Then took the tree of Mystery root in the World of Los
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].24; E367	Its topmost boughs shooting a fibre beneath Enitharmons couch <i>t827</i>
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].25; E367	The double rooted Labyrinth soon wavd around their heads

FZ7b-95[85][2nd].26; E367	But then the Spectre enterd Los's bosom Every sigh & groan <i>t828</i>
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].27; E367	Of Enitharmon bore Urthonas Spectre on its wings
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].28; E367	Obdurate Los felt Pity Enitharmon told the tale
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].29; E367	Of Urthona. Los embracd the Spectre first as a brother
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].30; E367	Then as another Self; astonishd humanizing & in tears
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].31; E367	In Self abasement Giving up his Domineering lust
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].32; E368	Thou never canst embrace sweet Enitharmon terrible Demon. Till
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].33; E368	Thou art united with thy Spectre Consummating by pains & labours <pine
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].34; E368	That mortal body & by Self annihilation back returning <i>t830</i>
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].35; E368	To Life Eternal be assurd I am thy real Self
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].36; E368	Tho thus divided from thee & the Slave of Every passion
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].37; E368	Of thy fierce Soul Unbar the Gates of Memory look upon me <i>t831</i>
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].38; E368	Not as another but as thy real Self I am thy Spectre
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].39; E368	Thou didst subdue me in old times by thy Immortal Strength <i>t832</i>
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].40; E368	When I was a ravning hungring & thirsting cruel lust & murder
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].41; E368	Tho horrible & Ghastly to thine Eyes tho buried beneath <i>t833</i>
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].42; E368	The ruins of the Universe. hear what inspird I speak & be silent
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].43; E368	If we unite in one[,] another better world will be <i>t834</i>
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].44; E368	Opend within your heart & loins & wondrous brain
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].45; E368	Threefold as it was in Eternity & this the fourth Universe
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].46; E368	Will be Renewd by the three & consummated in Mental fires
FZ7b-95[85][2nd].47; E368	But if thou dost refuse Another body will be prepared
FZ7a-86.1; E368	For me & thou annihilate evaporate & be no more
FZ7a-86.2; E368	For thou art but a form & organ of life & of thyself
FZ7a-86.3; E368	Art nothing being Created Continually by Mercy & Love divine
FZ7a-86.4; E368	Los furious answerd. Spectre horrible thy words astound my Ear
FZ7a-86.5; E368	With irresistible conviction I feel I am not one of those
FZ7a-86.6; E368	Who when convincd can still persist. tho furious.controllable
FZ7a-86.7; E368	By Reasons power. Even I already feel a World within
FZ7a-86.8; E368	Opening its gates & in it all the real substances
FZ7a-86.9; E368	Of which these in the outward World are shadows which pass away
FZ7a-86.10; E368	Come then into my Bosom & in thy shadowy arms bring with thee
FZ7a-86.11; E368	My lovely Enitharmon. I will quell my fury & teach
FZ7a-86.12; E368	Peace to the Soul of dark revenge & repentance to Cruelty
FZ7a-86.13; E368	So spoke Los & Embracing Enitharmon & the Spectre
FZ7a-86.14; E368	Clouds would have folded round in Extacy & Love uniting

FZ7a-87.1; E368| But Enitharmon trembling fled & hid beneath Urizens tree  
 FZ7a-87.2; E368| But mingling together with his Spectre the Spectre of Urthona <sup>t835</sup>  
 FZ7a-87.3; E368| Wondering beheld the Center opend by Divine Mercy inspired <sup>t836</sup>  
 FZ7a-87.4; E368| He in his turn Gave Tasks to Los Enormous to destroy <sup>t837</sup>  
 FZ7a-87.5; E368| That body he created but in vain for Los performd Wonders of labour  
 FZ7a-87.6; E368| They Builded Golgonooza Los labouring builded pillars high <sup>t838</sup>  
 FZ7a-87.7; E368| And Domes terrific in the nether heavens for beneath  
 FZ7a-87.8; E368| Was opend new heavens & a new Earth beneath & within  
 FZ7a-87.9; E368| Threefold within the brain within the heart within the loins  
 FZ7a-87.10; E368| A Threefold Atmosphere Sublime continuous from Urthonas world <sup>t839</sup>  
 FZ7a-87.11; E368| But yet having a Limit Twofold named Satan & Adam

FZ7a-87.12; E369| But Los stood on the Limit of Translucence weeping & trembling  
 FZ7a-87.13; E369| Filled with doubts in self accusation beheld the fruit <sup>t840</sup>  
 FZ7a-87.14; E369| Of Urizens Mysterious tree For Enitharmon thus spake

FZ7a-87.15; E369| When In the Deeps beneath I gatherd of this ruddy fruit  
 FZ7a-87.16; E369| It was by that I knew that I had Sinnd & then I knew  
 FZ7a-87.17; E369| That without a ransom I could not be savd from Eternal death  
 FZ7a-87.18; E369| That Life lives upon Death & by devouring appetite  
 FZ7a-87.19; E369| All things subsist on one another thenceforth in Despair  
 FZ7a-87.20; E369| I spend my glowing time but thou art strong & mighty  
 FZ7a-87.21; E369| To bear this Self conviction take then Eat thou also of  
 FZ7a-87.22; E369| The fruit & give me proof of life Eternal or I die

FZ7a-87.23; E369| Then Los plucked the fruit & Eat & sat down in Despair  
 FZ7a-87.24; E369| And must have given himself to death Eternal But  
 FZ7a-87.25; E369| Urthonas spectre in part mingling with him comforted him  
 FZ7a-87.26; E369| Being a medium between him & Enitharmon But This Union  
 FZ7a-87.27; E369| Was not to be Effectd without Cares & Sorrows & Troubles  
 FZ7a-87.28; E369| Of six thousand Years of self denial and of bitter Contrition <sup>t841</sup>  
 FZ7a-87.29; E369| Urthonas Spectre terrified beheld the Spectres of the Dead  
 FZ7a-87.30; E369| Each Male formd without a counterpart without a centering vision  
 FZ7a-87.31; E369| The Spectre of Urthona wept before Los Saying I am the cause  
 FZ7a-87.32; E369| That this dire state commences I began the dreadful state  
 FZ7a-87.33; E369| Of Separation & on my dark head the curse & punishment  
 FZ7a-87.34; E369| Must fall unless a way be found to Ransom & Redeem <sup>t842</sup>

FZ7a-87.35; E369| But I have thee my [*Counterpart Vegetating*] miraculous <sup>t843</sup>  
 FZ7a-87.36; E369| These Spectres have no [*Counter*(parts)] therefore they ravin  
 FZ7a-87.37; E369| Without the food of life Let us Create them Coun[terparts]  
 FZ7a-87.38; E369| For without a Created body the Spectre is Eternal Death

FZ7a-87.39; E369	Los trembling answerd Now I feel the weight of stern repentance
FZ7a-87.40; E369	Tremble not so my Enitharmon at the awful gates
FZ7a-87.41; E369	Of thy poor broken Heart I see thee like a shadow withering
FZ7a-87.42; E369	As on the outside of Existence but look! behold! take comfort!
FZ7a-87.43; E369	Turn inwardly thine Eyes & there behold the Lamb of God
FZ7a-87.44; E369	Clothed in Luvahs robes of blood descending to redeem
FZ7a-87.45; E369	O Spectre of Urthona take comfort O Enitharmon
FZ7a-87.46; E369	Couldst thou but cease from terror & trembling & affright
FZ7a-87.47; E369	When I appear before thee in forgiveness of ancient injuries <i>t844</i>
FZ7a-87.48; E369	Why shouldst thou remember & be afraid. I surely have died in pain
FZ7a-87.49; E369	Often enough to convince thy jealousy & fear & terror <i>t845</i>
FZ7a-87.50; E369	Come hither be patient let us converse together because
FZ7a-87.51; E369	I also tremble at myself & at all my former life
FZ7a-87.52; E369	Enitharmon answerd I behold the Lamb of God descending
FZ7a-87.53; E369	To Meet these Spectres of the Dead I therefore fear that he
FZ7a-87.54; E370	Will give us to Eternal Death fit punishment for such
FZ7a-87.55; E370	Hideous offenders Uttermost extinction in eternal pain
FZ7a-87.56; E370	An ever dying life of stifling & obstruction shut out
FZ7a-87.57; E370	Of existence to be a sign & terror to all who behold
FZ7a-87.58; E370	Lest any should in futurity do as we have done in heaven
FZ7a-87.59; E370	Such is our state nor will the Son of God redeem us but destroy
FZ7a-98[90].1; E370	So Enitharmon spoke trembling & in torrents of tears
FZ7a-98[90].2; E370	Los sat in Golgonooza in the Gate of Luban where <i>t847</i>
FZ7a-98[90].3; E370	He had erected many porches where branchd the Mysterious Tree <i>t848</i>
FZ7a-98[90].4; E370	Where the Spectrous dead wail & sighing thus he spoke to Enitharmon
FZ7a-98[90].5; E370	Lovely delight of Men Enitharmon shady refuge from furious war <i>t849</i>
FZ7a-98[90].6; E370	Thy bosom translucent is a soft repose for the weeping souls
FZ7a-98[90].7; E370	Of those piteous victims of battle there they sleep in happy obscurity
FZ7a-98[90].8; E370	They feed upon our life we are their victims. Stern desire
FZ7a-98[90].9; E370	I feel to fabricate embodied semblances in which the dead
FZ7a-98[90].10; E370	May live before us in our palaces & in our gardens of labour <i>t850</i>
FZ7a-98[90].11; E370	Which now open within the Center we behold spread abroad
FZ7a-98[90].12; E370	To form a world of Sacrifice of brothers & sons & daughters <i>t851</i>
FZ7a-98[90].13; E370	To comfort Orc in his dire sufferings[;] look[!] my fires enlume afresh
FZ7a-98[90].14; E370	Before my face ascending with delight as in ancient times



FZ7a-98[90].15; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].16; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].17; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].18; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].19; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].20; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].21; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].22; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].23; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].24; E370|

Enitharmon spread her beaming locks upon the wind & said  
O Lovely terrible Los wonder of Eternity O Los my defence & guide *t852*  
Thy works are all my joy. & in thy fires my soul delights  
If mild they burn in just proportion & in secret night  
And silence build their day in shadow of soft clouds & dews  
Then I can sigh forth on the winds of Golgonooza piteous forms  
That vanish again into my bosom but if thou my Los  
Wilt in sweet moderated fury. fabricate forms sublime *t853*  
Such as the piteous spectres may assimilate themselves into  
They shall be ransoms for our Souls that we may live

FZ7a-98[90].25; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].26; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].27; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].28; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].29; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].30; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].31; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].32; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].33; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].34; E370|

So Enitharmon spoke & Los his hands divine inspired began *t854*  
To modulate his fires studious the loud roaring flames  
He vanquishd with the strength of Art bending their iron points  
And drawing them forth delighted upon the winds of Golgonooza *t855*  
From out the ranks of Urizens war & from the fiery lake  
Of Orc bending down as the binder of the Sheaves follows  
The reaper in both arms embracing the furious raging flames  
Los drew them forth out of the deeps planting his right foot firm  
Upon the Iron crag of Urizen thence springing up aloft  
Into the heavens of Enitharmon in a mighty circle

FZ7a-98[90].35; E370|  
FZ7a-98[90].36; E370|

And first he drew a line upon the walls of shining heaven  
And Enitharmon tincturd it with beams of blushing love

FZ7a-98[90].37; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].38; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].39; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].40; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].41; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].42; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].43; E371|

It remaind permanent a lovely form inspird divinely human  
Dividing into just proportions Los unwearied labourd  
The immortal lines upon the heavens till with sighs of love  
Sweet Enitharmon mild Entrancd breathd forth upon the wind  
The spectrous dead Weeping the Spectres viewd the immortal works  
Of Los Assimilating to those forms Embodied & Lovely  
In youth & beauty in the arms of Enitharmon mild reposing

FZ7a-98[90].44; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].45; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].46; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].47; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].48; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].49; E371|

First Rintrah & then Palamabron drawn from out the ranks of war  
In infant innocence reposed on Enitharmons bosom  
Orc was comforted in the deeps his soul revivd in them  
As the Eldest brother is the fathers image So Orc became <856>  
As Los a father to his brethren & he joyd in the dark lake  
Tho bound with chains of Jealousy & in scales of iron & brass

FZ7a-98[90].50; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].51; E371|

But Los loved them & refusd to Sacrifice their infant limbs  
And Enitharmons smiles & tears prevaild over self protection



FZ7a-98[90].52; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].53; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].54; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].55; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].56; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].57; E371|

They rather chose to meet Eternal death than to destroy  
The offspring of their Care & Pity Urthonas spectre was comforted  
But Tharmas most rejoiced in hope of Enions return  
For he beheld new Female forms born forth upon the air  
Who wove soft silken veils of covering in sweet raptur'd trance  
Mortal & not as Enitharmon without a covering veil

FZ7a-98[90].58; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].59; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].60; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].61; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].62; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].63; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].64; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].65; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].66; E371|  
FZ7a-98[90].67; E371|

First his immortal spirit drew Urizen[s] Shadow away *t857*  
From out the ranks of war separating him in sunder  
Leaving his Spectrous form which could not be drawn away  
Then he divided Thiriël the Eldest of Urizens sons  
Urizen became Rintrah Thiriël became Palamabron  
Thus dividing the powers of Every Warrior  
Startled was Los he found his Enemy Urizen now  
In his hands. he wonder'd that he felt love & not hate  
His whole soul loved him he beheld him an infant  
Lovely breath'd from Enitharmon he trembled within himself

FZ7a-98[90].68; E371|

End of The Seventh Night

Title; E300| THE FOUR ZOAS *t403*

FZ8-header; E371| VALA

FZ8-header; E371| Night the Eighth

FZ8-99.1; E371| Then All in Great Eternity Met in the Council of God *t858*

FZ8-99.2; E371| as one Man Even Jesus upon Gilead & Hermon *t859*

FZ8-99.3; E371| Upon the Limit of Contraction to create the fallen Man

FZ8-99.4; E371| The Fallen Man stretchd like a Corse upon the oozy Rock *t860*

FZ8-99.5; E371| Washd with the tides Pale overgrown with weeds

FZ8-99.6; E372| That movd with horrible dreams hovring high over his hea

FZ8-99.7; E372| Two winged immortal shapes one standing at his feet

FZ8-99.8; E372| Toward the East one standing at his head toward the west

FZ8-99.9; E372| Their wings joint in the Zenith over head *t861*

FZ8-99.10; E372| Such is a Vision of All Beulah hovring over the Sleeper

FZ8-99.11; E372| The limit of Contraction now was fixd & Man began

FZ8-99.12; E372| To wake upon the Couch of Death he sneezed seven times

FZ8-99.13; E372| A tear of blood dropped from either eye again he reposd

FZ8-99.14; E372| In the saviours arms, in the arms of tender mercy & loving kindness

FZ8-99.15; E372| Then Los said I behold the Divine Vision thro the broken Gates *t862*

FZ8-99.16; E372| Of thy poor broken heart astonishd melted into Compassion & Love

FZ8-99.17; E372| And Enitharmon said I see the Lamb of God upon Mount Zion *t863*

FZ8-99.18; E372| Wondring with love & Awe they felt the divine hand upon them *t864*

FZ8-99.19; E372| For nothing could restrain the dead in Beulah from descending

FZ8-99.20; E372| Unto Ulros night tempted by the Shadowy females sweet

FZ8-99.21; E372| Delusive cruelty they descend away from the Daughters of Beulah

FZ8-99.22; E372| And Enter Urizens temple Enitharmon pitying & her heart

FZ8-99.23; E372| Gates broken down. they descend thro the Gate of Pity

FZ8-99.24; E372| The broken heart Gate of Enitharmon She sighs them forth upon the wind *t865*

FZ8-99.25; E372| Of Golgonooza Los stood recieving them *t866*

FZ8-99.26; E372| For Los could enter into Enitharmons bosom & explore

FZ8-99.27; E372| Its intricate Labyrinths now the Obdurate heart was broken

FZ8-100[1st].1; E372| From out the War of Urizen & Tharmas recieving them *t867*

FZ8-100[1st].2; E372| Into his hands. Then Enitharmon erected Looms in Lubans Gate

FZ8-100[1st].3; E372| And calld the Looms Cathedron in these Looms She wove the Spectres

FZ8-100[1st].4; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].5; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].6; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].7; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].8; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].9; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].10; E372|

Bodies of Vegetation Singing lulling Cadences to drive away  
Despair from the poor wandering spectres and Los loved them  
With a parental love for the Divine hand was upon him  
And upon Enitharmon & the Divine Countenance shone  
In Golgonooza Looking down the Daughters of Beulah saw  
With joy the bright Light & in it a Human form  
And knew he was the Saviour Even Jesus & they worshipped

FZ8-100[1st].11; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].12; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].13; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].14; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].15; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].16; E372|

Astonishd Comforted Delighted in notes of Rapturous Extacy <sup>t868</sup>  
All Beulah stood astonishd Looking down to Eternal Death  
They saw the Saviour beyond the Pit of death & destruction  
For whether they lookd upward they saw the Divine Vision  
Or whether they lookd downward still they saw the Divine Vision  
Surrounding them on all sides beyond sin & death & hell

FZ8-100[1st].17; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].18; E372|  
FZ8-100[1st].19; E372|

Enitharmon wove in tears singing Songs of Lamentation  
And pitying comfort as she sighd forth on the wind the Spectres  
Also the Vegetated bodies which Enitharmon wove

FZ8-100[1st].20; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].21; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].22; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].23; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].24; E373|  
FZ8-100[1st].25; E373|

Opend within their hearts & in their loins & in their brain  
To Beulah & the Dead in Ulro descended from the War  
Of Urizen & Tharmas & from the Shadowy females clouds  
And some were woven single & some two fold & some three fold <sup>t869</sup>  
In Head or Heart or Reins according to the fittest order  
Of most merciful pity & compassion to the Spectrous dead <sup>t870</sup>

FZ8-101[1st].1; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].2; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].3; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].4; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].5; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].6; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].7; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].8; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].9; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].10; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].11; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].12; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].13; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].14; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].15; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].16; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].17; E373|

When Urizen saw the Lamb of God clothed in Luvahs robes  
Perplexd & terrifid he Stood tho well he knew that Orc  
Was Luvah But he now beheld a new Luvah. Or One  
Who assumed Luvahs form & stood before him opposite  
But he saw Orc a Serpent form augmenting times on times  
In the fierce battle & he saw the Lamb of God & the World of Los  
Surrounded by his dark machines for Orc augmented swift  
In fury a Serpent wondrous among the Constellations of Urizen  
A cest of fire rose on his forehead red as the carbuncle  
Beneath down to his eyelids scales of pearl then gold & silver  
Immingled with the ruby overspread his Visage down  
His furious neck writ[h]ing contortive in dire budding pains  
The scaly armour shot out. Stubborn down his back & bosom  
The Emerald Onyx Sapphire jasper beryl amethyst  
Strove in terrific emulation which should gain a place  
Upon the mighty Fiend the fruit of the mysterious tree <sup>t871</sup>  
Kneaded in Uveths kneading trough. Still Orc devourd the food

FZ8-101[1st].18; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].19; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].20; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].21; E373|

In raging hunger Still the pestilential food in gems & gold  
Exuded round his awful limbs Stretching to serpent length  
His human bulk While the dark shadowy female brooding over *t872*  
Measurd his food morning & evening in cups & baskets of iron

FZ8-101[1st].22; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].23; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].24; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].25; E373|

With tears of sorrow incessant she labourd the food of Orc  
Compell'd by the iron hearted sisters Daughters of Urizen  
Gathring the fruit of that mysterious tree circling its root  
She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc

FZ8-101[1st].26; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].27; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].28; E373|  
FZ8-101[1st].29; E373|

Thus Urizen in self deci[e]t his warlike preparations fabricated  
And when all things were finishd sudden wavd among the Stars *t873*  
His hurtling hand gave the dire signal thunderous Clarions blow *t874*  
And all the hollow deep rebellowd with the wonderous war *t875*

FZ8-100[2nd].26; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].27; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].28; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].29; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].30; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].31; E373|  
FZ8-100[2nd].32; E373|

But Urizen his mighty rage let loose in the mid deep *t876*  
Sparkles of Dire affliction issud round his frozen limbs *t877*  
Horrible hooks & nets he formd twisting the cords of iron  
And brass & molten metals cast in hollow globes & bor'd  
Tubes in petrific steel & rammd combustiles & wheels  
And chains & pullies fabricated all round the heavens of Los  
Communing with the Serpent of Orc in dark dissimulation

FZ8-100[2nd].33; E374|  
FZ8-100[2nd].34; E374|

And with the Synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrim *t878*  
To undermine the World of Los & tear bright Enitharmon

FZ8-101[2nd].30; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].31; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].32; E374|

To the four winds hopeless of future. All futurity  
Seems teeming with Endless Destruction never to be repell'd *t879*  
Desperate remorse swallows the present in a quenchless rage

FZ8-101[2nd].33; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].34; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].35; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].36; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].37; E374|

Terrified & astonishd Urizen beheld the battle take a form *t880*  
Which he intended not a Shadowy hermaphrodite black & opaque *t881*  
The Soldiers namd it Satan but he was yet unformd & vast  
Hermaphroditic it at length became hiding the Male  
Within as in a Tabernacle Abominable Deadly

FZ8-101[2nd].38; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].39; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].40; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].41; E374|  
FZ8-101[2nd].42; E374|

The battle howls the terrors fird rage in the work of death  
Enormous Works Los Contemplated inspir'd by the holy Spirit  
Los builds the Walls of Golgonooza against the stirring battle  
That only thro the Gates of Death they can enter to Enitharmon  
Raging they take the human visage & the human form

FZ8-101[2nd].43; E374| Feeling the hand of Los in Golgonooza & the force  
FZ8-101[2nd].44; E374| Attractive of his hammers beating & the Silver looms  
FZ8-101[2nd].45; E374| Of Enitharmon singing lulling cadences on the wind  
FZ8-101[2nd].46; E374| They humanize in the fierce battle where in direful pain  
FZ8-101[2nd].47; E374| Troop by troop the beastial droves rend one another sounding loud  
FZ8-101[2nd].48; E374| The instruments of sound & troop by troop in human forms they urge

FZ8-102.1; E374| The dire confusion till the battle faints those that remain  
FZ8-102.2; E374| Return in pangs & horrible convulsions to their beastial state  
FZ8-102.3; E374| For the monsters of the Elements Lions or Tygers or Wolves  
F8-102.4; E374| Sound loud the howling music inspird by Los & Enitharmon Sounding loud terrific men  
FZ8-102.5; E374| They seem to one another laughing terrible among the banners  
FZ8-102.6; E374| And when the revolution of their day of battles over  
FZ8-102.7; E374| Relapsing in dire torment they return to forms of woe *t882*  
FZ8-102.8; E374| To moping visages returning inanimate tho furious  
FZ8-102.9; E374| No more erect tho strong drawn out in length they ravin  
FZ8-102.10; E374| For senseless gratification & their visages thrust forth  
FZ8-102.11; E374| Flatten above & beneath & stretch out into beastial length  
FZ8-102.12; E374| Weakend they stretch beyond their power in dire droves till war begins  
FZ8-102.13; E374| Or Secret religion in their temples before secret shrines

FZ8-102.14; E374| And Urizen gave life & sense by his immortal power  
FZ8-102.15; E374| To all his Engines of deceit that linked chains might run  
FZ8-102.16; E374| Thro ranks of war spontaneous & that hooks & boring screws  
FZ8-102.17; E374| Might act according to their forms by innate cruelty  
FZ8-102.18; E374| He formed also harsh instruments of sound

FZ8-102.19; E375| To grate the soul into destruction or to inflame with fury  
FZ8-102.20; E375| The spirits of life to pervert all the faculties of sense  
FZ8-102.21; E375| Into their own destruction if perhaps he might avert *t883*  
FZ8-102.22; E375| His own despair even at the cost of every thing that breathes

FZ8-102.23; E375| Thus in the temple of the Sun his books of iron & brass  
FZ8-102.24; E375| And silver & gold he consecrated reading incessantly  
FZ8-102.25; E375| To myriads of perturbed spirits thro the universe  
FZ8-102.26; E375| They propagated the deadly words the Shadowy Female absorbing *t884*  
FZ8-102.27; E375| The enormous Sciences of Urizen ages after ages exploring  
FZ8-102.28; E375| The fell destruction. And she said O Urizen Prince of Light  
FZ8-102.29; E375| What words of Dread pierce my faint Ear what fal[l]ing snows around  
FZ8-102.30; E375| My feeble limbs infold my destind misery  
FZ8-102.31; E375| I alone dare the lash abide to sit beneath the blast  
FZ8-102.32; E375| Unhurt & dare the inclement forehead of the King of Ligh



FZ8-102.33; E375|

From dark abysses of the times remote fated to be

FZ8-103.1; E375|

The sorrower of Eternity in love with tears submit I rear

FZ8-103.2; E375|

My Eyes to thy Pavilions hear my prayer for Luvahs sake

FZ8-103.3; E375|

I see the murderer of my Luvah clothd in robes of blood

FZ8-103.4; E375|

He who assured my Luvahs throne in times of Everlasting

FZ8-103.5; E375|

Where hast thou hid him whom I love in what remote Abyss

FZ8-103.6; E375|

Resides that God of my delight O might my eyes behold

FZ8-103.7; E375|

My Luvah then could I deliver all the sons of God

FZ8-103.8; E375|

From Bondage of these terrors & with influences sweet *t885*

FZ8-103.9; E375|

As once in those eternal fields in brotherhood & Love

FZ8-103.10; E375|

United we should live in bliss as those who sinned not

FZ8-103.11; E375|

The Eternal Man is seald by thee never to be deliverd

FZ8-103.12; E375|

We are all servants to thy will O King of Light relent

FZ8-103.13; E375|

Thy furious power be our father & our loved King

FZ8-103.14; E375|

But if my Luvah is no more If thou hast smitten him *t886*

FZ8-103.15; E375|

And laid him in the Sepulcher Or if thou wilt revenge *t887*

FZ8-103.16; E375|

His murder on another Silent I bow with dread

FZ8-103.17; E375|

But happiness can never [come] to thee O King nor me

FZ8-103.18; E375|

For he was source of every joy that this mysterious tree

FZ8-103.19; E375|

Unfolds in Allegoric fruit. When shall the dead revive

FZ8-103.20; E375|

Can that which has existed cease or can love & life Expire

FZ8-103.21; E375|

Urizen heard the Voice & saw the Shadow. underneath

FZ8-103.22; E375|

His woven darkness & in laws & deceitful religions

FZ8-103.23; E375|

Beginning at the tree of Mystery circling its root

FZ8-103.24; E375|

She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc

FZ8-103.25; E375|

A shapeless & indefinite cloud in tears of sorrow incessant

FZ8-103.26; E375|

Steeping the Direful Web of Religion swagging heavy it fell

FZ8-103.27; E375|

From heaven to heavn thro all its meshes altering the Vortexes *t888*

FZ8-103.28; E375|

Misplacing every Center hungry desire & lust began

FZ8-103.29; E376|

Gathering the fruit of that Mysterious tree till Urizen

FZ8-103.30; E376|

Sitting within his temple furious felt the num[m]ing stupor

FZ8-103.31; E376|

Himself tangled in his own net in sorrow lust repentance

FZ8-103.32; E376|

Enitharmon wove in tears Singing Songs of Lamentations

FZ8-103.33; E376|

And pitying comfort as she sighd forth on the wind the spectres

FZ8-103.34; E376|

And wove them bodies calling them her belovd sons & daughters

FZ8-103.35; E376|

Employing the daughters in her looms & Los employd the Sons

FZ8-103.36; E376|

In Golgonoozas Furnaces among the Anvils of time & space

FZ8-103.37; E376|

Thus forming a Vast family wondrous in beauty & love

FZ8-103.38; E376|

And they appeard a Universal female form created



FZ8-103.39; E376|

From those who were dead in Ulro from the Spectres of the dead

FZ8-104[1st].1; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].2; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].3; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].4; E376|

And Enitharmon namd the Female Jerusa[le]m the holy  
Wondring she saw the Lamb of God within Jerusalems Veil  
The divine Vision seen within the inmost deep recess  
Of fair Jerusalems bosom in a gently beaming fire

FZ8-104[1st].5; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].6; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].7; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].8; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].9; E376|

FZ8-104[1st].10; E376|

Then sang the Sons of Eden round the Lamb of God & said  
Glory Glory Glory to the holy Lamb of God  
Who now beginneth to put off the dark Satanic body  
Now we behold redemption Now we know that life Eternal  
Depends alone upon the Universal hand & not in us  
Is aught but death In individual weakness sorrow & pain *t889*

FZ8-113[1st].1; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].2; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].3; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].4; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].5; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].6; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].7; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].8; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].9; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].10; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].11; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].12; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].13; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].14; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].15; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].16; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].17; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].18; E376|

FZ8-113[1st].19; E376|

We behold with wonder Enitharmons Looms & Los's Forges *t890*  
And the Spindles of Tirzah & Rahab and the Mills of Satan & Beelzeboul *t891*  
In Golgonooza Los's anvils stand & his Furnaces rage *t892*  
Ten thousand demons labour at the forges Creating Continually  
The times & spaces of Mortal Life the Sun the Moon the Stars  
In periods of Pulsative furor beating into wedges & bars *t893*  
Then drawing into wires the terrific Passions & Affections  
Of Spectrous dead. Thence to the Looms of Cathedron conveyd  
The Daughters of Enitharmon weave the ovarium & the integument  
In soft silk drawn from their own bowels in lascivious delight  
With songs of sweetest cadence to the turning spindle & reel  
Lulling the weeping spectres of the dead. Clothing their limbs  
With gifts & gold of Eden. Astonishd stupefied with delight  
The terrors put on their sweet clothing on the banks of Arnon *t894*  
Whence they plunge into the river of space for a period till  
The dread Sleep of Ulro is past. But Satan Og & Sihon *t895*  
Build Mills of resistless wheels to unwind the soft threads & reveal  
Naked of their clothing the poor spectres before the accusing heavens  
While Rahab & Tirzah far different mantles prepare webs of torture

FZ8-113[1st].20; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].21; E377|

Mantles of despair girdles of bitter compunction shoes of indolence  
Veils of ignorance covering from head to feet with a cold web

FZ8-113[1st].22; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].23; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].24; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].25; E377|

FZ8-113[1st].26; E377|

We look down into Ulro we behold the Wonders of the Grave  
Eastward of Golgonooza stands the Lake of Udan Adan In *t896*  
Entuthon Benithon a Lake not of Waters but of Spaces *t897*  
Perturbd black & deadly on its Islands & its Margins *t898*  
The Mills of Satan and Beelzeboul stand round the roots of Urizens tree

FZ8-113[1st].27; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].28; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].29; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].30; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].31; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].32; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].33; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].34; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].35; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].36; E377|  
FZ8-113[1st].37; E377|

For this Lake is formd from the tears & sighs & death sweat of the Victims  
Of Urizens laws. to irrigate the roots of the tree of Mystery  
They unweave the soft threads then they weave them anew in the forms  
Of dark death & despair & none from Eternity to Eternity could Escape <sup>t899</sup>  
But thou O Universal Humanity who is One Man blesse for Ever <sup>t900</sup>  
Recievest the Integuments woven Rahab beholds the Lamb of God  
She smites with her knife of flint She destroys her own work  
Times upon times thinking to destroy the Lamb blessed for Ever  
He puts off the clothing of blood he redeems the spectres from their bonds  
He awakes the sleepers in Ulro the Daughters of Beulah praise him  
They anoint his feet with ointment they wipe them with the hair of their head

FZ8-104[2nd].11; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].12; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].13; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].14; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].15; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].16; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].17; E377|

We now behold the Ends of Beulah & we now behold  
Where Death Eternal is put off Eternally  
Assume the dark Satanic body in the Virgins womb  
O Lamb divin[e] it cannot thee annoy O pitying one  
Thy pity is from the foundation of the World & thy Redemption  
Begun Already in Eternity Come then O Lamb of God <sup>t901</sup>  
Come Lord Jesus come quickly

FZ8-104[2nd].18; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].19; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].20; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].21; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].22; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].23; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].24; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].25; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].26; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].27; E377|  
FZ8-104[2nd].28; E377|

So sang they in Eternity looking down into Beulah.  
The war roard round Jerusalems Gates it took a hideous form  
Seen in the aggregate a Vast Hermaphroditic form  
Heavd like an Earthquake labring with convulsive groans <sup>t902</sup>  
Intolerable at length an awful wonder burst  
From the Hermaphroditic bosom Satan he was namd  
Son of Perdition terrible his form dishumanizd monstrous <sup>t903</sup>  
A male without a female counterpart a howling fiend  
Fo[r]lorn of Eden & repugnant to the forms of life  
Yet hiding the shadowy female Vala as in an ark & Curtains  
Abhorrd accursed ever dying an Eternal death

FZ8-104[2nd].29; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].30; E378|

Being multitudes of tyrant Men in union blasphemous  
Against the divine image. Congregated Assemblies of wicked men

FZ8-104[2nd].31; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].32; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].33; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].34; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].35; E378|

Los said to Enitharmon Pitying I saw  
Pitying the Lamb of God Descended thro Jerusalems gates  
To put off Mystery time after time & as a Man  
Is born on Earth so was he born of Fair Jerusalem  
In mysterys woven mantle & in the Robes of Luvah

FZ8-104[2nd].36; E378|

He stood in fair Jerusalem to awake up into Eden

FZ8-104[2nd].37; E378|  
FZ8-104[2nd].38; E378|

The fallen Man but first to Give his vegetated body *t904*  
To be cut off & separated that the Spiritual body may be Reveald

FZ8-109[105].1; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].2; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].3; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].4; E378|

The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite *t905*  
In Entuthon Benithon in the shadows of torments & woe *t906*  
Upon the heights of Amalek taking refuge in his arms *t907*  
The Victims fled from punishment for all his words were peace *t908*

FZ8-109[105].5; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].6; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].7; E378|

Urizen calld together the Synagogue of Satan in dire Sanhedrim *t909*  
To Judge the Lamb of God to Death as a murderer & robber *t910*  
As it is written he was numberd among the transgressors *t911*

FZ8-109[105].8; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].9; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].10; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].11; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].12; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].13; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].14; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].15; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].16; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].17; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].18; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].19; E378|

Cold dark opake the Assembly met twelvefold in Amalek  
Twelve rocky unshapd forms terrific forms of torture & woe  
Such seemd the Synagogue to distant view amidst them beamd *t912*  
A False Feminine Counterpart Lovely of Delusive Beauty *t913*  
Dividing & Uniting at will in the Cruelties of Holiness  
Vala drawn down into a Vegetated body now triumphant  
The Synagogue of Satan Clothed her with Scarlet robes & Gems  
And on her forehead was her Dame written in blood Mystery  
When viewd remote She is One when viewd near she divides  
To multitude as it is in Eden so permitted because  
It was the best possible in the State called Satan to Save  
From Death Eternal & to put off Satan Eternally

FZ8-109[105].20; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].21; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].22; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].23; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].24; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].25; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].26; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].27; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].28; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].29; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].30; E378|

The Synagogue Created her from Fruit of Urizens tree  
By devilish arts abominable unlawful unutterable  
Perpetually vegetating in detestable births  
Of Female forms beautiful thro poisons hidden in secret  
Which give a tincture to false beauty then was hidden within *t914*  
The bosom of Satan The false Female as in an ark & veil  
Which christ must rend & her reveal Her Daughters are Calld  
Tirzah She is namd Rahab their various divisions are calld *t915*  
The Daughters of Amalek Canaan & Moab binding on the Stones *t916*  
Their victims & with knives tormenting them singing with tears *t917*  
Over their victims Hear ye the song of the Females of Amalek

FZ8-109[105].31; E378|  
FZ8-109[105].32; E378|

O thou poor human form O thou poor child of woe  
Why dost thou wander away from Tirzah why me compell to bind thee

FZ8-109[105].33; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].34; E379|

If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon the rocks  
These fibres of thine eyes that used to wander in distant heavens

FZ8-109[105].35; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].36; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].37; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].38; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].39; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].40; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].41; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].42; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].43; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].44; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].45; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].46; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].47; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].48; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].49; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].50; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].51; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].52; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].53; E379|

Away from me I have bound down with a hot iron <sup>t918</sup>  
These nostrils that Expanded with delight in morning skies  
I have bent downward with lead molten in my roaring furnaces  
My soul is seven furnaces incessant roars the bellows  
Upon my terribly flaming heart the molten metal runs  
In channels thro my fiery limbs O love O pity O pain  
O the pangs the bitter pangs of love forsaken  
Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran  
The river Kanah wanderd by my sweet Manassehs side <sup>t919</sup>  
Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass heat it red hot <sup>t920</sup>  
Press it around the loins of this expanding cruelty  
Shriek not so my only love  
Bind him down sisters bind him down on Ebal mount of Cursing  
Malah come forth from Lebanon & Hogleh 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 <sup>t921</sup>  
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

FZ8-109[105].54; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].55; E379|  
FZ8-109[105].56; E379|

Such are the songs of Tirzah such the loves of Amalek  
The Lamb of God descended thro the twelve portions of Luvah  
Bearing his sorrows & rec[iev]ing all his cruel wounds

FZ8-110[106][1st].1; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].2; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].3; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].4; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].5; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].6; E379|

Thus was the Lamb of God condemnd to Death <sup>t922</sup>  
They naid him upon the tree of Mystery weeping over him  
And then mocking & then worshipping calling him Lord & King  
Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely & sometimes as five  
They stood in beaming beauty & sometimes as one even Rahab <sup>t923</sup>  
Who is Mystery Babylon the Great the Mother of Harlots <sup>t924</sup>

FZ8-110[106][1st].7; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].8; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].9; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].10; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].11; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].12; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].13; E379|

Jerusalem saw the Body dead upon the Cross She fled away <sup>t925</sup>  
Saying Is this Eternal Death Where shall I hide from Death  
Pity me Los pity me Urizen & let us build <sup>t926</sup>  
A Sepulcher & worship Death in fear while yet we live  
Death! God of All from whom we rise to whom we all return  
And Let all Nations of the Earth worship at the Sepulcher <sup>t927</sup>  
With Gifts & Spices with lamps rich embossd jewels & gold

FZ8-110[106][1st].14; E379|  
FZ8-110[106][1st].15; E379|  
FZ-110[106][1st].16; E379|

Los took the Body from the Cross Jerusalem weeping over  
They bore it to the Sepulcher which Los had hewn in the rock  
Of Eternity for himself he hewd it despairing of Life Eternal <sup>t928</sup>



FZ8-105[113][2nd].38; E379| But when Rahab had cut off the Mantle of Luvah from <sup>t929</sup>  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].39; E379| The Lamb of God it rolld apart, revealing to all in heaven  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].40; E379| And all on Earth the Temple & the Synagogue of Satan & Mystery

FZ8-105[113][2nd].41; E380| Even Rahab in all her turpitude Rahab divided herself  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].42; E380| She stood before Los in her Pride among the Furnaces <sup>t930</sup>  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].43; E380| Dividing & uniting in Delusive feminine pomp questioning him

FZ8-105[113][2nd].44; E380| He answerd her with tenderness & love not uninspird  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].45; E380| Los sat upon his anvil stock they sat beside the forge  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].46; E380| Los wipd the sweat from his red brow & thus began  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].47; E380| To the delusive female forms shining among his furnaces

FZ8-105[113][2nd].48; E380| I am that shadowy Prophet who six thousand years ago  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].49; E380| Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. I divided  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].50; E380| To multitude & my multitudes are children of Care & Labour  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].51; E380| O Rahab I behold thee I was once like thee a Son  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].52; E380| Of Pride and I also have piercd the Lamb of God in pride & wrath  
 FZ8-105[113][2nd].53; E380| Hear me repeat my Generations that thou mayst also repent

FZ8-107[115].1; E380| And these are the Sons of Los & Enitharmon. Rintrah Palamabron <sup>t932</sup>  
 FZ8-107[115].2; E380| Theotormon Bromion Antamon Ananton Ozoth Ohana  
 FZ8-107[115].3; E380| Sotha Mydon Ellayol Natho Gon Harhath Satan  
 FZ8-107[115].4; E380| Har Ochim Ijim Adam Reuben Simeon Levi Judah Dan Naphtali  
 FZ8-107[115].5; E380| Gad Asher Issachar Zebulun Joseph Benjamin David Solomon  
 FZ8-107[115].6; E380| Paul Constantine Charlemaine Luther Milton  
 FZ8-107[115].7; E380| These are our daughters Ocalythron Elynittria Oothoon Leutha <sup>t933</sup>  
 FZ8-107[115].8; E380| Elythiria Enanto Manathu Vorcyon Ethinthus Moab Midian  
 FZ8-107[115].9; E380| Adah Zillah Caina Naamah Tamar Rahab Tirzah Mary  
 FZ8-107[115].10; E380| And myriads more of Sons & Daughters to whom our love increasd <sup>t934</sup>  
 FZ8-107[115].11; E380| To each according to the multiplication of their multitudes  
 FZ8-107[115].12; E380| But Satan accusd Palamabron before his brethren also he maddend <sup>t935</sup>  
 FZ8-107[115].13; E380| The horses of palambrons harrow wherefore Rintrah & Palamabron  
 FZ8-107[115].14; E380| Cut him off from Golgonooza. But Enitharmon in tears  
 FZ8-107[115].15; E380| Wept over him Created him a Space closd with a tender moon  
 FZ8-107[115].16; E380| And he rolld down beneath the fires of Orc a Globe immense  
 FZ8-107[115].17; E380| Crusted with snow in a dim void. here by the Arts of Urizen  
 FZ8-107[115].18; E380| He tempted many of the Sons & Daughters of Los to flee  
 FZ8-107[115].19; E380| Away from Me first Reuben fled then Simeon then Levi then Judah <sup>t936</sup>  
 FZ8-107[115].20; E380| Then Dan then Naphtali then Gad then Asher then Issachar  
 FZ8-107[115].21; E380| Then Zebulun then Joseph then Benjamin twelve sons of Los  
 FZ8-107[115].22; E380| And this is the manner in which Satan became the Tempter

FZ8-107[115].23; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].24; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].25; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].26; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].27; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].28; E380|  
FZ8-107[115].29; E380|

There is a State namd Satan learn distinct to know O Rahab <sup>t937</sup>  
The Difference between States & Individuals of those States  
The State namd Satan never can be redeemd in all Eternity  
But when Luvah in Orc became a Serpent he des[c]ended into  
That State calld Satan Enitharmon breathd forth on the Winds  
Of Golgonooza her well beloved knowing he was Orc's human remains  
She tenderly lovd him above all his brethren he grew up

FZ8-107[115].30; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].31; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].32; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].33; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].34; E381|

In mothers tenderness The Enormous worlds rolling in Urizens power  
Must have given Satan by these mild arts Dominion over all  
Wherefore Palamabron being accused by Satan to Los <sup>t938</sup>  
Calld down a Great Solemn assembly Rintrah in fury & fire  
Defended Palamabron & rage filld the Universal Tent

FZ8-107[115].35; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].36; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].37; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].38; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].39; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].40; E381|

Because Palamabron was good naturd Satan supposd he feard him  
And Satan not having the Science of Wrath but only of Pity  
Was soon condemnd & wrath was left to wrath & Pity to Pity  
Rintrah & Palamabron Cut sheer off from Golgonooza  
Enitharmons Moony space & in it Satan & his companions  
They rolld down a dim world Crusted with Snow deadly & dark

FZ8-107[115].41; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].42; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].43; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].44; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].45; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].46; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].47; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].48; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].49; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].50; E381|  
FZ8-107[115].51; E381|

Jerusalem pitying them wove them mantles of life & death  
Times after times And those in Eden sent Lucifer for their Guard  
Lucifer refusd to die for Satan & in pride he forsook his charge  
Then they sent Molech Molech was impatient They sent  
Molech impatient They Sent Elohim who created Adam  
To die for Satan Adam refusd but was compelld to die  
By Satans arts. Then the Eternals Sent Shaddai  
Shaddai was angry Pachad descended Pachad was terrified  
And then they Sent Jehovah who leprous stretchd his hand to Eternity  
Then Jesus Came & Died willing beneath Tirzah & Rahab  
Thou art that Rahab Lo the Tomb what can we purpose more <sup>t939</sup>

FZ8-108[116].1; E381|  
FZ8-108[116].2; E381|

Lo Enitharmon terrible & beautiful in Eternal youth  
Bow down before her you her children & set Jerusalem free

FZ8-108[116].3; E381|  
FZ8-108[116].4; E381|  
FZ8-108[116].5; E381|  
FZ8-108[116].6; E381|

Rahab burning with pride & revenge departed from Los  
Los dropd a tear at her departure but he wipd it away in hope  
She went to Urizen in pride the Prince of Light beheld  
Reveald before the face of heaven his secret holiness <sup>t940</sup>



FZ8-106[2nd].17; E381|

Darkness & sorrow coverd all flesh Eternity was darkend *t941*

FZ8-106[2nd].18; E381|

Urizen sitting in his web of dece[i]tful Religion *t942*

FZ8-106[2nd].19; E381|

felt the female death a dull & numming stupor such as neer *t943*

FZ8-106[2nd].20; E381|

Before assaulted the bright human form he felt his pores

FZ8-106[2nd].21; E381|

Drink in the deadly dull delusion horrors of Eternal death

FZ8-106[2nd].22; E381|

Shot thro him Urizen sat Stonied upon his rock

FZ8-106[2nd].23; E381|

Forgetful of his own Laws pitying he began to Embrace

FZ8-106[2nd].24; E381|

The Shadowly Female since life cannot be quenched Life exuded

FZ8-106[2nd].25; E381|

His eyes shot outwards then his breathing nostrils drawn forth *t944*

FZ8-106[2nd].26; E381|

Scales coverd over a cold forehead & a neck outstretchd

FZ8-106[2nd].27; E381|

Into the deep to sieze the shadow scales his neck & bosom

FZ8-106[2nd].28; E382|

Coverd & scales his hands & feet upon his belly falling

FZ8-106[2nd].29; E382|

Outstretchd thro the immense his mouth wide opening tongueless *t945*

FZ8-106[2nd].30; E382|

His teeth a triple row he strove to sieze the shadow in vain

FZ8-106[2nd].31; E382|

And his immense tail lashd the Abyss his human form a Stone

FZ8-106[2nd].32; E382|

A form of Senseless Stone remaind in terrors on the rock

FZ8-106[2nd].33; E382|

Abominable to the eyes of mortals who explore his books

FZ8-106[2nd].34; E382|

His wisdom still remaind & all his memory stord with woe

FZ8-106[2nd].35; E382|

And still his stony form remaind in the Abyss immense

FZ8-106[2nd].36; E382|

Like the pale visage in its sheet of lead that cannot follow

FZ8-106[2nd].37; E382|

Incessant stern disdain his sealy form gnaws inwardly

FZ8-106[2nd].38; E382|

With deep repentance for the loss of that fair form of Man

FZ8-106[2nd].39; E382|

With Envy he saw Los with Envy Tharmas & the Spectre *t946*

FZ8-106[2nd].40; E382|

With Envy & in vain he swam around his stony form

FZ8-106[2nd].41; E382|

No longer now Erect the King of Light outstretchd in fury

FZ8-106[2nd].42; E382|

Lashes his tail in the wild deep his Eyelids like the Sun *t947*

FZ8-106[2nd].43; E382|

Arising in his pride enlighten all the Grizly deeps

FZ8-106[2nd].44; E382|

His scales transparent give forth light like windows of the morning

FZ8-106[2nd].45; E382|

His neck flames with wrath & majesty he lashes the Abyss

FZ8-106[2nd].46; E382|

Beating the Desarts & the rocks the desarts feel his power

FZ8-106[2nd].45; E382|

They shake their slumbers off. They wave in awful fear

FZ8-106[2nd].48; E382|

Calling the Lion & the Tyger the horse & the wild Stag

FZ8-111[107].1; E382|

The Elephant the wolf the Bear the Lamia the Satyr *t948*

FZ8-111[107].2; E382|

His Eyelids give their light around his folding tail aspires

FZ8-111[107].3; E382|

Among the stars the Earth & all the Abysses feel h[i]s fury *t949*

FZ8-111[107].4; E382|

When as the snow covers the mountain oft petrific hardness

FZ8-111[107].5; E382|

Covers the deeps at his vast fury mo[a]ning in his rock *t950*

FZ8-111[107].6; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].7; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].8; E382|

Hardens the Lion & the Bear trembling in the Solid mountain  
They view the light & wonder crying out in terrible existence  
Up bound the wild stag & the horse behold the King of Pride

FZ8-111[107].9; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].10; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].11; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].12; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].13; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].14; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].15; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].16; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].17; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].18; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].19; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].20; E382|

Oft doth his Eye emerge from the Abyss into the realms  
Of his Eternal day & memory strives to augment his ruthfulness  
Then weeping he descends in wrath drawing all things in his fury  
Into obedience to his will & now he finds in vain  
That not of his own power he bore the human form erect  
Nor of his own will gave his Laws in times of Everlasting  
For now fierce Orc in wrath & fury rises into the heavens *t951*  
A King of wrath & fury a dark enraged horror  
And Urizen repentant forgets his wisdom in the abyss *t952*  
In forms of priesthood in the dark delusions of repentance  
Repining in his heart & spirit that Orc reignd over all  
And that his wisdom servd but to augment the indefinite lust

FZ8-111[107].21; E382|  
FZ8-111[107].22; E382|

Then Tharmas & Urthona felt the stony stupor rise  
Into their limbs Urthona shot forth a Vast Fibrous form

FZ8-111[107].23; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].24; E383|

Tharmas like a pillar of sand rolld round by the whirlwind  
An animated Pillar rolling round & round in incessant rage

FZ8-111[107].25; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].26; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].27; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].28; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].29; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].30; E383|

Los felt the stony tupor & his head rolld down beneath  
Into the Abysses of his bosom the vessels of his blood  
Dart forth upon the wind in pipes writhing about in the Abyss  
And Enitharmon pale & cold in milky juices flowd  
Into a form of Vegetation living having a voice  
Moving in rootlike fibres trembling in fear upon the Earth

FZ8-111[107].31; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].32; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].33; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].34; E383|

And Tharmas gave his Power to Los Urthona gave his strength  
Into the youthful prophet for the Love of Enitharmon  
And of the nameless Shadowy female in the nether deep  
And for the dread of the dark terrors of Orc & Urizen

FZ8-111[107].35; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].36; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].37; E383|  
FZ8-111[107].38; E383|

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

FZ8-122[108].1; E383|

Tharmas on high rode furious thro the afflicted worlds *t953*

FZ8-122[108].2; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].3; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].4; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].5; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].6; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].7; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].8; E383|

Pursuing the Vain Shadow of Hope fleeing from identity  
In abstract false Expanses that he may not hear the Voice  
Of Ahania wailing on the winds in vain he flies for still  
The voice incessant calls on all the children of Men  
For she spoke of all in heaven & all upon the Earth  
Saw not as yet the Divine vision her Eyes are Toward Urizen  
And thus Ahania cries aloud to the Caverns of the Grave

FZ8-122[108].9; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].10; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].11; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].12; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].13; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].14; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].15; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].16; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].17; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].18; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].19; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].20; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].21; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].22; E383|  
FZ8-122[108].23; E383|

Will you keep a flock of wolves & lead them will you take the wintry blast  
For a covering to your limbs or the summer pestilence for a tent to abide in  
Will you erect a lasting habitation in the mouldering Church yard  
Or a pillar & palace of Eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave  
Will you seek pleasure from the festering wound or marry for a Wife  
he ancient Leprosy that the King & Priest may still feast on your decay  
And the grave mock & laugh at the plowd field saying  
I am the nourisher thou the destroyer in my bosom is milk & wine  
And a fountain from my breasts to me come all multitudes  
To my breath they obey they worship me I am a goddess & queen  
But listen to Ahania O ye sons of the Murderd one  
Listen to her whose memory beholds your ancient days  
Listen to her whose eyes behold the dark body of corruptible death  
Looking for Urizen in vain. in vain I seek for morning  
The Eternal Man sleeps in the Earth nor feels the vigrous sun

FZ8-122[108].24; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].25; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].26; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].27; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].28; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].29; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].30; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].31; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].32; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].33; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].34; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].35; E384|  
FZ8-122[108].36; E384|

Nor silent moon nor all the hosts of heaven move in his body  
His fiery halls are dark & round his limbs the Serpent Orc  
Fold without fold encompasses him And his corrupting members  
Vomit out the Scaly monsters of the restless deep  
They come up in the rivers & annoy the nether parts  
Of Man who lays upon the shores leaning his faded head  
Upon the Oozy rock inwrapped with the weeds of death  
His eyes sink hollow in his head his flesh coverd with slime  
And shrunk up to the bones alas that Man should come to this  
His strong bones beat with snows & hid within the caves of night  
Marrowless bloodless falling into dust driven by the winds  
O how the horrors of Eternal Death take hold on Man  
His faint groans shake the caves & issue thro the desolate rocks

FZ8-113[109].1; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].2; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].3; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].4; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].5; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].6; E384|

And the Strong Eagle now with num[m]ing cold blighted of feathers  
Once like the pride of the sun now flagging in cold night  
Hovers with blasted wings aloft watching with Eager Eye  
Till Man shall leave a corruptible body he famishd hears him groan  
And now he fixes his strong talons in the pointed rock  
And now he beats the heavy air with his enormous wings

FZ8-113[109].7; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].8; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].9; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].10; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].11; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].12; E384|

Beside him lies the Lion dead & in his belly worms  
Feast on his death till universal death devours all  
And the pale horse seeks for the pool to lie him down & die  
But finds the pools filled with serpents devouring one another  
He droops his head & trembling stands & his bright eyes decay  
These are the Visions of My Eyes the Visions of Ahania

FZ8-113[109].13; E384|

Thus cries Ahania Enion replies from the Caverns of the Grave

FZ8-113[109].14; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].15; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].16; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].17; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].18; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].19; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].20; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].21; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].22; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].23; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].24; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].25; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].26; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].27; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].28; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].29; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].30; E384|  
FZ8-113[109].31; E384|

Fear not O poor forsaken one O land of briars & thorns  
Where once the Olive flourishd & the Cedar spread his wings  
Once I waild desolate like thee my fallow fields in fear  
Cried to the Churchyards & the Earthworm came in dismal state  
I found him in my bosom & I said the time of Love  
Appears upon the rocks & hills in silent shades but soon  
A voice came in the night a midnight cry upon the mountains  
Awake the bridegroom cometh I awoke to sleep no more  
But an Eternal Consummation is dark Enion  
The watry Grave. O thou Corn field O thou Vegetater happy  
More happy is the dark consumer hope drowns all my torment  
For I am now surrounded by a shadowy vortex drawing  
The Spectre quite away from Enion that I die a death  
Of bitter hope altho I consume in these raging waters  
The furrowd field replies to the grave I hear her reply to me  
Behold the time approaches fast that thou shalt be as a thing  
Forgotten when one speaks of thee he will not be believd  
When the man gently fades away in his immortality

FZ8-113[109].32; E385|  
FZ8-113[109].33; E385|  
FZ8-113[109].34; E385|  
FZ8-113[109].35; E385|

When the mortal disappears in improved knowledge cast away  
The former things so shall the Mortal gently fade away  
And so become invisible to those who still remain  
Listen I will tell thee what is done in the caverns of the grave

FZ8-114[110].1; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].2; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].3; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].4; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].5; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].6; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].7; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].8; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].9; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].10; E385|

The Lamb of God has rent the Veil of Mystery soon to return  
In Clouds & Fires around the rock & the Mysterious tree  
As the seed waits Eagerly watching for its flower & fruit  
Anxious its little soul looks out into the clear expanse  
To see if hungry winds are abroad with their invisible army  
So Man looks out in tree & herb & fish & bird & beast  
Collecting up the scatterd portions of his immortal body  
Into the Elemental forms of every thing that grows  
He tries the sullen north wind riding on its angry furrows  
The sultry south when the sun rises & the angry east



FZ8-114[110].11; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].12; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].13; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].14; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].15; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].16; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].17; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].18; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].19; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].20; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].21; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].22; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].23; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].24; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].25; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].26; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].27; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].28; E385|

When the sun sets when the clods harden & the cattle stand  
Drooping & the birds hide in their silent nests. he stores his thoughts  
As in a store house in his memory he regulates the forms  
Of all beneath & all above & in the gentle West  
Reposes where the Suns heat dwells he rises to the Sun  
And to the Planets of the Night & to the stars that gild  
The Zodiac & the stars that sullen stand to north & south  
He touches the remotest pole & in the Center weeps  
That Man should Labour & sorrow & learn & forget & return  
To the dark valley whence he came to begin his labours anew  
In pain he sighs in pain he labours in his universe  
Screaming in birds over the deep & howling in the Wolf  
Over the slain & moaning in the cattle & in the winds  
And weeping over Orc & Urizen in clouds & flaming fires <sup>t954</sup>  
And in the cries of birth & in the groans of death his voice  
Is heard throughout the Universe wherever a grass grows  
Or a leaf buds The Eternal Man is seen is heard is felt  
And all his Sorrows till he reassumes his ancient bliss

FZ8-114[110].29; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].30; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].31; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].32; E385|  
FZ8-114[110].33; E385|

Such are the words of Ahanian & Enion. Los hears & weeps <sup>t955</sup>  
And Los & Enitharmon took the Body of the Lamb  
Down from the Cross & plac'd it in a Sepulcher which Los had hewn  
For himself in the Rock of Eternity trembling & in despair <sup>t956</sup>  
Jerusalem wept over the Sepulcher two thousand Years

FZ8-115[111].1; E385|  
FZ8-115[111].2; E385|  
FZ8-115[111].3; E385|  
FZ8-115[111].4; E385|  
FZ8-115[111].5; E385|

Rahab triumphs over all she took Jerusalem  
Captive A Willing Captive by delusive arts impell'd  
To worship Urizens Dragon form to offer her own Children  
Upon the bloody Altar. John Saw these things Reveald in Heaven  
On Patmos Isle & heard the Souls cry out to be deliverd

FZ8-115[111].6; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].7; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].8; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].9; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].10; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].11; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].12; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].13; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].14; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].15; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].16; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].17; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].18; E386|

He saw the Harlot of the Kings of Earth & saw her Cup  
Of fornication food of Orc & Satan press'd from the fruit of Mystery  
But when she saw the form of Ahanian weeping on the Void  
And heard Enions voice sound from the caverns of the Grave  
No more spirit remained in her She secretly left the Synagogue of Satan  
She commund with Orc in secret She hid him with the flax  
That Enitharmon had numberd away from the Heavens <sup>t957</sup>  
She gatherd it together to consume her Harlot Robes <sup>t958</sup>  
In bitterest Contrition sometimes Self condemning repentant  
And Sometimes kissing her Robes & jewels & weeping over them  
Sometimes returning to the Synagogue of Satan in Pride  
And Sometimes weeping before Orc in humility & trembling  
The Synagogue of Satan therefore uniting against Mystery

FZ8-115[111].19; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].20; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].21; E386|

Satan divided against Satan resolvd in open Sanhedrim  
To burn Mystery with fire & form another from her ashes  
For God put it into their heart to fulfill all his will

FZ8-115[111].22; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].23; E386|  
FZ8-115[111].24; E386|

The Ashes of Mystery began to animate they calld it Deism  
And Natural Religion as of old so now anew began  
Babylon again in Infancy Calld Natural Religion

ED; E386|      [*End of (The) Eighth Night*]



FZ9-subtitle1; E386| Night the Ninth  
FZ9-subtitle2; E386| Being  
FZ9-subtitle3; E386| The Last Judgment

FZ9-117.1; E386| And Los & Enitharmon builded Jerusalem weeping *t959*  
FZ9-117.2; E386| Over the Sepulcher & over the Crucified body  
FZ9-117.3; E386| Which to their Phantom Eyes appear'd still in the Sepulcher  
FZ9-117.4; E386| But Jesus stood beside them in the Spirit Separating  
FZ9-117.5; E386| Their Spirit from their body. Terrified at Non Existence  
FZ9-117.6; E386| For such they deemd the death of the body. Los his vegetable hands  
FZ9-117.7; E386| Outstretchd his right hand branching out in fibrous Strength  
FZ9-117.8; E386| Siezd the Sun. His left hand like dark roots coverd the Moon  
FZ9-117.9; E386| And tore them down cracking the heavens across from immense to immense  
FZ9-117.10; E386| Then fell the fires of Eternity with loud & shrill  
FZ9-117.11; E386| Sound of Loud Trumpet thundering along from heaven to heaven  
FZ9-117.12; E386| A mighty sound articulate Awake ye dead & come  
FZ9-117.13; E386| To judgment from the four winds Awake & Come away  
FZ9-117.14; E386| Folding like scrolls of the Enormous volume of Heaven & Earth

FZ9-117.15; E387| With thunderous noise & dreadful shakings rocking to & fro  
FZ9-117.16; E387| The heavens are shaken & the Earth removed from its place  
FZ9-117.17; E387| The foundations of the Eternal hills discoverd  
FZ9-117.18; E387| The thrones of Kings are shaken they have lost their robes & crowns  
FZ9-117.19; E387| The poor smite their opressors they awake up to the harvest  
FZ9-117.20; E387| The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shore  
FZ9-117.21; E387| Trembling before the multitudes of slaves now set at liberty  
FZ9-117.22; E387| They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripd of leaves  
FZ9-117.23; E387| The opressed pursue like the wind there is no room for escape  
FZ9-117.24; E387| The Spectre of Enitharmon let loose on the troubled deep  
FZ9-117.25; E387| Waild shrill in the confusion & the Spectre of Urthona

FZ9-118.1; E387| Recievd her in the darkning South their bodies lost they stood  
FZ9-118.2; E387| Trembling & weak a faint embrace a fierce desire as when  
FZ9-118.3; E387| Two shadows mingle on a wall they wail & shadowy tears  
FZ9-118.4; E387| Fell down & shadowy forms of joy mixd with despair & grief  
FZ9-118.5; E387| Their bodies buried in the ruins of the Universe  
FZ9-118.6; E387| Mingled with the confusion. Who shall call them from the Grave

FZ9-118.7; E387|  
Consummation

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

FZ9-118.8; E387|  
FZ9-118.9; E387|  
FZ9-118.10; E387|  
FZ9-118.11; E387|  
FZ9-118.12; E387|  
FZ9-118.13; E387|  
FZ9-118.14; E387|  
FZ9-118.15; E387|  
FZ9-118.16; E387|

The books of Urizen unroll with dreadful noise the folding Serpent  
Of Orc began to Consume in fierce raving fire his fierce flames  
Issud on all sides gathring strength in animating volumes  
Roaring abroad on all the winds raging intense reddening  
Into resistless pillars of fire rolling round & round gathering  
Strength from the Earths consumd & heavens & all hidden abysses  
Wherever the Eagle has Explord or Lion or Tyger trod  
Or where the Comets of the night or stars of [asterial] day <sup>t1960</sup>  
Have shot their arrows or long beamed spears in wrath & fury

FZ9-118.17; E387|  
FZ9-118.18; E387|  
FZ9-118.19; E387|

And all the while the trumpet sounds from the clotted gore & from the hollow den  
Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire  
Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity

FZ9-118.20; E387|  
FZ9-118.21; E387|  
FZ9-118.22; E387|  
FZ9-118.23; E387|  
FZ9-118.24; E387|  
FZ9-118.25; E387|  
FZ9-118.26; E387|  
FZ9-118.27; E387|  
FZ9-118.28; E387|  
FZ9-118.29; E387|  
FZ9-118.30; E387|

Then like the doves from pillars of Smoke the trembling families  
Of women & children throughout every nation under heaven  
Cling round the men in bands of twenties & of fifties pale  
As snow that falls around a leafless tree upon the green  
Their opressors are falln they have Stricken them they awake to life  
Yet pale the just man stands erect & looking up to heavn  
Trembling & stricken by the Universal stroke the trees unroot  
The rocks groan horrible & run about. The mountains &  
Their rivers cry with a dismal cry the cattle gather together  
Lowing they kneel before the heavens. the wild beasts of the forests  
Tremble the Lion shuddering asks the Leopard. Feelest thou

FZ9-118.31; E388|  
FZ9-118.32; E388|  
FZ9-118.33; E388|  
FZ9-118.34; E388|  
FZ9-118.35; E388|  
FZ9-118.36; E388|  
FZ9-118.37; E388|  
FZ9-118.38; E388|  
FZ9-118.39; E388|  
FZ9-118.40; E388|

The dread I feel unknown before My voice refuses to roar  
And in weak moans I speak to thee This night  
Before the mornings dawn the Eagle calld the Vulture  
The Raven calld the hawk I heard them from my forests black  
Saying Let us go up far for soon I smell upon the wind  
A terror coming from the South. The Eagle & Hawk fled away  
At dawn & Eer the sun arose the ravel) & Vulture followd  
Let us flee also to the north. They fled. The Sons of Men  
Saw them depart in dismal droves. The trumpet sounded loud <sup>t1962</sup>  
And all the Sons of Eternity Descended into Beulah

FZ9-119.1; E388|  
FZ9-119.2; E388|  
FZ9-119.3; E388|  
FZ9-119.4; E388|

In the fierce flames the limbs of Mystery lay consuming with howling <sup>t1963</sup>  
And deep despair. Rattling go up the flames around the Synagogue  
Of Satan Loud the Serpent Orc ragd thro his twenty Seven  
Folds. The tree of Mystery went up in folding flames

FZ9-119.5; E388|  
FZ9-119.6; E388|  
FZ9-119.7; E388|  
FZ9-119.8; E388|  
FZ9-119.9; E388|  
FZ9-119.10; E388|  
FZ9-119.11; E388|  
FZ9-119.12; E388|  
FZ9-119.13; E388|

Blood issued out in mighty volumes pouring in whirlpools fierce  
From out the flood gates of the Sky The Gates are burst down pour  
The torrents black upon the Earth the blood pours down incessant  
Kings in their palaces lie drowned Shepherds their flocks their tents  
Roll down the mountains in black torrents Cities Villages  
High spires & Castles drowned in the black deluge Shoal on Shoal  
Float the dead carcasses of Men & Beasts driven to & fro on waves  
Of foaming blood beneath the black incessant Sky till all  
Mysterys tyrants are cut off & not one left on Earth

FZ9-119.14; E388|  
FZ9-119.15; E388|  
FZ9-119.16; E388|  
FZ9-119.17; E388|  
FZ9-119.18; E388|  
FZ9-119.19; E388|  
FZ9-119.20; E388|  
FZ9-119.21; E388|  
FZ9-119.22; E388|  
FZ9-119.23; E388|

And when all Tyranny was cut off from the face of Earth  
Around the Dragon form of Urizen & round his stony form  
The flames rolling intense thro the wide Universe  
Began to Enter the Holy City Entering the dismal clouds *t964*  
In furrowed lightnings break their way the wild flames licking up *t965*  
The Bloody Deluge living flames winged with intellect  
And Reason round the Earth they march in order flame by flame  
From the clotted gore & from the hollow den  
Start forth the trembling Millions into flames of mental fire  
Bathing their Limbs in the bright visions of Eternity

FZ9-119.24; E388|

Beyond this Universal Confusion beyond the remotest Pole *t966*

FZ9-119.25; E388|  
FZ9-119.26; E388|  
FZ9-119.27; E388|  
FZ9-119.28; E388|  
FZ9-119.29; E388|  
FZ9-119.30; E388|  
FZ9-119.31; E388|

Where their vortexes begin to operate there stands  
A Horrible rock far in the South it was forsaken when  
Urizen gave the horses of Light into the hands of Luvah  
On this rock lay the faded head of the Eternal Man  
Enwrapped round with weeds of death pale cold in sorrow & woe  
He lifts the blue lamps of his Eyes & cries with heavenly voice  
Bowing his head over the consuming Universe he cried

FZ9-119.32; E388|  
FZ9-119.33; E388|

O weakness & O weariness O war within my members  
My sons exiled from my breast pass to & fro before me

FZ9-119.34; E389|  
FZ9-119.35; E389|  
FZ9-119.36; E389|  
FZ9-119.37; E389|  
FZ9-119.38; E389|  
FZ9-119.39; E389|  
FZ9-119.40; E389|  
FZ9-119.41; E389|

My birds are silent on my hills flocks die beneath my branches  
My tents are fallen my trumpets & the sweet sounds of my harp  
Is silent on my clouded hills that belch forth storms & fires  
My milk of cows & honey of bees & fruit of golden harvest  
Are gathered in the scorching heat & in the riving rain  
My robe is turned to confusion & my bright gold to stones  
Where once I sat I weary walk in misery & pain  
For from within my withered breast grown narrow with my woes *t967*

FZ9-119.42; E389|  
FZ9-119.43; E389|

The Corn is turnd to thistles & the apples into poison  
The birds of song to murderous crows My joys to bitter groans

FZ9-120.1; E389|  
FZ9-120.2; E389|  
FZ9-120.3; E389|  
FZ9-120.4; E389|  
FZ9-120.5; E389|  
FZ9-120.6; E389|  
FZ9-120.7; E389|  
FZ9-120.8; E389|  
FZ9-120.9; E389|  
FZ9-120.10; E389|  
FZ9-120.11; E389|  
FZ9-120.12; E389|

The voices of children in my tents to cries of helpless infants  
And all exiled from the face of light & shine of morning  
In this dark world a narrow house I wander up & down  
I hear Mystery howling in these flames of Consummation  
When shall the Man of future times become as in days of old  
O weary life why sit I here & give up all my powers  
To indolence to the night of death when indolence & mourning  
Sit hovring over my dark threshold. tho I arise look out  
And scorn the war within my members yet my heart is weak  
And my head faint Yet will I look again unto the morning  
Whence is this sound of rage of Men drinking each others blood  
Drunk with the smoking gore & red but not with nourishing wine

FZ9-120.13; E389|

The Eternal Man sat on the Rocks & cried with awful voice

FZ9-120.14; E389|  
FZ9-120.15; E389|  
FZ9-120.16; E389|  
FZ9-120.17; E389|  
FZ9-120.18; E389|  
FZ9-120.19; E389|  
FZ9-120.20; E389|  
FZ9-120.21; E389|  
FZ9-120.22; E389|  
FZ9-120.23; E389|  
FZ9-120.24; E389|  
FZ9-120.25; E389|

O Prince of Light where art thou I behold thee not as once  
In those Eternal fields in clouds of morning stepping forth  
With harps & songs where bright Ahania sang before thy face  
And all thy sons & daughters gatherd round my ample table  
See you not all this wracking furious confusion  
Come forth from slumbers of thy cold abstraction come forth  
Arise to Eternal births shake off thy cold repose  
Schoolmaster of souls great opposer of change arise  
That the Eternal worlds may see thy face in peace & joy  
That thou dread form of Certainty maist sit in town & village  
While little children play around thy feet in gentle awe  
Fearing thy frown loving thy smile O Urizen Prince of light

FZ9-120.26; E389|  
FZ9-120.27; E389|  
FZ9-120.28; E389|  
FZ9-120.29; E389|  
FZ9-120.30; E389|  
FZ9-120.31; E389|  
FZ9-120.32; E389|  
FZ9-120.33; E389|

He calld[;] the deep buried his voice & answer none returnd  
Then wrath burst round the Eternal Man was wrath again he cried  
Arise O stony form of death O dragon of the Deeps  
Lie down before my feet O Dragon let Urizen arise  
O how couldst thou deform those beautiful proportions *t1968*  
Of life & person for as the Person so is his life proportiond *t1969*  
Let Luvah rage in the dark deep even to Consummation  
For if thou feedest not his rage it will subside in peace

FZ9-120.34; E390|  
FZ9-120.35; E390|

But if thou darest obstinate refuse my stern behest  
Thy crown & scepter I will sieze & regulate all my members

FZ9-120.36; E390| In stern severity & cast thee out into the indefinite  
FZ9-120.37; E390| Where nothing lives, there to wander. & if thou returnst weary  
FZ9-120.38; E390| Weeping at the threshold of Existence I will steel my heart  
FZ9-120.39; E390| Against thee to Eternity & never recieve thee more  
FZ9-120.40; E390| Thy self-destroying beast formd Science shall be thy eternal lot  
FZ9-120.41; E390| My anger against thee is greater than against this Luvah  
FZ9-120.42; E390| For war is energy Enslavd but thy religion *t970*  
FZ9-120.43; E390| The first author of this war & the distracting of honest minds  
FZ9-120.44; E390| Into confused perturbation & strife & honour & pride  
FZ9-120.45; E390| Is a deceit so detestable that I will cast thee out  
FZ9-120.46; E390| If thou repentest not & leave thee as a rotten branch to be burnd  
FZ9-120.47; E390| With Mystery the Harlot & with Satan for Ever & Ever  
FZ9-120.48; E390| Error can never be redeemd in all Eternity  
FZ9-120.49; E390| But Sin Even Rahab is redeemd in blood & fury & jealousy  
FZ9-120.50; E390| That line of blood that stretchd across the windows of the morning  
FZ9-120.51; E390| Redeemd from Errors power. Wake thou dragon of the Deeps

FZ9-121.1; E390| Urizen wept in the dark deep anxious his Scaly form  
FZ9-121.2; E390| To reassume the human & he wept in the dark deep

F9-121.3; E390| Saying O that I had never drank the wine nor eat the bread  
FZ9-121.4; E390| Of dark mortality nor cast my view into futurity nor turnd *t971*  
FZ9-121.5; E390| My back darkning the present clouding with a cloud  
FZ9-121.6; E390| And building arches high & cities turrets & towers & domes *t972*  
FZ9-121.7; E390| Whose smoke destroyd the pleasant gardens & whose running Kennels *t973*  
FZ9-121.8; E390| Chokd the bright rivers burdning with my Ships the angry deep  
FZ9-121.9; E390| Thro Chaos seeking for delight & in spaces remote  
FZ9-121.10; E390| Seeking the Eternal which is always present to the wise  
FZ9-121.11; E390| Seeking for pleasure which unsought falls round the infants path  
FZ9-121.12; E390| And on the fleeces of mild flocks who neither care nor labour  
FZ9-121.13; E390| But I the labourer of ages whose unwearied hands  
FZ9-121.14; E390| Are thus deformd with hardness with the sword & with the spear *t974*  
FZ9-121.15; E390| And with the Chisel & the mallet I whose labours vast  
FZ9-121.16; E390| Order the nations separating family by family  
FZ9-121.17; E390| Alone enjoy not I alone in misery supreme  
FZ9-121.18; E390| Ungratified give all my joy unto this Luvah & Vala *t975*  
FZ9-121.19; E390| Then Go O dark futurity I will cast thee forth from these *t976*  
FZ9-121.20; E390| Heavens of my brain nor will I look upon futurity more *t977*  
FZ9-121.21; E390| I cast futurity away & turn my back upon that void *t978*  
FZ9-121.22; E390| Which I have made for lo futurity is in this moment *t979*  
FZ9-121.23; E390| Let Orc consume let Tharmas rage let dark Urthona give  
FZ9-121.24; E390| All strength to Los & Enitharmon & let Los self-cursd  
FZ9-121.25; E390| Rend down this fabric as a wall ruind & family extinct  
FZ9-121.26; E390| Rage Orc Rage Tharmas Urizen no longer curbs your rage



FZ9-121.27; E391| So Urizen spoke he shook his snows from off his Shoulders & arose  
FZ9-121.28; E391| As on a Pyramid of mist his white robes scattering  
FZ9-121.29; E391| The fleecy white renewd he shook his aged mantles off  
FZ9-121.30; E391| Into the fires Then glorious bright Exulting in his joy  
FZ9-121.31; E391| He sounding rose into the heavens in naked majesty  
FZ9-121.32; E391| In radian Youth. when Lo like garlands in the Eastern sky  
FZ9-121.33; E391| When vocal may comes dancing from the East Ahanias came  
FZ9-121.34; E391| Exulting in her flight as when a bubble rises up  
FZ9-121.35; E391| On to the surface of a lake. Ahanias rose in joy  
FZ9-121.36; E391| Excess of joy is worse than grief--her heart beat high her blood  
FZ9-121.37; E391| Burst its bright Vessels She fell down dead at the feet of Urizen  
FZ9-121.38; E391| Outstretchd a Smiling corse they buried her in a silent cave  
FZ9-121.39; E391| Urizen dropt a tear the Eternal Man Darkend with sorrow

FZ9-121.40; E391| The three daughters of Urizen Guard Ahanias Death couch  
FZ9-121.41; E391| Rising from the confusion in tears & howlings & despair  
FZ9-121.42; E391| Calling upon their fathers Name upon their Rivers dark

FZ9-121.43; E391| And the Eternal Man Said Hear my words O Prince of Light *t980*

FZ9-122.1; E391| Behold Jerusalem in whose bosom the Lamb of God  
FZ9-122.2; E391| Is seen tho slain before her Gates he self renewd remains  
FZ9-122.3; E391| Eternal & I thro him awake to life from deaths dark vale  
FZ9-122.4; E391| The times revolve the time is coming when all these delights  
FZ9-122.5; E391| Shall be renewd & all these Elements that now consume  
FZ9-122.6; E391| Shall reflourish. Then bright Ahanias shall awake from death  
FZ9-122.7; E391| A glorious Vision to thine Eyes a Self renewing Vision *t981*  
FZ9-122.8; E391| The spring. the summer to be thine then Sleep the wintry days  
FZ9-122.9; E391| In silken garments spun by her own hands against her funeral  
FZ9-122.10; E391| The winter thou shalt plow & lay thy stores into thy barns  
FZ9-122.11; E391| Expecting to recieve Ahanias in the spring with joy  
FZ9-122.12; E391| Immortal thou. Regenerate She & all the lovely Sex  
FZ9-122.13; E391| From her shall learn obedience & prepare for a wintry grave  
FZ9-122.14; E391| That spring may see them rise in tenfold joy & sweet delight  
FZ9-122.15; E391| Thus shall the male & female live the life of Eternity  
FZ9-122.16; E391| Because the Lamb of God Creates himself a bride & wife  
FZ9-122.17; E391| That we his Children evermore may live in Jerusalem  
FZ9-122.18; E391| Which now descendeth out of heaven a City yet a Woman  
FZ9-122.19; E391| Mother of myriads redeemd & born in her spiritual palaces  
FZ9-122.20; E391| By a New Spiritual birth Regenerated from Death

FZ9-122.21; E391| Urizen Said. I have Erred & my Error remains with me



FZ9-122.22; E391| What Chain encompasses in what Lock is the river of light confind  
FZ9-122.23; E391| That issues forth in the morning by measure & the evening by carefulness  
FZ9-122.24; E391| Where shall we take our stand to view the infinite & unbounded  
FZ9-122.25; E391| Or where are human feet for Lo our eyes are in the heavens *t982*

FZ9-122.26; E392| He ceasd for rivn link from link the bursting Universe explodes  
FZ9-122.27; E392| All things reversd flew from their centers rattling bones  
FZ9-122.28; E392| To bones Join, shaking convulsd the shivering clay breathes *t983*  
FZ9-122.29; E392| Each speck of dust to the Earths center nestles round & round  
FZ9-122.30; E392| In pangs of an Eternal Birth in torment & awe & fear  
FZ9-122.31; E392| All spirits deceasd let loose from reptile prisons come in shoals  
FZ9-122.32; E392| Wild furies from the tygers brain & from the lions Eyes *t984*  
FZ9-122.33; E392| And from the ox & ass come moping terrors. from the Eagle  
FZ9-122.34; E392| And raven numerous as the leaves of Autumn every species  
FZ9-122.35; E392| Flock to the trumpet muttring over the sides of the grave & crying  
FZ9-122.36; E392| In the fierce wind round heaving rocks & mountains filld with groans  
FZ9-122.37; E392| On rifted rocks suspended in the air by inward fires  
FZ9-122.38; E392| Many a woful company & many on clouds & waters  
FZ9-122.39; E392| Fathers & friends Mothers & Infants Kings & Warriors  
FZ9-122.40; E392| Priests & chaind Captives met together in a horrible fear  
FZ9-122.41; E392| And every one of the dead appears as he had livd before

FZ9-123.1; E392| And all the marks remain of the Slaves scourge & tyrants Crown  
FZ9-123.2; E392| And of the Priests oergorged Abdomen & of the merchants thin  
FZ9-123.3; E392| Sinewy deception & of the warriors ou[t]braving & thoughtlessness  
FZ9-123.4; E392| In lineaments too extended & in bones too strait & long

FZ9-123.5; E392| They shew their wounds they accuse they sieze the opressor howlings began *t985*  
FZ9-123.6; E392| On the golden palace Songs & joy on the desart the Cold babe  
FZ9-123.7; E392| Stands in the furious air he cries the children of six thousand years  
FZ9-123.8; E392| Who died in infancy rage furious a mighty multitude rage furious  
FZ9-123.9; E392| Naked & pale standing on the expecting air to be deliverd  
FZ9-123.10; E392| Rend limb from limb the Warrior & the tyrant reuniting in pain  
FZ9-123.11; E392| The furious wind still rends around they flee in sluggish effort

FZ9-123.12; E392| They beg they intreat in vain now they Listend not to intreaty  
FZ9-123.13; E392| They view the flames red rolling on thro the wide universe  
FZ9-123.14; E392| From the dark jaws of death beneath & desolate shores remote *t986*  
FZ9-123.15; E392| These covering Vaults of heaven & these trembling globes of Earth  
FZ9-123.16; E392| One Planet calls to another & one star enquires of another *t987*  
FZ9-123.17; E392| What flames are these coming from the South what noise what dreadful rout  
FZ9-123.18; E392| As of a battle in the heavens hark heard you not the trumpet  
FZ9-123.19; E392| As of fierce battle while they spoke the flames come on intense roaring

FZ9-123.20; E392| They see him whom they have piercd they wail because of him  
FZ9-123.21; E392| They magnify themselves no more against Jerusalem Nor  
FZ9-123.22; E392| Against her little ones the innocent accused before the Judges  
FZ9-123.23; E392| Shines with immortal Glory trembling the Judge springs from his throne  
FZ9-123.24; E392| Hiding his face in the dust beneath the prisoners feet & saying <sup>t988</sup>  
FZ9-123.25; E392| Brother of Jesus what have I done intreat thy lord for me

FZ9-123.26; E393| Perhaps I may be forgiven While he speaks the flames roll on  
FZ9-123.27; E393| And after the flames appears the Cloud of the Son of Man  
FZ9-123.28; E393| Descending from Jerusalem with power and great Glory  
FZ9-123.29; E393| All nations look up to the Cloud & behold him who was Crucified

FZ9-123.30; E393| The Prisoner answers you scourgd my father to death before my face  
FZ9-123.31; E393| While I stood bound with cords & heavy chains, Your hipocrisy  
FZ9-123.32; E393| Shall now avail you nought. So speaking he dashd him with his foot

FZ9-123.33; E393| The Cloud is Blood dazling upon the heavens & in the cloud  
FZ9-123.34; E393| Above upon its volumes is beheld a throne & a pavement <sup>t989</sup>  
FZ9-123.35; E393| Of precious stones. surrounded by twenty four venerable patriarchs <sup>t990</sup>  
FZ9-123.36; E393| And these again surrounded by four Wonders of the Almighty <sup>t991</sup>  
FZ9-123.37; E393| Incomprehensible. pervading all amidst & round about  
FZ9-123.38; E393| Fourfold each in the other reflected they are named Life's in Eternity.  
FZ9-123.39; E393| Four Starry Universes going forward from Eternity to Eternity  
FZ9-123.40; E393| And the Falln Man who was arisen upon the Rock of Ages

FZ9-124.1; E393| Beheld the Vision of God & he arose up from the Rock  
FZ9-124.2; E393| And Urizen arose up with him walking thro the flames  
FZ9-124.3; E393| To meet the Lord coming to Judgment but the flames repelld them  
FZ9-124.4; E393| Still to the Rock in vain they strove to Enter the Consummation  
FZ9-124.5; E393| Together for the Redeemd Man could not enter the Consummation <sup>t992</sup>

FZ9-124.6; E393| Then siezd the Sons of Urizen the Plow they polishd it  
FZ9-124.7; E393| From rust of ages all its ornaments of Gold & silver & ivory  
FZ9-124.8; E393| Reshone across the field immense where all the nations  
FZ9-124.9; E393| Darkend like Mould in the divided fallows where the weed  
FZ9-124.10; E393| Triumphs in its own destruction they took down the harness

FZ9-124.11; E393| From the blue walls of heaven starry jingling ornamented  
FZ9-124.12; E393| With beautiful art the study of angels the workmanship of Demons  
FZ9-124.13; E393| When Heaven & Hell in Emulation strove in sports of Glory

FZ9-124.14; E393	The noise of rural work resounded thro the heavens of heavens
FZ9-124.15; E393	The horse[s] neigh from the battle the wild bulls from the sultry waste
FZ9-124.16; E393	The tygers from the forests & the lions from the sandy desarts <i>t993</i>
FZ9-124.17; E393	They sing they sieze the instruments of harmony they throw away
FZ9-124.18; E393	The spear the bow the gun the mortar they level the fortifications <i>t994</i>
FZ9-124.19; E393	They bet the iron engines of destruction into wedges
FZ9-124.20; E393	They give them to Urthonas Sons ringing the hammers sound
FZ9-124.21; E393	In dens of death to forge the spade the mattock & the ax
FZ9-124.22; E393	The heavy roller to break the clods to pass over the nations
FZ9-124.23; E393	The Sons of Urizen Shout Their father rose The Eternal horses
FZ9-124.24; E393	Harnessd They calld to Urizen the heavens moved at their call
FZ9-124.25; E393	The limbs of Urizen shone with ardor. He laid his ha[n]d on the Plow <i>t995</i>
FZ9-124.26; E394	Thro dismal darkness drave the Plow of ages over Cities
FZ9-124.27; E394	And all their Villages over Mountains & all their Vallies
FZ9-124.28; E394	Over the graves & caverns of the dead Over the Planets
FZ9-124.29; E394	And over the void Spaces over Sun & moon & star & constellation
FZ9-124.30; E394	Then Urizen commanded & they brought the Seed of Men
FZ9-124.31; E394	The trembling souls of All the Dead stood before Urizen
FZ9-124.32; E394	Weak wailing in the troubled air East west & north & south
FZ9-125.1; E394	He turnd the horses loose & laid his Plow in the northern corner
FZ9-125.2; E394	Of the wide Universal field. then Stepd forth into the immense <i>t996</i>
FZ9-125.3; E394	Then he began to sow the seed he girded round his loins
FZ9-125.4; E394	With a bright girdle & his skirt filld with immortal souls
FZ9-125.5; E394	Howling & Wailing fly the souls from Urizens strong hand
FZ9-125.6; E394	For from the hand of Urizen the myriads fall like stars
FZ9-125.7; E394	Into their own appointed places driven back by the winds
FZ9-125.8; E394	The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shores
FZ9-125.9; E394	They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripd of leaves
FZ9-125.10; E394	The Kings & Princes of the Earth cry with a feeble cry
FZ9-125.11; E394	Driven on the unproducing sands & on the hardend rocks
FZ9-125.12; E394	And all the while the flames of Orc follow the ventrous feet
FZ9-125.13; E394	Of Urizen & all the while the Trump of Tharmas sounds
FZ9-125.14; E394	Weeping & wailing fly the souls from Urizens strong hand
FZ9-125.15; E394	The daughters of Urizen stand with Cups & measures of foaming wine
FZ9-125.16; E394	Immense upon the heavens with bread & delicate repasts

FZ9-125.17; E394|  
FZ9-125.18; E394|  
FZ9-125.19; E394|  
FZ9-125.20; E394|  
FZ9-125.21; E394|

Then follows the golden harrow in the midst of Mental fires  
To ravishing melody of flutes & harps & softest voice  
The seed is harrowd in while flames heat the black mould & cause  
The human harvest to begin Towards the south first sprang  
The myriads & in silent fear they look out from their graves

FZ9-125.22; E394|  
FZ9-125.23; E394|  
FZ9-125.24; E394|  
FZ9-125.25; E394|

Then Urizen sits down to rest & all his wearied Sons  
Take their repose on beds they drink they sing they view the flames  
Of Orc in joy they view the human harvest springing up  
A time they give to sweet repose till all the harvest is ripe

FZ9-125.26; E394|  
FZ9-125.27; E394|  
FZ9-125.28; E394|  
FZ9-125.29; E394|  
FZ9-125.30; E394|  
FZ9-125.31; E394|  
FZ9-125.32; E394|  
FZ9-125.33; E394|

And Lo like the harvest Moon Ahanian cast off her death clothes  
She folded them up in care in silence & her brightning limbs  
Bathed in the clear spring of the rock then from her darksome cave  
Issued in majesty divine Urizen rose up from his couch  
On wings of tenfold joy clapping his hands his feet his radiant wings  
In the immense as when the Sun dances upon the mountains  
A shout of jubilee in lovely notes responding from daughter to daughter  
From son to Son as if the Stars beaming innumerable

FZ9-125.34; E395|  
FZ9-125.35; E395|

Thro night should sing soft warbling filling Earth & heaven  
And bright Ahanian took her seat by Urizen in songs & joy

FZ9-125.36; E395|  
FZ9-125.37; E395|  
FZ9-125.38; E395|  
FZ9-125.39; E395|

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

FZ9-126.1; E395|  
FZ9-126.2; E395|  
FZ9-126.3; E395|  
FZ9-126.4; E395|  
FZ9-126.5; E395|

And now fierce Orc had quite consumed himself in Mental flames  
Expending all his energy against the fuel of fire  
The Regenerate Man stooped his head over the Universe & in <sup>t997</sup>  
His holy hands recited the flaming Demon & Demoness of Smoke  
And gave them to Urizen's hands the Immortal frowned Saying

FZ9-126.6; E395|  
FZ9-126.7; E395|  
FZ9-126.8; E395|  
FZ9-126.9; E395|  
FZ9-126.10; E395|  
FZ9-126.11; E395|

Luvah & Vala henceforth you are Servants obey & live  
You shall forget your former state return O Love in peace <sup>t998</sup>  
Into your place the place of seed not in the brain or heart  
If Gods combine against Man Setting their Dominion above  
The Human form Divine. Thrown down from their high Station  
In the Eternal heavens of Human Imagination: buried beneath <sup>t999</sup>

FZ9-126.12; E395|  
FZ9-126.13; E395|  
FZ9-126.14; E395|  
FZ9-126.15; E395|  
FZ9-126.16; E395|  
FZ9-126.17; E395|

In dark Oblivion with incessant pangs ages on ages  
In Enmity & war first weakend then in stern repentance  
They must renew their brightness & their disorganizd functions  
Again reorganize till they resume the image of the human  
Cooperating in the bliss of Man obeying his Will  
Servants to the infinite & Eternal of the Human form

FZ9-126.18; E395|  
FZ9-126.19; E395|  
FZ9-126.20; E395|  
FZ9-126.21; E395|  
FZ9-126.22; E395|  
FZ9-126.23; E395|  
FZ9-126.24; E395|  
FZ9-126.25; E395|  
FZ9-126.26; E395|  
FZ9-126.27; E395|  
FZ9-126.28; E395|  
FZ9-126.29; E395|  
FZ9-126.30; E395|

Luvah & Vala descended & enterd the Gates of Dark Urthona  
And walkd from the hands of Urizen in the shadows of Valas Garden  
Where the impressions of Despair & Hope for ever vegetate  
In flowers in fruits in fishes birds & beasts & clouds & waters  
The land of doubts & shadows sweet delusions unformd hopes  
They saw no more the terrible confusion of the wracking universe  
They heard not saw not felt not all the terrible confusion  
For in their orb'd senses within closd up they wanderd at will  
And those upon the Couches viewd them in the dreams of Beulah  
As they reposd from the terrible wide universal harvest  
Invisible Luvah in bright clouds hoverd over Valas head  
And thus their ancient golden age renewd for Luvah spoke  
With voice mild from his golden Cloud upon the breath of morning

FZ9-126.31; E395|  
FZ9-126.32; E395|

Come forth O Vala from the grass & from the silent Dew  
Rise from the dews of death for the Eternal Man is Risen

FZ9-126.33; E395|  
FZ9-126.34; E395|  
FZ9-126.35; E395|

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

FZ9-126.36; E396|  
FZ9-126.37; E396|

She answerd thus Whose voice is this in the voice of the nourishing air  
In the spirit of the morning awaking the Soul from its grassy bed

FZ9-127.1; E396|  
FZ9-127.2; E396|  
FZ9-127.3; E396|  
FZ9-127.4; E396|  
FZ9-127.5; E396|  
FZ9-127.6; E396|

Where dost thou dwell for it is thee I seek & but for thee  
I must have slept Eternally nor have felt the dew of thy morning  
Look how the opening dawn advances with vocal harmony  
Look how the beams foreshew the rising of some glorious power  
The sun is thine he goeth forth in his majestic brightness <sup>t1000</sup>  
O thou creating voice that callest & who shall answer thee

FZ9-127.7; E396|

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

FZ9-127.8; E396|

To yonder brightness there I haste for sure I came from thence



FZ9-127.9; E396|

Or I must have slept eternally nor have felt the dew of morning

FZ9-127.10; E396|

Eternally thou must have slept nor have felt the morning dew

FZ9-127.11; E396|

But for yon nourishing sun tis that by which thou art arisen

FZ9-127.12; E396|

The birds adore the sun the beasts rise up & play in his beams

FZ9-127.13; E396|

And every flower & every leaf rejoices in his light

FZ9-127.14; E396|

Then O thou fair one sit thee down for thou art as the grass

FZ9-127.15; E396|

Thou risest in the dew of morning & at night art folded up

FZ9-127.16; E396|

Alas am I but as a flower then will I sit me down

FZ9-127.17; E396|

Then will I weep then Ill complain & sigh for immortality

FZ9-127.18; E396|

And chide my maker thee O Sun that raisedst me to fall

FZ9-127.19; E396|

So saying she sat down & wept beneath the apple trees

FZ9-127.20; E396|

O be thou blotted out thou Sun that raisedst me to trouble

FZ9-127.21; E396|

That gavest me a heart to crave & raisedst me thy phantom

FZ9-127.22; E396|

To feel thy heat & see thy light & wander here alone

FZ9-127.23; E396|

Hopeless if I am like the grass & so shall pass away

FZ9-127.24; E396|

Rise sluggish Soul why sitst thou here why dost thou sit & weep

FZ9-127.25; E396|

Yon Sun shall wax old & decay but thou shalt ever flourish

FZ9-127.26; E396|

The fruit shall ripen & fall down & the flowers consume away

FZ9-127.27; E396|

But thou shalt still survive arise O dry thy dewy tears

FZ9-127.28; E396|

Hah! Shall I still survive whence came that sweet & comforting voice

FZ9-127.29; E396|

And whence that voice of sorrow O sun thou art nothing now to me

FZ9-127.30; E396|

Go on thy course rejoicing & let us both rejoice together

FZ9-127.31; E396|

I walk among his flocks & hear the bleating of his lambs

FZ9-127.32; E396|

O that I could behold his face & follow his pure feet

FZ9-127.33; E396|

I walk by the footsteps of his flocks come hither tender flocks

FZ9-127.34; E396|

Can you converse with a pure Soul that seeketh for her maker

FZ9-127.35; E396|

You answer not then am I set your mistress in this garden

FZ9-127.36; E396|

Ill watch you & attend your footsteps you are not like the birds

FZ9-128.1; E396|

That Sing & fly in the bright air but you do lick my feet

FZ9-128.2; E396|

And let me touch your wooly backs follow me as I sing

FZ9-128.3; E396|

For in my bosom a new song arises to my Lord

FZ9-128.4; E397|

Rise up O Sun most glorious minister & light of day

FZ9-128.5; E397|

Flow on ye gentle airs & bear the voice of my rejoicing

FZ9-128.6; E397|

Wave freshly clear waters flowing around the tender grass

FZ9-128.7; E397| And thou sweet smelling ground put forth thy life in fruits & flowers  
FZ9-128.8; E397| Follow me O my flocks & hear me sing my rapturous Song  
FZ9-128.9; E397| I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that glitter in the sun  
FZ9-128.10; E397| I will call & who shall answer me I will sing who shall reply  
FZ9-128.11; E397| For from my pleasant hills behold the living living springs  
FZ9-128.12; E397| Running among my green pastures delighting among my trees  
FZ9-128.13; E397| I am not here alone my flocks you are my brethren  
FZ9-128.14; E397| And you birds that sing & adorn the sky you are my sisters  
FZ9-128.15; E397| I sing & you reply to my Song I rejoice & you are glad  
FZ9-128.16; E397| Follow he O my flocks we will now descend into the valley  
FZ9-128.17; E397| O how delicious are the grapes flourishing in the Sun  
FZ9-128.18; E397| How clear the spring of the rock running among the golden sand  
FZ9-128.19; E397| How cool the breezes of the vall[e]y & the arms of the branchy trees  
FZ9-128.20; E397| Cover us from the Sun come & let us sit in the Shade  
FZ9-128.21; E397| My Luvah here hath placd me in a Sweet & pleasant Land  
FZ9-128.22; E397| And given me fruits & pleasant waters & warm hills & cool valleys  
FZ9-128.23; E397| Here will I build myself a house & here Ill call on his name  
FZ9-128.24; E397| Here Ill return when I am weary & take my pleasant rest

FZ9-128.25; E397| So spoke the Sinless Soul & laid her head on the downy fleece  
FZ9-128.26; E397| Of a curld Ram who stretchd himself in sleep beside his mistress  
FZ9-128.27; E397| And soft sleep fell upon her eyelids in the silent noon of day

FZ9-128.28; E397| Then Luvah passed by & saw the sinless Soul  
FZ9-128.29; E397| And said Let a pleasant house arise to be the dwelling place  
FZ9-128.30; E397| Of this immortal Spirit growing in lower Paradise

FZ9-128.31; E397| He spoke & pillars were builded & walls as white as ivory  
FZ9-128.32; E397| The grass she slept upon was pavd with pavement as of pearl  
FZ9-128.33; E397| Beneath her rose a downy bed & a cieling coverd all

FZ9-128.34; E397| Vala awoke. When in the pleasant gates of sleep I enterd  
FZ9-128.35; E397| I saw my Luvah like a spirit stand in the bright air  
FZ9-128.36; E397| Round him stood spirits like me who reard me a bright house  
FZ9-128.37; E397| And here I see thee house remain in my most pleasant world

FZ9-129.1; E397| My Luvah smild I kneeled down he laid his hand on my head  
FZ9-129.2; E397| And when he laid his hand upon me from the gates of sleep I came  
FZ9-129.3; E397| Into this bodily house to tend my flocks in my pleasant garden

FZ9-129.4; E397| So saying she arose & walked round her beautiful house  
FZ9-129.5; E397| And then from her white door she lookd to see her bleating lambs

FZ9-129.6; E397|

But her flocks were gone up from beneath the trees into the hills

FZ9-129.7; E397|

I see the hand that leadeth me doth also lead my flocks

FZ9-129.8; E397|

She went up to her flocks & turned oft to see her shining house

FZ9-129.9; E397|

She stopd to drink of the clear spring & eat the grapes & apples

FZ9-129.10; E398|

She bore the fruits in her lap she gatherd flowers for her bosom

FZ9-129.11; E398|

She called to her flocks saying follow me O my flocks

FZ9-129.12; E398|

They followd her to the silent vall[e]y beneath the spreading trees

FZ9-129.13; E398|

And on the rivers margin she ungirded her golden girdle

FZ9-129.14; E398|

She stood in the river & viewd herself within the watry glass

FZ9-129.15; E398|

And her bright hair was wet with the waters She rose up from the river

FZ9-129.16; E398|

And as she rose her Eyes were open'd to the world of waters

FZ9-129.17; E398|

She saw Tharmas sitting upon the rocks beside the wavy sea

FZ9-129.18; E398|

He strokd the water from his beard & mournd faint thro the summer vales

FZ9-129.19; E398|

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

FZ9-129.20; E398|

O Enion my weary head is in the bed of death

FZ9-129.21; E398|

For weeds of death have wrapd around my limbs in the hoary deeps

FZ9-129.22; E398|

I sit in the place of shells & mourn & thou art closd in clouds

FZ9-129.23; E398|

When will the time of Clouds be past & the dismal night of Tharmas

FZ9-129.24; E398|

Arise O Enion Arise & smile upon my head *t1001*

FZ9-129.25; E398|

As thou dost smile upon the barren mountains and they rejoice

FZ9-129.26; E398|

When wilt thou smile on Tharmas O thou bringer of golden day

FZ9-129.27; E398|

Arise O Enion arise for Lo I have calmd my seas

FZ9-129.28; E398|

So saying his faint head he laid upon the Oozy rock

FZ9-129.29; E398|

And darkness coverd all the deep the light of Enion faded

FZ9-129.30; E398|

Like a fa[i]nt flame quivering upon the surface of the darkness

FZ9-129.31; E398|

Then Vala lifted up her hands to heaven to call on Enion

FZ9-129.32; E398|

She calld but none could answer her & the Eccho of her voice returnd

FZ9-129.33; E398|

Where is the voice of God that calld me from the silent dew

FZ9-129.34; E398|

Where is the Lord of Vala dost thou hide in clefts of the rock

FZ9-129.35; E398|

Why shouldst thou hide thyself from Vala from the soul that wanders desolate

FZ9-129.36; E398|

She ceas'd & light beamd round her like the glory of the morning

FZ9-130.1; E398	And She arose out of the river & girded on her golden girdle
FZ9-130.2; E398	And now her feet step on the grassy bosom of the ground
FZ9-130.3; E398	Among her flocks & she turnd her eyes toward her pleasant house
FZ9-130.4; E398	And saw in the door way beneath the trees two little children playing
FZ9-130.5; E398	She drew near to her house & her flocks followd her footsteps
FZ9-130.6; E398	The Children clung around her knees she embracd them & wept over them
FZ9-130.7; E398	Thou little Boy art Tharmas & thou bright Girl Enion
FZ9-130.8; E398	How are ye thus renewd & brought into the Gardens of Vala
FZ9-130.9; E398	She embracd them in tears. till the sun descended the western hills
FZ9-130.10; E398	And then she enterd her bright house leading her mighty children
FZ9-130.11; E399	And when night came the flocks laid round the house beneath the trees
FZ9-130.12; E399	She laid the Children on the beds which she saw prepard in the house
FZ9-130.13; E399	Then last herself laid down & closd her Eyelids in soft slumbers
FZ9-130.14; E399	And in the morning when the Sun arose in the crystal sky
FZ9-130.15; E399	Vala awoke & calld the children from their gentle slumbers
FZ9-130.16; E399	Awake O Enion awake & let thine innocent Eyes
FZ9-130.17; E399	Enlighten all the Crystal house of Vala awake awake
FZ9-130.18; E399	Awake Tharmas awake awake thou child of dewy tears
FZ9-130.19; E399	Open the orbs of thy blue eyes & smile upon my gardens
FZ9-130.20; E399	The Children woke & smild on Vala. she kneeld by the golden couch
FZ9-130.21; E399	She presd them to her bosom & her pearly tears dropd down
FZ9-130.22; E399	O my sweet Children Enion let Tharmas kiss thy Cheek
FZ9-130.23; E399	Why dost thou turn thyself away from his sweet watry eyes
FZ9-130.24; E399	Tharmas henceforth in Valas bosom thou shalt find sweet peace
FZ9-130.25; E399	O bless the lovely eyes of Tharmas & the Eyes of Enion
FZ9-130.26; E399	They rose they went out wandring sometimes together sometimes alone
FZ9-13.27; E399	Why weepst thou Tharmas Child of tears in the bright house of joy
FZ9-130.28; E399	Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue heavenly Eyes
FZ9-130.29; E399	And dost thou wander with my lambs & wet their innocent faces <i>t1002</i>
FZ9-130.30; E399	With thy bright tears because the steps of Enion are in the gardens

FZ9-130.31; E399|

Arise sweet boy & let us follow the path of Enion

FZ9-130.32; E399|

So saying they went down into the garden among the fruits

FZ9-130.33; E399|

And Enion sang among the flowers that grew among the trees

FZ9-130.34; E399|

And Vala said Go Tharmas weep not Go to Enion

FZ9-131.1; E399|

He said O Vala I am sick & all this garden of Pleasure

FZ9-131.2; E399|

Swims like a dream before my eyes but the sweet smelling fruit

FZ9-131.3; E399|

Revives me to new deaths I fade even like a water lilly

FZ9-131.4; E399|

In the suns heat till in the night on the couch of Enion

FZ9-131.5; E399|

I drink new life & feel the breath of sleeping Enion

FZ9-131.6; E399|

But in the morning she arises to avoid my Eyes

FZ9-131.7; E399|

Then my loins fade & in the house I sit me down & weep

FZ9-131.8; E399|

Chear up thy Countenance bright boy & go to Enion

FZ9-131.9; E399|

Tell her that Vala waits her in the shadows of her garden

FZ9-131.10; E399|

He went with timid steps & Enion like the ruddy morn

FZ9-131.11; E399|

When infant spring appears in swelling buds & opening flowers

FZ9-131.12; E399|

Behind her Veil withdraws so Enion turnd her modest head

FZ9-131.13; E399|

But Tharmas spoke Vala seeks thee sweet Enion in the shades

FZ9-131.14; E399|

Follow the steps of Tharmas O thou brightness of the gardens

FZ9-131.15; E399|

He took her hand reluctant she followd in infant doubts

FZ9-131.16; E400|

Thus in Eternal Childhood straying among Valas flocks

FZ9-131.17; E400|

In infant sorrow & joy alternate Enion & Tharmas playd

FZ9-131.18; E400|

Round Vala in the Gardens of Vala & by her rivers margin

FZ9-131.19; E400|

They are the shadows of Tharmas & of Enion in Valas world

FZ9-131.20; E400|

And the sleepers who rested from their harvest work beheld theseOAtthese visions

FZ9-131.21; E400|

Thus were the sleepers entertaind upon the Couches of Beulah

FZ9-131.22; E400|

When Luvah & Vala were closd up in their world of shadowy forms

FZ9-131.23; E400|

Darkness was all beneath the heavens only a little light

FZ9-131.24; E400|

Such as glows out from sleeping spirits appeard in the deeps beneath

FZ9-131.25; E400|

As when the wind sweeps over a Corn field the noise of souls

FZ9-131.26; E400|

Thro all the immense borne down by Clouds swagging in autumnal heat

FZ9-131.27; E400|

Muttering along from heaven to heaven hoarse roll the human forms

FZ9-131.28; E400|

Beneath thick clouds dreadful lightnings burst & thunders roll

FZ9-131.29; E400|

Down pour the torrent Floods of heaven on all the human harvest

FZ9-131.30; E400|

Then Urizen sitting at his repose on beds in the bright South



FZ9-131.31; E400| Cried Times are Ended he Exulted he arose in joy he exulted  
FZ9-131.32; E400| He pourd his light & all his Sons & daughters pourd their light  
FZ9-131.33; E400| To exhale the spirits of Luvah & Vala thro the atmosphere  
FZ9-131.34; E400| And Luvah & Vala saw the Light their spirits were Exhald  
FZ9-131.35; E400| In all their ancient innocence the floods depart the clouds  
FZ9-131.36; E400| Dissipate or sink into the Seas of Tharmas Luvah sat  
FZ9-131.37; E400| Above in the bright heavens in peace. the Spirits of Men beneath  
FZ9-131.38; E400| Cried out to be deliverd & the Spirit of Luvah wept  
FZ9-131.39; E400| Over the human harvest & over Vala the sweet wanderer  
FZ9-131.40; E400| In pain the human harvest wavd in horrible groans of woe

FZ9-132.1; E400| The Universal Groan went up the Eternal Man was Darkend

FZ9-132.2; E400| Then Urizen arose & took his Sickle in his hand  
FZ9-132.3; E400| There is a brazen sickle & a scythe of iron hid  
FZ9-132.4; E400| Deep in the South guarded by a few solitary stars  
FZ9-132.5; E400| This sickle Urizen took the scythe his sons embracd  
FZ9-132.6; E400| And went forth & began to reap & all his joyful sons  
FZ9-132.7; E400| Reapd the wide Universe & bound in Sheaves a wondrous harvest  
FZ9-132.8; E400| They took them into the wide barns with loud rejoicings & triumph  
FZ9-132.9; E400| Of flute & harp & drum & trumpet horn & clarion

FZ9-132.10; E400| The feast was spread in the bright South& the Regenerate Man  
FZ9-132.11; E400| Sat at the feast rejoicing & the wine of Eternity  
FZ9-132.12; E400| Was servd round by the flames of Luvah all Day & all the Night  
FZ9-132.13; E400| And when Morning began to dawn upon the distant hills  
FZ9-132.14; E400| a whirlwind rose up in the Center & in the Whirlwind a shriek *t1003*  
FZ9-132.15; E400| And in the Shriek a rattling of bones & in the rattling of bones  
FZ9-132.16; E400| A dolorous groan & from the dolorous groan in tears  
FZ9-132.17; E400| Rose Enion like a gentle light & Enion spoke saying

FZ9-132.18; E401| O Dreams of Death the human form dissolving companied  
FZ9-132.19; E401| By beasts & worms & creeping things & darkness & despair *t1004*  
FZ9-132.20; E401| The clouds fall off from my wet brow the dust from my cold limbs  
FZ9-132.21; E401| Into the Sea of Tharmas Soon renewd a Golden Moth  
FZ9-132.22; E401| I shall cast off my death clothes & Embrace Tharmas again  
FZ9-132.23; E401| For Lo the winter melted away upon the distant hills  
FZ9-132.24; E401| And all the black mould sings. She speaks to her infant race her milk  
FZ9-132.25; E401| Descends down on the sand. the thirsty sand drinks & rejoices *t1005*  
FZ9-132.26; E401| Wondering to behold the Emmet the Grasshopper the jointed worm  
FZ9-132.27; E401| The roots shoot thick thro the solid rocks bursting their way  
FZ9-132.28; E401| They cry out in joys of existence. the broad stems  
FZ9-132.29; E401| Rear on the mountains stem after stem the scaly newt creeps

FZ9-132.30; E401|  
FZ9-132.31; E401|  
FZ9-132.32; E401|  
FZ9-132.33; E401|  
FZ9-132.34; E401|  
FZ9-132.35; E401|

From the stone & the armed fly springs from the rocky crevice  
The spider. The bat burst from the hardend slime crying  
To one another what are we & whence is our joy & delight  
Lo the little moss begins to spring & the tender weed  
Creeps round our secret nest. Flocks brighten the Mountains  
Herds throng up the Valley wild beasts fill the forests

FZ9-132.36; E401|  
FZ9-132.37; E401|  
FZ9-132.38; E401|  
FZ9-132.39; E401|

Joy thrilld thro all the Furious form of Tharmas humanizing  
Mild he Embracd her whom he sought he raisd her thro the heavens  
Sounding his trumpet to awake the Dead on high he soard  
Over the ruind worlds the smoking tomb of the Eternal Prophet

FZ9-133.1; E401|  
FZ9-133.2; E401|  
FZ9-133.3; E401|  
FZ9-133.4; E401|

The Eternal Man arose he welcomd them to the Feast  
The feast was spread in the bright South & the Eternal Man  
Sat at the feast rejoicing & the wine of Eternity  
Was servd round by the flames of Luvah all day & all the night

FZ9-133.5; E401|  
FZ9-133.6; E401|  
FZ9-133.7; E401|  
FZ9-133.8; E401|  
FZ9-133.9; E401|

And Many Eternal Men sat at the golden feast to see  
The female form now separate They shudderd at the horrible thing  
Not born for the sport and amusement of Man but born to drink up all his powers  
They wept to see their shadows they said to one another this is Sin <sup>t1006</sup>  
This is the Generative world they rememberd the Days of old <sup>t1007</sup>

FZ9-133.10; E401|

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

FZ9-133.11; E401|  
FZ9-133.12; E401|  
FZ9-133.13; E401|  
FZ9-133.14; E401|  
FZ9-133.15; E401|  
FZ9-133.16; E401|  
FZ9-133.17; E401|  
FZ9-133.18; E401|  
FZ9-133.19; E401|  
FZ9-133.20; E401|

Man is a Worm wearied with joy he seeks the caves of sleep  
Among the Flowers of Beulah in his Selfish cold repose  
Forsaking Brotherhood & Universal love in selfish clay  
Folding the pure wings of his mind seeking the places dark  
Abstracted from the roots of Science then inclosd around <sup>t1008</sup>  
In walls of Gold we cast him like a Seed into the Earth  
Till times & spaces have passd over him duly every morn  
We visit him covering with a Veil the immortal seed  
With windows from the inclement sky we cover him & with walls  
And hearths protect the Selfish terror till divided all

FZ9-133.21; E402|  
FZ9-133.22; E402|  
FZ9-133.23; E402|

In families we see our shadows born. & thence we know | Ephesians  
That Man subsists by Brotherhood & Universal Love |iii c.  
We fall on one anothers necks more closely we embrace | 10 v

FZ9-133.24; E402|

Not for ourselves but for the Eternal family we live

FZ9-133.25; E402	Man liveth not by Self alone but in his brothers face
FZ9-133.26; E402	Each shall behold the Eternal Father & love & joy abound
FZ9-133.27; E402	So spoke the Eternal at the Feast they embracd the New born Man
FZ9-133.28; E402	Calling hi Brother image of the Eternal Father. they sat down
FZ9-133.29; E402	At the immortal tables sounding loud their instruments of joy
FZ9-133.30; E402	Calling the Morning into Beulah the Eternal Man rejoicd
FZ9-133.31; E402	When Morning dawnd The Eternals rose to labour at the Vintage
FZ9-133.32; E402	Beneath they saw their sons & daughters wondering inconcievable
FZ9-133.33; E402	At the dark myriads in Shadows in the worlds beneath
FZ9-133.34; E402	The morning dawnd Urizen rose & in his hand the Flail
FZ9-133.35; E402	Sounds on the Floor heard terrible by all beneath the heavens
FZ9-133.36; E402	Dismal loud redounding the nether floor shakes with the sound
FZ9-134.1; E402	And all Nations were threshed out & the stars threshd from their husks
FZ9-134.2; E402	Then Tharmas took the Winnowing fan the winnowing wind furious
FZ9-134.3; E402	Above veerd round by the violent whirlwind driven west & south
FZ9-134.4; E402	Tossed the Nations like Chaff into the seas of Tharmas
FZ9-134.5; E402	O Mystery Fierce Tharmas cries Behold thy end is come
FZ9-134.6; E402	Art thou she that made the nations drunk with the cup of Religion
FZ9-134.7; E402	Go down ye Kings & Councillors & Giant Warriors
FZ9-134.8; E402	Go down into the depths go down & hide yourselves beneath
FZ9-134.9; E402	Go down with horse & Chariots & Trumpets of hoarse war
FZ9-134.10; E402	Lo how the Pomp of Mystery goes down into the Caves
FZ9-134.11; E402	Her great men howl & throw the dust & rend their hoary hair
FZ9-134.12; E402	Her delicate women & children shriek upon the bitter wind
FZ9-134.13; E402	Spoild of their beauty their hair rent & their skin shriveld up
FZ9-134.14; E402	Lo darkness covers the long pomp of banners on the wind
FZ9-134.15; E402	And black horses & armed men & miserable bound captives
FZ9-134.16; E402	Where shall the graves recieve them all & where shall be their place
FZ9-134.17; E402	And who shall mourn for Mystery who never loosd her Captives
FZ9-134.18; E402	Let the slave grinding at the mill run out into the field
FZ9-134.19; E402	Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air
FZ9-134.20; E402	Let the inchaind soul shut up in darkness & in sighing
FZ9-134.21; E402	Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years
FZ9-134.22; E402	Rise & look out his chains are loose his dungeon doors are open

FZ9-134.23; E402|  
FZ9-134.24; E402|  
FZ9-134.25; E402|  
FZ9-134.26; E402|

And let his wife & children return from the oppressors scourge  
They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream  
Are these the Slaves that groan along the streets of Mystery  
Where are your bonds & task masters are these the prisoners

FZ9-134.27; E403|  
FZ9-134.28; E403|  
FZ9-134.29; E403|

Where are your chains where are your tears why do you look around  
If you are thirsty there is the river go bathe your parched limbs  
The good of all the Land is before you for Mystery is no more

FZ9-134.30; E403|  
FZ9-134.31; E403|  
FZ9-134.32; E403|  
FZ9-134.33; E403|  
FZ9-134.34; E403|

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

FZ9-134.35; E403|  
FZ9-134.36; E403|

Aha Aha how came I here so soon in my sweet native land *t1009*  
How came I here Methinks I am as I was in my youth

FZ9-135.1; E403|  
FZ9-135.2; E403|  
FZ9-135.3; E403|

When in my fathers house I sat & heard his cheering voice  
Methinks I see his flocks & herds & feel my limbs renewed  
And Lo my Brethren in their tents & their little ones around them

FZ9-135.4; E403|  
FZ9-135.5; E403|  
FZ9-135.6; E403|  
FZ9-135.7; E403|  
FZ9-135.8; E403|  
FZ9-135.9; E403|  
FZ9-135.10; E403|  
FZ9-135.11; E403|  
FZ9-135.12; E403|  
FZ9-135.13; E403|  
FZ9-135.14; E403|  
FZ9-135.15; E403|  
FZ9-135.16; E403|  
FZ9-135.17; E403|  
FZ9-135.18; E403|  
FZ9-135.19; E403|  
FZ9-135.20; E403|

The song arose to the Golden feast the Eternal Man rejoiced  
Then the Eternal Man said Luvah the Vintage is ripe arise  
The sons of Urizen shall gather the vintage with sharp hooks  
And all thy sons O Luvah bear away the families of Earth  
I hear the flail of Urizen his barns are full no roo[m]  
Remains & in the Vineyards stand the abounding sheaves beneath  
The falling Grapes that odorous burst upon the winds. Arise  
My flocks & herds trample the Corn my cattle browse upon  
The ripe Clusters The shepherds shout for Luvah prince of Love  
Let the Bulls of Luvah tread the Corn & draw the loaded waggon  
Into the Barn while children glean the Ears around the door  
Then shall they lift their innocent hands & stroke his furious nose  
And he shall lick the little girls white neck & on her head  
Scatter the perfume of his breath while from his mountains high  
The lion of terror shall come down & bending his bright mane  
And couching at their side shall eat from the curld boys white lap  
His golden food and in the evening sleep before the Door

FZ9-135.21; E403|  
FZ9-135.22; E403|

Attempting to be more than Man We become less said Luvah  
As he arose from the bright feast drunk with the wine of ages

FZ9-135.23; E403| His crown of thorns fell from his head he hung his living Lyre  
FZ9-135.24; E403| Behind the seat of the Eternal Man & took his way  
FZ9-135.25; E403| Sounding the Song of Los descending to the Vineyards bright  
FZ9-135.26; E403| His sons arising from the feast with golden baskets follow  
FZ9-135.27; E403| A fiery train as when the Sun sings in the ripe vineyards  
FZ9-135.28; E403| Then Luvah stood before the wine press all his fiery sons  
FZ9-135.29; E403| Brought up the loaded Waggons with shoutings ramping tygers play  
FZ9-135.30; E403| In the jingling traces furious lions sound the song of joy  
FZ9-135.31; E403| To the golden wheels circling upon the pavement of heaven & all  
FZ9-135.32; E403| The Villages of Luvah ring the golden tiles of the villages

FZ9-135.33; E404| Reply to violins & tabors to the pipe flute lyre & cymbal  
FZ9-135.34; E404| Then fell the Legions of Mystery in maddning confusion  
FZ9-135.35; E404| Down Down thro the immense with outcry fury & despair  
FZ9-135.36; E404| Into the wine presses of Luvah howling fell the Clusters  
FZ9-135.37; E404| Of human families thro the deep. the wine presses were filld  
FZ9-135.38; E404| The blood of life flowd plentiful Odors of life arose  
FZ9-135.39; E404| All round the heavenly arches & the Odors rose singing this song *t1010*

FZ9-136.1; E404| O terrible wine presses of Luvah O caverns of the Grave  
FZ9-136.2; E404| How lovely the delights of those risen again from death  
FZ9-136.3; E404| O trembling joy excess of joy is like Excess of grief

FZ9-136.4; E404| So sang the Human Odors round the wine presses of Luvah

FZ9-136.5; E404| But in the Wine presses is wailing terror & despair  
FZ9-136.6; E404| Forsaken of their Elements they vanish & are no more  
FZ9-136.7; E404| No more but a desire of Being a distracted ravening desire  
FZ9-136.8; E404| Desiring like the hungry worm & like the gaping grave *t1011*  
FZ9-136.9; E404| They plunge into the Elements the Elements cast them forth  
FZ9-136.10; E404| Or else consume their shadowy semblance Yet they obstinate  
FZ9-136.11; E404| Tho pained to distraction Cry O let us Exist for  
FZ9-136.12; E404| This dreadful Non Existence is worse than pains of Eternal Birth *t1012*  
FZ9-136.13; E404| Eternal Death who can Endure. let us consume in fires  
FZ9-136.14; E404| In waters stifling or in air corroding or in earth shut up  
FZ9-136.15; E404| The Pangs of Eternal birth are better than the Pangs of Eternal Death

FZ9-136.16; E404| How red the Sons & Daughters of Luvah how they tread the Grapes  
FZ9-136.17; E404| Laughing & shouting drunk with odors many fall oerwearied  
FZ9-136.18; E404| Drownd in the wine is many a youth & maiden those around  
FZ9-136.19; E404| Lay them on skins of tygers or the spotted Leopard or wild Ass  
FZ9-136.20; E404| Till they revive or bury them in cool Grots making lamentation



FZ9-136.21; E404| But in the Wine Presses the Human Grapes Sing not nor dance  
FZ9-136.22; E404| They howl & writhe in shoals of torment in fierce flames consuming  
FZ9-136.23; E404| In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires  
FZ9-136.24; E404| In pits & dens & shades of death in shapes of torment & woe  
FZ9-136.25; E404| The Plates the Screws and Racks & Saws & cords & fires & floods *t1013*  
FZ9-136.26; E404| The cruel joy of Luvahs daughters lacerating with knives  
FZ9-136.27; E404| And whip[s] their Victims & the deadly sports of Luvahs Sons *t1014*

FZ9-136.28; E404| Timbrels & Violins sport round the Wine Presses The little Seed  
FZ9-136.29; E404| The Sportive root the Earthworm the small beetle the wise Emmet  
FZ9-136.30; E404| Dance round the Wine Presses of Luvah. the Centipede is there  
FZ9-136.31; E404| The ground Spider with many Eyes the Mole clothed in Velvet  
FZ9-136.32; E404| The Earwig armd the tender maggot emblem of Immortality  
FZ9-136.33; E404| The Slow Slug the grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks  
FZ9-136.34; E404| The winter comes he folds his slender bones without a murmur  
FZ9-136.35; E404| There is the Nettle that stings with soft down & there *t1015*

FZ9-136.36; E405| The indignant Thistle whose bitterness is bred in his milk  
FZ9-136.37; E405| And who lives on the contempt of his neighbour there all the idle weeds  
FZ9-136.38; E405| That creep about the obscure places shew their various limbs  
FZ9-136.39; E405| Naked in all their beauty dancing round the Wine Presses

FZ9-136.40; E405| They Dance around the Dying & they Drink the howl & groan

FZ9-137.1; E405| They catch the Shrieks in cups of gold they hand them to one another  
FZ9-137.2; E405| These are the sports of love & these the sweet delights of amorous play  
FZ9-137.3; E405| Tears of the grapes the death sweat of the Cluster the last sigh  
FZ9-137.4; E405| Of the mild youth who listens to the luring songs of Luvah

FZ9-137.5; E405| The Eternal Man darkend with Sorrow & a wintry mantle  
FZ9-137.6; E405| Coverd the Hills He said O Tharmas rise & O Urthona

FZ9-137.7; E405| Then Tharmas & Urthona rose from the Golden feast satiated  
FZ9-137.8; E405| With Mirth & joy Urthona limping from his fall on Tharmas leand  
FZ9-137.9; E405| In his right hand his hammer Tharmas held his Shepherds crook  
FZ9-137.10; E405| Beset with gold gold were the ornaments formed by the sons of Urizen  
FZ9-137.11; E405| Then Enion & Ahanian & Vala & the wife of Dark Urthona  
FZ9-137.12; E405| Rose from the feast in joy ascending to their Golden Looms  
FZ9-137.13; E405| There the wingd shuttle Sang the spindle & the distaff & the Reel  
FZ9-137.14; E405| Rang sweet the praise of industry. Thro all the golden rooms  
FZ9-137.15; E405| Heaven rang with winged Exultation All beneath howld loud

FZ9-137.16; E405|  
FZ9-37.17; E405|

With tenfold rout & desolation roard the Chasms beneath  
Where the wide woof flowd down & where the Nations are gatherd together

FZ9-137.18; E405|  
FZ9-137.19; E405|  
FZ9-137.20; E405|  
FZ9-137.21; E405|

Tharmas went down to the Wine presses & beheld the sons & daughters  
Of Luvah quite exhausted with the Labour & quite filld  
With new wine. that they began to torment one another and to tread  
The weak. Luvah & Vala slept on the floor o'erwearied

FZ9-137.22; E405|  
FZ9-137.23; E405|  
FZ9-137.24; E405|  
FZ9-137.25; E405|  
FZ9-137.26; E405|  
FZ9-137.27; E405|

Urthona calld his Sons around him Tharmas calld his sons  
Numrous. they took the wine they separated the Lees  
And Luvah was put for dung on the ground by the Sons of Tharmas & Urthona  
They formed heavens of sweetest wo[o]d[s] of gold & silver & ivory  
Of glass & precious stones They loaded all the waggons of heaven  
And took away the wine of ages with solemn songs & joy

FZ9-137.28; E405|  
FZ9-137.29; E405|  
FZ9-137.30; E405|  
FZ9-137.31; E405|

Luvah & Vala woke & all the sons & daughters of Luvah  
Awoke they wept to one another & they reascended  
To the Eternal Man in woe he cast them wailing into  
The world of shadows thro the air till winter is over & gone

FZ9-137.32; E405|  
FZ9-137.33; E405|

But the Human Wine stood wondering in all their delightful Expanses  
The Elements subside the heavens rolld on with vocal harmony

FZ9-137.34; E405|

Then Los who is Urthona rose in all his regenerate power

FZ9-137.35; E406|  
FZ9-137.36; E406|  
FZ9-137.37; E406|  
FZ9-137.38; E406|

The Sea that rolld & foamd with darkness & the shadows of death  
Vomited out & gave up all the floods lift up their hands  
Singing & shouting to the Man they bow their hoary heads  
And murmuring in their channels flow & circle round his feet

FZ9-138.1; E406|  
FZ9-138.2; E406|  
FZ9-138.3; E406|  
FZ9-138.4; E406|  
FZ9-138.5; E406|  
FZ9-138.6; E406|  
FZ9-138.7; E406|  
FZ9-138.8; E406|  
FZ9-138.9; E406|  
FZ9-138.10; E406|  
FZ9-138.11; E406|

Then Dark Urthona took the Corn out of the Stores of Urizen  
He ground it in his rumbling Mills Terrible the distress  
Of all the Nations of Earth ground in the Mills of Urthona  
In his hand Tharmas takes the Storms. he turns the whirlwind Loose  
Upon the wheels the stormy seas howl at his dread command  
And Eddying fierce rejoice in the fierce agitation o the wheels  
Of Dark Urthona Thunders Earthquakes Fires Water floods  
Rejoice to one another loud their voices shake the Abyss  
Their dread forms tending the dire mills The grey hoar frost was there  
And his pale wife the aged Snow they watch over the fires  
They build the Ovens of Urthona Nature in darkness groans

FZ9-138.12; E406| And Men are bound to sullen contemplations in the night  
FZ9-138.13; E406| Restless they turn on beds of sorrow. in their inmost brain  
FZ9-138.14; E406| Feeling the crushing Wheels they rise they write the bitter words  
FZ9-138.15; E406| Of Stern Philosophy & knead the bread of knowledge with tears & groans

FZ9-138.16; E406| Such are the works of Dark Urthona Tharmas sifted the corn  
FZ9-138.17; E406| Urthona made the Bread of Ages & he placed it  
FZ9-138.18; E406| In golden & in silver baskets in heavens of precious stone  
FZ9-138.19; E406| And then took his repose in Winter in the night of Time

FZ9-138.20; E406| The Sun has left his blackness & has found a fresher morning  
FZ9-138.21; E406| And the mild moon rejoices in the clear & cloudless night <sup>*t1016*</sup>  
FZ9-138.22; E406| And Man walks forth from midst of the fires the evil is all consumd  
FZ9-138.23; E406| His eyes behold the Angelic spheres arising night & day  
FZ9-138.24; E406| The stars consumd like a lamp blown out & in their stead behold  
FZ9-138.25; E406| The Expanding Eyes of Man behold the depths of wondrous worlds <sup>*t1017*</sup>  
FZ9-138.26; E406| One Earth one sea beneath nor Erring Globes wander but Stars  
FZ9-138.27; E406| Of fire rise up nightly from the Ocean & one Sun  
FZ9-138.28; E406| Each morning like a New born Man issues with songs & Joy  
FZ9-138.29; E406| Calling the Plowman to his Labour & the Shepherd to his rest  
FZ9-138.30; E406| He walks upon the Eternal Mountains raising his heavenly voice  
FZ9-138.31; E406| Conversing with the Animal forms of wisdom night & day  
FZ9-138.32; E406| That risen from the Sea of fire renewd walk oer the Earth

FZ9-138.33; E406| For Tharmas brought his flocks upon the hills & in the Vales  
FZ9-138.34; E406| Around the Eternal Mans bright tent the little Children play  
FZ9-138.3; E406| Among the wooly flocks The hammer of Urthona sounds  
FZ9-138.36; E406| In the deep caves beneath his limbs renewd his Lions roar  
FZ9-138.37; E406| Around the Furnaces & in Evening sport upon the plains  
FZ9-138.38; E406| They raise their faces from the Earth conversing with the Man

FZ9-138.39; E407| How is it we have walkd thro fires & yet are not consumd  
FZ9-138.40; E407| How is it that all things are changd even as in ancient times

FZ9-139.1; E407| The Sun arises from his dewy bed & the fresh airs  
FZ9-139.2; E407| Play in his smiling beams giving the seeds of life to grow  
FZ9-139.3; E407| And the fresh Earth beams forth ten thousand thousand springs of life  
FZ9-139.4; E407| Urthona is arisen in his strength no longer now  
FZ9-139.5; E407| Divided from Enitharmon no longer the Spectre Los  
FZ9-139.6; E407| Where is the Spectre of Prophecy where the delusive Phantom  
FZ9-139.7; E407| Departed & Urthona rises from the ruinous walls  
FZ9-139.8; E407| In all his ancient strength to form the golden armour of science

FZ9-139.9; E407|  
FZ9-139.10; E407|

For intellectual War The war of swords departed now  
The dark Religions are departed & sweet Science reigns

FZ9-139end; E407|

End of The Dream *t1018*

PStitle; E408| POETICAL SKETCHES. *1019*

PStitle; E408| By W. B.

PScolophon; E408| London: Printed in the Year MDCCLXXXIII.

PSheader; E408| MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

PStitle; E408| TO SPRING.

PS-ToSpring1; E408| O thou, with dewy locks, who lookest down  
PS-ToSpring2; E408| Thro' the clear windows of the morning; turn  
PS-ToSpring3; E408| Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,  
PS-ToSpring4; E408| Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

PS-ToSpring5; E408| The hills tell each other, and the list'ning  
PS-ToSpring6; E408| Vallies hear; all our longing eyes are turned  
PS-ToSpring7; E408| Up to thy bright pavillions: issue forth,  
PS-ToSpring8; E408| And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

PS-ToSpring9; E408| Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds  
PS-ToSpring10; E408| Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste  
PS-ToSpring11; E408| Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls  
PS-ToSpring12; E408| Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

PS-ToSpring13; E408| O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour  
PS-ToSpring14; E408| Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put  
PS-ToSpring15; E408| Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,  
PS-ToSpring16; E408| Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee!

PStitle; E409| TO SUMMER.

PS-ToSummer1; E409| O thou, who passest thro' our vallies in  
PS-ToSummer2; E409| Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat  
PS-ToSummer3; E409| That flames from their large nostrils! thou, O Summer,  
PS-ToSummer4; E409| Oft pitched'st here thy golden tent, and oft  
PS-ToSummer5; E409| Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld  
PS-ToSummer6; E409| With joy, thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.



PS-ToSummer7; E409|  
PS-ToSummer8; E409|  
PS-ToSummer9; E409|  
PS-ToSummer10; E409|  
PS-ToSummer11; E409|  
PS-ToSummer12; E409|  
PS-ToSummer13; E409|

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

PS-ToSummer14; E409|  
PS-ToSummer15; E409|  
PS-ToSummer16; E409|  
PS-ToSummer17; E409|  
PS-ToSummer18; E409|  
PS-ToSummer19; E409|

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

PS-Title; E409| TO AUTUMN

PS-ToAutumn1; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn2; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn3; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn4; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn5; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn6; E409|

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

PS-ToAutumn7; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn8; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn9; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn10; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn11; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn12; E409|

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

PS-ToAutumn13; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn14; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn15; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn16; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn17; E409|  
PS-ToAutumn18; E409|

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

PS-Title; E410| TO WINTER.

PS-ToWinter1; E410|

O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors:

PS-ToWinter2; E410| The north is thine; there hast thou built thy dark  
PS-ToWinter3; E410| Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs,  
PS-ToWinter4; E410| Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car.

PS-ToWinter5; E410| He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep  
PS-ToWinter6; E410| Rides heavy; his storms are unchain'd; sheathed  
PS-ToWinter7; E410| In ribbed steel, I dare not lift mine eyes;  
PS-ToWinter8; E410| For he hath rear'd his sceptre o'er the world.

PS-ToWinter9; E410| Lo! now the direful monster, whose skin clings  
PS-ToWinter10; E410| To his strong bones, strides o'er the groaning rocks:  
PS-ToWinter11; E410| He withers all in silence, and his hand *t1020*  
PS-ToWinter12; E410| Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

PS-ToWinter13; E410| He takes his seat upon the cliffs, the mariner  
PS-ToWinter14; E410| Cries in vain. Poor little wretch! that deal'st  
PS-ToWinter15; E410| With storms; till heaven smiles, and the monster  
PS-ToWinter16; E410| Is driv'n yelling to his caves beneath mount Hecla.

PS-Title-a; E410| TO THE  
PS-Title-b; E410| EVENING STAR.

PS-TotheEveningStar1; E410| Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening,  
PS-TotheEveningStar2; E410| Now, while the sun rests on the mountains, light *t1021*  
PS-TotheEveningStar3; E410| Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown  
PS-TotheEveningStar4; E410| Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!  
PS-TotheEveningStar5; E410| Smile on our loves; and, while thou drawest the  
PS-TotheEveningStar6; E410| Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew  
PS-TotheEveningStar7; E410| On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
PS-TotheEveningStar8; E410| In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on  
PS-TotheEveningStar9; E410| The lake; speak si[l]ence with thy glimmering eyes,  
PS-TotheEveningStar10; E410| And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,  
PS-TotheEveningStar11; E410| Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,  
PS-TotheEveningStar12; E410| And the lion glares thro' the dun forest:  
PS-TotheEveningStar13; E410| The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with  
PS-TotheEveningStar14; E410| Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.

PS-Title; E410| TO MORNING.

PS-ToMorning1; E410| O holy virgin! clad in purest white,  
PS-ToMorning2; E410| Unlock heav'n's golden gates, and issue forth;

PS-ToMorning3; E410| Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven; let light  
PS-ToMorning4; E410| Rise from the chambers of the east, and bring  
PS-ToMorning5; E410| The honied dew that cometh on waking day.

PS-ToMorning6; E411| O radiant morning, salute the sun,  
PS-ToMorning7; E411| Rouz'd like a huntsman to the chace; and, with  
PS-ToMorning8; E411| Thy buskin'd feet, appear upon our hills.

PSTitle; E411| FAIR ELENOR.

PS-FairElenor1; E411| The bell struck one, and shook the silent tower;  
PS-FairElenor2; E411| The graves give up their dead: fair  
PS-FairElenor3; E411| Walk'd by the castle gate, and looked in.  
PS-FairElenor4; E411| A hollow groan ran thro' the dreary vaults.

PS-FairElenor5; E411| She shriek'd aloud, and sunk upon the steps  
PS-FairElenor6; E411| On the cold stone her pale cheek. Sickly smells *t1022*  
PS-FairElenor7; E411| Of death, issue as from a sepulchre,  
PS-FairElenor8; E411| And all is silent but the sighing vaults.

PS-FairElenor9; E411| Chill death withdraws his hand, and she revives;  
PS-FairElenor10; E411| Amaz'd, she finds herself upon her feet,  
PS-FairElenor11; E411| And, like a ghost, thro' narrow passages  
PS-FairElenor12; E411| Walking, feeling the cold walls with her hands.

PS-FairElenor13; E411| Fancy returns, and now she thinks of bones,  
PS-FairElenor14; E411| And grinning skulls, and corruptible death,  
PS-FairElenor15; E411| Wrap'd in his shroud; and now, fancies she hears  
PS-FairElenor16; E411| Deep sighs, and sees pale sickly ghosts gliding.

PS-FairElenor17; E411| At length, no fancy, but reality  
PS-FairElenor18; E411| Distracts her. A rushing sound, and the feet  
PS-FairElenor19; E411| Of one that fled, approaches--Ellen stood,  
PS-FairElenor20; E411| Like a dumb statue, froze to stone with fear.

PS-FairElenor21; E411| The wretch approaches, crying, "The deed is done;  
PS-FairElenor22; E411| "Take this, and send it by whom thou wilt send;  
PS-FairElenor23; E411| "It is my life--send it to Elenor:--  
PS-FairElenor24; E411| "He's dead, and howling after me for blood!

PS-FairElenor25; E411|  
PS-FairElenor26; E411|  
PS-FairElenor27; E411|  
PS-FairElenor28; E411|

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

PS-FairElenor29; E411|  
PS-FairElenor30; E411|  
PS-FairElenor31; E411|  
PS-FairElenor32; E411|

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

PS-FairElenor33; E411|  
PS-FairElenor34; E411|  
PS-FairElenor35; E411|  
PS-FairElenor36; E411|

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

PS-FairElenor37; E412|  
PS-FairElenor38; E412|  
PS-FairElenor39; E412|  
PS-FairElenor40; E412|

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

PS-FairElenor41; E412|  
PS-FairElenor42; E412|  
PS-FairElenor43; E412|  
PS-FairElenor44; E412|

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

PS-FairElenor45; E412|  
PS-FairElenor46; E412|  
PS-FairElenor47; E412|  
PS-FairElenor48; E412|

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

PS-FairElenor49; E412|  
PS-FairElenor50; E412|  
PS-FairElenor51; E412|  
PS-FairElenor52; E412|

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

PS-FairElenor53; E412|  
PS-FairElenor54; E412|  
PS-FairElenor55; E412|  
PS-FairElenor56; E412|

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

PS-FairElenor57; E412|

Her eyes were fix'd; the bloody cloth unfolds,

PS-FairElenor58; E412|  
PS-FairElenor59; E412|  
PS-FairElenor60; E412|

Disclosing to her sight the murder'd head  
Of her dear lord, all ghastly pale, clotted  
With gory blood; it groan'd, and thus it spake:

PS-FairElenor61; E412|  
PS-FairElenor62; E412|  
PS-FairElenor63; E412|  
PS-FairElenor64; E412|

"O Elenor, behold thy husband's head, *t1023*  
"Who, sleeping on the stones of yonder tower,  
"Was 'reft of life, by the accursed duke!  
"A hired villain turn'd my sleep to death!

PS-FairElenor65; E412|  
PS-FairElenor66; E412|  
PS-FairElenor67; E412|  
PS-FairElenor68; E412|

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

PS-FairElenor69; E412|  
PS-FairElenor70; E412|  
PS-FairElenor71; E412|  
PS-FairElenor72; E412|

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

PStitle; E412|      **SONG.**

PS-Song"HowSweet"1; E412|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"2; E412|

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride,

PS-Song"HowSweet"3; E413|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"4; E413|

"Till I the prince of love beheld,  
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

PS-Song"HowSweet"5; E413|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"6; E413|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"7; E413|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"8; E413|

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

PS-Song"HowSweet"9; E413|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"10; E413|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"11; E413|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"12; E413|

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

PS-Song"HowSweet"13; E413|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"14; E413|  
PS-Song"HowSweet"15; E413|

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;  
Then stretches out my golden wing,



PS-Song"HowSweet"16; E413|      And mocks my loss of liberty.

PS-Title; E413|      SONG.

PS-Song"MySilks"1; E413|      My silks and fine array,  
PS-Song"MySilks"2; E413|      My smiles and languish'd air,  
PS-Song"MySilks"3; E413|      By love are driv'n away;  
PS-Song"MySilks"4; E413|      And mournful lean Despair  
PS-Song"MySilks"5; E413|      Brings me yew to deck my grave:  
PS-Song"MySilks"6; E413|      Such end true lovers have.

PS-Song"MySilks"7; E413|      His face is fair as heav'n,  
PS-Song"MySilks"8; E413|      When springing buds unfold;  
PS-Song"MySilks"9; E413|      O why to him wast giv'n,  
PS-Song"MySilks"10; E413|      Whose heart is wintry cold?  
PS-Song"MySilks"11; E413|      His breast is love's all worship'd tomb,  
PS-Song"MySilks"12; E413|      Where all love's pilgrims come,

PS-Song"MySilks"13; E413|      Bring me an axe and spade,  
PS-Song"MySilks"14; E413|      Bring me a winding sheet;  
PS-Song"MySilks"15; E413|      When I my grave have made,  
PS-Song"MySilks"16; E413|      Let winds and tempests beat:  
PS-Song"MySilks"17; E413|      Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.  
PS-Song"MySilks"18; E413|      True love doth pass away!

PS-Title; E413|      SONG.

PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"1; E413|      Love and harmony combine,  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"2; E413|      And around our souls intwine,  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"3; E413|      While thy branches mix with mine,  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"4; E413|      And our roots together join.

PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"5; E414|      Joys upon our branches sit,  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"6; E414|      Chirping loud, and singing sweet;  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"7; E414|      Like gentle streams beneath our feet  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"8; E414|      Innocence and virtue meet.

PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"9; E414|      Thou the golden fruit dost bear,  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"10; E414|      I am clad in flowers fair;  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"11; E414|      Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"12; E414|      And the turtle buildeth there.

PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"13; E414|  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"14; E414|  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"15; E414|  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"16; E414|

There she sits and feeds her young,  
Sweet I hear her mournful song;  
And thy lovely leaves among,  
There is love: I hear his tongue. *t1024*

PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"17; E414|  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"18; E414|  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"19; E414|  
PS-Song"LoveAndHarmony"20; E414|

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

PStitle; E414| SONG.

PS-Song"ILove"1; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"2; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"3; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"4; E414|

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

PS-Song"ILove"5; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"6; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"7; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"8; E414|

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

PS-Song"ILove"9; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"10; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"11; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"12; E414|

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

PS-Song"ILove"13; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"14; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"15; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"16; E414|

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

PS-Song"ILove"17; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"18; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"19; E414|  
PS-Song"ILove"20; E414|

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

PStitle; E415| SONG.

PS-Song"Memory"1; E415| Memory, hither come,  
PS-Song"Memory"2; E415| And tune your merry notes;  
PS-Song"Memory"3; E415| And, while upon the wind,  
PS-Song"Memory"4; E415| Your music floats,  
PS-Song"Memory"5; E415| I'll pore upon the stream,  
PS-Song"Memory"6; E415| Where sighing lovers dream,  
PS-Song"Memory"7; E415| And fish for fancies as they pass  
PS-Song"Memory"8; E415| Within the watery glass.

PS-Song"Memory"9; E415| I'll drink of the clear stream,  
PS-Song"Memory"10; E415| And hear the linnet's song;  
PS-Song"Memory"11; E415| And there I'll lie and dream  
PS-Song"Memory"12; E415| The day along:  
PS-Song"Memory"13; E415| And, when night comes, I'll go  
PS-Song"Memory"14; E415| To places fit for woe;  
PS-Song"Memory"15; E415| Walking along the darken'd valley,  
PS-Song"Memory"16; E415| With silent Melancholy.

PStitle; E415| MAD SONG.

PS-MadSong1; E415| The wild winds weep,  
PS-MadSong2; E415| And the night is a-cold;  
PS-MadSong3; E415| Come hither, Sleep,  
PS-MadSong4; E415| And my griefs infold: *t1025*  
PS-MadSong5; E415| But lo! the morning peeps  
PS-MadSong6; E415| Over the eastern steeps,  
PS-MadSong7; E415| And the rustling birds of dawn *t1026*  
PS-MadSong8; E415| The earth do scorn.

PS-MadSong9; E415| Lo! to the vault  
PS-MadSong10; E415| Of paved heaven,  
PS-MadSong11; E415| With sorrow fraught  
PS-MadSong12; E415| My notes are driven:  
PS-MadSong13; E415| They strike the ear of night,  
PS-MadSong14; E415| Make weep the eyes of day;  
PS-MadSong15; E415| They make mad the roaring winds,  
PS-MadSong16; E415| And with tempests play.

PS-MadSong17; E415| Like a fiend in a cloud  
PS-MadSong18; E415| With howling woe,  
PS-MadSong19; E415| After night I do croud,  
PS-MadSong20; E415| And with night will go;

PS-MadSong21; E415| I turn my back to the east,

PS-MadSong22; E416| From whence comforts have increas'd;

PS-MadSong23; E416| For light doth seize my brain

PS-MadSong24; E416| With frantic pain.

PStitle; E416| SONG.

PS-Song"FreshFrom"1; E416| Fresh from the dewy hill, the merry year  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"2; E416| Smiles on my head, and mounts his flaming car;  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"3; E416| Round my young brows the laurel wreathes a shade,  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"4; E416| And rising glories beam around my head.

PS-Song"FreshFrom"5; E416| My feet are wing'd, while o'er the dewy lawn,  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"6; E416| I meet my maiden, risen like the morn:  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"7; E416| Oh bless those holy feet, like angels' feet;  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"8; E416| Oh bless those limbs, beaming with heav'nly light!

PS-Song"FreshFrom"9; E416| Like as an angel glitt'ring in the sky,  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"10; E416| In times of innocence, and holy joy;  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"11; E416| The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song,  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"12; E416| To hear the music of an angel's tongue.

PS-Song"FreshFrom"13; E416| So when she speaks, the voice of Heaven I hear  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"14; E416| So when we walk, nothing impure comes near;  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"15; E416| Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat;  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"16; E416| Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

PS-Song"FreshFrom"17; E416| But that sweet village where my black-ey'd maid,  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"18; E416| Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night's shade:  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"19; E416| Whene'er I enter, more than mortal fire  
PS-Song"FreshFrom"20; E416| Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.

PStitle; E416| SONG.

PS-Song"WhenEarly"1; E416| When early morn walks forth in sober grey;  
PS-Song"WhenEarly"2; E416| Then to my black ey'd maid I haste away,  
PS-Song"WhenEarly"3; E416| When evening sits beneath her dusky bow'r,  
PS-Song"WhenEarly"4; E416| And gently sighs away the silent hour;  
PS-Song"WhenEarly"5; E416| The village bell alarms, away I go;

PS-Song"WhenEarly"6; E416|

And the vale darkens at my pensive woe.

PS-Song"WhenEarly"7; E416|

To that sweet village, where my black ey'd maid

PS-Song"WhenEarly"8; E416|

Doth drop a tear beneath the silent shade,

PS-Song"WhenEarly"9; E416|

I turn my eyes; and, pensive as I go,

PS-Song"WhenEarly"10; E416|

Curse my black stars, and bless my pleasing woe.

PS-Song"WhenEarly"11; E416|

Oft when the summer sleeps among the trees,

PS-Song"WhenEarly"12; E416|

Whisp'ring faint murmurs to the scanty breeze,

PS-Song"WhenEarly"13; E416|

I walk the village round; if at her side

PS-Song"WhenEarly"14; E416|

A youth doth walk in stolen joy and pride,

PS-Song"WhenEarly"15; E417|

I curse my stars in bitter grief and woe,

PS-Song"WhenEarly"16; E417|

That made my love so high, and me so low.

PS-Song"WhenEarly"17; E417|

O should she e'er prove false, his limbs I'd tear,

PS-Song"WhenEarly"18; E417|

And throw all pity on the burning air;

PS-Song"WhenEarly"19; E417|

I'd curse bright fortune for my mixed lot,

PS-Song"WhenEarly"20; E417|

And then I'd die in peace, and be forgot.

PS-Title; E417|

## TO THE MUSES.

PS-ToTheMuses1; E417|

Whether on Ida's shady brow,

PS-ToTheMuses2; E417|

Or in the chambers of the East,

PS-ToTheMuses3; E417|

The chambers of the sun, that now

PS-ToTheMuses4; E417|

From antient melody have ceas'd;

PS-ToTheMuses5; E417|

Whether in Heav'n ye wander fair,

PS-ToTheMuses6; E417|

Or the green corners of the earth,

PS-ToTheMuses7; E417|

Or the blue regions of the air,

PS-ToTheMuses8; E417|

Where the melodious winds have birth;

PS-ToTheMuses9; E417|

Whether on chrystal rocks ye rove,

PS-ToTheMuses10; E417|

Beneath the bosom of the sea

PS-ToTheMuses11; E417|

Wand'ring in many a coral grove,

PS-ToTheMuses12; E417|

Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

PS-ToTheMuses13; E417|

How have you left the antient love

PS-ToTheMuses14; E417|

That bards of old enjoy'd in you!

PS-ToTheMuses15; E417|

The languid strings do scarcely move!

PS-ToTheMuses16; E417|

The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!



# GWIN, KING OF NORWAY.

PS-Gwin1; E417| Come, kings, and listen to my song,  
 PS-Gwin2; E417| When Gwin, the son of Nore,  
 PS-Gwin3; E417| Over the nations of the North  
 PS-Gwin4; E417| His cruel sceptre bore:

PS-Gwin5; E417| The Nobles of the land did feed  
 PS-Gwin6; E417| Upon the hungry Poor;  
 PS-Gwin7; E417| They tear the poor man's lamb, and drive  
 PS-Gwin8; E417| The needy from their door!

PS-Gwin9; E417| The land is desolate; our wives *t1027*  
 PS-Gwin10; E417| And children cry for bread;  
 PS-Gwin11; E417| Arise, and pull the tyrant down;  
 PS-Gwin12; E417| Let Gwin be humbled.

PS-Gwin13; E417| Gordred the giant rous'd himself  
 PS-Gwin14; E417| From sleeping in his cave;

PS-Gwin15; E418| He shook the hills, and in the clouds  
 PS-Gwin16; E418| The troubl'd banners wave.

PS-Gwin17; E418| Beneath them roll'd, like tempests black,  
 PS-Gwin18; E418| The num'rous sons of blood;  
 PS-Gwin19; E418| Like lions' whelps, roaring abroad,  
 PS-Gwin20; E418| Seeking their nightly food.

PS-Gwin21; E418| Down Bleron's hills they dreadful rush,  
 PS-Gwin22; E418| Their cry ascends the clouds;  
 PS-Gwin23; E418| The trampling horse, and clanging arms  
 PS-Gwin24; E418| Like rushing mighty floods!

PS-Gwin25; E418| Their wives and children, weeping loud,  
 PS-Gwin26; E418| Follow in wild array,  
 PS-Gwin27; E418| Howling like ghosts, furious as wolves  
 PS-Gwin28; E418| In the bleak wintry day.

PS-Gwin29; E418| "Pull down the tyrant to the dust,

PS-Gwin30; E418| "Let Gwin be humbled,"  
PS-Gwin31; E418| They cry; "and let ten thousand lives  
PS-Gwin32; E418| "Pay for the tyrant's head."

PS-Gwin33; E418| From tow'r to tow'r the watchmen cry,  
PS-Gwin34; E418| "O Gwin, the son of Nore,  
PS-Gwin35; E418| "Arouse thyself! the nations black,  
PS-Gwin36; E418| "Like clouds, come rolling o'er!"

PS-Gwin37; E418| Gwin rear'd his shield, his palace shakes,  
PS-Gwin38; E418| His chiefs come rushing round;  
PS-Gwin39; E418| Each, like an awful thunder cloud,  
PS-Gwin40; E418| With voice of solemn sound.

PS-Gwin41; E418| Like reared stones around a grave  
PS-Gwin42; E418| They stand around the King;  
PS-Gwin43; E418| Then suddenly each seiz'd his spear,  
PS-Gwin44; E418| And clashing steel does ring,

PS-Gwin45; E418| The husbandman does leave his plow,  
PS-Gwin46; E418| To wade thro' fields of gore;  
PS-Gwin47; E418| The merchant binds his brows in steel,  
PS-Gwin48; E418| And leaves the trading shore:

PS-Gwin49; E418| The shepherd leaves his mellow pipe,  
PS-Gwin50; E418| And sounds the trumpet shrill;  
PS-Gwin51; E418| The workman throws his hammer down  
PS-Gwin52; E418| To heave the bloody bill.

PS-Gwin53; E418| Like the tall ghost of Barraton,  
PS-Gwin54; E418| Who sports in stormy sky,

PS-Gwin55; E419| Gwin leads his host as black as night,  
PS-Gwin56; E419| When pestilence does fly.

PS-Gwin57; E419| With horses and with chariots--  
PS-Gwin58; E419| And all his spearmen bold,  
PS-Gwin59; E419| March to the sound of mournful song,  
PS-Gwin60; E419| Like clouds around him roll'd.

PS-Gwin61; E419| Gwin lifts his hand--the nations halt;  
PS-Gwin62; E419| "Prepare for war," he cries--  
PS-Gwin63; E419| Gordred appears!--his frowning brow *t1028*  
PS-Gwin64; E419| Troubles our northern skies.

PS-Gwin65; E419| The armies stand, like balances  
PS-Gwin66; E419| Held in th' Almighty's hand;--  
PS-Gwin67; E419| "Gwin, thou hast fill'd thy measure up,  
PS-Gwin68; E419| "Thou'rt swept from out the land."

PS-Gwin69; E419| And now the raging armies rush'd,  
PS-Gwin70; E419| Like warring mighty seas;  
PS-Gwin71; E419| The Heav'ns are shook with roaring war,  
PS-Gwin72; E419| The dust ascends the skies!

PS-Gwin73; E419| Earth smokes with blood, and groans, and shakes,  
PS-Gwin74; E419| To drink her childrens' gore,  
PS-Gwin75; E419| A sea of blood; nor can the eye  
PS-Gwin76; E419| See to the trembling shore!

PS-Gwin77; E419| And on the verge of this wild sea  
PS-Gwin78; E419| Famine and death doth cry;  
PS-Gwin79; E419| The cries of women and of babes.  
PS-Gwin80; E419| Over the field doth fly.

PS-Gwin81; E419| The King is seen raging afar;  
PS-Gwin82; E419| With all his men of might;  
PS-Gwin83; E419| Like blazing comets, scattering death  
PS-Gwin84; E419| Thro' the red fev'rous night.

PS-Gwin85; E419| Beneath his arm like sheep they die,  
PS-Gwin86; E419| And groan upon the plain;  
PS-Gwin87; E419| The battle faints, and bloody men  
PS-Gwin88; E419| Fight upon hills of slain.

PS-Gwin89; E419| Now death is sick, and riven men  
PS-Gwin90; E419| Labour and toil for life;  
PS-Gwin91; E419| Steed rolls on steed, and shield on shield,  
PS-Gwin92; E419| Sunk in this sea of strife!

PS-Gwin93; E419| The god of war is drunk with blood,

PS-Gwin94; E419|

The earth doth faint and fail;

PS-Gwin95; E420|

The stench of blood makes sick the heav'ns;

PS-Gwin96; E420|

Ghosts glut the throat of hell!

PS-Gwin97; E420|

O what have Kings to answer for,

PS-Gwin98; E420|

Before that awful throne!

PS-Gwin99; E420|

When thousand deaths for vengeance cry,

PS-Gwin100; E420|

And ghosts accusing groan!

PS-Gwin101; E420|

Like blazing comets in the sky,

PS-Gwin102; E420|

That shake the stars of light,

PS-Gwin103; E420|

Which drop like fruit unto the earth,

PS-Gwin104; E420|

Thro' the fierce burning night;

PS-Gwin105; E420|

Like these did Gwin and Gordred meet,

PS-Gwin106; E420|

And the first blow decides;

PS-Gwin107; E420|

Down from the brow unto the breast

PS-Gwin108; E420|

Gordred his head divides!

PS-Gwin109; E420|

Gwin fell; the Sons of Norway fled,

PS-Gwin110; E420|

All that remain'd alive;

PS-Gwin111; E420|

The rest did fill the vale of death,

PS-Gwin112; E420|

For them the eagles strive.

PS-Gwin113; E420|

The river Dorman roll'd their blood

PS-Gwin114; E420|

Into the northern sea;

PS-Gwin115; E420|

Who mourn'd his sons, and overwhelm'd

PS-Gwin116; E420|

The pleasant south country.

PStitle-a; E420|

AN

PStitle-b; E420|

IMITATION OF SPEN[S]ER. *t1029*

PS-AnImitation1; E420|

Golden Apollo, that thro' heaven wide

PS-AnImitation2; E420|

Scatter'st the rays of light, and truth's beams!

PS-AnImitation3; E420|

In lucent words my darkling verses dight,

PS-AnImitation4; E420|

And wash my earthy mind in thy clear streams,

PS-AnImitation5; E420|

That wisdom may descend in fairy dreams:

PS-AnImitation6; E420|

All while the jocund hours in thy train

PS-AnImitation7; E420|

Scatter their fancies at thy poet's feet;

PS-AnImitation8; E420|

And when thou yields to night thy wide domain, *t1030*

PS-AnImitation9; E420|

Let rays of truth enlight his sleeping brain.

PS-AnImitation10; E420|

PS-AnImitation11; E420|

PS-AnImitation12; E420|

PS-AnImitation13; E420|

PS-AnImitation14; E420|

PS-AnImitation15; E420|

PS-AnImitation16; E420|

For brutish Pan in vain might thee assay  
With tinkling sounds to dash thy nervous verse,  
Sound without sense; yet in his rude affray,  
(For ignorance is Folly's leeing nurse, <sup>t1031</sup>  
And love of Folly needs none other curse;) <sup>t1032</sup>  
Midas the praise hath gain'd of lengthen'd eares, <sup>t1033</sup>  
For which himself might deem him neer the worse

PS-AnImitation17; E421|

PS-AnImitation18; E421|

To sit in council with his modern peers,  
And judge of tinkling rhimes, and elegances terse.

PS-AnImitation19; E421|

PS-AnImitation20; E421|

PS-AnImitation21; E421|

PS-AnImitation22; E421|

PS-AnImitation23; E421|

PS-AnImitation24; E421|

PS-AnImitation25; E421|

PS-AnImitation26; E421|

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

PS-AnImitation27; E421|

PS-AnImitation28; E421|

PS-AnImitation29; E421|

PS-AnImitation30; E421|

PS-AnImitation31; E421|

PS-AnImitation32; E421|

PS-AnImitation33; E421|

PS-AnImitation34; E421|

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

PS-AnImitation35; E421|

PS-AnImitation36; E421|

PS-AnImitation37; E421|

PS-AnImitation38; E421|

PS-AnImitation39; E421|

PS-AnImitation40; E421|

PS-AnImitation41; E421|

PS-AnImitation42; E421|

PS-AnImitation43; E421|

O Mercury, assist my lab'ring sense,  
That round the circle of the world wou'd fly!  
As the wing'd eagle scorns the tow'ry fence  
Of Alpine hills round his high aery,  
And searches thro' the corners of the sky,  
Sports in the clouds to hear the thunder's sound,  
And see the winged lightnings as they fly, <sup>t1034</sup>  
Then, bosom'd in an amber cloud, around  
Plumes his wide wings, and seeks Sol's palace high.

PS-AnImitation44; E421|

And thou, O warrior maid, invincible, <sup>t1035</sup>



PS-AnImitation45; E421	Arm'd with the terrors of Almighty Jove!
PS-AnImitation46; E421	Pallas, Minerva, maiden terrible,
PS-AnImitation47; E421	Lov'st thou to walk the peaceful solemn grove,
PS-AnImitation48; E421	In solemn gloom of branches interwove?
PS-AnImitation49; E421	Or bear'st thy Egis o'er the burning field,
PS-AnImitation50; E421	Where, like the sea, the waves of battle move?
PS-AnImitation51; E421	Or have thy soft piteous eyes beheld
PS-AnImitation52; E421	The weary wanderer thro' the desert rove?
PS-AnImitation53; E421	Or does th' afflicted man thy heav'nly bosom move?

PS-Title; E421	<b>BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.</b>
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PS-BlindMan'sBuff1; E421	When silver Snow decks Susan's cloaths,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff2; E421	And jewel hangs at th' shepherd's nose,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff3; E421	The blushing bank is all my care,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff4; E422	With hearth so red, and walls so fair;
PS-BlindMan'sBuff5; E422	"Heap the sea-coal; come, heap it higher,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff6; E422	"The oaken log lay on the fire:"
PS-BlindMan'sBuff7; E422	The well-wash'd stools, a circling row,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff8; E422	With lad and lass, how fair the show!
PS-BlindMan'sBuff9; E422	The merry can of nut-brown ale,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff10; E422	The laughing jest, the love-sick tale,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff11; E422	'Till tir'd of chat, the game begins,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff12; E422	The lasses prick the lads with pins;
PS-BlindMan'sBuff13; E422	Roger from Dolly twitch'd the stool,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff14; E422	She falling, kiss'd the ground, poor fool!
PS-BlindMan'sBuff15; E422	She blush'd so red, with side-long glance
PS-BlindMan'sBuff16; E422	At hob-nail Dick, who griev'd the chance.
PS-BlindMan'sBuff17; E422	But now for Blind-man's Buff they call;
PS-BlindMan'sBuff18; E422	Of each incumbrance clear the hall--
PS-BlindMan'sBuff19; E422	Jenny her silken kerchief folds,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff20; E422	And blear-ey'd Will the black lot holds;
PS-BlindMan'sBuff21; E422	Now laughing, stops, with "Silence! hush!"
PS-BlindMan'sBuff22; E422	And Peggy Pout gives Sam a push.--
PS-BlindMan'sBuff23; E422	The Blind-man's arms, extended wide,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff24; E422	Sam slips between;--"O woe betide
PS-BlindMan'sBuff25; E422	Thee, clumsy Will!"--but titt'ring Kate
PS-BlindMan'sBuff26; E422	Is pen'd up in the corner strait!
PS-BlindMan'sBuff27; E422	And now Will's eyes beheld the play,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff28; E422	He thought his face was t'other way.---
PS-BlindMan'sBuff29; E422	"Now, Kitty, now; what chance hast thou,
PS-BlindMan'sBuff30; E422	"Roger so near thee, Trips; I vow!["]
PS-BlindMan'sBuff31; E422	She catches him--then Roger ties

PS-BlindMan'sBuff32; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff33; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff34; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff35; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff36; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff37; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff38; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff39; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff40; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff41; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff42; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff43; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff44; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff45; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff46; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff47; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff48; E422|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff49; E422|

His own head up--but not his eyes;  
For thro' the slender cloth he sees,  
And runs at Sam, who slips with ease  
His clumsy hold; and, dodging round,  
Sukey is tumbled on the ground!---  
"See what it is to play unfair!  
"Where cheating is, there's mischief there."  
But Roger still pursues the chace,--  
"He sees! he sees![""] cries softly Grace;  
"O Roger, thou, unskill'd in art,  
"Must, surer bound, go thro' thy part!"  
Now Kitty, pert, repeats the rhymes,  
And Roger turns him round three times;  
Then pauses ere he starts--but Dick  
Was mischief bent upon a trick:  
Down on his hands and knees he lay,  
Directly in the Blind-man's way--  
Then cries out, "Hem!" Hodge heard, and ran

PS-BlindMan'sBuff50; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff51; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff52; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff53; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff54; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff55; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff56; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff57; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff58; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff59; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff60; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff61; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff62; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff63; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff64; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff65; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff66; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff67; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff68; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff69; E423|  
PS-BlindMan'sBuff70; E423|

With hood-wink'd chance--sure of his man;  
But down he came.--Alas, how frail  
Our best of hopes, how soon they fail!  
With crimson drops he stains the ground,  
Confusion startles all around!  
Poor piteous Dick supports his head,  
And fain would cure the hurt he made;  
But Kitty hasted with a key,  
And down his back they strait convey  
The cold relief--the blood is stay'd,  
And Hodge again holds up his head.  
Such are the fortunes of the game,  
And those who play should stop the same  
By wholesome laws; such as[:]all those  
Who on the blinded man impose, <sup>*†1036*</sup>  
Stand in his stead; as long a-gone  
When men were first a nation grown;  
Lawless they liv'd--till wantonness  
And liberty began t' increase;  
And one man lay in another's way,  
Then laws were made to keep fair play.

PSTitle; E423|

KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

PS-KE3; E423|

PERSONS.

PS-KE3; E423| *King Edward. - Lord Audley.*  
PS-KE3; E423| *The Black Prince. - Lord Percy.*  
PS-KE3; E423| *Queen Philippa. - Bishop.*  
PS-KE3; E423| *Duke of Clarence. - William, Dagworth's Man.*  
PS-KE3; E423| *Sir John Chandos.*  
PS-KE3; E423| *Sir Thomas Dagworth. - Peter Blunt, a common Soldier.*  
PS-KE3; E423| *Sir Walter Manny.*

PS-KE3; E423| SCENE [1], *The Coast of France, King Edward and Nobles. The Army.*  
PS-KE3-1; E423| *King.*

PS-KE3-1.1; E423| O thou, to whose fury the nations are  
PS-KE3-1.2; E423| But as dust! maintain thy servant's right.  
PS-KE3-1.3; E423| Without thine aid, the twisted mail, and spear,  
PS-KE3-1.4; E423| And forged helm, and shield of seven times beaten brass,

PS-KE3-1.5; E424| Are idle trophies of the vanquisher.  
PS-KE3-1.6; E424| When confusion rages, when the field is in a flame,  
PS-KE3-1.7; E424| When the cries of blood tear horror from heav'n,  
PS-KE3-1.8; E424| And yelling death runs up and down the ranks,  
PS-KE3-1.9; E424| Let Liberty, the charter'd right of Englishmen,  
PS-KE3-1.10; E424| Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,  
PS-KE3-1.11; E424| Enerve my soldiers; let Liberty  
PS-KE3-1.12; E424| Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.  
PS-KE3-1.13; E424| The enemy fight in chains, invisible chains, but heavy;  
PS-KE3-1.14; E424| Their minds are fetter'd; then how can they be free,  
PS-KE3-1.15; E424| While, like the mounting flame,  
PS-KE3-1.16; E424| We spring to battle o'er the floods of death?  
PS-KE3-1.17; E424| And these fair youths, the flow'r of England,  
PS-KE3-1.18; E424| Vent'ring their lives in my most righteous cause,  
PS-KE3-1.19; E424| O sheathe their hearts with triple steel, that they  
PS-KE3-1.20; E424| May emulate their fathers' virtues.  
PS-KE3-1.21; E424| And thou, my son, be strong; thou fightest for a crown  
PS-KE3-1.22; E424| That death can never ravish from thy brow,  
PS-KE3-1.23; E424| A crown of glory: but from thy very dust  
PS-KE3-1.24; E424| Shall beam a radiance, to fire the breasts  
PS-KE3-1.25; E424| Of youth unborn! Our names are written equal  
PS-KE3-1.26; E424| In fame's wide trophied hall; 'tis ours to gild  
PS-KE3-1.27; E424| The letters, and to make them shine with gold  
PS-KE3-1.28; E424| That never tarnishes: whether Third Edward,  
PS-KE3-1.29; E424| Or the Prince of Wales, or Montacute, or Mortimer,  
PS-KE3-1.30; E424| Or ev'n the least by birth, shall gain the brightest fame,  
PS-KE3-1.31; E424| Is in his hand to whom all men are equal.  
PS-KE3-1.32; E424| The world of men are like the num'rous stars,

PS-KE3-1.33; E424| That beam and twinkle in the depth of night,  
PS-KE3-1.34; E424| Each clad in glory according to his sphere;--  
PS-KE3-1.35; E424| But we, that wander from our native seats,  
PS-KE3-1.36; E424| And beam forth lustre on a darkling world,  
PS-KE3-1.37; E424| Grow larger as we advance! and some perhaps  
PS-KE3-1.38; E424| The most obscure at home, that scarce were seen  
PS-KE3-1.39; E424| To twinkle in their sphere, may so advance,  
PS-KE3-1.40; E424| That the astonish'd world, with up-turn'd eyes,  
PS-KE3-1.41; E424| Regardless of the moon, and those that once were bright,  
PS-KE3-1.42; E424| Stand only for to gaze upon their splendor!

PS-KE3-1; E424| [*He here knights the Prince, and other young Nobles.*]

PS-KE3-1.43; E424| Now let us take a just revenge for those  
PS-KE3-1.44; E424| Brave Lords, who fell beneath the bloody axe  
PS-KE3-1.45; E424| At Paris. Thanks, noble Harcourt, for 'twas  
PS-KE3-1.46; E424| By your advice we landed here in Brittany--  
PS-KE3-1.47; E424| A country not yet sown with destruction,  
PS-KE3-1.48; E424| And where the fiery whirlwind of swift war

PS-KE3-1.49; E425| Has not yet swept its desolating wing.---  
PS-KE3-1.50; E425| Into three parties we divide by day,  
PS-KE3-1.51; E425| And separate march, but join again at night:  
PS-KE3-1.52; E425| Each knows his rank, and Heav'n marshal all. [*Exeunt.*]

PS-KE3-2; E425| *King Edward III* SCENE [2], *English Court; Lionel, Duke of Clarence;*  
*Queen Philippa, Lords, Bishop, &c.*  
PS-KE3-2; E425| *Clarence.*

PS-KE3-2.1; E425| My Lords, I have, by the advice of her  
PS-KE3-2.2; E425| Whom I am doubly bound to obey, my Parent  
PS-KE3-2.3; E425| And my Sovereign, call'd you together.  
PS-KE3-2.4; E425| My task is great, my burden heavier than  
PS-KE3-2.5; E425| My unfledg'd years;  
PS-KE3-2.6; E425| Yet, with your kind assistance, Lords, I hope  
PS-KE3-2.7; E425| England shall dwell in peace; that while my father  
PS-KE3-2.8; E425| Toils in his wars, and turns his eyes on this  
PS-KE3-2.9; E425| His native shore, and sees commerce fly round  
PS-KE3-2.10; E425| With his white wings, and sees his golden London,  
PS-KE3-2.11; E425| And her silver Thames, throng'd with shining spires  
PS-KE3-2.12; E425| And corded ships; her merchants buzzing round  
PS-KE3-2.13; E425| Like summer bees, and all the golden cities

PS-KE3-2.14; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.15; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.16; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.17; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.18; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.19; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.20; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.21; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.22; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.23; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.24; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.25; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.26; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.27; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.28; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.29; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.30; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.31; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.32; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.33; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.34; E425|  
PS-KE3-2.35; E425|

In his land, overflowing with honey,  
Glory may not be dimm'd with clouds of care.  
Say, Lords, should not our thoughts be first to commerce?  
My Lord Bishop, you would recommend us agriculture?  
*Bishop.* Sweet Prince! the arts of peace are great,  
And no less glorious than those of war,  
Perhaps more glorious in the ph[i]losophic mind.  
When I sit at my home, a private man,  
My thoughts are on my gardens, and my fields,  
How to employ the hand that lacketh bread.  
If Industry is in my diocese,  
Religion will flourish; each man's heart  
Is cultivated, and will bring forth fruit:  
This is my private duty and my pleasure.  
But as I sit in council with my prince,  
My thoughts take in the gen'ral good of the whole,  
And England is the land favour'd by Commerce;  
For Commerce, tho' the child of Agriculture,  
Fosters his parent, who else must sweat and toil,  
And gain but scanty fare. Then, my dear Lord,  
Be England's trade our care; and we, as tradesmen,  
Looking to the gain of this our native land.

PS-KE3-2.36; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.37; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.38; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.39; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.40; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.41; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.42; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.43; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.44; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.45; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.46; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.47; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.48; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.49; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.50; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.51; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.52; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.53; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.54; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.55; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.56; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.57; E426|

*Clar.* O my good Lord, true wisdom drops like honey  
From your tongue, as from a worship'd oak!  
Forgive, my Lords, my talkative youth, that speaks  
Not merely what my narrow observation has  
Pick'd up, but what I have concluded from your lessons:  
Now, by the Queen's advice, I ask your leave  
To dine to-morrow with the Mayor of London:  
If I obtain your leave, I have another boon  
To ask, which is, the favour of your company;  
I fear Lord Percy will not give me leave.  
*Percy.* Dear Sir, a prince should always keep his state,  
And grant his favours with a sparing hand,  
Or they are never rightly valued.  
These are my thoughts, yet it were best to go;  
But keep a proper dignity, for now  
You represent the sacred person of  
Your father; 'tis with princes as 'tis with the sun,  
If not sometimes o'er-clouded, we grow weary  
Of his officious glory.  
*Clar.* Then you will give me leave to shine sometimes,  
My Lord?  
*Lord.* Thou hast a gallant spirit, which I fear



PS-KE3-2.58; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.59; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.60; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.61; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.62; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.63; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.64; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.65; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.66; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.67; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.68; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.69; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.70; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.71; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.72; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.73; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.74; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.75; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.76; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.77; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.78; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.79; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.80; E426|  
PS-KE3-2.81; E426|

Will be imposed on by the closer sort! [*Aside.*  
*Clar.* Well, I'll endeavour to take  
Lord Percy's advice; I have been used so much  
To dignity, that I'm sick on't.  
*Queen Phil.* Fie, Fie, Lord Clarence; you proceed not to business,  
But speak of your own pleasures.  
I hope their Lordships will excuse your giddiness.  
*Clar.* My Lords, the French have fitted out many  
Small ships of war, that, like to ravening wolves,  
Infest our English seas, devouring all  
Our burden'd vessels, spoiling our naval flocks.  
The merchants do complain, and beg our aid.  
*Percy.* The merchants are rich enough;  
Can they not help themselves?  
*Bish.* They can, and may; but how to gain their will,  
Requires our countenance and help.  
*Percy.* When that they find they must, my Lord, they will:  
Let them but suffer awhile, and you shall see  
They will bestir themselves.  
*Bish.* Lord Percy cannot mean that we should suffer  
This disgrace; if so, we are not sovereigns  
Of the sea; our right, that Heaven gave  
To England, when at the birth of nature  
She was seated in the deep, the Ocean ceas'd

PS-KE3-2.82; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.83; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.84; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.85; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.86; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.87; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.88; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.89; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.90; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.91; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.92; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.93; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.94; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.95; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.96; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.97; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.98; E427|  
PS-KE3-2.99; E427|  
PS-KE3-2; E427|

His mighty roar; and, fawning, play'd around  
Her snowy feet, and own'd his awful Queen. *t1038*  
Lord Percy, if the heart is sick, the head  
Must be aggriev'd; if but one member suffer,  
The heart doth fail. You say, my Lord, the merchants  
Can, if they will, defend themselves against  
These rovers: this is a noble scheme,  
Worthy the brave Lord Percy, and as worthy  
His generous aid to put it into practice,  
*Percy.* Lord Bishop, what was rash in me, is wise  
In you; I dare not own the plan. 'Tis not  
Mine. Yet will I, if you please,  
Quickly to the Lord Mayor, and work him onward  
To this most glorious voyage, on which cast  
I'll set my whole estate.  
But we will bring these Gallic rovers under.  
*Queen Phil.* Thanks, brave Lord Percy; you have the thanks  
Of England's Queen, and will, ere long, of England.  
[*Exeunt.*



PS-KE3-3; E427|

PS-KE3-3; E427|

*King Edward III* SCENE [3], *At Cressey. Sir Thomas Dagworth and Lord Audley, meeting.*

PS-KE3-3.1; E427|

PS-KE3-3.2; E427|

PS-KE3-3.3; E427|

PS-KE3-3.4; E427|

PS-KE3-3.5; E427|

PS-KE3-3.6; E427|

PS-KE3-3.7; E427|

PS-KE3-3.8; E427|

PS-KE3-3.9; E427|

PS-KE3-3.10; E427|

PS-KE3-3.11; E427|

PS-KE3-3.12; E427|

PS-KE3-3.13; E427|

PS-KE3-3.14; E427|

PS-KE3-3.15; E427|

PS-KE3-3.16; E427|

PS-KE3-3.17; E427|

PS-KE3-3.18; E427|

PS-KE3-3.19; E427|

PS-KE3-3.20; E427|

PS-KE3-3.21; E427|

PS-KE3-3.22; E427|

PS-KE3-3.23; E427|

*Aud.* Good morrow, brave Sir Thomas; the bright morn  
Smiles on our army, and the gallant sun  
Springs from the hills like a young hero  
Into the battle, shaking his golden locks  
Exultingly; this is a promising day.

*Dagw.* Why, my Lord Audley, I don't know.  
Give me your hand, and now I'll tell you what  
I think you do not know--Edward's afraid of Philip.

*Aud.* Ha, Ha, Sir Thomas! you but joke;  
Did you e'er see him fear? At Blanchetaque, <sup>11039</sup>  
When almost singly he drove six thousand  
French from the ford, did he fear then?

*Dagw.* Yes, fear; that made him fight so.

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

*Dagw.* Mayhap you may; look upon Edward's face--  
No one can say he fears. But when he turns  
His back, then I will say it to his face,  
He is afraid; he makes us all afraid.

I cannot bear the enemy at my back.

Now here we are at Cressy; where, to-morrow,  
To-morrow we shall know. I say, Lord Audley,  
That Edward runs away from Philip.

PS-KE3-3.24; E428|

PS-KE3-3.25; E428|

PS-KE3-3.26; E428|

PS-KE3-3.27; E428|

PS-KE3-3.28; E428|

PS-KE3-3.29; E428|

PS-KE3-3.30; E428|

PS-KE3-3.31; E428|

PS-KE3-3.32; E428|

PS-KE3-3.33; E428|

PS-KE3-3.34; E428|

PS-KE3-3.35; E428|

PS-KE3-3.36; E428|

PS-KE3-3.37; E428|

PS-KE3-3.38; E428|

PS-KE3-3.39; E428|

*Aud.* Perhaps you think the Prince too is afraid?

*Dagw.* No; God forbid! I'm sure he is not--  
He is a young lion. O I have seen him fight,  
And give command, and lightning has flashed  
From his eyes across the field; I have seen him  
Shake hands with death, and strike a bargain for  
The enemy; he has danc'd in the field  
Of battle, like the youth at morrice play.

I'm sure he's not afraid, nor Warwick, nor none,  
None of us but me; and I am very much afraid.

*Aud.* Are you afraid too, Sir Thomas?

I believe that as much as I believe

The King's afraid; but what are you afraid of?

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

*Aud.* And this, Sir Thomas, you call fear? Your fear

PS-KE3-3.40; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.41; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.42; E428|

Is of a different kind then from the King's;  
He fears to turn his face, and you to turn your back.--  
I do not think, Sir Thomas, you know what fear is.

PS-KE3-3; E428|

*Enter Sir John Chandos.*

PS-KE3-3.43; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.44; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.45; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.46; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.47; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.48; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.49; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.50; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.51; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.52; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.53; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.54; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.55; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.56; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.57; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.58; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.59; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.60; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.61; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.62; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.63; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.64; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.65; E428|  
PS-KE3-3.66; E428|

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

PS-KE3-3.67; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.68; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.69; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.70; E429|

*Chand.* Here comes the King himself; tell him your thoughts  
Plainly, Sir Thomas.  
*Dagw.* I've told him before, but his disorder  
Makes him deaf.

PS-KE3-3; E429|

*Enter King Edward and Black Prince.*

PS-KE3-3.71; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.72; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.73; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.74; E429|

*King.* Good morrow, Generals; when English courage  
fails,  
Down goes our right to France;  
But we are conquerors every where; nothing

PS-KE3-3.75; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.76; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.77; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.78; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.79; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.80; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.81; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.82; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.83; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.84; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.85; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.86; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.87; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.88; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.89; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.90; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.91; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.92; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.93; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.94; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.95; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.96; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.97; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.98; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.99; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.100; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.101; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.102; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.103; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.104; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.105; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.106; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.107; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.108; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.109; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.110; E429|  
PS-KE3-3.111; E429|

Can stand our soldiers; each man is worthy  
Of a triumph. Such an army of heroes  
Neer shouted to the Heav'ns, nor shook the field.  
Edward, my son, thou art  
Most happy, having such command; the man  
Were base who were not fir'd to deeds  
Above heroic, having such examples.  
*Prince.* Sire! with respect and deference I look  
Upon such noble souls, and wish myself  
Worthy the high command that Heaven and you  
Have given me. When I have seen the field glow,  
And in each countenance the soul of war  
Curb'd by the manliest reason, I have been wing'd  
With certain victory; and 'tis my boast,  
And shall be still my glory. I was inspir'd  
By these brave troops.  
*Dagw.* Your Grace had better make  
Them all Generals.  
*King.* Sir Thomas Dagworth, you must have your joke,  
And shall, while you can fight as you did at  
The Ford.  
*Dagw.* I have a small petition to your Majesty.  
*King.* What can Sir Thomas Dagworth ask, that Edward  
Can refuse?  
*Dagw.* I hope your Majesty cannot refuse so great  
A trifle; I've gilt your cause with my best blood,  
And would again, were I not forbid  
By him whom I am bound to obey: my hands  
Are tied up, my courage shrunk and wither'd,  
My sinews slacken'd, and my voice scarce heard;  
Therefore I beg I may return to England.  
*King.* I know not what you could have ask'd, Sir Thomas,  
That I would not have sooner parted with  
Than such a soldier as you have been, and such a friend;  
Nay, I will know the most remote particulars  
Of this your strange petition; that, if I can,  
I still may keep you here.

PS-KE3-3.112; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.113; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.114; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.115; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.116; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.117; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.118; E430|

*Dagw.* Here on the fields of Cressy we are settled,  
'Till Philip springs the tim'rous covey again.  
The Wolf is hunted down by causeless fear;  
The Lion flees, and fear usurps his heart;  
Startled, astonish'd at the clam'rous Cock;  
The Eagle, that doth gaze upon the sun,  
Fears the small fire that plays about the fen;

PS-KE3-3.119; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.120; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.121; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.122; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.123; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.124; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.125; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.126; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.127; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.128; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.129; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.130; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.131; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.132; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.133; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.134; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.135; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.136; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.137; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.138; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.139; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.140; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.141; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.142; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.143; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.144; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.145; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.146; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.147; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.148; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.149; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.150; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.151; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.152; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.153; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.154; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.155; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.156; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.157; E430|  
PS-KE3-3.158; E430|

If, at this moment of their idle fear,  
The Dog doth seize the Wolf, the Forester the Lion,  
The Negro in the crevice of the rock,  
Doth seize the soaring Eagle; undone by flight,  
They tame submit: such the effect flight has  
On noble souls. Now hear its opposite:  
The tim'rous Stag starts from the thicket wild,  
The fearful Crane springs from the splashy fen,  
The shining Snake glides o'er the bending grass,  
The Stag turns head! and bays the crying Hounds;  
The Crane o'ertaken, sighteth with the Hawk;  
The Snake doth turn, and bite the padding foot;  
And, if your Majesty's afraid of Philip,  
You are more like a Lion than a Crane:  
Therefore I beg I may return to England.  
*King.* Sir Thomas, now I understand your mirth,  
Which often plays with Wisdom for its pastime,  
And brings good counsel from the breast of laughter,  
I hope you'll stay, and see us fight this battle,  
And reap rich harvest in the fields of Cressy;  
Then go to England, tell them how we fight,  
And set all hearts on fire to be with us.  
Philip is plum'd, and thinks we flee from him,  
Else he would never dare to attack us. Now,  
Now the quarry's set! and Death doth sport  
In the bright sunshine of this fatal day.  
*Dagw.* Now my heart dances, and I am as light  
As the young bridegroom going to be married.  
Now must I to my soldiers, get them ready,  
Furbish our armours bright, new plume our helms,  
And we will sing, like the young housewives busied  
In the dairy; my feet are wing'd, but not  
For flight, an please your grace.  
*King.* If all my soldiers are as pleas'd as you,  
'Twill be a gallant thing to fight or die;  
Then I can never be afraid of Philip.  
*Dagw.* A raw-bond fellow t'other day pass'd by me;  
I told him to put off his hungry looks--  
He answer'd me, "I hunger for another battle."  
I saw a little Welchman with a fiery face;

PS-KE3-3.159; E431|  
PS-KE3-3.160; E431|  
PS-KE3-3.161; E431|  
PS-KE3-3.162; E431|

I told him he look'd like a candle half  
Burn'd out; he answer'd, he was "pig enough  
"To light another pattle." Last night, beneath  
The moon I walk'd abroad, when all had pitch'd

PS-KE3-3.163; E431|

PS-KE3-3.164; E431|

PS-KE3-3.165; E431|

PS-KE3-3.166; E431|

PS-KE3-3.167; E431|

PS-KE3-3.168; E431|

PS-KE3-3.169; E431|

PS-KE3-3.170; E431|

PS-KE3-3.171; E431|

PS-KE3-3.172; E431|

PS-KE3-3.173; E431|

PS-KE3-3.174; E431|

PS-KE3-3.175; E431|

PS-KE3-3.176; E431|

PS-KE3-3.177; E431|

PS-KE3-3.178; E431|

PS-KE3-3.179; E431|

PS-KE3-3.180; E431|

PS-KE3-3.181; E431|

PS-KE3-3.182; E431|

PS-KE3-3.183; E431|

PS-KE3-3.184; E431|

PS-KE3-3.185; E431|

PS-KE3-3.186; E431|

PS-KE3-3.187; E431|

PS-KE3-3.188; E431|

PS-KE3-3.189; E431|

PS-KE3-3.190; E431|

PS-KE3-3.191; E431|

PS-KE3-3.192; E431|

PS-KE3-3.193; E431|

PS-KE3-3.194; E431|

PS-KE3-3.195; E431|

PS-KE3-3.196; E431|

PS-KE3-3.197; E431|

PS-KE3-3.198; E431|

PS-KE3-3.199; E431|

PS-KE3-3.200; E431|

PS-KE3-3.201; E431|

PS-KE3-3.202; E431|

PS-KE3-3.203; E431|

PS-KE3-3.204; E431|

PS-KE3-3.205; E431|

Their tents, and all were still,

I heard a blooming youth singing a song

He had compos'd, and at each pause he wip'd

His dropping eyes. The ditty was, "if he

"Return'd victorious, he should wed a maiden

"Fairer than snow, and rich as midsummer."

Another wept, and wish'd health to his father.

I chid them both, but gave them noble hopes.

These are the minds that glory in the battle,

And leap and dance to hear the trumpet sound.

*King.* Sir Thomas Dagworth, be thou near our person;

Thy heart is richer than the vales of France:

I will not part with such a man as thee.

If Philip came arm'd in the ribs of death,

And shook his mortal dart against my head,

Thoud'st laugh his fury into nerveless shame!

Go now, for thou art suited to the work,

Throughout the camp; enflame the timorous,

Blow up the sluggish into ardour, and

Confirm the strong with strength, the weak inspire,

And wing their brows with hope and expectation:

Then to our tent return, and meet to council. [*Exit Dagworth.*

*Chand.* That man's a hero in his closet, and more

A hero to the servants of his house

Then to the gaping world; he carries windows

In that enlarged breast of his, that all

May see what's done within.

*Prince.* He is a genuine Englishman, my Chandos,

And hath the spirit of Liberty within him.

Forgive my prejudice, Sir John; I think

My Englishmen the bravest people on

The face of the earth.

*Chand.* Courage, my Lord, proceeds from self-dependence;

Teach man to think he's a free agent,

Give but a slave his liberty, he'll shake

Off sloth, and build himself a hut, and hedge

A spot of ground; this he'll defend; 'tis his

By right of nature: thus set in action,

He will still move onward to plan conveniences,

'Till glory fires his breast to enlarge his castle,

While the poor slave drudges all day, in hope

To rest at night.

*King.* O Liberty, how glorious art thou!

PS-KE3-3.206; E432|

I see thee hov'ring o'er my army, with



PS-KE3-3.207; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.208; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.209; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.210; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.211; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.212; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.213; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.214; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.215; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.216; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.217; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.218; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.219; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.220; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.221; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.222; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.223; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.224; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.225; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.226; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.227; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.228; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.229; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.230; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.231; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.232; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.233; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.234; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.235; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.236; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.237; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.238; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.239; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.240; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.241; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.242; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.243; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.244; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.245; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.246; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.247; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.248; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.249; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.250; E432|  
PS-KE3-3.251; E432|

Thy wide-stretch'd plumes; I see thee  
Lead them on to battle;  
I see thee blow thy golden trumpet, while  
Thy sons shout the strong shout of victory!  
O noble Chandos! think thyself a gardener,  
My son a vine, which I commit unto  
Thy care; prune all extravagant shoots, and guide  
Th' ambitious tendrils in the paths of wisdom;  
Water him with thy advice, and Heav'n  
Rain fresh'ning dew upon his branches. And,  
O Edward, my dear son! learn to think lowly of  
Thyself, as we may all each prefer other--  
'Tis the best policy, and 'tis our duty. [*Exit King Edward.* *t1040*  
*Prince.* And may our duty, Chandos, be our pleasure--  
Now we are alone, Sir John, I will unburden,  
And breathe my hopes into the burning air,  
Where thousand deaths are posting up and down,  
Commission'd to this fatal field of Cressy;  
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,  
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit  
Each shining helm, and string each stubborn bow,  
And dance to the neighing of our steeds.  
Methinks the shout begins, the battle burns;  
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,  
And roar the wild flame of fierce war, upon  
The thronged enemy! In truth, I am too full;  
It is my sin to love the noise of war.  
Chandos, thou seest my weakness; strong nature  
Will bend or break us; my blood, like a springtide,  
Does rise so high, to overflow all bounds  
Of moderation; while Reason, in his *t1041*  
Frail bark, can see no shore or bound for vast  
Ambition. Come, take the helm, my Chandos,  
That my full-blown sails overset me not  
In the wild tempest; condemn my 'ventrous youth,  
That plays with danger, as the innocent child,  
Unthinking, plays upon the viper's den:  
I am a coward, in my reason, Chandos.  
*Chand.* You are a man, my prince, and a brave man,  
If I can judge of actions; but your heat  
Is the effect of youth, and want of use;  
Use makes the armed field and noisy war  
Pass over as a summer cloud, unregarded,  
Or but expected as a thing of course.  
Age is contemplative; each rolling, year

PS-KE3-3.252; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.253; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.254; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.255; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.256; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.257; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.258; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.259; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.260; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.261; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.262; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.263; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.264; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.265; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.266; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.267; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.268; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.269; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.270; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.271; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.272; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.273; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.274; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.275; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.276; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.277; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.278; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.279; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.280; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.281; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.282; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.283; E433|  
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PS-KE3-3.285; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.286; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.287; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.288; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.289; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.290; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.291; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.292; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.293; E433|  
PS-KE3-3.294; E433|

Brings forth fruit to the mind's treasure-house;  
While vacant youth doth crave and seek about  
Within itself, and findeth discontent:  
Then, tir'd of thought, impatient takes the wing,  
Seizes the fruits of time, attacks experience,  
Roams round vast Nature's forest, where no bounds  
Are set, the swiftest may have room, the strongest  
Find prey; till tir'd at length, sated and tired  
With the changing sameness, old variety,  
We sit us down, and view our former joys  
With distaste and dislike.  
*Prince.* Then if we must tug for experience,  
Let us not fear to beat round Nature's wilds,  
And rouze the strongest prey; then if we fall,  
We fall with glory; I know the wolf  
Is dangerous to fight, not good for food,  
Nor is the hide a comely vestment; so  
We have our battle for our pains. I know  
That youth has need of age to point fit prey,  
And oft the stander-by shall steal the fruit  
Of th' other's labour. This is philosophy;  
These are the tricks of the world; but the pure soul  
Shall mount on native wings, disdain  
Little sport, and cut a path into the heaven of glory,  
Leaving a track of light for men to wonder at.  
I'm glad my father does not hear me talk;  
You can find friendly excuses for me, Chandos;  
But do you not think, Sir John, that if it please  
Th' Almighty to stretch out my span of life,  
I shall with pleasure view a glorious action,  
Which my youth master'd.  
*Chand.* Considerate age, my Lord, views motives,  
And not acts; when neither warbling voice,  
Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure sits  
With trembling age; the voice of Conscience then,  
Sweeter than music in a summer's eve,  
Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep  
Sweet symphony to feather'd angels, sitting  
As guardians round your chair; then shall the pulse  
Beat slow, and taste, and touch, and sight, and sound, and smell,  
That sing and dance round Reason's fine-wrought throne,  
Shall flee away, and leave him all forlorn; *t1042*  
Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend. [*Exeunt.*]

PS-KE3-4; E434|  
*Man.*

*King Edward III* SCENE [4] in *Sir Thomas Dagworth's Tent, Dagworth and William his*

PS-KE3-4.1; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.2; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.3; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.4; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.5; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.6; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.7; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.8; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.9; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.10; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.11; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.12; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.13; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.14; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.15; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.16; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.17; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.18; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.19; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.20; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.21; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.22; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.23; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.24; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.25; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.26; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.27; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.28; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.29; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.30; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.31; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.32; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.33; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.34; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.35; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.36; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.37; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.38; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.39; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.40; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.41; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.42; E434|

*Dagw.* Bring hither my armour, William;

Ambition is the growth of ev'ry clime.

*Will.* Does it grow in England, Sir?

*Dagw.* Aye, it grows most in lands most cultivated.

*Will.* Then it grows most in France; the vines here

Are finer than any we have in England.

*Dagw.* Aye, but the oaks are not.

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

*Dagw.* Ambition.

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

*Dagw.* Thou dost not understand me, William.

It is a root that grows in every breast;

Ambition is the desire or passion that one man

Has to get before another, in any pursuit after glory;

But I don't think you have any of it.

*Will.* Yes, I have; I have a great ambition to know

every thing, Sir.

*Dagw.* But when our first ideas are wrong, what follows

must all be wrong of course; 'tis best to know a little, and to

know that little aright.

*Will.* Then, Sir, I should be glad to know if it was not

ambition that brought over our King to France to fight for his

right?

*Dagw.* Tho' the knowledge of that will not profit thee

much, yet I will tell you that it was ambition.

*Will.* Then if ambition is a sin, we are all guilty in

coming with him, and in fighting for him.

*Dagw.* Now, William, thou dost thrust the question home;

but I must tell you, that guilt being an act of the mind, none

are guilty but those whose minds are prompted by that same

ambition.

*Will.* Now I always thought, that a man might be guilty

of doing wrong, without knowing it was wrong.

*Dagw.* Thou art a natural philosopher, and knowest truth

by instinct; while reason runs aground, as we have run our

argument. Only remember, William, all have it in their power to

know the motives of their own actions, and 'tis a sin to act

without some reason.

*Will.* And whoever acts without reason, may do a great

deal of harm without knowing it.

*Dagw.* Thou art an endless moralist.

*Will.* Now there's a story come into my head, that I

PS-KE3-4.43; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.44; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.45; E434|  
PS-KE3-4.46; E434|

will tell your honour, if you'll give me leave.  
*Dagw.* No, William, save it till another time; this is  
no time for story-telling; but here comes one who is as  
entertaining as a good story.

PS-KE3-4; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.47; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.48; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.49; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.50; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.51; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.52; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.53; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.54; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.55; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.56; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.57; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.58; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.59; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.60; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.61; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.62; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.63; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.64; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.65; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.66; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.67; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.68; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.69; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.70; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.71; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.72; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.73; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.74; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.75; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.76; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.77; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.78; E435|  
PS-KE3-4.79; E435|

*Enter Peter Blunt.*

*Peter.* Yonder's a musician going to play before the  
King; it's a new song about the French and English, and the <sup>t1043</sup>  
Prince has made the minstrel a 'squire, and given him I don't  
know what, and I can't tell whether he don't mention us all one  
by one; and he is to write another about all us that are to <sup>t1044</sup>  
die, that we may be remembered in Old England, for all our blood  
and bones are in France; and a great deal more that we shall all  
hear by and by; and I came to tell your honour, because you love  
to hear war-songs.

*Dagw.* And who is this minstrel, Peter, dost know?

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

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

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

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

*Will.* I never flatter your honour.

*Dagw.* I don't know that.

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

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

PS-KE3-5; E435|  
PS-KE3-5; E435|

*King Edward III* SCENE [5], *Sir Thomas Dagworth's Tent. Sir Thomas  
Dagworth--to him.*

PS-KE3-5; E435|

*Enter Sir Walter Manny.*

PS-KE3-5.1; E435|  
PS-KE3-5.2; E435|  
PS-KE3-5.3; E435|  
PS-KE3-5.4; E435|  
PS-KE3-5.5; E435|  
PS-KE3-5.6; E435|  
PS-KE3-5.7; E435|  
PS-KE3-5.8; E435|  
PS-KE3-5.9; E435|  
PS-KE3-5.10; E435|

*Sir Walter.* Sir Thomas Dagworth, I have been weeping  
Over the men that are to die to-day.  
*Dagw.* Why, brave Sir Walter, you or I may fall.  
*Sir Walter.* I know this breathing flesh must lie and  
rot,  
Cover'd with silence and forgetfulness.--  
Death wons in cities' smoke, and in still night,  
When men sleep in their beds, walketh about!  
How many in walled cities lie and groan,  
Turning themselves upon their beds,

PS-KE3-5.11; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.12; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.13; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.14; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.15; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.16; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.17; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.18; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.19; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.20; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.21; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.22; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.23; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.24; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.25; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.26; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.27; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.28; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.29; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.30; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.31; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.32; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.33; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.34; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.35; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.36; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.37; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.38; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.39; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.40; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.41; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.42; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.43; E436|

Talking with death, answering his hard demands!  
How many walk in darkness, terrors are round  
The curtains of their beds, destruction is  
Ready at the door! How many sleep  
In earth, cover'd with stones and deathly dust,  
Resting in quietness, whose spirits walk  
Upon the clouds of heaven, to die no more!  
Yet death is terrible, tho' borne on angels' wings!  
How terrible then is the field of death,  
Where he doth rend the vault of heaven,  
And shake the gates of hell!  
O Dagworth, France is sick! the very sky,  
Tho' sunshine light it, seems to me as pale  
As the pale fainting man on his death-bed,  
Whose face is shewn by light of sickly taper!  
It makes me sad and sick at very heart,  
Thousands must fall to-day!  
*Dagw.* Thousands of souls must leave this prison house,  
To be exalted to those heavenly fields,  
Where songs of triumph, palms of victory, <sup>t1045</sup>  
Where peace, and joy, and love, and calm content,  
Sit singing in the azure clouds, and strew  
Flowers of heaven's growth over the banquet-table:  
Bind ardent Hope upon your feet like shoes,  
Put on the robe of preparation,  
The table is prepar'd in shining heaven,  
The flowers of immortality are blown;  
Let those that fight, fight in good stedfastness,  
And those that fall shall rise in victory.  
*Sir Walter.* I've often seen the burning field of war,  
And often heard the dismal clang of arms;  
But never, till this fatal day of Cressy,  
Has my soul fainted with these views of death!



PS-KE3-5.44; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.45; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.46; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.47; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.48; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.49; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.50; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.51; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.52; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.53; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.54; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.55; E436|  
PS-KE3-5.56; E436|

I seem to be in one great charnel-house,  
And seem to scent the rotten carcasses!  
I seem to hear the dismal yells of death,  
While the black gore drops from his horrid jaws:  
Yet I not fear the monster in his pride.--  
But O the souls that are to die to-day!  
*Dagw.* Stop, brave Sir Walter; let me drop a tear,  
Then let the clarion of war begin;  
I'll fight and weep, 'tis in my country's cause;  
I'll weep and shout for glorious liberty.  
Grim war shall laugh and shout, decked in tears,  
And blood shall flow like streams across the meadows,  
That murmur down their pebbly channels, and

PS-KE3-5.57; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.58; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.59; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.60; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.61; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.62; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.63; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.64; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.65; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.66; E437|  
PS-KE3-5.67; E437|  
PS-KE3-5; E437|

Spend their sweet lives to do their country service:  
Then shall England's verdure shoot, her fields shall smile,  
Her ships shall sing across the foaming sea,  
Her mariners shall use the flute and viol,  
And rattling guns, and black and dreary war,  
Shall be no more.  
*Sir Walter.* Well; let the trumpet sound, and the drum beat;  
Let war stain the blue heavens with bloody banners,  
I'll draw my sword, nor ever sheath it up,  
'Till England blow the trump of victory,  
Or I lay stretch'd upon the field of death!  
*Exeunt.*

PS-KE3-6; E437|  
*PS-KE3-6; E437|*  
*PS-KE3-6; E437|*

*King Edward III* SCENE [6], *in the Camp. Several of the Warriors  
met at the King's Tent with a Minstrel, who sings  
the following Song:*

PS-KE3-6.1; E437|  
PS-KE3-6.2; E437|  
PS-KE3-6.3; E437|  
PS-KE3-6.4; E437|  
PS-KE3-6.5; E437|  
PS-KE3-6.6; E437|

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

PS-KE3-6.7; E437|  
PS-KE3-6.8; E437|  
PS-KE3-6.9; E437|  
PS-KE3-6.10; E437|  
PS-KE3-6.11; E437|

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

PS-KE3-6.12; E437|

In navies black, broken with wind and tide!

PS-KE3-6.13; E437|

They landed in firm array upon the rocks

PS-KE3-6.14; E437|

Of Albion; they kiss'd the rocky shore;

PS-KE3-6.15; E437|

"Be thou our mother, and our nurse," they said;

PS-KE3-6.16; E437|

"Our children's mother, and thou shalt be our grave;

PS-KE3-6.17; E437|

"The sepulchre of ancient Troy, from whence

PS-KE3-6.18; E437|

"Shall rise cities, and thrones, and arms, and awful pow'rs.

PS-KE3-6.19; E437|

Our fathers swarm from the ships. Giant voices

PS-KE3-6.20; E437|

Are heard from the hills, the enormous sons

PS-KE3-6.21; E437|

Of Ocean run from rocks and caves: wild men

PS-KE3-6.22; E437|

Naked and roaring like lions, hurling rocks,

PS-KE3-6.23; E437|

And wielding knotty clubs, like oaks entangled

PS-KE3-6.24; E437|

Thick as a forest, ready for the axe.

PS-KE3-6.25; E437|

Our fathers move in firm array to battle,

PS-KE3-6.26; E437|

The savage monsters rush like roaring fire;

PS-KE3-6.27; E438|

Like as a forest roars with crackling flames,

PS-KE3-6.28; E438|

When the red lightning, borne by furious storms,

PS-KE3-6.29; E438|

Lights on some woody shore; the parched heavens

PS-KE3-6.30; E438|

Rain fire into the molten raging sea!

PS-KE3-6.31; E438|

The smoaking trees are strewn upon the shore,

PS-KE3-6.32; E438|

Spoil'd of their verdure! O how oft have they

PS-KE3-6.33; E438|

Defy'd the storm that howled o'er their heads!

PS-KE3-6.34; E438|

Our fathers, sweating, lean on their spears, and view

PS-KE3-6.35; E438|

The mighty dead: giant bodies, streaming blood,

PS-KE3-6.36; E438|

Dread visages, frowning in silent death!

PS-KE3-6.37; E438|

Then Brutus spoke, inspir'd; our fathers sit

PS-KE3-6.38; E438|

Attentive on the melancholy shore:--

PS-KE3-6.39; E438|

Hear ye the voice of Brutus--"The flowing waves

PS-KE3-6.40; E438|

"Of time come rolling o'er my breast," he said;

PS-KE3-6.41; E438|

"And my heart labours with futurity:

PS-KE3-6.42; E438|

"Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea.

PS-KE3-6.43; E438|

"Their mighty wings shall stretch from east to west,

PS-KE3-6.44; E438|

"Their nest is in the sea; but they shall roam

PS-KE3-6.45; E438|

"Like eagles for the prey; nor shall the young

PS-KE3-6.46; E438	"Crave or be heard; for plenty shall bring forth,
PS-KE3-6.47; E438	"Cities shall sing, and vales in rich array
PS-KE3-6.48; E438	"Shall laugh, whose fruitful laps bend down with fulness.
PS-KE3-6.49; E438	"Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy,
PS-KE3-6.50; E438	"Each one buckling on his armour; Morning
PS-KE3-6.51; E438	"Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming,
PS-KE3-6.52; E438	"And Evening hear their song of victory!
PS-KE3-6.53; E438	"Their towers shall be built upon the rocks,
PS-KE3-6.54; E438	"Their daughters shall sing, surrounded with shining spears!
PS-KE3-6.55; E438	"Liberty shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,
PS-KE3-6.56; E438	"Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean;
PS-KE3-6.57; E438	"Or, tow'ring, stand upon the roaring waves,
PS-KE3-6.58; E438	"Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands;
PS-KE3-6.59; E438	"While, with her eagle wings, she covereth
PS-KE3-6.60; E438	"Fair Albion's shore, and all her families."

PS-Title; E439| PROLOGUE,

PS-Title; E439| INTENDED FOR A DRAMATIC PIECE OF  
PS-Title; E439| KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

PS-KE4.1; E439	O For a voice like thunder, and a tongue
PS-KE4.2; E439	To drown the throat of war!--When the senses
PS-KE4.3; E439	Are shaken, and the soul is driven to madness,
PS-KE4.4; E439	Who can stand? When the souls of the oppressed
PS-KE4.5; E439	Fight in the troubled air that rages, who can stand?

PS-KE4.6; E439	When the whirlwind of fury comes from the
PS-KE4.7; E439	Throne of God, when the frowns of his countenance
PS-KE4.8; E439	Drive the nations together, who can stand?
PS-KE4.9; E439	When Sin claps his broad wings over the battle,
PS-KE4.10; E439	And sails rejoicing in the flood of Death;
PS-KE4.11; E439	When souls are torn to everlasting fire,
PS-KE4.12; E439	And fiends of Hell rejoice upon the slain,
PS-KE4.13; E439	O who can stand? O who hath caused this?
PS-KE4.14; E439	O who can answer at the throne of God?
PS-KE4.15; E439	The Kings and Nobles of the Land have done it!
PS-KE4.16; E439	Hear it not, Heaven, thy Ministers have done it!

PS-ProKJprose.1; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.2; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.3; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.4; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.5; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.6; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.7; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.8; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.9; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.10; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.11; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.12; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.13; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.14; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.15; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.16; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.17; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.18; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.19; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.20; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.21; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.22; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.23; E439|  
 PS-ProKJprose.24; E439|

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

PS-ProKJprose.25; E440|  
 PS-ProKJprose.26; E440|  
 PS-ProKJprose.27; E440|

gates, her mariners shall sing upon the sea, and myriads shall to  
 her temples crowd! Her sons shall joy as in the morning! Her  
 daughters sing as to the rising year!

PS|title-a; E440|  
 PS|title-b; E440|

## A WAR SONG TO ENGLISHMEN. *t1046*

PS-WarSong1; E440|  
 PS-WarSong2; E440|  
 PS-WarSong3; E440|  
 PS-WarSong4; E440|  
 PS-WarSong5; E440|

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

PS-WarSong6; E440|  
 PS-WarSong7; E440|

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand! prepare  
 Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth!

PS-WarSong8; E440|  
PS-WarSong9; E440|  
PS-WarSong10; E440|

Prepare your arms for glorious victory!  
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!  
Prepare, prepare.

PS-WarSong11; E440|  
PS-WarSong12; E440|  
PS-WarSong13; E440|  
PS-WarSong14; E440|  
PS-WarSong15; E440|

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

PS-WarSong16; E440|  
PS-WarSong17; E440|  
PS-WarSong18; E440|  
PS-WarSong19; E440|  
PS-WarSong20; E440|

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

PS-WarSong21; E440|  
PS-WarSong22; E440|  
PS-WarSong23; E440|  
PS-WarSong24; E440|  
PS-WarSong25; E440|

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

PS-WarSong26; E440|  
PS-WarSong27; E440|  
PS-WarSong28; E440|  
PS-WarSong29; E440|  
PS-WarSong30; E440|

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

PStitle-a; E441|  
PStitle-b; E441|

## THE COUCH OF DEATH.

PS-Couch-prose1; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose2; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose3; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose4; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose5; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose6; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose7; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose8; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose9; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose10; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose11; E441|

The veiled Evening walked solitary down the western hills, and  
Silence reposed in the valley; the birds of day were heard in  
their nests, rustling in brakes and thickets; and the owl and bat  
flew round the darkening trees: all is silent when Nature takes  
her repose.--In former times, on such [a]n evening, when the cold  
clay breathed with life, and our ancestors, who now sleep in  
their graves, walked on the stedfast globe, the remains of a  
family of the tribes of Earth, a mother and a sister were  
gathered to the sick bed of a youth: Sorrow linked them together,  
leaning on one another's necks alternately--like lilies, dropping  
tears in each other's bosom, they stood by the bed like reeds



PS-Couch-prose12; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose13; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose14; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose15; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose16; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose17; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose18; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose19; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose20; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose21; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose22; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose23; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose24; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose25; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose26; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose27; E441|  
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PS-Couch-prose32; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose33; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose34; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose35; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose36; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose37; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose38; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose39; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose40; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose41; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose42; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose43; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose44; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose45; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose46; E441|  
PS-Couch-prose47; E441|

bending over a lake, when the evening drops trickle down. His voice was low as the whisperings of the woods when the wind is asleep, and the visions of Heaven unfold their visitation. "Parting is hard, and death is terrible; I seem to walk through a deep valley, far from the light of day, alone and comfortless! The damps of death fall thick upon me! Horrors stare me in the face! I look behind, there is no returning; Death follows after me; I walk in regions of Death, where no tree is; without a lantern to direct my steps, without a staff to support me."--Thus he laments through the still evening, till the curtains of darkness were drawn! Like the sound of a broken pipe, the aged woman raised her voice. "O my son, my son, I know but little of the path thou goest! But lo, there is a God, who made the world; stretch out thy hand to Him." The youth replied, like a voice heard from a sepulchre, "My hand is feeble, how should I stretch it out? My ways are sinful, how should I raise mine eyes? My voice hath used deceit, how should I call on Him who is Truth? My breath is loathsome, how should he not be offended? If I lay my face in the dust, the grave opens its mouth for me; if I lift up my head, sin covers me as a cloak! O my dear friends, pray ye for me! Stretch forth your hands, that my helper may come! Through the void space I walk between the sinful world and eternity! Beneath me burns eternal fire! O for a hand to pluck me forth!" As the voice of an omen heard in the silent valley, when the few inhabitants cling trembling together; as the voice of the Angel of Death, when the thin beams of the moon give a faint light, such was this young man's voice to his friends! Like the bubbling waters of the brook in the dead of night, the aged woman raised her cry, and said, "O Voice, that dwellest in my breast, can I not cry, and lift my eyes to heaven? Thinking of this, my spirit is turned within me into confusion! O my child, my child! is thy breath infected? So is mine. As the deer, wounded by the brooks of water, so the arrows of sin stick in my flesh; the poison hath entered into my marrow."--Like rolling waves, upon a desert shore, sighs succeeded sighs; they covered their faces, and wept! The youth lay silent--his mother's arm was

PS-Couch-prose48; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose49; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose50; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose51; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose52; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose53; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose54; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose55; E442|

under his head; he was like a cloud tossed by the winds, till the sun shine, and the drops of rain glisten, the yellow harvest breathes, and the thankful eyes of the villagers are turned up in smiles. The traveller that hath taken shelter under an oak, eyes the distant country with joy! Such smiles were seen upon the face of the youth! a visionary hand wiped away his tears, and a ray of light beamed around his head! All was still. The moon hung not out her lamp, and the stars faintly glimmered in the

PS-Couch-prose56; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose57; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose58; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose59; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose60; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose61; E442|  
PS-Couch-prose62; E442|

summer sky; the breath of night slept among the leaves of the forest; the bosom of the lofty hill drank in the silent dew, while on his majestic brow the voice of Angels is heard, and stringed sounds ride upon the wings of night. The sorrowful pair lift up their heads, hovering Angels are around them, voices of comfort are heard over the Couch of Death, and the youth breathes out his soul with joy into eternity.

PStitle; E442|

## CONTEMPLATION.

PS-Contemp-prose1; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose2; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose3; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose4; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose5; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose6; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose7; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose8; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose9; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose10; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose11; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose12; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose13; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose14; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose15; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose16; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose17; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose18; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose19; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose20; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose21; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose22; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose23; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose24; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose25; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose26; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose27; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose28; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose29; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose30; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose31; E442|  
PS-Contemp-prose32; E442|

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

PStitle; E443|

## SAMSON.

PS-Samson-prose1; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose2; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose3; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose4; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose5; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose6; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose7; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose8; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose9; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose10; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose11; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose12; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose13; E443|  
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PS-Samson-prose15; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose16; E443|  
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PS-Samson-prose20; E443|  
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PS-Samson-prose38; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose39; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose40; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose41; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose42; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose43; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose44; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose45; E443|

Samson, the strongest of the children of men, I sing; how he was foiled by woman's arts, by a false wife brought to the gates of death! O Truth, that shinest with propitious beams, turning our earthly night to heavenly day, from presence of the Almighty Father! thou visitest our darkling world with blessed feet, bringing good news of Sin and Death destroyed! O white-robed Angel, guide my timorous hand to write as on a lofty rock with iron pens the words of truth, that all who pass may read.--Now Night, noon-tide of damned spirits, over the silent earth spreads her pavilion, while in dark council sat Philista's lords; and where strength failed, black thoughts in ambush lay. Their helmed youth and aged warriors in dust together ly, and Desolation spreads his wings over the land of Palestine; from side to side the land groans, her prowess lost, and seeks to hide her bruised head under the mists of night, breeding dark plots, For Dalila's fair arts have long been tried in vain; in vain she wept in many a treacherous tear. "Go on, fair traitress; do thy guileful work; ere once again the changing moon her circuit hath performed, thou shalt overcome, and conquer him by force unconquerable, and wrest his secret from him. Call thine alluring arts and honest-seeming brow, the holy kiss of love, and the transparent tear; put on fair linen, that with the lily vies, purple and silver; neglect thy hair, to seem more lovely in thy loose attire; put on thy country's pride, deceit; and eyes of love decked in mild sorrow, and sell thy Lord for gold."--For now, upon her sumptuous couch reclined, in gorgeous pride, she still intreats, and still she grasps his vigorous knees with her fair arms.--"Thou lov'st me not! thou'rt war, thou art not love! O foolish Dalila! O weak woman! it is death cloathed in flesh thou lovest, and thou hast been incircled in his arms!--Alas, my Lord, what am I calling thee? Thou art my God! To thee I pour my tears for sacrifice morning and evening: My days are covered with sorrow! Shut up; darkened: By night I am deceived! Who says that thou wast born Of mortal kind? Destruction was thy father, a lioness suckled thee, thy young hands tore human limbs, and gorged human flesh! Come hither, Death; art thou not Samson's servant? 'Tis Dalila that calls; thy master's wife; no, stay, and let thy master do the deed: one blow of that strong arm would ease my pain; then should I lay at quiet, and have rest. Pity forsook thee at thy birth! O Dagon furious, and all ye gods of Palestine, withdraw your hand! I am but a weak woman. Alas, I am wedded to your enemy! I will go mad, and tear my crisped hair; I'll run about, and pierce the ears o'th' gods! O Samson, hold me not; thou lovest me not! Look not upon me with those deathful eyes! Thou wouldst my death, and death approaches fast."--Thus,

PS-Samson-prose46; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose47; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose48; E443|  
PS-Samson-prose49; E443|

in false tears, she bath'd his feet, and thus she day by day  
oppressed his soul: he seemed a mountain, his brow among the  
clouds; she seemed a silver stream, his feet embracing. Dark <sup>t1047</sup>  
thoughts rolled to and fro in his mind, like thunder

PS-Samson-prose50; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose51; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose52; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose53; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose54; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose55; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose56; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose57; E444|  
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PS-Samson-prose67; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose68; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose69; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose70; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose71; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose72; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose73; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose74; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose75; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose76; E444|  
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PS-Samson-prose81; E444|  
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PS-Samson-prose83; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose84; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose85; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose86; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose87; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose88; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose89; E444|

clouds, troubling the sky; his visage was troubled; his soul was  
distressed.--"Though I should tell her all my heart, what can I  
fear? Though I should tell this secret of my birth, the utmost  
may be warded off as well when told as now." She saw him moved,  
and thus resumes her wiles.--"Samson, I'm thine; do with me what  
thou wilt; my friends are enemies; my life is death; I am a  
traitor to my nation, and despised; my joy is given into the  
hands of him who hates me, using deceit to the wife of his bosom.  
Thrice hast thou mocked me, and grieved my soul. Didst thou not  
tell me with green withs to bind thy nervous arms, and after <sup>t1048</sup>  
that, when I had found thy falshood, with new ropes to bind thee  
fast? I knew thou didst but mock me. Alas, when in thy sleep I  
bound thee with them to try thy truth, I cried, The Philistines  
be upon thee, Samson! Then did suspicion wake thee; how didst  
thou rend the feeble ties! Thou fearest nought, what shouldst  
thou fear? Thy power is more than mortal, none can hurt thee;  
thy bones are brass, thy sinews are iron! Ten thousand spears  
are like the summer grass; an army of mighty men are as flocks in  
the vallies; what canst thou fear? I drink my tears like water;  
I live upon sorrow! O worse than wolves and tygers, what canst  
thou give when such a trifle is denied me? But O at last thou  
mockest me to shame my over-fond inquiry! Thou toldest me to  
weave thee to the beam by thy strong hair; I did even that to try  
thy truth: but when I cried, The Philistines be upon thee, then  
didst thou leave me to bewail that Samson loved me not."--He sat,  
and inward griev'd, he saw and lov'd the beauteous suppliant, nor  
could conceal aught that might appease her; then, leaning on her  
bosom, thus he spoke: "Hear, O Dalila! doubt no more of Samson's  
love; for that fair breast was made the ivory palace of my inmost  
heart, where it shall lie at rest; for sorrow is the lot of all  
of woman born: for care was I brought forth, and labour is my  
lot: not matchless might, nor wisdom, nor every gift enjoyed, can  
from the heart of man hide sorrow.--Twice was my birth foretold  
from heaven, and twice a sacred vow enjoined me that I should  
drink no wine, nor eat of any unclean thing, for holy unto  
Israel's God I am, a Nazarite even from my mother's womb. Twice  
was it told, that it might not be broken, Grant me a son, kind  
Heaven, Manoa cried; but Heaven refused! Childless he mourned,  
but thought his God knew best. In solitude, though not obscure,  
in Israel he lived, till venerable age came on: his flocks



PS-Samson-prose90; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose91; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose92; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose93; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose94; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose95; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose96; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose97; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose98; E444|  
PS-Samson-prose99; E444|

increased, and plenty crowned his board: beloved, revered of man!  
But God hath other joys in store. Is burdened Israel his grief?  
The son of his old age shall set it free! The venerable sweetner  
of his life receives the promise first from Heaven. She saw the  
maidens play, and blessed their innocent mirth; she blessed each  
new-joined pair; but from her the long-wished deliverer shall  
spring. Pensive, alone she sat within the house, when busy day  
was fading, and calm evening, time for contemplation, rose from  
the forsaken east, and drew the curtains of heaven; pensive she  
sat, and thought on Israel's grief,

PS-Samson-prose100; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose101; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose102; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose103; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose104; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose105; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose106; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose107; E445|  
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PS-Samson-prose109; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose110; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose111; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose112; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose113; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose114; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose115; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose116; E445|  
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PS-Samson-prose124; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose125; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose126; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose127; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose128; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose129; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose130; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose131; E445|  
PS-Samson-prose132; E445|

and Silent prayed to Israel's God; when lo, an angel from the  
fields of light entered the house! His form was manhood in the  
prime, and from his spacious brow shot terrors through the  
evening shade! But mild he hailed her--Hail, highly favoured!  
said he; for lo, thou shalt conceive, and bear a son, and  
Israel's strength shall be upon his shoulders, and he shall be  
called Israel's Deliverer! Now therefore drink no wine, and eat  
not any unclean thing, for he shall be a Nazarite to God.--Then,  
as a neighbour when his evening tale is told, departs, his  
blessing leaving; so seemed he to depart: she wondered with  
exceeding joy, nor knew he was an angel. Manoa left his fields  
to sit in the house, and take his evening's rest from labour--the  
sweetest time that God has allotted mortal man. He sat, and  
heard with joy, and praised God who Israel still doth keep. The  
time rolled on, and Israel groaned oppressed. The sword was  
bright, while the plow-share rusted, till hope grew feeble, and  
was ready to give place to doubting: then prayed Manoa--O Lord,  
thy flock is scattered on the hills! The wolf teareth them,  
Oppression stretches his rod over our land, our country is plowed  
with swords, and reaped in blood! The echoes of slaughter reach  
from hill to hill! Instead of peaceful pipe, the shepherd bears a  
sword; the ox goad is turned into a spear! O when shall our  
Deliverer come? The Philistine riots on our flocks, our vintage  
is gathered by hands of enemies! Stretch forth thy hand, and  
save.--Thus prayed Manoa. The aged woman walked into the field,  
and lo, again the angel came! Clad as a traveller fresh risen on  
his journey, she ran and called her husband, who came and talked  
with him.--O man of God, said he, thou comest from far! Let us  
detain thee while I make ready a kid, that thou mayest sit and  
eat, and tell us of thy name and warfare; that when thy sayings <sup>t1049</sup>  
come to pass, we may honour thee. The Angel answered, My name is  
wonderful; enquire not after it, seeing it is a secret: but, if  
thou wilt, offer an offering unto the Lord."



PS; E445] THE END.

ED; E446] [Further Sketches]

ED; E446] [In a Manuscript Fragment]

ED; E446] "then She bore Pale desire . . ." *t1050*

"thenShebore"; E446] PAGE 1

thenShebore-prose1; E446] then She bore Pale desire father of Curiosity a Virgin ever  
thenShebore-prose2; E446] young. And after. Leaden Sloth from whom came Ignorance. who  
thenShebore-prose3; E446] brought forth wonder. These are the Gods which Came from fear.  
thenShebore-prose4; E446] for Gods like these. nor male nor female are but Single Pregnate  
thenShebore-prose5; E446] or if they list together mingling bring forth mighty powrs[.] She  
thenShebore-prose6; E446] knew them not yet they all war with Shame and Strengthen her weak  
thenShebore-prose7; E446] arm. *t1051* But Pride awoke nor knew that Joy was born. and taking  
thenShebore-prose8; E446] Poisnous Seed from her own Bowels. in the Monster Shame infusd.  
thenShebore-prose9; E446] forth Came Ambition Crawling like a toad Pride Bears it in her  
thenShebore-prose10; E446] Bosom. and the Gods. all bow to it. So Great its Power. that  
thenShebore-prose11; E446] Pride inspird by it Prophetic Saw the Kingdoms of the World & all  
thenShebore-prose12; E446] their Glory. Giants of Mighty arm before the flood. Cains City.  
thenShebore-prose13; E446] built With Murder. Then Babel mighty Reard him to the Skies.  
thenShebore-prose14; E446] Babel with thousand tongues Confusion it was calld. and Givn to  
thenShebore-prose15; E446] Shame. this Pride observing *t1052* inly Grievd. but knew not that.  
thenShebore-prose16; E446] the rest was Givn to Shame as well as this. *t1053* Then Nineva &  
thenShebore-prose17; E446] Babylon & Costly tyre. And evn Jerusalem was Shewn. the holy  
thenShebore-prose18; E446] City. Then Athens Learning & the Pride of Greece. and further  
thenShebore-prose19; E446] from [P 2] the Rising Sun. was Rome Seated on Seven hills the  
thenShebore-prose20; E446] mistress of the world. Emblem of Pride She Saw the Arts their  
thenShebore-prose21; E446] treasures Bring and luxury his bounteous table Spread. but now a  
thenShebore-prose22; E446] Cloud oercasts. and back to th'East. to Constantines Great City  
thenShebore-prose23; E446] Empire fled, Ere long to bleed & die a Sacrifice done by a  
thenShebore-prose24; E446] Priestly hand[.] So once the Sun his. Chariot drew. back. to  
thenShebore-prose25; E446] prolong a Good kings life.  
thenShebore-prose26; E446] The Cloud oer past & Rome now Shone again Miterd & Crown'd with  
thenShebore-prose27; E446] triple crown. Then Pride was better Pleasd She Saw the World fall  
thenShebore-prose28; E446] down in Adoration[.] *t1054* But now full to the Setting Sun a Sun  
thenShebore-prose29; E446] arose out of the Sea. it rose & shed Sweet Influence oer the  
thenShebore-prose30; E446] Earth Pride feared for her City, but not long. for looking  
thenShebore-prose31; E446] Stedfastly She saw that Pride Reignd here. Now Direful Pains  
thenShebore-prose32; E446] accost her. and Still pregnant. so Envy came & Hate. twin progeny  
thenShebore-prose33; E446] Envy hath a Serpents head of fearful bulk hissing with hundred

thenShebore-prose34; E446]  
thenShebore-prose35; E446]  
thenShebore-prose36; E446]  
thenShebore-prose37; E446]  
thenShebore-prose38; E446]  
thenShebore-prose39; E446]  
thenShebore-prose40; E446]  
thenShebore-prose41; E446]  
thenShebore-prose42; E446]

tongues, her poisonous breath breeds Satire foul Contagion from  
which none are free. oerwhelm'd by ever During Thirst She  
Swalloweth her own Poison. which consumes her nether Parts.  
from whence a River Springs. Most Black & loathsom through the  
land it Runs Rolling with furious [p 3] Noise. but at the last it  
Settles in a lake called Oblivion. tis at this Rivers fount where  
ev'ry mortals Cup is Mix't My Cup is fill'd with Envy's Rankest  
Draught <sup>t1055</sup> a miracle No less can set me Right. Desire Still  
Pines but for

thenShebore-prose43; E447]  
thenShebore-prose44; E447]  
thenShebore-prose45; E447]  
thenShebore-prose46; E447]  
thenShebore-prose47; E447]  
thenShebore-prose48; E447]  
thenShebore-prose49; E447]  
thenShebore-prose50; E447]  
thenShebore-prose51; E447]  
thenShebore-prose52; E447]  
thenShebore-prose53; E447]  
thenShebore-prose54; E447]  
thenShebore-prose55; E447]  
thenShebore-prose56; E447]  
thenShebore-prose57; E447]  
thenShebore-prose58; E447]  
thenShebore-prose59; E447]  
thenShebore-prose60; E447]  
thenShebore-prose61; E447]  
thenShebore-prose62; E447]  
thenShebore-prose63; E447]  
thenShebore-prose64; E447]  
thenShebore-prose65; E447]  
thenShebore-prose66; E447]  
thenShebore-prose67; E447]  
thenShebore-prose68; E447]  
thenShebore-prose69; E447]  
thenShebore-prose70; E447]  
thenShebore-prose71; E447]  
thenShebore-prose72; E447]  
thenShebore-prose73; E447]  
thenShebore-prose74; E447]  
thenShebore-prose75; E447]  
thenShebore-prose76; E447]  
thenShebore-prose77; E447]

one Cooling Drop and tis Deny'd, while others in Contentments  
downy Nest do sleep, it is the Cursed thorn wounding my breast  
that makes me sing. however sweet tis Envy that Inspires my Song.  
prickt. by the fame of others how I mourn and my complaints are  
Sweeter than their Joys but O could I at Envy Shake my hands. my  
notes Should Rise to meet the New born Day. Hate Meager hag Sets  
Envy on unable to Do ought herself. but Worn away a Bloodless  
Daemon The Gods all Serve her at her will so great her Power  
is[.] like. fabled hecate She doth bind them to her law. Far in a  
Direful Cave She lives unseen Clos'd from the Eye of Day. to the  
hard Rock transfixt by fate and here She works her witcheries  
that when She Groans She Shakes the Solid Ground Now Envy She  
controlls with numming trance & Melancholy Sprung from her dark  
womb There is a Melancholy, O how lovely tis whose heaven is in  
the heavenly Mind for she from heaven came, and where She goes  
heaven still doth follow her. She [p 4.] brings <sup>t1056</sup> true joy once  
fled. & Contemplation is her Daughter. Sweet Contemplation. She  
brings humility to man Take her She Says & wear her in thine  
heart lord of thy Self thou then art lord of all. <sup>t1057</sup> Tis  
Contemplation teacheth knowledge truly how to know. and  
Reinstates him on his throne once lost how lost I'll tell. But  
Stop the motley Song I'll Shew. how Conscience Came from heaven.  
But O who listens to his Voice. T'was Conscience who brought  
Melancholy down Conscience was sent a Guard to Reason. Reason  
once fairer than the light till fould in Knowledges dark Prison  
house. For knowledge drove sweet Innocence away. and Reason would  
have follow'd but fate suffer'd not. Then down Came conscience With  
his lovely band The Eager Song Goes on telling how Pride against  
her father Warr'd & Overcame. Down his white Beard the Silver  
torrents Roll. and Swelling Sighs burst forth his Children all in  
arms appear to tear him from his throne Black was the deed. most  
Black. Shame in a Mist Sat Round his troubled bead. & fill'd him  
with Confusion. Fear as a torrent wild Roard Round his throne the  
mighty pillars shake Now all the Gods in blackning Ranks appear.  
like a tempestuous thunder Cloud Pride leads. them on. Now they

thenShebore-prose78; E447|  
thenShebore-prose79; E447|  
thenShebore-prose80; E447|  
thenShebore-prose81; E447|  
thenShebore-prose82; E447|  
thenShebore-prose83; E447|  
thenShebore-prose84; E447|  
thenShebore-prose85; E447|  
thenShebore-prose86; E447|  
thenShebore-prose87; E447|  
thenShebore-prose88; E447|  
thenShebore-prose89; E447|  
thenShebore-prose90; E447|  
thenShebore-prose91; E447|

Surround the God. and bind him fast. Pride bound him, then usurpd  
oer all the Gods. She Rode upon the Swelling wind and Scatterd  
all who durst t'oppose. but Shame opposing fierce and hovering.  
over her in the darkning Storm. She brought forth Rage. <sup>t1058</sup> Mean  
while Strife Mighty Prince was born Envy in direful Pains him  
bore. then Envy brought forth Care. Care Sitteth in the wrinkled  
brow. Strife Shapeless Sitteth under thrones of kings. like  
Smouldring fire. or in the Buzz of Cities flies abroad Care  
brought forth Covet Eyeless & prone to th' [p 5] Earth, and  
Strife brought forth Revenge. Hate brooding in her Dismal den  
grew Pregnant & bore <sup>t1059</sup> Scorn, & Slander. Scorn waits on Pride.  
but Slander. flies around the World to do the Work of hate her  
drudge & Elf. but Policy doth drudge for hate as well as Slander.  
& oft makes use of her. Policy Son of Shame. Indeed

thenShebore-prose92; E448|  
thenShebore-prose93; E448|  
thenShebore-prose94; E448|  
thenShebore-prose95; E448|  
thenShebore-prose96; E448|  
thenShebore-prose97; E448|  
thenShebore-prose98; E448|  
thenShebore-prose99; E448|  
thenShebore-prose100; E448|  
thenShebore-prose101; E448|  
thenShebore-prose102; E448|  
thenShebore-prose103; E448|  
thenShebore-prose104; E448|  
thenShebore-prose105; E448|

hate Controlls all the Gods. at will. Policy brought forth Guile  
& fraud. these Gods last namd live in the Smoke of Cities. on  
Dusky wing breathing forth Clamour & Destruction. alas in Cities  
wheres the man whose face is not a mask unto his heart Pride made  
a Goddess. fair or Image rather till knowledge animated it.  
'twas Calld Selflove. The Gods admiring loaded her with Gifts as  
once Pandora She 'mongst men was Sent. and worser ills attended  
her by far. She was a Goddess Powerful & bore Conceit and Shame  
bore honour & made league with Pride & Policy doth <sup>t1060</sup> dwell with  
her by whom she [had] Mistrust & Suspition. Then bore a Daughter  
called Emulation. who. married. honour these follow her around  
the World[.] Go See the City friends Joind Hand in Hand. Go See.  
the Natural the of flesh & blood. Go See more strong the ties of  
marriage love, thou Scarce Shall find but Self love Stands Between

ED; E448| "Woe cried the muse . <sup>t1061</sup>

Woecried; E448| PAGE 6

WoeCried-prose1; E448|  
WoeCried-prose2; E448|  
WoeCried-prose3; E448|  
WoeCried-prose4; E448|  
WoeCried-prose5; E448|  
WoeCried-prose6; E448|  
WoeCried-prose7; E448|  
WoeCried-prose8; E448|  
WoeCried-prose9; E448|  
WoeCried-prose10; E448|  
WoeCried-prose11; E448|

Woe cried the muse tears Started at the Sound. Grief perch't  
upon my brow and thought Embracd Her. What does this mean I  
cried. when all around. Summer hath Spre'd her Plumes and tunes  
her <sup>t1062</sup> Notes. When Buxom joy doth. fan his wings. & Golden  
Pleasures Beam around my head. why. Grief dost thou accost me.  
The Muse then Struck her Deepest string <sup>t1063</sup> & Sympathy Came  
forth. She Spred her awful Wings. & gave me up. my Nerves with  
trembling Curdle all my blood. & ev'ry piece of flesh doth Cry  
out Woe. how soon <sup>t1064</sup> the Winds Sing round the Darkning Storm ere  
while so fair. and now they fall & beg the Skies will weep. a Day  
like this laid Elfrid in the Dust. Sweet Elfrid fairer than the

WoeCried-prose12; E448|  
WoeCried-prose13; E448|  
WoeCried-prose14; E448|  
WoeCried-prose15; E448|  
WoeCried-prose16; E448|  
WoeCried-prose17; E448|  
WoeCried-prose18; E448|  
WoeCried-prose19; E448|  
WoeCried-prose20; E448|  
WoeCried-prose21; E448|  
WoeCried-prose22; E448|  
WoeCried-prose23; E448|

Beaming Sun O Soon cut off ith <sup>t1065</sup> morning of her days. twas the  
Rude thunder Stroke that Closd her Eyes. and laid her liliated  
Beauties on the Green, The dance was broke the Circle just Begun  
the flower was Pluckd & yet it was not blown. But what art thou!  
I could no more. till mute attention Struck my listning <sup>t1066</sup> Ear.  
It Spoke I come my friend to take my last farewell. Sunk by. the  
hand of Death in Wat'ry tomb Oer yonder lake swift <sup>t1067</sup> as the  
Nightly Blast that Blights the Infant Bud The winds their Sad  
complainings bear. for. Conrade lost untimely lost thy Conrade  
once. When living thee I lov'd. ev'n unto Death now Dead. Ill  
guard thee from approaching ill. farewell my time is gone, it  
Said no more. but vanished. ever from my Sight

## ED-IM; E449| [Chapter 1]

IM-1-prose1; E449| In the Moon, is a certain Island near by a mighty continent,  
 IM-1-prose2; E449| which small island seems to have some affinity to England. & what  
 IM-1-prose3; E449| is more extraordinary the people are so much alike & their  
 IM-1-prose4; E449| language so much the same that you would think you was among your  
 IM-1-prose5; E449| friends. in this Island dwells three Philosophers Suction, the  
 IM-1-prose6; E449| Epicurean, Quid the Cynic, & Sipsop, the Pythagorean. I call them  
 IM-1-prose7; E449| by the names of these sects tho the sects are not ever mentiond  
 IM-1-prose8; E449| there as being quite out of date however the things still remain,  
 IM-1-prose9; E449| and the vanities are the same. the three Philosophers sat  
 IM-1-prose10; E449| together thinking of nothing. in comes--Etruscan Column the  
 IM-1-prose11; E449| Antiquarian & after an abundance of Enquiries to no purpose sat  
 IM-1-prose12; E449| himself down & described something that nobody listend to so  
 IM-1-prose13; E449| they were employd when Mrs Gimblet came in [*tipsy*] the  
 IM-1-prose14; E449| corners of her mouth seemd I dont know how, but very odd as if  
 IM-1-prose15; E449| she hoped you had not an ill opinion of her. to be sure we are  
 IM-1-prose16; E449| all poor creatures. well she seated & [*listend*] seemd  
 IM-1-prose17; E449| to listen with great attention while the Antiquarian seemd to be  
 IM-1-prose18; E449| talking of virtuous cats, but it was not so. she was thinking of  
 IM-1-prose19; E449| the shape of her eyes & mouth & he was thinking, of his eternal  
 IM-1-prose20; E449| fame the three Philosophers at this time were each endeavouring  
 IM-1-prose21; E449| *t1069* to conceal [*the*] his laughter, (not at them but) at  
 IM-1-prose22; E449| his own imaginations this was the situation of this improving  
 IM-1-prose23; E449| company, when in a great hurry, Inflammable Gass the Wind finder  
 IM-1-prose24; E449| enterd. they seemd to rise & salute each other  
 IM-1-prose25; E449| Etruscan Column & Inflammable Gass fixd their eyes on each  
 IM-1-prose26; E449| other, their tongues went in question & answer, but their  
 IM-1-prose27; E449| thoughts were otherwise employd  
 IM-1-prose28; E449| I dont like his eyes said Etruscan Column. he's a foolish puppy  
 IM-1-prose29; E449| said Inflammable Gass, smiling on him. the 3 Philosophers  
 IM-1-prose30; E449| [*Quid*] [*<the*

IM-1-prose31; E450| *Elder>* *t1070*] the Cynic smiling the Epicurean seeming  
 IM-1-prose32; E450| [*not*] studying the flame of the candle & the Pythagorean  
 IM-1-prose33; E450| playing with the cat, listend with open mouths to the edifying  
 IM-1-prose34; E450| discourses.



IM-1-prose35; E450  
IM-1-prose36; E450  
IM-1-prose37; E450  
IM-1-prose38; E450  
IM-1-prose39; E450  
IM-1-prose40; E450  
IM-1-prose41; E450  
IM-1-prose42; E450  
IM-1-prose43; E450  
IM-1-prose44; E450  
IM-1-prose45; E450  
IM-1-prose46; E450  
IM-1-prose47; E450  
IM-1-prose48; E450  
IM-1-prose49; E450  
IM-1-prose50; E450  
IM-1-prose51; E450  
IM-1-prose52; E450  
IM-1-prose53; E450  
IM-1-prose54; E450  
IM-1-prose55; E450  
IM-1-prose56; E450  
IM-1-prose57; E450  
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IM-1-prose62; E450  
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IM-1-prose64; E450  
IM-1-prose65; E450  
IM-1-prose66; E450  
IM-1-prose67; E450  
IM-1-prose68; E450  
IM-1-prose69; E450  
IM-1-prose70; E450  
IM-1-prose71; E450  
IM-1-prose72; E450  
IM-1-prose73; E450  
IM-1-prose74; E450  
IM-1-prose75; E450  
IM-1-prose76; E450  
IM-1-prose77; E450  
IM-1-prose78; E450  
IM-1-prose79; E450

Sir said the Antiquarian I have seen these works & I do affirm that they are no such thing. they seem to me to be the most wretched paltry flimsy Stuff that ever--What d'ye say What dye say said Inflammable Gass, why why I wish I could see you write so. Sir said the Antiquarian, according to my opinion the author is an errant blockhead.--Your reason Your reason said Inflammable Gass--why why I think it very abominable to call a man a blockhead that you know nothing of.--Reason Sir said the Antiquarian I'll give you an example for your reason As I was walking along the street I saw a <vast> number of swallows on the [*top of an house*] rails of an old Gothic square they seemd to be going on their passage, as Pliny says as I was looking up, a little outre<accent> fellow pulling me by the sleeve cries pray Sir who do all they belong to. I turnd my self about with great [[*An Island in the Moon*] P 2] contempt. Said I, Go along you fool.--Fool

said he who do you call fool I only askd you a civil question--[*here Etr*] I had a great mind to have thrashd the fellow only he was bigger than I--here Etruscan column left off--Inflammable Gass, recollecting himself Indeed I do not think the man was a fool for he seems to me to have been desirous of enquiring into the works of nature--Ha Ha Ha said the Pythagorean. it was reechod by [*the*] Inflammable Gass to overthrow the argument--Etruscan Column then star[t]ing up & clenching both his fists was prepared to give a formal answer to the company But Ob[t]use Angle, entering the room having made a gentle bow, proceeded to empty his pockets of a vast number of papers, turned about & sat down wiped his [*head*] <face> with his pocket handkerchief & shutting his eyes began to scratch his head--well gentlemen said he what is the cause of strife the Cynic answerd. they are only quarreling about Voltaire--Yes said the Epicurean & having a bit of fun with him. And said the Pythagorean endeavoring to incorporate their souls with their bodies Obtuse Angle giving a grin said Voltaire understood nothing of the Mathematics and a man must be a fool ifaith not to understand the Mathematics Inflammable Gass turning round hastily in his chair said Mathematics he found out a number of Queries in Philosophy. Obtuse Angle shutting his eyes & saying that he always understood better when he shut his eyes [*It is not of use to make*] <said> In the first place it is of no use for a man to make Queries but to solve them, for a man may be a fool & make Queries but a man must have good sound sense to solve them. a query & an answer are as different as a strait line & a crooked one. secondly I, I, I. aye Secondly, Voltaire's a fool, says the

IM-1-prose80; E450|  
IM-1-prose81; E450|  
IM-1-prose82; E450|

Epicurean--Pooh says the Mathematician scratching his head with  
double violence, it is not worth Quarreling about.--The  
Antiquarian

IM-1-prose83; E451|  
IM-1-prose84; E451|  
IM-1-prose85; E451|  
IM-1-prose86; E451|  
IM-1-prose87; E451|  
IM-1-prose88; E451|  
IM-1-prose89; E451|  
IM-1-prose90; E451|  
IM-1-prose91; E451|  
IM-1-prose92; E451|  
IM-1-prose93; E451|  
IM-1-prose94; E451|  
IM-1-prose95; E451|  
IM-1-prose96; E451|

here got up--& hemming twice to shew the strength of his Lungs,  
said but my Good Sir, Voltaire was immersed in matter, & seems to  
have understood very little but what he saw before his eyes, like  
the Animal upon the Pythagoreans lap always playing with its own  
tail. Ha Ha Ha said Inflammable Gass he was the Glory of  
France--I have got a bottle of air that would spread a Plague.  
here the Antiquarian shruggd up his shoulders & was silent  
[talkd for half an hour] while Inflammable Gass talkd  
for half an hour  
When Steelyard <the lawgiver> coming in stalking--with an act  
of parliament in his hand said that it was a shameful thing that  
acts of parliament should be in a free state, it had so engrossed  
his mind that he did not salute the company  
Mrs Gimblet drew her mouth downwards

ED-IM; E451|

[*An Island in the Moon*] PAGE 3

IM; E451|

## Chap 2d

IM-2-prose1; E451|  
IM-2-prose2; E451|  
IM-2-prose3; E451|  
IM-2-prose4; E451|  
IM-2-prose5; E451|

Tilly Lally the Siptippidist Aradobo, the dean of Morocco,  
[*Miss*] Miss Gittipin [&] Mrs Nannicantipot, <Mrs  
Sigtagatist> <sup>t1071</sup> Gibble Gabble the wife of Inflammable Gass--&  
Little Scopprell entered the room (If I have not presented you  
with every character in the piece call me \*Arse--) <sup>t1072</sup>

IM; E451|

## Chap 3d

IM-3-prose1; E451|  
IM-3-prose2; E451|  
IM-3-prose3; E451|  
IM-3-prose4; E451|  
IM-3; E451|  
IM-3; E451|  
IM-3; E451|  
IM-3; E451|  
IM-3; E451|  
IM-3-prose5; E451|  
IM-3-prose6; E451|

In the Moon as Phebus stood over his oriental Gardening O ay  
come Ill sing you a song said the Cynic. the trumpeter shit in  
his hat said the Epicurean & clapt it on his head said the Pythagorean  
Ill begin again said the Cynic  
Little Phebus came strutting in  
With his fat belly & his round chin  
What is it you would please to have  
Ho Ho  
I wont let it go at only so & so  
Mrs Gimblet lookd as if they meant her. Tilly Lally laught  
like a Cherry clapper. Aradobo askd who was Phebus Sir. Obtuse

IM-3-prose7; E451|  
IM-3-prose8; E451|  
IM-3-prose9; E451|  
IM-3-prose10; E451|  
IM-3-prose11; E451|  
IM-3-prose12; E451|  
IM-3-prose13; E451|  
IM-3-prose14; E451|  
IM-3-prose15; E451|  
IM-3-prose16; E451|  
IM-3-prose17; E451|

Angle answerd, quickly, He was the God of Physic, Painting  
Perspective Geometry Geography Astronomy, Cookery, Chymistry  
[*Conjunctives*] Mechanics, Tactics Pathology Phraseology  
Theolog[y] Mythology Astrology Osteology, Somatology in short  
every art & science adorn'd him as beads round his neck. here  
Aradobo lookd Astonishd & askd if he understood Engraving--Obtuse  
Angle Answerd indeed he did.--Well said the other he was as great  
as Chatterton. Tilly Lally turnd round to Obtuse Angle & askd  
who it was that was as great as Chatterton. Hay, how should I  
know Answerd Obtuse Angle who was It Aradobo. why sir said he  
the Gentleman that the song was about. Ah said

IM-3-prose18; E452|  
IM-3-prose19; E452|  
IM-3-prose20; E452|  
IM-3-prose21; E452|  
IM-3-prose22; E452|  
IM-3-prose23; E452|  
IM-3-prose24; E452|  
IM-3-prose25; E452|  
IM-3-prose26; E452|  
IM-3-prose27; E452|  
IM-3-prose28; E452|  
IM-3-prose29; E452|  
IM-3-prose30; E452|  
IM-3-prose31; E452|  
IM-3-prose32; E452|  
IM-3-prose33; E452|  
IM-3-prose34; E452|  
IM-3-prose35; E452|

Tilly Lally I did not hear it. what was it Obtuse Angle. Pooh  
said he Nonsense. Mhm said Tilly Lally--it was Phebus said the  
Epicurean Ah that was the Gentleman said Aradobo. Pray Sir  
said Tilly Lally who was Phebus. Obtuse Angle answerd the  
heathens in the old ages usd to have Gods that they worshipd &  
they usd to sacrifice to them you have read about that in the  
bible. Ah said Aradobo I thought I had read of Phebus in the  
Bible.--Aradobo you should always think [*of what you st*]  
before you speak said Obtuse Angle--Ha Ha Ha he means Pharaoh  
said Tilly Lally--I am ashamd of you making [[*An Island in the Moon*] P 4] use of the  
names [*of*] in the Bible said Mrs. Sigtagatist. Ill tell  
you what Mrs Sinagain I dont think theres any harm in it, said  
Tilly Lally--No said Inflammable Gass. I have got a camera  
obscura at home what was it you was talking about. Law said  
Tilly Lally what has that to do with Pharaoh--. Pho nonsense  
hang Pharaoh & all his host said the Pythagorean sing away  
Quid--  
Then the Cynic sung

IM-3; E452| Honour & Genius is all I ask  
IM-3; E452| And I ask the Gods no more  
IM-3; E452| No more No more | the three Philosophers  
IM-3; E452| No more No more | bear Chorus

IM-3-prose36; E452| Here Aradobo suckd his under lip

IM; E452| Chap 4

IM-4-prose1; E452| Hang names said the Pythagorean whats Pharaoh better than Phebus  
IM-4-prose2; E452| or Phebus than Pharaoh. hang them both said the Cynic Dont be

IM-4-prose3; E452|  
IM-4-prose4; E452|  
IM-4-prose5; E452|  
IM-4-prose6; E452|  
IM-4-prose7; E452|  
IM-4-prose8; E452|  
IM-4-prose9; E452|  
IM-4-prose10; E452|  
IM-4-prose11; E452|  
IM-4-prose12; E452|  
IM-4-prose13; E452|  
IM-4-prose14; E452|  
IM-4-prose15; E452|  
IM-4-prose16; E452|  
IM-4-prose17; E452|  
IM-4-prose18; E452|  
IM-4-prose19; E452|  
IM-4-prose20; E452|  
IM-4-prose21; E452|  
IM-4-prose22; E452|

prophane said Mrs Sigtagatist. Why said Mrs Nannicantipot I dont think its prophane to say hang Pharoh. ah said Mrs, Sinagain, I'm sure you ought to hold your tongue, for you never say any thing about the scriptures, & you hinder your husband from going to church--Ha Ha said Inflammable Gass what dont you like to go to church. no said Mrs Nannicantipot I think a person may be as good at home. If I had not a place of profit that forces me to go to church said Inflammable Gass Id see the parsons all hangd a parcel of lying--O said Mrs Sigtagatist if it was not for churches & chapels I should not have livd so long--there was I up in a Morning at four o clock when I was a Girl. I would run like the dickins till I was all in a heat. I would stand till I was ready to sink into the earth. ah Mr Huffcap would kick the bottom of the Pulpit out, with Passion, would tear off the sleeve of his Gown, & set his wig on fire & throw it at the people hed cry & stamp & kick & sweat and all for the good of their souls.--Im sure he must be a wicked villain said Mrs Nannicantipot a passionate wretch. If I was a man Id wait at the bottom of the pulpit stairs & knock him down & run away.--You would You Ignorant jade I wish I could see you hit

IM-4-prose23; E453|  
IM-4-prose24; E453|  
IM-4-prose25; E453|  
IM-4-prose26; E453|  
IM-4-prose27; E453|

any of the ministers. you deserve to have your ears boxed you do.--Im sure this is not religion answers the [[*An Island in the Moon*] P 5] other--Then Mr Inflammable Gass ran & shovd his head into the fire & set his [*head*] hair all in a flame & ran about the room--No No he did not I was only making a fool of you

## IM; E453| Chap 5

IM-5-prose1; E453|  
IM-5-prose2; E453|  
IM-5-prose3; E453|  
IM-5-prose4; E453|  
IM-5-prose5; E453|  
IM-5-prose6; E453|  
IM-5-prose7; E453|  
IM-5-prose8; E453|  
IM-5-prose9; E453|  
IM-5-prose10; E453|  
IM-5-prose11; E453|  
IM-5-prose12; E453|  
IM-5-prose13; E453|  
IM-5-prose14; E453|  
IM-5-prose15; E453|

Obtuse Angle Scopprell Aradobo & Tilly Lally are all met in Obtuse Angles study-- Pray said Aradobo is Chatterton a Mathematician. No said Obtuse Angle how <can you> be so foolish as to think he was. Oh I did not think he was I only askd said Aradobo. How could you think he was not, & ask if he was said Obtuse Angle.--<Oh no Sir> I did think he was before you told me but afterwards I thought he was not Obtuse Angle said in the first place you thought he was [*not*] & then afterwards when I said he was not you thought he was not. <why I know that> <sup>t1073</sup> --Oh no sir I thought that lie was not but I askd t to know whether he was.--How can that be said Obtuse Angle how could you ask & think that he was not--why said he. It came into my bead that he was not--Why then said Obtuse Angle you said that he was. Did I say so Law I did



IM-5-prose16; E453|  
IM-5-prose17; E453|  
IM-5-prose18; E453|  
IM-5-prose19; E453|  
IM-5-prose20; E453|  
IM-5-prose21; E453|  
IM-5-prose22; E453|  
IM-5-prose23; E453|  
IM-5-prose24; E453|  
*IM-5-prose25; E453/*  
IM-5-prose26; E453|  
IM-5-prose27; E453|  
IM-5-prose28; E453|  
IM-5-prose29; E453|  
IM-5-prose30; E453|  
IM-5-prose31; E453|  
IM-5-prose32; E453|  
IM-5-prose33; E453|  
IM-5-prose34; E453|  
IM-5-prose35; E453|  
IM-5-prose36; E453|  
IM-5-prose37; E453|

not think I said that--Did not he said Obtuse Angle Yes said Scopprell. But I meant said Aradobo I I I cant think Law Sir I wish youd tell me, how it is  
Then Obtuse Angle put his chin in his hand & said when ever you think you must always think for yourself--How Sir said Aradobo, whenever I think I must think myself--I think I do--in the first place said he with a grin--Poo Poo said Obtuse Angle dont be a fool--  
Then Tilly Lally took up a Quadrant & askd. [*what is this gim crank for*]. Is not this a sun dial. Yes said Scopprell but its broke--at this moment the three Philosophers enterd and lowring darkness hoverd oer th assembly.  
Come said the Epicurean lets have some rum & water & hang the mathematics come Aradobo say some thing then Aradobo began In the first place I think I think in the first place that Chatterton was clever at Fissic Follogy, Pistinology, Aridology, Arography, Transmography Phizography, Hogamy HAtomy, & hall that but <in the first place> he eat wery little wickly that is he slept very little which he brought into a consumsion, & what was that that he took [*Cha*] Fissic or somethink & so died  
So all the people in the book enterd into the room & they could not talk any more to the present purpose

IM; E454|      [*An Island in the Moon*] PAGE 6

IM; E454|      Chap 6

IM-6-prose1; E454|  
IM-6-prose2; E454|  
IM-6-prose3; E454|  
IM-6-prose4; E454|  
IM-6-prose5; E454|  
IM-6-prose6; E454|  
IM-6-prose7; E454|  
IM-6-prose8; E454|  
IM-6-prose9; E454|  
IM-6-prose10; E454|  
IM-6-prose11; E454|

They all went home & left the Philosophers. then Suction Askd if Pindar was not a better Poet, than Ghiotto was a Painter Plutarch has not the life of Ghiotto said Sipsop no said Quid to be sure he was an Italian. well said Suction that is not any proof. Plutarch was a nasty ignorant puppy said Quid I hate your sneaking rascals. theres Aradobo in [*twen*[ty]] ten or twelve years will be a far superior genius. Ah, said the Pythagorean Aradobo will make a very clever fellow. why said Quid I think that [*a*] <any> natural fool would make a clever fellow if he was properly brought up--Ah hang your reasoning said the Epicurean I hate reasoning I do every thing by my feelings--

IM-6-prose12; E454|  
IM-6-prose13; E454|  
IM-6-prose14; E454|  
IM-6-prose15; E454|

Ah said Sipsop, I only wish Jack [*Hunter*] Tearguts had had the cutting of Plutarch he understands anatomy better than any of the Ancients hell plunge his knife up to the hilt in a single drive and thrust his fist in, and all in the space of a



IM-6-prose16; E454|  
IM-6-prose17; E454|  
IM-6-prose18; E454|  
IM-6-prose19; E454|  
IM-6-prose20; E454|  
IM-6-prose21; E454|  
IM-6-prose22; E454|

Quarter of an hour. he does not mind their crying--tho they cry  
ever so hell Swear at them & keep them down with his fist & tell  
them that hell scrape their bones if they dont lay still & be  
quiet--What the devil should the people in the hospital that have  
it done for nothing, make such a piece of work for  
Hang that said Suction let us have a Song  
Then [*Sipsop sang*] the Cynic sang

IM-6-WhenOld1; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld2; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld3; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld4; E454|

When old corruption first begun  
Adornd in yellow vest  
He committed on flesh a whoredom  
O what wicked beast

IM-6-WhenOld; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld5; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld6; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld7; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld8; E454|

2  
From them a callow babe did spring  
And old corruption smild  
To think his race should never end  
For now he had a child

IM-6-WhenOld; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld9; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld10; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld11; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld12; E454|

3  
He calld him Surgery & fed  
The babe with his own milk  
For flesh & he could neer agree  
She would not let him suck

IM-6-WhenOld; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld13; E454|  
IM-6-WhenOld14; E454|

4  
And this he always kept in mind  
And formd a crooked knife

IM-6-WhenOld15; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld16; E455|

And ran about with bloody hands  
To seek his mothers life

IM-6-WhenOld; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld17; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld18; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld19; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld20; E455|

5  
And as he ran to seek his mother  
He met with a dead woman  
He fell in love & married her  
A deed which is not common

IM-6-WhenOld; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld21; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld22; E455|

6  
She soon grew pregnant & brought forth  
Scurvy & spotted fever

IM-6-WhenOld23; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld24; E455|

The father grind & skipt about  
And said I'm made for ever

IM-6-WhenOld; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld25; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld26; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld27; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld28; E455|

7  
For now I have procurd these imps  
Ill try experiments  
With that he tied poor scurvy down  
& stopt up all its vents

IM-6-WhenOld; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld29; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld30; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld31; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld32; E455|

8  
And when the child began to swell  
He shouted out aloud  
Ive found the dropsy out & soon  
Shall do the world more good

IM-6-WhenOld; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld33; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld34; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld35; E455|  
IM-6-WhenOld36; E455|

9  
He took up fever by the neck  
And cut out all its spots  
And thro the holes which he had made  
He first discoverd guts

IM-6-prose23; E455|  
IM-6-prose24; E455|  
IM-6-prose25; E455|  
IM-6-prose26; E455|  
IM-6-prose27; E455|  
IM-6-prose28; E455|

Ah said Sipsop you think we are rascals & we think you are  
rascals. I do as I chuse what is it to any body what I do I am  
always unhappy too. when I think of Surgery--I dont know I do  
it because I like it. My father does what he likes & so do I. I  
think some how Ill leave it off there was a woman having her  
cancer cut & she shriekd so, that I was quite sick

IM; E455|      Chap 7

IM-7-prose1; E455|  
IM-7-prose2; E455|  
IM-7-prose3; E455|  
IM-7-prose4; E455|  
IM-7-prose5; E455|  
IM-7-prose6; E455|  
IM-7-prose7; E455|

Good night said Sipsop, Good night said the other two then  
[*they*] Quid & Suction were left alone. then said Quid I  
think that Homer is bombast & Shakespeare is too wild & Milton  
has no feelings they might be easily outdone Chatterton never  
writ those poems. a parcel of fools going to Bristol--if I was to  
go Id find it out in a minute. but Ive found it out already-- If  
I dont knock them all up next year in the

IM-7-prose8; E456|  
IM-7-prose9; E456|  
IM-7-prose10; E456|

Exhibition Ill be hangd said Suction. hang Philosophy I would  
not give a farthing for it do all by your feelings and never  
think at all about it. Im hangd if I dont get up to morrow

IM-7-prose11; E456| morning by four o clock & work Sir Joshua-- Before ten years are  
 IM-7-prose12; E456| at an end said Quid how I will work these poor milk [[*An Island in the Moon*] P 8] sop  
 IM-7-prose13; E456| devils, an ignorant pack of wretches  
 IM-7-prose14; E456| So they went to bed

## IM; E456| Chap 8

IM-8-prose1; E456| Steelyard the Lawgiver, sitting at his table taking extracts  
 IM-8-prose2; E456| from Herveys Meditations among the tombs & Youngs Night thoughts.  
 IM-8-prose3; E456| [*This is unfair and ?I ?think*] He is not able to hurt me  
 IM-8-prose4; E456| (said he) more than making me Constable or taking away the parish  
 IM-8-prose5; E456| business. Hah!

IM-8; E456| [*O what a scene is here what a disguise*]  
 IM-8; E456| My crop of corn is but a field of tares

IM-8-prose6; E456| Says Jerome happiness is not for us poor crawling reptiles of the  
 IM-8-prose7; E456| earth Talk of happiness & happiness its no such thing--every  
 IM-8-prose8; E456| person has a something

IM-8; E456| Hear then the pride & knowledge of a Sailor *t1074*  
 IM-8; E456| His sprit sail fore sail main sail & his mizen  
 IM-8; E456| A poor frail man god wot I know none frailer  
 IM-8; E456| I know no greater sinner than John Taylor

IM-8-prose9; E456| If I had only myself to care for I'd soon make Double Elephant  
 IM-8-prose10; E456| look foolish, & Filligree work I hope shall live to see--

IM-8; E456| The wreck of matter & the crush of worlds  
 IM-8-prose11; E456| as Younge says

IM-8-prose12; E456| Obtuse Angle enterd the Room. What news Mr Steelyard--I am  
 IM-8-prose13; E456| Reading Theron & Aspasio, said he. Obtuse Angle took up the  
 IM-8-prose14; E456| books one by one I dont find it here said he. Oh no said the  
 IM-8-prose15; E456| other it was the meditations. Obtuse Angle took up the book &  
 IM-8-prose16; E456| read till the other was quite tir'd out  
 IM-8-prose17; E456| Then Scopprell & Miss Gittipin, coming in Scopprell took up a  
 IM-8-prose18; E456| book & read <the following passage.>

IM-8-prose19; E456| An Easy of [*Human*] <Huming> Understanding by John

IM-8-prose21; E456|

John Locke said Obtuse Angle. O ay Lock said Scopprell.

IM-8-prose22; E456|

*[Its a book about]*

IM-8-prose23; E456|

Now here said Miss Gittipin I never saw such company in my life. you are always talking of your books I like to be where we talk.--you had better take a walk, that we may have some pleasure I am sure I never see any pleasure. theres Double Elephants Girls they have their

IM-8-prose24; E456|

IM-8-prose25; E456|

IM-8-prose26; E456|

IM-8-prose27; E456|

IM-8-prose28; E457|

own way, & theres Miss Filligree work she goes out in her coaches & her footman & her maids & Stormonts & Balloon hats & a pair of

IM-8-prose29; E457|

IM-8-prose30; E457|

IM-8-prose31; E457|

Gloves every day & the sorrows of Werter & Robinsons & the Queen of Frances Puss colour & my Cousin Gibble Gabble says that I am like nobody else I might as well be in a nunnery There they go in Post chaises & Stages to Vauxhall & Ranelagh And I hardly know what a coach is, except when I go to [ P 9]

IM-8-prose32; E457|

IM-8-prose33; E457|

IM-8-prose34; E457|

IM-8-prose35; E457|

IM-8-prose36; E457|

Mr Jacko's he knows

IM-8-prose37; E457|

what riding is *[he does not]* & his wife is the most

IM-8-prose38; E457|

agreeable woman you hardly know she has a tongue in her head

IM-8-prose39; E457|

and he is the funniest fellow, &amp; I do believe he'll go in

IM-8-prose40; E457|

partnership with his master. &amp; they have black servants lodge at

IM-8-prose41; E457|

their house I never saw such a place in my life he says he as

IM-8-prose42; E457|

Six &amp; twenty rooms in his house, and I believe it &amp; he is not

IM-8-prose43; E457|

such a liar as Quid thinks he is. *[but he is always**IM-8-prose44; E457|**Envyng]* Poo Poo hold your tongue hold your tongue, said the

IM-8-prose45; E457|

Lawgiver. this quite provokd Miss Gittipin to interrupt her in

IM-8-prose46; E457|

her favourite topic &amp; she proceeded to use every Provoking speech

IM-8-prose47; E457|

that ever she could, &amp; he bore it &lt;more&gt; like a Saint than a

IM-8-prose48; E457|

Lawgiver and with great Solemnity he addressd the company in

IM-8-prose49; E457|

these words

IM-8-prose50; E457|

They call women the weakest vessel but I think they are the

IM-8-prose51; E457|

strongest A girl has always more tongue than a boy I have seen

IM-8-prose52; E457|

a little brat no higher than a nettle &amp; she had as much tongue as

IM-8-prose53; E457|

a city clark but a boy would be such a fool not have any thing to

IM-8-prose54; E457|

say and if any body askd him a question he would put his head

IM-8-prose55; E457|

into a hole &amp; hide it. I am sure I take but little pleasure you

IM-8-prose56; E457|

have as much pleasure as I have. there I stand &amp; bear every fools

IM-8-prose57; E457|

insult. if I had only myself to care for, I'd wring off their

IM-8-prose58; E457|

noses

IM-8-prose59; E457|

To this Scopprell answerd. I think the Ladies discourses Mr

IM-8-prose60; E457|

Steelyard are some of them more improving than any book. that is

IM-8-prose61; E457|

the way I have got some of my knowledge

IM-8-prose62; E457| Then said Miss Gittipin, Mr Scopprell do you know the song of  
IM-8-prose63; E457| Phebe and Jellicoe--no Miss said Scopprell--then she repeated  
IM-8-prose64; E457| these verses while Steelyard walkd about the room

IM-8-"Phoebe"1; E457| Phebe drest like beauties Queen  
IM-8-"Phoebe"2; E457| Jellicoe in faint peagreen  
IM-8-"Phoebe"3; E457| Sitting all beneath a grot  
IM-8-"Phoebe"4; E457| Where the little lambkins trot *t1076*

IM-8-"Phoebe"5; E457| Maidens dancing loves a sporting  
IM-8-"Phoebe"6; E457| All the country folks a courting  
IM-8-"Phoebe"7; E457| Susan Johnny Bet & Joe  
IM-8-"Phoebe"8; E457| Lightly tripping on a row

IM-8-"Phoebe"9; E457| Happy people who can be  
IM-8-"Phoebe"10; E457| In happiness compard with ye *t1077*  
IM-8-"Phoebe"11; E457| The Pilgrim with his crook & hat  
IM-8-"Phoebe"12; E457| Sees your happiness compleat

IM-8-prose65; E458| A charming Song indeed miss said Scopprell [*That was all*  
*IM-8-prose66; E458| for*] here they recievd a summons for a merry making at the  
IM-8-prose67; E458| Philosophers house

ED-IM; E458| [*An Island in the Moon*] PAGE 10

IM; E458| Chap 9

IM-9-prose1; E458| I say this evening [we'd] <we'll> all get drunk. I say dash. an  
IM-9-prose2; E458| Anthem an Anthem, said Suction

IM-9-"LoTheBat"1; E458| Lo the Bat with Leathern wing  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"2; E458| Winking & blinking  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"3; E458| Winking & blinking  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"4; E458| Winking & blinking  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"5; E458| Like Doctor Johnson

IM-9-"LoTheBat"6; E458| Quid-----O ho Said Doctor Johnson  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"7; E458| To Scipio Africanus  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"8; E458| If you dont own me a Philosopher  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"9; E458| Ill kick your Roman Anus



IM-9-"LoTheBat"10; E458| Suction--A ha To Doctor Johnson  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"11; E458| Said Scipio Africanus  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"12; E458| Lift up my Roman Petticoatt  
IM-9-"LoTheBat"13; E458| And kiss my Roman Anus

IM-9-"LoTheBat"14; E458| And the Cellar goes down with a Step (Grand Chorus

IM-9-prose3; E458| Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Hooooo my poooooor siiides I I should  
IM-9-prose4; E458| die if I was to live here said Scopprell Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho

IM-9; E458| 1st Vo Want Matches  
IM-9; E458| 2d Vo Yes Yes Yes  
IM-9; E458| 1 Vo Want Matches  
IM-9; E458| 2d Vo No-----

IM-9; E458| 1st Vo Want Matches  
IM-9; E458| 2d Vo Yes Yes Yes  
IM-9; E458| 1st Vo Want Matches  
IM-9; E458| 2d Vo No-----

IM-9-prose5; E458| Here was Great confusion & disorder Aradobo said that the  
IM-9-prose6; E458| boys in the street sing something very pritty & funny [*about*  
*IM-9-prose7; E458| London O no*] about Matches Then Mrs Nannicantipot sung

IM-9; E458| I cry my matches as far as Guild hall  
IM-9; E458| God bless the duke & his aldermen all

IM-9-prose8; E458| Then sung Scopprell

IM-9; E458| I ask the Gods no more  
IM-9; E458| no more no more

IM-9-prose9; E459| Then Said Suction come Mr Lawgiver your song and the Lawgiver  
IM-9-prose10; E459| sung

IM-9; E459| As I walkd forth one may morning  
IM-9; E459| To see the fields so pleasant & so gay  
IM-9; E459| O there did I spy a young maiden sweet

IM-9; E459| Among the Violets that smell so sweet  
IM-9; E459| Smell so sweet  
IM-9; E459| Smell so sweet  
IM-9; E459| Among the Violets that smell so sweet

IM-9-prose; E459| Hang your Violets heres your Rum & water [*sweeter*] O  
IM-9-prose; E459| ay said Tilly Lally. Joe Bradley & I was going along one day in  
IM-9-prose; E459| the Sugar house Joe Bradley saw for he had but one eye  
IM-9-prose; E459| [*?one*] saw a treacle Jar So he goes of his blind side  
IM-9-prose; E459| & dips his hand up to the shoulder in treacle. here [*ll*]  
IM-9-prose; E459| lick lick lick said he Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha For he had but one eye  
IM-9-prose; E459| Ha Ha Ha Ho then sung Scopprell  
IM-9; E459| And I ask the Gods no more  
IM-9; E459| no more no more  
IM-9; E459| no more no more

IM-9-prose18; E459| Miss Gittipin said he you sing like a harpsichord. let your  
IM-9-prose19; E459| bounty descend to our fair ears and favour us with a fine song  
IM-9-prose20; E459| <then she sung>

IM-9-ThisFrog; E459| This frog he would a wooing ride *t1078*  
IM-9-ThisFrog; E459| Kitty alone Kitty alone  
IM-9-ThisFrog; E459| This frog he would a wooing ride  
IM-9-ThisFrog; E459| Kitty alone & I  
IM-9-ThisFrog; E459| Sing cock I cary Kitty alone *t1079*  
IM-9-ThisFrog; E459| Kitty alone Kitty alone  
IM-9-ThisFrog; E459| Cock I cary Kitty alone  
IM-9-ThisFrog; E459| Kitty alone & I

IM-9-prose21; E459| Charming truly elegant said Scopprell

IM-9; E459| And I ask the gods no more

IM-9-prose22; E459| Hang your Serious Songs, said Sipsop & he sung as follows

IM-9; E459| Fa ra so bo ro  
IM-9; E459| Fa ra bo ra

IM-9; E459| Sa ba ra ra ba rare roro  
IM-9; E459| Sa ra ra ra bo ro ro ro  
IM-9; E459| Radara  
IM-9; E459| Sarapodo no flo ro

IM-9-prose23; E460| Hang Italian songs lets have English said Quid [*Sing a*  
*IM-9-prose24; E460| Mathematical Song Obtuse Angle then he sung*] <English Genius  
IM-9-prose25; E460| for ever here I go>

IM-9-HailMatrimony1; E460| Hail Matrimony made of Love  
IM-9-HailMatrimony2; E460| To thy wide gates how great a drove  
IM-9-HailMatrimony3; E460| On purpose to be yok'd do come  
IM-9-HailMatrimony4; E460| Widows & maids & Youths also  
IM-9-HailMatrimony5; E460| That lightly trip on beauty's toe  
IM-9-HailMatrimony6; E460| Or sit on beauty's bum

IM-9-HailMatrimony7; E460| Hail fingerfooted lovely Creatures  
IM-9-HailMatrimony8; E460| The females of our human Natures  
IM-9-HailMatrimony9; E460| Formed to suckle all Mankind  
IM-9-HailMatrimony10; E460| Tis you that come in time of need

IM-9-HailMatrimony11; E460| Without you we shoud never Breed  
IM-9-HailMatrimony12; E460| Or any Comfort find

IM-9-HailMatrimony13; E460| For if a Damsel's blind or lame  
IM-9-HailMatrimony14; E460| Or Nature's hand has crooked her frame

ED; E460| [*An Island in the Moon*] PAGE 12  
IM-9-HailMatrimony15; E460| Or if she's deaf or is wall eyed

IM-9-HailMatrimony16; E460| Yet if her heart is well inclined  
IM-9-HailMatrimony17; E460| Some tender lover she shall find  
IM-9-HailMatrimony18; E460| That panteth for a Bride *t1080*

IM-9-HailMatrimony19; E460| The universal Poultice this  
IM-9-HailMatrimony20; E460| To cure whatever is amiss

IM-9-HailMatrimony21; E460| In damsel or in Widow gay  
IM-9-HailMatrimony22; E460| It makes them smile it makes them skip  
IM-9-HailMatrimony23; E460| Like Birds just cured of the pip

IM-9-HailMatrimony24; E460|

They chirp & hop away

IM-9-HailMatrimony25; E460|

Then come ye Maidens come ye Swains

IM-9-HailMatrimony26; E460|

Come & be eased of all your pains

IM-9-HailMatrimony27; E460|

In Matrimony's Golden cage--

IM-9-prose26; E460|

IM-9-prose27; E460|

IM-9-prose28; E460|

IM-9-prose29; E460|

IM-9-prose30; E460|

IM-9-prose31; E460|

IM-9-prose32; E460|

I [*None of*] Go & be hanged said Scopprel how can you  
have the face to make game of Matrimony--[*What you skipping  
flea how dare ye? Ill dash you through your chair says the  
Cynic This Quid (cries out Miss Gittipin) always spoils good  
company in this manner & its a shame*]  
Then Quid calld upon Obtuse Angle for a Song & he wiping his  
face & looking on the corner of the cieling Sang

IM-9-ToBeOrNot1; E460|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot2; E460|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot3; E460|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot4; E460|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot5; E460|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot6; E460|

To be or not to be  
Of great capacity  
Like Sir Isaac Newton  
Or Locke or Doctor South  
Or Sherlock upon death  
Id rather be Sutton

IM-9-ToBeOrNot7; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot8; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot9; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot10; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot11; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot12; E461|

For he did build a house  
For aged men & youth  
With walls of brick & stone  
He furnishd it within  
With whatever he could win  
And all his own

IM-9-ToBeOrNot13; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot14; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot15; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot16; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot17; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot18; E461|

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

IM-9-ToBeOrNot19; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot20; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot21; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot22; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot23; E461|

IM-9-ToBeOrNot24; E461|

The chimneys were three score *t1081*  
The windows many more  
And for convenience  
He sinks & gutters made  
And all the way he pavd  
To hinder pestilence

IM-9-ToBeOrNot25; E461| Was not this a good man  
IM-9-ToBeOrNot26; E461| Whose life was but a span  
IM-9-ToBeOrNot27; E461| Whose name was Sutton

ED-IM-9; E461| [An Island in the Moon] PAGE 13

IM-9-ToBeOrNot28; E461| As Locke or Doctor South  
IM-9-ToBeOrNot29; E461| Or Sherlock upon Death  
IM-9-ToBeOrNot30; E461| Or Sir Isaac Newton

IM-9-prose33; E461| The Lawgiver was very attentive & begd to have it sung over  
IM-9-prose34; E461| again & again till the company were tired & insisted on the  
IM-9-prose35; E461| Lawgiver singing song himself which he readily complied with

IM-9-ThisCity1; E461| This city & this country has brought forth many mayors  
IM-9-ThisCity2; E461| To sit in state & give forth laws out of their old oak chairs  
IM-9-ThisCity3; E461| With face as brown as any nut with drinking of strong ale  
IM-9-ThisCity4; E461| Good English hospitality O then it did not fail

IM-9-ThisCity5; E461| With scarlet gowns & broad gold lace would make a yeoman sweat  
IM-9-ThisCity6; E461| With stockings rolld above their knees & shoes as black as jet <sup>t1082</sup>  
IM-9-ThisCity7; E461| With eating beef & drinking beer O they were stout & hale  
IM-9-ThisCity8; E461| Good English hospitality O then it did not fail

IM-9-ThisCity9; E461| Thus sitting at the table wide the Mayor & Aldermen  
IM-9-ThisCity10; E461| Were fit to give law to the city each eat as much as ten  
IM-9-ThisCity11; E461| The hungry poor enterd the hall to eat good beef & ale  
IM-9-ThisCity12; E461| Good English hospitality O then it did not fail

IM-9-prose36; E461| Here they gave a shout & the company broke up

IM-10; E462| Chap 10

IM-10-prose1; E462| Thus these happy Islanders spent their time but felicity does  
IM-10-prose2; E462| not last long, for being met at the house of Inflammable Gass the  
IM-10-prose3; E462| windfinder, the following affairs happend.  
IM-10-prose4; E462| Come Flammable said Gibble Gabble & lets enjoy ourselves bring  
IM-10-prose5; E462| the Puppets. Hay Hay, said he, you sho, why ya ya, how can you  
IM-10-prose6; E462| be so foolish.--Ha Ha Ha she calls the experiments puppets Then



IM-10-prose7; E462| he went up stairs & loaded the maid, with glasses, & brass tubes,  
IM-10-prose8; E462| & magic pictures  
IM-10-prose9; E462| Here ladies & gentlemen said he Ill shew you a louse  
IM-10-prose10; E462| [*climbing*] or a flea or a butterfly or a cock chafer the  
IM-10-prose11; E462| blade bone of a tittle back, no no heres a bottle of wind that I  
IM-10-prose12; E462| took up in the bog house. o dear o dear the waters got into  
IM-10-prose13; E462| the sliders. look here Gibble Gabble--lend me your handkerchief,  
IM-10-prose14; E462| Tilly Lally Tilly Lally took out his handkerchief which smeard  
IM-10-prose15; E462| the glass worse than ever. then he screwd it on then he took the  
IM-10-prose16; E462| sliders & then he set up the glasses for the Ladies to view the  
IM-10-prose17; E462| pictures thus he was employd & quite out of breath  
IM-10-prose18; E462| While Tilly Laily & Scopprell were pumping at the air pump  
IM-10-prose19; E462| Smack went the glass--. Hang said Tilly Lally. Inflammable Gass  
IM-10-prose20; E462| turnd short round & threw down the table & Glasses & Pictures, &  
IM-10-prose21; E462| broke the bottles of wind & let out the Pestilence He saw the  
IM-10-prose22; E462| Pestilence fly out of the bottle & cried out [[*An Island in the Moon*] P 1] while he ran  
IM-10-prose23; E462| out of the room. [*Go*] come out come out [*you*  
IM-10-prose24; E462| *ar*] we are putrified, we are corrupted. our lungs are  
IM-10-prose25; E462| destroyd with the Flogiston this will spread a plague all thro'  
IM-10-prose26; E462| the Island he was down stairs the very first on the back of  
IM-10-prose27; E462| him came all the others in a heap  
IM-10-prose28; E462| So they need not bidding go

## IM; E462| Chap 11

IM-11-prose1; E462| Another merry meeting at the house of Steelyard the Lawgiver  
IM-11-prose2; E462| After Supper Steelyard & Obtuse Angle. had pumpd Inflammable  
IM-11-prose3; E462| Gass quite dry. they playd at forfeits & tryd every method to get  
IM-11-prose4; E462| good song then he sung humour. said Miss Gittipin pray  
IM-11-prose5; E462| Mr Obtuse Angle sing us a song then he sung

IM-11-HolyThursday1; E462| Upon a holy thursday their innocent faces clean  
IM-11-HolyThursday2; E462| The children walking two & two in grey & blue & green  
IM-11-HolyThursday3; E462| Grey headed beadles walkd before with wands as white as snow  
IM-11-HolyThursday4; E462| Till into the high dome of Pauls they like thames waters flow

IM-11-HolyThursday5; E462| O what a multitude they seemd, these flowers of London town  
IM-11-HolyThursday6; E462| Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own  
IM-11-HolyThursday7; E462| The hum of multitudes were there but multitudes of lambs  
IM-11-HolyThursday8; E462| Thousands of little girls & boys raising their innocent hands <sup>*t1083*</sup>

IM-11-HolyThursday9; E463| Then like a mighty wind they raise to heavn the voice of song <sup>*t1084*</sup>

IM-11-HolyThursday10; E463| Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heavn among  
IM-11-HolyThursday11; E463| Beneath them sit the revrend men the guardians of the poor  
IM-11-HolyThursday12; E463| Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door

IM-11-prose6; E463| After this they all sat silent for a quarter of an hour [&  
IM-11-prose7; E463| *Mrs Sigtagatist*] <& Mrs Nannicantipot> said it puts me  
IM-11-prose8; E463| in Mind of my [*grand*] mothers song

IM-11-[NursesSong]1; E463| When the tongues of children are heard on the green *t1085*  
IM-11-[NursesSong]2; E463| And laughing is heard on the hill *t1086*  
IM-11-[NursesSong]3; E463| My heart is at rest within my breast  
IM-11-[NursesSong]4; E463| And every thing else is still

IM-11-[NursesSong]5; E463| Then come home my children the sun is gone down *t1087*  
IM-11-[NursesSong]6; E463| And the dews of night arise  
IM-11-[NursesSong]7; E463| Come Come leave off play & let us away  
IM-11-[NursesSong]8; E463| Till the morning appears in the skies

IM-11; E463| [*An Island in the Moon*] PAGE 15  
IM-11-[NursesSong]9; E463| No No let us play for it is yet day  
IM-11-[NursesSong]10; E463| And we cannot go to sleep *t1088*  
IM-11-[NursesSong]11; E463| Besides in the Sky the little birds fly *t1089*  
IM-11-[NursesSong]12; E463| And the meadows are coverd with Sheep

IM-11-[NursesSong]13; E463| Well Well go & play till the light fades away  
IM-11-[NursesSong]14; E463| And then go home to bed  
IM-11-[NursesSong]15; E463| The little ones leaped & shouted & laughd  
IM-11-[NursesSong]16; E463| And all the hills ecchoed

IM-11-prose9; E463| Then [*Miss Gittipin*] [*Tilly Lally sung*]  
IM-11-prose10; E463| [*Quid*] sung <Quid>

IM-11-[LittleBoyLost]1; E463| O father father where are you going *t1090*  
IM-11-[LittleBoyLost]2; E463| O do not walk so fast  
IM-11-[LittleBoyLost]3; E463| O speak father speak to your little boy  
IM-11-[LittleBoyLost]4; E463| Or else I shall be lost

IM-11-[LittleBoyLost]5; E463| The night it was dark & no father was there  
IM-11-[LittleBoyLost]6; E463| And the child was wet with dew  
IM-11-[LittleBoyLost]7; E463| The mire was deep & the child did weep  
IM-11-[LittleBoyLost]8; E463| And away the vapour flew

IM-11-prose11; E463| Here nobody could sing any longer, till Tilly Lally pluckd up a  
IM-11-prose12; E463| spirit & he sung.

IM-11-OIsayYou1; E463| O I say you Joe  
IM-11-OIsayYou2; E463| Throw us the ball  
IM-11-OIsayYou3; E463| Ive a good mind to go  
IM-11-OIsayYou4; E463| And leave you all

IM-11-OIsayYou5; E464| I never saw saw such a bowler  
IM-11-OIsayYou6; E464| To bowl the ball in a tansey *t1091*  
IM-11-OIsayYou7; E464| And to clean it with my handkercher  
IM-11-OIsayYou8; E464| Without saying a word

IM-11-OIsayYou9; E464| That Bills a foolish fellow  
IM-11-OIsayYou10; E464| He has given me a black eye *t1092*  
IM-11-OIsayYou11; E464| He does not know how to handle a bat  
IM-11-OIsayYou12; E464| Any more than a dog or a cat *t1093*  
IM-11-OIsayYou13; E464| He has knockd down the wicket  
IM-11-OIsayYou14; E464| And broke the stumps  
IM-11-OIsayYou15; E464| And runs without shoes to save his pumps

IM-11-prose13; E464| Here a laugh began and Miss Gittipin sung

IM-11-LeaveOLeave1; E464| Leave O leave [me] to my sorrows *t1094*  
IM-11-LeaveOLeave2; E464| Here Ill sit & fade away  
IM-11-LeaveOLeave3; E464| Till Im nothing but a spirit  
IM-11-LeaveOLeave4; E464| And I lose this form of clay

ED-IM-11; E464| [*An Island in the Moon*] PAGE 16

IM-11-LeaveOLeave5; E464| Then if chance along this forest  
IM-11-LeaveOLeave6; E464| Any walk in pathless ways  
IM-11-LeaveOLeave7; E464| Thro the gloom he'll see my shadow  
IM-11-LeaveOLeave8; E464| Hear my voice upon the Breeze

IM-11-prose14; E464| The Lawgiver all the while sat delighted to see them in such a  
IM-11-prose15; E464| serious humour Mr Scopprell said he you must be acquainted with a  
IM-11-prose16; E464| great many songs. O dear sir Ho Ho Ho I am no singer I must beg  
IM-11-prose17; E464| of one of these tender hearted ladies to sing for me--they all  
IM-11-prose18; E464| declined & he was forced to sing himself

IM-11-TheresDrClash1; E464| Theres Doctor Clash  
IM-11-TheresDrClash2; E464| And Signior Falalasole  
IM-11-TheresDrClash3; E464| O they sweep in the cash *t1095*  
IM-11-TheresDrClash4; E464| Into their purse hole  
IM-11-TheresDrClash5; E464| Fa me la sol La me fa sol *t1096*

IM-11-TheresDrClash6; E464| Great A little A  
IM-11-TheresDrClash7; E464| Bouncing B  
IM-11-TheresDrClash8; E464| Play away Play away  
IM-11-TheresDrClash9; E464| Your out of the key  
IM-11-TheresDrClash10; E464| Fa me la sol La me fa sol

IM-11-TheresDrClash11; E464| Musicians should have  
IM-11-TheresDrClash12; E464| A pair of very good ears  
IM-11-TheresDrClash13; E464| And Long fingers & thumbs  
IM-11-TheresDrClash14; E464| And not like clumsy bears  
IM-11-TheresDrClash15; E464| Fa me la sol La me fa sol

IM-11-TheresDrClash16; E465| Gentlemen Gentlemen  
IM-11-TheresDrClash17; E465| Rap Rap Rap  
IM-11-TheresDrClash18; E465| Fiddle Fiddle Fiddle  
IM-11-TheresDrClash19; E465| Clap Clap Clap  
IM-11-TheresDrClash20; E465| Fa me la sol La me fa sol

IM-11-prose19; E465| Hm said the Lawgiver, funny enough lets have handels  
IM-11-prose20; E465| waterpiece then Sipsop sung

IM-11-ACrownedKing1; E465| A crowned king,  
IM-11-ACrownedKing2; E465| On a white horse sitting  
IM-11-ACrownedKing3; E465| With his trumpets sounding  
IM-11-ACrownedKing4; E465| And Banners flying  
IM-11-ACrownedKing5; E465| Thro the clouds of smoke he makes his way

IM-11-ACrownedKing6; E465| And the shout of his thousands fills his heart with rejoicing & victory  
IM-11-ACrownedKing7; E465| And the shout of his thousands fills his heart with rejoicing & victory  
IM-11-ACrownedKing8; E465| Victory Victory--twas William the prince of Orange

ED; E465| [Here a leaf or more is missing]

ED-IM; E465| [*An Island in the Moon*] PAGE X  
IM-end-prose1; E465| them Illuminating the Manuscript--Ay said she that would be

IM-end-prose2; E465|  
IM-end-prose3; E465|  
IM-end-prose4; E465|  
IM-end-prose5; E465|  
IM-end-prose6; E465|  
IM-end-prose7; E465|  
IM-end-prose8; E465|  
IM-end-prose9; E465|  
IM-end-prose10; E465|  
IM-end-prose11; E465|  
IM-end-prose12; E465|  
IM-end-prose13; E465|  
IM-end-prose14; E465|  
IM-end-prose15; E465|  
IM-end-prose16; E465|  
IM-end-prose17; E465|  
IM-end-prose18; E465|  
IM-end-prose19; E465|

excellent. Then said he I would have all the writing Engraved instead of Printed & at every other leaf a high finishd print all in three Volumes folio, & sell them a hundred pounds a piece. they would Print off two thousand then said she whoever will not have them will be ignorant fools & will not deserve to live Dont you think I have something of the Goats face says he. Very like a Goats face--she answerd--I think your face said he is like that noble beast the Tyger--Oh I was at Mrs Sicknakens & I was speaking of my abilities but their nasty hearts poor devils are eat up with envy--they envy me my abilities & all the Women envy your abilities my dear they hate people who are of higher abil[it]ies than their nasty filthy [*Souls*] Selves but do you outface them & then Strangers will see you have an opinion--now I think we should do as much good as we can when we are at Mr Femality's do yo[u] snap & take me up--and I will fall into such a passion Ill hollow and stamp & frighten all the People there & show them what truth is--at this Instant Obtuse Angle came in Oh I am glad you are come said quid



# [Songs and Ballads]

Song 1st by a Shepherd

Song 3d by an Old Shepherd

"Never pain to tell thy love"

"I feard the fury of my wind"

"I saw a chapel all of gold"

"I laid me down upon a bank"

A cradle song

"I asked a thief to steal me a peach"

To my Mirtle

[To go] on I Plate

"O lapwing thou fliest around the heath"

An answer to the parson

[Experiment] "Thou hast a lap full of seed"

Riches

"If you trap the moment before its ripe"

Eternity

"I heard an Angel singing"

"Silent Silent Night"

To Nobodaddy

"Are not the joys of morning sweeter"

"How came the pride in Man"

[How to know Love from Deceit]

The wild flowers song

Soft Snow

Merlins prophecy

"Why should I care for the men of thames"

Day

"The sword sung on the barren heath"

"Abstinence sows sand all over"

"In a wife I would desire"

Lacedemonian Instruction

"An old maid early eer I knew"

Several Questions Answerd

"He who binds to himself a joy"

"The look of love alarms"

"Soft deceit & Idleness"

"What is it men in women require"

An ancient Proverb

The Fairy

The Kid

"My Spectre around me night & day"

[Postscript] "Oer my Sins Thou sit & moan"

"Mock on Mock on Voltaire Rousseau"

Morning

"Terror in the house does roar"

The Birds

"Why was Cupid a Boy"

"Now Art has lost its mental Charms"

To the Queen

"The Caverns of the Grave Ive seen"

"I rose up at the dawn of day"

"A fairy skipd upon my knee"

"Around the Springs of Gray my wild root weaves"

To Mrs Ann Flaxman

[The Pickering Manuscript]

ED; E466| V  
ED; E466| [SONGS AND BALLADS]

ED; E466| [Written in a copy of *Poetical Sketches*] *t1097*  
ED; E466|

title; E466| Song 1st by a shepherd

Song 1st[PSadd]1; E466| Welcome stranger to this place,  
Song 1st[PSadd]2; E466| Where joy doth sit on every bough,  
Song 1st[PSadd]3; E466| Paleness flies from every face,  
Song 1st[PSadd]4; E466| We reap not, what we do not sow.

Song 1st[PSadd]5; E466| Innocence doth like a Rose,  
Song 1st[PSadd]6; E466| Bloom on every Maidens cheek;  
Song 1st[PSadd]7; E466| Honor twines around her brows,  
Song 1st[PSadd]8; E466| The jewel Health adorns her neck.

ED; E466| \*

title; E466| Song 3d by an old shepherd

Song 3rd[PSadd]1; E466| When silver snow decks Sylvio's clothes  
Song 3rd[PSadd]2; E466| And jewel hangs at shepherd's nose,  
Song 3rd[PSadd]3; E466| We can abide life's pelting storm  
Song 3rd[PSadd]4; E466| That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

Song 3rd[PSadd]5; E466| Whilst Virtue is our walking staff,  
Song 3rd[PSadd]6; E466| And Truth a lantern to our path;  
Song 3rd[PSadd]7; E466| We can abide life's pelting storm  
Song 3rd[PSadd]8; E466| That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

Song 3rd[PSadd]9; E466| Blow boisterous Wind, stern Winter frown,  
Song 3rd[PSadd]10; E466| Innocence is a Winter's gown;

Song 3rd[PSadd]11; E467| So clad, we'll abide life's pelting storm  
Song 3rd[PSadd]12; E467| That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

N-"NeverPainToTell"1; E467| Never pain to tell thy Love *t1099*

N-"NeverPainToTell"2; E467|  
N-"NeverPainToTell"3; E467|  
N-"NeverPainToTell"4; E467|  
N-"NeverPainToTell"5; E467|  
N-"NeverPainToTell"6; E467|  
N-"NeverPainToTell"7; E467|  
N-"NeverPainToTell"8; E467|

Love that never told can be  
For the gentle wind does move  
Silently invisibly  
I told my love I told my love  
I told her all my heart  
Trembling cold in ghastly fears  
Ah she doth depart

N-"NeverPainToTell"9; E467|  
N-"NeverPainToTell"10; E467|  
N-"NeverPainToTell"11; E467|  
N-"NeverPainToTell"12; E467|

Soon as she was gone from me  
A traveller came by  
Silently invisibly  
O was no deny *t1100*

ED; E467| \*

N-"I\_feardTheFury"1; E467|  
N-"I\_feardTheFury"2; E467|  
N-"I\_feardTheFury"3; E467|  
N-"I\_feardTheFury"4; E467|

I feard the fury of my wind *t1101*  
Would blight all blossoms fair & true  
And my sun it shind & shind  
And my wind it never blew *t1102*

N-"I\_feardTheFury"5; E467|  
N-"I\_feardTheFury"6; E467|  
N-"I\_feardTheFury"7; E467|  
N-"I\_feardTheFury"8; E467|

But a blossom fair or true  
Was not found on any tree  
For all blossoms grew & grew  
Fruitless false tho fair to see

ED; E467| \*

N-"I\_sawAchapel"1; E467|  
N-"I\_sawAchapel"2; E467|  
N-"I\_sawAchapel"3; E467|  
N-"I\_sawAchapel"4; E467|

I saw a chapel all of gold  
That none did dare to enter in  
And many weeping stood without  
Weeping mourning worshipping

N-"I\_sawAchapel"5; E467|  
N-"I\_sawAchapel"6; E467|  
N-"I\_sawAchapel"7; E467|  
N-"I\_sawAchapel"8; E467|

I saw a serpent rise between  
The white pillars of the door  
And he forced & forced & forced  
Down the golden hinges tore *t1103*

N-"I\_sawAchapel"9; E467|  
N-"I\_sawAchapel"10; E467|  
N-"I\_sawAchapel"11; E467|  
N-"I\_sawAchapel"12; E467|

And along the pavement sweet  
Set with pearls & rubies bright  
All his slimy length he drew  
Till upon the altar white

N-"I\_sawAchapel"13; E467|

N-"I\_sawAchapel"14; E467|

Vomiting his poison out  
On the bread & on the wine

N-"I\_sawAchapel"15; E468|

N-"I\_sawAchapel"16; E468|

So I turn'd into a sty  
And laid me down among the swine

ED; E468| \*

N-"I\_laidMeDown"1; E468|

N-"I\_laidMeDown"2; E468|

N-"I\_laidMeDown"3; E468|

N-"I\_laidMeDown"4; E468|

I laid me down upon a bank  
Where love lay sleeping  
I heard among the rushes dank  
Weeping Weeping

N-"I\_laidMeDown"5; E468|

N-"I\_laidMeDown"6; E468|

N-"I\_laidMeDown"7; E468|

N-"I\_laidMeDown"8; E468|

Then I went to the heath & the wild  
To the thistles & thorns of the waste  
And they told me how they were beguild  
Driven out & compeld to be chaste

ED; E468| \*

N-title; E468| A cradle song *t1104*

N-ACradleSong1; E468|

N-ACradleSong2; E468|

N-ACradleSong3; E468|

N-ACradleSong4; E468|

Sleep Sleep beauty bright  
Dreaming oer the joys of night *t1105*  
Sleep Sleep: in thy sleep  
Little sorrows sit & weep *t1106*

N-ACradleSong5; E468|

N-ACradleSong6; E468|

N-ACradleSong7; E468|

N-ACradleSong8; E468|

Sweet Babe in thy face *t1107*  
Soft desires I can trace  
Secret joys & secret smiles  
Little pretty infant wiles. *t1108*

N-ACradleSong9; E468|

N-ACradleSong10; E468|

As thy softest limbs I feel *t1109*  
Smiles as of the morning steal *t1110*

N-ACradleSong11; E468|

N-ACradleSong12; E468|

Oer thy cheek & oer thy breast  
Where thy little heart does rest



N-ACradleSong13; E468|  
N-ACradleSong14; E468|  
N-ACradleSong15; E468|  
N-ACradleSong16; E468|

O the cunning wiles that creep  
In thy little heart asleep  
When thy little heart does wake  
Then the dreadful lightnings break

N-ACradleSong17; E468|  
N-ACradleSong18; E468|  
N-ACradleSong19; E468|

From thy cheek & from thy eye *t1111*  
Oer the youthful harvests nigh  
Infant wiles & infant smiles *t1112*

N-ACradleSong20; E468|

Heaven & Earth of peace beguiles

ED; E468| \*

N-"I\_askedAthief"1; E468|  
N-"I\_askedAthief"2; E468|  
N-"I\_askedAthief"3; E468|  
N-"I\_askedAthief"4; E468|

I asked a thief to steal me a peach *t1113*  
He turned up his eyes *t1114*  
I ask'd a lithe lady to lie her down  
Holy & meek she cries-- *t1115*

N-"I\_askedAthief"5; E468|  
N-"I\_askedAthief"6; E468|

As soon as I went  
An angel came.

N-"I\_askedAthief"7; E469|  
N-"I\_askedAthief"8; E469|

He wink'd at the thief *t1116*  
And smild at the dame-- *t1117*

N-"I\_askedAthief"9; E469|  
N-"I\_askedAthief"10; E469|  
N-"I\_askedAthief"11; E469|  
N-"I\_askedAthief"12; E469|

And without one word said *t1118*  
Had a peach from the tree  
And still as a maid *t1119*  
Enjoy'd the lady. *t1120*

ED; E469| \*

N-title; E469| To my Mirtle *t1121*

N-ToMyMirtle1; E469|  
N-ToMyMirtle2; E469|  
N-ToMyMirtle3; E469|  
N-ToMyMirtle4; E469|  
N-ToMyMirtle5; E469|  
N-ToMyMirtle6; E469|

To a lovely mirtle bound  
Blossoms showring all around  
O how sick & weary I  
Underneath my mirtle lie  
Why should I be bound to thee  
O my lovely mirtle tree

ED; E469| \*

N-title; E469| [To go] on I Plate *t1122*

N-"O\_lapwing"1; E469| lapwing thou fliest around the heath  
N-"O\_lapwing"2; E469| Nor seest the net that is spread beneath  
N-"O\_lapwing"3; E469| Why dost thou not fly among the corn fields  
N-"O\_lapwing"4; E469| They cannot spread nets where a harvest yields

ED; E469| 

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N-title; E469| An answer to the parson

N-AnAnswer1; E469| Why of the sheep do you not learn peace  
N-AnAnswer2; E469| Because I dont want you to shear my fleece

ED; E469| 

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ED; E469| [Experiment]

N-"ThouHastALapFull"1; E469| Thou hast a lap full of seed  
N-"ThouHastALapFull"2; E469| And this is a fine country  
N-"ThouHastALapFull"3; E469| Why dost thou not cast thy seed  
N-"ThouHastALapFull"4; E469| And live in it merrily

N-"ThouHastALapFull"5; E469| Shall I cast it on the sand *t1123*  
N-"ThouHastALapFull"6; E469| And turn it into fruitful land *t1124*  
N-"ThouHastALapFull"7; E469| For on no other ground *t1125*  
N-"ThouHastALapFull"8; E469| Can I sow my seed

N-"ThouHastALapFull"9; E470| Without tearing up *t1126*  
N-"ThouHastALapFull"10; E470| Some stinking weed

ED; E470| 

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N-title; E470| Riches

N-Riches1; E470| The countless gold of a merry heart *t1127*

N-Riches2; E470	The rubies & pearls of a loving eye	
N-Riches3; E470	The indolent never can bring to the mart	<i>t1128</i>
N-Riches4; E470	Nor the secret hoard up in his treasury	<i>t1129</i>

ED; E470	<hr/>	
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N-"IfYouTrap"1; E470	If you trap the moment before its ripe	<i>t1130</i>
N-"IfYouTrap"2; E470	The tears of repentance youll certainly wipe	
N-"IfYouTrap"3; E470	But if once you let the ripe moment go	
N-"IfYouTrap"4; E470	You can never wipe off the tears of woe	<i>t1131</i>

ED; E470	*
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N-title; E470	Eternity
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N-Eternity1; E470	He who binds to himself a joy	<i>t1132</i>
N-Eternity2; E470	Does the winged life destroy	
N-Eternity3; E470	But he who kisses the joy as it flies	<i>t1133</i>
N-Eternity4; E470	Lives in eternity's sun rise	<i>t1134</i>

ED; E470	* <i>t1135</i>
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N-"I_heardAnAngel"1; E470	I heard an Angel singing	
N-"I_heardAnAngel"2; E470	When the day was springing	
N-"I_heardAnAngel"3; E470	Mercy Pity Peace	<i>t1136</i>
N-"I_heardAnAngel"4; E470	Is the worlds release	

N-"I_heardAnAngel"5; E470	Thus he sung all day	
N-"I_heardAnAngel"6; E470	Over the new mown hay	
N-"I_heardAnAngel"7; E470	Till the sun went down	
N-"I_heardAnAngel"8; E470	And haycocks looked brown	

N-"I_heardAnAngel"9; E470	I heard a Devil curse	
N-"I_heardAnAngel"10; E470	Over the heath & the furze	
N-"I_heardAnAngel"11; E470	Mercy could be no more	
N-"I_heardAnAngel"12; E470	If there was nobody poor	

N-"I_heardAnAngel"13; E470	And pity no more could be	
N-"I_heardAnAngel"14; E470	If all were as happy as we	

N-"I\_heardAnAngel"15; E470| At his curse the sun went down *t1137*  
N-"I\_heardAnAngel"16; E470| And the heavens gave a frown

N-"I\_heardAnAngel"17; E471| Down pourd the heavy rain *t1138*  
N-"I\_heardAnAngel"18; E471| Over the new reapd grain  
N-"I\_heardAnAngel"19; E471| And Miseries increase *t1139*  
N-"I\_heardAnAngel"20; E471| Is Mercy Pity Peace

ED; E471| \*

N-"SilentSilentNight"1; E471| Silent Silent Night  
N-"SilentSilentNight"2; E471| Quench the holy light  
N-"SilentSilentNight"3; E471| Of thy torches bright

N-"SilentSilentNight"4; E471| For possessd of Day  
N-"SilentSilentNight"5; E471| Thousand spirits stray  
N-"SilentSilentNight"6; E471| That sweet joys betray

N-"SilentSilentNight"7; E471| Why should joys be sweet  
N-"SilentSilentNight"8; E471| Used with deceit  
N-"SilentSilentNight"9; E471| Nor with sorrows meet

N-"SilentSilentNight"10; E471| But an honest joy  
N-"SilentSilentNight"11; E471| Does itself destroy  
N-"SilentSilentNight"12; E471| For a harlot coy

ED; E471| \*

N-title; E471| To Nobodaddy *t1140*

N-ToNobodaddy1; E471| Why art thou silent & invisible  
N-ToNobodaddy2; E471| Father of jealousy *t1141*  
N-ToNobodaddy3; E471| Why dost thou hide thyself in clouds  
N-ToNobodaddy4; E471| From every searching Eye

N-ToNobodaddy5; E471| Why darkness & obscurity  
N-ToNobodaddy6; E471| In all thy words & laws  
N-ToNobodaddy7; E471| That none dare eat the fruit but from  
N-ToNobodaddy8; E471| The wily serpents jaws

N-ToNobodaddy9; E471|

N-ToNobodaddy10; E471|

Or is it because Secresy *t1142*  
gains females loud applause *t1143*

ED; E471| \*

N-"AreNotTheJoys"1; E471|

N-"AreNotTheJoys"2; E471|

N-"AreNotTheJoys"3; E471|

N-"AreNotTheJoys"4; E471|

Are not the joys of morning sweeter  
Than the joys of night  
And are the vigorous joys of youth  
Ashamed of the light

N-"AreNotTheJoys"5; E471|

N-"AreNotTheJoys"6; E471|

Let age & sickness silent rob  
The vineyards in the night

N-"AreNotTheJoys"7; E472|

N-"AreNotTheJoys"8; E472|

But those who burn with vigorous youth  
Pluck fruits before the light

ED; E472| \* *t1144*

N-"HowCamePride"1; E472|

N-"HowCamePride"2; E472|

N-"HowCamePride"3; E472|

How came pride in Man  
From Mary it began  
How Contempt & Scorn

N-"HowCamePride"4; E472|

N-"HowCamePride"5; E472|

What a world is Man  
His Earth

ED; E472| \*

ED; E472| [*How to know Love from Deceit*] *t1145*

N-"LoveToFaults"1; E472|

N-"LoveToFaults"2; E472|

N-"LoveToFaults"3; E472|

N-"LoveToFaults"4; E472|

Love to faults is always blind  
Always is to joy inclind  
Lawless wingd & unconfind *t1146*  
And breaks all chains from every mind

N-"LoveToFaults"5; E472|

N-"LoveToFaults"6; E472|

N-"LoveToFaults"7; E472|

N-"LoveToFaults"8; E472|

Deceit to secresy confind *t1147*  
Lawful cautious & refind *t1148*  
To every thing but interest blind *t1149*  
And forges fetters for the mind *t1150*



ED; E472| \*

N-title; E472| The wild flowers song *t1151*

N-TheWildFlowersSong1; E472| As I wanderd the forest  
N-TheWildFlowersSong2; E472| The green leaves among  
N-TheWildFlowersSong3; E472| I heard a wild flower *t1152*  
N-TheWildFlowersSong4; E472| Singing a Song

N-TheWildFlowersSong5; E472| I slept in the earth *t1153*  
N-TheWildFlowersSong6; E472| in the silent night  
N-TheWildFlowersSong7; E472| I murmurd my fears  
N-TheWildFlowersSong8; E472| And I felt delight

N-TheWildFlowersSong9; E472| In the morning I went  
N-TheWildFlowersSong10; E472| As rosy as morn  
N-TheWildFlowersSong11; E472| To seek for new Joy  
N-TheWildFlowersSong12; E472| But I met with scorn

ED; E473| \*

N-title; E473| Soft Snow *t1154*

N-SoftSnow1; E473| I walked abroad in a snowy day  
N-SoftSnow2; E473| I askd the soft snow with me to play  
N-SoftSnow3; E473| She playd & she melted in all her prime  
N-SoftSnow4; E473| And the winter calld it a dreadful crime *t1155*  
ED; E473| \*

N-title; E473| Merlins prophecy

N-MerlinsProphecy1; E473| The harvest shall flourish in wintry Weather  
N-MerlinsProphecy2; E473| When two virginities meet together

N-MerlinsProphecy3; E473| The King & the Priest must be tied in a tether  
N-MerlinsProphecy4; E473| Before two virgins can meet together

ED; E473| \* *t1156*

N-"WhyShouldICare"1; E473	Why should I care for the men of thames
N-"WhyShouldICare"2; E473	Or the cheating waves of chartered streams
N-"WhyShouldICare"3; E473	Or shrink at the little blasts of fear
N-"WhyShouldICare"4; E473	That the hireling blows into my ear

N-"WhyShouldICare"5; E473	Tho born on the cheating banks of Thames
N-"WhyShouldICare"6; E473	Tho his waters bathed my infant limbs
N-"WhyShouldICare"7; E473	The Ohio shall wash his stains from me <i>t1157</i>
N-"WhyShouldICare"8; E473	I was born a slave but I go to be free <i>t1158</i>

ED; E473| \*

N-title; E473	Day <i>t1159</i>
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N-Day1; E473	The Sun arises in the East <i>t1160</i>
N-Day2; E473	Clothd in robes of blood & gold
N-Day3; E473	Swords & spears & wrath increast
N-Day4; E473	All around his bosom rolld <i>t1161</i>
N-Day5; E473	Crownd with warlike fires & raging desires

ED; E473| \*

N-"TheSwordSung"1; E473	The sword sung on the barren heath
N-"TheSwordSung"2; E473	The sickle in the fruitful field
N-"TheSwordSung"3; E473	The sword he sung a song of death
N-"TheSwordSung"4; E473	But could not make the sickle yield

ED; E473| \*

N-"AbstinenceSows"1; E474	Abstinence sows sand all over
N-"AbstinenceSows"2; E474	The ruddy limbs & flaming hair <i>t1162</i>
N-"AbstinenceSows"3; E474	But Desire Gratified
N-"AbstinenceSows"4; E474	Plants fruits of life & beauty there

ED; E474| \*

N-"InAwife"1; E474	In a wife I would desire
N-"InAwife"2; E474	What in whores is always found

N-"InAwife"3; E474|

## The lineaments of Gratified desire

ED; E474| \*

N-title; E474|

## Lacedemonian Instruction

N-Lacedemonian1; E474|

Come hither my boy tell me what thou seest there

N-Lacedemonian2; E474|

A fool tangled in a religious snare

ED; E474| \* *t1163*

N-"AnOldMaid"1; E474|

An old maid early eer I knew

N-"AnOldMaid"2; E474|

Ought but the love that on me grew

N-"AnOldMaid"3; E474|

And now Im coverd oer & oer

N-"AnOldMaid"4; E474|

And wish that I had been a Whore

N-"AnOldMaid"5; E474|

O I cannot cannot find

N-"AnOldMaid"6; E474|

The undaunted courage of a Virgin Mind

N-"AnOldMaid"7; E474|

For Early I in love was crost

N-"AnOldMaid"8; E474|

Before my flower of love was lost

ED; E474| \*

N-title; E474|

## Several Questions Answerd *t1164*

N-SeveralQues1; E474|

He who binds to himself a joy

N-SeveralQues2; E474|

Doth the winged life destroy

N-SeveralQues3; E474|

But he who kisses the joy as it flies

N-SeveralQues4; E474|

Lives in Eternitys sun rise

N-SeveralQues5; E474|

The look of love alarms

N-SeveralQues6; E474|

Because tis filld with fire

N-SeveralQues7; E474|

But the look of soft deceit

N-SeveralQues8; E474|

Shall Win the lovers hire

N-SeveralQues9; E474|

Soft deceit & Idleness

N-SeveralQues10; E474|

These are Beautys sweetest dress *t1165*

N-SeveralQues11; E474|

What is it men in women do require *t1166*

N-SeveralQues12; E474|

The lineaments of Gratified Desire

N-SeveralQues13; E475|

What is it women do in men require *t1167*

N-SeveralQues14; E475|      The lineaments of Gratified Desire

N-SeveralQues15; E475|      An ancient Proverb

N-SeveralQues16; E475|      Remove away that blackning church

N-SeveralQues17; E475|      Remove away that marriage hearse

N-SeveralQues18; E475|      Remove away that\_\_\_\_\_of blood      *t1168*

N-SeveralQues19; E475|      Youll quite remove the ancient curse      *t1169*

ED; E475|      \*

N-title; E475|      The Fairy      *t1170*

N-TheFairy1; E475|      Come hither my sparrows

N-TheFairy2; E475|      My little arrows

N-TheFairy3; E475|      If a tear or a smile

N-TheFairy4; E475|      Will a man beguile

N-TheFairy5; E475|      If an amorous delay

N-TheFairy6; E475|      Clouds a sunshiny day

N-TheFairy7; E475|      If the step of a foot      *t1171*

N-TheFairy8; E475|      Smites the heart to its root

N-TheFairy9; E475|      Tis the marriage ring

N-TheFairy10; E475|      Makes each fairy a king

N-TheFairy11; E475|      So a fairy sung

N-TheFairy12; E475|      From the leaves I sprung

N-TheFairy13; E475|      He leaped from the spray

N-TheFairy14; E475|      To flee away

N-TheFairy15; E475|      But in my hat caught      *t1172*

N-TheFairy16; E475|      He soon shall be taught

N-TheFairy17; E475|      Let him laugh let him cry

N-TheFairy18; E475|      Hes my butterfly      *t1173*

N-TheFairy19; E475|      For I've pulld out the Sting

N-TheFairy20; E475|      Of the marriage ring

ED; E475|      \*

N-title; E475|      The Kid

N-TheKid1; E475|      Thou little Kid didst play

N-TheKid2; E475|      &c      *t1174*

N-"MySpectre"1; E475| My Spectre around me night & day  
N-"MySpectre"2; E475| Like a Wild beast guards my way  
N-"MySpectre"3; E475| My Emanation far within t1176  
N-"MySpectre"4; E475| Weeps incessantly for my Sin

N-"MySpectre"5; E476| A Fathomless & boundless deep  
N-"MySpectre"6; E476| There we wander there we weep  
N-"MySpectre"7; E476| On the hungry craving wind  
N-"MySpectre"8; E476| My Spectre follows thee behind

N-"MySpectre"9; E476| He scents thy footsteps in the snow  
N-"MySpectre"10; E476| Wheresoever thou dost go  
N-"MySpectre"11; E476| Thro the wintry hail & rain  
N-"MySpectre"12; E476| When wilt thou return again

N-"MySpectre"13; E476| Dost thou not in Pride & scorn t1177  
N-"MySpectre"14; E476| Fill with tempests all my morn  
N-"MySpectre"15; E476| And with jealousies & fears  
N-"MySpectre"16; E476| Fill my pleasant nights with tears

N-"MySpectre"17; E476| Seven of my sweet loves thy knife  
N-"MySpectre"18; E476| Has bereaved of their life  
N-"MySpectre"19; E476| Their marble tombs I built with tears t1178  
N-"MySpectre"20; E476| And with cold & shuddering fears

N-"MySpectre"21; E476| Seven more loves weep night & day  
N-"MySpectre"22; E476| Round the tombs where my loves lay  
N-"MySpectre"23; E476| And seven more loves attend each night  
N-"MySpectre"24; E476| Around my couch with torches bright

N-"MySpectre"25; E476| And seven more Loves in my bed  
N-"MySpectre"26; E476| Crown with wine my mournful head t1179  
N-"MySpectre"27; E476| Pitying & forgiving all  
N-"MySpectre"28; E476| Thy transgressions great & small

N-"MySpectre"29; E476| When wilt thou return & view  
N-"MySpectre"30; E476| My loves & them to life renew  
N-"MySpectre"31; E476| When wilt thou return & live

N-"MySpectre"32; E476|

When wilt thou pity as I forgive *t1180*

N-"MySpectre"33; E476|

Never Never I return *t1181*

N-"MySpectre"34; E476|

Still for Victory I burn

N-"MySpectre"35; E476|

Living thee alone Ill have

N-"MySpectre"36; E476|

And when dead Ill be thy Grave

N-"MySpectre"37; E476|

Thro the Heavn & Earth & Hell

N-"MySpectre"38; E476|

Thou shalt never never quell

N-"MySpectre"39; E476|

I will fly & thou pursue

N-"MySpectre"40; E476|

Night & Morn the flight renew

N-"MySpectre"41; E476|

Till I turn from Female Love *t1182*

N-"MySpectre"42; E476|

And root up the Infernal Grove *t1183*

N-"MySpectre"43; E476|

I shall never worthy be *t1184*

N-"MySpectre"44; E476|

To Step into Eternity

N-"MySpectre"45; E477|

And to end thy cruel mocks *t1185*

N-"MySpectre"46; E477|

Annihilate thee on the rocks *t1186*

N-"MySpectre"47; E477|

And another form create

N-"MySpectre"48; E477|

To be subservient to my Fate

N-"MySpectre"49; E477|

Let us agree to give up Love

N-"MySpectre"50; E477|

And root up the infernal grove

N-"MySpectre"51; E477|

Then shall we return & see

N-"MySpectre"52; E477|

The worlds of happy Eternity

N-"MySpectre"53; E477|

& Throughout all Eternity *t1187*

N-"MySpectre"54; E477|

I forgive you you forgive me

N-"MySpectre"55; E477|

As our dear Redeemer said

N-"MySpectre"56; E477|

This the Wine & this the Bread

ED; E477| [Postscript]

N-[MySpectrePS]1; E477|

Oer my Sins Thou sit & moan *t1188*

N-[MySpectrePS]2; E477|

Hast thou no Sins of thy own *t1189*

N-[MySpectrePS]3; E477|

Oer my Sins thou sit & weep *t1190*

N-[MySpectrePS]4; E477|

And lull thy own Sins fast asleep *t1191*

N-[MySpectrePS]5; E477|

What Transgressions I commit

N-[MySpectrePS]6; E477|

Are for thy Transgressions fit

N-[MySpectrePS]7; E477|

They thy Harlots thou their Slave



N-[MySpectrePS]8; E477|

And my Bed becomes their Grave

N-[MySpectrePS]9; E477|

Poor pale pitiable form

N-[MySpectrePS]10; E477|

That I follow in a Storm

N-[MySpectrePS]11; E477|

Iron tears & groans of lead

N-[MySpectrePS]12; E477|

Bind around my akeing head

N-[MySpectrePS]13; E477|

And let us go to the highest downs

N-[MySpectrePS]14; E477|

With many pleasing wiles

N-[MySpectrePS]15; E477|

The Woman that does not love your Frowns

N-[MySpectrePS]16; E477|

Will never embrace your smiles

ED; E477| \*

N-"MockOn"1; E477|

Mock on Mock on Voltaire Rousseau

N-"MockOn"2; E477|

Mock on Mock on! tis all in vain!

N-"MockOn"3; E477|

You throw the sand against the wind

N-"MockOn"4; E477|

And the wind blows it back again *t1192*

N-"MockOn"5; E477|

And every sand becomes a Gem

N-"MockOn"6; E477|

Reflected in the beams divine

N-"MockOn"7; E477|

Blown back they blind the mocking Eye *t1193*

N-"MockOn"8; E477|

But still in Israels paths they shine

N-"MockOn"9; E478|

The Atoms of Democritus

N-"MockOn"10; E478|

And Newtons Particles of light

N-"MockOn"11; E478|

Are sands upon the Red sea shore

N-"MockOn"12; E478|

Where Israels tents do shine so bright

ED; E478| \*

N-title; E478| Morning

N-Morning1; E478|

To find the western path

N-Morning2; E478|

Right thro the gates of Wrath

N-Morning3; E478|

I urge my way

N-Morning4; E478|

Sweet Mercy leads me on

N-Morning5; E478|

With soft repentant moan

N-Morning6; E478|

I see the break of day

N-Morning7; E478|

The war of swords & spears

N-Morning8; E478|  
N-Morning9; E478|  
N-Morning10; E478|  
N-Morning11; E478|  
N-Morning12; E478|

Melted by dewy tears  
Exhales on high  
The Sun is freed from fears  
And with soft grateful tears  
Ascends the sky

ED; E478| \*

N-"TerrorIn"1; E478|  
N-"TerrorIn"2; E478|

Terror in the house does roar  
But Pity stands before the door

ED; E478| \*

N-title; E478| The Birds

N-TheBirds1; E478|  
N-TheBirds2; E478|  
N-TheBirds3; E478|  
N-TheBirds4; E478|

He. Where thou dwellest in what Grove  
Tell me Fair one tell me love  
Where thou thy charming Nest dost build  
O thou pride of every field

N-TheBirds5; E478|  
N-TheBirds6; E478|  
N-TheBirds7; E478|  
N-TheBirds8; E478|

She. Yonder stands a lonely tree  
There I live & mourn for thee  
Morning drinks my silent tear  
And evening winds my sorrows bear

N-TheBirds9; E478|  
N-TheBirds10; E478|  
N-TheBirds11; E478|  
N-TheBirds12; E478|

He. O thou Summers harmony  
I have livd & mournd for thee  
Each day I mourn along the wood  
And night hath heard my sorrows loud

N-TheBirds13; E478|  
N-TheBirds14; E478|  
N-TheBirds15; E478|  
N-TheBirds16; E478|

She. Dost thou truly long for me  
And am I thus sweet to thee  
Sorrow now is at an End  
O my Lover & my Friend

N-TheBirds17; E479|  
N-TheBirds18; E479|  
N-TheBirds19; E479|  
N-TheBirds20; E479|

He. Come on wings of joy well fly  
To where my Bower hangs on high  
Come & make thy calm retreat  
Among green leaves & blossoms sweet

N-"WhyWasCupid"1; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"2; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"3; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"4; E479|

Why was Cupid a Boy  
And why a boy was he  
He should have been a Girl  
For ought that I can see

N-"WhyWasCupid"5; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"6; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"7; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"8; E479|

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

N-"WhyWasCupid"9; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"10; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"11; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"12; E479|

And to make Cupid a Boy *t1194*  
Was the Cupid Girls mocking plan *t1195*  
For a boy cant interpret the thing *t1196*  
Till he is become a man

N-"WhyWasCupid"13; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"14; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"15; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"16; E479|

And then hes so piercd with care  
And wounded with arrowy smarts  
That the whole business of his life  
Is to pick out the heads of the darts

N-"WhyWasCupid"17; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"18; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"19; E479|  
N-"WhyWasCupid"20; E479|

Twas the Greeks love of war  
Turnd Love into a Boy  
And Woman into a Statue of Stone  
And away fled every joy

ED; E479| \*

N-"NowArtHasLost"1; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"2; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"3; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"4; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"5; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"6; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"7; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"8; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"9; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"10; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"11; E479|  
N-"NowArtHasLost"12; E479|

Now Art has lost its mental Charms *t1197*  
France shall subdue the World in Arms  
So spoke an Angel at my birth  
Then said Descend thou upon Earth  
Renew the Arts on Britains Shore  
And France shall fall down & adore  
With works of Art their Armies meet  
And War shall sink beneath thy feet *t1198*  
But if thy Nation Arts refuse  
And if they scorn the immortal Muse  
France shall the arts of Peace restore  
And save thee from the Ungrateful shore *t1199*

N-"NowArtHasLost"13; E479|

Spirit who lovst Brittannias Isle *t1200*

N-"NowArtHasLost"14; E479|

Round which the Fiends of Commerce smile *t1201*

ED; E479|

[unfinished]

ED; E480|

[Dedication to Blake's Illustrations to Blair's *Grave*, printed 1808]

title; E480|

TO THE QUEEN *t1202*

ToTheQueen1; E480|

The Door of Death is made of Gold,

ToTheQueen2; E480|

That Mortal Eyes cannot behold;

ToTheQueen3; E480|

But, when the Mortal Eyes are clos'd,

ToTheQueen4; E480|

And cold and pale the Limbs repos'd,

ToTheQueen5; E480|

The Soul awakes; and, wond'ring, sees

ToTheQueen6; E480|

In her mild Hand the golden Keys:

ToTheQueen7; E480|

The Grave is Heaven's golden Gate,

ToTheQueen8; E480|

And rich and poor around it wait;

ToTheQueen9; E480|

O Shepherdess of England's Fold,

ToTheQueen10; E480|

Behold this Gate of Pearl and Gold!

ToTheQueen11; E480|

To dedicate to England's Queen

ToTheQueen12; E480|

The Visions that my Soul has seen,

ToTheQueen13; E480|

And, by Her kind permission, bring

ToTheQueen14; E480|

What I have borne on solemn Wing,

ToTheQueen15; E480|

From the vast regions of the Grave,

ToTheQueen16; E480|

Before Her Throne my Wings I wave;

ToTheQueen17; E480|

Bowing before my Sov'reign's Feet,

ToTheQueen18; E480|

"The Grave produc'd these Blossoms sweet

ToTheQueen19; E480|

"In mild repose from Earthly strife;

ToTheQueen20; E480|

"The Blossoms of Eternal Life!"

ToTheQueen; E480|

WILLIAM BLAKE

ED; E480|

\*

ED; E480|

[From Blake's Notebook]

N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"1; E480|

The Caverns of the Grave Ive seen *t1203*

N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"2; E480|

And these I shewd to Englands Queen

N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"3; E480|

But now the Caves of Hell I view *t1204*

N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"4; E480|

Who shall I dare to shew them to

N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"5; E480|

What mighty Soul in Beautys form *t1205*

N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"6; E480|

Shall dauntless View the Infernal Storm *t1206*

N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"7; E480	Egremonts Countess can controll <i>t1207</i>
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"8; E480	The flames of Hell that round me roll <i>t1208</i>
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"9; E480	If she refuse I still go on
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"10; E480	Till the Heavens & Earth are gone
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"11; E480	Still admird by Noble minds <i>t1209</i>
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"12; E480	Followd by Envy on the winds
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"13; E480	Reengravd Time after Time
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"14; E480	Ever in their Youthful prime
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"15; E480	My Designs unchangd remain <i>t1210</i>
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"16; E480	Time may rage but rage in vain
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"17; E480	For above Times troubled Fountains
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"18; E481	On the Great Atlantic Mountains
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"19; E481	In my Golden House on high
N-"TheCavernsOfTheGrave"20; E481	There they Shine Eternally

ED; E481| \*

N-"I_roseUp"1; E481	I rose up at the dawn of day
N-"I_roseUp"2; E481	Get thee away get thee away
N-"I_roseUp"3; E481	Prayst thou for Riches away away
N-"I_roseUp"4; E481	This is the Throne of Mammon grey

N-"I_roseUp"5; E481	Said I this sure is very odd
N-"I_roseUp"6; E481	I took it to be the Throne of God
N-"I_roseUp"7; E481	For every Thing besides I have
N-"I_roseUp"8; E481	It is only for Riches that I can crave

N-"I_roseUp"9; E481	I have Mental Joy & Mental Health
N-"I_roseUp"10; E481	And Mental Friends & Mental wealth <i>t1211</i>
N-"I_roseUp"11; E481	Ive a Wife I love & that loves me
N-"I_roseUp"12; E481	Ive all But Riches Bodily

N-"I_roseUp"13; E481	I am in Gods presence night & day <i>t1212</i>
N-"I_roseUp"14; E481	And he never turns his face away
N-"I_roseUp"15; E481	The accuser of sins by my side does stand
N-"I_roseUp"16; E481	And he holds my money bag in his hand

N-"I_roseUp"17; E481	For my worldly things God makes him pay <i>t1213</i>
N-"I_roseUp"18; E481	And hed pay for more if to him I would pray
N-"I_roseUp"19; E481	And so you may do the worst you can do
N-"I_roseUp"20; E481	Be assurd Mr Devil I wont pray to you

N-"I\_roseUp"21; E481| Then If for Riches I must not Pray  
N-"I\_roseUp"22; E481| God knows I little of Prayers need say  
N-"I\_roseUp"23; E481| So as a Church is known by its Steeple *t1214*  
N-"I\_roseUp"24; E481| If I pray it must be for other People *t1215*

N-"I\_roseUp"25; E481| He says if I do not worship him for a God  
N-"I\_roseUp"26; E481| I shall eat coarser food & go worse shod  
N-"I\_roseUp"27; E481| So as I dont value such things as these  
N-"I\_roseUp"28; E481| You must do Mr Devil just as God please

ED; E481| \*

ED; E481| [A Separate Manuscript]

"AFairySkipd"1; E481| A fairy skipd upon my knee *t1216*  
"AFairySkipd"2; E481| Singing & dancing merrily  
"AFairySkipd"3; E481| I said Thou thing of patches rings  
"AFairySkipd"4; E481| Pins Necklaces & such like things  
"AFairySkipd"5; E481| Disguiser of the Female Form  
"AFairySkipd"6; E481| Thou paltry gilded poisnous worm  
"AFairySkipd"7; E481| Weeping he fell upon my thigh  
"AFairySkipd"8; E482| And thus in tears did soft reply  
"AFairySkipd"9; E482| Knowest thou not O Fairies Lord  
"AFairySkipd"10; E482| How much by us Contemnd Abhorrd  
"AFairySkipd"11; E482| Whatever hides the Female form  
"AFairySkipd"12; E482| That cannot bear the Mental storm  
"AFairySkipd"13; E482| Therefore in Pity still we give  
"AFairySkipd"14; E482| Our lives to make the Female live  
"AFairySkipd"15; E482| And what would turn into disease  
"AFairySkipd"16; E482| We turn to what will joy & please

ED; E482| [With Blake's Illustrations to Gray's *Poems*]

"AroundTheSprings"1; E482| Around the Springs of Gray my wild root weaves  
"AroundTheSprings"2; E482| Traveller repose & Dream among my leaves.

"AroundTheSprings"; E482| --WILL. BLAKE

ED; E482| \*



title; E482|      To Mrs Ann Flaxman      *t1217*

ToMrsAnnFlaxman1; E482	A little Flower grew in a lonely Vale
ToMrsAnnFlaxman2; E482	Its form was lovely but its colours. pale
ToMrsAnnFlaxman3; E482	One standing in the Porches of the Sun
ToMrsAnnFlaxman4; E482	When his Meridian Glories were begun
ToMrsAnnFlaxman5; E482	Leapd from the steps of fire & on the grass
ToMrsAnnFlaxman6; E482	Alighted where this little flower was
ToMrsAnnFlaxman7; E482	With hands divine he movd the gentle Sod
ToMrsAnnFlaxman8; E482	And took the Flower up in its native Clod
ToMrsAnnFlaxman9; E482	Then planting it upon a Mountains brow
ToMrsAnnFlaxman10; E482	'Tis your own fault if you dont flourish now

ToMrsAnnFlaxman; E482|      WILLIAM BLAKE

ED; E482| [The Pickering Manuscript]      *t1218*

title; E482|      The Smile

TheSmile1; E482	There is a Smile of Love
TheSmile2; E482	And there is a Smile of Deceit
TheSmile3; E482	And there is a Smile of Smiles
TheSmile4; E482	In which these two Smiles meet

TheSmile5; E482	And there is a Frown of Hate
TheSmile6; E482	And there is a Frown of Disdain
TheSmile7; E482	And there is a Frown of Frowns
TheSmile8; E482	Which you strive to forget in vain

ED; E482|      \*

TheSmile9; E483	For it sticks in the Hearts deep Core
TheSmile10; E483	And it sticks in the deep Back bone
TheSmile11; E483	And no Smile that ever was smild
TheSmile12; E483	But only one Smile alone

TheSmile13; E483	That betwixt the Cradle & Grave
TheSmile14; E483	It only once Smild can be
TheSmile15; E483	But when it once is Smild
TheSmile16; E483	Theres an end to all Misery

ED; E483| \*

title; E483| The Golden Net *t1219*

TheGoldenNet1; E483| Three Virgins at the break of day <t1220  
TheGoldenNet2; E483| Whither young Man whither away  
TheGoldenNet3; E483| Alas for woe! alas for woe! *t1221*  
TheGoldenNet4; E483| They cry & tears for ever flow  
TheGoldenNet5; E483| The one was Clothd in flames of fire *t1222*  
TheGoldenNet6; E483| The other Clothd in iron wire *t1223*  
TheGoldenNet7; E483| The other Clothd in tears & sighs *t1224*  
TheGoldenNet8; E483| Dazling bright before my Eyes  
TheGoldenNet9; E483| They bore a Net of Golden twine  
TheGoldenNet10; E483| To hang upon the Branches fine  
TheGoldenNet11; E483| Pitying I wept to see the woe *t1225*  
TheGoldenNet12; E483| That Love & Beauty undergo  
TheGoldenNet13; E483| To be consumd in burning Fires  
TheGoldenNet14; E483| And in ungratified Desires  
TheGoldenNet15; E483| And in tears clothd Night & day  
TheGoldenNet16; E483| Melted all my Soul away  
TheGoldenNet17; E483| When they saw my Tears a Smile  
TheGoldenNet18; E483| That did Heaven itself beguile  
TheGoldenNet19; E483| Bore the Golden Net aloft  
TheGoldenNet20; E483| As on downy Pinions soft *t1226*  
TheGoldenNet21; E483| Over the Morning of my Day *t1227*  
TheGoldenNet22; E483| Underneath the Net I stray  
TheGoldenNet23; E483| Now intreating Burning Fire *t1228*  
TheGoldenNet24; E483| Now intreating Iron Wire *t1229*  
TheGoldenNet25; E483| Now intreating Tears & Sighs  
TheGoldenNet26; E483| O when will the morning rise *t1230*

ED; E483| \*

title; E483| The Mental Traveller *t1231*

MentalTraveller1; E483| I traveld thro' a Land of Men  
MentalTraveller2; E483| A Land of Men & Women too  
MentalTraveller3; E483| And heard & saw such dreadful things  
MentalTraveller4; E483| As cold Earth wanderers never knew  
  
MentalTraveller5; E483| For there the Babe is born in joy

MentalTraveller6; E483|

That was begotten in dire woe

MentalTraveller7; E484|

MentalTraveller8; E484|

Just as we Reap in joy the fruit  
Which we in bitter tears did sow

MentalTraveller9; E484|

MentalTraveller10; E484|

MentalTraveller11; E484|

MentalTraveller12; E484|

And if the Babe is born a Boy  
He's given to a Woman Old  
Who nails him down upon a rock  
Catches his Shrieks in Cups of gold

MentalTraveller13; E484|

MentalTraveller14; E484|

MentalTraveller15; E484|

MentalTraveller16; E484|

She binds iron thorns around his head  
She pierces both his hands & feet  
She cuts his heart out at his side  
To make it feel both cold & heat

MentalTraveller17; E484|

MentalTraveller18; E484|

MentalTraveller19; E484|

MentalTraveller20; E484|

Her fingers number every Nerve  
just as a Miser counts his gold  
She lives upon his shrieks & cries  
And She grows young as he grows old

MentalTraveller21; E484|

MentalTraveller22; E484|

MentalTraveller23; E484|

MentalTraveller24; E484|

Till he becomes a bleeding youth  
And she becomes a Virgin bright  
Then he rends up his Manacles  
And binds her down for his delight

MentalTraveller25; E484|

MentalTraveller26; E484|

MentalTraveller27; E484|

MentalTraveller28; E484|

He plants himself in all her Nerves  
Just as a Husbandman his mould  
And She becomes his dwelling place  
And Garden fruitful Seventy fold

MentalTraveller29; E484|

MentalTraveller30; E484|

MentalTraveller31; E484|

MentalTraveller32; E484|

An aged Shadow soon he fades  
Wandering round an Earthly Cot  
Full filled all with gems & gold  
Which he by industry had got

MentalTraveller33; E484|

MentalTraveller34; E484|

MentalTraveller35; E484|

MentalTraveller36; E484|

And these are the gems of the Human Soul  
The rubies & pearls of a lovesick eye  
The countless gold of the akeing heart  
The martyrs groan & the lovers sigh

MentalTraveller37; E484|  
MentalTraveller38; E484|  
MentalTraveller39; E484|  
MentalTraveller40; E484|

They are his meat they are his drink  
He feeds the Beggar & the Poor  
And the way faring Traveller  
For ever open is his door

MentalTraveller41; E484|  
MentalTraveller42; E484|  
MentalTraveller43; E484|  
MentalTraveller44; E484|

His grief is their eternal joy  
They make the roofs & walls to ring  
Till from the fire on the hearth  
A little Female Babe does spring

MentalTraveller45; E484|  
MentalTraveller46; E484|

And she is all of solid fire  
And gems & gold that none his hand

MentalTraveller47; E485|  
MentalTraveller48; E485|

Dares stretch to touch her Baby form  
Or wrap her in his swaddling-band

MentalTraveller49; E485|  
MentalTraveller50; E485|  
MentalTraveller51; E485|  
MentalTraveller52; E485|

But She comes to the Man she loves  
If young or old or rich or poor  
They soon drive out the aged Host  
A Begger at anothers door

MentalTraveller53; E485|  
MentalTraveller54; E485|  
MentalTraveller55; E485|  
MentalTraveller56; E485|

He wanders weeping far away  
Untill some other take him in  
Oft blind & age-bent sore distrest  
Untill he can a Maiden win

MentalTraveller57; E485|  
MentalTraveller58; E485|  
MentalTraveller59; E485|  
MentalTraveller60; E485|

And to Allay his freezing Age  
The Poor Man takes her in his arms  
The Cottage fades before his Sight  
The Garden & its lovely Charms

MentalTraveller61; E485|  
MentalTraveller62; E485|  
MentalTraveller63; E485|  
MentalTraveller64; E485|

The Guests are scatterd thro' the land  
For the Eye altering alters all  
The Senses roll themselves in fear  
And the flat Earth becomes a Ball

MentalTraveller65; E485|  
MentalTraveller66; E485|  
MentalTraveller67; E485|  
MentalTraveller68; E485|

The Stars Sun Moon all shrink away  
A desart vast without a bound  
And nothing left to eat or drink  
And a dark desart all around

MentalTraveller69; E485|  
MentalTraveller70; E485|  
MentalTraveller71; E485|  
MentalTraveller72; E485|

The honey of her Infant lips  
The bread & wine of her sweet smile  
The wild game of her roving Eye  
Does him to Infancy beguile

MentalTraveller73; E485|  
MentalTraveller74; E485|  
MentalTraveller75; E485|  
MentalTraveller76; E485|

For as he eats & drinks he grows  
Younger & younger every day  
And on the desert wild they both  
Wander in terror & dismay

MentalTraveller77; E485|  
MentalTraveller78; E485|  
MentalTraveller79; E485|  
MentalTraveller80; E485|

Like the wild Stag she flees away  
Her fear plants many a thicket wild  
While he pursues her night & day  
By various arts of Love beguile

MentalTraveller81; E485|  
MentalTraveller82; E485|  
MentalTraveller83; E485|  
MentalTraveller84; E485|

By various arts of Love & Hate  
Till the wide desert planted oer  
With Labyrinths of wayward Love  
Where roams the Lion Wolf & Boar *t1232*

MentalTraveller85; E485|  
MentalTraveller86; E485|

Till he becomes a wayward Babe *t1233*  
And she a weeping Woman Old *t1234*

MentalTraveller87; E486|  
MentalTraveller88; E486|

Then many a Lover wanders here  
The Sun & Stars are nearer rold

MentalTraveller89; E486|  
MentalTraveller90; E486|  
MentalTraveller91; E486|  
MentalTraveller92; E486|

The trees bring forth sweet Extacy  
To all who in the desert roam  
Till many a City there is Built  
And many a pleasant Shepherds home

MentalTraveller93; E486|  
MentalTraveller94; E486|  
MentalTraveller95; E486|  
MentalTraveller96; E486|

But when they find the frowning Babe  
Terror strikes thro the region wide  
They cry the Babe the Babe is Born  
And flee away on Every side *t1235*

MentalTraveller97; E486|  
MentalTraveller98; E486|  
MentalTraveller99; E486|  
MentalTraveller100; E486|

For who dare touch the frowning form  
His arm is witherd to its root  
Lions Boars Wolves all howling flee  
And every Tree does shed its fruit

MentalTraveller101; E486	And none can touch that frowning form
MentalTraveller102; E486	Except it be a Woman Old
MentalTraveller103; E486	She nails him down upon the Rock
MentalTraveller104; E486	And all is done as I have told

ED; E486	*
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title; E486	The Land of Dreams
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TheLandOfDreams1; E486	Awake awake my little Boy
TheLandOfDreams2; E486	Thou wast thy Mothers only joy
TheLandOfDreams3; E486	Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep
TheLandOfDreams4; E486	Awake thy Father does thee keep

TheLandOfDreams5; E486	O what Land is the Land of Dreams
TheLandOfDreams6; E486	What are its Mountains & what are its Streams
TheLandOfDreams7; E486	O Father I saw my Mother there
TheLandOfDreams8; E486	Among the Lillies by waters fair

TheLandOfDreams9; E486	Among the Lambs clothed in white
TheLandOfDreams10; E486	She walkd with her Thomas in sweet delight
TheLandOfDreams11; E486	I wept for joy like a dove I mourn
TheLandOfDreams12; E486	O when shall I again return

TheLandOfDreams13; E486	Dear Child I also by pleasant Streams
TheLandOfDreams14; E486	Have wanderd all Night in the Land of Dreams
TheLandOfDreams15; E486	But tho calm & warm the Waters wide
TheLandOfDreams16; E486	1 could not get to the other side

TheLandOfDreams17; E486	Father O Father what do we here
TheLandOfDreams18; E486	In this Land of unbelief & fear

TheLandOfDreams19; E487	The Land of Dreams is better far
TheLandOfDreams20; E487	Above the light of the Morning Star

ED; E487	*
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title; E487	Mary <i>t1236</i>
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Mary1; E487	Sweet Mary the first time she ever was there
Mary2; E487	Came into the Ball room among the Fair
Mary3; E487	The young Men & Maidens around her throng
Mary4; E487	And these are the words upon every tongue
Mary5; E487	An Angel is here from the heavenly Climes
Mary6; E487	Or again does return the Golden times <i>t1237</i>
Mary7; E487	Her eyes outshine every brilliant ray
Mary8; E487	She opens her lips tis the Month of May
Mary9; E487	Mary moves in soft beauty & conscious delight
Mary10; E487	To augment with sweet smiles all the joys of the Night
Mary11; E487	Nor once blushes to own to the rest of the Fair
Mary12; E487	That sweet Love & Beauty are worthy our care
Mary13; E487	In the Morning the Villagers rose with delight
Mary14; E487	And repeated with pleasure the joys of the night
Mary15; E487	And Mary arose among Friends to be free
Mary16; E487	But no Friend from henceforward thou Mary shalt see
Mary17; E487	Some said she was proud some calld her a whore
Mary18; E487	And some when she passed by shut to the door
Mary19; E487	A damp cold came oer her her blushes all fled
Mary20; E487	Her lillies & roses are blighted & shed
Mary21; E487	O why was I born with a different Face
Mary22; E487	Why was I not born like this Envious Race <i>t1238</i>
Mary23; E487	Why did Heaven adorn me with bountiful hand
Mary24; E487	And then set me down in an envious Land
Mary25; E487	To be weak as a Lamb & smooth as a Dove
Mary26; E487	And not to raise Envy is calld Christian Love
Mary27; E487	But if you raise Envy your Merits to blame
Mary28; E487	For planting such spite in the weak & the tame
Mary29; E487	I will humble my Beauty I will not dress fine
Mary30; E487	I will keep from the Ball & my Eyes shall not shine
Mary31; E487	And if any Girls Lover forsakes her for me
Mary32; E487	I'll refuse him my hand & from Envy be free <i>t1239</i>

Mary33; E487| She went out in Morning attird plain & neat  
Mary34; E487| Proud Marys gone Mad said the Child in the Street

Mary35; E488| She went out in Morning in plain neat attire  
Mary36; E488| And came home in Evening bespatterd with mire

Mary37; E488| She trembled & wept sitting on the Bed side  
Mary38; E488| She forgot it was Night & she trembled & cried  
Mary39; E488| She forgot it was Night she forgot it was Morn  
Mary40; E488| Her soft Memory imprinted with Faces of Scorn

Mary41; E488| With Faces of Scorn & with Eyes of disdain  
Mary42; E488| Like foul Fiends inhabiting Marys mild Brain  
Mary43; E488| She remembers no Face like the Human Divine  
Mary44; E488| All Faces have Envy sweet Mary but thine

Mary45; E488| And thine is a Face of sweet Love in Despair  
Mary46; E488| And thine is a Face of mild sorrow & care  
Mary47; E488| And thine is a Face of wild terror & fear  
Mary48; E488| That shall never be quiet till laid on its bier

ED; E488| \*

title; E488| The Crystal Cabinet

CrystalCabinet1; E488| The Maiden caught me in the Wild  
CrystalCabinet2; E488| Where I was dancing merrily  
CrystalCabinet3; E488| She put me into her Cabinet  
CrystalCabinet4; E488| And Lockd me up with a golden Key

CrystalCabinet5; E488| This Cabinet is formd of Gold  
CrystalCabinet6; E488| And Pearl & Crystal shining bright  
CrystalCabinet7; E488| And within it opens into a World  
CrystalCabinet8; E488| And a little lovely Moony Night *t1240*

CrystalCabinet9; E488| Another England there I saw  
CrystalCabinet10; E488| Another London with its Tower  
CrystalCabinet11; E488| Another Thames & other Hills  
CrystalCabinet12; E488| And another pleasant Surrey Bower

CrystalCabinet13; E488| Another Maiden like herself  
CrystalCabinet14; E488| Translucent lovely shining clear  
CrystalCabinet15; E488| Threefold each in the other closd  
CrystalCabinet16; E488| O what a pleasant trembling fear

CrystalCabinet17; E488| O what a smile a threefold Smile  
CrystalCabinet18; E488| Filld me that like a flame I burnd  
CrystalCabinet19; E488| I bent to Kiss the lovely Maid  
CrystalCabinet20; E488| And found a Threefold Kiss returnd

CrystalCabinet21; E488| I strove to sieze the inmost Form  
CrystalCabinet22; E488| With ardor fierce & hands of flame

CrystalCabinet23; E489| But burst the Crystal Cabinet  
CrystalCabinet24; E489| And like a Weeping Babe became

CrystalCabinet25; E489| A weeping Babe upon the wild  
CrystalCabinet26; E489| And Weeping Woman pale reclind  
CrystalCabinet27; E489| And in the outward air again  
CrystalCabinet28; E489| I filld with woes the passing Wind

ED; E489| \*

title; E489| The Grey Monk *t1241*

TheGreyMonk1; E489| I die I die the Mother said  
TheGreyMonk2; E489| My Children die for lack of Bread *t1242*  
TheGreyMonk3; E489| What more has the merciless Tyrant said  
TheGreyMonk4; E489| The Monk sat down on the Stony Bed *t1243*

TheGreyMonk5; E489| The blood red ran from the Grey Monks side  
TheGreyMonk6; E489| His hands & feet were wounded wide  
TheGreyMonk7; E489| His Body bent his arms & knees  
TheGreyMonk8; E489| Like to the roots of ancient trees

TheGreyMonk9; E489| His eye was dry no tear could flow  
TheGreyMonk10; E489| A hollow groan first spoke his woe  
TheGreyMonk11; E489| He trembled & shudderd upon the Bed *t1244*  
TheGreyMonk12; E489| At length with a feeble cry he said

TheGreyMonk13; E489| When God commanded this hand to write *t1245*  
TheGreyMonk14; E489| In the studious hours of deep midnight  
TheGreyMonk15; E489| He told me the writing I wrote should prove *t1246*  
TheGreyMonk16; E489| The Bane of all that on Earth I lov'd *t1247*

TheGreyMonk17; E489| My Brother starvd between two Walls  
TheGreyMonk18; E489| His Childrens Cry my Soul appalls  
TheGreyMonk19; E489| I mockd at the wrack & griding chain *t1248*  
TheGreyMonk20; E489| My bent body mocks their torturing pain *t1249*

TheGreyMonk21; E489| Thy Father drew his sword in the North  
TheGreyMonk22; E489| With his thousands strong he marched forth *t1250*  
TheGreyMonk23; E489| Thy Brother has armd himself in Steel *t1251*  
TheGreyMonk24; E489| To avenge the wrongs thy Children feel *t1252*

TheGreyMonk25; E489| But vain the Sword & vain the Bow  
TheGreyMonk26; E489| They never can work Wars overthrow  
TheGreyMonk27; E489| The Hermits Prayer & the Widows tear  
TheGreyMonk28; E489| Alone can free the World from fear

TheGreyMonk29; E489| For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing *t1253*  
TheGreyMonk30; E489| And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King

TheGreyMonk31; E490| And the bitter groan of the Martyrs woe *t1254*  
TheGreyMonk32; E490| Is an Arrow from the Almightyes Bow

TheGreyMonk33; E490| The hand of Vengeance found the Bed *t1255*  
TheGreyMonk34; E490| To which the Purple Tyrant fled  
TheGreyMonk35; E490| The iron hand crushd the Tyrants head  
TheGreyMonk36; E490| And became a Tyrant in his stead *t1256*

ED; E490| \*

title; E490| Auguries of Innocence *t1257*

AuguriesOfInno.1; E490| To see a World in a Grain of Sand  
AuguriesOfInno.2; E490| And a Heaven in a Wild Flower  
AuguriesOfInno.3; E490| Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
AuguriesOfInno.4; E490| And Eternity in an hour

AuguriesOfInno.5; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.6; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.7; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.8; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.9; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.10; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.11; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.12; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.13; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.14; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.15; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.16; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.17; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.18; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.19; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.20; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.21; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.22; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.23; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.24; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.25; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.26; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.27; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.28; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.29; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.30; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.31; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.32; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.33; E490|  
AuguriesOfInno.34; E490|

A Robin Red breast in a Cage  
Puts all Heaven in a Rage  
A Dove house filld with doves & Pigeons  
Shudders Hell thro all its regions  
A dog starvd at his Masters Gate  
Predicts the ruin of the State  
A Horse misusd upon the Road  
Calls to Heaven for Human blood  
Each outcry of the hunted Hare  
A fibre from the Brain does tear  
A Skylark wounded in the wing  
A Cherubim does cease to sing  
The Game Cock clipd & armd for fight  
Does the Rising Sun affright  
Every Wolfs & Lions howl  
Raises from Hell a Human Soul  
The wild deer wandring here & there  
Keeps the Human Soul from Care  
The Lamb misusd breeds Public strife  
And yet forgives the Butchers Knife  
The Bat that flits at close of Eve  
Has left the Brain that wont Believe  
The Owl that calls upon the Night  
Speaks the Unbelievers fright  
He who shall hurt the little Wren  
Shall never be belovd by Men  
He who the Ox to wrath has movd  
Shall never be by Woman lov'd  
The wanton Boy that kills the Fly  
Shall feel the Spiders enmity

AuguriesOfInno.35; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.36; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.37; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.38; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.39; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.40; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.41; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.42; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.43; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.44; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.45; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.46; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.47; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.48; E491|

He who torments the Chafers sprite  
Weaves a Bower in endless Night  
The Catterpillar on the Leaf  
Repeats to thee thy Mothers grief  
Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly  
For the Last judgment draweth nigh  
He who shall train the Horse to War  
Shall never pass the Polar Bar  
The Beggars Dog & Widows Cat  
Feed them & thou wilt grow fat  
The Gnat that sings his Summers song  
Poison gets from Slanders tongue  
The poison of the Snake & Newt  
Is the sweat of Envys Foot

AuguriesOfInno.49; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.50; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.51; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.52; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.53; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.54; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.55; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.56; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.57; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.58; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.59; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.60; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.61; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.62; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.63; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.64; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.65; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.66; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.67; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.68; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.69; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.70; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.71; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.72; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.73; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.74; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.75; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.76; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.77; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.78; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.79; E491|  
AuguriesOfInno.80; E491|

The Poison of the Honey Bee  
Is the Artists jealousy  
The Princes Robes & Beggars Rags  
Are Toadstools on the Misers Bags *t1258*  
A truth thats told with bad intent  
Beats all the Lies you can invent  
It is right it should be so  
Man was made for Joy & Woe  
And when this we rightly know  
Thro the World we safely go  
Joy & Woe are woven fine  
A Clothing for the soul divine  
Under every grief & pine  
Runs a joy with silken twine  
The Babe is more than swadling Bands  
Throughout all these Human Lands  
Tools were made & Born were hands  
Every Farmer Understands  
Every Tear from Every Eye  
Becomes a Babe in Eternity  
This is caught by Females bright  
And returnd to its own delight  
The Bleat the Bark Bellow & Roar  
Are Waves that Beat on Heavens Shore  
The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath  
Writes Revenge in realms of death  
The Beggars Rags fluttering in Air  
Does to Rags the Heavens tear  
The Soldier armd with Sword & Gun  
Palsied strikes the Summers Sun  
The poor Mans Farthing is worth more  
Than all the Gold on Africs Shore.

AuguriesOfInno.81; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.82; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.83; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.84; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.85; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.86; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.87; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.88; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.89; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.90; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.91; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.92; E492|

One Mite wrung from the Labrers hands  
Shall buy & sell the Misers Lands  
Or if protected from on high  
Does that whole Nation sell & buy  
He who mocks the Infants Faith  
Shall be mock'd in Age & Death  
He who shall teach the Child to Doubt  
The rotting Grave shall neer get out  
He who respects the Infants faith  
Triumphs over Hell & Death  
The Childs Toys & the Old Mans Reasons  
Are the Fruits of the Two seasons



AuguriesOfInno.93; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.94; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.95; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.96; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.97; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.98; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.99; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.100; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.101; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.102; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.103; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.104; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.105; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.106; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.107; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.108; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.109; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.110; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.111; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.112; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.113; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.114; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.115; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.116; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.117; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.118; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.119; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.120; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.121; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.122; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.123; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.124; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.125; E492|  
AuguriesOfInno.126; E492|

The Questioner who sits so sly  
Shall never know how to Reply  
He who replies to words of Doubt  
Doth put the Light of Knowledge out  
The Strongest Poison ever known  
Came from Caesars Laurel Crown  
Nought can Deform the Human Race  
Like to the Armours iron brace  
When Gold & Gems adorn the Plow  
To peaceful Arts shall Envy Bow  
A Riddle or the Crickets Cry  
Is to Doubt a fit Reply  
The Emmets Inch & Eagles Mile  
Make Lame Philosophy to smile  
He who Doubts from what he sees  
Will neer Believe do what you Please  
If the Sun & Moon should Doubt  
Theyd immediately Go out  
To be in a Passion you Good may Do  
But no Good if a Passion is in you  
The Whore & Gambler by the State  
Licenced build that Nations Fate  
The Harlots cry from Street to Street  
Shall weave Old Englands winding Sheet  
The Winners Shout the Losers Curse  
Dance before dead Englands Hearse  
Every Night & every Morn  
Some to Misery are Born  
Every Morn & every Night  
Some are Born to sweet delight  
Some are Born to sweet delight  
Some are Born to Endless Night  
We are led to Believe a Lie  
When we see not Thro the Eye *t1259*

AuguriesOfInno.127; E493|  
AuguriesOfInno.128; E493|  
AuguriesOfInno.129; E493|  
AuguriesOfInno.130; E493|  
AuguriesOfInno.131; E493|  
AuguriesOfInno.132; E493|

Which was Born in a Night to perish in a Night  
When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light  
God Appears & God is Light  
To those poor Souls who dwell in Night  
But does a Human Form Display  
To those who Dwell in Realms of day

ED; E494| [An Editorial Arrangement of Auguries of Innocence omitted]

ED; E495| [An Editorial Arrangement of Auguries of Innocence omitted]

ED; E496| \*

title; E496| Long John Brown & Little Mary Bell *1260*

LongJohnBrown1; E496| Little Mary Bell had a Fairy in a Nut  
LongJohnBrown2; E496| Long John Brown had the Devil in his Gut  
LongJohnBrown3; E496| Long John Brown lov'd Little Mary Bell  
LongJohnBrown4; E496| And the Fairy drew the Devil into the Nut-shell

LongJohnBrown5; E496| Her Fairy skip'd out & her Fairy skip'd in  
LongJohnBrown6; E496| He laugh'd at the Devil saying Love is a Sin  
LongJohnBrown7; E496| The devil he rag'd & the Devil he was wroth  
LongJohnBrown8; E496| And the devil enter'd into the Young Man's broth

LongJohnBrown9; E496| He was soon in the Gut of the loving Young Swain  
LongJohnBrown10; E496| For John eat & drank to drive away Love's pain  
LongJohnBrown11; E496| But all he could do he grew thinner & thinner  
LongJohnBrown12; E496| Tho he eat & drank as much as ten Men for his dinner

LongJohnBrown13; E496| Some said he had a Wolf in his stomach day & night  
LongJohnBrown14; E496| Some said he had the Devil & they guess'd right  
LongJohnBrown15; E496| The fairy skip'd about in his glory Joy & Pride  
LongJohnBrown16; E496| And he laugh'd at the Devil till poor John Brown died

LongJohnBrown17; E496| Then the Fairy skip'd out of the old Nut shell  
LongJohnBrown18; E496| And woe & alack for Pretty Mary Bell  
LongJohnBrown19; E496| For the Devil crept in when The Fairy skip'd out  
LongJohnBrown20; E496| And there goes Miss Bell with her fusty old Nut

ED; E496| \*

title; E496| William Bond

WilliamBond1; E496| I wonder whether the Girls are mad  
WilliamBond2; E496| And I wonder whether they mean to kill

WilliamBond3; E496|  
WilliamBond4; E496|  
WilliamBond5; E496|  
WilliamBond6; E496|

And I wonder if William Bond will die  
For assuredly he is very ill  
He went to Church in a May morning  
Attended by Fairies one two & three

WilliamBond7; E497|  
WilliamBond8; E497|

But the Angels Of Providence drove them away  
And he returnd home in Misery

WilliamBond9; E497|  
WilliamBond10; E497|  
WilliamBond11; E497|  
WilliamBond12; E497|

He went not out to the Field nor Fold  
He went not out to the Village nor Town  
But he came home in a black black cloud  
And took to his Bed & there lay down

WilliamBond13; E497|  
WilliamBond14; E497|  
WilliamBond15; E497|  
WilliamBond16; E497|

And an Angel of Providence at his Feet  
And an Angel of Providence at his Head  
And in the midst a Black Black Cloud  
And in the midst the Sick Man on his Bed

WilliamBond17; E497|  
WilliamBond18; E497|  
WilliamBond19; E497|  
WilliamBond20; E497|  
WilliamBond21; E497|  
WilliamBond22; E497|  
WilliamBond23; E497|  
WilliamBond24; E497|

And on his Right hand was Mary Green  
And on his Left hand was his Sister Jane  
And their tears fell thro the black black Cloud  
To drive away the sick mans pain  
O William if thou dost another Love *t1261*  
Dost another Love better than poor Mary  
Go & take that other to be thy Wife  
And Mary Green shall her Servant be

WilliamBond25; E497|  
WilliamBond26; E497|  
WilliamBond27; E497|  
WilliamBond28; E497|

Yes Mary I do another Love  
Another I Love far better than thee  
And Another I will have for my Wife  
Then what have I to do with thee

WilliamBond29; E497|  
WilliamBond30; E497|  
WilliamBond31; E497|  
WilliamBond32; E497|

For thou art Melancholy Pale  
And on thy Head is the cold Moons shine  
But she is ruddy & bright as day  
And the sun beams dazzle from her eyne

WilliamBond33; E497|  
WilliamBond34; E497|  
WilliamBond35; E497|  
WilliamBond36; E497|

Mary trembled & Mary child  
And Mary fell down on the right hand floor  
That William Bond & his Sister Jane  
Scarce could recover Mary more

WilliamBond37; E497| When Mary woke & found her Laid  
WilliamBond38; E497| On the Right hand of her William dear  
WilliamBond39; E497| On the Right hand of his loved Bed  
WilliamBond40; E497| And saw her William Bond so near

WilliamBond41; E497| The Fairies that fled from William Bond  
WilliamBond42; E497| Danced around her Shining Head  
WilliamBond43; E497| They danced over the Pillow white  
WilliamBond44; E497| And the Angels of Providence left the Bed  
WilliamBond45; E497| I thought Love livd in the hot sun Shine  
WilliamBond46; E497| But O he lives in the Moony light

WilliamBond47; E498| I thought to find Love in the heat of day  
WilliamBond48; E498| But sweet Love is the Comforter of Night

WilliamBond49; E498| Seek Love in the Pity of others Woe  
WilliamBond50; E498| In the gentle relief of anothers care  
WilliamBond51; E498| In the darkness of night & the winters snow  
WilliamBond52; E498| In the naked & outcast Seek Love there

ED; E498| \*

ED; E498| [Mrs Blake's record] *t1262*

title; E498| Mr Blake's Nursery Rhyme

B'sNurseryRhyme1; E498| The sow came in with the saddle,  
B'sNurseryRhyme2; E498| The little pig rocked the cradle,  
B'sNurseryRhyme3; E498| The dish jumped o' top of the table  
B'sNurseryRhyme4; E498| To see the brass pot swallow the ladle.  
B'sNurseryRhyme5; E498| The old pot behind the door  
B'sNurseryRhyme6; E498| Called the kettle a blackamoor.  
B'sNurseryRhyme7; E498| 'Odd bobbs' said the gridiron, 'can't you agree?  
B'sNurseryRhyme8; E498| I'm the head constable, bring them to me.'

# [The Pickering Manuscript]

[\[The Pickering Manuscript\]](#)

[The Smile](#)

[The Golden Net](#)

[The Mental Traveller](#)

[The Land of Dreams](#)

[Mary](#)

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[Long John Brown & Little Mary Bell](#)

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[Mr Blake's Nursery Rhyme](#)

ED; E499|  
ED; E499|  
ED; E499|  
ED; E499|

[SATIRIC VERSES AND EPIGRAMS]  
[From Blake's Notebook] *t1263*

N-title; E499|      Motto to the Songs of Innocence & of Experience

N-MottoSIE1; E499|      The Good are attracted by Mens perceptions  
N-MottoSIE2; E499|      And Think not for themselves  
N-MottoSIE3; E499|      Till Experience teaches them to catch  
N-MottoSIE4; E499|      And to cage the Fairies & Elves

N-MottoSIE5; E499|      And then the Knave begins to snarl  
N-MottoSIE6; E499|      And the Hypocrite to howl  
N-MottoSIE7; E499|      And all his good Friends shew their private ends  
N-MottoSIE8; E499|      And the Eagle is known from the Owl

ED; E499|      \*      *t1264*

N-"LetTheBrothels"1; E499|      Let the Brothels of Paris be opened  
N-"LetTheBrothels"2; E499|      With many an alluring dance  
N-"LetTheBrothels"3; E499|      To awake the Physicians thro the city      *t1265*  
N-"LetTheBrothels"4; E499|      Said the beautiful Queen of France

N-"LetTheBrothels"5; E499|      Then old Nobodaddy aloft  
N-"LetTheBrothels"6; E499|      Farted & belchd & coughd  
N-"LetTheBrothels"7; E499|      And said I love hanging & drawing & quartering  
N-"LetTheBrothels"8; E499|      Every bit as well as war & slaughtering      *t1266*

N-"LetTheBrothels"9; E499|      Then he swore a great & solemn Oath      *t1267*  
N-"LetTheBrothels"10; E499|      To kill the people I am loth  
N-"LetTheBrothels"11; E499|      But If they rebel they must go to hell  
N-"LetTheBrothels"12; E499|      They shall have a Priest & a passing bell

N-"LetTheBrothels"13; E500|      The King awoke on his couch of gold  
N-"LetTheBrothels"14; E500|      As soon as he heard these tidings told  
N-"LetTheBrothels"15; E500|      Arise & come both fife & drum  
N-"LetTheBrothels"16; E500|      And the [*Famine*] shall eat both crust & crumb      *t1268*

N-"LetTheBrothels"17; E500|      The Queen of France just touchd this Globe



N-"LetTheBrothels"18; E500|  
N-"LetTheBrothels"19; E500|  
N-"LetTheBrothels"20; E500|

And the Pestilence darted from her robe *t1269*  
But our good Queen quite grows to the ground  
And a great many suckers grow all around *t1270*

ED; E500| \* *t1271*

N-"WhoWillExchange"1; E500|  
N-"WhoWillExchange"2; E500|  
N-"WhoWillExchange"3; E500|  
N-"WhoWillExchange"4; E500|

Who will exchange his own fire side  
For the stone of anothers door *t1272*  
Who will exchange his wheaten loaf  
For the links of a dungeon floor

N-"WhoWillExchange"5; E500|  
N-"WhoWillExchange"6; E500|  
N-"WhoWillExchange"7; E500|  
N-"WhoWillExchange"8; E500|

Fayette beheld the King & Queen  
In curses & iron bound *t1273*  
But mute Fayette wept tear for tear  
And guarded them around

N-"WhoWillExchange"9; E500|  
N-"WhoWillExchange"10; E500|  
N-"WhoWillExchange"11; E500|  
N-"WhoWillExchange"12; E500|

O who would smile on the wintry seas  
& Pity the stormy roar *t1274*  
Or who will exchange his new born child  
For the dog at the wintry door

ED; E500| \* *t1275*

N-"WhenKlopstock"1; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"2; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"3; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"4; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"5; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"6; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"7; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"8; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"9; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"10; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"11; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"12; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"13; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"14; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"15; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"16; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"17; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"18; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"19; E500|

When Klopstock England defied  
Uprose terrible Blake in his pride  
For old Nobodaddy aloft  
Farted & Belchd & coughd  
Then swore a great oath that made heavn quake  
And calld aloud to English Blake  
Blake was giving his body ease  
At Lambeth beneath the poplar trees  
From his seat then started he  
And turnd himself round three times three *t1276*  
The Moon at that sight blushd scarlet red  
The stars threw down their cups & fled  
And all the devils that were in hell *t1277*  
Answered with a ninefold yell  
Klopstock felt the intriplied turn *t1278*  
And all his bowels began to churn *t1279*  
And his bowels turned round three times three *t1280*  
And lockd in his soul with a ninefold key  
That from his body it neer could be parted

N-"WhenKlopstock"20; E500|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"21; E500|

Till to the last trumpet it was farted  
Then again old nobodaddy swore

N-"WhenKlopstock"22; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"23; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"24; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"25; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"26; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"27; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"28; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"29; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"30; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"31; E501|  
N-"WhenKlopstock"32; E501|

He neer had seen such a thing before  
Since Noah was shut in the ark  
Since Eve first chose her hell fire spark  
Since twas the fashion to go naked  
Since the old anything was created  
And in pity he begd him to turn again  
And ease poor Klopstocks nine fold pain  
From pity then he redend round *t1281*  
And the ninefold Spell unwound *t1282*  
If Blake could do this when he rose up from shite *t1283*  
What might he not do if he sat down to write

ED; E501| \*

N-title; E501| On the Virginity of the Virgin Mary & Johanna Southcott

N-OnTheVirginityOf1; E501|  
N-OnTheVirginityOf2; E501|  
N-OnTheVirginityOf3; E501|  
N-OnTheVirginityOf4; E501|

Whateer is done to her she cannot know  
And if youll ask her she will swear it so *t1284*  
Whether tis good or evil none's to blame  
No one can take the pride no one the shame

ED; E501| \*

N-"YouDontBelieve"1; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"2; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"3; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"4; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"5; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"6; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"7; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"8; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"9; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"10; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"11; E501|  
N-"YouDontBelieve"12; E501|

You dont believe I wont attempt to make ye *t1285*  
You are asleep I wont attempt to wake ye  
Sleep on Sleep on while in your pleasant dreams  
Of Reason you may drink of Lifes clear streams  
Reason and Newton they are quite two things  
For so the Swallow & the Sparrow sings  
Reason says Miracle. Newton says Doubt  
Aye thats the way to make all Nature out *t1286*  
Doubt Doubt & dont believe without experiment  
That is the very thing that Jesus meant  
When he said Only Believe Believe & try *t1287*  
Try Try & never mind the Reason why

ED; E501| \*

N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"1; E501|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"2; E501|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"3; E501|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"4; E501|

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

N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"5; E501|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"6; E501|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"7; E501|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"8; E501|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"9; E501|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"10; E501|

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 Worshippd them that they might make Inspired Art Abhorrd *t1288*

N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"11; E502|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"12; E502|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"13; E502|  
N-"IfItIsTrueWhat"14; E502|

The Wood & Stone were calld The Holy Things--  
And their Sublime Intent given to their Kings  
All the Atonements of Jehovah spurnd  
And Criminals to Sacrifices Turnd

ED; E502| \*

N-"IamNoHomersHero"1; E502|  
N-"IamNoHomersHero"2; E502|  
N-"IamNoHomersHero"3; E502|  
N-"IamNoHomersHero"4; E502|  
N-"IamNoHomersHero"5; E502|  
N-"IamNoHomersHero"6; E502|

I am no Homers 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

ED; E502| \*

N-"TheAngelThatPresided"1; E502|  
N-"TheAngelThatPresided"2; E502|  
N-"TheAngelThatPresided"3; E502|

The Angel that presided oer my birth  
Said Little creature formd of Joy & Mirth *t1289*  
Go love without the help of any King on Earth *t1290*

ED; E502| \*

N-"SomeMenCreatedFor"1; E502|  
N-"SomeMenCreatedFor"2; E502|  
N-"SomeMenCreatedFor"3; E502|  
N-"SomeMenCreatedFor"4; E502|

Some Men created for destruction come  
Into the World & make the World their home  
Be they as Vile & Base as Eer they can *t1291*  
Theyll still be called 'The Worlds' honest man *t1292*

ED; E502| \*

N-"IfIerrGrow"1; E502| If I eer Grow to Mans Estate  
N-"IfIerrGrow"2; E502| O Give to me a Womans fate  
N-"IfIerrGrow"3; E502| May I govern all both great & small  
N-"IfIerrGrow"4; E502| Have the last word & take the wall

ED; E502| \*

N-title; E502| From Cratetos

N-FromCratetos1; E502| Me Time has Crook'd. no good Workman  
N-FromCratetos2; E502| Is he. Infirm is all that he does

ED; E502| \*

N-"IfMenWillAct"1; E502| If Men will act like a maid smiling over a Churn  
N-"IfMenWillAct"2; E502| They ought not when it comes to anothers turn

N-"IfMenWillAct"3; E502| To grow sower at what a friend may utter  
N-"IfMenWillAct"4; E502| Knowing & feeling that we all have need of Butter

N-"IfMenWillAct"5; E502| False Friends fie fie our Friendship you shant sever *t1293*  
N-"IfMenWillAct"6; E502| In spite we will be greater friends than ever *t1294*

ED; E503| \*

N-"Anger&Wrath"1; E503| Anger & Wrath my bosom rends  
N-"Anger&Wrath"2; E503| I thought them the Errors of friends  
N-"Anger&Wrath"3; E503| But all my limbs with warmth glow  
N-"Anger&Wrath"4; E503| I find them the Errors of the foe

ED; E503| \*

N-title; E503| An Epitaph

N-AnEpitaph1; E503| Come knock your heads against this stone  
N-AnEpitaph2; E503| For sorrow that poor John Thompsons gone

ED; E503| \*

N-title; E503| Another

N-Another[a]1; E503| I was buried near this Dike  
N-Another[a]2; E503| That my Friends may weep as much as they like

ED; E503| \*

N-title; E503| Another

N-Another[b]1; E503| Here lies John Trot the Friend of all mankind  
N-Another[b]2; E503| He has not left one Enemy behind  
N-Another[b]3; E503| Friends were quite hard to find old authors say  
N-Another[b]4; E503| But now they stand in every bodies way

ED; E503| \*

N-"HeIsACock"1; E503| He is a Cock would *t1295*  
N-"HeIsACock"2; E503| And would be a Cock if he could

ED; E503| \* *t1296*

N-"AndHisLegs"1; E503| And his legs carried it like a long fork  
N-"AndHisLegs"2; E503| Reachd all the way from Chichester to York  
N-"AndHisLegs"3; E503| From York all across Scotland to the Sea  
N-"AndHisLegs"4; E503| This was a Man of Men as seems to me  
N-"AndHisLegs"5; E503| Not only in his Mouth his own Soul lay *t1297*  
N-"AndHisLegs"6; E503| But my Soul also would he bear away  
N-"AndHisLegs"7; E503| Like as a Pedlar bears his weary Pack  
N-"AndHisLegs"8; E503| So Stewhards Soul he buckld to his Back *t1298*  
N-"AndHisLegs"9; E503| But once alas committing a Mistake  
N-"AndHisLegs"10; E503| He bore the wr[et]ched Soul of William Blake  
N-"AndHisLegs"11; E503| That he might turn it into Eggs of Gold  
N-"AndHisLegs"12; E503| But neither Back nor mouth those Eggs could hold  
N-"AndHisLegs"13; E503| His underjaw dropd as those Eggs he laid  
N-"AndHisLegs"14; E503| And Stewhards Eggs are addled & decayd *t1299*

N-"AndHisLegs"15; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"16; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"17; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"18; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"19; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"20; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"21; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"22; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"23; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"24; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"25; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"26; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"27; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"28; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"29; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"30; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"31; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"32; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"33; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"34; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"35; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"36; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"37; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"38; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"39; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"40; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"41; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"42; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"43; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"44; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"45; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"46; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"47; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"48; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"49; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"50; E504|  
N-"AndHisLegs"51; E504|

The Examiner whose very name is Hunt *t1300*  
Calld Death a Madman trembling for the affront *t1301*  
Like trembling Hare sits on his weakly paper  
On which he usd to dance & sport & caper  
Yorkshire Jack Hemp & gentle blushing Daw  
Clapd Death into the corner of their jaw  
And Felpham Billy rode out every morn  
Horseback with Death over the fields of corn  
Who with iron hand cuffd in the afternoon  
The Ears of Billys Lawyer & Dragoon  
And Cur my Lawyer & Dady Jack Hemps Parson *t1302*  
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 neer ha[d] 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 Blakes Designs should be by us displayed  
Because he makes designs so very cheap  
Then Screwmuch at Blakes 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 laughing on their Monuments *t1303*  
On which hes written Recievd the Contents *t1304*  
But I have writ so sorrowful my thought is *t1305*  
His Epitaph for my tears are aqua fortis  
Come Artists knock your heads against This stone *t1306*  
For Sorrow that our friend Bob Screwmuchs gone *t1307*  
And now the Men upon me smile & Laugh  
Ill also write my own dear Epitaph  
And Ill be buried near a Dike  
That my friends may weep as much as they like  
Here lies Steward the Friend of All &c *t1308*

ED; E504| \*

N-"WasI\_angry"1; E504|  
N-"WasI\_angry"2; E504|  
N-"WasI\_angry"3; E504|  
N-"WasI\_angry"4; E504|

Was I angry with Hayley who usd me so in  
Or can I be angry with Felphams old Mill *t1309*  
Or angry with Flaxman or Cromek or Stothard  
Or poor Schiavonetti whom they to death botherd



N-"WasI\_angry"5; E504|  
N-"WasI\_angry"6; E504|  
N-"WasI\_angry"7; E504|  
N-"WasI\_angry"8; E504|

Or angry with Macklin or Boydel or Bowyer *t1310*  
Because they did not say O what a Beau ye are *t1311*  
At a Friends Errors Anger shew  
Mirth at the Errors of a Foe

N-title; E505|

Blakes apology for his Catalogue *t1312*

N-Blake'sApology1; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology2; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology3; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology4; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology5; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology6; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology7; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology8; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology9; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology10; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology11; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology12; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology13; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology14; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology15; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology16; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology17; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology18; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology19; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology20; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology21; E505|  
N-Blake'sApology22; E505|

Having given great offence by writing in Prose  
Ill write in Verse as Soft as Bartolloze *t1313*  
Some blush at what others can see no crime in  
But nobody sees any harm in Rhyming  
Dryden in Rhyme cries Milton only plannd  
Every Fool shook his bells throughout the land  
Tom Cooke cut Hogarth down with his clean graving  
Thousands of Connoisseurs with joy ran raving *t1314*  
Thus Hayley on his Toilette seeing the Sope  
Cries Homer is very much improvd by Pope *t1315*  
Some say Ive given great Provision to my foes *t1316*  
And that now I lead my false friends by the nose *t1317*  
Flaxman & Stothard smelling a sweet savour  
Cry Blakified drawing spoils painter & Engraver  
While I looking up to my Umbrella  
Resolvd to be a very contrary fellow  
Cry looking quite from Skumference to Center *t1318*  
No one can finish so high as the original Inventor  
Thus Poor Schiavonetti died of the Cromeek  
A thing thats tied around the Examiners neck *t1319*  
This is my sweet apology to my friends  
That I may put them in mind of their latter Ends

ED; E505| \*

N-"CoswayFrazer"1; E505|  
N-"CoswayFrazer"2; E505|  
N-"CoswayFrazer"3; E505|  
N-"CoswayFrazer"4; E505|  
N-"CoswayFrazer"5; E505|  
N-"CoswayFrazer"6; E505|  
N-"CoswayFrazer"7; E505|  
N-"CoswayFrazer"8; E505|  
ED; E505| \*

Cosway Frazer & Baldwin of Egypts 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 tother spits & in corners hides *t1320*  
And all the Virtuous have shewn their backsides *t1321*

N-"MyTitleAs"1; E505| My title as [a] Genius thus is provd *t1322*  
N-"MyTitleAs"2; E505| Not Praisd by Hayley nor by Flaxman lovd

ED; E505| \*

N-title; E505| To H *t1323*

N-ToH1; E505| You think Fuseli is not a Great Painter Im Glad  
N-ToH2; E505| This is one of the best compliments he ever had

ED; E505| \*

N-"P---LovedMe"1; E505| P----loved me, not as he lovd his Friends *t1324*  
N-"P---LovedMe"2; E505| For he lovd them for gain to serve his Ends

N-"P---LovedMe"3; E506| He loved me and for no Gain at all *t1325*  
N-"P---LovedMe"4; E506| But to rejoice & triumph in my fall  
N-"P---LovedMe"5; E506| To forgive Enemies H . does pretend  
N-"P---LovedMe"6; E506| Who never in his Life forgave a friend

ED; E506| \*

N-"TheSussexMen"1; E506| The Sussex Men are Noted Fools  
N-"TheSussexMen"2; E506| And weak is their brain pan  
N-"TheSussexMen"3; E506| I wonder if H----the painter *t1326*  
N-"TheSussexMen"4; E506| Is not a Sussex Man

ED; E506| \* *t1327*

N-OfH'sBirth1; E506| Of H s birth this was the happy lot  
N-OfH'sBirth2; E506| His Mother on his Father him begot

ED; E506| \*

N-title; E506| On H----ys Friendship

N-OnH----ysFriendship1; E506| When H----y finds out what you cannot do

N-OnH----ysFriendship2; E506	That is the Very thing hell set you to
N-OnH----ysFriendship3; E506	If you break not your Neck tis not his fault
N-OnH----ysFriendship4; E506	But pecks of poison are not pecks of salt <i>t1328</i>
N-OnH----ysFriendship5; E506	And when he could not act upon my wife
N-OnH----ysFriendship6; E506	Hired a Villain to bereave my Life

ED; E506	*
N-title; E506	To H-----

N-ToH-----1; E506	Thy Friendship oft has made my heart to ake
N-ToH-----2; E506	Do be my Enemy for Friendships sake

ED; E506	*
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N-title; E506	On H----- the Pick thank
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N-OnH-----The1; E506	I write the Rascal Thanks till he & I
N-OnH-----The2; E506	With Thanks & Compliments are quite drawn dry

ED; E506	*
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N-title; E506	Imitation of Pope A Compliment to the Ladies
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N-ImitationOfPope1; E506	Wondrous the Gods more wondrous are the Men
N-ImitationOfPope2; E506	More Wondrous Wondrous still the Cock & Hen
N-ImitationOfPope3; E506	More wondrous still the Table Stool & Chair
N-ImitationOfPope4; E506	But Ah More wondrous still the Charming Fair

ED; E507	*
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N-title; E507	William Cowper Esq <sup>re</sup> <i>t1329</i>
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N-WilliamCowperEsq1; E507	For this is being a Friend just in the nick
N-WilliamCowperEsq2; E507	Not when hes well but waiting till hes sick
N-WilliamCowperEsq3; E507	He calls you to his help be you not movd <i>t1330</i>
N-WilliamCowperEsq4; E507	Untill by being Sick his wants are provd <i>t1331</i>

N-WilliamCowperEsq5; E507	You see him spend his Soul in Prophecy
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N-WilliamCowperEsq6; E507|  
N-WilliamCowperEsq7; E507|  
N-WilliamCowperEsq8; E507|

Do you believe it a Confounded lie  
Till some Bookseller & the Public Fame  
Proves there is truth in his extravagant claim

N-WilliamCowperEsq9; E507|  
N-WilliamCowperEsq10; E507|  
N-WilliamCowperEsq11; E507|  
N-WilliamCowperEsq12; E507|

For tis atrocious in a Friend you love *t1332*  
To tell you any thing that he cant prove  
And tis most wicked in a Christian Nation  
For any Man to pretend to Inspiration

ED; E507| \*

N-"TheOnlyMan"1; E507|  
N-"TheOnlyMan"2; E507|  
N-"TheOnlyMan"3; E507|  
N-"TheOnlyMan"4; E507|

The only Man that eer I knew  
Who did not make me almost spew  
Was Fuseli he was both Turk & Jew  
And so dear Christian Friends how do you do *t1333*

ED; E507| \*

N-"MadmanI\_Have"1; E507|  
N-"MadmanI\_Have"2; E507|

Madman I have been calld Fool they Call thee  
I wonder which they Envy Thee or Me

ED; E507| \*

N-title; E507| To F----- *t1334*

N-ToF-----[a]1; E507|  
N-ToF-----[a]2; E507|

I mock thee not tho I by thee am Mocked  
Thou callst me Madman but I call thee Blockhead

ED; E507| \*

N-"HesABlockhead"1; E507|  
N-"HesABlockhead"2; E507|

Hes a Blockhead who wants a proof of what he Can't Percieve  
And he's a Fool who tries to make such a Blockhead believe *t1335*

ED; E507| \*

N-title; E507| To Nancy F----- *t1336*

N-ToNancyF-----1; E507|      How can I help thy Husbands copying Me  
N-ToNancyF-----2; E507|      Should that make difference twixt me & Thee

ED; E508|      \*

N-title; E508|      To F-----

N-ToF-----[b]1; E508|      You call me Mad tis Folly to do so  
N-ToF-----[b]2; E508|      To seek to turn a Madman to a Foe  
N-ToF-----[b]3; E508|      If you think as you speak you are an Ass  
N-ToF-----[b]4; E508|      If you do not you are but what you was *t1337*

ED; E508|      \*

N-"S-----InChildhood"1; E508|      S----- in Childhood on the Nursery floor *t1338*  
N-"S-----InChildhood"2; E508|      Was extreme Old & most extremely poor  
N-"S-----InChildhood"3; E508|      He is grown old & rich & what he will  
N-"S-----InChildhood"4; E508|      He is extreme old & extreme poor still

ED; E508|      \* *t1339*

N-"HeHasObserved"1; E508|      He has observd the Golden Rule  
N-"HeHasObserved"2; E508|      Till hes become the Golden Fool

ED; E508|      \*

N-title; E508|      To S-----d *t1340*

N-ToS-----d1; E508|      You all your Youth observed the Golden Rule *t1341*  
N-ToS-----d2; E508|      Till youre at last become the golden Fool *t1342*  
N-ToS-----d3; E508|      I sport with Fortune Merry Blithe & Gay  
N-ToS-----d4; E508|      Like to the Lion Sporting with his Prey  
N-ToS-----d5; E508|      Take you the hide & horns which you may wear *t1343*  
N-ToS-----d6; E508|      Mine is the flesh the bones may be your Share *t1344*

ED; E508|      \*

N-title; E508|      On S----- *t1345*

N-OnS-----1; E508| You say reserve & modesty he has  
N-OnS-----2; E508| Whose heart is iron his head wood & his face brass *t1346*  
N-OnS-----3; E508| The Fox the Owl the Beetle & the Bat  
N-OnS-----4; E508| By sweet reserve & modesty get Fat *t1347*

ED; E508| \*

N-"OldAcquaintance"1; E508| old acquaintance well renew *t1348*  
N-"OldAcquaintance"2; E508| Prospero had One Caliban & I have Two

ED; E508| \*

N-title; E508| On F----- & S----- *t1349*

N-OnF-----&S-----1; E508| I found them blind I taught them how to see *t1350*  
N-OnF-----&S-----2; E508| And now they know neither themselves nor me *t1351*

N-OnF-----&S-----3; E509| Tis Excellent to turn a thorn to a pin  
N-OnF-----&S-----4; E509| A Fool to a bolt a knave to a glass of gin *t1352*

ED; E509| \*

N-title; E509| Mr Stothard to Mr Cromek *t1353*

N-MrStothardTo1; E509| For Fortunes favours you your riches bring  
N-MrStothardTo2; E509| But Fortune says she gave you no such thing  
N-MrStothardTo3; E509| Why should you be ungrateful to your friends  
N-MrStothardTo4; E509| Sneaking & Backbiting & Odds & Ends *t1354*

N-title; E509| Mr Cromek to Mr Stothard

N-MrCromekTo1; E509| Fortune favours the Brave old Proverbs say  
N-MrCromekTo2; E509| But not with Money. that is not the way  
N-MrCromekTo3; E509| Turn back turn back you travel all in vain  
N-MrCromekTo4; E509| Turn thro the iron gate down Sneaking Lane

ED; E509| \*



N-"Cr----Loves"1; E509| Cr---- loves artists as he loves his Meat  
N-"Cr----Loves"2; E509| He loves the Art but tis the Art to Cheat *t1355*

ED; E509| \*

N-"APettySneaking"1; E509| A Petty sneaking Knave I knew  
N-"APettySneaking"2; E509| O Mr Cr---- how do ye do  
ED; E509| \*

N-title; E509| Cromek Speaks *t1356*

N-CromekSpeaks1; E509| I always take my judgment from a Fool  
N-CromekSpeaks2; E509| Because his judgment is so very Cool *t1357*  
N-CromekSpeaks3; E509| Not prejudiced by feelings great or small  
N-CromekSpeaks4; E509| Amiable state he cannot feel at all *t1358*

ED; E509| \*

N-title-1st; E509| English Encouragement of Art *t1359*

ED; E509| [First reading]

N-EngEncourArt[1st]1; E509| If you mean to Please Every body you will  
N-EngEncourArt[1st]2; E509| Set to work both Ignorance & skill  
N-EngEncourArt[1st]3; E509| For a great multitude are Ignorant *t1360*  
N-EngEncourArt[1st]4; E509| And skill to them seems raving & rant  
N-EngEncourArt[1st]5; E509| Like putting oil & water into a lamp  
N-EngEncourArt[1st]6; E509| Twill make a great splutter with smoke & damp  
N-EngEncourArt[1st]7; E509| For there is no use as it seems to me  
N-EngEncourArt[1st]8; E509| Of lighting a Lamp when you dont wish to see

ED; E510| [Final reading]

N-title-2nd; E510| English Encouragement of Art

N-EngEncourArt[2nd]subbt; E510| Cromeks opinions put into Rhyme

N-EngEncourArt[2nd]1; E510|  
N-EngEncourArt[2nd]2; E510|  
N-EngEncourArt[2nd]3; E510|  
N-EngEncourArt[2nd]4; E510|  
N-EngEncourArt[2nd]5; E510|  
N-EngEncourArt[2nd]6; E510|  
N-EngEncourArt[2nd]7; E510|  
N-EngEncourArt[2nd]8; E510|

If you mean to Please Every body you will  
Menny wouwer both Bunglishness & skill *t1361*  
For a great Conquest are Bunglery  
And Jenous looks to ham like mad Rantery *t1362*  
Like displaying oil & water into a lamp  
Twill hold forth a huge splutter with smoke & damp  
For its all sheer loss as it seems to me  
Of displaying up a light when we want not to see

ED; E510| \*

N-"WhenYouLook"1; E510|  
N-"WhenYouLook"2; E510|  
N-"WhenYouLook"3; E510|  
N-"WhenYouLook"4; E510|  
N-"WhenYouLook"5; E510|  
N-"WhenYouLook"6; E510|  
N-"WhenYouLook"7; E510|  
N-"WhenYouLook"8; E510|

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 suck awa' *t1363*  
And when it smells of the Lamp we can *t1364*  
Say all was owing to the Skilful Man  
For the smell of water is but small  
So een let Ignorance do it all

ED; E510| \*

N; E510| The Cunning sures & the Aim at yours *t1365*

ED; E510| \*

N-"AllPicturesThats"1; E510|  
N-"AllPicturesThats"2; E510|  
N-"AllPicturesThats"3; E510|  
N-"AllPicturesThats"4; E510|  
N-"AllPicturesThats"5; E510|  
N-"AllPicturesThats"6; E510|  
N-"AllPicturesThats"7; E510|  
N-"AllPicturesThats"8; E510|

All Pictures thats Panted with Sense & with Thought *t1366*  
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 pant best  
Thy never can Rafael it Fuseli it nor Blake it  
If they cant 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

ED; E510| \*

N-"YouSayTheir"1; E510|  
N-"YouSayTheir"2; E510|  
N-"YouSayTheir"3; E510|  
N-"YouSayTheir"4; E510|

You say their Pictures well Painted be  
And yet they are Blockheads you all agree  
Thank God I never was sent to school  
To be Flogd into following the Style of a Fool *t1367*

ED; E510| \*

N-"TheErrors"1; E510| The Errors of a Wise Man make your Rule  
N-"TheErrors"2; E510| Rather than the Perfections of a Fool

ED; E511| \*

N-"GreatThings"1; E511| Great things are done when Men & Mountains meet  
N-"GreatThings"2; E511| This is not Done by jostling in the Street

ED; E511| \*

N-"IfYouPlay"1; E511| If you play a Game of Chance know before you begin  
N-"IfYouPlay"2; E511| If you are benevolent you will never win

ED; E511| \*

N-"NoRealStyle"1; E511| No real Style of Colouring ever appears  
N-"NoRealStyle"2; E511| But advertising in the News Papers  
N-"NoRealStyle"3; E511| Look there youll see Sr Joshuas Colouring  
N-"NoRealStyle"4; E511| Look at his Pictures All has taken Wing *t1368*

ED; E511| \*

N-"CanThereBe"1; E511| Can there be any thing more mean  
N-"CanThereBe"2; E511| More Malice in disguise  
N-"CanThereBe"3; E511| Than Praise a Man for doing what *t1369*  
N-"CanThereBe"4; E511| That Man does most despise  
N-"CanThereBe"5; E511| Reynolds Lectures Exactly so *t1370*  
N-"CanThereBe"6; E511| When he praises Michael Angelo

ED; E511| \* *t1371*

N-"SirJoshuaPraises"1; E511| Sir Joshua Praises Michael Angelo  
N-"SirJoshuaPraises"2; E511| Tis Christian Mildness when Knaves Praise a Foe *t1372*  
N-"SirJoshuaPraises"3; E511| But Twould be Madness all the World would say *t1373*  
N-"SirJoshuaPraises"4; E511| Should Michael Angelo praise Sir Joshua *t1374*  
N-"SirJoshuaPraises"5; E511| Christ usd the Pharisees in a rougher way *t1375*

ED; E511| \*

N-"SirJoshuaPraised"1; E511| Sir Jo[s]hua praised Rubens with a Smile  
N-"SirJoshuaPraised"2; E511| By Calling his the ornamental Style  
N-"SirJoshuaPraised"3; E511| And yet his praise of Flaxman was the smartest *t1376*  
N-"SirJoshuaPraised"4; E511| When he calld him the Ornamental Artist  
N-"SirJoshuaPraised"5; E511| But sure such ornaments we well may spare  
N-"SirJoshuaPraised"6; E511| As Crooked limbs & louzy heads of hair *t1377*

ED; E511| \*

N-title; E511| Florentine Ingratitude

N-FlorentineIngrat1; E511| Sir Joshua sent his own Portrait to  
N-FlorentineIngrat2; E511| The birth Place of Michael Angelo  
N-FlorentineIngrat3; E511| And in the hand of the simpering fool  
N-FlorentineIngrat4; E511| He put a Dirty paper scroll  
N-FlorentineIngrat5; E511| And on the paper to be polite  
N-FlorentineIngrat6; E511| Did Sketches by Michel Angelo write *t1378*  
N-FlorentineIngrat7; E511| The Florentines said Tis a Dutch English bore  
  
N-FlorentineIngrat8; E512| Michael Angelos Name writ on Rembrandts door  
N-FlorentineIngrat9; E512| The Florentines call it an English Fetch  
N-FlorentineIngrat10; E512| For Michael Angelo did never Sketch  
N-FlorentineIngrat11; E512| Every line of his has Meaning  
N-FlorentineIngrat12; E512| And needs neither Suckling nor Weaning  
N-FlorentineIngrat13; E512| Tis the trading English Venetian Cant *t1379*  
N-FlorentineIngrat14; E512| To speak Michael Angelo & Act Rembrandt  
N-FlorentineIngrat15; E512| It will set his Dutch friends all in a roar  
N-FlorentineIngrat16; E512| To write Mch Ang on Rembrandts Door  
N-FlorentineIngrat17; E512| But You must not bring in your hand a Lie  
N-FlorentineIngrat18; E512| If you mean that the Florentines should buy  
N-FlorentineIngrat19; E512| Ghiottos Circle or Apelles Line  
N-FlorentineIngrat20; E512| Were not the Work of Sketchers drunk with Wine  
N-FlorentineIngrat21; E512| Nor of the City Clarks merry hearted Fashion  
N-FlorentineIngrat22; E512| Nor of Sir Isaac Newtons Calculation  
N-FlorentineIngrat23; E512| Nor of the City Clarks Idle Facilities *t1380*  
N-FlorentineIngrat24; E512| Which sprang from Sir Isaac Newtons great Abilities

N-FlorentineIngrat25; E512| These Verses were written by a very Envious Man *t1381*  
N-FlorentineIngrat26; E512| Who whatever likeness he may have to Michael Angelo  
N-FlorentineIngrat27; E512| Never can have any to Sir Jehoshuan

ED; E512| \*

N-title; E512| A Pitiful Case *t1382*

N-APitifulCase1; E512| The Villain at the Gallows tree  
N-APitifulCase2; E512| When he is doomd to die  
N-APitifulCase3; E512| To assuage his misery  
N-APitifulCase4; E512| In Virtues praise does cry

N-APitifulCase5; E512| So Reynolds when he came to die  
N-APitifulCase6; E512| To assuage his bitter woe:  
N-APitifulCase7; E512| Thus aloud did howl & cry *t1383*  
N-APitifulCase8; E512| Michael Angelo Michael Angelo

ED; E512| \*

N-title; E512| To the Royal Academy

N-ToTheRoyalAcademy1; E512| A strange Erratum in all the Editions  
N-ToTheRoyalAcademy2; E512| Of Sir Joshua Reynoldss Lectures  
N-ToTheRoyalAcademy3; E512| Shou[l]d be corrected by the Young Gentlemen  
N-ToTheRoyalAcademy4; E512| And the Royal Academys Directors

N-ToTheRoyalAcademy5; E512| Instead of Michael Angelo  
N-ToTheRoyalAcademy6; E512| Read Rembrandt for it is fit *t1384*  
N-ToTheRoyalAcademy7; E512| To make meer common honesty *t1385*  
N-ToTheRoyalAcademy8; E512| In all that he has writ

ED; E513| \*

N-"TheCrippleEveryStep"1; E513| The Cripple every Step Drudges & labours  
N-"TheCrippleEveryStep"2; E513| And says come learn to walk of me Good Neighbours  
N-"TheCrippleEveryStep"3; E513| Sir Joshua in astonishment cries out  
N-"TheCrippleEveryStep"4; E513| See what Great Labour Pain him & Modest Doubt  
N-"TheCrippleEveryStep"5; E513| Newton & Bacon cry being badly Nurst.  
N-"TheCrippleEveryStep"6; E513| He is all Experiments from last to first  
N-"TheCrippleEveryStep"7; E513| He walks & stumbles as if he crep  
N-"TheCrippleEveryStep"8; E513| And how high labourd is every step

ED; E513| [For other verses on Joshua Reynolds see Marginalia, pages 641, 642, 656.]

ED; E513| \*

N-"I\_RubensAm"1; E513| I Rubens am a Statesman & a Saint *t1386*  
N-"I\_RubensAm"2; E513| Deceptions? O no--so I'll learn to Paint *t1387*

ED; E513| \*

N-title; E513| To English Connoisseurs

N-"ToEngConnoisseurs"1; E513| You must agree that Rubens was a Fool  
N-"ToEngConnoisseurs"2; E513| And yet you make him master of Your School  
N-"ToEngConnoisseurs"3; E513| And give more money for his Slobberings  
N-"ToEngConnoisseurs"4; E513| Than you will give for Rafaels finest Things  
N-"ToEngConnoisseurs"5; E513| I understood Christ was a Carpenter  
N-"ToEngConnoisseurs"6; E513| And not a Brewers Servant my good Sir

ED; E513| \*

N-"SwelledLimbs"1; E513| Swelld limbs with no outline that you can descry  
N-"SwelledLimbs"2; E513| That Stink in the Nose of a Stander by  
N-"SwelledLimbs"3; E513| But all the Pulp washd painted finishd with labour  
N-"SwelledLimbs"4; E513| Of an hundred journeymens how dye do Neighbour

ED; E513| \*

N-title-PrettyEpigram1; E513| A Pretty Epigram for the Entertainment of those who have Paid *t1388*  
N-title-PrettyEpigram1; E513| Great Sums in the Venetian & Flemish Ooze

N-APrettyEpigram1; E513| Nature & Art in this together Suit  
N-APrettyEpigram2; E513| What is Most Grand is always most Minute  
N-APrettyEpigram3; E513| Rubens thinks Tables Chairs & Stools are Grand  
N-APrettyEpigram4; E513| But Rafael thinks A Head a foot a hand

ED; E513| \*



N-"TheseAreThe"1; E513|  
N-"TheseAreThe"2; E513|  
N-"TheseAreThe"3; E513|  
N-"TheseAreThe"4; E513|  
N-"TheseAreThe"5; E513|

These are the Idiots chiefest arts *t1389*  
To blend & not define the Parts  
The Swallow sings in Courts of Kings  
That Fools have their high finishings  
And this the Princes golden rule

N-"TheseAreThe"6; E514|  
N-"TheseAreThe"7; E514|  
N-"TheseAreThe"8; E514|

The Laborious stumble of a Fool  
To make out the parts is the wise mans aim  
But to lose them the Fool makes his foolish Game

ED; E514| \*

N-"RafaelSublime"1; E514|  
N-"RafaelSublime"2; E514|  
N-"RafaelSublime"3; E514|  
N-"RafaelSublime"4; E514|  
N-"RafaelSublime"5; E514|  
N-"RafaelSublime"6; E514|  
N-"RafaelSublime"7; E514|

Rafael Sublime Majestic Graceful Wise  
His Executive Power must I despise *t1390*  
Rubens Low Vulgar Stupid Ignorant  
His power of Execution I must grant  
Learn the Laborious stumble of a Fool *t1391*  
And from an Idiots Actions form my rule  
Go send your Children to the Slobbering School

ED; E514| \*

N-title; E514|  
N-title-GreatEncour2; E514|  
N-title-GreatEncour3; E514|  
N-title-GreatEncour4; E514|

## On the Great Encouragement

Given by English Nobility & Gentry to Correggio Rubens *t1392*  
Rembrandt Reynolds Gainsborough Catalani  
DuCrowe & Dilberry Doodle

N-OnTheGreatEncour1; E514|  
N-OnTheGreatEncour2; E514|  
N-OnTheGreatEncour3; E514|  
N-OnTheGreatEncour4; E514|  
N-OnTheGreatEncour5; E514|  
N-OnTheGreatEncour6; E514|

As the Ignorant Savage will sell his own Wife  
For a Sword or a Cutlass a dagger or Knife *t1393*  
So the Taught Savage Englishman spends his whole Fortune *t1394*  
On a smear or a squall to destroy Picture or Tune *t1395*  
And I call upon Colonel Wardle  
To give these Rascals a dose of Cawdle

ED; E514| \*

N-"GivePensionsTo"1; E514|  
N-"GivePensionsTo"2; E514|  
N-"GivePensionsTo"3; E514|  
N-"GivePensionsTo"4; E514|

Give pensions to the Learned Pig  
Or the Hare playing on a Tabor  
Anglus can never see Perfection  
But in the Journeymans Labour

ED; E514| \*

N-"WhenI\_See"1; E514| When I see a Rubens Rembrant Correggio *t1396*  
N-"WhenI\_See"2; E514| I think of the Crippled Harry & Slobbering Joe  
N-"WhenI\_See"3; E514| And then I question thus are artists rules *t1397*  
N-"WhenI\_See"4; E514| To be drawn from the works of two manifest fools  
N-"WhenI\_See"5; E514| Then God defend us from the Arts I say  
N-"WhenI\_See"6; E514| Send Battle Murder Sudden Death O pray *t1398*  
N-"WhenI\_See"7; E514| Rather than be such a blind Human Fool *t1399*  
N-"WhenI\_See"8; E514| Id be an Ass a Hog a Worm a Chair a Stool

ED; E514| \*

N-"DelicateHands"1; E514| Delicate Hands & Heads will never appear  
N-"DelicateHands"2; E514| While Titians &c as in the Book of Moonlight p 5 *t1400*

ED; E515| \* *t1401*

N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"1; E515| I askd my Dear Friend Orator Prigg  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"2; E515| Whats the first part of Oratory he said a great wig  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"3; E515| And what is the second then dancing a jig  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"4; E515| And bowing profoundly he said a great wig  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"5; E515| And what is the third then he snord like a pig  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"6; E515| And puffing his cheeks he replied a Great wig *t1402*  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"7; E515| So if a Great Panter with Questions you push  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"8; E515| Whats the first Part of Panting hell say a Pant Brush  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"9; E515| And what is the second with most modest blush  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"10; E515| Hell smile like a Cherub & say a pant Brush *t1403*  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"11; E515| And what is the third hell bow like a rush  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"12; E515| With a lear in his Eye hell reply a Pant Brush

N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"13; E515| Perhaps this is all a Painter can want  
N-"I\_AskdMyDearFriend"14; E515| But look yonder that house is the house of Rembrant

ED; E515| \* *t1404*

N-"ODearMotherOutline"1; E515| O dear Mother outline of knowledge most sage *t1405*  
N-"ODearMotherOutline"2; E515| Whats the First Part of Painting she said Patronage  
N-"ODearMotherOutline"3; E515| And what is the second to Please & Engage *t1406*  
N-"ODearMotherOutline"4; E515| She frownd like a Fury & said Patronage

N-"ODearMotherOutline"5; E515|

And what is the Third she put off Old Age

N-"ODearMotherOutline"6; E515|

And smild like a Syren & said Patronage

ED; E515| \*

N-title; E515| To Venetian Artists

N-ToVenetianArtists1; E515|

That God is Colouring Newton does shew *t1407*

N-ToVenetianArtists2; E515|

And the devil is a Black outline all of us know

N-ToVenetianArtists3; E515|

Perhaps this little Fable may make us merry

N-ToVenetianArtists4; E515|

A dog went over the water without a wherry

N-ToVenetianArtists5; E515|

A bone which he had stolen he had in his mouth

N-ToVenetianArtists6; E515|

He cared not whether the wind was north or south

N-ToVenetianArtists7; E515|

As he swam he saw the reflection of the bone

N-ToVenetianArtists8; E515|

This is quite Perfection, one Generalizing Tone *t1408*

N-ToVenetianArtists9; E515|

Outline Theres no outline Theres no such thing *t1409*

N-ToVenetianArtists10; E515|

All is Chiaro Scuro Poco Piu its all Colouring

N-ToVenetianArtists11; E515|

Snap. Snap! he has lost shadow & substance too *t1410*

N-ToVenetianArtists12; E515|

He had them both before now how do ye do

N-ToVenetianArtists13; E515|

A great deal better than I was before

N-ToVenetianArtists14; E515|

Those who taste colouring love it more & more *t1411*

ED; E515| \*

N-"GreatMen&Fools"1; E515|

Great Men & Fools do often me Inspire

N-"GreatMen&Fools"2; E515|

But the Greater Fool the Greater Liar

N-"SomePeople"1; E516|

Some people admire the work of a Fool

N-"SomePeople"2; E516|

For its sure to keep your judgment cool

N-"SomePeople"3; E516|

It does not reproach you with want of wit

N-"SomePeople"4; E516|

It is not like a lawyer serving a writ

ED; E516| \*

N-"HerWholeLife"1; E516|

Her whole Life is an Epigram smack smooth & nobly pend *t1412*

N-"HerWholeLife"2; E516|

Platted quite neat to catch applause with a sliding noose at the end

ED; E516| \*

N-"WhenAMan"1; E516|

When a Man has Married a Wife

N-"WhenAMan"2; E516|

he finds out whether

N-"WhenAMan"3; E516|  
N-"WhenAMan"4; E516|

Her knees & elbows are only  
glued together *t1413*

ED; E516| \*

N-"GrownOld"1; E516|  
N-"GrownOld"2; E516|

Grown old in Love from Seven till Seven times Seven  
I oft have wishd for Hell for Ease from Heaven

ED; E516| \*

N-"TheHebrewNation"1; E516|  
N-"TheHebrewNation"2; E516|

The Hebrew Nation did not write it  
Avarice & Chastity did shite it

ED; E516| \*

N-title; E516| To God

N-ToGod1; E516|  
N-ToGod2; E516|

If you have formd a Circle to go into  
Go into it yourself & see how you would do

ED; E516| \*

N-"SinceAllTheRiches"1; E516|  
N-"SinceAllTheRiches"2; E516|  
N-"SinceAllTheRiches"3; E516|  
N-"SinceAllTheRiches"4; E516|

Since all the Riches of this World *t1414*  
May be gifts from the Devil & Earthly Kings  
I should suspect that I worshipd the Devil  
If I thankd my God for Worldly things *t1415*

ED; E516| \*

N-"ToChloesBreast"1; E516|  
N-"ToChloesBreast"2; E516|

To Chloes breast young Cupid slily stole  
But he crept in at Myras pocket hole

ED; E517| \*

title; E517| The Phoenix to Mrs Butts *t1416*

PhoenixToMrsButts1; E517|

I saw a Bird rise from the East

PhoenixToMrsButts2; E517	As a Bird rises from its Nest
PhoenixToMrsButts3; E517	With sweetest Songs I ever heard
PhoenixToMrsButts4; E517	It sang I am Mrs Butts's Bird
PhoenixToMrsButts5; E517	And then I saw a Fairy gay
PhoenixToMrsButts6; E517	That with this beauteous Bird would play
PhoenixToMrsButts7; E517	From a golden cloud she came
PhoenixToMrsButts8; E517	She call'd the sweet Bird by its name
PhoenixToMrsButts9; E517	She call'd it Phoenix! Heavens Dove!
PhoenixToMrsButts10; E517	She call'd it all the names of Love
PhoenixToMrsButts11; E517	But the Bird flew fast away
PhoenixToMrsButts12; E517	Where little Children sport & play
PhoenixToMrsButts13; E517	And they strok'd it with their hands
PhoenixToMrsButts14; E517	All their cooe's it understands
PhoenixToMrsButts15; E517	The Fairy to my bosom flew
PhoenixToMrsButts16; E517	Weeping tears of morning dew
PhoenixToMrsButts17; E517	I said: Thou foolish whimpring thing
PhoenixToMrsButts18; E517	Is not that thy Fairy Ring
PhoenixToMrsButts19; E517	Where those Children sport & play
PhoenixToMrsButts20; E517	In Fairy fancies light & gay
PhoenixToMrsButts21; E517	Seem a Child & be a Child
PhoenixToMrsButts22; E517	And the Phoenix is beguild
PhoenixToMrsButts23; E517	But if thou seem'st a Fairy thing
PhoenixToMrsButts24; E517	Then it flies on glancing Wing
PhoenixToMrsButts; E517	WILLIAM BLAKE

ED; E517| \*

N-"NailHisNeck"1; E517	Nail his neck to the Cross nail it with a nail
N-"NailHisNeck"2; E517	Nail his neck to the Cross ye all have power over his tail

ED; E517| \*

N-"AWomanScaly"1; E517	A Woman Scaly & a Man all Hairy
N-"AWomanScaly"2; E517	Is such a Match as he who dares
N-"AWomanScaly"3; E517	Will find the Womans Scales Scrape off the Mans Hairs

ED; E517| \*

N-title; E517	The Washer Womans Song
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N-WasherWomansSong1; E517	I washd them out & washd them in
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And they told me it was a great Sin



ED; E518| THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL  
ED; E518| PAGES 52-54 [Preface]

ED; E518| [m] *t1417*

EG[m]1; E518| I will tell you what Joseph of Arimathea  
EG[m]2; E518| Said to my Fairy was not it very queer *t1418*  
EG[m]3; E518| Pliny & Trajan what are You here  
EG[m]4; E518| Come listen to Joseph of Arimathea  
EG[m]5; E518| Listen patient & when Joseph has done  
EG[m]6; E518| Twill make a fool laugh & a Fairy Fun

ED; E518| [n] *t1419*

EG[n]1; E518| What can be done with such desperate Fools  
EG[n]2; E518| Who follow after the Heathen Schools  
EG[n]3; E518| I was standing by when Jesus died  
EG[n]4; E518| What I calld Humility they calld Pride

ED; E518| [k]

title; E518| The Everlasting Gospel

EG[k]1; E518| Was Jesus Humble or did he  
EG[k]2; E518| Give any Proofs of Humility  
EG[k]3; E518| Boast of high Things with Humble tone  
EG[k]4; E518| And give with Charity a Stone  
EG[k]5; E518| When but a Child he ran away  
EG[k]6; E518| And left his Parents in Dismay  
EG[k]7; E518| When they had wanderd three days long  
EG[k]8; E518| These were the words upon his tongue  
EG[k]9; E518| No Earthly Parents I confess  
EG[k]10; E518| I am doing my Fathers business  
EG[k]11; E518| When the rich learned Pharisee

EG[k]12; E519| Came to consult him secretly  
EG[k]13; E519| Upon his heart with Iron pen  
EG[k]14; E519| He wrote Ye must be born again  
EG[k]15; E519| He was too proud to take a bribe  
EG[k]16; E519| He spoke with authority not like a Scribe  
EG[k]17; E519| He says with most consummate Art

EG[k]18; E519| Follow me I am meek & lowly of heart  
EG[k]19; E519| As that is the only way to escape  
EG[k]20; E519| The Misers net & the Gluttons trap  
EG[k]21; E519| He who loves his Enemies betrays his Friends *t1420*  
EG[k]22; E519| This surely is not what Jesus intends  
EG[k]23; E519| But the sneaking Pride of Heroic Schools  
EG[k]24; E519| And the Scribes & Pharisees Virtuous Rules  
EG[k]25; E519| For he acts with honest triumphant Pride *t1421*  
EG[k]26; E519| And this is the cause that Jesus died *t1422*  
EG[k]27; E519| He did not die with Christian Ease  
EG[k]28; E519| Asking Pardon of his Enemies  
EG[k]29; E519| If he had Caiaphas would forgive  
EG[k]30; E519| Sneaking submission can always live  
EG[k]31; E519| He had only to say that God was the devil  
EG[k]32; E519| And the devil was God like a Christian Civil  
EG[k]33; E519| Mild Christian regrets to the devil confess  
EG[k]34; E519| For affronting him thrice in the Wilderness *t1423*  
EG[k]35; E519| He had soon been bloody Caesars Elf  
EG[k]36; E519| And at last he would have been Caesar himself  
EG[k]37; E519| Like dr Priestly & Bacon & Newton *t1424*  
EG[k]38; E519| Poor Spiritual Knowledge is not worth a button  
EG[k]39; E519| For thus the Gospel Sr Isaac confutes  
EG[k]40; E519| God can only be known by his Attributes  
EG[k]41; E519| And as for the Indwelling of the Holy Ghost  
EG[k]42; E519| Or of Christ & his Father its all a boast  
EG[k]43; E519| And Pride & Vanity of Imagination  
EG[k]44; E519| That disdains to follow this Worlds Fashion  
EG[k]45; E519| To teach doubt & Experiment  
EG[k]46; E519| Certainly was not what Christ meant  
EG[k]47; E519| What was he doing all that time  
EG[k]48; E519| From twelve years old to manly prime  
EG[k]49; E519| Was he then Idle or the Less  
EG[k]50; E519| About his Fathers business  
EG[k]51; E519| Or was his wisdom held in scorn  
EG[k]52; E519| Before his wrath began to burn  
EG[k]53; E519| In Miracles throughout the Land  
EG[k]54; E519| That quite unnervd Lord Caiaphas hand *t1425*  
EG[k]55; E519| If he had been Antichrist Creeping Jesus  
EG[k]56; E519| Hed have done any thing to please us  
EG[k]57; E519| Gone sneaking into Synagogues

EG[k]58; E520| And not usd the Elders & Priests like dogs  
EG[k]59; E520| But Humble as a Lamb or Ass  
EG[k]60; E520| Obeyd himself to Caiaphas  
EG[k]61; E520| God wants not Man to Humble himself

EG[k]62; E520| This is the trick of the ancient Elf  
 EG[k]63; E520| This is the Race that Jesus ran *t1426*  
 EG[k]64; E520| Humble to God Haughty to Man  
 EG[k]65; E520| Cursing the Rulers before the People  
 EG[k]66; E520| Even to the temples highest Steeple  
 EG[k]67; E520| And when he Humbled himself to God  
 EG[k]68; E520| Then descended the Cruel Rod  
 EG[k]69; E520| If thou humblest thyself thou humblest me *t1427*  
 EG[k]70; E520| Thou also dwellst in Eternity  
 EG[k]71; E520| Thou art a Man God is no more  
 EG[k]72; E520| Thy own humanity learn to adore  
 EG[k]73; E520| For that is my Spirit of Life  
 EG[k]74; E520| Awake arise to Spiritual Strife  
 EG[k]75; E520| And thy Revenge abroad display  
 EG[k]76; E520| In terrors at the Last Judgment day  
 EG[k]77; E520| Gods Mercy & Long Suffering  
 EG[k]78; E520| Is but the Sinner to Judgment to bring  
 EG[k]79; E520| Thou on the Cross for them shalt pray  
 EG[k]80; E520| And take Revenge at the Last Day *t1428*  
 EG[k]81; E520| Jesus replied & thunders hurld  
 EG[k]82; E520| I never will Pray for the World  
 EG[k]83; E520| Once [I] did so when I prayd ill the Garden *t1429*  
 EG[k]84; E520| I wishd to take with me a Bodily Pardon  
 EG[k]85; E520| Can that which was of Woman born  
 EG[k]86; E520| In the absence of the Morn  
 EG[k]87; E520| When the Soul fell into Sleep  
 EG[k]88; E520| And Archangels round it weep  
 EG[k]89; E520| Shooting out against the Light  
 EG[k]90; E520| Fibres of a deadly night  
 EG[k]91; E520| Reasoning upon its own Dark Fiction  
 EG[k]92; E520| In Doubt which is Self Contradiction  
 EG[k]93; E520| Humility is only Doubt  
 EG[k]94; E520| And does the Sun & Moon blot out  
 EG[k]95; E520| Rooting over with thorns & stems  
 EG[k]96; E520| The buried Soul & all its Gems  
 EG[k]97; E520| This Lifes dim Windows of the Soul  
 EG[k]98; E520| Distorts the Heavens from Pole to Pole  
 EG[k]99; E520| And leads you to Believe a Lie  
 EG[k]100; E520| When you see with not thro the Eye  
 EG[k]101; E520| That was born in a night to perish in a night  
 EG[k]102; E520| When the Soul slept in the beams of Light.

EG[f]1; E521| Was Jesus Chaste or did he  
EG[f]2; E521| Give any Lessons of Chastity  
EG[f]3; E521| The morning blushd fiery red  
EG[f]4; E521| Mary was found in Adulterous bed  
EG[f]5; E521| Earth groand beneath & Heaven above  
EG[f]6; E521| Trembled at discovery of Love  
EG[f]7; E521| Jesus was sitting in Moses Chair  
EG[f]8; E521| They brought the trembling Woman There  
EG[f]9; E521| Moses commands she be stoned to Death  
EG[f]10; E521| What was the sound of Jesus breath *t1430*  
EG[f]11; E521| He laid his hand on Moses Law  
EG[f]12; E521| The Ancient Heavens in Silent Awe  
EG[f]13; E521| Writ with Curses from Pole to Pole  
EG[f]14; E521| All away began to roll  
EG[f]15; E521| The Earth trembling & Naked lay  
EG[f]16; E521| In secret bed of Mortal Clay  
EG[f]17; E521| On Sinai felt the hand Divine  
EG[f]18; E521| Putting back the bloody shrine  
EG[f]19; E521| And she heard the breath of God  
EG[f]20; E521| As she heard by Edens flood  
EG[f]21; E521| Good & Evil are no more *t1431*  
EG[f]22; E521| Sinais trumpets cease to roar  
EG[f]23; E521| Cease finger of God to Write  
EG[f]24; E521| The Heavens are not clean in thy Sight  
EG[f]25; E521| Thou art Good & thou Alone  
EG[f]26; E521| Nor may the sinner cast one stone  
EG[f]27; E521| To be Good only is to be  
EG[f]28; E521| A Devil or else a Pharisee *t1432*  
EG[f]29; E521| Thou Angel of the Presence Divine  
EG[f]30; E521| That didst create this Body of Mine  
EG[f]31; E521| Wherefore has[t] thou writ these Laws  
EG[f]32; E521| And Created Hells dark jaws  
EG[f]33; E521| My Presence I will take from thee  
EG[f]34; E521| A Cold Leper thou shalt be  
EG[f]35; E521| Tho thou wast so pure & bright  
EG[f]36; E521| That Heaven was Impure in thy Sight *t1433*  
EG[f]37; E521| Tho thy Oath turnd Heaven Pale  
EG[f]38; E521| Tho thy Covenant built Hells Jail  
EG[f]39; E521| Tho thou didst all to Chaos roll  
EG[f]40; E521| With the Serpent for its soul  
EG[f]41; E521| Still the breath Divine does move  
EG[f]42; E521| And the breath Divine is Love  
EG[f]43; E521| Mary Fear Not Let me see

EG[f]44; E522| The Seven Devils that torment thee  
EG[f]45; E522| Hide not from my Sight thy Sin  
EG[f]46; E522| That forgiveness thou maist win  
EG[f]47; E522| Has no Man Condemned thee  
EG[f]48; E522| No Man Lord! then what is he  
EG[f]49; E522| Who shall Accuse thee. Come Ye forth  
EG[f]50; E522| Fallen Fiends of Heavnlly birth  
EG[f]51; E522| That have forgot your Ancient love  
EG[f]52; E522| And driven away my trembling Dove  
EG[f]53; E522| You shall bow before her feet  
EG[f]54; E522| You shall lick the dust for Meat  
EG[f]55; E522| And tho you cannot Love but Hate  
EG[f]56; E522| Shall be beggars at Loves Gate  
EG[f]57; E522| What was thy love Let me see it *t1434*  
EG[f]58; E522| Was it love or Dark Deceit  
EG[f]59; E522| Love too long from Me has fled.  
EG[f]60; E522| Twas dark deceit to Earn my bread  
EG[f]61; E522| Twas Covet or twas Custom or  
EG[f]62; E522| Some trifle not worth caring for *t1435*  
EG[f]63; E522| That they may call a shame & Sin *t1436*  
EG[f]64; E522| Loves Temple that God dwelleth in *t1437*  
EG[f]65; E522| And hide in secret hidden Shrine  
EG[f]66; E522| The Naked Human form divine  
EG[f]67; E522| .And render that a Lawless thing  
EG[f]68; E522| On which the Soul Expands its wing  
EG[f]69; E522| But this O Lord this was my Sin  
EG[f]70; E522| When first I let these Devils in  
EG[f]71; E522| In dark pretence to Chastity  
EG[f]72; E522| Blaspheming Love blaspheming thee  
EG[f]73; E522| Thence Rose Secret Adulteries  
EG[f]74; E522| And thence did Covet also rise  
EG[f]75; E522| My Sin thou hast forgiven me  
EG[f]76; E522| Canst thou forgive my Blasphemy  
EG[f]77; E522| Canst thou return to this dark Hell  
EG[f]78; E522| And in my burning bosom dwell  
EG[f]79; E522| And canst thou Die that I may live  
EG[f]80; E522| And canst thou Pity & forgive  
EG[f]81; E522| Then Rolld the shadowy Man away  
EG[f]82; E522| From the Limbs of Jesus to make them his prey  
EG[f]83; E522| An Ever devo[u]ring appetite  
EG[f]84; E522| Glittering with festering Venoms bright  
EG[f]85; E522| Crying Crucify this cause of distress *t1438*  
EG[f]86; E522| Who dont keep the secrets of Holiness *t1439*  
EG[f]87; E522| All Mental Powers by Diseases we bind  
EG[f]88; E522| But he heals the Deaf & the Dumb & the Blind  
EG[f]89; E522| Whom God has afflicted for Secret Ends

EG[f]90; E523	He comforts & Heals & calls them Friends
EG[f]91; E523	But when Jesus was Crucified
EG[f]92; E523	Then was perfected his glittering pride <i>t1440</i>
EG[f]93; E523	In three Nights he devourd his prey
EG[f]94; E523	And still he devours the Body of Clay
EG[f]95; E523	For Dust & Clay is the Serpents meat <i>t1441</i>
EG[f]96; E523	Which never was made for Man to Eat

ED; E523	PAGES 100-101
ED; E523	[i]

EG[i]1; E523	Was Jesus gentle or did he
EG[i]2; E523	Give any marks of Gentility
EG[i]3; E523	When twelve years old he ran away
EG[i]4; E523	And left his Parents in dismay
EG[i]5; E523	When after three days sorrow found
EG[i]6; E523	Loud as Sinai's trumpet sound
EG[i]7; E523	No Earthly Parents I confess
EG[i]8; E523	My Heavenly Fathers business
EG[i]9; E523	Ye understand not what I say
EG[i]10; E523	And angry force me to obey
EG[i]11; E523	Obedience is a duty then
EG[i]12; E523	And favour gains with God & Men
EG[i]13; E523	John from the Wilderness loud cried
EG[i]14; E523	Satan gloried in his Pride
EG[i]15; E523	Come said Satan come away
EG[i]16; E523	Ill soon see if youll obey
EG[i]17; E523	John for disobedience bled
EG[i]18; E523	But you can turn the stones to bread
EG[i]19; E523	Gods high king & Gods high Priest
EG[i]20; E523	Shall Plant their Glories in your breast
EG[i]21; E523	If Caiaphas you will obey
EG[i]22; E523	If Herod you with bloody Prey
EG[i]23; E523	Feed with the Sacrifice & be
EG[i]24; E523	Obedient fall down worship me
EG[i]25; E523	Thunders & lightnings broke around
EG[i]26; E523	And Jesus voice in thunders sound
EG[i]27; E523	Thus I sieze the Spiritual Prey
EG[i]28; E523	Ye smiters with disease make way
EG[i]29; E523	I come Your King & God to sieze
EG[i]30; E523	Is God a Smiter with disease
EG[i]31; E523	The God of this World raged in vain
EG[i]32; E523	He bound Old Satan in his Chain



EG[i]33; E523| And bursting forth his furious ire  
EG[i]34; E523| Became a Chariot of fire  
EG[i]35; E523| Throughout the land he took his course  
EG[i]36; E523| And traced Diseases to their Source  
EG[i]37; E523| He cursd the Scribe & Pharisee

EG[i]38; E524| Trampling down Hipocrisy  
EG[i]39; E524| Where eer his Chariot took its way  
EG[i]40; E524| There Gates of Death let in the Day  
EG[i]41; E524| Broke down from every Chain & Bar  
EG[i]42; E524| And Satan in his Spiritual War  
EG[i]43; E524| Dragd at his Chariot wheels loud howld  
EG[i]44; E524| The God of this World louder rolld  
EG[i]45; E524| The Chariot Wheels & louder still  
EG[i]46; E524| His voice was heard from Zions hill  
EG[i]47; E524| And in his hand the Scourge shone bright  
EG[i]48; E524| He scourgd the Merchant Canaanite  
EG[i]49; E524| From out the Temple of his Mind  
EG[i]50; E524| And in his Body tight does bind  
EG[i]51; E524| Satan & all his Hellish Crew  
EG[i]52; E524| And thus with wrath he did subdue  
EG[i]53; E524| The Serpent Bulk of Natures dross  
EG[i]54; E524| Till he had naild it to the Cross  
EG[i]55; E524| He took on Sin in the Virgins Womb  
EG[i]56; E524| And put it off on the Cross & Tomb *t1442*  
EG[i]57; E524| To be Worshipd by the Church of Rome

ED; E524| PAGE 33  
ED; E524| [e]

EG[e]1; E524| The Vision of Christ that thou dost see  
EG[e]2; E524| Is my Visions Greatest Enemy  
EG[e]3; E524| Thine has a great hook nose like thine  
EG[e]4; E524| Mine has a snub nose like to mine  
EG[e]5; E524| Thine is the Friend of All Mankind  
EG[e]6; E524| Mine speaks in parables to the Blind  
EG[e]7; E524| Thine loves the same world that mine hates  
EG[e]8; E524| Thy Heaven doors are my Hell Gates *t1443*  
EG[e]9; E524| Socrates taught what Melitus  
EG[e]10; E524| Loathd as a Nations bitterest Curse  
EG[e]11; E524| And Caiphas was in his own Mind  
EG[e]12; E524| A benefactor of Mankind  
EG[e]13; E524| Both read the Bible day & night  
EG[e]14; E524| But thou readst black where I read white

ED; E524| \*

ED; E524| [Marginal Comments on this Poem]

ED; E524| PAGE 54  
ED; E524| [I]

ED; E524| [At k 102, on the whole Humility section]

EG[I]1; E524| I am sure This Jesus will not do  
EG[I]2; E524| Either for Englishman or Jew

ED; E525| \*

ED; E525| PAGE 48

ED; E525| [h]

ED; E525| [On an aborted attempt by Blake's Spectre to add a  
ED; E525| Philosophy section, halted after two couplets]

EG[h]title; E525| This was Spoke by My Spectre to Voltaire Bacon &c

EG[h]1; E525| Did Jesus teach Doubt or did he  
EG[h]2; E525| Give any lessons of Philosophy  
EG[h]3; E525| Charge Visionaries with Deceiving  
EG[h]4; E525| Or call Men wise for not Believing

ED; E526	[BLAKE'S EXHIBITION
ED; E526	AND CATALOGUE OF 1809]
ED; E526	[Advertisement of the Exhibition] <i>t1444</i>
ED; E526	
DC[ad-exhib]title1; E526	Exhibition of <i>Paintings in Fresco</i> ,
DC[ad-exhib]title2; E526	Poetical and Historical Inventions,
DC[ad-exhib]; E526	BY. Wm. Blake.
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	PAGE 1
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	THE ANCIENT BRITONS--Three Ancient Britons overthrowing the
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	Army of armed Romans; the Figures full as large as Life--From the
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	Welch Triades. <i>t1445</i>
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	In the last Battle that Arthur fought, the most Beautiful was one
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	That return'd, and the most Strong another: with them also return'd
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	The most Ugly, and no other beside return'd from the bloody Field.
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	The most Beautiful, the Roman Warriors trembled before and worshipped:
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	The most Strong, they melted before him and dissolved in his presence:
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	The most Ugly they fled with outcries and contortion of their Limbs.
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS from <i>Chaucer</i> --a cabinet Picture
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E526	in Fresco--Thirty Figures on Horse-back, in a brilliant Morning Scene.
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	Two Pictures, representing grand Apotheoses of NELSON and
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	PITT, with variety of cabinet Pictures, unchangeable and
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	permanent in Fresco, and Drawings for Public Inspection and for
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	Sale by Private Contract, at
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	<i>No. 28, Corner of BROAD STREET, Golden-Square.</i>
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	<hr/>
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	<i>"Fit Audience find tho' few"</i> MILTON.
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	<hr/>
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	Admittance 2s. 6d. each Person, a discriptive Catalogue
DC[ad-exhib]p1; E527	included. <Containing Ample Illustrations on Art>

*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 Gentlem[e]n, 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 Watercolours; it is therefore become necessary that I should exhibit to the Public, in an Exhibition of my own,

DC[ad-exhib]p2; E528| my Designs, Painted in Watercolours. If Italy is enriched and  
DC[ad-exhib]p2; E528| made great by RAPHAEL, if MICHAEL ANGELO is its supreme glory, if  
DC[ad-exhib]p2; E528| Art is the glory of a Nation, if Genius and Inspiration are the  
DC[ad-exhib]p2; E528| great Origin and Bond of Society, the distinction my Works have  
DC[ad-exhib]p2; E528| obtained from those who best understand such things, calls for my  
DC[ad-exhib]p2; E528| Exhibition as the greatest of Duties to my Country.  
DC[ad-exhib]p2; E528| <May 15. 1809>  
DC[ad-exhib]p2; E528| *WILLIAM BLAKE*

ED; E528| [Advertisement of the Catalogue]

DC[ad-cat]; E528| A Descriptive Catalogue of  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| Blake's Exhibition,

DC[ad-cat]; E528| At No. 28, Corner of  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| BROAD-STREET  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| GOLDEN-SQUARE.

DC[ad-cat]; E528| THE grand style of Art restored; in FRESCO, or Water-colour  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| Painting, and England protected from the too just imputation  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| of being the Seat and Protectress of bad (that is blotting and  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| blurring) Art.  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| In this Exhibition will be seen real Art, as it was left us  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| by *Raphael* and *Albert Durer*, *Michael Angelo*,  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| and *Julio Romano*; stripped from the Ignorances of  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| *Rubens* and *Rembrandt*, *Titian* and *Correggio*;

DC[ad-cat]; E528| BY WILLIAM BLAKE.

DC[ad-cat]; E528| The Descriptive Catalogue, Price 2s. 6d. containing Mr. B.'s  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| Opinions and Determinations on Art, very necessary to be known by  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| Artists and Connoisseurs of all Ranks. Every Purchaser of a  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| Catalogue will be entitled, at the time of purchase, to view the  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| Exhibition.  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| These Original Conceptions on Art, by an Original Artist,  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| are sold only at the Corner of BROAD STREET.

DC[ad-cat]; E528| *Admittance to the Exhibition 1 Shilling; an Index to the*  
DC[ad-cat]; E528| *Catalogue gratis*

DC[ad-cat]; E528| Printed by Watts & Bridgewater, Southmolton-street.

ED; E529| [The Catalogue]

DCtitle; E529| A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF PICTURES,

DCsubtitle; E529| Poetical and Historical Inventions,

DCp.i; E529| Painted by William Blake, in Water Colours, Being the Ancient  
DCp.i; E529| Method of Fresco Painting Restored: and Drawings, For Public  
DCp.i; E529| Inspection, and for Sale by Private Contract, <At N 28 Corner of  
DCp.i; E529| Broad Street-Golden Square> <sup>t1446</sup>

DCp.i; E529| London; Printed by D. N. Shury, 7, Berwick-Street, Soho, for J.  
DCp.i; E529| Blake, 28, Broad-Street, Golden-Square. 1809.

DC; E529| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE [ii]

DCp.ii; E529| CONDITIONS OF SALE.

DCp.ii; E529|

DCp.ii; E529| I. One third of the price to be paid at the time of Purchase  
DCp.ii; E529| and remainder on Delivery.  
DCp.ii; E529| II. The Pictures and Drawings to remain in the Exhibition till  
DCp.ii; E529| its close, which will be the 29th of September 1809; and the  
DCp.ii; E529| Picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims, which is to be engraved,  
DCp.ii; E529| will be Sold only on condition of its remaining in the Artist's  
DCp.ii; E529| hands twelve months, when it will be delivered to the Buyer.

DC; E529| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE [iii]

DCp.iii; E529| PREFACE.

DCp.iii; E529|

DCp.iii; E529|

DCp.iii; E529| THE eye that can prefer the Colouring of Titian and Rubens to  
DCp.iii; E529| that of Michael Angelo and Rafael, ought to be modest and to  
DCp.iii; E529| doubt its own powers. Connoisseurs talk as if Rafael and Michael  
DCp.iii; E529| Angelo had never seen the colouring of Titian or Correggio: They  
DCp.iii; E529| ought to know that Correggio was born two years before Michael  
DCp.iii; E529| Angelo, and Titian but four years after. Both Rafael and Michael  
DCp.iii; E529| Angelo knew the Venetian, and contemned and rejected all he did



DCp.iii; E529| with the utmost disdain, as that which is fabricated for the  
 DCp.iii; E529| purpose to destroy art.  
 DCp.iii; E529| Mr. B. appeals to the Public, from the judgment of those  
 DCp.iii; E529| narrow blinking eyes, that have too long governed art in a dark  
 DCp.iii; E529| corner. The eyes of stupid cunning never will be [P iv] pleased  
 DCp.iii; E529| with the work any more than with the look of self-devoting  
 DCp.iii; E529| genius. The quarrel of the Florentine with the Venetian is not  
 DCp.iii; E529| because he does not understand Drawing, but because he does not  
 DCp.iii; E529| understand Colouring. How should he? he who does not know how to  
 DCp.iii; E529| draw a hand or a foot, know how to colour it.  
 DCp.iii; E529| Colouring does not depend on where the Colours are put, but  
 DCp.iii; E529| on where the lights and darks are put, and all depends on Form or  
 DCp.iii; E529| Out-

DCp.iii; E530| line. On where that is put; where that is wrong, the Colouring  
 DCp.iii; E530| never can be right; and it is always wrong in Titian and  
 DCp.iii; E530| Correggio, Rubens and Rembrandt. Till we get rid of Titian and  
 DCp.iii; E530| Correggio, Rubens and Rembrandt, We never shall equal Rafael and  
 DCp.iii; E530| Albert Durer, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano.

DC; E530| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 1

DCp1; E530| DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE,

DCp1; E530| &C. &C.

DCp1; E530| NUMBER I.

DCp1; E530| *The spiritual form of Nelson guiding Leviathan, in whose*  
 DCp1; E530| *wreathings are infolded the Nations of the Earth.* <sup>t1447</sup>

DCp1; E530| CLEARNESS and precision have been the chief objects in painting  
 DCp1; E530| these Pictures. Clear colours unmuddled by oil, and firm and  
 DCp1; E530| determinate lineaments unbroken by shadows, which ought to  
 DCp1; E530| display and not to hide form, as is the practice of the latter  
 DCp1; E530| Schools of Italy and Flanders.

DC; E530| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 2

DCp2; E530| NUMBER II, ITS COMPANION

DCp2; E530| *The spiritual form of Pitt, guiding Behemoth; he is that*  
 DCp2; E530| *Angel who, pleased to perform the Almighty's orders, rides on the*  
 DCp2; E530| *whirlwind, directing the storms of war: He is ordering the Reaper* <sup>t1448</sup>

DCp2; E530/  
DCp2; E530/

*to reap the Vine of the Earth, and the Plowman to plow up the  
Cities and Towers*

DCp2; E530|  
DCp2; E530|  
DCp2; E530|  
DCp2; E530|  
DCp2; E530|  
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DCp2; E530|  
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DCp3; E530|  
DCp3; E530|

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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 3] witness the villany of some one at 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 villany, 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 mean time 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

DCp3; E531|  
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DCp4; E531|  
DC; E531|

some happier age. The Artist having been [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 4] 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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 5] believe, that the Greek statues, as they are called, were

DCp5; E531| the invention of Greek Artists; perhaps the Torso is the only  
 DCp5; E531| original work remaining; all the rest are evidently copies,  
 DCp5; E531| though fine ones, from greater works of the Asiatic Patriarchs.  
 DCp5; E531| The Greek Muses are daughters of Mnemosyne, or Memory, and not of  
 DCp5; E531| Inspiration or Imagination, therefore not authors of such sublime  
 DCp5; E531| conceptions. Those wonderful originals seen in my visions, were  
 DCp5; E531| some of them one hundred feet in height; some were painted as  
 DCp5; E531| pictures, and some carved as basso relievos, and some as groupes  
 DCp5; E531| of statues, all containing mythological and recondite meaning,  
 DCp5; E531| where more is meant than meets the eye. The Artist wishes it was  
 DCp5; E531| now the fashion to make such monuments, and then he should not  
 DCp5; E531| doubt of having a national commission to execute these two  
 DCp5; E531| Pictures on a scale that is suitable to the grandeur of the  
 DCp5; E531| nation, who is the parent of his heroes, in high [*Descriptive Catalogue P 6*] finished  
 DCp6; E531| fresco, where the colours would be as pure and as permanent as  
 DCp6; E531| precious stones though the figures were one hundred feet in height.  
 DCp6; E531| All Frescos are as high finished as miniatures or enamels,  
 DCp6; E531| and they are known to be unchangeable; but oil being a body  
 DCp6; E531| itself, will drink or absorb very little colour, and changing  
 DCp6; E531| yellow, and at length brown, destroys every colour it is mixed  
 DCp6; E531| with, especially every delicate colour. It turns every permanent  
 DCp6; E531| white to a yellow and brown putty, and has compelled the use of  
 DCp6; E531| that destroyer of colour, white lead; which, when its protecting  
 DCp6; E531| oil is evaporated, will become lead again. This is an awful  
 DCp6; E531| things to say to oil Painters; they may call it madness, but it  
 DCp6; E531| is true. All the genuine old little Pictures, called Cabinet  
 DCp6; E531| Pictures, are in fresco and not in oil, Oil was not used except  
 DCp6; E531| by blundering ignorance, till after Vandyke's time, but the art  
 DCp6; E531| of fresco painting [*Descriptive Catalogue P 7*] being lost, oil became a fetter to  
 DCp7; E531| genius, and a dungeon to art. But one convincing proof among  
 DCp7; E531| many others, that these assertions are true is, that real gold  
 DCp7; E531| and silver cannot be used with oil, as they are in all the old  
 DCp7; E531| pictures and in Mr. B.'s frescos.

DCp7; E532| NUMBER III.  
 CDp7; E532| *Sir Jeffery Chaucer and the nine and twenty Pilgrims on*  
 DCp7; E532| *their journey to Canterbury.*

DCp7; E532| THE time chosen is early morning, before sunrise, when the jolly  
 DCp7; E532| company are just quitting the Tabarde Inn. The Knight and Squire  
 DCp7; E532| with the Squire's Yeoman lead the Procession, next follow the  
 DCp7; E532| youthful Abbess, her nun and three priests; her greyhounds attend  
 DCp7; E532| her.

DCp7quote; E532| "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 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 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 draught 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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 9] 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 lodgyng-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

DCp10; E533| Nature never steps. Names alter, things never alter. I have  
DCp10; E533| known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of  
DCp10; E533| monkery, who in this deistical age are deists. As Newton  
DCp10; E533| numbered the stars, and as Linneus numbered the plants, so  
DCp10; E533| Chaucer numbered the classes of men.  
DCp10; E533| The Painter has consequently varied the heads and forms of  
DCp10; E533| his personages into all Nature's varieties; the Horses he has  
DCp10; E533| also varied to accord to their Riders, the Costume is correct  
DCp10; E533| according to authentic monuments.  
DCp10; E533| The Knight and Squire with the Squire's [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 11] Yeoman lead  
DCp11; E533| the procession, as Chaucer has also placed them first in his  
DCp11; E533| prologue. The Knight is a true Hero, a good, great, and wise  
DCp11; E533| man; his whole length portrait on horseback, as written by  
DCp11; E533| Chaucer, cannot be surpassed. He has spent his life in the  
DCp11; E533| field; has ever been a conqueror, and is that species of  
DCp11; E533| character which in every age stands as the guardian of man  
DCp11; E533| against the oppressor. His son is like him with the germ of  
DCp11; E533| perhaps greater perfection still, as he blends literature and  
DCp11; E533| the arts with his warlike studies. Their dress and their horses  
DCp11; E533| are of the first rate, without ostentation, and with all the  
DCp11; E533| true grandeur that unaffected simplicity when in high rank  
DCp11; E533| always displays. The Squire's Yeoman is also a great character,  
DCp11; E533| a man perfectly knowing in his profession:

DCp11quote; E533| "And in his hand he bare a mighty bow."

DCp11; E533| Chaucer describes here a mighty man; one who in war is the  
DCp11; E533| worthy attendant on noble heroes.  
DC; E533| [*Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 12]The Prioress follows these with her female chaplain.

DCp12quote; E533| "Another Nonne also with her had she,  
DCp12quote; E533| "That was her Chaplaine and Priests three."

DCp12; E533| This Lady is described also as of the first rank; rich and  
DCp12; E533| honoured. She has certain peculiarities and little delicate  
DCp12; E533| affectations, not unbecoming in her, being accompanied with what  
DCp12; E533| is truly grand and really polite; her person and face, Chaucer  
DCp12; E533| has described with minuteness; it is very elegant, and was the  
DCp12; E533| beauty of our ancestors, till after Elizabeth's time, when  
DCp12; E533| voluptuousness and folly began to be accounted beautiful.  
DCp12; E533| Her companion and her three priests were no doubt all  
DCp12; E533| perfectly delineated in those parts of Chaucer's work which are  
DCp12; E533| now lost; we ought to suppose them suitable attendants on rank



DCp12; E533	and fashion.
DC; E533	[ <i>Descriptive Catalogue</i> PAGE 13] The Monk follows these with the Friar. The
DCp13; E533	Painter has also grouped with these, the Pardoner and the
DCp13; E533	Sompnour and the Manciple, and has here also introduced one of
DCp13; E533	the rich citizens of London. Characters likely to ride in
DCp13; E533	company, all being above the common rank in life or attendants on
DCp13; E533	those who were so.
DCp13; E533	For the Monk is described by Chaucer, as a man of the first
DCp13; E533	rank
DCp13; E534	in society, noble, rich, and expensively attended: he is a leader
DCp13; E534	of the age, with certain humourous accompaniments in his
DCp13; E534	character, that do not degrade, but render him an object of
DCp13; E534	dignified mirth, but also with other accompaniments not so
DCp13; E534	respectable.
DCp13; E534	The Friar is a character also of a mixed kind.
DCp13quote; E534	"A friar there was, a wanton and a merry."
DCp13; E534	[B]ut in his office he is said to be a "full solemn man:"
DCp13; E534	eloquent, amorous, witty, and satyri[ <i>Descriptive Catalogue</i> P 14]cal; young, handsome,
DCp14; E534	and rich; he is a complete rogue; with constitutional gaiety
DCp14; E534	enough to make him a master of all the pleasures of the world.
DCp14quote; E534	"His neck was white as the flour de lis,
DCp14quote; E534	Thereto strong he was as a champioun."
DCp14; E534	It is necessary here to speak of Chaucer's own character,
DCp14; E534	that I may set certain mistaken critics right in their conception
DCp14; E534	of the humour and fun that occurs on the journey. Chaucer is
DCp14; E534	himself the great poetical observer of men, who in every age is
DCp14; E534	born to record and eternize its acts. This he does as a master,
DCp14; E534	as a father, and superior, who looks down on their little follies
DCp14; E534	from the Emperor to the Miller; sometimes with severity, oftener
DCp14; E534	with joke and sport.
DCp14; E534	Accordingly Chaucer has made his Monk a great tragedian, one
DCp14; E534	who studied poetical art. [ <i>Descriptive Catalogue</i> P 15] So much so, that the generous
DCp15; E534	Knight is, in the compassionate dictates of his soul, compelled
DCp15; E534	to cry out
DCp15quote; E534	"Ho quoth the Knyght, good Sir, no more of this,
DCp15quote; E534	That ye have said, is right ynough I wis;



DCp15quote; E534| And mokell more, for little heaviness,  
 DCp15quote; E534| Is right enough for much folk as I guesse.  
 DCp15quote; E534| I say for me, it is a great disease,  
 DCp15quote; E534| Whereas men have been in wealth and ease;  
 DCp15quote; E534| To heare of their sudden fall alas,  
 DCp15quote; E534| And the contrary is joy and solas."

DCp15; E534| The Monk's definition of tragedy in the proem to his tale is  
 DCp15; E534| worth repeating:

DCp15quote; E534| "Tragedie is to tell a certain story,  
 DCp15quote; E534| As old books us maken memory;  
 DCp15quote; E534| Of hem that stood in great prosperity.  
 DCp15quote; E534| And be fallen out of high degree,  
 DCp15quote; E534| Into miserie and ended wretchedly."

DC; E534| [*Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 16] Though a man of luxury, pride and pleasure, he is  
 DCp16; E534| a master of art and learning, though affecting to despise it.  
 DCp16; E534| Those who can think that the proud Huntsman, and noble  
 DCp16; E534| Housekeeper, Chaucer's Monk, is intended for a buffoon or  
 DCp16; E534| burlesque character, know little of Chaucer.

DCp16; E535| For the Host who follows this group, and holds the center  
 DCp16; E535| of the cavalcade, is a first rate character, and his jokes are  
 DCp16; E535| no trifles; they are always, though uttered with audacity, and  
 DCp16; E535| equally free with the Lord and the Peasant, they are always  
 DCp16; E535| substantially and weightily expressive of knowledge and  
 DCp16; E535| experience; Henry Baillie, the keeper of the greatest Inn, of  
 DCp16; E535| the greatest City; for such was the Tabarde Inn in Southwark,  
 DCp16; E535| near London: our Host was also a leader of the age.  
 DCp16; E535| By way of illustration, I instance Shakspeare's Witches in  
 DCp16; E535| Macbeth. Those who dress [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 17] them for the stage, consider  
 DCp17; E535| them as wretched old women, and not as Shakspeare intended, the  
 DCp17; E535| Goddesses of Destiny; this shews how Chaucer has been  
 DCp17; E535| misunderstood in his sublime work. Shakspeare's Fairies also  
 DCp17; E535| are the rulers of the vegetable world, and so are Chaucer's;  
 DCp17; E535| let them be so considered, and then the poet will be understood,  
 DCp17; E535| and not else.  
 DCp17; E535| But I have omitted to speak of a very prominent character,  
 DCp17; E535| the Pardoner, the Age's Knave, who always commands and domineers  
 DCp17; E535| over the high and low vulgar. This man is sent in every age for  
 DCp17; E535| a rod and scourge, and for a blight, for a trial of men, to  
 DCp17; E535| divide the classes of men, he is in the most holy sanctuary, and

DCp17; E535| he is suffered by Providence for wise ends, and has also his  
 DCp17; E535| great use, and his grand leading destiny.  
 DCp17; E535| His companion the Sompnour, is also a Devil of the first  
 DCp17; E535| magnitude, grand, terrific, rich and honoured in the rank of  
 DCp17; E535| which he holds [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 18] the destiny. The uses to society are  
 DCp18; E535| perhaps equal of the Devil and of the Angel, their sublimity who  
 DCp18; E535| can dispute.

DCp18quote; E535| "In daunger had he at his own gise,  
 DCp18quote; E535| The young girls of his diocese,  
 DCp18quote; E535| And he knew well their counsel, &c."

DCp18; E535| The principal figure in the next groupe, is the Good  
 DCp18; E535| Parson; an Apostle, a real Messenger of Heaven, sent in every  
 DCp18; E535| age for its light and its warmth. This man is beloved and  
 DCp18; E535| venerated by all, and neglected by all: He serves all, and is  
 DCp18; E535| served by none; he is, according to Christ's definition, the  
 DCp18; E535| greatest of his age. Yet he is a Poor Parson of a town. Read  
 DCp18; E535| Chaucer's description of the Good Parson, and bow the head and  
 DCp18; E535| the knee to him, who, in every age sends us such a burning and a  
 DCp18; E535| shining light. Search O ye rich and powerful, for these men and  
 DCp18; E535| obey their counsel, then [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 19] shall the golden age return: But  
 DCp19; E535| alas! you will not easily distinguish him from the Friar or the  
 DCp19; E535| Pardoner, they also are "full solemn men," and their counsel, you  
 DCp19; E535| will continue to follow.  
 DCp19; E535| I have placed by his side, the Sergeant at Lawe, who appears  
 DCp19; E535| delighted to ride in his company, and between him and his  
 DCp19; E535| brother, the Plowman; as I wish men of Law would always ride with  
 DCp19; E535| them, and take their counsel, especially in all difficult points.  
 DCp19; E535| Chaucer's Lawyer is a character of great venerableness, a judge,  
 DCp19; E535| and a real master of the jurisprudence of his age.

DCp19; E536| The Doctor of Physic is in this groupe, and the Franklin,  
 DCp19; E536| the voluptuous country gentleman, contrasted with the Physician,  
 DCp19; E536| and on his other hand, with two Citizens of London. Chaucer's  
 DCp19; E536| characters live age after age. Every age is a Canterbury  
 DCp19; E536| Pilgrimage; we all pass on, each sustaining one or other  
 DC; E536| [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 20]

DCp20; E536| of these characters; nor can a child be born, who is not one of  
 DCp20; E536| these characters of Chaucer, The Doctor of Physic is described as  
 DCp20; E536| the first of his profession; perfect, learned, completely Master  
 DCp20; E536| and Doctor in his art. Thus the reader will observe, that  
 DCp20; E536| Chaucer makes every one of his characters perfect in his kind,  
 DCp20; E536| every one is an Antique Statue; the image of a class, and not of

DCp20; E536| an imperfect individual.  
 DCp20; E536| This groupe also would furnish substantial matter, on which  
 DCp20; E536| volumes might be written. The Franklin is one who keeps open  
 DCp20; E536| table, who is the genius of eating and drinking, the Bacchus; as  
 DCp20; E536| the Doctor of Physic is the Esculapius, the Host is the Silenus,  
 DCp20; E536| the Squire is the Apollo, the Miller is the Hercules, &c.  
 DCp20; E536| Chaucer's characters are a description of the eternal Principles  
 DCp20; E536| that exist in all ages. The Franklin is voluptuousness itself  
 DCp20; E536| most nobly pourtrayed:

DC; E536| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 21

DCp21quote; E536| "It sneued in his house of meat and drink."

DCp21; E536| The Plowman is simplicity itself, with wisdom and strength  
 DCp21; E536| for its stamina. Chaucer has divided the ancient character of  
 DCp21; E536| Hercules between his Miller and his Plowman. Benevolence is the  
 DCp21; E536| plowman's great characteristic, he is thin with excessive labour,  
 DCp21; E536| and not with old age, as some have supposed.

DCp21quote; E536| "He would thresh and thereto dike and delve  
 DCp21quote; E536| For Christe's sake, for every poore wight,  
 DCp21quote; E536| Withouten hire, if it lay in his might."

DCp21; E536| Visions of these eternal principles or characters of human  
 DCp21; E536| life appear to poets, in all ages; the Grecian gods were the  
 DCp21; E536| ancient Cherubim of Phoenicia; but the Greeks, and since them the  
 DCp21; E536| Moderns, have neglected to subdue the gods of Priam. These Gods  
 DCp21; E536| are visions of the eternal attributes, or divine names, which,  
 DCp21; E536| when [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 22] erected into gods, become destructive to humanity.  
 DCp22; E536| They ought to be the servants, and not the masters of man, or of  
 DCp22; E536| society. They ought to be made to sacrifice to Man, and not man  
 DCp22; E536| compelled to sacrifice to them; for when separated from man or  
 DCp22; E536| humanity, who is Jesus the Saviour, the vine of eternity, they  
 DCp22; E536| are thieves and rebels, they are destroyers.  
 DCp22; E536| The Plowman of Chaucer is Hercules in his supreme eternal  
 DCp22; E536| state, divested of his spectrous shadow; which is the Miller, a  
 DCp22; E536| terrible fellow, such as exists in all times and places, for the  
 DCp22; E536| trial of men, to astonish every neighbourhood, with brutal  
 DCp22; E536| strength and courage, to get rich and powerful to curb the pride of Man.  
 DCp22; E536| The Reeve and the Manciple are two characters of the most consummate

DCp22; E537| worldly wisdom. The Shipman, or Sailor, is a similar  
DCp22; E537| genius of Ulyssean art; but with the highest courage superadded.  
DCp22; E537| The Citizens and their Cook are each leaders [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 23] of a  
DCp23; E537| class. Chaucer has been somehow made to number four citizens,  
DCp23; E537| which would make his whole company, himself included, thirty-  
DCp23; E537| one. But he says there was but nine and twenty in his company.

DCp23quote; E537| "Full nine and twenty in a company."

DCp23; E537| The Webbe, or Weaver, and the Tapiser, or Tapestry Weaver,  
DCp23; E537| appear to me to be the same person; but this is only an opinion,  
DCp23; E537| for full nine and twenty may signify one more or less. But I  
DCp23; E537| dare say that Chaucer wrote "A Webbe Dyer," that is a Cloth Dyer.

DCp23quote; E537| "A Webbe Dyer and a Tapiser."

DCp23; E537| The Merchant cannot be one of the Three Citizens, as his  
DCp23; E537| dress is different, and his character is more marked, whereas  
DCp23; E537| Chaucer says of his rich citizens:

DC; E537| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 24

DCp24quote; E537| "All were yclothed in o liverie."

DCp24; E537| The characters of Women Chaucer has divided into two  
DCp24; E537| classes, the Lady Prioress and the Wife of Bath. Are not these  
DCp24; E537| leaders of the ages of men? The lady prioress, in some ages,  
DCp24; E537| predominates; and in some the wife of Bath, in whose character  
DCp24; E537| Chaucer has been equally minute and exact; because she is also a  
DCp24; E537| scourge and a blight. I shall say no more of her, nor expose  
DCp24; E537| what Chaucer has left hidden; let the young reader study what he  
DCp24; E537| has said of her: it is useful as a scare-crow. There are of  
DCp24; E537| such characters born too many for the peace of the world.  
DCp24; E537| I come at length to the Clerk of Oxenford. This character  
DCp24; E537| varies from that of Chaucer, as the contemplative philosopher  
DCp24; E537| varies from the poetical genius. There are always these two  
DCp24; E537| classes of learned sages, the poetical and the philosophical.  
DCp24; E537| The painter has put them side by side, as if the youthful clerk  
DCp24; E537| had put him[*Descriptive Catalogue* P 25]self under the tuition of the mature poet. Let  
DCp25; E537| the Philosopher always be the servant and scholar of inspiration  
DCp25; E537| 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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 26] 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 Ruben's [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 27] light and shadow, or with Rembrandt's, or any thing 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 in the destruction of men, so there is a class of artists, 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,



DCp27; E538| immediately cry out, that it cannot be well Coloured-- those are  
DCp27; E538| the men.  
DCp27; E538| But to shew the stupidity of this class of [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 28] men,  
DCp28; E538| nothing need be done but to examine my rival's prospectus.  
DCp28; E538| The two first characters in Chaucer, the Knight and the  
DCp28; E538| Squire, he has put among his rabble; and indeed his prospectus  
DCp28; E538| calls the Squire the fop of Chaucer's age. Now hear Chaucer.

DCp28quote; E538| "Of his Stature, he was of even length,  
DCp28quote; E538| And wonderly deliver, and of great strength;  
DCp28quote; E538| And he had be sometime in Chivauchy,  
DCp28quote; E538| In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy,  
DCp28quote; E538| And borne him well as of so litele space."

DCp28; E538| Was this a fop?

DCp28quote; E538| "Well could he sit a horse, and faire ride,  
DCp28quote; E538| He could songs make, and eke well indite  
DCp28quote; E538| Just, and eke dance, pourtray, and well write.

DCp28; E538| Was this a fop?

DC; E539| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 29

DCp29quote; E539| "Curteis he was, and meek, and serviceable;  
DCp29quote; E539| And kerft before his fader at the table."

DCp29; E539| Was this a fop?

DCp29; E539| It is the same with all his characters; he has done all by  
DCp29; E539| chance, or perhaps his fortune, money, money. According to his  
DCp29; E539| prospectus he has Three Monks; these he cannot find in Chaucer,  
DCp29; E539| who has only One Monk, and that no vulgar character, as he has  
DCp29; E539| endeavoured to make him. When men cannot read they should not  
DCp29; E539| pretend to paint. To be sure Chaucer is a little difficult to  
DCp29; E539| him who has only blundered over novels and catchpenny trifles of  
DCp29; E539| booksellers. Yet a little pains ought to be taken even by the  
DCp29; E539| ignorant and weak. He has put The Reeve, a vulgar fellow,  
DCp29; E539| between his Knight and Squire, as if he was resolved to go  
DCp29; E539| contrary in every thing to Chaucer, who says of the Reeve:



DCp30quote; E539| "And ever he rode hinderest of the rout."

DCp30; E539| In this manner he has jumbled his dumb dollies together, and  
DCp30; E539| is praised by his equals for it; for both himself and his friend  
DCp30; E539| are equally masters of Chaucer's language. They both think that  
DCp30; E539| the Wife of Bath is a young beautiful blooming damsel; and  
DCp30; E539| H[oppner] says, that she is the Fair Wife of Bath, and that the  
DCp30; E539| Spring appears in her Cheeks. Now hear what Chaucer has made her  
DCp30; E539| say of herself, who is no modest one,

DCp30quote; E539| "But Lord when it remembereth me  
DCp30quote; E539| Upon my youth and on my jollity,  
DCp30quote; E539| It tickleth me about the heart root.  
DCp30quote; E539| Unto this day it doth my heart boot,  
DCp30quote; E539| That I have had my world as in my time;  
DCp30quote; E539| But age, alas, that all will envenime,  
DCp30quote; E539| Hath me bireft, my beauty and my pith  
DCp30quote; E539| Let go; farewell: the devil go therewith,

DCp31quote; E539| The flower is gone, there is no more to tell.  
DCp31quote; E539| The bran, as best, I can, I now mote sell;  
DCp31quote; E539| And yet, to be right merry, will I fond,  
DCp31quote; E539| Now forth to tell of my fourth husband."

DCp31; E539| She has had four husbands, a fit subject for this painter; yet  
DCp31; E539| the painter ought to be very much offended with his friend H----,  
DCp31; E539| who has called his "a common scene," "and very ordinary forms;"  
DCp31; E539| which is the truest part of all, for it is so, and very  
DCp31; E539| wretchedly so indeed. What merit can there be in a picture of  
DCp31; E539| which such words are spoken with truth.

DCp31; E540| But the prospectus says that the Painter has represented  
DCp31; E540| Chaucer himself as a knave, who thrusts himself among honest  
DCp31; E540| people, to make game of and laugh at them; though I must do  
DCp31; E540| justice to the painter, and say that he has made him look more  
DCp31; E540| like a fool than a knave. But it appears, in all the writings of  
DCp31; E540| Chaucer, and particularly in his *Canterbury Tales*, that [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 32] he  
DCp32; E540| was very devout, and paid respect to true enthusiastic  
DCp32; E540| superstition. He has laughed at his knaves and fools as I do



DCp34; E540| And, now, they know me not, nor yet themselves.

DC; E541| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 35

DCp35; E541| NUMBER IV.

DCp35; E541| *The Bard, from Gray*

DCp35quote; E541| On a rock, whose haughty brow  
DCp35quote; E541| Frown'd o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
DCp35quote; E541| Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
DCp35quote; E541| With haggard eyes the Poet stood,  
DCp35quote; E541| Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
DCp35quote; E541| Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.

DCp35quote; E541| Weave the warp, and weave the woof  
DCp35quote; E541| The winding sheet of Edward's race.

DCp35; E541| Weaving the winding sheet of Edward's race by means of  
DCp35; E541| sounds of spiritual music and its accompanying expressions of  
DCp35; E541| articulate speech is a bold, and daring, and most masterly  
DCp35; E541| conception, that the public have embraced and approved with  
DCp35; E541| avidity. Poetry consists in these conceptions; and shall  
DCp35; E541| Painting be confined to the sordid drudgery of facsimile  
DCp36; E541| re[P 36]presentations of merely mortal and perishing substances, and  
DCp36; E541| not be as poetry and music are, elevated into its own proper  
DCp36; E541| sphere of invention and visionary conception? No, it shall not  
DCp36; E541| be so! Painting, as well as poetry and music, exists and exults  
DCp36; E541| in immortal thoughts. If Mr. B.'s Canterbury Pilgrims had been  
DCp36; E541| done by any other power than that of the poetic visionary, it  
DCp36; E541| would have been as dull as his adversary's.  
DCp36; E541| The Spirits of the murdered bards assist in weaving the  
DCp36; E541| deadly woof.

DCp36quote; E541| With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
DCp36quote; E541| And weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.

DCp36; E541| The connoisseurs and artists who have made objections to  
DCp36; E541| Mr. B.'s mode of representing spirits with real bodies, would do  
DCp36; E541| well to consider that the Venus, the Minerva, the Jupiter, the  
DCp36; E541| Apollo, which they admire in Greek sta[*Descriptive Catalogue* P 37]tues, are all of them  
DCp37; E541| representations of spiritual existences of God's immortal, to

DCp37; E541| the mortal perishing organ of sight; and yet they are embodied  
DCp37; E541| and organized in solid marble. Mr. B. requires the same latitude  
DCp37; E541| and all is well. The Prophets describe what they saw in Vision  
DCp37; E541| as real and existing men whom they saw with their imaginative and  
DCp37; E541| immortal organs; the Apostles the same; the clearer the organ the  
DCp37; E541| more distinct the object. A Spirit and a Vision are not, as the  
DCp37; E541| modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour or a  
DCp37; E541| nothing: they are organized and minutely articulated beyond all  
DCp37; E541| that the mortal and perishing nature can produce. He who does  
DCp37; E541| not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger  
DCp37; E541| and better light than his perishing mortal eye can see does not  
DCp37; E541| imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his  
DCp37; E541| imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more  
DCp37; E541| minutely organized than any thing seen by his

DCp37; E542| mortal eye. Spi[*Descriptive Catalogue* P 38]rits are organized men: Moderns wish to  
DCp38; E542| draw figures without lines, and with great and heavy shadows;  
DCp38; E542| are not shadows more unmeaning than lines, and more heavy? O  
DCp38; E542| who can doubt this!  
DCp38; E542| King Edward and his Queen Elenor are prostrated, with their  
DCp38; E542| horses, at the foot of a rock on which the Bard stands;  
DCp38; E542| prostrated by the terrors of his harp on the margin of the river  
DCp38; E542| Conway, whose waves bear up a corse of a slaughtered bard at the  
DCp38; E542| foot of the rock. The armies of Edward are seen winding among  
DCp38; E542| the mountains.

DCp38quote; E542| "He wound with toilsome march his long array."

DCp38; E542| Mortimer and Gloucester lie spell bound behind their king.  
DCp38; E542| The execution of this picture is also in Water Colours, or Fresco.

DC; E542| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 39

DCp39; E542| NUMBER V.  
DCp39; E542| *The Ancient Britons*

DCp39; E542| *In the last Battle of King Arthur only Three Britons escaped,*  
DCp39; E542| *these were the Strongest Man, the Beautifullest Man, and the*  
DCp39; E542| *Ugliest Man; these three marched through the field unsubdued, as*  
DCp39; E542| *Gods, and the Sun of Britain s[e]t, but shall arise again with*  
DCp39; E542| *tenfold splendor when Arthur shall awake from sleep, and resume*  
DCp39; E542| *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; [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 40] 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 Bootes, 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 Watlingstreet; of London stone; of the caverns in Cornwall, Wales, Derbyshire, and Scotland; of the Giants of Ireland and Britain; of the elemental beings, called [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 41] 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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 42] 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, ap[*Descriptive Catalogue* P 43]plied 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, cannot 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, [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 44] 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 of both 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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 45] 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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 46] 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. [*Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 47] 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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 48] 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  
inspira[*Descriptive Catalogue* P 49]tions 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 teeth 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.

[*Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 50]Distant among the mountains, are Druid Temples,  
similar to Stone Hedge. 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 has been  
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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 51] 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.

DCp51; E546|

## NUMBER VI.

DCp51; E546|

DCp51; E546|

DCp51; E546|

DCp51; E546|

*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*

DCp51; E546|

DCp51; E546|

DCp51; E546|

DCp51; E546|

DCp51; E546|

DCp51; E546|

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.

DC; E546|

*Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 52

DCp52; E546|

## NUMBER VII.

DCp52; E546|

*The Goats, an experiment Picture.*

DCp52; E546|

DCp52; E546|

DCp52; E546|

DCp52; E546|

DCp52; E546|

DCp52; E546|

DCp52; E546|

DCp52; E546|

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.

DCp52; E546|

## NUMBER VIII.

DCp52; E546|

*The spiritual Preceptor, an experiment Picture.*

DCp52; E546|

DCp52; E546|

DCp53; E546|

DCp53; E546|

DCp53; E546|

DCp53; E546|

DCp53; E546|

DCp53; E546|

DCp53; E546|

THIS subject is taken from the visions of Emanuel Swedenborg. Universal Theology, [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 53] 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 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,

DCp53; E546| continue to govern mankind after death, and in their spiritual  
DCp53; E546| bodies, oppose the spirits of those, who worthily are famous;  
DCp53; E546| and as Swedenborg observes, by entering into disease and  
DCp53; E546| excrement, drunkenness and concupiscence, they possess  
DCp53; E546| themselves of the bodies of mortal men, and shut the doors of  
DCp53; E546| mind and of thought, by placing Learning above Inspiration, O  
DCp53; E546| Artist! you may disbelieve all this, but it shall be at your own  
DCp53; E546| peril.

DC; E547| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 54

DCp54; E547| NUMBER IX.  
DCp54; E547| *Satan calling up his Legions, from Milton's Paradise Lost; a*  
DCp54; E547| *composition for a more perfect Picture, afterward executed for a*  
DCp54; E547| *Lady of high rank. An experiment Picture*

DCp54; E547| THIS Picture was likewise painted at intervals, for experiment on  
DCp54; E547| colours, without any oily vehicle; it may be worthy of attention,  
DCp54; E547| not only on account of its composition, but of the great labour  
DCp54; E547| which has been bestowed on it, that is, three or four times as  
DCp54; E547| much as would have finished a more perfect Picture; the labor  
DCp54; E547| has destroyed the lineaments, it was with difficulty brought back  
DCp54; E547| again to a certain effect, which it had at first, when all the  
DCp54; E547| lineaments were perfect.

DCp54; E547| These Pictures, among numerous others painted for  
DCp54; E547| experiment, were the result of [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 55] temptations and  
DCp55; E547| perturbations, labouring to destroy Imaginative power, by means  
DCp55; E547| of that infernal machine, called Chiaro Oscuro, in the hands of  
DCp55; E547| Venetian and Flemish Demons; whose enmity to the Painter himself,  
DCp55; E547| and to all Artists who study in the Florentine and Roman  
DCp55; E547| Schools, may be removed by an exhibition and exposure of their  
DCp55; E547| vile tricks. They cause that every thing in art shall become a  
DCp55; E547| Machine. They cause that the execution shall be all blocked up  
DCp55; E547| with brown shadows. They put the original Artist in fear and  
DCp55; E547| doubt of his own original conception. The spirit of Titian was  
DCp55; E547| particularly active, in raising doubts concerning the possibility  
DCp55; E547| of executing without a model, and when once he had raised the  
DCp55; E547| doubt, it became easy for him to snatch away the vision time  
DCp55; E547| after time, for when the Artist took his pencil, to execute his  
DCp55; E547| ideas, his power of imagination weakened so much, and darkened,  
DCp55; E547| that memory of nature and of Pictures [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 56] of the various  
DCp56; E547| Schools possessed his mind, instead of appropriate execution,  
DCp56; E547| resulting from the inventions; like walking in another man's  
DCp56; E547| style, or speaking or looking in another man's style and manner,



DCp56; E547| inappropriate and repugnant to your own individual character;  
DCp56; E547| tormenting the true Artist, till he leaves the Florentine, and  
DCp56; E547| adopts the Venetian practice, or does as Mr. B. has done, has the  
DCp56; E547| courage to suffer poverty and disgrace, till he ultimately conquers.  
DCp56; E547| Rubens is a most outrageous demon, and by infusing the  
DCp56; E547| remembrances of his Pictures, and style of execution, hinders all  
DCp56; E547| power of individual thought: so that the man who is possessed by  
DCp56; E547| this demon, loses all admiration of any other Artist, but Rubens,  
DCp56; E547| and those who were his imitators and journeymen, he causes to the  
DCp56; E547| Florentine and Roman Artist fear to execute; and though the  
DCp56; E547| original conception was all fire and animation, he loads it with  
DC; E547| [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 57] hellish brownness, and blocks up all its gates of light,  
DCp57; E547| except one, and that one he closes with iron bars, till the  
DCp57; E547| victim is obliged to give up the Florentine and Roman practice,  
DCp57; E547| and adopt the Venetian and Flemish.

DCp57; E548| Correggio is a soft and effeminate and consequently a most  
DCp57; E548| cruel demon, whose whole delight is to cause endless labor to  
DCp57; E548| whoever suffers him to enter his mind. The story that is told in  
DCp57; E548| all Lives of the Painters about Correggio being poor and but  
DCp57; E548| badly paid for his Pictures, is altogether false; he was a petty  
DCp57; E548| Prince, in Italy, and employed numerous journeymen in  
DCp57; E548| manufacturing (as Rubens and Titian did) the Pictures that go  
DCp57; E548| under his name. The manual labor in these Pictures of Correggio  
DCp57; E548| is immense, and was paid for originally at the immense prices  
DCp57; E548| that those who keep manufactories of art always charge to their  
DCp57; E548| employers, while they themselves pay their journeymen little  
DCp57; E548| enough. But though [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 58] Correggio was not poor, he will make  
DCp58; E548| any true artist so, who permits him to enter his mind, and take  
DCp58; E548| possession of his affections; he infuses a love of soft and even  
DCp58; E548| tints without boundaries, and of endless reflected lights, that  
DCp58; E548| confuse one another, and hinder all correct drawing from  
DCp58; E548| appearing to be correct; for if one of Rafael or Michael Angelo's  
DCp58; E548| figures was to be traced, and Correggio's reflections and  
DCp58; E548| refractions to be added to it, there would soon be an end of  
DCp58; E548| proportion and strength, and it would be weak, and pappy, and  
DCp58; E548| lumbering, and thick headed, like his own works; but then it  
DCp58; E548| would have softness and evenness, by a twelvemonth's labor,  
DCp58; E548| where a month would with judgment have finished it better and  
DCp58; E548| higher; and the poor wretch who executed it, would be the  
DCp58; E548| Correggio that the life writers have written of: a drudge and a  
DCp58; E548| miserable man, compelled to softness by poverty. I say again, O  
DCp58; E548| Artist, you may disbelieve all this, but it shall be at  
DCp59; E548| your own peril.  
DCp59; E548| Note. These experiment Pictures have been bruized and

DCp59; E548| knocked about, without mercy, to try all experiments.

DCp59; E548| NUMBER X.

DCp59; E548| *The Bramins.--A Drawing.*

DCp59; E548| The subject is, Mr. Wilkin, translating the Geeta; an ideal  
DCp59; E548| design, suggested by the first publication of that part of the  
DCp59; E548| Hindoo Scriptures, translated by Mr. Wilkin. I understand that  
DCp59; E548| my Costume is incorrect, but in this I plead the authority of the  
DCp59; E548| ancients, who often deviated from the Habits, to preserve the  
DCp59; E548| Manners, as in the instance of Laocoon, who, though a priest, is  
DCp59; E548| represented naked.

DC; E548| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE 60

DCp60; E548| NUMBER XI.

DCp60; E548| The body of Abel found by Adam and Eve; Cain, who  
DCp60; E548| was about to bury it, fleeing from the face of his Parents. --A Drawing

DCp60; E548| NUMBER XII.

DCp60; E548| The Soldiers casting lots for Christ's Garment.-A Drawing

DCp60; E549| NUMBER XIII.

DCp60; E549| Jacob's Ladder, --A Drawing.

DCp60; E549| NUMBER XIV.

DCp60; E549| The Angels hovering over the Body of Jesus in the  
DCp60; E549| Sepulchre.--A Drawing

DCp60; E549| The above four drawings the Artist wishes were in Fresco,  
DCp60; E549| on an enlarged scale to ornament [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 61] the altars of churches,  
DCp61; E549| and to make England like Italy, respected by respectable men of  
DCp61; E549| other countries on account of Art. It is not the want of genius,  
DCp61; E549| that can hereafter be laid to our charge, the Artist who has done  
DCp61; E549| these Pictures and Drawings will take care of that; let those who  
DCp61; E549| govern the Nation, take care of the other. The times require  
DCp61; E549| that every one should speak out boldly; England expects that  
DCp61; E549| every man should do his duty, in Arts, as well as in Arms, or in  
DCp61; E549| the Senate.



DCp61; E549|

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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 62] 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."

DCp62quote; E549|

DCp62quote; E549|

DCp62quote; E549|

DCp62quote; E549|

DCp62; E549|

DCp62; E549|

DCp62; E549|

DCp62; E549|

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DCp63; E549|

DCp63; E549|

DCp63; E549|

DCp63; E549|

DCp63; E549|

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. [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 63] 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 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.

DCp63; E550|

DCp63; E550|

DCp64; E550|

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DCp64; E550|

DCp64; E550|

The great and golden rule of art, as well as of life, is this: That the more distinct, sharp, [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 64] 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 Durer, 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

DCp64; E550| pretence of the plagiary in all its branches. How do we  
DCp64; E550| distinguish the oak from the beech, the horse from the ox, but  
DCp64; E550| by the bounding outline? How do we distinguish one face or  
DCp64; E550| countenance from another, but by the bounding line and its  
DCp64; E550| infinite inflexions and movements? What is it that builds a house  
DCp64; E550| and plants a garden, but the definite and determinate? What is it  
DCp64; E550| that distinguishes honesty from knavery, but the hard and wirey  
DCp64; E550| line of rectitude and certainty [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 65] in the actions and  
DCp65; E550| intentions. Leave out this l[i]ne and you leave out life itself;  
DCp65; E550| all is chaos again, and the line of the almighty must be drawn  
DCp65; E550| out upon it before man or beast can exist. Talk no more then of  
DCp65; E550| Correggio, or Rembrandt, or any other of those plagiaries of  
DCp65; E550| Venice or Flanders. They were but the lame imitators of lines  
DCp65; E550| drawn by their predecessors, and their works prove themselves  
DCp65; E550| contemptible dis-arranged imitations and blundering misapplied  
DCp65; E550| copies.

DCp65; E550| NUMBER XVI.  
DC; E550| The Penance of Jane Shore in St. Paul's Church.--A Drawing

DCp65; E550| THIS Drawing was done above Thirty Years ago, and proves  
DCp65; E550| to the Author, and he thinks will prove to any discerning eye,  
DCp65; E550| that the productions of our youth and of our maturer age  
DC; E550| [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 66]  
DCp66; E550| are equal in all essential points. If a man is master of his  
DCp66; E550| profession, he cannot be ignorant that he is so; and if he is not  
DCp66; E550| employed by those who pretend to encourage art, he will employ  
DCp66; E550| himself, and laugh in secret at the pretences of the ignorant,  
DCp66; E550| while he has every night dropped into his shoe, as soon as he  
DCp66; E550| puts it off, and puts out the candle, and gets into bed, a reward  
DCp66; E550| for the labours of the day, such as the world cannot give, and  
DCp66; E550| patience and time await to give him all that the world can give.

DCp66; E550| FINIS.

DCp66; E550| D. N. SHURY, PRINTER, BERWICK-STREET, SOHO, LONDON.

DC; E551| *Descriptive Catalogue* PAGE [67]  
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TXTLavTitle; E583| Annotations to Lavater's *Aphorisms on Man* *t1460*

TXTLavTitle; E583| London 1788

TXTLav; E583| TITLE PAGE

AnnLav-signature; E583| *Will<sup>m</sup> Blake*

EDAnnLavTEXT; E583| [signed and underlined, beneath the printed "Lavater", the  
EDAnnLavTEXT; E583| two names then being enclosed in an outline of a heart]

TXTLav1; E583| PAGE 1

AnnLav1; E583| for the reason of these remarks see the last aphorism

EDAnnLav; E583| [Blake is referring to 643: "If you mean to know yourself,  
EDAnnLav; E583| interline such of these aphorisms as affected you agreeably in  
EDAnnLav; E583| reading, and set a mark to such as left a sense of uneasiness  
EDAnnLav; E583| with you; and then shew your copy to whom you please."  
EDAnnLav; E583| Blake's mark of uneasiness, a large rough X in the margin,  
EDAnnLav; E583| is shown here by an X beside the number of the aphorism. His  
EDAnnLav; E583| underlining of agreeable passages is represented by  
EDAnnLav; E583| *italics*, and he occasionally supplements the underlining  
EDAnnLav; E583| with a square dagger of emphatic approval, as shown.[<dag>] ]

TXTLav1; E583| 1. Know, in the first place, that mankind agree in essence, as  
TXTLav1; E583| they do in their limbs and senses.  
TXTLav1; E583| 2. Mankind differ as much in essence as they do in form, limbs,  
TXTLav1; E583| and senses-and only so, and not more.

AnnLav1; E584| This is true Christian philosophy far above all abstraction  
TXTLav1; E584| [written beside both aphorisms, with a line under each]

TXTLav3; E584| 3. *As in looking upward each beholder thinks himself the*  
TXTLav3; E584| *centre of the sky; so Nature formed her individuals, that each*  
TXTLav3; E584| *must see himself the centre of being.*  
TXTLav3; E584| Let me refer here, to a remark on aphorism 533 & another on. 630

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

a golden sentence

11. *The less you can enjoy, the poorer, the scantier yourself--the more you can enjoy, the richer, the more vigorous.* You enjoy with wisdom or with folly, as the gratification of your appetites capacitates or unnerves your powers. [?Doubtful] false for weak is the joy that is never wearied (Written beside the second paragraph)

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

All Gold

14. *What is a man's interest? what constitutes his God, the ultimate* of his wishes, his end of existence? Either that which on every occasion he communicates with the most unrestrained cordiality, or hides from every profane eye and ear with mysterious awe; to which he makes every other thing a mere appendix;--the vortex, the centre, the comparative point from which he sets out, on which he fixes, to which he irresistibly returns;--that, at the loss of which you may safely think him inconsolable;--that which he rescues from the gripe of danger with equal anxiety and boldness. The story of the painter and the prince is well known: to get at the best piece in the artist's collection, . . . [All bracketed to this comment:] Pure gold [The story continues, unmarked, and concludes:] . . . of thousands it may be decided what loss, what gain, would affect them most. And suppose we cannot pronounce on others, cannot we determine on ourselves? This the sage of Nazareth meant when he said, WHERE THY TREASURE IS, THERE WILL THY HEART BE ALSO--*The object of your love is your God.* This should be written in gold letters on our temples

16. The greatest of characters, no doubt, was he, who, free

TXTLav16; E584|  
TXTLav16; E584|  
TXTLav16; E584|  
TXTLav16; E584|

of all trifling accidental helps, could see objects through one grand immutable medium, always at hand, and proof against illusion and time, reflected by every object, and invariably traced through all the fluctuation of things.

AnnLav16; E584|

this was Christ

TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|

20. Distinguish with exactness, in thyself and others, between WISHES and WILL, in the strictest sense. Who has many wishes has generally but little will. Who has energy of will has few diverging wishes. Whose will is bent with energy on ONE, MUST renounce the wishes for MANY things. Who cannot do this is not stamped with the majesty of human nature. *The energy of choice, the unison of various powers for one is only WILL, born under the agonies of self-denial and renounced desires.*

AnnLav20; E584|

Regeneration

TXTLav21; E584|  
TXTLav21; E584|  
TXTLav21; E584|  
TXTLav21; E584|  
AnnLav21; E584|  
AnnLav21; E584|

X21.Calmness of will is a sign of grandeur. The vulgar, far from hiding their WILL, blab their wishes--a single spark of occasion discharges the child of passions into a thousand crackers of desire.

uneasy  
See 384.

TXTLav23; E585|  
TXTLav23; E585|  
TXTLav23; E585|

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

TXTLav25; E585|  
TXTLav25; E585|

25. WISHES run over into loquacious impotence, WILL presses on with laconic energy. [Horizontal line in left margin]

TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
AnnLav28; E585|

28. *The glad gladdens--who gladdens not is not glad. fatal to others is so to himself--to him, heaven, wisdom, folly, virtue, vice, are equally so--to such an one tell neither good nor bad of yourself.*  
X32. *Let the degree of egotism be the measure of confidence.*  
uneasy



TXTLav36; E585|  
TXTLav36; E585|  
AnnLav36; E585|  
AnnLav36; E585|

*X36. Who begins with severity, in judging of another, ends  
commonly with falsehood.  
false  
Severity of judgment is a great virtue*

TXTLav37; E585|  
TXTLav37; E585|  
AnnLav37; E585|  
AnnLav37; E585|  
TXTLav39; E585|  
TXTLav39; E585|  
AnnLav39; E585|  
AnnLav39; E585|  
AnnLav39; E585|  
AnnLav39; E585|

*X37. The smiles that encourage severity of judgment, hide  
malice and insincerity.  
false  
Aphorisms should be universally true  
X39. Who, without pressing temptation, tells a lie, will,  
without pressing temptation, act ignobly and meanly.  
uneasy  
false  
a man may lie for his own pleasure. but if any one is hurt  
by his lying will confess his lie see N 124*

TXTLav40; E585|  
TXTLav40; E585|  
TXTLav40; E585|  
AnnLav40; E585|

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

TXTLav43; E585|  
TXTLav43; E585|  
TXTLav43; E585|

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

TXTLav44; E585|  
TXTLav44; E585|  
TXTLav44; E585|  
TXTLav44; E585|  
TXTLav44; E585|  
TXTLav44; E585|  
TXTLav44; E585|  
TXTLav44; E585|  
TXTLav44; E585|  
TXTLav44; E585|

*44. YOU can depend on no man, on no friend, but him who can  
depend on himself. He only who acts consequentially  
toward himself will act so toward others, and VICE  
VERSA.  
Man is for ever the same; the same under every form, in all  
situations and relations that admit of free and unrestrained  
exertion. The same regard which you have for yourself, you  
have for others, for nature, for the invisible NUMEN, which you  
call God--Who has witnessed one free]and unconstrained act  
of yours, has witnessed all.*

TXTLav54; E585|  
TXTLav54; E585|  
TXTLav54; E585|  
TXTLav54; E585|  
TXTLav54; E585|  
TXTLav54; E585|

*X54. Frequent laughing has been long called a sign of a  
little mind--whilst the scarcer smile of harmless quiet has been  
complimented as the mark of a noble heart--But to abstain from  
laughing, and exciting laughter, merely not to offend, or to risk  
giving offence, or not to debase the inward dignity of character--  
is a power unknown to many a vigorous mind.*

AnnLav54; E585|

*I hate scarce smiles I love laughing*

TXTLav59; E585|

*59. A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity.*

AnnLav59; E585|

*damn Sneerers*

TXTLav60; E585|

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

TXTLav60; E585|

*professed knave.*

TXTLav61; E585|

*61. I know not which of these two I should wish to avoid most;*

TXTLav61; E585|

*the scoffer at virtue and religion, who, with heartless villany,*

TXTLav61; E585|

*butchers innocence and truth; or the pietist, who crawls,*

TXTLav61; E585|

*groans, blubbers, and secretly says to gold, thou art m*

TXTLav61; E585|

*hope! and to his belly, thou art my god !*

AnnLav61; E585|

*I hate crawlers*

TXTLav62; E586|

*62. All moral dependence on him, who has been guilty Of*

TXTLav62; E586|

*ONE act of positive cool villany against an acknowledged,*

TXTLav62; E586|

*virtuous and noble character, is credulity, imbecility, or*

TXTLav62; E586|

*insanity.*

AnnLav62; E586|

*is being like him rather*

TXTLav63; E586|

*63. The most stormy ebullitions of passion, from*

TXTLav63; E586|

*blasphemy to murder, are less terrific than one single act of*

TXTLav63; E586|

*cool villany: a still RABIES is more dangerous than the paroxisms*

TXTLav63; E586|

*of a fever--Fear the boisterous savage of passion less than the*

TXTLav63; E586|

*sedate grin of villany.*

AnnLav63; E586|

*bravo*

TXTLav66; E586|

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

TXTLav66; E586|

*--No*

AnnLav66; E586|

TXTLav67; E586|

*67. There are offences against individuals, to all*

TXTLav67; E586|

*appearance trifling, which are capital offences against the*

TXTLav67; E586|

*human race--fly him who can commit them.*

TXTLav68; E586|

*68. There ought to be a perpetual whisper in the ear of plain*

TXTLav68; E586|

*honesty--take heed not even to pronounce the name of a knave--he*

TXTLav68; E586|

*will make the very sound of his name a handle of mischief. And*

TXTLav68; E586|

*do you think a knave begins mischief to leave off? Know this--*

TXTLav68; E586|

*whether he overcome or be foiled, he will wrangle on.*

AnnLav68; E586|

*therefore pronounce him a knave, why should honesty fear a knave*

TXTLav69; E586|

*69. Humility and love, whatever obscurities may involve*

TXTLav69; E586|

*religious tenets, constitute the essence of true religion.*

TXTLav69; E586|

*The humble is formed to adore; the loving to associate with*

TXTLav69; E586|

*eternal love.*

AnnLav69; E586|

*Sweet.*

TXTLav70; E586|

*X70. Have you ever seen a vulgar mind warm or humble? or a*

TXTLav70; E586|

*proud one that could love?--where pride begins, love ceases--as*

TXTLav70; E586|

*love, so humility--as both, so the still real power of man.*

TXTLav70; E586|

*<pride may love> (over a deletion)*

AnnLav70; E586|

TXTLav71; E586|

*X71. Every thing may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility*

TXTLav71; E586|

*and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest*

TXTLav71; E586|

*night--the more rare humility and love united, the more radiant*

TXTLav71; E586|

*where they meet.*

AnnLav71; E586|

*all this may be mimicked very well. this Aphorism*

AnnLav71; E586|

*certainly was an oversight for what are all crawlers but*

AnnLav71; E586|

*mimickers of humility & love*

TXTLav71; E586|

*X73. Modesty is silent when it would not be improper to*

TXTLav71; E586|

*speak: the humble, without being called upon, never recollects to*

TXTLav71; E586|

*say any thing of himself.*

AnnLav71; E586|

*uneasy*

TXTLav78; E586|

*78. The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness,*

TXTLav78; E586|

*is the wrath of a generous mind.*

TXTLav80; E586|

*80. Thousands are hated, whilst none are ever loved, without*

TXTLav80; E586|

*a real cause. The amiable alone can be loved.*

TXTLav81; E586|

*81. He who is loved and commands love, when he corrects or is*

TXTLav81; E586|

*the cause of uneasiness, must be loveliness itself; and*

TXTLav82; E586|

*82. He who can love him, in the moment of correction, is the*

TXTLav82; E586|

*most amiable of mortals,*

TXTLav83; E586|

*83. He, to whom you may tell any thing, may see every thing,*

TXTLav83; E586|

*and will betray nothing.*

TXTLav86; E586|

*X86. The freer you feel yourself in the presence of*

TXTLav86; E586|  
AnnLav86; E586|

*another, the more free is he: who is free makes free  
rather uneasy*

TXTLav92; E586|  
TXTLav92; E586|  
TXTLav92; E586|  
AnnLav92; E586|

*X92. Who instantly does the best that can be done, what no  
other could have done, and what all must acknowledge to be the  
best, is a genius and a hero at once.  
uneasy*

TXTLav93; E587|  
TXTLav93; E587|  
TXTLav93; E587|

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

TXTLav94; E587|  
TXTLav94; E587|  
TXTLav94; E587|  
AnnLav94; E587|

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

TXTLav96; E587|  
TXTLav96; E587|  
AnnLav96; E587|

*X96. Dread more the blunderer's friendship than the calumniator's  
enmity.  
I doubt this*

TXTLav97; E587|  
TXTLav97; E587|  
AnnLav97; E587|  
AnnLav97; E587|

*X97. He only, who can give durability to his exertions, has  
genuine power and energy of mind.  
uneasy  
Sterling*

TXTLav98; E587|  
TXTLav98; E587|  
TXTLav98; E587|  
AnnLav98; E587|

*X98. Before thou callest a man hero or genius, investigate  
whether his exertion has features of indelibility; for all that  
is celestial, all genius, is the offspring of immortality.  
uneasy Sterling*

TXTLav99; E587|  
TXTLav99; E587|

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

TXTLav107; E587|  
TXTLav107; E587|  
TXTLav107; E587|  
TXTLav107; E587|  
TXTLav107; E587|  
TXTLav107; E587|  
AnnLav107; E587|

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

TXTLav114; E587	<i>114. Who writes as he speaks, speaks as he writes,</i>
TXTLav114; E587	<i>looks as he speaks and writes--is honest.</i>
TXTLav115; E587	<i>115.A habit of sneering marks the egotist, or the fool, or the</i>
TXTLav115; E587	<i>knave--or all three.</i>
AnnLav115; E587	<i>--all three</i>
TXTLav121; E587	<i>X121. Who knows not how to wait with YES, will often be with</i>
TXTLav121; E587	<i>shame reduced to say No. Letting "I DARE NOT wait upon I WOULD"</i>
TXTLav121; E587	<i>uneasy</i>
AnnLav121; E587	
TXTLav124; E587	<i>124. Who has a daring eye, tells downright truths and</i>
TXTLav124; E587	<i>downright lies.</i>
AnnLav124; E587	<i>contrary to N 39 but most True</i>
TXTLav141; E587	<i>X141. Many trifling inattentions, neglects, indiscretions-</i>
TXTLav141; E587	<i>-are so many unequivocal proofs of dull frigidity, hardness, or</i>
TXTLav141; E587	<i>extreme egotism.</i>
AnnLav141; E587	<i>rather uneasy</i>
TXTLav150; E587	<i>X150. As your enemies and your friends, so are you.</i>
TXTLav150; E587	<i>very uneasy</i>
AnnLav150; E587	
TXTLav151; E587	<i>X151. You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose</i>
TXTLav151; E587	<i>intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters</i>
TXTLav151; E587	<i>decidedly bad.</i>
AnnLav151; E587	<i>uneasy</i>
AnnLav151; E587	<i>I fear I have not many enemies</i>
TXTLav157; E587	<i>157. Say not you know another entirely, till you have</i>
TXTLav157; E587	<i>divided an inheritance with him.</i>
AnnLav157; E587	<i>!!</i>
TXTLav163; E587	<i>X163. Who, at the pressing solicitation of bold and noble</i>
TXTLav163; E587	<i>confidence, hesitates one moment before he consents, proves</i>
TXTLav163; E587	<i>himself at once inexorable.</i>
AnnLav163; E587	<i>uneasy</i>
AnnLav163; E587	<i>I do not believe it</i>

TXTLav164; E588	<i>X164. Who, at the solicitations of cunning, self-interest,</i>
TXTLav164; E588	<i>silliness, or impudence, hesitates one moment before he refuses,</i>
TXTLav164; E588	<i>proves himself at once a silly giver.</i>
AnnLav164; E588	<i>uneasy</i>
TXTLav165; E588	<i>165. Examine carefully whether a man is fonder of exceptions</i>
TXTLav165; E588	<i>than of rules; as he makes use of exceptions he is sagacious; as</i>
TXTLav165; E588	<i>he applies them against the rule he is wrong-headed. I heard in</i>
TXTLav165; E588	<i>one day a man, who thought himself wise, . . . sophist's</i>
TXTLav165; E588	<i>character. . . (Vertical line in margin of passage from "rules"</i>
TXTLav165; E588	<i>to "wise")</i>
TXTLav168; E588	<i>X168. Whenever a man undergoes a considerable change, in</i>
TXTLav168; E588	<i>consequence of being observed by others, whenever he assumes</i>
TXTLav168; E588	<i>another gait, another language, than what he had before he</i>
TXTLav168; E588	<i>thought himself observed, be advised to guard yourself against</i>
TXTLav168; E588	<i>him.</i>
AnnLav168; E588	<i>rather uneasy</i>
TXTLav170; E588	<i>170. I am prejudiced in favour of him who can solicit</i>
TXTLav170; E588	<i>boldly, without impudence--he has faith in humanity--hhas</i>
TXTLav170; E588	<i>faith in himself. No one, who is not accustomed to give grandly,</i>
TXTLav170; E588	<i>can ask nobly and with boldness.</i>
TXTLav176; E588	<i>176. As a man's salutation, so the total of his character: in</i>
TXTLav176; E588	<i>nothing do we lay ourselves so open as in our manner of meeting</i>
TXTLav176; E588	<i>and salutation.</i>
TXTLav177; E588	<i>177. Be afraid of him who meets you with friendly aspect,</i>
TXTLav177; E588	<i>and, in the midst of a flattering salutation, avoids your direct</i>
TXTLav177; E588	<i>open look</i>
TXTLav185; E588	<i>185. All finery is a sign of littleness.</i>
AnnLav185; E588	<i>not always</i>
TXTLav200; E588	<i>200. The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the</i>
TXTLav200; E588	<i>air of a saint--the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the</i>
TXTLav200; E588	<i>face of piety</i>
AnnLav200; E588	<i>bravo</i>
TXTLav201; E588	<i>201. There are more heroes than saints; (heroes I call</i>



TXTLav201; E588| *rulers over the minds and destinies of men); more saints than*  
TXTLav201; E588| *humane characters, Him, who humanises all that is within and*  
TXTLav201; E588| *around himself, adore: I know but of one such by*  
TXTLav201; E588| *tradition.*  
AnnLav201; E588| *Sweet*

TXTLav203; E588| *203. Who seeks those that are greater than himself,*  
TXTLav203; E588| *their greatness enjoys, and forgets his greatest qualities in*  
TXTLav203; E588| *their greater ones, is already truly great*  
AnnLav203; E588| *I hope I do not flatter my self that this is pleasant to me*

TXTLav219; E588| *219. <dag>None love without being loved; and none*  
TXTLav219; E588| *beloved is without loveliness*

TXTLav225; E588| *225. The friend of order has made half his way to*  
TXTLav225; E588| *virtue*  
TXTLav226; E588| *X226. There is no mortal truly wise and restless at once-*  
TXTLav226; E588| *-wisdom is the repose of minds.*  
AnnLav226; E588| *rather uneasy*

TXTLav242; E588| *242. The connoisseur in painting discovers an original by*  
TXTLav242; E588| *some great line, though covered with dust, and disguised by*  
TXTLav242; E588| *daubing; so he who studies man discovers a valuable character by*  
TXTLav242; E588| *some original trait, though unnoticed, disguised, or debased-*  
TXTLav242; E588| *-ravished at the discovery, he feels it his duty to restore it to*  
TXTLav242; E588| *its own genuine splendour. Him who, in spite of contemptuous*  
TXTLav242; E588| *pretenders, has the boldness to do this, choose for your*  
TXTLav242; E588| *friend*

TXTLav244; E588| *244. Who writes what he should tell, and dares not tell what he*  
TXTLav244; E588| *writes, is either like a wolf in sheep's clothing, or like a*  
TXTLav244; E588| *sheep in a wolfs skin.*  
AnnLav244; E588| *Some cannot tell what they can write tho they dare*

TXTLav248; E589| *248. Know that the great art to love your enemy consists in*  
TXTLav248; E589| *never losing sight of MAN in him: humanity has power over all*  
TXTLav248; E589| *that is human; the most inhuman man still remains man, and never*  
TXTLav248; E589| *CAN throw off all taste for what becomes a man--but you must*  
TXTLav248; E589| *learn to wait.*  
AnnLav248; E589| *none can see the man in the enemy if he is ignorantly so,*  
AnnLav248; E589| *he is not truly an enemy if maliciously not a man*  
AnnLav248; E589| *I cannot love my enemy for my enemy is not man but beast &*

AnnLav248; E589|

*devil if I have any. I can love him as a beast & wish to beat him*

TXTLav253; E589|

*253. Who welcomes the look of the good is good  
himself*

TXTLav253; E589|

TXTLav254; E589|

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

TXTLav254; E589|

TXTLav254; E589|

TXTLav254; E589|

TXTLav254; E589|

AnnLav254; E589|

bravo

TXTLav254; E589|

(Whom *corrected to* who, in accord with Errata  
list)

TXTLav254; E589|

TXTLav256; E589|

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

TXTLav256; E589|

TXTLav256; E589|

TXTLav256; E589|

TXTLav256; E589|

AnnLav256; E589|

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

TXTLav261; E589|

*X261. Ask not only, am I hated? but, by whom?--am I  
loved? but why?--as the GOOD love thee, the BAD will  
hate thee*

TXTLav261; E589|

TXTLav261; E589|

AnnLav261; E589|

uneasy

TXTLav272; E589|

*272. Who can act or perform as if each workor  
action were the first, the last, and only one in his life, is  
great [in his sphere.*

TXTLav272; E589|

TXTLav272; E589|

TXTLav272; E589|

(The last three words deleted by Blake)

TXTLav276; E589|

*X276. We can do all by speech and silence. He, who  
understands the double art of speaking opportunely to the moment,  
and of saying not a syllable more or less than it demanded--and  
he who can wrap himself up in silence when every word would be in  
vain--will understand to connect energy with patience.*

TXTLav276; E589|

TXTLav276; E589|

TXTLav276; E589|

TXTLav276; E589|

AnnLav276; E589|

uneasy

TXTLav278; E589|

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

TXTLav278; E589|

TXTLav278; E589|

AnnLav278; E589|

Excellent

TXTLav279; E589|

TXTLav279; E589|

TXTLav279; E589|

TXTLav279; E589|

AnnLav279; E589|

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

Noble

TXTLav282; E589|

TXTLav282; E589|

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

TXTLav285; E589|

TXTLav285; E589|

TXTLav285; E589|

285. *He, who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity*  
(Vertical line in margin; also underlined)

TXTLav287; E589|

TXTLav287; E589|

TXTLav287; E589|

TXTLav287; E589|

TXTLav287; E589|

AnnLav287; E589|

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

(The last nine words deleted by Blake)

unsophisticated

TXTLav289; E590|

TXTLav289; E590|

TXTLav289; E590|

TXTLav289; E590|

AnnLav289; E590|

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

<dag>would to God that every one would consider this

TXTLav290; E590|

TXTLav290; E590|

TXTLav290; E590|

AnnLav290; E590|

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

All Gold

TXTLav292; E590|

TXTLav292; E590|

AnnLav292; E590|

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

i.e. hypocrite

TXTLav295; E590|

TXTLav295; E590|

TXTLav295; E590|

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

TXTLav301; E590  TXTLav301; E590  AnnLav301; E590  AnnLav301; E590	301. He has not a little of the devil in him who prays and bites. there is no other devil, he who bites without praying is only a beast
TXTLav302; E590  TXTLav302; E590  TXTLav302; E590  TXTLav302; E590  AnnLav302; E590	302. He who, when called upon to speak a <i>disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice, and never ceases nibbling.</i> damn such
TXTLav305; E590  TXTLav305; E590  AnnLav305; E590	305. <i>Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them.</i> an excellent rule
TXTLav308; E590  TXTLav308; E590  AnnLav308; E590	X308. Want of friends argues either want of humility or courage, or both. uneasy
TXTLav309; E590  TXTLav309; E590  TXTLav309; E590  TXTLav309; E590  TXTLav309; E590  TXTLav309; E590  TXTLav309; E590  TXTLav309; E590  TXTLav309; E590  AnnLav309; E590  AnnLav309; E590  AnnLav309; E590  AnnLav309; E590	309. He who, at a table of forty covers, thirty-nine of which are exquisite, and one indifferent, lays hold of that, and with a "damn your dinner" dashes it in the landlord's face, should be sent to Bethlem or to Bridewell--and whither he, who blasphemes a book, a work of art, or perhaps a man of nine-and-thirty good and but one bad quality, and calls those fools or flatterers who, engrossed by the superior number of good qualities, would fain forget the bad one<?> (Question marked added by Blake) to hell till he behaves better. mark that I do not believe there is such a thing litterally. but hell is the being shut up in the possession of corporeal desires which shortly weary the man for <i>all life is holy</i>
TXTLav328; E590  TXTLav328; E590  AnnLav328; E590	328. <i>Keep him at least three paces distant who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child</i> the best in the book
TXTLav333; E590  TXTLav333; E590  AnnLav333; E590	333. Between passion and lie there is not a finger's breadth. Lie, is the contrary to Passion

TXTLav334; E590	334.. <i>Avoid, like a serpent, him who writes</i>
TXTLav334; E590	<i>impertinently, yet speaks politely</i>
AnnLav334; E590	a dog get a stick to him
TXTLav338; E590	X338. Search carefully if one patiently finishes what he
TXTLav338; E590	boldly began.
AnnLav338; E590	uneasy
TXTLav339; E590	339. Who comes from the kitchen smells of its smoke;
TXTLav339; E590	<i>who adheres to a sect has something of its cant:</i> the
TXTLav339; E590	college-air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity him who herds
TXTLav339; E590	with literary pedants.
TXTLav341; E590	341. <i>Call him truly religious who believes in something</i>
TXTLav341; E590	<i>higher, more powerful, more living, than visible nature; and who,</i>
TXTLav341; E590	<i>clear as his own existence, feels his conformity to that superior</i>
TXTLav341; E590	<i>being.</i>
TXTLav342; E591	342. [ <i>Superstition</i> ] <Hypocrisy> always inspires
TXTLav342; E591	littleness, religion grandeur of mind: the
TXTLav342; E591	[ <i>superstitious</i> ] <hypocrite> raises beings inferior to
TXTLav342; E591	himself to deities.
AnnLav342; E591	no man was ever truly superstitious who was not truly
AnnLav342; E591	religious as far as he knew
AnnLav342; E591	True superstition is ignorant honesty & this is beloved of
AnnLav342; E591	god & man
AnnLav342; E591	I do not allow that there is such a thing as Superstition
AnnLav342; E591	taken in the strict sense of the word
AnnLav342; E591	A man must first decieve himself before he is <thus>
AnnLav342; E591	Superstitious & so he is a hypocrite
AnnLav342; E591	Hypocrisy. is as distant from superstition. as the wolf from
AnnLav342; E591	the lamb.
TXTLav343; E591	343. Who are the saints of humanity? those whom perpetual
TXTLav343; E591	habits of goodness and of grandeur have made nearly unconscious
TXTLav343; E591	that what they do is good or grand--<dag> <i>heroes with</i>
TXTLav343; E591	<i>infantine simplicity</i>
AnnLav343; E591	<dag>this is heavenly
TXTLav345; E591	345. The jealous is possessed by a "fine mad devil*" and a
TXTLav345; E591	dull spirit at once.
TXTLav345; E591	*Shakspeare.

AnnLav345; E591|

pity the jealous

TXTLav352; E591|

TXTLav352; E591|

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

TXTLav353; E591|

AnnLav353; E591|

353. Sneers are the blasts that precede quarrels.  
hate the sneerer

TXTLav354; E591|

AnnLav354; E591|

354. Who loves will not be adored.  
false

TXTLav359; E591|

TXTLav365; E591|

359. *No great character cavils.*  
365. *He can love who can forget all and nothing.*

TXTLav366; E591|

TXTLav366; E591|

TXTLav366; E591|

TXTLav366; E591|

TXTLav366; E591|

AnnLav366; E591|

366. *The purest religion is the most refined Epicurism. He, who in the smallest given time can enjoy most of what he never shall repent, and what furnisheenjoyments, still more unexhausted, still less changeable--is the most religious and the most voluptuous of men.*  
True Christian philosophy

TXTLav370; E591|

TXTLav370; E591|

TXTLav370; E591|

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

TXTLav376; E591|

TXTLav376; E591|

TXTLav376; E591|

AnnLav376; E591|

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

TXTLav377; E591|

TXTLav377; E591|

TXTLav377; E591|

TXTLav377; E591|

TXTLav377; E591|

TXTLav377; E591|

AnnLav377; E591|

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

TXTLav380; E591|

TXTLav380; E591|

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



TXTLav383; E592| 383. How can he be pious who loves not the beautiful, whilst  
TXTLav383; E592| piety is nothing but the love of beauty? Beauty we Call the  
TXTLav383; E592| MOST VARIED ONE, the MOST UNITED VARIETY. Could there be a man  
TXTLav383; E592| who should harmoniously unite each variety of knowledge and of  
TXTLav383; E592| powers--were he not the most beautiful? were he not your  
TXTLav383; E592| *god*?  
AnnLav383; E592| this is our Lord

TXTLav384; E592| 384. Incredible are his powers who DESIRES nothing that he  
TXTLav384; E592| CANNOT WILL.  
AnnLav384; E592| See 20 & 21

TXTLav385; E592| X385. The unloved cannot love.  
AnnLav385; E592| doubtful

TXTLav386; E592| X386. Let the object of love be careful to lose none of its  
TXTLav386; E592| loveliness.

TXTLav389; E592| X389. We cannot be great, if we calculate how great we and  
TXTLav389; E592| how little others are, and calculate not how great others, how  
TXTLav389; E592| minute, how impotent ourselves.  
AnnLav389; E592| uneasy

TXTLav391; E592| 391. He loves unalterably who keeps within the bounds of  
TXTLav391; E592| love; who always shews somewhat less than what he is  
TXTLav391; E592| *possessed of*--nor ever utters a *syllable*, or  
TXTLav391; E592| gives a hint, of *more than* what in fact remains  
TXTLav391; E592| *behind*--is just and friendly in the same degree.

TXTLav396; E592| 396. *Who kindles love loves warmly.*

TXTLav400; E592| 400. There is a manner of forgiving so divine, that you are  
TXTLav400; E592| ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.  
AnnLav400; E592| this I cannot conceive

TXTLav401; E592| 401. Expect the secret resentment of him whom your  
TXTLav401; E592| forgiveness has impressed with a sense of his inferiority; expect  
TXTLav401; E592| the resentment of the woman whose proffered love you have  
TXTLav401; E592| repulsed; yet surer still expect the unceasing rancour of envy

TXTLav401; E592| against the progress of genius and merit--renounce the hopes of  
TXTLav401; E592| reconciling him: but know, that whilst you steer on, mindless of  
TXTLav401; E592| his grin, allruling destiny will either change his rage to awe,  
TXTLav401; E592| or blast his powers to their deepest root.  
AnnLav401; E592| If you expect his resentment you do not forgive him  
AnnLav401; E592| *now*. tho you did once forgiveness of enemies can only  
AnnLav401; E592| come upon their repentance

TXTLav407; E592| 407. Whatever is visible is the vessel or veil of the  
TXTLav407; E592| invisible past, present, future--as man penetrates to this more,  
TXTLav407; E592| or perceives it less, he raises or depresses his dignity of  
TXTLav407; E592| being.  
AnnLav407; E592| A vision of the Eternal Now--

TXTLav408; E592| 408. Let none turn over books, or roam the stars *in*  
TXTLav408; E592| *quest of God, who sees him not in man*

TXTLav409; E592| 409. He alone is good, who, though possessed of energy, prefers  
TXTLav409; E592| virtue, *with the appearance of weakness, to the invitation of*  
TXTLav409; E592| *acting brilliantly ill*  
AnnLav409; E592| Noble But Mark Active Evil is better than Passive Good.

TXTLav410; E592| X410. Clearness, rapidity, comprehension of look, glance  
TXTLav410; E592| (what the French call 'COUP D'OEIL'), is the greatest, simplest,  
TXTLav410; E592| most inexhausted gift a mortal can receive from heaven: who has  
TXTLav410; E592| that has all; and who has it not has little of what constitutes  
TXTLav410; E592| the good and great.  
AnnLav410; E592| uneasy  
AnnLav410; E592| doubtful

TXTLav413; E592| 413. As the presentiment of the possible, deemed  
TXTLav413; E592| impossible, so genius, so heroism--*every genius, every hero,*  
TXTLav413; E592| *is a prophet*

TXTLav414; E592| X414. He who goes one step beyond his real faith, or  
TXTLav414; E592| presentiment, is in danger of deceiving himself and others.  
AnnLav414; E592| uneasy

TXTLav416; E593| 416 He, who to obtain much will suffer little or nothing,  
TXTLav416; E593| can never be called great; and none ever little, who, to obtain  
TXTLav416; E593| one great object, will suffer much.

AnnLav416; E593|

the man who does this is a Sectary therefore not great

TXTLav419; E593|

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

TXTLav419; E593|

Excellent

AnnLav419; E593|

TXTLav424; E593|

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

TXTLav424; E593|

Most Excellent

TXTLav424; E593|

AnnLav424; E593|

TXTLav426; E593|

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

TXTLav426; E593|

no Omnipotence can act against order

TXTLav426; E593|

AnnLav426; E593|

TXTLav427; E593|

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

TXTLav427; E593|

TXTLav427; E593|

TXTLav427; E593|

TXTLav427; E593|

AnnLav427; E593|

TXTLav432; E593|

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

TXTLav432; E593|

TXTLav432; E593|

TXTLav432; E593|

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

TXTLav432; E593|

TXTLav432; E593|

TXTLav432; E593|

TXTLav432; E593|

AnnLav432; E593|

Excellent

TXTLav437; E593|

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

TXTLav437; E593|

TXTLav437; E593|

TXTLav437; E593|

TXTLav440; E593|

X440. He is much greater and more authentic, who produces one thing entire and perfect, than he who does many by halves.

TXTLav440; E593|

TXTLav440; E593|

AnnLav440; E593|

uneasy

TXTLav444; E593|

TXTLav444; E593|

TXTLav444; E593|

TXTLav444; E593|

AnnLav444; E593|

X444. Say what you please of your humanity, no wise man will ever believe a syllable while I and MINE are the two only gates at which you sally forth and enter, and through which alone all must pass who seek admittance.

uneasy

TXTLav447; E593|

TXTLav447; E593|

AnnLav447; E593|

AnnLav447; E593|

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

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

TXTLav449; E593|

TXTLav449; E593|

AnnLav449; E593|

X449. Trust not him with your secrets, who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.

uneasy yet I hope I should not do it

TXTLav450; E593|

TXTLav450; E593|

AnnLav450; E593|

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

Such a woman I adore

TXTLav451; E593|

TXTLav451; E593|

AnnLav451; E593|

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

this I do not understand

TXTLav452; E594|

TXTLav452; E594|

TXTLav452; E594|

TXTLav452; E594|

TXTLav452; E594|

452. Who has written will write again, says the Frenchman;

*[he who has written against you will write against you*

*again]*: he who has begun certain things is under the

*[curse]* <blessing> of leaving off no more.

(Text altered by Blake)

TXTLav460; E594|

TXTLav460; E594|

TXTLav460; E594|

TXTLav460; E594|

TXTLav460; E594|

TXTLav460; E594|

AnnLav460; E594|

X460. Nothing is more impartial than the stream-like public; always the same and never the same; of whom, sooner or later, each misrepresented character obtains justice, and each calumniated, honour: he who cannot wait for that, is either ignorant of human nature, or feels that he was not made for honour.

uneasy

TXTLav462; E594|

TXTLav462; E594|

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

TXTLav463; E594	463. Who, with calm wisdom alone, imperceptibly directs the
TXTLav463; E594	obstinacy of others, will be the most eligible friend or the most
TXTLav463; E594	dreadful enemy.
AnnLav463; E594	this must be a grand fellow
TXTLav465; E594	X465. He is condemned to depend on no man's modesty and
TXTLav465; E594	honour who dares not depend on his own.
AnnLav465; E594	uneasy
TXTLav477; E594	477. The frigid smiler, crawling, indiscreet, obtrusive,
TXTLav477; E594	brazen-faced, is a scorpion-whip of destiny-avoid him!
AnnLav477; E594	& never forgive him till he mends
TXTLav486; E594	X486. Distrust your heart and the durability of your fame,
TXTLav486; E594	if from the stream of occasion you snatch a handful of foam; deny
TXTLav486; E594	the stream, and give its name to the frothy bursting
TXTLav486; E594	bubble.
AnnLav486; E594	Uneasy
AnnLav486; E594	this I lament that I have done
TXTLav487; E594	487. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of
TXTLav487; E594	human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride? or luxury? or
TXTLav487; E594	ambition? or egotism? no; I shall say indolence--who conquers
TXTLav487; E594	indolence will conquer all the rest.
AnnLav487; E594	Pride fullness of bread & <i>abundance of Idleness</i> was
AnnLav487; E594	the sin of Sodom. See Ezekiel Ch xvi. 49 ver
TXTLav489; E594	489. An entirely honest man, in the severe sense of the
TXTLav489; E594	word, exists no more than an entirely dishonest knave: the best
TXTLav489; E594	and the worst are only approximations of those qualities. Who
TXTLav489; E594	are those that never contradict themselves? yet honesty never
TXTLav489; E594	contradicts itself: who are those that always contradict
TXTLav489; E594	themselves? yet knavery is mere self-contradiction. Thus the
TXTLav489; E594	knowledge of man determines not the things themselves, but their
TXTLav489; E594	proportions, the quantum of congruities and incongruities.
AnnLav489; E594	Man is a twofold being. one part capable of evil & the other
AnnLav489; E594	capable of good that which is capable of good is not also
AnnLav489; E594	capable of evil. but that which is capable of evil is also
AnnLav489; E594	capable of good. this aphorism seems to consider man as simple &
AnnLav489; E594	yet capable of evil. now both evil & good cannot exist in a
AnnLav489; E594	simple being. for thus 2 contraries would. spring from one

AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|

essence which is impossible. but if man is considered as only evil. & god only good. how then is regeneration effected which turns the evil to good. by casting out the evil. by the good.  
See Matthew XII. Ch. 26. 27. 28. 29 vs

TXTLav496; E594|  
TXTLav496; E594|  
AnnLav496; E594|  
AnnLav496; E594|

496. Sense seeks and finds the thought; the thought seeks and finds genius.  
& vice. versa. genius finds thought without seeking & thought thus, produced finds sense

TXTLav506; E595|  
TXTLav506; E595|  
TXTLav506; E595|  
AnnLav506; E595|

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

TXTLav507; E595|  
TXTLav507; E595|  
TXTLav507; E595|  
TXTLav507; E595|  
AnnLav507; E595|  
AnnLav507; E595|

507. *He, who has frequent moments of complete existence, is a hero, though not laurelled, is crowned, and without crowns, a king: he only who has enjoyed immortal moments can reproduce them*  
O that men would seek immortal moments O that men would converse with God

TXTLav508; E595|  
TXTLav508; E595|  
AnnLav508; E595|

508. *The greater that which you can HIDE, THE GREATER YOURSELF* (The last words triply underlined by Blake)  
Pleasant

TXTLav514; E595|  
TXTLav514; E595|  
TXTLav514; E595|  
AnnLav514; E595|

X514. He, who cannot forgive <a> trespass of malice to his enemy, has never yet tasted the most sublime enjoyment of love.  
uneasy this I know not

TXTLav518; E595|  
TXTLav518; E595|  
TXTLav518; E595|  
TXTLav518; E595|  
TXTLav518; E595|  
AnnLav518; E595|

X518. You may have hot enemies without having a warm friend; but not a fervid friend without a bitter enemy. The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold friends, cold enemies--half friends, half enemies--fervid enemies, warm friends.  
very Uneasy indeed but *truth*

TXTLav521; E595|  
TXTLav521; E595|  
TXTLav521; E595|

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



523. He will do great things who can avert his words and thoughts from past irremediable evils.  
 .not if evils are past sins. for these a man should never avert his thoughts from

X526. He, who is ever intent on great ends, has an eagle-eye for great means, and scorns not the smallest. Great ends never look at means but produce them spontaneously

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

Deduct from a rose its redness. from a lilly its whiteness from a diamond its hardness from a sponge its softness from an oak its heighth from a daisy its lowness & [*chaos*] rectify every thing in Nature as the Philosophers do. & then we shall return to Chaos & God will be compell'd to be Excentric if he Creates O happy Philosopher Variety does not necessarily suppose deformity, for a rose & a lilly. are various. & both beautiful Beauty is exuberant but not of ugliness but of beauty & if ugliness is adjoined

to beauty it is not the exuberance of beauty. so if Rafael is

AnnLav532; E596|  
AnnLav532; E596|  
AnnLav532; E596|  
AnnLav532; E596|  
AnnLav532; E596|  
AnnLav532; E596|  
TXTLav532; E596|  
TXTLav532; E596|  
TXTLav532; E596|  
TXTLav532; E596|  
TXTLav532; E596|  
TXTLav532; E596|

hard & dry it is not his genius but an accident acquired for how  
can Substance & Accident be predicated of the same Essence! I  
cannot concieve

But the substance gives tincture to the accident & makes it  
physiognomic

Aphorism 47. speaks of the heterogeneous, which all  
extravagance is. but exuberance not.

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

TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|  
TXTLav533; E596|

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

AnnLav533; E596|  
AnnLav533; E596|  
AnnLav533; E596|  
AnnLav533; E596|  
AnnLav533; E596|  
AnnLav533; E596|  
AnnLav533; E596|  
AnnLav533; E596|  
AnnLav533; E596|

man is the ark of God the mercy seat is above upon the ark  
cherubims guard it on either side & in the midst is the holy law.  
man is either the ark of God or a phantom of the earth & of the  
water if thou seekest by human policy to guide this ark.  
remember Uzzah II Sam 1. [erasure] VI Ch:  
knaveries are not human nature knaveries are knaveries See  
N 554  
this aphorism seems to me to want discrimination

TXTLav534; E596|  
TXTLav534; E596|  
TXTLav534; E596|  
AnnLav534; E596|

534. He, who is the master of the fittest moment to crush  
his enemy, and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a  
conqueror.  
this was old George the second

TXTLav539; E596|  
TXTLav539; E596|  
TXTLav539; E596|

539. A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a  
woman of common talents not jealous, an accomplished woman, who  
scorns to shine--are four wonders, just great enough to be

TXTLav539; E596  AnnLav539; E596  AnnLav539; E596  AnnLav539; E596	divided among the four quarters of the globe. let the men do their duty & the women will be such wonders, the female life [ <i>fro</i> ] lives from the light of the male. see a mans female dependants you know the man
TXTLav543; E596  TXTLav543; E596  TXTLav543; E596  AnnLav543; E596	543. Depend <i>not much upon your rectitude, if you are uneasy in the presence of the good</i> ;[Line drawn by Blake] easy
TXTLav543; E596  TXTLav543; E596  AnnLav543; E596	X nor trust to your humility if you are mortified when you are not noticed. uneasy
TXTLav549; E596  TXTLav549; E596  TXTLav549; E596  TXTLav549; E596  AnnLav549; E596	549. He, who [ <i>hates</i> ] <loves> the wisest and best of men, [ <i>hates</i> ] <loves> the Father of men; for where is <i>the Father of men to be seen but in the most perfect of his children</i> this is true worship
TXTLav552; E596  TXTLav552; E596  TXTLav552; E596  AnnLav552; E596  AnnLav552; E596	552. <i>He, who adores an impersonal God, has none; and, without guide or rudder, launches on an immense abyss that first absorbs his powers, and next himself</i> Most superlatively beautiful & Most affectionatly Holy & pure would to God that all men would consider it
TXTLav554; E597  TXTLav554; E597  TXTLav554; E597  TXTLav554; E597  AnnLav554; E597	554. The enemy of art is the enemy of nature; art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature; <i>and what nature will he honour who honours not the human</i> human nature is the image of God
TXTLav556; E597  TXTLav556; E597	556. Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed-- <i>nature never pretends</i>
TXTLav557; E597  TXTLav557; E597	557. <i>Do you think him a common man who can make what is common exquisite</i>
TXTLav559; E597  TXTLav559; E597  TXTLav559; E597	559. <i>Whose promise may you depend upon? his who dares refuse what he knows he cannot perform; who promises calmly, strictly, conditionally, and never excites a hope which he may</i>

TXTLav559; E597|

*disappoint*

TXTLav560; E597|

560. *You promise as you speak.*

TXTLav562; E597|

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

TXTLav562; E597|

*sharply*

AnnLav562; E597|

Ah rogue I could be thy hangman

TXTLav566; E597|

566. *Neither patience nor inspiration can give wings to*

TXTLav566; E597|

*a snail*--you waste your own force, you destroy what remained

TXTLav566; E597|

of energy in the indolent, by urging him to move beyond his rate

TXTLav566; E597|

of power.

TXTLav573; E597|

573. *Your humility is equal to your desire of being*

TXTLav573; E597|

*unnoticed, unobserved in your acts of virtue*

AnnLav573; E597|

true humility

TXTLav574; E597|

574. There are certain light characteristic momentary

TXTLav574; E597|

features of man, which, in spite of masks and all exterior

TXTLav574; E597|

mummery, represent him as he is and shall be. If once in an

TXTLav574; E597|

individual you have discovered one ennobling feature, let him

TXTLav574; E597|

debase it, *let it at times shrink from him, no matter; he*

TXTLav574; E597|

*will, in the end, prove superior to thousands of his*

TXTLav574; E597|

*critics*

AnnLav574; E597|

the wise man falleth 7 times in a day & riseth again &c

TXTLav576; E597|

576. The man who has and uses but one scale for every thing, for

TXTLav576; E597|

himself and his enemy, the past and the future, the grand and the

TXTLav576; E597|

trifle, for truth and error, virtue and vice, religion,

TXTLav576; E597|

superstition, infidelity; for nature, art, and works of genius

TXTLav576; E597|

and art-is truly wise, just, great.

AnnLav576; E597|

this is most true but how does this agree with 451

TXTLav577; E597|

X577. The infinitely little constitutes the infinite

TXTLav577; E597|

difference in works of art, and in the degrees of morals and

TXTLav577; E597|

religion; the greater the rapidity; precision, acuteness, with

TXTLav577; E597|

which this is observed and determined, the more authentic, the

TXTLav577; E597|

greater the observer.

AnnLav577; E597|

uneasy

TXTLav580; E597|

580. Range him high amongst your saints, who, with

TXTLav580; E597| all-acknowledged powers, and his own steadfast scale for every  
TXTLav580; E597| thing, can, on the call of judgment or advice, submit to  
TXTLav580; E597| transpose *himself into another's situation, and to adopt his*  
TXTLav580; E597| *point of sight*

TXTLav582; E597| 582. *No communications and no gifts can exhaust genius, or*  
TXTLav582; E597| *impoverish charity*  
AnnLav582; E597| Most Excellent

TXTLav585; E597| 585. Distrust yourself if you fear the eye of the sincere;  
TXTLav585; E597| *but be afraid of neither God or man, if you have no reason to*  
TXTLav585; E597| *distrust yourself*

TXTLav586; E597| 586. *Who comes as he goes, and is present as he came and*  
TXTLav586; E597| *went, is sincere*

TXTLav588; E597| X588. He loves grandly (I speak of friendship) who is not  
TXTLav588; E597| jealous when he has partners of love.  
AnnLav588; E597| uneasy but I hope to mend

TXTLav590; E597| 590. *He knows himself greatly who never opposes his*  
TXTLav590; E597| *genius*  
AnnLav590; E597| Most Excellent

TXTLav596; E598| 596 "Love as if you could hate and might be hated;"--a  
TXTLav596; E598| maxim of detested prudence in real friendship, the bane of all  
TXTLav596; E598| tenderness, the death of all familiarity. Consider the *fool*  
TXTLav596; E598| *who follows it as nothing inferior to him who at every, bit of*  
TXTLav596; E598| *bread trembles at the thought of its being poisoned*  
AnnLav596; E598| Excellent

TXTLav597; E598| 597. "Hate as if you could love or should be loved;"--him  
TXTLav597; E598| who follows this maxim, if all the world were to declare an idiot  
TXTLav597; E598| and enthusiast, I shall esteem, of all men, the most eminently  
TXTLav597; E598| formed for friendship.  
AnnLav597; E598| Better than Excellent

TXTLav600; E598| 600. Distinguish with exactness, if you mean to know  
TXTLav600; E598| yourself and others, what is so often mistaken--the SINGULAR,  
TXTLav600; E598| the ORIGINAL, the *EXTRAORDINARY, the GREAT, and the SUBLIME*  
TXTLav600; E598| *man: the SUBLIME alone unites the singular, original,*



TXTLav600; E598| *extraordinary, and great, with his own uniformity and simplicity:*  
TXTLav600; E598| *the GREAT, with many powers, and uniformity of ends, is destitute*  
TXTLav600; E598| *of that superior calmness* and inward harmony which soars  
TXTLav600; E598| above the atmosphere of praise: the EXTRAORDINARY is  
TXTLav600; E598| distinguished by copiousness, and a wide range of energy: *the*  
TXTLav600; E598| *ORIGINAL need not be very rich, only* that which he produces  
TXTLav600; E598| is unique, and has the exclusive stamp of individuality: the  
TXTLav600; E598| SINGULAR, as such, is placed between originality and whim, and  
TXTLav600; E598| often makes a trifle the medium of fame.

TXTLav601; E598| 601. Forwardness nips affection in the bud.  
AnnLav601; E598| the more is the pity

TXTLav602; E598| X602. If you mean to be loved, give more than what is  
TXTLav602; E598| asked, but not more than what is wanted; [*and ask less than*  
TXTLav602; E598| *what is expected.*]  
AnnLav602; E598| this is human policy as it is calld--this whole aphorism is  
AnnLav602; E598| an oversight

TXTLav603; E598| 603. Whom smiles and [*tears*] <frowns> make equally  
TXTLav603; E598| lovely, [*all*] <only good> hearts [*may*] <can or  
TXTLav603; E598| dare> court.  
TXTLav604; E598| 604. Take here the grand secret--if not of pleasing all, yet of  
TXTLav604; E598| displeasing none--court mediocrity, avoid originality, and  
TXTLav604; E598| sacrifice to fashion.  
AnnLav604; E598| & go to hell

TXTLav605; E598| 605. He who pursues the glimmering steps of hope, with  
TXTLav605; E598| steadfast, not presumptuous, eye, may pass the gloomy rock, on  
TXTLav605; E598| either side of which [*superstition*] <hypocrisy> and  
TXTLav605; E598| incredulity their dark abysses spread.  
AnnLav605; E598| Superstition has been long a bug bear by reason of its being  
AnnLav605; E598| united with hypocrisy. but let them be fairly seperated & then  
AnnLav605; E598| superstition will be honest feeling & God who loves all honest  
AnnLav605; E598| men. will lead [*them*] the poor enthusiast in the paths  
AnnLav605; E598| of holiness

TXTLav606; E598| 606. The public seldom forgive twice.  
AnnLav606; E598| let us take their example

TXTLav607; E598| X607. Him who is hurried on by the furies of immature,  
TXTLav607; E598| impetuous wishes, stern repentance shall drag, bound and



TXTLav607; E598	reluctant, back to the place from which he sallied: where you
TXTLav607; E598	hear the crackling of wishes expect intolerable vapours or
TXTLav607; E598	repining grief.
AnnLav607; E598	uneasy
TXTLav608; E598	608. He submits to be seen through a microscope, who
TXTLav608; E598	suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.
AnnLav608; E598	& such a one I dare love
TXTLav609; E598	609. Venerate four characters; the sanguine, who has
TXTLav609; E598	checked volatility <i>and the rage for pleasure; the choleric,</i>
TXTLav609; E598	<i>who has subdued passion and pride; the phlegmatic, emerged from</i>
TXTLav609; E598	<i>indolence; and the melancholy, who has dismissed avarice,</i>
TXTLav609; E598	<i>suspicion, and asperity</i>
AnnLav609; E598	4 most holy men
TXTLav610; E599	610. All <i>great minds sympathize.</i>
TXTLav612; E599	612. Men carry their character not seldom in their pockets: you
TXTLav612; E599	night decide on more than half of your acquaintance, had you
TXTLav612; E599	will or right to turn their pockets inside out.
AnnLav612; E599	I seldom carry money in my pockets they are generally full
AnnLav612; E599	of paper [ <i>for</i> (6 or 7 words erased)]
TXTLav615; E599	615. <i>Not he who forces himself on opportunity, but he</i>
TXTLav615; E599	<i>who watches its approach, and welcomes its arrival by immediate</i>
TXTLav615; E599	<i>use, is wise</i>
TXTLav616; E599	616. Love and hate are the genius of invention, the parents of
TXTLav616; E599	virtue and of vice-- <i>forbear to decide on yourself till you</i>
TXTLav616; E599	<i>have had opportunities of warm attachment or deep dislike</i>
AnnLav616; E599	True Experience
TXTLav619; E599	X619. Each heart is a world of nations, classes, and
TXTLav619; E599	individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; . . .
TXTLav619; E599	the number and character of your friends within bears an exact
TXTLav619; E599	resemblance to your external ones; . . . Be assured then, that to
TXTLav619; E599	know yourself perfectly you have only to set down a true
TXTLav619; E599	statement of those that ever loved or hated you.
AnnLav619; E599	uneasy because I cannot do this

623. Avoid connecting yourself with characters whose good and bad sides are unmixed, and have not fermented together; they resemble phials of vinegar and oil, or pallets set with colours: they are either excellent at home and intolerable abroad, or insufferable within doors and excellent in public; they are unfit for friendship, merely because their stamina, their ingredients of character, are too single, too much apart; let them be finely ground up with each other, and they will be incomparable.

Most Excellent

X624. The fool separates his object from all surrounding ones; all abstraction is temporary folly.  
uneasy because I once thought otherwise but now know it is Truth

626. Let me repeat it--He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, *passes on, like Samson, and "TELLS NEITHER FATHER NOR MOTHER OF IT.*  
This is Excellent

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

It is the God in *all* that is our companion & friend, for our God himself says, you are my brother my sister & my mother; & St John. Whoso dwelleth in love dwelleth in God & God in him. & such an one cannot judge of any but in love. & his feelings will be attractions or repulses

See Aphorisms 549 & 554

God is in the lowest effects as well as in the highest causes for he is become a worm that he may nourish the weak For let it be rememberd that creation is. God descending according to the weakness of man for our Lord is the word of God & every thing on earth is the word of God & in its essence is God

631. *Genius always gives its best at first, prudence at last*

TXTLav633; E599|  
TXTLav633; E599|  
TXTLav633; E599|  
TXTLav633; E599|

633. You think to meet with some additions here to your stock of moral knowledge--and not in vain, I hope: but know, a great many rules cannot be given by him who means not to offend, and many of mine have perhaps offended already;

AnnLav633; E600|  
AnnLav633; E600|  
AnnLav633; E600|  
AnnLav633; E600|

Those who are offended [*bu*] with any thing in this book would be offended with the innocence of a child & for the same reason. because it reproaches him with the errors of acquired folly.

TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
AnnLav633; E600|

believe me, for him who has an open ear and eye, every minute teems with observations of precious import, yet scarcely communicable to the most faithful friend; so incredibly weak, so vulnerable in certain points, is man: forbear to meddle with these at your first setting out, and make amusement the minister of reflection: sacrifice all egotism--sacrifice ten points to one, if that one have the value of twenty; and if you are happy enough to impress your disciple with respect for himself, with probability of success in his exertions of growing better; and, above all, with the idea of your disinterestedness--you may perhaps succeed in making one proselyte to virtue.  
--lovely.

TXTLav635; E600|  
TXTLav635; E600|  
TXTLav635; E600|  
AnnLav635; E600|

635. Keep your heart from him who begins his acquaintance with you by indirect flattery of your favourite paradox or foible.  
unless you find it to be his also. previous to your acquaintance

TXTLav636; E600|  
TXTLav636; E600|  
TXTLav636; E600|  
AnnLav636; E600|

636. Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence--forget it, forgive it--but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.  
This is a paradox

TXTLav638; E600|  
TXTLav638; E600|  
TXTLav638; E600|  
AnnLav638; E600|  
AnnLav638; E600|

X638. Let the cold, who offers the nauseous mimicry of warm affection, meet with what he deserves--a repulse; but from that moment depend on his irreconcilable enmity.  
uneasy because I do not know how to do this but I will try to [xxxx] do it the first opportunity

TXTLav640; E600|  
TXTLav640; E600|  
TXTLav640; E600|

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

[p224] End of Vol. 1.

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

[p225, blank]

Man is bad or good. as he unites himself with bad or good  
spirits. tell me with whom you go & Ill tell you what you do  
As we cannot experience pleasure but by means of others.  
[*As we are*] who experience either pleasure or pain thro  
us. And as all of us on earth are united in thought, for it is  
impossible to think without images of somewhat on earth--So it is  
impossible to know God or heavenly things without conjunction  
with those who know God & heavenly things. therefore, all who  
converse in the spirit, converse with spirits. [*& these are  
either Good or Evil*]  
For these reasons I say that this Book is written by  
consultation with Good Spirits because it is Good. & that the  
name Lavater. is the amulet of those who purify the heart of man.

[p 226, blank]

There is a strong objection to Lavaters principles (as I  
understand them) & that is He makes every thing originate in  
its accident he makes the

vicious propensity <not only> a leading feature of the man but  
the Stamina on which all his virtues grow. But as I understand  
Vice it is a Negative--It does not signify what the laws of Kings  
& Priests have calld Vice we who are philosophers ought not to  
call the Staminal Virtues of Humanity by the same name that we  
call the omissions of intellect springing from poverty  
Every mans <leading> propensity ought to be calld his  
leading Virtue & his good Angel But the Philosophy of Causes &  
Consequences misled Lavater as it has all his cotemporaries.  
Each thing is its own cause & its own effect Accident is the  
omission of act in self & the hindering of act in another, This  
is Vice but all Act [*<from Individual propensity>*] is

AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|  
AnnLav-last; E601|

Virtue. To hinder another [P 227, blank] is not an act it is the  
contrary it is a restraint on action both in ourselves & in the  
person hinderd. for he who hinders another omits his own duty. at  
the time  
Murder is Hindering Another  
Theft is Hindering Another  
Backbiting. Undermining C[i]rcumventing & whatever is  
Negative is Vice  
But the or[i]gin of this mistake in Lavater & his  
cotemporaries, is, They suppose that Womans Love is Sin. in  
consequence all the Loves & Graces with them are Sin

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TXTSwedHHTitle; E601	Annotations to Swedenborg's <i>Heaven and Hell</i>
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601	London, 1784 <i>1461</i>
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601	HALF-TITLE [inscribed in pencil in a hand not Blake's]
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601	"And as Imagination bodies forth y[e] forms of things
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601	unseen-turns them to shape & gives to airy Nothing a local
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601	habitation & a Name."Sh.
AnnSwedHHTitle; E601	[Blake's comment, in crayon]Thus Fools quote Shakespeare
AnnSwedHHTitle; E601	The Above is Theseus's opinion Not Shakespeares You might as well
AnnSwedHHTitle; E601	quote Satans blasphemies from Milton & give them as Miltons
AnnSwedHHTitle; E601	Opinions
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601	TITLE PAGE [signed in ink]
AnnSwedHHTitle; E601	William, Blake
EDAnnSwedHHTitleTEXT; E601	[pencil note in another hand: "belonged to Blake the
EDAnnSwedHHTitleTEXT; E601	Artist"]
EDAnnSwedHHTEXT; E601	[P 206, paragraphs 333 and 334, scored by someone in left margin
TXTSwedHH333; E601	by erased pencil or by fingernail] 333. Little Children . . .
TXTSwedHH333; E601	appear in Heaven . . . in the province of the eyes . . . because
TXTSwedHH333; E601	the Lord appears to the Angels of his Spiritual Kingdom, fronting
TXTSwedHH333; E601	the left eye; and to the Angels of the Celestial Kingdom,
TXTSwedHH333; E601	fronting the right eye; see above, n. 118. Little Children being
TXTSwedHH333; E601	thus in the province of the eyes, denotes them to be under the
TXTSwedHH333; E601	immediate guardianship and protection of the Lord.
TXTSwedHH334; E601	334. How Infants are educated in Heaven shall here briefly be
TXTSwedHH334; E601	told. They are first taught to speak by those that have the care
TXTSwedHH334; E601	of them: their first utterance is only a kind of affectionate
TXTSwedHH334; E601	sound, which, by degrees, grows more distinct, as their minds
TXTSwedHH334; E601	become furnished with ideas; for
TXTSwedHH334; E602	the ideas of the mind springing from the affectionate part,
TXTSwedHH334; E602	immediately give birth and form to the speech of the Angels, as
TXTSwedHH334; E602	mentioned above, n. 234 to 245. . . .
TXTSwedHH513; E602	[P 339, PARAGRAPH 513, with Blake's dagger and note] 513.
TXTSwedHH513; E602	<dag>The angels appointed for instructors are from several
TXTSwedHH513; E602	societies, but chiefly from such as are in the north and the



TXTSwedHH513; E602|  
TXTSwedHH513; E602|  
TXTSwedHH513; E602|  
AnnSwedHH513; E602|

south, as their understanding and wisdom more particularly  
consist in the distinct knowledges of good and truth. The places  
set apart for instructing are towards the north. . . .  
<dag>See N 73 Worlds in Universe. for account of Instructing Spirits <sup>tl462</sup> ;

TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
AnnSwedHH588; E602|  
AnnSwedHH588; E602|  
AnnSwedHH588; E602|

[P 389, PARAGRAPH 588] . . . That the Hells are so many and  
various, appears from it's being given me to know, that under  
every mountain, hill, rock, plain, and valley, there were  
particular Hells of different extent in length, breadth, and  
depth. In a word, both Heaven and the World of Spirits may be  
considered as convexities, under which are arrangements of those  
infernal mansions. So much concerning the Plurality of  
Hells.  
under every *Good* is a hell. i.e hell is the outward  
or external of heaven. & is of the body of the lord. for nothing  
is destroyd

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AnnSwedDLDWTtitle; E602| Annotations to Swedenborg's *Divine Love and Divine Wisdom* <sup>t1463</sup>  
AnnSwedDLDWTtitle; E602| London, 1788

ED; E602| **FLYLEAF** <sup>t1464</sup>

AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| There can be no Good-Will. Will is always Evil It is  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| pernicious to others or selfish If God is any thing he is  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| Understanding He is the Influx from that into the Will Thus  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| Good to others or benevolent Understanding can [?&?does] Work  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| [?harm] ignorantly but never can ?the Truth [be ?evil] because  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| Man is only Evil [when he wills an untruth]  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| H[eaven] & Hell Chapter 425  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| Understanding or Thought is not natural to Man it is  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| acquired by means of Suffering & Distress i.e Experience. Will,  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| Desire, Love, Rage, Envy, & all other Affections are Natural. but  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| Understanding is Acquired But Observe. without these is to be  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| less than Man. Man could ?never [have received] ?light from  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| heaven ?without [aid of the] affections one would be ?limited to  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| the ?five [?heavens &] ?hells [& live] in different periods of  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| time  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602| Wisdom of Angels 10

ED; E602| [Numbers refer to sections, not pages]

TXTSwedDLDW1; E602| 1. . . . Doth it not happen that in Proportion as the Affection  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602| which is of Love groweth cold, the Thought, Speech and Action  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602| grow cold also? And that in Proportion as it is heated, they also  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602| are heated? But this a wise Man perceiveth, not from a Knowledge  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602| that Love is the Life of Man, but from Experience of this  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602| Fact.  
AnnSwedDLDW1; E602| They also percieve this from Knowledge but not with the  
AnnSwedDLDW1; E602| natural part

TXTSwedDLDW2; E602| 2. No one knoweth what is the Life of Man, unless he  
TXTSwedDLDW2; E602| knoweth that it is Love; if this be not known. . . .  
AnnSwedDLDW2; E602| This was known to me & thousands

TXTSwedDLDW7; E603| 7. That the Divine or God is not in Space . . . cannot be  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603| comprehended by any merely natural Idea, but it may by a  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603| spiritual Idea: The Reason why it cannot be comprehended by a

TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW7; E603|

natural Idea, is, because in that Idea there is Space; . . .  
What a natural Idea is--

TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW7; E603|

Nevertheless, Man may comprehend this by natural Thought,  
if he will only admit into such Thought somewhat of spiritual  
Light; . . . (bracketed by Blake)  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW7; E603|

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

TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW8; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW8; E603|

8. Hence it may appear, that Man from a *merely*  
*natural* Idea cannot comprehend that the Divine is every  
where, and yet not in Space; and yet that Angels and Spirits  
clearly comprehend this; consequently *that Man also may*,  
if so be he will admit something of spiritual Light into his  
Thought;  
Observe the distinction here between Natural & Spiritual as  
seen by Man

TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW8; E603|

the Reason why Man may comprehend it is, because his Body  
doth not think, but his Spirit, therefore not his natural but his  
spiritual [Part]  
Man may comprehend. but not the natural or external man.

TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW10; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW10; E603|

10. It hath been said, that in the spiritual World Spaces appear  
equally as in the natural World. . . . Hence it is that the Lord,  
although he is in the Heavens with the Angels every where,  
nevertheless appears high above them as a Sun: And whereas the  
Reception of Love and Wisdom constitutes Affinity with him,  
therefore those Heavens appear nearer to him where the Angels are  
in a nearer Affinity from Reception, than where they are in a  
more remote Affinity: . . .  
He who Loves feels love descend into him & if he has wisdom  
may percieve it is from the Poetic Genius which is the Lord

TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|

11. In all the Heavens there is no other Idea of God than  
that of a Man: . . .  
Man can have no idea of any thing greater than Man as a cup  
cannot contain more than its capaciousness But God is a man not  
because he is so perciev'd by man but because he is the creator of

TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|

TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|

TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|

TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|

TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|

TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|

[Quotation from Swedenborg's *The Last Judgment*, No. 74] The Gentiles, particularly the Africans . . . entertain an Idea of God as of a Man, and say that no one can have any other Idea of God: When they hear that many form an Idea of God as existing in the Midst of a Cloud, they ask where such are; . . .

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

TXTSwedDLDW12; E603|

TXTSwedDLDW12; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW12; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW12; E603|

12. . . . they who are wiser than the common People pronounce God to be invisible, . . .  
Worldly wisdom or demonstration by the senses is the cause of this

TXTSwedDLDW13; E603|

TXTSwedDLDW13; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW13; E603|

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

TXTSwedDLDW14; E603|

TXTSwedDLDW14; E603|

TXTSwedDLDW14; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW14; E603|

AnnSwedDLDW14; E603|

14. . . . when Love is in Wisdom then it existeth. These two are such a ONE, that they may be distinguished indeed in Thought, but not in Act.  
Thought without affection makes a distinction between Love & Wisdom as it does between body & Spirit

TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|

TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|

TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|

TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|

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AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|

AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|

AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|

AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|

27. What Person of Sound Reason doth not perceive, that the Divine is not divisible; . . . If another, who hath no Reason, should say that it is possible there may be several Infinities, Uncreates, Omnipotents and Gods, provided they have the same Essence, and that thereby there is one Infinite, Uncreate, Omnipotent and God--is not one and the same Essence but one and the same Identity?  
Answer Essence is not Identity but from Essence proceeds Identity & from one Essence may proceed many Identities as from one Affection may proceed. many thoughts Surely this is an oversight  
That there is but one Omnipotent Uncreate & God I agree but that there is but one Infinite I do not. for if all but God is not Infinite they shall come to an End which God forbid

AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|

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

TXTSwedDLDW40; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW40; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW40; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW40; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW40; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW40; E604|

40. . . . Appearances are the first Things from which the  
human Mind forms it's Understanding, and . . . it cannot shake  
them off but by an Investigation of the Cause, and if the Cause  
lies very deep, it cannot investigate it, *without keeping the*  
*Understanding some Time in Spiritual Light*, . .  
this Man can do while in the body--

TXTSwedDLDW41; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW41; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW41; E604|

41. . . . it cannot be demonstrated except by such Things  
as a Man can perceive by his bodily Senses, . . .  
Demonstration is only by bodily Senses.

TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW49; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW49; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW49; E604|

49. With Respect to God, it is not possible that he can  
love and be reciprocally beloved by others, in whom there is . .  
. any Thing Divine; for if there was..... any Thing Divine in  
them, then it would not be beloved by others, but it would love  
itself; . . .  
False Take it so or the contrary it comes to the same for  
if a thing loves it is infinite Perhaps we only differ in the  
meaning of the words Infinite & Eternal

TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW68; E604|

68. . . . Man is only a Recipient of Life. From this Cause  
it is, that Man, from his own hereditary Evil, reacts against  
God; but so far as he believes that all his Life is from God, and  
every Good of Life from the Action of God, and every Evil of Life  
from the Reaction of Man, Reaction thus becomes correspondent  
with Action, and Man acts with God as from himself. [Bracketed by  
Blake]  
Good & Evil are here both Good & the two contraries Married

TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW69; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW69; E604|

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

TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW70; E604|

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

Excellent

TXTSwedDLDW; E605|

## PART THE SECOND

TXTSwedDLDW163; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW163; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW163; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW163; E605|

[Title heading Nos. 163-166] That without two Suns, the one living and the other dead, there can be no Creation.  
False philosophy according to the letter. but true according to the spirit

TXTSwedDLDW164; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW164; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW164; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW164; E605|

164. . . . it follows that the one Sun is living and that the other Sun is dead, also that the dead Sun itself was created by the living Sun from the Lord.  
how could Life create death

TXTSwedDLDW165; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW165; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW165; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW165; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW165; E605|

165. The reason why a dead Sun was created is to the End that in the Ultimates all Things may be fixed. . . . On this and no other Ground Creation is founded: The terraqueous Globe . . . is as it were the Basis and Firmament. . . .  
they exist literally about the sun & not about the earth

TXTSwedDLDW166; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW166; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW166; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW166; E605|

166. That all Things were created from the Lord by the living Sun, *and nothing by the dead Sun*, may appear from this Consideration. . . .  
the dead Sun is only a phantasy of evil Man

TXTSwedDLDW; E605|

## PART THE THIRD

TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|

181. . . . It is the same upon Earth with Men, but with this Difference, that the Angels feel that [spiritual] Heat, and see that [spiritual] Light, whereas Men do not. . . .  
He speaks of Men as meer earthly Men not as receptacles of spirit, or else he contradicts N 257



TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
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TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|

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

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

TXTSwedDLDW220; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW220; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW220; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW220; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW220; E605|

220. . . . From these Considerations a Conclusion was drawn, that the Whole of Charity and Faith is in Works, . . .

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

TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
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TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
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237. These three Degrees of Altitude are named Natural, Spiritual and Celestial. . . . Man, at his Birth, first comes into the natural Degree, and this increases in him by Continuity according to the Sciences, and according to the Understanding acquired by them, to the Summit of Understanding which is called Rational: . . .

Study Sciences till you are blind

Study intellectuals till you are cold

Yet Science cannot teach intellect

Much less can intellect teach Affection

How foolish then is it to assert that Man is born in only one degree when that one degree is reception of the 3 degrees. two of which he must destroy or close up or they will descend, if he closes up the two superior then he is not truly in the 3d but descends out of it into meer Nature or Hell

See N 239

Is it not also evident that one degree will not open the other & that science will not open intellect but that they are discrete & not continuous so as to explain each other except by correspondence which has nothing to do with

AnnSwedDLDW237; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E606|

demonstration for you cannot demonstrate one degree by the other for how can science be brought to demonstrate intellect, without making them continuous & not discrete

TXTSwedDLDW238; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW238; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW238; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW238; E606|

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

See N 239 *t1465*

TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW239; E606|

239. . . . in every Man there is a natural, spiritual and  
celestial Will and Understanding, in Power from his Birth, and in  
Act whilst they are opening.  
Mark this it explains N 238

TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW239; E606|

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

TXTSwedDLDW241; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW241; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW241; E606|

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

TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW244; E606|

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

TXTSwedDLDW256; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW256; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW256; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW256; E606|

256. . . . From this it is evident, that Man, *so long as  
he lives in the World, and is thereby in the natural Degree*  
cannot be elevated into Wisdom itself. . . .  
See Sect. 4 of the next Number

TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|

257. . . . IV. . . . But still Man, in whom the spiritual  
Degree is open, comes into that Wisdom when he dies, and may also  
come into it by laying asleep the Sensations of the Body, and by  
Influx from above at the same Time into the Spirituals of his  
Mind. (Bracketed by Blake)  
this is while in the Body  
This is to be understood as unusual in our time but common  
in ancient

TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|

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

TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|

its *natural Substances*; . . .

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

TXTSwedDLDW267; E606|  
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AnnSwedDLDW267; E606|

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

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

TXTSwedDLDW; E606|

## PART THE FOURTH

TXTSwedDLDW294; E606|  
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TXTSwedDLDW294; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW294; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW294; E606|

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

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

TXTSwedDLDW294; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW294; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW294; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW294; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW294; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW294; E607|

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

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

TXTSwedDLDW295; E607|  
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TXTSwedDLDW295; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW295; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW295; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW295; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW295; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW295; E607|

295. That there is such a Difference between the Thoughts of Angels and Men, was made known to me by this Experience: They were told to think of something spiritually, and afterwards to tell me what they thought of; when this was done and they would have told me, they could not. . . .

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

TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|

304..Forasmuch as there is such a Progression of the Fibres and Vessels in a Man from first Principles to Ultimates, therefore there is a similar Progression of their States; their States are the Sensations, Thoughts and Affections; these also

TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
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from their first Principles *where they are in the Light*,  
pervade to their Ultimates, where they are in Obscurity; or from  
their first Principles, where they are in Heat, to their  
Ultimates where they are not *in Heat*: . . . .  
We see here that the cause of an ultimate is the absence  
from heat & light

TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW315; E607|

315. It is to be observed, that the Heat, Light and  
Atmospheres of the natural World conduce nothing to this Image of  
Creation. . . .  
Therefore the Natural Earth & Atmosphere is a Phantasy.

TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
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AnnSwedDLDW315; E607|

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

TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
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. . . but by Powers from the spiritual Sun, *for the*  
*Image of Creation is spiritual* nevertheless that it may  
appear, and furnish Use *in the natural World*, . . . it must  
be clothed in Matter, . . .

TXTSwedDLDW316; E607|  
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TXTSwedDLDW316; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW316; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW316; E607|

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

TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW324; E607|

324. . . . there doth not exist any Thing in the created  
Universe, which hath not Correspondence with something of Man,  
not only with his Affections and his Thoughts thence derived, but  
also with the Organs and Viscera of his Body, not with them as  
Substances, but with them as Uses.  
Uses & substances are so different as not to correspond

TXTSwedDLDW336; E607|  
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TXTSwedDLDW336; E607|  
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TXTSwedDLDW336; E607|

336. . . . The Reason why the Things which do hurt to Man  
are called Uses, is, because they are of Use to the Wicked to do  
Evil, and because they contribute to absorb Malignities,  
therefore also they contribute as Cures: Use is applied in both  
Senses, in like Manner as Love, for we speak of good Love and  
evil Love, and Love calls all that Use, which is done by itself.

TXTSwedDLDW336; E607|

[Marked by a large cross in the right margin]

TXTSwedDLDW; E607|

## PART THE FIFTH

TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|

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TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|

TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|

TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|

TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|

AnnSwedDLDW404; E607|

404. . . *Thought indeed exists first, because it is of the natural Mind, but Thought from the Perception of Truth, which is from the Affection of Truth, exists last; this Thought is the Thought Of Wisdom, but the other is Thought from the Memory by the Sight of the natural Mind.* [Bracketed as well as underlined]

Note this

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW410; E608|

410. . . *From these Things it may be seen, that Love or the Will joins itself to Wisdom or the Understanding* and not that *Wisdom or the Understanding joins itself to Love or the Will.* . . (Bracketed and underlined; lower part of the bracket shaped like a finger pointing down the page)

Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW410; E608|

Thoughts, Perceptions, and Knowledges, thence derived, flow indeed from the spiritual World, *but still they are not received by the Understanding, but by the Love according to it's Affections in the Understanding* [Bracketed and underlined]

Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW410; E608|

It appears also as if the Understanding joined itself to Love or the Will, *but this also is a Fallacy*; Love or the Will joins itself to the Understanding, and causeth the Understanding to be reciprocally joined to it: . . . [Bracketed and underlined]

Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW410; E608|

. . . For the Life of Man is his Love. . . . that is, according as he has exalted his Affections by Truths. . . . [Bracketed]

Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW411; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW411; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW411; E608|

411. . . . From these Considerations it is also evident, *that Love joins itself to the Understanding, and not vice versa.* . . .



AnnSwedDLDW411; E608|

Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW412; E608|

412. . . . He who knows all the Fabric of the Lungs from Anatomy, if he compares them with the Understanding, may clearly see that the ;*Understanding does nothing from itself*, that it does not<sup>< em></sup>perceive nor think from itself, but all from Affections which are of the Love, which in the Understanding are called the Affection of knowing, of understanding, and of seeing it, which were treated of above: . . . [Bracketed]

Mark

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW412; E608|

From the Structure of the Lungs . . . *I was fully convinced that the Love by it's Affections joins itself to the Understanding, and that the Understanding does not join itself to any Affection of the Love.* . . [Bracketed]

Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW413; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW413; E608|

THE

TXTSwedDLDW413; E608|

THEM.

TXTSwedDLDW413; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW413; E608|

413. XIII. THAT WISDOM OR THE UNDERSTANDING BY MEANS OF THE POWER GIVEN IT BY LOVE, CAN BE ELEVATED, AND RECEIVE

THINGS WHICH ARE OF THE LIGHT FROM HEAVEN, AND PERCEIVE

[Bracketed]

Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW414; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW414; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW414; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW414; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW414; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW414; E608|

414 Love however, or the Will, is elevated into the Heat of Heaven, but the Understanding into the Light of Heaven, and if they are both elevated, a Marriage of them is effected there, which is called the celestial Marriage. . . .

Is it not false then, that love recieves influx thro the understandg as was asserted in the society

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|

AnnSwedDLDW419; E608|

419. . . . and moreover this Love became impure by Reason of the Separation of celestial Love from it in the Parents.

Therefore it was not created impure & is not naturally so

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|

.. . . so far the Love is purged of its Uncleanesses, and purified, that is, so far it is elevated into the Heat of Heaven, and joined to the Light of Heaven, in which the Understanding is, and Marriage is effected, which is called the Marriage of Good and Truth, that is, of Law and Wisdom.



AnnSwedDLDW419; E608|

Therefore it does not receive influx through the understanding

TXTSwedDLDW421; E609|

TXTSwedDLDW421; E609|

TOGETHER: . .

TXTSwedDLDW421; E609|

AnnSwedDLDW421; E609|

421. XVII. THAT LOVE OR THE WILL IS DEFILED IN THE UNDERSTANDING, AND BY IT, IF THEY ARE NOT ELEVATED

. [Bracketed]

Mark this they are elevated together

TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|

TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|

TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|

TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|

422. . . *The Understanding is not made spiritual and celestial, but the Love is* and when the Love is, it also maketh the Understanding its Spouse spiritual and celestial.

[Bracketed]

TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|

TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|

[Concluding Number, headed "What the Beginning or Rudiment of Man is from Conception."]

TXTSwedDLDW432; E609|

TXTSwedDLDW432; E609|

TXTSwedDLDW432; E609|

TXTSwedDLDW432; E609|

AnnSwedDLDW432; E609|

432. . . . Moreover it was shown in the Light of Heaven. . . . that the interior Compages of this little Brain was . . . in the Order and form of Heaven; and that its exterior Compages was in Opposition to that Order and Form. Heaven & Hell are born together.

[CONTENTS](#)

AnnSwedDPtitle; E609| Annotations to Swedenborg's *Divine Providence* *t1466*

AnnSwedDPtitle; E609| London, 1790

AnnSwedDPtitle; E609| HALF-TITLE [signed]  
AnnSwedDP; E609| William Blake

TXTSwedDPpref; E609| TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

TXTSwedDPpref; E609| PAGE V Perhaps there never was a Period . . . which required a  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| Vindication and Elucidation of the Divine Providence of the Lord,  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| more than the present. . . .

TXTSwedDPpref; E609| For if we allow a GENERAL Providence, and yet deny a  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| PARTICULAR one, or if we allow a PARTICULAR one, and yet deny a  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| SINGULAR one, that is, one extending to Things and Circumstances  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| most SINGULAR and minute, what is this but denying a GENERAL  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| Providence?

AnnSwedDPpref; E609| Is not this Predestination?

TXTSwedDPpref; E609| PAGE xviii . . . Nothing doth IN GENERAL so contradict Man's  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| natural and favourite Opinions as TRUTH, and . . . all the  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| grandest and purest Truths of Heaven must needs seem obscure and  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| perplexing to the natural Man at first View--  
AnnSwedDPpref; E609| Lies & Priestcraft Truth is Nature

TXTSwedDPpref; E609| --until his intellectual [p xix] Eye becomes  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| accustomed to the Light, and can thereby behold it with  
TXTSwedDPpref; E609| Satisfaction  
AnnSwedDPpref; E609| that is: till he agrees to the Priests interest

TXTSwedDP; E609| CHAPTER THREE

TXTSwedDP69; E609| 69. But the Man who doth not suffer himself to be led to, and  
TXTSwedDP69; E609| enrolled in Heaven, is prepared for his Place in Hell; for Man  
TXTSwedDP69; E609| from himself continually tends to the lowest Hell, but is  
TXTSwedDP69; E609| continually with-held by the Lord;  
AnnSwedDP69; E609| What is Enrolling but Predestination

TXTSwedDP69; E609| and he, who cannot be with-held, is prepared for a certain

TXTSwedDP69; E609|  
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Place there, in which he is also enrolled immediately after his Departure out of the World; and this Place there is opposite to a certain Place in Heaven, for Hell is in Opposition to Heaven;  
Query Does he also occupy that place in Heaven.---See N. 185 & 329 at the End See 277 & 307. & 203 where he says that a Place for Every Man is Foreseen & at the same time provided.

TXTSwedDP; E610|

## CHAPTER NINE

TXTSwedDP185; E610|  
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TXTSwedDP185; E610|  
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AnnSwedDP185; E610|  
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AnnSwedDP185; E610|

185. . . . after Death . . . the . . . great and rich . . . at first speak of God, and of the Divine Providence, as if they acknowledged them in their Hearts; But whereas they then manifestly see the Divine Providence, and from it their final Portion, which is that they are to be in Hell, they connect themselves with Devils there,. . .  
What could Calvin Say more than is Said in this Number Final Portion is Predestination See N 69 & 329 at the End & 277 & 203 Where he says A Place for Each Man is Foreseen & at the same time Provided

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## CHAPTER TEN

TXTSwedDP201; E610|  
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TXTSwedDP201; E610|

201. If it should be alledged, that the Divine Providence is an universal Government, and that not any Thing is governed, but only kept in it's Connection, and the Things which relate to Government (*illuquae Regiminis sunt*) are disposed by others, can this be called an universal Government? No King hath such a Government as this; for if a King were to allow his Subjects to govern every Thing in his Kingdom, he would no longer be a King, but would only be called a King, therefore would have only a nominal Dignity and no real Dignity: Such a King cannot be said to hold the Government ,much less universal Government. [Cited in Blake's note on 220]

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TXTSwedDP203; E610|

203. Since every Man therefore lives after Death to Eternity, and according to his Life here hath his Place assigned to him either in Heaven or in Hell. . . . it follows, that the Human Race throughout the whole World is under the Auspices of the Lord, and that everyone, from his Infancy even to the End of his Life, is led of Him in the most minute Particulars, and *his*

TXTSwedDP203; E610|  
AnnSwedDP203; E610|

*Place foreseen, and at the same Time provided*  
Devils & Angels are Predestinated.

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

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TXTSwedDP220; E610|  
TXTSwedDP220; E610|  
AnnSwedDP220; E610|  
AnnSwedDP220; E610|  
AnnSwedDP220; E610|

220. . . . when a Man . . . cannot but think . . . that the State  
was made for him, and not he for the State; he is like a King  
*who* thinks his Kingdom and all the Men in it are for  
him, *and not he for the* Kingdom and all the Men of which  
it consists. . . .  
He says at N 201 No King hath such a Government as  
this for all Kings are Universal in their Government otherwise  
they are No Kings

TXTSwedDP; E610|

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

TXTSwedDP274; E610|  
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TXTSwedDP274; E610|  
TXTSwedDP274; E610|  
TXTSwedDP274; E610|  
TXTSwedDP274; E610|  
AnnSwedDP274; E610|

274. That a Doubt may be inferred against *Divine Providence*,  
*because it was not known heretofor*[i.e. before  
Swedenborg's preaching], *that Man liveth after Death; and*  
*this was not discovered till now.* . . . But yet all who  
have any Religion, have in them an inherent Knowledge, that Men  
*live after Death.* . . .[Bracketed]  
It was not Known & yet All Know

TXTSwedDP; E610|

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

TXTSwedDP277; E610|  
TXTSwedDP277; E610|  
TXTSwedDP277; E610|  
AnnSwedDP277; E610|

277.2. . . he who is in Evil in the World, the same is in Evil  
after he goes out of *the World; wherefore if Evil be not*  
*removed in the World, it cannot be removed afterwards*  
Cursed Folly!

TXTSwedDP277; E610|  
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where the Tree falls, there it lieth; so also it is with the  
Life of Man; as it was at his Death, such it remaineth; everyone  
also is judged according to his Actions, not that they are  
enumerated, but because he returns to them, and does the like  
again; for Death is a Continuation of Life; with this Difference,  
that then Man cannot be reformed.  
Predestination after this Life is more Abominable than  
Calvins & Swedenborg is Such a Spiritual Predestinarian--witness  
this Number & many others See 69 & 185 & 329 & 307

TXTSwedDP307; E610|  
TXTSwedDP307; E610|  
TXTSwedDP307; E610|

307..... That the Wicked, who are in the World, are governed in Hell by the Lord; . . . because Man with Respect to his Spirit is in the spiritual World. . . . in an infernal

TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
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TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
AnnSwedDP307; E611|

Society if he is wicked, and in a celestial Society if good; . . . wherefore according to his Life and the Changes thereof, he is translated by the Lord from one Society of Hell to another, [or] led out of Hell and introduced into Heaven, and there also . . . translated from one Society to another, and this until the Time of his Death, after which he is no longer carried from one Society to another, because he is then no longer in any State of Reformation, but remains in that in which he is according to his Life; wherefore when a Man dies, he is inscribed in his own Place. . . .  
Predestination

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## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

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AnnSwedDP329; E611|  
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329. . . . there is not wanting to any Man a Knowledge of the Means whereby he may be saved, nor the power of being saved if he will; from which it follows, that all are predestined or intended for Heaven, and none for Hell. But forasmuch as there prevails among some a Belief in Predestination to no Salvation, which is Predestination to Damnation, and such a Belief is hurtful, and cannot be dispelled, unless Reason also sees the Madness and Cruelty of it, therefore it shall be treated of in the following Series. 1. That any other Predestination, than Predestination to Heaven, is contrary to the Divine Love and it's Infinity. 2. That any other Predestination, than Predestination to Heaven, is contrary to the Divine Wisdom and it's Infinity. 3. That it is an insane Heresy, to suppose that they only are saved who are born within the Church. 4. That it is a cruel Heresy, to suppose that any of the human Race are predestined to be damned.  
Read N 185 & There See how Swedenborg contradicts himself & N 69  
See also 277 & 203 where he Says that a Place for Each Man is foreseen & at the same time provided

## [CONTENTS](#)

TXTWatsonTitle; E611| Annotations to *An Apology for the Bible* *t1467*

TXTWatsonTitle; E611| by R. Watson, Bishop of Landaff. London, 1797

ED; E611| BACK OF TITLE PAGE

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| Notes on the B[ishop] of L[andaff]'s Apology for the Bible by  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| William Blake

EDAnnWatson-backtitle; E611| [An asterisk marks a point from which Blake drew a line to  
EDAnnWatson-backtitle; E611| his comment.]

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| To defend the Bible in this year 1798 would cost a man his  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| life  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| The Beast & the Whore rule without controls *t1468*

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| It is an easy matter for a Bishop to triumph over Paines  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| attack but it is not so easy for one who loves the Bible  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| The Perversions of Christs words & acts are attackd by Paine  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| &also the perversions of the Bible; Who dare defend  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| [*them*] either the Acts of Christ or the Bible  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| Unperverted?  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| But to him who sees this mortal pilgrimage in the light that  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| I see it. Duty to [*my*] <his> country is the first  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| consideration &safety the last  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| Read patiently take not up this Book in all idle hour the  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| consideration of these things is the [*ent(ire)*] whole  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| duty of man &the affairs of life & death trifles sports of time  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| <But> these considerations business of Eternity  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| I have been commanded from Hell not to print this as it is  
AnnWatson-backtitle; E611| what our Enemies wish

AnnWatson; E612| [BISHOP WATSON'S PREFACE]

TXTWatsonPref; E612| PAGE [iii]. . . the deistical writings of Mr. Paine are  
TXTWatsonPref; E612| circulated . . . amongst the unlearned part of the community,  
TXTWatsonPref; E612| especially in large manufacturing towns; . . . this Defence of  
TXTWatsonPref; E612| Revealed Religion might. . . be efficacious in stopping that



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torrent of infidelity which endangers alike the future happiness  
of individuals, and the present safety of all *christian*  
*states*. . . .  
Paine has not Attacked Christianity. Watson has defended  
Antichrist.

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PAGE [iv]  
Read the XXIII Chap of Matthew & then condemn Paines hatred  
of Priests if you dare

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[Books by Bishop Watson] 7. The Wisdom and Goodness of God,  
in having made both RICH and POOR; a Sermon. . . .  
God made Man happy & Rich but the Subtil made the innocent  
Poor  
This must be a most wicked & blasphemous book

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## LETTER I

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PAGE [1]  
If this first Letter is written without Railing &  
Illiberality I have never read one that is. To me it is all  
Daggers & Poison. the sting of the serpent is in every Sentence  
as well as the glittering Dissimulation Achilles' wrath is blunt  
abuse Thersites' sly insinuation Such is the Bishops If such is  
the characteristic of a modern polite gentleman we may hope to  
see Christs discourses Expung'd  
I have not the Charity for the Bishop that he pretends to  
have for Paine. I believe him to be a State trickster

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THE AGE OF REASON, part the second, . . . Extraordinary . .  
. not from any novelty in the objections which *you have*  
*produced against revealed religion*, (for I *find little*  
*or no novelty in them*,) . . .  
Dishonest Misrepresentation

TXTWatson1; E612|  
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I give you credit for your sincerity, *how much soever I*  
*may question your wisdom*,. . . .  
Priestly Impudence

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. . . I . . . lament, that these *talents have not been*  
*applied in a manner more useful to human kind, and more*

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*creditable to yourself*  
Contemptible Falshood & Detraction

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AnnWatson1; E612|

I hope there is no want of charity in saying, that it would  
have been fortunate for the christian *world, had your life*  
*been terminated before you had fulfilled your intention*  
Presumptuous Murderer dost thou O Priest wish thy brothers  
death when God has preserved him

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. . . you will have unsettled the faith of thousands; . . .  
you will have given the reins to the domination of every passion,  
and have thereby contributed to the introduction of the public  
insecurity, and of the private unhappiness usually and almost  
necessarily accompanying a state of corrupted morals.  
Mr Paine has not extinguishd & cannot Extinguish Moral  
rectitude. he has Extinguishd Superstition which took the Place  
of Moral Rectitude what has Moral Rectitude to do with Opinions  
concerning historical fact

TXTWatson2; E612|  
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[p 2] . . . absolution, as practised in the church of Rome,  
. . . I cannot, with you, attribute the guillotine-massacres\* to  
that cause.

AnnWatson2; E613|  
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To what does the Bishop attribute the English Crusade  
against France. is it not to State Religion. blush for shame

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Men's minds were not prepared . . . for the commission of .  
. . crimes, by any doctrines of the church of Rome . . . *but*  
*by their not thoroughly believing even that religion. What may*  
*not society expect from those, who shall imbibe the principles of*  
*your book*  
Folly & Impudence! [*Can*] <Does> the thorough belief  
of Popery hinder crimes or can the man who writes the latter  
sentiment be in the good humour the bishop Pretends to be. If we  
are to expect crimes from Paine & his followers. are we to  
believe that Bishops do not Rail I should Expect that the man  
who wrote this sneaking sentence would be as good an inquisitor  
as any other Priest

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What is conscience? . . . an internal monitor implanted in  
us by the *Supreme Being*, and dictating . . . what is  
*right or wrong? Or is it merely* our own judgment of the

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moral rectitude or turpitude of our own actions? I *take the word* (with Mr. Locke) in the latter, *as in the only intelligible* sense. Conscience in those that have it is unequivocal, it is the voice of God Our judgment of right & wrong is Reason I believe that the Bishop laught at the Bible in his slieve & so did Locke

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. . . it can be no criterion of moral\* rectitude, even when it is certain, . . .  
If Conscience is not a Criterion of Moral Rectitude What is it?  
He who thinks that Honesty is changeable knows nothing about it

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because the certainty of an opinion is no proof. . . .  
Virtue is not Opinion

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[p 3] . . . [not] that he will, in obeying the dictates of his conscience, <dag>*on all occasions act right*.  
<dag>Always, or the Bible is false

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An inquisitor . . . a Robespierre . . . a robber . . . a thousand perpetrators of different crimes, may all follow *the dictates of conscience*. . .  
Contemptible Falshood & Wickedness

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. . . their conscientious composure can be no proof to others of the rectitude of their principles, . . .  
Virtue & honesty or the dictates of Conscience are of no doubtful Signification to any one  
Opinion is one Thing. Princip[le] another. No Man can change his Principles Every Man changes his opinions. He who supposes that his Principles are to be changed is a Dissembler who Disguises his Principles & calls that change

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if you have made the best examination you can, and yet reject revealed religion. . . .  
Paine is either a Devil or an Inspired man. Men who give themselves to their Energetic Genius in the manner that Paine does [*is*] <are> no [*modest Enquirers*]  
<Examiners>. If they are not determinately wrong they must be Right or the Bible [P 4] is false. as to [*modest Enquirers*] <*Examiners in these points*> *they will [always be found to be neither cold nor hot & will]* be spewed out.  
The Man who pretends to be a modest enquirer into the truth of a

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self

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evident thing is a Knave The truth & certainty of Virtue & Honesty i.e Inspiration needs no one to prove it it is Evident as the Sun & Moon [*What doubt is virtuous even Honest that depends upon Examination*] He who stands doubting of what he intends whether it is Virtuous or Vicious knows not what Virtue means. no man can do a Vicious action & think it to be Virtuous. no man can take darkness for light. he may pretend to do so & may pretend to be a modest Enquirer. but [*It*]<he> is a Knave

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[p 3]--I think that you are in error; but whether that error be to you a vincible or an invincible error, I presume not to determine.  
Serpentine Dissimulation

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TXTWatson5; E614|

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[p 4] You hold it impossible that the Bible can be the Word of God, because it is therein said, that the Israelites [p 5] destroyed the Canaanites by the express command of God: and to believe the Bible to be true, we must, you affirm, unbelieve all our belief of the moral justice of God; . . . I am astonished that so acute a reasoner should . . . bring . . . forward this exploded . . . objection. . . . The Word of God is in perfect harmony with his work; crying or smiling infants are subjected to death in both. [p 5]  
To me who believe the Bible & profess myself a Christian a defence of the Wickedness of the Israelites in murdering so many thousands under pretence of a command from God is altogether Abominable & Blasphemous. Wherefore did Christ come was it not to abolish the Jewish Imposture Was not Christ murderd because he taught that God loved all Men & was their father & forbad all contention for Worldly prosperity in opposition to the Jewish Scriptures which are only an Example of the wickedness & deceit of the Jews & were written as an Example of the possibility of Human Beastliness in all its branches. Christ died as an Unbeliever . & if the Bishops had their will so would Paine. <see page 1> but he who speaks a word against the Son of man shall be forgiven let the Bishop prove that he has not spoken against [p 6] the Holy Ghost who in Paine strives with Christendom as in Christ he strove with the Jews

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[p 6]. . . God not only primarily formed, but . . . hath through all ages executed, the laws of nature; . . . for the

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general happiness of his creatures, . . . you have no right, in fairness of reasoning, to urge any apparent deviation from moral justice, as an argument against revealed religion, because you do not urge an equally apparent deviation from it, as an argument against natural religion: . . .

The Bible says that God formed Nature perfect but that Man perverted the order of Nature since which time the Elements are filld with the Prince of Evil who has the power of the air Natural Religion is the voice of God & not the result of reasoning on the Powers of Satan

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[p 6] Now, I think, it will be impossible to prove, that it was *aproceeding contrary to God's moral justice, to exterminate so wicked a people*

Horrible the Bishop is an Inquisitor God never makes one man murder another nor one nation

[p 7] There is a vast difference between an accident brought on by a mans own carelessness & a destruction from the designs of another. The Earthquakes

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at Lisbon &/c were the Natural result of Sin. but the destruction of the Canaanites by Joshua was the Unnatural design of wicked men To Extirpate a nation by means of another nation is as wicked as to destroy an individual by means of another individual which God considers (in the Bible) as Murder & commands that it shall not be done

Therefore the Bishop has not answerd Paine

TXTWatson7; E615|  
TXTWatson7; E615|  
TXTWatson7; E615|  
AnnWatson7; E615|  
AnnWatson7; E615|  
AnnWatson7; E615|  
AnnWatson7; E615|  
AnnWatson7; E615|

[P 7] Human kind, by long experience; . . . *is in a far more distinguished situation, as to th* powers of the mind, than it was in the childhood of the world.

That mankind are in a less distinguishd situation with regard to mind than they were in the time of Homer Socrates Phidias. Glycon. Aristotle &/c let all their works witness [*the Deists*] <Paine> say<s> that Christianity put a stop to improvement & the Bishop has not shewn the contrary

TXTWatson7; E615|  
TXTWatson7; E615|  
AnnWatson7; E615|  
AnnWatson7; E615|  
AnnWatson7; E615|  
AnnWatson7; E615|

It appears incredible to many, that God Almighty [P 8] should have had colloquial intercourse with our first parents; . . . That God does & always did converse with honest Men Paine never denies. he only denies that God conversd with Murderers & Revengers such as the Jews were. & of course he holds that the Jews conversed with their own [*self will*] <State



AnnWatson7; E615|  
TXTWatson8; E615|  
TXTWatson8; E615|  
AnnWatson8; E615|  
AnnWatson8; E615|  
AnnWatson8; E615|

Religion> which they call'd God & so were liars as Christ says  
[P 8] . . . that he should have . . . become the God and  
governor of one particular nation; . . . .  
That the Jews assumed a right <Exclusively> to the benefits  
of God. will be a lasting witness against them. & the same will  
it be [*of*] against Christians

TXTWatson8; E615|  
TXTWatson8; E615|  
TXTWatson8; E615|  
AnnWatson8; E615|  
AnnWatson8; E615|  
AnnWatson8; E615|  
AnnWatson8; E615|  
AnnWatson8; E615|

[P 8] . . . when I consider how nearly man, *ina savage  
state, approaches to the brute creation* as to intellectual  
excellence;  
Read the Edda of Iceland the Songs of Fingal the accounts of  
North American Savages (as they are call'd) Likewise Read Homers  
Iliad. he was certainly a Savage. in the Bishops sense. He  
knew nothing of God. in the Bishops sense of the word & yet he  
was no fool

TXTWatson9; E615|  
TXTWatson9; E615|  
TXTWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|

[P 9] . . . the jewish and christian dispensations mediums  
to convey to all man . . . that knowledge concerning himself,  
which he had vouchsafed to give immediately to the first.  
The Bible or <Peculiar> Word of God, Exclusive of Conscience  
or the Word of God Universal, is that Abomination which like the  
Jewish ceremonies is for ever removed & henceforth every man may  
converse with God & be a King & Priest in his own house

TXTWatson9; E615|  
TXTWatson9; E615|  
TXTWatson9; E615|  
TXTWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|

I own it is strange, very strange, that he should have made  
an immediate manifestation of himself . . . but what is there  
that is not strange? It is strange that you and I are here-- . . .  
that there is a sun, and moon, and stars-- . . .  
It is strange that God should speak to man formerly & not  
now. because it is not true but the Strangeness of Sun Moon or  
Stars is Strange on a contrary account

TXTWatson9; E615|  
TXTWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|  
AnnWatson9; E615|

. . . the *plan of providence*, in my opinion, so  
obviously *wise and good*, . . .  
The Bible tells me that the plan of Providence was Subverted  
at the Fall of Adam & that it was not restored till [*we  
in*] *Christ* [*?made ?restoration*]

TXTWatson9; E616|  
TXTWatson9; E616|  
TXTWatson9; E616|  
AnnWatson9; E616|

I will . . . examine what you shall produce, with as much  
coolness and respect, as if you had given the priests no  
provocation; *as if you were a man of the most unblemished character*, . . .  
Is not this Illiberal has not the Bishop given himself the



AnnWatson9; E616|  
AnnWatson9; E616|  
AnnWatson9; E616|

lie in the moment the first words were out of his mouth Can any man who writes so pretend that he is in a good humour. Is not this the Bishops cloven foot. has he not spoild the hasty pudding

TXTWatson10; E616|

LETTER II

AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|  
AnnWatson10; E616|

PAGE 10  
The trifles which the Bishop has combated in the following Letters are such as do nothing against Paines Arguments none of which the Bishop has dared to Consider. One for instance, which is That the books of the Bible were never believd willingly by any nation & that none but designing Villains ever pretended to believe That the Bible is all a State Trick, thro which tho' the People at all times could see they never had. the power to throw off Another Argument is that all the Commentators on the Bible are Dishonest Designing Knaves who in hopes of a good living adopt the State religion this he has shewn with great force which calls upon His Opponent loudly for an answer. I could name an hundred such

TXTWatson11; E616|  
TXTWatson11; E616|  
TXTWatson11; E616|  
TXTWatson11; E616|  
AnnWatson11; E616|  
AnnWatson11; E616|  
AnnWatson11; E616|  
AnnWatson11; E616|  
AnnWatson11; E616|  
AnnWatson11; E616|

[P 11] If it be found that the books ascribed to Moses, Joshua, and Samuel, were not written by Moses, Joshua, and Samuel. . . . they may still contain a true account of real transactions, . . .  
He who writes things for true which none could write. but the actor. such are most of the acts of Moses. must either be the actor or a fable writer or a liar. If Moses did not write the history of his acts, it takes away the authority altogether it ceases to be history & becomes a Poem of probable impossibilities fabricated for pleasure as moderns say but I say by Inspiration.

TXTWatson11; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|

[P 11] Had, indeed, Moses said that he wrote the five first [P 12] books . . . and had it been found, that Moses . . . did not write these books; then, I grant, the authority of the whole would have been gone at once; . . . [P 12]  
If Paine means that a history tho true in itself is false When it is attributed to a wrong author. he's a fool. But he says that Moses being proved not the author of that history which is written in his name & in which he says I did so & so Undermines the veracity intirely the writer says he is Moses if this is proved false the history is false Deut xxxi v 24 But perhaps Moses is not the author & then the Bishop loses his Author

TXTWatson12; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|

[P 12] . . . the evidence for the miracles recorded in the Bible is. . . so greatly superior to that for the prodigies mentioned by Livy, or the miracles related by Tacitus, as to justify us in giving credit to the one as the work of God, and in with-holding it from the other as the effect of superstition and imposture.

Jesus could not do miracles where unbelief hinderd hence we must conclude that the man who holds miracles to be ceased puts it out of his own power to ever witness one The manner of a miracle being performd is in modern times considerd as an arbitrary command of the

AnnWatson12; E617|  
AnnWatson12; E617|  
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AnnWatson12; E617|  
AnnWatson12; E617|  
AnnWatson12; E617|  
AnnWatson12; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|

agent upon the patient but this is an impossibility not a miracle neither did Jesus ever do such a miracle. Is it a greater miracle to feed five thousand men with five loaves than to overthrow all [P13] the armies of Europe with a small pamphlet. look over the events of your own life & if you do not find that you have both done such miracles & lived by such you do not see as I do True I cannot do a miracle thro experiment & to domineer over & prove to others my superior power as neither could Christ But I can & do work such as both astonish & comfort me & mine How can Paine the worker of miracles ever doubt Christs in the above sense of the word miracle But how can Watson ever believe the above sense of a miracle who considers it as an arbitrary act of the agent upon an unbelieving patient. whereas the Gospel says that Christ could not do a miracle because of Unbelief

[P 14] If Christ could not do miracles because of Unbelief the reason alledged by Priests for miracles is false for those who believe want not to be confounded by miracles. Christ & his Prophets & Apostles were not ambitious miracle mongers

TXTWatson14; E617|  
TXTWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|  
AnnWatson14; E617|

[P 14] You esteem all prophets to be such lying rascals, that I dare not venture to predict the fate of your book. Prophets in the modern sense of the word have never existed Jonah was no prophet in the modern sense for his prophecy of Nineveh failed Every honest man is a Prophet he utters his opinion both of private & public matters/Thus/If you go on So/the result is So/He never says such a thing shall happen let you do what you will. a Prophet is a Seer not an Arbitrary Dictator. It is mans fault if God is not able to do him good. for he gives to the just & to the unjust but the unjust reject his gift



TXTWatson25; E618|  
TXTWatson25; E618|  
TXTWatson25; E618|  
AnnWatson25; E618|  
AnnWatson25; E618|  
AnnWatson25; E618|  
AnnWatson25; E618|  
AnnWatson25; E618|  
AnnWatson25; E618|

reasonably attribute cruelty and murder to the judge of the land in condemning criminals to death, as butchery and massacre to Moses in executing the command of God.  
All Penal Laws court Transgression & therefore are cruelty & Murder  
The laws of the Jews were (both ceremonial & real) the basest & most oppressive of human codes. & being like all other codes given under pretence of divine command were what Christ pronounced them The Abomination that maketh desolate. i.e State Religion which [P 26] is the Source of all Cruelty

AnnWatson; E618|

## LETTER IV

TXTWatson29; E618|  
TXTWatson29; E618|  
TXTWatson29; E618|  
TXTWatson29; E618|  
AnnWatson29; E618|  
AnnWatson29; E618|

[P 29] [Suppose an unsigned contemporary] history of the reigns of George the first and second, . . . would any man, three or four hundreds or thousands of years hence, question the authority of that book, . . .  
Hundreds or Thousands of Years O very fine Records as if he Knew that there were Records the Ancients Knew Better

TXTWatson29; E618|  
AnnWatson29; E618|  
AnnWatson29; E618|

[P 29] If I am right in this reasoning, . . .  
as if Reasoning was of any Consequence to a Question  
Downright Plain Truth is Something but Reasoning is Nothing

TXTWatson31; E618|  
TXTWatson31; E618|  
TXTWatson31; E618|  
AnnWatson31; E618|  
AnnWatson31; E618|  
AnnWatson31; E618|  
TXTWatson33; E618|  
TXTWatson33; E618|  
TXTWatson33; E618|  
TXTWatson33; E618|  
AnnWatson33; E618|  
AnnWatson33; E618|  
AnnWatson33; E618|

[P 31] . . . the gospel of St. Matthew . . . was written not many centuries, probably . . . not a quarter of one century after the death of Jesus; . . .  
There are no Proofs that Matthew the Earliest of all the Writings of the New Testament was written within the First Century See P 94 & 95  
[P 33] . . . you do not perfectly comprehend what is meant by the expression--the Word of God--or the divine authority of the scriptures: . . . [P 34] God . . . has interposed his more immediate assistance. . . .  
They seem to Forget that there is a God of This World. A God Worshipd in this World as God & Set above all that is calld God

TXTWatson35; E618|  
TXTWatson35; E618|  
AnnWatson35; E618|  
AnnWatson35; E618|

[P 35] You proceed to shew that these books were not written by Samuel, . . .  
Who gave them the Name of Books of Samuel it is not of Consequence

TXTWatson36; E619| [P 36]. . .what has been conjectured by men of judgment, . .  
TXTWatson36; E619| .a passage from Dr. Hartley's Observations of Man.  
AnnWatson36; E619| Hartley a Man of Judgment then Judgment was a Fool what  
AnnWatson36; E619| Nonsense

AnnWatson; E619| LETTER V

TXTWatson36; E619| [P 48] [Solomon's] admirable sermon on the vanity of every thing  
TXTWatson36; E619| but piety and virtue.  
AnnWatson36; E619| Piety & Virtue is Seneca Classical O Fine Bishop

TXTWatson49; E619| [P 49] What shall be said of you, who, either designedly, or  
TXTWatson49; E619| ignorantly represent one of the most clear and important  
TXTWatson49; E619| prophecies in the Bible [Isaiah 44-45], as an historical  
TXTWatson49; E619| compliment, written above an hundred and fifty years after the  
TXTWatson49; E619| death of the prophet?  
AnnWatson49; E619| The Bishop never saw the Everlasting Gospel any more than  
AnnWatson49; E619| Tom Paine

AnnWatson; E619| LETTER IX

TXTWatson95; E619| [P 95] Did you ever read the apology for the christians, which  
TXTWatson95; E619| Justin Martyr presented to the emperor . . . not fifty years  
TXTWatson95; E619| after the death of St. John, . . .  
AnnWatson95; E619| A:D: 150

TXTWatson95; E619| . . . *probably the gospels*, and certainly some of  
TXTWatson95; E619| St. Paul's epistles, were known. . . *yet I hold it to be a*  
TXTWatson95; E619| *certain fact, that all the books*, . . .were  
TXTWatson95; E619| written, . . .within a few years after his death.  
AnnWatson95; E619| This is No Certain Fact Presumption is no Proof

AnnWatson; E619| LETTER X

TXTWatson108; E619| [P 108] . . . The moral precepts of the gospel. . . .  
AnnWatson108; E619| The Gospel is Forgiveness of Sins & has No Moral Precepts  
AnnWatson108; E619| these belong to Plato & Seneca & Nero  
TXTWatson109; E619| [P 109] Two precepts you particularize as inconsistent with  
TXTWatson109; E619| the dignity and the nature of man--that of not resenting  
TXTWatson109; E619| injuries, and that of loving enemies.



AnnWatson109; E619|

Well done Paine

TXTWatson109; E619|

Who but yourself ever interpreted literally. . . . Did

TXTWatson109; E619|

Jesus himself turn the other *cheek when the officer of the high priest smother him?*

TXTWatson109; E619|

Yes I have no doubt he did

AnnWatson109; E619|

TXTWatson109; E619|

It is evident, that a patient acquiescence under

TXTWatson109; E619|

*slight* personal injuries is here enjoined; . . .

AnnWatson109; E619|

O Fool Slight Hypocrite & Villain

TXTWatson117; E619|

[P 117] The importance of revelation . . . apparent . . .

TXTWatson117; E619|

by the discordant sentiments of learned and good men (for I speak not of the *ignorant and immoral*) on this point.

TXTWatson117; E619|

O how Virtuous Christ came not to call the Virtuous

AnnWatson117; E619|

TXTWatson118; E619|

[P 118] . . . if we are to live again, we are interested in

TXTWatson118; E619|

knowing--whether it be possible for us to do any thing whilst we

TXTWatson118; E619|

live here, which may render that future life, an happy

TXTWatson118; E619|

one.--

AnnWatson118; E619|

Do or Act to Do Good or to do Evil who Dare to judge but God alone

AnnWatson118; E619|

TXTWatson118; E619|

These are tremendous truths to bad men; . . . a cogent

TXTWatson118; E619|

motive to virtuous action. . . .

AnnWatson118; E619|

Who does the Bishop call Bad Men Are they the Publicans &

AnnWatson118; E619|

Sinners that Christ loved to associate with Does God Love

AnnWatson118; E619|

The Righteous according to the Gospel or does he not cast them

AnnWatson118; E619|

off.

AnnWatson119; E619|

[P 119] For who is really Righteous It is all Pretension

EDAnnWatson120; E620|

[P 120, last page of book]

AnnWatson120; E620|

It appears to me Now that Tom Paine is a better Christian

AnnWatson120; E620|

than the Bishop

AnnWatson120; E620|

I have read this Book with attention & find that the Bishop

AnnWatson120; E620|

has only hurt Paines heel while Paine has broken his head the

AnnWatson120; E620|

Bishop has not answerd one of Paines grand objections

AnnWatson120; E620|

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AnnBaconTitle; E620	Foolishness with God
AnnBaconTitle; E620	This is Certain If what Bacon says Is True what Christ
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TXTBacon-i; E620	PAGE i
AnnBacon-i; E620	I am astonishd how such Contemptible Knavery & Folly as
AnnBacon-i; E620	this Book contains can ever have been calld Wisdom by Men of
AnnBacon-i; E620	Sense
AnnBacon-i; E620	but perhaps this never Was the Case & all Men of Sense have
AnnBacon-i; E620	despised the Book as Much as I do
AnnBacon-i; E620	Per WILLIAM BLAKE <i>t1470</i>
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TXTBacon-iv; E620	subjects of immediate importance to the conduct of common life
TXTBacon-iv; E620	"such as come home to men's <i>business and bosoms</i> ," are
TXTBacon-iv; E620	still read with pleasure. . . .
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AnnBacon-xii; E620	Every Body Knows that this is Epi[c]urus and Lucretius & Yet
AnnBacon-xii; E620	Every Body Says that it is Christian Philosophy how is this
AnnBacon-xii; E620	Possible Every Body must be a Liar & deciever but Every Body
AnnBacon-xii; E620	does not do this But The Hirelings of Kings & Courts who make
AnnBacon-xii; E620	themselves Every Body & Knowingly propagate Falshood
AnnBacon-xii; E620	It was a Common opinion in the Court of Queen Elizabeth that
AnnBacon-xii; E620	Knavery Is Wisdom: Cunning Plotters were considerd as wise
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TXTBacon1; E621|  
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AnnBacon1; E621|

## OF TRUTH

### PAGE 1

Self Evident Truth is one Thing and Truth the result of Reasoning is another Thing Rational Truth is not the Truth of Christ but of Pilate It is the Tree of the Knowledge of Good & Evil

TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
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TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
AnnBacon1; E621|

What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting: and, though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But more Nerve if by Ancients he means Heathen Authors

TXTBacon1; E621|  
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TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
AnnBacon1; E621|

But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that, when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour; [PAGE 2] but a natural, though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not shew the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights. What Bacon calls Lies is Truth itself

TXTBacon3; E621|  
TXTBacon3; E621|  
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TXTBacon3; E621|  
TXTBacon3; E621|  
TXTBacon3; E621|  
TXTBacon3; E621|  
TXTBacon3; E621|  
TXTBacon3; E621|  
AnnBacon3; E621|

PAGE 3 But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. Pretence to Religion to destroy Religion

TXTBacon4; E621|  
TXTBacon4; E621|  
TXTBacon4; E621|

PAGE 4 To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged; even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the

TXTBacon4; E621| honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like  
TXTBacon4; E621| allay in coin of gold and silver. . . .  
AnnBacon4; E621| Christianity is Civil Business Only There is & can Be No  
AnnBacon4; E621| Other to Man what Else Can Be Civil is Christianity or Religion  
AnnBacon4; E621| or whatever is Humane

TXTBacon5; E621| PAGE 5 Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of  
TXTBacon5; E621| faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall  
TXTBacon5; E621| be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the  
TXTBacon5; E621| generations of men: it being foretold, that when "Christ cometh,"  
TXTBacon5; E621| he shall not "find faith upon earth".  
AnnBacon5; E621| Bacon put an End to Faith

TXTBacon5; E621| OF DEATH  
TXTBacon5; E621| PAGES 5-6 You shall read in some of the friars books of  
TXTBacon5; E621| mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain  
TXTBacon5; E621| is, if he have but his finger's end pressed, or tortured, and  
TXTBacon5; E621| thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body  
TXTBacon5; E621| is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with  
TXTBacon5; E621| less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts  
TXTBacon5; E621| are not the quickest of sense: and by him that spake only as a  
TXTBacon5; E621| philosopher and natural man, it was well said, "Pompa mortis  
TXTBacon5; E621| magis terret, quam mors ipsa".  
AnnBacon5; E621| Bacon supposes all Men alike

TXTBacon6; E622| 6 Revenge triumphs over death; love [s]lights it; honour  
TXTBacon6; E622| aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear pre-occupieth it; nay,  
TXTBacon6; E622| we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pit (which is  
TXTBacon6; E622| the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere  
TXTBacon6; E622| compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of  
TXTBacon6; E622| followers.  
AnnBacon6; E622| One Mans Revenge or Love is not the same as Anothers The  
AnnBacon6; E622| tender Mercies of some Men are Cruel

TXTBacon8; E622| OF UNITY IN RELIGION  
TXTBacon8; E622| PAGE 8 Religion being the chief band of human society, it is a  
TXTBacon8; E622| happy thing when itself is well contained within the true band of  
TXTBacon8; E622| unity. The quarrels and divisions about religion were evils  
TXTBacon8; E622| unknown to the heathen.  
AnnBacon8; E622| False O Satan

TXTBacon8; E622| The reason was, because the religion of the heathen

TXTBacon8; E622|  
TXTBacon8; E622|  
TXTBacon8; E622|  
AnnBacon8; E622|

consisted rather in rites and ceremonies, than in any constant belief: for you may imagine what kind of faith theirs was, when the chief doctors and fathers of their church were the *poets*.  
Prophets

TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
AnnBacon9; E622|

PAGE 9 The fruits of unity (next unto the well-pleasing of God, which is all in all) are two; the one towards those that are without the church; the other towards. those that are within. For the former, it is certain, that heresies and schisms are of all others the greatest scandals; yea, more than corruption of manners: for as in the natural body a wound or solution of continuity is worse than a corrupt humour, so in the spiritual: . . .  
False

TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
AnnBacon9; E622|

PAGES 9-10 The doctor of the Gentiles (the propriety of whose vocation drew him to have a special care of those without) saith, "If an heathen come in, and hear you speak with several tongues, will he not say that you are mad?" and, certainly, it is little better: when atheists and profane persons do hear of so many discordant and contrary opinions in religion, it doth avert them from the church, and maketh them "to sit down in the chair of the scorers". It is but a light thing to be vouched in so serious a matter, but yet it expresseth well the deformity.

Trifling Nonsense

TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
AnnBacon11; E622|

PAGES 11-12 Men ought to take heed of rending God's church by two kinds of controversies; the one is, when the matter of the point controverted is too small and light, not worth the heat and strife about it, kindled only by contradiction; for, as it is noted by one of the fathers, Christ's coat indeed had no seam, but the church's vesture was of divers colours; whereupon he saith, "in veste varietas sit, scissura non sit", they be two things, unity and uniformity: the other is when the matter of the point controverted is great, but it is driven to an over-great subtilty and obscurity, so that it becometh a thing rather ingenious than substantial.

Lame Reasoning upon Premises This Never can Happen

TXTBacon14; E622|  
TXTBacon14; E622|  
TXTBacon14; E622|  
TXTBacon14; E622|

PAGE 14 It was great blasphemy when the devil said, "I will ascend and be like the Highest"; but it is greater blasphemy to personate God, and bring him in saying, "I will descend, and be like the prince of darkness."

AnnBacon14; E622|  
AnnBacon14; E622|

Did not Jesus descend & become a Servant The Prince of  
darkness is a Gentleman & not a Man he is a Lord Chancellor

TXTBacon17; E622|  
TXTBacon17; E622|  
TXTBacon17; E622|  
TXTBacon17; E622|  
AnnBacon17; E622|

OF REVENGE  
PAGE 17 This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps  
his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.  
Public revenges are for the most part fortunate.  
A Lie

TXTBacon22; E623|  
TXTBacon22; E623|  
TXTBacon22; E623|  
TXTBacon22; E623|  
AnnBacon22; E623|

OF SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION  
PAGE 22 In a few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides  
(to say truth) *nakedness is uncomely*, as well in mind as  
in body.  
This is Folly Itself

TXTBacon32; E623|  
TXTBacon32; E623|  
TXTBacon32; E623|  
TXTBacon32; E623|  
TXTBacon32; E623|  
TXTBacon32; E623|  
AnnBacon32; E623|  
AnnBacon32; E623|

OF ENVY  
PAGE 32 A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue  
in others: for men's minds will either feed upon their own good,  
or upon others evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the  
other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue,  
will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune.  
What do these Knaves mean by Virtue Do they mean War & its  
horrors & its Heroic Villains

TXTBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
AnnBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
TXTBacon37; E623|  
AnnBacon37; E623|

PAGE 37 Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the  
beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft,  
so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and  
that is, to remove the lot, (as they call it), and to lay it upon  
another; for which purpose, the wiser sort of great persons bring  
in ever upon the stage some body upon whom to derive the envy  
that would come upon themselves.  
Politic Foolery & most contemptible Villainy & Murder  
Now to speak of public envy: there is yet some good in  
public envy, whereas in private there is none; for public envy is  
as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they grow too  
great.  
Foolish & tells into the hands of a Tyrant

TXTBacon38; E623|  
TXTBacon38; E623|  
TXTBacon38; E623|  
AnnBacon38; E623|

PAGE 38 This public envy seemeth to beat [bear] chiefly  
upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and  
estates themselves.  
A Lie Every Body hates a King Bacon was afraid to say



AnnBacon38; E623|

that the Envy was upon a King but is This Envy or Indignation

TXTBacon44; E623|

## OF GREAT PLACE

TXTBacon44; E623|

PAGE 44 But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (though God accept them), yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act.

TXTBacon44; E623|

TXTBacon44; E623|

TXTBacon44; E623|

AnnBacon44; E623|

Thought is Act. Christs Acts were Nothing to Caesars if this is not so

AnnBacon44; E623|

TXTBacon45; E623|

PAGE 45 In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts; and after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first.

TXTBacon45; E623|

TXTBacon45; E623|

TXTBacon45; E623|

AnnBacon45; E623|

Here is nothing of Thy own Original Genius but only Imitation what Folly

AnnBacon45; E623|

TXTBacon48; E623|

PAGE 48 Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors, but let it rather be said, "When he sits in place he is another man."

TXTBacon48; E623|

TXTBacon48; E623|

AnnBacon48; E623|

A Flogging Magistrate I have seen many such fly blows of Bacon

AnnBacon48; E623|

TXTBacon54; E623|

## OF GOODNESS AND GOODNESS OF NATURE

TXTBacon54; E623|

PAGE 54 And beware how in making the portrait thou breakest the pattern: for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern; the love of our neighbours but the portraiture: "Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me:" but sell not all thou hast, except thou come and follow me; that is except thou have a vocation wherein thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great.

TXTBacon54; E623|

TXTBacon54; E623|

TXTBacon54; E623|

TXTBacon54; E623|

TXTBacon54; E623|

TXTBacon54; E623|

TXTBacon54; E623|

Except is Christ You Lie Except did anyone <ever> do this & not follow Christ who Does by Nature

TXTBacon54; E623|

AnnBacon55; E624|

PAGE 55 [A drawing of] The devils arse [with a chain of excrement ending in] A King

AnnBacon55; E624|

EDAnnBacon55TEXT; E624| (Related to page 56, Of a King)

TXTBacon56; E624|

## OF A KING

TXTBacon56; E624|

PAGE 56 A king is a mortal god on earth, unto whom the living God hath lent his own name as a great honour.

TXTBacon56; E624|

AnnBacon56; E624|

O Contemptible & Abject Slave



TXTBacon58; E624|  
TXTBacon58; E624|  
TXTBacon58; E624|  
AnnBacon58; E624|

PAGE 58 That king which is not feared is not loved; and he  
that is well seen in his craft must as well study to be feared as  
loved; yet not loved for fear, but feared for love.  
Fear Cannot Love

TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
AnnBacon60; E624|

PAGE 60 He then that honoureth him [the King] not is next  
an atheist, wanting the fear of God in his heart.  
Blasphemy

TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
AnnBacon60; E624|

OF NOBILITY  
PAGE 60 We will speak of nobility first as a portion of an  
estate, then as a condition of particular persons.  
Is Nobility a portion of a State i.e Republic

TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
AnnBacon60; E624|

A monarchy, where there is no nobility at all, is ever a  
pure and absolute tyranny, as that of the Turks; for nobility  
attempts sovereignty, and draws the eyes of the people somewhat  
aside from the line royal: but for *democracies they need*  
it not; and they are *commonly more quiet, and less*  
subject to sedition, than where there are stirps of nobles.  
Self Contradiction Knave & Fool

TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
AnnBacon62; E624|  
AnnBacon62; E624|

PAGE 62 Those that are first raised to nobility, are  
commonly more virtuous, but less innocent than their descendants;  
for there is rarely any rising but by a commixture of good and  
evil arts.  
Virtuous I supposed to be Innocents was I Mistaken or is  
Bacon a Liar

TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
AnnBacon62; E624|

On the other side, nobility extinguisheth the passive envy  
from others towards them, because they are in possession of  
honour. Certainly, kings that have able men of their nobility  
shall find ease in employing them, and a better slide into their  
business; but people naturally bend to them as born in some sort  
to command.  
Nonsense

TXTBacon63; E624|  
TXTBacon63; E624|  
AnnBacon63; E624|

OF SEDITIONS AND TROUBLES  
PAGE 63  
This Section contradicts the Preceding

TXTBacon63; E624|  
TXTBacon63; E624|  
TXTBacon63; E624|  
AnnBacon63; E624|  
AnnBacon63; E624|

Shepherds of all people had need know the calendars of  
tempests in state, which are commonly greatest when things grow  
to *equality*.  
What Shepherds does he mean Such as Christ describes by  
Ravening Wolves

TXTBacon65; E624|  
TXTBacon65; E624|  
TXTBacon65; E624|  
AnnBacon65; E624|  
AnnBacon65; E624|

PAGE 65 Also, when discords, and quarrels, and factions are  
carried openly and audaciously it is a sign the reverence of  
government is lost.  
When the Reverence of Government is Lost it is better than  
when it is found Reverence is all For Reverence

TXTBacon66; E624|  
TXTBacon66; E624|  
TXTBacon66; E624|  
TXTBacon66; E624|  
AnnBacon66; E624|

PAGE 66 So when any of the four pillars of government are  
mainly shaken, or weakened, (which are religion, justice,  
counsel, and treasure,) men had need to pray for fair  
weather.  
Four Pillars of different heights and Sizes

TXTBacon66; E625|  
TXTBacon66; E625|  
TXTBacon66; E625|  
AnnBacon66; E625|

Concerning the materials of sedition, it is a thing well to  
be considered. . . . The matter of sedition is of two kinds, much  
poverty and much discontentment.  
These are one Kind Only

TXTBacon67; E625|  
TXTBacon67; E625|  
TXTBacon67; E625|  
TXTBacon67; E625|  
AnnBacon67; E625|

PAGE 67 As for discontentments, they are in the politic  
body like to humours in the natural, which are apt to gather a  
preternatural heat and to enflame; and let no prince measure the  
danger of them by this, whether they be just or unjust.  
A Tyrant is the Worst disease & the Cause of all others

TXTBacon67; E625|  
TXTBacon67; E625|  
AnnBacon67; E625|

. . . in great oppressions, the same things that provoke the  
patience, do withal mate the courage.  
a lie

TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|

PAGES 68-69 The first remedy or prevention is to remove by  
all means possible that material cause of sedition whereof we  
speak, which is want and poverty in the estate; to which purpose  
serveth the opening and well balancing of trade; the cherishing  
of manufactures; the banishing of idleness; the repressing of  
waste and excess by sumptuary laws; the improvement and  
husbanding of the soil; the regulating of prices of things  
vendible; the moderating of taxes and tributes, and the

TXTBacon68; E625|  
AnnBacon68; E625|  
AnnBacon68; E625|

like.

You cannot regulate the price of Necessaries without  
destruction All False

TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
AnnBacon69; E625|  
AnnBacon69; E625|  
AnnBacon69; E625|  
AnnBacon69; E625|  
AnnBacon69; E625|

PAGES 69-70 It is likewise to be remembered, that forasmuch  
as the increase of any estate must be upon the foreigner, (for  
whatsoever is somewhere gotten is somewhere lost,) there be but  
three things which one nation selleth unto another: the commodity  
as nature yieldeth it; the manufacture; and the vecture or  
carriage: so that if these two [three] wheels go, wealth will  
flow as in a spring tide.

The Increase of a State as of a Man is from Internal  
Improvement or Intellectual Acquirement. Man is not Improved by  
the hurt of another States are not Improved at the Expense of  
Foreigners

Bacon has no notion of any thing but Mammon

TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
AnnBacon71; E625|

PAGE 71 The poets feign that the rest of the Gods would  
have bound Jupiter, which he hearing of by the counsel of Pallas,  
sent for Briareus with his hundred hands to come in to his aid:  
an emblem, no doubt, to shew how safe it is for monarchs to make  
sure of the goodwill of common people.

Good Advice for the Devil

TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
AnnBacon71; E625|

PAGES 71-72 Certainly, the politic and artificial  
nourishing and entertaining of hopes, and carrying men from hopes  
to hopes is one of the best antidotes against the poison of  
discontentments.

Subterfuges

TXTBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
AnnBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
AnnBacon74; E625|  
AnnBacon74; E625|

PAGE 74 Lastly, let princes against all events, not be  
without some great person, one or rather more, of military  
valour, near unto them, for the repression of seditions in their  
beginnings.

Contemptible Knave Let the People look to this

. . . but let such military persons be assured and well  
reputed of, rather than factious and popular.

Factious is Not Popular & never can be except Factious is  
Christianity

TXTBacon75; E625|  
TXTBacon75; E625|

OF ATHEISM

PAGE 75 I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and

TXTBacon75; E625|  
TXTBacon75; E625|  
TXTBacon75; E625|  
TXTBacon75; E625|  
AnnBacon75; E625|

the Talmud, and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a *mind*: and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.

The Devil is the Mind of the Natural Frame

TXTBacon75; E626|  
TXTBacon75; E626|  
TXTBacon75; E626|  
TXTBacon75; E626|  
AnnBacon75; E626|  
AnnBacon75; E626|

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no farther. There is no Such Thing as a Second Cause nor as a Natural Cause for any Thing in any Way

TXTBacon76; E626|  
AnnBacon76; E626|  
AnnBacon76; E626|

PAGE 76

He who says there are Second Causes has already denied a First The Word Cause is a foolish Word

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

PAGE 77 The contemplative atheist is rare, a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others.

A Lie! Few believe it is a New Birth Bacon was a Contemplative Atheist Evidently an Epicurean Lucian disbelievd Heathen Gods he did not perhaps disbelieve for all that Bacon did

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

PAGES 77-78-79 The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; . . . another is, scandal of priests . . . : a third is, a custom of profane scoffing in holy matters . . . ; and, lastly, learned times, especially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and *adversities* do more bow men's minds to religion.

a Lie

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. [Bracketed by Blake]  
an artifice

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|

It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, or "melior natura"; which

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain;  
Self Contradiction

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

. . . therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty.  
An Atheist pretending to talk against Atheism

TXTBacon79; E626|  
TXTBacon79; E626|  
TXTBacon79; E626|  
AnnBacon79; E626|

OF SUPERSTITION  
PAGE 79 It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him.  
Is this true is it better

TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
AnnBacon80; E626|

PAGE 80 . . . as the contumely is greater *towards God*, so the *dange* is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which maybe *guide* to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not;  
Praise of Atheism

TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
AnnBacon80; E626|

but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men: *therefore atheism* did *never perturb* states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no farther, and we see the times inclined to atheism, (as the time of Augustus Caesar,) were civil times.  
Atheism is thus the best of all Bacon fools us

TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
AnnBacon80; E626|  
AnnBacon80; E626|

The master of superstition is the people, and in all superstition wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to practise in a reversed order.  
What must our Clergy be who Allow Bacon to be Either Wise or even of Common Capacity I cannot

TXTBacon82; E627|  
TXTBacon82; E627|  
TXTBacon82; E627|  
TXTBacon82; E627|  
TXTBacon82; E627|

PAGE 82 There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go farthest from the superstition formerly received; therefore care should be had that, (as it fareth in ill purgings,) the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the *people* is

TXTBacon82; E627|  
AnnBacon82; E627|  
AnnBacon82; E627|

the reformer.

Who is to be the Reformer Bacons [Reformer] Villain is a  
King or Who *t1471*

TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|

## OF TRAVEL

PAGE 83 The things to be seen and observed are the courts of  
princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the  
courts of justice . . . the churches and monasteries . . . the  
walls and fortifications . . . and so the havens and harbours,  
antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and  
lectures where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens  
of state and pleasure near great cities; armories, arsenals,  
magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercises of  
horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like;  
comedies . . . treasures of jewels and robes; cabinets and  
rarieties; . . .

The Things worthy to be seen are all the Trumpery he could  
rake together

Nothing of Arts or Artists or Learned Men or of Agriculture  
or any Useful Thing His Business & Bosom was to be Lord  
Chancellor

TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|

PAGE 84. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings,  
funerals, capital executions, and such shews, men need not to be  
put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected.  
Bacon supposes that the Dragon Beast & Harlot are worthy of  
a Place in the New Jerusalem Excellent Traveller Go on & be  
damnd

TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|

If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little  
room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do . . .  
let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the  
place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city  
or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the  
town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance;  
Harum Scarum who can do this

TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|

let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen  
and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation  
where he travelleth; let him upon his removes from one place to  
another procure recommendation to some person of *quality*  
residing in the place whither he removeth . . .  
The Contrary is the best Advice



TXTBacon85; E627|  
TXTBacon85; E627|  
TXTBacon85; E627|  
AnnBacon85; E627|

PAGE 85 As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors.  
Acqua[i]ntance with Knaves

TXTBacon86; E627|  
TXTBacon86; E627|  
TXTBacon86; E627|  
AnnBacon86; E627|

#### OF EMPIRE

PAGE 86 It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire, and many things to fear.  
He who has few Things to desire cannot have many to fear

TXTBacon87; E627|  
TXTBacon87; E627|  
TXTBacon87; E627|  
AnnBacon87; E627|

PAGE 87 . . . the mind of man is more cheered and refreshed by profiting in small things, than by standing at a stay in great.  
A lie

TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
AnnBacon98; E627|

#### OF COUNSEL

PAGE 98 For weakening of authority the fable sheweth the remedy: nay, the majesty of kings is rather exalted than diminished when they are in the chair of council; neither was there ever prince bereaved of his dependances by his council, except where there hath been either an over greatness in one counsellor, or an over-strict combination in divers, which are things soon found and holpen. [Bracketed]  
Did he mean to Ridicule a King & his Council

TXTBacon101; E628|  
TXTBacon101; E628|  
TXTBacon101; E628|  
TXTBacon101; E628|  
AnnBacon101; E628|

PAGE 101 In choice of committees for ripening business for the council, it is better to choose indifferent persons, than to make an indifferency by putting in those that are strong on both sides.  
better choose Fools at once

TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
AnnBacon104; E628|

#### OF CUNNING

PAGE 104 There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well; so there are some that are good in canvases and factions, that are otherwise weak men.  
Nonsense

TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|

Again, it is one thing to understand persons, and another thing to understand matters; for many are perfect in men's humours that are not greatly capable of the real part of business, which is the constitution of one that hath studied men more than books.

AnnBacon104; E628|

Nonsense

TXTBacon104; E628|

Such men are fitter for practice than for counsel, and they  
are good but in their own ally.

TXTBacon104; E628|

How absurd

AnnBacon104; E628|

TXTBacon105; E628|

PAGE 105 If a man would cross a business that he doubts  
some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend  
to wish it well, and move it himself in such sort as may foil  
it.

TXTBacon105; E628|

None but a Fool can act so

TXTBacon105; E628|

TXTBacon105; E628|

AnnBacon105; E628|

TXTBacon106; E628|

PAGE 106-107 I knew one that, when he wrote a letter, he  
would put that which was most material in the post-script, as if  
it had been a bye matter.

TXTBacon106; E628|

I knew another that, when he came to have speech, he would pass  
over that that he intended most; and go forth, and come back  
again, and speak of it as of a thing that he had almost  
forgot.

TXTBacon106; E628|

TXTBacon106; E628|

TXTBacon106; E628|

TXTBacon106; E628|

TXTBacon106; E628|

What Fools

AnnBacon106; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

PAGES 107-108 It is a point of cunning to let fall those  
words in a man's own name which he would have another man learn  
and use, and thereupon take advantage. I knew two that were  
competitors for the secretary's place in queen Elizabeth's time,  
. . . and the one of them said, that to be a secretary in the  
declination of a monarchy was a ticklish thing, and that he did  
not affect it: the other straight way caught up those words, and  
discoursed with divers of his friends, that he had no reason to  
desire to be secretary in the declination of a monarchy. The  
first man took hold of it, and found means it was told the queen;  
who hearing of a declination of a monarchy took it so ill, as she  
would never after hear of the other's suit.

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon107; E628|

This is too Stupid to have been True

AnnBacon107; E628|

TXTBacon113; E628|

OF INNOVATIONS

TXTBacon113; E628|

PAGE 113 As the births of living creatures at first are ill  
shapen, so are all innovations, which are the births of  
time.

TXTBacon113; E628|

TXTBacon113; E628|

What a Cursed Fool is this Ill Shapen are Infants or  
small Plants ill shapen because they are not yet come to their  
maturity What a contemptible Fool is This Bacon

AnnBacon113; E628|

AnnBacon113; E628|

AnnBacon113; E628|

## OF FRIENDSHIP

PAGES 123-124 L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey . . . to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's over-match; . . . With Julius Caesar Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew; . . . Augustus raised Agrippa, (though of mean birth,) to that height, as, when he consulted with Mecaenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mecaenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life.

The Friendship of these Roman Villains is a strange Example to alledge for our imitation & approval

## OF EXPENSE

PAGE 133 Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part.

If this is advice to the Poor, it is mocking them--If to the Rich, it is worse still it is The Miser If to the Middle Class it is the direct Contrary to Christs advice

PAGE 134 He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behoveth him to turn all to certainties.

Nonsense

## OF THE TRUE GREATNESS OF KINGDOMS AND ESTATES

PAGE 135 The speech of Themistocles the Athenian, which was haughty and arrogant in taking so much to himself, had been a grave and wise observation and censure, applied at large to others. Desired at a feast to touch a lute, he said, "he could not fiddle, but yet he could make a small town a great city". These words, (holpen with a little metaphor,) may express two differing abilities in those that deal in business of estate.

a Lord Chancellor's opinions as different from Christ as those of Caiphas or Pilate or Herod what such Men call Great is indeed detestable

PAGE 136 . . . let us speak of the work; that is, the true greatness of kingdoms and estates; and the means thereof. An argument fit for great and mighty *princes* to have in their hand; to the end, that neither by over-measuring their

TXTBacon136; E629|  
AnnBacon136; E629|  
AnnBacon136; E629|

forces they lose themselves in vain enterprises . . .

Powers Powers

Powers of darkness

TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
AnnBacon137; E629|  
AnnBacon137; E629|

PAGE 137 The Kingdom of heaven is compared, not to any great Kernal or nut but, to a grain of mustard seed; which is one of the least grains, but hath in it a property and spirit hastily to get up and spread.

The Kingdom of Heaven is the direct Negation of Earthly domination

TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
AnnBacon137; E629|

PAGES 137-138 Walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants; ordnance, artillery, and the like; all this is but a sheep in lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike. Nay, number (itself) in armies importeth not much, where the people is of weak courage. . . . The army of the Persians, in the plains of Arbela was such a vast sea of people as it did somewhat astonish the commanders in Alexander's army, who came to him therefore, and wished him to set upon them by night; but he answered, he would not pilfer the victory; and the defeat was easy.

Bacon knows the Wisdom of War if it is Wisdom

TXTBacon142; E629|  
TXTBacon142; E629|  
TXTBacon142; E629|  
TXTBacon142; E629|  
AnnBacon142; E629|

PAGE 142 Never any state was, in this point, so open to receive strangers into their body as were the Romans; therefore it sorted with them accordingly, for they grew to the greatest monarchy.

Is this Great Is this Christian No

TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
AnnBacon143; E629|

PAGES 143-144 It is certain, that sedentary and within-door arts, and delicate manufactures, (that require rather the finger than the arm,) have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition;. . . therefore it was great advantage in the ancient states of Sparta, Athens, Rome, and others that they had the use of slaves, which commonly did rid those manufactures; but that is abolished, in greatest part, by the christian law. That which cometh nearest to it is, to leave those arts chiefly to strangers . . . and to contain the principal bulk of the vulgar natives within those three kinds, tillers of the ground, free servants, and handicraftmen of strong and manly arts; as smiths, masons, carpenters, &c. not reckoning professed soldiers.

Bacon calls Intellectual Arts Unmanly Poetry Painting

AnnBacon143; E629|  
AnnBacon143; E629|

Music are in his opinion Useless & so they are for Kings & Wars &  
shall in the End Annihilate them

TXTBacon147; E630|  
TXTBacon147; E630|  
TXTBacon147; E630|  
AnnBacon147; E630|

PAGE 147 No body can be healthful without exercise, neither  
natural body nor politic; and, certainly, to a kingdom or estate  
a just and honourable war is the true exercise.  
Is not this the Greatest Folly

TXTBacon149; E630|  
TXTBacon149; E630|  
TXTBacon149; E630|  
TXTBacon149; E630|  
AnnBacon149; E630|

PAGE 149 There be now, for martial encouragement, some  
degrees and orders of chivalry, which, nevertheless, are  
conferred promiscuously upon soldiers and no soldiers, and some  
remembrance perhaps upon the escutcheon . . .  
what can be worse than this or more foolish

TXTBacon151; E630|  
TXTBacon151; E630|  
TXTBacon151; E630|  
AnnBacon151; E630|

OF REGIMEN OF HEALTH  
PAGE 151 . . . strength of nature in youth passeth over many  
excesses which are owing a man til his age.  
Excess in Youth is Necessary to Life

TXTBacon151; E630|  
TXTBacon151; E630|  
AnnBacon151; E630|

Beware of sudden change in any great point of diet, and if  
necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it;  
Nonsense

TXTBacon151; E630|  
TXTBacon151; E630|  
AnnBacon151; E630|

for it is a secret both in nature and state, that it is  
safer to change many things than one.  
False

TXTBacon152; E630|  
TXTBacon152; E630|  
AnnBacon152; E630|  
AnnBacon152; E630|

PAGE 152 If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be  
too strange for your body when you shall need it.  
Very Pernicious Advice  
The work of a Fool to use Physic but for Necessity

TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
AnnBacon153; E630|

PAGE 153 In sickness, respect health principally; and in  
health, action: for those that put their bodies to endure in  
health, may in most sicknesses which are not very sharp, be cured  
only with diet and tendering.  
Those that put their Bodies To endure are Fools

TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|

Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician, had he not  
been a wise man withal, when he giveth it for one of the great  
precepts of health and lasting, that a man do vary and



TXTBacon153; E630|  
AnnBacon153; E630|

interchange contraries;  
Celsus was a bad adviser

TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
AnnBacon153; E630|

but with an inclination to the more benign extreme: use  
fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and  
sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather  
exercise, and the like: so shall nature be cherished, and yet  
taught masteries. [Bracketed]  
Nature taught to Ostentation

TXTBacon154; E630|  
TXTBacon154; E630|  
TXTBacon154; E630|  
TXTBacon154; E630|  
AnnBacon154; E630|  
AnnBacon154; E630|

OF SUSPICION  
PAGE 154. Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst  
birds, they ever fly by twilight; certainly they are to be  
repressed, or, at the least, well guarded.  
What is Suspicion in one Man is Caution in Another & Truth  
or Discernment in Another & in Some it is Folly.

TXTBacon156; E630|  
TXTBacon156; E630|  
TXTBacon156; E630|  
TXTBacon156; E630|  
TXTBacon156; E630|  
AnnBacon156; E630|  
AnnBacon156; E630|

OF DISCOURSE  
PAGE 156 Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of  
wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in  
discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what  
might be said, and not what should be thought.  
Surely the Man who wrote this never talked to any but  
Coxcombs

TXTBacon158; E630|  
TXTBacon158; E630|  
TXTBacon158; E630|  
AnnBacon158; E630|  
AnnBacon158; E630|

PAGE 158 Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and  
to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to  
speak in good words, or in good order.  
Bacon hated Talents of all Kinds Eloquence is discret[io]n  
of Speech

TXTBacon169; E631|  
TXTBacon169; E631|  
TXTBacon169; E631|  
TXTBacon169; E631|  
AnnBacon169; E631|  
AnnBacon169; E631|  
AnnBacon169; E631|

OF RICHES  
PAGE 169 Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes  
they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to  
bring in more.  
Bacon was always a poor Devil if History says true how  
should one so foolish know about Riches Except Pretence to be  
Rich if that is it

TXTBacon182; E631|  
TXTBacon182; E631|  
TXTBacon182; E631|

OF NATURE IN MEN  
PAGE 182 Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a  
wand to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right;



TXTBacon182; E631|  
AnnBacon182; E631|

understanding it where the contrary extreme is no vice.  
Very Foolish

TXTBacon187; E631|  
TXTBacon187; E631|  
TXTBacon187; E631|  
TXTBacon187; E631|  
TXTBacon187; E631|  
AnnBacon187; E631|  
AnnBacon187; E631|

OF FORTUNE  
PAGE 187 It cannot be denied but outward accidents conduce much  
to fortune; favour, opportunity, death of others, occasion  
fitting virtue; but chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in  
his own hands.  
What is Fortune but an outward Accident for a few years  
sixty at most & then gone

TXTBacon190; E631|  
TXTBacon190; E631|  
AnnBacon190; E631|

OF USURY  
PAGE 190  
Bacon was a Usurer

TXTBacon191; E631|  
TXTBacon191; E631|  
TXTBacon191; E631|  
TXTBacon191; E631|  
AnnBacon191; E631|

PAGE 191 The discommodities of usury are, first, that it  
makes fewer merchants; for were it not for this lazy trade of  
usury, money would not lie still, but would in great part be  
employed upon merchandizing.  
A Lie it makes Merchants & nothing Else

TXTBacon192; E631|  
TXTBacon192; E631|  
TXTBacon192; E631|  
AnnBacon192; E631|

PAGE 192 On the other side, the commodities of usury are  
first, that howsoever usury in some respect hindereth  
merchandizing, yet in some other it advanceth it.  
Commodities of Usury can it Be

TXTBacon193; E631|  
TXTBacon193; E631|  
TXTBacon193; E631|  
AnnBacon193; E631|

PAGE 193 I remember a cruel monied man in the country, that  
would say, "The devil take this usury, it keeps us from  
forfeitures of mortgages and bonds".  
It is not True what a Cruel Man says

TXTBacon193; E631|  
TXTBacon193; E631|  
TXTBacon193; E631|  
AnnBacon193; E631|  
AnnBacon193; E631|

To speak now of the reformation and reglement of usury; how  
the discommodities of it may be best avoided, and the commodities  
retained.  
Bacon is in his Element on Usury it is himself & his  
Philosophy

TXTBacon197; E631|  
TXTBacon197; E631|  
TXTBacon197; E631|  
TXTBacon197; E631|

OF YOUTH AND AGE  
PAGE 197 The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but  
the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have  
been done, or sooner.

AnnBacon197; E631|

Bacons Business is not Intellect or Art

TXTBacon198; E631|

TXTBacon198; E631|

TXTBacon198; E631|

AnnBacon198; E631|

PAGE 198 . . . and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections.  
a Lie

TXTBacon199; E631|

TXTBacon199; E631|

TXTBacon199; E631|

TXTBacon199; E631|

TXTBacon199; E631|

AnnBacon199; E631|

PAGE 199 There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes: these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtile, who afterwards waxed stupid.  
Such was Bacon Stupid Indeed

TXTBacon202; E632|

TXTBacon202; E632|

TXTBacon202; E632|

TXTBacon202; E632|

AnnBacon202; E632|

AnnBacon202; E632|

OF DEFORMITY

PAGE 202 Certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other.  
False  
Contemptible

TXTBacon202; E632|

TXTBacon202; E632|

TXTBacon202; E632|

TXTBacon202; E632|

AnnBacon202; E632|

AnnBacon202; E632|

Whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore all deformed persons are extreme bold.  
Is not this Very Very Contemptible Contempt is the Element of the Contemptible

TXTBacon203; E632|

TXTBacon203; E632|

TXTBacon203; E632|

TXTBacon203; E632|

AnnBacon203; E632|

PAGE 203 Kings in ancient times (and at this present in some countries,) were wont to put great trust in eunuchs, because they that are envious towards all are more obnoxious and officious towards one.  
because Kings do it is it Wisdom

TXTBacon206; E632|

TXTBacon206; E632|

TXTBacon206; E632|

TXTBacon206; E632|

TXTBacon206; E632|

AnnBacon206; E632|

OF BUILDING

PAGE 206 First, therefore, I say you cannot have a perfect *palace*, except you have two several sides; a side for the banquet, as is spoken of in the book of Esther, and a side for the household.  
What Trifling Nonsense & Self Conceit

TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
AnnBacon235; E632|

## OF FACTION

PAGE 235 The even carriage between two factions proceedeth not  
always of moderation, but of a trueness to a man's self, with end  
to make use of both. Certainly, in Italy they hold it a little  
suspect in popes, when they have often in their mouth "Padre  
commune"; and take it to be a sign of one that meaneth to refer  
all to the greatness of his own house.

None but God is This

TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
AnnBacon235; E632|

PAGES 235-236 Kings had need beware how they side  
themselves . . . The motions of factions under Kings, ought to be  
like the motions, (as the astronomers speak,) of the inferior  
orbs; which may have their proper motions, but yet still are  
quietly carried by the higher motion of "primum mobile".  
King James was Bacons Primum Mobile

TXTBacon236; E632|  
TXTBacon236; E632|  
TXTBacon236; E632|  
TXTBacon236; E632|  
TXTBacon236; E632|  
TXTBacon236; E632|  
AnnBacon236; E632|  
AnnBacon236; E632|

## OF CEREMONIES AND RESPECTS

PAGE 236 . . . for the proverb is true, "That light gains make  
heavy purses"; for light gains come thick, whereas great come but  
now and then: so it is true, that small matters win great  
commendation, because they are continually in use and in  
note.

Small matters What are They Caesar seems to me a Very  
Small Matter & so he seemd to Jesus is the Devil Great Consider

TXTBacon239; E632|  
TXTBacon239; E632|  
TXTBacon239; E632|  
TXTBacon239; E632|  
TXTBacon239; E632|  
AnnBacon239; E632|

## OF PRAISE

PAGE 239 Praise is the reflection of virtue; but it is as the  
glass or body which giveth the reflection: if it be from the  
common people, it is commonly false and nought, and rather  
followeth vain persons, than virtuous.

Villain did Christ Seek the Praise of the Rulers

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TXTBoydTitle; E633| Annotations to Boyd's *Historical Notes* on Dante *t1472*  
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TNTBoydTitle; E633| A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE INFERNO, *with some other* POEMS  
TNTBoydTitle; E633| *relative to the* ORIGINAL PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN NATURE

TNTBoyd35; E633| PAGE 35 [*But*] the most daring flights of fancy, the most  
TNTBoyd35; E633| accurate delineations of character, and the most artful conduct  
TNTBoyd35; E633| of fable, are [*not, even*] when combined together,  
TNTBoyd35; E633| sufficient of themselves to make a poem interesting. [Deletions  
TNTBoyd35; E633| by Blake]

TNTBoyd35; E633| PAGES 35-36 The discord of Achilles and Agamemnon may produce the  
TNTBoyd35; E633| most tragical consequences; but if we, who are cool and impartial  
TNTBoyd35; E633| in the affair . . . cannot enter warmly into the views of either  
TNTBoyd35; E633| party, the story, though adorned with all the genius of an Homer,  
TNTBoyd35; E633| will be read by us with some degree of nonchalance. The  
TNTBoyd35; E633| superstition that led the Crusaders to rescue the Holy Land from  
TNTBoyd35; E633| the Infidels, instead of interesting us, appear frigid, if not  
TNTBoyd35; E633| ridiculous. We cannot be much concerned for the fate of such a  
TNTBoyd35; E633| crew of fanatics, notwithstanding the magic numbers of a Tasso .  
TNTBoyd35; E633| . . we cannot sympathise with Achilles for the loss of his  
TNTBoyd35; E633| Mistress, when we feel that he gained her by the massacre of her  
TNTBoyd35; E633| family.  
AnnBoyd35; E633| nobody considers these things while they read Homer or  
AnnBoyd35; E633| Shakespear or Dante

TNTBoyd37; E633| PAGE 37 When a man, where no interest is concerned, no  
TNTBoyd37; E633| provocation given, lays a whole nation in blood merely for his  
TNTBoyd37; E633| glory; we, to whom his glory is indifferent, cannot enter into  
TNTBoyd37; E633| his resentment.  
AnnBoyd37; E633| false All poetry gives the lie to this

TNTBoyd37; E633| PAGES 37-38 Such may be good poetical characters, of that  
TNTBoyd37; E633| mixt kind that Aristotle admits; but the most beautiful mixture  
TNTBoyd37; E633| of light and shade has no attraction, unless it warms <or  
TNTBoyd37; E633| freezes> the heart. It must have something that engages the  
TNTBoyd37; E633| sympathy, something that appeals to the [*moral sense*]  
TNTBoyd37; E633| <passions & senses>; for nothing can thoroughly captivate the  
TNTBoyd37; E633| fancy, however artfully delineated, that does not awake the  
TNTBoyd37; E633| sympathy and interest the passions [*that enlist on the side*]

TXTBoyd37; E633|  
TXTBoyd37; E633|

*of Virtue*] and appeal to our native notions of right and wrong. [Deletions and insertions by Blake]

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AnnBoyd38; E633|  
AnnBoyd38; E633|

PAGES 38-38 It is this that sets the Odyssey, in point of sentiment, so far above the Iliad. We feel the injuries of Ulysses; . . . we seem to feel the generous indignation of the young Telemachus, and we tremble at the dangers of the fair Penelope . . . we can go along with the resentment of Ulysses, because it is just, but our feelings must tell us that Achilles carries his resentment to a savage length, a length where we cannot follow him.  
If Homers merit was only in these Historical combinations & Moral sentiments he would be no better than Clarissa

TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
AnnBoyd39; E633|

PAGES 39-40 ILIACOS EXTRA MUROS PECCATUR; ET INTRA. It is a contest between barbarians, equally guilty of injustice, rapine, and bloodshed; and we are not sorry to see the vengeance of Heaven equally inflicted on both parties.  
Homer meant this

TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
AnnBoyd39; E633|  
AnnBoyd39; E633|  
AnnBoyd39; E633|

Aeneas indeed is a more amiable personage than Achilles; he seems meant for a perfect character. But compare his conduct with respect to Dido with the self-denial of Dryden's Cleomenes, or with the conduct of Titus in the Berenice of Racine, we will then see what is meant by making a character interesting.  
Every body naturally hates a perfect character because they are all greater Villains than the imperfect as Eneas is here shewn a worse man than Achilles in leaving Dido

TXTBoyd45; E634|  
TXTBoyd45; E634|  
TXTBoyd45; E634|  
TXTBoyd45; E634|  
TXTBoyd45; E634|  
TXTBoyd45; E634|  
TXTBoyd45; E634|  
TXTBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|

PAGES 45-46 Antecedent to and independent of all laws, a man may learn to argue on the nature of moral obligation, and the duty of universal benevolence, from Cumberland, Wollaston, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson . . . but, would he feel what vice is in itself . . . let him enter into the passions of Lear, when he feels the ingratitude of his children; of Hamlet, when he learns the story of his father's murder; . . . and he will know the difference of right and wrong much more clearly than from all the moralists that ever wrote.  
the grandest Poetry is Immoral the Grandest characters Wicked. Very Satan. Capanius Othello a murderer. Prometheus. Jupiter. Jehovah, Jesus a wine bibber  
Cunning & Morality are not Poetry but Philosophy the Poet is Independent & Wicked the Philosopher is Dependent & Good

AnnBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|

Poetry is to excuse Vice & show its reason & necessary  
purgation

TXTBoyd49; E634|  
TXTBoyd49; E634|  
TXTBoyd49; E634|  
TXTBoyd49; E634|  
TXTBoyd49; E634|  
AnnBoyd49; E634|

PAGE 49 The industrious knave cultivates the soil; the  
indolent good man leaves it uncultivated. Who ought to reap the  
harvest? . . . The natural course of things decides in favour of  
the villain; the natural sentiments of men in favour of the man  
of virtue.  
false

TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
AnnBoyd56; E634|  
AnnBoyd56; E634|  
AnnBoyd56; E634|

PAGES 56-67 As to those who think the notion of a future  
Life arose from the descriptions and inventions of the Poets,  
they may just as well suppose that eating and drinking had the  
same original . . . The Poets indeed altered the genuine  
sentiments of nature, and tinged the Light of Reason by  
introducing the wild conceits of Fancy . . . But still the root  
was natural, though the fruit was wild. All that *nature*  
*teacheis*, that there is a future life, distinguished into  
different states of happiness and misery.  
False  
Nature Teaches nothing of Spiritual Life but only of Natural  
Life

TXTBoyd74; E634|  
TXTBoyd74; E634|  
TXTBoyd74; E634|

HISTORICAL ESSAY OF THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE  
THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES: WITH RESPECT TO  
THE HISTORY OF FLORENCE

TXTBoyd74; E634|  
AnnBoyd74; E634|  
AnnBoyd74; E634|  
AnnBoyd74; E634|  
AnnBoyd74; E634|

[P 74, blank at the end of "A Comparative View"]  
Every Sentiment & Opinion as well as Every Principle in  
Dante is in these Preliminary Essays Controverted & proved  
Foolish by his Translator If I have any Judgment in Such Things  
as Sentiments Opinions & Principles

TXTBoyd118; E634|  
TXTBoyd118; E634|  
TXTBoyd118; E634|  
TXTBoyd118; E634|  
TXTBoyd118; E634|  
AnnBoyd118; E634|  
AnnBoyd118; E634|  
AnnBoyd118; E634|  
AnnBoyd118; E634|

PAGE 118 . . . horrors of a civil war. <daggar>--Dante was  
at this time Prior of Florence and it was he who gave the advice,  
*ruinous to himself*, and *pernicious to his*  
*country*, of calling in the heads of the two factions to  
Florence.  
<daggar>Dante was a Fool or his Translator was Not That is  
Dante was Hired or Tr was Not  
It appears to Me that Men are hired to Run down Men of  
Genius under the Mask of Translators, but Dante gives too much



AnnBoyd118; E634|

AnnBoyd118; E634|

AnnBoyd118; E634|

Caesar he is not a Republican

Dante was an Emperors <a Caesars> Man Luther also left the Priest & joind the Soldier

TXTBoyd129; E634|

TXTBoyd129; E634|

TXTBoyd129; E634|

TXTBoyd129; E634|

TXTBoyd129; E634|

TXTBoyd129; E634|

AnnBoyd129; E634|

PAGES 129-130 The fervours of religion have often actuated the passions to deeds of the wildest fanaticism. The booted Apostles of Germany, and the Crusades of Florence, carried their zeal to a very guilty degree. But the passion for any thing laudable will hardly carry men to a proper pitch, unless it be so strong as sometimes to push them beyond the golden mean. How very Foolish all this Is

TXTBoyd131; E635|

TXTBoyd131; E635|

TXTBoyd131; E635|

TXTBoyd131; E635|

TXTBoyd131; E635|

TXTBoyd131; E635|

TXTBoyd131; E635|

TXTBoyd131; E635|

TXTBoyd131; E635|

TXTBoyd131; E635|

AnnBoyd131; E635|

AnnBoyd131; E635|

AnnBoyd131; E635|

AnnBoyd131; E635|

PAGE 131 Such were the effects of intolerance even in the extreme. In a more moderate degree, every well-regulated government, both ancient and modern, wereso *far intolerant* as not to admit the pollutions of every superstition and *every pernicious opinion*. It was from a regard to the morals of the people, that the Roman Magistrates expelled the Priest of Bacchus, in the first and most virtuous ages of the republic. It was on this principle that the *Persians* destroyed the *temples of Greece wherever they came*

If Well regulated Governments act so who can tell so well as the hireling Writer whose praise is contrary to what he Knows to be true

Persians destroy the Temples & are praised for it

TXTBoyd133; E635|

TXTBoyd133; E635|

TXTBoyd133; E635|

TXTBoyd133; E635|

TXTBoyd133; E635|

TXTBoyd133; E635|

TXTBoyd133; E635|

TXTBoyd133; E635|

TXTBoyd133; E635|

AnnBoyd133; E635|

PAGES 133-134. The Athenians and Romans kept a watchful eye, not only over the grosser superstitions, but over impiety . . . Polybius plainly attributes the fall of freedom in Greece to the prevalence of atheism . . . It was not till the republic was verging to its fall, that Caesar dared in open senate to laugh at the SPECULATIVE opinion of a future state. These were the times of universal toleration, when every pollution, from every clime, flowed to Rome, whence they had carefully been kept out before.

What is Liberty without Universal Toleration

TXTBoyd135; E635|

TXTBoyd135; E635|

TXTBoyd135; E635|

TXTBoyd135; E635|

TXTBoyd135; E635|

PAGES 135-136 I leave it to these who are best acquainted with the spirit of antiquity, to determine whether a species of religion . . . had or had not a very principal share in raising those celebrated nations to the summit of their glory: their decline and fall, at least, may be fairly attributed to

TXTBoyd135; E635|  
TXTBoyd135; E635|  
TXTBoyd135; E635|  
TXTBoyd135; E635|  
TXTBoyd135; E635|  
TXTBoyd135; E635|  
TXTBoyd135; E635|  
AnnBoyd135; E635|  
AnnBoyd135; E635|  
AnnBoyd135; E635|  
AnnBoyd135; E635|

irreligion, and to the want of some general standard of morality,  
whose authority they all allowed, and to which they all appealed.  
The want of this pole-star left them adrift in the boundless  
ocean of conjecture; the disputes of their philosophers were  
endless, and their opinions of the grounds of morality were as  
different as their conditions, their tastes, and their  
pursuits.  
Yet simple country Hinds are Moral Enthusiasts Indignant  
against Knavery without a Moral criterion other than Native  
Honesty untaught while other country Hinds are as indignant  
against honesty & Enthusiasts for Cunning & Artifice

TXTBoyd145; E635|  
TXTBoyd145; E635|  
AnnBoyd145; E635|  
AnnBoyd145; E635|

PAGE 148 . . . but there are certain *bounds* even to  
*liberty* . . .  
If it is thus the extreme of black is white & of sweet sower  
& of good Evil & of Nothing Something

[CONTENTS](#)

## CONTENTS

TXTReynTitle; E635| Annotations to *The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, <sup>t1473</sup>  
TXTReynTitle; E635| edited by Edmond Malone. London, 1798

TXTReyn; E635| TITLE PAGE  
AnnReynTitle; E635| This Man was Hired to Depress Art This is the opinion of  
AnnReynTitle; E635| Will Blake my Proofs of this Opinion are given in the following  
AnnReynTitle; E635| Notes

AnnReynTitle; E635| <Advice of the Popes who succeeded the Age of Rafael>

AnnReynTitle; E635| Degrade first the Arts if you'd Mankind degrade,  
AnnReynTitle; E635| Hire Idiots to Paint with cold light & hot shade:  
AnnReynTitle; E635| Give high Price for the worst, leave the best in disgrace,  
AnnReynTitle; E635| And with Labours of Ignorance fill every place.

EDAnnReynTEXT; E636| [BACK OF TITLE PAGE]  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| Having spent the Vigour of my Youth & Genius under the  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| Opression of S<sup>r</sup> Joshua & his Gang of Cunning Hired Knaves Without  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| Employment & as much as could possibly be Without Bread, The  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| Reader must Expect to Read in all my Remarks on these Books  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| Nothing but Indignation & Resentment While S<sup>r</sup> Joshua was  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| rolling in Riches Barry was Poor & [*independent*]  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| <Unemployd except by his own Energy> Mortimer was [*despised &*  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| *Mocked*] <*calld a Madman*> [*I now despise & Mock in turn*  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| *although Suffring Neglect*] <& only Portrait Painting  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| applauded & rewarded by the Rich & Great.> Reynolds &  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| Gainsborough Blotted & Blurred one against the other & Divided  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| all the English World between them Fuseli Indignant <almost>  
AnnReynBackTP; E636| hid himself--I [*was*] <am> hid <sup>t1474</sup>

EDAnnReynTEXT; E636| [CONTENTS PAGES]  
AnnReynContents; E636| The Arts & Sciences are the Destruction of Tyrannies or Bad  
AnnReynContents; E636| Governments Why should A Good Government endeavour to Depress  
AnnReynContents; E636| What is its Chief & only Support

TXTReynContents; E636| The advantages proceeding from the Institution of a Royal  
TXTReynContents; E636| Academy.  
AnnReynContents; E636| The Foundation of Empire is Art & Science Remove them or

AnnReynContents; E636| Degrade them & the Empire is No More--Empire follows Art & Not  
AnnReynContents; E636| Vice Versa as Englishmen suppose  
AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636| On peut dire que la Pape Leon Xme en encourageant les Etudes  
AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636| donna les armes contre lui-meme. J'ai oui dire a un Seigneur  
AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636| Anglais qu'il avait vu une Lettre du Seigneur Polus, ou de La  
AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636| Pole, depuis Cardinal, a ce Pape; dans laquelle, en le felicitant  
AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636| sur ce qu'il etendait le progres de Science en Europe, il  
AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636| l'avertissait *qu'il etait dangereux de rendre les hommes trop Savans--*  
AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636| VOLTAIRE *Moeurs de[s] Nation[s], Tome 4*  
AnnReynContents; E636| O Englishmen! why are you still of this foolish Cardinals  
AnnReynContents; E636| opinion?

TXTReynContents; E636| Much copying discountenanced  
AnnReynContents; E636| To learn the Language of Art Copy for Ever. is My Rule

EDAnnReynTEXT; E636| [BLANK PAGE FACING DEDICATION]  
AnnReynDed; E636| Who will Dare to Say that [*Fine*] <Polite> Art is  
AnnReynDed; E636| Encouraged, or Either Wished or Tolerated in a Nation where The  
AnnReynDed; E636| Society for the Encouragement of Art. Sufferd Barry to Give them,  
AnnReynDed; E636| his Labour for Nothing A Society Composed of the Flower of the  
AnnReynDed; E636| English Nobility & Gentry--[A *Society*] Suffering an  
AnnReynDed; E636| Artist to Starve while he Supported Really what They under  
AnnReynDed; E636| pretence of Encouraging were Endeavouring to Depress--Barry told  
AnnReynDed; E636| me that while he Did that Work--he Lived on Bread & Apples

EDAnnReynTEXT; E636| [P i]  
AnnReyn-i; E636| O Society for Encouragement of Art--O King & Nobility of  
AnnReyn-i; E636| England! Where have you hid Fuseli's Milton Is Satan troubled  
AnnReyn-i; E636| at his Exposure

TXTReyn-i; E637| TO THE KING.  
TXTReyn-i; E637| The regular progress of cultivated life is from necessities to  
TXTReyn-i; E637| accommodations, from accommodations to ornaments.  
AnnReyn-i; E637| The Bible says That Cultivated Life. Existed First--  
AnnReyn-i; E637| Uncultivated Life. comes afterwards from Satans Hirelings[.]  
AnnReyn-i; E637| Necessaries Accomodations & Ornaments [*are Lifes Wants*]  
AnnReyn-i; E637| <are the whole of Life> [*First were Created Wine & Happiness*  
AnnReyn-i; E637| *?Good ?Looks & Fortune*] Satan took away Ornament First.  
AnnReyn-i; E637| <Next he took away Accomodations & Then he became Lord & Master  
AnnReyn-i; E637| of> Necessaries [*last*]

TXTReyn-ii; E637| [P ii] To give advice to those who are contending for royal

liberality, . .  
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 the First  
in Intellectuals &Ought to be First in Nations>

[P 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 Angelos Art Depends on  
Michael Angelos Execution Altogether>

[P viii, Malone on Reynolds' boyhood:] . . . Richardson's  
Treatise on Painting; the perusal of which so delighted and  
inflamed his mind, that Raffaele appeared to him superior to the  
most illustrious . . .  
Why <then> did he not follow Rafaels Track

[P ix, note 7, quoting Walpole on Thomas Hudson, Reynolds'  
first master] The better taste introduced by Sir Joshua Reynolds,  
put an end to Hudson's reign, . . .  
Hudson Drew Correctly

[P xiv: the keeper of the Vatican informed Reynolds that  
"the works of Raffaele" frequently made "little impression" on  
visitors.]  
Men who have been Educated with Works of Venetian Artists.  
under their Eyes Cannot see Rafael unless they are born with  
Determinate Organs

[Reynolds quoted:] . . . I remember very well my own  
disappointment, when I first visited the Vatican; . . .  
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

[p xv]  
<Some look. to see the sweet Outlines  
And beauteous Forms that Love does wear  
Some look. to find out Patches. Paint.

AnnReyn-xiv; E637|

Bracelets & Stays & Powderd Hair>

TXTReyn-xv; E637|

TXTReyn-xv; E637|

TXTReyn-xv; E637|

TXTReyn-xv; E637|

[Reynolds:] . . . though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raffaele,

TXTReyn-xv; E638|

TXTReyn-xv; E638|

AnnReyn-xv; E638|

AnnReyn-xv; E638|

and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; . . . Here are Mocks on those who Saw Rafael [*But not Sir Joshua*]

TXTReyn-xv; E638|

AnnReyn-xv; E638|

AnnReyn-xv; E638|

. . . I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed.  
A Liar he never was Abashed in his Life & never felt his Ignorance

TXTReyn-xvi; E638|

TXTReyn-xvi; E638|

AnnReyn-xvi; E638|

AnnReyn-xvi; E638|

[P xvi] . . . I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, . . .  
All this Concession is to prove that Genius is Acquired as follows in the Next page

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

[P xvii] . . . I am now clearly of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, and great labour . .  
.  
[*Fool*]

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

. . . as if . . . our minds, like tinder, should instantly catch fire from the divine spark of Raffaele's genius.  
A Mock

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

. . . the excellence of his style . . . lies deep; and at the first view is seen but mistily.  
A Mock

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

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.



AnnReyn-xviii; E638|  
AnnReyn-xviii; E638|

[P xviii] [*to good Artists*] The Style that Strikes the  
Eye is the True Style But A Fools Eye is Not to be. a Criterion

TXTReyn-xviii; E638|  
TXTReyn-xviii; E638|  
AnnReyn-xviii; E638|  
AnnReyn-xviii; E638|

I consider *general copying* (he adds) *as a  
delusive kind of industry*:. . .  
Here he Condemns Generalizing which he almost always  
Approves & Recommends

TXTReyn-xix; E638|  
TXTReyn-xix; E638|  
TXTReyn-xix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xix; E638|

[P xix] How incapable of producing any thing of their own,  
those are, who have spent most of their time in making finished  
copies, . . .  
Finishd. 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

TXTReyn-xxix; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxix; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxix; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|

[P xxix] It is the thoughts expressed in the works of  
Michael Angelo, Correggio, Raffaello, Parmegiano, and perhaps  
some of the old Gothick masters, . . . which we seek after with  
avidity.  
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 [line cut away]?

TXTReyn-xxxi; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxxi; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxxi; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxxi; E638|

[P xxxi] Thus Bacon became a great thinker, by first  
entering into and making himself master of the thoughts of other  
men.  
[*This is the Character of a Knave*]

TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xxxiii; E639|

[Pp xxxiii-xxxiv, Burke on Reynolds] . . . He . . . owed his  
first disposition to generalize . . . to old Mr. Mudge . . . a  
learned and venerable old man . . . much conversant in the  
Platonick Philosophy,. . . originally a dissenting minister; . .  
.  
Slang Villainy

EDAnnReyn-xxxiiiTEXT; E639|  
EDAnnReyn-xxxiiiTEXT; E639|

[To call generalizing "the Platonick Philosophy" was Slang;  
for a dissenting minister to preach it was Villainy.--D.V.E.]

TXTReyn-xxxviii; E639|

[P xxxviii footnotes 24 and 25] [On the painters' having obtained

TXTReyn-xxxviii; E639| a royal charter; Reynolds is not named among the eight "principal  
TXTReyn-xxxviii; E639| artists" active in "this scheme"; William Chambers is credited  
TXTReyn-xxxviii; E639| with helpful "access" to the King.]  
AnnReyn-xxxviii; E639| [*Reynolds . . . thought . . . but Painters ?attention*  
AnnReyn-xxxviii; E639| *without xxx Reynolds Sir Wm Chambers . . . ?through*]

EDAnnReyn-xli; E639| [Pp xli-xlv, note 28: Malone scotching rumors that the  
EDAnnReyn-xli; E639| Discourses were written by Johnson or Burke.]  
AnnReyn-xli; E639| The Contradictions in Reynolds's Discourses are Strong  
AnnReyn-xli; E639| Presumptions that they are the Work of Several Hands But this  
AnnReyn-xli; E639| is no Proof that Reynolds did not Write them The Man Either  
AnnReyn-xli; E639| Painter or Philosopher who Learns or Acquires all he Knows from  
AnnReyn-xli; E639| Others. Must be full of Contradictions

TXTReyn-xlvi; E639| [P xlvii, Reynolds' eulogy of George Moser as "the FATHER of  
TXTReyn-xlvi; E639| the present race of Artists".]  
AnnReyn-xlvi; E639| I was once looking over the Prints from Rafael & Michael  
AnnReyn-xlvi; E639| Angelo. in the Library of the Royal Academy Moser came to me &  
AnnReyn-xlvi; E639| said You should not Study these old Hard Stiff & Dry Unfinishd  
AnnReyn-xlvi; E639| Works of Art, Stay a little & I will shew you what you should  
AnnReyn-xlvi; E639| Study. He then went & took down Le Bruns & Rubens's Galleries  
AnnReyn-xlvi; E639| How I did secretly Rage. I also spoke my Mind [line cut away]  
AnnReyn-xlvi; E639| I said to Moser, These things that you call Finishd are not  
AnnReyn-xlvi; E639| Even Begun how can they then, be Finishd? The Man who does not  
AnnReyn-xlvi; E639| know The Beginning, never can know the End of Art

TXTReyn-xlix; E639| [P xlix, Reynolds on his own "merits and defects" ] I  
TXTReyn-xlix; E639| consoled myself..... by remarking that these ready inventors, are  
TXTReyn-xlix; E639| extremely apt to acquiesce *in imperfection*; . . .  
AnnReyn-xlix; E639| Villainy a Lie

TXTReyn-l; E639| [P l] . . . Metastasio . . . complained of the great  
TXTReyn-l; E639| difficulty he found in attaining correctness, in consequence of  
TXTReyn-l; E639| having been in his youth an IMPROVVISATORE.  
AnnReyn-l; E639| I do not believe this Anecdote

TXTReyn-liii; E639| [P liii, from Reynolds' 11th Discourse] . . . the general  
TXTReyn-liii; E639| effect of the whole. . . . requires the painter's entire mind;  
TXTReyn-liii; E639| whereas the PARTS may be finishing by nice touches, while his  
TXTReyn-liii; E639| mind is engaged on other matters: . . . indolence. . . .  
AnnReyn-liii; E639| A Lie Working up Effect is more an operation of Indolence  
AnnReyn-liii; E639| than the Making out of the Parts: as far as Greatest is more than

AnnReyn-liii; E639|  
AnnReyn-liii; E639|  
AnnReyn-liii; E639|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E639|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E639|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E639|

Least I speak here of Rembrandts & Rubenss & Reynolds's  
Effect.--For Real Effect. is Making out the Parts & it is Nothing  
Else but That  
[P lvii, note 34, Malone on Reynolds' efforts to recover the  
secrets of the Venetian colourists] Our great painter . . . had  
undoubtedly attained a part of the ancient process used in the

TXTReyn-lvii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lvii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lvii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lvii; E640|

Venetian School; and by various methods of his own invention  
produced a similar, though perhaps not quite so brilliant an  
effect of colour.

Oil Colours will not Do--

Why are we told that Reynolds is a Great Colourist & yet  
inferior to the Venetians <sup>†1475</sup>

TXTReyn-lx; E640|  
TXTReyn-lx; E640|  
TXTReyn-lx; E640|  
AnnReyn-lx; E640|  
AnnReyn-lx; E640|

[P lx, note 36] A notion prevails . . . that in the  
MAJORITY of his works the colours have entirely faded . . . ; but  
[most] have preserved their original hue. . . .  
I do not think that the Change is so much in the Pictures as  
in the Opinions of the Public

TXTReyn-lxx; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxx; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxx; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxx; E640|

[P lxx, note 38, quoting Dr Johnson in 1761] Reynolds is  
without a rival, and continues to add thousands to  
thousands.  
How much did Barry Get

TXTReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxxii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxxii; E640|

[P lxxii, Malone, on the French plundering] . . . of the  
most celebrated works of the Flemish School in the Netherlands  
(for I will not gratify our English republicans by calling it  
BELGIUM). . . .  
[*why then gratify Flemish, Knaves & Fools*]

TXTReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxxii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxxii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxxii; E640|

[P lxxii] . . . he . . . devoted several days to  
contemplating the productions of that great painter  
[Rubens].  
If Reynolds had Really admired Mich Angelo he never would  
have followd Rubens

TXTReyn-lxxxiii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxxxiii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxxxiii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lxxxiii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxxxiii; E640|

[P lxxxiii, note 48 on the Literary Club] The original  
members were, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Dr.  
Nugent, Mr. Langton, Mr. Antony Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, the  
Hon. Topham Beauclerk, and Dr. Goldsmith.  
[*Oliver Goldsmith ?never should have known such*

AnnReyn-lxxxiii; E640|

*knaves]*

TXTReyn-lxxxiv; E640|

TXTReyn-lxxxiv; E640|

TXTReyn-lxxxiv; E640|

AnnReyn-lxxxiv; E640|

[P lxxxvi, Malone on Reynolds' sincerity] His ardent love of truth. . . . his strong antipathy to all false pretensions. . . .  
.  
[*O Shame False*]

TXTReyn-lxxxvii; E640|

TXTReyn-lxxxvii; E640|

AnnReyn-lxxxvii; E640|

AnnReyn-lxxxvii; E640|

TXTReyn-lxxxix; E640|

TXTReyn-lxxxix; E640|

AnnReyn-lxxxix; E640|

AnnReyn-lxxxix; E640|

[P lxxxvii, note 49] He had painted, as he once observed to me, TWO GENERATIONS of the beauties of England.  
[*God blasts Them As Though ?he ?were lost ?Eurydice*]  
[P lxxxix, note 51, on Reynolds' deafness] When in company with only one person, he heard very well, . . .  
A Sly Dog So can Every body; but bring Two People & the Hearing is Stopped

TXTReyn-xc; E640|

TXTReyn-xc; E640|

AnnReyn-xc; E640|

AnnReyn-xc; E640|

[P xc, note 53 quoting Goldsmith's epitaph on Reynolds]  
Such Men as Goldsmith ought not to have been Acquainted with such Men as Reynolds

TXTReyn-xci; E640|

AnnReyn-xci; E640|

AnnReyn-xci; E640|

AnnReyn-xci; E640|

AnnReyn-xci; E640|

s[P xci; Malone comparing Reynolds to Laelius]  
[*Why should Laelius be considered Sir Joshuas Counterpart*]  
[*Who dares ?worship ?a ?man Whod have Driven you long Ago Insane*]

TXTReyn-xcvi; E640|

TXTReyn-xcvi; E640|

AnnReyn-xcvi; E640|

AnnReyn-xcvi; E640|

[P xcvi, summing up: If Reynolds had been an orator, he would have resembled Laelius rather than Galba]  
He certainly would have been more like a Fool Than a Wise Man

TXTReyn-xcvii; E641|

TXTReyn-xcvii; E641|

TXTReyn-xcvii; E641|

AnnReyn-xcvii; E641|

AnnReyn-xcvii; E641|

AnnReyn-xcvii; E641|

AnnReyn-xcvii; E641|

[PP xcvii-xcviii, note 54, Burke on Reynolds] 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 [*As do Fools that adore Things & ?ideas x x x of General Knowledge*]

TXTReyn-xcviii; E641|

[PP xcviii-xcix] . . . during the greater part of his life,

TXTReyn-xcviii; E641|  
AnnReyn-xcviii; E641|  
AnnReyn-xcviii; E641|

laboured as hard with his pencil, as any mechanick . . . .  
The Man who does not Labour more than the Hireling must be a  
poor Devil.

TXTReyn-ciii; E641|  
TXTReyn-ciii; E641|  
TXTReyn-ciii; E641|  
TXTReyn-ciii; E641|  
TXTReyn-ciii; E641|  
AnnReyn-ciii; E641|  
AnnReyn-ciii; E641|

[P ciii] [Malone, praising Reynolds' endorsement of Burke's  
anti-revolutionary sagacity, applies Dryden--"They led their wild  
desires to woods and caves, / And thought that all but SAVAGES  
were slaves"--to those who would assimilate England "to the model  
of the FEROCIOUS and ENSLAVED Republick of France!"]  
When France got free Europe 'twixt Fools & Knaves  
Were Savage first to France, & after; Slaves

TXTReyn-civ; E641|  
TXTReyn-civ; E641|  
TXTReyn-civ; E641|  
TXTReyn-civ; E641|  
TXTReyn-civ; E641|  
TXTReyn-civ; E641|  
AnnReyn-civ; E641|  
AnnReyn-civ; E641|  
TXTReyn-cix; E641|  
TXTReyn-cix; E641|  
AnnReyn-cix; E641|  
AnnReyn-cix; E641|  
AnnReyn-cix; E641|  
AnnReyn-cix; E641|

[P civ, Malone on Reynolds' good fortune to have escaped  
the present era of sedition] . . . England is at present in an  
unparalleled state of wealth and prosperity. . . . These FACTS  
ought to be sounded from one end of England to the other, . . . a  
complete answer to all the SEDITIOUS DECLAMATIONS. . . .  
This Whole Book was Written to Serve Political Purposes  
[?First to Serve Nobility & Fashionable Taste & Sr.  
Joshua]  
[P cix, on Reynolds' death Feb 23 1792, from "the inordinate  
growth"of his liver]  
When S<sup>r</sup> Joshua Reynolds died  
All Nature was degraded;  
The King dropt a tear into the Queens Ear;  
And all his Pictures Faded.

TXTReyn-cxi; E641|  
TXTReyn-cxi; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxi; E641|

[P cxi, the Dukes, Marquisses, and other noblemen at  
Reynolds' funeral]  
A Mock

TXTReyn-cxv; E641|  
TXTReyn-cxv; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxv; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxv; E641|

[P cxv] To each of the gentlemen who attended . . . was  
presented a print engraved by Bartolozzi. . . .  
[Funeral granted to Sir Joshua for having destroyd Art  
However the (?gentlemen were rewarded) for standing Near]

TXTReyn-cxvi; E641|  
TXTReyn-cxvi; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxvi; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxvi; E641|

[P cxvi, note 65: Reynolds' wish to have St Paul's decorated  
by paintings prevented by the Bishop of London]  
[The Rascals who ?See Painting want to Destroy Art &  
Learning]

TXTReyn-cxx; E641|

[P cxx, Burke on Reynolds] . . . one of the most memorable



TXTReyn-cxx; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxx; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxx; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxx; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxx; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxx; E641|  
AnnReyn-cxx; E641|

men of this time. <dag>  
<dag>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 [line cut away] Such was Burkes Patronage  
of Art & Science

TXTReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|

DISCOURSE I  
[P 2, back of title]  
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 Michael Angelo for Qualities which  
Michael Angelo Abhorrd; & 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 Satan's. for the  
Depression of Art A Pretence of Art: To Destroy Art [3 or 4  
erased lines follow]

TXTReyn3; E642|  
TXTReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|

[P 3, beginning Reynolds' foreword "To The Members of The  
Royal Academy"]  
The Neglect of Fuselis 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 <?Patrons &> Employers [*Imbecility*] of  
Fools to be Execrated in future Ages. They Will & Shall  
Foolish Men Your own real Greatness depends on your  
Encouragement of the Arts & your Fall will depend on  
[*your*] <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

EDAnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|

[P 4, misnumbered "[iv]", at end of foreword]  
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. [*Are there Artists who live upon*



AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|

*Assasinations of other Men]* <sup>t1476</sup>  
<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>

EDAnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|

[P 5]  
Reynoldss Opinion was that Genius May be Taught & that all  
Pretence to Inspiration is a Lie & a Deceit to say the least of  
it [*If the Inspiration is Great why Call it Madness*]  
<For if it is a Deceit the Whole Bible is Madness> This Opinion  
originates in the Greeks Caling the Muses Daughters of Memory

TXTReyn5; E642|  
TXTReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|

An Academy, in which the Polite Arts may be regularly  
cultivated, . . .  
<The Enquiry in England is not whether a Man has Talents.  
&Genius? But whether he is Passive & Polite & a Virtuous Ass:  
&obedient to Noblemens Opinions in Art & Science. If he is; he  
is a Good Man: If Not he must be Starved>

TXTReyn7; E643|  
TXTReyn7; E643|  
TXTReyn7; E643|  
AnnReyn7; E643|  
AnnReyn7; E643|

[P 7] There are, at this time, a greater number of excellent  
artists than were ever known before at one period in this nation.  
. . .  
[*Artists . . . ?Heavens ?Fool the hxxx Pxxxx as  
xxxxm]* <sup>t1477</sup>

TXTReyn7; E643|  
TXTReyn7; E643|  
AnnReyn7; E643|

[P 7] . . . the wisdom and generosity of the Institution: .  
. .  
3 Farthings [xxxxx] <sup>t1478</sup>

TXTReyn9; E643|  
TXTReyn9; E643|  
TXTReyn9; E643|  
AnnReyn9; E643|  
AnnReyn9; E643|  
AnnReyn9; E643|  
AnnReyn9; E643|  
AnnReyn9; E643|  
AnnReyn9; E643|

[P 9] Raffaele . . . 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.  
I do not believe that Rafael taught Mich. Angelo or that  
Mich. Ang: taught Rafael., any more than I believe that the Rose  
teaches the Lilly how to grow or the Apple tree teaches the  
[*Pine tree to bear Fruit*] <Pear tree how to bear Fruit.>  
I do not believe the tales of Anecdote writers when they militate  
against Individual Character

TXTReyn9; E643|  
TXTReyn9; E643|

. . . the minute accidental discriminations of particular .  
. .objects, . . .

AnnReyn9; E643|  
AnnReyn9; E643|

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

TXTReyn11; E643|  
TXTReyn11; E643|  
AnnReyn11; E643|

[P 11] . . . models . . . for their imitation, not their  
criticism.  
<Imitation is Criticism>

TXTReyn13; E643|  
TXTReyn13; E643|  
TXTReyn13; E643|  
TXTReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|

[P 13] A facility in composing,--a lively, and what is  
called a masterly, handling of the chalk or pencil, are, it must  
be confessed, captivating qualities to young minds, and become of  
course the objects of their ambition.  
<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 [*an Eye*] <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 i.e. the Most Minutely Discriminating &  
Determinate> *t1479*

TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
AnnReyn14; E643|

[P 14] Whilst boys . . . they have taken the shadow for the  
substance; and make the mechanical felicity the chief excellence  
of the art, . . . *t1480*  
<Mechanical Excellence is the Only Vehicle of Genius>

TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
AnnReyn14; E643|

. . . pleased with this premature dexterity in their pupils,  
. . . praised their dispatch at the expence of their  
correctness.  
<This is all False & Self-Contradictory

TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
AnnReyn14; E643|

. . . frivolous ambition of being thought masters of  
execution, . . .  
<Execution is the Chariot of Genius>

TXTReyn15; E643|  
TXTReyn15; E643|  
TXTReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|

[P 15] . . . youth . . . disgusted at the slow approaches. .  
. labour is the only price of solid fame, . . . whatever their  
force of genius may be, . . .  
<This is All Self-Contradictory! Truth & Falshood jumbled  
Together>

TXTReyn15; E643|  
TXTReyn15; E643|  
TXTReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|

When we read the lives of the most eminent Painters, every page informs us, that no part of their time was spent in dissipation.  
The Lives of Painters say that Rafael died of Dissipation  
Idleness is one Thing & Dissipation Another He who has Nothing to Dissipate Cannot Dissipate

TXTReyn15; E644|  
AnnReyn15; E644|  
AnnReyn15; E644|

the Weak Man may be Virtuous Enough but will Never be an Artist  
[?What painters have only been dissipated without wildness] <Painters are noted for being Dissipated & Wild.>

TXTReyn16; E644|  
TXTReyn16; E644|  
AnnReyn16; E644|

[P 16] . . . they then painted the picture,*and after all re-touched it from the life*  
<This is False>

TXTReyn16; E644|  
TXTReyn16; E644|  
TXTReyn16; E644|  
AnnReyn16; E644|

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 out-line; . . .  
<Excellent>

TXTReyn17; E644|  
TXTReyn17; E644|  
TXTReyn17; E644|  
AnnReyn17; E644|  
AnnReyn17; E644|

[P 17] . . . a habit of drawing correctly what we see, will . . . give a proportionable power of drawing correctly what we imagine.  
<This is Admirably Said. Why does he not always allow as much>

TXTReyn18; E644|  
TXTReyn18; E644|  
AnnReyn18; E644|

[P 18] [Nice copying teaches] exactness and precision, . . .  
<Excellent>

TXTReyn; E644|  
EDAnnReyn; E644|  
AnnReyn22; E644|  
AnnReyn22; E644|  
AnnReyn22; E644|  
AnnReyn22; E644|  
AnnReyn22; E644|

## DISCOURSE II

[P 22, back of title]  
<The Labour Works of Journeymen employed 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 Bartollozzi or Woollett. They are Works of Manual Labour>

TXTReyn23; E644|  
TXTReyn23; E644|

[P 23] MUCH COPYING DISCOURTENANCED . . . ARTISTS . . .  
.SHOULD BE EMPLOYD IN LAYING UP MATERIALS. . . .

AnnReyn23; E644|

<What is Laying up materials but Copying>

TXTReyn25; E644|

TXTReyn25; E644|

TXTReyn25; E644|

AnnReyn25; E644|

AnnReyn25; E644|

AnnReyn25; E644|

AnnReyn25; E644|

[P 25] . . . once enabled to express himself . . . he must .  
. . . amass a stock of ideas . . . . he is now to consider the Art  
itself as his master.  
After having been a Fool a Student is to amass a Stock of  
Ideas & [*then to be insolent in his Foolery*] <knowing  
himself to be a Fool he is to assume the Right to put other Mens  
Ideas into his Foolery>

TXTReyn26; E644|

TXTReyn26; E644|

TXTReyn26; E644|

AnnReyn26; E644|

AnnReyn26; E644|

[P 26]. . . he must still be afraid of trusting 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

TXTReyn28; E644|

TXTReyn28; E644|

TXTReyn28; E644|

TXTReyn28; E644|

AnnReyn28; E644|

[P 28] A Student unacquainted with the attempts [P 29] of  
former adventurers, is always apt to over-rate his own  
abilities; to mistake . . . every coast new to him, for a  
new-found country.  
<Contemptible Mocks>

TXTReyn29; E644|

TXTReyn29; E644|

TXTReyn29; E644|

AnnReyn29; E644|

AnnReyn29; E644|

AnnReyn29; E644|

[P 29] The productions of such minds . . . . differ . . .  
from their predecessors . . . 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>

TXTReyn30; E644|

TXTReyn30; E644|

TXTReyn30; E644|

AnnReyn30; E644|

AnnReyn30; E644|

[P 30] On whom then can [the student] rely . . . ? . . .  
those great masters who have travelled the same road with  
success. . . .  
[*This is Encouragement for Artists . . . (about 4  
illegible words) . . . to those who are born for it*]

TXTReyn32; E645|

TXTReyn32; E645|

AnnReyn32; E645|

AnnReyn32; E645|

AnnReyn32; E645|

AnnReyn32; E645|

AnnReyn32; E645|

[P 32] How incapable those . . . who have spent much of  
their time in making finished copies. . . .  
This is most False <for no one can ever Design till he has learnd  
the Language of Art by making many Finishd 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

AnnReyn32; E645|

a Great Deal>

TXTReyn33; E645|

TXTReyn33; E645|

AnnReyn33; E645|

[P 33] The great use in copying, if it be at all useful,  
should seem to be in learning to colour; . . .  
<Contemptible>

TXTReyn33; E645|

TXTReyn33; E645|

AnnReyn33; E645|

. . . yet even colouring will never be perfectly attained by  
servilely copying the model before you.  
<Servile Copying is the Great Merit of Copying>

TXTReyn34; E645|

TXTReyn34; E645|

TXTReyn34; E645|

TXTReyn34; E645|

[P 34] . . . you cannot do better than have recourse to  
nature herself, who is always at hand . . . .  
<Nonsense--Every Eye Sees differently As the Eye--Such the  
Object>

TXTReyn35; E645|

TXTReyn35; E645|

TXTReyn35; E645|

AnnReyn35; E645|

AnnReyn35; E645|

AnnReyn35; E645|

[P 35] Labour to invent on their general principles. . . .  
how a Michael Angelo or a Raffaele would have treated this  
subject: . . .  
<General Principle[s] Again! Unless. You Consult.  
Particulars. You Cannot. even Know or See Mich: Ang. or Rafael or  
any Thing Else>

TXTReyn35; E645|

TXTReyn35; E645|

AnnReyn35; E645|

AnnReyn35; E645|

AnnReyn35; E645|

But as mere enthusiasm will carry you but a little way. . .  
. .  
[*Damn The Fool*]  
Meer Enthusiasm is the All in All!-- Bacons Philosophy has  
Ruind England <Bacon is only Epicurus over again>

TXTReyn36; E645|

TXTReyn36; E645|

TXTReyn36; E645|

AnnReyn36; E645|

[P 36] . . . enter into a kind of competition, by . . .  
making a companion to any picture that you consider as a model. .  
. . and compare them . . . .  
[*What but a Puppy will dare to do this*]

TXTReyn36; E645|

AnnReyn36; E645|

AnnReyn36; E645|

. . . a severe and mortifying task, . . .  
[*?Why, should ?comparing [or ?copying]  
Great Masters [be done] Painfully*]

TXTReyn37; E645|

TXTReyn37; E645|

AnnReyn37; E645|

AnnReyn37; E645|

[P 37] [To compare one's work with a Great Master's]  
requires not only great resolution, but great humility.  
[*Who will or Can ?endure ?such Humiliation (?either ?he  
?is) dishonest ?or he is ?Insane*]

TXTReyn37; E645| Few have been taught to any purpose, who have not been their  
TXTReyn37; E645| own teachers.  
AnnReyn37; E645| True!

TXTReyn38; E645| [P 38] . . . to choose . . . models, . . . take the world's  
TXTReyn38; E645| opinion rather than your own.  
AnnReyn38; E645| [*Fools opinions & Endeavours destroy Invention!*]

TXTReyn40; E645| [P 40] A facility of drawing . . . cannot be acquired but  
TXTReyn40; E645| by an infinite number of acts.  
AnnReyn40; E645| True

TXTReyn41; E645| [P 41] . . . endeavour to draw the figure by memory. [And  
TXTReyn41; E645| persevere] in this custom, . . . .  
AnnReyn41; E645| Good Advice

TXTReyn41; E646| . . . remember, that the pencil [i.e. paint brush] is the  
TXTReyn41; E646| instrument by which . . . to obtain eminence  
AnnReyn41; E646| <Nonsense>

TXTReyn42; E646| [P 42 ] The Venetian and Flemish schools, which owe much of  
TXTReyn42; E646| their fame to colouring, . . .  
AnnReyn42; E646| <because they could not Draw>

TXTReyn43; E646| [P 43] [Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, the Bassans] Their  
TXTReyn43; E646| sketches on paper are as rude as their pictures are excellent in  
TXTReyn43; E646| . . .harmony of colouring.  
AnnReyn43; E646| <All the Pictures said to be by these Men are the Laboured  
AnnReyn43; E646| fabrication of journey-work>

TXTReyn43; E646| . . . finished drawings . . . sold under [their] names . . .  
TXTReyn43; E646| are [copies]  
AnnReyn43; E646| <They could not Draw>

TXTReyn47; E646| [P 47] . . . he who would have you believe that he is  
TXTReyn47; E646| waiting for the inspirations of Genius, is in reality at a loss  
TXTReyn47; E646| how to begin; and is at last delivered of his monsters, with  
TXTReyn47; E646| difficulty and pain.  
AnnReyn47; E646| A Stroke at Mortimer



TXTReyn48; E646| [P 48] [The well-grounded painter] is contented that all  
 TXTReyn48; E646| shall be as great as himself, who have undergone the same  
 TXTReyn48; E646| fatigue; . . .  
 AnnReyn48; E646| The Man who asserts that there is no Such Thing as Softness  
 AnnReyn48; E646| in Art & that every thing in Art is Definite & Determinate has  
 AnnReyn48; E646| not been told this by Practise but by Inspiration & Vision  
 AnnReyn48; E646| because Vision is Determinate & Perfect & he Copies That without  
 AnnReyn48; E646| Fatigue Every thing being Definite & determinate Softness is  
 AnnReyn48; E646| Produced Alone by Comparative Strength & Weakness in the Marking  
 AnnReyn48; E646| out of the Forms  
 AnnReyn48; E646| I say These Principles could never be found out by the Study  
 AnnReyn48; E646| of Nature without Con or Innate Science

TXTReyn49; E646| DISCOURSE III  
 EDAnnReyn50; E646| [P 50, back of title]  
 AnnReyn50; E646| <A Work of Genius is a Work "Not to be obtained by the  
 AnnReyn50; E646| Invocation of Memory & her Syren Daughters. but by Devout prayer  
 AnnReyn50; E646| to that Eternal Spirit. who can enrich with all utterance &  
 AnnReyn50; E646| knowledge & sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his  
 AnnReyn50; E646| Altar to touch & purify the lips of whom he pleases." Milton  
 AnnReyn50; E646| <The following [*Lecture*] <Discourse> is  
 AnnReyn50; E646| particularly Interesting to Blockheads. as it Endeavours to prove  
 AnnReyn50; E646| That there is No such thing as Inspiration & that any Man of a  
 AnnReyn50; E646| plain Understanding may by Thieving from Others. become a Mich  
 AnnReyn50; E646| Angelo>

TXTReyn52; E646| [P 52] . . . the genuine painter . . . instead of  
 TXTReyn52; E646| endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his  
 TXTReyn52; E646| imitations, must endeavour to improve [P 53] them by the grandeur  
 TXTReyn52; E646| of his ideas; . . .  
 AnnReyn52; E646| Without Minute Neatness of Execution. The. Sublime cannot  
 AnnReyn52; E646| Exist! Grandeur of Ideas is founded on Precision of Ideas

TXTReyn54; E646| [P 54] The Moderns are not less convinced than the Ancients  
 TXTReyn54; E646| of this superior power [i.e. something beyond mere imitation]  
 TXTReyn54; E646| existing in the art; nor less sensible of its effects.  
 TXTReyn54; E646| <I wish that this was True>

TXTReyn55; E647| [P 55, an introductory remark by Blake:]  
 AnnReyn55; E647| Now he begins to Degrade [&] to Deny [destroy] & <to> Mock

TXTReyn55; E647| Such is the warmth with which both the Ancients and Moderns  
TXTReyn55; E647| speak of this divine principle of the art; . . .  
AnnReyn55; E647| And such is the Coldness with which Reynolds speaks! And  
AnnReyn55; E647| such is his Enmity

TXTReyn55; E647| . . . enthusiastick admiration seldom promotes  
TXTReyn55; E647| knowledge.  
AnnReyn55; E647| Enthusiastic Admiration is the first Principle of Knowledge  
AnnReyn55; E647| & its last

TXTReyn55; E647| *He examines his* own mind, and perceives there  
TXTReyn55; E647| nothing of . . .divine inspiration, . . .  
AnnReyn55; E647| The Man who on Examining his own Mind finds nothing of  
AnnReyn55; E647| Inspiration ought not to dare to be an Artist he is a Fool. & a  
AnnReyn55; E647| Cunning Knave suited to the Purposes of Evil Demons

TXTReyn56; E647| [P 56] [He never] travelled to heaven to gather new ideas; . . .  
AnnReyn56; E647| The Man who never in his Mind & Thoughts traveld to Heaven  
AnnReyn56; E647| Is No Artist

TXTReyn56; E647| . . . no other qualifications than what . . . a plain  
TXTReyn56; E647| understanding can confer.  
AnnReyn56; E647| Artists who are above a plain Understanding are Mockd  
AnnReyn56; E647| & Destroyd by this President of Fools

TXTReyn56; E647| . . . figurative declamation [makes art seem] out of the  
TXTReyn56; E647| reach of human industry. But . . . we ought to distinguish how  
TXTReyn56; E647| much is to be given to enthusiasm, and how much to reason . . .  
TXTReyn56; E647| not . . . vague admiration, . . .  
AnnReyn56; E647| It is Evident that Reynolds Wishd none but Fools to be in  
AnnReyn56; E647| the Arts & in order to this, he calls all others Vague  
AnnReyn56; E647| Enthusiasts or Madmen  
AnnReyn56; E647| <What has Reasoning to do with the Art of Painting?>

TXTReyn57; E647| [P 57] Could we teach taste or genius by rules, they would  
TXTReyn57; E647| be no longer taste and genius.  
AnnReyn57; E647| [*This must be how Liars Reason*]

TXTReyn57; E647| . . . most people err . . . from not knowing what object to  
TXTReyn57; E647| pursue.  
AnnReyn57; E647| The Man who does not know what Object to Pursue is an Idiot

TXTReyn57; E647| This great ideal perfection and beauty are not to be sought  
TXTReyn57; E647| in the heavens, but upon the earth.  
AnnReyn57; E647| A Lie

TXTReyn57; E647| They are about us, and upon every side of us.  
AnnReyn57; E647| A Lie

TXTReyn57; E647| But the power of discovering . . . can be acquired only by  
TXTReyn57; E647| experience; . . .  
AnnReyn57; E647| A Lie

TXTReyn58; E647| [P 58] . . . art [must] get above all singular forms, local  
TXTReyn58; E647| customs, particularities, and details of every kind.  
AnnReyn58; E647| A Folly  
AnnReyn58; E647| Singular & Particular Detail is the Foundation of the  
AnnReyn58; E647| Sublime

TXTReyn58; E647| The most beautiful forms have something about them like  
TXTReyn58; E647| weakness, minuteness, or imperfection.  
AnnReyn58; E647| Minuteness is their whole Beauty

TXTReyn59; E648| [P 59] This idea [acquired by habit of observing] . . .  
TXTReyn59; E648| which the Artist calls the Ideal Beauty, is the great leading  
TXTReyn59; E648| principle. . . .  
AnnReyn59; E648| Knowledge of Ideal Beauty. is Not to be Acquired It is Born  
AnnReyn59; E648| with us Innate Ideas. are in Every Man Born with him. they are  
AnnReyn59; E648| <truly> Himself. The Man who says that we have No Innate Ideas  
AnnReyn59; E648| must be a Fool & Knave. Having No Con-Science <or Innate  
AnnReyn59; E648| Science>

TXTReyn60; E648| [P 60] . . . an artist becomes possessed of the idea of that  
TXTReyn60; E648| central form . . . from which every deviation is deformity.  
AnnReyn60; E648| One Central Form Composed of all other Forms being Granted  
AnnReyn60; E648| it does not therefore follow that all other Forms are Deformity

TXTReyn60; E648| . . . the ancient sculptors . . . being indefatigable in  
TXTReyn60; E648| the school of nature, have left models of that perfect form. . .  
TXTReyn60; E648| .  
AnnReyn60; E648| All Forms are Perfect in the Poets Mind. but these are not  
AnnReyn60; E648| Abstracted nor Compounded from Nature <but are from Imagination>

TXTReyn61; E648|  
TXTReyn61; E648|  
TXTReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|

[P 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 Calld I call him the Little Bacon <sup>t1481</sup> says that Every Thing must be done by Experiment his first princip[le] is Unbelief And Yet here he says that Art must be producd Without such Method. He is Like S<sup>r</sup> Joshu[a] full of Self-Contradiction & Knavery

TXTReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|

There is a rule, obtained out of general nature. . . .  
What is General Nature is there Such a Thing  
what is General Knowledge is there such a Thing  
[*Strictly Speaking*] All Knowledge is Particular

TXTReyn62; E648|  
TXTReyn62; E648|  
AnnReyn62; E648|  
AnnReyn62; E648|

[P 62] . . . it may be objected, that in every particular species there are various central forms . . . .  
Here he loses sight of A Central Form. & Gets into Many Central Forms

TXTReyn63; E648|  
TXTReyn63; E648|  
AnnReyn63; E648|

[P 63] . . . still none of them is the representation of an individual, but of a class.  
Every Class is Individual

TXTReyn63; E648|  
TXTReyn63; E648|  
AnnReyn63; E648|  
AnnReyn63; E648|

. . . . in each of these classes. . . . childhood and age.  
. . there is a common form. . . .  
There is no End to the Follies of this Man Childhood & Age are Equally, belonging to Every Class

TXTReyn63; E648|  
TXTReyn63; E648|  
TXTReyn63; E648|  
AnnReyn63; E648|

. . . that form which is taken from them all, and which partakes equally of the activity of the Gladiator, of the delicacy of the Apollo, and. . . .  
Here he comes again to his Central Form

TXTReyn64; E648|  
TXTReyn64; E648|  
TXTReyn64; E648|  
AnnReyn64; E648|  
AnnReyn64; E648|  
AnnReyn64; E648|  
AnnReyn64; E648|

[P 64] There is . . . a kind of symmetry, or proportion, which may properly be said to belong to deformity. A figure lean or corpulent . . . though deviating from beauty. . . .  
The Symmetry of Deformity is a Pretty Foolery  
Can any Man who Thinks. [*argue*] <Talk> so? Leanness or Fatness is not Deformity. but Reynolds thought Character Itself Extravagance & Deformity

AnnReyn64; E648|  
AnnReyn64; E648|  
AnnReyn64; E648|

Age & Youth are not Classes but [*Accidents*]  
[<*Situations*>] <Properties> of Each Class so are  
Leanness & Fatness

TXTReyn65; E649|  
TXTReyn65; E649|  
AnnReyn65; E649|

[P 65] . . . when [the Artist] has reduced the variety of  
nature to the abstract idea;  
What Folly

TXTReyn65; E649|  
TXTReyn65; E649|  
AnnReyn65; E649|  
AnnReyn65; E649|

his next task will be to become acquainted with the genuine  
habits of nature, as distinguished from those of fashion.  
[*Is Fashion the concern of Artists The Knave Calls any  
thing found in Nature* <sup>t1482</sup> *fit for Art*]

TXTReyn67; E649|  
TXTReyn67; E649|  
TXTReyn67; E649|  
AnnReyn67; E649|  
AnnReyn67; E649|

[P 67] . . . [the painter] must divest himself of all  
prejudices . . . disregard all local and temporary ornaments, and  
look only on those general habits. . . .  
Generalizing in Every thing the Man would soon be a Fool but  
a Cunning Fool

TXTReyn71; E649|  
TXTReyn71; E649|  
TXTReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|

[P 71] . . . a wrong direction . . . without ever knowing  
there was a nobler to pursue. Albert Durer, as Vasari has  
justly remarked,  
[*Albert Durer would never have got his Manners from the  
Nobility*] <sup>t1483</sup>

TXTReyn71; E649|  
TXTReyn71; E649|  
TXTReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|

would, probably, have been one of the first painters of his  
age, (and he lived in all era of great artists,) had he been  
initiated into those great principles. . . .  
What does this mean "*Would have been*" *one of the first  
Painters of his Age? Albert Durer IsNot* 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

TXTReyn74; E649|  
TXTReyn74; E649|  
TXTReyn74; E649|  
AnnReyn74; E649|

[P 74] I [do not mean] to countenance a careless or  
indetermined manner of painting. For though the painter is to  
overlook the accidental discriminations of nature,  
Here he is for Determinate & yet for Indeterminate

TXTReyn74; E649|  
TXTReyn74; E649|

he is to exhibit [general forms] distinctly, and with  
precision, . . .

AnnReyn74; E649|  
AnnReyn74; E649|

## Distinct General Form Cannot Exist Distinctness is Particular Not General

TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
AnnReyn75; E649|  
AnnReyn75; E649|

[P 75] A firm and determined outline is one of the characteristics of the great style in painting; and . . . 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

TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
AnnReyn75; E649|  
AnnReyn75; E649|

. . . I have endeavoured to reduce the idea of beauty to general principles: . . . the only means of advancing science; of clearing the mind . . .

[*Sir Joshua Proves that*] Bacons Philosophy makes both Statesmen & Artists Fools & Knaves

TXTReyn77; E649|

## DISCOURSE IV

EDAnnReyn78; E649|  
AnnReyn78; E649|  
AnnReyn78; E649|  
AnnReyn78; E649|  
AnnReyn78; E649|  
AnnReyn78; E649|

[P 78, back of title]  
The <Two> Following Discourse<s> [*is*] <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 Mans Execution is as his Conception & No better

TXTReyn79; E649|  
TXTReyn79; E649|  
TXTReyn79; E649|  
AnnReyn79; E649|

[P 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

TXTReyn80; E650|  
TXTReyn80; E650|  
TXTReyn80; E650|  
AnnReyn80; E650|

[P 80] [The principle of] leaving out particularities, and retaining only general ideas . . . extends itself to every part of the Art. . . .  
General Ideas <again>

TXTReyn80; E650|  
TXTReyn80; E650|  
TXTReyn80; E650|  
AnnReyn80; E650|  
AnnReyn80; E650|

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



TXTReyn82; E650	[P 82] . . . the . . . most dangerous error is on the side
TXTReyn82; E650	of minuteness; . . .
AnnReyn82; E650	<Here is Nonsense!>
TXTReyn83; E650	[P 83] All smaller things, however perfect in their way, are
TXTReyn83; E650	to be sacrificed without mercy to the greater.
AnnReyn83; E650	<Sacrifice the Parts. What becomes of the Whole>
TXTReyn83; E650	Even in portraits, the grace, and . . . the likeness,
TXTReyn83; E650	consists more in taking the general air, than in observing the
TXTReyn83; E650	exact similitude of every feature.
AnnReyn83; E650	How Ignorant
TXTReyn86; E650	[P 86] A painter of portraits retains the individual
TXTReyn86; E650	likeness; a painter of history shews the man by shewing his
TXTReyn86; E650	actions.
AnnReyn86; E650	<If he does not shew the Man as well as the Action he is a
AnnReyn86; E650	poor Artist>
TXTReyn87; E650	[P 87] . . . be well studied in the analysis of those
TXTReyn87; E650	circumstances, which constitute dignity of appearance in real
TXTReyn87; E650	life.
AnnReyn87; E650	<Here he allows an Analysis of Circumstances>
TXTReyn87; E650	Those expressions alone should be given to the figures which
TXTReyn87; E650	their respective situations generally produce.
AnnReyn87; E650	[ <i>Nonsense</i> ]
TXTReyn89; E650	[P 89] . . . the distinct blue, red, and yellow . . . in the
TXTReyn89; E650	draperies of the Roman and Florentine schools . . . effect of
TXTReyn89; E650	grandeur. . . . Perhaps these distinct colours strike the mind
TXTReyn89; E650	more forcibly, from there not being any great union between them;
TXTReyn89; E650	. . .
AnnReyn89; E650	These are Fine & just Notions Why does he not always allow
AnnReyn89; E650	as much
TXTReyn90; E650	[P 90] . . . the historical Painter never enters into the
TXTReyn90; E650	detail of colours [nor] does he debase his conceptions with
TXTReyn90; E650	minute attention to the discriminations of Drapery.
AnnReyn90; E650	Excellent Remarks

TXTReyn90; E650| Carlo Maratti [thought] that the disposition of drapery was  
TXTReyn90; E650| a more difficult art than even that of drawing the human figure;  
TXTReyn90; E650| . . .  
AnnReyn90; E650| I do not believe that Carlo Maratti thought so or that any  
AnnReyn90; E650| body can think so. the Drapery is formed alone by the Shape of  
AnnReyn90; E650| the Naked  
EDAnnReyn90; E650| [next word cut away in binding]

TXTReyn92; E650| [P 92] . . . the Venetians . . . accomplished perfectly tile  
TXTReyn92; E650| thing they attempted. But as mere elegance is their principal  
TXTReyn92; E650| object, . . .  
AnnReyn92; E650| They accomplishd Nothing <As to Elegance they have not a  
AnnReyn92; E650| Spark>

TXTReyn93; E650| [P 93] To this question [why Veronese had put his principal  
TXTReyn93; E650| figure in shade-Reynolds answers that he was] an ornamental  
TXTReyn93; E650| Painter [whose] intention was solely to produce an effect of  
TXTReyn93; E650| light and shadow; . . .  
AnnReyn93; E650| This is not a Satisfactory Answer  
AnnReyn93; E650| To produce an Effect of True Light & Shadow [*Nothing*  
*must be sacrificd*

AnnReyn93; E651| *Light & Shadow depends on Distinctness of Form*] <is  
AnnReyn93; E651| Necessary to the Ornamental Style-- which altogether depends on  
AnnReyn93; E651| Distinctness of Form. The Venetian ought not to be calld the  
AnnReyn93; E651| Ornamental Style>

TXTReyn94; E651| [P 94] The language of Painting must indeed be allowed these  
TXTReyn94; E651| masters [the Venetians]; . . .  
AnnReyn94; E651| The Language of Painters cannot be allowd them if Reynolds  
AnnReyn94; E651| says right at p. 97 he there says that the Venetian Will Not  
AnnReyn94; E651| Correspond with the Great Style  
AnnReyn94; E651| <The Greek Gems are in the Same Style as the Greek Statues>

TXTReyn95; E651| [P 95] Such as suppose that the great style might happily be  
TXTReyn95; E651| blended with the ornamental, that the simple, grave and majestick  
TXTReyn95; E651| dignity of Raffaele could unite with the glow and bustle of a  
TXTReyn95; E651| Paolo, or Tintoret, are totally mistaken.  
AnnReyn95; E651| What can be better Said, on this Subject? but Reynolds  
AnnReyn95; E651| contradicts what he says Continually He makes little  
AnnReyn95; E651| Concessions, that he may take Great Advantages

TXTReyn97; E651|  
TXTReyn97; E651|  
TXTReyn97; E651|  
AnnReyn97; E651|  
AnnReyn97; E651|

[P 97] And though in [colouring] the Venetians must be  
allowed extraordinary skill, yet even that skill, as they have  
employed it, will but ill correspond with the great style.  
<Somebody Else wrote this page for Reynolds I think that  
Barry or Fuseli wrote it or [*said*] <dictated> it>

TXTReyn98; E651|  
TXTReyn98; E651|  
TXTReyn98; E651|  
AnnReyn98; E651|  
AnnReyn98; E651|  
AnnReyn98; E651|  
TXTReyn98; E651|  
TXTReyn98; E651|  
AnnReyn98; E651|  
AnnReyn98; E651|

[P 98] . . . Michael Angelo [thought] that the principal  
attention of the Venetian painters [was to] the study of  
colours, to the neglect of the IDEAL BEAUTY OF FORM,. . . .  
Venetian Attention is to a Contempt & Neglect of Form Itself  
& to the Destruction of all Form or Outline <Purposely &  
Intentionally>  
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 Titians  
Mich. Ang. Knew & Despised all that Titian could do

AnnReyn98; E651|  
AnnReyn98; E651|  
AnnReyn98; E651|

<On the Venetian Painter  
He makes the Lame to walk we all agree  
But then he strives to blind those who can see. >

TXTReyn99; E651|  
AnnReyn99; E651|  
AnnReyn99; E651|  
AnnReyn99; E651|  
AnnReyn99; E651|  
AnnReyn99; E651|  
AnnReyn99; E651|

[P 99]  
<If the Venetians 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.>

TXTReyn100; E651|  
TXTReyn100; E651|  
AnnReyn100; E651|  
AnnReyn100; E651|  
AnnReyn100; E651|  
AnnReyn100; E651|  
AnnReyn100; E651|  
AnnReyn100; E651|  
AnnReyn100; E651|  
AnnReyn100; E651|

[P 100] . . . there is a sort of senatorial dignity about  
[Titian] . . .  
<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 Boulsterd Plasters on a Crooked Whore.>

TXTReyn101; E652|

[P 101] The Venetian is indeed the most splendid of the

TXTReyn101; E652|  
AnnReyn101; E652|  
AnnReyn101; E652|

schools of elegance; . . .  
<Vulgarity & not Elegance--The Word Elegance ought to be  
applied to Forms. not to Colours>

TXTReyn102; E652|  
TXTReyn102; E652|  
TXTReyn102; E652|  
AnnReyn102; E652|  
AnnReyn102; E652|

[P 102] . . . elaborate harmony Of colouring, a brilliancy  
of tints, a soft and gradual transition from one to another, . .  
. .  
<Broken Colours & Broken Lines & Broken Masses are Equally  
Subversive of the Sublime>

TXTReyn102; E652|  
TXTReyn102; E652|  
AnnReyn102; E652|

Such excellence . . . is weak . . . when the work aspires to  
grandeur and sublimity.  
Well Said <Enough>

TXTReyn103; E652|  
TXTReyn103; E652|  
AnnReyn103; E652|  
AnnReyn103; E652|

[P 103] But it must be allowed in favour of the Venetians,  
that [Rubens] was more gross than they. . . .  
<How can that be calld the Ornamental Style of which Gross  
Vulgarity forms the Principal Excellence>

TXTReyn104; E652|  
TXTReyn104; E652|  
TXTReyn104; E652|  
AnnReyn104; E652|

[P 104] Some inferior dexterity, some extraordinary  
mechanical power is apparently that from which [the Dutch school]  
seek distinction.  
<The Words Mechanical Power should not be thus Prostituted>

TXTReyn106; E652|  
TXTReyn106; E652|  
AnnReyn106; E652|  
AnnReyn106; E652|

[P 106] An History-painter paints mall in general; a  
Portrait- painter, a particular man,  
A History Painter Paints The Hero, & not Man in General.  
but most minutely in Particular

TXTReyn109; E652|  
TXTReyn109; E652|  
AnnReyn109; E652|  
AnnReyn109; E652|

[P 109] Thus . . . a portrait-painter leaves out all the  
minute breaks and peculiarities in the face. . . .  
Folly! Of what consequence is it to the Arts what a  
Portrait Painter does

TXTReyn110; E652|  
TXTReyn110; E652|  
AnnReyn110; E652|

[P 110] . . . the composite style, . . . Correggio. . . .  
modern grace and elegance, . .  
There is No Such <a> Thing as A Composite Style

TXTReyn111; E652|  
TXTReyn111; E652|  
AnnReyn111; E652|

[P 111] The errors of genius, however, are pardonable. . .  
. .  
<Genius has no Error it is Ignorance that is Error>

TXTReyn112; E652|  
TXTReyn112; E652|  
TXTReyn112; E652|  
AnnReyn112; E652|

[P 112] On the whole . . . one presiding principle. . . .  
The works . . . built upon general nature, live for ever; . .  
<All Equivocation & Self-Contradiction>

TXTReyn114; E652|

## DISCOURSE V

TXTReyn114; E652|  
AnnReyn114; E652|  
AnnReyn114; E652|  
AnnReyn114; E652|  
AnnReyn114; E652|  
AnnReyn114; E652|  
AnnReyn114; E652|  
AnnReyn114; E652|  
AnnReyn114; E652|  
AnnReyn114; E652|

[114, back of title]  
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 Rafaels Grandest  
Subjects Namely Christ delivering the Keys to S<sup>t</sup> Peter. & he  
would find that in Gainsboroughs 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

TXTReyn116; E652|  
TXTReyn116; E652|  
TXTReyn116; E652|  
AnnReyn116; E652|

[P 116] That which is most worthy of esteem in its allotted  
sphere, becomes an object . . . of derision, when it is forced  
into a higher, to which it is not suited; . . .  
Concessions to Truth for the sake of Oversetting Truth

TXTReyn116; E653|  
TXTReyn116; E653|  
TXTReyn116; E653|  
AnnReyn116; E653|  
AnnReyn116; E653|

. . . keep your principal attention fixed upon the higher  
excellencies. . . . you may be very imperfect; but still, you are  
an imperfect artist of the highest order.  
[*Caesar said hed rather be the (first in) a Village*  
(than) *second in Rome was not Caesar(a) Dutch Painter*] <sup>t1484</sup>

TXTReyn117; E653|  
TXTReyn117; E653|  
TXTReyn117; E653|  
TXTReyn117; E653|  
AnnReyn117; E653|  
AnnReyn117; E653|  
AnnReyn117; E653|  
AnnReyn117; E653|  
AnnReyn117; E653|  
AnnReyn117; E653|

[P 117-118] . . . to preserve the most perfect beauty IN ITS  
MOST PERFECT STATE, you cannot express the passions, all of which  
produce distortion and deformity, more or less, in the most  
beautiful faces.  
What Nonsense  
Passion & Expression is Beauty Itself--The Face that is  
Incapable of Passion & Expression is Deformity Itself Let it be  
Painted <& Patchd> & Praised & Advertised for Ever <it will only  
be admired by Fools>

TXTReyn119; E653|

[P 119] . . . pictures of Raffaele, where the Criticks have

TXTReyn119; E653|  
AnnReyn119; E653|  
AnnReyn119; E653|

described their own imaginations;  
If Reynolds could not see. variety of Character in Rafael  
Others Can

TXTReyn119; E653|  
TXTReyn119; E653|  
TXTReyn119; E653|  
AnnReyn119; E653|  
AnnReyn119; E653|  
AnnReyn119; E653|

We can easily . . . suppose a Jupiter to be possessed of all  
. . . powers and perfections. Yet [in art the ancients] confined  
his character to majesty alone.  
False  
The Ancients were chiefly attentive to Complicated & Minute  
Discrimination of Character it is the Whole of Art

TXTReyn119; E653|  
TXTReyn119; E653|  
AnnReyn119; E653|

Pliny . . . wrong when he speaks of . . . [P 120] three  
different characters [in one statue].  
Reynolds cannot bear Expression

TXTReyn119; E653|  
TXTReyn119; E653|  
TXTReyn119; E653|  
AnnReyn119; E653|

A statue in which you endeavour to unite . . . dignity . . .  
elegance . . . valour, must surely possess none of these. . .  
. . .  
Why not? <O Poverty!>

TXTReyn119; E653|  
TXTReyn119; E653|  
TXTReyn119; E653|  
AnnReyn119; E653|

The summit of excellence seems to be an assemblage of  
contrary qualities, . . . such . . . that no one part is found to  
counteract the other.  
A Fine Jumble

TXTReyn121; E653|  
TXTReyn121; E653|  
TXTReyn121; E653|  
AnnReyn121; E653|

[P 121] If any man shall be master of . . . highest . . .  
lowest, flights of art, . . . he is fitter to give example than  
to receive instruction.  
<Mocks>

TXTReyn123; E653|  
TXTReyn123; E653|  
AnnReyn123; E653|  
AnnReyn123; E653|  
AnnReyn123; E653|  
AnnReyn123; E653|

[P 123] . . . 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>

TXTReyn124; E653|  
TXTReyn124; E653|  
TXTReyn124; E653|  
AnnReyn124; E653|

[P 124] Raffaelle . . . foremost [for] his excellence in the  
higher parts. . . . His easel-works . . . lower . . . never  
arrived at . . . perfection. . . .  
Folly & Falshood. The Man who can say that Rafael knew not



AnnReyn124; E653|  
AnnReyn124; E653|  
AnnReyn124; E653|

the smaller beauties of the Art ought to be Contemnd & I  
accordingly hold Reynolds in Contempt for this Sentence in  
particular

TXTReyn125; E653|  
TXTReyn125; E653|  
AnnReyn125; E653|  
AnnReyn125; E653|

[P 125] When he painted in oil, his hand seemed to be so  
cramped and confined, . . .  
Rafael did as he Pleased. He who does not admire Rafaels  
Execution does not Even See Rafael

TXTReyn125; E654|  
AnnReyn125; E654|

I have no desire to degrade Raffaele from the high rank. . .  
A Lie

TXTReyn126; E654|  
TXTReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|

[P 126] . . . Michael Angelo . . . did not possess so many  
excellencies as Raffaele, but. . . .  
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

TXTReyn126; E654|  
TXTReyn126; E654|  
TXTReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|

He never attempted those lesser elegancies and graces in the  
art. Vasari says, he never painted but one picture in oil, and  
resolved never to paint another.  
Damnd Fool *t1485*

TXTReyn126; E654|  
TXTReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|

If any man had a right to look down . . . it was certainly  
Michael Angelo; . . .  
O. Yes!

TXTReyn127; E654|  
TXTReyn127; E654|  
TXTReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|

[P 127] . . . together with these [graces and  
embellishments], which we wish he had more attended to, he has  
rejected all the false . . . ornaments, . . .  
Here is another Contradiction If. Mich Ang. Neglected any  
thing. that <Titian or> Veronese did: He Rejected it. for Good  
Reasons. S<sup>r</sup> 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

TXTReyn128; E654|

[P 128] . . . Raffaele had more Taste and Fancy, Michael

TXTReyn128; E654|  
AnnReyn128; E654|

Angelo more Genius and imagination.  
<What Nonsense>

TXTReyn129; E654|  
TXTReyn129; E654|  
TXTReyn129; E654|  
AnnReyn129; E654|  
AnnReyn129; E654|  
AnnReyn129; E654|

[P 129] [Michael Angelo] never needed . . . help. [Raffaelle  
had] propriety, beauty, and majesty . . . judicious contrivance .  
. . correctness of Drawing, purity of Taste, . . .  
If all this is True Why does not Reynolds recommend The  
Study of Rafael & Mich: Angelos Execution at page 97 he allows  
that the Venetian Style will Ill correspond with the Great Style

TXTReyn131; E654|  
TXTReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|

[P 131] Such is the great style, . . . [in it] search after  
novelty . . . has no place.  
<The Great Style is always Novel or New in all its  
Operations>

TXTReyn131; E654|  
TXTReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|

But there is another style . . . inferior. . . . the  
original or characteristical style, . . .  
<Original & Characteristical are the Two Grand Merits of the  
Great Style Why should these words be applied to such a Wretch  
as Salvator Rosa>

TXTReyn132; E654|  
TXTReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|

[P 132] . . . Salvator Rosa. . . . a peculiar cast of nature  
. . . though void of all grace, . . .  
Salvator Rosa was precisely what he Pretended Not to be.  
His Pictures. are high Labourd 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.

TXTReyn133; E654|  
TXTReyn133; E654|  
AnnReyn133; E654|  
AnnReyn133; E654|

[P 133] . . . yet . . . that sort of dignity which belongs  
to savage and uncultivated nature: . . .  
Savages are [*Fribbles & Fops*] <Fops & Fribbles>  
more than any other Men

TXTReyn133; E655|  
TXTReyn133; E655|  
AnnReyn133; E655|  
AnnReyn133; E655|  
AnnReyn133; E655|

Every thing is of a piece: his Rocks, Trees, Sky, even to  
his *handling*, . . .  
Handling is All that he has. & we all know this  
Handling is Labour & Trick <Salvator Rosa employd  
Journeymen>

TXTReyn134; E655|

[P 134] . . . Rubens . . . a remarkable instance of the same

TXTReyn134; E655|  
TXTReyn134; E655|  
AnnReyn134; E655|  
AnnReyn134; E655|

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

TXTReyn135; E655|  
TXTReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|

[P 135] His Colouring, in which he is eminently skilled, is  
. . . too much . . . 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 filld 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>

TXTReyn135; E655|  
TXTReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|

Opposed to this . . . [is the] correct style of Poussin. . .  
.  
<Opposed to Rubens's Colouring S<sup>r</sup> Joshua has plac'd 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>

TXTReyn137; E655|  
TXTReyn137; E655|  
TXTReyn137; E655|  
AnnReyn137; E655|

[P 137] [Poussin's later pictures] softer and richer, . . .  
[but not] at all comparable to many in his [early] dry manner  
which we have in England.  
<True>

TXTReyn137; E655|  
TXTReyn137; E655|  
AnnReyn137; E655|

The favourite subjects of Poussin were Ancient Fables; and  
no painter was ever better qualified  
<True>

TXTReyn138; E655|  
TXTReyn138; E655|  
TXTReyn138; E655|  
AnnReyn138; E655|

[P 138] Poussin seemed to think that the style and the  
language [should preserve] some relish of the old way of  
painting, . . .  
<True>

TXTReyn139; E655|  
TXTReyn139; E655|  
TXTReyn139; E655|  
AnnReyn139; E655|

[P 139] . . . if the Figures . . . had a modern air . . .  
how ridiculous would Apollo appear instead of the Sun; . .  
.  
<These remarks on Poussin are Excellent>

TXTReyn141; E655|

[P 141] . . . the lowest style will be the most popular . . .

TXTReyn141; E655|  
AnnReyn141; E655|

ignorance . . .  
<Well said>

TXTReyn142; E655|  
TXTReyn142; E655|  
TXTReyn142; E655|  
AnnReyn142; E655|  
AnnReyn142; E655|

[P 142] . . . our Exhibitions . . . a mischievous tendency,  
. . . seducing the Painter to an ambition of pleasing  
indiscriminately the mixed multitude. . . .  
<Why then does he talk in other places of pleasing Every  
body>

TXTReyn143; E655|

## DISCOURSE VI

EDAnnReyn144TEXT; E655|  
AnnReyn144; E655|  
AnnReyn144; E655|  
AnnReyn144; E655|  
AnnReyn144; E655|

[P 144, back of title]  
When a Man talks of Acquiring Invention & of learning how to  
produce Original Conception he must expect to be calld a Fool <by  
Men of Understanding but such a Hired Knave cares not for the  
Few. His Eye is on the Many. or rather on the Money>

TXTReyn147; E656|  
TXTReyn147; E656|  
TXTReyn147; E656|  
TXTReyn147; E656|  
AnnReyn147; E656|  
AnnReyn147; E656|  
TXTReyn147; E656|  
TXTReyn147; E656|  
TXTReyn147; E656|  
AnnReyn147; E656|  
AnnReyn147; E656|

[P 147] Those who have [written of art as inspiration are  
better receive] than he who attempts to examine, coldly, whether  
there are any means by which this art may be acquired. . . .  
<Bacons Philosophy has Destroyd all Art & Science> The Man  
who that the Genius is not Born. but Taught.--Is a Knave  
It is very natural for those. . . . who have never observed  
the gradation by which art is acquired . . . to conclude . . .  
that it is not only inaccessible to themselves.  
<O Reader behold the Philosophers Grave.  
He was born quite a Fool: but he died quite a Knave>

TXTReyn149; E656|  
TXTReyn149; E656|  
TXTReyn149; E656|  
TXTReyn149; E656|  
AnnReyn149; E656|  
AnnReyn149; E656|  
AnnReyn149; E656|  
AnnReyn149; E656|  
AnnReyn149; E656|

[P 149] It would be no wonder if a student . . . should . .  
. consider it as hopeless, to set about acquiring by the  
imitation of any human master, what he is taught to suppose is  
matter of inspiration from heaven.  
<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 see One Man Striving to Imitate Another  
Man varies from Man more than Animal from Animal of Different  
Species>

TXTReyn152; E656|  
TXTReyn152; E656|  
AnnReyn152; E656|

[P 152] . . . DEGREE Of excellence [of] GENIUS is different,  
in different times and different places  
<Never!>

TXTReyn152; E656|  
TXTReyn152; E656|  
AnnReyn152; E656|

and what shews it to be so is, that mankind have often  
changed their opinion upon this matter.  
Never!

TXTReyn153; E656|  
TXTReyn153; E656|  
AnnReyn153; E656|

[P 153] . . . if genius is not taken for inspiration, but as  
the effect of close observation experience.  
<Damnd Fool>

TXTReyn154; E656|  
TXTReyn154; E656|  
AnnReyn154; E656|  
AnnReyn154; E656|  
AnnReyn154; E656|  
AnnReyn154; E656|

[P 154] . . . as . . . art shall advance, its powers will  
be still more and more fixed by rules.  
<If Art was Progressive We should have had Mich Angelo's &  
Rafaels to Succeed & to Improve upon each other But it is not so.  
Genius dies Possessor & comes not again till Another is Born with  
It>

TXTReyn155; E656|  
TXTReyn155; E656|  
AnnReyn155; E656|  
AnnReyn155; E656|

[155] . . . even works of Genius, like every other effect, .  
. . must have their cause, . . .  
<Identities or Things are Neither Cause nor Effect They  
are Eternal>

TXTReyn157; E656|  
TXTReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|

[P 157] . . . our minds should . . . continue a settled  
intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur.  
<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>

TXTReyn157; E656|  
TXTReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|

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 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>>

TXTReyn158; E656|  
TXTReyn158; E656|  
AnnReyn158; E656|

[P 158] . . . or only one, unless it be continually  
fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.  
Nonsense

TXTReyn159; E657|  
AnnReyn159; E657|

[P 159] Nothing can come of nothing.  
<Is the Mind Nothing?>

TXTReyn159; E657	. . . Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, were . . . possessed
TXTReyn159; E657	of all the knowledge in the art . . . of their
TXTReyn159; E657	predecessors.
AnnReyn159; E657	If so. they knew all that Titian & Correggio knew Correggio
AnnReyn159; E657	was two Years older than Mich. Angelo
AnnReyn159; E657	Correggio born <1472> Mich Angelo [ <i>on</i> ] <born 1474>
TXTReyn161; E657	[P 161] . . . any endeavour to copy the exact peculiar
TXTReyn161; E657	colour . . . of another man's mind . . . must always be . . .
TXTReyn161; E657	ridiculous. . . .
AnnReyn161; E657	<Why then Imitate at all?>
TXTReyn163; E657	[P 163] Art in its perfection is not ostentatious; it lies
TXTReyn163; E657	hid, and works its effect, itself unseen.
AnnReyn163; E657	<This is a Very Clever Sentence who wrote it God knows>
TXTReyn165; E657	[P 165] Peculiar marks . . . generally . . . defects; . .
TXTReyn165; E657	.
AnnReyn165; E657	Peculiar Marks. are the Only Merit
TXTReyn165; E657	Peculiarities . . . so many blemishes; which, however, both
TXTReyn165; E657	in real life, and in painting, cease to appear deformities, . . .
AnnReyn165; E657	Infernal Falshood
TXTReyn166; E657	[P 166] Even the great name of Michael Angelo may be used,
TXTReyn166; E657	to keep in countenance a deficiency . . . of colouring, and every
TXTReyn166; E657	[other ornamental part]
AnnReyn166; E657	No Man who can see Michael Angelo. can say that he wants
AnnReyn166; E657	either Colouring or Ornamental parts of Art. in the highest
AnnReyn166; E657	degree. for he has Every [ <i>perquisite</i> ] <Thing> of Both
AnnReyn166; E657	[ <i>O what Wisdom &amp; Learning ?adorn his Superiority--</i> ]
TXTReyn167; E657	[P 167] . . . these defects . . . have a right to our
TXTReyn167; E657	pardon, but not to our admiration.
AnnReyn167; E657	He who Admires Rafael Must admire Rafaels Execution
AnnReyn167; E657	He who does not admire Rafaels Execution Cannot Admire
AnnReyn167; E657	Rafael
TXTReyn172; E657	[P 172] . . . a want which cannot be completely supplied;
TXTReyn172; E657	that is, want of strength of parts.



AnnReyn172; E657|  
TXTReyn176; E657|  
TXTReyn176; E657|  
AnnReyn176; E657|  
AnnReyn176; E657|

## A Confession

[P 176] . . . very finished artists in the inferior  
branches. . . .

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

TXTReyn176; E657|  
TXTReyn176; E657|  
AnnReyn176; E657|

The works of Albert Durer . . . afford a rich mass of  
genuine materials, which wrought up and polished, . . .  
A Polishd Villain <who Robs & Murders>

TXTReyn177; E657|  
TXTReyn177; E657|

[P 177] Though Coypel wanted a simplicity of taste, . . .  
[*O Yes Coypel indeed*]

TXTReyn178; E657|  
TXTReyn178; E657|  
AnnReyn178; E657|  
AnnReyn178; E657|

[P 178] The greatest style . . . would receive "an  
additional grace by . . . precision of pencil. . . .  
What does Precision of Pencil mean? If it does not mean  
Outline it means Nothing

TXTReyn179; E658|  
TXTReyn179; E658|  
AnnReyn179; E658|  
AnnReyn179; E658|

[P 179] [Jan Steen if taught by Michael Angelo and  
Raffaelle] would have ranged with the great. . . .  
Jan Stein was a Boor & neither Rafael nor Mich Ang. could  
have made him any better

TXTReyn180; E658|  
TXTReyn180; E658|  
AnnReyn180; E658|  
AnnReyn180; E658|  
AnnReyn180; E658|  
AnnReyn180; E658|

[P 180] Men who although . . . bound down by . . . early  
habits, have still exerted. . . .  
He who Can be bound down is No Genius Genius cannot be Bound  
it may be Renderd Indignant & Outrageous <sup>11486</sup>  
"Opression makes the Wise Man Mad"  
Solomon

TXTReyn187; E658|

## DISCOURSE VII

EDAnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|

[P 188, back of title]  
<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 Considerd 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

AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|

not Cultivated them because they thought it not worth the trouble>

TXTReyn194; E658|  
AnnReyn194; E658|  
AnnReyn194; E658|

[P 194] . . . obscurity . . . is one source of the sublime.  
<Obscurity is Neither the Source of the Sublime nor of Any Thing Else>

TXTReyn194; E658|  
TXTReyn194; E658|  
TXTReyn194; E658|  
AnnReyn194; E658|  
AnnReyn194; E658|

[That] liberty of imagination is cramped by . . . rules; . . . smothered . . . by too much judgment; . . . [are] notions not only groundless, but pernicious.  
<The Ancients & the wisest of the Moderns were of the opinion that Reynolds Condemns & laughs at>

TXTReyn195; E658|  
TXTReyn195; E658|  
TXTReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|

[P 195] . . . scarce a poet is to be found, . . . whose latter works are not as replete with . . . imagination, as those [of] his more youthful days.  
<As Replete but Not More Replete>

TXTReyn195; E658|  
TXTReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|

To understand literally these metaphors . . . seems . . . absurd. . . .  
<The Ancients did not mean to Impose when they affirmed their belief in Vision & Revelation Plato was in Earnest. Milton was in Earnest. They believd that God did Visit Man Really & Truly & not as Reynolds pretends

TXTReyn196; E658|  
TXTReyn196; E658|  
AnnReyn196; E658|  
AnnReyn196; E658|

[P 196] [idea absurd that a winged genius] did really inform him in a whisper what he was to write; . . .  
How very Anxious Reynolds is to Disprove & Contemn Spiritual Perception

TXTReyn197; E658|  
TXTReyn197; E658|  
TXTReyn197; E658|  
AnnReyn197; E658|

[P 197] It is supposed that . . . under the name of genius great works are produced. . . . without our being under the least obligation to reason, precept, or experience.  
<Who Ever said this>

TXTReyn197; E658|  
TXTReyn197; E658|  
TXTReyn197; E658|  
AnnReyn197; E658|  
AnnReyn197; E658|

. . . scarce state these opinions without exposing their absurdity; yet . . . constantly in the mouths of . . . artists.  
<He states Absurdities in Company with Truths & calls both Absurd>

TXTReyn198; E659|  
TXTReyn198; E659|  
TXTReyn198; E659|  
TXTReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|

[P 198] . . . prevalent opinion . . . considers the principles of taste . . . as having less solid foundations, than . . . they really have. . . . [and imagines taste of too high origin] to submit to the authority of all earthly tribunal.  
<The Artifice of the Epicurean Philosophers is to Call all other Opinions Unsolid & Unsubstantial than those which are Derived from Earth>

TXTReyn198; E659|  
TXTReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|

We often appear to differ in sentiments . . . 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

TXTReyn199; E659|  
TXTReyn199; E659|  
AnnReyn199; E659|  
AnnReyn199; E659|  
AnnReyn199; E659|

[P 199] . . . take words as we find them; . . . distinguish the THINGS to which they are applied.  
<This is False the Fault is not in Words. but in Things  
Lockes Opinions of Words & their Fallaciousness are Artful Opinions & Fallacious also>

TXTReyn200; E659|  
TXTReyn200; E659|  
TXTReyn200; E659|  
TXTReyn200; E659|  
AnnReyn200; E659|  
AnnReyn200; E659|

[P 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>

TXTReyn201; E659|  
TXTReyn201; E659|  
AnnReyn201; E659|  
AnnReyn201; E659|

[P 201] . . . as true as mathematical demonstration; . . .  
.  
<God forbid that Truth should be Confined to Mathematical Demonstration >

TXTReyn201; E659|  
AnnReyn201; E659|  
AnnReyn201; E659|

But beside real, there is also apparent truth, . . .  
<He who does not Know Truth at Sight is unworthy of Her Notice>

TXTReyn201; E659|  
TXTReyn201; E659|  
TXTReyn201; E659|  
AnnReyn201; E659|  
AnnReyn201; E659|

. . . taste . . . approaches . . . a sort of resemblance to real science, even where opinions are . . . no better than prejudices.  
<Here is a great deal to do to Prove that All Truth is Prejudice for All that is Valuable in Knowledge[s] is

AnnReyn201; E659|

Superior to Demonstrative Science such as is Weighed or Measured>

TXTReyn202; E659|

TXTReyn202; E659|

AnnReyn202; E659|

AnnReyn202; E659|

[P 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>

TXTReyn202; E659|

AnnReyn202; E659|

. . . I shall [now] proceed with less method, . . .  
<He calls the Above proceeding with Method>

TXTReyn202; E659|

TXTReyn202; E659|

AnnReyn202; E659|

AnnReyn202; E659|

AnnReyn202; E659|

We will take it for granted, that reason is something  
invariable . . .  
<Reason or A Ratio of All We have Known is not the Same it  
shall be when we know More. <sup>t1487</sup> be therefore takes a Falshood for  
granted to set out with>

TXTReyn203; E659|

TXTReyn203; E659|

TXTReyn203; E659|

AnnReyn203; E659|

[P 203] [Whatever of taste we can] fairly bring under the  
dominion of reason, must be considered as equally exempt from  
change.  
<Now this is Supreme Fooling>

TXTReyn203; E659|

TXTReyn203; E659|

AnnReyn203; E659|

AnnReyn203; E659|

The arts would lie open for ever to caprice . . . if those  
who . . . judge had no settled principles. . . .  
<He may as well say that if Man does not. lay down settled  
Principles. The Sun will not rise in a Morning>

TXTReyn204; E660|

TXTReyn204; E660|

AnnReyn204; E660|

AnnReyn204; E660|

AnnReyn204; E660|

[P 204] My notion of nature comprehends . . . also 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>

TXTReyn208; E660|

TXTReyn208; E660|

AnnReyn208; E660|

AnnReyn208; E660|

[P 208] [Poussin's Perseus and Medusa's head] . . . I  
remember turning from it with disgust, . . .  
<Reynolds's Eye. could not bear Characteristic Colouring or  
Light & Shade>

TXTReyn208; E660|

AnnReyn208; E660|

AnnReyn208; E660|

A picture should please at first sight, . . .  
Please! Whom? Some Men Cannot See a Picture except in a Dark  
Corner

TXTReyn209; E660	[P 209] No one can deny, that violent passions will
TXTReyn209; E660	naturally emit harsh and disagreeable tones: . . .
AnnReyn209; E660	Violent Passions Emit the Real Good & Perfect Tones
TXTReyn214; E660	[P 214] . . . Rubens . . . thinking it necessary to make his
TXTReyn214; E660	work so very ornamental, . . .
AnnReyn214; E660	<Here it is calld Ornamental that the Roman & Bolognian
AnnReyn214; E660	Schools may be Insinuated not to be Ornamental>
TXTReyn215; E660	[P 215] Nobody will dispute but some of the best of the
TXTReyn215; E660	Roman or Bolognian schools would have produced a more learned and
TXTReyn215; E660	more noble work [than that of Rubens].
AnnReyn215; E660	<Learned & Noble is Ornamental>
TXTReyn215; E660	. . . weighing the value of the different classes of the
TXTReyn215; E660	art, . . .
AnnReyn215; E660	<A Fools Balance is no Criterion because tho it goes down on
AnnReyn215; E660	the heaviest side we ought to look what he puts into it. >
TXTReyn228; E660	[P 228] Thus it is the ornaments, rather than the
TXTReyn228; E660	proportions of architecture, which at the first glance
TXTReyn228; E660	distinguish the different orders from each other; the Dorick is
TXTReyn228; E660	known by its triglyphs, the Ionick by its volutes, and the
TXTReyn228; E660	Corinthian by its acanthus.
AnnReyn228; E660	<i>[He could not tell Ionick from the Corinthian or Dorick</i>
AnnReyn228; E660	<i>or one column from another].</i>
TXTReyn232; E660	[P 232] [European meeting Cherokee Indian . . . which ever
TXTReyn232; E660	first feels himself provoked to laugh, is the barbarian.
AnnReyn232; E660	<Excellent>
TXTReyn242; E660	[P 242] [In the highest] flights of . . . imagination,
TXTReyn242; E660	reason ought to preside from first to last, . . .
AnnReyn242; E660	<If this is True it is a Devilish Foolish Thing to be An
AnnReyn242; E660	Artist>
TXTReyn243; E660	DISCOURSE VIII
EDAnnReyn244; E660	[P 244, back of title]
AnnReyn244; E660	<Burke's Treatise on the Sublime & Beautiful is founded on
AnnReyn244; E660	the Opinions of Newton & Locke on this Treatise Reynolds has

AnnReyn244; E660  AnnReyn244; E660  AnnReyn244; E660  AnnReyn244; E660  AnnReyn244; E660  AnnReyn244; E660  AnnReyn244; E660	grounded many of his assertions. in all his Discourses I read Burkes Treatise when very Young at the same time I read Locke on Human Understanding & Bacons 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
AnnReyn244; E661  AnnReyn244; E661	always Remain my Element my Eternal Dwelling place. how can I then hear it Contemnd without returning Scorn for Scorn-->
TXTReyn245; E661  TXTReyn245; E661  AnnReyn245; E661	[P 245] THE PRINCIPLES OF ART . . . IN THEIR EXCESS BECOME DEFECTS. . . . <Principles according to Sr Joshua become Defects>
TXTReyn245; E661  TXTReyn245; E661  AnnReyn245; E661  AnnReyn245; E661	. . . form an idea of perfection from the . . . various schools. . . . In another Discourse he says that we cannot Mix the Florentine & Venetian
TXTReyn251; E661  TXTReyn251; E661  TXTReyn251; E661  TXTReyn251; E661  AnnReyn251; E661  AnnReyn251; E661  AnnReyn251; E661  AnnReyn251; E661	[P 251] [Rembrandt] often . . . exhibits little more than one spot of light in the midst of a large quantity of shadow: . . . Poussin . . . has scarce any principal mass of light. . . . . Rembrandt was a Generalizer Poussin was a Particularizer Poussin knew better tha[n] to make all his Pictures have the same light & shadow any fool may concentrate a light in the Middle
TXTReyn256; E661  TXTReyn256; E661  AnnReyn256; E661	[P 256] . . . Titian, where dignity . . . has the appearance of an unalienable adjunct; . . . Dignity an Adjunct
TXTReyn260; E661  TXTReyn260; E661  TXTReyn260; E661  AnnReyn260; E661	[P 260] [Young artist made vain by] certain animating words, of Spirit, Dignity, Energy, Grace, greatness of Style, and brilliancy of Tints, . . . Mocks
TXTReyn262; E661  TXTReyn262; E661	[P 262] But this kind of barbarous simplicity, would be better named Penury, . . .



AnnReyn262; E661|

Mocks

TXTReyn262; E661|

TXTReyn262; E661|

AnnReyn262; E661|

[The ancients'] simplicity was the offspring, not of choice,  
but necessity.  
A Lie

TXTReyn262; E661|

TXTReyn262; E661|

AnnReyn262; E661|

[Painters who] ran into the contrary extreme [should] deal  
out their abundance with a more sparing hand, . . .  
Abundance of Stupidity

TXTReyn264; E661|

TXTReyn264; E661|

AnnReyn264; E661|

AnnReyn264; E661|

[P 264] . . . the painter must add grace to strength, if he  
desires to secure the first impression in his favour.  
If you Endeavour to Please the Worst you will never Please  
the Best To please All Is Impossible

TXTReyn266; E661|

TXTReyn266; E661|

TXTReyn266; E661|

AnnReyn266; E661|

[P 266] [Raffaelle's St Paul preaching at Athens] . . . add  
contrast, and the whole energy and unaffected grace of the figure  
is destroyed.  
Well Said

TXTReyn267; E661|

TXTReyn267; E661|

AnnReyn267; E661|

[P 267] It is given as a rule by Fresnoy, That the principle  
figure . . . must appear . . . under the principal light, . . .  
What a Devil of a Rule

TXTReyn272; E661|

TXTReyn272; E661|

AnnReyn272; E661|

[P 272] . . . bad pictures will instruct as well as  
good.  
Bad Pictures are always S<sup>r</sup> Joshuas Friends

TXTReyn272; E661|

AnnReyn272; E661|

AnnReyn272; E661|

AnnReyn272; E661|

[Rules of colouring of the] Venetian painters, . . .  
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

TXTReyn274; E662|

TXTReyn274; E662|

AnnReyn274; E662|

AnnReyn274; E662|

AnnReyn274; E662|

[P 274] . . . harmony of colouring was not [attended to by  
Poussin]  
Such Harmony of Colouring is destructive of Art One  
Species of General Hue over all is the Cursed Thing calld Harmony  
it is like the Smile of a Fool

TXTReyn275; E662|

[P 275] The illuminated parts of objects are in nature of a

TXTReyn275; E662	warmer tint than those that are in the shade: . . .
AnnReyn275; E662	Shade is always Cold & never as in Rubens & the Colourists
AnnReyn275; E662	Hot & Yellowy Brown
TXTReyn277; E662	[P 277] . . . fulness of manner . . . Correggio . . .
TXTReyn277; E662	Rembrandt. . . by melting and losing the shadows in a ground
TXTReyn277; E662	still darker. . . .
AnnReyn277; E662	All This is Destructive of Art
TXTReyn279; E662	[P 279] . . . must depart from nature for a greater
TXTReyn279; E662	advantage. [Cannot paint moon as relatively bright as in
TXTReyn279; E662	nature.]
AnnReyn279; E662	<These are Excellent Remarks on Proportional Colour>
TXTReyn281; E662	[P 281] [Rembrandt made head too dark to preserve contrast
TXTReyn281; E662	with bright armour, but] it is necessary that the work should be
TXTReyn281; E662	seen, not only without difficulty . . . but with pleasure. . .
TXTReyn281; E662	.
AnnReyn281; E662	If the Picture ought to be seen with Ease surely The Nobler
AnnReyn281; E662	parts of the Picture such as the Heads ought to be Principal but
AnnReyn281; E662	this Never is the Case except in the Roman & Florentine Schools
AnnReyn281; E662	Note I Include the Germans in the Florentine School
TXTReyn284; E662	[P 284] From a slight undetermined drawing . . . the
TXTReyn284; E662	imagination supplies more than the painter himself, probably,
TXTReyn284; E662	could produce; . . .
AnnReyn284; E662	What Falshood
TXTReyn285; E662	[P 285] . . . indispensable rule . . . that everything shall
TXTReyn285; E662	be carefully and distinctly expressed. . . . This is what with
TXTReyn285; E662	us is called Science, and Learning; . . .
AnnReyn285; E662	Excellent & Contrary to his usual Opinions
TXTReyn286; E662	[P 286] Falconet . . . thinks meanly of this trick of
TXTReyn286; E662	concealing, . . .
AnnReyn286; E662	<I am of Falconets opinion>

## [CONTENTS](#)

TXTSpurzheim; E662| Annotations to Spurzheim's *Observations on Insanity* <sup>t1488</sup>

TXTSpurzheim; E662| London, 1817

TXTSpurzheim; E662| [P 106] . . . In children . . . the disturbances of the  
TXTSpurzheim; E662| organization appear merely as organic diseases, because the  
TXTSpurzheim; E662| functions are entirely suppressed.

AnnSpurzheim; E662| Corporeal disease. to which I readily agree. Diseases of  
AnnSpurzheim; E662| the mind I pity him. Denies mental health and perfection  
AnnSpurzheim; E662| Stick to this all is right. But see page 152

TXTSpurzheim; E662| [P 152] As the functions depend on the organization,  
TXTSpurzheim; E662| disturbed functions will derange the organization, and one  
TXTSpurzheim; E662| deranged cerebral part will have an influence on others, and so  
TXTSpurzheim; E662| arises insanity. . . . Whatever occupies the mind too intensely  
TXTSpurzheim; E662| or exclusively is hurtful to the brain, and induces a state  
TXTSpurzheim; E662| favourable to insanity, in diminishing the influence of will.

TXTSpurzheim; E663| [P 154] Religion is another fertile cause of insanity. Mr.  
TXTSpurzheim; E663| Haslam, though he declares it sinful to consider religion as a  
TXTSpurzheim; E663| cause of insanity, adds, however, that he would be ungrateful,  
TXTSpurzheim; E663| did he not avow his obligation to Methodism for its supply of  
TXTSpurzheim; E663| numerous cases. Hence the primitive feelings of religion may be  
TXTSpurzheim; E663| misled and produce insanity; that is what I would contend for,  
TXTSpurzheim; E663| and in that sense religion often leads to insanity.  
AnnSpurzheim; E663| Methodism &/c p. 154. Cowper came to me & said. O that I  
AnnSpurzheim; E663| were insane always I will never rest. Can you not make me truly  
AnnSpurzheim; E663| insane. I will never rest till I am so. O that in the bosom of  
AnnSpurzheim; E663| God I was hid. You retain health & yet are as mad as any of us  
AnnSpurzheim; E663| all--over us all--mad as a refuge from unbelief--from Bacon  
AnnSpurzheim; E663| Newton & Locke

AnnBerkeley; E663| Annotations to Berkeley's *Siris* *t1489*

AnnBerkeley; E663| Dublin, 1744

TXTBerkeley203; E663| [P 203] God knoweth all things, as pure mind or intellect, but  
TXTBerkeley203; E663| nothing by sense, nor in nor through a sensory. Therefore to  
TXTBerkeley203; E663| suppose a sensory of any kind, whether space or any other, in God  
TXTBerkeley203; E663| would be very wrong, and lead us into false conceptions of his  
TXTBerkeley203; E663| nature.  
AnnBerkeley203; E663| Imagination or the Human Eternal Body in Every Man

TXTBerkeley204; E663| [P 204] But in respect of a perfect spirit, there is nothing  
TXTBerkeley204; E663| hard or impenetrable: there is no resistance to the deity. Nor  
TXTBerkeley204; E663| hath he any Body: Nor is the supreme being united to the world,  
TXTBerkeley204; E663| as the soul of an animal is to its body, which necessarily  
TXTBerkeley204; E663| implieth defect, both as an instrument and as a constant weight  
TXTBerkeley204; E663| and impediment.  
AnnBerkeley204; E663| Imagination or the Divine Body in Every Man

TXTBerkeley205; E663| [P 205] Natural phaenomena are only natural appearances. . .  
TXTBerkeley205; E663| . They and the phantomes that result from those appearances,  
TXTBerkeley205; E663| *the children: of imagination* grafted upon sense, such  
TXTBerkeley205; E663| for example as pure space, are thought by many the very first in  
TXTBerkeley205; E663| existence and stability, and to embrace and comprehend all  
TXTBerkeley205; E663| beings.  
AnnBerkeley205; E663| The All in Man The Divine Image or Imagination  
AnnBerkeley205; E663| The Four Senses are the Four Faces of Man & the Four Rivers  
AnnBerkeley205; E663| of the Water of Life

TXTBerkeley212; E663| [P 212] Plato and Aristotle considered God as abstracted or  
TXTBerkeley212; E663| distinct from the natural world. But the Aegyptians considered  
TXTBerkeley212; E663| God and nature as making one whole, or all things together as  
TXTBerkeley212; E663| making one universe.  
TXTBerkeley212; E663| They also considerd God as abstracted or distinct from the  
AnnBerkeley212; E663| Imaginative World but Jesus as also Abraham & David considerd God  
AnnBerkeley212; E663| as a Man in the Spiritual or Imaginative Vision  
AnnBerkeley212; E663| Jesus considerd Imagination to be the Real Man & says I will  
AnnBerkeley212; E663| not leave you Orphanned and I will manifest myself to you he  
AnnBerkeley212; E663| says also the Spiritual Body or Angel as little Children always

behold the Face of the Heavenly Father

[P 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 [&] 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

[P 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 addresses himself to the Man not to his Reason Plato did not bring Life & Immortality to Light Jesus only did this

[P 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 filld with Imaginations & 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 & Domineering over others

[P 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 being abstracted and

TXTBerkeley217; E664|  
TXTBerkeley217; E664|  
AnnBerkeley217; E664|

immoveable, which distinction may be seen in the ninth book of his metaphysics.

God is not a Mathematical Diagram

TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
AnnBerkeley218; E664|  
AnnBerkeley218; E664|  
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TXTBerkeley219; E664|  
AnnBerkeley219; E664|  
AnnBerkeley219; E664|  
AnnBerkeley219; E664|

[P 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 preexistent, dormant, and latent in the soul.

The Natural Body is an Obstruction to the Soul or Spiritual Body

[P 219] . . . Whence, according to Themistius, . . . 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 Forms must be apprehended by Sense or the Eye of Imagination

Man is All Imagination God is Man & exists in us & we in him

AnnBerkeley241; E664|  
AnnBerkeley241; E664|

PAGE 241 What Jesus came to Remove was the Heathen or Platonic Philosophy which blinds the Eye of Imagination The Real Man

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TXTThornton; E667	Annotations to Thornton's
TXTThornton; E667	<i>The Lord's Prayer, Newly Translated</i> <i>t1494</i>
TXTThornton; E667	London, 1827
EDAnnThornton; E667	Italics do not represent underlining by Blake.
TXTThorntonTitle; E667	[TITLE PAGE]
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	I look upon this as a Most Malignant & Artful attack upon
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	the Kingdom of Jesus By the Classical Learned thro the
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	Instrumentality of D <sup>r</sup> Thornton The Greek & Roman Classics is
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	the Antichrist I say Is & not Are as most expressive & correct
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	too
TXTThornton-ii; E667	[PAGE ii] Doctor Johnson <i>on the Bible</i> .
TXTThornton-ii; E667	["]The BIBLE is the <i>most difficult</i> book in the world to
TXTThornton-ii; E667	<i>comprehend</i> , nor can it be understood at all by the
TXTThornton-ii; E667	<i>unlearned</i> , except through the aid of CRITICAL and
TXTThornton-ii; E667	EXPLANATORY notes. . . . "
AnnThornton-ii; E667	Christ & his Apostles were Illiterate Men Caiphas Pilate &
AnnThornton-ii; E667	Herod were Learned.
AnnThornton-ii; E667	The Beauty of the Bible is that the most Ignorant & Simple
AnnThornton-ii; E667	Minds Understand it Best--Was Johnson hired to Pretend to
AnnThornton-ii; E667	Religious Terrors while he was an Infidel or how was it
TXTThornton-ii; E667	LORD BYRON <i>on the Ethics of</i> CHRIST.
TXTThornton-ii; E667	". . . What made SOCRATES <i>the greatest of men?</i> His
TXTThornton-ii; E667	<i>moral truths--his ethics</i> . What <i>proved</i> JESUS
TXTThornton-ii; E667	CHRIST to be the SON OF GOD, HARDLY LESS <i>than his miracles</i>
TXTThornton-ii; E667	<i>did? His moral precepts</i> . . . . "
AnnThornton-ii; E667	If Morality was Christianity Socrates was The Savior.
EDAnnThornton1; E668	[PAGE 1]
AnnThornton1; E668	Such things as these depend on the Fashion of the Age
AnnThornton1; E668	In a book where all may Read &
AnnThornton1; E668	In a book which all may Read & } are Equally Right
AnnThornton1; E668	In a book that all may Read
AnnThornton1; E668	That Man who &/c is equally so The Man that & the Man which

TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|

THE LORD'S PRAYER,  
(Translated from the Greek,) by Dr. Thornton.  
[The Greek text after the second and third verses is supplied by  
Blake.]  
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, Reverenc'd be THY Name*  
<Greek text>

TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|

---

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:  
<Greek text>

TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|

---

*Grant unto me, and the whole world, day by*  
*day, an abundant supply of spiritual and*  
*corporeal FOOD:*

TXTThornton1; E668|

TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|

---

*FORGIVE US OUR TRANSGRESSIONS* against *THEE*, AS *WE* extend *OUR*  
*Kindness, and Forgiveness, TO ALL:*

TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|

---

*O GOD! ABANDON* us not, when surrounded, by *TRIALS;*

TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
AnnThornton1; E668|

---

*But PRESERVE* us from the Dominion of *SATAN: For THINE*  
*only, is THE SOVEREIGNTY, THE POWER, and THE GLORY, throughout*  
*ETERNITY!!!*  
*AMEN.*  
*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*

AnnThornton1; E668|  
AnnThornton1; E668|

*Lawful Bread Bought with Lawful Money & a Lawful Heaven seen*  
*thro a Lawful Telescope by means of Lawful Window Light The Holy*

AnnThornton1; E668| *Ghost [who] <& whatever> cannot be Taxed is Unlawful &*  
AnnThornton1; E668| *Witchcraft.*  
AnnThornton1; E668| *Spirits are Lawful but not Ghosts especially Royal Gin is*  
AnnThornton1; E668| *Lawful Spirit [real] No Smuggling <real> British Spirit*  
AnnThornton1; E668| *& Truth*

TXTThornton2; E668| *[PAGE 2] Critical and Explanatory Notes.*  
AnnThornton2; E668| *Give us the Bread that is our due & Right by taking away*  
AnnThornton2; E668| *Money or a Price or Tax upon what is Common to all in thy Kingdom*

EDAnnThornton3; E668| *[PAGE 3]*  
AnnThornton3; E668| *Jesus our Father who art in <thy> Heaven<s> calld by thy*  
AnnThornton3; E668| *Name the Holy Ghost Thy Kingdom on Earth is Not nor thy Will*  
AnnThornton3; E668| *done but [?Beelzebub] <[his] <Satans> Will who*  
AnnThornton3; E668| *is the God of this World> The Accuser [Let his Judgment be*  
AnnThornton3; E668| *Forgiveness that he may be cons[u]md in his own Shame]*  
AnnThornton3; E668| *<[His*

AnnThornton3; E669| *Judgment] <His Accusation> shall be Forgiveness [and he*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *shall] <that he may> be consumd in his own Shame>*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *Give [me] <us> This Eternal Day [my] <our>*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *[Ghostly] <own right> Bread & take away Money or Debt or*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *Tax <a Value or Price> as we have all things common among us*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *Every Thing has as much right to Eternal Life as God who is the*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *Servant of Man*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *Leave us not in [?Poverty ?and ?Want] Parsimony*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *<Satans Kingdom> [but deliver] <liberate> us from the*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *Natural Man & want or Jobs Kingdom*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *For thine is the Kingdom & the Power & the Glory & not*  
AnnThornton3; E669| *Caesars or Satans Amen.*

EDAnnThornton3; E669| *(Many illegible erasures, partial restorations, and*  
EDAnnThornton3; E669| *repetitions probably meant to replace one another have been*  
EDAnnThornton3; E669| *omitted from this transcript.)*

TXTThornton5; E669| *[PAGE 5] Dim at best are the conceptions we have of the SUPREME*  
TXTThornton5; E669| *BEING, who, as it were, keeps the human race in suspense, neither*  
TXTThornton5; E669| *discovering, nor hiding HIMSELF; . . .*  
AnnThornton5; E669| *a Female God*

TXTThornton6; E669| *[PAGE 6] What is the WILL of GOD we are ordered to*  
TXTThornton6; E669| *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 Caesar & is not this Good & Learned & Wise & Classical*

*[PAGE 9] Reasons for a New Translation of the Whole Bible.*  
*The only thing for Newtonian & Baconian Philosophers to Consider is this Whether Jesus did not suffer himself to be Mockd by Caesars Soldiers Willingly & [I hope they will] <to> Consider this to all Eternity will be Comment Enough*

[PAGE 10, blank]  
*This is Saying the Lords Prayer Backwards which they say  
 Raises the Devil*  
*Doctor Thorntons <Tory> Translation Translated out of its  
 disguise in the <Classical &> Scotch language into*  
*[plain] <the vulgar> English*  
*Our Father Augustus Caesar 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 &  
 thence in Heaven Give us day by day our Real Taxed <Substantial  
 Money bought> Bread [& take] <deliver from the Holy  
 Ghost <so we call Nature> whatever cannot be Taxed> [debt  
 that was owing to him] <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 Descendents <for God is only an Allegory of Kings & nothing  
 Else> Amen*  
*I swear that Basileia <Greek here> 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 [them] <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 Touchd & Weighed & Taxed &  
Measured all else is Heresy & Rebellion against Caesar Virgils  
Only God See Eclogue i & for all this we thank Dr Thornton*

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TXTCellini; E670| *Annotation to Cellini(?)* <sup>t1495</sup>

TXTCellini; E670| *[note said to be in Cennini's Trattato della Pittura*  
TXTCellini; E670| *(Roma, 1821) but probably in Benvenuto Cellini's Trattato*  
TXTCellini; E670| *dell' Oreficeri(1568, 1731, [1795] or 1811)]*

TXTCellini; E670| *[Cellini's 8th chapter tells of a commission from Pope Paul III*  
TXTCellini; E670| *for a gift for Emperor Charles V. Cellini suggested an*  
TXTCellini; E670| *allegorical group of "Faith, Hope, and Charity" upholding a*  
TXTCellini; E670| *crucifix of gold. The Pope was induced to order instead a*  
TXTCellini; E670| *breviary of the Virgin bound in jeweled gold.]*  
AnnCellini; E670| *The Pope supposes Nature and the Virgin Mary to be the same*  
AnnCellini; E670| *allegorical personages, but the Protestant considers Nature as*  
AnnCellini; E670| *incapable of bearing a child.*

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TXTYoung; E670| Annotation to Young's Night Thoughts t1496

EDAnnYoung; E670	<i>In his watercolor illumination (NT 199) of Night</i>
EDAnnYoung; E670	<i>the Fifth, lines 735-36 ("But you are learn'd; in Volumes, deep</i>
EDAnnYoung; E670	<i>you sit, / In Wisdom shallow: pompous Ignorance!"), Blake</i>
EDAnnYoung; E670	<i>identifies the pictured volumes of pompous ignorance by the</i>
EDAnnYoung; E670	<i>following titles on their spines:</i>
AnnYoung; E670	<i>PLATO / De / Animae / Immortali/-tate--</i>
AnnYoung; E670	<i>Cicero / De Nat: Deor:</i>
AnnYoung; E670	<i>Plutarchi / Char: Bk:</i>
AnnYoung; E670	<i>Lock / on / human / under</i>

ED; E671| [Inscriptions on drawings of Edward I in his coffin, 1774] *t1498*

Inscr.EdwardI; E671| I The body of Edward y<sup>e</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> as it appeard on first opening  
Inscr.EdwardI; E671| the Coffin.  
Inscr.EdwardI; E671| II The body as it appeard when some of the vestmen[ts] were  
Inscr.EdwardI; E671| remov'd *t1499*

EDInscr.Albion; E671| *engraving* (revised and inscribed ca 1803-10)  
Inscr.Albion; E671| WB inv 1780 *t1501*  
Inscr.Albion; E671| Albion rose from where he labourd at the Mill with Slaves  
Inscr.Albion; E671| Giving himself for the Nations he danc'd the dance of  
Inscr.Albion; E671| Eternal Death

EDInscr.Joseph; E671| *engraving* (revised and inscribed ca 1809-10)  
Inscr.Joseph; E671| JOSEPH of Arimathea among The Rocks of Albion  
Inscr.Joseph; E671| Engraved by W Blake 1773 from an old Italian Drawing *t1500*  
Inscr.Joseph; E671| This is One of the Gothic Artists who Built the Cathedrals  
Inscr.Joseph; E671| in what we call the Dark Ages Wandering about in sheep skins &  
Inscr.Joseph; E671| goat skins of whom the World was not worthy such were the  
Inscr.Joseph; E671| Christians in all Ages  
Inscr.Joseph; E671| Michael Angelo Pinxit

EDInscr.Joseph; E671| *ink* [on a proof of the early state of the  
EDInscr.Joseph; E671| plate]  
Inscr.Joseph; E671| Engraved when I was a beginner at Basires from a drawing by  
Inscr.Joseph; E671| Salviati after Michael Angelo

EDInscr.OurEnd; E672| *engraved*  
EDInscr.OurEnd; E672| [first state of plate]  
Inscr.OurEnd; E672| Our End is come  
Inscr.OurEnd; E672| Publishd June 5: 1793 by W Blake Lambeth  
EDInscr.OurEnd; E672| [second state of plate]  
Inscr.OurEnd; E672| When the senses are shaken *t1502*  
Inscr.OurEnd; E672| And the Soul is driven to madness. Page 56

ED-N-116HistEng; E672| *Notebook p 116, ink*  
ED-N-116HistEng; E672| [List of Subjects for The History of England] *t1503*

N-116HistEng; E672| 1 Giants ancient inhabitants of England  
N-116HistEng; E672| 2 The Landing of Brutus  
N-116HistEng; E672| 3 Corineus throws Gogmagog the Giant into the sea

N-116HistEng; E672| 4 King Lear  
 N-116HistEng; E672| [5] The Ancient Britons according to Caesar [<*The frontispiece*>]  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 6 The Druids  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 7 The Landing of Julius Caesar  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 8 Boadicea inspiring the Britons against the Romans  
 N-116HistEng; E672| <The Britons distress & depopulation  
 N-116HistEng; E672| Women fleeing from War  
 N-116HistEng; E672| Women in a Siege>  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 9 Alfred in the countrymans house  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 10 Edwin & Morcar stirring up the Londoners to resist W the  
 N-116HistEng; E672| Conqr  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 11 W the Conq Crownd  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 12 King John & Mag Charta  
 N-116HistEng; E672| <A Famine occasiond by the Popish interdict>  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 13 Edward at Calais  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 14 Edward the Black Prince brings his Captives to his father  
 N-116HistEng; E672| 15 The Penance of Jane Shore  
 N-116HistEng; E672| <17 [*The Reformation*] by H VIII.>  
 N-116HistEng; E672| <18 [*Ch I beheaded*]>  
 N-116HistEng; E672| [16] [<17>] <19> The Plague  
 N-116HistEng; E672| [17] [<18>] <20> The fire of London  
 N-116HistEng; E672| [18] <16> The Cruelties used by Kings & Priests  
 N-116HistEng; E672| [*whose arts*]  
 N-116HistEng; E672| [19] <21> A prospect of Liberty  
 N-116HistEng; E672| [20] <22> A Cloud

EDInscr.OurEnd; E672| [third state of plate, 1809-10]  
 Inscr.OurEnd; E672| The Accusers of Theft Adultery Murder  
 Inscr.OurEnd; E672| W Blake inv & sculp  
 Inscr.OurEnd; E672| A Scene in the Last Judgment  
 Inscr.OurEnd; E672| Satans' holy Trinity The Accuser The Judge & The Executioner

ED-Inscr.VDA7; E673| [*Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, plate 7]  
 Inscr.VDA7; E673| Wait Sisters  
 Inscr.VDA7; E673| Tho all is Lost

ED-Inscr.MHH11; E673| [*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, plate 11]  
 Inscr.MHH11; E673| Death & Hell  
 Inscr.MHH11; E673| Team with Life

ED-Inscr.MHH14; E673| [The same, plate 14]  
 Inscr.MHH14; E673| a Flaming Sword  
 Inscr.MHH14; E673| Revolving every way

ED-Inscr.BUtitle; E673	[ <i>Urizen</i> , title-page design, date altered to
ED-Inscr.BUtitle; E673	"1796"]
Inscr.BUtitle; E673	Which is the Way
Inscr.BUtitle; E673	The Right or the Left
EDInscr.BU5; E673	[ <i>Urizen</i> , plate 5]
Inscr.BU5; E673	The Book of my Remembrance
ED-Inscr.BU9; E673	[ <i>Urizen</i> , plate 9]
Inscr.BU9; E673	Eternally I labour on
ED-Inscr.BU10; E673	[ <i>Urizen</i> , plate 10]
Inscr.BU10; E673	Does the Soul labour thus
Inscr.BU10; E673	In the Caverns of The Grave
ED-N-116Exodus; E673	<i>Notebook p 116, pencil list</i>
N-116Exodus; E673	Exodus [from] Egypt <i>t1505</i>
N-116Exodus; E673	1 Aaron [ ] 8 Boils & Blains
N-116Exodus; E673	2 Moses [ ] 9 Hail
N-116Exodus; E673	3 River turnd to blood 10 Locusts
N-116Exodus; E673	4 Frogs 11 Darkness
N-116Exodus; E673	5 Lice 12 First born Smitten
N-116Exodus; E673	6 [ <i>Flies</i> Swarms of Flies 13 Red Sea Egyptians Drownd
N-116Exodus; E673	7 Murrain of Beasts
ED-Inscr.Emblems; E674	[On Sketches for Emblems (with Butlin catalogue numbers)]
Inscr.Emblems; E674	<i>t1507</i>
Inscr.Emblems; E674	How I pity (204)
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Inscr.Emblems; E674	Father & Mother I return
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ED-Inscr.Sketches; E674	[Lettering on Sketches for Title Pages] <i>t1508</i>

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The Bible of Hell  
in Nocturnal Visions collected  
Vol. 1. Lambeth (221\*v)

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Inscr.Sketches; E674|

For Children  
The / Gates / of / HELL (205\*r)

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Frontispiece  
It is Deep Midnight (205\*v)

ED; E674| \*

Inscr.Sketches; E674|

Visions of Eternity

ED; E674| \*

Inscr.AmWar; E674|  
Inscr.AmWar; E674|  
Inscr.AmWar; E674|  
Inscr.AmWar; E674|  
Inscr.AmWar; E674|  
Inscr.AmWar; E674|

The  
AMERICAN  
WAR  
Angels to be very small as small as the letters that they may not  
interfere with the subject at bottom which is to be in a stormy  
sky & rain seperated from the angels by Clouds (223A\*r)

ED-Inscr.BU22; E674|  
Inscr.BU22; E674|  
Inscr.BU22; E674|

[*Urizen*, plate 22]  
Frozen doors to mock  
The World: while they within torments uplock

ED-Inscr.Job18; E674|

[List of Apostles (557ii)]

Inscr.Job18; E674|  
Inscr.Job18; E674|  
Inscr.Job18; E674|  
Inscr.Job18; E674|

[On a sketch of Blake's *Job* 18]  
1 Peter P 2 Andrew a 3 James J 4 John J 5 Philip P 6  
Bartholomew B 7 Thomas M 8  
Matthew ?T 9 James ?J 10 Taddeus ?S 11 Judas 12 Simon

## VOLUME

# The dead ardours Perry

W.B. (232\*r)

On the drawing of a tombstone in Night Thoughts design 424

HERE LIETH THOMAS DAY AGED 100 YEARS

[Miscellaneous Inscriptions on Designs (with Butlin catalogue numbers)] *t1509*

Inscr.Misc.wButlin#; E675|

Death of Earl Goodwin (80); the grounds of the small figures Purple (drawing of girl with goblet: 97); Abraham and Isaac (109); Manoah's Sacrifice (116); Behold your King (117); The Good Farmer giving his fields in Famine (122); The spirit of a just man newly departed appearing to his mourning family (135); Joseph's brethren bowing before him (155); Joseph ordering Simeon to be bound (156); Joseph making himself known to his brethren (157); Job / What is Man That thou shouldest Try him Every Moment? (164); Daniel (167); The Reposing Traveller (170); War unchained by an Angel, Fire, Pestilence, and Famine following (187); A Breach in a City, the Morning after a Battle (188); Pestilence (190); Is all joy forbidden (222); The Evil Demon (209); Fate (210); Elohim creating Adam (289); Lamech and his two Wives (297); Nebuchadnezzar (301); Newton (306); Pity (310-315); The House of Death Milton (320); The Good and Evil Angels (323); I was naked (436); Joseph and Jezebel (4.39); Speak ye to the Rock (445); The Devil rebuked (449); The dutiful Daughter-in-law / Ruth (456); Hell beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming.--Isaiah (467); Thou wast perfect / Ezekiel (469); The Humility of the Saviour / Luke. . . (474); This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased: Mattw (475); An exceeding high mountain[.] Then the Devil leaveth him &, behold, angels came & ministered unto him (476); The Transfiguration (484); But Martha was cumbered about much serving (489); Joseph burying Jesus (498); Scaling the Stone and Setting a Watch (499); Two Angels in white the one at the head, and the other at the feet. And behold . . . from the door (501); The Resurrection[.] Christ died & was buried, & arose again according to the Scriptures.ecc (502); The Ascension (505); Felix and Drusilla[.] And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and Judgment to come, Felix trembled, & said, Go thy way for this time, when I have a . . . (508); The Devil is Come Down (522); adam & Eve (532); Journey of Life (572); Theotormon Woven (575); Donald the Hammerer (782); Los

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Inser Misc wPutlin#: E6751

Inser Misc. uButlin#: E6751



Inscr.Misc.wButlin#; E675| walking on the mountains of albion (784); The Lamb of God / The  
Inscr.Misc.wButlin#; E675| Three Tabernacles (792); The Church Yard (793); Death (794);  
Inscr.Misc.wButlin#; E675| Mirth (795); Hope (796); Affection & Love (797); Return Alpheus!  
Inscr.Misc.wButlin#; E675| (800).

ED; E676| [List of Designs for *Poems by Mr. Gray* (1790)]  
ED; E676|

ED; E676| On back of title page  
GraySpring; E676| Ode on the Spring  
GraySpring; E676| Design  
GraySpring; E676| 1. The Pindaric Genius recieving his Lyre  
GraySpring; E676| 2. Gray writing his Poems  
GraySpring; E676| 3. The Purple Year awaking from the Roots of Nature.  
GraySpring; E676| & The Hours suckling their Flowery Infants  
GraySpringQUOTE; E676| 4. "With me the Muse shall sit & think  
GraySpringQUOTE; E676| At ease reclind in rustic. state"  
GraySpringQUOTE; E676| 5. "Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance  
GraySpringQUOTE; E676| Or child by Age"  
GraySpring; E676| 6. Summer Flies reproaching the Poet

GrayCat; E676| Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat  
GrayCat; E676| Design.  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| 1. "Midst the tide  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| Two Angel forms were seen to glide"  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| 2. "Demurest of the Tabby kind"  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| 3. "The pensive Selima  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| Her Ears of Jet & Emrald Eyes  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| She saw & purr'd applause"  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| 4. "Still had she gazd but midst the tide  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| Two Angel forms were seen to glide.  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| The hapless nymph with wonder saw  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| A Whisker first & then a Claw &/c"  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| 5. "Malignant Fate sat by & smild  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| The slippery verge her feet beguild  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| She tumbled headlong in"  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| 6. "Nine times emerging from the flood  
GrayCatQUOTE; E676| "She mew'd to every watry God"

ED; E676| On the drawing of a tombstone in design 8 for Gray's Elegy  
GrayElegy; E676| <DUST THOU ART / HERE LIETH / Wm BLAKE / Age 1000

GrayEton; E677| Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College Design

GrayEton; E677| 1. Windsor terrace. a Boy contemplating a distant view of  
 GrayEton; E677| Eton College.  
 GrayEton; E677| 2. A Boy flying a Kite  
 GrayEton; E677| 3. Two Boys wandering in the woods by Eton College. The  
 GrayEton; E677| Shade of Henry the Sixth is seen among the trees.  
 GrayEton; E677| "Henry's holy shade." line 4  
 GrayEtonQUOTE; E677| 4. "Say Father Thames for thou hast seen  
 GrayEtonQUOTE; E677| Full many a sprightly race  
 GrayEtonQUOTE; E677| Who foremost &/c"  
 GrayEtonQUOTE; E677| 5. "The captive linnet"  
 GrayEtonQUOTE; E677| The rolling circle"  
 GrayEtonQUOTE; E677| murmuring labours" &/c  
 GrayEton; E677| 6. Yet see how all around them wait . . .  
 GrayEton; E677| The vultures of the Mind  
 GrayEton; E677| 7. Ambition this shall tempt to rise  
 GrayEton; E677| Then whirl the wretch from high &/c  
 GrayEton; E677| 8. Lo in the Vale of Years beneath  
 GrayEton; E677| The painful family of Death  
 GrayEton; E677| 9. Where Ignorance is bliss  
 GrayEton; E677| Tis folly to be wise  
 GrayEton; E677| 10. Boys playing at Top.

GrayStory; E677| A Long Story  
 GrayStory; E677| Design  
 GrayStory; E677| 1. A circular Dance  
 GrayStory; E677| 2. Fairies riding on Flies  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| 3. "An ancient Pile of Bui[l]ding which  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| Employd the power of Fairy hands"  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| 4. "The Seals & Maces dancd before him"  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| 5. "A brace of warriors"  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| 6. "Bewitchd the children of the Peasants"  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| 7. "Upstairs in a whirlwind rattle"  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| 8. "Out of the window whisk they flew"  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| 9. "At the Chapel door stand centry"  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| 10. "A sudden fit of ague shook him"  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| 11. "My Lady rose & with a grace  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E677| She smild & bid him come to dinner"

GrayStoryQUOTE; E678| 12. "Guard us from long winded lubbers  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E678| That to Eternity would sing And keep my  
 GrayStoryQUOTE; E678| Lady from her rubbers"

GrayAdversity; E678| Ode to Adversity  
 GrayAdversity; E678| Design

- GrayAdversity; E678| 1. A Widower & children
- GrayAdversity; E678| 2. Grief among the roots of trees
- GrayAdversityQUOTE; E678| 3. "Purple tyrant vainly groans"
- GrayAdversityQUOTE; E678| 4. "Stern rugged Nurse"
- GrayAdversityQUOTE; E678| Virtue Nursd in the Lap of Adversity
- GrayAdversityQUOTE; E678| 5. "In thy Gorgon terrors clad
- GrayAdversityQUOTE; E678| Screaming horrors funeral cry
- GrayAdversityQUOTE; E678| Despair & Fell Disease & ghastly Poverty"
- GrayAdversityQUOTE; E678| 6. "Oh gently on thy suppliants head
- GrayAdversityQUOTE; E678| Dread Goddess lay thy chastening hand"

GrayPoesy; E678| The Progress of Poesy

- GrayPoesy; E678| 1. The Beginning of Poesy. The blind begging Bard
- GrayPoesy; E678| 2. Study
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| 3. "The Laughing flowers that round them blow"
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| Drink life & fragrance as they flow
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| 4. "Perching on the Scepterd hand
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| Of Jove, thy magic lulls the featherd king"
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| 5. "Cythereas Day."
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| 6. "Hyperions march they spy & glittering hafts of war"
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| 7. "Shaggy forms oer Ice built mountains roam"
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| 8. "Alike they scorn the pomp of Tyrant power
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| And coward Vice that revels in her chains
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| 9. "To him the mighty Mother did unveil
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| Her awful Face"
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| 10. "Dryden.
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| "Bright Eyd Fancy hovering o'er"
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| Oft before his Infant eyes would run
- GrayPoesyQUOTE; E678| Such forms as glitter in the Muses ray
- GrayPoesy; E678| 12. A Muse.

GrayBard; E679| The Bard.

- GrayBard; E679| 1. A Welch Bard.
- GrayBard; E679| 2. The Slaughterd Bards, taken from the line
- GrayBard; E679| "The famishd Eagle screams & passes by" Page 98.
- GrayBard; E679| 3. The Bard weaving Edwards fate
- GrayBard; E679| 4. Edward & his Queen & Nobles astonishd at the Bards Song
- GrayBardQUOTE; E679| 5. "Hark how each Giant Oak & Desart Cave
- GrayBardQUOTE; E679| Sigh to the Torrents awful voice beneath"
- GrayBard; E679| 6. "On yonder cliffs. "I see them Sit"
- GrayBard; E679| 7. "Oer thy country hangs" The scourge of heaven"

- GrayBard; E679| 8. The Whirlwind. "Husd in grim repose"  
GrayBardQUOTE; E679| 9. "Fell thirst & Famine scowl  
GrayBardQUOTE; E679| A baleful smile upon their baffled guest"  
GrayBard; E679| 10. The death of Edwards Queen Eleanor from this line  
GrayBardQUOTE; E679| "Half of thy heart we consecrate"  
GrayBard; E679| 11. Elizabeth. "Girt with many a Baron bold"  
GrayBard; E679| 12. Spenser Creating his Fairies.  
GrayBardQUOTE; E679| 13. "Headlong from the Mountains height  
GrayBardQUOTE; E679| Deep in the roaring tide he plungd to endless night"  
GrayBard; E679| 14. A poor Goatherd in Wales.--

GraySisters; E679| The Fatal Sisters

- GraySisters; E679| 1. The Three Fatal Sisters  
GraySisters; E679| 2. A Muse  
GraySisters; E679| 3. Sigtryg with the Silken beard  
GraySistersQUOTE; E679| 4. "Persons of Horseback riding full speed toward a hill  
GraySistersQUOTE; E679| & seeming to Enter into it  
GraySistersQUOTE; E679| 5. "Iron sleet of arrowy shower  
GraySistersQUOTE; E679| Hurtles in the darkend air"  
GraySistersQUOTE; E679| 6. "Shafts for shuttle dyed in gore  
GraySistersQUOTE; E679| Shoot the trembling cords along"  
GraySistersQUOTE; E679| 7. "We the reins to Slaughter give"  
GraySisters; E679| 8. The Fatal Sisters riding thro the Battle. they are calld in  
GraySisters; E679| Some Northern poems "Choosers of the Slain"  
GraySistersQUOTE; E679| 9. "Hurry Hurry to the field"  
GraySisters; E679| 10. A Battle.

GrayOdin; E680| The Descent of Odin

- GrayOdin; E680| 1. The Serpent who girds the Earth  
GrayOdin; E680| 2. Spectres  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| 3. "Him the Dog of Darkness spied"  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| 4. "Right against the eastern gate  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| By the moss grown Pile he sat."  
GrayOdin; E680| 5. The Prophetess Rising from her Grave  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| 6. "Tis the Drink of Balder bold"  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| 7. "A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| Who neer shall comb his raven hair  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| Nor wash his visage in the stream  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| Till he on Hoders corse shall smile"  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| 8. "Ha! No traveller art thou  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| King of Men I know thee Now"  
GrayOdinQUOTE; E680| 9. "Hie thee hence"  
GrayOdin; E680| 10. The Serpent & the Wolvish Dog. two terrors in the Northern

GrayOdin; E680|

## Mythology

GrayOwen; E680|

## The Triumphs of Owen

GrayOwen; E680|

1. A Standard bearer fainting in the routed battle

GrayOwen; E680|

2. A [xxxx] <Festal> board

GrayOwen; E680|

3. The Bard singing Owens praise

GrayOwenQUOTE; E680|

4. "Dauntless on his native sands

GrayOwenQUOTE; E680|

The Dragon son of Mona stands"

GrayOwenQUOTE; E680|

5. "Fear to Stop & Shame to fly"

GrayOwen; E680|

6. The liberal Man inviting the traveller into his house

GrayMusic; E680|

## Ode for Music.

GrayMusic; E680|

1. Fame.

GrayMusic; E680|

2. A bird singing

GrayMusic; E680|

3. A Genius driving away "Comus & his midnight crew"

GrayMusic; E680|

4. Milton struck the corded Shell

GrayMusic; E680|

Newtons self bends from his state sublime

GrayMusicQUOTE; E681|

5. "I wood the gleam of Cynthia silver bright

GrayMusicQUOTE; E681|

Where willowy Comus lingers with delight"

GrayMusicQUOTE; E681|

6. "Great Edward with the lillies on his brow

GrayMusicQUOTE; E681|

To hail the festal morning come"

GrayMusicQUOTE; E681|

7. "Leaning from her golden cloud

GrayMusicQUOTE; E681|

The venerable Margaret"

GrayMusicQUOTE; E681|

8. "The Laureate wreathe"

GrayMusicQUOTE; E681|

9. "Nor fear the rocks nor seek the Shore"

GrayMusic; E681|

10. Fame.

GrayEpitaph; E681|

## Epitaph

GrayEpitaph; E681|

1. The mourner at the tomb

GrayEpitaph; E681|

2. Her infant image here below

GrayEpitaph; E681|

Sits smiling on a Fathers woe

GrayElegy; E681|

## Elegy

GrayElegy; E681|

1. The author writing

GrayElegy; E681|

2. Contemplation among Tombs

GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	3. "The Plowman homeward plods his weary way
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	And leaves the world to darkness & to me"
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	4. "For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	Nor children run to lisp their sires return"
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	5. "Oft did the Harvest to their sickle yield"
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	6. "Chill penury repressd their noble rage"
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	7. "Some Village Hampden that with dauntless breast
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood"
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	8. "Many a holy text around she strews"
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	9. "Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	Haply some hoary beaded swain may say
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	Oft &c"
GrayElegyQUOTE; E681	10. "Slow thro the Churchway path we saw him borne"
GrayElegy; E681	11. A Shepherd reading the Epitaph
GrayElegy; E681	12. A Spirit conducted to Paradise

ED; E681| \*

ED; E682	<i>etched</i>
Inscr.Orc; E682	Chaining of Orc
Inscr.Orc; E682	Type by W Blake 1812

ED; E682| \*

ED; E682	[Descriptions of Illustrations to Milton's
ED; E682	<i>L'Allegro</i> and <i>Il Penseroso</i> ] <i>t1510</i>

ED; E682	Blake's manuscript notes accompanying his watercolors
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MiltonMirthTitle; E682	Mirth. Allegro
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MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	1 Heart easing Mirth.
MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	Haste thee Nymph & bring with thee
MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	Jest & Youthful Jollity
MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	Quips & Cranks & Wanton Wiles
MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	Nods & Becks & wreathed smiles
MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	Sport that wrinkled Care derides
MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	And Laughter holding both his Sides
MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	Come & trip it as you go
MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	On the light phantastic toe
MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	And in thy right hand lead with thee



MiltonMirth1QUOTE; E682	The Mountain Nymph Sweet Liberty
MiltonMirth1; E682	These Personifications are all brought together in the First
MiltonMirth1; E682	Design. Surrounding the Principal Figure which is Mirth herself
MiltonMirth2QUOTE; E682	2 To hear the Lark begin his flight
MiltonMirth2QUOTE; E682	And singing startle the dull Night
MiltonMirth2QUOTE; E682	From his Watch Tower in the Skies
MiltonMirth2QUOTE; E682	Till the dappled Dawn does rise
MiltonMirth2QUOTE; E682	The Lark is an Angel on the Wing Dull Night starts from his
MiltonMirth2; E682	Watch Tower on a Cloud. The Dawn with her dappled Horses arises
MiltonMirth2; E682	above the Earth The Earth beneath awakes at the Larks Voice
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E682	3 Sometime walking not unseen
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E682	By hedgerow Elms on Hillocks green
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	Right against the Eastern Gate
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	When the Great Sun begins his state
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	Robed in Flames & amber Light
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	While the Plowman near at hand
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	Whistles o'er the Furrow'd Land
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	And the Milkmaid singeth blithe
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	And the Mower whets his Scythe
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	And every Shepherd tells his Tale
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	Under the Hawthorn in the Dale
MiltonMirth3QUOTE; E683	The Great Sun is represented clothed in Flames Surrounded by
MiltonMirth3; E683	the Clouds in their Liveries, in their various Offices at the
MiltonMirth3; E683	Eastern Gate. beneath in Small Figures Milton walking by Elms on
MiltonMirth3; E683	Hillocks green The Plowman. The Milkmaid The Mower whetting his
MiltonMirth3; E683	Scythe. & The Shepherd & his Lass under a Hawthorn in the Dale
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	4 Sometimes with secure delight
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	The upland Hamlets will invite
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	When the merry Bells ring round
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	And the jocund Rebecks Sound
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	To many a Youth & many a Maid
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	Dancing in the chequerd Shade
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	And Young & Old come forth to play
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	On a Sunshine Holiday
MiltonMirth4; E683	In this Design is Introduced
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	Mountains on whose barren breast
MiltonMirth4QUOTE; E683	The Labring Clouds do often rest
MiltonMirth4; E683	Mountains Clouds Rivers Trees appear Humanized on the

MiltonMirth4; E683| Sunshine Holiday. The Church Steeple with its merry bells The  
MiltonMirth4; E683| Clouds arise from the bosoms of Mountains While Two Angels sound  
MiltonMirth4; E683| their Trumpets in the Heavens to announce the Sunshine -Holiday

MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| 5 Then to the Spicy Nut brown Ale  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| With Stories told of many a Treat  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| How Fairy Mab the junkets eat  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| She was pinchd & pulld she said  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| And he by Friars Lantern led  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| To earn his Cream Bowl duly set  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| When in one Night e'er glimpse of Morn  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| His shadowy Flail had threshd the Corn  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| That ten day labourers could not end  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| Then crop-full out of door he flings  
MiltonMirth5QUOTE; E683| E'er the first Cock his Matin rings  
MiltonMirth5; E683| The Goblin crop full flings out of doors from his Laborious  
MiltonMirth5; E683| task dropping his Flail & Cream bowl. yawning & stretching  
MiltonMirth5; E683| vanishes into the Sky. In which is seen Queen Mab Eating the  
MiltonMirth5; E683| Junkets. The Sports of the Fairies are seen thro the Cottage  
MiltonMirth5; E683| where "She" lays in Bed "pinchd & pulld" by Fairies as they dance  
MiltonMirth5; E683| on the Bed the Cieling & the Floor & a Ghost pulls the Bed  
MiltonMirth5; E683| Clothes at her Feet. "He" is seen following the Friars Lantern  
MiltonMirth5; E683| towards the Convent

MiltonMirth6QUOTE; E684| 6 There let Hymen oft appear  
MiltonMirth6QUOTE; E684| In Saffron Robe with Taper clear  
MiltonMirth6QUOTE; E684| With Mask & Antique Pageantry  
MiltonMirth6QUOTE; E684| Such sights as Youthful Poets dream  
MiltonMirth6QUOTE; E684| On Summers Eve by haunted Stream  
MiltonMirth6QUOTE; E684| Then lo the well trod Stage anon  
MiltonMirth6QUOTE; E684| If Johnsons learned Sock be on  
MiltonMirth6QUOTE; E684| Or Sweetest Shakespeare Fancys Child  
MiltonMirth6QUOTE; E684| Warble his native wood notes wild  
MiltonMirth6; E684| The youthful Poet sleeping on a bank by the Haunted Stream  
MiltonMirth6; E684| by Sun Set sees in his Dream the more bright Sun of Imagination.  
MiltonMirth6; E684| under the auspices of Shakespeare & Johnson. in which is Hymen at  
MiltonMirth6; E684| a Marriage & the Antique Pageantry attending it

MiltonMelan.7Title; E684| Melancholy. Pensieroso  
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684| 7 Come pensive Nun devout & pure  
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684| Sober stedfast & demure  
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684| All in Robe of darkest grain  
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684| Flowing with majestic train

MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	Come but keep thy wonted state
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	With even step & musing gait
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	And looks commercing with the Skies
MiltonMelan.7; E684	_____
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	And join with thee calm Peace & Quiet
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	Spare Fast who oft with Gods doth diet
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	And hears the Muses in a ring
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	Ay. round about Jove altar sing
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	And add to these retired Leisure
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	Who in trim Gardens takes his pleasure
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	But first & Chiefest with thee bring
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	Him who yon soars on golden Wing
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	Guiding the Fiery wheeled Throne
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	The Cherub Contemplation
MiltonMelan.7; E684	_____
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	Less Philomel will deign a song
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	In her sweetest saddest plight
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	Smoothing the rugged Brow of Night
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	While Cynthia Checks her dragon yoke
MiltonMelan.7QUOTE; E684	Gently o'er the accustomd Oak
MiltonMelan.7; E684	These Personifications are all brought together in this
MiltonMelan.7; E684	design surrounding the Principal Figure Who is Melancholy herself
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	8 To behold the wandring Moon
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	Riding near her highest Noon
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	Like one that has been led astray
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	Thro the heavens wide pathless way
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	And oft as if her head she bowd
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	Stooping thro' a fleecy Cloud
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	Oft on a plat of rising ground
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	I hear the far off Curfew sound
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	Over some wide waterd shore
MiltonMelan.8QUOTE; E684	Swinging slow with sullen roar
MiltonMelan.8; E684	Milton in his Character of a Student at Cambridge. Sees the
MiltonMelan.8; E684	Moon terrified as one led astray in the midst of her path thro
MiltonMelan.8; E684	heaven. The distant Steeple
MiltonMelan.8; E685	seen across a wide water indicates the Sound of the Curfew Bell
MiltonMelan.9QUOTE; E685	Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
MiltonMelan.9QUOTE; E685	With thrice great Hermes or unphear

MiltonMelan.9QUOTE; E685	The Spirit of Plato to unfold
MiltonMelan.9QUOTE; E685	What Worlds or what vast regions hold
MiltonMelan.9QUOTE; E685	The Immortal Mind that has forsook Its
MiltonMelan.9QUOTE; E685	Mansion in this Fleshly nook
MiltonMelan.9QUOTE; E685	And of those Spirits that are found
MiltonMelan.9QUOTE; E685	In Fire. Air. Flood. & Underground
MiltonMelan.9; E685	The Spirit of Plato unfolds his Worlds to Milton in
MiltonMelan.9; E685	Contemplation. The Three destinies sit on the Circles of Platos
MiltonMelan.9; E685	Heavens weaving the Thread of Mortal Life these Heavens are Venus
MiltonMelan.9; E685	Jupiter & Mars, Hermes flies before as attending on the Heaven of
MiltonMelan.9; E685	Jupiter the Great Bear is seen in the Sky beneath Hermes & The
MiltonMelan.9; E685	Spirits of Fire. Air. Water & Earth Surround Miltons Chair
MiltonMelan.10QUOTE; E685	10 And when the Sun begins to fling
MiltonMelan.10QUOTE; E685	His flaring Beams me Goddess bring
MiltonMelan.10QUOTE; E685	To arched walks of twilight Groves
MiltonMelan.10QUOTE; E685	And Shadows brown that Sylvan Coves
MiltonMelan.10; E685	Milton led by Melancholy into the Groves away from the Suns
MiltonMelan.10; E685	flaring Beams who is seen in the Heavens throwing his darts &
MiltonMelan.10; E685	flames of fire The Spirits of the Trees on each side are seen
MiltonMelan.10; E685	under the domination of Insects raised by the Suns heat
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	11 There in close covert by some Brook
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	Where no profaner Eye may look
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	With such concert as they keep
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	Entice the dewy featherd Sleep
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	And let some strange mysterious Dream
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	Wave on his Wings in airy stream
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	Of liveliest Portraiture displayd
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	On my Sleeping eyelids laid
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	And as I wake sweet Music breathe
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	Above; about: or underneath:
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	Sent by some Spirit to Mortals good
MiltonMelan.11QUOTE; E685	Or the unseen Genius of the Wood
MiltonMelan.11; E685	Milton sleeping on a Bank. Sleep descending with a Strange
MiltonMelan.11; E685	Mysterious Dream upon his Wings of Scrolls & Nets & Webs unfolded
MiltonMelan.11; E685	by Spirits in the Air & in the Brook around Milton are Six
MiltonMelan.11; E685	Spirits or Fairies hovering on the air with Instruments of Music
MiltonMelan.12QUOTE; E685	12 And may at last my weary Age
MiltonMelan.12QUOTE; E685	Find out the peaceful Hermitage
MiltonMelan.12QUOTE; E685	The hairy Gown the mossy Cell
MiltonMelan.12QUOTE; E685	Where I may sit & rightly spell
MiltonMelan.12QUOTE; E685	Of every Star that heavn doth shew

MiltonMelan.12QUOTE; E685| And every Herb that sips the dew  
 MiltonMelan.12QUOTE; E685| Till old Experience do attain  
 MiltonMelan.12QUOTE; E685| To somewhat like Prophetic strain  
 MiltonMelan.12; E685| Milton in his Old Age sitting in his Mossy Cell  
 MiltonMelan.12; E685| Contemplating the Constellations. surrounded by the Spirits of  
 MiltonMelan.12; E685| the Herbs & Flowers. bursts forth into a rapturous Prophetic  
 MiltonMelan.12; E685| Strain

EDMiltonMirthEngr.; E686| >[Engraving of Mirth and Her Companions, illustrating  
 EDMiltonMirthEngr.; E686| >Milton's *L'Allegro*]  
 EDMiltonMirthEngr.; E686| >[*Second state, inscribed at bottom.*]  
 MiltonMirthEngr.; E686| Solomon says Vanity of Vanities all is Vanity & what can be  
 MiltonMirthEngr.; E686| Foolisher than this

ED-Varley; E686| [Notes in the Blake-Varley Sketchbook c 1819] *t1511*

Varley5; E686| PAGE 5  
 Varley5; E686| Can you think I can endure to be considered as <a> vapour  
 Varley5; E686| arising from your food? I I will leave you if you doubt I am of  
 Varley5; E686| no [more] <greater> importance than a Butterfly  
 Varley5; E686| Spiritual communication to mr Blake  
 Varley5; E686| Empress Maud not very tall

ED-Varley24; E686| PAGE 24  
 Varley24; E686| [Opposite drawing by Blake of Queen Maud, mother of King  
 Varley24; E686| Henry II, in bed in a Gothic room:] the Empress Maud said  
 Varley24; E686| rose water was in the vessel under the table oct. 29 friday. 11  
 Varley24; E686| P M. 1819.  
 Varley24; E686| & said there were closets which containd all the conveniences for  
 Varley24; E686| the bedchamber

ED-Varley54; E686| PAGE 54  
 Varley54; E686| it is allways to keep yourself collected *t1512*

ED-Varley131; E686| PAGE 131  
 Varley131; E686| Hotspur said *t1513*  
 Varley131; E686| any & we shoud have had the Battle had it not been for those  
 Varley131; E686| cursd Stars  
 Varley131; E686| Hotspur said he was indignant to have been killd  
 Varley131; E686| [by] through the Stars Influence by <such> a Person as  
 Varley131; E686| Prince Hen[r]y who was so much his inferior



ED-DrawingCaption; E686| [Note on a Pencil Drawing of Nine Grotesque Heads]  
DrawingCaption; E686| All Genius varies Thus Devils are various Angels are all alike

ED; E687| *engraved*  
CantPilgEngr.; E687| Chaucers Canterbury Pilgrims *t1514*

CantPilgEngr.; E687| Painted in Fresco by William Blake & by him Engraved & Published  
CantPilgEngr.; E687| . . .

ED-CantPilgEngr.; E687| [Lightly inscribed on the plate in its fourth state, ca  
ED-CantPilgEngr.; E687| 1820:]

CantPilgEngr.; E687| The Use of Money & its Wars  
CantPilgEngr.; E687| An Allegory of Idolatry or Politics

EDInscrJob; E687| [Inscriptions on Blake's *Illustrations of the Book of*  
*Job*, 1825]  
EDInscrJob; E687| [Blake's verbal variants from his source, the King James  
EDInscrJob; E687| Bible]

InscrJobI; E687| I there was born . . . Sons & . . . Daughters  
EDInscrJobI; E687| there were born (Job 1:1-2)  
EDInscrJobI; E687| [After "It is Spiritually Discerned" Blake first wrote  
InscrJobI; E687| Prayer to God is a Study of Imaginative Art".  
InscrJobII; E687| II The Angel of the Divine Presence  
EDInscrJobII; E687| [identified in Hebrew as "King Jehovah"] (not in the Bible)  
InscrJobII; E687| We shall awake up in thy Likeness  
EDInscrJobII; E687| . . . With thy likeness (Psalm xvii:15)  
InscrJobII; E687| the Sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord &  
InscrJobII; E687| Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord  
EDInscrJobII; E687| . . . and Satan came also among them (Job i:6)  
InscrJobIII; E687| III the four faces of the house  
EDInscrJobIII; E687| the four corners . . . (Job i:19)  
InscrJobIV; E687| IV the Sabeans came down & they have slain the  
InscrJobIV; E687| Young Men with the Sword  
EDInscrJobIV; E687| . . . fell upon them . . . yea, they have slain  
EDInscrJobIV; E687| the servants with the edge of the sword (Job i:14-15)  
InscrJobIV; E687| Going to & fro . . . & walking  
InscrJobIV; E687| From going to and fro . . . and from walking (Job i:7)  
InscrJobIV; E687| the flocks & the Young Men  
EDInscrJobIV; E687| the sheep, and the servants (Job i:16)



InscrJobV; E687| V my Soul afflicted for the Poor  
EDInscrJobV; E687| my soul grieved . . . (Job xxx:25)  
InscrJobVI; E687| VI to the crown of his head  
EDInscrJobVI; E687| unto his crown (Job ii:7)  
InscrJobVII; E687| VII every Man . . . towards heaven  
EDInscrJobVI; E687| every one . . . toward heaven (Job ii:12)  
InscrJobIX; E687| IX putteth no trust in his Saints . . . chargeth with folly  
EDInscrJobIX; E687| put no trust in his servants . . . charged . . . (Job iv:17-18)  
InscrJobXI; E687| XI shall come forth like gold  
EDInscrJobXI; E687| . . . as gold (Job xxiii:10)  
InscrJobXI; E687| up like a flower . . . such a one  
EDInscrJobXI; E687| forth like a flower . . . such an one (Job xiv:1-3)  
InscrJobXI; E687| XI With Dreams upon my bed thou searest me & affrightest me with Visions  
EDInscrJobXI; E687| Then thou searest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions (Job vii:14)  
InscrJobXI; E687| Oh that my words were printed in a Book  
EDInscrJobXI; E687| . . . words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! (Job xix:22-27)  
InscrJobXI; E687| latter days  
EDInscrJobXI; E687| latter day (Job xix:22-27)  
InscrJobXI; E687| destroy thou This body  
EDInscrJobXI; E687| worms destroy this body (Job xix:22-27)  
InscrJobXI; E687| consumed be my wrought Image  
EDInscrJobXI; E687| my reins be consumed within me (Job xix:22-27)

InscrGenesis; E688| Genesis *t1517*

ED; E688| [Chapter Titles in Blake's Illustrated Manuscript. A Fragment]

ED; E688|  
InscrGenesis; E688| Chap: 1 The Creation of the Natural Man  
InscrGenesis; E688| Ch. 2 The Natural Man divided into Male & Female & of the  
InscrGenesis; E688| Tree of Life & of the Tree of Good & Evil  
InscrGenesis; E688| Chap. 3. Of the Sexual Nature & its Fall into Generation &  
InscrGenesis; E688| Death  
InscrGenesis; E688| Chap IV How Generation & Death took Possession of the  
InscrGenesis; E688| Natural Man & of the Forgiveness of Sins written upon the  
InscrGenesis; E688| Murderers Forehead

InscrJobXII; E688| XII deep Slumberings  
EDInscrJobXII; E688| deep sleep . . . in slumberings (Job xxxiii:15)  
InscrJobXII; E688| He observeth  
EDInscrJobXII; E688| He seeth (Job xxxiv:21)  
InscrJobXIV; E688| XIV Two Great Lights Sun Moon  
EDInscrJobXIV; E688| two great lights (Genesis i:16)  
InscrJobXV; E688| XV the bright cloud also it is turned about  
EDInscrJobXV; E688| his bright cloud: And it is turned round about (Job xxxvii:11-12)

InscrJobXVI; E688| XVI higher than Heaven . . . deeper than Hell  
 EDInscrJobXVI; E688| as high as heaven. . . deeper than hell (Job xi:8)  
 InscrJobXVII; E688| XVII work of thy hands  
 EDInscrJobXVII; E688| work of thy fingers (Psalm viii:3-4)  
 InscrJobXVIII; E688| XVIII maketh his sun to shine  
 EDInscrJobXVIII; E688| . . . to rise (Matthew v:45)  
 InscrJobXX; E688| XX There were not found Women fair as the Daughters of Job in all the Land  
 EDInscrJobXX; E688| And in all the land were no women found so fir as the daughters of Job (Job xlii:15)  
 InscrJobXXI; E688| XXI Below "In burnt Offerings for Sin thou hast had no Pleasure"  
 EDInscrJobXXI; E688| Blake first wrote  
 EDInscrJobXXI; E688| "Praise to God is the Exercise of Imaginative Art"

ED; E688| [Blake's signature on the drawing for job design XIV] *t1516*  
 ED; E688| [From a tracing] <image here>

ED; E688| [On Blake's Illustrations to Dante] *t1518*

EDInscrDante1; E688| *On design No 1, "HELL Canto 1"*  
 InscrDante1; E688| [*LAGO*] LAGO del CUOR

EDInscrDante3; E688| *On design No 3, "Hell Canto 2", a Jehovah figure*  
 EDInscrDante3; E688| with outstretched hands and with one human and one cloven  
 EDInscrDante3; E688| foot:  
 InscrDante3; E688| The Angry God of This World & his ?Porch in Purgatory

EDInscrDante3; E688| [Lightning below his hands:]  
 InscrDante3; E688| The Thunder of Egypt

EDInscrDante3; E688| [Kneeling figure with symbols of empire:]  
 InscrDante3; E688| Caesar

EDInscrDante4; E689| *On design No 4, "HELL Canto 3", Inscription over*  
 EDInscrDante4; E689| Hell-Gate, with Blake's translation;  
 InscrDante4QUOTE; E689| Lasciate ogni Speranza voi che inentrate  
 InscrDante4; E689| Leave every Hope you who in Enter

EDInscrDante5; E689| *On design No 7, "HELL Canto 4", figure with sword*  
 EDInscrDante5; E689| and laurel crown, in center of diagram of celestial Universe:  
 EDInscrDante5; E689| labeled "Homer" above his crown and "Satan" between his head and  
 EDInscrDante5; E689| his sword  
 EDInscrDante5; E689| [Spheres from outer to inner]

InscrDante5; E689| Vacuum Starry Heaven Saturn Jupiter Mars Sun Venus Mercury Moon  
EDInscrDante5; E689| [all marked as:]  
InscrDante5; E689| Limbo of Weak Shadows  
EDInscrDante5; E689| [then:]  
InscrDante5; E689| Terrestrial Paradise It is an Island in Limbo Purgatory  
InscrDante5; E689| Every thing in Dantes Comedia shews That for Tyrannical  
InscrDante5; E689| Purposes he has made This World the Foundation of All & the  
InscrDante5; E689| Goddess Nature & not the Holy Ghost as Poor Churchill said  
InscrDante5; E689| Nature thou art my Goddess

EDInscrDante5; E689| [Reading after insertions:]  
InscrDante5; E689| . . . & the Goddess Nature <Memory> <is his Inspirer>  
InscrDante5; E689| & not <Imagination> the Holy Ghost. . . .  
InscrDante5; E689| Round Purgatory is Paradise & round Paradise is Vacuum or  
InscrDante5; E689| Limbo. so that Homer is the Center of All I mean the Poetry of  
InscrDante5; E689| the Heathen Stolen & Perverted from the Bible not by Chance but  
InscrDante5; E689| by design by the Kings of Persia and their Generals The Greek  
InscrDante5; E689| Heroes & lastly by The Romans  
InscrDante5; E689| Swedenborg does the same in saying that in this World is the  
InscrDante5; E689| Ultimate of Heaven  
InscrDante5; E689| This is the most damnable Falshood of Satan & his Antichrist

EDInscrDante10; E689| *On sketch for No 10* (on verso of No 56)  
InscrDante10; E689| One of the Whirlwinds of Love  
InscrDante10; E689| Hell Canto 5 Paulo & Francesca

EDInscrDante10; E689| *On engraving of No 10* (in mirror writing)  
InscrDante10; E689| The Whirlwind of Lovers From Dantes Inferno Canto V

EDInscrDante14; E689| *On design No 14*, Plutus  
EDInscrDante14; E689| [Coins in sack labeled:]  
InscrDante14; E689| Money

EDInscrDante15; E689| *On design No 15*, "HELL Canto 7"  
EDInscrDante15; E689| [Battle under water labeled:]  
InscrDante15; E689| The Stygian Lake

EDInscrDante16; E689| *On design No 16*, "HELL Canto 7", [Goddess of  
EDInscrDante16; E689| Fortune in a pit]  
InscrDante16; E689| The hole of a Shit house  
InscrDante16; E689| The Goddess Fortune is the devils servant ready to Kiss any  
InscrDante16; E689| ones Arse

InscrDante16; E689|

Celestial Globe Terrestrial Globe

EDInscrDante17; E689|

*On design No 17, "HELL Canto 7"*

InscrDante17; E689|

Stygian Lake

EDInscrDante36; E689|

*On verso of No 36, erased pencil:*

InscrDante36; E689|

N ?61 last in the Inferno unless ?include Dante lifted by

InscrDante36; E689|

Virgil ?from ?the ?window

EDInscrDante38; E689|

*On design No 38, "HELL Canto 21"*

InscrDante38; E689|

Virgil Casella Dante Venus

EDInscrDante56; E689|

*On verso of No 56, in pencil:*

EDInscrDante56; E689|

Vanni Fucci Hell Canto 24

EDInscrDante72; E690|

*On design No 72, "P-g Canto 2"*

InscrDante72; E690|

Cato

EDInscrDante86; E690|

*On design No 86, "P-g Canto 27"*

InscrDante86; E690|

Leah & Rachel Dantes Dream

EDInscrDante99; E690|

*On design No 99, Mary and Beatrice on sunflower*

InscrDante99; E690|

Saturn (*or* ?Sun)

InscrDante99; E690|

Mary Scepter Looking Glass

EDInscrDante99; E690|

[Two sphinxes labeled]

InscrDante99; E690|

Thrones Dominion[s]

EDInscrDante99; E690|

[sitting on closed volumes, one labeled]

InscrDante99; E690|

corded round

EDInscrDante99; E690|

[the other]

InscrDante99; E690|

Bible chaind round

EDInscrDante99; E690|

[near open volumes labeled]

InscrDante99; E690|

Homer Aristotle

EDInscrDante101; E690|

*On design No 101, diagram of the 9 Circles of*

EDInscrDante101; E690|

Hell *t1519*

InscrDante101; E690|

This is Upside Down When viewd from Hells Gate

EDInscrDante101; E690|

[Written in reverse direction:]

InscrDante101; E690|

But right When Viewd from Purgatory after they have passed the Center

InscrDante101; E690|

In Equivocal Worlds Up & Down are Equivocal

InscrDante101; E690|

Limbo

InscrDante101; E690|

1 Charon 3 Cerberus

InscrDante101; E690| 2 Minos 4 Plutus & Phlegyas  
 InscrDante101; E690| 5 City of Dis furies & Queen of Endless Woe Lesser  
 InscrDante101; E690| Circle Point of the Universe Canto Eleventh line 68  
 InscrDante101; E690| 6 Minotaur The City of Dis seems to occupy the Space between  
 InscrDante101; E690| the Fifth & Sixth Circles or perhaps it occupies both Circles  
 InscrDante101; E690| with its Environs  
 InscrDante101; E690| 7 Centaurs Most likely Dante describes the 7 8 & 9 Circles  
 InscrDante101; E690| in Canto XI v 18 3 Compartments Dante calls them Cerchietti  
 InscrDante101; E690| 8 Geryon Malebolge Containing 10 Gulphs  
 InscrDante101; E690| 9 Lucifer Containing 9 Rounds  
 InscrDante101; E690| It seems as if Dantes supreme Good was something Superior to  
 InscrDante101; E690| the Father or Jesus [*as*] <for> if he gives his rain to  
 InscrDante101; E690| the Evil & the Good & his Sun to the just & the Unjust He could  
 InscrDante101; E690| never have Buildded Dantes Hell nor the Hell of the Bible neither  
 InscrDante101; E690| in the way our Parsons explain it It must have been originally  
 InscrDante101; E690| Formed by the Devil Himself & So I understand it to have been

InscrDante101; E690| Whatever Book is for Vengeance for Sin & whatever Book is  
 InscrDante101; E690| Against the Forgiveness of Sins is not of the Father but of Satan  
 InscrDante101; E690| the Accuser & Father of Hell

ED; E691| [On Blake's Epitome of Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs] *t1520*

EpitomeHervey; E691| [Reading from left to right, bottom to top]  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| Babe Widow Father Baptism. Hervey Angel of Death  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| Virgin Wife Old Age Infancy Husband Angel of Providence  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| Guardian Angel Child Angel of Death Mother Where is your  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| Father The Lost Child Sophronia died in Childbed She died  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| on the Wedding Day Orphan Moses Elias JESUS David  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| Solomon Protecting Angel Aaron Abraham believed God These  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| died for love Ministering Angels Mother of Leah & Rachel  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| Mother of Rebecca Recording Angels Protecting Angel Orphans  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| NOAH Enoch Cain Serpent Abel Eve Adam God out of  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| Christ is a Consuming Fire *t1521*  
 EpitomeHervey; E691| MERCY WRATH

ProspectusTitle; E692| TO THE PUBLIC *October* 10, 1793.

Prospectus;1; E692| The Labours of the Artist, the Poet, the Musician, have been  
Prospectus;1; E692| proverbially attended by poverty and obscurity; this was never  
Prospectus;1; E692| the fault of the Public, but was owing to a neglect of means to  
Prospectus;1; E692| propagate such works as have wholly absorbed the Man of Genius.  
Prospectus;1; E692| Even Milton and Shakespeare could not publish their own works.  
Prospectus;2; E692| This difficulty has been obviated by the Author of the  
Prospectus;2; E692| following productions now presented to the Public; who has  
Prospectus;2; E692| invented a method of Printing both Letter-press and Engraving in  
Prospectus;2; E692| a style more ornamental, uniform, and grand, than any before  
Prospectus;2; E692| discovered, while it produces works at less than one fourth of  
Prospectus;2; E692| the expense.  
Prospectus;3; E692| If a method of Printing which combines the Painter and the  
Prospectus;3; E692| Poet is a phenomenon worthy of public attention, provided that it  
Prospectus;3; E692| exceeds in elegance all former methods, the Author is sure of his  
Prospectus;3; E692| reward.  
Prospectus;4; E692| Mr. Blake's powers of invention very early engaged the  
Prospectus;4; E692| attention of many persons of eminence and fortune; by whose means  
Prospectus;4; E692| he has been regularly enabled to bring before the Public works  
Prospectus;4; E692| (he is not afraid to say) of equal magnitude and consequence with  
Prospectus;4; E692| the productions of any age or country: among which are two large  
Prospectus;4; E692| highly finished engravings (and two more are nearly ready) which  
Prospectus;4; E692| will commence a Series of subjects from the Bible, and another  
Prospectus;4; E692| from the History of England.  
Prospectus;5; E692| The following are the Subjects of the several Works now  
Prospectus;5; E692| published and on Sale at Mr. Blake's, No. 13, Hercules Buildings,  
Prospectus;5; E692| Lambeth.

- Prospectus;list; E693| 1. Job, a Historical Engraving. Size 1 ft.7 1/2 in. by 1  
Prospectus;list; E693| ft. 2 in.: price 12s.  
Prospectus;list; E693| 2. Edward and Elinor, a Historical Engraving. Size 1 ft. 6  
Prospectus;list; E693| 1/2 in. by 1 ft.: price 10s. 6d.  
Prospectus;list; E693| 3. America, a Prophecy, in Illuminated Printing. Folio,  
Prospectus;list; E693| with 18 designs: price 10s. 6d.  
Prospectus;list; E693| 4. Visions of the Daughters of Albion, in Illuminated  
Prospectus;list; E693| Printing. Folio, with 8 designs, price 7s. 6d.  
Prospectus;list; E693| 5. The Book of Thel, a Poem in Illuminated Printing.  
Prospectus;list; E693| Quarto, with 6 designs, price 3s.  
Prospectus;list; E693| 6. The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, in Illuminated  
Prospectus;list; E693| Printing. Quarto, with 14 designs, price 7s.  
Prospectus;list; E693| 6d.



Prospectus;list; E693|  
Prospectus;list; E693|  
Prospectus;list; E693|  
Prospectus;list; E693|  
Prospectus;list; E693|  
Prospectus;list; E693|  
Prospectus;list; E693|

7. Songs of Innocence, in Illuminated Printing. Octavo, with 25 designs, price 5s.
8. Songs of Experience, in Illuminated Printing. Octavo, with 25 designs, price 5s.
9. The History of England, a small book of Engravings. Price 3s.
10. The Gates of Paradise, a small book of Engravings. Price 3s.

Prospectus;6; E693|  
Prospectus;6; E693|  
Prospectus;6; E693|  
Prospectus;7; E693|  
Prospectus;7; E693|  
Prospectus;7; E693|

The Illuminated Books are Printed in Colours, and on the most beautiful wove paper that could be procured,  
No Subscriptions for the numerous great works now in hand are asked, for none are wanted; but the Author will produce his works, and offer them to sale at a fair price.

ED; E693| [On the drawings of Thomas Williams Malkin]

EDOnMalkin; E693|  
EDOnMalkin; E693|

[Paragraph in *A Father's Memoirs of his Child*,  
by Benjamin Heath Malkin. London, 1806, pp 33-34]

OnMalkin; E693|  
OnMalkin; E693|  
OnMalkin; E693|  
OnMalkin; E693|  
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OnMalkin; E693|  
OnMalkin; E693|  
OnMalkin; E693|  
OnMalkin; E693|  
OnMalkin; E693|

They are all firm, determinate outline, or identical form. Had the hand which executed these little ideas been that of a plagiarist, who works only from the memory, we should have seen blots, called masses; blots without form, and therefore without meaning. These blots of light and dark, as being the result of labour, are always clumsy and indefinite; the effect of rubbing out and putting in, like the progress of a blind man, or of one in the dark, who feels his way, but does not see it. These are not so. Even the copy from Raphael's Cartoon of St. Paul preaching, is a firm, determinate outline, struck at once, as Protogenes struck his line, when he meant to make himself known to Apelles. The map of Allestone has the same character of the firm and determinate. All his efforts prove this little boy to have had that greatest of all blessings, a strong imagination, a clear idea, and a determinate vision of things in his own mind.

ED; E693| \*

N-Memo; E694|  
N-Memo; E694|  
N-Memo; E694|

I say I shant live five years  
And if I live one it will be a  
Wonder June 1793

ED; E694| [Memoranda from the Notebook]

N-Memo; E694| Tuesday Janry. 20. 1807 between Two & Seven in the Evening-  
N-Memo; E694| --Despair

N-Memo; E694| Memorandum

N-Memo; E694| To Engrave on Pewter. Let there be first a drawing made  
N-Memo; E694| correctly with black lead pencil, let nothing be to seek, then  
N-Memo; E694| rub it off on the plate coverd with white wax. or perhaps pass it  
N-Memo; E694| thro press. this will produce certain & determind forms on the  
N-Memo; E694| plate & time will not be wasted in seeking them afterwards

N-Memo; E694| Memorandum

N-Memo; E694| To Woodcut on Pewter. lay a ground on the Plate & smoke it  
N-Memo; E694| as for Etching, then trace your outline<s> [*& draw, them with*  
*a needle*]. and beginning with the spots of light on each  
N-Memo; E694| object with an oval pointed needle scrape off the ground. [*&*  
*instead of etching the shadowy strokes*] as a direction for  
N-Memo; E694| your graver then proceed to graving with the ground on the plate  
N-Memo; E694| being as careful as possible not to hurt the ground because it  
N-Memo; E694| being black will shew perfectly what is wanted [*towards*]

N-Memo; E694| Memorandum

N-Memo; E694| To Woodcut on Copper Lay a ground as for Etching. trace &  
N-Memo; E694| instead of Etching the blacks Etch the whites & bite it in

ED; E694| PAGE 14 (facing the first emblem drawing)  
N-p14; E694| Ideas of Good & Evil

ED; E694| PAGE 59

N-Bells8'11; E694| From Bells Weekly Messenger Augst 4. 1811. *t1523*

N-Bells8'11; E694| Salisbury July 29

N-Bells8'11; E694| A Bill of Indictment was preferred against Peter Le Cave for  
N-Bells8'11; E694| Felony but returnd Ignoramus by the Grand jury. It appeared that  
N-Bells8'11; E694| he was in extreme indigence but was an Artist of very superior  
N-Bells8'11; E694| Merit[.] while he was in Wilton [*Jail*] <Goal> he painted  
N-Bells8'11; E694| many Pieces in the Style of Morland some of which are stated to  
N-Bells8'11; E694| be even superior to the performances of that Artist. with whom Le  
N-Bells8'11; E694| Cave lived many years as a Professional Assistant & he states  
N-Bells8'11; E694| that many Paintings of his were

ED; E695| PAGE 67  
N-p67; E695| 23 May 1810 found the Word Golden

ED; E695| PAGE 72  
N-p72; E695| Jesus does not treat [?all ?alike] because he makes a Wide  
N-p72; E695| Distinction between the Sheep & the Goats consequently he is Not  
N-p72; E695| Charitable

ED; E695| [Paper cut away]

ED; E695| PAGE 96  
N-p96; E695| Who shall bind the Infinite

ED; E695| PAGE 92 REVERSED  
N-p92; E695| Every thing which is in harmony with me I call In harmony--  
N-p92; E695| But there may be things which are Not in harmony with Me & yet  
N-p92; E695| are in a More perfect Harmony

ED; E695| PAGE 101 REVERSED *t1524*  
N-p101; E695| |*O Lapwing &c*  
N-p101; E695| |*An answer to the Parson*  
N-p101; E695| on 1 Plate {*Experiment*  
N-p101; E695| |*Riches*  
N-p101; E695| |*If you &c*

N-Bells8'11; E695| only Varnished over by Morland & sold by that Artist as his own.  
N-Bells8'11; E695| Many of the Principal Gentlemen of the County have visited Le  
N-Bells8'11; E695| Cave in the Goal & declared his drawings & Paintings in many  
N-Bells8'11; E695| instances to excel Morlands. The Writer of this Article has seen  
N-Bells8'11; E695| many of Le Caves Works & tho he does not pretend to the knowledge  
N-Bells8'11; E695| of ail artist yet he considers them as Chaste delineations of  
N-Bells8'11; E695| Rural Objects.

N-Bells8'11; E695| Such is the Paragraph It confirms the Suspition I  
N-Bells8'11; E695| entertained concerning those two [*Prints*] I Engraved  
N-Bells8'11; E695| From for J. R. Smith. That Morland could not have Painted them  
N-Bells8'11; E695| as they were the works of a Correct Mind & no Blurrer

ED; E695| \*

ED; E695| PAGE 64

N-p64; E695| I always thought that Jesus Christ was a Snubby or I should  
N-p64; E695| not have worshipd him if I had thought he had been one of those  
N-p64; E695| long spindle nosed rascals

ED; E696| [Fortunes in Bysshe] *t1525*

N-Bysshe; E696| <South Molton Street>

N-Bysshe; E696| Sunday August . 1807 My Wife was told by a Spirit to look  
N-Bysshe; E696| for her fortune by opening by chance a book which she had in her  
N-Bysshe; E696| hand it was Bysshes Art of Poetry. She open'd the following

N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| I saw 'em kindle with Desire  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| While with soft sighs they blew the fire  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Saw the approaches of their joy  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| He growing more fierce & she less coy  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Saw how they mingled melting rays  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Exchanging Love a thousand ways  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Kind was the force on every side  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Her new desire she could not hide  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Nor would the shepherd be denied  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| The blessed minute he pursu'd  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Till she transported in his arms  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Yields to the Conqueror all her charms  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| His panting breast to hers now join'd  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| They feast on raptures unconfin'd  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Vast & luxuriant such as prove  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| The immortality of Love  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| For who but a Divinity  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Could mingle souls to that degree  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| And melt them into Extasy  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Now like the Phoenix both expire  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| While from the ashes of their fire  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Spring up a new & soft desire  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Like charmers thrice they did invoke  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| The God & thrice new Vigor took  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| BEHN

N-Bysshe; E696| I was so well pleased with her Luck that I thought I would try my  
N-Bysshe; E696| Own & open the following  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| As when the winds their airy quarrel try  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Justling from every quarter of the Sky  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| This way & that the Mountain oak they bear  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| His boughs they shatter & his branches tear

ED; E696| PAGE 89

N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| With leaves & falling mast they spread the Ground  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| The hollow Valleys Eccho [*the*] to the Sound  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Unmovd the royal plant their fury mocks  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| Or shaken clings more closely to the rocks  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| For as he shoots his lowring head on high  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| So deep in earth his fixd foundations lie  
N-ByssheQUOTE; E696| DRYDENS VIRGIL

ED; E697| [Inscriptions in the ms of *The Four Zoas*]

ED; E697| PAGE 56

FZ56inscr; E697| Christs Crucifix shall be made an excuse for Executing  
FZ56inscr; E697| Criminals

ED; E697| PAGE 88 On a leaf of the ms cut from a print of *Edward & Elenor*(1793)

FZ88inscr; E697| The Christian Religion teaches that No Man is Indifferent to  
FZ88inscr; E697| you but that every one is Either Your friend or your enemy. he  
FZ88inscr; E697| must necessarily be either the one [*of*] or the other And  
FZ88inscr; E697| that he will be equally profitable both ways if you treat him as  
FZ88inscr; E697| he deserves

ED; E697| PAGE 93

FZ93inscr; E697| Unorganizd Innocence, All Impossibility  
FZ93inscr; E697| Innocence dwells with Wisdom but never with Ignorance

ED; E697| \*

ED; E697| \*

ED; E697| [Riddles Answered] *t1526*  
ED; E697| *manuscript fragment*, in Blake's hand but not invented by  
ED; E697| him

msFragRiddlesAns; E697| his wit has not

msFragRiddlesAns; E697| [be]cause he is always thinking of his End  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| which has brimstone at both Ends  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| Pair of Spectacles  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| Ring her hands  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| the Garden of Eden  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| Duck  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| [wh]en he calls her A Love lie Girl  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| [t]hat LoveErrs  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| forwards  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| an Ell taken from London is Undone  
 msFragRiddlesAns; E697| because they are [*Isinglass*] Eyes in Glass

ED; E698| [Blake's Autograph in the Album of William Upcott] *t1527*  
 Autograph; E698| WILLIAM BLAKE one who is very much delighted with being in  
 Autograph; E698| good Company  
 Autograph; E698| Born 28 Novr 1757 in London  
 Autograph; E698| & has died several times since  
 Autograph; E698| January 16  
 Autograph; E698| 1826  
 Autograph; E698| The above was written & the drawing annexed by the desire of  
 Autograph; E698| Mr Leigh how far it is an Autograph is a Question I do not  
 Autograph; E698| think an Artist can write an Autograph especially one who has  
 Autograph; E698| Studied in the Florentine & Roman Schools as such an one will  
 Autograph; E698| Consider what he is doing but an Autograph as I understand it, is  
 Autograph; E698| Writ helter skelter like a hog upon a rope or a Man who walks  
 Autograph; E698| without Considering whether he shall run against a Post or a  
 Autograph; E698| House or a Horse or a Man & I am apt to believe that what is done  
 Autograph; E698| without meaning is very different from that which a Man Does with  
 Autograph; E698| his Thought & Mind & ought not to be Calld by the Same Name.  
 Autograph; E698| I consider the Autograph of Mr Cruikshank which very justly  
 Autograph; E698| stands first in the Book & that Beautiful Specimen of Writing by  
 Autograph; E698| Mr Comfield & my own; as standing [in] the same Predicament they  
 Autograph; E698| are in some measure Works of Art & not of Nature or Chance  
 AutographQUOTE; E698| Heaven born the Soul a Heavenward Course must hold  
 AutographQUOTE; E698| For what delights the Sense is False & Weak  
 AutographQUOTE; E698| Beyond the Visible World she soars to Seek  
 AutographQUOTE; E698| Ideal Form, The Universal Mold  
 Autograph; E698| Michael Angelo. Sonnet as Translated by Mr Wordsworth



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- [23 \[To Thomas Butts 22 November 1802\]](#)
- ["With happiness stretched across the hills"](#)
- [24 \[To\] Mr Butts Jany 10. 1803](#)
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- [26 \[To\] Mr Butts April 25. 1803](#)
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[77 To John Linnell Esqre \[April 1826\]](#)  
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[79 To John Linnell Esqre \[2 July 1826\]](#)  
[80 \[To\] John Linnell Esqre 5 July 1826](#)  
[81 To Mr John Linnell July 14: 1826](#)  
[82 To John Linnell Esqre July 16--1826](#)  
[83 \[To\] Mr Linnell 29 July 1826](#)  
[84 To Mr Linnell Augst 1. 1826](#)  
[85 To Mrs Charles Aders 29 Decr 1826](#)  
[86 \[To\] Mr Linnell Jany 27 1827](#)  
[87 \[To\] Mr Linnell \[February 1827\]](#)  
[88 \[To\] J\[ohn\] Linnell Esqre \[?February 1827\]](#)  
[89 \[To\] Mr Linnell 15 March 1827](#)  
[90 To Miss \[Maria\] Denman \[14\] March 1827](#)  
[91 \[To\] George Cumberland Esqre 12 April 1827](#)  
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EDL1Reverly10'91; E699| [To Willey Reveley]

EDL1Reverly10'91; E699|

[On or after 18 October 1791]

L1.Reverly10'91; E699|

Mr Blakes Compts to Mr Reveley tho full of work [*as Mr R said*

L1.Reverly10'91; E699|

*he should be by then [tho] the plates were put in hand*] he

L1.Reverly10'91; E699|

is glad to embrace the offer of engraving such beautiful things.

L1.Reverly10'91; E699|

& will do what he can by the end of January

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L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| [To] G[eorge] Cumberland Esq<sup>r</sup> Bishopsgate  
L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| near Egham, Surrey

L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| Lambeth, 6 Decemb<sup>r</sup> 1795 [Postmark: 10 December]  
L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| Dear Sir  
L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| I congratulate you not on any atchievement. because I  
L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| know. that the Genius that produces. these Designs can execute  
L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| them in any manner. notwithstanding the pretended Philosophy  
L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| which teaches that Execution is the power of One & Invention of  
L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| Another--Locke says it i[s *the*] same faculty that  
L2.1Cumberland12'95; E699| Invents Judges, & I say he who can Invent can Execute.

L2.2Cumberland12'95; E700| As to laying on the Wax it is as follows  
L2.3Cumberland12'95; E700| Take a cake of Virgins wax <([*if it can be found*] [*if*  
L2.3Cumberland12'95; E700| *such be*])< I dont know what animal produces it>> & stroke it  
L2.3Cumberland12'95; E700| regularly over the surface of a warm Plate. (the Plate must be  
L2.3Cumberland12'95; E700| warm enough to melt the Wax as it passes over) then immediately  
L2.3Cumberland12'95; E700| draw a feather over it & you will get all even surface which when  
L2.3Cumberland12'95; E700| cold will recieve any impression minutely  
L2.4Cumberland12'95; E700| Note The danger is in not covering the Plate*All*  
L2.4Cumberland12'95; E700| *ove*  
L2.5Cumberland12'95; E700| Now You will I hope shew all the family of Antique Borers,  
L2.5Cumberland12'95; E700| that Peace & Plenty & Domestic Happiness is the Source of Sublime  
L2.5Cumberland12'95; E700| Art, & prove to the Abstract Philosophers--that Enjoyment & not  
L2.5Cumberland12'95; E700| Abstinence is the food of Intellect.  
L2.5Cumberland12'95; E700| Yours sincerely  
L2.5Cumberland12'95; E700| WILL BLAKE  
L2.6Cumberland12'95; E700| Health to Mr Cumberland & Family  
L2.7Cumberland12'95; E700| The pressure necessary to roll off the lines is the same  
L2.7Cumberland12'95; E700| as when you print, or not quite so great. I have not been able  
L2.7Cumberland12'95; E700| to send a proof of the bath tho I have done the corrections. my  
L2.7Cumberland12'95; E700| paper not being in order.

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L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

Lambeth 23 Decembr 1796 a Merry Christmas

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

Dear Cumberland

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

I have lately had some pricks of conscience on account of

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

not acknowledging your friendship to me [*before*]

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

immediately on the reciet of your. beautiful book. I have

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

likewise had by me all the summer 6 Plates which you desired me

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

to get made for you. they have laid on my shelf. without speaking

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

to tell me whose they were or that they were [*there*] at

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

all & it was some time (when I found them) before I could divine

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

whence they came or whither they were bound or whether they were

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

to lie there to eternity. I have now sent them to you to be

L3.1Cumberland12'96; E700|

transmuted, thou real Alchymist!

L3.2Cumberland12'96; E700|

Go on Go on. such works as yours Nature & Providence the

L3.2Cumberland12'96; E700|

Eternal Parents demand from their children how few produce them

L3.2Cumberland12'96; E700|

in such perfection how Nature smiles on them. how Providence

L3.2Cumberland12'96; E700|

rewards them. How all your Brethren say, The sound of his harp

L3.2Cumberland12'96; E700|

& his flute heard from his secret forest chears us to the labours

L3.2Cumberland12'96; E700|

of life. & we plow & reap forgetting our labour

L3.3Cumberland12'96; E700|

Let us see you sometimes as well as sometimes hear from you

L3.3Cumberland12'96; E700|

& let us often See your Works

L3.4Cumberland12'96; E700|

Compliments to Mr Cumberland & Family

L3.4Cumberland12'96; E700|

Yours in head & heart

L3.4Cumberland12'96; E700|

WILL BLAKE

ED; E701| 4

L4.1Trustler8'99; E701|

To The Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Trusler

L4.1Trustler8'99; E701|

Hercules Build<sup>gs</sup> Lambeth Aug<sup>st</sup> 16. 1799

L4.1Trustler8'99; E701|

Rev<sup>d</sup> Sir

L4.1Trustler8'99; E701|

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

L4.2Trustler8'99; E701|

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

L4.3Trustler8'99; E701|

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

L4.4Trustler8'99; E701|

The Design I have Sent. Is

L4.5Trustler8'99; E701|

A Father taking leave of his Wife & Child. Is watch'd by Two Fiends incarnate. with intention that when his back is turned they will murder the mother & her infant--If this is not Malevolence with a vengeance I have never seen it on Earth. & if you approve of this I have no doubt of giving you Benevolence with Equal Vigor. as also Pride & Humility. but cannot previously describe in words what I mean to Design for fear I should Evaporate [*some of m*] the Spirit of my Invention. But I hope that none of my Designs will be destitute of Infinite Particulars which will present themselves to the Contemplator. And tho I call them Mine I know that they are not Mine being of the same opinion with Milton when he says That the Muse visits his Slumbers & awakes & governs his Song when Morn purples The East. & being also in the predicament of that prophet who says I cannot go beyond the command of the Lord to speak good or bad If you approve of my Manner & it is agreeable to you. I would rather Paint Pictures in oil of the same dimensions than make Drawings. & on the same terms. by this means you will have a

L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|

L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|

L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|  
L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|  
L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|  
L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|  
L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|  
L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|  
L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|  
L4.6Trustler8'99; E701|

number of Cabinet pictures. which I flatter myself will not be  
unworthy of a Scholar of Rembrant & Teniers. whom I have Studied  
no less than Rafael & Michael angelo--Please to send me your  
orders respecting this & In my next Effort I promise more  
Expedition

I am Rev<sup>d</sup> Sir

Your very humble serv<sup>t</sup>

WILL<sup>m</sup> BLAKE

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L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| [To] Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Trusler, Englefield Green, Egham, Surrey

L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| 13 Hercules Buildings,.Lambeth, August 23, 1799

EDL5; E1Trustler8'99; E702| [Postmark: 28 August]

L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| Rev<sup>d</sup> Sir

L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| I really am sorry that you are falln out with the Spiritual  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| World Especially if I should have to answer for it I feel very  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| sorry that your Ideas & Mine on Moral Painting differ so much as  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| to have made you angry with my method of Study. If I am wrong I  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| am wrong in good company. I had hoped your plan comprehended All  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| Species of this Art & Especially that you would not reject that  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| Species which gives Existence to Every other. namely Visions of  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| Eternity You say that I want somebody to Elucidate my Ideas. But  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| you ought to know that What is Grand is necessarily obscure to  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| Weak men. That which can be made Explicit to the Idiot is not  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| worth my care. The wisest of the Ancients considerd what is not  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| too Explicit as the fittest for Instruction because it rouzes the  
L5.1Trustler8'99; E702| faculties to act. I name Moses Solomon Esop Homer Plato  
L5.2Trustler8'99; E702| But as you have favord me with your remarks on my Design  
L5.2Trustler8'99; E702| permit me in return to defend it against a mistaken one, which  
L5.2Trustler8'99; E702| is. That I have supposed Malevolence without a Cause.--Is not  
L5.2Trustler8'99; E702| Merit in one a Cause of Envy in another & Serenity & Happiness &  
L5.2Trustler8'99; E702| Beauty a Cause of Malevolence. But Want of Money & the Distress  
L5.2Trustler8'99; E702| of A Thief can never be alledged as the Cause of his Thievery.  
L5.2Trustler8'99; E702| for many honest people endure greater hard ships with Fortitude  
L5.2Trustler8'99; E702| We must therefore seek the Cause elsewhere than in want of Money  
L5.2Trustler8'99; E702| for that is the Misers passion, not the Thiefs  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702| I have therefore proved your Reasonings Ill proportiond  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702| which you can never prove my figures to be. They are those of  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702| Michael Angelo Rafael & the Antique & of the best living Models.  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702| I percieve that your Eye[s] is perverted by Caricature  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702| Prints, which ought not to abound so much as they do. Fun I love  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702| but too much Fun is of all things the most loathsom. Mirth is  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702| better than Fun & Happiness is better than Mirth--I feel that a  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702| Man may be happy in This World. And I know that This World Is a  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702| World of Imagination & Vision I see Every thing I paint In This

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L5.3Trustler8'99; E702|  
L5.3Trustler8'99; E702|

World, but Every body does not see alike. To the Eyes of a Miser a Guinea is more beautiful than the Sun & a bag worn with the use of Money has more beautiful proportions than a Vine filled with Grapes. The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the Eyes of others only a Green thing that stands in the way. Some See Nature all Ridicule & Deformity & by these I shall not regulate my proportions, & Some Scarce see Nature at all But to the Eyes of the Man of Imagination Nature is Imagination itself. As a man is So he Sees. As the Eye is formed such are its Powers You certainly Mistake when you say that the Visions of Fancy are not be found in This World. To Me This World is all One continued Vision of Fancy or Imagination & I feel Flatterd when I am told So. What is it sets Homer Virgil & Milton in so high a rank of Art. Why is the Bible more

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L5.5Trustler8'99; E703|  
L5.5Trustler8'99; E703|

Entertaining & Instructive than any other book. Is it not because they are addressed to the Imagination which is Spiritual Sensation & but mediately to the Understanding or Reason Such is True Painting and such <was> alone valued by the Greeks & the best modern Artists. Consider what Lord Bacon says "Sense sends over to Imagination before Reason have judged & Reason sends over to Imagination before the Decree can be acted." See Advancemt of Learning Part 2 P 47 of first Edition  
But I am happy to find a Great Majority of Fellow Mortals who can Elucidate My Visions & Particularly they have been Elucidated by Children who have taken a greater delight in contemplating my Pictures than I even hoped. Neither Youth nor Childhood is Folly or Incapacity Some Children are Fools & so are some Old Men. But There is a vast Majority on the side of Imagination or Spiritual Sensation  
To Engrave after another Painter is infinitely more laborious than to Engrave ones own Inventions. And of the Size you require my price has been Thirty Guineas & I cannot afford to do it for less. I had Twelve for the Head I sent you as a Specimen, but after my own designs I could do at least Six times the quantity of labour in the same time which will account for the difference of price as also that Chalk Engraving is at least six times as laborious as Aqua tinta. I have no objection to Engraving after another Artist. Engraving is the profession I was apprenticed to, & should never have attempted to live by any thing else If orders had not come in for my Designs & Paintings, which I have the pleasure to tell you are Increasing Every Day. Thus If I am a Painter it is not to be attributed to Seeking after. But I am contented whether I live by Painting or Engraving

L5.5Trustler8'99; E703|  
L5.5Trustler8'99; E703|

I am Rev<sup>d</sup> Sir Your very obedient servant  
WILLIAM BLAKE

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L6.1Cumberland8'99; E703|  
L6.1Cumberland8'99; E703|

[To] Mr [George] Cumberland, Bishopsgate,  
Windsor Great Park

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L6.2Cumberland8'99; E703|  
L6.2Cumberland8'99; E703|

Hercules Buildings, Lambeth. Aug<sup>st</sup> 26. 1799  
Dear Cumberland  
I ought long ago to have written to you to thank you for  
your kind recommendation to D<sup>r</sup> Trusler which tho it has faild of  
success is not the less to be rememberd by me with Gratitude--  
I have made him a Drawing in my best manner he has sent it  
back with a Letter full of Criticisms in which he says it accords  
not with his Intentions which are to Reject all Fancy from his  
Work. How far he Expects to please I cannot tell. But as I  
cannot paint Dirty rags & old Shoes where I ought to place Naked  
Beauty or simple ornament. I despair of Ever pleasing one Class  
of Men--Unfortunately our authors of books are among this Class  
how soon we Shall have a change for the better I cannot Prophecy.  
D<sup>r</sup> Trusler says

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L6.3Cumberland8'99; E704|  
L6.4Cumberland8'99; E704|

"*Your Fancy* from what I have seen of it. & I have seen  
variety at Mr Cumberlands seems to be in the other world or the  
World of Spirits. which accords not with my Intentions. which  
whilst living in This World Wish to follow *the Nature of it*"  
I could not help Smiling at the difference between the  
doctrines of D<sup>r</sup> Trusler & those of Christ. But however for his  
own sake I am sorry that a Man should be so enamoured of  
Rowlandsons caricatures as to call them copies from life &  
manners or fit Things for a Clergyman to write upon  
Pray let me intreat you to persevere in your Designing it is  
the only source of Pleasure all your other pleasures depend  
upon It. It is the Tree Your Pleasures are the Fruit. Your  
Inventions of Intellectual Visions are the Stamina of every thing  
you value. Go on if not for your own sake yet for ours who love  
& admire your works. but above all For the Sake of the Arts. Do  
not throw aside for any long time the honour intended you by  
Nature to revive the Greek workmanship. I study your outlines as  
usual just as if they were antiques.  
As to Myself about whom you are so kindly Interested. I

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L6.4Cumberland8'99; E704|  
L6.4Cumberland8'99; E704|

live by Miracle. I am Painting small Pictures from the Bible.  
For as to Engraving in which art I cannot reproach myself with  
any neglect yet I am laid by in a corner as if I did not Exist &  
Since my Youngs Night Thoughts have been publishd Even Johnson &  
Fuseli have discarded my Graver. But as I know that He who Works  
& has his health cannot starve. I laugh at Fortune & Go on &  
on. I think I foresee better Things than I have ever seen. My  
Work pleases my employer & I have an order for Fifty small  
Pictures at One Guinea each which is Something better than mere  
copying after another artist. But above all I feel myself happy  
& contented let what will come having passed now near twenty  
years in ups & downs I am used to them & perhaps a little  
practise in them may turn out to benefit. It is now Exactly  
Twenty years since I was upon the ocean of business & Tho I laugh  
at Fortune I am perswaded that She Alone is the Governor of  
Worldly Riches. & when it is Fit She will call on me till then I  
wait with Patience in hopes that She is busied among my Friends.  
With Mine & My Wifes best compliments to Mrs Cumberland  
I remain  
Yours sincerely  
WILL<sup>m</sup> BLAKE

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EDL7.Hayley2'00; E704| [To William Hayley]

EDL7.Hayley2'00; E704| [18 February 1800]

EDL7.Hayley2'00; E704| [Blake's engraving of a pencil sketch of *The Death of Demosthene*

EDL7.Hayley2'00; E704| by Hayley's son Thomas Alphonso]

L7.Hayley2'00; E704| has been approved by Mr Flaxman.

EDL7.Hayley2'00; E704| [Blake adds his hopes that the young artist]

L7.Hayley2'00; E705| will soon be well enough to make

L7.Hayley2'00; E705| hundreds of designs both for the engraver and the sculptor.

EDL7Hayley2'00; E705| [Extract from Gilchrist, *Life of Blake*, 1880]

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L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      [To] William Hayley Esq<sup>r</sup> Eartham,  
L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      near Chichester, Sussex

L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      Hercules Buildings, Lambeth 1 April 1800

L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      Dear Sir,

L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      With all possible Expedition I send you a proof of my  
L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      attempt to Express your & our Much Beloveds Countenance. M<sup>r</sup>  
L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      Flaxman has seen it & approved of my now sending it to you for  
L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      your remarks. Your Sorrows and your dear sons May Jesus and  
L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      his Angels assuage & if it is consistent with his divine  
L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      providence restore him to us & to his labours of Art & Science in  
L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      this world. So prays a fellow sufferer & Your humble servant,  
L8.Hayley4'00; E705|      WILL<sup>m</sup> BLAKE

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L9.Hayley5'00; E705|  
L9.Hayley5'00; E705|

[To] William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>, Eartham,  
near Chichester, Sussex

L9.Hayley5'00; E705|

Lambeth May 6 1800.

L9.Hayley5'00; E705|

Dear Sir

L9.Hayley5'00; E705|

I am very sorry for your immense loss, which is a repetition  
of what all feel in this valley of misery & happiness mixed--I  
send the Shadow of the departed Angel. hope the likeness is  
improved. The lip I have again lessened as you advised & done a  
good many other softenings to the whole--I know that our  
deceased friends are more really with us than when they were  
apparent to our mortal part. Thirteen years ago. I lost a  
brother & with his spirit I converse daily & hourly in the  
Spirit. & See him in my remembrance in the regions of my  
Imagination. I hear his advice & even now write from his  
Dictate--Forgive me for expressing to you my Enthusiasm which I  
wish all to partake of Since it is to me a Source of Immortal  
Joy even in this world by it I am the companion of Angels. May  
you continue to be so more & more & to be more & more perswaded.  
that every Mortal loss is an Immortal Gain. The Ruins of Time  
builds Mansions in Eternity.--I have also sent A Proof of  
Pericles for your Remarks thanking you for the kindness with  
which you Express them & feeling heartily your Grief with a  
brothers Sympathy

L9.Hayley5'00; E705|

I remain Dear Sir Your humble Servant

L9.Hayley5'00; E705|

WILLIAM BLAKE

L9.Hayley5'00; E705|

L9.Hayley5'00; E705|

L10.1Cumberland7'00; E706|

[To] Mr [George] Cumberland, Bishopsgate,  
Windsor Great Park

[illegible]

13 Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, 2 July 1800

Dear Cumberland

I have to congratulate you on your plan for a National Gallery being put into Execution. All your wishes shall in due time be fulfilled the immense flood of Grecian light & glory which is coming on Europe will more than realize our warmest wishes. Your honours will be unbounded when your plan shall be carried into Execution as it must be if England continues a Nation. I hear that it is now in the hands of Ministers That the King shews it great Countenance & Encouragement, that it will soon be up before Parliament & that it *must* be extended & enlarged to take in Originals both of Painting & Sculpture by considering Every valuable original that is brought into England or can be purchasd Abroad as its objects of Acquisition. Such is the Plan as I am told & such must be the plan if England wishes to continue at all worth notice as you have yourself observd only now we must possess Originals as well as France or be Nothing Excuse I intreat you my not returning Thanks at the proper moment for your kind present. No perswasion could make my stupid head believe that it was proper for me to trouble you with a letter of meer Compliment & Expression of thanks. I begin to Emerge from a Deep pit of Melancholy, Melancholy without any real reason for it, a Disease which God keep you from & all good men. Our artists of all ranks praise your outlines & wish for more. Flaxman is very warm in your commendation & more and more of A Grecian. Mr Hayley has lately mentiond your Work on outline in Notes to [*Epistles on Sculpture*] an Essay on Sculpture in Six Epistles to John Flaxman, I have been too little among friends which I fear they will not Excuse & I know not how to [*gi*] apologize for. Poor Fuseli sore from the lash of Envious tongues praises you & dispraises with the same breath he is not naturally good natured but he is artificially very ill natured yet even from him I learn the Estimation you are held in among artists & connoisseurs. I am still Employd in making Designs & little Pictures with



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L10.3Cumberland7'00; E706|  
L10.3Cumberland7'00; E706|

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

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L10.4Cumberland7'00; E707|

it appears to be Law & Gospel too, at least I hear so from the few friends I have dared to visit in my stupid Melancholy. Excuse this communication of sentiments which I felt necessary to my repose at this time. I feel very strongly that I neglect my Duty to my Friends, but It is not want of Gratitude or Friendship but perhaps an Excess of both. Let me hear of your welfare. Remember My & My Wifes Respectful Compliments to Mrs Cumberland & Family & believe me to be for Ever  
Yours  
WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E707|    11    *t1529*

L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    [To] Mr [John] Flaxman, Buckingham Street,  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    Fitzroy Square

EDL11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    [Postmark: 2 o'clock 12 Sp. 1800]

L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    My Dearest Friend,  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    It is to you I owe All my present Happiness It is to you I  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    owe perhaps the Principal Happiness of my life. I have presumd  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    on your friendship in staying so long away & not calling to know  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    of your welfare but hope, now every thing is nearly completed for  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    our removal [from] <to> Felfham, that I shall see you on Sunday  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    as we have appointed Sunday afternoon to [ca]ll on M<sup>rs</sup> Flaxman at  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    Hempstead. I send you a few lines which I hope you will Excuse.  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    And As the time is now arrivd when Men shall again converse in  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    Heaven & walk with Angels I know you will be pleased with the  
L11.1Flaxman9'00; E707|    Intention & hope you will forgive the Poetry.

L11.verseTitleFlaxman9'00; E707|    To My Dearest Friend John Flaxman these lines

L11.verse1Flaxman9'00; E707|    I bless thee O Father of Heaven & Earth that ever I saw Flaxmans face  
L11.verse2Flaxman9'00; E707|    Angels stand round my Spirit in Heaven. the blessed of Heaven are my friends  
upon Earth  
L11.verse3Flaxman9'00; E707|    When Flaxman was taken to Italy. Fuseli was giv'n to me for a season  
L11.verse4Flaxman9'00; E707|    And now Flaxman hath given me Hayley his friend to be mine such my lot upon  
Earth  
L11.verse5Flaxman9'00; E707|    Now my lot in the Heavens is this; Milton lovd me in childhood & shewd me  
his face  
L11.verse6Flaxman9'00; E707|    Ezra came with Isaiah the Prophet, but Shakespeare in riper years gave me his  
hand  
L11.verse7Flaxman9'00; E707|    Paracelsus & Behmen appeard to me. terrors appeard in the Heavens above  
  
L11.verse8Flaxman9'00; E708|    And in Hell beneath & a mighty & awful change threatend the Earth  
L11.verse9Flaxman9'00; E708|    The American War began All its dark horrors passed before my face  
L11.verse10Flaxman9'00; E708|    Across the Atlantic to France. Then the French Revolution commenced in thick  
clouds

L11.verse11Flaxman9'00; E708|

the Earth

And My Angels have told me. that seeing such visions I could not subsist on

L11.verse12Flaxman9'00; E708|

But by my conjunction with Flaxman who knows to forgive Nervous Fear

L11.2Flaxman9'00; E708|

I remain for Ever Yours

L11.2Flaxman9'00; E708|

WILLIAM BLAKE

L11.2Flaxman9'00; E708|

Be so kind as to Read & then Seal the Inclosed & send it on

L11.2Flaxman9'00; E708|

its much beloved Mission

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EDL12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   [Mrs Blake to Mrs Flaxman]

L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   H[ercules] B[uildings] Lambeth, 14 Sepr 1800

L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   My Dearest Friend  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   I hope you will not think we could forget your Services to  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   us. or any way neglect to love & remember with affection even the  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   hem of your garment. we indeed presume on your kindness in  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   neglecting to have calld on you since my Husbands <first> return  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   from Felpham. We have been incessantly busy in our great removal  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   but can never think of going without first paying our proper duty  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   to you & Mr Flaxman. We intend to call on Sunday afternoon in  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   Hampstead. to take farewell All things being now nearly completed  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   for our setting forth on Tuesday Morning. it is only Sixty Miles  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   & [London] <Lambeth> was On[e]-Hundred for the terrible  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   desart of London was between My husband has been obliged to  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   finish several things necessary to be finishd before our  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   migration the Swallows call us fleeting past our window at this  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   moment. O how we delight in talking of the pleasure we shall have  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   in preparing you a summer bower at Felpham. & we not only talk  
L12.1CBtoAF9'00; E708|   but behold the Angels of our journey have inspired a song to you

L12.2verseTitleAF9'00; E708|   To my dear Friend M<sup>rs</sup> Anna Flaxman

L12.2verse1AF9'00; E708|   This Song to the flower of Flaxmans joy  
L12.2verse2AF9'00; E708|   To the blossom of hope for a sweet decoy  
L12.2verse3AF9'00; E708|   Do all that you can or all that you may  
L12.2verse4AF9'00; E708|   To entice him to Felpham & far away

L12.2verse5AF9'00; E709|   Away to Sweet Felpham for Heaven is there  
L12.2verse6AF9'00; E709|   The Ladder of Angels descends thro the air  
L12.2verse7AF9'00; E709|   On the Turret its spiral does softly descend  
L12.2verse8AF9'00; E709|   Thro' the village then winds at My Cot i[t] does end   *tl530*

L12.2verse9AF9'00; E709|   You stand in the village & look up to heaven

L12.2verse10AF9'00; E709|  
L12.2verse11AF9'00; E709|  
L12.2verse12AF9'00; E709|

The precious stones glitter on flights seventy seven  
And My Brother is there & My Friend & Thine  
Descend & Ascend with the Bread & the Wine

L12.2verse13AF9'00; E709|  
L12.2verse14AF9'00; E709|  
L12.2verse15AF9'00; E709|  
L12.2verse16AF9'00; E709|  
L12.2verse17AF9'00; E709|

The Bread of sweet Thought & the Wine of Delight  
Feeds the Village of Felpham by day & by night  
And at his own door the blessd Hermit does stand  
Dispensing Unceasing to all the whole Land  
W. BLAKE

L12.2CBtoAF9'00; E709|  
L12.2CBtoAF9'00; E709|  
L12.2CBtoAF9'00; E709|

Recieve my & my husbands love & affection & believe me to be  
Yours affectionately  
[W] CATHERINE BLAKE

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ED; E709|      13

L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> at Miss Pooles, Lavant  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      near Chichester, Sussex

L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      H[ercules] B[uldings] Lambeth Sept 16. 1800

L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      Leader of My Angels  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      My Dear & too careful & over joyous Woman has Exhausted her  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      strength to such a degree with expectation & gladness added to  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      labour in our removal that I fear it will be Thursday before we  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      can get away from this---- City I shall not be able to avail  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      myself of the assistance of Brunos fairies. But I invoke the  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      Good Genii that Surround Miss Pooles Villa to shine upon my  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      journey thro the Petworth road which by your fortunate advice I  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      mean to take but whether I come on Wednesday or Thursday That Day  
L13.1Hayley9'00; E709|      shall be marked on my calendar with a Star of the first magnitude  
L13.2Hayley9'00; E709|      Eartham will be my first temple & altar My wife is like a  
L13.2Hayley9'00; E709|      flame of many colours of precious jewels whenever she hears it  
L13.2Hayley9'00; E709|      named Excuse my haste & recieve my hearty Love & Respect  
L13.2Hayley9'00; E709|      I am Dear Sir  
L13.2Hayley9'00; E709|      Your Sincere  
L13.2Hayley9'00; E709|      WILLIAM BLAKE

L13.2Hayley9'00; E709|      My fingers Emit sparks of fire with Expectation of my future  
L13.2Hayley9'00; E709|      labours



ED; E710|      14

L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      [To] Mr [John] Flaxman, Buckingham Street,  
L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      Fitzroy Square, London

L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      Felpham Sept<sup>r</sup>. 21. . 1800 Sunday Morning

L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      Dear Sculptor of Eternity

L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      We are safe arrived at our Cottage which is more beautiful  
L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      than I thought it. & more convenient. It is a perfect Model for  
L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      Cottages & I think for Palaces of Magnificence only Enlarging not  
L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      altering its proportions & adding ornaments & not principals.  
L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      Nothing can be more Grand than its Simplicity & Usefulness.  
L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      Simple without Intricacy it seems to be the Spontaneous Effusion  
L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      of Humanity congenial to the wants of Man. No other formed House  
L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      can ever please me so well nor shall I ever be perswaded I  
L14.1Flaxman9'00; E710|      believe that it can be improved either in Beauty or Use

L14.2Flaxman9'00; E710|      Mr Hayley recievd us with his usual brotherly affection. I  
L14.2Flaxman9'00; E710|      have begun to work. Felpham is a sweet place for Study. because  
L14.2Flaxman9'00; E710|      it is more Spiritual than London Heaven opens here on all sides  
L14.2Flaxman9'00; E710|      her golden Gates her windows are not obstructed by  
L14.2Flaxman9'00; E710|      vapours. . voices of Celestial inhabitants are more distinctly  
L14.2Flaxman9'00; E710|      heard & their forms more distinctly seen & my Cottage is also a  
L14.2Flaxman9'00; E710|      Shadow of their houses. My Wife & Sister are both well. courting  
L14.2Flaxman9'00; E710|      Neptune for an Embrace

L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      Our journey was very pleasant & tho we had a great deal of  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      Luggage. No Grumbling all was Chearfulness & Good Humour on the  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      Road & yet we could not arrive at our Cottage before half past  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      Eleven at night. owing to the necessary shifting of our Luggage  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      from one Chaise to another for we had Seven Different Chaises &  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      as many different drivers We s[e]t out between Six & Seven in  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      the Morning of Thursday. with Sixteen heavy boxes & portfolios  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      full of prints. And Now Begins a New life. because another  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      covering of Earth is shaken off. I am more famed in Heaven for  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      my works than I could well concieve In my Brain are studies &  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      Chambers filld with books & pictures of old which I wrote &  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      painted in ages of Eternity. before my mortal life & whose works  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      are the delight & Study of Archangels. Why then should I be  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|      anxious about the riches or fame of mortality. The Lord our

L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.3Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.4Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.4Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.4Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.4Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.4Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.4Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.4Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.5Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.5Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.5Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.5Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.5Flaxman9'00; E710|  
L14.5Flaxman9'00; E710|

father will do for us & with us according to his Divine will for  
our Good  
You O Dear Flaxman are a Sublime Archangel My Friend &  
Companion from Eternity in the Divine bosom is our Dwelling place  
I look back into the regions of Reminiscence & behold our ancient  
days before this Earth appeared in its vegetated mortality to my  
mortal vegetated Eyes. I see our houses of Eternity which can  
never be separated tho our Mortal vehicles should stand at the  
remotest corners of heaven from Each other  
Farewell My Best Friend Remember Me & My Wife in Love &  
Friendship to our Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Flaxman whom we ardently desire to  
Entertain beneath our thatched roof of rusted gold & believe me  
for ever to remain  
Your Grateful & Affectionate  
WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E711| 15

L15.1Butts9'00; E711| [To] Mr [Thomas] Butts, Gt Marlborough Street  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| near Oxford Street, London

EDL15.1Butts9'00; E711| [Postmark: Sep 23 1800]  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| Dear Friend of My Angels  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| We are safe arrived at our Cottage without accident or  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| hindrance tho it was between Eleven & Twelve OClock at night  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| before we could get home, owing to the necessary shifting of our  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| boxes & portfolios from one Chaise to another. We had Seven  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| different Chaises & as many different drivers. All upon the road  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| was chearfulness & welcome tho our luggage was very heavy there  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| was no grumbling at all. We traveld thro a most beautiful  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| country on a most glorious day. Our Cottage is more beautiful  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| than I thought it also more convenient. for tho Small it is  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| well proportiond & if I should ever build a Palace it would be  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| only My Cottage Enlarged. Please to tell Mr Butts that we have  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| dedicated a Chamber to her Service & that it has a very fine view  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| Of the Sea. Mr Hayley reciev'd me with his usual brotherly  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| affection. My Wife & Sister are both very well & courting  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| Neptune for an Embrace, whose terrors this morning made them  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| afraid but whose mildness is often Equal to his terrors The  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| Villagers of Felpham are not meer Rustics they are polite &  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| modest. Meat is cheaper than in London but the sweet air & the  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| voices of winds trees & birds & the odours of the happy ground  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| makes it a dwelling for immortals. Work will go on here with God  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| speed--. A roller & two harrows lie before my window. I met a  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| plow on my first going out at my gate the first morning after my  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| arrival & the Plowboy said to the Plowman. "Father The Gate is  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| Open"--I have begun to Work & find that I can work with greater  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| pleasure than ever. Hope soon to give you a proof that Felpham  
L15.1Butts9'00; E711| is propitious to the Arts.  
L15.2Butts9'00; E711| God bless you. I shall wish for you on Tuesday Evening as  
L15.2Butts9'00; E711| usual. Pray give My & My wife & sisters love & respects to Mr.  
L15.2Butts9'00; E711| Butts, accept them yourself & believe me for ever  
L15.2Butts9'00; E711| Your affectionate & obliged Friend  
L15.2Butts9'00; E711| WILLIAM BLAKE

L15.3Butts9'00; E711|

L15.3Butts9'00; E711|

L15.3Butts9'00; E711|

My Sister will be in town in a week & bring with her your account  
& whatever else I can finish. Direct to M<sup>r</sup> Blake: Felpham  
near Chichester, Sussex

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ED; E711|    16

L16.1Butts10'00; E711|    [To] M<sup>r</sup> [Thomas] Butts, Great Marlborough Street

L16.1Butts10'00; E711|    Felpham Oct<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> 1800

L16.1Butts10'00; E711|    Friend of Religion & Order

L16.1Butts10'00; E711|    I thank you for your very beautiful & encouraging Verses  
L16.1Butts10'00; E711|    which I account a Crown of Laurels & I also thank you for your  
L16.1Butts10'00; E711|    reprehension of follies by me

L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    fosterd. Your prediction will I hope be fulfilled in me. & in  
L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    future I am the determined advocate of Religion & Humility the  
L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    two bands of Society. Having been so full of the Business of  
L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    Settling the sticks & feathers of my nest. I have not got any  
L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    forwarder with the three Marys or with any other of your  
L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    commissions but hope, now I have commenced a new life of industry  
L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    to do credit to that new life by Improved Works: Recieve from me  
L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    a return of verses such as Felpham produces by me tho not  
L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    such as she produces by her Eldest Son. however such as they  
L16.1Butts10'00; E712|    are. I cannot resist the temptation to send them to you

L16.verse1Butts10'00; E712|    To my Friend Butts I write  
L16.verse2Butts10'00; E712|    My first Vision of Light  
L16.verse3Butts10'00; E712|    On the yellow sands sitting  
L16.verse4Butts10'00; E712|    The Sun was Emitting  
L16.verse5Butts10'00; E712|    His Glorious beams  
L16.verse6Butts10'00; E712|    From Heavens high Streams  
L16.verse7Butts10'00; E712|    Over Sea over Land  
L16.verse8Butts10'00; E712|    My Eyes did Expand  
L16.verse9Butts10'00; E712|    Into regions of air  
L16.verse10Butts10'00; E712|    Away from all Care  
L16.verse11Butts10'00; E712|    Into regions of fire  
L16.verse12Butts10'00; E712|    Remote from Desire  
L16.verse13Butts10'00; E712|    The Light of the Morning  
L16.verse14Butts10'00; E712|    Heavens Mountains adorning  
L16.verse15Butts10'00; E712|    In particles bright

L16.verse16Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse17Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse18Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse19Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse20Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse21Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse22Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse23Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse24Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse25Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse26Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse27Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse28Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse29Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse30Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse31Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse32Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse33Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse34Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse35Butts10'00; E712|  
L16.verse36Butts10'00; E712|

The jewels of Light  
Distinct shone & clear--  
Amazd & in fear  
I each particle gazed  
Astonishd Amazed  
For each was a Man  
Human formd. Swift I ran  
For they beckond to me  
Remote by the Sea  
Saying. Each grain of Sand  
Every Stone on the Land  
Each rock & each hill  
Each fountain & rill  
Each herb & each tree  
Mountain hill Earth & Sea  
Cloud Meteor & Star  
Are Men Seen Afar  
I stood in the Streams  
Of Heavens bright beams  
And Saw Felpham sweet  
Beneath my bright feet

L16.verse37Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse38Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse39Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse40Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse41Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse42Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse43Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse44Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse45Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse46Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse47Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse48Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse49Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse50Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse51Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse52Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse53Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse54Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse55Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse56Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse57Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse58Butts10'00; E713|  
L16.verse59Butts10'00; E713|

In soft Female charms  
And in her fair arms  
My Shadow I knew  
And my wifes shadow too  
And My Sister & Friend.  
We like Infants descend  
In our Shadows on Earth  
Like a weak mortal birth  
My Eyes more & more  
Like a Sea without shore  
Continue Expanding  
The Heavens commanding  
Till the jewels of Light  
Heavenly Men beaming bright  
Appeard as One Man  
Who Complacent began  
My limbs to infold  
In his beams of bright gold  
Like dross purgd away  
All my mire & my clay  
Soft consumd in delight  
In his bosom sun bright  
I remaind. Soft he smild



L16.verse60Butts10'00; E713	And I heard his voice Mild
L16.verse61Butts10'00; E713	Saying This is My Fold
L16.verse62Butts10'00; E713	O thou Ram hornd with gold
L16.verse63Butts10'00; E713	Who awakest from sleep
L16.verse64Butts10'00; E713	On the sides of the Deep
L16.verse65Butts10'00; E713	On the Mountains around
L16.verse66Butts10'00; E713	The roarings resound
L16.verse67Butts10'00; E713	Of the lion & wolf
L16.verse68Butts10'00; E713	The loud sea & deep gulf
L16.verse69Butts10'00; E713	These are guards of My Fold
L16.verse70Butts10'00; E713	O thou Ram hornd with gold
L16.verse71Butts10'00; E713	And the voice faded mild
L16.verse72Butts10'00; E713	I remaind as a Child
L16.verse73Butts10'00; E713	All I ever had known
L16.verse74Butts10'00; E713	Before me bright Shone
L16.verse75Butts10'00; E713	I saw you & your wife
L16.verse76Butts10'00; E713	By the fountains of Life
L16.verse77Butts10'00; E713	Such the Vision to me
L16.verse78Butts10'00; E713	Appeard on the Sea

L16.2Butts10'00; E713	M <sup>rs</sup> Butts will I hope Excuse my not having finishd the
L16.2Butts10'00; E713	Portrait. I wait for less hurried moments. Our Cottage looks
L16.2Butts10'00; E713	more & more beautiful. And tho the weather is wet, the Air is
L16.2Butts10'00; E713	very Mild. much Milder than it was in London

L16.2Butts10'00; E714	when we came away. Chichester is a very handsom City Seven miles
L16.2Butts10'00; E714	from us we can get most Conveniences there. The Country is not
L16.2Butts10'00; E714	so destitute of accomodations to our wants as I expected it would
L16.2Butts10'00; E714	be We have had but little time for viewing the Country but what
L16.2Butts10'00; E714	we have seen is Most Beautiful & the People are Genuine Saxons
L16.2Butts10'00; E714	handsomer than the people [ <i>ar</i> ] about London. M <sup>rss</sup> Butts
L16.2Butts10'00; E714	will Excuse the following lines

L16.verseBButts10'00; E714	To M <sup>rs</sup> Butts
----------------------------	--------------------------

L16.verseB1Butts10'00; E714	Wife of the Friend of those I most revere.
L16.verseB2Butts10'00; E714	Recieve this tribute from a Harp sincere
L16.verseB3Butts10'00; E714	Go on in Virtuous Seed sowing on Mold
L16.verseB4Butts10'00; E714	Of Human Vegetation & Behold
L16.verseB5Butts10'00; E714	Your Harvest Springing to Eternal life
L16.verseB6Butts10'00; E714	Parent of Youthful Minds & happy Wife
L16.verseB7Butts10'00; E714	W B--
L16.3Butts10'00; E714	I am for Ever Yours

## WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E714| 17

EDL17.1Hayley11'00; E714| [To William Hayley]

L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| Felpham 26<sup>th</sup> November, 1800

L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| Dear Sir,  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| Absorbed by the poets Milton, Homer, Camoens, Ercilla,  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| Ariosto, and Spenser, whose physiognomies have been my delightful  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| study, *Little Tom* has been of late unattended to, and my  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| wife's illness not being quite gone off, she has not printed any  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| more since you went to London. But we can muster a few in  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| colours and some in black which I hope will be no less favour'd  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| tho' they are rough like rough sailors. We mean to begin  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| printing again to-morrow. Time flies very fast and very  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| merrily. I sometimes try to be miserable that I may do more  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| work, but find it is a foolish experiment. Happinesses have  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| wings and wheels; miseries are leaden legged and their whole  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| employment is to clip the wings and to take off the wheels of  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| our chariots. We determine, therefore, to be happy and do all  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| that we can, tho' not all that we would. Our dear friend  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| Flaxman is the theme of my emulation in this industry, as well  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| as in other virtues and merits. Gladly I hear of his full  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| health and spirits. Happy son of the Immortal Phidias, his lot  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| is truly glorious, and mine no less happy in his friendship and  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| in that of his friends. Our cottage is surrounded by the same  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| guardians you left with us; they keep off every wind. We hear  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| the west howl at a distance, the south bounds on high over our  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| thatch, and smiling on our cottage says: "You lay too low for my  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| anger to injure." As to the east and north I believe they cannot  
L17.1Hayley11'00; E714| get past the turret.

L17.2Hayley11'00; E715| My wife joins me in duty and affection to you. Please to  
L17.2Hayley11'00; E715| remember us both in love to Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman, and believe me  
L17.2Hayley11'00; E715| to be your affectionate,  
L17.2Hayley11'00; E715| Enthusiastic, hope-fostered visionary,  
L17.2Hayley11'00; E715| WILLIAM BLAKE  
EDL17.2Hayley11'00; E715| [From the Gilchrist *Life*]

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ED; E715|     18

EDL18.1Butts5'01;E715|     [To Thomas Butts]

L18.1Butts5'01; E715|     Felpham May 10. 1801

L18.1Butts5'01; E715|     My Dear Sir

L18.1Butts5'01; E715|     The necessary application to my Duty as well to my old as  
L18.1Butts5'01; E715|     new Friends has prevented me from that respect I owe in  
L18.1Butts5'01; E715|     particular to you. And your accustomed forgiveness of My want of  
L18.1Butts5'01; E715|     dexterity in certain points Emboldens me to hope that Forgiveness  
L18.1Butts5'01; E715|     to be continued to me a little longer. When I shall be Enabled  
L18.1Butts5'01; E715|     to throw off all obstructions to success.

L18.2Butts5'01; E715|     Mr Hayley acts like a Prince. I am at complete Ease. but I  
L18.2Butts5'01; E715|     wish to do my Duty especially to you who were the praecursor of  
L18.2Butts5'01; E715|     my present Fortune[.] I never will send you a picture unworthy  
L18.2Butts5'01; E715|     of my present proficienc. I soon shall send you several my  
L18.2Butts5'01; E715|     present engagements are in Miniature Painting Miniature is become  
L18.2Butts5'01; E715|     a Goddess in my Eyes & my Friends in Sussex say that I Excell in  
L18.2Butts5'01; E715|     the pursuit. I have a great many orders & they Multiply  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     Now--let me intreat you to give me orders to furnish every  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     accomodation in my power to recieve you & Mrs Butts I know my  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     Cottage is too narrow for your Ease & comfort we have one room in  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     which we could make a bed to lodge you both & if this is  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     sufficient it is at your service. but as beds & rooms &  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     accomodations are easily procurd by one on the spot permit me to  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     offer my service in either way either in my cottage or in a  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     lod[g]ing in the village as is most agreeable to you if you &  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     Mrs Butts should think Bognor a pleasant relief from business in  
L18.3Butts5'01; E715|     the Summer. It will give me the utmost delight to do my best  
L18.4Butts5'01; E715|     Sussex is certainly a happy place & Felpham in particular is  
L18.4Butts5'01; E715|     the sweetest spot on Earth at least it is so to me & My Good Wife  
L18.4Butts5'01; E715|     who desires her kindest Love to Mrs Butts & yourself accept mine  
L18.4Butts5'01; E715|     also & believe me to remain

L18.4Butts5'01; E715|     Your devoted  
L18.4Butts5'01; E715|     WILL BLAKE

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ED; E716| 19

L19.1Butts9'01; E716| [To] Mr Butts, Great Marlborough Street, London

L19.1Butts9'01; E716| September 11. 1801 [See below]

L19.1Butts9'01; E716| My Dear Sir

L19.1Butts9'01; E716| I hope you will continue to excuse my want of steady  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| perseverance by which want I am still so much your debtor & you  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| so much my Credit-er but such as I can be I will: I can be  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| grateful & I can soon Send you some of your designs which I have  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| nearly completed. In the mean time by my Sisters hands I  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| transmit to M<sup>rs</sup> Butts an attempt [*to*] at your likeness  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| which I hope She who is the best judge will think like[.] Time  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| flies faster, (as seems to me), here than in London I labour  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| incessantly & accomplish not one half of what I intend because my  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| Abstract folly hurries me often away while I am at work, carrying  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| me over Mountains & Valleys which are not Real in a Land of  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| Abstraction where Spectres of the Dead wander. This I endeavour  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| to prevent & with my whole might chain my feet to the world of  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| Duty & Reality. but in vain! the faster I bind the better is the  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| Ballast for I so far from being bound down take the world with me  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| in my flights & often it seems lighter than a ball of wool rolled  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| by the wind Bacon & Newton would prescribe ways of making the  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| world heavier to me & Pitt would prescribe distress for a  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| medicinal potion. but as none on Earth can give me Mental  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| Distress, & I know that all Distress inflicted by Heaven is a  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| Mercy. a Fig for all Corporeal Such Distress is My mock & scorn.  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| Alas wretched happy ineffectual labourer of times moments that I  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| am! who shall deliver me from this Spirit of Abstraction &  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| Improvidence. Such my Dear Sir Is the truth of my state. & I  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| tell it you in palliation of my seeming neglect of your most  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| pleasant orders. but I have not neglected them & yet a Year is  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| rolled over & only now I approach the prospect of sending you  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| some which you may expect soon. I should have sent them by My  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| Sister but as the Coach goes three times a week to London & they  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| [*shall*] will arrive as safe as with her. I shall have  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716| an opportunity of inclosing several together which are not yet

L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
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L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716|  
L19.1Butts9'01; E716|

completed. I thank you again & again for your generous  
forbearance of which I have need--& now I must express my wishes  
to see you at Felpham & to shew you Mr Hayleys Library. which is  
still unfinished but is in a finishing way & looks well. I ought  
also to mention my Extreme disappointment at Mr Johnsons  
forgetfulness, who appointed to call on you but did Not. He is  
also a happy Abstract known by all his Friends as the most  
innocent forgetter of his own Interests. He is nephew to <the  
late> Mr Cowper the Poet you would like him much I continue  
painting Miniatures & Improve more & more as all my friends tell  
me. but my Principal labour at this time is Engraving Plates for  
Cowpers Life a Work of Magnitude which Mr Hayley is now  
Labouring with all his matchless industry & which will be a most  
valuable acquisition to Literature not only on account of Mr  
Hayleys composition but also as it will contain Letters of Cowper  
to his friends Perhaps or rather Certainly the very best letters  
that ever were published

L19.2Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.2Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.2Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.2Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.2Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.2Butts9'01; E717|

My wife joins with me in Love to You & Mrs Butts hoping  
that her joy is now increased & yours also in an increase of  
family & of health & happiness  
I remain Dear Sir  
Ever Yours Sincerely  
WILLIAM BLAKE--

L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|

Felpham Cottage  
of Cottages the prettiest  
September 11. 1801

L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.3Butts9'01; E717|

Next time I have the happiness to see you I am determined to  
paint another Portrait of you from Life in my best manner for  
Memory will not do in such minute operations. for I have now  
discovered that without Nature before the painters Eye he can  
never produce any thing in the walks of Natural Painting  
Historical Designing is one thing & Portrait Painting another &  
they are as Distinct as any two Arts can be Happy would that Man  
be who could unite them

L19.4Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.4Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.4Butts9'01; E717|  
L19.4Butts9'01; E717|

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

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ED; E717|      20

EDL20Butts9'01; E717|      [To Thomas Butts?]

EDL20Butts9'01; E717|      [Sept-Oct 1801]

L20.Butts9'01; E717|      I have sent all the sketches of this subject that I ever  
L20.Butts9'01; E717|      have produced. The others of the Presentation I have studied,  
L20.Butts9'01; E717|      but not yet put on paper. You shall have that in a shorter time  
L20.Butts9'01; E717|      than I have taken about this, as I have nearly got rid of  
L20.Butts9'01; E717|      engraving, and feel myself perfectly happy. I am full of  
L20.Butts9'01; E717|      business thank God, and you and Mr Flaxman.

EDL20Butts9'01; E717|      [Extract from sale catalogue] *t1531*

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ED; E717|      21

L21.1Flaxman10'01; E717|      To Mr Flaxman, Sculptor, Buckingham Street,  
L21.1Flaxman10'01; E717|      Fitzroy Square, London

L21.1Flaxman10'01; E717|      Oct 19 1801 [Postmark: 21 Octob]  
L21.1Flaxman10'01; E717|      Dear Flaxman,  
L21.1Flaxman10'01; E717|      I rejoice to hear that your Great Work is accomplish'd.  
L21.1Flaxman10'01; E717|      Peace opens the way to greater still, The Kingdoms of this World  
L21.1Flaxman10'01; E717|      are now become the Kingdoms of God & his Christ, & we shall reign  
L21.1Flaxman10'01; E717|      with him for ever & ever. The Reign of Literature & the Arts  
L21.1Flaxman10'01; E717|      Commences. Blessed are those who are found

L21.1Flaxman10'01; E718|      studious of Literature & Humane & polite accomplishments. Such  
L21.1Flaxman10'01; E718|      have their lamps burning & such shall shine as the stars.  
L21.2Flaxman10'01; E718|      Mr Thomas, your friend to whom you was so kind as to make  
L21.2Flaxman10'01; E718|      honourable mention of me, has been at Felpham & did me the favor  
L21.2Flaxman10'01; E718|      to call on me, I have promis'd him to send my designs for Comus  
L21.2Flaxman10'01; E718|      when I have done them, directed to you.  
L21.3Flaxman10'01; E718|      Now I hope to see the Great Works of Art, as they are so  
L21.3Flaxman10'01; E718|      near to Felpham, Paris being scarce further off than London. But  
L21.3Flaxman10'01; E718|      I hope that France & England will henceforth be as One Country  
L21.3Flaxman10'01; E718|      and their Arts One, & that you will Ere long be erecting  
L21.3Flaxman10'01; E718|      Monuments In Paris--Emblems of Peace.  
L21.4Flaxman10'01; E718|      My wife joins with me in love to You & Mrs Flaxman.  
L21.4Flaxman10'01; E718|      I remain, Yours Sincerely  
L21.4Flaxman10'01; E718|      WILLIAM BLAKE

EDL21HayleyPSFlaxman10'01; E718|      [Postscript in Hayley's hand]  
L21.Hayley'sPStoFlaxman10'01; E718|      I have just seen Weller--all yr Friends in the south are  
L21.Hayley'sPStoFlaxman10'01; E718|      willing to await yr Leisure for Works of Marble, but Weller says  
L21.Hayley'sPStoFlaxman10'01; E718|      it would soothe & comfort the good sister of the upright  
L21.Hayley'sPStoFlaxman10'01; E718|      Mr. D. to see a little sketch from yr Hand. adio.





ED; E718| 22

L22.1Butts11'02; E718| [To] M<sup>r</sup> Butts, Gr Marlborough StreetL22.1Butts11'02; E718| Felpham Nov<sup>r</sup>. 22: 1802

L22.1Butts11'02; E718| Dear Sir  
L22.1Butts11'02; E718| My Brother tells me that he fears you are offended with me.  
L22.1Butts11'02; E718| I fear so too because there appears some reason why you might be  
L22.1Butts11'02; E718| so. But when you have heard me out you will not be so  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| I have now given two years to the intense study of those  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| parts of the art which relate to light & shade & colour & am  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| Convinced that either my understanding is incapable of  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| comprehending the beauties of Colouring or the Pictures which I  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| painted for You Are Equal in Every part of the Art & superior in  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| One to any thing that has been done since the age of  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| Rafael.--<All> S<sup>r</sup> J Reynolds's discourses <to the Royal Academy>  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| will shew. that the Venetian finesse in Art can never be united  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| with the Majesty of Colouring necessary to Historical beauty. &  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| in a letter to the Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Gilpin author of a work on  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| Picturesque Scenery he says Thus "It may be worth consideration  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| whether the epithet Picturesque is not applicable to the  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| excellencies of the inferior Schools rather than to the higher.  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| The works of Michael Angelo Rafael &/c appear to me to have  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| nothing of it: whereas Rubens & the Venetian Painters may almost  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| be said to have Nothing Else.--Perhaps Picturesque is somewhat  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| synonymous to the word Taste which we should think improperly  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| applied to Homer or Milton but very well to Prior or Pope. I  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| suspect that the application of these words are to Excellencies  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| of an inferior order & which are incompatible with the Grand  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| Style You are certainly right in saying that Variety of Tints &  
L22.2Butts11'02; E718| Forms is Picturesque: but it must be rememberd on the other hand.

L22.2Butts11'02; E719| that the reverse of this--(*uniformity of Colour & a long*  
L22.2Butts11'02; E719| *continuation of lines*) produces Grandeur"-----So Says S/ir  
L22.2Butts11'02; E719| Joshua and So say I for I have now proved that the parts of the  
L22.2Butts11'02; E719| art which I neglected to display in those little pictures &

drawings which I had the pleasure & profit to do for you are incompatible with the designs--There is nothing in the Art which our Painters do. that I can confess myself ignorant of I also Know & Understand & can assuredly affirm that the works I have done for You are Equal to Carrache or Rafael (and I am now Seven years older than Rafael was when he died) I say they are Equal to Carrache or Rafael or Else I am Blind Stupid Ignorant and Incapable in two years Study to understand those things which a Boarding School Miss can comprehend in a fortnight. Be assured My dear Friend that there is not one touch in those Drawings & Pictures but what came from my Head & my Heart in Unison. That I am Proud of being their Author and Grateful to you my Employer. & that I look upon you as the Chief of my Friends whom I would endeavour to please because you among all men have enabled me to produce these things. I would not send you a Drawing or a Picture till I had again reconsiderd my notions of Art & had put myself back as if I was a learner I have proved that I am Right & shall now Go on with the Vigor I was in my Childhood famous for But I do not pretend to be Perfect. but if my Works have faults Caracche Corregios & Rafaels have faults also. let me observe that the yellow leather flesh of old men the ill drawn & ugly young women & above all the dawbed black & yellow shadows that are found in most fine ay & the finest pictures. I altogether reject as ruinous to Effect tho Connoisseurs may think Let me also notice that Carraches Pictures are not like Correggios nor Correggios like Rafaels & if neither of them was to be encouraged till he did like any of the others be must die without Encouragement My Pictures are unlike any of these Painters & I would have them to be so I think the manner I adopt More Perfect than any other no doubt They thought the same of theirs

You will be tempted to think that As I improve The Pictures &/c that I did for you are not what I would now wish them to be. On this I beg to say That they are What I intended them & that I know I never shall do better for if I was to do them over again they would lose as much as they gaind because they were done in the heat of My Spirits

But You will justly enquire why I have not written All this time to you? I answer I have been very Unhappy & could not think of troubling you about it or any of my real Friends (I have written many letters to you which I burnd & did not send) & why I have not before now finishd the Miniature I promisssd to M<sup>rs</sup> Butts? I answer I have not till now in any degree pleased myself & now I must intreat you to Excuse faults for Portrait Painting is the direct contrary to Designing & Historical Painting in

L22.2Butts11'02; E719|

L22.2Butts11'02; E719|

L22.2Butts11'02; E719|

L22.2Butts11'02; E719|

L22.2Butts11'02; E719|

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L22.2Butts11'02; E719|

L22.3Butts11'02; E719|

L22.3Butts11'02; E719|

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L22.3Butts11'02; E719|

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L22.4Butts11'02; E719|

L22.4Butts11'02; E719|

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L22.4Butts11'02; E719|

L22.5Butts11'02; E719|

L22.5Butts11'02; E719|

L22.5Butts11'02; E719|

L22.5Butts11'02; E719|

L22.5Butts11'02; E719|

L22.5Butts11'02; E719|

L22.6Butts11'02; E719|

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L22.6Butts11'02; E719|  
L22.6Butts11'02; E719|  
L22.6Butts11'02; E719|  
L22.6Butts11'02; E719|  
L22.6Butts11'02; E719|

every respect--If you have not Nature before you for Every Touch  
you cannot Paint Portrait. & if you have Nature before you at all  
you cannot Paint History it was Michall Angelos opinion & is  
Mine. Pray Give My Wife's love with mine to M<sup>rs</sup> Butts assure  
her that it cannot be long before I have the pleasure of Painting  
from you in Person & then that She may Expect a likeness but now  
I have done All I

L22.6Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.6Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.7Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.7Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.7Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.7Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.7Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.7Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.7Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.8Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.8Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.8Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.8Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.8Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.8Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.8Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.9Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.9Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.9Butts11'02; E720|  
L22.9Butts11'02; E720|

could & know she will forgive any failure in consideration of the  
Endeavour.  
And now let me finish with assuring you that Tho I have been  
very unhappy I am so no longer I am again Emerged into the light  
of Day I still & shall to Eternity Embrace Christianity and Adore  
him who is the Express image of God but I have traveld thro  
Perils & Darkness not unlike a Champion I have Conquerd and shall  
still Go on Conquering Nothing can withstand the fury of my  
Course among the Stars of God & in the Abysses of the Accuser My  
Enthusiasm is still what it was only Enlarged and confirmd  
I now Send Two Pictures & hope you will approve of them I  
have inclosed the Account of Money reciev'd & Work done which I  
ought long ago to have sent you pray forgive Errors in omissions  
of this kind I am incapable of many attentions which it is my  
Duty to observe towards you thro multitude of employment & thro  
hope of soon seeing you again I often omit to Enquire of you But  
pray let me now hear how you do & of the welfare of your family  
Accept my Sincere love & respect  
I remain Yours Sincerely  
WILL<sup>m</sup> BLAKE  
A Piece of Sea Weed Serves for a Barometer [i]t gets wet &  
dry as the weather gets so

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ED; E720|      23

L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      [To Thomas Butts, 22 November 1802]

L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      Dear Sir

L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      After I had finishd my Letter I found that I had not said  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      half what I intended to say & in particular I wish to ask you  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      what subject you choose to be painted on the remaining Canvas  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      which I brought down with me (for there were three) and to tell  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      you that several of the Drawings were in great forwardness you  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      will see by the Inclosed Account that the remaining Number of  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      Drawings which you gave me orders for is Eighteen I will finish  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      these with all possible Expedition if indeed I have not tired you  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      or as it is politely calld Bored you too much already or if you  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      would rather cry out Enough Off Off! tell me in a Letter of  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      forgiveness if you were offended & of accusomd friendship if you  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      were not. But I will bore you more with some Verses which My  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      Wife desires me to Copy out & send you with her kind love &  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      Respect they were Composed <above> a twelvemonth ago [*in*  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      *a*] <while> Walk<ing> from Felpham to Lavant to meet my  
L23.1Butts11'02; E720|      Sister

L23.verse1Butts11'02; E720|      With happiness stretchd across the hills  
L23.verse2Butts11'02; E720|      In a cloud that dewy sweetness distills  
L23.verse3Butts11'02; E720|      With a blue sky spread over with wings  
L23.verse4Butts11'02; E720|      And a mild sun that mounts & sings  
L23.verse5Butts11'02; E720|      With trees & fields full of Fairy elves  
L23.verse6Butts11'02; E720|      And little devils who fight for themselves  
L23.verse7Butts11'02; E720|      Remembring the Verses that Hayley sung      *t1532*

L23.verse8Butts11'02; E721|      When my heart knockd against the root of my tongue  
L23.verse9Butts11'02; E721|      With Angels planted in Hawthorn bowers  
L23.verse10Butts11'02; E721|      And God himself in the passing hours  
L23.verse11Butts11'02; E721|      With Silver Angels across my way  
L23.verse12Butts11'02; E721|      And Golden Demos that none can stay  
L23.verse13Butts11'02; E721|      With my Father hovering upon the wind  
L23.verse14Butts11'02; E721|      And my Brother Robert just behind  
L23.verse15Butts11'02; E721|      And my Brother John the evil one

L23.verse16Butts11'02; E721|  
L23.verse17Butts11'02; E721|  
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L23.verse38Butts11'02; E721|  
L23.verse39Butts11'02; E721|  
L23.verse40Butts11'02; E721|

In a black cloud making his mone  
Tho dead they appear upon my path  
Notwithstanding my terrible wrath  
They beg they intreat they drop their tears  
Filld full of hopes filld full of fears  
With a thousand Angels upon the Wind  
Pouring disconsolate from behind  
To drive them off & before my way  
A frowning Thistle implores my stay  
What to others a trifle appears  
Fills me full of smiles or tears  
For double the vision my Eyes do see  
And a double vision is always with me  
With my inward Eye 'tis an old Man grey  
With my outward a Thistle across my way  
"If thou goest back the thistle said  
Thou art to endless woe betrayd  
For here does Theotormon lower  
And here is Enitharmons bower  
And Los the terrible thus hath sworn  
Because thou backward dost return  
Poverty Envy old age & fear  
Shall bring thy Wife upon a bier  
And Butts shall give what Fuseli gave  
A dark black Rock & a gloomy Cave."

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L23.verse51Butts11'02; E721|  
L23.verse52Butts11'02; E721|

I struck the Thistle with my foot  
And broke him up from his delving root  
"Must the duties of life each other cross"  
"Must every joy be dung & dross"  
"Must my dear Butts feel cold neglect"  
"Because I give Hayley his due respect"  
"Must Flaxman look upon me as wild"  
"And all my friends be with doubts beguild"  
"Must my Wife live in my Sisters bane"  
"Or my sister survive on my Loves pain"  
"The curses of Los the terrible shade"  
"And his dismal terrors make me afraid"

L23.verse53Butts11'02; E722|  
L23.verse54Butts11'02; E722|  
L23.verse55Butts11'02; E722|  
L23.verse56Butts11'02; E722|  
L23.verse57Butts11'02; E722|

So I spoke & struck in my wrath  
The old man weltering upon my path  
Then Los appeard in all his power  
In the Sun he appeard descending before  
My face in fierce flames in my double sight



L23.verse58Butts11'02; E722|

Twass outward a Sun: inward Los in his might

L23.verse59Butts11'02; E722|

"My hands are labour'd day & night"

L23.verse60Butts11'02; E722|

"And Ease comes never in my sight"

L23.verse61Butts11'02; E722|

"My Wife has no indulgence given"

L23.verse62Butts11'02; E722|

"Except what comes to her from heaven"

L23.verse63Butts11'02; E722|

"We eat little we drink less"

L23.verse64Butts11'02; E722|

"This Earth breeds not our happiness"

L23.verse65Butts11'02; E722|

"Another Sun feeds our lifes streams"

L23.verse66Butts11'02; E722|

"We are not warmed with thy beams"

L23.verse67Butts11'02; E722|

"Thou measurest not the Time to me"

L23.verse68Butts11'02; E722|

"Nor yet the Space that I do see"

L23.verse69Butts11'02; E722|

"My Mind is not with thy light array'd"

L23.verse70Butts11'02; E722|

"Thy terrors shall not make me afraid"

L23.verse71Butts11'02; E722|

When I had my Defiance given

L23.verse72Butts11'02; E722|

The Sun stood trembling in heaven

L23.verse73Butts11'02; E722|

The Moon that glow'd remote below

L23.verse74Butts11'02; E722|

Became leprous & white as snow

L23.verse75Butts11'02; E722|

And every Soul of men on the Earth

L23.verse76Butts11'02; E722|

Felt affliction & sorrow & sickness & dearth

L23.verse77Butts11'02; E722|

Los flam'd in my path & the Sun was hot

L23.verse78Butts11'02; E722|

With the bows of my Mind & the Arrows of Thought

L23.verse79Butts11'02; E722|

My bowstring fierce with Ardour breathes

L23.verse80Butts11'02; E722|

My arrows glow in their golden sheaves

L23.verse81Butts11'02; E722|

My brothers & father march before

L23.verse82Butts11'02; E722|

The heavens drop with human gore

L23.verse83Butts11'02; E722|

Now I a fourfold vision see

L23.verse84Butts11'02; E722|

And a fourfold vision is given to me

L23.verse85Butts11'02; E722|

'Tis fourfold in my supreme delight

L23.verse86Butts11'02; E722|

And three fold in soft Beulahs night

L23.verse87Butts11'02; E722|

And twofold Always. May God us keep

L23.verse88Butts11'02; E722|

From Single vision & Newtons sleep

L23.2Butts11'02; E723|

L23.2Butts11'02; E723|

L23.2Butts11'02; E723|

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L23.2Butts11'02; E723|

L23.2Butts11'02; E723|

I also inclose you some Ballads by M<sup>r</sup> Hayley with prints to  
them by Your H<sup>ble</sup>. Serv<sup>t</sup>. I should have sent them before now but  
could not get any thing done for You to please myself for I do  
assure you that I have truly studied the two little pictures I  
now send & do not repent of the time I have spent upon them  
God bless you



L23.3Butts11'02; E723|

L23.3Butts11'02; E723|

L23.3Butts11'02; E723|

L23.3Butts11'02; E723|

L23.3Butts11'02; E723|

Yours

W B

*P. S.* I have taken the liberty to trouble you with a  
letter to my Brother which you will be so kind as to send or give  
him & oblige yours W B

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[To] Mr Butts, Great Marlborough Street,  
Oxford Street, London

L24.1Butts1'03; E723|

Felpham Jan/y 10. 180[3] <sup>*t1533*</sup>

L24.1Butts1'03; E723|

Dear Sir

L24.1Butts1'0; E723|

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

L24.2Butts1'03; E723|

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

L24.3Butts1'03; E723|

Your approbation of my pictures is a Multitude to Me & I doubt not that all your kind wishes in my behalf shall in due time be fulfilled. Your kind offer of pecuniary assistance I can only thank you for at present because I have enough to serve my present purpose here. our expenses are small & or income from our incessant labour fully adequate to [*it*] them at present. I am now engaged in Engraving 6 small plates for a New Edition of Mr Hayleys Triumphs of Temper. from drawings by Maria Flaxman sister to my friend the Sculptor and it seems that other things will follow in course if I do but Copy these well. but Patience! if Great things do not turn out it is because

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L24.3Butts1'03; E723|

L24.3Butts1'03; E723|

such things depend [xxxx] on the Spiritual & not on the  
 Natural World & if it was fit for me I doubt not that I should be  
 Employd in Greater things & when it is proper my Talents shall be  
 properly exercised in Public. as I hope they are now in private.  
 for till then. I leave no stone unturn'd & no path unexplor'd that  
 tends to improvement in my beloved Arts. One thing of real  
 consequence I have accomplish'd by coming into the country. which  
 is to me consolation enough, namely. I have recollected all my  
 scatter'd thoughts on Art & resumed my primitive & original ways  
 of Execution in both painting & Engraving. which in the confusion  
 of London I had very much lost & obliterated from my mind. But  
 whatever becomes of my labours I would rather that they should be  
 preserv'd in your Green House (not as you mistakenly call it dung  
 hill). than in the cold  
 gallery of fashion.--The Sun may yet shine & then they will be  
 brought into open air.  
 But you have so generously & openly desired that I will  
 divide my griefs with you that I cannot hide what it is now  
 become my duty to explain--My unhappiness has arisen from a  
 source which if explor'd too narrowly might hurt my pecuniary  
 circumstances. As my dependence is on Engraving at present &  
 particularly on the Engravings I have in hand for M<sup>r</sup> H. & I find  
 on all hands great objections to my doing any thing but the meer  
 drudgery of business & intimations that if I do not confine  
 myself to this I shall not live. this has always pursu'd me. You  
 will understand by this the source of all my uneasiness This from  
 Johnson & Fuseli brought me down here & this from M<sup>r</sup> H will  
 bring me back again for that I cannot live without doing my duty  
 to lay up treasures in heaven is Certain & Determined & to this I  
 have long made up my mind & why this should be made an objection  
 to Me while Drunkenness Lewdness Gluttony & even Idleness itself  
 does not hurt other men let Satan himself Explain--The Thing I  
 have most at Heart! more than life or all that seems to make life  
 comfortable without. Is the Interest of True Religion & Science  
 & whenever any thing appears to affect that Interest. (Especially  
 if I myself omit any duty to my [*self*] <Station> as a  
 Soldier of Christ) It gives me the greatest of torments, I am not  
 ashamed afraid or averse to tell You what Ought to be Told. That  
 I am under the direction of Messengers from Heaven Daily &  
 Nightly but the nature of such things is not as some suppose.  
 without trouble or care. Temptations are on the right hand &  
 left behind the sea of time & space roars & follows swiftly he  
 who keeps not right onward is lost & if our footsteps slide in  
 clay how can we do otherwise than fear & tremble. but I should

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L24.4Butts1'03; E724|  
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L24.4Butts1'03; E724|  
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L24.4Butts1'03; E724|

not have troubled You with this account of my spiritual state unless it had been necessary in explaining the actual cause of my uneasiness into which you are so kind as to Enquire for I never obtrude such things on others unless questiond & then I never disguise the truth--But if we fear to do the dictates of our Angels & tremble at the Tasks set before us. if we refuse to do Spiritual Acts. because of Natural Fears or Natural Desires! Who can describe the dismal torments of such a state!--I too well remember the Threats I heard!--If you who are organized by Divine Providence for Spiritual communion. Refuse & bury your Talent in the Earth even tho you should want Natural Bread. Sorrow & Desperation

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pursues you thro life! & after death shame & confusion of face to eternity--Every one in Eternity will leave you aghast at the Man who was crownd with glory & honour by his brethren & betrayd their cause to their enemies. You will be calld the base Judas who betrayd his Friend!--Such words would make any Stout man tremble & how then could I be at ease? But I am now no longer in That State & now go on again with my Task Fearless. and tho my path is difficult. I have no fear of stumbling while I keep it My wife desires her kindest Love to M<sup>rs</sup> Butts & I have permitted her to send it to you also. we often wish that we could unite again in Society & hope that the time is not distant when we shall do so. being determind not to remain another winter here but to return to London

L24.5Butts1'03QUOTE; E725|  
L24.5Butts1'03QUOTE; E725|

I hear a voice you cannot hear that says I must not stay *t1534*  
I see a hand you cannot see that beckons me away

L24.5Butts1'03; E725|  
L24.5Butts1'03; E725|  
L24.5Butts1'03; E725|  
L24.5Butts1'03; E725|

Naked we came here naked of Natural things & naked we shall return. but while clothd with the Divine Mercy we are richly clothd in Spiritual & suffer all the rest gladly Pray give my Love to Mrs Butts & your family I am Yours Sincerely

L24.5Butts1'03; E725|  
L24.6Butts1'03; E725|  
L24.6Butts1'03; E725|  
L24.6Butts1'03; E725|

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

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EDL25.1JBlake1'03; E725|

[To James Blake]

L25.1JBlake1'03; E725|

Felpham Jan/y 30--1803.

L25.1JBlake1'03; E725|

Dear Brother

L25.1JBlake1'03; E725|

Your Letter mentioning Mr Butts's account of my Ague surprized me because I have no Ague but have had a Cold this Winter. You know that it is my way to make the best of every thing. I never make myself nor my friends uneasy if I can help it. My Wife has had Agues & Rheumatisms almost ever since she has been here, but our time is almost out that we took the Cottage for. I did not mention our Sickness to you & should not to Mr Butts but for a determination which we have lately made namely To leave This Place--because I am now certain of what I have long doubted Viz [*that H*] is jealous as Stothard was & will be no further My friend than he is compell'd by circumstances. The truth is As a Poet he is frightend at me & as a Painter his views & mine are opposite he thinks to turn me into a Portrait Painter as he did Poor Romney, but this he nor all the devils in hell will never do. I must own that seeing H. like S Envious (& that he is I am now certain) made me very uneasy, but it is over & I now defy the worst & fear not while I am true to myself which I will be. This is the uneasiness I spoke of to Mr Butts but

L25.1JBlake1'03; E726|

I did not tell him so plain & wish you to keep it a secret & to burn this letter because it speaks so plain I told Mr Butts that I did not wish to Explore too much the cause of our determination to leave Felpham because of pecuniary connexions between H & me--Be not then uneasy on any account & tell my Sister not to be uneasy for I am fully Employ'd & Well Paid I have made it so much H's interest to employ me that he can no longer treat me with indifference & now it is in my power to stay or return or remove to any other place that I choose, because I am getting before hand in money matters The Profits arising from Publications are immense & I now have it in my power to commence publication with many very formidable works, which I have finish'd & ready A Book

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price half a guinea may be got out at the Expense of Ten pounds & its almost certain profits are 500 G. I am only sorry that I did not know the methods of publishing years ago & this is one of the numerous benefits I have obtained by coming here for I should never have known the nature of Publication unless I had known H & his connexions & his method of managing. It now <would> be folly not to venture publishing. I am now Engraving Six little plates for a little work of Mr H's for which I a to have 10 G<uineas> each & the certain profits of that work are a fortune such as would make me independent supposing that I could substantiate such a one of my own & I mean to try many But I again say as I said before We are very Happy sitting at tea by a wood fire in our Cottage the wind singing above our roof & the sea roaring at a distance but if sickness comes all is unpleasant

But my letter to Mr Butts appears to me not to be so explicit as that to you for I told you that I should come to London in the Spring to commence Publisher & he <has> offerd me every assistance in his power <without knowing my intention>. But since I wrote yours we had made the resolution of which we informd him viz to leave Felpham entirely. I also told you what I was about & that I was not ignorant of what was doing in London in works of art. But I did not mention Illness because I hoped to get better (for I was really very ill when I wrote to him the last time) & was not then perswaded as I am now that the air tho warm is unhealthy

However this I know will set you at Ease. I am now so full of work that I have had no time to go on with the Ballads, & my prospects of more & more work continually are certain. My Heads of Cowper for Mr H's life of Cowper have pleasd his Relations exceedingly & in Particular Lady Hesketh & Lord Cowper <to please> Lady H was a doubtful chance who almost adord her Cousin the poet & thought him all perfection & she writes that she is quite satisfied with the portraits & charmd by the great Head in particular tho she never could bear the original Picture But I ought to mention to you that our present idea is. To take a house in some village further from the Sea Perhaps Lavant. & in or near the road to London for the sake of convenience--I also ought to inform you that I read your letter to Mr H & that he is very afraid of losing me & also very afraid that my Friends in London should have a bad opinion of the reception he has given to me But My Wife has undertaken to Print the whole number of the Plates for Cowpers work which she does to admiration & being under my own

eye the prints are as fine as the French prints & please every

one. in short I have Got every thing so under my thumb that it is more profitable that things should be as they are than any other way, tho not so agreeable because we wish naturally for friendship in preference to interest.--The Publishers are already indebted to My Wife Twenty Guineas for work deliverd this is a small specimen of how we go on. then fear nothing & let my Sister fear nothing because it appears to me that I am now too old & have had too much experience to be any longer imposed upon only illness makes all uncomfortable & this we must prevent by every means in our power

I send with this 5 Copies of N4 of the Ballads for M<sup>rss</sup> Flaxman & Five more two of which you will be so good as to give to M<sup>rs</sup> Chetwynd if she should call or send for them. These Ballads are likely to be Profitable for we have Sold all hat we have had time to print. Evans the Bookseller in Pallmall says they go off very well & why should we repent of having done them it is doing Nothing that is to be repented of & not doing such things as these

Pray remember us both to M<sup>r</sup> Hall when you see him I write in great haste & with a head full of botheration about various projected works & particularly. a work now Proposed to the Public at the End of Cowpers Life. which will very likely be of great consequence it is Cowpers Milton the same that Fuselis Milton Gallery was painted for,, & if we succeed in our intentions the prints to this work will be very profitable to me & not only profitable but honourable at any rate The Project pleases Lord Cowpers family. & I am now labouring in my thoughts Designs for this & other works equally creditable These are works to be boasted of & therefore I cannot feel depress'd tho I know that as far as Designing & Poetry are concernd I am Envied in many Quarters. but I will cram the Dogs for I know that the Public are my friends & love my works & will embrace them whenever they see them My only Difficulty is to produce fast enough.

I go on Merrily with my Greek & Latin: am very sorry that I did not begin to learn languages early in life as I find it very Easy. am now learning my Hebrew <Hebrew here> I read Greek as fluently as an Oxford scholar & the Testament is my chief master. astonishing indeed is the English Translation it is almost word for word & if the Hebrew Bible is as well translated which I do not doubt it is we need not doubt of its having been translated as well as written by the Holy Ghost

my wife joins me in Love to you both

I am Sincerely yours

W BLAKE

EDL25.1JBlake1'03; E725|

[To James Blake]

L25.1JBlake1'03; E725|

Felpham Jan/y 30--1803.

L25.1JBlake1'03; E725|

Dear Brother

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never have known the nature of Publication unless I had known H & his connexions & his method of managing. It now <would> be folly not to venture publishing. I am now Engraving Six little plates for a little work of M<sup>r</sup> H's for which I a to have 10 G<uineas> each & the certain profits of that work are a fortune such as would make me independent supposing that I could substantiate such a one of my own & I mean to try many But I again say as I said before We are very Happy sitting at tea by a wood fire in our Cottage the wind singing above our roof & the sea roaring at a distance but if sickness comes all is unpleasant  
But my letter to M<sup>r</sup> Butts appears to me not to be so explicit as that to you for I told you that I should come to London in the Spring to commence Publisher & he <has> offerd me every assistance in his power <without knowing my intention>. But since I wrote yours we had made the resolution of which we informd him viz to leave Felpham entirely. I also told you what I was about & that I was not ignorant of what was doing in London in works of art. But I did not mention Illness because I hoped to get better (for I was really very ill when I wrote to him the last time) & was not then perswaded as I am now that the air tho warm is unhealthy  
However this I know will set you at Ease. I am now so full of work that I have had no time to go on with the Ballads, & my prospects of more & more work continually are certain. My Heads of Cowper for M<sup>r</sup> H's life of Cowper have pleasd his Relations exceedingly & in Particular Lady Hesketh & Lord Cowper <to please> Lady H was a doubtful chance who almost adord her Cousin the poet & thought him all perfection & she writes that she is quite satisfied with the portraits & charmd by the great Head in particular tho she never could bear the original Picture  
But I ought to mention to you that our present idea is. To take a house in some village further from the Sea Perhaps Lavant. & in or near the road to London for the sake of convenience--I also ought to inform you that I read your letter to M<sup>r</sup> H & that he is very afraid of losing me & also very afraid that my Friends in London should have a bad opinion of the reception he has given to me But My Wife has undertaken to Print the whole number of the Plates for Cowpers work which she does to admiration & being under my own

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eye the prints are as fine as the French prints & please every one. in short I have Got every thing so under my thumb that it is more profitable that things should be as they are than any other way, tho not so agreeable because we wish naturally for friendship in preference to interest.--The Publishers are already



indebted to My Wife Twenty Guineas for work deliverd this is a small specimen of how we go on. then fear nothing & let my Sister fear nothing because it appears to me that I am now too old & have had too much experience to be any longer imposed upon only illness makes all uncomfortable & this we must prevent by every means in our power

I send with this 5 Copies of N4 of the Ballads for Mr<sup>rss</sup> Flaxman & Five more two of which you will be so good as to give to Mr<sup>s</sup> Chetwynd if she should call or send for them. These Ballads are likely to be Profitable for we have Sold all hat we have had time to print. Evans the Bookseller in Pallmall says they go off very well & why should we repent of having done them it is doing Nothing that is to be repented of & not doing such things as these

Pray remember us both to Mr Hall when you see him I write in great haste & with a head full of botheration about various projected works & particularly. a work now Proposed to the Public at the End of Cowpers Life. which will very likely be of great consequence it is Cowpers Milton the same that Fuselis Milton Gallery was painted for,, & if we succeed in our intentions the prints to this work will be very profitable to me & not only profitable but honourable at any rate The Project pleases Lord Cowpers family. & I am now labouring in my thoughts Designs for this & other works equally creditable These are works to be boasted of & therefore I cannot feel depress'd tho I know that as far as Designing & Poetry are concernd I am Envied in many Quarters. but I will cram the Dogs for I know that the Public are my friends & love my works & will embrace them whenever they see them My only Difficulty is to produce fast enough.

I go on Merrily with my Greek & Latin: am very sorry that I did not begin to learn languages early in life as I find it very Easy. am now learning my Hebrew <Hebrew here> I read Greek as fluently as an Oxford scholar & the Testament is my chief master. astonishing indeed is the English Translation it is almost word for word & if the Hebrew Bible is as well translated which I do not doubt it is we need not doubt of its having been translated as well as written by the Holy Ghost  
my wife joins me in Love to you both  
I am Sincerely yours  
W BLAKE

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L26.1Butts4'03; E728| [To] M<sup>r</sup> Butts, Gr<sup>r</sup> Marlborough Street

L26.1Butts4'03; E728| Felpham April 25: 1803

L26.1Butts4'03; E728| My Dear Sir

L26.1Butts4'03; E728| I write in haste having recieved a pressing Letter from my  
L26.1Butts4'03; E728| Brother. I intended to have sent the Picture of the Riposo which  
L26.1Butts4'03; E728| is nearly finishd much to my satisfaction but not quite you shall  
L26.1Butts4'03; E728| have it soon. I now send the 4 Numbers for M<sup>r</sup> Birch with best  
L26.1Butts4'03; E728| Respects to him <The Reason the Ballads have been suspended is  
L26.1Butts4'03; E728| the pressure of other business but they will go on again soon>  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| Accept of my thanks for your kind & heartening Letter You  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| have Faith in the Endeavours of Me your weak brother & fellow  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| Disciple. how great must be your faith in our Divine Master. You  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| are to me a Lesson of Humility while you Exalt me by such  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| distinguishing commendations. I know that you see certain merits  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| in me which by Gods Grace shall be made fully apparent & perfect  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| in Eternity. in the mean time I must not bury the Talents in the  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| Earth but do my endeavour to live to the Glory of our Lord &  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| Saviour & I am also grateful to the kind hand that endeavours to  
L26.2Butts4'03; E728| lift me out of despondency even if it lifts me too high--  
L26.3Butts4'03; E728| And now My Dear Sir Congratulate me on my return to London  
L26.3Butts4'03; E728| with the full approbation of M<sup>r</sup> Hayley & with Promise--But Alas!  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| Now I may say to you what perhaps I shoud not dare to say  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| to any one else. That I can alone carry on my visionary studies  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| in London unannoyd & that I may converse with my friends in  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| Eternity. See Visions, Dream Dreams, & prophecy & speak Parables  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| unobserv'd & at liberty from the Doubts of other Mortals. perhaps  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| Doubts proceeding from Kindness. but Doubts are always pernicious  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| Especially when we Doubt our Friends Christ is very decided on  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| this Point. "He who is Not With Me is Against Me" There is no  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| Medium or Middle state & if a Man is the Enemy of my Spiritual  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| Life while he pretends to be the Friend of my Corporeal. he is a  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| Real Enemy--but the Man may be the friend of my Spiritual Life  
L26.4Butts4'03; E728| while he seems the Enemy of my Corporeal but Not Vice Versa  
L26.5Butts4'03; E728| What is very pleasant. Every one who hears of my going to



ED; E729| 27

EDL27.1Butts7'03; E729| [To Thomas Butts]

L27.1Butts7'03; E729| Felpham July 6. 1803

L27.1Butts7'03; E729| Dear Sir

L27.1Butts7'03; E729| I send you the Riposo which I hope you will think my best  
L27.1Butts7'03; E729| Picture in many respects. It represents the Holy Family in Egypt  
L27.1Butts7'03; E729| Guarded in their Repose from those Fiends the Egyptian Gods. and  
L27.1Butts7'03; E729| tho' not directly taken from a Poem of Miltons (for till I had  
L27.1Butts7'03; E729| designd it Miltons Poem did not come into my Thoughts) Yet it is  
L27.1Butts7'03; E729| very similar to his Hymn on the Nativity which you will find  
L27.1Butts7'03; E729| among his smaller Poems & will read with great delight. I have  
L27.1Butts7'03; E729| given in the background a building which may be supposed the ruin  
L27.1Butts7'03; E729| of a Part of Nimrods tower which I conjecture to have spread over  
L27.1Butts7'03; E729| many Countries for he ought to be reckond of the Giant brood  
L27.2Butts7'03; E729| I have now on the Stocks the following Drawings for you  
L27.2Butts7'03; E729| 1. Jephthah sacrificing his Daughter--2. Ruth & her mother in  
L27.2Butts7'03; E729| Law & Sister 3. The three Maries at the Sepulcher. 4. The Death  
L27.2Butts7'03; E729| of Joseph. 5. The Death of the Virgin Mary [5]<6>St Paul  
L27.2Butts7'03; E729| Preaching. & [6]<7> The Angel of the Divine Presence clothing  
L27.2Butts7'03; E729| Adam & Eve with Coats of Skins  
L27.3Butts7'03; E729| These are all in great forwardness & I am satisfied that I  
L27.3Butts7'03; E729| improve very much & shall continue to do so while I live which  
L27.3Butts7'03; E729| [if]<is> a blessing I can never be too thankful for both  
L27.3Butts7'03; E729| to God & Man  
L27.4Butts7'03; E729| We look forward every day with pleasure toward our meeting  
L27.4Butts7'03; E729| again in London

L27.4Butts7'03; E730| with those whom we have learnd to value by absence no less  
L27.4Butts7'03; E730| perhaps than we did by presence for recollection often surpasses  
L27.4Butts7'03; E730| every thing. indeed the prospect of returning to our friends is  
L27.4Butts7'03; E730| supremely delightful--Then I am determind that M<sup>rs</sup> Butts shall  
L27.4Butts7'03; E730| have a good likeness of You if I have hands & eyes left. for I am  
L27.4Butts7'03; E730| become a likeness taker & succeed admirably well. but this is not  
L27.4Butts7'03; E730| to be atchievd without the original sitting before you for Every  
L27.4Butts7'03; E730| touch. all likenesses from memory being necessarily very very







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L28.1Butts8'03; E731| [To] Mr Butts, Gr Marlborough St, London

L28.1Butts8'03; E731| Felpham August 16. 1803

L28.1Butts8'03; E731| Dear Sir  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| I send 7 Drawings which I hope will please you. this I  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| believe about balances our account--Our return to London draws  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| on apace. our Expectation of meeting again with you is one of our  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| greatest pleasures. Pray tell me how your Eyes do. I never sit  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| down to work but I think of you & feel anxious for the sight of  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| that friend whose Eyes have done me so much good--I omitted (very  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| unaccountably) to copy out in my last Letter that passage in my  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| rough sketch which related to your kindness in offering to  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| Exhibit my 2 last Pictures in the Gallery in Berners Street it  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| was in these Words. "I sincerely thank you for your kind offer of  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| Exhibiting my 2 Pictures. the trouble you take on my account I  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| trust will be recompensed to you by him who Seeth in Secret. if  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| you should find it convenient to do so it will be gratefully  
L28.1Butts8'03; E731| rememberd

L28.1Butts8'03; E732| by me among the other numerous kindnesses I have recieved from  
L28.1Butts8'03; E732| you"--

L28.2Butts8'03; E732| I go on with the remaining Subjects which you gave me  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| commission to Execute for you but shall not be able to send any  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| more before my return tho perhaps I may bring some with me  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| finishd. I am at Present in a Bustle to defend myself against a  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| very unwarrantable warrant from a justice of Peace in  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| Chichester. which was taken out against me by a Private in Capt<sup>n</sup>  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| Leathes's troop of 1<sup>st</sup> or Royal Dragoons for an assault &  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| Seditious words. The wretched Man has terribly Perjurd himself  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| as has his Comade for as to Sedition not one Word relating to  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| the King or Government was spoken by either him or me. His  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| Enmity arises from my having turned him out of my Garden into  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| which he was invited as an assistant by a Gardener at work  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| therein, without my knowledge that he was so invited. I desired  
L28.2Butts8'03; E732| him as politely as was possible to go out of the Garden, he made



me an impertinent answer I insisted on his leaving the Garden he refused I still persisted in desiring his departure he then threatend to knock out my Eyes with many abominable imprecations & with some contempt for my Person it affronted my foolish Pride I therefore took him by the Elbows & pushed him before me till I had got him out. there I intended to have left him. but he turning about put himself into a Posture of Defiance threatening & swearing at me. I perhaps foolishly & perhaps not, stepped out at the Gate & putting aside his blows took him again by the Elbows & keeping his back to me pushed him forwards down the road about fifty yards he all the while endeavouring to turn round & strike me & raging & cursing which drew out several neighbours. at length when I had got him to where he was Quarterd. which was very quickly done. we were met at the Gate by the Master of the house. The Fox Inn, (who is [my] the proprietor of my Cottage) & his wife & Daughter. & the Mans Comrade. & several other people My Landlord compelld the Soldiers to go in doors after many abusive threats [from the] against me & my wife from the two Soldiers but not one word of threat on account of Sedition was utterd at that time. This method of Revenge was Plann'd between them after they had got together into the Stable. This is the whole outline. I have for witnesses. The Gardener who is Hostler at the Fox & who Evidences that to his knowledge no word of the remotest tendency to Government or Sedition was utterd,--Our next door Neighbour a Millers wife who saw me turn him before me down the road & saw & heard all that happend at the Gate of the Inn who Evidences that no Expression of threatening on account of Sedition was utterd in the heat of their fury by either of the Dragoons. this was the womans own remark & does high honour to her good sense as she observes that whenever a quarrel happens the offence is always repeated. The Landlord of the Inn & His Wife & daughter will Evidence the Same & will evidently prove the Comrade perjurd who swore that he heard me <while> at the Gate utter Seditious words & D--- the K--- without which perjury I could not have been committed & I had no witness with me before the Justices who could combat his assertion as the Gardener remaind in my Garden all the while & he was the only person I thought necessary to take with me. I have been before a Bench of Justices at Chichester this morning. but they as the Lawyer who

wrote down the Accusation told me in private are compelld by the Military to suffer a prosecution to be enterd into altho they must know & it is manifest that the whole is a Fabricated Perjury. I have been forced to find Bail. M<sup>r</sup> Hayley was kind

enough to come forwards & M<sup>r</sup> Seagrave Printer at Chichester.  
 M<sup>r</sup> H. in 100L & M<sup>r</sup> S. in 50L & myself am bound in 100L for  
 my appearance at the Quarter Sessions which is after Michaelmass.  
 So I shall have the Satisfaction to see my friends in Town before  
 this Contemptible business comes on I say Contemptible for it  
 must be manifest to every one that the whole accusation is a  
 wilful Perjury. Thus you see my dear Friend that I cannot leave  
 this place without some adventure. it has struck a consternation  
 thro all the Villages round. Every Man is now afraid of speaking  
 to or looking at a Soldier. for the peaceable Villagers have  
 always been forward in expressing their kindness for us & they  
 express their sorrow at our departure as soon as they hear of it  
 Every one here is my Evidence for Peace & Good Neighbourhood &  
 yet such is the present state of things this foolish accusation  
 must be tried in Public. Well I am content I murmur not & doubt  
 not that I shall recieve Justice & am only sorry for the trouble  
 & expense. I have heard that my Accuser is a disgraced Sergeant  
 his name is John Scholfield. perhaps it will be in your power to  
 learn somewhat about the Man I am very ignorant of what I am  
 requesting of you. I only suggest what I know you will be kind  
 enough to Excuse if you can learn nothing about him & what I as  
 well know if it is possible you will be kind enough to do in this  
 matter

Dear Sir This perhaps was sufferd to Clear up some doubts &  
 to give opportunity to those whom I doubted to clear themselves  
 of all imputation. If a Man offends me ignorantly & not  
 designedly surely I ought to consider him with favour &  
 affection. Perhaps the simplicity of myself is the origin of all  
 offences committed against me. If I have found this I shall have  
 learned a most valuable thing well worth three years  
 perseverance. I have found it! It is certain! that a too  
 passive manner. inconsistent with my active physiognomy had done  
 me much mischief I must now express to you my conviction that all  
 is come from the spiritual World for Good & not for Evil.  
 Give me your advice in my perilous adventure. burn what I  
 have peevishly written about any friend. I have been very much  
 degraded & injuriously treated. but if it all arise from my own  
 fault I ought to blame myself

O why was I born with a different face *t1535*

Why was I not born like the rest of my race

When I look each one starts! when I speak I offend

Then I'm silent & passive & lose every Friend

L28.verse5Butts8'03; E733|  
L28.verse6Butts8'03; E733|  
L28.verse7Butts8'03; E733|  
L28.verse8Butts8'03; E733|  
L28.verse9Butts8'03; E733|  
L28.verse10Butts8'03; E733|

Then my verse I dishonour. My pictures despise  
My person degrade & my temper chastise  
And the pen is my terror. the pencil my shame  
All my Talents I bury, and Dead is my Fame  
I am either too low or too highly prizd  
When Elate I am Envy'd, When Meek I'm despisd

L28.5Butts8'03; E734|  
L28.5Butts8'03; E734|  
L28.5Butts8'03; E734|  
L28.5Butts8'03; E734|  
L28.5Butts8'03; E734|  
L28.5Butts8'03; E734|  
L28.5Butts8'03; E734|  
L28.5Butts8'03; E734|

This is but too just a Picture of my Present state I pray  
God to keep you & all men from it & to deliver me in his own good  
time. Pray write to me & tell me how you & your family Enjoy  
health. My much terrified Wife joins me in love to you & Mrs  
Butts & all your family. I again take the liberty to beg of you  
to cause the Enclosd Letter to be deliverd to my Brother & remain  
Sincerely & Affectionately Yours  
WILLIAM BLAKE

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L29.1Memo8'03; E734|    Blake's Memorandum in Refutation of the Information  
L29.1Memo8'03; E734|    and Complaint of John Scolfield, a private Soldier, &c.    *t1536*

EDL29.1Memo8'03; E734|    [August 1803]

L29.1Memo8'03; E734|    The Soldier has been heard to say repeatedly, that he did  
L29.1Memo8'03; E734|    not know how the Quarrel began, which he would not say if such  
L29.1Memo8'03; E734|    seditious words were spoken.--  
L29.2Memo8'03; E734|    Mrs. Haynes Evidences, that she saw me turn him down the  
L29.2Memo8'03; E734|    Road, & all the while we were at the Stable Door, and that not  
L29.2Memo8'03; E734|    one word of charge against me was uttered, either relating to  
L29.2Memo8'03; E734|    Sedition or any thing else; all he did was swearing and  
L29.2Memo8'03; E734|    threatening.--  
L29.3Memo8'03; E734|    Mr. Hosier heard him say that he would be revenged, and  
L29.3Memo8'03; E734|    would have me hanged if he could! He spoke this the Day after my  
L29.3Memo8'03; E734|    turning him out of the Garden. Hosier says he is ready to give  
L29.3Memo8'03; E734|    Evidence of this, if necessary.--  
L29.4Memo8'03; E734|    The Soldier's Comrade swore before the Magistrates, while I  
L29.4Memo8'03; E734|    was present, that he heard me utter seditious words, at the  
L29.4Memo8'03; E734|    Stable Door, and in particular, said, that he heard me D--n the  
L29.4Memo8'03; E734|    K--g. Now I have all the Persons who were present at the Stable  
L29.4Memo8'03; E734|    Door to witness that no Word relating to Seditious Subjects was  
L29.4Memo8'03; E734|    uttered, either by one party or the other, and they are ready, on  
L29.4Memo8'03; E734|    their Oaths, to say that I did not utter such Words.--  
L29.5Memo8'03; E734|    Mrs. Haynes says very sensibly, that she never heard People  
L29.5Memo8'03; E734|    quarrel, but they always charged each other with the Offence, and  
L29.5Memo8'03; E734|    repeated it to those around, therefore as the Soldier charged not  
L29.5Memo8'03; E734|    me with Seditious Words at that Time, neither did his Comrade,  
L29.5Memo8'03; E734|    the whole Charge must have been fabricated in the Stable  
L29.5Memo8'03; E734|    afterwards.--  
L29.6Memo8'03; E734|    If we prove the Comrade perjured who swore that he heard me  
L29.6Memo8'03; E734|    D--n the K--g, I believe the whole Charge falls to the Ground.  
L29.7Memo8'03; E734|    Mr. Cosens, owner of the Mill at Felpham, was passing by in  
L29.7Memo8'03; E734|    the Road, and saw me and the Soldier and William standing near  
L29.7Memo8'03; E734|    each other; he heard nothing, but says we certainly were not  
L29.7Memo8'03; E734|    quarrelling.--

The whole Distance that William could be at any Time of the Conversation between me and the Soldier (supposing such Conversation to have existed) is only 12 Yards, & W-- says that he was backwards and forwards in the Garden. It was a still Day, there was no Wind stirring.

William says on his Oath, that the first Words that he heard me speak to the Soldier were ordering him out of the Garden; the truth is, I did not speak to the Soldier till then, & my ordering him out of the Garden was occasioned by his [P 2] saying something that I thought insulting.

The Time that I & the Soldier were together in the Garden, was not sufficient for me to have uttered the Things that he alledged. The Soldier said to Mrs. Grinder, that it would be right to have my House searched, as I might have plans of the Country which I intended to send to the Enemy; he called me a Military Painter; I suppose mistaking the Words Miniature Painter, which he might have heard me called. I think that this proves, his having come into the Garden, with some bad Intention, or at least with a prejudiced Mind.

It is necessary to learn the Names of all that were present at the Stable Door, that we may not have any Witnesses brought against us, that were not there.

All the Persons present at the Stable Door were, Mrs. Grinder and her Daughter, all the Time; Mrs. Haynes & her Daughter all the Time; Mr. Grinder, part of the Time; Mr. Hayley's Gardener part of the Time.--Mrs. Haynes was present from my turning him out at my Gate, all the rest of the Time--What passed in the Garden, there is no Person but William & the Soldier, & myself can know.

There was not any body in Grinder's Tap-room, but an Old Man, named Jones, who (Mrs. Grinder says) did not come out--He is the same Man who lately hurt his Hand, & wears it in a sling--The Soldier after he and his Comrade came together into the Tap-room, threatened to knock William's Eyes out (this was his often repeated Threat to me and to my Wife) because W-- refused to go with him to Chichester, and swear against me. William said that he would not take a false Oath, for that he heard me say nothing of the Kind (i.e. Sedition) Mr[s] Grinder then reproved the Soldier for threatening William, and Mr. Grinder said, that W-- should not go, because of those Threats, especially as he was sure that no Seditious Words were Spoken.--

[P 3] William's timidity in giving his Evidence before the Magistrates, and his fear of uttering a Falsehood upon Oath, proves him to be an honest Man, & is to me an host of Strength.



L29.16Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.16Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.16Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.17Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.17Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.17Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.17Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.18Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.18Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.18Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.18Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.19Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.19Memo8'03; E735|  
L29.19Memo8'03; E735|

I am certain that if I had not turned the Soldier out of my Garden, I never should have been free from his Impertinence & Intrusion.

Mr. Hayley's Gardener came past at the Time of the Contention at the Stable Door, & going to the Comrade said to him, Is your Comrade drunk?--a Proof that he thought the Soldier abusive, & in an Intoxication of Mind.

If such a Perjury as this can take effect, any Villain in future may come & drag me and my Wife out of our House, & beat us in the Garden, or use us as he please, or is able, & afterwards go and swear our Lives away.

Is it not in the Power of any Thief who enters a Man's Dwelling, & robs him, or misuses his Wife or Children, to go & swear as this Man has sworn.

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ED; E736|      30

EDL30Hayley9'03; E736|      [To William Hayley]

EDL30Hayley9'03; E736|      [19 September 1803]

L30.Hayley9'03; E736|      My admiration of Flaxman's genius is more and more--his  
L30.Hayley9'03; E736|      industry is equal to his other great powers.

L30.Hayley9'03; E736|      Speaks of his works in progress in his studio, and of  
L30.Hayley9'03; E736|      various matters connected with art.

EDL30Hayley9'03; E736|      [Extracts from sale catalogue]

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ED; E736|   31

L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>, Felpham,  
L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   near Chichester, Sussex

L31.1Hayley10'3; E736|   London. October 7. 1803

L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   Dear Sir

L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   Your generous & tender solicitude about your devoted rebel  
L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   makes it absolutely necessary that he should trouble you with an  
L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   account of his safe arrival which will excuse his begging the  
L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   favor of a few lines to inform him how you escaped the contagion  
L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   of the Court of Justice-- I fear that you have & must suffer  
L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   more on my account than I shall ever be worth--Arrived safe in  
L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   London my wife in very poor health still I resolve not to lose.  
L31.1Hayley10'03; E736|   hope of seeing better days.

L31.2Hayley10'03; E736|   Art in London flourishes. Engravers in particular are  
L31.2Hayley10'03; E736|   wanted. Every Engraver turns away work that he cannot Execute  
L31.2Hayley10'03; E736|   from his superabundant Employment. Yet no one brings work to me.  
L31.2Hayley10'03; E736|   I am content that it shall be so as long as God pleases I know  
L31.2Hayley10'03; E736|   that many works of a lucrative nature are in want of hands other  
L31.2Hayley10'03; E736|   Engravers are courted. I suppose that I must go a Courting which  
L31.2Hayley10'03; E736|   I shall do awkwardly in the mean time I lose no moment to  
L31.2Hayley10'03; E736|   complete Romney to satisfaction

L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   How is it possible that a Man almost 50 Years of Age who has  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   not lost any of his life since he was five years old without  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   incessant labour & study. how is it possible that such a one with  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   ordinary common sense can be inferior to a boy of twenty who  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   scarcely has taken or deigns to take a pencil in hand but who  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   rides about the Parks or Saunters about the Playhouses who Eats &  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   drinks for business not for need how is it possible that such a  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   fop can be superior to the studious lover of Art can scarcely b  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   imagind Yet such is somewhat like my fate & such it is likely to  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   remain. Yet I laugh & sing for if on Earth neglected I am in  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   heaven a Prince among Princes & even on Earth beloved by the Good  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   as a Good Man this I should be perfectly contented with but at  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   certain periods a blaze of reputation arises round me in which I  
L31.3Hayley10'03; E736|   am considerd as one distinguishd by some mental perfection but

soon dies again & I am left stupified & astonishd O that I  
 could live as others do in a regular succession of Employment  
 this wish I fear is not to be accomplishd to me--Forgive this  
 Dirge-like lamentation over a dead horse & now I have lamented  
 over the dead horse let me laugh & be merry with my friends till  
 Christmas for as Man liveth not by bread alone I shall live altho  
 I should want bread--nothing is necessary to me but to do my Duty  
 & to rejoice in the exceeding joy that is always poured out on my  
 Spirit. to pray that my friends & you above the rest may be made  
 partakers of the joy that the world cannot conceive that you may  
 still be replenishd with the same & be as you always have been a  
 glorious & triumphant Dweller in immortality. Please to pay for  
 me my best thanks to Miss Poole tell her that I wish her a  
 continued Excess of Happiness--some say that Happiness is not  
 Good for Mortals & they ought to be answerd that Sorrow is not  
 fit for Immortals & is utterly useless to any one a blight never  
 does good to a tree & if a blight kill not a tree but it still  
 bear fuit let none say that the fruit was in consequence of the  
 blight. When this Soldierlike Danger is over I will do double  
 <the> work I do now. for it will hang heavy on my Devil who  
 terribly resents it. but I soothe him to peace & indeed he is a  
 good naturd Devil after all & certainly does not lead me into  
 scrapes. he is not in the least to be blamed for the present  
 scrape as he was out of the way all the time on other  
 employment seeking amusement in making Verses to which he  
 constantly leads me very much to my hurt & sometimes to the  
 annoyance of my friends as I percieve he is now doing the same  
 work by my letter I will finish it wishing you health & joy in  
 God our Saviour  
 To Eternity yours  
 WILL<sup>m</sup> BLAKE

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ED; E737|      32

EDL32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      [To William Hayley]

L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      South Molton Street, 26 October 1803

L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      Dear Sir,  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      I hasten to write to you by the favour of Mr. Edwards. I  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      have been with Mr. Saunders who has now in his possession all  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      Mr. Romney's pictures that remained after the sale at Hempstead;  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      I saw *Milton and his Daughters*, and *'Twas where the*  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      *Seas were Roaring*, and a beautiful *Female head*. He  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      has promised to write a list of all that he has in his  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      possession, and of all that he remembers of Mr. Romney's  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      paintings, with notices where they now are, as far as his  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      recollection will serve. The picture of *Christ in the Desert*  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      he supposes to be one of those which he has rolled on  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      large rollers. He will take them down and unroll them,  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      but cannot do it easily, as they are so large as to occupy the  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      whole length of his workshop, and are laid across beams at the  
L32.1Hayley10'03; E737|      top.

L32.2Hayley10'03; E738|      Mr Flaxman is now out of town. When he returns I will lose  
L32.2Hayley10'03; E738|      no time in setting him to work on the same object.  
L32.3Hayley10'03; E738|      I have got to work after Fuseli for a little Shakespeare.  
L32.3Hayley10'03; E738|      Mr. Johnson the bookseller tells me that there is no want of  
L32.3Hayley10'03; E738|      work. So far you will be rejoiced with me, and your words,  
L32.3Hayley10'03; E738|      *"Do not fear you can want employment!"* were verified the  
L32.3Hayley10'03; E738|      morning after I received your kind letter; but I go on finishing  
L32.3Hayley10'03; E738|      Romney with spirit, and for the relief of variety shall engage in  
L32.3Hayley10'03; E738|      other little works as they arise.  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|      I called on Mr. Evans who gives small hopes of our ballads;  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|      he says he has sold but fifteen numbers at the most, and that  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|      going on would be a certain loss of almost all the expenses. I  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|      then proposed to him to take a part with me in publishing them on  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|      a smaller scale, which he declined on account of its being out of  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|      his line of business to publish, and a line in which he is  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|      determined never to engage, attaching himself wholly to the sale

L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|  
L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|  
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L32.4Hayley10'03; E738|  
L32.5Hayley10'03; E738|  
L32.5Hayley10'03; E738|  
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L32.5Hayley10'03; E738|  
L32.5Hayley10'03; E738|  
L32.5Hayley10'03; E738|  
EDL32.5Hayley10'03; E738|

of fine editions of authors and curious books in general. He advises that some publisher should be spoken to who would purchase the copyright: and, as far as I can judge of the nature of publication, no chance is left to one out of the trade. Thus the case stands at present. God send better times. Everybody complains, yet all go on cheerfully and with spirit. The shops in London improve; everything is elegant, clean, and neat; the streets are widened where they were narrow; even Snow Hill is become almost level, and is a very handsome street, and the narrow part of the Strand near St. Clement's is widened and become very elegant.

My wife continues poorly, but fancies she is better in health here than by the seaside. We both sincerely pray for the health of Miss Poole, and for all our friends in Sussex, and remain, dear sir,

Your sincere and devoted servants,

W. and C. BLAKE

[From the Gilchrist *Life*]

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ED; E738|   33

L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   [To] William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> Felpham,  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   near Bognor, Sussex

L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   Tuesday night  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   13 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1803

L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   Dear Sir  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   I write in a violent hurry. Your Letter has never arrived  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   to me M<sup>rs</sup> Lambert has been with me which is the first notice I  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   had of the Letter or of the Drawing. I have fetchd the Drawing  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   from M<sup>r</sup> Rose & have shewd it to M<sup>r</sup>. Flaxman who approves of it  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   wishing only that the Monument itself may be more made out & the  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   other Monument in the back Ground kept in a lower tint. The  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   little oval tablet on the side by Cowpers Monument he tells me is  
L33.1Hayley12'03; E738|   M<sup>rs</sup> Unwins of course that shall be distinguishd

L33.2Hayley12'03; E739|   I have a great many things to say & a great many heartfelt  
L33.2Hayley12'03; E739|   acknowledgments to express particularly for your tens which are  
L33.2Hayley12'03; E739|   hundreds to me nay thousands I am going on with success. business  
L33.2Hayley12'03; E739|   comes in & I shall be at ease if this infernal business of the  
L33.2Hayley12'03; E739|   soldier can be got over  
L33.3Hayley12'03; E739|   I have seen M<sup>r</sup> Saunders & enquired of him whether he has any  
L33.3Hayley12'03; E739|   of M<sup>r</sup> Romneys [*Sketches*] Historical Sketches. he says  
L33.3Hayley12'03; E739|   that he sent a great part of them to the North & explaind the  
L33.3Hayley12'03; E739|   North by saying that [*M<sup>r</sup> Romney*] M<sup>r</sup> John Romney has a  
L33.3Hayley12'03; E739|   dwelling in the north-- M<sup>r</sup> Flaxman supposes that if some of the  
L33.3Hayley12'03; E739|   most distinguishd designs of M<sup>r</sup> Romney of which M<sup>r</sup> Saunders has a  
L33.3Hayley12'03; E739|   good many were Engravd they would be an appropriate accompaniment  
L33.3Hayley12'03; E739|   to the Life of Romney the expense would not be very great & the  
L33.3Hayley12'03; E739|   merit of the designs an object of consequence.  
L33.4Hayley12'03; E739|   M<sup>r</sup> Saunders will shortly write to you giving you every  
L33.4Hayley12'03; E739|   information in his power with notices of where M<sup>r</sup> Romneys <best>  
L33.4Hayley12'03; E739|   pictures now are & other articles collected from every Fountain  
L33.4Hayley12'03; E739|   he can visit  
L33.5Hayley12'03; E739|   I send the five copies of Cowpers Plates which you will



L33.5Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.5Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.5Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.5Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.5Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.6Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.6Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.6Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.6Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.6Hayley12'03; E739|  
L33.6Hayley12'03; E739|

recieve with this & have only time to say because I shall be too  
late for the carriage  
God bless you & preserve you  
& reward your kindness to me  
WILL BLAKE  
P. S My wife is better we are very anxious about Miss Pooles  
health & shall be truly happy to hear that it is perfectly  
restored. Mr Romney[s] Portrait goes on with spirit. I do not  
send a proof because I cannot get one the Printers  
[*being*] <having been this afternoon> unable or unwilling  
& my Press not yet being put up

L33.6Hayley12'03; E739|

Farewell

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L34.1Hayley1'04; E739|

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L34.2Hayley1'04; E740|

L34.2Hayley1'04; E740|

London Jan/y 14. 1804

To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> Felpham  
near Chichester, Sussex

Dear Sir

I write immediately on my arrival. Not merely to inform you that I am safe arrivd. but also to inform you that in a conversation with an old Soldier who came in the Coach with me I learned: that no one! not even the most expert horseman! ought ever to mount a Troopers Horse. they are taught so many tricks such as stopping short, falling down on their knees, running sideways, & in various & innumerable ways endeavouring to throw the rider, that it is a miracle if a stranger escapes with Life;--All this I learnd with some alarm & heard also what the soldier said confirmd by another person in the coach--I therefore as it is my duty beg & entreat you never to mount that wicked horse again nor again trust to one who has been so Educated--God our Saviour watch over you & preserve you

I have seen Flaxman already as I took to him early this morning your present to his Scholar he & his are all well & in high spirits & welcomd Me with kind affection & generous exultation in my escape from the arrows of darkness. I intend to see M<sup>rs</sup> Lambert & M<sup>r</sup> Johnson bookseller this afternoon. My poor wife has been near the Gate of Death as was supposed by our kind & attentive fellow inhabitant. the young & very amiable M<sup>rs</sup> Enoch. who gave my wife all the attention that a daughter could pay to a mother but my arrival has dispelld the formidable malady & my dear & good woman again begins to resume her health & strength--Pray my dear Sir. favour me with a line concerning your health & how you have escaped the double blow both from the wicked horse & from your innocent humble servant whose heart & soul are more & more drawn out towards you & Felpham & its kind inhabitants I feel anxious & therefore pray to my God & father for the health of Miss Poole hope that the pang of affection & gratitude is the Gift of God for good I am thankful that I feel it it draws the soul towards Eternal life & conjunction with Spirits of just men made perfect by love & gratitude the two angels who stand at heavens gate ever open ever inviting guests

L34.2Hayley1'04; E740|  
L34.2Hayley1'04; E740|  
L34.2Hayley1'04; E740|  
L34.2Hayley1'04; E740|  
L34.2Hayley1'04; E740|  
L34.2Hayley1'04; E740|  
L34.2Hayley1'04; E740|

to the marriage O foolish Philosophy! Gratitude is Heaven  
itself there could be no heaven without Gratitude I feel it & I  
know it I thank God & Man for it & above all You My dear friend &  
benefactor in the Lord Pray give my & my wifes duties to Miss  
Poole. accept them yourself & believe me to be  
Yours in sincerity  
WILL<sup>M</sup> BLAKE

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ED; E740|    35

L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>, Felpham,  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    near Chichester, Sussex

L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    S<sup>th</sup> Molton Street Friday Jan/y 27. 1804

L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    Dear Sir

L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    Your eager expectation of hearing from me compells me to  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    write immediately tho I have not done half the business I wishd  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    owing to a violent cold which confind me to my bed 3 days & to my  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    chamber a week. I am now so well (thank God) as to get out &  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    have accordingly been to M<sup>r</sup> Walkers who is not in town being at  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    Birmingham where he will remain 6 Weeks or 2 Months I took my  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    Portrait of Romney as you desired to shew him. his So was  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    likewise not at home: but I will again call on M<sup>r</sup> Walker Jun<sup>r</sup> &  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    beg him to shew me the Pictures. & make every enquiry of him, If  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    you think best:--M<sup>r</sup> Sanders has one or two large Cartoons, The  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    Subjects he does not know. they are folded up on the top of his  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    workshop the rest he packd up & sent into the North. I shewd  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    your Letter to M<sup>r</sup> John Romney to M<sup>r</sup> Flaxman who was perfectly  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    satisfied with it. I seald & sent it immediately as directed by  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    M<sup>r</sup> Sanders to Kendall. Westmoreland. M<sup>r</sup> Sanders expects  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    Romney in town soon. Note, Your Letter to M<sup>r</sup> J Romney I sent off  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E740|    the morning after I recievd

L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    it from you being then in health I have taken your noble present  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    to M<sup>r</sup> Rose & left it with charge to the Servant of Great Care the  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    Writing looks very pretty I was fortunate in doing it myself &  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    hit it off excellently I have not seen M<sup>r</sup> Rose, tho he is in  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    town. M<sup>r</sup> Flaxman is not at all acquainted with S<sup>r</sup> Allan Chambre  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    recommends me to enquire concerning him of M<sup>r</sup> Rose my brother  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    says he believes S<sup>r</sup> Allan is a Master in Chancery.-- Tho I have  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    calld on M<sup>r</sup> Edwards twice for Lady Hamiltons direction was so  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    unfortunate as to find him Out both times I will repeat my Call  
L35.1Hayley1'04; E741|    on him tomorrow morning

L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
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L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|  
L35.2Hayley1'04; E741|

My Dear Sir I write now to satisfy you that all is in a good  
train I am going on briskly with the Plates find every thing  
promising. Work in Abundance; & if God blesses me with health  
doubt not yet to make a Figure in the Great Dance of Life that  
shall amuse the Spectators in the Sky. I hank You for my  
Demosthenes which is now become a noble subject--My Wife gets  
better every Day. hope earnestly that you have entirely escaped  
the brush of my Evil Star. Which I believe is now for ever  
fallen into the Abyss. God bless & preserve You & our Good Lady  
Paulina with the Good things both of this life & of eternity &  
with you my much admired & respected Edward the Bard of Oxford  
whose verses still sound upon my Ear like the distant approach of  
things mighty & magnificent like the sound of harps which I hear  
before the Suns rising like the remembrance of Felphams waves &  
of the Glorious & far beaming Turret, like the Villa of Lavant  
blessed & blessing Amen God bless you all O people of Sussex  
around your Hermit & Bard So prays the Emulator of both his &  
your mild & happy tempers of Soul your Devoted  
WILL BLAKE

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ED; E741|    36

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

S Molton Street 23 Feb/y. 1804

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

Dear Sir

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

I calld Yesterday on M<sup>r</sup> Braithwaite as you desired & found him quite as chearful as you describe him & by his appearance should not have supposed him to be near sixty notwithstanding he was shaded by a green shade over his Eyes--He gives a very spirited assurance of Mr John Romneys interesting himself in the great object of his Fathers Fame & thinks that he must be proud of such a work & in such hands. The Picture from Sterne which you desired him to procure for you; he has not yet found where it is. Supposes that it may be in the north & that he may learn from M<sup>r</sup> Romney who will be in town soon--M<sup>r</sup> B. desires I will present his Compliments to you & write you that he has spoken with M<sup>r</sup> Read concerning the Life of Romney. he interests himself in it & has promised to procure dates of premiums Pictures &/c M<sup>r</sup> Read having a number of Articles relating to Romney either written or printed which he promises to copy out for your use, as also the Catalogue of Hampstead Sale. He shewd me a very fine Portrait of M<sup>rs</sup> Siddons (by Romney)

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E741|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

as the Tragic Muse half length. that is the Head & hands. & in his best Style. He also desires me to express to you his wish that you would give the Public an Engraving of that Medallion by your Sons matchless hand which is placd over his chimney piece. between two little pretty pictures correct & enlarged copies from Antique Gems of which the center ornament is worthy, he says that it is by far in his opinion the most exact resemblance of Romney he ever saw I have furthermore the pleasure of informing you that he knew immediately my Portrait of Romney & assured me that he thought it a very great likeness

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.1Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.2Hayley2'04; E742|

I wish I could give you a Pleasant account of our beloved Councillor he Alas was ill in bed when I calld yesterday at about 12 O clock & the servant said that he remains very ill indeed.

L36.2Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.2Hayley2'04; E742|

L36.3Hayley2'04; E742|

M<sup>r</sup> Walker I have been so unfortunate as not to find at home



L36.3Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.3Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.3Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.3Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.4Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.4Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.4Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.4Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.4Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.4Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.4Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.5Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.5Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.5Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.5Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.5Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.5Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.6Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.6Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.6Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.6Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.6Hayley2'04; E742|

but <I> will call again in a day or two. Neither M<sup>r</sup> Flaxman nor  
M<sup>r</sup> Edwards know Lady Hamiltons address the house S<sup>r</sup> William livd  
in in Piccadilly She left some time ago <sup>r</sup> Edwards will procure  
her address for you & I will send it immediately  
I have inclosd for you the <22> Numbers of Fuselis  
Shakespeare that are out & the book of Italian Letters from Mrs  
Flaxman who with her admirable husband [*send thei*]  
<present> their best Compliments to you he is so busy that I  
believe. I shall never see him again but when I call on him. for  
he has never yet since my return to London had the time or grace  
to call on me M<sup>rs</sup> Flaxman & her Sisters gave also their  
testimony to my Likeness of Romney. Mr Flaxman I have not yet  
had an opportunity of consulting about it but soon will  
I inclose likewise the Academical Correspondence of Mr Hoare  
the Painter whose note to me I also inclose for I did but express  
to him my desire of sending you a Copy of his work & the day  
after I recieved it, with the note Expressing his pleasure [*of*  
*your*] in your wish to see it. You would be much delighted  
with the Man as I assure myself you will be with his work  
The plates of Cowpers Monument are both in great forwardness  
& you shall have Proofs in another week I assure you that I will  
not spare pains & am myself very much satisfied that I shall do  
my duty & produce two Elegant plates there is however a great  
deal of work in them that must & will have time.

L36.verseHayley2'04QUOTE; E742|  
L36.verseHayley2'04QUOTE; E742|  
L36.verseHayley2'04QUOTE; E742|

"Busy Busy Busy I bustle along  
Mounted upon warm Phoebus's rays  
Thro the heavenly throng" *t1537*

L36.7Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.7Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.8Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.8Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.8Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.8Hayley2'04; E742|  
L36.8Hayley2'04; E742|

But I hastend to write to you about M<sup>r</sup> Braithwaite hope when  
I send my proofs to give as good an account of M<sup>r</sup> Walker.  
My wife joins me in Respects & Love to you. & desires with  
mine to present hers to Miss Poole  
I remain Dear Sir Your Sincere  
WILL BLAKE

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ED; E743|      37

L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> Felpham,  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      near Chichester, Sussex

L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      March 12 1804

L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      Dear Sir

L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      I begin with the latter end of your letter & grieve more for  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      Miss Pooles ill-health than for my failure in sending proofs tho I  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      am very sorry that I cannot send before Saturdays Coach.  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      Engraving is Eternal work the two plates are almost finishd  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      [*You*] You will recieve proofs of them for Lady Hesketh  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      whose copy of Cowpers letters ought to be printed in letters of  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      Gold & ornamented with jewels of Heaven Havilah Eden & all the  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      countries where Jewels abound I curse & bless Engraving  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      alternately because it takes so much time & is so untractable.  
L37.1Hayley3'04; E743|      tho capable of such beauty & perfection  
L37.2Hayley3'04; E743|      My wife desires with me to Express her love to you Praying  
L37.2Hayley3'04; E743|      for Miss Pooles perfect recovery & we both remain  
L37.2Hayley3'04; E743|      Your Affectionate  
L37.2Hayley3'04; E743|      WILL BLAKE

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ED; E743| 38

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.1Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E743|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E744|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E744|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E744|

L38.2Hayley3'04; E744|

L38.3Hayley3'04; E744|

L38.3Hayley3'04; E744|

L38.3Hayley3'04; E744|

L38.4Hayley3'04; E744|

L38.4Hayley3'04; E744|

To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>

16 March 1804

Dear Sir

According to your Desire I send proofs of the Monumental Plates. tho' as you will percieve they have not the last touches. especially the Plate of the Monument which I have drawn from M<sup>r</sup> Flaxmans Model with all the fidelity I could & will finish with equal care. the writing being exactly copied from the tracing paper which was traced on the marble--The inscriptions to the Plates. I must beg of you to send to me that I may Engrave them immediately.

The drawing of the Monument which Mr Johnson sent has the following Inscription--"Monument Erected to the Memory of William Cowper Esq<sup>re</sup> in S<sup>t</sup> Edmunds Chapel. East Dereham by the Lady Hesketh 1803"--But it strikes me that. S<sup>t</sup> Edmunds Chapel East Dereham may be understood to mean a Chapel in East Dereham *Town*. & not to Express sufficiently, that the Monument is in *East Dereham Church*. Owing to my determination of sending you Proofs I have not been able to consult M<sup>r</sup> Flaxman about the Designs of M<sup>r</sup> Romney which are at Saunders's. I calld once o[n] M<sup>r</sup> F. but he was not at home so could not spare more time but will now immediately proceed in that business. The Pleasure I reciev'd from your kind Letter ought to make me assiduous & it does so. That M<sup>r</sup> John Romney is so honest as to expose to you his whole absurd prejudice. gives hopes that he may prove

worthy of his father & that he should tell such inconsistent surmizes proves that they will soon be eradicated & forgotten You who was his fathers best friend will I hope become the most respected object of his love & admiration

I calld on M<sup>r</sup> Hoare with your Elegant & Heart lifting Compliment. he was not at home-- I left it with a short note. have not seen him since--

M<sup>r</sup> Rose I am happy to hear is getting quite well. Hope to hear the same good account of our most admirable & always

L38.4Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.5Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.5Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.5Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.5Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.5Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.5Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.5Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.5Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.6Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.6Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.6Hayley3'04; E744|  
L38.6Hayley3'04; E744|

anxiously rememberd Miss Poole

Mr Braithwaite calld on me & brought two Prints which he desires may be sent to you (with His Compliments.) (which you will find inclosed) one is a copy from that Miniature; you kindly sufferd me to make, from the Picture of Romney which I am now Engraving: & which was lent by Mr Long for the purpose of being Engraved for the European Mag/ne The other is Mrs Siddons from the Picture by Romney in Mr Braithwaites possession but as much unlike the original as possible

My Wife joins me in best affections to you

& I remain Sincerely Yours

WILL BLAKE

I inclose also No 23 of the Shakspeare

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ED; E744| 39

L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>, Felpham

L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| Sth Molton Street March 21. 1804

L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| Dear Sir

L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| I send two Proofs of Each of the Monumental Plates with the  
L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| writing, which I hope will please. Should have sent the twelve  
L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| of Each if I had not wishd to improve them still more, & because  
L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| I had not enough paper in proper order for printing: beg pardon  
L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| for the omission of M<sup>r</sup> Braithwaites two Prints. as also for  
L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| omitting to mention M<sup>r</sup> Hoares grateful sensation on His reception  
L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| of your very beautiful Verses--I now send you his note to Me as I  
L39.1Hayley3'04; E744| think it will give you a good idea of this good & excellent Man  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| I have been to look at the Drawings & Picture. but Flaxman  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| has not yet been able to go with me Am sorry to inform you that  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| one of the drawings which M<sup>r</sup> Romney destined for you is Lost or  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| at least cannot now be found it is that of the Witch raising the  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| Storm. M<sup>r</sup> Romney says that in lieu of the lost Drawing you shall  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| have choice of either of the remaining ones of which Sanders says  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| there are Several. but I only saw one more because I would not  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| give much trouble as Flaxman was not with me--The Drawing I saw  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| is of a Female Figure with a Serpent in one hand & a torch in the  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| other, both held above her head & a figure kneeling at her  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| feet. it is a very sublime drawing & would make an Excellent  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| Print but I will not advise any thing till Flaxman sees them.  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| The Drawing of Pliny in the Eruption of Vesuvius is very  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| clever. & indeed a Sublime but very unfinishd Sketch.--The  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E744| Picture of the Man on

L39.2Hayley3'04; E745| horseback rescuing the drowning people is a beautiful  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E745| Performance. M<sup>r</sup> Saunders says that he has orders from M<sup>r</sup> Romney  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E745| to deliver the Picture & two Drawings to any person whom you  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E745| shall authorize to recieve them They are somewhat batterd but  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E745| not so much as I expected for I remember. & Saunders says. that  
L39.2Hayley3'04; E745| they never were properly strained upon their straining frames  
L39.3Hayley3'04; E745| We both rejoice that Miss Poole is better but hope & pray  
L39.3Hayley3'04; E745| for her intire recovery

L39.4Hayley3'04; E745|

L39.4Hayley3'04; E745|

L39.4Hayley3'04; E745|

L39.4Hayley3'04; E745|

My wife joins me in sincere love to you please to remember  
us both affectionately & gratefully to Miss Poole  
& believe me to remain Ever Yours  
WILL BLAKE

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ED; E745|    40

L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>, Felpham  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    near Chichester, Sussex

L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    St Molton S<sup>t</sup> March 31. 1804

L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    Dear Sir

L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    I did not recieve your Letter till Monday of course could  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    not have got them Printed to send by tuesdays Coach But there  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    is a real reason equally good why I have not yet sent. I hope  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    you will believe me when I say that my solicitude to bring them  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    to perfection has caused this delay as also not being quite sure  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    that you had Copies ready for them. I could not think of  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    delivering the 12 Copies without giving the last touches which  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    are always the best. I have now I hope given them & we directly  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    go to Printing. Consequently it will be by Tuesdays Coach that  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    you will recieve 12 of Each--If you do not wish any more done  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    before I deliver then <sup>1753</sup> pray favor me with a line. that I may send  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    the Plates to Johnson who wants them to set the Printer to work  
L40.1Hayley3'04; E745|    upon

L40.2Hayley3'04; E745|    I remain In Engravers hurry which is the worst & most  
L40.2Hayley3'04; E745|    unprofitable of hurries

L40.2Hayley3'04; E745|    Your Sincere & Affectionate  
L40.2Hayley3'04; E745|    WILL BLAKE

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ED; E745|    41

EDL41.Hayley4'04; E745|    [To William Hayley]

L41.Hayley4'04; E745|    2 April, 1804

L41.Hayley4'04; E745|    . . . Mr. Flaxman advises that the drawing of Mr. Romney's which  
L41.Hayley4'04; E745|    shall be chosen instead of the Witch (if that cannot be  
L41.Hayley4'04; E745|    recovered) be Hecate, the figure with the torch and snake, which  
L41.Hayley4'04; E745|    he thinks one of the finest drawings. The twelve impressions of  
L41.Hayley4'04; E745|    each of the plates which I now send ought to be

L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    unrolled immediately that you receive them and put under somewhat  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    to press them flat. You should have had fifteen of each, but I  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    had not paper enough in proper order for printing, There is now  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    in hand a new edition of Flaxman's *Homer* with additional  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    designs, two of which I am now engraving. I am uneasy at not  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    hearing from Mr. Dally, to whom I inclosed L15 in a letter a  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    fortnight ago, by his desire. I write to him by this post to  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    inquire about it. Money in these times is not to be trifled with.  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    I have now cleared the way to Romney, in whose service I now  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    enter again with great pleasure, and hope soon to show you my  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    zeal with good effect. Am in hopes that Miss Poole is recovered,  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    as you are silent on that most alarming and interesting topic in  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    both your last letters. God be with you in all things. My wife  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    joins me in this prayer.

L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    I am, dear Sir,  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    Your sincerely affectionate,  
L41.Hayley4'04; E746|    WILLM. BLAKE

EDL41.Hayley4'04; E746|    [From the Gilchrist *Life*]

L42.1Hayley4'04; E746|

42

L42.1Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.1Hayley4'04; E746|

To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> Felpham  
near Chichester, Sussex

L42.1Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.1Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.1Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.1Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.1Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.1Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E746|

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L42.2Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E746|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E746|

Sth Molton Street April 7. 1804

Dear Sir

You can have no Idea unless you was in London as I am how  
much your Name is lov'd & respected--I have the Extreme pleasure  
of transmitting to you one proof of this Respect which you will  
be pleased with & I hope will adopt & embrace.

It comes thro, M<sup>r</sup> Hoare. from M<sup>r</sup> Phillips of S<sup>t</sup> Pauls Church  
Yard. it is as yet an intire secret between M<sup>r</sup> P, M<sup>r</sup> H; & myself  
& will remain so till you have given Your Decision--M<sup>r</sup> Phillips  
is a man of vast spirit & enterprize. with a solidity of  
character which few have; he is the man who applied to Cowper for  
that Sonnet in favor of a Prisoner at Leicester which I believe  
you thought fit not to print So you see he is spiritually adjoind  
with us. His connections throughout England & indeed Europe &  
America enable him to Circulate Publications to an immense  
Extent. & he told M<sup>r</sup> Hoare that on the present work which he  
proposes to commence with your assistance he can afford to expend  
2.000 a year. M<sup>r</sup> Phillips considers you as the Great Leading  
Character in Literature & his terms to others will amount to only  
one Quarter of what he proposes to you-- I send Inclosd his Terms  
as M<sup>r</sup> Hoare by my desire has given them to me in writing.  
Knowing your aversion to Reviews & Reviewing I consider the  
Present Proposal as peculiarly adapted to your Ideas it may be  
call'd a Defence of Literature against those pests of the Press &  
a bulwark for Genius which shall with your good assistance.  
Disperse those Rebellious Spirits of Envy & Malignity In Short.  
If you see it as I see it. You

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

will embrace this Proposal on the Score of Parental Duty  
Literature is your Child, She calls for your assistance! You:  
who never refuse to assist any how remote soever will  
certainly hear her Voice. Your answer to the Proposal. you  
will if you think fit direct to M<sup>r</sup> Hoare who is worthy of every  
Confidence you can place in him

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

L42.2Hayley4'04; E747|

I am dear Sir  
Your anxiously Devoted  
WILL BLAKE  
Mr Hoares address is  
To Prince Hoare Esqre  
Buckingham Street  
Strand

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ED; E747| 43

L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| [To] William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>Felpham,  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| near Chichester, Sussex

L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| Sth Molton Street [26] <27> April 1804

L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| Dear Sir

L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| I have at length seen M<sup>r</sup> Hoare after having repeatedly calld  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| on him every day & not finding him,--I now understand that he  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| reciev'd your reply to P's Proposal at Brighton where he has a  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| residence. from whence he sent it to London to M<sup>r</sup> Phillips. he  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| has not seen P. since his return & therefore cannot tell me how  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| he understood your Answer. M<sup>r</sup> H. appears to me to consider it as  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| a rejection of the Proposal altogether I took the liberty to  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| tell him. that I could not consider it so. but that as I  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| understood you, You had accepted the spirit of P's intention  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| which was to leave the whole conduct of the affair to you & that  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| you had accordingly nominated one of your Friends & agreed to  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| nominate others. but if P. meant that you should yourself take on  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| you the drudgery of the ordinary business of a Review his  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| Proposal was by no means a generous one--M<sup>r</sup> H. has promised to  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| see M<sup>r</sup> Phillips immediately & to know what his intentions are.  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| but he says. Perhaps M<sup>r</sup> P. may not yet have seen your letter to  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| him. & that his multiplicity of business may very well account  
L43.1Hayley4'04; E747| for the delay

L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| I have seen our Excellent Flaxman lately he is well in  
L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| health but has had such a burn on his hand as you had once which  
L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| has hinderd his working for a fortnight, it is now better. he  
L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| desires to be most affectionately rememberd to you had begun a  
L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| letter to you a week ago perhaps by this time you have reciev'd it  
L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| but he is also a laborious votary of Endless Work. Engraving is  
L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| of so slow Process I must beg of you to give me the earliest  
L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| possible notice of what Engraving is to be done for. The Life of  
L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| Romney Endless Work is the true title of Engraving as I find by  
L43.2Hayley4'04; E747| the things I have in hand day & night

L43.3Hayley4'04; E747| We feel much easier to hear that you have parted with your  
L43.3Hayley4'04; E747| Horse hope soon to hear that you have got a living one of brass a  
L43.3Hayley4'04; E747| pegasus of Corinthian

L43.3Hayley4'04; E748|  
L43.3Hayley4'04; E748|  
L43.4Hayley4'04; E748|  
L43.4Hayley4'04; E748|  
L43.4Hayley4'04; E748|  
L43.5Hayley4'04; E748|  
L43.5Hayley4'04; E748|  
L43.5Hayley4'04; E748|

metal & that Miss Poole is again in such health as when she first  
mounted me on my beloved Bruno  
I forgot to mention that M<sup>r</sup> Hoare desires his most  
respectful Compliments to you. Speaks of taking a ride across  
the country to Felpham as he always keeps a Horse at Brighton  
My wife joins me in love to you  
I remain Yours Sincerely  
WILL<sup>M</sup> BLAKE

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ED; E748| 44

EDL44.1Hayley5'04; E748| [To William Hayley]  
EDL44.1Hayley5'04; E748| [4th May 1804]

L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| Dear Sir,  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| I thank you sincerely for Falconer, an admirable poet, and  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| the admirable prints to it by Fittler. Whether you intended it  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| or not, they have given me some excellent hints in engraving; his  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| manner of working is what I shall endeavour to adopt in many  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| points. I have seen the elder Mr. Walker. He knew and admired  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| without any preface my print of Romney, and when his daughter  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| came in he gave the print into her hand without a word, and she  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| immediately said, "Ah! Romney! younger than I have known him,  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| *but very like indeed.*" Mr. Walker showed me Romney's  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| first attempt at oil painting; it is a copy from a Dutch  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| picture--Dutch boor smoking; on the back is written, "This was  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| the first attempt at oil painting by G. Romney." He shew'd me  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| also the last performance of Romney. It is of Mr. Walker and  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| family, the draperies put in by somebody else. It is a very  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| excellent picture, but unfinished. The figures as large as life,  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| half length, Mr. W., three sons, and, I believe, two daughters,  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| with maps, instruments, &c. Mr. Walker also shew'd me a  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| portrait of himself (W.), whole length, on a canvas about two  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| feet by one and a half; it is the first portrait Romney ever  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| painted. But above all, a picture of *Lear and Cordelia*,  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| when he awakes and knows her,--an incomparable production, which  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| Mr. W. bought for five shillings at a broker's shop; it is about  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| five feet by four, and exquisite for expression; indeed, it is  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| most pathetic; the heads of Lear and Cordelia can never be  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| surpassed, and Kent and the other attendant are admirable; the  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| picture is very highly finished. Other things I saw of Romney's  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| first works: two copies, perhaps from Borgognone, of battles; and  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| Mr. Walker promises to collect all he can of information for you.  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| I much admired his mild and gentle benevolent manners; it seems  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| as if all Romney's intimate friends were truly amiable and  
L44.1Hayley5'04; E748| feeling like himself.  
L44.2Hayley5'04; E748| I have also seen Alderman Boydel, who has promised to get  
L44.2Hayley5'04; E748| the number and prices of all Romney's prints as you desired. He

[illegible]

decay'd, and but the shadow of what he was; so he is now a Shadow's Shadow; but how can we expect a very stout man at eighty-five, which age he tells me he has now reached? You would have been pleas'd to see his eyes light up at the mention of your name.

Mr. Flaxman agrees with me that somewhat more than outline is necessary to the execution of Romney's designs, because his merit is eminent in the art of massing his lights and shades. I should propose to etch them in a rapid but firm manner, somewhat, perhaps, as I did the *Head of Euler*; the price I receive for engraving Flaxman's outlines of *Homer* is five guineas each. I send the Domenichino, which is very neatly done. His merit was but little in light and shade; outline was his element, and yet these outlines give but a faint idea of the finished prints from his works, several of the best of which I have. I send also the French monuments, and inclose with them a catalogue of Bell's Gallery, and another of the Exhibition, which I have *not* yet seen. I mentioned the pictures from Sterne to Mr. Walker; he says that there were several; one, a garden scene, with Uncle Toby and Obadiah planting in the garden; but that of Lefevre's Death he speaks of as incomparable, but cannot tell where it now is, as they were scattered abroad, being disposed of by means of a raffle. He supposes it is in Westmoreland; promises to make every inquiry about it. Accept, also, of my thanks for Cowper's third volume, which I got, as you directed, of Mr. Johnson. I have seen Mr. Rose; he looks, tho' not so well as I have seen him, yet tolerably, considering the terrible storm he has been thro'! He says that the last session was a severe labour; indeed it must be so to a man just out of so dreadful a fever. I also thank you for your very beautiful little poem on the King's recovery; it is one of the prettiest things I ever read, and I hope the King will live to fulfil the prophecy and die in peace; but at present, poor man, I understand he is poorly indeed, and times threaten worse than ever. I must now express my sorrow and my hopes for our good Miss Poole, and so take my leave for the present, with the joint love of my good woman, who is still stiff-knee'd but well in other respects.

I am, dear Sir,  
Yours most sincerely,  
WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E749|    45

EDL45.1Hayley5'04; E749|    [To William Hayley]

EDL45.1Hayley5'04; E749|    [28 May 1804]

L45.1Hayley5'04; E749|    Dear Sir,

L45.1Hayley5'04; E749|    I thank you heartily for your kind offer of reading, &c. I  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E749|    have read the book thro' attentively and was much entertain'd and  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E749|    instructed, but have not yet come to the *Life of Washington*.  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E749|    I suppose an American would tell me that  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E749|    Washington did all that was done before he was born, as the  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E749|    French now

L45.1Hayley5'04; E750|    adore Buonaparte and the English our poor George; so the  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E750|    Americans will consider Washington as their god. This is only  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E750|    Grecian, or rather Trojan, worship, and perhaps will be revised  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E750|    [reversed?] in an age or two. In the meantime I have the  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E750|    happiness of seeing the Divine countenance in such men as Cowper  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E750|    and Milton more distinctly than in any prince or hero. Mr.  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E750|    Phillips has sent a small poem; he would not tell the author's  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E750|    name, but desired me to inclose it for you with Washington's  
L45.1Hayley5'04; E750|    *Life*.

L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    Mr. Carr called on me, and I, as you desired, gave him a  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    history of the reviewing business as far as I am acquainted with  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    it. He desires me to express to you that he would heartily  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    devote himself to the business in all its laborious parts, if you  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    would take on you the direction; and he thinks it might be done  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    with very little trouble to you. He is now going to Russia;  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    hopes that the negotiations for this business is not wholly at an  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    end, but that on his return he may still perform his best, as  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    your assistant in it. I have delivered the letter to  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    Mr. Edwards, who will give it immediately to Lady Hamilton.  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    Mr. Walker I have again seen; he promises to collect numerous  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    particulars concerning Romney and send them to you; wonders he  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    has not had a line from you; desires me to assure you of his wish  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    to give every information in his power. Says that I shall have  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    *Lear and Cordelia* to copy if you desire it should be  
L45.2Hayley5'04; E750|    done; supposes that Romney was about eighteen when he painted it;





Mr. J. did not." I assured him that he did, and here he left off, desiring me to tell you that the *Life of Washington* was not put to press till the 3rd of this month (May), and on the 13th he had deliver'd a dozen copies at Stationer's Hall, and by the 16th five hundred were out. This is swift work if literally true, but I am not apt to believe literally what booksellers say; and on comparing *Cower* with *Washington*, must assert that, *except paper* (which is Johnson's fault), *Cowper* is far the best, both as to type and printing. Pray look at *Washington* as far as page 177, you will find that the type is smaller than from 177 to 308, the whole middle of the book being printed with a larger and better type than the two extremities; also it is carefully hot-pressed. I say thus much, being urged thereto by Mr. Rose's observing some defects in Seagrave's work, which I conceive were urged upon him by Johnson; and as to the time the booksellers would take to execute any work, I need only refer to the little job which Mr. Johnson was to get done for our friend Dally. He promised it in a fortnight, and it is now three months and is not yet completed. I could not avoid saying thus much in justice to our good Seagrave, whose replies to Mr. Johnson's aggravating letters have been represented to Mr. Rose in an unfair light, as I have no doubt; because Mr. Johnson has, at times, written such letters to me as would have called for the sceptre of Agamemnon rather than the tongue of Ulysses, and I will venture to give it as my settled opinion that if you suffer yourself to be persuaded to print in London you will be cheated every way; but, however, as some little excuse, I must say that in London every calumny and falsehood utter'd against another of the same trade is thought fair play. Engravers, Painters, Statuaries, Printers, Poets, we are not in a field of battle, but in a City of Assassinations. This makes your lot truly enviable, and the country is not only more beautiful on account of its expanded meadows, but also on account of its benevolent minds. My wife joins with me in the hearty wish that you may long enjoy your beautiful retirement, I am, with best respects to Miss Poole, for whose health we constantly send wishes to our spiritual friends,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLAKE

P.S.--Mr. Walker says that Mr. Cumberland is right in his reckoning of Romney's age. Mr. W. says Romney was two years older than himself, consequently was born 1734. Mr. Flaxman told me that Mr. Romney was three years in Italy; that he



L45.5Hayley5'04; E752|  
L45.5Hayley5'04; E752|  
L45.5Hayley5'04; E752|  
L45.5Hayley5'04; E752|  
L45.5Hayley5'04; E752|  
L45.5Hayley5'04; E752|  
L45.5Hayley5'04; E752|  
EDL45.5Hayley5'04; E752|

returned twenty-eight years since. Mr. Humphry, the Painter, was in Italy the same time with Mr. Romney. Mr. Romney lodged at Mr. Richter's, Great Newport Street, before he went; took the house in Cavendish Square immediately on his return; but as Flaxman has promised to put pen to paper, you may expect a full account of all he can collect. Mr. Sanders does not know the time when Mr. R. took or left Cavendish Square house.

[From the Gilchrist *Life*]

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ED; E752| 46

L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> Felpham,  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| near Chichester, Sussex

L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| Sth Molton Street 22. June. 1804.

L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| Dear Sir

L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| I have got the three Sublime Designs of Romney now in my  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| Lodgings & find them all too Grand as well as too undefined for  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| meer outlines, & indeed it is not only my opinion but that of M<sup>r</sup>  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| Flaxman & Mr Parker both of whom I have consulted that to give a  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| true Idea of Romneys Genius nothing less than some Finishd  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| Engravings will do. as Outline intirely omits his chief  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| beauties. but there are some which may be executed in a slighter  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| manner than others. & M<sup>r</sup> Parker whose Eminence as an Engraver  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| makes his opinion deserve notice has advised. that 4 should be  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| done in the highly finished manner & 4 in a less Finishd--& on my  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| desiring him to tell me for what he Would undertake to Engrave  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| One in Each manner the size to be about 7 Inches by 5 1/4 which  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| is the size of a Quarto printed Page. he answerd. 30 Guineas the  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| finishd. & half the sum for the less finishd. but as you tell me  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| that they will be wanted in November I am of opinion that if  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| Eight different Engravers are Employd the Eight Plates will not  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| be done by that time, as for myself. (Note Parker now speaks) I  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| have today turned away a Plate of 400 Guineas because I am too  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| full <of work> to undertake it, & I know that all the Good  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| Engravers are so Engaged that they will be hardly prevaild <upon>  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| to undertake more than One of the Plates on so short a notice.

L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| This is M<sup>r</sup> Parkers account of the matter. & perhaps may  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| discourage you from the Pursuit of so Expensive an undertaking.  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| it is certain that the Pictures deserve to be Engraved by the  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| hands of Angels & must not by any means be done in a careless or  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| too hasty manner. The Price M<sup>r</sup> Parker has affixd to each is  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| Exactly what I myself had before concluded upon. judging as he  
L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| did that if the Fuseli Shakespeare is worth 25 Guineas, these

L46.1Hayley6'04; E752| done at any rate under 15.

L46.2Hayley6'04; E752| M<sup>r</sup> Flaxman advises that the best Engravers should be engaged  
L46.2Hayley6'04; E752| in the work as its magnitude demands all the Talents that can be

L46.2Hayley6'04; E752|

procured

L46.2Hayley6'04; E752|

M<sup>r</sup> Flaxman named the following Eight as proper subjects for Prints

L46.2Hayley6'04; E752|

1 The Vision of Atossa from Eschylus

L46.2Hayley6'04; E752|

2 Apparition of Darius

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

3 Black Eyd Susan--a figure on the Sea shore embracing a Corse

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

4 The Shipwreck with the Man on Horseback &c which I have

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

5 Hecate. a very fine thing indeed, which I have

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

6 Pliny very fine but very unfinishd. which I have

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

7 Lear & Cordelia. belonging to M<sup>r</sup> Walker

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

8 One other which I omitted to write down & have forgot

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

but think that it was a Figure with Children which he calld

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

a Charity

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

I write immediately on recieving the Above Information. because no time should be lost in this truly interesting business

L46.2Hayley6'04; E753|

Richardson is not yet Published. My Head of Romney is in

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

very great forwardness. Parker commends it highly. Flaxman has

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

not yet seen it. but shall soon, & then you shall have a Proof of

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

it for your remarks also. I hope by this time Flaxman has

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

written to you & that you will soon recieve such documents as

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

will enable you to decide on what is to be done in our desirable

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

& arduous task of doing justice to our admired Sublime Romney. I

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

have not yet been able to meet M<sup>r</sup> Braithwaite at home but intend

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

very soon to call again & (as you wish) to write all I can

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

collect from him--be so good as to give me your Earliest decision

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

on what would be safe & not too venturesome in the number of

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

projected Engravings. that I may put it into a train to be

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

properly Executed

L46.3Hayley6'04; E753|

We both rejoice in the generous Paulinas return with

L46.4Hayley6'04; E753|

recoverd strength to her Delightful Villa please to present

L46.4Hayley6'04; E753|

our sincerest Affections to her. My Wife continues to get better

L46.4Hayley6'04; E753|

& joins me in my warmest love & acknowledgements to you as do my

L46.4Hayley6'04; E753|

Brother & Sister

L46.4Hayley6'04; E753|

I am Dear Sir Yours Sincerely

L46.4Hayley6'04; E753|

WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E753| 47

L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> Felpham  
L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| near Chichester, Sussex

L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| Sth Molton S<sup>t</sup> 16 July 1804

L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| Dear Sir

L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| We are both happy to hear that Miss Poole is better.  
L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| sincerely Pray that she may soon be perfectly restored. I calld  
L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| on M<sup>r</sup> Rose in Chancery Lane on Friday. hear that he is in Sussex  
L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| & is well suppose that he does not tell the worst to his family  
L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| hope that so valuable a life will be preservd in health &  
L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| strength--I send Richardson accompanied by a Proof of Romney in  
L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| still an unfinishd state. but it will have the great advantage to  
L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| [of] Time to its completion. I also send a Sketch of the Heroic  
L47.1Hayley7'04; E753| Horseman as you wishd me to do--the size the Print is to be.  
L47.2Hayley7'04; E753| M<sup>r</sup> Phillips desired I would present his most respectful  
L47.2Hayley7'04; E753| Compliments to you & inform you that he with Mr Hoare. intended  
L47.2Hayley7'04; E753| to have visited you together--that terrible wet Tuesday but could  
L47.2Hayley7'04; E753| not for the Deluges of Rain. M<sup>r</sup> P was at Brighton with M<sup>r</sup>  
L47.2Hayley7'04; E753| Hoare--fears that so good an opportunity of seeing

L47.2Hayley7'04; E754| you may not occur soon again--M<sup>r</sup> P. refuses to recieve payment  
L47.2Hayley7'04; E754| for Books & says that he will not recieve it in Money but in some  
L47.2Hayley7'04; E754| how else more agreeable still. of course he means to pursue his  
L47.2Hayley7'04; E754| court to [*his*] Your <Coy> Muse. I wish him success  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| I omitted to get Richardson till last Friday having calld  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| thrice unsuccessfully <&> before publication have only had time  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| to skim it but cannot restrain myself from speaking of M<sup>rs</sup>  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| Klopstocks Letters Vol 3--which to my feelings are the purest  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| image of Conjugal affection honesty & Innocence I ever saw on  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| paper. Richardson has won my heart I will again read Clarissa  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| &/c they must be admirable I was too hasty in my perusal of them  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| to percieve all their beauty. I admire Miss Watsons head of  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| Richardson it is truly delicate  
L47.3Hayley7'04QUOTE; E754| "The patient touches of unwearid Art"  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| I am now Earnestly employd on the Heroic Horseman endeavouring to  
L47.3Hayley7'04; E754| do justice to so admirable a Picture

L47.4Hayley7'04; E754|

L47.4Hayley7'04; E754|

L47.4Hayley7'04; E754|

L47.4Hayley7'04; E754|

L47.4Hayley7'04; E754|

My Wife joins me in love to you

I remain Dear Sir

Your Sincere &

Obliged Serv<sup>t</sup>

WILL BLAKE

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EDL48Hayley8'04; E754|     [To William Hayley]

EDL48.Hayley8'04; E754|     [7 August 1804]

L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     It is certainly necessary that the best artists that can be  
L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     engaged should be employed on the work of Romney's Life. . . .  
L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     How can it be that lightness should be wanting in my works, while  
L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     in my life and constitution I am too light and ariel, is a  
L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     paradox only to be accounted for by the things of another world.  
L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     Money flies from me; Profit never ventures upon my threshold,  
L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     tho' every other man's doorstone is worn down into the very earth  
L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     by the footsteps of the fiends of commerce. Be it so, as long as  
L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     God permits, which I foresee is not long. I foresee a mighty  
L48.Hayley8'04; E754|     change.

EDL48.Hayley8'04; E754|     [From sale catalogues of 1878 and 1885]

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ED; E754| 49

EDL49Hayley8'04; E754| [To William Hayley]

EDL49Hayley8'04; E754| [9 August 1804]

L49.Hayley8'04; E754| Signed: W. & C. BLAKE

EDL49Hayley8'04; E754| [Untraced; listed in Sotheby sale catalogue of 1878]

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ED; E755| 50

L50.1Hayley9'04; E755| To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> Felpham

L50.1Hayley9'04; E755| Sth Molton St 28 Sept<sup>r</sup> 1804

L50.1Hayley9'04; E755| Dear Sir

L50.1Hayley9'04; E755| I hope you will Excuse my Delay in sending the Books which I  
L50.1Hayley9'04; E755| have had some time but kept them back till I could send a Proof  
L50.1Hayley9'04; E755| of the Shipwreck which I hope will please. It yet wants all its  
L50.1Hayley9'04; E755| last & finishing touches. but I hope you will be enabled by it to  
L50.1Hayley9'04; E755| judge of the Pathos of the Picture

L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| I send Washingtons 2<sup>d</sup> Vol:-- 5 Numbers of Fuselis Shakspeare  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| & two Vol's with a Letter from M<sup>r</sup> Spilsbury with whom I  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| accidentally met in the Strand. he says that he relinquishd  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| Painting as a Profession. for which I think he is to be  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| applauded. but I concieve that he may be a much better Painter if  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| he practises secretly & for amusement than he could ever be if  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| employd in the drudgery of fashionable dawbing for a poor  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| pittance of money in return for the sacrifice of Art & Genius. he  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| says he never will leave to Practise the Art because he loves it  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| & This Alone will pay its labour by Success if not of money yet  
L50.2Hayley9'04; E755| of True Art. which is All--

L50.3Hayley9'04; E755| I had the pleasure of a call from M<sup>rs</sup> Chetwynd & her  
L50.3Hayley9'04; E755| Brother. a Giant in body mild & polite in soul as I have in  
L50.3Hayley9'04; E755| general found great bodies to be they were much pleased with  
L50.3Hayley9'04; E755| Romneys Designs. M<sup>rs</sup> C. sent to me the two articles for you &  
L50.3Hayley9'04; E755| for the safety of which by the Coach I had some fears till M<sup>r</sup>  
L50.3Hayley9'04; E755| Meyer obligingly undertook to convey them safe he is now I  
L50.3Hayley9'04; E755| suppose enjoying the delights of the Turret of Lovely Felpham  
L50.3Hayley9'04; E755| please to give my affectionate compliments to him.

L50.4Hayley9'04; E755| I cannot help suggesting an Idea which has struck me very  
L50.4Hayley9'04; E755| forcibly that the Tobit & Tobias in your bedchamber would make a  
L50.4Hayley9'04; E755| very beautiful Engraving done in the same manner as the Head of  
L50.4Hayley9'04; E755| Cowper after Lawrence. The Heads to be finishd & the figures  
L50.4Hayley9'04; E755| left exactly in imitation of the first strokes of the Painter The  
L50.4Hayley9'04; E755| Expression of those truly Pathetic heads would then be  
L50.4Hayley9'04; E755| transmitted to the Public a singular Monument of Romneys Genius  
L50.4Hayley9'04; E755| in that Highest branch of Art

L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|  
L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|  
L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|  
L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|  
L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|  
L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|  
L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|  
L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|  
L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|  
L50.5Hayley9'04; E755|

I must now tell my wants & beg the favor of some more of the  
needful the favor of ten Pounds more will carry me thro this  
Plate & the Head of Romney for which I am already paid. You  
shall soon see a Proof of Him in a very advand state I have not  
yet proved it but shall soon when I will send you one--I rejoice  
to hear from Mr Meyer of Miss Pooles continued recovery My wife  
desires with me her respects to you & her & to all whom we love  
that is to all Sussex  
I remain Your Sincere & Oliged Hble Servant  
WILL. BLAKE

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ED; E756|    51

EDL51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    [To William Hayley]

EDL51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    [23 October 1804]

L51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    Dear Sir

L51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    I received your kind letter with the note to Mr. Payne, and  
L51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    have had the cash from him, I should have returned my thanks  
L51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    immediately on receipt of it, but hoped to be able to send,  
L51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    before now, proofs of the two plates, the *Head* of  
L51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    R[omney] and the *Shipwreck*, which you shall soon see in  
L51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    a much more perfect state. I write immediately because you wish  
L51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    I should do so, to satisfy you that I have received your kind  
L51.1Hayley10'04; E756|    favour.

L51.2Hayley10'04; E756|    I take the extreme pleasure of expressing my joy at our good  
L51.2Hayley10'04; E756|    Lady of Lavant's continued recovery: but with a mixture of  
L51.2Hayley10'04; E756|    sincere sorrow on account of the beloved Councillor. My wife  
L51.2Hayley10'04; E756|    returns her heartfelt thanks for your kind inquiry concerning her  
L51.2Hayley10'04; E756|    health. She is surprisingly recovered. Electricity is the  
L51.2Hayley10'04; E756|    wonderful cause; the swelling of her legs and knees is entirely  
L51.2Hayley10'04; E756|    reduced. She is very near as free from rheumatism as she was  
L51.2Hayley10'04; E756|    five years ago, and we have the greatest confidence in her  
L51.2Hayley10'04; E756|    perfect recovery.

L51.3Hayley10'04; E756|    The pleasure of seeing another poem from your hands has  
L51.3Hayley10'04; E756|    truly set me longing (my wife say I ought to have said us) with  
L51.3Hayley10'04; E756|    desire and curiosity; but, however, "Christmas is a-coming."  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    Our good and kind friend Hawkins is not yet in town--hope  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    soon to have the pleasure of seeing him, with the courage of  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    conscious industry, worthy of his former kindness to me. For  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    now! O lory! and O Delight! I have entirely reduced that  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    spectrous Fiend to his station, whose annoyance has been the ruin  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    of my labours for the last passed twenty years of my life. He is  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    the enemy of conjugal love and is the Jupiter of the Greeks, an  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    iron-hearted tyrant, the ruiner of ancient Greece. I speak with  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    perfect confidence and certainty of the fact which has passed  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    upon me. Nebuchadnezzar had seven times passed over him; I have  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    had twenty; thank God I was not altogether a beast as he was; but  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    I was a slave bound in a mill among beasts and devils; these  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|    beasts and these devils are now, together with myself, become

L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E756|

children of light and liberty, and my feet and my wife's feet are free from fetters. O lovely Felpham, parent of Immortal Friendship, to thee I am eternally indebted for my three years' rest from perturbation and the strength I now enjoy. Suddenly, on the day after visiting the Truchsessian Gallery of pictures, I was again enlightened with the light I enjoyed in my youth, and which has for exactly twenty years been closed from me as by a door and by window-shutters. Consequently I can, with confidence, promise you ocular demonstration of my altered state on the plates I am now engraving after Romney, whose spiritual aid has not a little conduced to my restoration to the light of Art. O the distress I have undergone, and my poor wife with me. Incessantly labouring and incessantly spoiling what I had done well. Every one of my friends was astonished at my faults, and could no assign a reason;

L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.4Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.5Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.5Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.5Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.5Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.6Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.6Hayley10'04; E757|  
L51.6Hayley10'04; E757|  
EDL51.6Hayley10'04; E757|

they knew my industry and abstinence from every pleasure for the sake of study, and yet--and yet--and yet there wanted the proofs of industry in my works. I thank God with entire confidence that it shall be so no longer--he is become my servant who domineered over me, he is even as a brother who was my enemy. Dear Sir, excuse my enthusiasm or rather madness, for I am really drunk with intellectual vision whenever I take a pencil or graver into my hand, even as I used to be in my youth, and as I have not been for twenty dark, but very profitable years. I thank God that I courageously pursued my course through darkness. In a short time I shall make my assertion good that I am become suddenly as I was at first, by producing the *Head of Romney* and the *Shipwreck* quite another thing from what you or I ever expected them to be. In short, I am now satisfied and proud of my work, which I have not been for the above long period. If our excellent and manly friend Meyer is yet with you, please to make my wife's and my own most respectful and affectionate compliments to him, also to our kind friend at Lavant. I remain, with my wife's joint affection,  
Your sincere and obliged servant,  
WILL BLAKE  
[From the Gilchrist *Life*]

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Dear Sir

---Proofs of my Plates will wait on you in a few days. in the mean while I conclude this hasty scrawl with sincere thanks for your kind proposal in your Last letter. I have not yet been able to meet Phillips--Wilkes was not out when I calld nor any more of Washington. But I have mentiond your Proposal to our Noble Flaxman whose high & generous Spirit relinquishing the whole to me was in some measure to be Expected. But that he has reasons for not being able to furnish any designs You will readily believe he says his Engagements are so multiform that he should not be able to do them Justice. but that he will overlook & advise & do all that he can to make my designs (should

they ever be attempted) What he Can. & I know his *What he Can* will be full as much as he pretends so that I should not fear to produce Somewhat in this way that must be satisfactory the only danger will be that I shall put my Name to his Designs but if it should fall out so he has Enough & to Spare & the World will know his at once & I shall glory in the Discovery. for Friendship with such a one is better than Fame! -- I was about to have written to you to express my wish that two so unequal labourers might not be yoked to the same Plow & to desire you if

L52.1Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.1Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.1Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.1Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.1Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.1Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.1Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.1Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.2Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.3Hayley12'4; E758|  
L52.3Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.3Hayley12'04; E758|  
L52.3Hayley12'04; E758|

you could to get Flaxman to do the whole because I thought it would be (to say the best of myself) like putting John Milton with John Bunyan but being at Flaxmans taking his advice about our Engravings he mentiond his having recieved a Letter from you on the same Day I recieved mine & said somewhat, I cannot tell what, that made me think you had open'd your Proposal to him-- I thought at any rate it would not be premature to tell him what you had said about the Designs for Edward the first. & he advised it to be done as above related

I will soon speak with Phillips about it if you will favor me with a line of direction how to proceed.--Hope in a few days to send Proofs of Plates which I must say are far beyond Any thing I have ever done. For O happiness never enough to be grateful for! I have lost my Confusion of Thought while at work & am as much myself when I take the Pencil or Graver into my hand as I used to be in my Youth I have indeed fought thro a Hell of terrors & horrors (which none could know but myself.) in a Divided Existence now no longer Divided. nor at war with myself I shall travel on in the Strength of the Lord God as Poor Pilgrim says

My wife joins me in Love to You & to our Dear Friend & Friends at Lavant & in all Sussex

I remain Dear Sir Your Sincere & obliged

WILL BLAKE

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ED; E758| 53

EDL53.1Hayley12'04; E758| [To William Hayley]

EDL53.1Hayley12'04; E758| [18 December 1804]

L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| Dear Sir,  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| I send, with some confidence, proofs of my two plates,  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| having had the assistance and approbation of our good friend  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| Flaxman. He approves much (I cannot help telling you so much) of  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| the *Shipwreck*. Mrs. Flaxman also, who is a good  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| connoisseur in engraving, has given her warm approbation, and to  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| the plate of the *Portrait*, though not yet in so high  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| finished a state. I am sure (mark my confidence), with Flaxman's  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| advice, which he gives with all the warmth of friendship both to  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| you and me, it must be soon a highly finished and properly  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| finished print; but yet I must solicit for a supply of money, and  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| hope you will be convinced that the labour I have used on the two  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| plates has left me without any resource but that of applying to  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E758| you. I am again in want

L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| of ten Pounds; hope that the size and neatness of my plate of the  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| *Shipwreck* will plead for me the excuse for troubling you  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| before it can be properly called finished, though Flaxman has  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| already pronounced it so. I beg your remarks also on both my  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| performances, as in their present state they will be capable of  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| very much improvement from a few lucky or well advised touches.  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| I cannot omit observing that the price Mr. Johnson gives for the  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| plates of Fuselis *Shakespeare* (the concluding numbers  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| of which I now send) is twenty-five guineas each. On comparing  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| them with mine of the *Shipwreck*, you will perceive that  
L53.1Hayley12'04; E759| I have done my duty, and put forth my whole strength.  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759| Your beautiful and elegant daughter *Venusea* grows  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759| in our estimation on a second and third perusal. I have not yet  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759| received the *History of Chichester*. I mention this not  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759| because I would hasten its arrival before it is convenient, but  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759| fancy it may have miscarried. My wife joins me in wishing you a  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759| merry Christmas. Remembering our happy Christmas at lovely  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759| Felpham, our spirits seem still to hover round our sweet cottage

L53.2Hayley12'04; E759|  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759|  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759|  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759|  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759|  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759|  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759|  
L53.2Hayley12'04; E759|  
EDL53.2Hayley12'04; E759|

and round the beautiful Turret. I have said *seem*, but  
am persuaded that distance is nothing but a phantasy. We are  
often sitting by our cottage fire, and often we think we hear  
your voice calling at the gate. Surely these things are real and  
eternal in our eternal mind and can never pass away. My wife  
continues well, thanks to Mr. Birch's Electrical Magic, which she  
has discontinued these three months.  
I remain your sincere and obliged,  
WILLIAM BLAKE  
[From the Gilchrist *Life*]

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ED; E759|    54

L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> Felpham  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    near Chichester, Sussex

L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    Sth Molton Street 28 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1804  
EDL54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    [Postmark: 29 December]

L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    Dear Sir  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    The Death of so Excellent a Man as my Generous Advocate is a  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    Public Loss which those who knew him can best Estimate & to those  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    who have an affection for him like Yours, is a Loss that only can  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    be repaired in Eternity where it will indeed with such abundant  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    felicity in the meeting Him a Glorified Saint who was a Suffering  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    Mortal that our Sorrow is swallowd up in Hope--Such Consolations  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    are alone to be found in Religion the Sun & the Moon of our  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    Journey & such Sweet Verses as Yours in Your last beautiful Poem  
L54.1Hayley12'04; E759|    must now afford you their full reward  
L54.2Hayley12'04; E759|    Farewell Sweet Rose thou hast got before me into the  
L54.2Hayley12'04; E759|    Celestial City. I also have but a few more Mountains to pass.  
L54.2Hayley12'04; E759|    for I hear the bells ring & the trumpets sound to welcome thy  
L54.2Hayley12'04; E759|    arrival among Cowpers Glorified Band of Spirits of just Men made  
L54.2Hayley12'04; E759|    Perfect

L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    Now My Dear Sir I will thank you for the transmission of ten  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    Pounds to the Dreamer over his own Fortunes. for I certainly am  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    that Dreamer, but tho I dream over my own Fortunes I ought not to  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    dream over those of other Men & accordingly have given a look  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    over my account Book in which I have regularly written down Every  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    Sum I have reciev'd from you, & tho I never can balance the  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    account of obligations with you I ought to do my best at all  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    times & in all circumstances--I find that you was right in  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    supposing that I had been paid for all I have done. but when I  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    wrote last requesting ten pounds I thought it was Due on the  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    Shipwreck (which it was) but I did not advert to the Twelve  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    Guineas which you Lent Me when I made up 30 Pounds to pay our  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    Worthy Seagrave in part of his Account--I am therefore that 12  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    Guineas in your debt. Which If I had Considerd, I should have  
L54.3Hayley12'04; E760|    used more consideration & more ceremony also in so serious an





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ED; E761| 55

L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|

To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>

L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|

Sth Molton Street 19 Jany 1805

L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|

Dear Sir

L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|

I at length send the Books which I have in vain calld for at the Publishers 3 several times. but his removal from S<sup>t</sup> Pauls to a noble House in Bridge Street Blackfriars perhaps hinderd his sending & perhaps his wish that I might again call. I have however seen him this morning, & he has in the most open & explicit manner offerd his service to you Expressing his desire that I will repeat to you his regret that your last beautiful Poem was not Publishd in the Extensive way (I speak his own words) that a Poem of Confessedly the first Poet of England ought to be given to the Public (speaking so I must own he won my heart) He said I know that Dodsley was M<sup>r</sup> Hayleys Publisher but hope that as M<sup>r</sup> D. is dead & if M<sup>r</sup> H has no Engagement with any London Bookseller I may myself be appointd by him in so honourable a concern as the Publication of his Labours. He then Proceeded to find fault with the Printing of our friend the Chichester Printer. Here I considerd it my duty to interfere. I expressd my own respect for our Good Seagrave & said I knew your chief intentions in Employing him were 1<sup>st</sup> to Encourage a Worthy Man & 2<sup>d</sup> For the Honour of Chichester. M<sup>r</sup> P immediately replied. If M<sup>r</sup> Hayley should think fit to employ me as his Publisher I should have no objection but a pleasure in employing his Printer & have no doubt I could be of service to him in many ways but I feel for the Honour of London Booksellers & consider them as losing a great deal of Honour in Losing the first Publication of any work of M<sup>r</sup> Hayleys & the Public likewise are deprived of the advantage of so extensive a diffusal as would be promoted by the methods which they use to Publish & disperse Copies into all parts to a very great amount. He then said. If M<sup>r</sup> Hayley is willing to dispose of this his New Poem I will Purchase it & at his own Price or any other of his Works--For I do assure you I feel it a duty to my Profession that I sould do my Endeavour to give M<sup>r</sup> Hayley's works the first rate Elegance in Printing &

L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|

L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|  
L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|  
L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|  
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L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|  
L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|  
L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|  
L55.1Hayley1'05; E761|

Paper as they hold the First in internal value. I then said Is it agreeable to you that I repeat what you have said to me, To Mr Hayley, or will you yourself for I dare say he will be much pleas'd to hear from you. but said I. I will if you wish (as I shall write soon) give him (as near as I can remember.) what you have said, & hope that he will see the matter in the light you do.--He desired I would, expressing (for which I thank him) confidence in my discretion--Such was our conversation as near as I can recollect, I thought it best to keep silent as to any thing like a hint of a proposal relating to Edw<sup>d</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> or the Ballads having come from you accordingly I did not say that I knew of any Poem but left all to you intirely. I do think from the Liberality of this Enterprizing Man that all Parties I mean our Friend Seagrave together with the Author & Publisher (& also the Public) may be mutually & extensively benefitted.

L55.1Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.1Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.1Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.1Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.1Hayley1'05; E762|  
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L55.1Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.2Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.2Hayley1'05; E762|  
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L55.3Hayley1'05; E762|  
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L55.3Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.3Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.3Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.3Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.4Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.4Hayley1'05; E762|  
L55.4Hayley1'05; E762|

His connexions are Universal his present House is on the most noble scale & will be in some measure a Worthy Town Vehicle for your Beautiful Muse. But Mr Phillips said Mr Hayley shall have whatever I publish sent to him if he pleases & he may return them when he has read them. Such is his determination to do every thing to engage himself to you if possible. He desired I would present you from him with the little volume of poems inclos'd they are by a Lady of Fortune I suppose he sends it as a specimen of Printing. P's chief objection to the manner in which the Triumphs of Music are printed.--were the strong Metal Rules at the Ends of the Canto's, but he confessed to me that the first Page of the Poem was beautifully executed & could not be better done.

Pray might I not shew Phillips the four Numbers of Ballads? or will you write to him? or will you think it best to commission me to answer him? whatever you command I will zealously perform, & Depend upon if I will neither Do nor say but as you Direct I feel extremely happy that you think My Prints will do me Credit & at the very idea of another journey to Sweet Felpham. O that I could but bring Felpham to me or go to her in this World as easy as I can in that of Affection & Remembrance. I feel it is necessary to be very circumspect how we advance with Romney his best Works only, ought to be engraved for your Work Pray accept My & My Wifes sincerest affection & believe me to remain

Yours sincerely  
WILL BLAKE

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ED; E762|    56

EDL56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    [To William Hayley]

EDL56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    [22 January 1805]

L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    Dear Sir,  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    I hope this letter will outstrip Mr. Phillips', as I sit  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    down to write immediately on returning from his house. He says  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    he is agreeable to every proposal you have made, and will himself  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    immediately reply to you. I should have supposed him mad if he  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    had not: for such clear and generous proposals as yours to him he  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    will not easily meet from anyone else. He will, of course,  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    inform you what his sentiments are of the proposal concerning the  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    three dramas. I found it unnecessary to mention anything  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    relating to the purposed application of the profits, as he, on  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    reading your letter, expressed his wish that you should yourself  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    set a price, and that he would, in his letter to you, explain his  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    reasons for wishing it. The idea of publishing one volume a year  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    he considers as impolitic, and that a handsome general edition of  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    your works would be more productive. He likewise objects to any  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    periodical mode of publishing any of your works, as he thinks it  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    somewhat derogatory, as well as unprofitable. I must now express  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E762|    my thanks for your generous manner of

L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    proposing the *Ballads* to him on my account, and inform  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    you of his advice concerning them; and he thinks that they should  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    be published *all together* in a volume the size of the  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    small edition of the *Triumphs of Temper*, with six or  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    seven plates. That one thousand copies should be the first  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    edition, and, if we choose, we might add to the number of plates  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    in a second edition. And he will go equal shares with me in the  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    expense and the profits, and that Seagrave is to be the printer.  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    That we must consider all that has been printed as lost, and  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    begin anew, unless we can apply some of the plates to the new  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    edition. I consider myself as only put in trust with this work,  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    and that the copyright is for ever yours. I therefore beg that  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|    you will not suffer it to be injured by my ignorance, or that it

L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|  
L56.1Hayley1'05; E763|  
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L56.2Hayley1'05; E763|  
L56.2Hayley1'05; E763|  
EDL56.2Hayley1'05; E763|

should in any way be separated from the grand bulk of your literary property. Truly proud I am to be in possession of this beautiful little estate; for that it will be highly productive I have no doubt, in the way now proposed; and I shall consider myself a robber to retain more than you at any time please to grant. In short, I am tenant at will, and may write over my door, as the poor barber did, "Money for live here."  
I entreat your immediate advice what I am to do, for I would not for the world injure this beautiful work, and cannot answer P.'s proposal till I have your directions and commands concerning it; for he wishes to set about it immediately, and has desired that I will give him my proposal concerning it in writing.  
I remain, dear Sir,  
Your obliged and affectionate  
WILL BLAKE  
[From the Gilchrist *Life*]

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ED; E763|   **57**

L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup> Felpham  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   near Chichester, Sussex  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   Friday [22 March 1805; Postmark: 25 March]

L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   Dear Sir

L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   This Morning I have been with Mr Phillips & have intirely  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   settled with him the plan of Engraving for the new Edition of the  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   Ballads--The Prints 5 in Number I have Engaged to finish by 28  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   May. they are to be as highly finishd as I can do them the Size  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   the same as the Serena plates the Price 20 Guineas Each half to  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   be paid by P-- The Subjects I cannot do better than those  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   already chosen, as they are the most eminent among Animals Viz  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   The Lion. The Eagle. The Horse. The Dog. Of the Dog Species  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   the Two Ballads are so preeminent my Designs for them please me  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   so well that I have chosen that Design in our Last Number of the  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   Dog & Crocodile. & that of the Dog defending his <dead> Master  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E763|   from the Vultures of these five I am

L57.1Hayley3'05; E764|   making little high finishd Pictures the Size the Engravings are  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E764|   to be. & am hard at it to accomplish in time what I intend. Mr  
L57.1Hayley3'05; E764|   P--says he will send Mr Seagrave the Paper directly  
L57.2Hayley3'05; E764|   The Journeymen Printers throughout London are at War with  
L57.2Hayley3'05; E764|   their Masters & are likely to get the better Each Party meet to  
L57.2Hayley3'05; E764|   consult against the other, nothing can be greater than the  
L57.2Hayley3'05; E764|   Violence on both sides Printing is suspended in London Except  
L57.2Hayley3'05; E764|   at private Presses. I hope this will become a source of  
L57.2Hayley3'05; E764|   Advantage to our Friend Seagrave  
L57.3Hayley3'05; E764|   The Idea of Seeing an Engraving of Cowper by the hand of  
L57.3Hayley3'05; E764|   Caroline Watson is I assure you a pleasing one to me it will be  
L57.3Hayley3'05; E764|   highly gratifying to see another Copy by another hand & not only  
L57.3Hayley3'05; E764|   gratifying but Improving. which is better  
L57.4Hayley3'05; E764|   The Town is Mad Young Roscius like all Prodigies is the talk  
L57.4Hayley3'05; E764|   of Every Body I have not seen him & perhaps never may. I have no  
L57.4Hayley3'05; E764|   Curiosity to see him as I well know what is within the compass of  
L57.4Hayley3'05; E764|   a boy of 14. & as to Real Acting it is Like Historical Painting  
L57.4Hayley3'05; E764|   No Boys Work.



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EDL58Hayley5'05; E765|    [To William Hayley]

EDL58Hayley5'05; E765|    [17 May 1805]  
L58.Hayley5'05; E765|    Reading in the Bible of the Eyes of the Almighty, I could not  
L58.Hayley5'05; E765|    help putting up a petition for yours. [Blake speaks of his rough  
L58.Hayley5'05; E765|    sketch of an advertisement, the diction of which had been  
L58.Hayley5'05; E765|    improved . . . ] if any of my writings should hereafter appear  
L58.Hayley5'05; E765|    before the Public, they will fall far short of this first  
L58.Hayley5'05; E765|    Specimen.  
EDL58.Hayley5'05; E765|    [Extract from sale catalogue of 1878]

ED; E765|     59

ED; E765|     [To William Hayley]

EDL59Hayley6'05; E765|     [4 June 1805]  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     Dear Sir,  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     I have fortunately, I ought to say providentially,  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     discovered that I have engraved one of the plates for that ballad  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     of *The Horse* which is omitted in the new edition; time  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     enough to save the extreme loss and disappointment which I should  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     have suffered had the work been completed without that ballad's  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     insertion. I write to entreat that you would contrive so as that  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     my plate may come into the work, as its omission would be to me a  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     loss that I could not now sustain, as it would cut off ten  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     guineas from my next demand on Phillips, which sum I am in  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     absolute want of; as well as that I should lose all the labour I  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     have been at on that plate, which I consider as one of my best; I  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     know it has cost me immense labour. The way in which I  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     discovered this mistake is odd enough. Mr. Phillips objects  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     altogether to the insertion of my Advertisement, calling  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     it an appeal to charity, and says it will hurt the sale of the  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     work, and he sent to me the last sheet by the penny (that is, the  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     twopenny) post, desiring that I would forward it to Mr. Seagrave.  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     But I have inclosed it to you, as you ought and must see it. I  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     am no judge in these matters, and leave all to your decision, as  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     I know that you will do what is right on all hands. Pray accept  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     my and my wife's sincerest love and gratitude.  
L59.Hayley6'05; E765|     WILL BLAKE  
EDL59.Hayley6'05; E765|     [From the Gilchrist *Life*]

ED; E766|      60

L60.1Hayley11'05; E766|

To Mr Hayley

L60.1Hayley11'05; E766|

27 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1805

L60.1Hayley11'05; E766|

Dear Sir

L60.1Hayley11'05; E766|

L60.1Hayley11'05; E766|

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L60.2Hayley11'05; E766|

L60.2Hayley11'05; E766|

L60.2Hayley11'05; E766|

Mr Cromek the Engraver came to me desiring to have some of my Designs. he namd his Price & wishd me to Produce him Illustrations of The Grave A Poem by Robert Blair. in consequence of this I produced about twenty Designs which pleasd so well that he with the same liberality with which he set me about the Drawings. has now set me to Engrave them. He means to Publish them by Subscription. with the Poem as you will see in the Prospectus which he sends you in the same Pacquet with the Letter. You will I know feel as you always do on such occasions. not only warm wishes to promote the Spirited Exertions of my Friend Cromek. You will be pleased to see that the Royal Academy have Sanctioned the Style of work. I now have reason more than ever to lament your Distance from London as that alone has prevented our Consulting you in our Progress. which is but of about two Months Date I cannot give you any Account of our Ballads for I have heard nothing of Phillips this Age I hear them approved by the best that is the most Serious people. & if any others are displeasd it is also an Argument of their being successful as well as Right. of which I have no Doubt for what is Good must Succeed first or last but what is bad owes success to something beside or without itself if it has any

My Wife joins me in anxious wishes for your Health & Happiness desiring to be particularly rememberd by You & our Good Lady Paulina over a dish of Coffee. I long to hear of your Good Health. & that of our dear friend of Lavant & of all our friends (to whom we are grateful & desire to be rememberd) In Sussex

I am Dear Sir

Yours ever Affectionately

WILL. BLAKE



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L61.1Hayley12'05; E766| To William Hayley Esq<sup>re</sup>, Felpham  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E766| near Chichester, Sussex

L61.1Hayley12'05; E766| Sth Molton Street Decembr 11. 1805

L61.1Hayley12'05; E766| Dear Sir

L61.1Hayley12'05; E766| I cannot omit to Return you my sincere & Grateful  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E766| Acknowledgments. for the kind Reception you have given my New  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E766| Projected Work. It bids fair to set me above the difficulties.  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E766| I have hitherto encounterd. But my Fate has been so uncommon  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E766| that I expect Nothing--I was alive & in health & with

L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| the same Talents I now have all he time of Boydells Macklins  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Bowyers & other Great Works. I was known by them & was look'd  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| upon by them as Incapable of Employment in those Works it may  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| turn out so again notwithstanding appearances I am prepared for  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| it, but at the same time sincerely Grateful to Those whose  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Kindness & Good opinion has supported me thro all hitherto. You  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Dear Sir are one who has my Particular Gratitude. having  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| conducted me thro Three that would have been the Darkest Years  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| that ever Mortal Sufferd. which were renderd thro your means a  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Mild & Pleasant Slumber. I speak of Spiritual Things. Not of  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Natural. of Things known only to Myself & to Spirits Good &  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Evil. but Not Known to Men on Earth. It is the passage thro  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| these Three Years that has brought me into my Present State. & I  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| knothat if I had not been with You I must have  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Perish'd--Those Dangers are now Passed & I can see them beneath  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| my feet It will not be long before I shall be able to present the  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| full history of my Spiritual Sufferings to the Dwellers upon  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Earth. & of the Spiritual Victories obtaind for me by my  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Friends--Excuse this Effusion of the Spirit from One who cares  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| little for this World which passes away. whose Happiness is  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Secure in Jesus our Lord. & who looks for Suffering till the time  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| of complete Deliverance. In the mean While. I am kept Happy as I  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| used to be. because I throw Myself & all that I have on our  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Saviours Divine Providence. O What Wonders are the Children of  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767| Men! Would to God that they would Consider it That they would

L61.1Hayley12'05; E767|  
L61.1Hayley12'05; E767|  
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L61.2Hayley12'05; E767|  
L61.2Hayley12'05; E767|  
L61.2Hayley12'05; E767|  
L61.2Hayley12'05; E767|  
L61.2Hayley12'05; E767|  
L61.2Hayley12'05; E767|

Consider their Spiritual Life Regardless of that faint Shadow  
Calld Natural Life. & that they would Promote Each others  
Spiritual Labours. Each according to its Rank & that they would  
know that. Recieving a Prophet As a Prophet is a Duty which If  
omitted is more Severely Avenged than Every Sin & Wickedness  
beside It is the Greatest of Crimes to Depress True Art & Science  
I know that those who are dead from the Earth & who mockd &  
Despised the Meekness of True Art (and such, I find, have been  
the situations of our Beautiful Affectionate Ballads). I know  
that such Mockers are Most Severely Punishd in Eternity I know it  
for I see it & dare not help.--The Mocker of Art is the Mocker of  
Jesus. Let us go on Dear Sir following his Cross let us take it  
up daily Persisting in Spiritual Labours & the Use of that Talent  
which it is Death to Bury. & of that Spirit to which we are  
called--  
Pray Present My Sincerest Thanks to our Good Paulina whose  
kindness to Me shall recieve recompense in the Presence of Jesus.  
Present also my Thanks to the Generous Seagrave. In whose Debt I  
have been too long but percieve that I shall be able to settle  
with him soon what is between us--I have deliverd to Mr Sanders  
the 3 Works of Romney as M<sup>rs</sup> Lambert told me you wished to have  
them--a very few touches will finish the Shipwreck Those few I  
have added upon a Proof before I parted with the Picture. It is  
a Print that I feel proud of on a New inspection. Wishing You &  
All Friends in Sussex a Merry a Happy Christmas I remain Ever  
Your  
Affectionate  
WILL. BLAKE &  
his Wife CATHERINE BLAKE

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ED; E768|      62

L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

ED; E768|      [In the *Monthly Magazine*, XXI (July 1, 1806) 520-521,  
ED; E768|      undated]

L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      SIR,  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      My indignation was exceedingly moved at reading a criticism  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      in Bell's Weekly Messenger (25th May) on the picture of Count  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      Ugolino, by Mr. Fuseli, in the Royal Academy exhibition; and your  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      Magazine being as extensive in its circulation as that Paper, as  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      it also must from its nature be more permanent, I take the  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      advantageous opportunity to counteract the widely-diffused malice  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      which has for many years, under the pretence of admiration of the  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      arts, been assiduously sown and planted among the English public  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      against true art, such as it existed in the days of Michael  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      Angelo and Raphael. Under pretence of fair criticism and  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      candour, the most wretched taste ever produced has been upheld  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      for many, very many years: but now, I say, now its end is come.  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      Such an artist as Fuseli is invulnerable, he needs not my  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      defence; but I should be ashamed not to set my hand and shoulder,  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      and whole strength, against those wretches who, under pretence of  
L62.1Editor7'06; E768|      criticism, use the dagger and the poison.  
L62.2Editor7'06; E768|      My criticism on this picture is as follows:

L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      Mr. Fuseli's Count Ugolino is the father of sons of feeling  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      and dignity, who would not sit looking in their parent's face in  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      the moment of his agony, but would rather retire and die in  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      secret, while they suffer him to indulge his passionate and  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      innocent grief, his innocent and venerable madness, and insanity,  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      and fury, and whatever paltry cold hearted critics cannot,  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      because they dare not, look upon. Fuseli's Count Ugolino is a  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      man of wonder and admiration, of resentment against man and  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      devil, and of humiliation before God; prayer and parental  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      affection fills the figure from head to foot. The child in his  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      arms, whether boy or girl signifies not, (but the critic must be  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      a fool who has not read Dante, and who does not know a boy from a  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|      girl); I say, the child is as beautifully drawn as it is

L62.3Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.3Editor7'06; E768|

coloured--in both, inimitable! and the effect of the whole is truly sublime, on account of that very colouring which our critic calls black and heavy. The German flute colour, which was used by the Flemings, (they call it burnt bone), has possessed the eye of certain connoisseurs, that they cannot see appropriate colouring, and are blind to the gloom of a real terror.

L62.4Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.4Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.4Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.4Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.4Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.4Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.4Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.4Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E768|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E768|

The taste of English amateurs has been too much formed upon pictures imported from Flanders and Holland; consequently our countrymen are easily brow-beat on the subject of painting; and hence it is so common to hear a man say, "I am no judge of pictures:" but, O Englishmen! know that every man ought to be a judge of pictures, and every man is so who has not been connoisseured out of his senses.  
A gentleman who visited me the other day, said, "I am very much surprised

L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|  
L62.5Editor7'06; E769|

at the dislike that some connoisseurs shew n viewing the pictures of Mr. Fuseli; but the truth is, he is a hundred years beyond the present generation." Though I am startled at such an assertion, I hope the contemporary taste will shorten the hundred years into as many hours; for I am sure that any person consulting his own eyes must prefer what is so supereminent; and I am as sure that any person consulting his own reputation, or the reputation of his country, will refrain from disgracing either by such ill-judged criticisms in future.  
Yours,  
WM. BLAKE.

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ED; E769|    63

L63.1Phillips10'07; E769|    [To] Richard Phillips Esq<sup>r</sup> N 6 Bridge Street,  
L63.1Phillips10'07; E769|    Black Friars

L63.1Phillips10'07; E769|    17 S<sup>th</sup> Molton S<sup>t</sup> Oct 14 [1807]  
L63.1Phillips10'07; E769|    Sir,  
L63.1Phillips10'07; E769|    A circumstance has occurred which has again raised my  
L63.1Phillips10'07; E769|    Indignation  
L63.2Phillips10'07; E769|    I read in the Oracle & True Briton of Octr 13, 1807--that a  
L63.2Phillips10'07; E769|    M<sup>r</sup> Blair a Surgeon has *with the Cold fury of Robespierre*  
L63.2Phillips10'07; E769|    caused the Police to sieze upon the Person & Goods or Property  
L63.2Phillips10'07; E769|    of an Astrologer & to commit him to Prison. The Man who can  
L63.2Phillips10'07; E769|    Read the Stars. often is opressed by their Influence, no less  
L63.2Phillips10'07; E769|    than the Newtonian who reads Not & cannot Read is opressed by his  
L63.2Phillips10'07; E769|    own Reasonings & Experiments. We are all subject to Error:  
L63.2Phillips10'07; E769|    Who shall say <except the Natural Religionists> that we are not  
L63.2Phillips10'07; E769|    all subject to Crime  
L63.3Phillips10'07; E769|    My desire is that you would Enquire into this Affair & that  
L63.3Phillips10'07; E769|    you would publish this in your Monthly Magazine I do not pay the  
L63.3Phillips10'07; E769|    postage of this Letter because--you as Sheriff are bound to  
L63.3Phillips10'07; E769|    attend to it.  
L63.3Phillips10'07; E769|    WILLIAM BLAKE

EDL63.3Phillips10'07; E769|    [Endorsed by Phillips (returning the letter to Blake,  
EDL63.3Phillips10'07; E769|    unpublished): "W. B. Rec/d: Oct<sup>r</sup>. 27<sup>th</sup>. 1807 with Mr P.'s Comps."]

EDL63.3Phillips10'07; E769|    [For a letter of January-February 1808, in three variants, see  
EDL63.3Phillips10'07; E769|    section IX above, The Design of The Last Judgment.]



ED; E769|     64

L64.Cumberland12'08; E769|     [To] George Cumberland

L64.Cumberland12'08; E769|     19 Dec<sup>r</sup> 1808

L64.Cumberland12'08; E769|     Dear Cumberland

L64.Cumberland12'08; E769|     I am very much obliged by your kind ardour in my cause &  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E769|     should immediately Engage in reviving my former pursuits of  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E769|     printing if I had not now so

L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     long been turned out of the old channel into a new one that it is  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     impossible for me to return to it without destroying my present  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     course New Vanities or rather new pleasures occupy my thoughts  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     New profits seem to arise before me so tempting that I have  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     already involved myself in engagements that preclude all  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     possibility of promising any thing. I have however the  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     satisfaction to inform you that I have Myself begun to print an  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     account of my various Inventions in Art <for> which I have  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     procured a Publisher & am determind to pursue the plan of  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     publishing what I may get printed without disarranging my time  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     which in future must <alone> be devoted to Designing & Painting  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     [*alone*] when I have got my Work printed I will send it  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     you first of any body in the mean time believe me to be  
L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     Your Sincere friend

L64.Cumberland12'08; E770|     WILL BLAKE

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ED; E770|    65

L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    [To] Ozis Humphrey Esq<sup>re</sup>

EDL65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    [Ca May 1809]

L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    Dear Sir

L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    You will see in this little work the cause of difference  
L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    between you & me. You demand of me to Mix two things that  
L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    Reynolds has confessd cannot be mixed. You will percieve that I  
L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    not only detest False Art but have the Courage to say so  
L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    Publickly. & to dare. all the Power on Earth to oppose--  
L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    Florentine & Venetian Art cannot exist together Till the  
L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    Venetian & Flemish are destroyd the Florentine & Roman cannot  
L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    Exist, This will be shortly accomplishd. till then I remain Your  
L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    Grateful altho seemingly otherwise I say Your Grateful & Sincere  
L65.1Humphrey5'09; E770|    WILLIAM BLAKE

L65.2Humphrey5'09; E770|    I inclose a ticket of admission if you should honour my  
L65.2Humphrey5'09; E770|    Exhibition with a Visit

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ED; E770|      66

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

To Josiah Wedgwood Esq<sup>re</sup>

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

17 South Molton Street 8 Septembr 1815

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

Sir

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

I send Two more Drawings with the First that I did, altered:

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

having taken out that part which expressed the hole for the ladle

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

It will be more convenient to me to make all the drawings

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

first. before I begin Engraving them as it will enable me also to

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

regulate a System of working that will be uniform from beginning

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

to end. Any Remarks that you may be pleased to make will be

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

thankfully recieved by: Sir

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

Your humble Servant--

L66.Wedgwood9'15; E770|

WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E771|    67

L67.1Turner6'18; E771|    To Dawson Turner Esq<sup>re</sup>, Yarmouth, Norfolk y

L67.1Turner6'18; E771|    9 June 1818, 17 South Molton Street

L67.1Turner6'18; E771|    Sir  
L67.1Turner6'18; E771|    I send you a List of the different Works you have done me  
L67.1Turner6'18; E771|    the honour to enquire after--unprofitable enough to me tho  
L67.1Turner6'18; E771|    Expensive to the Buyer  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Those I Printed for M<sup>r</sup> Humphry are a selection from the  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    different Books of such as could be Printed without the Writing  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    tho to the Loss of some of the best things For they when Printed  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    perfect accompany Poetical Personifications & Acts without which  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Poems they never could have been Executed

L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    *£ s d*  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    America 18 Prints folio 5£ 5 . 0  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Europe 17 do folio 5 . 5 . 0  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Visions &c 8 do folio 3 . 3 . 0  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Thel 6 do Quarto 2 . 2 . 0  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Songs of Innocence 28 do. Octavo 3 . 3 . 0  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Songs of Experience 26 do. Octavo 3 . 3 . 0  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Urizen 28 Prints Quarto 5 . 5 . 0  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Milton 50 do Quarto 10. 10 . 0

L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    12 Large Prints Size of Each  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    about 2 feet by 1 & 1/2 Historical  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    & Poetical Printed in Colours  
L67.2Turner6'18; E771|    Each 5 . 5 . 0  
L67.3Turner6'18; E771|    These last 12 Prints are unaccompanied by any writing  
L67.4Turner6'18; E771|    The few I have Printed & Sold are sufficient to have gained  
L67.4Turner6'18; E771|    me great reputation as an Artist which was the chief thing  
L67.4Turner6'18; E771|    Intended. But I have never been able to produce a Sufficient  
L67.4Turner6'18; E771|    number for a general Sale by means of a regular Publisher It is  
L67.4Turner6'18; E771|    therefore necessary to me that any Person wishing to have any or  
L67.4Turner6'18; E771|    all of them should send me their Order to Print them on the above

L67.4Turner6'18; E771|  
L67.4Turner6'18; E771|  
L67.5Turner6'18; E771|  
L67.5Turner6'18; E771|  
L67.5Turner6'18; E771|  
L67.5Turner6'18; E771|

terms & I will 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

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ED; E772|      68

EDL68.Butts?'18+; E772|      [To Thomas Butts?]

EDL68.Butts?'18+; E772|      [1818 or later]

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      The Order in which the Songs of Innocence & of Experience  
L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      ought to be paged & placed.

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      Page Page

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      1. General Title 28. Frontispiece of Child on

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      2. Frontispiece of Piper the Shepherd's head

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      3. Title page to Songs of 29. Title Page[*of*]

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      Innocence to Songs of Experience

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      4. Introduction--Piping down 30. Introduction--Hear the  
L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      the Valleys &/c Voice of the Bard &/c

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      5. Ecchoing Green

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      6. Ditto 31. Earth's Answer

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      7. The Lamb 32. Nurse's Song

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      8. The Shepherd 33. The Fly

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      9. Infant Joy 34. The Tyger

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      10. Little Black Boy 35. Little Girl Lost

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      11. Ditto 36. Ditto

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      12. Laughing Song 37. Ditto

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      13. Spring 38. The Clod & Pebble

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      14. Ditto 39. The Little Vagabond

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      15. Cradle Song 40. Holy Thursday

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      16. Ditto 41. A Poison Tree

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      17. Nurse's Song 42. The Angel

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      18. Holy Thursday 43. The Sick Rose

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      19. The Blossom 44. To Tirzah

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      20. The Chimney Sweeper 45. The Voice of the Ancient  
L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      Bard

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      21. The Divine Image 46. My pretty Rose Tree

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      22. Night 47. The Garden of Love

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      23. Ditto 48. A Little Boy Lost

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      24. A Dream 49. Infant Sorrow

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|      25. On Anothers Sorrow 50. The School Boy



L68.Butts?'18+; E772|

26. The Little Boy Lost 51. London

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|

27. The Little Boy Found 52. A little Girl Lost

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|

End of Songs of Innocence: then 53. The Chimney Sweeper. A

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|

Begins Songs of Experience little Black thing &/c

L68.Butts?'18+; E772|

54. The Human Abstract

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ED; E773|      69

EDL69.Linnell?10'19; E773|      [To John Linnell?]

L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	Oct 11 1819 Monday Evening
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	Dear Sir
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	I will have the Pleasure of meeting you on Thursday at 12 O
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	Clock it is quite as Convenient to me as any other day. It
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	appears to me that neither Time nor Place. can make any real
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	difference as to perfect Independence of Judgment. & If it is
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	more Convenient to M <sup>r</sup> Heaphy for us to meet at his House let us
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	accomodate him in what is Indifferent but not at all in what is
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	of weight & moment to our Decision. hoping that I may meet you
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	again in perfect Health & Happiness
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	I remain Dear Sir
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	Yours Truly
L69.Linnell?10'19; E773	WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E773|   70

L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   [To] J[ohn] Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup>, Cirencester Place,  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   Fitzroy Square

L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   12 O Clock Wednesday [March 1825]  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   Dear Sir

L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   A return of the old Shivering Fit came on this Morning as  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   soon as I awaked & I am now in Bed--Better & as I think almost  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   well If I can possibly I will be at M<sup>r</sup> Lahees tomorrow Morning.  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   these attacks are too serious at the time to permit me to be out  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   of Bed. but they go off by rest which seems to be All that I  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   want--I send the Pilgrims under your Care with the Two First  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   Plates of Job  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   I am Yours Sincerely  
L70.Linnell3'25; E773|   WILLm BLAKE

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ED; E773|     71

L71.Linnell6'25; E773|     [To]Mr Linnell, 6 Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square

L71.Linnell6'25; E773|     [*Mon*] <Tues>day Night [7 June 1825]

L71.Linnell6'25; E773|     Dear Sir

L71.Linnell6'25; E773|     I return you thanks for The Two Pounds you now send me As to  
L71.Linnell6'25; E773|     S<sup>r</sup> T. Lawrence I have not heard from him as yet. & hope that he  
L71.Linnell6'25; E773|     has a good opinion of my willingness to appear grateful tho not  
L71.Linnell6'25; E773|     able on account of this

L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     abominable Ague or whatever it is I am in Bed & at Work my health  
L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     I cannot speak of for if it was not for Cold weather I think I  
L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     should soon get about again. Great Men die equally with the  
L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     little. I am sorry for L./d L./d he is a man of very singular  
L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     abilities as also for the D[ean] of C[anterbury] but perhaps & I  
L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     verily believe it Every Death is an improvement of the State of  
L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     the Departed. I can draw as well a Bed as Up & perhaps better  
L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     but I cannot Engrave I am going on with Dante & please myself.  
L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     I am d<sup>r</sup> Sir yours Sincerely  
L71.Linnell6'25; E774|     WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E774|    72

L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    To Mrs Linnell, Collinss Farm North End, Hampstead

L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    Tuesday 11 Octobe 1825  
EDL72.Linnell10'25; E774|    [Postmark: Morning 12 October]

L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    Dear Madam  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    I have had the Pleasure to see Mr Linnell set off safe in a  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    very comfortable Coach. & I may say I accompanied him part of the  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    way on his journey in the Coach for we both got in together &  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    with another Passenger enterd into Conversation when at length we  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    found that we were all three proceeding on our Journey. but as I  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    had not paid & did not wish to pay for or take so long a Ride.  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    we with some difficulty made the Coachman understand that one of  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    his Passengers was unwilling to Go. when he obligingly permitted  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    me to get out to my great joy. hence I am now enabled to tell you  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    that I hope to see you on Sunday morning as usual which I could  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    not have done if they had taken me to Gloucester  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    I am D.<sup>r</sup> Madam yours Sincerely  
L72.Linnell10'25; E774|    WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E774|    73

L73.Linnell11'25; E774|    [To] John Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup>, Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square

L73.Linnell11'25; E774|    Fountain Court Strand  
L73.Linnell11'25; E774|    Thursday Evening 10 Nov<sup>r</sup> 1825  
EDL73.Linnell11'25; E774|    [Postmark: Morning 11 November]

L73.Linnell11'25; E774|    Dear Sir  
L73.Linnell11'25; E774|    I have I believe <done> nearly all that we agreed on &/c If  
L73.Linnell11'25; E774|    you should put on your considering Cap just as you did last time  
L73.Linnell11'25; E774|    we met I have no doubt that the Plates would be all the better  
L73.Linnell11'25; E774|    for it--I cannot get Well & am now in Bed but seem as if I should  
L73.Linnell11'25; E774|    be better tomorrow rest does me good--Pray take care

L73.Linnell11'25; E775|    of your health this wet weather & tho I write do not venture out  
L73.Linnell11'25; E775|    on such days as today has been. I hope a few more days will  
L73.Linnell11'25; E775|    bring us to a conclusion  
L73.Linnell11'25; E775|    I am dear Sir  
L73.Linnell11'25; E775|    Yours Sincerely  
L73.Linnell11'25; E775|    WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E775|   74

L74.1Linnell2'26; E775|  
L74.1Linnell2'26; E775|

To John Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup> N 6 Cirencester Place,  
Fitzroy Square

L74.1Linnell2'26; E775|

Feb/y 1. 1826 [Postmark: Evening 31 January]

L74.1Linnell2'26; E775|

Dear Sir

L74.1Linnell2'26; E775|

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 to the <sup>11539</sup> Coach also I will go to Hampstead to see  
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 M<sup>r</sup> Chantry

L74.2Linnell2'26; E775|

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*]

L74.2Linnell2'26; E775|

<this> Except it be the Morning Air & That; in my Cousins 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 S<sup>r</sup> Francis Bacon would say it is  
want of Discipline in Mountainous Places. S<sup>r</sup> Francis Bacon is a  
Liar. No discipline will turn one Man into another even in the  
least particle. & such Discipline I cal 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

L74.3Linnell2'26; E775|

I am dear Sir

L74.3Linnell2'26; E775|

Yours Sincerely

L74.3Linnell2'26; E775|

WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E776|   75

EDL75.Linnell2'26; E776|   [To Mrs Linnell]

L75.Linnell2'26; E776	London Sunday Morning [?5 February 1826]
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	Dear Madam
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	Mr Linnell will have arrived at his Journeys end before the
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	time I now write. he set off Last night before Eight O Clock from
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	the Angel Inn near St Clements Church Strand in one of the
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	Strongest & Handsomest Built Stages I ever Saw I should have
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	written Last Night but as it would not come before now I do as
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	[ <i>Mr Lin</i> ] Mr Linnell desired I would do by the First
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	Stage My Wife desires her kindest remembrances to you & I am
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	Yours Sincerely
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	WILL <sup>m</sup> BLAKE
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	Excuse the writing
L75.Linnell2'26; E776	I have delayed too long

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ED; E776|   76

L76.1Linnell3'26; E776|

[To] John Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup>, Cirencester Place

L76.1Linnell3'26; E776|

Friday Evening, March 31, 1826

L76.1Linnell3'26; E776|

Dear Sir

L76.1Linnell3'26; E776|

I have been very ill since I saw you but am again well enough to go on with my work but not well enough to venture out. the Chill of the weather soon drives me back into that shivering fit which must be avoided till the Cold is gone

L76.1Linnell3'26; E776|

L76.1Linnell3'26; E776|

L76.1Linnell3'26; E776|

L76.2Linnell3'26; E776|

Mr Robinson certainly did Subscribe for Prints only & not for Proofs. for I remember that he offer'd to pay me Three Guineas for each of the Copies

L76.2Linnell3'26; E776|

L76.2Linnell3'26; E776|

L76.3Linnell3'26; E776|

However if the weather should be warm I will endeavour to come to you before Tuesday but much fear that my present tottering state will hold me some time yet

L76.3Linnell3'26; E776|

L76.3Linnell3'26; E776|

I am dear Sir yours sincerely

L76.3Linnell3'26; E776|

L76.3Linnell3'26; E776|

WILL<sup>M</sup>. BLAKE

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ED; E777|     77

L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     [To] John Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup>, Cirencester Place,  
L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     Fitzroy Square

EDL77.Linnell4'26; E777|     [April 1826]  
L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     Dear Sir  
L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     I am still far from recoverd & dare not get out in the cold  
L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     air. Yet I lose nothing by it Dante goes on the better which is  
L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     all I care about  
L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     M<sup>r</sup> Butts is to have a Proof Copy for Three Guineas this is  
L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     his own decision quite in Character he calld on me this Week  
L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     Yours sincerely  
L77.Linnell4'26; E777|     WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E777|   78

L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|

To John Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup> N 6 Cirencester Place,  
Fitzroy Square

L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
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L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|  
L78.Linnell5'26; E777|

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 attackd me again & the pan  
with its accompanying deathly feel I got again into a  
perspiration & was well but so much weakend that I am still in  
bed. This intirely 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 D<sup>r</sup> Sir  
Yours sincerely  
WILLIAM BLAKE



ED; E778|   79

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|  
L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

To John Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup>, N 6 Cirencester Place,  
Fitzroy Square

EDL79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

[Postmark: 2 July 1826]

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

My dearest Friend

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

This sudden cold weather has cut up all my hopes by the roots. Everyone 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. M<sup>rs</sup> Hurd's I should like as well as any--But think of the Expense & how it may be spared & never mind appearances

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.1Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

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 health full hours

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

I am dear Sir

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

Yours most gratefully

L79.2Linnell7'26; E778|

WILLIAM BLAKE

ED; E778|      80

L80.1Linnell7'26; E778|      [To] John Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup> Cirencester Place

L80.1Linnell7'26; E778|      5 July 1826

L80.1Linnell7'26; E778|      Dear Sir

L80.1Linnell7'26; E778|      I thank you for the Receipt of Five Pounds this Morning &  
L80.1Linnell7'26; E778|      Congratulate you on the receipt of another fine Boy am glad to  
L80.1Linnell7'26; E778|      hear of M<sup>rs</sup> Linnells health & safety

L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      I am getting better every hour my Plan is diet only & if the  
L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      Machine is capable of it shall make an old man yet: I go on Just  
L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      as If perfectly well which indeed I am except in those paroxysms  
L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      which I now believe will never more return Pray let your own  
L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      health & convenience put all solicitude concerning me at rest You  
L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      have a Family I have none there is no comparison between our  
L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      necessary avocations

L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      Believe me to be D<sup>r</sup> Sir

L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      Yours Sincerely

L80.2Linnell7'26; E778|      WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E779|    81

L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    To Mr John Linnell, Cirencester Place,  
L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    FitzRoy. Square

L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    July 14: 1826  
L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    Dear Sir  
L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    I am so much better that I have hopes of fulfilling my  
L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    expectation & desire of Visiting Hampstead I am nevertheless very  
L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    considerably weakend by the last severe attacks Pray remember me  
L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    with kind Love to Mrs Linnell & her lovely Family  
L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    Yours Sincerely  
L81.1Linnell7'26; E779|    WILLIAM BLAKE

ED; E779|    \*

L81.2Linnell7'26; E779|    To Mr John Linnell--July 14: 1826

L81.2Linnell7'26; E779|    I hereby declare, That Mr John Linnell has Purchased of Me. The  
L81.2Linnell7'26; E779|    Plates & Copy-right of Job; & the same is his sole Property  
L81.2Linnell7'26; E779|    WILLIAM BLAKE  
L81.2Linnell7'26; E779|    Witness  
L81.2Linnell7'26; E779|    EDW/d JNO CHANCE

ED; E779|    \*

L81.3Linnell7'26; E779|    To Mr John Linnell, London

L81.3Linnell7'26; E779|    July 14: 1826  
L81.3Linnell7'26; E779|    Reciev'd of Mr John Linnell, the Sum of One Hundred & fifty  
L81.3Linnell7'26; E779|    Pounds for the Copy-right & Plates (Twenty-two in number) of the  
L81.3Linnell7'26; E779|    Book of Job. Publish'd March 1825 by Me. WILLIAM BLAKE Author  
L81.3Linnell7'26; E779|    of the Work.  
L81.3Linnell7'26; E779|    N/o 3 Fountain Court Strand  
L81.3Linnell7'26; E779|    Witness: EDW/d JNO CHANCE

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L82.1Linnell7'26; E779|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E779|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E779|  
EDL82.1Linnell7'26; E779|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E779|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E779|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E779|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E779|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E779|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E779|

To John Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup> Circencester Place,  
Fitzroy Square  
Sunday Afternoon July 16--1826  
[Postmark: Noon 17 Jy]  
Dear Sir  
I have been ever since taking Dr Youngs Addition to Mr  
Finchams Practise with me (*[It]* <The Addition> is  
dandelion) In a Species of Delireum & 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 [word del.] & that not a small one It is

L82.1Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.1Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.2Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.2Linnell7'26; E780|  
L82.2Linnell7'26; E780|

about The Name of the Child which Certainly ought to be  
Thomas. after Mrs Linnells 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*] <The> Principal. Pray  
Excuse this hasty Expostulation & believe me to be Yours  
Sincerely  
WILLIAM BLAKE  
P.SFincham is a Pupil of Abernethy's this is what  
gives me great pleasure I did not know it before yesterday from  
Mr Fincham

ED; E780|    83

L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    [To] Mr Linnell, 6. Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square

L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    29 July 1826

L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    Dear Sir

L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    Just as I had become Well. that is subdued the disease. tho  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    not its Effects Weakness &/c Comes Another to hinder my Progress  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    calld The Piles which when to the degree I have had them are a  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    most sore plague & on a Weak Body truly afflictive. These Piles  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    have now also as I hope run their Period. & I begin to again feel  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    returning Strength. on these accounts I cannot yet tell when I  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    can start for Hampstead like a young Lark without feathers. Two  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    or Three days may be suficient or not, all now will depend on my  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    bones & sinews Muscle I have none but a few days may do & have  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    done miracles in the Case of a Convalescent who prepares himself  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    ardently for his return to Life & its Business among his Friends  
L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    With whom he makes his first Effort

L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    Dear Sir Yours Ever

L83.Linnell7'26; E780|    WILLIAM BLAKE



ED; E780|      84

L84.1Linnell8'26; E780|      To Mr Linnell, Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square

L84.1Linnell8'26; E780|      Aug<sup>st</sup> 1. 1826 [Postmark: Noon 2 August]

L84.1Linnell8'26; E780|      Dear Sir

L84.1Linnell8'26; E780|      If this Notice should be too short for your Convenience  
L84.1Linnell8'26; E780|      please to let me know. But finding myself Well enough to come I  
L84.1Linnell8'26; E780|      propose to set out from here as soon after ten as we can on

L84.1Linnell8'26; E780|      Thursday Morning

L84.2Linnell8'26; E780|      Our Carriage will be a Cabriolet. for tho getting better &  
L84.2Linnell8'26; E780|      stronger I am still incapable of riding in the Stage & shall be I  
L84.2Linnell8'26; E780|      fear for some time being only bones & sinews All strings &  
L84.2Linnell8'26; E780|      bobbins like a Weavers Loom. Walking to & from the Stage would  
L84.2Linnell8'26; E780|      be to me impossible tho I seem well being entirely

L84.2Linnell8'26; E781|      free from both pain & from that Sickness to which there is no  
L84.2Linnell8'26; E781|      name. Thank God I feel no more of it & have great hopes that the  
L84.2Linnell8'26; E781|      Disease is Gone

L84.2Linnell8'26; E781|      I am dear Sir Yours Sincerely

L84.2Linnell8'26; E781|      WILLIAM BLAKE

L85.Aders12'26; E781|    [To] Mrs [Charles] Ade[r]s, Euston Square

L85.Aders12'26; E781|    3 Fountain Court Strand 29 [*Jan/y*] Decr 1826

L85.Aders12'26; E781|    Mr Blakes respectful Compliments to Mr<sup>rs</sup> Ade[r]s is sorry to say  
L85.Aders12'26; E781|    that his Ill-ness is so far from gone that the least thing brings  
L85.Aders12'26; E781|    on the symptoms of the original complaint. he does not dare to  
L85.Aders12'26; E781|    leave his room by any means. he had another desperate attack of  
L85.Aders12'26; E781|    the Aguish trembling last night & is certain that at present any  
L85.Aders12'26; E781|    venture to go out must be of bad perhaps of fatal consequence Is  
L85.Aders12'26; E781|    very sorry indeed that he is deprived of the happiness of  
L85.Aders12'26; E781|    visiting again & also of seeing again those Pictures of the old  
L85.Aders12'26; E781|    Masters but must submit to the necessity & be Patient till warm  
L85.Aders12'26; E781|    weather Comes  
EDL85Aders12'26; E781|    [unsigned]

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ED; E781|   86

L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   [To] Mr Linnell, 6 Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square

L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   Saturday Night Jan/y 27 1827

L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   Dear Sir

L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   I ought to have acknowledged the Recit of Five Pounds from  
L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   you on 16 Jany 1827. that part of your Letter in which you  
L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   desired I would send an acknowledgt it I did not see till the  
L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   next morning owing to its being writ on the outside double of  
L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   your letter. nevertheless I ought to have sent it but must beg  
86Linnell1'27; E781|   you to Excuse such Follies which tho I am enough ashamd of & hope  
L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   to mend can only do so at present by owning the Fault

L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   I am Dear Sir yours Sincerely

L86.Linnell1'27; E781|   WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E781|     87

L87.1Linnell2'27; E781|     Mr Linnell, Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square

EDL87.1Linnell2'27; E781|     [February 1827]

L87.1Linnell2'27; E781|     Dear Sir

L87.1Linnell2'27; E781|     I thank you for the Five Pounds recieved to Day am getting  
L87.1Linnell2'27; E781|     better every Morning but slowly. as I am still feeble &  
L87.1Linnell2'27; E781|     tottering. tho all the Symptoms of

L87.1Linnell2'27; E782|     my complaint seem almost gone as the fine weather is very  
L87.1Linnell2'27; E782|     beneficial & comfortable to me I go on as I think improving my  
L87.1Linnell2'27; E782|     Engravings of Dante more & more & shall soon get Proofs of these  
L87.1Linnell2'27; E782|     Four which I have & beg the favor of you to send me the two  
L87.1Linnell2'27; E782|     Plates of Dante which you have that I may finish them  
L87.1Linnell2'27; E782|     sufficiently to make some Shew of Colour & Strength  
L87.2Linnell2'27; E782|     I have Thought & Thought of the Removal. & cannot get my  
L87.2Linnell2'27; E782|     Mind out of a State of terrible fear at such a step. the more I  
L87.2Linnell2'27; E782|     think the more I feel terror at what I wishd at first & thought  
L87.2Linnell2'27; E782|     it a thing of benefit & Good hope you will attribute it to its  
L87.2Linnell2'27; E782|     right Cause Intellectual Peculiarity that must be Myself alone  
L87.2Linnell2'27; E782|     shut up in Myself or Reduced to Nothing. I could tell you of  
L87.2Linnell2'27; E782|     Visions & dreams upon the Subject I have asked & intreated Divine  
L87.2Linnell2'27; E782|     help but fear continues upon me & I must relinquish the step that  
L87.2Linnell2'27; E782|     I had wished to take & still wish but in vain  
L87.3Linnell2'27; E782|     Your Success in your Profession is above all things to me  
L87.3Linnell2'27; E782|     most gratifying. may it go on to the Perfection you wish & more  
L87.3Linnell2'27; E782|     So wishes also Yours Sincerely  
L87.3Linnell2'27; E782|     WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E782|      88

L88.Linnell2'27; E782|      [To] J[ohn] Linnell Esq<sup>re</sup>

EDL88.Linnell2'27; E782|      [? February 1827]

L88.Linnell2'27; E782|      Dear Sir

L88.Linnell2'27; E782|      I calld this Morning for a Walk & brought my Plates with me

L88.Linnell2'27; E782|      to prevent the trouble of your Coming thro Curiosity to see what

L88.Linnell2'27; E782|      I was about I have Got on very forward with 4 Plates & am getting

L88.Linnell2'27; E782|      better or I could not have Come at all

L88.Linnell2'27; E782|      Yours

L88.Linnell2'27; E782|      WILL<sup>m</sup> BLAKE

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ED; E782|      89

L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      [To] M<sup>r</sup> Linnell, Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square

L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      15 March 1827

L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      Dear Sir

L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      This is to thank you for Two Pounds now by me recieved on  
L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      account I have recieved a Letter from M<sup>r</sup> Cumberland in which he  
L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      says he will take one Copy of Job for himself but cannot as yet  
L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      find a Customer for one but hopes to do somewhat by perseverance  
L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      in his Endeavours he tells me that it is too much Finishd or over  
L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      Labourd for his Bristol Friends as they think I saw M<sup>r</sup> Tatham  
L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      Sen<sup>r</sup> yesterday he sat with me above an hour & lookd over the  
L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      Dante he expressd himself very much pleasd with the designs as  
L89.Linnell3'27; E782|      well as the Engravings

L89.Linnell3'27; E783|      I am getting on with the Engravings & hope soon to get Proofs  
L89.Linnell3'27; E783|      of what I am doing

L89.Linnell3'27; E783|      I am dear Sir Yours Sincerely  
L89.Linnell3'27; E783|      WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E783|   90

L90.Denman3'27; E783|   To Miss [Maria] Denman, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square

L90.Denman3'27; E783|   Wednesday Morning, 18[14] March 1827, 3 Fountain Court, Strand

L90.Denman3'27; E783|   Mr Blakes respectful Compliments to Miss Denman has found  
L90.Denman3'27; E783|   15 Proofs of the Hesiod as they are duplicates to others which he  
L90.Denman3'27; E783|   has, they are intirely at Miss Denmans Service if she will accept  
L90.Denman3'27; E783|   of them What Proofs he has remaining [*all*]<are> all  
L90.Denman3'27; E783|   printed on both sides of the Paper & so are unfit for to make up  
L90.Denman3'27; E783|   a set especially as many of the backs of the paper have on them  
L90.Denman3'27; E783|   impressions from other Plates for Booksellers which he was  
L90.Denman3'27; E783|   employ'd about at the same time

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ED; E783| 91

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

[To] George Cumberland Esq<sup>re</sup>, Culver Street, Bristol

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

N 3 Fountain Court Strand 12 April 1827

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

Dear Cumberland

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

I have been very near the Gates of Death & have returned very weak & an Old Man feeble & tottering, but not in Spirit & Life not in The Real Man The Imagination which Liveth for Ever.

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.1Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E783|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E783|

In that I am stronger & stronger as this Foolish Body decays. I thank you for the Pains you have taken with Poor Job. I know too well that a great majority of Englishmen are fond of The Indefinite which they Measure by Newtons Doctrine of the Fluxions of an Atom. A Thing that does not Exist. These are Politicians & think that Republican Art is Inimical to their Atom. For a Line or Lineament is not formed by Chance a Line is a Line in its Minutest Subdivision[s] Strait or Crooked It is Itself & Not Intermeasurable with or by any Thing Else Such is Job but since the French Revolution Englishmen are all Intermeasurable One by Another Certainly a happy state of Agreement to which I for One do not Agree. God keep me from the Divinity of Yes & No too The Yea Nay Creeping Jesus from supposing Up & Down to be the same Thing as all Experimentalists must suppose

You are desirous I know to dispose of some of my Works & to make <them> Pleasin[g], I am obliged to you & to all who do so But having none remaining of all that I had Printed I cannot Print more Except at a great loss for at the time I printed those things I had a whole House to range in now I am shut up in a Corner therefore am forced to ask a Price for them that I

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.2Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.3Cumberland4'27; E784|

scarce expect to get from a Stranger. I am now Printing a Set of the Songs of Innocence & Experience for a Friend at Ten Guineas which I cannot do under Six Months consistent with my other Work, so that I have little hope of doing any more of such things. 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 Finishd It contains 100 Plates but it is not likely that I shall get a Customer for it As you wish me to send you a list with the Prices of these

L91.3Cumberland4'27; E784|

things they are as follows

L91.3Cumberland4'27; E784|

L s d

L91.3Cumberland4'27; E784|

America 6. 6. 0

L91.3Cumberland4'27; E784|

Europe 6. 6. 0

L91.3Cumberland4'27; E784|

Visions &/c 5. 5. 0

L91.3Cumberland4'27; E784|

Thel 3. 3. 0

L91.3Cumberland4'27; E784|

Songs of Inn. & Exp. 10. 10. 0

L91.3Cumberland4'27; E784|

Urizen 6. 6. 0

L91.4Cumberland4'27; E784|

The Little Card I will do as soon as Possible but when you

L91.4Cumberland4'27; E784|

Consider that I have been reduced to a Skeleton from which I am  
slowly recovering you will I hope have Patience with me.

L91.4Cumberland4'27; E784|

L91.5Cumberland4'27; E784|

Flaxman is Gone & we must All soon follow every one to his

L91.5Cumberland4'27; E784|

Own Eternal House Leaving the Delusive Goddess Nature & her Laws

L91.5Cumberland4'27; E784|

to get into Freedom from all Law of the Members into The Mind in

L91.5Cumberland4'27; E784|

which every one is King & Priest in his own House God Send it so

L91.5Cumberland4'27; E784|

on Earth as it is in Heaven

L91.5Cumberland4'27; E784|

I am Dear Sir Yours Affectionately

L91.5Cumberland4'27; E784|

WILLIAM BLAKE

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L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

[To] Mr Linnell, 6 Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

25 April 1827

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

Dear Sir

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

I am going on better Every day as I think both in hea[l]th &  
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 Ottleys advantageous acquaintance I go on 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 &/c I never supposed that I should  
sell them my Wife alone is answerable for their having Existed in  
any finishd State--I am too much attachd to Dante to think much  
of any thing else--I have Proved the Six Plates & reduced the  
Fighting Devils ready for the Copper 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

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

L92.Linnell4'27; E784|

I am Sincerely yours

WILLIAM BLAKE

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ED; E785|    93

L93.Linnell7'2; E785|    [To] Mr Linnell, 6 Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square

L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    3 July 1827

L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    Dear Sir

L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    I thank you for the Ten Pounds you are so kind as to send me  
L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    at this time. My journey to Hampstead on Sunday brought on a  
L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    relapse which is lasted till now. I find I am not so well as I  
L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    thought I must not go on in a youthful Style--however I am upon  
L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    the mending hand to day & hope soon to look as I did for I have  
L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    been yellow accompanied by all the old Symptoms

L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    I am Dear Sir

L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    Yours Sincerely

L93.Linnell7'27; E785|    WILLIAM BLAKE

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DesignLJ-par1; E552| The Design of The Last Judgment which I have completed by  
DesignLJ-par1; E552| your recommendation [*under a fortunate star*] for The  
DesignLJ-par1; E552| Countess of Egremont [*by a happy accident*] it is  
DesignLJ-par1; E552| necessary to give some account of & its various parts ought to be  
DesignLJ-par1; E552| described for the accomodation of those who give it the honor of  
DesignLJ-par1; E552| attention  
DesignLJ-par2; E552| Christ seated on the Throne of judgment [*The Heavens in*  
DesignLJ-par2; E552| *Clouds rolling before him & around him*] before his feet &  
DesignLJ-par2; E552| around him the heavens in clouds are rolling like a scroll ready  
DesignLJ-par2; E552| to be consumed in the fires of the Angels who descend [*before*  
DesignLJ-par2; E552| *his feet*] with the[ir] Four Trumpets sounding to  
DesignLJ-par2; E552| the Four Winds  
DesignLJ-par3; E552| Beneath [*the*] Earth is convulsed with the labours  
DesignLJ-par3; E552| of the Resurrection--in the Caverns of the Earth is the Dragon  
DesignLJ-par3; E552| with Seven heads & ten Horns chained by two Angels & above his  
DesignLJ-par3; E552| Cavern[s] on the Earths Surface is the Harlot siezed & bound by  
DesignLJ-par3; E552| two Angels with chains while her Palaces are falling  
DesignLJ-par3; E552| [*in*] into ruins & her councellors & warriors are  
DesignLJ-par3; E552| descending into the Abyss in wailing & despair  
DesignLJ-par4; E552| Hell opens beneath the Harlots seat on the left hand into  
DesignLJ-par4; E552| which the Wicked are descending [*while others rise from their*  
DesignLJ-par4; E552| *Craves on the brink of the Pit*]  
DesignLJ-par5; E552| The right hand of the Design is appropriated to the  
DesignLJ-par5; E552| Resurrection of the Just the left hand of the Design is  
DesignLJ-par5; E552| appropriated to the Resurrection & Fall of the Wicked

DesignLJ-par6; E553| Immediately before the Throne of Christ is Adam & Eve  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| kneeling in humiliation <sup>1451</sup> as representatives of the whole Human  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| Race Abraham & Moses kneel on each side beneath them from the  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| cloud on which Eve kneels & beneath Moses & from the Tables  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| of Stone which utter lightnings] is seen Satan wound round  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| by the Serpent & falling headlong the Pharisees appear on the  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| left hand pleading their own righteousness before the Throne of  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| Christ & before the Book of Death which is opend on clouds by two  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| Angels & many groupes of Figures are falling from before the  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| Throne & from before the Sea of Fire which flows before the steps  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| of the Throne on which [*are*] is seen the seven Lamps of  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| the Almighty burning before the Throne many Figures chained &  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| bound together & in various attitudes of Despair & Horror fall  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| thro the air & some are scourged by Spirits with flames of fire  
DesignLJ-par6; E553| into the Abyss of Hell which opens [*to recieve them*]



DesignLJ-par11; E554| Such is the Design which you my Dear Sir have been the cause  
DesignLJ-par11; E554| of my producing & which but for you might have slept till the  
DesignLJ-par11; E554| Last Judgment

DesignLJ; E554| WILLIAM BLAKE  
DesignLJ; E554| [18 January 1808] Feb/y 1808

VLJ-N70; E554| For the Year 1810  
VLJ-N70; E554| Additions to Blakes Catalogue of Pictures &/c

VLJ-N70; E554| The Last Judgment when all those are Cast away who trouble  
VLJ-N70; E554| Religion with Questions concerning Good & Evil or Eating of the  
VLJ-N70; E554| Tree of those Knowledges or Reasonings which hinder the Vision of  
VLJ-N70; E554| God turning all into a Consuming fire <When> Imaginative Art &  
VLJ-N70; E554| Science & all Intellectual Gifts all the Gifts of the Holy Ghost  
VLJ-N70; E554| are [*despisd*] lookd upon as of no use & only Contention  
VLJ-N70; E554| remains to Man then the Last Judgment begins & its Vision is seen  
VLJ-N70; E554| by the [*Imaginative Eye*] of Every one according to the  
VLJ-N70; E554| situation he holds  
VLJ-N68; E554| [[*A Vision of the Last Judgment*] PAGE 68] The Last Judgment is not Fable or Allegory  
VLJ-N68; E554| *but Vision Fable or Allegory are a totally distinct & inferior*  
VLJ-N68; E554| *kind of Poetry. Vision or Imagination is a Representation of*  
VLJ-N68; E554| *what Eternally Exists. Really & Unchangeably. Fable or Allegory*  
VLJ-N68; E554| *is Formd by the Daughters of Memory. Imagination is Surrounded*  
VLJ-N68; E554| *by the daughters of Inspiration who in the aggregate are calld*  
VLJ-N68; E554| *Jerusalem [P 69] <Fable is Allegory but what Critics call The*  
VLJ-N69; E554| *Fable is Vision itself> [P 68] The Hebrew Bible & the Gospel of*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *Jesus are not Allegory but Eternal Vision or Imagination of All*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *that Exists <Note here that Fable or Allegory is Seldom without*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *some Vision Pilgrims Progress is full of it the Greek Poets the*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *same but [Fable [al] <&> Allegory]*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *<Allegory & Vision> [<& Visions of Imagination>] ought*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *to be known as Two Distinct Things & so calld for the Sake of*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *Eternal Life Plato has made Socrates say that Poets & Prophets do*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *not Know or Understand what they write or Utter this is a most*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *Pernicious Falshood. If they do not pray is an inferior Kind to*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E554| *be calld Knowing Plato confutes himself>*

VLJ-N68[b]; E555| *The Last judgment is one of these Stupendous*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E555| *Visions[.] I have represented it as I saw it[.]*  
VLJ-N68[b]; E555| *to different People it appears differently as [P 69] every*  
VLJ-N69[b]; E555| *thing else does for tho on Earth things seem Permanent they are*  
VLJ-N69[b]; E555| *less permanent than a Shadow as we all know too well*



VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *The Nature of Visionary Fancy or Imagination is very little*  
 VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *Known & the Eternal nature & permanence of its ever Existent*  
 VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *Images is considerd as less permanent than the things of*  
 VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *Vegetative & Generative Nature yet the Oak dies as well as the*  
 VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *Lettuce but Its Eternal Image & Individuality never dies. but*  
 VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *renews by its seed. just [as] <so> the Imaginative Image*  
 VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *returns [according to] <by> the seed of Contemplative*  
 VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *Thought the Writings of the Prophets illustrate these conceptions*  
 VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *of the Visionary Fancy by their various sublime & Divine Images*  
 VLJ-N69[b]; E555/ *as seen in the Worlds of Vision*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *[[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 71 (TOP OF PAGE CUT AWAY)] The Learned*  
 m  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ . . .  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *[of] <or> Heroes <this as n . . . > [it] ans .*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *. . & not Spiritu . . . while the Bibl . . . of Virtue & Vic . .*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *. as they are Ex . . . is the Real Di . . . Things The . . .*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *when they Assert that Jupiter usurped the Throne of his Father*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *Saturn & brought on an Iron Age & Begat on Mnemosyne or Memory*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *The Greek Muses which are not Inspiration as the Bible is.*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *Reality was Forgot & the Vanities of Time & Space only Rememberd*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *& calld Reality Such is the Mighty difference between Allegoric*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *Fable & Spiritual Mystery Let it here be Noted that the Greek*  
 VLJ-N71; E555/ *Fables originated in Spiritual Mystery & Real Vision [P 72]*  
 VLJ-N72; E555/ *and Real Visions Which are lost & clouded in Fable & Alegory*  
 VLJ-N72; E555/ *[which] <while> the Hebrew Bible & the Greek Gospel are*  
 VLJ-N72; E555/ *Genuine Preservd by the Saviours Mercy The Nature of my Work is*  
 VLJ-N72; E555/ *Visionary or Imaginative it is an Endeavour to Restore <what the*  
 VLJ-N72; E555/ *Ancients calld> the Golden Age*  
 VLJ-N69[c]; E555/ *[[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 69] This world of Imagination is the World of*  
 VLJ-N69[c]; E555/ *Eternity it is the Divine bosom into which we shall all go after*  
 VLJ-N69[c]; E555/ *the death of the Vegetated body This World <of Imagination> is*  
 VLJ-N69[c]; E555/ *Infinite & Eternal whereas the world of Generation or Vegetation*  
 VLJ-N69[c]; E555/ *is Finite & [for a small moment] Temporal There Exist*  
 VLJ-N69[c]; E555/ *in that Eternal World the Permanent Realities of Every Thing*  
 VLJ-N69[c]; E555/ *which we see are reflected in this Vegetable Glass of Nature*  
 VLJ-N69[c]; E555/ *All Things are comprehended in their Eternal Forms in the*  
 VLJ-N69[c]; E555/ *Divine [P 70] body of the Saviour the True Vine of Eternity*  
 VLJ-N70[b]; E555/ *The Human Imagination who appeard to Me as Coming to Judgment.*  
 VLJ-N70[b]; E555/ *among his Saints & throwing off the Temporal that the Eternal*  
 VLJ-N70[b]; E555/ *might be Establishd. around him were seen the Images of*  
 VLJ-N70[b]; E555/ *Existences according to [their aggregate Imaginations] a*  
 VLJ-N70[b]; E555/ *certain order suited to my Imaginative Eye [In the following*  
 VLJ-N70[b]; E555/ *order] <as follows>*  
 VLJ-N70[b]; E555/ *Here follows the description of the Picture <Query the Above*  
 VLJ-N70[b]; E555/ *ought to follow the description>*  
 VLJ-N76; E555/ *[[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 76] Jesus seated between the Two Pillars Jachin*





[[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 76] [Beneath] <Ishmael is Mahomet> & <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] his Twelve Sons hover beneath the feet of Abraham & receive their 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 [they] <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 chained [P 77] together by the feet[.] they represent those who perished 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 what he represents the person named in Isaiah XXII.c & 20.V. Belial the Son of Hilkiah he drags Satan down headlong he is surrounded with oak [& has] by the side of the Scaled figure representing Og King of Bashan is a Figure with a Basket emptying out the vanities 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 lead 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 group of figures down into the Depths 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 pleased to see that I have represented the Purities by Three Men & not by three Women It is not because I think the Ancients wrong but they will be pleased 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 Groups of figures is rocky & burning and seems as if convulsed by Earthquakes a Great City*

VLJ-N77; E557/ <on fire> is seen in the Distance <the Armies are fleeing upon  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ the Mountains> On the foreground hell is opened & many figures  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ are descending into it down stone steps & beside a Gate beneath a  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ rock [howling & lamenting] <where Sin & Death are to be  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ closed Eternally by that Fiend who carries the Key in one hand &  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ drags them down with the other> On the rock & above the Gate a  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ fiend with wings urges the wicked onwards with fiery darts he  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ [represents the Assyrian] <is Hazeal the Syrian> who  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ drives abroad all those who rebell against their Saviour  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ beneath the steps Babylon represented by a King crowned Grasping  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ his Sword & his Scepter he is just awakend out of his Grave  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ around him are other Kingdoms arising to Judgment. represented in  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ this Picture as Single Personages according to the descriptions  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ in the Prophets The Figure dragging up a Woman by her hair  
 VLJ-N77; E557/ represents the

VLJ-N77; E558/ Inquisition as do those contending on the sides of the Pit & in  
 VLJ-N77; E558/ Particular the Man Strangling two Women represents a Cruel Church  
 VLJ-N77; E558/ [[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 78] Two persons one in Purple  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ Scarlet are descending [into Hell] <down the Steps into the Pit>  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ these are Caiphas & Pilate Two States where all those reside who  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ Calumniate & Murder <under Pretence of Holiness & Justice>  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ Caiphas has a Blue Flame like a Miter on his head Pilate has  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ bloody hands that never can be cleansed the Females behind them  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ represent the Females belonging to such States who are under  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ perpetual terrors & vain dreams plots & secret deceit. Those  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ figures that descend into the Flames before Caiphas & Pilate are  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ Judas & those of his Class Achitophel is also here with the cord  
 VLJ-N78; E558/ in his hand

VLJ; E558/ [[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 80] Between the Figures of Adam & Eve appears  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ a fiery Gulph descending from the sea of fire Before the throne in this  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ Cataract Four Angels descend headlong with four trumpets to  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ awake the Dead. beneath these is the Seat of the Harlot <namd>  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ Mystery in the Revelations. She is [bound] siezed by  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ Two Beings each with three heads they Represent Vegetative  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ Existence. <as> it is written in Revelations they strip her naked  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ & burn her with fire <it represents the Eternal Consummation of  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ Vegetable Life & Death with its Lusts The wreathed Torches in  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ their hands represents Eternal Fire which is the fire of  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ Generation or Vegetation it is an Eternal Consummation Those who  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ are blessed with Imaginative Vision see This Eternal Female &  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ tremble at what others fear not while they <despise &> laugh at  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ what others fear> <Her Kings & Councillors & Warriors descend in  
 VLJ-N80[b]; E558/ Flames Lamenting & looking upon her in astonishment & Terror. &

*Hell is open 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] <he has Satans 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> <XXXVIIIc 8v> <with their Hammer & Tongs about to new Create the Seven Headed Kingdoms>. The Graves beneath are open & 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 Dragons Cavern a Skeleton begins to Animate starting into life at the Trumpets sound while the Wicked contend with each other on the brink of [P 81] perdition. <on the Right> a Youthful couple are awak'd by their Children an Aged patriarch is awak'd 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 about to be reciev'd like the Bride of the>] at their head> <the Aged Woman is Brittannia <sup>1453</sup> the Wife of Albion Jerusalem is their Daughter>> little Infants creep out of the [mould]*

*[<ground>] 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 containd in the Law. This State appears like a Female crownd 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 mentiond in Exodus XIVc 19v & in other Places this Angel is frequently calld by the Name of Jehovah Elohim The I am of the Oaks of Albion*

*Around Noah & beneath him are various figures Risen into the Air <among> these are Three Females representing those who are*



VLJ-N81; E559/ not of the dead but of those found Alive at the Last Judgment  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ they appear to be innocently gay & thoughtless not <being> among  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ the Condemnd because ignorant of crime in the midst of a  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ corrupted Age <the Virgin Mary was of this Class>. A Mother  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ Meets her <numerous> Family in the Arms of their Father these are  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ representations of the Greek Learned & Wise as also of those of  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ other Nations such as Egypt & Babylon in which were multitudes  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ who shall meet the Lord coming in the Clouds  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ The Children of Abraham or Hebrew Church are represented as  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ a Stream of [Light] <Figures> on which are seen Stars  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ somewhat like the Milky way they ascend from the Earth where  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ Figures kneel Embracing above the Graves & Represent Religion or  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ Civilized Life such as it is in the Christian Church who are the  
 VLJ-N81; E559/ Offspring of the Hebrew  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ [[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 82] Just above the graves & above the spot  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ where the Infants creep out of the Ground Stand two a Man & Woman these are  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ the Primitive Christians. The two Figures in <purifying> flames  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ by the side of the Dragons cavern represents the Latter state of  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ the Church when on the verge of Perdition yet protected by a  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ Flaming Sword. Multitudes are seen ascending from the Green  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ fields of the blessed in which a Gothic Church is representative  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ of true Art Calld Gothic in All Ages <by those who follow <the>  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ Fashion> <as that is calld which is without Shape or Fashion> <On  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ the right hand of Noah a Woman with Children represents the State  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ Calld Laban the Syrian it is the Remains of Civilization in the  
 VLJ-N82; E559/ State from whence Abraham was

VLJ-N82; E560/ taken> <Also> On the  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ right hand of Noah A Female descends to meet her Lover or Husband  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ representative of that Love calld Friendship which Looks for no  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ other heaven than their Beloved & in him sees all reflected as in  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ a Glass of Eternal Diamond  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ On the right hand of these rise the Diffident & Humble & on  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ their left a <solitary> Woman with her infant these are caught up  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ by three aged Men who appear as suddenly emerging from the blue  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ sky for their help. These three Aged Men represent Divine  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ Providence as oppod to & distinct from Divine vengeance  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ represented by three Aged men on the side of the Picture among  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ the Wicked with scourges of fire  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ If the Spectator could Enter into these Images in his  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ Imagination approaching them on the Fiery Chariot of his  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ Contemplative Thought if he could Enter into Noahs Rainbow or  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ into his bosom or could make a Friend & Companion of one of these  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ Images of wonder which always intreats him to leave mortal things  
 VLJ-N82; E560/ as he must know then would he arise from his Grave then would he

VLJ-N82; E560/

VLJ-N82; E560/

VLJ-N82; E560/

VLJ-N82; E560/

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VLJ-N83; E560/

*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 [P 83] the [Expression] 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 calld 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] 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 turnd] represents the Solitary State of those who previous to the Flood walked with God*

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N83; E561/

VLJ-N84; E561/

*All these arise toward the opening Cloud before the Throne led onward by triumphant Groupes of Infants. <& the Morning Stars sang together> Between Seth & Elijah three Female Figures crownd 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 mentiond in Revelations as Surrounding the Throne these I suppose to have the chief agency in removing the [former] [P 84] old heavens & the old Earth to make way for the New Heaven & the*

VLJ-N84; E561/

VLJ-N84; E561/

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VLJ-N85; E561/

VLJ-N84[b]; E561/

VLJ-N84[b]; E561/

VLJ-N84[b]; E561/

VLJ-N84[b]; E561/

VLJ-N84[b]; E561/

VLJ-N84[b]; E561/

VLJ-N84[b]; E561/

VLJ-N84[b]; E562/

VLJ-N84[b]; E562/

VLJ-N84[b]; E562/

VLJ-N84[b]; E562/

VLJ-N84[b]; E562/

VLJ-N84[b]; E562/

*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 Directing the Combats in the upper Elements <in the two Corners of the Picture> on the Left hand Apollyon is foild before the Sword of Michael & on the Right the Two Witnesses <are> subduing their Enemies [Around the Throne Heaven is Opened] On the Cloud are opend 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 depressd under foolish Rulers it is the same with Individuals as Nations works of Art can only be produced in Perfection where the Man is either in Affluence or is Above the Care of it Poverty is the Fools Rod which at last is turnd 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 [patr[onized]] Encouragd 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 produced Greater works of Art in proportion, to [P 85] 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>*

*[[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 84] Around the Throne Heaven is opend & the Nature of Eternal Things Displayd All Springing from the Divine Humanity All beams from him [<Because> as he himself has said All dwells in him] He is the Bread & the Wine he is the Water of Life accordingly on Each Side of the opening Heaven appears an Apostle that on the Right*

*Represents Baptism that on the Left Represents the Lords 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 Gods Design No man can Embrace*



VLJ-N84[b]; E562/ True Art till he has Explord & Cast out False Art <such is the  
 VLJ-N84[b]; E562/ Nature of Mortal Things> or he will be himself Cast out by those  
 VLJ-N84[b]; E562/ who have Already Embraced True Art Thus My Picture is a  
 VLJ-N84[b]; E562/ History of Art & Science [& its] <the Foundation of  
 VLJ-N84[b]; E562/ Society> Which is Humanity itself. What are all the Gifts of the  
 VLJ-N84[b]; E562/ Spirit but Mental Gifts whenever any Individual Rejects Error &  
 VLJ-N84[b]; E562/ Embraces Truth a Last Judgment passes upon that Individual  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ [[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 85] Over the Head of the Saviour & Redeemer  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ The Holy Spirit like a Dove is surrounded by a blue Heaven in which are  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ the two Cherubim that bowd over the Ark for here the temple is  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ opend in Heaven & the Ark of the Covenant is as a Dove of Peace  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ The Curtains are drawn apart Christ having rent the Veil The  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ Candlestick & the Table of Shew bread appear on Each side a  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ Glorification of Angels with Harps surrou[n]d the Dove  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ The Temple stands on the Mount of God from it flows on each  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ side the River of Life on whose banks Grows the tree of Life  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ among whose branches temples & Pinnacles tents & pavilions  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ Gardens & Groves Display Paradise with its Inhabitants walking up  
 VLJ-N85[b]; E562/ & down in Conversations concerning Mental Delights  
 VLJ; E562/ [[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 90] Here they are no longer talking of what is  
 VLJ-N90; E562/ Good & Evil or of what is Right or Wrong & puzzling themselves in Satans  
 VLJ-N90; E562/ [Maze] Labyrinth But are Conversing with Eternal  
 VLJ-N90; E562/ Realities as they Exist in the Human Imagination We are in a  
 VLJ-N90; E562/ World of Generation & death & this world we must cast off if we  
 VLJ-N90; E562/ would be Painters [P 91] Such as Rafa[e]l Mich Angelo & the  
 VLJ-N91; E562/ Ancient Sculptors. if we do not cast off this world we shall be  
 VLJ-N91; E562/ only Venetian Painters who will be cast off & Lost from Art  
 VLJ-N91; E562/ [[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 85] Jesus is surrounded by Beams of Glory in  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ which are  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ seen all around him Infants emanating from him these represent  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ the Eternal Births of Intellect from the divine Humanity A  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ Rainbow surrounds the throne & the Glory in which youthful  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ Nuptials recieve the infants in their hands <In Eternity Woman is  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ the Emanation of Man she has No Will of her own There is no such  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ thing in Eternity as a Female Will> <sup>t1454</sup>  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ On the Side next Baptism are seen those calld in the Bible  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ Nursing Fathers & Nursing Mothers [<they have Crowns the  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ Spectator may suppose them to be the good Kings>] <& Queens  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ [of England]> they represent Education On the Side  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ next the Lords Supper. The Holy Family consisting of Mary Joseph  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ John the Baptist Zacharias & Elizabeth recieving the Bread & Wine  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E562/ among other Spirits of <the> Just  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E563/ made perfect. beneath these a Cloud of Women & Children are taken  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E563/ up fleeing from the rolling Cloud which separates the Wicked from

VLJ-N85[c]; E563/ the Seats of Bliss. These represent those who tho willing were  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E563/ too weak to Reject Error without the Assistance & Countenance of  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E563/ those Already in the Truth for a Man Can only Reject Error by the  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E563/ Advice of a Friend or by the Immediate Inspiration of God it is  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E563/ for this Reason among many others that I have put the Lords  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E563/ Supper on the Left hand of the [Picture] Throne for it appears so  
 VLJ-N85[c]; E563/ at the Last Judgment for a Protection  
 VLJ-N91[b]; E563/ [[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 91] Many suppose that before [Adam] <the  
 VLJ-N91[b]; E563/ Creation> All was Solitude & Chaos This is the most pernicious  
 VLJ-N91[b]; E563/ Idea that can enter the Mind as it takes away all sublimity from  
 VLJ-N91[b]; E563/ the Bible & Limits All Existence to Creation & to Chaos To the  
 VLJ-N91[b]; E563/ Time & Space fixed by the Corporeal Vegetative Eye & leaves the  
 VLJ-N91[b]; E563/ Man who entertains such an Idea the habitation of Unbelieving  
 VLJ-N91[b]; E563/ Demons Eternity Exists and All things in Eternity Independent of  
 VLJ-N91[b]; E563/ Creation which was an act of Mercy I have [P 92] represented  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ those who are in Eternity by some in a Cloud within the Rainbow  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ that Surrounds the Throne they merely appear as in a Cloud when  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ any thing of Creation Redemption or Judgment are the Subjects of  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ Contemplation tho their Whole Contemplation is Concerning these  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ things the Reason they so appear is The Humiliation of <the  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ Reasoning & Doubting> Selfhood & the Giving all up to Inspiration  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ By this it will be seen that I do not consider either the Just  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ or the Wicked to be in a Supreme State but to be every one of  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ them States of the Sleep which the Soul may fall into in its  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ Deadly Dreams of Good & Evil when it leaves Paradise  
 VLJ-N92; E563/ [with] <following> the Serpent  
 VLJ-N91[c]; E563/ [[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 91] <The Greeks represent Chronos or Time  
 as a  
 VLJ-N91[c]; E563/ very Aged Man this is Fable but the Real Vision of Time is in Eternal  
 VLJ-N91[c]; E563/ Youth I have <however> somewhat accomodated my Figure of Time to  
 VLJ-N91[c]; E563/ <the> Common opinion as I myself am also infected with it & my  
 VLJ-N91[c]; E563/ Vision is also infected & I see Time Aged alas too much so>  
 VLJ-N91[c]; E563/ Allegories are things that Relate to Moral Virtues Moral  
 VLJ-N91[c]; E563/ Virtues do not Exist they are Allegories & dissimulations <But  
 VLJ-N91[c]; E563/ Time & Space are Real Beings a Male & a Female Time is a Man  
 VLJ-N91[c]; E563/ Space is a Woman & her Masculine Portion is Death>  
 VLJ; E563/ [[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 86] The Combats of Good & Evil <is Eating of  
 VLJ-N86; E563/ the Tree of Knowledge The Combats of Truth & Error is Eating of the Tree  
 VLJ-N86; E563/ of Life> [& of Truth & Error which are the same thing]  
 VLJ-N86; E563/ <these> are not only Universal but Particular. Each are  
 VLJ-N86; E563/ Personified There is not an Error but it has a Man for its  
 VLJ-N86; E563/ [Actor] Agent that is it is a Man.. There is not a Truth  
 VLJ-N86; E563/ but it has also a Man <Good & Evil are Qualities in Every Man  
 VLJ-N86; E563/ whether <a> Good or Evil Man> These are Enemies & destroy one  
 VLJ-N86; E563/ another by every Means in their power both of deceit & of open  
 VLJ-N86; E563/ Violence The Deist & the Christian are but the Results of these

*Opposing Natures Many are Deists who would in certain Circumstances*

## 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 [P 90] shall know them the Knave who is Converted to Deism & the*

*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 [P*

90] shall know them the Knave who is Converted to 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*

*[Forgiven] <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 Satans 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*

*[[A Vision of the Last Judgment] PAGE 87] Men are admitted into Heaven not because they have*

*they have*

<curbed &> governd 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 Entrance 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 Peoples by the Various arts of Poverty & Cruelty*

*of all kinds 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

## *The Modern Church Crucifies Christ with the Head Downwards*

*[A Vision of the Last Judgment] 92] 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 calld 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*

*deliverd 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 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 employd against the Just. Neither can Seth Envy Noah or Elijah Envy Abraham but they*

may both of them Envy the Success [P 93] of Satan or of Og or Molech The Horse never Envy 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 pamperd at 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] 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 discoverd they Punish a Failure in the tormentor who has sufferd 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 punishd & if possible destroyd 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 condemn <& 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 [P 94] 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 Satans 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>

VLJ-N94; E565/

*The Last Judgment is an Overwhelming of Bad Art & Science.*

VLJ-N94; E565/

*Mental Things are alone Real what is Calld Corporeal Nobody Knows*

VLJ-N94; E565/

*of its Dwelling Place <it> is in Fallacy & its Existence an*

VLJ-N94; E565/

*Imposture Where is the Existence Out of Mind or Thought Where is*

VLJ-N94; E565/

*it but in the Mind of a Fool. Some People flatter themselves*

VLJ-N94; E565/

*that there will be No Last Judgment & [P 95] that Bad Art will be*

VLJ-N95; E565/

*adopted & mixed with Good Art That Error or Experiment will make*

VLJ-N95; E565/

*a Part of Truth & they Boast that it is its Foundation these*

VLJ-N95; E565/

*People flatter themselves I will not Flatter them Error is*

VLJ-N95; E565/

*Created Truth is Eternal Error or Creation will be Burned Up &*

VLJ-N95; E565/

*then & not till then Truth or Eternity will appear It is Burnt up*

VLJ-N95; E565/

*the Moment Men cease to behold it I assert for My self that I do*

VLJ-N95; E565/

*not behold the Outward Creation & that to me it is hindrance &*

VLJ-N95; E565/

*not Action it is as the Dirt upon my feet No part of Me. What it*

VLJ-N95; E565/

*will be Questiond When the Sun rises do you not see a round*

VLJ-N95; E566/

*Disk of fire somewhat like a Guinea O no no I see an Innumerable*

VLJ-N95; E566/

*company of the Heavenly host crying Holy Holy Holy is the Lord*

VLJ-N95; E566/

*God Almighty I question not my Corporeal or Vegetative Eye any*

VLJ-N95; E566/

*more than I would Question a Window concerning a Sight I look*

VLJ-N95; E566/

*thro it & not with it.*

ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| BLAKE'S CHAUCER, *THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS*.  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| THE FRESCO PICTURE,

ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| Representing Chaucer's Characters painted by  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| WILLIAM BLAKE,  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| *As it is now submitted to the Public,*

ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| The Designer proposes to Engrave, in a correct and finished  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| Line manner of Engraving, similar to those original Copper Plates  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| of Albert Durer, Lucas, Hisben, Aldegrave and the old original  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| Engravers, who were great Masters in Painting and Designing,  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| whose method, alone, can delineate Character as it is in this  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| Picture, where all the Lineaments are distinct.  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| It is hoped that the Painter will be allowed by the Public  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| (notwithstanding artfully disseminated insinuations to the  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| contrary) to be better able than any other to keep his own  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| Characters and Expressions; having had sufficient evidence in the  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| Works of our own Hogarth, that no other Artist can reach the  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| original Spirit so well as the Painter himself, especially as Mr.  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| B. is an old well-known and acknowledged Engraver.  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| The size of the Engraving will be 3-feet 1-inch long, by  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| 1-foot high.--The Artist engages to deliver it, finished, in One  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| Year from September next.--No Work of Art, can take longer than a  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E567| Year: it

ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| may be worked backwards and forwards without end, and last a  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| Man's whole Life; but he will, at length, only be forced to bring  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| it back to what it was, and it will be worse than it was at the  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| end of the first Twelve Months. The Value of this Artist's Year  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| is the Criterion of Society: and as it is valued, so does Society  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| flourish or decay.  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| The Price to Subscribers--Four Guineas, Two to be paid at  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| the time of Subscribing, the other Two, on delivery of the Print.  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| Subscriptions received at No. 28, Corner of Broad-street,  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| Golden Square; where the Picture is now Exhibiting, among other  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| Works, by the same Artist.  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| The Price will be considerably raised to Non-subscribers.  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| May 15th, 1809.  
ChaucerPro[1st]; E568| Printed by Watts & Bridgewater, Southmolton-Street.



ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

## BLAKE'S CHAUCER

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

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ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

An Original Engraving by [William Blake] <him> from his Fresco Painting of [*Chaucers 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 Amateur in a Large Stroke Engraving*] 3 feet 1 inch long by one foot high <Price Three Guineas> [Containing Thirty original high finishd whole Length, Portraits on Horseback Of Chaucers 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 labourd 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 Precision not to be seen but in the work of an Original Artist]

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

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

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E568|

The time chosen is early morning before Sunrise. when the jolly Company are just quitting the Tabarde Inn. The Knight & Squire with the Squires Yeoman lead the Procession: then the Youthful Abbess her Nun & three Priests. her Greyhounds attend her.

ChaucerPro[2nd]quote; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]quote; E569|

"Of small Hounds had she that she fed  
With roast flesh milk & wastel bread"

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

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 he seen

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569/

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]quote; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569|

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ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569/

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569/

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569/

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E569/

*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 mornings draught of comfort. Spectators stand at the Gateway of the Inn & are composed of an old man a woman & 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 [o]f 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 Chaucers 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 Thomass Shrine at Canterbury."

[*The Characters of Chaucers 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*]

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|  
ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|  
ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|  
ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|  
ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|  
ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|  
ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|  
ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|  
ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|

<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 [a]nd consequently they are the Physiognomies or L[i]neaments 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.

ChaucerPro[2nd]; E570|

G. Smeeton, Printer, 17, St. Martin's Lane, London.>

ED; E571|  
ED; E571|  
ED; E571|  
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PA-N65; E571|

Chaucers Canterbury Pilgrims  
Being a Complete Index of Human Characters  
as they appear Age after Age

PA-N51; E571|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 51

PA-N51; E571|

[*Engravd by William Blake tho Now Surrounded by Calumny & Envy*]

PA-N56; E571|  
PA-N56; E571|  
PA-N56; E571|  
PA-N56; E571|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 56  
This Day is Publishd Advertizements to Blakes Canterbury  
Pilgrims from Chaucer.  
Containing Anecdotes of Artists. Price 6\*d

PA-N11; E571|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 11

PA-N11; E571|  
PA-N11; E571|  
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PA-N11; E571|  
PA-N11; E571|

If Men of weak Capacities [*in Art*] 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 Condemnd because they are unlike those of  
Artists who are Unacquainted with Drawing [the  
accompanying] is now to be Decided by The Public[.] Mr B s  
Inventive Powers & his Scientific Knowledge of Drawing is on all  
hands acknowledgd it only remains to be Certified whether  
[*The Fools hand or the*] Physiognomic Strength & Power is  
to give Place to Imbecillity [*and whether an unending xxxxxdx*  
*xxx 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*] <In a work of Art it is not fine  
tints that are required but Fine Forms, fine Tints without, are  
loathsom> <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 incessant Practise & Experience of Many Years That

PA-N11; E571|  
*PA-N11; E571|*

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*PA-N11; E572|*  
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PA-N51[b]; E572|  
PA-N51[b]; E572|  
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PA-N51[b]; E572|  
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PA-N51[b]; E572|  
PA-N52; E572|  
PA-N52; E572|  
PA-N52; E572|  
PA-N52; E572|



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 [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 53] Flaxman cannot deny that one of the very first Monuments he did I gratuitously designd for him <at the same time he was blasting my character as all 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 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 lookd 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 Wooletts [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 55] Prints were superior to Basires 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 Lifes 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 finishd Ignorance as there may be a fool or a Knave. in an Embroiderd 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 Lifes Labour of Five Hundred Idiots for he never does the Work Himself

What is Calld the English Style of Engraving such as proceeded from the Toilettes of Woolett & Strange (for theirs were <Fribbles> 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*] <Beginnings> of Art[.] I hope this Print will redeem my Country from this Coxcomb situation & shew that it is only some Englishmen [*Descriptive Catalogue* P 56] and no

All who are thus ridiculous in their Pretences Advertizements in



PA-N56[b]; E573|  
PA-N56[b]; E573|  
PA-N56[b]; E573|  
PA-N56[b]; E573|  
PA-N56[b]; E573|  
PA-N56[b]; E573|  
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PA-N57; E573|  
PA-N57; E573|  
PA-N57; E573|  
PA-N57; E573|  
PA-N57; E573|  
PA-N57; E573|

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 [P 57] 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[.] Wooletts & Stranges works are like those of  
Titian & Correggio the Lifes 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

PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|  
PA-N57; E574|

<Commerce is so far from being beneficial to Arts or to  
Empire 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 scatterd abroad to the four winds>  
Wooletts best works were Etchd by Jack Brown Woolett Etchd  
very bad himself. Stranges Prints were when I knew him all done  
by Aliamet & his trench journeymen whose names I forget.  
The Cottagers & Jocund Peasants the Views in Kew Gardens  
Foots Cray & Diana & Acteon & in short all that are Calld  
Wooletts were Etchd by Jack Browne & in Wooletts works the  
Etching is All tho even in these a single leaf of a tree is never  
correct

PA-N56[c]; E574|  
PA-N56[c]; E574|  
PA-N56[c]; E574|  
PA-N56[c]; E574|  
PA-N56[c]; E574|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 56

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

PA-N60; E574|  
PA-N60; E574|  
PA-N60; E574|  
PA-N60; E574|  
PA-N60; E574|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 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 never g*]

PA-N57[b]; E574|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 57

PA-N57[b]; E574|  
PA-N57[b]; E574|  
PA-N57[b]; E574|  
PA-N57[b]; E574|  
PA-N57[b]; E574|  
PA-N57[b]; E574|  
PA-N57[b]; E574|

I do not pretend to Paint better than Rafael or Mch Anglo  
<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  
understand not

PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
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PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|  
PA-N58; E574|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 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 Impostor. We may be Clever as Pugilists but as  
Artists we are & have long been the Contempt of the Continent  
[*Aliamet*] Gravelot once said to My Master Basire  
[*you*] <De> English may be very clever in [*your*]  
<deir> own opinions but [*you*] <dey> do not draw  
[*the*] <De> 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.

PA-N59; E574|  
PA-N59; E574|  
PA-N59; E574|  
PA-N59; E574|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 59

Men think they can Copy Nature as Correctly as I copy  
Imagination this they will find Impossible. & all the Copies or  
Pretended Copiers

PA-N59; E575|  
PA-N59; E575|  
PA-N59; E575|  
PA-N59; E575|

of Nature from Rembrat to Reynolds Prove that Nature becomes  
[*tame*] to its Victim nothing but Blots & Blurs. Why are  
Copiers of Nature Incorrect while Copiers of Imagination are  
Correct this is manifest to all

PA-N39; E575|  
PA-N39; E575|  
PA-N39; E575|  
PA-N39; E575|  
PA-N39; E575|  
PA-N39; E575|  
PA-N39; E575|  
PA-N39; E575|  
PA-N39; E575|  
PA-N39; E575|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 39

I do not condemn Rubens Rembrant 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 Mens Ears  
I do not condemn [*Bartolozzi*] <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

PA-N39; E575	applied to Art <That is not either colouring Graving or Verse
PA-N39; E575	which is Unappropriate to the Subject> He who makes a Design must
PA-N39; E575	know the Effect & Colouring Proper to be put to that Design &
PA-N39; E575	will never take that of Rubens Rembrandt or Titian to
PA-N39; E575	[ <i>put</i> ] <turn> that which is Soul & Life into a Mill or Machine

PA-N46; E575| [Public Address] PAGE 46

PA-N46; E575| They say there is no Strait Line in Nature this Is a Lie  
PA-N46; E575| like all that they say, For there is  
PA-N46; E575| Every Line in Nature But I will tell them what is Not in Nature.  
PA-N46; E575| An Even Tint is not in Nature it produces Heaviness. Natures  
PA-N46; E575| Shadows <are> Ever varying. & a Ruled Sky that is quite Even  
PA-N46; E575| never can Produce a Natural Sky the same with every Object in a  
PA-N46; E575| Picture its Spots are its beauties[.] Now Gentlemen Critics how  
PA-N46; E575| do you like this[?] You may rage but what I say I will prove by  
PA-N46; E575| Such Practise & have already done so that you will rage to your  
PA-N46; E575| own destruction[.] Woolett I knew very intimately by his intimacy  
PA-N46; E575| with Basire & I knew him to be one of the most ignorant fellows  
PA-N46; E575| that I ever knew. A Machine is not a Man nor a Work of Art it is  
PA-N46; E575| Destructive of Humanity & of Art the Word Machination  
PA-N46; E575| [*seems*]  
PA-N46; E575| Woolett I know did not know how to Grind his Graver I know  
PA-N46; E575| this he has often proved his Ignorance before me at Basires by  
PA-N46; E575| laughing at Basires knife tools & [p 47] ridiculing the Forms of  
PA-N47; E575| Basires other Gravers till Basire was quite dashd & out of  
PA-N47; E575| Conceit with what he himself knew but his Impudence had a  
PA-N47; E575| Contrary Effect on me[.] Englishmen have been so used to  
PA-N47; E575| Journeymens undecided bungling that they cannot bear the firmness  
PA-N47; E575| of a Masters Touch[.] Every Line is the Line of Beauty it is only  
PA-N47; E575| fumble & Bungle which cannot draw a Line this only is Ugliness[.]  
PA-N47; E575| That is not a Line which Doubts & Hesitates in the Midst of its  
PA-N47; E575| Course

PA-N38; E575| [Public Address] PAGE 38

PA-N38; E575	There is just the same Science in Lebrun or Rubens or even
PA-N38; E575	Vanloo that there is in Rafael or Mich Angelo but not the same
PA-N38; E575	Genius[.] Science is soon got the other never can be acquired but
PA-N38; E575	must be Born

PA-N60; E576 | [Public Address] PAGE 60

PA-N60; E576| The Originality of this Production makes it necessary to say a few words  
PA-N60; E576| While the Works [*of Translators*] of Pope & Dryden  
PA-N60; E576| are lookd upon as [in the Same class of] the Same Art with those  
PA-N60; E576| of Milton & Shakespeare while the works of Strange & Woollett are



PA-N62[b]; E576|

is only the result of Invention

PA-N67; E578|

PA-N67; E578|

PA-N67; E578|

PA-N67; E578|

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 disgracd

PA-N66[b]; E578|

PA-N66[b]; E578|

PA-N66[b]; E578|

PA-N66[b]; E578|

PA-N66[b]; E578|

PA-N66[b]; E578|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 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

PA-N66[b]; E578|

PA-N66[b]; E578|

PA-N66[b]; E578|

PA-N66[b]; E578|

Call that the Public Voice which is their Error  
Like as a Monkey peeping in a Mirror  
Admires all his colours brown & warm  
And never once percieves his ugly form

PA-N66[b]; E578|

PA-N66[b]; E578|

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

PA-N71; E578|

PA-N71; E578|

PA-N71; E578|

PA-N71; E578|

PA-N71; E578|

PA-N71; E578|

PA-N71; E578|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 71

A jockey that is any thing 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 defending those who  
Do

PA-N76; E578|

PA-N76; E578|

PA-N76; E578|

PA-N76; E578|

PA-N76; E578|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 76

No Man of Sense ever supposes that Copying from Nature is  
the Art of Painting if the Art is no more than this it is no  
better than any other[']s Manual Labour any body may do it & the  
fool often will do it best as it is a work of no Mind

PA-N78; E578|

PA-N78; E578|

PA-N78; E578|

PA-N78; E578|

PA-N78; E578|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 78

The Greatest part of what are calld 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



PA-N86; E578|  
PA-N86; E578|  
PA-N86; E578|  
PA-N86; E578|  
PA-N86; E578|  
PA-N86; E578|  
PA-N86; E578|  
PA-N86; E578|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 86

The Painter hopes that his Friends Anytus 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 convincd 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*] <Bad Men> both Print & Publish by all the means in their Power. the Painter begs Public Protection & all will be well

PA-N17; E578|  
PA-N17; E578|  
PA-N17; E578|  
PA-N17; E578|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 17

I wonder who can say Speak no Ill of the Dead when it is asserted in the Bible that the name of the Wicked shall Rot[.] It is Deistical

PA-N17; E579|  
PA-N17; E579|  
PA-N17; E579|  
PA-N17; E579|  
PA-N17; E579|

Virtue I suppose but as I have none of this I will pour Aqua fortis on the Name of the Wicked & turn it into an Ornament & an Example to be Avoided by Some & Imitated by Others if they Please Columbus discoverd America but Americus Vesputius finishd & smoothd it over like an English Engraver or Corregio or Titian

PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|  
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PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|  
PA-N18; E579|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 18

What Man of Sense will lay out his Money upon the Lifes Labours of Imbecility & Imbecillitys Journeymen or think to Educate [*an Idiot*] <a Fool> how to build a Universe with Farthing Balls The Contemptible Idiots who have been calld 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 Romano Alb D 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 Wholesom 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 in*] <This when done by> Grand Works is like looking for Epigrams in Homer> A point of



PA-N18; E579| light is a Witticism many are destructive of all Art <One is an  
 PA-N18; E579| Epigram only> & no Grand Work can have them they Produce System &  
 PA-N18; E579| Monotony  
 PA-N18; E579| Rafael Mich Ang Alb D Jul Rom are accounted ignorant of  
 PA-N18; E579| that Epigrammatic Wit in Art because they avoid it as a  
 PA-N18; E579| destructive Machine as it is  
 PA-N18; E579| That Vulgar Epigram in Art Rembrandts Hundred Guilders has  
 PA-N18; E579| intirely put an End to all Genuine & Appropriate Effect all both  
 PA-N18; E579| Morning & Night is now a dark cavern It is the Fashion <sup>1458</sup> [P 19]  
 PA-N19; E579| When you view a Collection of Pictures painted since Venetian Art  
 PA-N19; E579| was the Fashion or Go into a Modern Exhibition with a Very few  
 PA-N19; E579| Exceptions Every Picture has the same Effect. a Piece of  
 PA-N19; E579| Machinery [of] <or> Points of Light to be put into a  
 PA-N19; E579| dark hole

PA-N18[b]; E579| [*Public Address*] PAGE 18  
 PA-N18[b]; E579| Mr B repeats that there is not one Character or Expression  
 PA-N18[b]; E579| in this Print which could be Produced with the Execution of  
 PA-N18[b]; E579| Titian Rubens Coreggio Rembrandt or any of that Class[.]  
 PA-N18[b]; E579| Character & Expression can only be Expressed by those who Feel  
 PA-N18[b]; E579| Them Even Hogarths Execution cannot be Copied or Improved.  
 PA-N18[b]; E579| Gentlemen of Fortune who give Great Prices for Pictures should  
 PA-N18[b]; E579| consider the following [p 19]

PA-N19[b]; E580| Rubens s Luxembourg Gallery is Confessed on all hands  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| [*because it bears the evidence at first view*] to be the  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| work of a Blockhead <it bears this Evidence in its face> how can  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| its Execution be any other than the Work of a Blockhead. <Bloated  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| [Awkward] Gods> Mercury Juno Venus & the rattle traps of  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| Mythology & the lumber of an [old] awkward French Palace  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| are [all] thrown together around <Clumsy & Ricketty>  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| Princes & Princesses higgledy piggledy On the Contrary Julio  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| Rom[ano's] <Palace of T at Mantua> is allowed on all hands to be  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| <the Production of> a Man of the Most Profound sense & Genius &  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| Yet his Execution is pronounced by English Connoisseurs & Reynolds  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| their Doll to be unfit for the Study of the Painter. Can I speak  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| with too great Contempt of such Contemptible fellows. If all the  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| Princes in Europe <like Louis XIV & Charles the first> were to  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| Patronize such Blockheads I William Blake a Mental Prince should  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| decollate & Hang their Souls as Guilty of Mental High Treason  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| Who that has Eyes cannot see that Rubens & Correggio must  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| have been very weak & Vulgar fellows & <we> are [we] to  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| imitate their Execution. This is [as if] <like what> Sr  
 PA-N19[b]; E580| Francis Bacon [*should downright assert*] <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

[Public Address] PAGE 18  
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

[Public Address] PAGE 20  
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] <Established> by Such contemptible Politicians as Louis XIV & [but] 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] <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] I demand therefore of the Amateurs of [P 21] 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 accents I  
Will sit me down & Cry. I. I.

[Public Address] PAGE 20  
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 Miltons Poem is a rough Unfinishd Piece & Dryden has finishd it Now let Drydens Fall & Miltons Paradise be read & I will assert that every Body of Understanding [*& sen(se) will*] must cry out Shame on such Niggling & Poco Piu 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*] & Monotonous Sing Song Sing Song> from beginning to end Such are Bartolozzi Woolett & Strange  
[Public Address] PAGE 23

[*That Painted as well as Sculptured Monuments were common among words the Ancients is evident from the words of the Savants who compared the Plain [unpainted] <Those> Sepulchers Painted on the outside with others [of] only of Stone. Their Beauty is Confessed even by the Lips of Pasch himself.*] <sup>1459</sup>

The Painters of England are unemployd in Public Works. while the Sculptors have continual & superabundant employment Our Churches & Abbeys are treasures of [*Spiritual riches*] their producing for ages back While Painting is excluded Painting the Principal Art has no place [*in our*] <among our almost> only public works. [*while*] <Yet> it is more adapted to solemn ornament than [*dead*] Marble can be as it is capable of being Placed in 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 &*] Respectful duty requesting their Consideration of my Plan as a Great Public [*deed*] means of advancing Fine Art in Protestant Communities Monuments to the dead Painted by Historical & Poetical Artists like Barry & Mortimer. I forbear to name [*a li*] living Artists tho equally worthy I say Monuments so Painted must make England What Italy is an Envied Storehouse of Intellectual Riches

[Public Address] PAGE 24

It has been said of late years The English Public have no Taste for Painting This is a Falshood The English are as Good judges [*as*] <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

PA-N24; E581| Smears & Dawbs at an immense

PA-N24; E582| price & told that such is the Art of Painting I say the English  
PA-N24; E582| Public are true Encouragers of [*Great*] <real> Art while  
PA-N24; E582| they discourage & look with Contempt on False Art

PA-N25; E582| [*Public Address*] PAGE 25

PA-N25; E582| In a Commercial Nation Impostors are abroad in all  
PA-N25; E582| Professions these are the greatest Enemies of Genius [*Mr B*  
*thinks it his duty to Caution the Public against a Certain*  
*Impostor who*]. In [*our Art*] the Art of Painting  
PA-N25; E582| these Impostors sedulously propagate an Opinion that Great  
PA-N25; E582| Inventors Cannot Execute This Opinion is as destructive of the  
PA-N25; E582| true Artist as it is false by all Experience Even Hogarth cannot  
PA-N25; E582| be either Copied or Improved <Can Anglus never Discern  
PA-N25; E582| Perfection but in the Journeymans Labour>

PA-N24[b]; E582| [*Public Address*] PAGE 24  
PA-N24[b]; E582| I know my Execution is not like Any Body Else I do not  
PA-N24[b]; E582| intend it should be so <None but Blockheads Copy one another> My  
PA-N24[b]; E582| Conception & Invention are on all hands allowd to be Superior My  
PA-N24[b]; E582| Execution will be found so too. To what is it that Gentlemen of  
PA-N24[b]; E582| the first Rank both in Genius & Fortune have subscribed their  
PA-N24[b]; E582| Names[--] To My Inventions. the Executive part they never  
PA-N24[b]; E582| Disputed [P 25] the Lavish praise I have recieved from all  
PA-N25[b]; E582| Quarters for Invention & Drawing has Generally been accompanied  
PA-N25[b]; E582| by this he can conceive but he cannot Execute\* this Absurd  
PA-N25[b]; E582| assertion has done me & may still do me the greatest mischief I  
PA-N25[b]; E582| call for Public protection against these Villains I am like  
PA-N25[b]; E582| others Just Equal in Invention & in Execution as my works shew I  
PA-N25[b]; E582| in my own defence Challenge a Competition with the finest  
PA-N25[b]; E582| Engravings & defy the most critical judge to <make> the  
PA-N25[b]; E582| Comparison Honestly [p 24] asserting in my own Defence that This  
PA-N24[c]; E582| Print is the Finest that has been done or is likely to be done in  
PA-N24[c]; E582| England where drawing <its foundation> is Contemnd and absurd  
PA-N24[c]; E582| Nonsense about dots & Lozenges & Clean Strokes made to occupy the  
PA-N24[c]; E582| attention to the Neglect of all real Art I defy any Man to Cut  
PA-N24[c]; E582| Cleaner Strokes than I do or rougher when I please & assert that  
PA-N24[c]; E582| he who thinks he can Engrave or Paint either without being a  
PA-N24[c]; E582| Master of Drawing is a Fool [& *he*] Painting is Drawing  
PA-N24[c]; E582| on Canvas & Engraving is Drawing on Copper & nothing Else  
PA-N24[c]; E582| <Drawing is Execution & nothing Else> & he who Draws best must be

PA-N24[c]; E582|  
PA-N24[c]; E582|

the best Artist [&] to this I subscribe <my name as a Public  
Duty>

PA-N24[c]; E582|

WILLIAM BLAKE

PA-N25[c]; E582|  
PA-N25[c]; E582|  
PA-N25[c]; E582|  
PA-N25[c]; E582|  
PA-N25[c]; E582|  
PA-N25[c]; E582|  
PA-N25[c]; E582|

[*Public Address*] PAGE 25  
\*P. S. I do not believe that this Absurd opinion ever was  
set on foot till in my Outset into life it was artfully publishd  
both in whispers & in print by Certain persons whose robberies  
from me made it necessary to them that I should be  
[*left*] 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



TXTLavTitle; E583|

Annotations to Lavater's *Aphorisms on Man* *t1460*

TXTLavTitle; E583|

London 1788

TXTLav; E583|

TITLE PAGE

AnnLav-signature; E583|

*Will<sup>m</sup> Blake*

EDAnnLavTEXT; E583|

[signed and underlined, beneath the printed "Lavater", the

EDAnnLavTEXT; E583|

two names then being enclosed in an outline of a heart]

TXTLav1; E583|

PAGE 1

AnnLav1; E583|

for the reason of these remarks see the last aphorism

EDAnnLav; E583|

[Blake is referring to 643: "If you mean to know yourself,

EDAnnLav; E583|

interline such of these aphorisms as affected you agreeably in

EDAnnLav; E583|

reading, and set a mark to such as left a sense of uneasiness

EDAnnLav; E583|

with you; and then shew your copy to whom you please."

EDAnnLav; E583|

Blake's mark of uneasiness, a large rough X in the margin,

EDAnnLav; E583|

is shown here by an X beside the number of the aphorism. His

EDAnnLav; E583|

underlining of agreeable passages is represented by

EDAnnLav; E583|

*italics*, and he occasionally supplements the underlining

EDAnnLav; E583|

with a square dagger of emphatic approval, as shown.[<dag>] ]

TXTLav1; E583|

1. Know, in the first place, that mankind agree in essence, as

TXTLav1; E583|

they do in their limbs and senses.

TXTLav1; E583|

2. Mankind differ as much in essence as they do in form, limbs,

TXTLav1; E583|

and senses-and only so, and not more.

AnnLav1; E584|

This is true Christian philosophy far above all abstraction

TXTLav1; E584|

[written beside both aphorisms, with a line under each]

TXTLav3; E584|

3. *As in looking upward each beholder thinks himself the*

TXTLav3; E584|

*centre of the sky; so Nature formed her individuals, that each*

TXTLav3; E584|

*must see himself the centre of being.*

TXTLav3; E584|

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

TXTLav8; E584|

8. Who pursues means of enjoyment contradictory,

TXTLav8; E584|

irreconcilable, and self-destructive, is a fool, or what is



TXTLav8; E584|  
TXTLav8; E584|  
AnnLav8; E584|

called a sinner-- *Sin and destruction of order are the same.*  
a golden sentence

TXTLav11; E584|  
TXTLav11; E584|  
TXTLav11; E584|  
TXTLav11; E584|  
AnnLav11; E584|  
TXTLav11; E584|

11. *The less you can enjoy, the poorer, the scantier yourself--the more you can enjoy, the richer, the more vigorous.*  
You enjoy with wisdom or with folly, as the gratification of your appetites capacitates or unnerves your powers.  
[?Doubtful] false for weak is the joy that is never wearied  
(Written beside the second paragraph)

TXTLav13; E584|  
TXTLav13; E584|  
TXTLav13; E584|

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

AnnLav13; E584|

All Gold

TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
TXTLav14; E584|  
AnnLav14; E584|

14. *What is a man's interest? what constitutes his God, the ultimate* of his wishes, his end of existence? Either that which on every occasion he communicates with the most unrestrained cordiality, or hides from every profane eye and ear with mysterious awe; to which he makes every other thing a mere appendix;--the vortex, the centre, the comparative point from which he sets out, on which he fixes, to which he irresistibly returns;--that, at the loss of which you may safely think him inconsolable;--that which he rescues from the gripe of danger with equal anxiety and boldness.  
The story of the painter and the prince is well known: to get at the best piece in the artist's collection, . . .  
[All bracketed to this comment:]  
Pure gold  
[The story continues, unmarked, and concludes:] . . . of thousands it may be decided what loss, what gain, would affect them most. And suppose we cannot pronounce on others, cannot we determine on ourselves? This the sage of Nazareth meant when he said, WHERE THY TREASURE IS, THERE WILL THY HEART BE ALSO--  
*The object of your love is your God.*  
This should be written in gold letters on our temples

TXTLav16; E584|  
TXTLav16; E584|  
TXTLav16; E584|

16. The greatest of characters, no doubt, was he, who, free of all trifling accidental helps, could see objects through one grand immutable medium, always at hand, and proof against

TXTLav16; E584|  
TXTLav16; E584|

illusion and time, reflected by every object, and invariably traced through all the fluctuation of things.

AnnLav16; E584|

this was Christ

TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|  
TXTLav20; E584|

20. Distinguish with exactness, in thyself and others, between WISHES and WILL, in the strictest sense. Who has many wishes has generally but little will. Who has energy of will has few diverging wishes. Whose will is bent with energy on ONE, MUST renounce the wishes for MANY things. Who cannot do this is not stamped with the majesty of human nature. *The energy of choice, the unison of various powers for one is only WILL, born under the agonies of self-denial and renounced desires.*

AnnLav20; E584|

Regeneration

TXTLav21; E584|  
TXTLav21; E584|  
TXTLav21; E584|  
TXTLav21; E584|  
AnnLav21; E584|  
AnnLav21; E584|

X21. Calmness of will is a sign of grandeur. The vulgar, far from hiding their WILL, blab their wishes--a single spark of occasion discharges the child of passions into a thousand crackers of desire. uneasy  
See 384.

TXTLav23; E585|  
TXTLav23; E585|  
TXTLav23; E585|

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

TXTLav25; E585|  
TXTLav25; E585|

25. WISHES run over into loquacious impotence, WILL presses on with laconic energy. [Horizontal line in left margin]

TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
TXTLav28; E585|  
AnnLav28; E585|

28. *The glad gladdens--who gladdens not is not glad. fatal to others is so to himself--to him, heaven, wisdom, folly, virtue, vice, are equally so--to such an one tell neither good nor bad of yourself.*  
X32. *Let the degree of egotism be the measure of confidence.*  
uneasy

TXTLav36; E585|  
TXTLav36; E585|

X36. *Who begins with severity, in judging of another, ends commonly with falsehood.*

AnnLav36; E585/

*false*

AnnLav36; E585/

*Severity of judgment is a great virtue*

TXTLav37; E585/

*X37. The smiles that encourage severity of judgment, hide malice and insincerity.*

TXTLav37; E585/

AnnLav37; E585/

*false*

AnnLav37; E585/

*Aphorisms should be universally true*

TXTLav39; E585/

*X39. Who, without pressing temptation, tells a lie, will, without pressing temptation, act ignobly and meanly.*

TXTLav39; E585/

AnnLav39; E585/

*uneasy*

AnnLav39; E585/

*false*

AnnLav39; E585/

*a man may lie for his own pleasure. but if any one is hurt by his lying will confess his lie see N 124*

AnnLav39; E585/

TXTLav40; E585/

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

TXTLav40; E585/

TXTLav40; E585/

AnnLav40; E585/

*Excellent*

TXTLav43; E585/

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

TXTLav43; E585/

TXTLav43; E585/

TXTLav44; E585/

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

TXTLav44; E585/

TXTLav44; E585/

TXTLav44; E585/

TXTLav44; E585/

TXTLav44; E585/

TXTLav44; E585/

TXTLav44; E585/

TXTLav44; E585/

TXTLav44; E585/

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

TXTLav54; E585/

*X54. Frequent laughing has been long called a sign of a little mind--whilst the scarcer smile of harmless quiet has been complimented as the mark of a noble heart--But to abstain from laughing, and exciting laughter, merely not to offend, or to risk giving offence, or not to debase the inward dignity of character--is a power unknown to many a vigorous mind.*

TXTLav54; E585/

TXTLav54; E585/

TXTLav54; E585/

TXTLav54; E585/

TXTLav54; E585/

AnnLav54; E585/

*I hate scarce smiles I love laughing*

TXTLav59; E585/  
AnnLav59; E585/

59. *A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity.  
damn Sneerers*

TXTLav60; E585/  
TXTLav60; E585/

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

TXTLav61; E585/  
TXTLav61; E585/  
TXTLav61; E585/  
TXTLav61; E585/  
TXTLav61; E585/  
AnnLav61; E585/

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

TXTLav62; E586/  
TXTLav62; E586/  
TXTLav62; E586/  
TXTLav62; E586/  
AnnLav62; E586/

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

TXTLav63; E586/  
TXTLav63; E586/  
TXTLav63; E586/  
TXTLav63; E586/  
TXTLav63; E586/  
AnnLav63; E586/

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

TXTLav66; E586/  
TXTLav66; E586/  
AnnLav66; E586/

66. *Can he love truth who can take a knave to his bosom?  
--No*

TXTLav67; E586/  
TXTLav67; E586/  
TXTLav67; E586/

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

TXTLav68; E586/  
TXTLav68; E586/  
TXTLav68; E586/  
TXTLav68; E586/  
TXTLav68; E586/  
AnnLav68; E586/

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

TXTLav69; E586/  
TXTLav69; E586/  
TXTLav69; E586/  
TXTLav69; E586/  
AnnLav69; E586/

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

TXTLav70; E586/  
TXTLav70; E586/  
TXTLav70; E586/  
TXTLav70; E586/  
AnnLav70; E586/

X70. Have you ever seen a vulgar mind warm or humble? or a  
proud one that could love?--where pride begins, love ceases--as  
love, so humility--as both, so the still real power of man.  
<pride may love> (over a deletion)

TXTLav71; E586/  
TXTLav71; E586/  
TXTLav71; E586/  
TXTLav71; E586/  
AnnLav71; E586/  
AnnLav71; E586/  
AnnLav71; E586/  
TXTLav71; E586/  
TXTLav71; E586/  
TXTLav71; E586/  
AnnLav71; E586/

X71. Every thing may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility  
and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest  
night--the more rare humility and love united, the more radiant  
where they meet.  
all this may be mimicked very well. this Aphorism  
certainly was an oversight for what are all crawlers but  
mimickers of humility & love  
X73. Modesty is silent when it would not be improper to  
speak: the humble, without being called upon, never recollects to  
say any thing of himself.  
uneasy

TXTLav78; E586/  
TXTLav78; E586/  
TXTLav80; E586/  
TXTLav80; E586/

78. The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness,  
is the wrath of a generous mind.  
80. Thousands are hated, whilst none are ever loved, without  
a real cause. The amiable alone can be loved.

TXTLav81; E586/  
TXTLav81; E586/

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

TXTLav82; E586/  
TXTLav82; E586/

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

TXTLav83; E586/  
TXTLav83; E586/

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

TXTLav86; E586/  
TXTLav86; E586/  
AnnLav86; E586/

X86. The freer you feel yourself in the presence of  
another, the more free is he: who is free makes free  
rather uneasy



TXTLav92; E586/  
TXTLav92; E586/  
TXTLav92; E586/  
AnnLav92; E586/

*X92. Who instantly does the best that can be done, what no other could have done, and what all must acknowledge to be the best, is a genius and a hero at once.*  
*uneasy*

TXTLav93; E587/  
TXTLav93; E587/  
TXTLav93; E587/

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

TXTLav94; E587/  
TXTLav94; E587/  
TXTLav94; E587/  
AnnLav94; E587/

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

TXTLav96; E587/  
TXTLav96; E587/  
AnnLav96; E587/

*X96. Dread more the blunderer's friendship than the calumniator's enmity.*  
*I doubt this*

TXTLav97; E587/  
TXTLav97; E587/  
AnnLav97; E587/  
AnnLav97; E587/

*X97. He only, who can give durability to his exertions, has genuine power and energy of mind.*  
*uneasy*  
*Sterling*

TXTLav98; E587/  
TXTLav98; E587/  
TXTLav98; E587/  
AnnLav98; E587/

*X98. Before thou callest a man hero or genius, investigate whether his exertion has features of indelibility; for all that is celestial, all genius, is the offspring of immortality.*  
*uneasy Sterling*

TXTLav99; E587/  
TXTLav99; E587/

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

TXTLav107; E587/  
TXTLav107; E587/  
TXTLav107; E587/  
TXTLav107; E587/  
TXTLav107; E587/  
TXTLav107; E587/  
AnnLav107; E587/

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

TXTLav114; E587/

*114. Who writes as he speaks, speaks as he writes,*



TXTLav114; E587/	<i>looks as he speaks and writes--is honest.</i>
TXTLav115; E587/ TXTLav115; E587/ AnnLav115; E587/	<i>115. A habit of sneering marks the egotist, or the fool, or the knave--or all three. --all three</i>
TXTLav121; E587/ TXTLav121; E587/ TXTLav121; E587/ AnnLav121; E587/	<i>X121. Who knows not how to wait with YES, will often be with shame reduced to say No. Letting "I DARE NOT wait upon I WOULD" uneasy</i>
TXTLav124; E587/ TXTLav124; E587/ AnnLav124; E587/	<i>124. Who has a daring eye, tells downright truths and downright lies. contrary to N 39 but most True</i>
TXTLav141; E587/ TXTLav141; E587/ TXTLav141; E587/ AnnLav141; E587/	<i>X141. Many trifling inattentions, neglects, indiscretions--are so many unequivocal proofs of dull frigidity, hardness, or extreme egotism. rather uneasy</i>
TXTLav150; E587/ TXTLav150; E587/ AnnLav150; E587/	<i>X150. As your enemies and your friends, so are you. very uneasy</i>
TXTLav151; E587/ TXTLav151; E587/ TXTLav151; E587/ AnnLav151; E587/ AnnLav151; E587/	<i>X151. You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad. uneasy I fear I have not many enemies</i>
TXTLav157; E587/ TXTLav157; E587/ AnnLav157; E587/	<i>157. Say not you know another entirely, till you have divided an inheritance with him. !!</i>
TXTLav163; E587/ TXTLav163; E587/ TXTLav163; E587/ AnnLav163; E587/ AnnLav163; E587/	<i>X163. Who, at the pressing solicitation of bold and noble confidence, hesitates one moment before he consents, proves himself at once inexorable. uneasy I do not believe it</i>
TXTLav164; E588/	<i>X164. Who, at the solicitations of cunning, self-interest,</i>

TXTLav164; E588/ TXTLav164; E588/ AnnLav164; E588/	<i>silliness, or impudence, hesitates one moment before he refuses, proves himself at once a silly giver.</i>
TXTLav165; E588/ TXTLav165; E588/ TXTLav165; E588/ TXTLav165; E588/ TXTLav165; E588/ TXTLav165; E588/	<i>uneasy</i> <i>165. Examine carefully whether a man is fonder of exceptions than of rules; as he makes use of exceptions he is sagacious; as he applies them against the rule he is wrong-headed. I heard in one day a man, who thought himself wise, . . . sophist's character. . . (Vertical line in margin of passage from "rules" to "wise")</i>
TXTLav168; E588/ TXTLav168; E588/ TXTLav168; E588/ TXTLav168; E588/ TXTLav168; E588/ AnnLav168; E588/	<i>X168. Whenever a man undergoes a considerable change, in consequence of being observed by others, whenever he assumes another gait, another language, than what he had before he thought himself observed, be advised to guard yourself against him.</i> <i>rather uneasy</i>
TXTLav170; E588/ TXTLav170; E588/ TXTLav170; E588/ TXTLav170; E588/	<i>170. I am prejudiced in favour of him who can solicit boldly, without impudence--he has faith in humanity--hhas faith in himself. No one, who is not accustomed to give grandly, can ask nobly and with boldness.</i>
TXTLav176; E588/ TXTLav176; E588/ TXTLav176; E588/	<i>176. As a man's salutation, so the total of his character: in nothing do we lay ourselves so open as in our manner of meeting and salutation.</i>
TXTLav177; E588/ TXTLav177; E588/ TXTLav177; E588/	<i>177. Be afraid of him who meets you with friendly aspect, and, in the midst of a flattering salutation, avoids your direct open look</i>
TXTLav185; E588/ AnnLav185; E588/	<i>185. All finery is a sign of littleness.</i> <i>not always</i>
TXTLav200; E588/ TXTLav200; E588/ TXTLav200; E588/ AnnLav200; E588/	<i>200. The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint--the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety</i> <i>bravo</i>
TXTLav201; E588/ TXTLav201; E588/ TXTLav201; E588/	<i>201. There are more heroes than saints; (heroes I call rulers over the minds and destinies of men); more saints than humane characters, Him, who humanises all that is within and</i>

TXTLav201; E588/  
TXTLav201; E588/  
AnnLav201; E588/

*around himself, adore: I know but of one such by  
tradition.  
Sweet*

TXTLav203; E588/  
TXTLav203; E588/  
TXTLav203; E588/  
AnnLav203; E588/

*203. Who seeks those that are greater than himself,  
their greatness enjoys, and forgets his greatest qualities in  
their greater ones, is already truly great  
I hope I do not flatter my self that this is pleasant to me*

TXTLav219; E588/  
TXTLav219; E588/

*219. <dag>None love without being loved; and none  
beloved is without loveliness*

TXTLav225; E588/  
TXTLav225; E588/  
TXTLav226; E588/  
TXTLav226; E588/  
AnnLav226; E588/

*225. The friend of order has made half his way to  
virtue  
X226. There is no mortal truly wise and restless at once-  
-wisdom is the repose of minds.  
rather uneasy*

TXTLav242; E588/  
TXTLav242; E588/  
TXTLav242; E588/  
TXTLav242; E588/  
TXTLav242; E588/  
TXTLav242; E588/  
TXTLav242; E588/  
TXTLav242; E588/

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

TXTLav244; E588/  
TXTLav244; E588/  
TXTLav244; E588/  
AnnLav244; E588/

*244. Who writes what he should tell, and dares not tell what he  
writes, is either like a wolf in sheep's clothing, or like a  
sheep in a wolfs skin.  
Some cannot tell what they can write tho they dare*

TXTLav248; E589/  
TXTLav248; E589/  
TXTLav248; E589/  
TXTLav248; E589/  
TXTLav248; E589/  
AnnLav248; E589/  
AnnLav248; E589/  
AnnLav248; E589/  
AnnLav248; E589/

*248. Know that the great art to love your enemy consists in  
never losing sight of MAN in him: humanity has power over all  
that is human; the most inhuman man still remains man, and never  
CAN throw off all taste for what becomes a man--but you must  
learn to wait.  
none can see the man in the enemy if he is ignorantly so,  
he is not truly an enemy if maliciously not a man  
I cannot love my enemy for my enemy is not man but beast &  
devil if I have any. I can love him as a beast & wish to beat him*

TXTLav253; E589/  
TXTLav253; E589/

253. *Who welcomes the look of the good is good  
himself*

TXTLav254; E589/  
TXTLav254; E589/  
TXTLav254; E589/  
TXTLav254; E589|  
TXTLav254; E589|  
AnnLav254; E589|  
TXTLav254; E589|  
TXTLav254; E589|

254. *I know deists, whose religiousness I venerate, and  
atheists, whose honesty and nobleness of mind I wish for; but I  
have not yet seen the man who could have tempteme to think  
him honest who[m] I knew publicly acted the Christian whilst  
privately he was a positive deist  
bravo  
(Whom *corrected* to who, in accord with Errata  
list)*

TXTLav256; E589|  
TXTLav256; E589/  
TXTLav256; E589/  
TXTLav256; E589/  
TXTLav256; E589/  
AnnLav256; E589|

256. *He who laughed at you till he got to your door,  
flattered you as you opened it--felt the force of your argument  
whilst he was with you--applauded when he rose, and, after he  
went away, blasts you--has the most indisputable title  
to an archdukedom in hell  
Such a one I can never forgive while he continues such a one*

TXTLav261; E589|  
TXTLav261; E589/  
TXTLav261; E589/  
AnnLav261; E589|

X261. *Ask not only, am I hated? but, by whom?--am I  
loved? but why?--as the GOOD love thee, the BAD will  
hate thee  
uneasy*

TXTLav272; E589|  
TXTLav272; E589/  
TXTLav272; E589/  
TXTLav272; E589|

272. *Who can act or perform as if each workor  
action were the first, the last, and only one in his life, is  
great [in his sphere.  
(The last three words deleted by Blake)*

TXTLav276; E589|  
TXTLav276; E589|  
TXTLav276; E589|  
TXTLav276; E589|  
TXTLav276; E589|  
AnnLav276; E589|

X276. *We can do all by speech and silence. He, who  
understands the double art of speaking opportunely to the moment,  
and of saying not a syllable more or less than it demanded--and  
he who can wrap himself up in silence when every word would be in  
vain--will understand to connect energy with patience.  
uneasy*

TXTLav278; E589|  
TXTLav278; E589/  
TXTLav278; E589/  
AnnLav278; E589|

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

TXTLav279; E589  TXTLav279; E589  TXTLav279; E589  TXTLav279; E589  AnnLav279; E589	279. Who becomes every day more sagacious, in observing his own faults, and the perfections of another, without either envying him or despairing of himself, is ready to mount the ladder on which angels ascend and descend. Noble
TXTLav282; E589  TXTLav282; E589/	282. <i>The more there is of mind in your solitary employments, the more dignity there is in your character</i>
TXTLav285; E589  TXTLav285; E589/  TXTLav285; E589	285. <i>He, who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity</i> (Vertical line in margin; also underlined)
TXTLav287; E589  TXTLav287; E589  TXTLav287; E589  TXTLav287; E589/  TXTLav287; E589  AnnLav287; E589	287. The most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesman, cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man [ <i>who tempers his wisdom and his vigour with, humanity.</i> ] (The last nine words deleted by Blake) unsophisticated
TXTLav289; E590  TXTLav289; E590  TXTLav289; E590  TXTLav289; E590  AnnLav289; E590	289. Between the best and the worst, there are, you say, innumerable degrees--and you are right; but admit that I am right too, in saying that the best and the worst differ only in one thing--<dag> <i>in the object of their love.</i> <dag>would to God that every one would consider this
TXTLav290; E590  TXTLav290; E590  TXTLav290; E590  AnnLav290; E590	290. What is it you love in him you love? what is it you hate in him you hate? Answer this closely to yourself, pronounce it loudly, and you will know yourself and him. All Gold
TXTLav292; E590  TXTLav292; E590  AnnLav292; E590	292. If you see one cold and vehement at the same time, set him down for a fanatic. i.e. hypocrite
TXTLav295; E590  TXTLav295; E590/  TXTLav295; E590/	295. <i>Who can hide magnanimity, stands on the supreme degree of human nature, and is admired by the world of spirits</i>
TXTLav301; E590	301. He has not a little of the devil in him who prays and

TXTLav301; E590|  
AnnLav301; E590|  
AnnLav301; E590|

bites.  
there is no other devil, he who bites without praying is  
only a beast

TXTLav302; E590|  
TXTLav302; E590/  
TXTLav302; E590/  
TXTLav302; E590/  
AnnLav302; E590|

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

TXTLav305; E590|  
TXTLav305; E590/  
AnnLav305; E590|

305. *Be not the fourth friend of him who had three*  
*before and lost them.*  
an excellent rule

TXTLav308; E590|  
TXTLav308; E590|  
AnnLav308; E590|

X308. Want of friends argues either want of humility or  
courage, or both.  
uneasy

TXTLav309; E590|  
TXTLav309; E590|  
TXTLav309; E590|  
TXTLav309; E590|  
TXTLav309; E590|  
TXTLav309; E590|  
TXTLav309; E590|  
TXTLav309; E590|  
TXTLav309; E590|  
AnnLav309; E590|  
AnnLav309; E590|  
AnnLav309; E590|  
AnnLav309; E590|

309. He who, at a table of forty covers, thirty-nine of  
which are exquisite, and one indifferent, lays hold of that, and  
with a "damn your dinner" dashes it in the landlord's face,  
should be sent to Bethlem or to Bridewell--and whither he, who  
blasphemes a book, a work of art, or perhaps a man of  
nine-and-thirty good and but one bad quality, and calls those  
fools or flatterers who, engrossed by the superior number of good  
qualities, would fain forget the bad one<?>  
(Question marked added by Blake)  
to hell till he behaves better. mark that I do not believe  
there is such a thing literally. but hell is the being shut up  
in the possession of corporeal desires which shortly weary the  
man for *all life is holy*

TXTLav328; E590|  
TXTLav328; E590/  
AnnLav328; E590|

328. *Keep him at least three paces distant who hates*  
*bread, music, and the laugh of a child*  
the best in the book

TXTLav333; E590|  
TXTLav333; E590|  
AnnLav333; E590|

333. Between passion and lie there is not a finger's  
breadth.  
Lie, is the contrary to Passion

TXTLav334; E590|

334.. *Avoid, like a serpent, him who writes*



TXTLav334; E590|  
AnnLav334; E590|  
TXTLav338; E590|  
TXTLav338; E590|  
AnnLav338; E590|

*impertinently, yet speaks politely*  
a dog get a stick to him  
X338. Search carefully if one patiently finishes what he  
boldly began.  
uneasy

TXTLav339; E590|  
TXTLav339; E590|  
TXTLav339; E590|  
TXTLav339; E590|

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

TXTLav341; E590|  
TXTLav341; E590|  
TXTLav341; E590|  
TXTLav341; E590|

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

TXTLav342; E591|  
TXTLav342; E591|  
TXTLav342; E591|  
TXTLav342; E591|  
AnnLav342; E591|  
AnnLav342; E591|  
AnnLav342; E591|  
AnnLav342; E591|  
AnnLav342; E591|  
AnnLav342; E591|  
AnnLav342; E591|  
AnnLav342; E591|  
AnnLav342; E591|

342. [*Superstition*] <Hypocrisy> always inspires  
littleness, religion grandeur of mind: the  
[*superstitious*] <hypocrite> raises beings inferior to  
himself to deities.  
no man was ever truly superstitious who was not truly  
religious as far as he knew  
True superstition is ignorant honesty & this is beloved of  
god & man  
I do not allow that there is such a thing as Superstition  
taken in the strict sense of the word  
A man must first decieve himself before he is <thus>  
Superstitious & so he is a hypocrite  
Hypocrisy. is as distant from superstition. as the wolf from  
the lamb.

TXTLav343; E591|  
TXTLav343; E591|  
TXTLav343; E591|  
TXTLav343; E591|  
AnnLav343; E591|

343. Who are the saints of humanity? those whom perpetual  
habits of goodness and of grandeur have made nearly unconscious  
that what they do is good or grand--<dag> *heroes with  
infantine simplicity*  
<dag>this is heavenly

TXTLav345; E591|  
TXTLav345; E591|  
TXTLav345; E591|  
AnnLav345; E591|

345. The jealous is possessed by a "fine mad devil\*" and a  
dull spirit at once.  
\*Shakspeare.  
pity the jealous

TXTLav352; E591|  
TXTLav352; E591|

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

TXTLav353; E591|  
AnnLav353; E591|

353. Sneers are the blasts that precede quarrels.  
hate the sneerer

TXTLav354; E591|  
AnnLav354; E591|

354. Who loves will not be adored.  
false

TXTLav359; E591|  
TXTLav365; E591|

359. *No great character cavils.*  
365. *He can love who can forget all and nothing.*

TXTLav366; E591|  
TXTLav366; E591|  
TXTLav366; E591|  
TXTLav366; E591|  
TXTLav366; E591|  
AnnLav366; E591|

366. *The purest religion is the most refined Epicurism. He, who in the smallest given time can enjoy most of what he never shall repent, and what furnisheenjoyments, still more unexhausted, still less changeable--is the most religious and the most voluptuous of men.*  
True Christian philosophy

TXTLav370; E591|  
TXTLav370; E591|  
TXTLav370; E591|

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

TXTLav376; E591|  
TXTLav376; E591|  
TXTLav376; E591|  
AnnLav376; E591|

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

TXTLav377; E591|  
TXTLav377; E591|  
TXTLav377; E591|  
TXTLav377; E591|  
TXTLav377; E591|  
TXTLav377; E591|  
AnnLav377; E591|

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

TXTLav380; E591|  
TXTLav380; E591|

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

TXTLav383; E592|

383. How can he be pious who loves not the beautiful, whilst

TXTLav383; E592| piety is nothing but the love of beauty? Beauty we Call the  
TXTLav383; E592| MOST VARIED ONE, the MOST UNITED VARIETY. Could there be a man  
TXTLav383; E592| who should harmoniously unite each variety of knowledge and of  
TXTLav383; E592| powers--were he not the most beautiful? were he not your  
TXTLav383; E592| *god?*  
AnnLav383; E592| this is our Lord

TXTLav384; E592| 384. Incredible are his powers who DESIRES nothing that he  
TXTLav384; E592| CANNOT WILL.  
AnnLav384; E592| See 20 & 21

TXTLav385; E592| X385. The unloved cannot love.  
AnnLav385; E592| doubtful

TXTLav386; E592| X386. Let the object of love be careful to lose none of its  
TXTLav386; E592| loveliness.

TXTLav389; E592| X389. We cannot be great, if we calculate how great we and  
TXTLav389; E592| how little others are, and calculate not how great others, how  
TXTLav389; E592| minute, how impotent ourselves.  
AnnLav389; E592| uneasy

TXTLav391; E592| 391. He loves unalterably who keeps within the bounds of  
TXTLav391; E592| love; who always shews somewhat less than what he is  
TXTLav391; E592| *possessed of*--nor ever utters a *syllable*, or  
TXTLav391; E592| gives a hint, of *more than* what in fact remains  
TXTLav391; E592| *behind*--is just and friendly in the same degree.

TXTLav396; E592| 396. *Who kindles love loves warmly.*

TXTLav400; E592| 400. There is a manner of forgiving so divine, that you are  
TXTLav400; E592| ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.  
AnnLav400; E592| this I cannot conceive

TXTLav401; E592| 401. Expect the secret resentment of him whom your  
TXTLav401; E592| forgiveness has impressed with a sense of his inferiority; expect  
TXTLav401; E592| the resentment of the woman whose proffered love you have  
TXTLav401; E592| repulsed; yet surer still expect the unceasing rancour of envy  
TXTLav401; E592| against the progress of genius and merit--renounce the hopes of  
TXTLav401; E592| reconciling him: but know, that whilst you steer on, mindless of  
TXTLav401; E592| his grin, allruling destiny will either change his rage to awe,

TXTLav401; E592|  
AnnLav401; E592|  
AnnLav401; E592|  
AnnLav401; E592|

or blast his powers to their deepest root.  
If you expect his resentment you do not forgive him  
*now*. tho you did once forgiveness of enemies can only  
come upon their repentance

TXTLav407; E592|  
TXTLav407; E592|  
TXTLav407; E592|  
TXTLav407; E592|  
AnnLav407; E592|

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

TXTLav408; E592|  
TXTLav408; E592|

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

TXTLav409; E592|  
TXTLav409; E592|  
TXTLav409; E592|  
AnnLav409; E592|

409. He alone is good, who, though possessed of energy, prefers  
virtue, *with the appearance of weakness, to the invitation of*  
*acting brilliantly ill*  
Noble But Mark Active Evil is better than Passive Good.

TXTLav410; E592|  
TXTLav410; E592|  
TXTLav410; E592|  
TXTLav410; E592|  
TXTLav410; E592|  
AnnLav410; E592|  
AnnLav410; E592|

X410. Clearness, rapidity, comprehension of look, glance  
(what the French call 'COUP D'OEIL'), is the greatest, simplest,  
most inexhausted gift a mortal can receive from heaven: who has  
that has all; and who has it not has little of what constitutes  
the good and great.  
uneasy  
doubtful

TXTLav413; E592|  
TXTLav413; E592|  
TXTLav413; E592|

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

TXTLav414; E592|  
TXTLav414; E592|  
AnnLav414; E592|

X414. He who goes one step beyond his real faith, or  
presentiment, is in danger of deceiving himself and others.  
uneasy

TXTLav416; E593|  
TXTLav416; E593|  
TXTLav416; E593|  
AnnLav416; E593|

416 He, who to obtain much will suffer little or nothing,  
can never be called great; and none ever little, who, to obtain  
one great object, will suffer much.  
the man who does this is a Sectary therefore not great

TXTLav419; E593|

419. *You beg as you question.; you give as you*

TXTLav419; E593|  
AnnLav419; E593|

*answer*  
Excellent

TXTLav424; E593|  
TXTLav424; E593|  
TXTLav424; E593|  
AnnLav424; E593|

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

TXTLav426; E593|  
TXTLav426; E593|  
TXTLav426; E593|  
AnnLav426; E593|

426. Him, who arrays malignity in good nature and treachery in familiarity, a miracle of Omnipotence alone can make an honest man.  
no Omnipotence can act against order

TXTLav427; E593|  
TXTLav427; E593|  
TXTLav427; E593|  
TXTLav427; E593|  
TXTLav427; E593|  
AnnLav427; E593|

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

TXTLav432; E593|  
TXTLav432; E593|  
TXTLav432; E593|  
TXTLav432; E593|  
TXTLav432; E593|  
TXTLav432; E593|  
TXTLav432; E593|  
AnnLav432; E593|

432. The richer you are, the more calmly you bear the reproach of poverty: *the more genius you have, the more easily you bear the imputation of mediocrity*  
435. There is no instance of a miser becoming a prodigal without losing his intellect; but there are thousands of prodigals becoming misers; if, therefore, *your turn be profuse, nothing is so much to be avoided as avarice*and, if you be a miser, procure a physician who can cure an irremediable disorder.  
Excellent

TXTLav437; E593|  
TXTLav437; E593|  
TXTLav437; E593|  
TXTLav437; E593|

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

TXTLav440; E593|  
TXTLav440; E593|  
TXTLav440; E593|  
AnnLav440; E593|

X440. He is much greater and more authentic, who produces one thing entire and perfect, than he who does many by halves.  
uneasy

TXTLav444; E593|

X444. Say what you please of your humanity, no wise man

TXTLav444; E593	will ever believe a syllable while I and MINE are the two only
TXTLav444; E593	gates at which you sally forth and enter, and through which alone
TXTLav444; E593	all must pass who seek admittance.
AnnLav444; E593	uneasy
TXTLav447; E593	447. Who hides love, to bless with unmixed happiness, is
TXTLav447; E593	great, like the king of heaven.
AnnLav447; E593	I do not understand this or else I do not agree to it I know
AnnLav447; E593	not what hiding love means
TXTLav449; E593	X449. Trust not him with your secrets, who, when left alone
TXTLav449; E593	in your room, turns over your papers.
AnnLav449; E593	uneasy yet I hope I should not do it
TXTLav450; E593	450. A woman whose ruling passion <i>is not vanity, is</i>
TXTLav450; E593	<i>superior to any man of equal faculties</i>
AnnLav450; E593	Such a woman I adore
TXTLav451; E593	451. He who has but one way of seeing every thing is as
TXTLav451; E593	important for him who studies man as fatal to friendship.
AnnLav451; E593	this I do not understand
TXTLav452; E594	452. Who has written will write again, says the Frenchman;
TXTLav452; E594	[ <i>he who has written against you will write against you</i>
TXTLav452; E594	<i>again</i> ]: he who has begun certain things is under the
TXTLav452; E594	[ <i>curse</i> ] < blessing > of leaving off no more.
TXTLav452; E594	(Text altered by Blake)
TXTLav460; E594	X460. Nothing is more impartial than the stream-like
TXTLav460; E594	public; always the same and never the same; of whom, sooner or
TXTLav460; E594	later, each misrepresented character obtains justice, and each
TXTLav460; E594	calumniated, honour: he who cannot wait for that, is either
TXTLav460; E594	ignorant of human nature, or feels that he was not made for
TXTLav460; E594	honour.
AnnLav460; E594	uneasy
TXTLav462; E594	462. <i>The obstinacy of the indolent and weak is less</i>
TXTLav462; E594	<i>conquerable than that of the fiery and bold</i>
TXTLav463; E594	463. Who, with calm wisdom alone, imperceptibly directs the
TXTLav463; E594	obstinacy of others, will be the most eligible friend or the most



TXTLav463; E594|  
AnnLav463; E594|

dreadful enemy.  
this must be a grand fellow

TXTLav465; E594|  
TXTLav465; E594|  
AnnLav465; E594|

X465. He is condemned to depend on no man's modesty and  
honour who dares not depend on his own.  
uneasy

TXTLav477; E594|  
TXTLav477; E594|  
AnnLav477; E594|

477. The frigid smiler, crawling, indiscreet, obtrusive,  
brazen-faced, is a scorpion-whip of destiny-avoid him!  
& never forgive him till he mends

TXTLav486; E594|  
TXTLav486; E594|  
TXTLav486; E594|  
TXTLav486; E594|  
AnnLav486; E594|  
AnnLav486; E594|

X486. Distrust your heart and the durability of your fame,  
if from the stream of occasion you snatch a handful of foam; deny  
the stream, and give its name to the frothy bursting  
bubble.  
Uneasy  
this I lament that I have done

TXTLav487; E594|  
TXTLav487; E594|  
TXTLav487; E594|  
TXTLav487; E594|  
AnnLav487; E594|  
AnnLav487; E594|

487. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of  
human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride? or luxury? or  
ambition? or egotism? no; I shall say indolence--who conquers  
indolence will conquer all the rest.  
Pride fullness of bread & *abundance of Idleness* was  
the sin of Sodom. See Ezekiel Ch xvi. 49 ver

TXTLav489; E594|  
TXTLav489; E594|  
TXTLav489; E594|  
TXTLav489; E594|  
TXTLav489; E594|  
TXTLav489; E594|  
TXTLav489; E594|  
TXTLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|  
AnnLav489; E594|

489. An entirely honest man, in the severe sense of the  
word, exists no more than an entirely dishonest knave: the best  
and the worst are only approximations of those qualities. Who  
are those that never contradict themselves? yet honesty never  
contradicts itself: who are those that always contradict  
themselves? yet knavery is mere self-contradiction. Thus the  
knowledge of man determines not the things themselves, but their  
proportions, the quantum of congruities and incongruities.  
Man is a twofold being. one part capable of evil & the other  
capable of good that which is capable of good is not also  
capable of evil. but that which is capable of evil is also  
capable of good. this aphorism seems to consider man as simple &  
yet capable of evil. now both evil & good cannot exist in a  
simple being. for thus 2 contraries would. spring from one  
essence which is impossible. but if man is considered as only  
evil. & god only good. how then is regeneration effected which  
turns the evil to good. by casting out the evil. by the good.

AnnLav489; E594|

See Matthew XII. Ch. 26. 27. 28. 29 vs

TXTLav496; E594|

TXTLav496; E594|

AnnLav496; E594|

AnnLav496; E594|

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

& vice. versa. genius finds thought without seekg & thought  
thus, producd finds sense

TXTLav506; E595|

TXTLav506; E595|

TXTLav506; E595|

AnnLav506; E595|

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

Most Excellent

TXTLav507; E595|

TXTLav507; E595|

TXTLav507; E595|

TXTLav507; E595|

AnnLav507; E595|

AnnLav507; E595|

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

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

TXTLav508; E595|

TXTLav508; E595|

AnnLav508; E595|

508. *The greater that which you can HIDE, THE GREATER  
YOURSELF* (The last words triply underlined by Blake)  
Pleasant

TXTLav514; E595|

TXTLav514; E595|

TXTLav514; E595|

AnnLav514; E595|

X514. He, who cannot forgive <a> trespass of malice to his  
enemy, has never yet tasted the most sublime enjoyment of  
love.  
uneasy this I know not

TXTLav518; E595|

TXTLav518; E595|

TXTLav518; E595|

TXTLav518; E595|

TXTLav518; E595|

AnnLav518; E595|

X518. You may have hot enemies without having a warm  
friend; but not a fervid friend without a bitter enemy. The  
qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies: cold  
friends, cold enemies--half friends, half enemies--fervid  
enemies, warm friends.  
very Uneasy indeed but *truth*

TXTLav521; E595|

TXTLav521; E595|

TXTLav521; E595|

AnnLav521; E595|

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

TXTLav523; E595|

523. He will do great things who can avert his words and

TXTLav523; E595|  
AnnLav523; E595|  
AnnLav523; E595|

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

TXTLav526; E595|  
TXTLav526; E595|  
AnnLav526; E595|  
AnnLav526; E595|

X526. He, who is ever intent on great ends, has an  
eagle-eye for great means, and scorns not the smallest.  
Great ends never look at means but produce them  
spontaneously

TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
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TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|  
TXTLav532; E595|

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

AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|  
AnnLav532; E595|

Deduct from a rose its redness. from a lilly its whiteness  
from a diamond its hardness from a sponge its softness from an  
oak its height from a daisy its lowness & [*chaos*]  
rectify every thing in Nature as the Philosophers do. & then we  
shall return to Chaos & God will be compell'd to be Excentric if he  
Creates O happy Philosopher  
Variety does not necessarily suppose deformity, for a rose  
& a lilly. are various. & both beautiful  
Beauty is exuberant but not of ugliness but of beauty & if  
ugliness is adjoined

AnnLav532; E596|  
AnnLav532; E596|  
AnnLav532; E596|  
AnnLav532; E596|  
AnnLav532; E596|

to beauty it is not the exuberance of beauty. so if Rafael is  
hard & dry it is not his genius but an accident acquired for how  
can Substance & Accident be predicated of the same Essence! I  
cannot concieve  
But the substance gives tincture to the accident & makes it

physiognomic

Aphorism 47. speaks of the heterogeneous, which all extravagance is. but exuberance not.

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

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

man is the ark of God the mercy seat is above upon the ark cherubims guard it on either side & in the midst is the holy law. man is either the ark of God or a phantom of the earth & of the water if thou seekest by human policy to guide this ark.

remember Uzzah II Sam 1. [erasure] VI Ch:

knaveries are not human nature knaveries are knaveries See N 554

this aphorism seems to me to want discrimination

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

this was old George the second

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

let the men do their duty & the women will be such wonders, the female life [*fro*] lives from the light of the male.

see a mans female dependants you know the man

TXTLav543; E596  TXTLav543; E596/ TXTLav543; E596  AnnLav543; E596	543. Depend <i>not much upon your rectitude, if you are uneasy in the presence of the good</i> ;[Line drawn by Blake] easy
TXTLav543; E596  TXTLav543; E596  AnnLav543; E596	X nor trust to your humility if you are mortified when you are not noticed. uneasy
TXTLav549; E596  TXTLav549; E596  TXTLav549; E596  TXTLav549; E596/ AnnLav549; E596	549. He, who [ <i>hates</i> ] <loves> the wisest and best of men, [ <i>hates</i> ] <loves> the Father of men; for where is <i>the Father of men to be seen but in the most perfect of his children</i> this is true worship
TXTLav552; E596  TXTLav552; E596/ TXTLav552; E596/ AnnLav552; E596  AnnLav552; E596	552. <i>He, who adores an impersonal God, has none; and, without guide or rudder, launches on an immense abyss that first absorbs his powers, and next himself</i> Most superlatively beautiful & Most affectionatly Holy & pure would to God that all men would consider it
TXTLav554; E597  TXTLav554; E597  TXTLav554; E597  TXTLav554; E597/ AnnLav554; E597	554. The enemy of art is the enemy of nature; art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature; <i>and what nature will he honour who honours not the human</i> human nature is the image of God
TXTLav556; E597  TXTLav556; E597	556. Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed-- <i>nature never pretends</i>
TXTLav557; E597  TXTLav557; E597	557. <i>Do you think him a common man who can make what is common exquisite</i>
TXTLav559; E597  TXTLav559; E597/ TXTLav559; E597/ TXTLav559; E597	559. <i>Whose promise may you depend upon? his who dares refuse what he knows he cannot perform; who promises calmly, strictly, conditionally, and never excites a hope which he may disappoint</i>
TXTLav560; E597	560. <i>You promise as you speak.</i>



TXTLav562; E597|  
TXTLav562; E597/  
AnnLav562; E597|

562. Avoid him *who speaks softly, and writes sharply*  
Ah rogue I could be thy hangman

TXTLav566; E597|  
TXTLav566; E597/  
TXTLav566; E597|  
TXTLav566; E597|

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

TXTLav573; E597|  
TXTLav573; E597/  
AnnLav573; E597|

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

TXTLav574; E597|  
TXTLav574; E597|  
TXTLav574; E597|  
TXTLav574; E597|  
TXTLav574; E597|  
TXTLav574; E597/  
TXTLav574; E597/  
AnnLav574; E597|

574. There are certain light characteristic momentary features of man, which, in spite of masks and all exterior mummery, represent him as he is and shall be. If once in an individual you have discovered one ennobling feature, let him debase it, *let it at times shrink from him, no matter; he will, in the end, prove superior to thousands of his critics*  
the wise man falleth 7 times in a day & riseth again &/c

TXTLav576; E597|  
TXTLav576; E597|  
TXTLav576; E597|  
TXTLav576; E597|  
TXTLav576; E597|  
AnnLav576; E597|

576. The man who has and uses but one scale for every thing, for himself and his enemy, the past and the future, the grand and the trifle, for truth and error, virtue and vice, religion, superstition, infidelity; for nature, art, and works of genius and art-is truly wise, just, great.  
this is most true but how does this agree with 451

TXTLav577; E597|  
TXTLav577; E597|  
TXTLav577; E597|  
TXTLav577; E597|  
TXTLav577; E597|  
AnnLav577; E597|

X577. The infinitely little constitutes the infinite difference in works of art, and in the degrees of morals and religion; the greater the rapidity; precision, acuteness, with which this is observed and determined, the more authentic, the greater the observer.  
uneasy

TXTLav580; E597|  
TXTLav580; E597|  
TXTLav580; E597|  
TXTLav580; E597|  
TXTLav580; E597/

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



TXTLav582; E597| 582. *No communications and no gifts can exhaust genius, or*  
TXTLav582; E597| *impoverish charity*  
AnnLav582; E597| Most Excellent

TXTLav585; E597| 585. Distrust yourself if you fear the eye of the sincere;  
TXTLav585; E597| *but be afraid of neither God or man, if you have no reason to*  
TXTLav585; E597| *distrust yourself*

TXTLav586; E597| 586. *Who comes as he goes, and is present as he came and*  
TXTLav586; E597| *went, is sincere*

TXTLav588; E597| X588. He loves grandly (I speak of friendship) who is not  
TXTLav588; E597| jealous when he has partners of love.  
AnnLav588; E597| uneasy but I hope to mend

TXTLav590; E597| 590. *He knows himself greatly who never opposes his*  
TXTLav590; E597| *genius*  
AnnLav590; E597| Most Excellent

TXTLav596; E598| 596 "Love as if you could hate and might be hated;"--a  
TXTLav596; E598| maxim of detested prudence in real friendship, the bane of all  
TXTLav596; E598| tenderness, the death of all familiarity. Consider the *fool*  
TXTLav596; E598| *who follows it as nothing inferior to him who at every, bit of*  
TXTLav596; E598| *bread trembles at the thought of its being poisoned*  
AnnLav596; E598| Excellent

TXTLav597; E598| 597. "Hate as if you could love or should be loved;"--him  
TXTLav597; E598| who follows this maxim, if all the world were to declare an idiot  
TXTLav597; E598| and enthusiast, I shall esteem, of all men, the most eminently  
TXTLav597; E598| formed for friendship.  
AnnLav597; E598| Better than Excellent

TXTLav600; E598| 600. Distinguish with exactness, if you mean to know  
TXTLav600; E598| yourself and others, what is so often mistaken--the SINGULAR,  
TXTLav600; E598| the ORIGINAL, the *EXTRAORDINARY, the GREAT, and the SUBLIME*  
TXTLav600; E598| *man: the SUBLIME alone unites the singular, original,*  
TXTLav600; E598| *extraordinary, and great, with his own uniformity and simplicity:*  
TXTLav600; E598| *the GREAT, with many powers, and uniformity of ends, is destitute*  
TXTLav600; E598| *of that superior calmness* and inward harmony which soars  
TXTLav600; E598| above the atmosphere of praise: the EXTRAORDINARY is

TXTLav600; E598| distinguished by copiousness, and a wide range of energy: *the*  
TXTLav600; E598| *ORIGINAL need not be very rich, only* that which he produces  
TXTLav600; E598| is unique, and has the exclusive stamp of individuality: the  
TXTLav600; E598| SINGULAR, as such, is placed between originality and whim, and  
TXTLav600; E598| often makes a trifle the medium of fame.

TXTLav601; E598| 601. Forwardness nips affection in the bud.  
AnnLav601; E598| the more is the pity

TXTLav602; E598| X602. If you mean to be loved, give more than what is  
TXTLav602; E598| asked, but not more than what is wanted; [*and ask less than*  
TXTLav602; E598| *what is expected.*]  
AnnLav602; E598| this is human policy as it is calld--this whole aphorism is  
AnnLav602; E598| an oversight

TXTLav603; E598| 603. Whom smiles and [*tears*] <frowns> make equally  
TXTLav603; E598| lovely, [*all*] <only good> hearts [*may*] <can or  
TXTLav603; E598| dare> court.  
TXTLav604; E598| 604. Take here the grand secret--if not of pleasing all, yet of  
TXTLav604; E598| displeasing none--court mediocrity, avoid originality, and  
TXTLav604; E598| sacrifice to fashion.  
AnnLav604; E598| & go to hell

TXTLav605; E598| 605. He who pursues the glimmering steps of hope, with  
TXTLav605; E598| stedfast, not presumptuous, eye, may pass the gloomy rock, on  
TXTLav605; E598| either side of which [*superstition*] <hypocrisy> and  
TXTLav605; E598| incredulity their dark abysses spread.  
AnnLav605; E598| Superstition has been long a bug bear by reason of its being  
AnnLav605; E598| united with hypocrisy. but let them be fairly seperated & then  
AnnLav605; E598| superstition will be honest feeling & God who loves all honest  
AnnLav605; E598| men. will lead [*them*] the poor enthusiast in the paths  
AnnLav605; E598| of holiness

TXTLav606; E598| 606. The public seldom forgive twice.  
AnnLav606; E598| let us take their example

TXTLav607; E598| X607. Him who is hurried on by the furies of immature,  
TXTLav607; E598| impetuous wishes, stern repentance shall drag, bound and  
TXTLav607; E598| reluctant, back to the place from which he sallied: where you  
TXTLav607; E598| hear the crackling of wishes expect intolerable vapours or  
TXTLav607; E598| repining grief.  
AnnLav607; E598| uneasy

TXTLav608; E598|  
TXTLav608; E598|  
AnnLav608; E598|

608. He submits to be seen through a microscope, who  
suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.  
& such a one I dare love

TXTLav609; E598|  
TXTLav609; E598|  
TXTLav609; E598/  
TXTLav609; E598/  
TXTLav609; E598/  
AnnLav609; E598|

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

TXTLav610; E599|

610. All *great minds sympathize.*

TXTLav612; E599|  
TXTLav612; E599|  
TXTLav612; E599|  
AnnLav612; E599|  
AnnLav612; E599|

612. Men carry their character not seldom in their pockets: you  
night decide on more than half of your acquaintance, had you  
will or right to turn their pockets inside out.  
I seldom carry money in my pockets they are generally full  
of paper [*for* (6 or 7 words erased)]

TXTLav615; E599|  
TXTLav615; E599/  
TXTLav615; E599/

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

TXTLav616; E599|  
TXTLav616; E599|  
TXTLav616; E599|  
AnnLav616; E599|

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

TXTLav619; E599|  
TXTLav619; E599|  
TXTLav619; E599|  
TXTLav619; E599|  
TXTLav619; E599|  
TXTLav619; E599|  
AnnLav619; E599|

X619. Each heart is a world of nations, classes, and  
individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; . . .  
the number and character of your friends within bears an exact  
resemblance to your external ones; . . . Be assured then, that to  
know yourself perfectly you have only to set down a true  
statement of those that ever loved or hated you.  
uneasy because I cannot do this

TXTLav623; E599|  
TXTLav623; E599|  
TXTLav623; E599|  
TXTLav623; E599|

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

TXTLav623; E599|  
TXTLav623; E599|  
TXTLav623; E599|  
TXTLav623; E599|  
TXTLav623; E599|  
AnnLav623; E599|

insufferable within doors and excellent in public; they are unfit for friendship, merely because their stamina, their ingredients of character, are too single, too much apart; let them be finely ground up with each other, and they will be incomparable.  
Most Excellent

TXTLav624; E599|  
TXTLav624; E599|  
AnnLav624; E599|  
AnnLav624; E599|

X624. The fool separates his object from all surrounding ones; all abstraction is temporary folly.  
uneasy because I once thought otherwise but now know it is Truth

TXTLav626; E599|  
TXTLav626; E599|  
TXTLav626; E599|  
TXTLav626; E599|  
AnnLav626; E599|

626. Let me repeat it--He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, *passes on, like Samson, and "TELLS NEITHER FATHER NOR MOTHER OF IT.*  
This is Excellent

TXTLav630; E599|  
TXTLav630; E599|  
TXTLav630; E599|  
TXTLav630; E599|  
TXTLav630; E599|  
TXTLav630; E599|  
TXTLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
AnnLav630; E599|  
TXTLav631; E599|  
TXTLav631; E599|

630. A GOD, an ANIMAL, a PLANT, are not companions of man; nor is the FAULTLESS--then judge with lenity of all; the coolest, wisest, best, all without exception, have their points, their moments of enthusiasm, fanaticism, absence of mind, faint-heartedness, stupidity--if you allow not for these, your criticisms on man will be a mass of accusations or caricatures.  
It is the God in *all* that is our companion & friend, for our God himself says, you are my brother my sister & my mother; & St John. Whoso dwelleth in love dwelleth in God & God in him. & such an one cannot judge of any but in love. & his feelings will be attractions or repulses  
See Aphorisms 549 & 554  
God is in the lowest effects as well as in the highest causes for he is become a worm that he may nourish the weak  
For let it be rememberd that creation is. God descending according to the weakness of man for our Lord is the word of God & every thing on earth is the word of God & in its essence is God  
631. *Genius always gives its best at first, prudence at last*

TXTLav633; E599|  
TXTLav633; E599|  
TXTLav633; E599|  
TXTLav633; E599|

633. You think to meet with some additions here to your stock of moral knowledge--and not in vain, I hope: but know, a great many rules cannot be given by him who means not to offend, and many of mine have perhaps offended already;

AnnLav633; E600|  
AnnLav633; E600|  
AnnLav633; E600|  
AnnLav633; E600|

Those who are offended [*bu*] with any thing in this book would be offended with the innocence of a child & for the same reason. because it reproaches him with the errors of acquired folly.

TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
TXTLav633; E600|  
AnnLav633; E600|

believe me, for him who has an open ear and eye, every minute teems with observations of precious import, yet scarcely communicable to the most faithful friend; so incredibly weak, so vulnerable in certain points, is man: forbear to meddle with these at your first setting out, and make amusement the minister of reflection: sacrifice all egotism--sacrifice ten points to one, if that one have the value of twenty; and if you are happy enough to impress your disciple with respect for himself, with probability of success in his exertions of growing better; and, above all, with the idea of your disinterestedness--you may perhaps succeed in making one proselyte to virtue. --lovely.

TXTLav635; E600|  
TXTLav635; E600|  
TXTLav635; E600|  
AnnLav635; E600|

635. Keep your heart from him who begins his acquaintance with you by indirect flattery of your favourite paradox or foible. unless you find it to be his also. previous to your acquaintance

TXTLav636; E600|  
TXTLav636; E600|  
TXTLav636; E600|  
AnnLav636; E600|

636. Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence--forget it, forgive it--but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it. This is a paradox

TXTLav638; E600|  
TXTLav638; E600|  
TXTLav638; E600|  
AnnLav638; E600|  
AnnLav638; E600|

X638. Let the cold, who offers the nauseous mimicry of warm affection, meet with what he deserves--a repulse; but from that moment depend on his irreconcilable enmity. uneasy because I do not know how to do this but I will try to [xxxx] do it the first opportunity

TXTLav640; E600|  
TXTLav640; E600|  
TXTLav640; E600|  
AnnLav640; E600|

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

TXTLav; E600|

[p224] End of Vol. 1.



AnnLav-last; E600|  
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AnnLav-last; E600|  
AnnLav-last; E600|  
AnnLav-last; E600|

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

TXTLav; E600|  
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AnnLav-last; E600|

[p225, blank]

Man is bad or good. as he unites himself with bad or good  
spirits. tell me with whom you go & Ill tell you what you do  
As we cannot experience pleasure but by means of others.  
[*As we are*] who experience either pleasure or pain thro  
us. And as all of us on earth are united in thought, for it is  
impossible to think without images of somewhat on earth--So it is  
impossible to know God or heavenly things without conjunction  
with those who know God & heavenly things. therefore, all who  
converse in the spirit, converse with spirits. [*& these are  
either Good or Evil*]  
For these reasons I say that this Book is written by  
consultation with Good Spirits because it is Good. & that the  
name Lavater. is the amulet of those who purify the heart of man.

TXTLav-last; E600|

[p 226, blank]

AnnLav-last; E600|  
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AnnLav-last; E600|

There is a strong objection to Lavaters principles (as I  
understand them) & that is He makes every thing originate in  
its accident he makes the

AnnLav-last; E601|  
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AnnLav-last; E601|

vicious propensity <not only> a leading feature of the man but  
the Stamina on which all his virtues grow. But as I understand  
Vice it is a Negative--It does not signify what the laws of Kings  
& Priests have calld Vice we who are philosophers ought not to  
call the Staminal Virtues of Humanity by the same name that we  
call the omissions of intellect springing from poverty  
Every mans <leading> propensity ought to be calld his  
leading Virtue & his good Angel But the Philosophy of Causes &  
Consequences misled Lavater as it has all his cotemporaries.  
Each thing is its own cause & its own effect Accident is the  
omission of act in self & the hindering of act in another, This  
is Vice but all Act [*<from Individual propensity>*] is  
Virtue. To hinder another [P 227, blank] is not an act it is the  
contrary it is a restraint on action both in ourselves & in the  
person hinderd. for he who hinders another omits his own duty. at  
the time



AnnLav-last; E601| Murder is Hindering Another  
AnnLav-last; E601| Theft is Hindering Another  
AnnLav-last; E601| Backbiting. Undermining C[i]rcumventing & whatever is  
AnnLav-last; E601| Negative is Vice  
AnnLav-last; E601| But the or[i]gin of this mistake in Lavater & his  
AnnLav-last; E601| cotemporaries, is, They suppose that Womans Love is Sin. in  
AnnLav-last; E601| consequence all the Loves & Graces with them are Sin

TXTSwedHHTitle; E601| Annotations to Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*  
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601| London, 1784 *t1461*

TXTSwedHHTitle; E601| HALF-TITLE [inscribed in pencil in a hand not Blake's]  
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601| "And as Imagination bodies forth y[e] forms of things  
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601| unseen-turns them to shape & gives to airy Nothing a local  
TXTSwedHHTitle; E601| habitation & a Name."Sh.

AnnSwedHHTitle; E601| [Blake's comment, in crayon]Thus Fools quote Shakespeare  
AnnSwedHHTitle; E601| The Above is Theseus's opinion Not Shakespeares You might as well  
AnnSwedHHTitle; E601| quote Satans blasphemies from Milton & give them as Miltons  
AnnSwedHHTitle; E601| Opinions

TXTSwedHHTitle; E601| TITLE PAGE [signed in ink]  
AnnSwedHHTitle; E601| William, Blake  
EDAnnSwedHHTitleTEXT; E601| [pencil note in another hand: "belonged to Blake the  
EDAnnSwedHHTitleTEXT; E601| Artist"]

EDAnnSwedHHTEXT; E601| [P 206, paragraphs 333 and 334, scored by someone in left margin  
TXTSwedHH333; E601| by erased pencil or by fingernail] 333. Little Children . . .  
TXTSwedHH333; E601| appear in Heaven . . . in the province of the eyes . . . because  
TXTSwedHH333; E601| the Lord appears to the Angels of his Spiritual Kingdom, fronting  
TXTSwedHH333; E601| the left eye; and to the Angels of the Celestial Kingdom,  
TXTSwedHH333; E601| fronting the right eye; see above, n. 118. Little Children being  
TXTSwedHH333; E601| thus in the province of the eyes, denotes them to be under the  
TXTSwedHH333; E601| immediate guardianship and protection of the Lord.

TXTSwedHH334; E601| 334. How Infants are educated in Heaven shall here briefly be  
TXTSwedHH334; E601| told. They are first taught to speak by those that have the care  
TXTSwedHH334; E601| of them: their first utterance is only a kind of affectionate  
TXTSwedHH334; E601| sound, which, by degrees, grows more distinct, as their minds  
TXTSwedHH334; E601| become furnished with ideas; for

ED; E602|  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602|  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602|  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602|  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602|  
AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602|  
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AnnSwedDLDWflyleaf; E602|

FLYLEAF <sup>t1464</sup>  
  
There can be no Good-Will. Will is always Evil It is pernicious to others or selfish If God is any thing he is Understanding He is the Influx from that into the Will Thus Good to others or benevolent Understanding can [?&?does] Work [?harm] ignorantly but never can ?the Truth [be ?evil] because Man is only Evil [when he wills an untruth] H[eaven] & Hell Chapter 425  
Understanding or Thought is not natural to Man it is acquired by means of Suffering & Distress i.e Experience. Will, Desire, Love, Rage, Envy, & all other Affections are Natural. but Understanding is Acquired But Observe. without these is to be less than Man. Man could ?never [have received] ?light from heaven ?without [aid of the] affections one would be ?limited to the ?five [?heavens &] ?hells [& live] in different periods of time  
Wisdom of Angels 10

ED; E602|

[Numbers refer to sections, not pages]

TXTSwedDLDW1; E602|  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602|  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602|  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602|  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602|  
TXTSwedDLDW1; E602|  
AnnSwedDLDW1; E602|  
AnnSwedDLDW1; E602|

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

TXTSwedDLDW2; E602|  
TXTSwedDLDW2; E602|  
AnnSwedDLDW2; E602|

2. No one knoweth what is the Life of Man, unless he knoweth that it is Love; if this be not known. . . .  
This was known to me & thousands

TXTSwedHH334; E602|  
TXTSwedHH334; E602|  
TXTSwedHH334; E602|

the ideas of the mind springing from the affectionate part, immediately give birth and form to the speech of the Angels, as mentioned above, n. 234 to 245. . . .

TXTSwedHH513; E602|  
TXTSwedHH513; E602|

[P 339, PARAGRAPH 513, with Blake's dagger and note] 513.  
<dag>The angels appointed for instructors are from several

TXTSwedHH513; E602|  
TXTSwedHH513; E602|  
TXTSwedHH513; E602|  
TXTSwedHH513; E602|  
AnnSwedHH513; E602|

societies, but chiefly from such as are in the north and the south, as their understanding and wisdom more particularly consist in the distinct knowledges of good and truth. The places set apart for instructing are towards the north. . . .  
<dag>See N 73 Worlds in Universe. for account of Instructing Spirits <sup>tl462</sup> ;

TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
TXTSwedHH588; E602|  
AnnSwedHH588; E602|  
AnnSwedHH588; E602|  
AnnSwedHH588; E602|

[P 389, PARAGRAPH 588] . . . That the Hells are so many and various, appears from it's being given me to know, that under every mountain, hill, rock, plain, and valley, there were particular Hells of different extent in length, breadth, and depth. In a word, both Heaven and the World of Spirits may be considered as convexities, under which are arrangements of those infernal mansions. So much concerning the Plurality of Hells.  
under every *Good* is a hell. i.e hell is the outward or external of heaven. & is of the body of the lord. for nothing is destroyd

TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW7; E603|

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

TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW7; E603|

Nevertheless, Man may comprehend this by natural Thought, if he will only admit into such Thought somewhat of spiritual Light; . . . (bracketed by Blake)  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW7; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW7; E603|

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

TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW8; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW8; E603|

8. Hence it may appear, that Man from a *merely natural* Idea cannot comprehend that the Divine is every where, and yet not in Space; and yet that Angels and Spirits clearly comprehend this; consequently *that Man also may*, if so be he will admit something of spiritual Light into his Thought;  
Observe the distinction here between Natural & Spiritual as seen by Man

TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW8; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW8; E603|

the Reason why Man may comprehend it is, because his Body doth not think, but his Spirit, therefore not his natural but his spiritual [Part]  
Man may comprehend. but not the natural or external man.

TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW10; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW10; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW10; E603|

10. It hath been said, that in the spiritual World Spaces appear equally as in the natural World. . . . Hence it is that the Lord, although he is in the Heavens with the Angels every where, nevertheless appears high above them as a Sun: And whereas the Reception of Love and Wisdom constitutes Affinity with him, therefore those Heavens appear nearer to him where the Angels are in a nearer Affinity from Reception, than where they are in a more remote Affinity: . . .  
He who Loves feels love descend into him & if he has wisdom may percieve it is from the Poetic Genius which is the Lord

TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|

11. In all the Heavens there is no other Idea of God than that of a Man: . . .  
Man can have no idea of any thing greater than Man as a cup cannot contain more than its capaciousness But God is a man not because he is so perciev'd by man but because he is the creator of man

TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW11; E603|

[Quotation from Swedenborg's *The Last Judgment*, No. 74] The Gentiles, particularly the Africans . . . entertain an Idea of God as of a Man, and say that no one can have any other Idea of God: When they hear that many form an Idea of God as existing in the Midst of a Cloud, they ask where such are; . . .

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

TXTSwedDLDW12; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW12; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW12; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW12; E603|

12. . . . they who are wiser than the common People pronounce God to be invisible, . . .  
Worldly wisdom or demonstration by the senses is the cause of this

TXTSwedDLDW13; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW13; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW13; E603|

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

TXTSwedDLDW14; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW14; E603|  
TXTSwedDLDW14; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW14; E603|  
AnnSwedDLDW14; E603|

14. . . . when Love is in Wisdom then it existeth. These two are such a ONE, that they may be distinguished indeed in Thought, but not in Act.  
Thought without affection makes a distinction between Love & Wisdom as it does between body & Spirit

TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW27; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|  
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AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW27; E604|

27. What Person of Sound Reason doth not perceive, that the Divine is not divisible; . . . If another, who hath no Reason, should say that it is possible there may be several Infinities, Uncreates, Omnipotents and Gods, provided they have the same Essence, and that thereby there is one Infinite, Uncreate, Omnipotent and God--is not one and the same Essence but one and the same Identity?  
Answer Essence is not Identity but from Essence proceeds Identity & from one Essence may proceed many Identities as from one Affection may proceed. many thoughts Surely this is an oversight  
That there is but one Omnipotent Uncreate & God I agree but that there is but one Infinite I do not. for if all but God is not Infinite they shall come to an End which God forbid  
If the Essence was the same *as the* Identity there could be but one Identity. which is false  
Heaven would upon this plan be but a Clock but one & the same Essence is therefore Essence & not Identity

TXTSwedDLDW40; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW40; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW40; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW40; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW40; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW40; E604|

40. . . . Appearances are the first Things from which the human Mind forms it's Understanding, and . . . it cannot shake them off but by an Investigation of the Cause, and if the Cause lies very deep, it cannot investigate it, *without keeping the Understanding some Time in Spiritual Light*, . .  
this Man can do while in the body--

TXTSwedDLDW41; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW41; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW41; E604|

41. . . . it cannot be demonstrated except by such Things as a Man can perceive by his bodily Senses, . . .  
Demonstration is only by bodily Senses.

TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW49; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW49; E604|

49. With Respect to God, it is not possible that he can love and be reciprocally beloved by others, in whom there is . .  
. any Thing Divine; for if there was..... any Thing Divine in them, then it would not be beloved by others, but it would love itself; . . .  
False Take it so or the contrary it comes to the same for



AnnSwedDLDW49; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW49; E604|

if a thing loves it is infinite Perhaps we only differ in the  
meaning of the words Infinite & Eternal

TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW68; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW68; E604|

68. . . . Man is only a Recipient of Life. From this Cause  
it is, that Man, from his own hereditary Evil, reacts against  
God; but so far as he believes that all his Life is from God, and  
every Good of Life from the Action of God, and every Evil of Life  
from the Reaction of Man, Reaction thus becomes correspondent  
with Action, and Man acts with God as from himself. [Bracketed by  
Blake]  
Good & Evil are here both Good & the two contraries Married

TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|  
*TXTSwedDLDW69; E604|*  
AnnSwedDLDW69; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW69; E604|

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

TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
TXTSwedDLDW70; E604|  
AnnSwedDLDW70; E604|

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

Excellent

TXTSwedDLDW; E605|

## PART THE SECOND

TXTSwedDLDW163; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW163; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW163; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW163; E605|

[Title heading Nos. 163-166] That without two Suns, the one  
living and the other dead, there can be no Creation.  
False philosophy according to the letter. but true according  
to the spirit

TXTSwedDLDW164; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW164; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW164; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW164; E605|

164. . . . it follows that the one Sun is living and that  
the other Sun is dead, also that the dead Sun itself was created  
by the living Sun from the Lord.  
how could Life create death



TXTSwedDLDW165; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW165; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW165; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW165; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW165; E605|

165. The reason why a dead Sun was created is to the End  
that in the Ultimates all Things may be fixed. . . . On this and  
no other Ground Creation is founded: The terraqueous Globe . . .  
is as it were the Basis and Firmament. . . .  
they exist literally about the sun & not about the earth

TXTSwedDLDW166; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW166; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW166; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW166; E605|

166. That all Things were created from the Lord by the  
living Sun, *and nothing by the dead Sun*, may appear from  
this Consideration. . . .  
the dead Sun is only a phantasy of evil Man

TXTSwedDLDW; E605|

## PART THE THIRD

TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|

181. . . . It is the same upon Earth with Men, but with this  
Difference, that the Angels feel that [spiritual] Heat, and see  
that [spiritual] Light, whereas Men do not. . . .  
He speaks of Men as meer earthly Men not as receptacles of  
spirit, or else he contradicts N 257

TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW181; E605|

Now forasmuch as Man, whilst he is in natural Heat and  
Light, knoweth nothing of spiritual Heat and Light in himself,  
and this cannot be known but by Experience from the spiritual  
World. . . .  
This is certainly not to be understood according to the  
letter for it is false by all experience. Who does not or may  
not know of love & wisdom in himself

TXTSwedDLDW220; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW220; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW220; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW220; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW220; E605|

220. . . . From these Considerations a Conclusion was  
drawn, that the Whole of Charity and Faith is in Works, . .  
. .  
The Whole of the New Church is in the Active Life & not in  
Ceremonies at all

TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
TXTSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|

237. These three Degrees of Altitude are named Natural,  
Spiritual and Celestial. . . . Man, at his Birth, first comes  
into the natural Degree, and this increases in him by Continuity  
according to the Sciences, and according to the Understanding  
acquired by them, to the Summit of Understanding which is called  
Rational: . . .  
Study Sciences till you are blind  
Study intellectuals till you are cold  
Yet Science cannot teach intellect

AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E605|

Much less can intellect teach Affection

How foolish then is it to assert that Man is born in only one degree when that one degree is reception of the 3 degrees. two of which he must destroy or close up or they will descend, if he closes up the two superior then he is not truly in the 3d but descends out of it into meer Nature or Hell

See N 239

Is it not also evident that one degree will not open the other & that science will not open intellect but that they are discrete & not continuous so as to explain each other except by correspondence which has nothing to do with

AnnSwedDLDW237; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW237; E606|

demonstration for you cannot demonstrate one degree by the other for how can science be brought to demonstrate intellect, without making them continuous & not discrete

TXTSwedDLDW238; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW238; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW238; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW238; E606|

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

See N 239 *t1465*

TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW239; E606|

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

Mark this it explains N 238

TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW239; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW239; E606|

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

Not to a Man but to the natural Man

TXTSwedDLDW241; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW241; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW241; E606|

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

TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|

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

TXTSwedDLDW244; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW244; E606|

Blake)  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW256; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW256; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW256; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW256; E606|

256. . . . From this it is evident, that Man, so *long as he lives in the World, and is thereby in the natural Degree* cannot be elevated into Wisdom itself. . . .  
See Sect. 4 of the next Number

TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|

257. . . . IV. . . . But still Man, in whom the spiritual Degree is open, comes into that Wisdom when he dies, and may also come into it by laying asleep the Sensations of the Body, and by Influx from above at the same Time into the Spirituals of his Mind. (Bracketed by Blake)  
this is while in the Body  
This is to be understood as unusual in our time but common in ancient

TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW257; E606|

V. The natural Mind of Man consists of spiritual Substances, and at the same Time of natural Substances; from its *spiritual Substances* Thought is produced, but not from its *natural Substances*; . . .  
Many perversely understand him. as if man while in the body was only conversant with natural Substances, because themselves are mercenary & worldly & have no idea of any but worldly gain

TXTSwedDLDW267; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW267; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW267; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW267; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW267; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW267; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW267; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW267; E606|

267. . . . for the natural Man can elevate his Understanding to superior Light as far as he desires it, but he who is principled in Evils and thence in Things false, does not elevate it higher than to the superior Region of his natural Mind; . . .  
.  
Who shall dare to say after this that all elevation is of self & is Enthusiasm & Madness & is it not plain that self derived intelligence is worldly demonstration

TXTSwedDLDW; E606|

## PART THE FOURTH

TXTSwedDLDW294; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW294; E606|  
TXTSwedDLDW294; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW294; E606|  
AnnSwedDLDW294; E606|

294. Forasmuch as the Things, which constitute the Sun of the spiritual World, are from the Lord, and not the Lord, therefore they are not Life in itself, . . .  
This assertion that the spiritual Sun is not Life explains how the natural Sun is dead

TXTSwedDLDW294; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW294; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW294; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW294; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW294; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW294; E607|

This is an Arcanum, which the Angels by their spiritual Ideas can see in Thought and also express in Speech, but not Men by their *natural Ideas*; . . . (Double underlining by Blake)  
How absurd then would it be to say that no man on earth has a spiritual idea after reading N 257

TXTSwedDLDW295; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW295; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW295; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW295; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW295; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW295; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW295; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW295; E607|

295. That there is such a Difference between the Thoughts of Angels and Men, was made known to me by this Experience: They were told to think of something spiritually, and afterwards to tell me what they thought of; when this was done and they would have told me, they could not. . . .  
they could not tell him in natural ideas how absurd must men be to understand him as if he said the angels could not express themselves at all to him

TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW304; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW304; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW304; E607|

304..Forasmuch as there is such a Progression of the Fibres and Vessels in a Man from first Principles to Ultimates, therefore there is a similar Progression of their States; their States are the Sensations, Thoughts and Affections; these also from their first Principles *where they are in the Light*, pervade to their Ultimates, where they are in Obscurity; or from their first Principles, where they are in Heat, to their Ultimates where they are not *in Heat*: . . . .  
We see here that the cause of an ultimate is the absence from heat & light

TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW315; E607|

315. It is to be observed, that the Heat, Light and Atmospheres of the natural World conduce nothing to this Image of Creation. . . .  
Therefore the Natural Earth & Atmosphere is a Phantasy.

TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW315; E607|

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

TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW315; E607|

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

TXTSwedDLDW316; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW316; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW316; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW316; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW316; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW316; E607|

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

A going forth & returning

TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW324; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW324; E607|

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

Uses & substances are so different as not to correspond

TXTSwedDLDW336; E607|  
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TXTSwedDLDW336; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW336; E607|

336. . . The Reason why the Things which do hurt to Man are called Uses, is, because they are of Use to the Wicked to do Evil, and because they contribute to absorb Malignities, therefore also they contribute as Cures: Use is applied in both Senses, in like Manner as Love, for we speak of good Love and evil Love, and Love calls all that Use, which is done by itself. [Marked by a large cross in the right margin]

TXTSwedDLDW; E607|

## PART THE FIFTH

TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|  
TXTSwedDLDW404; E607|  
AnnSwedDLDW404; E607|

404. . . *Thought indeed exists first, because it is of the natural Mind, but Thought from the Perception of Truth, which is from the Affection of Truth, exists last; this Thought is the Thought Of Wisdom, but the other is Thought from the Memory by the Sight of the natural Mind.* [Bracketed as well as underlined]

Note this

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW410; E608|

410. . . *From these Things it may be seen, that Love or the Will joins itself to Wisdom or the Understanding and not that Wisdom or the Understanding joins itself to Love or the Will.* . . (Bracketed and underlined; lower part of the bracket shaped like a finger pointing down the page)  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|

Thoughts, Perceptions, and Knowledges, thence derived, flow indeed from the spiritual World, *but still they are not*



TXTSwedDLDW410; E608/  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608/  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608/  
AnnSwedDLDW410; E608|

*received by the Understanding, but by the Love according to it's Affections in the Understanding* [Bracketed and underlined]  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW410; E608|

It appears also as if the Understanding joined itself to Love or the Will, *but this also is a Fallacy*; Love or the Will joins itself to the Understanding, and causeth the Understanding to be reciprocally joined to it: . . . [Bracketed and underlined]  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW410; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW410; E608|

. . . For the Life of Man is his Love. . . . that is, according as he has exalted his Affections by Truths. . . . [Bracketed]  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW411; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW411; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW411; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW411; E608|

411. . . . From these Considerations it is also evident, *that Love joins itself to the Understanding, and not vice versa.* . . .  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW412; E608|

412. . . . He who knows all the Fabric of the Lungs from Anatomy, if he compares them with the Understanding, may clearly see that the ;*Understanding does nothing from itself*, that it does not*>*perceive nor think from itself, but all from Affections which are of the Love, which in the Understanding are called the Affection of knowing, of understanding, and of seeing it, which were treated of above: . . . [Bracketed]  
Mark

TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW412; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW412; E608|

From the Structure of the Lungs . . . *I was fully convinced that the Love by it's Affections joins itself to the Understanding, and that the Understanding does not join itself to any Affection of the Love.* . . [Bracketed]  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW413; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW413; E608|  
THE  
TXTSwedDLDW413; E608|  
THEM.

413. XIII. THAT WISDOM OR THE UNDERSTANDING BY MEANS OF THE POWER GIVEN IT BY LOVE, CAN BE ELEVATED, AND RECEIVE THE THINGS WHICH ARE OF THE LIGHT FROM HEAVEN, AND PERCEIVE THEM.



TXTSwedDLDW413; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW413; E608|

[Bracketed]  
Mark this

TXTSwedDLDW414; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW414; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW414; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW414; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW414; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW414; E608|

414 Love however, or the Will, is elevated into the Heat of Heaven, but the Understanding into the Light of Heaven, and if they are both elevated, a Marriage of them is effected there, which is called the celestial Marriage. . . .  
Is it not false then, that love receives influx thro the understanding as was asserted in the society

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW419; E608|

419. . . . and moreover this Love became impure by Reason of the Separation of celestial Love from it in the Parents.  
Therefore it was not created impure & is not naturally so

TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|  
TXTSwedDLDW419; E608|  
AnnSwedDLDW419; E608|

. . . so far the Love is purged of its Uncleanesses, and purified, that is, so far it is elevated into the Heat of Heaven, and joined to the Light of Heaven, in which the Understanding is, and Marriage is effected, which is called the Marriage of Good and Truth, that is, of Law and Wisdom.  
Therefore it does not receive influx thro the understanding

TXTSwedDLDW421; E609|  
TXTSwedDLDW421; E609|  
TOGETHER: . .  
TXTSwedDLDW421; E609|  
AnnSwedDLDW421; E609|

421. XVII. THAT LOVE OR THE WILL IS DEFILED IN THE UNDERSTANDING, AND BY IT, IF THEY ARE NOT ELEVATED TOGETHER: . .  
.[Bracketed]  
Mark this they are elevated together

TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|  
TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|  
TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|  
TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|

422. . . .*The Understanding is not made spiritual and celestial, but the Love is* and when the Love is, it also maketh the Understanding it's Spouse spiritual and celestial.  
[Bracketed]

TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|  
TXTSwedDLDW422; E609|

[Concluding Number, headed "What the Beginning or Rudiment of Man is from Conception."]

TXTSwedDLDW432; E609|  
TXTSwedDLDW432; E609|  
TXTSwedDLDW432; E609|  
TXTSwedDLDW432; E609|  
AnnSwedDLDW432; E609|

432. . . . Moreover it was shown in the Light of Heaven. . . . that the interior Compages of this little Brain was . . . in the Order and form of Heaven; and that it's exterior Compages was in Opposition to that Order and Form.  
Heaven & Hell are born together.

AnnSwedDPtitle; E609|

Annotations to Swedenborg's *Divine Providence* <sup>t1466</sup>

AnnSwedDPtitle; E609|

London, 1790

AnnSwedDPtitle; E609|

HALF-TITLE [signed]

AnnSwedDP; E609|

William Blake

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

PAGE V Perhaps there never was a Period . . . which required a Vindication and Elucidation of the Divine Providence of the Lord, more than the present. . . .

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

For if we allow a GENERAL Providence, and yet deny a PARTICULAR one, or if we allow a PARTICULAR one, and yet deny a SINGULAR one, that is, one extending to Things and Circumstances most SINGULAR and minute, what is this but denying a GENERAL Providence?

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

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TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

AnnSwedDPpref; E609|

Is not this Predestination?

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

AnnSwedDPpref; E609|

PAGE xviii . . . Nothing doth IN GENERAL so contradict Man's natural and favourite Opinions as TRUTH, and . . . all the grandest and purest Truths of Heaven must needs seem obscure and perplexing to the natural Man at first View--  
Lies & Priestcraft Truth is Nature

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

TXTSwedDPpref; E609|

AnnSwedDPpref; E609|

--until his intellectual [p xix] Eye becomes  
accustomed to the Light, and can thereby behold it with  
Satisfaction  
that is: till he agrees to the Priests interest

TXTSwedDP; E609|

CHAPTER THREE

TXTSwedDP69; E609|

TXTSwedDP69; E609|

TXTSwedDP69; E609|

TXTSwedDP69; E609|

AnnSwedDP69; E609|

69. But the Man who doth not suffer himself to be led to, and enrolled in Heaven, is prepared for his Place in Hell; for Man from himself continually tends to the lowest Hell, but is continually with-held by the Lord;  
What is Enrolling but Predestination

TXTSwedDP69; E609|

TXTSwedDP69; E609|

TXTSwedDP69; E609|

and he, who cannot be with-held, is prepared for a certain Place there, in which he is also enrolled immediately after his Departure out of the World; and this Place there is opposite to a

TXTSwedDP69; E609|  
TXTSwedDP69; E609|  
AnnSwedDP69; E609|  
AnnSwedDP69; E609|  
AnnSwedDP69; E609|  
AnnSwedDP69; E609|

certain Place in Heaven, for Hell is in Opposition to Heaven;  
Query Does he also occupy that place in Heaven.---See N. 185 & 329 at the End See 277 & 307. & 203 where he says that a Place for Every Man is Foreseen & at the same time provided.

TXTSwedDP; E610|

## CHAPTER NINE

TXTSwedDP185; E610|  
TXTSwedDP185; E610|  
TXTSwedDP185; E610|  
TXTSwedDP185; E610|  
TXTSwedDP185; E610|  
TXTSwedDP185; E610|  
AnnSwedDP185; E610|  
AnnSwedDP185; E610|  
AnnSwedDP185; E610|  
AnnSwedDP185; E610|

185. . . . after Death . . . the . . . great and rich . . . at first speak of God, and of the Divine Providence, as if they acknowledged them in their Hearts; But whereas they then manifestly see the Divine Providence, and from it their final Portion, which is that they are to be in Hell, they connect themselves with Devils there,. . .  
What could Calvin Say more than is Said in this Number Final Portion is Predestination See N 69 & 329 at the End & 277 & 203 Where he says A Place for Each Man is Foreseen & at the same time Provided

TXTSwedDP; E610|

## CHAPTER TEN

TXTSwedDP201; E610|  
TXTSwedDP201; E610|  
TXTSwedDP201; E610|  
TXTSwedDP201; E610|  
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TXTSwedDP201; E610|  
TXTSwedDP201; E610|  
TXTSwedDP201; E610|

201. If it should be alledged, that the Divine Providence is an universal Government, and that not any Thing is governed, but only kept in it's Connection, and the Things which relate to Government (*illuquae Regiminis sunt*) are disposed by others, can this be called an universal Government? No King hath such a Government as this; for if a King were to allow his Subjects to govern every Thing in his Kingdom, he would no longer be a King, but would only be called a King, therefore would have only a nominal Dignity and no real Dignity: Such a King cannot be said to hold the Government ,much less universal Government. [Cited in Blake's note on 220]

TXTSwedDP203; E610|  
TXTSwedDP203; E610|  
TXTSwedDP203; E610|  
TXTSwedDP203; E610|  
TXTSwedDP203; E610|  
TXTSwedDP203; E610|  
*TXTSwedDP203; E610|*  
AnnSwedDP203; E610|

203. Since every Man therefore lives after Death to Eternity, and according to his Life here hath his Place assigned to him either in Heaven or in Hell. . . . it follows, that the Human Race throughout the whole World is under the Auspices of the Lord, and that everyone, from his Infancy even to the End of his Life, is led of Him in the most minute Particulars, and *his Place foreseen, and at the same Time provided*  
Devils & Angels are Predestinated.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

220. . . . when a Man . . . cannot but think . . . that the State was made for him, and not he for the State; he is like a King *who* thinks his Kingdom and all the Men in it are for him, *and not he for the* Kingdom and all the Men of which it consists. . . .

He says at N 201 No King hath such a Government as this for all Kings are Universal in their Government otherwise they are No Kings

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

274. That a Doubt may be inferred against *Divine Providence*, *because it was not known heretofor*[i.e. before Swedenborg's preaching], *that Man liveth after Death; and this was not discovered till now*. . . . But yet all who have any Religion, have in them an inherent Knowledge, that Men *live after Death*. . .[Bracketed]  
It was not Known & yet All Know

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

277.2. . . he who is in Evil in the World, the same is in Evil after he goes out of *the World; wherefore if Evil be not removed in the World, it cannot be removed afterwards*  
Cursed Folly!

where the Tree falls, there it lieth; so also it is with the Life of Man; as it was at his Death, such it remaineth; everyone also is judged according to his Actions, not that they are enumerated, but because he returns to them, and does the like again; for Death is a Continuation of Life; with this Difference, that then Man cannot be reformed.  
Predestination after this Life is more Abominable than Calvins & Swedenborg is Such a Spiritual Predestinarian--witness this Number & many others See 69 & 185 & 329 & 307

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

TXTSwedDP307; E610|  
TXTSwedDP307; E610|  
TXTSwedDP307; E610|

307..... That the Wicked, who are in the World, are governed in Hell by the Lord; . . . because Man with Respect to his Spirit is in the spiritual World. . . . in an infernal

TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
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TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
TXTSwedDP307; E611|  
AnnSwedDP307; E611|

Society if he is wicked, and in a celestial Society if good; . . . wherefore according to his Life and the Changes thereof, he is translated by the Lord from one Society of Hell to another, [or] led out of Hell and introduced into Heaven, and there also . . . translated from one Society to another, and this until the Time of his Death, after which he is no longer carried from one Society to another, because he is then no longer in any State of Reformation, but remains in that in which he is according to his Life; wherefore when a Man dies, he is inscribed in his own Place. . . .  
Predestination

TXTSwedDP; E611|

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

TXTSwedDP329; E611|  
TXTSwedDP329; E611|  
TXTSwedDP329; E611|  
TXTSwedDP329; E611|  
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TXTSwedDP329; E611|  
TXTSwedDP329; E611|  
AnnSwedDP329; E611|  
AnnSwedDP329; E611|  
AnnSwedDP329; E611|  
AnnSwedDP329; E611|

329. . . . there is not wanting to any Man a Knowledge of the Means whereby he may be saved, nor the power of being saved if he will; from which it follows, that all are predestined or intended for Heaven, and none for Hell. But forasmuch as there prevails among some a Belief in Predestination to no Salvation, which is Predestination to Damnation, and such a Belief is hurtful, and cannot be dispelled, unless Reason also sees the Madness and Cruelty of it, therefore it shall be treated of in the following Series. 1. That any other Predestination, than Predestination to Heaven, is contrary to the Divine Love and it's Infinity. 2. That any other Predestination, than Predestination to Heaven, is contrary to the Divine Wisdom and it's Infinity. 3. That it is an insane Heresy, to suppose that they only are saved who are born within the Church. 4. That it is a cruel Heresy, to suppose that any of the human Race are predestined to be damned.  
Read N 185 & There See how Swedenborg contradicts himself & N 69  
See also 277 & 203 where he Says that a Place for Each Man is foreseen & at the same time provided

TXTWatsonTitle; E611|

*Annotations to An Apology for the Bible* <sup>t1467</sup>

TXTWatsonTitle; E611|

by R. Watson, Bishop of Landaff. London, 1797



AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

Notes on the B[ishop] of L[andaff]'s Apology for the Bible by  
William Blake

EDAnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

EDAnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

[An asterisk marks a point from which Blake drew a line to  
his comment.]

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

To defend the Bible in this year 1798 would cost a man his  
life

The Beast & the Whore rule without controls *t1468*

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

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AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

AnnWatson-backtitle; E611|

It is an easy matter for a Bishop to triumph over Paines  
attack but it is not so easy for one who loves the Bible  
The Perversions of Christs words & acts are attackd by Paine  
&also the perversions of the Bible; Who dare defend  
[*them*] either the Acts of Christ or the Bible  
Unperverted?  
But to him who sees this mortal pilgrimage in the light that  
I see it. Duty to [*my*] <his> country is the first  
consideration &safety the last  
Read patiently take not up this Book in all idle hour the  
consideration of these things is the [*ent(ire)*] whole  
duty of man &the affairs of life & death trifles sports of time  
<But> these considerations business of Eternity  
I have been commanded from Hell not to print this as it is  
what our Enemies wish

AnnWatson; E612|

## [BISHOP WATSON'S PREFACE]

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PAGE [iii]. . . the deistical writings of Mr. Paine are  
circulated . . . amongst the unlearned part of the community,  
especially in large manufacturing towns; . . . this Defence of  
Revealed Religion might. . . be efficacious in stopping that  
torrent of infidelity which endangers alike the future happiness  
of individuals, and the present safety of all*christian*  
*states*. . . .

Paine has not Attacked Christianity. Watson has defended  
Antichrist.

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Read the XXIII Chap of Matthew & then condemn Paines hatred  
of Priests if you dare

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[Books by Bishop Watson] 7. The Wisdom and Goodness of God,  
in having made both RICH and POOR; a Sermon. . . .  
God made Man happy & Rich but the Subtil made the innocent  
Poor  
This must be a most wicked & blasphemous book

TXTWatson; E612|

## LETTER I

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PAGE [1]  
If this first Letter is written without Railing &  
Illiberality I have never read one that is. To me it is all  
Daggers & Poison. the sting of the serpent is in every Sentence  
as well as the glittering Dissimulation Achilles' wrath is blunt  
abuse Thersites' sly insinuation Such is the Bishops If such is  
the characteristic of a modern polite gentleman we may hope to  
see Christs discourses Expung'd  
I have not the Charity for the Bishop that he pretends to  
have for Paine. I believe him to be a State trickster

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THE AGE OF REASON, part the second, . . . Extraordinary . .  
. not from any novelty in the objections which *you have*  
*produced against revealed religion*, (for I *find little*  
*or no novelty in them*,) . . .  
Dishonest Misrepresentation

TXTWatson1; E612|  
TXTWatson1; E612|  
AnnWatson1; E612|

I give you credit for your sincerity, *how much soever I*  
*may question your wisdom*,. . . .  
Priestly Impudence

TXTWatson1; E612|  
TXTWatson1; E612|  
TXTWatson1; E612|  
AnnWatson1; E612|

. . . I . . . lament, that these *talents have not been*  
*applied in a manner more useful to human kind, and more*  
*creditable to yourself*  
Contemptible Falshood & Detraction

TXTWatson1; E612|  
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TXTWatson1; E612|  
AnnWatson1; E612|

I hope there is no want of charity in saying, that it would  
have been fortunate for the christian *world, had your life*  
*been terminated before you had fulfilled your intention*  
Presumptuous Murderer dost thou O Priest wish thy brothers

AnnWatson1; E612|

death when God has preserved him

TXTWatson1; E612|

. . . you will have unsettled the faith of thousands; . . .

TXTWatson1; E612|

you will have given the reins to the domination of every passion,

TXTWatson1; E612|

and have thereby contributed to the introduction of the public

TXTWatson1; E612|

insecurity, and of the private unhappiness usually and almost

TXTWatson1; E612|

necessarily accompanying a state of corrupted morals.

AnnWatson1; E612|

Mr Paine has not extinguishd & cannot Extinguish Moral

AnnWatson1; E612|

rectitude. he has Extinguishd Superstition which took the Place

AnnWatson1; E612|

of Moral Rectitude what has Moral Rectitude to do with Opinions

AnnWatson1; E612|

concerning historical fact

TXTWatson2; E612|

[p 2] . . . absolution, as practised in the church of Rome,

TXTWatson2; E612|

. . . I cannot, with you, attribute the guillotine-massacres\* to

TXTWatson2; E612|

that cause.

AnnWatson2; E613|

To what does the Bishop attribute the English Crusade

AnnWatson2; E613|

against France. is it not to State Religion. blush for shame

TXTWatson2; E613|

Men's minds were not prepared . . . for the commission of .

TXTWatson2; E613|

. . crimes, by any doctrines of the church of Rome . . .*but*

TXTWatson2; E613|

*by their not thoroughly believing even that religion. What may*

TXTWatson2; E613|

*not society expect from those, who shall imbibe the principles of*

TXTWatson2; E613|

*your book*

AnnWatson2; E613|

Folly & Impudence! [*Can*] <Does> the thorough belief

AnnWatson2; E613|

of Popery hinder crimes or can the man who writes the latter

AnnWatson2; E613|

sentiment be in the good humour the bishop Pretends to be. If we

AnnWatson2; E613|

are to expect crimes from Paine & his followers. are we to

AnnWatson2; E613|

believe that Bishops do not Rail I should Expect that the man

AnnWatson2; E613|

who wrote this sneaking sentence would be as good an inquisitor

AnnWatson2; E613|

as any other Priest

TXTWatson2; E613|

What is conscience? . . . an internal monitor implanted in

TXTWatson2; E613|

us by the *Supreme Being*, and dictating . . . what is

TXTWatson2; E613|

*right or wrong? Or is it merely* our own judgment of the

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moral rectitude or turpitude of our own actions? I *take the word*

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(with Mr. Locke) in the latter, *as in the only intelligible* sense.

AnnWatson2; E613|

Conscience in those that have it is unequivocal, it is the

AnnWatson2; E613|

voice of God Our judgment of right & wrong is Reason I believe

AnnWatson2; E613|

that the Bishop laught at the Bible in his slieve & so did Locke

TXTWatson2; E613|

. . . it can be no criterion of moral\* rectitude, even when

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AnnWatson2; E613|  
AnnWatson2; E613|

it is certain, . . .

If Conscience is not a Criterion of Moral Rectitude What is it?

He who thinks that Honesty is changeable knows nothing about it

TXTWatson2; E613|  
AnnWatson2; E613|

because the certainty of an opinion is no proof. . . .

Virtue is not Opinion

TXTWatson3; E613|  
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[p 3] . . . [not] that he will, in obeying the dictates of

his conscience, <dag>*on all occasions act right.*

<dag>Always, or the Bible is false

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AnnWatson3; E613|

An inquisitor . . . a Robespierre . . . a robber . . . a

thousand perpetrators of different crimes, may all follow*the*

*dictates of conscience.* . .

Contemptible Falshood & Wickedness

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. . . their conscientious composure can be no proof to

others of the rectitude of their principles, . . .

Virtue & honesty or the dictates of Conscience are of no

doubtful Signification to any one

Opinion is one Thing. Princip[le] another. No Man can

change his Principles Every Man changes his opinions. He who

supposes that his Principles are to be changed is a Dissembler

who Disguises his Principles & calls that change

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if you have made the best examination you can, and yet

reject revealed religion. . . .

Paine is either a Devil or an Inspired man. Men who give

themselves to their Energetic Genius in the manner that Paine

does [*is*] <are> no [*modest Enquirers*]

<Examiners>. If they are not determinately wrong they must be

Right or the Bible [P 4] is false. as to [*modest*

*Enquirers*] <*Examiners in these points*> *they will [always*

*be found to be neither cold nor hot & will]* be spewed out.

The Man who pretends to be a modest enquirer into the truth of a

self

AnnWatson3; E614|  
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evident thing is a Knave The truth & certainty of Virtue &

Honesty i.e Inspiration needs no one to prove it it is Evident

as the Sun & Moon [*What doubt is virtuous even Honest that*

*depends upon Examination]* He who stands doubting of what he

intends whether it is Virtuous or Vicious knows not what Virtue

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AnnWatson3; E614|

means. no man can do a Vicious action & think it to be Virtuous.  
no man can take darkness for light. he may pretend to do so & may  
pretend to be a modest Enquirer. but [*It*]<he> is a Knave

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[p 3]--I think that you are in error; but whether that error  
be to you a vincible or an invincible error, I presume not to  
determine.  
Serpentine Dissimulation

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AnnWatson6; E614|

[p 4] You hold it impossible that the Bible can be the Word  
of God, because it is therein said, that the Israelites [p 5]  
destroyed the Canaanites by the express command of God: and to  
believe the Bible to be true, we must, you affirm, unbelieve all  
our belief of the moral justice of God; . . . I am astonished  
that so acute a reasoner should . . . bring . . . forward this  
exploded . . . objection. . . . The Word of God is in perfect  
harmony with his work; crying or smiling infants are subjected to  
death in both. [p 5]  
To me who believe the Bible & profess myself a Christian a  
defence of the Wickedness of the Israelites in murdering so many  
thousands under pretence of a command from God is altogether  
Abominable & Blasphemous. Wherefore did Christ come was it not  
to abolish the Jewish Imposture Was not Christ murderd because  
he taught that God loved all Men & was their father & forbad all  
contention for Worldly prosperity in opposition to the Jewish  
Scriptures which are only an Example of the wickedness & deceit  
of the Jews & were written as an Example of the possibility of  
Human Beastliness in all its branches. Christ died as an  
Unbeliever . & if the Bishops had their will so would Paine. <see  
page 1> but he who speaks a word against the Son of man shall be  
forgiven let the Bishop prove that he has not spoken against [p  
6] the Holy Ghost who in Paine strives with Christendom as in  
Christ he strove with the Jews

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[p 6]. . . God not only primarily formed, but . . . hath  
through all ages executed, the laws of nature; . . . for the  
general happiness of his creatures, . . . you have no right, in  
fairness of reasoning, to urge any apparent deviation from moral  
justice, as an argument against revealed religion, because you do  
not urge an equally apparent deviation from it, as an argument  
against natural religion: . . .  
The Bible says that God formed Nature perfect but that Man  
perverted the order of Nature since which time the Elements are  
filld with the Prince of Evil who has the power of the air

AnnWatson6; E614|  
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Natural Religion is the voice of God & not the result of reasoning on the Powers of Satan

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AnnWatson7; E614|  
AnnWatson7; E614|  
AnnWatson7; E614|

[p 6] Now, I think, it will be impossible to prove, that it was *aproceeding contrary to God's moral justice, to exterminate so wicked a people*  
Horrible the Bishop is an Inquisitor God never makes one man murder another nor one nation  
[p 7] There is a vast difference between an accident brought on by a mans own carelessness & a destruction from the designs of another. The Earthquakes

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at Lisbon &/c were the Natural result of Sin. but the destruction of the Canaanites by Joshua was the Unnatural design of wicked men To Extirpate a nation by means of another nation is as wicked as to destroy an individual by means of another individual which God considers (in the Bible) as Murder & commands that it shall not be done  
Therefore the Bishop has not answerd Paine

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[P 7] Human kind, by long experience; . . . *is in a far more distinguished situation, as to th* powers of the mind, than it was in the childhood of the world.  
That mankind are in a less distinguishd situation with regard to mind than they were in the time of Homer Socrates Phidias. Glycon. Aristotle &/c let all their works witness [*the Deists*] <Paine> say <s> that Christianity put a stop to improvement & the Bishop has not shewn the contrary

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It appears incredible to many, that God Almighty [P 8] should have had colloquial intercourse with our first parents; . . . That God does & always did converse with honest Men Paine never denies. he only denies that God conversd with Murderers & Revengers such as the Jews were. & of course he holds that the Jews conversed with their own [*self will*] <State Religion> which they calld God & so were liars as Christ says [P 8] . . . that he should have . . . become the God and governor of one particular nation; . . . . That the Jews assumed a right <Exclusively> to the benefits of God. will be a lasting witness against them. & the same will it be [*of*] against Christians



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AnnWatson8; E615|

[P 8] . . . when I consider how nearly man, *ina savage state, approaches to the brute creation* as to intellectual excellence;  
Read the Edda of Iceland the Songs of Fingal the accounts of North American Savages (as they are calld) Likewise Read Homers Iliad. he was certainly a Savage. in the Bishops sense. He knew nothing of God. in the Bishops sense of the word & yet he was no fool

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[P 9] . . . the jewish and christian dispensations mediums to convey to all man . . . that knowledge concerning himself, which he had vouchsafed to give immediately to the first. The Bible or <Peculiar> Word of God, Exclusive of Conscience or the Word of God Universal, is that Abomination which like the Jewish ceremonies is for ever removed & henceforth every man may converse with God & be a King & Priest in his own house

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I own it is strange, very strange, that he should have made an immediate manifestation of himself . . . but what is there that is not strange? It is strange that you and I are here-- . . . that there is a sun, and moon, and stars-- . . .  
It is strange that God should speak to man formerly & not now. because it is not true but the Strangeness of Sun Moon or Stars is Strange on a contrary account

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. . . the *plan of providence*, in my opinion, so obviously *wise and good*, . . .  
The Bible tells me that the plan of Providence was Subverted at the Fall of Adam & that it was not restored till [*we in*] *Christ* [*?made ?restoration*]

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I will . . . examine what you shall produce, with as much coolness and respect, as if you had given the priests no provocation; *as if you were a man of the most unblemished character*, . . .  
Is not this Illiberal has not the Bishop given himself the lie in the moment the first words were out of his mouth Can any man who writes so pretend that he is in a good humour. Is not this the Bishops cloven foot. has he not spoild the hasty pudding

TXTWatson10; E616|

LETTER II

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

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[P 11] If it be found that the books ascribed to Moses, Joshua, and Samuel, were not written by Moses, Joshua, and Samuel. . . . they may still contain a true account of real transactions, . . .  
He who writes things for true which none could write. but the actor. such are most of the acts of Moses. must either be the actor or a fable writer or a liar. If Moses did not write the history of his acts, it takes away the authority altogether it ceases to be history & becomes a Poem of probable impossibilities fabricated for pleasure as moderns say but I say by Inspiration.

TXTWatson11; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
TXTWatson12; E616|  
AnnWatson12; E616|  
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AnnWatson12; E616|  
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[P 11] Had, indeed, Moses said that he wrote the five first [P 12] books . . . and had it been found, that Moses . . . did not write these books; then, I grant, the authority of the whole would have been gone at once; . . . [P 12]  
If Paine means that a history tho true in itself is false When it is attributed to a wrong author. he's a fool. But he says that Moses being proved not the author of that history which is written in his name & in which he says I did so & so Undermines the veracity intirely the writer says he is Moses if this is proved false the history is false Deut xxxi v 24 But perhaps Moses is not the author & then the Bishop loses his Author

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[P 12] . . . the evidence for the miracles recorded in the Bible is. . . so greatly superior to that for the prodigies mentioned by Livy, or the miracles related by Tacitus, as to justify us in giving credit to the one as the work of God, and in with-holding it from the other as the effect of superstition and imposture.  
Jesus could not do miracles where unbelief hinderd hence we



AnnWatson15; E617|  
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unanswered Public Records as If Public Records were True  
\*Impossible for the facts are such as none but the actor  
could tell, if it is True Moses & none but he could write it  
unless we allow it to be Poetry & that poetry inspired  
[P 16] If historical facts can be written by inspiration  
Miltons Paradise Lost is as true as Genesis. or Exodus. but the  
Evidence is nothing for how can he who writes what he has neither  
seen nor heard of. be an Evidence of The Truth of his history

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[P 17]. . . kings and priests . . . never, I believe, did  
you any harm; but you have done them all the harm you could, . .  
.Paine says that Kings & Priests have done him harm from his  
birth

AnnWatson; E618|

### LETTER III

TXTWatson22; E618|  
TXTWatson22; E618|  
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[P 22] Having done with . . .the grammatical evidence . . . you  
come to your historical and chronological evidence; . . .  
I cannot concieve the Divinity of the <books in the> Bible  
to consist either in who they were written by or at what time or  
in the historical evidence which may be all false in the eyes of  
one man & true in the eyes of another but in the Sentiments &  
Examples which whether true or Parabolic are Equally useful as  
Examples given to us of the perverseness of some & its consequent  
evil & the honesty of others & its consequent good This sense of  
the Bible is equally true to all & equally plain to all. none can  
doubt the impression which he recieves from a book of Examples.  
If he is good he will abhor wickedness in David or Abraham if he  
is wicked he will make their wickedness an excuse for his & so he  
would do by any other book

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[P 25] Moses would have been the wretch you represent him,  
had he acted by his own authority alone; but you may as  
reasonably attribute cruelty and murder to the judge of the land  
in condemning criminals to death, as butchery and massacre to  
Moses in executing the command of God.  
All Penal Laws court Transgression & therefore are cruelty &  
Murder  
The laws of the Jews were (both ceremonial & real) the  
basest & most oppressive of human codes. & being like all other  
codes given under pretence of divine command were what Christ  
pronounced them The Abomination that maketh desolate. i.e State

AnnWatson25; E618|

Religion which [P 26] is the Source of all Cruelty

AnnWatson; E618|

## LETTER IV

TXTWatson29; E618|

[P 29] [Suppose an unsigned contemporary] history of the reigns of George the first and second, . . . would any man, three or four hundreds or thousands of years hence, question the authority of that book, . . .

TXTWatson29; E618|

TXTWatson29; E618|

TXTWatson29; E618|

AnnWatson29; E618|

AnnWatson29; E618|

Hundreds or Thousands of Years O very fine Records as if he Knew that there were Records the Ancients Knew Better

TXTWatson29; E618|

[P 29] If I am right in this reasoning, . . .

AnnWatson29; E618|

as if Reasoning was of any Consequence to a Question

AnnWatson29; E618|

Downright Plain Truth is Something but Reasoning is Nothing

TXTWatson31; E618|

[P 31] . . . the gospel of St. Matthew . . . was written not many centuries, probably . . . not a quarter of one century after the death of Jesus; . . .

TXTWatson31; E618|

TXTWatson31; E618|

AnnWatson31; E618|

There are no Proofs that Matthew the Earliest of all the Writings of the New Testament was written within the First Century See P 94 & 95

AnnWatson31; E618|

AnnWatson31; E618|

TXTWatson33; E618|

[P 33] . . . you do not perfectly comprehend what is meant by the expression--the Word of God--or the divine authority of the scriptures: . . . [P 34] God . . . has interposed his more immediate assistance. . . .

TXTWatson33; E618|

TXTWatson33; E618|

TXTWatson33; E618|

AnnWatson33; E618|

They seem to Forget that there is a God of This World. A God Worshipd in this World as God & Set above all that is calld God

AnnWatson33; E618|

AnnWatson33; E618|

TXTWatson35; E618|

[P 35] You proceed to shew that these books were not written by Samuel, . . .

TXTWatson35; E618|

AnnWatson35; E618|

Who gave them the Name of Books of Samuel it is not of Consequence

AnnWatson35; E618|

TXTWatson36; E619|

[P 36]. . . what has been conjectured by men of judgment, . . . a passage from Dr. Hartley's Observations of Man.

TXTWatson36; E619|

AnnWatson36; E619|

Hartley a Man of Judgment then Judgment was a Fool what Nonsense

AnnWatson36; E619|

AnnWatson; E619|

## LETTER V

TXTWatson36; E619|  
TXTWatson36; E619|  
AnnWatson36; E619|

[P 48] [Solomon's] admirable sermon on the vanity of every thing  
but piety and virtue.  
Piety & Virtue is Seneca Classical O Fine Bishop

TXTWatson49; E619|  
TXTWatson49; E619|  
TXTWatson49; E619|  
TXTWatson49; E619|  
TXTWatson49; E619|  
AnnWatson49; E619|  
AnnWatson49; E619|

[P 49] What shall be said of you, who, either designedly, or  
ignorantly represent one of the most clear and important  
prophecies in the Bible [Isaiah 44-45], as an historical  
compliment, written above an hundred and fifty years after the  
death of the prophet?  
The Bishop never saw the Everlasting Gospel any more than  
Tom Paine

AnnWatson; E619|

## LETTER IX

TXTWatson95; E619|  
TXTWatson95; E619|  
TXTWatson95; E619|  
AnnWatson95; E619|

[P 95] Did you ever read the apology for the christians, which  
Justin Martyr presented to the emperor . . . not fifty years  
after the death of St. John, . . .  
A:D: 150

TXTWatson95; E619|  
TXTWatson95; E619|  
TXTWatson95; E619|  
TXTWatson95; E619|  
AnnWatson95; E619|

. . . *probably the gospels*, and certainly some of  
St. Paul's epistles, were known. . . *yet I hold it to be a  
certain fact, that all the books*, . . .were  
written, . . .within a few years after his death.  
This is No Certain Fact Presumption is no Proof

AnnWatson; E619|

## LETTER X

TXTWatson108; E619|  
AnnWatson108; E619|  
AnnWatson108; E619|  
TXTWatson109; E619|  
TXTWatson109; E619|  
TXTWatson109; E619|  
AnnWatson109; E619|

[P 108] . . . The moral precepts of the gospel. . . .  
The Gospel is Forgiveness of Sins & has No Moral Precepts  
these belong to Plato & Seneca & Nero  
[P 109] Two precepts you particularize as inconsistent with  
the dignity and the nature of man--that of not resenting  
injuries, and that of loving enemies.  
Well done Paine

TXTWatson109; E619|  
TXTWatson109; E619|  
TXTWatson109; E619|  
AnnWatson109; E619|

Who but yourself ever interpreted literally. . . . Did  
Jesus himself turn the other *cheek when the officer of the  
high priest smothered*?  
Yes I have no doubt he did

TXTWatson109; E619|

It is evident, that a patient acquiescence under



TXTWatson109; E619  AnnWatson109; E619	<i>slight</i> personal injuries is here enjoined; . . . O Fool Slight Hypocrite & Villain
TXTWatson117; E619  TXTWatson117; E619  TXTWatson117; E619  AnnWatson117; E619	[P 117] The importance of revelation . . . apparent . . . by the discordant sentiments of learned and good men (for I speak not of the <i>ignorant and immoral</i> ) on this point. O how Virtuous Christ came not to call the Virtuous
TXTWatson118; E619  TXTWatson118; E619  TXTWatson118; E619  TXTWatson118; E619  AnnWatson118; E619  AnnWatson118; E619	[P 118] . . . if we are to live again, we are interested in knowing--whether it be possible for us to do any thing whilst we live here, which may render that future life, an happy one.-- Do or Act to Do Good or to do Evil who Dare to judge but God alone
TXTWatson118; E619  TXTWatson118; E619  AnnWatson118; E619  AnnWatson118; E619  AnnWatson118; E619  AnnWatson118; E619  AnnWatson119; E619	These are tremendous truths to bad men; . . . a cogent motive to virtuous action. . . . Who does the Bishop call Bad Men Are they the Publicans & Sinners that Christ loved to associate with Does God Love The Righteous according to the Gospel or does he not cast them off. [P 119] For who is really Righteous It is all Pretension
EDAnnWatson120; E620  AnnWatson120; E620  AnnWatson120; E620  AnnWatson120; E620  AnnWatson120; E620  AnnWatson120; E620	[P 120, last page of book] It appears to me Now that Tom Paine is a better Christian than the Bishop I have read this Book with attention & find that the Bishop has only hurt Paines heel while Paine has broken his head the Bishop has not answerd one of Paines grand objections
TXTBaconTitle; E620  TXTBaconTitle; E620  TXTBaconTitle; E620	Annotations to Bacon's <i>Essays Moral, Economical and Political</i> London, 1798 <i>t1469</i>
TXTBaconTitle; E620  AnnBaconTitle; E620  AnnBaconTitle; E620  AnnBaconTitle; E620  AnnBaconTitle; E620  AnnBaconTitle; E620	HALF-TITLE Is it True or is it False that the Wisdom of this World is Foolishness with God This is Certain If what Bacon says Is True what Christ says Is False If Caesar is Right Christ is Wrong both in Politics & Religion since they will divide them in Two



TXTBaconTitle; E620|  
AnnBaconTitle; E620|

## TITLE PAGE

### Good Advice for Satans Kingdom

TXTBacon-i; E620|  
AnnBacon-i; E620|  
AnnBacon-i; E620|  
AnnBacon-i; E620|  
AnnBacon-i; E620|  
AnnBacon-i; E620|  
AnnBacon-i; E620|

PAGE i  
I am astonishd how such Contemptible Knavery & Folly as  
this Book contains can ever have been calld Wisdom by Men of  
Sense  
but perhaps this never Was the Case & all Men of Sense have  
despised the Book as Much as I do  
Per WILLIAM BLAKE *t1470*

TXTBacon-iv; E620|  
TXTBacon-iv; E620|  
TXTBacon-iv; E620|  
TXTBacon-iv; E620|  
TXTBacon-iv; E620|  
AnnBacon-iv; E620|

PAGE iv Editor's Preface  
But these Essays, written at a period of better taste, and on  
subjects of immediate importance to the conduct of common life  
"such as come home to men's *business and bosoms*," are  
still read with pleasure. . . .  
Erratum to Mens Pockets

TXTBacon-xii; E620|  
AnnBacon-xii; E620|  
AnnBacon-xii; E620|  
AnnBacon-xii; E620|  
AnnBacon-xii; E620|  
AnnBacon-xii; E620|  
AnnBacon-xii; E620|  
AnnBacon-xii; E620|  
AnnBacon-xii; E620|

PAGE xii, blank  
Every Body Knows that this is Epi[c]urus and Lucretius & Yet  
Every Body Says that it is Christian Philosophy how is this  
Possible Every Body must be a Liar & deciever but Every Body  
does not do this But The Hirelings of Kings & Courts who make  
themselves Every Body & Knowingly propagate Falshood  
It was a Common opinion in the Court of Queen Elizabeth that  
Knavery Is Wisdom: Cunning Plotters were considerd as wise  
Machiavels

TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
AnnBacon1; E621|  
AnnBacon1; E621|  
AnnBacon1; E621|  
AnnBacon1; E621|

OF TRUTH  
PAGE 1  
Self Evident Truth is one Thing and Truth the result of  
Reasoning is another Thing Rational Truth is not the Truth of  
Christ but of Pilate It is the Tree of the Knowledge of Good &  
Evil

TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|  
TXTBacon1; E621|

What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for  
an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and  
count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in  
thinking, as well as in acting: and, though the sects of  
philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain  
discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not  
so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients.

AnnBacon1; E621|

But more Nerve if by Ancients he means Heathen Authors

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

TXTBacon1; E621|

AnnBacon1; E621|

But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that, when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour; [PAGE 2] but a natural, though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not shew the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights. What Bacon calls Lies is Truth itself

TXTBacon3; E621|

TXTBacon3; E621|

TXTBacon3; E621|

TXTBacon3; E621|

TXTBacon3; E621|

TXTBacon3; E621|

TXTBacon3; E621|

TXTBacon3; E621|

TXTBacon3; E621|

AnnBacon3; E621|

PAGE 3 But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. Pretence to Religion to destroy Religion

TXTBacon4; E621|

TXTBacon4; E621|

TXTBacon4; E621|

TXTBacon4; E621|

TXTBacon4; E621|

AnnBacon4; E621|

AnnBacon4; E621|

AnnBacon4; E621|

PAGE 4 To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged; even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like allay in coin of gold and silver. . . . Christianity is Civil Business Only There is & can Be No Other to Man what Else Can Be Civil is Christianity or Religion or whatever is Humane

TXTBacon5; E621|

TXTBacon5; E621|

TXTBacon5; E621|

TXTBacon5; E621|

TXTBacon5; E621|

AnnBacon5; E621|

PAGE 5 Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that when "Christ cometh," he shall not "find faith upon earth". Bacon put an End to Faith

TXTBacon5; E621|  
TXTBacon5; E621|  
TXTBacon5; E621|  
TXTBacon5; E621|  
TXTBacon5; E621|  
TXTBacon5; E621|  
TXTBacon5; E621|  
TXTBacon5; E621|  
AnnBacon5; E621|

## OF DEATH

PAGES 5-6 You shall read in some of the friars books of mortification, that a man should think with himself what the pain is, if he have but his finger's end pressed, or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense: and by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, "Pompa mortis magis terret, quam mors ipsa".

Bacon supposes all Men alike

TXTBacon6; E622|  
TXTBacon6; E622|  
TXTBacon6; E622|  
TXTBacon6; E622|  
TXTBacon6; E622|  
TXTBacon6; E622|  
AnnBacon6; E622|  
AnnBacon6; E622|

6 Revenge triumphs over death; love [s]lights it; honour aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear pre-occupieth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pit (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers.

One Mans Revenge or Love is not the same as Anothers The tender Mercies of some Men are Cruel

TXTBacon8; E622|  
TXTBacon8; E622|  
TXTBacon8; E622|  
TXTBacon8; E622|  
TXTBacon8; E622|  
AnnBacon8; E622|

## OF UNITY IN RELIGION

PAGE 8 Religion being the chief band of human society, it is a happy thing when itself is well contained within the true band of unity. The quarrels and divisions about religion were evils unknown to the heathen.

False O Satan

TXTBacon8; E622|  
TXTBacon8; E622|  
TXTBacon8; E622|  
TXTBacon8; E622|  
AnnBacon8; E622|

The reason was, because the religion of the heathen consisted rather in rites and ceremonies, than in any constant belief: for you may imagine what kind of faith theirs was, when the chief doctors and fathers of their church were the *poets*.  
Prophets

TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
AnnBacon9; E622|

PAGE 9 The fruits of unity (next unto the well-pleasing of God, which is all in all) are two; the one towards those that are without the church; the other towards. those that are within. For the former, it is certain, that heresies and schisms are of all others the greatest scandals; yea, more than corruption of manners: for as in the natural body a wound or solution of continuity is worse than a corrupt humour, so in the spiritual: . . .  
False

TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
TXTBacon9; E622|  
AnnBacon9; E622|

PAGES 9-10 The doctor of the Gentiles (the propriety of whose vocation drew him to have a special care of those without) saith, "If an heathen come in, and hear you speak with several tongues, will he not say that you are mad?" and, certainly, it is little better: when atheists and profane persons do hear of so many discordant and contrary opinions in religion, it doth avert them from the church, and maketh them "to sit down in the chair of the scorers". It is but a light thing to be vouched in so serious a matter, but yet it expresseth well the deformity.

### Trifling Nonsense

TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
TXTBacon11; E622|  
AnnBacon11; E622|

PAGES 11-12 Men ought to take heed of rending God's church by two kinds of controversies; the one is, when the matter of the point controverted is too small and light, not worth the heat and strife about it, kindled only by contradiction; for, as it is noted by one of the fathers, Christ's coat indeed had no seam, but the church's vesture was of divers colours; whereupon he saith, "in veste varietas sit, scissura non sit", they be two things, unity and uniformity: the other is when the matter of the point controverted is great, but it is driven to an over-great subtilty and obscurity, so that it becometh a thing rather ingenious than substantial.

### Lame Reasoning upon Premises This Never can Happen

TXTBacon14; E622|  
TXTBacon14; E622|  
TXTBacon14; E622|  
TXTBacon14; E622|  
AnnBacon14; E622|  
AnnBacon14; E622|

PAGE 14 It was great blasphemy when the devil said, "I will ascend and be like the Highest"; but it is greater blasphemy to personate God, and bring him in saying, "I will descend, and be like the prince of darkness."

Did not Jesus descend & become a Servant The Prince of darkness is a Gentleman & not a Man he is a Lord Chancellor

TXTBacon17; E622|  
TXTBacon17; E622|  
TXTBacon17; E622|  
TXTBacon17; E622|  
AnnBacon17; E622|

### OF REVENGE

PAGE 17 This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate.

### A Lie

TXTBacon22; E623|  
TXTBacon22; E623|  
TXTBacon22; E623|  
TXTBacon22; E623|

### OF SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION

PAGE 22 In a few words, mysteries are due to secrecy. Besides (to say truth) *nakedness is uncomely*, as well in mind as in body.

## This is Folly Itself

## OF ENVY

PAGE 32 A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others: for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune.

What do these Knaves mean by Virtue Do they mean War & its horrors & its Heroic Villains

PAGE 37 Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot, (as they call it), and to lay it upon another; for which purpose, the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage some body upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves.

Politic Foolery & most contemptible Villainy & Murder

Now to speak of public envy: there is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none; for public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they grow too great.

Foolish & tells into the hands of a Tyrant

PAGE 38 This public envy seemeth to beat [bear] chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves.

A Lie Every Body hates a King Bacon was afraid to say that the Envy was upon a King but is This Envy or Indignation

## OF GREAT PLACE

PAGE 44 But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (though God accept them), yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act.

Thought is Act. Christs Acts were Nothing to Caesars if this is not so

PAGE 45 In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts; and after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself



TXTBacon45; E623|  
AnnBacon45; E623|  
AnnBacon45; E623|

strictly whether thou didst not best at first.  
Here is nothing of Thy own Original Genius but only  
Imitation what Folly

TXTBacon48; E623|  
TXTBacon48; E623|  
TXTBacon48; E623|  
AnnBacon48; E623|  
AnnBacon48; E623|

PAGE 48 Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place  
in conversation and private answers to suitors, but let it rather  
be said, "When he sits in place he is another man."  
A Flogging Magistrate I have seen many such fly blows of  
Bacon

TXTBacon54; E623|  
TXTBacon54; E623|  
TXTBacon54; E623|  
TXTBacon54; E623|  
TXTBacon54; E623|  
TXTBacon54; E623|  
TXTBacon54; E623|  
TXTBacon54; E623|  
TXTBacon54; E623|  
TXTBacon54; E623|

OF GOODNESS AND GOODNESS OF NATURE  
PAGE 54 And beware how in making the portrait thou breakest the  
pattern: for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern;  
the love of our neighbours but the portraiture: "Sell all thou  
hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me:" but sell not all  
thou hast, except thou come and follow me; that is except thou  
have a vocation wherein thou mayest do as much good with little  
means as with great.  
Except is Christ You Lie Except did anyone <ever> do this & not  
follow Christ who Does by Nature

AnnBacon55; E624|  
AnnBacon55; E624|  
EDAnnBacon55TEXT; E624|

PAGE 55 [A drawing of] The devils arse [with a chain of  
excrement ending in] A King  
(Related to page 56, Of a King)

TXTBacon56; E624|  
TXTBacon56; E624|  
TXTBacon56; E624|  
AnnBacon56; E624|

OF A KING  
PAGE 56 A king is a mortal god on earth, unto whom the living  
God hath lent his own name as a great honour.  
O Contemptible & Abject Slave

TXTBacon58; E624|  
TXTBacon58; E624|  
TXTBacon58; E624|  
AnnBacon58; E624|

PAGE 58 That king which is not feared is not loved; and he  
that is well seen in his craft must as well study to be feared as  
loved; yet not loved for fear, but feared for love.  
Fear Cannot Love

TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
AnnBacon60; E624|

PAGE 60 He then that honoureth him [the King] not is next  
an atheist, wanting the fear of God in his heart.  
Blasphemy

TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|

OF NOBILITY  
PAGE 60 We will speak of nobility first as a portion of an



TXTBacon60; E624|  
AnnBacon60; E624|

estate, then as a condition of particular persons.  
Is Nobility a portion of a State i.e Republic

TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
TXTBacon60; E624|  
AnnBacon60; E624|

A monarchy, where there is no nobility at all, is ever a  
pure and absolute tyranny, as that of the Turks; for nobility  
attempts sovereignty, and draws the eyes of the people somewhat  
aside from the line royal: but for *democracies they need*  
it not; and they are *commonly more quiet, and less*  
subject to sedition, than where there are stirps of nobles.  
Self Contradiction Knave & Fool

TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
AnnBacon62; E624|  
AnnBacon62; E624|

PAGE 62 Those that are first raised to nobility, are  
commonly more virtuous, but less innocent than their descendants;  
for there is rarely any rising but by a commixture of good and  
evil arts.  
Virtuous I supposed to be Innocents was I Mistaken or is  
Bacon a Liar

TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
TXTBacon62; E624|  
AnnBacon62; E624|

On the other side, nobility extinguisheth the passive envy  
from others towards them, because they are in possession of  
honour. Certainly, kings that have able men of their nobility  
shall find ease in employing them, and a better slide into their  
business; but people naturally bend to them as born in some sort  
to command.  
Nonsense

TXTBacon63; E624|  
TXTBacon63; E624|  
AnnBacon63; E624|

OF SEDITIONS AND TROUBLES  
PAGE 63  
This Section contradicts the Preceding

TXTBacon63; E624|  
TXTBacon63; E624|  
TXTBacon63; E624|  
AnnBacon63; E624|  
AnnBacon63; E624|

Shepherds of all people had need know the calendars of  
tempests in state, which are commonly greatest when things grow  
to *equality*.  
What Shepherds does he mean Such as Christ describes by  
Ravens and Wolves

TXTBacon65; E624|  
TXTBacon65; E624|  
TXTBacon65; E624|  
AnnBacon65; E624|  
AnnBacon65; E624|

PAGE 65 Also, when discords, and quarrels, and factions are  
carried openly and audaciously it is a sign the reverence of  
government is lost.  
When the Reverence of Government is Lost it is better than  
when it is found Reverence is all For Reverence

TXTBacon66; E624|  
TXTBacon66; E624|  
TXTBacon66; E624|  
TXTBacon66; E624|  
AnnBacon66; E624|

PAGE 66 So when any of the four pillars of government are mainly shaken, or weakened, (which are religion, justice, counsel, and treasure,) men had need to pray for fair weather.

Four Pillars of different heights and Sizes

TXTBacon66; E625|  
TXTBacon66; E625|  
TXTBacon66; E625|  
AnnBacon66; E625|

Concerning the materials of sedition, it is a thing well to be considered. . . . The matter of sedition is of two kinds, much poverty and much discontentment.

These are one Kind Only

TXTBacon67; E625|  
TXTBacon67; E625|  
TXTBacon67; E625|  
TXTBacon67; E625|  
AnnBacon67; E625|

PAGE 67 As for discontentments, they are in the politic body like to humours in the natural, which are apt to gather a preternatural heat and to enflame; and let no prince measure the danger of them by this, whether they be just or unjust.

A Tyrant is the Worst disease & the Cause of all others

TXTBacon67; E625|  
TXTBacon67; E625|  
AnnBacon67; E625|

. . . in great oppressions, the same things that provoke the patience, do withal mate the courage.  
a lie

TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
TXTBacon68; E625|  
AnnBacon68; E625|  
AnnBacon68; E625|

PAGES 68-69 The first remedy or prevention is to remove by all means possible that material cause of sedition whereof we speak, which is want and poverty in the estate; to which purpose serveth the opening and well balancing of trade; the cherishing of manufactures; the banishing of idleness; the repressing of waste and excess by sumptuary laws; the improvement and husbanding of the soil; the regulating of prices of things vendible; the moderating of taxes and tributes, and the like.

You cannot regulate the price of Necessaries without destruction All False

TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
TXTBacon69; E625|  
AnnBacon69; E625|

PAGES 69-70 It is likewise to be remembered, that forasmuch as the increase of any estate must be upon the foreigner, (for whatsoever is somewhere gotten is somewhere lost,) there be but three things which one nation selleth unto another: the commodity as nature yieldeth it; the manufacture; and the vecture or carriage: so that if these two [three] wheels go, wealth will flow as in a spring tide.

The Increase of a State as of a Man is from Internal

AnnBacon69; E625|  
AnnBacon69; E625|  
AnnBacon69; E625|  
AnnBacon69; E625|

Improvement or Intellectual Acquirement. Man is not Improved by  
the hurt of another States are not Improved at the Expense of  
Foreigners  
Bacon has no notion of any thing but Mammon

TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
AnnBacon71; E625|

PAGE 71 The poets feign that the rest of the Gods would  
have bound Jupiter, which he hearing of by the counsel of Pallas,  
sent for Briareus with his hundred hands to come in to his aid:  
an emblem, no doubt, to shew how safe it is for monarchs to make  
sure of the goodwill of common people.  
Good Advice for the Devil

TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
TXTBacon71; E625|  
AnnBacon71; E625|

PAGES 71-72 Certainly, the politic and artificial  
nourishing and entertaining of hopes, and carrying men from hopes  
to hopes is one of the best antidotes against the poison of  
discontentments.  
Subterfuges

TXTBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
AnnBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
TXTBacon74; E625|  
AnnBacon74; E625|  
AnnBacon74; E625|

PAGE 74 Lastly, let princes against all events, not be  
without some great person, one or rather more, of military  
valour, near unto them, for the repression of seditions in their  
beginnings.  
Contemptible Knave Let the People look to this  
. . . but let such military persons be assured and well  
reputed of, rather than factious and popular.  
Factious is Not Popular & never can be except Factious is  
Christianity

TXTBacon75; E625|  
TXTBacon75; E625|  
TXTBacon75; E625|  
TXTBacon75; E625|  
TXTBacon75; E625|  
TXTBacon75; E625|  
AnnBacon75; E625|

OF ATHEISM  
PAGE 75 I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and  
the Talmud, and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is  
without a *mind*: and, therefore, God never wrought  
miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince  
it.  
The Devil is the Mind of the Natural Frame

TXTBacon75; E626|  
TXTBacon75; E626|  
TXTBacon75; E626|  
TXTBacon75; E626|  
AnnBacon75; E626|  
AnnBacon75; E626|

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind  
to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to  
religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes  
scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no farther.  
There is no Such Thing as a Second Cause nor as a Natural  
Cause for any Thing in any Way

TXTBacon76; E626|  
AnnBacon76; E626|  
AnnBacon76; E626|

## PAGE 76

He who says there are Second Causes has already denied a  
First The Word Cause is a foolish Word

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

PAGE 77 The contemplative atheist is rare, a Diagoras, a  
Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others.

A Lie! Few believe it is a New Birth Bacon was a  
Contemplative Atheist Evidently an Epicurean Lucian disbelievd  
Heathen Gods he did not perhaps disbelieve for all that Bacon  
did

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

PAGES 77-78-79 The causes of atheism are, divisions in  
religion, if they be many; . . . another is, scandal of priests  
. . . : a third is, a custom of profane scoffing in holy matters  
. . . ; and, lastly, learned times, especially with peace and  
prosperity; for troubles and *adversities* do more bow  
men's minds to religion.  
a Lie

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly  
man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and, if he be not of kin  
to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.  
[Bracketed by Blake]  
an artifice

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human  
nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity  
and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a  
man, who to him is instead of a God, or "*melior natura*"; which  
courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that  
confidence of a better nature than his own, could never  
attain;  
Self Contradiction

TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
TXTBacon77; E626|  
AnnBacon77; E626|

. . . therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so  
in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt  
itself above human frailty.  
An Atheist pretending to talk against Atheism

TXTBacon79; E626|  
TXTBacon79; E626|

## OF SUPERSTITION

PAGE 79 It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than

TXTBacon79; E626|  
AnnBacon79; E626|

such an opinion as is unworthy of him.  
Is this true is it better

TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
AnnBacon80; E626|

PAGE 80 . . . as the contumely is greater *towards God*,  
*so the danger* is greater towards men. Atheism  
*leaves* a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural  
*piety*, to laws, to reputation; all which *maybe*  
*guide* to an outward moral virtue, though religion were  
not;  
Praise of Atheism

TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
AnnBacon80; E626|

but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an  
absolute monarchy in the minds of men: *therefore atheism*  
did *never perturb* states; for it makes men wary of  
themselves, as looking no farther, and we see the times inclined  
to atheism, (as the time of Augustus Caesar,) were civil  
times.  
Atheism is thus the best of all Bacon fools us

TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
TXTBacon80; E626|  
AnnBacon80; E626|  
AnnBacon80; E626|

The master of superstition is the people, and in all  
superstition wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to  
practise in a reversed order.  
What must our Clergy be who Allow Bacon to be Either Wise or  
even of Common Capacity I cannot

TXTBacon82; E627|  
TXTBacon82; E627|  
TXTBacon82; E627|  
TXTBacon82; E627|  
TXTBacon82; E627|  
TXTBacon82; E627|  
AnnBacon82; E627|  
AnnBacon82; E627|

PAGE 82 There is a superstition in avoiding superstition,  
when men think to do best if they go farthest from the  
superstition formerly received; therefore care should be had  
that, (as it fareth in ill purgings,) the good be not taken away  
with the bad, which commonly is done when the *people* is  
the reformer.  
Who is to be the Reformer Bacons [Reformer] Villain is a  
King or Who *t1471*

TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|

OF TRAVEL  
PAGE 83 The things to be seen and observed are the courts of  
princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the  
courts of justice . . . the churches and monasteries . . . the  
walls and fortifications . . . and so the havens and harbours,  
antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and  
lectures where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens  
of state and pleasure near great cities; armories, arsenals,

TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
TXTBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|  
AnnBacon83; E627|

magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercises of  
horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like;  
comedies . . . treasures of jewels and robes; cabinets and  
varieties; . . .  
The Things worthy to be seen are all the Trumpery he could  
rake together  
Nothing of Arts or Artists or Learned Men or of Agriculture  
or any Useful Thing His Business & Bosom was to be Lord  
Chancellor

TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|

PAGE 84. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings,  
funerals, capital executions, and such shews, men need not to be  
put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected.  
Bacon supposes that the Dragon Beast & Harlot are worthy of  
a Place in the New Jerusalem Excellent Traveller Go on & be  
damnd

TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|

If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little  
room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do . . .  
let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the  
place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city  
or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the  
town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance;  
Harum Scarum who can do this

TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon84; E627|  
AnnBacon84; E627|  
TXTBacon85; E627|  
TXTBacon85; E627|  
TXTBacon85; E627|  
AnnBacon85; E627|

let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen  
and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation  
where he travelleth; let him upon his removes from one place to  
another procure recommendation to some person of *quality*  
residing in the place whither he removeth . . .  
The Contrary is the best Advice  
PAGE 85 As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in  
travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with  
the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors.  
Acqua[i]ntance with Knaves

TXTBacon86; E627|  
TXTBacon86; E627|  
TXTBacon86; E627|  
AnnBacon86; E627|

OF EMPIRE  
PAGE 86 It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to  
desire, and many things to fear.  
He who has few Things to desire cannot have many to fear

TXTBacon87; E627|

PAGE 87 . . . the mind of man is more cheered and refreshed



TXTBacon87; E627|  
TXTBacon87; E627|  
AnnBacon87; E627|

by profiting in small things, than by standing at a stay in  
great.  
A lie

TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
TXTBacon98; E627|  
AnnBacon98; E627|

OF COUNSEL  
PAGE 98 For weakening of authority the fable sheweth the remedy:  
nay, the majesty of kings is rather exalted than diminished when  
they are in the chair of council; neither was there ever prince  
bereaved of his dependances by his council, except where there  
hath been either an over greatness in one counsellor, or an  
over-strict combination in divers, which are things soon found  
and holpen. [Bracketed]  
Did he mean to Ridicule a King & his Council

TXTBacon101; E628|  
TXTBacon101; E628|  
TXTBacon101; E628|  
TXTBacon101; E628|  
AnnBacon101; E628|

PAGE 101 In choice of committees for ripening business for  
the council, it is better to choose indifferent persons, than to  
make an indifferency by putting in those that are strong on both  
sides.  
better choose Fools at once

TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
AnnBacon104; E628|

OF CUNNING  
PAGE 104 There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play  
well; so there are some that are good in canvases and factions,  
that are otherwise weak men.  
Nonsense

TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
AnnBacon104; E628|

Again, it is one thing to understand persons, and another  
thing to understand matters; for many are perfect in men's  
humours that are not greatly capable of the real part of  
business, which is the constitution of one that hath studied men  
more than books.  
Nonsense

TXTBacon104; E628|  
TXTBacon104; E628|  
AnnBacon104; E628|

Such men are fitter for practice than for counsel, and they  
are good but in their own ally.  
How absurd

TXTBacon105; E628|  
TXTBacon105; E628|  
TXTBacon105; E628|  
TXTBacon105; E628|  
AnnBacon105; E628|

PAGE 105 If a man would cross a business that he doubts  
some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend  
to wish it well, and move it himself in such sort as may foil  
it.  
None but a Fool can act so

TXTBacon106; E628|  
TXTBacon106; E628|  
TXTBacon106; E628|  
TXTBacon106; E628|  
TXTBacon106; E628|  
TXTBacon106; E628|  
AnnBacon106; E628|

PAGE 106-107 I knew one that, when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the post-script, as if it had been a bye matter.  
I knew another that, when he came to have speech, he would pass over that that he intended most; and go forth, and come back again, and speak of it as of a thing that he had almost forgot.  
What Fools

TXTBacon107; E628|  
TXTBacon107; E628|  
TXTBacon107; E628|  
TXTBacon107; E628|  
TXTBacon107; E628|  
TXTBacon107; E628|  
TXTBacon107; E628|  
TXTBacon107; E628|  
TXTBacon107; E628|  
TXTBacon107; E628|  
AnnBacon107; E628|

PAGES 107-108 It is a point of cunning to let fall those words in a man's own name which he would have another man learn and use, and thereupon take advantage. I knew two that were competitors for the secretary's place in queen Elizabeth's time, . . . and the one of them said, that to be a secretary in the declination of a monarchy was a ticklish thing, and that he did not affect it: the other straight way caught up those words, and discoursed with divers of his friends, that he had no reason to desire to be secretary in the declination of a monarchy. The first man took hold of it, and found means it was told the queen; who hearing of a declination of a monarchy took it so ill, as she would never after hear of the other's suit.  
This is too Stupid to have been True

TXTBacon113; E628|  
TXTBacon113; E628|  
TXTBacon113; E628|  
TXTBacon113; E628|  
AnnBacon113; E628|  
AnnBacon113; E628|  
AnnBacon113; E628|

OF INNOVATIONS  
PAGE 113 As the births of living creatures at first are ill shapen, so are all innovations, which are the births of time.  
What a Cursed Fool is this Ill Shapen are Infants or small Plants ill shapen because they are not yet come to their maturity What a contemptible Fool is This Bacon

TXTBacon123; E628|  
TXTBacon123; E628|  
TXTBacon123; E628|  
TXTBacon123; E628|  
TXTBacon123; E628|  
TXTBacon123; E628|  
TXTBacon123; E628|  
TXTBacon123; E628|  
TXTBacon123; E628|  
AnnBacon123; E628|

OF FRIENDSHIP  
PAGES 123-124 L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey . . . to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's over-match; . . . With Julius Caesar Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew; . . . Augustus raised Agrippa, (though of mean birth,) to that height, as, when he consulted with Mecaenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mecaenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life.  
The Friendship of these Roman Villains is a strange Example

AnnBacon123; E628|

to alledge for our imitation & approval

TXTBacon133; E629|

## OF EXPENSE

TXTBacon133; E629|

PAGE 133 Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part.

TXTBacon133; E629|

TXTBacon133; E629|

AnnBacon133; E629|

If this is advice to the Poor, it is mocking them--If to the Rich, it is worse still it is The Miser If to the Middle Class it is the direct Contrary to Christs advice

AnnBacon133; E629|

AnnBacon133; E629|

TXTBacon134; E629|

PAGE 134 He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behoveth him to turn all to certainties.

TXTBacon134; E629|

AnnBacon134; E629|

Nonsense

TXTBacon135; E629|

## OF THE TRUE GREATNESS OF KINGDOMS AND ESTATES

TXTBacon135; E629|

PAGE 135 The speech of Themistocles the Athenian, which was haughty and arrogant in taking so much to himself, had been a grave and wise observation and censure, applied at large to others. Desired at a feast to touch a lute, he said, "he could not fiddle, but yet he could make a small town a great city". These words, (holpen with a little metaphor,) may express two differing abilities in those that deal in business of estate.

TXTBacon135; E629|

TXTBacon135; E629|

TXTBacon135; E629|

TXTBacon135; E629|

TXTBacon135; E629|

TXTBacon135; E629|

TXTBacon135; E629|

AnnBacon135; E629|

a Lord Chancellor's opinions as different from Christ as those of Caiphas or Pilate or Herod what such Men call Great is indeed detestable

AnnBacon135; E629|

AnnBacon135; E629|

TXTBacon136; E629|

PAGE 136 . . . let us speak of the work; that is, the true greatness of kingdoms and estates; and the means thereof. An argument fit for great and mighty *princes* to have in their hand; to the end, that neither by over-measuring their forces they lose themselves in vain enterprises . . .

TXTBacon136; E629|

TXTBacon136; E629|

TXTBacon136; E629|

TXTBacon136; E629|

AnnBacon136; E629|

Powers Powers

AnnBacon136; E629|

Powers of darkness

TXTBacon137; E629|

PAGE 137 The Kingdom of heaven is compared, not to any great Kernal or nut but, to a grain of mustard seed; which is one of the least grains, but hath in it a property and spirit hastily to get up and spread.

TXTBacon137; E629|

TXTBacon137; E629|

TXTBacon137; E629|

AnnBacon137; E629|

The Kingdom of Heaven is the direct Negation of Earthly domination

AnnBacon137; E629|

TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
TXTBacon137; E629|  
AnnBacon137; E629|

PAGES 137-138 Walled towns, stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants; ordnance, artillery, and the like; all this is but a sheep in lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike. Nay, number (itself) in armies importeth not much, where the people is of weak courage. . . . The army of the Persians, in the plains of Arbela was such a vast sea of people as it did somewhat astonish the commanders in Alexander's army, who came to him therefore, and wished him to set upon them by night; but he answered, he would not pilfer the victory; and the defeat was easy.

Bacon knows the Wisdom of War if it is Wisdom

TXTBacon142; E629|  
TXTBacon142; E629|  
TXTBacon142; E629|  
TXTBacon142; E629|  
AnnBacon142; E629|

PAGE 142 Never any state was, in this point, so open to receive strangers into their body as were the Romans; therefore it sorted with them accordingly, for they grew to the greatest monarchy.

Is this Great Is this Christian No

TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
TXTBacon143; E629|  
AnnBacon143; E629|  
AnnBacon143; E629|  
AnnBacon143; E629|

PAGES 143-144 It is certain, that sedentary and within-door arts, and delicate manufactures, (that require rather the finger than the arm,) have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition;. . . therefore it was great advantage in the ancient states of Sparta, Athens, Rome, and others that they had the use of slaves, which commonly did rid those manufactures; but that is abolished, in greatest part, by the christian law. That which cometh nearest to it is, to leave those arts chiefly to strangers . . . and to contain the principal bulk of the vulgar natives within those three kinds, tillers of the ground, free servants, and handicraftmen of strong and manly arts; as smiths, masons, carpenters, &c. not reckoning professed soldiers.

Bacon calls Intellectual Arts Unmanly Poetry Painting

Music are in his opinion Useless & so they are for Kings & Wars & shall in the End Annihilate them

TXTBacon147; E630|  
TXTBacon147; E630|  
TXTBacon147; E630|  
AnnBacon147; E630|

PAGE 147 No body can be healthful without exercise, neither natural body nor politic; and, certainly, to a kingdom or estate a just and honourable war is the true exercise.

Is not this the Greatest Folly

TXTBacon149; E630|  
TXTBacon149; E630|  
TXTBacon149; E630|

PAGE 149 There be now, for martial encouragement, some degrees and orders of chivalry, which, nevertheless, are conferred promiscuously upon soldiers and no soldiers, and some

TXTBacon149; E630|  
AnnBacon149; E630|

remembrance perhaps upon the escutcheon . . .  
what can be worse than this or more foolish

TXTBacon151; E630|  
TXTBacon151; E630|  
TXTBacon151; E630|  
AnnBacon151; E630|

OF REGIMEN OF HEALTH  
PAGE 151 . . . strength of nature in youth passeth over many  
excesses which are owing a man til his age.  
Excess in Youth is Necessary to Life

TXTBacon151; E630|  
TXTBacon151; E630|  
AnnBacon151; E630|

Beware of sudden change in any great point of diet, and if  
necessity enforce it, fit the rest to it;  
Nonsense

TXTBacon151; E630|  
TXTBacon151; E630|  
AnnBacon151; E630|

for it is a secret both in nature and state, that it is  
safer to change many things than one.  
False

TXTBacon152; E630|  
TXTBacon152; E630|  
AnnBacon152; E630|  
AnnBacon152; E630|

PAGE 152 If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be  
too strange for your body when you shall need it.  
Very Pernicious Advice  
The work of a Fool to use Physic but for Necessity

TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
AnnBacon153; E630|

PAGE 153 In sickness, respect health principally; and in  
health, action: for those that put their bodies to endure in  
health, may in most sicknesses which are not very sharp, be cured  
only with diet and tendering.  
Those that put their Bodies To endure are Fools

TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
AnnBacon153; E630|

Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician, had he not  
been a wise man withal, when he giveth it for one of the great  
precepts of health and lasting, that a man do vary and  
interchange contraries;  
Celsus was a bad adviser

TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
TXTBacon153; E630|  
AnnBacon153; E630|

but with an inclination to the more benign extreme: use  
fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and  
sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather  
exercise, and the like: so shall nature be cherished, and yet  
taught masteries. [Bracketed]  
Nature taught to Ostentation

TXTBacon154; E630|

OF SUSPICION



TXTBacon154; E630|  
TXTBacon154; E630|  
TXTBacon154; E630|  
AnnBacon154; E630|  
AnnBacon154; E630|

PAGE 154. Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight; certainly they are to be repressed, or, at the least, well guarded.  
What is Suspition in one Man is Caution in Another & Truth or Discernment in Another & in Some it is Folly.

TXTBacon156; E630|  
TXTBacon156; E630|  
TXTBacon156; E630|  
TXTBacon156; E630|  
TXTBacon156; E630|  
AnnBacon156; E630|  
AnnBacon156; E630|

#### OF DISCOURSE

PAGE 156 Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought.  
Surely the Man who wrote this never talked to any but Coxcombs

TXTBacon158; E630|  
TXTBacon158; E630|  
TXTBacon158; E630|  
AnnBacon158; E630|  
AnnBacon158; E630|

PAGE 158 Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order.  
Bacon hated Talents of all Kinds Eloquence is discret[i]on of Speech

TXTBacon169; E631|  
TXTBacon169; E631|  
TXTBacon169; E631|  
TXTBacon169; E631|  
AnnBacon169; E631|  
AnnBacon169; E631|  
AnnBacon169; E631|

#### OF RICHES

PAGE 169 Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.  
Bacon was always a poor Devil if History says true how should one so foolish know about Riches Except Pretence to be Rich if that is it

TXTBacon182; E631|  
TXTBacon182; E631|  
TXTBacon182; E631|  
TXTBacon182; E631|  
AnnBacon182; E631|

#### OF NATURE IN MEN

PAGE 182 Neither is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right; understanding it where the contrary extreme is no vice.  
Very Foolish

TXTBacon187; E631|  
TXTBacon187; E631|  
TXTBacon187; E631|  
TXTBacon187; E631|  
TXTBacon187; E631|  
AnnBacon187; E631|  
AnnBacon187; E631|

#### OF FORTUNE

PAGE 187 It cannot be denied but outward accidents conduce much to fortune; favour, opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue; but chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.  
What is Fortune but an outward Accident for a few years sixty at most & then gone



TXTBacon190; E631|  
TXTBacon190; E631|  
AnnBacon190; E631|

## OF USURY

### PAGE 190

Bacon was a Usurer

TXTBacon191; E631|  
TXTBacon191; E631|  
TXTBacon191; E631|  
TXTBacon191; E631|  
AnnBacon191; E631|

PAGE 191 The discommodities of usury are, first, that it makes fewer merchants; for were it not for this lazy trade of usury, money would not lie still, but would in great part be employed upon merchandizing.  
A Lie it makes Merchants & nothing Else

TXTBacon192; E631|  
TXTBacon192; E631|  
TXTBacon192; E631|  
AnnBacon192; E631|

PAGE 192 On the other side, the commodities of usury are first, that howsoever usury in some respect hindereth merchandizing, yet in some other it advanceth it.  
Commodities of Usury can it Be

TXTBacon193; E631|  
TXTBacon193; E631|  
TXTBacon193; E631|  
AnnBacon193; E631|

PAGE 193 I remember a cruel monied man in the country, that would say, "The devil take this usury, it keeps us from forfeitures of mortgages and bonds".  
It is not True what a Cruel Man says

TXTBacon193; E631|  
TXTBacon193; E631|  
TXTBacon193; E631|  
AnnBacon193; E631|  
AnnBacon193; E631|

To speak now of the reformation and reglement of usury; how the discommodities of it may be best avoided, and the commodities retained.  
Bacon is in his Element on Usury it is himself & his Philosophy

TXTBacon197; E631|  
TXTBacon197; E631|  
TXTBacon197; E631|  
TXTBacon197; E631|  
AnnBacon197; E631|

## OF YOUTH AND AGE

PAGE 197 The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner.  
Bacons Business is not Intellect or Art

TXTBacon198; E631|  
TXTBacon198; E631|  
TXTBacon198; E631|  
AnnBacon198; E631|

PAGE 198 . . . and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections.  
a Lie

TXTBacon199; E631|  
TXTBacon199; E631|  
TXTBacon199; E631|  
TXTBacon199; E631|

PAGE 199 There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes: these are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtile,

TXTBacon199; E631|  
AnnBacon199; E631|

who afterwards waxed stupid.  
Such was Bacon Stupid Indeed

TXTBacon202; E632|  
TXTBacon202; E632|  
TXTBacon202; E632|  
TXTBacon202; E632|  
AnnBacon202; E632|  
AnnBacon202; E632|

OF DEFORMITY  
PAGE 202 Certainly there is a consent between the body and the  
mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the  
other.  
False  
Contemptible

TXTBacon202; E632|  
TXTBacon202; E632|  
TXTBacon202; E632|  
TXTBacon202; E632|  
AnnBacon202; E632|  
AnnBacon202; E632|

Whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth  
induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue  
and deliver himself from scorn; therefore all deformed persons  
are extreme bold.  
Is not this Very Very Contemptible Contempt is the Element  
of the Contemptible

TXTBacon203; E632|  
TXTBacon203; E632|  
TXTBacon203; E632|  
TXTBacon203; E632|  
AnnBacon203; E632|

PAGE 203 Kings in ancient times (and at this present in  
some countries,) were wont to put great trust in eunuchs, because  
they that are envious towards all are more obnoxious and  
officious towards one.  
because Kings do it is it Wisdom

TXTBacon206; E632|  
TXTBacon206; E632|  
TXTBacon206; E632|  
TXTBacon206; E632|  
TXTBacon206; E632|  
AnnBacon206; E632|

OF BUILDING  
PAGE 206 First, therefore, I say you cannot have a perfect  
*palace*, except you have two several sides; a side for  
the banquet, as is spoken of in the book of Esther, and a side  
for the household.  
What Trifling Nonsense & Self Conceit

TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
AnnBacon235; E632|

OF FACTION  
PAGE 235 The even carriage between two factions proceedeth not  
always of moderation, but of a trueness to a man's self, with end  
to make use of both. Certainly, in Italy they hold it a little  
suspect in popes, when they have often in their mouth "Padre  
commune"; and take it to be a sign of one that meaneth to refer  
all to the greatness of his own house.  
None but God is This

TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|

PAGES 235-236 Kings had need beware how they side  
themselves . . . The motions of factions under Kings, ought to be  
like the motions, (as the astronomers speak,) of the inferior

TXTBacon235; E632|  
TXTBacon235; E632|  
AnnBacon235; E632|

orbs; which may have their proper motions, but yet still are  
quietly carried by the higher motion of "primum mobile".  
King James was Bacons Primum Mobile

TXTBacon236; E632|  
TXTBacon236; E632|  
TXTBacon236; E632|  
TXTBacon236; E632|  
TXTBacon236; E632|  
AnnBacon236; E632|  
AnnBacon236; E632|

OF CEREMONIES AND RESPECTS  
PAGE 236 . . . for the proverb is true, "That light gains make  
heavy purses"; for light gains come thick, whereas great come but  
now and then: so it is true, that small matters win great  
commendation, because they are continually in use and in  
note.  
Small matters What are They Caesar seems to me a Very  
Small Matter & so he seemd to Jesus is the Devil Great Consider

TXTBacon239; E632|  
TXTBacon239; E632|  
TXTBacon239; E632|  
TXTBacon239; E632|  
TXTBacon239; E632|  
AnnBacon239; E632|

OF PRAISE  
PAGE 239 Praise is the reflection of virtue; but it is as the  
glass or body which giveth the reflection: if it be from the  
common people, it is commonly false and nought, and rather  
followeth vain persons, than virtuous.  
Villain did Christ Seek the Praise of the Rulers

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TXTBoydTitle; E633|

Annotations to Boyd's *Historical Notes* on Dante *t1472*  
Dublin, 1785  
A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE INFERNO, *with some other* POEMS  
*relative to the* ORIGINAL PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN NATURE

TXTBoyd35; E633|  
TXTBoyd35; E633|  
TXTBoyd35; E633|  
TXTBoyd35; E633|  
TXTBoyd35; E633|

PAGE 35 [*But*] the most daring flights of fancy, the most  
accurate delineations of character, and the most artful conduct  
of fable, are [*not, even*] when combined together,  
sufficient of themselves to make a poem interesting. [Deletions  
by Blake]

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TXTBoyd35; E633|  
TXTBoyd35; E633|  
TXTBoyd35; E633|  
TXTBoyd35; E633|

PAGES 35-36 The discord of Achilles and Agamemnon may produce the  
most tragical consequences; but if we, who are cool and impartial  
in the affair . . . cannot enter warmly into the views of either  
party, the story, though adorned with all the genius of an Homer,  
will be read by us with some degree of nonchalance. The  
superstition that led the Crusaders to rescue the Holy Land from  
the Infidels, instead of interesting us, appear frigid, if not  
ridiculous. We cannot be much concerned for the fate of such a  
crew of fanatics, notwithstanding the magic numbers of a Tasso .  
. . we cannot sympathise with Achilles for the loss of his  
Mistress, when we feel that he gained her by the massacre of her

TXTBoyd35; E633|  
AnnBoyd35; E633|  
AnnBoyd35; E633|

family.  
nobody considers these things while they read Homer or  
Shakespear or Dante

TXTBoyd37; E633|  
TXTBoyd37; E633|  
TXTBoyd37; E633|  
TXTBoyd37; E633|  
AnnBoyd37; E633|

PAGE 37 When a man, where no interest is concerned, no  
provocation given, lays a whole nation in blood merely for his  
glory; we, to whom his glory is indifferent, cannot enter into  
his resentment.  
false All poetry gives the lie to this

TXTBoyd37; E633|  
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TXTBoyd37; E633|  
TXTBoyd37; E633|  
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TXTBoyd37; E633|  
TXTBoyd37; E633|  
TXTBoyd37; E633|  
TXTBoyd37; E633|  
TXTBoyd37; E633|

PAGES 37-38 Such may be good poetical characters, of that  
mixt kind that Aristotle admits; but the most beautiful mixture  
of light and shade has no attraction, unless it warms <or  
freezes> the heart. It must have something that engages the  
sympathy, something that appeals to the [*moral sense*]  
<passions & senses>; for nothing can thoroughly captivate the  
fancy, however artfully delineated, that does not awake the  
sympathy and interest the passions [*that enlist on the side  
of Virtue*] and appeal to our native notions of right and  
wrong. [Deletions and insertions by Blake]

TXTBoyd38; E633|  
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TXTBoyd38; E633|  
TXTBoyd38; E633|  
TXTBoyd38; E633|  
TXTBoyd38; E633|  
AnnBoyd38; E633|  
AnnBoyd38; E633|

PAGES 38-38 It is this that sets the Odyssey, in point of  
sentiment, so far above the Iliad. We feel the injuries of  
Ulysses; . . . we seem to feel the generous indignation of the  
young Telemachus, and we tremble at the dangers of the fair  
Penelope . . . we can go along with the resentment of Ulysses,  
because it is just, but our feelings must tell us that Achilles  
carries his resentment to a savage length, a length where we  
cannot follow him.  
If Homers merit was only in these Historical combinations &  
Moral sentiments he would be no better than Clarissa

TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
AnnBoyd39; E633|

PAGES 39-40 ILIACOS EXTRA MUROS PECCATUR; ET INTRA. It is  
a contest between barbarians, equally guilty of injustice,  
rapine, and bloodshed; and we are not sorry to see the vengeance  
of Heaven equally inflicted on both parties.  
Homer meant this

TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|  
TXTBoyd39; E633|

Aeneas indeed is a more amiable personage than Achilles; he  
seems meant for a perfect character. But compare his conduct  
with respect to Dido with the self-denial of Dryden's Cleomenes,  
or with the conduct of Titus in the Berenice of Racine, we will

TXTBoyd39; E633|  
AnnBoyd39; E633|  
AnnBoyd39; E633|  
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then see what is meant by making a character interesting.  
Every body naturally hates a perfect character because they  
are all greater Villains than the imperfect as Eneas is here  
shewn a worse man than Achilles in leaving Dido

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AnnBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|  
AnnBoyd45; E634|

PAGES 45-46 Antecedent to and independent of all laws, a  
man may learn to argue on the nature of moral obligation, and the  
duty of universal benevolence, from Cumberland, Wollaston,  
Shaftesbury, Hutcheson . . . but, would he feel what vice is in  
itself . . . let him enter into the passions of Lear, when he  
feels the ingratitude of his children; of Hamlet, when he learns  
the story of his father's murder; . . . and he will know the  
difference of right and wrong much more clearly than from all the  
moralists that ever wrote.  
the grandest Poetry is Immoral the Grandest characters  
Wicked. Very Satan. Capanius Othello a murderer.  
Prometheus. Jupiter. Jehovah, Jesus a wine bibber  
Cunning & Morality are not Poetry but Philosophy the Poet is  
Independent & Wicked the Philosopher is Dependent & Good  
Poetry is to excuse Vice & show its reason & necessary  
purgation

TXTBoyd49; E634|  
TXTBoyd49; E634|  
TXTBoyd49; E634|  
TXTBoyd49; E634|  
TXTBoyd49; E634|  
AnnBoyd49; E634|

PAGE 49 The industrious knave cultivates the soil; the  
indolent good man leaves it uncultivated. Who ought to reap the  
harvest? . . . The natural course of things decides in favour of  
the villain; the natural sentiments of men in favour of the man  
of virtue.  
false

TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
TXTBoyd56; E634|  
AnnBoyd56; E634|  
AnnBoyd56; E634|  
AnnBoyd56; E634|

PAGES 56-67 As to those who think the notion of a future  
Life arose from the descriptions and inventions of the Poets,  
they may just as well suppose that eating and drinking had the  
same original . . . The Poets indeed altered the genuine  
sentiments of nature, and tinged the Light of Reason by  
introducing the wild conceits of Fancy . . . But still the root  
was natural, though the fruit was wild. All that *nature*  
*teacheis*, that there is a future life, distinguished into  
different states of happiness and misery.  
False  
Nature Teaches nothing of Spiritual Life but only of Natural  
Life

TXTBoyd74; E634|

HISTORICAL ESSAY OF THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE



THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES: WITH RESPECT TO  
THE HISTORY OF FLORENCE

[P 74, blank at the end of "A Comparative View"]  
Every Sentiment & Opinion as well as Every Principle in  
Dante is in these Preliminary Essays Controverted & proved  
Foolish by his Translator If I have any Judgment in Such Things  
as Sentiments Opinions & Principles

PAGE 118 . . . horrors of a civil war. < dagger>--Dante was  
at this time Prior of Florence and it was he who gave the advice,  
*ruinous to himself*, and *pernicious to his*  
*country*, of calling in the heads of the two factions to  
Florence.  
< dagger>Dante was a Fool or his Translator was Not That is  
Dante was Hired or Tr was Not  
It appears to Me that Men are hired to Run down Men of  
Genius under the Mask of Translators, but Dante gives too much  
Caesar he is not a Republican  
Dante was an Emperors <a Caesars> Man Luther also left the  
Priest & joind the Soldier

PAGES 129-130 The fervours of religion have often actuated  
the passions to deeds of the wildest fanaticism. The booted  
Apostles of Germany, and the Crusades of Florence, carried their  
zeal to a very guilty degree. But the passion for any thing  
laudable will hardly carry men to a proper pitch, unless it be so  
strong as sometimes to push them beyond the golden mean.  
How very Foolish all this Is

PAGE 131 Such were the effects of intolerance even in the  
extreme. In a more moderate degree, every well-regulated  
government, both ancient and modern, wereso *far*  
*intolerantas* not to admit the pollutions of every  
superstition and *every pernicious opinion*. It was from  
a regard to the morals of the people, that the Roman Magistrates  
expelled the Priest of Bacchus, in the first and most virtuous  
ages of the republic. It was on this principle that the  
*Persians* destroyed the*temples of Greece wherever*  
*they came*  
If Well regulated Governments act so who can tell so well as  
the hiring Writer whose praise is contrary to what he Knows to  
be true



AnnBoyd131; E635|

Persians destroy the Temples & are praised for it

TXtBoyd133; E635|

TXtBoyd133; E635|

TXtBoyd133; E635|

TXtBoyd133; E635|

TXtBoyd133; E635|

TXtBoyd133; E635|

TXtBoyd133; E635|

TXtBoyd133; E635|

TXtBoyd133; E635|

AnnBoyd133; E635|

PAGES 133-134. The Athenians and Romans kept a watchful eye, not only over the grosser superstitions, but over impiety . . . Polybius plainly attributes the fall of freedom in Greece to the prevalence of atheism . . . It was not till the republic was verging to its fall, that Caesar dared in open senate to laugh at the SPECULATIVE opinion of a future state. These were the times of universal toleration, when every pollution, from every clime, flowed to Rome, whence they had carefully been kept out before.

What is Liberty without Universal Toleration

TXtBoyd135; E635|

TXtBoyd135; E635|

TXtBoyd135; E635|

TXtBoyd135; E635|

TXtBoyd135; E635|

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TXtBoyd135; E635|

TXtBoyd135; E635|

TXtBoyd135; E635|

AnnBoyd135; E635|

AnnBoyd135; E635|

AnnBoyd135; E635|

AnnBoyd135; E635|

PAGES 135-136 I leave it to these who are best acquainted with the spirit of antiquity, to determine whether a species of religion . . . had or had not a very principal share in raising those celebrated nations to the summit of their glory: their decline and fall, at least, may be fairly attributed to irreligion, and to the want of some general standard of morality, whose authority they all allowed, and to which they all appealed. The want of this pole-star left them adrift in the boundless ocean of conjecture; the disputes of their philosophers were endless, and their opinions of the grounds of morality were as different as their conditions, their tastes, and their pursuits.

Yet simple country Hinds are Moral Enthusiasts Indignant against Knavery without a Moral criterion other than Native Honesty untaught while other country Hinds are as indignant against honesty & Enthusiasts for Cunning & Artifice

TXtBoyd145; E635|

TXtBoyd145; E635|

AnnBoyd145; E635|

AnnBoyd145; E635|

PAGE 148 . . . but there are certain *bounds* even to *liberty* . . .

If it is thus the extreme of black is white & of sweet sower & of good Evil & of Nothing Something

TXtReynTitle; E635|

TXtReynTitle; E635|

Annotations to *The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, <sup>11473</sup>  
edited by Edmond Malone. London, 1798

TXtReyn; E635|

AnnReynTitlep; E635|

AnnReynTitlep; E635|

AnnReynTitlep; E635|

## TITLE PAGE

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

AnnReynTitle; E635|

<Advice of the Popes who succeeded the Age of Rafael>

AnnReynTitle; E635|

Degrade first the Arts if you'd Mankind degrade,

AnnReynTitle; E635|

Hire Idiots to Paint with cold light & hot shade:

AnnReynTitle; E635|

Give high Price for the worst, leave the best in disgrace,

AnnReynTitle; E635|

And with Labours of Ignorance fill every place.

EDAnnReynTEXT; E636|

[BACK OF TITLE PAGE]

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

Having spent the Vigour of my Youth & Genius under the

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

Opression of S<sup>r</sup> Joshua & his Gang of Cunning Hired Knaves Without

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

Employment & as much as could possibly be Without Bread, The

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

Reader must Expect to Read in all my Remarks on these Books

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

Nothing but Indignation & Resentment While S<sup>r</sup> Joshua was

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

rolling in Riches Barry was Poor & [*independent*]

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

<Unemployd except by his own Energy> Mortimer was [*despised &*

*AnnReynBackTP; E636|*

*Mocked*] <*calld a Madman*> [*I now despise & Mock in turn*

*AnnReynBackTP; E636|*

*although Suffring Neglect*] <& only Portrait Painting

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

applauded & rewarded by the Rich & Great.> Reynolds &

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

Gainsborough Blotted & Blurred one against the other & Divided

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

all the English World between them Fuseli Indignant <almost>

AnnReynBackTP; E636|

hid himself--I [*was*] <am> hid <sup>*t1474*</sup>

EDAnnReynTEXT; E636|

[CONTENTS PAGES]

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The Arts & Sciences are the Destruction of Tyrannies or Bad

AnnReynContents; E636|

Governments Why should A Good Government endeavour to Depress

AnnReynContents; E636|

What is its Chief & only Support

TXTRReynContents; E636|

The advantages proceeding from the Institution of a Royal Academy.

TXTRReynContents; E636|

AnnReynContents; E636|

The Foundation of Empire is Art & Science Remove them or

AnnReynContents; E636|

Degrade them & the Empire is No More--Empire follows Art & Not

AnnReynContents; E636|

Vice Versa as Englishmen suppose

AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636|

On peut dire que la Pape Leon Xme en encourageant les Etudes

AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636|

donna les armes contre lui-meme. J'ai oui dire a un Seigneur

AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636|

Anglais qu'il avait vu une Lettre du Seigneur Polus, ou de La

AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636|

Pole, depuis Cardinal, a ce Pape; dans laquelle, en le felicitant

AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636|

sur ce qu'il etendait le progres de Science en Europe, il

AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636|

l'avertissait *qu'il etait dangereux de rendre les hommes trop Savans--*

AnnReynContentsQUOTE; E636|

VOLTAIRE *Moeurs de[s] Nation[s], Tome 4*

AnnReynContents; E636|

O Englishmen! why are you still of this foolish Cardinals

AnnReynContents; E636|

opinion?

TXTReynContents; E636| Much copying discountenanced  
AnnReynContents; E636| To learn the Language of Art Copy for Ever. is My Rule

EDAnnReynTEXT; E636| [BLANK PAGE FACING DEDICATION]  
AnnReynDed; E636| Who will Dare to Say that [*Fine*] <Polite> Art is  
AnnReynDed; E636| Encouraged, or Either Wished or Tolerated in a Nation where The  
AnnReynDed; E636| Society for the Encouragement of Art. Sufferd Barry to Give them,  
AnnReynDed; E636| his Labour for Nothing A Society Composed of the Flower of the  
AnnReynDed; E636| English Nobility & Gentry--[*A Society*] Suffering an  
AnnReynDed; E636| Artist to Starve while he Supported Really what They under  
AnnReynDed; E636| pretence of Encouraging were Endeavouring to Depress--Barry told  
AnnReynDed; E636| me that while he Did that Work--he Lived on Bread & Apples

EDAnnReynTEXT; E636| [P i]  
AnnReyn-i; E636| O Society for Encouragement of Art--O King & Nobility of  
AnnReyn-i; E636| England! Where have you hid Fuseli's Milton Is Satan troubled  
AnnReyn-i; E636| at his Exposure

TXTReyn-i; E637| TO THE KING.  
TXTReyn-i; E637| The regular progress of cultivated life is from necessities to  
TXTReyn-i; E637| accommodations, from accommodations to ornaments.  
AnnReyn-i; E637| The Bible says That Cultivated Life. Existed First--  
AnnReyn-i; E637| Uncultivated Life. comes afterwards from Satans Hirelings[.]  
AnnReyn-i; E637| Necessaries Accomodations & Ornaments [*are Lifes Wants*]  
AnnReyn-i; E637| <are the whole of Life> [*First were Created Wine & Happiness*  
AnnReyn-i; E637| ?*Good ?Looks & Fortune*] Satan took away Ornament First.  
AnnReyn-i; E637| <Next he took away Accomodations & Then he became Lord & Master  
AnnReyn-i; E637| of> Necessaries [*last*]

TXTReyn-ii; E637| [P ii] To give advice to those who are contending for royal  
TXTReyn-ii; E637| liberality, . .  
AnnReyn-ii; E637| Liberality! We want not Liberality We want a Fair Price  
AnnReyn-ii; E637| & Proportionate Value <& a General Demand for Art>  
AnnReyn-ii; E637| <Let not that Nation where Less than Nobility is the Reward.  
AnnReyn-ii; E637| Pretend that Art is Encouraged by that Nation: Art is the First  
AnnReyn-ii; E637| in Intellectuals & Ought to be First in Nations>

EDAnnReynTEXT; E637| [P iii]  
AnnReyn-iii; E637| <Invention depends Altogether upon Execution or  
AnnReyn-iii; E637| Organization. as that is right or wrong so is the Invention  
AnnReyn-iii; E637| perfect or imperfect. Whoever is set to Undermine the Execution

AnnReyn-iii; E637|  
AnnReyn-iii; E637|

of Art is set to Destroy Art Michael Angelos Art Depends on  
Michael Angelos Execution Altogether>

TXTReyn-viii; E637|  
TXTReyn-viii; E637|  
TXTReyn-viii; E637|  
TXTReyn-viii; E637|  
AnnReyn-viii; E637|

[P viii, Malone on Reynolds' boyhood:] . . . Richardson's  
Treatise on Painting; the perusal of which so delighted and  
inflamed his mind, that Raffaele appeared to him superior to the  
most illustrious . . .  
Why <then> did he not follow Rafaels Track

TXTReyn-ix; E637|  
TXTReyn-ix; E637|  
TXTReyn-ix; E637|  
AnnReyn-ix; E637|

[P ix, note 7, quoting Walpole on Thomas Hudson, Reynolds'  
first master] The better taste introduced by Sir Joshua Reynolds,  
put an end to Hudson's reign, . . .  
Hudson Drew Correctly

TXTReyn-xiv; E637|  
TXTReyn-xiv; E637|  
TXTReyn-xiv; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|

[P xiv: the keeper of the Vatican informed Reynolds that  
"the works of Raffaele" frequently made "little impression" on  
visitors.]  
Men who have been Educated with Works of Venetian Artists.  
under their Eyes Cannot see Rafael unless they are born with  
Determinate Organs

TXTReyn-xiv; E637|  
TXTReyn-xiv; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|

[Reynolds quoted:] . . . I remember very well my own  
disappointment, when I first visited the Vatican; . . .  
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

EDAnnReynTEXT; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|  
AnnReyn-xiv; E637|

[p xv]  
<Some look. to see the sweet Outlines  
And beauteous Forms that Love does wear  
Some look. to find out Patches. Paint.  
Bracelets & Stays & Powderd Hair>

TXTReyn-xv; E637|  
TXTReyn-xv; E637|  
TXTReyn-xv; E637|  
TXTReyn-xv; E637|

[Reynolds:] . . . though disappointed and mortified at not  
finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I  
did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of  
Raffaele,

TXTReyn-xv; E638|  
TXTReyn-xv; E638|  
AnnReyn-xv; E638|

and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their  
reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; . . .  
Here are Mocks on those who Saw Rafael [*But not Sir*

TXTReyn-xv; E638|

AnnReyn-xv; E638|

AnnReyn-xv; E638|

. . . I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed.

A Liar he never was Abashed in his Life &amp; never felt his Ignorance

TXTReyn-xvi; E638|

TXTReyn-xvi; E638|

AnnReyn-xvi; E638|

AnnReyn-xvi; E638|

[P xvi] . . . I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, . . .

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

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

[P xvii] . . . I am now clearly of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, and great labour . .

.

[*Fool*]

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

. . . as if . . . our minds, like tinder, should instantly catch fire from the divine spark of Raffaele's genius.

A Mock

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

. . . the excellence of his style . . . lies deep; and at the first view is seen but mistily.

A Mock

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

TXTReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

AnnReyn-xvii; E638|

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 &amp; the Flemish. Never Struck Me at Once nor At-All.

AnnReyn-xviii; E638|

AnnReyn-xviii; E638|

[P xviii] [*to good Artists*] The Style that Strikes the Eye is the True Style But A Fools Eye is Not to be. a Criterion

TXTReyn-xviii; E638|

TXTReyn-xviii; E638|

AnnReyn-xviii; E638|

AnnReyn-xviii; E638|

I consider *general copying* (he adds) *as a delusive kind of industry*: . . .

Here he Condemns Generalizing which he almost always Approves &amp; Recommends

TXTReyn-xix; E638|

TXTReyn-xix; E638|

[P xix] How incapable of producing any thing of their own, those are, who have spent most of their time in making finished



TXTReyn-xix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xix; E638|

copies, . . .  
Finishd. 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

TXTReyn-xxix; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxix; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxix; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxix; E638|

[P xxix] It is the thoughts expressed in the works of  
Michael Angelo, Correggio, Raffaello, Parmegiano, and perhaps  
some of the old Gothick masters, . . . which we seek after with  
avidity.  
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 [line cut away]?

TXTReyn-xxxi; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxxi; E638|  
TXTReyn-xxxi; E638|  
AnnReyn-xxxi; E638|

[P xxxi] Thus Bacon became a great thinker, by first  
entering into and making himself master of the thoughts of other  
men.  
[*This is the Character of a Knave*]

TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xxxiii; E639|  
EDAnnReyn-xxxiiiTEXT; E639|  
EDAnnReyn-xxxiiiTEXT; E639|

[Pp xxxiii-xxxiv, Burke on Reynolds] . . . He . . . owed his  
first disposition to generalize . . . to old Mr. Mudge . . . a  
learned and venerable old man . . . much conversant in the  
Platonick Philosophy,. . . originally a dissenting minister; . .  
. .  
Slang Villainy  
[To call generalizing "the Platonick Philosophy" was Slang;  
for a dissenting minister to preach it was Villainy.--D.V.E.]

TXTReyn-xxxviii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxviii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxviii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xxxviii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xxxviii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xxxviii; E639|

[P xxxviii footnotes 24 and 25] [On the painters' having obtained  
a royal charter; Reynolds is not named among the eight "principal  
artists" active in "this scheme"; William Chambers is credited  
with helpful "access" to the King.]  
[*Reynolds . . . thought . . . but Painters ?attention  
without xxx Reynolds Sir Wm Chambers . . . ?through*]

EDAnnReyn-xli; E639|  
EDAnnReyn-xli; E639|  
AnnReyn-xli; E639|  
AnnReyn-xli; E639|

[Pp xli-xlv, note 28: Malone scotching rumors that the  
Discourses were written by Johnson or Burke.]  
The Contradictions in Reynolds's Discourses are Strong  
Presumptions that they are the Work of Several Hands But this



AnnReyn-xli; E639|  
AnnReyn-xli; E639|  
AnnReyn-xli; E639|

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

TXTReyn-xlvii; E639|  
TXTReyn-xlvii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xlvii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xlvii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xlvii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xlvii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xlvii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xlvii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xlvii; E639|  
AnnReyn-xlvii; E639|

[P xlvii, Reynolds' eulogy of George Moser as "the FATHER of  
the present race of Artists".]  
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 Unfinishd  
Works of Art, Stay a little & I will shew you what you should  
Study. He then went & took down Le Bruns & Rubens's Galleries  
How I did secretly Rage. I also spoke my Mind [line cut away]  
I said to Moser, These things that you call Finishd are not  
Even Begun how can they then, be Finishd? The Man who does not  
know The Beginning, never can know the End of Art

TXTReyn-xlix; E639|  
TXTReyn-xlix; E639|  
TXTReyn-xlix; E639|  
AnnReyn-xlix; E639|

[P xlix, Reynolds on his own "merits and defects" ] I  
consoled myself..... by remarking that these ready inventors, are  
extremely apt to acquiesce *in imperfection*; . . .  
Villainy a Lie

TXTReyn-l; E639|  
TXTReyn-l; E639|  
TXTReyn-l; E639|  
AnnReyn-l; E639|

[P l] . . . Metastasio . . . complained of the great  
difficulty he found in attaining correctness, in consequence of  
having been in his youth an IMPROVVISATORE.  
I do not believe this Anecdote

TXTReyn-liii; E639|  
TXTReyn-liii; E639|  
TXTReyn-liii; E639|  
TXTReyn-liii; E639|  
AnnReyn-liii; E639|  
AnnReyn-liii; E639|  
AnnReyn-liii; E639|  
AnnReyn-liii; E639|  
AnnReyn-liii; E639|  
AnnReyn-liii; E639|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E639|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E639|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E639|

[P liii, from Reynolds' 11th Discourse] . . . the general  
effect of the whole. . . . requires the painter's entire mind;  
whereas the PARTS may be finishing by nice touches, while his  
mind is engaged on other matters: . . . indolence. . . .

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 Rembrandts & Rubenss & Reynolds's  
Effect.--For Real Effect. is Making out the Parts & it is Nothing  
Else but That

[P lvii, note 34, Malone on Reynolds' efforts to recover the  
secrets of the Venetian colourists] Our great painter . . . had  
undoubtedly attained a part of the ancient process used in the

TXTReyn-lvii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E640|  
TXTReyn-lvii; E640|

Venetian School; and by various methods of his own invention  
produced a similar, though perhaps not quite so brilliant an  
effect of colour.

AnnReyn-lviii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lviii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lviii; E640|

Oil Colours will not Do--

Why are we told that Reynolds is a Great Colourist & yet  
inferior to the Venetians <sup>†1475</sup>

TXTRReyn-lx; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lx; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lx; E640|  
AnnReyn-lx; E640|  
AnnReyn-lx; E640|

[P lx, note 36] A notion prevails . . . that in the  
MAJORITY of his works the colours have entirely faded . . . ; but  
[most] have preserved their original hue. . . .  
I do not think that the Change is so much in the Pictures as  
in the Opinions of the Public

TXTRReyn-lxx; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxx; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxx; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxx; E640|

[P lxx, note 38, quoting Dr Johnson in 1761] Reynolds is  
without a rival, and continues to add thousands to  
thousands.  
How much did Barry Get

TXTRReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxxii; E640|

[P lxxii, Malone, on the French plundering] . . . of the  
most celebrated works of the Flemish School in the Netherlands  
(for I will not gratify our English republicans by calling it  
BELGIUM). . . .  
[*why then gratify Flemish, Knaves & Fools*]

TXTRReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxii; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxxii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxxii; E640|

[P lxxii] . . . he . . . devoted several days to  
contemplating the productions of that great painter  
[Rubens].  
If Reynolds had Really admired Mich Angelo he never would  
have followd Rubens

TXTRReyn-lxxxiii; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxxiii; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxxiii; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxxiii; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxxxiii; E640|  
*AnnReyn-lxxxiii; E640/*

[P lxxxiii, note 48 on the Literary Club] The original  
members were, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Dr.  
Nugent, Mr. Langton, Mr. Antony Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, the  
Hon. Topham Beauclerk, and Dr. Goldsmith.  
[*Oliver Goldsmith ?never should have known such  
knaves*]

TXTRReyn-lxxxiv; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxxiv; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxxiv; E640|  
AnnReyn-lxxxiv; E640|

[P lxxxvi, Malone on Reynolds' sincerity] His ardent love of  
truth. . . . his strong antipathy to all false pretensions. . .  
.  
[*O Shame False*]

TXTRReyn-lxxxvii; E640|  
TXTRReyn-lxxxvii; E640|

[P lxxxvii, note 49] He had painted, as he once observed to  
me, TWO GENERATIONS of the beauties of England.

AnnReyn-lxxxvii; E640  AnnReyn-lxxxvii; E640  TXTReyn-lxxxix; E640  TXTReyn-lxxxix; E640  AnnReyn-lxxxix; E640  AnnReyn-lxxxix; E640	[ <i>God blasts Them As Though ?he ?were lost ?Eurydice</i> ] [P lxxxix, note 51, on Reynolds' deafness] When in company with only one person, he heard very well, . . . A Sly Dog So can Every body; but bring Two People & the Hearing is Stopped
TXTReyn-xc; E640  TXTReyn-xc; E640  AnnReyn-xc; E640  AnnReyn-xc; E640	[P xc, note 53 quoting Goldsmith's epitaph on Reynolds] Such Men as Goldsmith ought not to have been Acquainted with such Men as Reynolds
TXTReyn-xci; E640  AnnReyn-xci; E640  AnnReyn-xci; E640  AnnReyn-xci; E640  AnnReyn-xci; E640	s[P xci; Malone comparing Reynolds to Laelius] [ <i>Why should Laelius be considered Sir Joshuas Counterpart</i> ] [ <i>Who dares ?worship ?a ?man Whod have Driven you long Ago Insane</i> ]
TXTReyn-xcvi; E640  TXTReyn-xcvi; E640  AnnReyn-xcvi; E640  AnnReyn-xcvi; E640	[P xcvi, summing up: If Reynolds had been an orator, he would have resembled Laelius rather than Galba] He certainly would have been more like a Fool Than a Wise Man
TXTReyn-xcvii; E641  TXTReyn-xcvii; E641  TXTReyn-xcvii; E641  AnnReyn-xcvii; E641  AnnReyn-xcvii; E641  AnnReyn-xcvii; E641  AnnReyn-xcvii; E641	[PP xcvii-xcviii, note 54, Burke on Reynolds] 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 [ <i>As do Fools that adore Things &amp; ?ideas x x x of General Knowledge</i> ]
TXTReyn-xcviii; E641  TXTReyn-xcviii; E641  AnnReyn-xcviii; E641  AnnReyn-xcviii; E641	[PP xcviii-xcix] . . . during the greater part of his life, laboured as hard with his pencil, as any mechanick . . . . The Man who does not Labour more than the Hireling must be a poor Devil.
TXTReyn-ciii; E641  TXTReyn-ciii; E641  TXTReyn-ciii; E641  TXTReyn-ciii; E641  TXTReyn-ciii; E641  AnnReyn-ciii; E641	[P ciii] [Malone, praising Reynolds' endorsement of Burke's anti-revolutionary sagacity, applies Dryden--"They led their wild desires to woods and caves, / And thought that all but SAVAGES were slaves"--to those who would assimilate England "to the model of the FEROCIOUS and ENSLAVED Republick of France!"] When France got free Europe 'twixt Fools & Knaves

AnnReyn-ci; E641|

Were Savage first to France, & after; Slaves

TXTReyn-civ; E641|

TXTReyn-civ; E641|

TXTReyn-civ; E641|

TXTReyn-civ; E641|

TXTReyn-civ; E641|

TXTReyn-civ; E641|

AnnReyn-civ; E641|

AnnReyn-civ; E641|

TXTReyn-cix; E641|

TXTReyn-cix; E641|

AnnReyn-cix; E641|

AnnReyn-cix; E641|

AnnReyn-cix; E641|

AnnReyn-cix; E641|

[P civ, Malone on Reynolds' good fortune to have escaped the present era of sedition] . . . England is at present in an unparalleled state of wealth and prosperity. . . . These FACTS ought to be sounded from one end of England to the other, . . . a complete answer to all the SEDITIOUS DECLAMATIONS. . . . This Whole Book was Written to Serve Political Purposes [?First to Serve Nobility & Fashionable Taste & Sr. Joshua]

[P cix, on Reynolds' death Feb 23 1792, from "the inordinate growth" of his liver]

When Sr Joshua Reynolds died

All Nature was degraded;

The King dropd a tear into the Queens Ear;

And all his Pictures Faded.

TXTReyn-cxi; E641|

TXTReyn-cxi; E641|

AnnReyn-cxi; E641|

[P cxi, the Dukes, Marquisses, and other noblemen at Reynolds' funeral]

A Mock

TXTReyn-cxv; E641|

TXTReyn-cxv; E641|

AnnReyn-cxv; E641|

AnnReyn-cxv; E641|

[P cxv] To each of the gentlemen who attended . . . was presented a print engraved by Bartolozzi. . . . [Funeral granted to Sir Joshua for having destroyd Art However the (?gentlemen were rewarded) for standing Near]

TXTReyn-cxvi; E641|

TXTReyn-cxvi; E641|

AnnReyn-cxvi; E641|

AnnReyn-cxvi; E641|

[P cxvi, note 65: Reynolds' wish to have St Paul's decorated by paintings prevented by the Bishop of London]

[The Rascals who ?See Painting want to Destroy Art & Learning]

TXTReyn-cxx; E641|

TXTReyn-cxx; E641|

AnnReyn-cxx; E641|

AnnReyn-cxx; E641|

AnnReyn-cxx; E641|

AnnReyn-cxx; E641|

AnnReyn-cxx; E641|

AnnReyn-cxx; E641|

[P cxx, Burke on Reynolds] . . . one of the most memorable men of this time. <dag>

<dag>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 [line cut away] Such was Burkes Patronage of Art & Science

TXTReyn2; E642|

AnnReyn2; E642|

DISCOURSE I

[P 2, back of title]

AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|  
AnnReyn2; E642|

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 Michael Angelo for Qualities which Michael Angelo Abhorrd; & 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 Satan's. for the Depression of Art A Pretence of Art: To Destroy Art [3 or 4 erased lines follow]

TXTReyn3; E642|  
TXTReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|  
AnnReyn3; E642|

[P 3, beginning Reynolds' foreword "To The Members of The Royal Academy"]  
The Neglect of Fuselis 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 <?Patrons &> Employers [*Imbecility*] of Fools to be Execrated in future Ages. They Will & Shall Foolish Men Your own real Greatness depends on your Encouragement of the Arts & your Fall will depend on [*your*] <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

EDAnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|  
AnnReyn4; E642|

[P 4, misnumbered "[iv]", at end of foreword]  
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. [*Are there Artists who live upon Assassinations of other Men*] <sup>t1476</sup>  
<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>

EDAnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|  
AnnReyn5; E642|

[P 5]  
Reynoldss Opinion was that Genius May be Taught & that all Pretence to Inspiration is a Lie & a Deceit to say the least of it [*If the Inspiration is Great why Call it Madness*]



AnnReyn5; E642| <For if it is a Deceit the Whole Bible is Madness> This Opinion  
AnnReyn5; E642| originates in the Greeks Caling the Muses Daughters of Memory

TXTReyn5; E642| An Academy, in which the Polite Arts may be regularly  
TXTReyn5; E642| cultivated, . . .  
AnnReyn5; E642| <The Enquiry in England is not whether a Man has Talents.  
AnnReyn5; E642| &Genius? But whether he is Passive & Polite & a Virtuous Ass:  
AnnReyn5; E642| &obedient to Noblemens Opinions in Art & Science. If he is; he  
AnnReyn5; E642| is a Good Man: If Not he must be Starved>

TXTReyn7; E643| [P 7] There are, at this time, a greater number of excellent  
TXTReyn7; E643| artists than were ever known before at one period in this nation.  
TXTReyn7; E643| . . .  
AnnReyn7; E643| [*Artists . . . ?Heavens ?Fool the hxxx Pxxxx as*  
AnnReyn7; E643| *xxxxm*] <sup>*t1477*</sup>

TXTReyn7; E643| [P 7] . . . the wisdom and generosity of the Institution: .  
TXTReyn7; E643| . .  
AnnReyn7; E643| 3 Farthings [*xxxxx*] <sup>*t1478*</sup>

TXTReyn9; E643| [P 9] Raffaele . . . had not the advantage of studying in  
TXTReyn9; E643| an Academy; but all Rome, and the works of Michael Angelo in  
TXTReyn9; E643| particular, were to him, an Academy.  
AnnReyn9; E643| I do not believe that Rafael taught Mich. Angelo or that  
AnnReyn9; E643| Mich. Ang: taught Rafael., any more than I believe that the Rose  
AnnReyn9; E643| teaches the Lilly how to grow or the Apple tree teaches the  
AnnReyn9; E643| [*Pine tree to bear Fruit*] <Pear tree how to bear Fruit.>  
AnnReyn9; E643| I do not believe the tales of Anecdote writers when they militate  
AnnReyn9; E643| against Individual Character

TXTReyn9; E643| . . . the minute accidental discriminations of particular .  
TXTReyn9; E643| . .objects, . . .  
AnnReyn9; E643| Minute Discrimination is Not Accidental All Sublimity is  
AnnReyn9; E643| founded on Minute Discrimination

TXTReyn11; E643| [P 11] . . . models . . . for their imitation, not their  
TXTReyn11; E643| criticism.  
AnnReyn11; E643| <Imitation is Criticism>

TXTReyn13; E643| [P 13] A facility in composing,--a lively, and what is  
TXTReyn13; E643| called a masterly, handling of the chalk or pencil, are, it must



TXTReyn13; E643|  
TXTReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|  
AnnReyn13; E643|

be confessed, captivating qualities to young minds, and become of course the objects of their ambition.  
<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 [*an Eye*] <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 i.e. the Most Minutely Discriminating & Determinate> *t1479*

TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
AnnReyn14; E643|

[P 14] Whilst boys . . . they have taken the shadow for the substance; and make the mechanical felicity the chief excellence of the art, . . . *t1480*  
<Mechanical Excellence is the Only Vehicle of Genius>

TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
AnnReyn14; E643|

. . . pleased with this premature dexterity in their pupils,  
. . . praised their dispatch at the expence of their correctness.  
<This is all False & Self-Contradictory

TXTReyn14; E643|  
TXTReyn14; E643|  
AnnReyn14; E643|

. . . frivolous ambition of being thought masters of execution, . . .  
<Execution is the Chariot of Genius>

TXTReyn15; E643|  
TXTReyn15; E643|  
TXTReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|

[P 15] . . . youth . . . disgusted at the slow approaches. .  
. . labour is the only price of solid fame, . . . whatever their force of genius may be, . . .  
<This is All Self-Contradictory! Truth & Falshood jumbled Together>

TXTReyn15; E643|  
TXTReyn15; E643|  
TXTReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|  
AnnReyn15; E643|

When we read the lives of the most eminent Painters, every page informs us, that no part of their time was spent in dissipation.  
The Lives of Painters say that Rafael died of Dissipation  
Idleness is one Thing & Dissipation Another He who has Nothing to Dissipate Cannot Dissipate

TXTReyn15; E644|  
AnnReyn15; E644|

the Weak Man may be Virtuous Enough but will Never be an Artist  
[? *What painters have only been dissipated without*

AnnReyn15; E644|

wildness] <Painters are noted for being Dissipated & Wild.>

TXTReyn16; E644|

TXTReyn16; E644|

AnnReyn16; E644|

[P 16] . . . they then painted the picture,*and after  
all re-touched it from the life*  
<This is False>

TXTReyn16; E644|

TXTReyn16; E644|

TXTReyn16; E644|

AnnReyn16; E644|

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 out-line; . . .  
<Excellent>

TXTReyn17; E644|

TXTReyn17; E644|

TXTReyn17; E644|

AnnReyn17; E644|

AnnReyn17; E644|

[P 17] . . . a habit of drawing correctly what we see, will  
. . . give a proportionable power of drawing correctly what we  
imagine.  
<This is Admirably Said. Why does he not always allow as  
much>

TXTReyn18; E644|

TXTReyn18; E644|

AnnReyn18; E644|

[P 18] [Nice copying teaches] exactness and precision, . .  
.  
<Excellent>

TXTReyn; E644|

EDAnnReyn; E644|

AnnReyn22; E644|

AnnReyn22; E644|

AnnReyn22; E644|

AnnReyn22; E644|

AnnReyn22; E644|

## DISCOURSE II

[P 22, back of title]

<The Labourd Works of Journeymen employed 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 Bartollozzi or Woollett. They are  
Works of Manual Labour>

TXTReyn23; E644|

TXTReyn23; E644|

AnnReyn23; E644|

[P 23] MUCH COPYING DISCOURTENANCED . . . ARTISTS . .  
. SHOULD BE EMPLOYD IN LAYING UP MATERIALS. . . .  
<What is Laying up materials but Copying>

TXTReyn25; E644|

TXTReyn25; E644|

TXTReyn25; E644|

AnnReyn25; E644|

AnnReyn25; E644|

AnnReyn25; E644|

AnnReyn25; E644|

[P 25] . . . once enabled to express himself . . . he must .  
. . amass a stock of ideas . . . he is now to consider the Art  
itself as his master.  
After having been a Fool a Student is to amass a Stock of  
Ideas & [*then to be insolent in his Foolery*] <knowing  
himself to be a Fool he is to assume the Right to put other Mens  
Ideas into his Foolery>

TXTReyn26; E644|  
TXTReyn26; E644|  
TXTReyn26; E644|  
AnnReyn26; E644|  
AnnReyn26; E644|

[P 26]. . . he must still be afraid of trusting 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

TXTReyn28; E644|  
TXTReyn28; E644|  
TXTReyn28; E644|  
TXTReyn28; E644|  
AnnReyn28; E644|

[P 28] A Student unacquainted with the attempts [P 29] of former adventurers, is always apt to over-rate his own abilities; to mistake . . . every coast new to him, for a new-found country.  
<Contemptible Mocks>

TXTReyn29; E644|  
TXTReyn29; E644|  
TXTReyn29; E644|  
AnnReyn29; E644|  
AnnReyn29; E644|  
AnnReyn29; E644|

[P 29] The productions of such minds . . . differ . . . from their predecessors . . . 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>

TXTReyn30; E644|  
TXTReyn30; E644|  
TXTReyn30; E644|  
AnnReyn30; E644|  
AnnReyn30; E644|

[P 30] On whom then can [the student] rely . . . ? . . . those great masters who have travelled the same road with success. . . .  
[*This is Encouragement for Artists* . . . (about 4 illegible words) . . . *to those who are born for it*]

TXTReyn32; E645|  
TXTReyn32; E645|  
AnnReyn32; E645|  
AnnReyn32; E645|  
AnnReyn32; E645|  
AnnReyn32; E645|  
AnnReyn32; E645|  
AnnReyn32; E645|

[P 32] How incapable those . . . who have spent much of their time in making finished copies. . . .  
This is most False <for no one can ever Design till he has learned the Language of Art by making many Finished 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>

TXTReyn33; E645|  
TXTReyn33; E645|  
AnnReyn33; E645|

[P 33] The great use in copying, if it be at all useful, should seem to be in learning to colour; . . .  
<Contemptible>

TXTReyn33; E645|  
TXTReyn33; E645|  
AnnReyn33; E645|

. . . yet even colouring will never be perfectly attained by servilely copying the model before you.  
<Servile Copying is the Great Merit of Copying>

TXTReyn34; E645	[P 34] . . . you cannot do better than have recourse to
TXTReyn34; E645	nature herself, who is always at hand . . . .
TXTReyn34; E645	<Nonsense--Every Eye Sees differently As the Eye--Such the
TXTReyn34; E645	Object>
TXTReyn35; E645	[P 35] Labour to invent on their general principles. . . .
TXTReyn35; E645	how a Michael Angelo or a Raffaele would have treated this
TXTReyn35; E645	subject: . . .
AnnReyn35; E645	<General Principle[s] Again! Unless. You Consult.
AnnReyn35; E645	Particulars. You Cannot. even Know or See Mich: Ang. or Rafael or
AnnReyn35; E645	any Thing Else>
TXTReyn35; E645	But as mere enthusiasm will carry you but a little way. . .
TXTReyn35; E645	.
AnnReyn35; E645	[ <i>Damn The Fool</i> ]
AnnReyn35; E645	Meer Enthusiasm is the All in All!-- Bacons Philosophy has
AnnReyn35; E645	Ruind England <Bacon is only Epicurus over again>
TXTReyn36; E645	[P 36] . . . enter into a kind of competition, by . . .
TXTReyn36; E645	making a companion to any picture that you consider as a model. .
TXTReyn36; E645	. . and compare them . . . .
AnnReyn36; E645	[ <i>What but a Puppy will dare to do this</i> ]
TXTReyn36; E645	. . . a severe and mortifying task, . . .
AnnReyn36; E645	[ <i>?Why, should ?comparing</i> [or <i>?copying</i> ]
AnnReyn36; E645	<i>Great Masters</i> [be done] <i>Painfully</i> ]
TXTReyn37; E645	[P 37] [To compare one's work with a Great Master's]
TXTReyn37; E645	requires not only great resolution, but great humility.
AnnReyn37; E645	[ <i>Who will or Can ?endure ?such Humiliation (?either ?he</i>
AnnReyn37; E645	<i>?is) dishonest ?or he is ?Insane</i> ]
TXTReyn37; E645	Few have been taught to any purpose, who have not been their
TXTReyn37; E645	own teachers.
AnnReyn37; E645	True!
TXTReyn38; E645	[P 38] . . . to choose . . . models, . . . take the world's
TXTReyn38; E645	opinion rather than your own.
AnnReyn38; E645	[ <i>Fools opinions &amp; Endeavours destroy Invention!</i> ]

TXTReyn40; E645|  
TXTReyn40; E645|  
AnnReyn40; E645|

[P 40] A facility of drawing . . . cannot be acquired but  
by an infinite number of acts.  
True

TXTReyn41; E645|  
TXTReyn41; E645|  
AnnReyn41; E645|

[P 41] . . . endeavour to draw the figure by memory. [And  
persevere] in this custom, . . . .  
Good Advice

TXTReyn41; E646|  
TXTReyn41; E646|  
AnnReyn41; E646|

. . . remember, that the pencil [i.e. paint brush] is the  
instrument by which . . . to obtain eminence  
<Nonsense>

TXTReyn42; E646|  
TXTReyn42; E646|  
AnnReyn42; E646|

[P 42 ] The Venetian and Flemish schools, which owe much of  
their fame to colouring, . . .  
<because they could not Draw>

TXTReyn43; E646|  
TXTReyn43; E646|  
TXTReyn43; E646|  
AnnReyn43; E646|  
AnnReyn43; E646|

[P 43] [Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, the Bassans] Their  
sketches on paper are as rude as their pictures are excellent in  
. . .harmony of colouring.  
<All the Pictures said to be by these Men are the Laboured  
fabrication of journey-work>

TXTReyn43; E646|  
TXTReyn43; E646|  
AnnReyn43; E646|

. . . finished drawings . . . sold under [their] names . . .  
are [copies]  
<They could not Draw>

TXTReyn47; E646|  
TXTReyn47; E646|  
TXTReyn47; E646|  
TXTReyn47; E646|  
AnnReyn47; E646|

[P 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 his monsters, with  
difficulty and pain.  
A Stroke at Mortimer

TXTReyn48; E646|  
TXTReyn48; E646|  
TXTReyn48; E646|  
AnnReyn48; E646|  
AnnReyn48; E646|  
AnnReyn48; E646|  
AnnReyn48; E646|  
AnnReyn48; E646|  
AnnReyn48; E646|

[P 48] [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

AnnReyn48; E646|  
AnnReyn48; E646|  
AnnReyn48; E646|

out of the Forms  
I say These Principles could never be found out by the Study  
of Nature without Con or Innate Science

TXTReyn49; E646|  
EDAnnReyn50; E646|  
AnnReyn50; E646|  
AnnReyn50; E646|  
AnnReyn50; E646|  
AnnReyn50; E646|  
AnnReyn50; E646|  
AnnReyn50; E646|  
AnnReyn50; E646|  
AnnReyn50; E646|  
AnnReyn50; E646|

DISCOURSE III  
[P 50, back of title]  
<A Work of Genius is a Work "Not to be obtained by the  
Invocation of Memory & her Syren Daughters. but by Devout prayer  
to that Eternal Spirit. who can enrich with all utterance &  
knowledge & sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his  
Altar to touch & purify the lips of whom he pleases." Milton  
<The following [*Lecture*] <Discourse> is  
particularly Interesting to Blockheads. 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>

TXTReyn52; E646|  
TXTReyn52; E646|  
TXTReyn52; E646|  
TXTReyn52; E646|  
AnnReyn52; E646|  
AnnReyn52; E646|

[P 52] . . . the genuine painter . . . instead of  
endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his  
imitations, must endeavour to improve [P 53] 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

TXTReyn54; E646|  
TXTReyn54; E646|  
TXTReyn54; E646|  
TXTReyn54; E646|

[P 54] The Moderns are not less convinced than the Ancients  
of this superior power [i.e. something beyond mere imitation]  
existing in the art; nor less sensible of its effects.  
<I wish that this was True>

TXTReyn55; E647|  
AnnReyn55; E647|

[P 55, an introductory remark by Blake:]  
Now he begins to Degrade [&] to Deny [destroy] & <to> Mock

TXTReyn55; E647|  
TXTReyn55; E647|  
AnnReyn55; E647|  
AnnReyn55; E647|

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

TXTReyn55; E647|  
TXTReyn55; E647|  
AnnReyn55; E647|  
AnnReyn55; E647|

. . . enthusiastick admiration seldom promotes  
knowledge.  
Enthusiastic Admiration is the first Principle of Knowledge  
& its last



TXTReyn55; E647	<i>He examines his</i> own mind, and perceives there
TXTReyn55; E647	nothing of . . .divine inspiration, . . .
AnnReyn55; E647	The Man who on Examining his own Mind finds nothing of
AnnReyn55; E647	Inspiration ought not to dare to be an Artist he is a Fool. & a
AnnReyn55; E647	Cunning Knave suited to the Purposes of Evil Demons
TXTReyn56; E647	[P 56] [He never] travelled to heaven to gather new ideas; . . .
AnnReyn56; E647	The Man who never in his Mind & Thoughts traveld to Heaven
AnnReyn56; E647	Is No Artist
TXTReyn56; E647	. . . no other qualifications than what . . . a plain
TXTReyn56; E647	understanding can confer.
AnnReyn56; E647	Artists who are above a plain Understanding are Mockd
AnnReyn56; E647	& Destroyd by this President of Fools
TXTReyn56; E647	. . . figurative declamation [makes art seem] out of the
TXTReyn56; E647	reach of human industry. But . . . we ought to distinguish how
TXTReyn56; E647	much is to be given to enthusiasm, and how much to reason . . .
TXTReyn56; E647	not . . . vague admiration, . . .
AnnReyn56; E647	It is Evident that Reynolds Wisd none but Fools to be in
AnnReyn56; E647	the Arts & in order to this, he calls all others Vague
AnnReyn56; E647	Enthusiasts or Madmen
AnnReyn56; E647	<What has Reasoning to do with the Art of Painting?>
TXTReyn57; E647	[P 57] Could we teach taste or genius by rules, they would
TXTReyn57; E647	be no longer taste and genius.
AnnReyn57; E647	[ <i>This must be how Liars Reason</i> ]
TXTReyn57; E647	. . . most people err . . . from not knowing what object to
TXTReyn57; E647	pursue.
AnnReyn57; E647	The Man who does not know what Object to Pursue is an Idiot
TXTReyn57; E647	This great ideal perfection and beauty are not to be sought
TXTReyn57; E647	in the heavens, but upon the earth.
AnnReyn57; E647	A Lie
TXTReyn57; E647	They are about us, and upon every side of us.
AnnReyn57; E647	A Lie
TXTReyn57; E647	But the power of discovering . . . can be acquired only by

TXTReyn57; E647|  
AnnReyn57; E647|

experience; . . .  
A Lie

TXTReyn58; E647|  
TXTReyn58; E647|  
AnnReyn58; E647|  
AnnReyn58; E647|  
AnnReyn58; E647|

[P 58] . . . art [must] get above all singular forms, local  
customs, particularities, and details of every kind.  
A Folly  
Singular & Particular Detail is the Foundation of the  
Sublime

TXTReyn58; E647|  
TXTReyn58; E647|  
AnnReyn58; E647|

The most beautiful forms have something about them like  
weakness, minuteness, or imperfection.  
Minuteness is their whole Beauty

TXTReyn59; E648|  
TXTReyn59; E648|  
TXTReyn59; E648|  
AnnReyn59; E648|  
AnnReyn59; E648|  
AnnReyn59; E648|  
AnnReyn59; E648|  
AnnReyn59; E648|

[P 59] This idea [acquired by habit of observing] . . .  
which the Artist calls the Ideal Beauty, is the great leading  
principle. . . .  
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>

TXTReyn60; E648|  
TXTReyn60; E648|  
AnnReyn60; E648|  
AnnReyn60; E648|

[P 60] . . . 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

TXTReyn60; E648|  
TXTReyn60; E648|  
TXTReyn60; E648|  
AnnReyn60; E648|  
AnnReyn60; E648|

. . . the ancient sculptors . . . being indefatigable in  
the school of nature, have left models of that perfect form. . .  
.  
All Forms are Perfect in the Poets Mind. but these are not  
Abstracted nor Compounded from Nature <but are from Imagination>

TXTReyn61; E648|  
TXTReyn61; E648|  
TXTReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|  
AnnReyn61; E648|

[P 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 Calld I call him the Little Bacon *t1481*  
says that Every Thing must be done by Experiment his first  
princip[le] is Unbelief And Yet here he says that Art must be  
producd Without such Method. He is Like S<sup>r</sup> Joshu[a] full of  
Self-Contradiction & Knavery

TXTReyn61; E648	There is a rule, obtained out of general nature. . . .
AnnReyn61; E648	What is General Nature is there Such a Thing
AnnReyn61; E648	what is General Knowledge is there such a Thing
AnnReyn61; E648	[ <i>Strictly Speaking</i> ] All Knowledge is Particular
TXTReyn62; E648	[P 62] . . . it may be objected, that in every particular
TXTReyn62; E648	species there are various central forms . . . .
AnnReyn62; E648	Here he loses sight of A Central Form. & Gets into Many
AnnReyn62; E648	Central Forms
TXTReyn63; E648	[P 63] . . . still none of them is the representation of an
TXTReyn63; E648	individual, but of a class.
AnnReyn63; E648	Every Class is Individual
TXTReyn63; E648	. . . . in each of these classes. . . . childhood and age.
TXTReyn63; E648	. . there is a common form. . . .
AnnReyn63; E648	There is no End to the Follies of this Man Childhood &
AnnReyn63; E648	Age are Equally, belonging to Every Class
TXTReyn63; E648	. . . that form which is taken from them all, and which
TXTReyn63; E648	partakes equally of the activity of the Gladiator, of the
TXTReyn63; E648	delicacy of the Apollo, and. . . .
AnnReyn63; E648	Here he comes again to his Central Form
TXTReyn64; E648	[P 64] There is . . . a kind of symmetry, or proportion,
TXTReyn64; E648	which may properly be said to belong to deformity. A figure lean
TXTReyn64; E648	or corpulent . . . though deviating from beauty. . . .
AnnReyn64; E648	The Symmetry of Deformity is a Pretty Foolery
AnnReyn64; E648	Can any Man who Thinks. [ <i>argue</i> ] <Talk> so? Leanness
AnnReyn64; E648	or Fatness is not Deformity. but Reynolds thought Character
AnnReyn64; E648	Itself Extravagance & Deformity
AnnReyn64; E648	Age & Youth are not Classes but [ <i>Accidents</i> ]
AnnReyn64; E648	[< <i>Situations</i> >] <Properties> of Each Class so are
AnnReyn64; E648	Leanness & Fatness
TXTReyn65; E649	[P 65] . . . when [the Artist] has reduced the variety of
TXTReyn65; E649	nature to the abstract idea;
AnnReyn65; E649	What Folly
TXTReyn65; E649	his next task will be to become acquainted with the genuine

TXTReyn65; E649|  
AnnReyn65; E649|  
AnnReyn65; E649|

habits of nature, as distinguished from those of fashion.  
[*Is Fashion the concern of Artists The Knave Calls any  
thing found in Nature* <sup>t1482</sup> *fit for Art*]

TXTReyn67; E649|  
TXTReyn67; E649|  
TXTReyn67; E649|  
AnnReyn67; E649|  
AnnReyn67; E649|

[P 67] . . . [the painter] must divest himself of all  
prejudices . . . disregard all local and temporary ornaments, and  
look only on those general habits. . . .  
Generalizing in Every thing the Man would soon be a Fool but  
a Cunning Fool

TXTReyn71; E649|  
TXTReyn71; E649|  
TXTReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|

[P 71] . . . a wrong direction . . . without ever knowing  
there was a nobler to pursue. Albert Durer, as Vasari has  
justly remarked,  
[*Albert Durer would never have got his Manners from the  
Nobility*] <sup>t1483</sup>

TXTReyn71; E649|  
TXTReyn71; E649|  
TXTReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|  
AnnReyn71; E649|

would, probably, have been one of the first painters of his  
age, (and he lived in all era of great artists,) had he been  
initiated into those great principles. . . .  
What does this mean "*Would have been*" *one of the first  
Painters of his Age? Albert Durer IsNot* 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

TXTReyn74; E649|  
TXTReyn74; E649|  
TXTReyn74; E649|  
AnnReyn74; E649|

[P 74] I [do not mean] to countenance a careless or  
indetermined manner of painting. For though the painter is to  
overlook the accidental discriminations of nature,  
Here he is for Determinate & yet for Indeterminate

TXTReyn74; E649|  
TXTReyn74; E649|  
AnnReyn74; E649|  
AnnReyn74; E649|

he is to exhibit [general forms] distinctly, and with  
precision, . . .  
Distinct General Form Cannot Exist Distinctness is  
Particular Not General

TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
TXTReyn75; E649|  
AnnReyn75; E649|  
AnnReyn75; E649|

[P 75] A firm and determined outline is one of the  
characteristics of the great style in painting; and . . . 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

TXTReyn75; E649| . . . I have endeavoured to reduce the idea of beauty to  
TXTReyn75; E649| general principles: . . . the only means of advancing science; of  
TXTReyn75; E649| clearing the mind . . .  
AnnReyn75; E649| [*Sir Joshua Proves that*] Bacons Philosophy makes  
AnnReyn75; E649| both Statesmen & Artists Fools & Knaves

TXTReyn77; E649| DISCOURSE IV

EDAnnReyn78; E649| [P 78, back of title]  
AnnReyn78; E649| The <Two> Following Discourse<s> [*is*] <are>  
AnnReyn78; E649| Particularly Calculated for the Setting Ignorant & Vulgar Artists  
AnnReyn78; E649| as Models of Execution in Art. Let him who will, follow such  
AnnReyn78; E649| advice I will not. I know that The Mans Execution is as his  
AnnReyn78; E649| Conception & No better

TXTReyn79; E649| [P 79] The value and rank of every art is in proportion to  
TXTReyn79; E649| the mental labour employed in it, or the mental pleasure produced  
TXTReyn79; E649| by it.  
AnnReyn79; E649| Why does he not always allow This

TXTReyn80; E650| [P 80] [The principle of] leaving out particularities, and  
TXTReyn80; E650| retaining only general ideas . . . extends itself to every part  
TXTReyn80; E650| of the Art. . . .  
AnnReyn80; E650| General Ideas <again>

TXTReyn80; E650| Invention in Painting does not imply the invention of the  
TXTReyn80; E650| subject; for that is commonly supplied by the Poet or  
TXTReyn80; E650| Historian.  
AnnReyn80; E650| All but Names of Persons & Places is Invention both in  
AnnReyn80; E650| Poetry & Painting

TXTReyn82; E650| [P 82] . . . the . . . most dangerous error is on the side  
TXTReyn82; E650| of minuteness; . . .  
AnnReyn82; E650| <Here is Nonsense!>

TXTReyn83; E650| [P 83] All smaller things, however perfect in their way, are  
TXTReyn83; E650| to be sacrificed without mercy to the greater.  
AnnReyn83; E650| <Sacrifice the Parts. What becomes of the Whole>

TXTReyn83; E650	Even in portraits, the grace, and . . . the likeness,
TXTReyn83; E650	consists more in taking the general air, than in observing the
TXTReyn83; E650	exact similitude of every feature.
AnnReyn83; E650	How Ignorant
TXTReyn86; E650	[P 86] A painter of portraits retains the individual
TXTReyn86; E650	likeness; a painter of history shews the man by shewing his
TXTReyn86; E650	actions.
AnnReyn86; E650	<If he does not shew the Man as well as the Action he is a
AnnReyn86; E650	poor Artist>
TXTReyn87; E650	[P 87] . . . be well studied in the analysis of those
TXTReyn87; E650	circumstances, which constitute dignity of appearance in real
TXTReyn87; E650	life.
AnnReyn87; E650	<Here he allows an Analysis of Circumstances>
TXTReyn87; E650	Those expressions alone should be given to the figures which
TXTReyn87; E650	their respective situations generally produce.
AnnReyn87; E650	[ <i>Nonsense</i> ]
TXTReyn89; E650	[P 89] . . . the distinct blue, red, and yellow . . . in the
TXTReyn89; E650	draperies of the Roman and Florentine schools . . . effect of
TXTReyn89; E650	grandeur. . . . Perhaps these distinct colours strike the mind
TXTReyn89; E650	more forcibly, from there not being any great union between them;
TXTReyn89; E650	. . .
AnnReyn89; E650	These are Fine & just Notions Why does he not always allow
AnnReyn89; E650	as much
TXTReyn90; E650	[P 90] . . . the historical Painter never enters into the
TXTReyn90; E650	detail of colours [nor] does he debase his conceptions with
TXTReyn90; E650	minute attention to the discriminations of Drapery.
AnnReyn90; E650	Excellent Remarks
TXTReyn90; E650	Carlo Maratti [thought] that the disposition of drapery was
TXTReyn90; E650	a more difficult art than even that of drawing the human figure;
TXTReyn90; E650	. . .
AnnReyn90; E650	I do not believe that Carlo Maratti thought so or that any
AnnReyn90; E650	body can think so. the Drapery is formed alone by the Shape of
AnnReyn90; E650	the Naked
EDAnnReyn90; E650	[next word cut away in binding]



TXTReyn92; E650	[P 92] . . . the Venetians . . . accomplished perfectly tile thing they attempted. But as mere elegance is their principal object, . . . They accomplis'd Nothing <As to Elegance they have not a Spark>
TXTReyn92; E650	
TXTReyn92; E650	
AnnReyn92; E650	
AnnReyn92; E650	
TXTReyn93; E650	[P 93] To this question [why Veronese had put his principal figure in shade-Reynolds answers that he was] an ornamental Painter [whose] intention was solely to produce an effect of light and shadow; . . . This is not a Satisfactory Answer To produce an Effect of True Light & Shadow [ <i>Nothing must be sacrificd</i>  <i>Light &amp; Shadow depends on Distinctness of Form</i> ] <is Necessary to the Ornamental Style-- which altogether depends on Distinctness of Form. The Venetian ought not to be call'd the Ornamental Style>
TXTReyn93; E650	
TXTReyn93; E650	
TXTReyn93; E650	
AnnReyn93; E650	
AnnReyn93; E650	
AnnReyn93; E650	
AnnReyn93; E651	
AnnReyn93; E651	
AnnReyn93; E651	
AnnReyn93; E651	
TXTReyn94; E651	[P 94] 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>
TXTReyn94; E651	
AnnReyn94; E651	
AnnReyn94; E651	
AnnReyn94; E651	
AnnReyn94; E651	
AnnReyn94; E651	
TXTReyn95; E651	[P 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
TXTReyn95; E651	
TXTReyn95; E651	
TXTReyn95; E651	
AnnReyn95; E651	
AnnReyn95; E651	
AnnReyn95; E651	
TXTReyn97; E651	[P 97] And though in [colouring] the Venetians must be allowed extraordinary skill, yet even that skill, as they have employed it, will but ill correspond with the great style. <Somebody Else wrote this page for Reynolds I think that Barry or Fuseli wrote it or [ <i>said</i> ] <dictated> it>
TXTReyn97; E651	
TXTReyn97; E651	
AnnReyn97; E651	
AnnReyn97; E651	
TXTReyn98; E651	[P 98] . . . Michael Angelo [thought] that the principal attention of the Venetian painters [was to] the study of
TXTReyn98; E651	

TXTReyn98; E651	colours, to the neglect of the IDEAL BEAUTY OF FORM,. . . .
AnnReyn98; E651	Venetian Attention is to a Contempt & Neglect of Form Itself
AnnReyn98; E651	& to the Destruction of all Form or Outline <Purposely &
AnnReyn98; E651	Intentionally>
TXTReyn98; E651	But if general censure was given to that school from the
TXTReyn98; E651	sight of a picture of Titian. . . .
AnnReyn98; E651	As if Mich. Ang. had seen but One Picture of Titians
AnnReyn98; E651	Mich. Ang. Knew & Despised all that Titian could do
AnnReyn98; E651	<On the Venetian Painter
AnnReyn98; E651	He makes the Lame to walk we all agree
AnnReyn98; E651	But then he strives to blind those who can see. >
TXTReyn99; E651	[P 99]
AnnReyn99; E651	<If the Venetians Outline was Right his Shadows would
AnnReyn99; E651	destroy it & deform its appearance
AnnReyn99; E651	A Pair of Stays to mend the Shape
AnnReyn99; E651	Of crooked Humpy Woman:
AnnReyn99; E651	Put on O Venus! now thou art,
AnnReyn99; E651	Quite a Venetian Roman.>
TXTReyn100; E651	[P 100] . . . there is a sort of senatorial dignity about
TXTReyn100; E651	[Titian] . . .
AnnReyn100; E651	<Titian as well as the other Venetians so far from
AnnReyn100; E651	Senatorial Dignity appears to me to give always the Characters of
AnnReyn100; E651	Vulgar Stupidity>
AnnReyn100; E651	Why should Titian & The Venetians be Named in a discourse on
AnnReyn100; E651	Art
AnnReyn100; E651	Such Idiots are not Artists
AnnReyn100; E651	<Venetian; all thy Colouring is no more
AnnReyn100; E651	Than Boulsterd Plasters on a Crooked Whore.>
TXTReyn101; E652	[P 101] The Venetian is indeed the most splendid of the
TXTReyn101; E652	schools of elegance; . . .
AnnReyn101; E652	<Vulgarity & not Elegance--The Word Elegance ought to be
AnnReyn101; E652	applied to Forms. not to Colours>
TXTReyn102; E652	[P 102] . . . elaborate harmony Of colouring, a brilliancy
TXTReyn102; E652	of tints, a soft and gradual transition from one to another, . .
TXTReyn102; E652	.
AnnReyn102; E652	<Broken Colours & Broken Lines & Broken Masses are Equally
AnnReyn102; E652	Subversive of the Sublime>

TXTReyn102; E652|  
TXTReyn102; E652|  
AnnReyn102; E652|

Such excellence . . . is weak . . . when the work aspires to  
grandeur and sublimity.  
Well Said <Enough>

TXTReyn103; E652|  
TXTReyn103; E652|  
AnnReyn103; E652|  
AnnReyn103; E652|

[P 103] But it must be allowed in favour of the Venetians,  
that [Rubens] was more gross than they. . . .  
<How can that be calld the Ornamental Style of which Gross  
Vulgarity forms the Principal Excellence>

TXTReyn104; E652|  
TXTReyn104; E652|  
TXTReyn104; E652|  
AnnReyn104; E652|

[P 104] Some inferior dexterity, some extraordinary  
mechanical power is apparently that from which [the Dutch school]  
seek distinction.  
<The Words Mechanical Power should not be thus Prostituted>

TXTReyn106; E652|  
TXTReyn106; E652|  
AnnReyn106; E652|  
AnnReyn106; E652|

[P 106] An History-painter paints mall in general; a  
Portrait- painter, a particular man,  
A History Painter Paints The Hero, & not Man in General.  
but most minutely in Particular

TXTReyn109; E652|  
TXTReyn109; E652|  
AnnReyn109; E652|  
AnnReyn109; E652|

[P 109] Thus . . . a portrait-painter leaves out all the  
minute breaks and peculiarities in the face. . . .  
Folly! Of what consequence is it to the Arts what a  
Portrait Painter does

TXTReyn110; E652|  
TXTReyn110; E652|  
AnnReyn110; E652|

[P 110] . . . the composite style, . . . Correggio. . . .  
modern grace and elegance, . .  
There is No Such <a> Thing as A Composite Style

TXTReyn111; E652|  
TXTReyn111; E652|  
AnnReyn111; E652|

[P 111] The errors of genius, however, are pardonable. . .  
.  
<Genius has no Error it is Ignorance that is Error>

TXTReyn112; E652|  
TXTReyn112; E652|  
TXTReyn112; E652|  
AnnReyn112; E652|

[P 112] On the whole . . . one presiding principle. . . .  
The works . . . built upon general nature, live for ever; . .  
<All Equivocation & Self-Contradiction>

TXTReyn114; E652|

DISCOURSE V

TXTReyn114; E652| [114, back of title]  
AnnReyn114; E652| Gainsborough told a Gentleman of Rank & Fortune that the  
AnnReyn114; E652| Worst Painters always chose the Grandest Subjects. I desired the  
AnnReyn114; E652| Gentleman to Set Gainsborough about one of Rafaels Grandest  
AnnReyn114; E652| Subjects Namely Christ delivering the Keys to St Peter. & he  
AnnReyn114; E652| would find that in Gainsboroughs hands it would be a Vulgar  
AnnReyn114; E652| Subject of Poor Fishermen & a Journeyman Carpenter  
AnnReyn114; E652| The following Discourse is written with the same End in  
AnnReyn114; E652| View. that Gainsborough had in making the Above assertion Namely  
AnnReyn114; E652| To Represent Vulgar Artists as the Models of Executive Merit

TXTReyn116; E652| [P 116] That which is most worthy of esteem in its allotted  
TXTReyn116; E652| sphere, becomes an object . . . of derision, when it is forced  
TXTReyn116; E652| into a higher, to which it is not suited; . . .  
AnnReyn116; E652| Concessions to Truth for the sake of Oversetting Truth

TXTReyn116; E653| . . . keep your principal attention fixed upon the higher  
TXTReyn116; E653| excellencies. . . . you may be very imperfect; but still, you are  
TXTReyn116; E653| an imperfect artist of the highest order.  
AnnReyn116; E653| [*Caesar said hed rather be the (first in) a Village*  
AnnReyn116; E653| (*than) second in Rome was not Caesar(a) Dutch Painter*] <sup>11484</sup>

TXTReyn117; E653| [P 117-118] . . . to preserve the most perfect beauty IN ITS  
TXTReyn117; E653| MOST PERFECT STATE, you cannot express the passions, all of which  
TXTReyn117; E653| produce distortion and deformity, more or less, in the most  
TXTReyn117; E653| beautiful faces.  
AnnReyn117; E653| What Nonsense  
AnnReyn117; E653| Passion & Expression is Beauty Itself--The Face that is  
AnnReyn117; E653| Incapable of Passion & Expression is Deformity Itself Let it be  
AnnReyn117; E653| Painted <& Patchd> & Praised & Advertised for Ever <it will only  
AnnReyn117; E653| be admired by Fools>

TXTReyn119; E653| [P 119] . . . pictures of Raffaele, where the Criticks have  
TXTReyn119; E653| described their own imaginations;  
AnnReyn119; E653| If Reynolds could not see. variety of Character in Rafael  
AnnReyn119; E653| Others Can

TXTReyn119; E653| We can easily . . . suppose a Jupiter to be possessed of all  
TXTReyn119; E653| . . . powers and perfections. Yet [in art the ancients] confined  
TXTReyn119; E653| his character to majesty alone.  
AnnReyn119; E653| False  
AnnReyn119; E653| The Ancients were chiefly attentive to Complicated & Minute

AnnReyn119; E653|

Discrimination of Character it is the Whole of Art

TXTReyn119; E653|

Pliny . . . wrong when he speaks of . . . [P 120] three  
different characters [in one statue].

TXTReyn119; E653|

Reynolds cannot bear Expression

AnnReyn119; E653|

TXTReyn119; E653|

A statue in which you endeavour to unite . . . dignity . . .  
elegance . . . valour, must surely possess none of these. . .  
.

TXTReyn119; E653|

Why not? <O Poverty!>

TXTReyn119; E653|

AnnReyn119; E653|

TXTReyn119; E653|

The summit of excellence seems to be an assemblage of  
contrary qualities, . . . such . . . that no one part is found to  
counteract the other.

TXTReyn119; E653|

A Fine Jumble

TXTReyn119; E653|

AnnReyn119; E653|

TXTReyn121; E653|

[P 121] If any man shall be master of . . . highest . . .  
lowest, flights of art, . . . he is fitter to give example than  
to receive instruction.

TXTReyn121; E653|

<Mocks>

AnnReyn121; E653|

TXTReyn123; E653|

[P 123] . . . FRESCO, a mode of painting which excludes  
attention to minute elegancies: . . .

TXTReyn123; E653|

This is False

AnnReyn123; E653|

Fresco Painting is the Most Minute

AnnReyn123; E653|

<Fresco Painting is Like Miniature Painting; a Wall is a  
Large Ivory>

AnnReyn123; E653|

AnnReyn123; E653|

TXTReyn124; E653|

[P 124] Raffaelle . . . foremost [for] his excellence in the  
higher parts. . . His easel-works . . . lower . . . never  
arrived at . . . perfection. . . .

TXTReyn124; E653|

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

TXTReyn124; E653|

AnnReyn124; E653|

AnnReyn124; E653|

AnnReyn124; E653|

AnnReyn124; E653|

TXTReyn125; E653|

[P 125] When he painted in oil, his hand seemed to be so  
cramped and confined, . . .

TXTReyn125; E653|

Rafael did as he Pleased. He who does not admire Rafaels  
Execution does not Even See Rafael

AnnReyn125; E653|

AnnReyn125; E653|

TXTReyn125; E654|  
AnnReyn125; E654|

I have no desire to degrade Raffaele from the high rank. . .  
A Lie

TXTReyn126; E654|  
TXTReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|

[P 126] . . . Michael Angelo . . . did not possess so many  
excellencies as Raffaele, but. . . .  
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

TXTReyn126; E654|  
TXTReyn126; E654|  
TXTReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|

He never attempted those lesser elegancies and graces in the  
art. Vasari says, he never painted but one picture in oil, and  
resolved never to paint another.  
Damnd Fool *t1485*

TXTReyn126; E654|  
TXTReyn126; E654|  
AnnReyn126; E654|

If any man had a right to look down . . . it was certainly  
Michael Angelo; . . .  
O. Yes!

TXTReyn127; E654|  
TXTReyn127; E654|  
TXTReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|  
AnnReyn127; E654|

[P 127] . . . together with these [graces and  
embellishments], which we wish he had more attended to, he has  
rejected all the false . . . ornaments, . . .  
Here is another Contradiction If. Mich Ang. Neglected any  
thing. that <Titian or> Veronese did: He Rejected it. for Good  
Reasons. S<sup>r</sup> 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

TXTReyn128; E654|  
TXTReyn128; E654|  
AnnReyn128; E654|

[P 128] . . . Raffaele had more Taste and Fancy, Michael  
Angelo more Genius and imagination.  
<What Nonsense>

TXTReyn129; E654|  
TXTReyn129; E654|  
TXTReyn129; E654|  
AnnReyn129; E654|  
AnnReyn129; E654|  
AnnReyn129; E654|

[P 129] [Michael Angelo] never needed . . . help. [Raffaele  
had] propriety, beauty, and majesty . . . judicious contrivance .  
. . correctness of Drawing, purity of Taste, . . .  
If all this is True Why does not Reynolds recommend The  
Study of Rafael & Mich: Angelos Execution at page 97 he allows  
that the Venetian Style will Ill correspond with the Great Style



TXTReyn131; E654|  
TXTReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|

[P 131] Such is the great style, . . . [in it] search after  
novelty . . . has no place.  
<The Great Style is always Novel or New in all its  
Operations>

TXTReyn131; E654|  
TXTReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|  
AnnReyn131; E654|

But there is another style . . . inferior. . . . the  
original or characteristical style, . . .  
<Original & Characteristical are the Two Grand Merits of the  
Great Style Why should these words be applied to such a Wretch  
as Salvator Rosa>

TXTReyn132; E654|  
TXTReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|  
AnnReyn132; E654|

[P 132] . . . Salvator Rosa. . . . a peculiar cast of nature  
. . . though void of all grace, . . .  
Salvator Rosa was precisely what he Pretended Not to be.  
His Pictures. are high Labourd 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.

TXTReyn133; E654|  
TXTReyn133; E654|  
AnnReyn133; E654|  
AnnReyn133; E654|

[P 133] . . . yet . . . that sort of dignity which belongs  
to savage and uncultivated nature: . . .  
Savages are [*Fribbles & Fops*] <Fops & Fribbles>  
more than any other Men

TXTReyn133; E655|  
TXTReyn133; E655|  
AnnReyn133; E655|  
AnnReyn133; E655|  
AnnReyn133; E655|

Every thing is of a piece: his Rocks, Trees, Sky, even to  
his *handling*, . . .  
Handling is All that he has. & we all know this  
Handling is Labour & Trick <Salvator Rosa employd  
Journeymen>

TXTReyn134; E655|  
TXTReyn134; E655|  
TXTReyn134; E655|  
AnnReyn134; E655|  
AnnReyn134; E655|

[P 134] . . . Rubens . . . 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

TXTReyn135; E655|  
TXTReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|

[P 135] His Colouring, in which he is eminently skilled, is  
. . . too much . . . 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 filld with tints & messes of yellow & red His lights

AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|

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>

TXTReyn135; E655|  
TXTReyn135; E655|

Opposed to this . . . [is the] correct style of Poussin. . .  
.

AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|  
AnnReyn135; E655|

<Opposed to Rubenss Colouring Sr Joshua has placd 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>

TXTReyn137; E655|  
TXTReyn137; E655|  
TXTReyn137; E655|  
AnnReyn137; E655|

[P 137] [Poussin's later pictures] softer and richer, . . .  
[but not] at all comparable to many in his [early] dry manner which we have in England.  
<True>

TXTReyn137; E655|  
TXTReyn137; E655|  
AnnReyn137; E655|

The favourite subjects of Poussin were Ancient Fables; and no painter was ever better qualified  
<True>

TXTReyn138; E655|  
TXTReyn138; E655|  
TXTReyn138; E655|  
AnnReyn138; E655|

[P 138] Poussin seemed to think that the style and the language [should preserve] some relish of the old way of painting, . . .  
<True>

TXTReyn139; E655|  
TXTReyn139; E655|  
TXTReyn139; E655|  
AnnReyn139; E655|

[P 139] . . . if the Figures . . . had a modern air . . .  
how ridiculous would Apollo appear instead of the Sun; . .  
.  
<These remarks on Poussin are Excellent>

TXTReyn141; E655|  
TXTReyn141; E655|  
AnnReyn141; E655|

[P 141] . . . the lowest style will be the most popular . . .  
ignorance . . .  
<Well said>

TXTReyn142; E655|  
TXTReyn142; E655|  
TXTReyn142; E655|  
AnnReyn142; E655|  
AnnReyn142; E655|

[P 142] . . . our Exhibitions . . . a mischievous tendency, . . . seducing the Painter to an ambition of pleasing indiscriminately the mixed multitude. . . .  
<Why then does he talk in other places of pleasing Every body>

EDAnnReyn144TEXT; E655|

[P 144, back of title]

AnnReyn144; E655|

AnnReyn144; E655|

AnnReyn144; E655|

AnnReyn144; E655|

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

TXTReyn147; E656|

TXTReyn147; E656|

TXTReyn147; E656|

TXTReyn147; E656|

AnnReyn147; E656|

AnnReyn147; E656|

TXTReyn147; E656|

TXTReyn147; E656|

TXTReyn147; E656|

AnnReyn147; E656|

AnnReyn147; E656|

[P 147] Those who have [written of art as inspiration are better receive] than he who attempts to examine, coldly, whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired. . . .

<Bacons Philosophy has Destroyd all Art & Science> The Man who that the Genius is not Born. but Taught.--Is a Knave It is very natural for those. . . . who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired . . . to conclude . . . that it is not only inaccessible to themselves.

<O Reader behold the Philosophers Grave. He was born quite a Fool: but he died quite a Knave>

TXTReyn149; E656|

TXTReyn149; E656|

TXTReyn149; E656|

TXTReyn149; E656|

AnnReyn149; E656|

AnnReyn149; E656|

AnnReyn149; E656|

AnnReyn149; E656|

AnnReyn149; E656|

[P 149] It would be no wonder if a student . . . should . . . . consider it as hopeless, to set about acquiring by the imitation of any human master, what he is taught to suppose is matter of inspiration from heaven.  
<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 see One Man Striving to Imitate Another Man varies from Man more than Animal from Animal of Different Species>

TXTReyn152; E656|

TXTReyn152; E656|

AnnReyn152; E656|

[P 152] . . . DEGREE Of excellence [of] GENIUS is different, in different times and different places  
<Never!>

TXTReyn152; E656|

TXTReyn152; E656|

AnnReyn152; E656|

and what shews it to be so is, that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter.  
Never!

TXTReyn153; E656|

TXTReyn153; E656|

AnnReyn153; E656|

[P 153] . . . if genius is not taken for inspiration, but as the effect of close observation experience.  
<Damnd Fool>

TXTReyn154; E656|  
TXTReyn154; E656|  
AnnReyn154; E656|  
AnnReyn154; E656|  
AnnReyn154; E656|  
AnnReyn154; E656|

[P 154] . . . as . . . art shall advance, its powers will  
be still more and more fixed by rules.  
<If Art was Progressive We should have had Mich Angelo's &  
Rafaels to Succeed & to Improve upon each other But it is not so.  
Genius dies Possessor & comes not again till Another is Born with  
It>

TXTReyn155; E656|  
TXTReyn155; E656|  
AnnReyn155; E656|  
AnnReyn155; E656|

[155] . . . even works of Genius, like every other effect, .  
. . must have their cause, . . .  
<Identities or Things are Neither Cause nor Effect They  
are Eternal>

TXTReyn157; E656|  
TXTReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|

[P 157] . . . our minds should . . . continue a settled  
intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur.  
<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>

TXTReyn157; E656|  
TXTReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|  
AnnReyn157; E656|

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 Pitiful a Pitiabale 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>>

TXTReyn158; E656|  
TXTReyn158; E656|  
AnnReyn158; E656|

[P 158] . . . or only one, unless it be continually  
fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.  
Nonsense

TXTReyn159; E657|  
AnnReyn159; E657|

[P 159] Nothing can come of nothing.  
<Is the Mind Nothing?>

TXTReyn159; E657|  
TXTReyn159; E657|  
TXTReyn159; E657|  
AnnReyn159; E657|  
AnnReyn159; E657|  
AnnReyn159; E657|

. . . Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, were . . . possessed  
of all the knowledge in the art . . . 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 [*on*] <born 1474>

TXTReyn161; E657|

[P 161] . . . any endeavour to copy the exact peculiar

TXTReyn161; E657	colour . . . of another man's mind . . . must always be . . .
TXTReyn161; E657	ridiculous. . . .
AnnReyn161; E657	<Why then Imitate at all?>
TXTReyn163; E657	[P 163] Art in its perfection is not ostentatious; it lies
TXTReyn163; E657	hid, and works its effect, itself unseen.
AnnReyn163; E657	<This is a Very Clever Sentence who wrote it God knows>
TXTReyn165; E657	[P 165] Peculiar marks . . . generally . . . defects; . .
TXTReyn165; E657	.
AnnReyn165; E657	Peculiar Marks. are the Only Merit
TXTReyn165; E657	Peculiarities . . . so many blemishes; which, however, both
TXTReyn165; E657	in real life, and in painting, cease to appear deformities, . . .
AnnReyn165; E657	Infernal Falshood
TXTReyn166; E657	[P 166] Even the great name of Michael Angelo may be used,
TXTReyn166; E657	to keep in countenance a deficiency . . . of colouring, and every
TXTReyn166; E657	[other ornamental part]
AnnReyn166; E657	No Man who can see Michael Angelo. can say that he wants
AnnReyn166; E657	either Colouring or Ornamental parts of Art. in the highest
AnnReyn166; E657	degree. for he has Every [ <i>perquisite</i> ] <Thing> of Both
AnnReyn166; E657	[ <i>O what Wisdom &amp; Learning ?adorn his Superiority--</i> ]
TXTReyn167; E657	[P 167] . . . these defects . . . have a right to our
TXTReyn167; E657	pardon, but not to our admiration.
AnnReyn167; E657	He who Admires Rafael Must admire Rafaels Execution
AnnReyn167; E657	He who does not admire Rafaels Execution Cannot Admire
AnnReyn167; E657	Rafael
TXTReyn172; E657	[P 172] . . . a want which cannot be completely supplied;
TXTReyn172; E657	that is, want of strength of parts.
AnnReyn172; E657	A Confession
TXTReyn176; E657	[P 176] . . . very finished artists in the inferior
TXTReyn176; E657	branches. . . .
AnnReyn176; E657	This Sentence is to Introduce another in Condemnation &
AnnReyn176; E657	Contempt of Alb. Durer
TXTReyn176; E657	The works of Albert Durer . . . afford a rich mass of
TXTReyn176; E657	genuine materials, which wrought up and polished, . . .
AnnReyn176; E657	A Polishd Villain <who Robs & Murders>

TXTReyn177; E657|  
TXTReyn177; E657|

[P 177] Though Coypel wanted a simplicity of taste, . . .  
[*O Yes Coypel indeed*]

TXTReyn178; E657|  
TXTReyn178; E657|  
AnnReyn178; E657|  
AnnReyn178; E657|

[P 178] The greatest style . . . would receive "an  
additional grace by . . . precision of pencil. . . .  
What does Precision of Pencil mean? If it does not mean  
Outline it means Nothing

TXTReyn179; E658|  
TXTReyn179; E658|  
AnnReyn179; E658|  
AnnReyn179; E658|

[P 179] [Jan Steen if taught by Michael Angelo and  
Raffaelle] would have ranged with the great. . . .  
Jan Stein was a Boor & neither Rafael nor Mich Ang. could  
have made him any better

TXTReyn180; E658|  
TXTReyn180; E658|  
AnnReyn180; E658|  
AnnReyn180; E658|  
AnnReyn180; E658|  
AnnReyn180; E658|

[P 180] Men who although . . . bound down by . . . early  
habits, have still exerted. . . .  
He who Can be bound down is No Genius Genius cannot be Bound  
it may be Renderd Indignant & Outrageous <sup>*t1486*</sup>  
"Opression makes the Wise Man Mad"  
Solomon

TXTReyn187; E658|

## DISCOURSE VII

EDAnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|  
AnnReyn188; E658|

[P 188, back of title]  
<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 Considerd 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>

TXTReyn194; E658|  
AnnReyn194; E658|  
AnnReyn194; E658|

[P 194] . . . obscurity . . . is one source of the sublime.  
<Obscurity is Neither the Source of the Sublime nor of Any  
Thing Else>

TXTReyn194; E658|  
TXTReyn194; E658|

[That] liberty of imagination is cramped by . . . rules; . . .  
smothered . . . by too much judgment; . . . [are] notions not



TXTReyn194; E658|  
AnnReyn194; E658|  
AnnReyn194; E658|

only groundless, but pernicious.  
<The Ancients & the wisest of the Moderns were of the  
opinion that Reynolds Condemns & laughs at>

TXTReyn195; E658|  
TXTReyn195; E658|  
TXTReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|

[P 195] . . . scarce a poet is to be found, . . . whose  
latter works are not as replete with . . . imagination, as those  
[of] his more youthful days.  
<As Replete but Not More Replete>

TXTReyn195; E658|  
TXTReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|  
AnnReyn195; E658|

To understand literally these metaphors . . . seems . . .  
absurd. . . .  
<The Ancients did not mean to Impose when they affirmd  
their belief in Vision & Revelation Plato was in Earnest.  
Milton was in Earnest. They believd that God did Visit Man  
Really & Truly & not as Reynolds pretends

TXTReyn196; E658|  
TXTReyn196; E658|  
AnnReyn196; E658|  
AnnReyn196; E658|

[P 196] [idea absurd that a winged genius] did really inform  
him in a whisper what he was to write; . . .  
How very Anxious Reynolds is to Disprove & Contemn Spiritual  
Perception

TXTReyn197; E658|  
TXTReyn197; E658|  
TXTReyn197; E658|  
AnnReyn197; E658|

[P 197] It is supposed that . . . under the name of genius  
great works are produced. . . . without our being under the least  
obligation to reason, precept, or experience.  
<Who Ever said this>

TXTReyn197; E658|  
TXTReyn197; E658|  
TXTReyn197; E658|  
AnnReyn197; E658|  
AnnReyn197; E658|

. . . scarce state these opinions without exposing their  
absurdity; yet . . . constantly in the mouths of . . .  
artists.  
<He states Absurdities in Company with Truths & calls both  
Absurd>

TXTReyn198; E659|  
TXTReyn198; E659|  
TXTReyn198; E659|  
TXTReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|  
AnnReyn198; E659|

[P 198] . . . prevalent opinion . . . considers the  
principles of taste . . . as having less solid foundations, than  
. . . they really have. . . . [and imagines taste of too high  
origin] to submit to the authority of all earthly tribunal.  
<The Artifice of the Epicurean Philosophers is to Call all  
other Opinions Unsolid & Unsubstantial than those which are  
Derived from Earth>

TXTReyn198; E659|

We often appear to differ in sentiments . . . merely from

TXTReyn198; E659	the inaccuracy of terms, . . .
AnnReyn198; E659	It is not in Terms that Reynolds & I disagree Two Contrary
AnnReyn198; E659	Opinions can never by any Language be made alike. I say Taste &
AnnReyn198; E659	Genius are Not Teachable or Acquirable but are born with us
AnnReyn198; E659	Reynolds says the Contrary
TXTReyn199; E659	[P 199] . . . take words as we find them; . . . distinguish
TXTReyn199; E659	the THINGS to which they are applied.
AnnReyn199; E659	<This is False the Fault is not in Words. but in Things
AnnReyn199; E659	Lockes Opinions of Words & their Fallaciousness are Artful
AnnReyn199; E659	Opinions & Fallacious also>
TXTReyn200; E659	[P 200] It is the very same taste which relishes a
TXTReyn200; E659	demonstration in geometry, that is pleased with the resemblance
TXTReyn200; E659	of a picture to an original, and touched with the harmony of
TXTReyn200; E659	musick.
AnnReyn200; E659	<Demonstration Similitude & Harmony are Objects of Reasoning
AnnReyn200; E659	Invention Identity & Melody are Objects of Intuition>
TXTReyn201; E659	[P 201] . . . as true as mathematical demonstration; . .
TXTReyn201; E659	.
AnnReyn201; E659	<God forbid that Truth should be Confined to Mathematical
AnnReyn201; E659	Demonstration >
TXTReyn201; E659	But beside real, there is also apparent truth, . . .
AnnReyn201; E659	<He who does not Know Truth at Sight is unworthy of Her
AnnReyn201; E659	Notice>
TXTReyn201; E659	. . . taste . . . approaches . . . a sort of resemblance to
TXTReyn201; E659	real science, even where opinions are . . . no better than
TXTReyn201; E659	prejudices.
AnnReyn201; E659	<Here is a great deal to do to Prove that All Truth is
AnnReyn201; E659	Prejudice for All that is Valuable in Knowledge[s] is
AnnReyn201; E659	Superior to Demonstrative Science such as is Weighed or Measured>
TXTReyn202; E659	[P 202] As these prejudices become more narrow, . . . this
TXTReyn202; E659	secondary taste becomes more and more fantastical; . . .
AnnReyn202; E659	<And so he thinks he has proved that Genius & Inspiration
AnnReyn202; E659	are All a Hum>
TXTReyn202; E659	. . . I shall [now] proceed with less method, . . .

AnnReyn202; E659|

<He calls the Above proceeding with Method>

TXTReyn202; E659|

TXTReyn202; E659|

AnnReyn202; E659|

AnnReyn202; E659|

AnnReyn202; E659|

We will take it for granted, that reason is something  
invariable . . .

<Reason or A Ratio of All We have Known is not the Same it  
shall be when we know More. <sup>1487</sup> be therefore takes a Falshood for  
granted to set out with>

TXTReyn203; E659|

TXTReyn203; E659|

TXTReyn203; E659|

AnnReyn203; E659|

[P 203] [Whatever of taste we can] fairly bring under the  
dominion of reason, must be considered as equally exempt from  
change.

<Now this is Supreme Fooling>

TXTReyn203; E659|

TXTReyn203; E659|

AnnReyn203; E659|

AnnReyn203; E659|

The arts would lie open for ever to caprice . . . if those  
who . . . judge had no settled principles. . . .  
<He may as well say that if Man does not. lay down settled  
Principles. The Sun will not rise in a Morning>

TXTReyn204; E660|

TXTReyn204; E660|

AnnReyn204; E660|

AnnReyn204; E660|

AnnReyn204; E660|

[P 204] My notion of nature comprehends . . . also 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>

TXTReyn208; E660|

TXTReyn208; E660|

AnnReyn208; E660|

AnnReyn208; E660|

[P 208] [Poussin's Perseus and Medusa's head] . . . I  
remember turning from it with disgust, . . .  
<Reynolds's Eye. could not bear Characteristic Colouring or  
Light & Shade>

TXTReyn208; E660|

AnnReyn208; E660|

AnnReyn208; E660|

A picture should please at first sight, . . .  
Please! Whom? Some Men Cannot See a Picture except in a Dark  
Corner

TXTReyn209; E660|

TXTReyn209; E660|

AnnReyn209; E660|

[P 209] No one can deny, that violent passions will  
naturally emit harsh and disagreeable tones: . . .  
Violent Passions Emit the Real Good & Perfect Tones

TXTReyn214; E660|

TXTReyn214; E660|

AnnReyn214; E660|

AnnReyn214; E660|

[P 214] . . . Rubens . . . thinking it necessary to make his  
work so very ornamental, . . .  
<Here it is calld Ornamental that the Roman & Bolognian  
Schools may be Insinuated not to be Ornamental>

TXTReyn215; E660| [P 215] Nobody will dispute but some of the best of the  
TXTReyn215; E660| Roman or Bolognian schools would have produced a more learned and  
TXTReyn215; E660| more noble work [than that of Rubens].  
AnnReyn215; E660| <Learned & Noble is Ornamental>

TXTReyn215; E660| . . . weighing the value of the different classes of the  
TXTReyn215; E660| art, . . .  
AnnReyn215; E660| <A Fools Balance is no Criterion because tho it goes down on  
AnnReyn215; E660| the heaviest side we ought to look what he puts into it. >

TXTReyn228; E660| [P 228] Thus it is the ornaments, rather than the  
TXTReyn228; E660| proportions of architecture, which at the first glance  
TXTReyn228; E660| distinguish the different orders from each other; the Dorick is  
TXTReyn228; E660| known by its triglyphs, the Ionick by its volutes, and the  
TXTReyn228; E660| Corinthian by its acanthus.  
AnnReyn228; E660| [*He could not tell Ionick from the Corinthian or Dorick*  
AnnReyn228; E660| *or one column from another*].

TXTReyn232; E660| [P 232] [European meeting Cherokee Indian . . . which ever  
TXTReyn232; E660| first feels himself provoked to laugh, is the barbarian.  
AnnReyn232; E660| <Excellent>

TXTReyn242; E660| [P 242] [In the highest] flights of . . . imagination,  
TXTReyn242; E660| reason ought to preside from first to last, . . .  
AnnReyn242; E660| <If this is True it is a Devilish Foolish Thing to be An  
AnnReyn242; E660| Artist>

TXTReyn243; E660| DISCOURSE VIII

EDAnnReyn244; E660| [P 244, back of title]  
AnnReyn244; E660| <Burke's Treatise on the Sublime & Beautiful is founded on  
AnnReyn244; E660| the Opinions of Newton & Locke on this Treatise Reynolds has  
AnnReyn244; E660| grounded many of his assertions. in all his Discourses I read  
AnnReyn244; E660| Burkes Treatise when very Young at the same time I read Locke on  
AnnReyn244; E660| Human Understanding & Bacons Advancement of Learning on Every  
AnnReyn244; E660| one of these Books I wrote my Opinions & on looking them over  
AnnReyn244; E660| find that my Notes on Reynolds in this Book are exactly Similar.  
AnnReyn244; E660| I felt the Same Contempt & Abhorrence then; that I do now. They  
AnnReyn244; E660| mock Inspiration & Vision Inspiration & Vision was then & now  
AnnReyn244; E660| is & I hope will

AnnReyn244; E661|  
AnnReyn244; E661|

always Remain my Element my Eternal Dwelling place. how can I  
then hear it Contemnd without returning Scorn for Scorn-->

TXTReyn245; E661|  
TXTReyn245; E661|  
AnnReyn245; E661|

[P 245] THE PRINCIPLES OF ART . . . IN THEIR EXCESS BECOME  
DEFECTS. . . .  
<Principles according to S<sup>r</sup> Joshua become Defects>

TXTReyn245; E661|  
TXTReyn245; E661|  
AnnReyn245; E661|  
AnnReyn245; E661|

. . . form an idea of perfection from the . . . various  
schools. . . .  
In another Discourse he says that we cannot Mix the  
Florentine & Venetian

TXTReyn251; E661|  
TXTReyn251; E661|  
TXTReyn251; E661|  
TXTReyn251; E661|  
AnnReyn251; E661|  
AnnReyn251; E661|  
AnnReyn251; E661|  
AnnReyn251; E661|

[P 251] [Rembrandt] often . . . exhibits little more than  
one spot of light in the midst of a large quantity of shadow: . .  
. Poussin . . . has scarce any principal mass of light. . .  
. . .  
Rembrandt was a Generalizer Poussin was a Particularizer  
Poussin knew better tha[n] to make all his Pictures have the  
same light & shadow any fool may concentrate a light in the  
Middle

TXTReyn256; E661|  
TXTReyn256; E661|  
AnnReyn256; E661|

[P 256] . . . Titian, where dignity . . . has the appearance  
of an unalienable adjunct; . . .  
Dignity an Adjunct

TXTReyn260; E661|  
TXTReyn260; E661|  
TXTReyn260; E661|  
AnnReyn260; E661|

[P 260] [Young artist made vain by] certain animating words,  
of Spirit, Dignity, Energy, Grace, greatness of Style, and  
brilliancy of Tints, . . .  
Mocks

TXTReyn262; E661|  
TXTReyn262; E661|  
AnnReyn262; E661|

[P 262] But this kind of barbarous simplicity, would be  
better named Penury, . . .  
Mocks

TXTReyn262; E661|  
TXTReyn262; E661|  
AnnReyn262; E661|

[The ancients'] simplicity was the offspring, not of choice,  
but necessity.  
A Lie

TXTReyn262; E661|

[Painters who] ran into the contrary extreme [should] deal

TXTReyn262; E661|  
AnnReyn262; E661|

out their abundance with a more sparing hand, . . .  
Abundance of Stupidity

TXTReyn264; E661|  
TXTReyn264; E661|  
AnnReyn264; E661|  
AnnReyn264; E661|

[P 264] . . . the painter must add grace to strength, if he  
desires to secure the first impression in his favour.  
If you Endeavour to Please the Worst you will never Please  
the Best To please All Is Impossible

TXTReyn266; E661|  
TXTReyn266; E661|  
TXTReyn266; E661|  
AnnReyn266; E661|

[P 266] [Raffaelle's St Paul preaching at Athens] . . . add  
contrast, and the whole energy and unaffected grace of the figure  
is destroyed.  
Well Said

TXTReyn267; E661|  
TXTReyn267; E661|  
AnnReyn267; E661|

[P 267] It is given as a rule by Fresnoy, That the principle  
figure . . . must appear . . . under the principal light, . . .  
What a Devil of a Rule

TXTReyn272; E661|  
TXTReyn272; E661|  
AnnReyn272; E661|

[P 272] . . . bad pictures will instruct as well as  
good.  
Bad Pictures are always S<sup>r</sup> Joshuas Friends

TXTReyn272; E661|  
AnnReyn272; E661|  
AnnReyn272; E661|  
AnnReyn272; E661|

[Rules of colouring of the] Venetian painters, . . .  
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

TXTReyn274; E662|  
TXTReyn274; E662|  
AnnReyn274; E662|  
AnnReyn274; E662|  
AnnReyn274; E662|

[P 274] . . . harmony of colouring was not [attended to by  
Poussin]  
Such Harmony of Colouring is destructive of Art One  
Species of General Hue over all is the Cursed Thing calld Harmony  
it is like the Smile of a Fool

TXTReyn275; E662|  
TXTReyn275; E662|  
AnnReyn275; E662|  
AnnReyn275; E662|

[P 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

TXTReyn277; E662|  
TXTReyn277; E662|  
TXTReyn277; E662|

[P 277] . . . fulness of manner . . . Correggio . . .  
Rembrandt. . . . by melting and losing the shadows in a ground  
still darker. . . .



AnnReyn277; E662|

## All This is Destructive of Art

TXTReyn279; E662|

TXTReyn279; E662|

TXTReyn279; E662|

AnnReyn279; E662|

[P 279] . . . must depart from nature for a greater advantage. [Cannot paint moon as relatively bright as in nature.]

<These are Excellent Remarks on Proportional Colour>

TXTReyn281; E662|

TXTReyn281; E662|

TXTReyn281; E662|

TXTReyn281; E662|

AnnReyn281; E662|

AnnReyn281; E662|

AnnReyn281; E662|

AnnReyn281; E662|

[P 281] [Rembrandt made head too dark to preserve contrast with bright armour, but] it is necessary that the work should be seen, not only without difficulty . . . but with pleasure. . .

.

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

TXTReyn284; E662|

TXTReyn284; E662|

TXTReyn284; E662|

AnnReyn284; E662|

[P 284] From a slight undetermined drawing . . . the imagination supplies more than the painter himself, probably, could produce; . . .

What Falshood

TXTReyn285; E662|

TXTReyn285; E662|

TXTReyn285; E662|

AnnReyn285; E662|

[P 285] . . . indispensable rule . . . that everything shall be carefully and distinctly expressed. . . . This is what with us is called Science, and Learning; . . .

Excellent & Contrary to his usual Opinions

TXTReyn286; E662|

TXTReyn286; E662|

AnnReyn286; E662|

[P 286] Falconet . . . thinks meanly of this trick of concealing, . . .

<I am of Falconets opinion>

TXTSpurzheim; E662|

Annotations to Spurzheim's *Observations on Insanity* <sup>11488</sup>

TXTSpurzheim; E662|

London, 1817

TXTSpurzheim; E662|

TXTSpurzheim; E662|

TXTSpurzheim; E662|

AnnSpurzheim; E662|

AnnSpurzheim; E662|

AnnSpurzheim; E662|

[P 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

TXTSpurzheim; E662|  
TXTSpurzheim; E662|  
TXTSpurzheim; E662|  
TXTSpurzheim; E662|  
TXTSpurzheim; E662|  
TXTSpurzheim; E662|

[P 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 will.

TXTSpurzheim; E663|  
TXTSpurzheim; E663|  
TXTSpurzheim; E663|  
TXTSpurzheim; E663|  
TXTSpurzheim; E663|  
TXTSpurzheim; E663|  
TXTSpurzheim; E663|  
AnnSpurzheim; E663|  
AnnSpurzheim; E663|  
AnnSpurzheim; E663|  
AnnSpurzheim; E663|  
AnnSpurzheim; E663|  
AnnSpurzheim; E663|

[P 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 obligation 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 &/c p. 154. Cowper came to me & 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 & yet are as mad as any of us all--over us all--mad as a refuge from unbelief--from Bacon Newton & Locke

AnnBerkeley; E663|

Annotations to Berkeley's *Siris* <sup>t1489</sup>

AnnBerkeley; E663|

Dublin, 1744

TXTBerkeley203; E663|  
TXTBerkeley203; E663|  
TXTBerkeley203; E663|  
TXTBerkeley203; E663|  
TXTBerkeley203; E663|  
AnnBerkeley203; E663|

[P 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

TXTBerkeley204; E663|  
TXTBerkeley204; E663|  
TXTBerkeley204; E663|  
TXTBerkeley204; E663|  
TXTBerkeley204; E663|  
TXTBerkeley204; E663|  
AnnBerkeley204; E663|

[P 204] But in respect of a perfect spirit, there is nothing hard or impenetrable: there is no resistance to the deity. Nor hath he any Body: 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 or the Divine Body in Every Man

TXTBerkeley205; E663|  
TXTBerkeley205; E663|

[P 205] Natural phaenomena are only natural appearances. . . . They and the phantomes that result from those appearances,

TXTBerkeley205; E663|  
TXTBerkeley205; E663|  
TXTBerkeley205; E663|  
TXTBerkeley205; E663|  
AnnBerkeley205; E663|  
AnnBerkeley205; E663|  
AnnBerkeley205; E663|

*the children: of imagination* 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

TXTBerkeley212; E663|  
TXTBerkeley212; E663|  
TXTBerkeley212; E663|  
TXTBerkeley212; E663|  
TXTBerkeley212; E663|  
AnnBerkeley212; E663|  
AnnBerkeley212; E663|  
AnnBerkeley212; E663|  
AnnBerkeley212; E663|  
AnnBerkeley212; E663|  
AnnBerkeley212; E663|

[P 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 the Real Man & says I will not leave you Orphanned and 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

TXTBerkeley213; E663|  
TXTBerkeley213; E663|  
TXTBerkeley213; E663|  
TXTBerkeley213; E663|  
TXTBerkeley213; E663|  
AnnBerkeley213; E663|  
AnnBerkeley213; E663|  
AnnBerkeley213; E663|

[P 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 [&] Proportion are Qualities & Not Things The Harmony & Proportion of a Horse are not the same with those of a Bull Every Thing has its

AnnBerkeley213; E664|  
AnnBerkeley213; E664|

own Harmony & Proportion Two Inferior Qualities in it For its Reality is Its Imaginative Form

TXTBerkeley214; E664|  
TXTBerkeley214; E664|  
TXTBerkeley214; E664|  
TXTBerkeley214; E664|  
TXTBerkeley214; E664|  
TXTBerkeley214; E664|  
AnnBerkeley214; E664|  
AnnBerkeley214; E664|  
AnnBerkeley214; E664|  
AnnBerkeley214; E664|

[P 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 addresses himself to the Man not to his Reason Plato did not bring Life & Immortality to Light Jesus only did this

TXTBerkeley215; E664|  
TXTBerkeley215; E664|  
TXTBerkeley215; E664|  
TXTBerkeley215; E664|  
TXTBerkeley215; E664|  
AnnBerkeley215; E664|  
AnnBerkeley215; E664|  
AnnBerkeley215; E664|  
AnnBerkeley215; E664|  
AnnBerkeley215; E664|  
AnnBerkeley215; E664|

[P 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 filld with Imaginations & 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 & Domineering over others

TXTBerkeley217; E664|  
TXTBerkeley217; E664|  
TXTBerkeley217; E664|  
TXTBerkeley217; E664|  
TXTBerkeley217; E664|  
TXTBerkeley217; E664|  
TXTBerkeley217; E664|  
AnnBerkeley217; E664|

[P 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 being abstracted and immoveable, which distinction may be seen in the ninth book of his metaphysics.  
God is not a Mathematical Diagram

TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley218; E664|  
AnnBerkeley218; E664|  
AnnBerkeley218; E664|  
TXTBerkeley219; E664|  
TXTBerkeley219; E664|  
TXTBerkeley219; E664|  
TXTBerkeley219; E664|  
TXTBerkeley219; E664|  
AnnBerkeley219; E664|  
AnnBerkeley219; E664|  
AnnBerkeley219; E664|

[P 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 preexistent, dormant, and latent in the soul.  
The Natural Body is an Obstruction to the Soul or Spiritual Body  
[P 219] . . . Whence, according to Themistius, . . . 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 Forms must be apprehended by Sense or the Eye of Imagination  
Man is All Imagination God is Man & exists in us & we in him

AnnBerkeley241; E664|  
AnnBerkeley241; E664|

PAGE 241 What Jesus came to Remove was the Heathen or Platonic Philosophy which blinds the Eye of Imagination The Real Man

TXTWWPoems; E665|

Annotations to Wordsworth's *Poems* t1490

Titles marked "X" in pencil in the table of Contents are: Lucy Gray, We Are Seven, The Blind Highland Boy, The Brothers, Strange Fits of Passion, I met Louisa, Ruth, Michael . . . , Laodamia, To the Daisy, To the small Celandine, To the Cuckoo, A Night Piece, Yew Trees, She was a Phantom, I wandered lonely, Reverie of Poor Susan, Yarrow Unvisited, Yarrow Visited, Resolution and Independence, The Thorn, Hartleap Well, Tintern Abbey, Character of a Happy Warrior, Rob Roy's Grave, Expostulation and Reply, The Tables Turned, Ode to Duty, Miscellaneous Sonnets, Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty, The Old Cumberland Beggar, Ode--Intimations, &c.

PREFACE [PAGE viii] The powers requisite for the production of poetry are, first, those of observation and description. . . . whether the things depicted be actually present to the senses, or have a place only in the memory. . . . 2dly, Sensibility, . . .

One Power alone makes a Poet.---Imagination The Divine Vision

[PAGE 1] Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood  
I see in Wordsworth the Natural Man rising up against the  
Spiritual Man Continually & then he is No Poet but a Heathen  
Philosopher at Enmity against 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 Heaven it is so  
in Poetry

[PAGE 44]  
Influence of Natural Objects  
In calling forth and strengthening the Imagination  
in Boyhood and early Youth.



AnnWWPoems; E665|  
AnnWWPoems; E665|  
AnnWWPoems; E665|  
AnnWWPoems; E665|

Natural Objects always did & now do Weaken deaden &  
obliterate Imagination in Me Wordsworth must know that what he  
Writes Valuable is Not to be found in Nature Read Michael Angelos  
Sonnet vol 2 p. 179 <sup>t1491</sup>

TXTWWPoems; E665|  
AnnWWPoems; E665|  
AnnWWPoems; E665|

[PAGE 341] Essay, Supplementary to the Preface.  
I do not know who wrote these Prefaces they are very  
mischievous & direct contrary to Wordsworths own Practise

TXTWWPoems; E665|  
TXXWWPoems; E665|  
TXXWWPoems; E665|  
TXXWWPoems; E665|  
TXXWWPoems; E665|  
TXXWWPoems; E665|  
TXXWWPoems; E665|  
TXXWWPoems; E665|  
AnnWWPoems; E665|  
AnnWWPoems; E665|

[PAGE 364] From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the  
imagery was spurious. In nature every thing is distinct, yet  
nothing defined into absolute independant singleness. 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. It will always be so when words  
are substituted for things. . . . Yet, much as these pretended  
treasures of antiquity have been admired. . . .  
I Believe both Macpherson & Chatterton, that what they  
say is Ancient, Is so

TXTWWPoems; E666|  
TXXWWPoems; E666|  
TXXWWPoems; E666|  
AnnWWPoems; E666|  
AnnWWPoems; E666|

[PAGE 365] . . . no Author in the least distinguished, has  
ventured formally to imitate them-- except the Boy, Chatterton,  
on their first appearance.  
I own myself an admirer of Ossian equally with any other  
Poet whatever Rowley & Chatterton also

TXTWWPoems; E666|  
TXXWWPoems; E666|  
TXXWWPoems; E666|  
TXXWWPoems; E666|  
TXXWWPoems; E666|  
AnnWWPoems; E666|  
AnnWWPoems; E666|  
AnnWWPoems; E666|  
AnnWWPoems; E666|  
AnnWWPoems; E666|  
AnnWWPoems; E666|

[PAGE 375, final paragraph] . . . if [the Writer] were not  
persuaded that the Contents of these Volumes . . . 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 With "Is  
it the result" Was writ by another hand & mind from the rest of  
these Prefaces. Perhaps they are the opinions of S<sup>r</sup> G Beaumont a  
Landscape Painter <sup>t1492</sup> Imagination is the Divine Vision not of The  
World nor 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

AnnWWExcur; E666|  
AnnWWExcur; E666|

Annotations to Wordsworth's Preface to *The Excursion*,  
*being a portion of The Recluse, A Poe* <sup>t1493</sup>

AnnWWExcur; E666|

London, 1814



EDAnnWWExcur; E666|  
EDAnnWWExcur; E666|  
EDAnnWWExcur; E666|  
EDAnnWWExcur; E666|  
EDAnnWWExcur; E666|  
EDAnnWWExcur; E666|  
EDAnnWWExcur; E666|

Blake's notes are in the margins and at the end of a  
four-page transcript he made in 1826 of the last paragraph of  
Wordsworth's Preface and the 107 lines there quoted "from the  
Conclusion of the first Book of the Recluse".

We quote here, from Blake's transcript, only the lines of  
The Recluse upon which he made comment.

[LINES 31-35]

TXTWWExcur; E666|

All strength, all terror, single or in bands

TXTWWExcur; E666|

That ever was put forth in personal Form

TXTWWExcur; E666|

Jehovah--with his thunder & the choir

TXTWWExcur; E666|

Of shouting Angels & the empyreal thrones--

TXTWWExcur; E666|

I pass them unalarmd. . . .

TXTWWExcur; E666|

[Blake, at end of ms]

AnnWWExcur; E666|

Solomon when he Married Pharohs daughter & became a Convert  
to the Heathen Mythology Talked exactly in this way of Jehovah as  
a Very inferior object of Mans Contemplations he also passed him  
by unalarmd & was permitted. Jehovah dropped a tear & followd  
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  
W Blake

AnnWWExcur; E666|

AnnWWExcur; E666|

AnnWWExcur; E666|

AnnWWExcur; E666|

AnnWWExcur; E666|

AnnWWExcur; E666|

AnnWWExcur; E666|

TXTWWExcur; E666|

[LINES 63-68]

TXTWWExcur; E666|

How exquisitely the individual Mind

TXTWWExcur; E666|

(And the progressive powers perhaps no less

TXTWWExcur; E666|

(Of the whole species) to the external World

TXTWWExcur; E666|

Is fitted.---& how exquisitely too, \*

TXTWWExcur; E667|

Theme this but little heard of among Men

TXTWWExcur; E667|

The external World is fitted to the Mind.

AnnWWExcur; E667|

You shall not bring me down to believe such fitting & fitted

AnnWWExcur; E667|

I know better & Please your Lordship

TXTWWExcur; E667|

[LINES 71-82]

TXTWWExcur; E667|

--Such grateful haunts forgoing. if I oft

TXTWWExcur; E667|

Must turn elsewhere--to travel near the tribes

TXTWWExcur; E667|

And fellowships of men, and see ill sights

TXTWWExcur; E667|

Of madding passions mutually inflamd

TXTWWExcur; E667|

Must hear*Humanity infields and groves* \*\*

TXTWWExcur; E667|

*Pipe solitary anguishor* must hang

TXTWWExcur; E667|

Brooding above the fierce confederate storm

TXTWWExcur; E667|

Of Sorrow barricadoed evermore

TXTWWExcur; E667	Within the walls of cities; may these sounds
TXTWWExcur; E667	Have their authentic comment--that even these
TXTWWExcur; E667	Hearing I be not downcast nor forlorn
AnnWWExcur; E667	does not this Fit & is it not Fitting most Exquisitely too
AnnWWExcur; E667	but to what not to Mind but to the Vile Body only & to its Laws
AnnWWExcur; E667	of Good & Evil & its Enmities against Mind
TXTThornton; E667	Annotations to Thornton's
TXTThornton; E667	<i>The Lord's Prayer, Newly Translated</i> <sup>1494</sup>
TXTThornton; E667	London, 1827
EDAnnThornton; E667	Italics do not represent underlining by Blake.
TXTThorntonTitle; E667	[TITLE PAGE]
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	I look upon this as a Most Malignant & Artful attack upon
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	the Kingdom of Jesus By the Classical Learned thro the
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	Instrumentality of D <sup>r</sup> Thornton The Greek & Roman Classics is
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	the Antichrist I say Is & not Are as most expressive & correct
AnnThorntonTitle; E667	too
TXTThornton-ii; E667	[PAGE ii] Doctor Johnson <i>on the Bible</i> .
TXTThornton-ii; E667	["]The BIBLE is the <i>most difficult</i> book in the world to
TXTThornton-ii; E667	<i>comprehend</i> , nor can it be understood at all by the
TXTThornton-ii; E667	<i>unlearned</i> , except through the aid of CRITICAL and
TXTThornton-ii; E667	EXPLANATORY notes. . . ."
AnnThornton-ii; E667	Christ & his Apostles were Illiterate Men Caiphas Pilate &
AnnThornton-ii; E667	Herod were Learned.
AnnThornton-ii; E667	The Beauty of the Bible is that the most Ignorant & Simple
AnnThornton-ii; E667	Minds Understand it Best--Was Johnson hired to Pretend to
AnnThornton-ii; E667	Religious Terrors while he was an Infidel or how was it
TXTThornton-ii; E667	LORD BYRON <i>on the Ethics of</i> CHRIST.
TXTThornton-ii; E667	". . . What made SOCRATES <i>the greatest of men?</i> His
TXTThornton-ii; E667	<i>moral truths--his ethics</i> . What <i>proved</i> JESUS
TXTThornton-ii; E667	CHRIST to be the SON OF GOD, HARDLY LESS <i>than his miracles</i>
TXTThornton-ii; E667	<i>did? His moral precepts</i> . . . ."
AnnThornton-ii; E667	If Morality was Christianity Socrates was The Savior.
EDAnnThornton1; E668	[PAGE 1]
AnnThornton1; E668	Such things as these depend on the Fashion of the Age

AnnThornton1; E668|  
AnnThornton1; E668|  
AnnThornton1; E668|  
AnnThornton1; E668|

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

TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
TXTThornton1; E668|

THE LORD'S PRAYER,

(Translated from the Greek,) by Dr. Thornton.

[The Greek text after the second and third verses is supplied by  
Blake.]

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, Reverenc'd be THY Name*

<Greek text>

TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
TXTThornton1; E668|  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*

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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:*

<*Greek text*>

*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*

---

*Grant unto me, and the whole world, day by*  
*day, an abundant supply of spiritual and*  
*corporeal FOOD:*

*TXTThornton1; E668/*

*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*

---

*FORGIVE US OUR TRANSGRESSIONS against THEE, AS WE extend OUR*  
*Kindness, and Forgiveness, TO ALL:*

*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*

---

*O GOD! ABANDON us not, when surrounded, by TRIALS;*

*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*  
*TXTThornton1; E668/*

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*But PRESERVE us from the Dominion of SATAN: For THINE*

*only, is THE SOVEREIGNTY, THE POWER, and THE GLORY, throughout*  
*ETERNITY!!!*

*AMEN.*

*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.. . .*

AnnThornton1; E668/

*It is the learned that Mouth & not the Vulgar*

AnnThornton1; E668/

AnnThornton1; E668/

AnnThornton1; E668/

AnnThornton1; E668/

AnnThornton1; E668/

AnnThornton1; E668/

AnnThornton1; E668/

*Lawful Bread Bought with Lawful Money & a Lawful Heaven seen thro a Lawful Telescope by means of Lawful Window Light The Holy Ghost [who] <& whatever> cannot be Taxed is Unlawful & Witchcraft.  
Spirits are Lawful but not Ghosts especially Royal Gin is Lawful Spirit [real] No Smuggling <real> British Spirit & Truth*

TXTHornton2; E668/

AnnThornton2; E668/

AnnThornton2; E668/

*[PAGE 2] Critical and Explanatory Notes.  
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*

EDAnnThornton3; E668/

AnnThornton3; E668/

AnnThornton3; E668/

AnnThornton3; E668/

AnnThornton3; E668/

AnnThornton3; E668/

AnnThornton3; E668/

*[PAGE 3]  
Jesus our Father who art in <thy> Heaven<s> calld by thy Name the Holy Ghost Thy Kingdom on Earth is Not nor thy Will done but [?Beelzebub] <[his] <Satans> Will who is the God of this World> The Accuser [Let his Judgment be Forgiveness that he may be cons[u]md in his own Shame] <[His*

AnnThornton3; E669/

AnnThornton3; E669/

AnnThornton3; E669/

AnnThornton3; E669/

AnnThornton3; E669/

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AnnThornton3; E669/

AnnThornton3; E669/

AnnThornton3; E669/

AnnThornton3; E669/

AnnThornton3; E669/

*Judgment] <His Accusation> shall be Forgiveness [and he shall] <that he may> be consumd in his own Shame>  
Give [me] <us> This Eternal Day [my] <our> [Ghostly] <own right> Bread & take away Money or Debt or Tax <a Value or Price> as we have all things common among us Every Thing has as much right to Eternal Life as God who is the Servant of Man  
Leave us not in [?Poverty ?and ?Want] Parsimony <Satans Kingdom> [but deliver] <liberate> us from the Natural Man & want or Jobs Kingdom  
For thine is the Kingdom & the Power & the Glory & not Caesars or Satans Amen.*

EDAnnThornton3; E669/

EDAnnThornton3; E669/

EDAnnThornton3; E669/

*(Many illegible erasures, partial restorations, and repetitions probably meant to replace one another have been omitted from this transcript.)*

TXTHornton5; E669/

TXTHornton5; E669/

TXTHornton5; E669/

*[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; . . .*

*[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 Caesar & is not this Good & Learned & Wise & Classical*

*[PAGE 9] Reasons for a New Translation of the Whole Bible.*  
*The only thing for Newtonian & Baconian Philosophers to Consider is this Whether Jesus did not suffer himself to be Mockd by Caesars Soldiers Willingly & [I hope they will] <to> Consider this to all Eternity will be Comment Enough*

*[PAGE 10, blank]*  
*This is Saying the Lords Prayer Backwards which they say Raises the Devil*  
*Doctor Thorntons <Tory> Translation Translated out of its disguise in the <Classical &> Scotch language into [plain] <the vulgar> English*  
*Our Father Augustus Caesar 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 & thence in Heaven Give us day by day our Real Taxed <Substantial Money bought> Bread [& take] <deliver from the Holy Ghost <so we call Nature> whatever cannot be Taxed> [debt that was owing to him] <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 Descendents <for God is only an Allegory of Kings & nothing Else> Amen*  
*I swear that Basileia <Greek here> 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 [them] <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*



AnnThornton10; E670/      *God Creates nothing but what can be Touchd & Weighed & Taxed &*  
AnnThornton10; E670/      *Measured all else is Heresy & Rebellion against Caesar Virgils*  
AnnThornton10; E670/      *Only God See Eclogue i & for all this we thank Dr Thornton*

TXTCellini; E670/      *Annotation to Cellini(?)* <sup>t1495</sup>

TXTCellini; E670/      *[note said to be in Cennini's Trattato della Pittura*  
TXTCellini; E670/      *(Roma, 1821) but probably in Benvenuto Cellini's Trattato*  
TXTCellini; E670/      *dell' Oreficeri(1568, 1731, [1795] or 1811)]*

TXTCellini; E670/      *[Cellini's 8th chapter tells of a commission from Pope Paul III*  
TXTCellini; E670/      *for a gift for Emperor Charles V. Cellini suggested an*  
TXTCellini; E670/      *allegorical group of "Faith, Hope, and Charity" upholding a*  
TXTCellini; E670/      *crucifix of gold. The Pope was induced to order instead a*  
TXTCellini; E670/      *breviary of the Virgin bound in jeweled gold.]*  
AnnCellini; E670/      *The Pope supposes Nature and the Virgin Mary to be the same*  
AnnCellini; E670/      *allegorical personages, but the Protestant considers Nature as*  
AnnCellini; E670/      *incapable of bearing a child.*

TXTYoung; E670/      *Annotation to Young's Night Thoughts* <sup>t1496</sup>

EDAnnYoung; E670/      *In his watercolor illumination (NT 199) of Night*  
EDAnnYoung; E670/      *the Fifth, lines 735-36 ("But you are learn'd; in Volumes, deep*  
EDAnnYoung; E670/      *you sit, / In Wisdom shallow: pompous Ignorance!"), Blake*  
EDAnnYoung; E670/      *identifies the pictured volumes of pompous ignorance by the*  
EDAnnYoung; E670/      *following titles on their spines:*  
AnnYoung; E670/      *PLATO / De / Animae / Immortali/-tate--*  
AnnYoung; E670/      *Cicero / De Nat: Deor:*  
AnnYoung; E670/      *Plutarchi / Char: Bk:*  
AnnYoung; E670/      *Lock / on / human / under*