

TIRIEL

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1

And Aged Tiriél. stood before the Gates of his beautiful
palace

With Myratana. once the Queen of all the western plains
But now his eyes were darkned. and his wife fading in
death

They stood before their once delightful palace. and thus
the Voice

Of aged Tiriél. arose. that his sons might hear in their
gates

Accursed race of Tiriél. behold your father
Come forth and look on her that bore you. come you
accursed sons.

In my weak arms. I here have borne your dying mother
Come forth sons of the Curse come forth. see the death
of Myratana

His sons ran from their gates. and saw their aged parents
stand

And thus the eldest son of Tiriél raisd his mighty voice

Old man unworthy to be calld. the father of Tiriéls race
For evry one of those thy wrinkles. each of those grey
hairs

Are cruel as death. and as obdurate as the devouring pit
Why should thy sons care for thy curses thou accursed
man

Were we not slaves till we rebeld. Who cares for Tiriéls
curse

His blessing was a cruel curse. His curse may be a blessing

He ceast the aged man raisd up his right hand to the heavens

His left supported Myratana shrinking in pangs of death
The orbs of his large eyes he opend. and thus his voice went forth

Serpents not sons. wreathing around the bones of Tiriell
Ye worms of death feasting upon your aged parents flesh
Listen and hear your mothers groans. No more accursed
Sons

She bears. she groans not at the birth of Heuxos or Yuva
These are the groans of death ye serpents These are the groans of death

Nourishd with milk ye serpents. nourishd with mothers tears and cares

Look at my eyes blind as the orbless scull among the stones

Look at my bald head. Hark listen ye serpents listen
What Myratana. What my wife. O Soul O Spirit O fire
What Myratana. art thou dead. Look here ye serpents
look

The serpents sprung from her own bowels have draind her dry as this

Curse on your ruthless heads. for I will bury her even here

So saying he began to dig a grave with his aged hands
But Heuxos calld a son of Zazel. to dig their mother a
grave

Old cruelty desist and let us dig a grave for thee
Thou hast refusd our charity thou hast refusd our food
Thou hast refusd our clothes our beds our houses for thy
dwelling

Chusing to wander like a Son of Zazel in the rocks
Why dost thou curse. is not the curse now come upon
your head

Was it not you enslavd the sons of Zazel. and they have
cursd

And now you feel it. Dig a grave and let us bury our
mother

There take the body. cursed sons. and may the heavens
rain wrath

As thick as northern fogs. around your gates. to choke
you up

That you may lie as now your mother lies. like dogs. cast
out

The stink. of your dead carcasses. annoying man and
beast

Till your white bones are bleachd with age for a
memorial.

No your remembrance shall perish. for when your
carcasses

Lie stinking on the earth. the buriers shall arise from the
east

And. not a bone of all the soils of Tiriell remain

Bury your mother but you cannot bury the curse of Tiriell

He ceased and darkling o'er the mountains sought his
pathless way

2

He wandered day and night to him both day and night
were dark

The sun he felt but the bright moon was now a useless
globe

O'er mountains and thro' vales of woe. the blind and aged
man

Wandered till he that leadeth all. led him to the vales of
Har

And Har and Heva like two children sat beneath the Oak
Mnetha now aged waited on them. and brought them
food and clothing

But they were as the shadow of Har. and as the years
forgotten

Playing with flowers. and running after birds they spent
the day

And in the night like infants slept delighted with infant
dreams

Soon as the blind wanderer entered the pleasant gardens
of Har

They ran weeping like frightened infants for refuge in
Mnetha's arms

The blind man felt his way and cried peace to these open doors

Let no one fear for poor blind Tiriël hurts none but himself

Tell me O friends where am I now. and in what pleasant place

This is the valley of Har said Mnetha and this the tent of Har

Who art thou poor blind man. that takest the name of Tiriël on thee

Tiriël is king of all the west. who art thou I am Mnetha
And this is Har and Heva. trembling like infants by my side

I know Tiriël is king of the west and there he lives in joy
No matter who I am O Mnetha. if thou hast any food
Give it me. for I cannot stay my journey is far from hence

Then Har said O my mother Mnetha venture not so near him

For he is the king of rotten wood and of the bones of death

He wanders. without eyes. and passes thro thick walls and doors

Thou shalt not smite my mother Mnetha O thou eyeless man

A wanderer. I beg for food. you see I cannot weep

I cast away my staff the kind companion of my travel
And I kneel down that you may see I am a harmless man

He kneeled down and Mnetha said Come Har and Heva
rise

He is an innocent old man and hungry with his travel

Then Har arose and laid his hand upon old Tiriels head

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 and thus I kiss thy sleek bald
head

Heva come kiss his bald head for he will not hurt us
Heva

Then Heva came and took old Tiriel in her mothers arms

Bless thy poor eyes old man. and 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

Mnetha said come in aged wanderer tell us of thy name

Why shouldest thou conceal thyself from those of thine
own flesh

I am not of this region. said Tiriël dissemblingly
I am an aged wanderer once father of a race
Far in the north. but they were wicked and were all
destroyd
And I their father sent an outcast. I have told you all
Ask me no more I pray for grief hath seal'd my precious
sight

O Lord said Mnetha how I tremble are there then more
people
More human creatures on this earth beside the sons of
Har

No more said Tiriël but I remain on all this globe
And I remain an outcast. hast thou any thing to drink

Then Mnetha gave him milk and fruits. and they sat
down together

3

They sat and eat and Har and Heva smild on Tiriël

Thou art a very old old man but I am older than thou
How came thine hair to leave thy forehead how came thy
face so brown

My hair is very long my beard. doth cover all my breast

God bless thy piteous face. to count the wrinkles in thy
face

Would puzzle Mnetha. bless thy face for thou art Tiriell

Tiriell I never saw but once I sat with him and eat
He was as chearful as a prince and gave me
entertainment

But long I staid not at his palace for I am forced to wander

What wilt thou leave us too said Heva thou shalt not
leave us too

For we have many sports to shew thee and many songs
to sing

And after dinner we will walk into the cage of Har

And thou shalt help us to catch birds. and gather them
ripe cherries

Then let thy name be Tiriell and never leave us more

If thou dost go said Har I wish thine eyes may see thy
folly

My sons have left me did thine leave thee O twas very
cruel

No venerable man said Tiriell ask me not such things

For thou dost make my heart to bleed my sons were not
like thine

But worse O never ask me more or I must flee away

Thou shalt not go said Heva till thou hast seen our
singing birds

And heard Har sing in the great cage and slept upon our fleeces

Go not for thou art so like Tiriell. that I love thine head

Tho it is wrinkled like the earth parchd with the summer heat

Then Tiriell rose up from the seat and said god bless these tents

My Journey is oer rocks and mountains. not in pleasant vales

I must not sleep nor rest because of madness and dismay

And Mnetha said Thou must not go to wander dark. alone

But dwell with us and let us be to thee instead of eyes

And I will bring thee food old man. till death shall call thee hence

Then Tiriell frownd and answerd. Did I not command you saying

Madness and deep dismay posses the heart of the blind man

The wanderer who seeks the woods leaning upon his staff

Then Mnetha trembling at his frowns led him to the tent door

And gave to him his staff and blest him. he went on his way

But Har and Heva stood and watchd him till he enterd
the wood

And then they went and wept to Mnetha. but they soon
forgot their tears

4

Over the weary hills the blind man took his lonely way
To him the day and night alike was dark and desolate
But far he had not gone when Ijim from his woods come
down

Met him at entrance of the forest in a dark and lonely
way

Who art thou Eyeless wretch that thus obstructst the
lions path

Ijim shall rend thy feeble joints thou tempter of dark Ijim
Thous hast the form of Tiriell but I know thee well
enough

Stand from my path foul fiend is this the last of thy
deceits

To be a hypocrite and stand in shape of a blind beggar

The blind man heard his brothers voice and kneeld down
on his knee

O brother Ijim if it is thy voice that speaks to me
Smite not thy brother Tiriell tho weary of his life
My sons have smitten me already. and if thou smitest me
The curse that rolls over their heads will rest itself on
thine

Tis now seven years since in my palace I beheld thy face

Come thou dark fiend I dare thy cunning know that Ijim
scorns

To smite thee in the form of helpless age and eyeless
policy

Rise up for I discern thee and I dare thy eloquent tongue

Come I will lead thee on thy way and use thee as a scoff

O Brother Ijim thou beholdest wretched Tiriell

Kiss me my brother and then leave me to wander
desolate

No artful fiend. but I will lead thee dost thou want to go
Reply not lest I bind thee with the green flags of the
brook

Ay now thou art discovered I will use thee like a slave

When Tiriell heard the words of Ijim he sought not to
reply

He knew twas vain for Ijims words were as the voice of
Fate

And they went on together over hills thro woody dales
Blind to the pleasures of the sight and deaf to warbling
birds

All day they walkd and all the night beneath the pleasant
Moon

Westwardly journeying till Tiriell grew weary with his
travel

O Ijim I am faint and weary for my knees forbid
To bear me further. urge me not lest I should die with
travel

A little rest I crave a little water from a brook
Or I shall soon discover that I am a mortal man
And you will lose your once lovd Tiriel alas how fain I
am

Impudent fiend said Ijim hold thy glib and eloquent
tongue

Tiriel is a king. and thou the tempter of dark Ijim
Drink of this running brook. and I will bear thee on my
shoulders

He drank and Ijim raisd him up and bore him on his
shoulders

All day he bore him and when evening drew her solemn
curtain

Enterd the gates of Tiriels palace. and stood and calld
aloud

Heuxos come forth I here have brought the fiend that
troubles Ijim

Look knowst thou aught of this grey beard. or of these
blinded eyes

Heuxos and Lotho ran forth at the sound of Ijims voice
And saw their aged father borne upon his mighty
shoulders

Their eloquent tongues were dumb and sweat stood on.
their trembling limbs

They knew twas vain to strive with Ijim they bowd and
silent stood

What Heuxos call thy father for I mean to sport to night
This is the Hypocrite that sometimes roars a dreadful
lion

Then I have rent his limbs and left him rotting in the
forest

For birds to eat but I have scarce departed from the place
But like a tyger he would come and so I rent him too
Then like a river he would seek to drown me in his
waves

But soon I buffeted the torrent anon like to a cloud
Fraught with the swords of lightning. but I bravd the
vengeance too

Then he would creep like a bright serpent till around my
neck

While I was Sleeping he would twine I squeezd his
poisnous soul

Then like a toad or like a newt. would whisper in my
ears

Or like a rock stood in my way. or like a poisnous shrub
At last I caught him in the form of Tiriell blind and old
And so Ill keep him fetch your father fetch forth
Myratana

They stood confounded. and Thus Tiriell raisd his silver
voice

Serpents not sons why do you stand fetch hither Tiriell
Fetch hither Myratana and delight yourselves with scoffs

For poor blind Tiriell is returned and this much injured head
Is ready for your bitter taunts. come forth sons of the
curse

Mean time the other sons of Tiriell ran around their father
Confounded at the terrible strength of Ijim they new twas
vain

Both spear and shield were useless and the coat of iron
mail

When Ijim stretched his mighty arm. the arrow from his
limbs

Rebounded and the piercing sword broke on his naked
flesh

Then is it true Heuxos that thou hast turned thy aged
parent

To be the sport of wintry winds. (said Ijim) is this true
It is a lie and I am like the tree torn by the wind

Thou eyeless fiend. and you dissemblers. Is this Tiriell's
house

It is as false as Matha. and as dark as vacant Orcus
Escape ye fiends for Ijim will not lift his hand against ye

So saying. Ijim gloomy turned his back and silent sought
The secret forests and all night wandered in desolate ways

5

And aged Tiriell stood and said where does the thunder
sleep

Where doth he hide his terrible head and his swift and
fiery daughters

Where do they shroud their fiery wings and the terrors of
their hair

Earth thus I stamp thy bosom rouse the earthquake from
his den

To raise his dark and burning visage thro the cleaving
ground

To thrust these towers with his shoulders. let his fiery
dogs

Rise from the center belching flames and roarings. dark
smoke

Where art thou Pestilence that bathest in fogs and
standing lakes

Rise up thy sluggish limbs. and let the loathsome of
poisons

Drop from thy garments as thou walkest. wrapt in yellow
clouds

Here take thy seat. in this wide court. let it be strewn
with dead

And sit and smile upon these cursed sons of Tiriels

Thunder and fire and pestilence. here you not Tiriels
curse

He ceast the heavy clouds confusd rolld round the lofty
towers

Discharging their enormous voices. at the fathers curse

The earth trembled fires belched from the yawning clefts

And when the shaking ceast a fog possest the accursed
clime

The cry was great in Tiriels palace his five daughters ran
And caught him by the garments weeping with cries of
bitter woe

Aye now you feel the curse you cry. but may all ears be
deaf

As Tiriels and all eyes as blind as Tiriels to your woes
May never stars shine on your roofs may never sun nor
moon t

Visit you but eternal fogs hover around your walls
Hela my youngest daughter you shall lead me from this
place

And let the curse fall on the rest and wrap them up
together

He ceast and Hela led her father from the noisom place
In haste they fled while all the sons and daughters of
Tiriels

Chaind in thick darkness utterd cries of mourning all the
night

And in the morning Lo an hundred men in ghastly death
The four daughters stretchd on the marble pavement
silent all

falln by the pestilence the rest moped round in guilty
fears

And all the children in their beds were cut off in one
night

Thirty of Tiriels sons remaind. to wither in the palace
Desolate. Loathed. Dumb Astonishd waiting for black
death

6

And Hela led her father thro the silent of the night
Astonishd silent. till the morning beams began to spring

Now Hela I can go with pleasure and dwell with Har and
Heva

Now that the curse shall clean devour all those guilty
sons

This is the right and ready way I know it by the sound
That our feet make. Remember Hela I have savd thee
from death

Then be obedient to thy father for the curse is taken off
thee

I dwelt with Myratana five years in the desolate rock
And all that time we waited for the fire to fall from
heaven

Or for the torrents of the sea to overwhelm you all
But now my wife is dead and all the time of grace is past
You see the parents curse. Now lead me where I have
commanded

O Leagued with evil spirits thou accursed man of sin
True I was born thy slave who askd thee to save me from
death—

Tw'as for thy self thou cruel man because thou wantest
eyes

True Hela this is the desert of all those cruel ones

Is Tiriël cruel look. his daughter and his youngest
daughter
Laughs at affection glories in rebellion. scoffs at Love:
I have not eat these two days lead me to Har and Hevas
tent
Or I will wrap the up in such a terrible fathers curse
That thou shalt feel worms in thy marrow creeping thro
thy bones
Yet thou shalt lead me. Lead me I command to Har and
Heva

O cruel O destroyer O consumer. O avenger
To Har and Heva I will lead thee then would that they
would curse
Then would they curse as thou hast cursed but they are
not like thee
O they are holy. and forgiving filld with loving mercy
Forgetting the offences of their most rebellious children
Or else thou wouldest not have livd to curse thy helpless
children

Look on my eyes Hela and see for thou has eyes to see
The tears swell from my stony fountains. wherefore do I
weep
Wherefore from my blind orbs art thou not siezd with
poisnous stings
Laugh serpent youngest venomous reptile of the flesh of
Tiriël
Laugh. for thy father Tiriël shall give the cause to laugh
Unless thou lead me to the tent of Har child of the curse

Silence thy evil tongue thou murderer of thy helpless children

I lead thee to the tent of Har not that I mind thy curse
But that I feel they will curse thee and hang upon thy bones

Fell shaking agonies. and in each wrinkle of that face
Plant worms of death to feast upon the tongue of terrible curses

Hela my daughter listen. thou art the daughter of Tiriell
Thy father calls. Thy father lifts his hand unto the heavens

For thou hast laughed at my tears. and curst thy aged father

Let snakes rise from thy bedded locks and laugh among thy curls

He ceast her dark hair upright stood while snakes infolded round

Her madding brows. her shrieks apalld the soul of Tiriell

What have I done Hela my daughter fearst thou now the curse

Or wherefore dost thou cry Ah wretch to curse thy aged father

Lead me to Har and Heva and the curse of Tiriell

Shall fail. If thou refuse howl in the desolate mountains

She howling led him over mountains and thro frighted
vales

Till to the caves of Zazel they approachd at even tide

Forth from their caves old Zazel and his sons ran. when
they saw

Their tyrant prince blind and his daughter howling and
leading him

They laughd and mocked some threw dirt and stones as
they passd by

But when Tiriell turnd around and raisd his awful voice
Some fled away but Zazel stood still and thus began

Bald tyrant. wrinkled cunning listen to Zazels chains
Twas thou that chaind thy brother Zazel where are now
thine eyes

Shout beautiful daughter of Tiriell. thou singest a sweet
song

Where are you going. come and eat some roots and drink
some water

Thy crown is bald old man. the sun will dry thy brains
away

And thou wilt be as foolish as thy foolish brother Zazel

The blind man heard. and smote his breast and trembling
passed on

They threw dirt after them. till to the covert of a wood

The howling maiden led her father where wild beasts
resort

Hoping to end her woes. but from her cries the tygers
fled

All night they wanderd thro the wood and when the sun
arose

They enterd on the mountains of Har at Noon the happy
tents

Were frighted by the dismal cries of Hela on the
mountains

But Har and Heva slept fearless as babes. on loving
breasts

Mnetha awoke she ran and stood at the tent door and saw
The aged wanderer led towards the tents she took her
bow

And chose her arrows then advand to meet the terrible
pair

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And Mnetha hasted and met them at the gate of the lower
garden

Stand still or from my bow recieve a sharp and winged
death

Then Tiriell stood. saying what soft voice threatens such
bitter things

Lead me to Har and Heva I am Tiriell King of the west

And Mnetha led them to the tent of Har. and Har and
Heva

Ran to the door. when Tiriels felt the ankles of aged Har
He said. O weak mistaken father of a lawless race

Thy laws O Har and Tiriels wisdom end together in a
curse

Why is one law given to the lion and the patient Ox t
And why men bound beneath the heavens in a reptile
form

A worm of sixty winters creeping on the dusky ground
The child springs from the womb. the father ready stands
to form

The infant head while the mother idle plays with her dog
on her couch

The young bosom is cold for lack of mothers
nourishment and milk

Is cut off from the weeping mouth with difficulty and
pain

The little lids are lifted and the little nostrils open
The father forms a whip to rouse the sluggish senses to
act

And scourges off all youthful fancies from the newborn
man

Then walks the weak infant in sorrow compelled to
number footsteps

Upon the sand. and
And when the drone has reached his crawling length
Black berries appear that poison all around him. Such
was Tiriels

Compelled to pray repugnant and to humble the immortal
spirit

Till I am subtil as a serpent in a paradise

Consuming all both flowers and fruits insects and
warbling birds

And now my paradise is falln and a drear sandy plain
Returns my thirsty hissings in a curse on thee O Har
Mistaken father of a lawless race my voice is past

He ceast outstretchd at Har and Hevas feet in awful death