

VALA

**The torments of Love and Jealousy in
The Death and Judgement of Albion the Ancient
Man**

A Dream of Nine Nights

The Four Zoas

WILLIAM BLAKE

[William Blake begins this epic poem with two Epigrams.]

"Rest before Labour."

"That we wrestle not before flesh and blood, but to authorities, to principalities, to the world emperor of darkness of this age, to the spirits of wickedness in the heavens."

[End of Epigrams.]

[William Blake also references these two Passages from the Gospel According to Saint John.]

"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me."

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."

[End of Passages.]

Night the First

The Song of the Aged Mother which shook the heavens
with wrath
Hearing the march of long resounding strong heroic Verse
Marshall'd in order for the day of Intellectual Battle

Four Mighty Ones are in every Man; a Perfect Unity
Cannot Exist. but from the Universal Brotherhood of Eden
The Universal Man. To Whom be Glory Evermore Amen

Are the Natures of those Living Creatures the Heavenly
Father only?
No Individual Can know in all Eternity

Los was the fourth immortal starry one, and in the Earth
Of a bright Universe Empery attended day and night
Days and nights of revolving joy, Urthona was his name

In Eden; in the Auricular Nerves of Human life
Which is the Earth of Eden, he his Emanations propagated
Fairies of Albion afterwards Gods of the Heathen,
Daughter of Beulah Sing
His fall into Division and his Resurrection to Unity
His fall into the Generation of Decay and Death and his
Regeneration by the Resurrection from the dead
Begin with Tharmas Parent power. darkning in the West
Lost! Lost! Lost! are my Emanations Enion O Enion

We are become a Victim to the Living We hide in secret
I have hidden Jerusalem in Silent Contrition O Pity Me
I will build thee a Labyrinth also O pity me O Enion
Why hast thou taken sweet Jerusalem from my inmost Soul
Let her Lay secret in the Soft recess of darkness and silence
It is not Love I bear to. It is Pity
She hath taken refuge in my bosom and I cannot cast her
out.

The Men have recieved their death wounds and their
Emanations are fled
To me for refuge and I cannot turn them out for Pity's sake
Enion said—Thy fear has made me tremble thy terrors have
surrounded me

All Love is lost Terror succeeds and Hatred instead of Love
And stern demands of Right and Duty instead of Liberty.

Once thou wast to Me the loveliest son of heaven—But
now

Why art thou Terrible and yet I love thee in thy terror till
I am almost Extinct and soon shall be a Shadow in
Oblivion

Unless some way can be found that I may look upon thee
and live

Hide me some Shadowy semblance. secret whispering in my
Ear

In secret of soft wings. in mazes of delusive beauty

I have lookd into the secret soul of him I lov'd

And in the Dark recesses found Sin and cannot return

Trembling and pale sat Tharmas weeping in his clouds

Why wilt thou Examine every little fibre of my soul

Spreading them out before the Sun like Stalks of flax to
dry

The infant joy is beautiful but its anatomy
Horrible Ghast and Deadly nought shalt thou find in it
But Death Despair and Everlasting brooding Melancholy
Thou wilt go mad with horror if thou dost Examine thus
Every moment of my secret hours Yea I know
That I have sinnd and that my Emanations are become
harlots

I am already distracted at their deeds and if I look
Upon them more Despair will bring self murder on my soul
O Enion thou art thyself a root growing in hell
Tho thus heavenly beautiful to draw me to destruction
Sometimes I think thou art a flower expanding
Sometimes I think thou art fruit breaking from its bud
In dreadful dolor and pain and I am like an atom
A Nothing left in darkness yet I am an identity
I wish and feel and weep and groan Ah terrible terrible

In Eden, Females sleep the winter in soft silken veils
Woven by their own hands to hide them in the darksom
grave

But Males immortal live renewd by female deaths. in soft
Delight they die and they revive in spring with music and
songs

Enion said Farewell I die I hide. from thy searching eyes
So saying—From her bosom weaving soft in Sinewy
threads

A tabernacle for Jerusalem she sat among the Rocks
Singing her lamentation. Tharmas groand among his
Clouds

Weeping, then bending from his Clouds he stoopd his

innocent head

And stretching out his holy hand in the vast Deep sublime
Turn'd round the circle of Destiny with tears and bitter sighs
And said. Return O Wanderer when the Day of Clouds is
oer

So saying he sunk down into the sea a pale white corse
In torment he sunk down and flow'd among her filmy Woof
His Spectre issuing from his feet in flames of fire
In gnawing pain drawn out by her lov'd fingers every nerve
She counted. every vein and lacteal threading them among
Her woof of terror. Terrified and drinking tears of woe
Shuddring she wove—nine days and nights Sleepless her
food was tears

Wondring she saw her woof begin to animate. and not
As Garments woven subservient to her hands but having a
will

Of its own perverse and wayward Enion lov'd and wept
Nine days she labour'd at her work. and nine dark sleepless
nights

But on the tenth trembling morn the Circle of Destiny
Complete

Round roll'd the Sea Englobing in a watry Globe self
balanc'd

A Frowning Continent appear'd Where Enion in the Desert
Terrified in her own Creation viewing her woven shadow
Sat in a dread intoxication of Repentance and Contrition
There is from Great Eternity a mild and pleasant rest

Nam'd Beulah a Soft Moony Universe feminine lovely
Pure mild and Gentle given in Mercy to those who sleep
Eternally. Created by the Lamb of God around
On all sides within and without the Universal Man

The Daughters of Beulah follow sleepers in all their
Dreams

Creating Spaces lest they fall into Eternal Death
The Circle of Destiny complete they gave to it a Space
And namd the Space Ulro and brooded over it in care and
love

They said The Spectre is in every man insane and most
Deformd Thro the three heavens descending in fury and
fire

We meet it with our Songs and loving blandishments and
give

To it a form of vegetation But this Spectre of Tharmas
Is Eternal Death What shall we do O God pity and help
So spoke they and closd the Gate of the Tongue in
trembling fear

What have I done! said Enion accursed wretch! What deed.

Is this a deed of Love I know what I have done. I know
Too late now to repent. Love is changd to deadly Hate
A life is blotted out and I alone remain possessd with Fears
I see the Shadow of the dead within my Soul wandering
In darkness and solitude forming Seas of Doubt and rocks
of Repentance

Already are my Eyes reverted. all that I behold
Within my Soul has lost its splendor and a brooding Fear
Shadows me oer and drives me outward to a world of woe
So waild she trembling before her own Created Phantasm
She drew the Spectre forth from Tharmas in her shining
loom

Of Vegetation weeping in wayward infancy and sullen
youth

Listning to her soft lamentations soon his tongue began

To Lisp out words and soon in masculine strength
augmenting he

Reard up a form of gold and stood upon the glittering rock
A shadowy human form winged and in his depths
The dazzlings as of gems shone clear, rapturous in fury
Glorying in his own eyes Exalted in terrific Pride
The Spectre thus spoke. Who art thou Diminutive husk and
shell

If thou hast sinnd and art polluted know that I am pure
And unpolluted and will bring to rigid strict account
All thy past deeds hear what I tell thee! mark it well!
remember!

This world is Thine in which thou dwellest that within thy
soul

That dark and dismal infinite where Thought roams up and
down

Is Mine and there thou goest when with one Sting of my
tongue

Envenomd thou rolist inwards to the place whence I
emergd

She trembling answerd Wherefore was I born and what am
It

I thought to weave a Covering for my Sins from wrath of
Tharmas

I thought Tharmas a Sinner and I murderd his Emanationst
His secret loves and Graces Ah me wretched What have I
done

For now I find that all those Emanations were my Childrens
Souls

And I have murderd them with Cruelty above atonementt
Those that remain have fled from my cruelty into the

desarts

And thou the delusive tempter to these deeds sittest before
me

In this thy world not mine tho dark I feel my world withint
Mingling his horrible brightness with her tender limbs then
high she soardt

Above the ocean; a bright wonder that Nature shudder'd at
Half Woman and half Spectre, all his lovely changing
colours mixt

With her fair crystal clearness; in her lips and cheeks his
poisons roset

In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening
A monster lovely in the heavens or wandering on the earth,

Till with fierce pain she brought forth on the rocks her
sorrow and woe

Behold two little Infants wept upon the desolate wind.

The first state weeping they began and helpless as a wave
Beaten along its sightless way growing enormous in its
motion to

Its utmost goal, till strength from Enion like richest summer
shining

Raisd the bright boy and girl with glories from their heads
out beaming

Drawing forth drooping mothers pity drooping mothers
sorrow

They sulk upon her breast her hair became like snow on
mountains

Weaker and weaker, weeping woful, wearier and wearier
Faded and her bright Eyes decayd melted with pity and
love

And then they wanderd far away she sought for them in
vain
In weeping blindness stumbling she followd them oer rocks
and mountains
Rehumanizing from the Spectre in pangs of maternal love
Ingrate they wanderd scorning her drawing her Spectrous
Life
Repelling her away and away by a dread repulsive power
Into Non Entity revolving round in dark despair.
And drawing in the Spectrous life in pride and haughty joy
Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life
Then Eno a daughter of Beulah took a Moment of Time
And drew it out to Seven thousand years with much care
and afflictiont
And many tears and in Every year made windows into
Eden
She also took an atom of space and opend its center
Into Infinitude and ornamented it with wondrous art
Astonishd sat her Sisters of Beulah to see her soft
affections
To Enion and her children and they ponderd these things
wondring
And they Alternate kept watch over the Youthful terrors
They saw not yet the Hand Divine for it was not yet reveald
But they went on in Silent Hope and Feminine repose
But Los and Enitharmon delighted in the Moony spaces of
Eno
Nine Times they livd among the forests, feeding on sweet
fruits
And nine bright Spaces wanderd weaving mazes of delight
Snaring the wild Goats for their milk they eat the flesh of

Lambs

A male and female naked and ruddy as the pride of summer
Alternate Love and Hate his breast; hers Scorn and
Jealousy

In embryo passions. they kiss'd not nor embrac'd for
shame and fear

His head beam'd light and in his vigorous voice was
prophecy

He could controul the times and seasons, and the days and
years

She could controul the spaces, regions, desert, flood and
forest

But had no power to weave a Veil of covering for her Sins

She drove the Females all away from Los

And Los drove all the Males from her away

They wander'd long, till they sat down upon the margin'd
sea.

Conversing with the visions of Beulah in dark slumberous
bliss

But the two youthful wonders wander'd in the world of
Tharmas

Thy name is Enitharmon; said the fierce prophetic boy
While thy mild voice fills all these Caverns with sweet
harmony

O how our Parents sit and mourn in their silent secret
bowers

But Enitharmon answer'd with a dropping tear and
frowning

Dark as a dewy morning when the crimson light appears
To make us happy let them weary their immortal powers

While we draw in their sweet delights while we return them
scorn

On scorn to feed our discontent; for if we grateful prove
They will withhold sweet love, whose food is thorns and
bitter roots.

We hear the warlike clarions we view the turning spheres
Yet Thou in indolence reposest holding me in bonds
Hear! I will sing a Song of Death! it is a Song of Vala!

The Fallen Man takes his repose: Urizen sleeps in the
porch

Luvah and Vala woke and flew up from the Human Heart
Into the Brain; from thence upon the pillow Vala slumber'd.
And Luvah siez'd the Horses of Light, and rose into the
Chariot of Day

Sweet laughter siezd me in my sleep! silent and close I
laughd

For in the visions of Vala I walkd with the mighty Fallen
One

I heard his voice among the branches, and among sweet
flowers.

Why is the light of Enitharmon darken'd in dewy mornt
Why is the silence of Enitharmon a terror and her smile a
whirlwind

Uttering this darkness in my halls, in the pillars of my
Holy-ones

Why dost thou weep as Vala? and wet thy veil with dewy
tears,

In slumbers of my night-repose, infusing a false morning?
Driving the Female Emanations all away from Los

I have refusd to look upon the Universal Vision

And wilt thou slay with death him who devotes himself to

thee

Once born for the sport and amusement of Man now born
to drink up all his Powers

I heard the sounding sea; I heard the voice weaker and
weaker;

The voice came and 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

I die not Enitharmon tho thou singst thy Song of Death

Nor shalt thou me torment For I behold the Fallen Man

Seeking to comfort Vala, she will not be comforted

She rises from his throne and seeks the shadows of her
garden

Weeping for Luvah lost, in the bloody beams of your false
morning

Sickning lies the Fallen Man his head sick his heart faint

Mighty atchievement of your power! Beware the
punishment

I see, invisible descend into the Gardens of Vala

Luvah walking on the winds, I see the invisible knife

I see the shower of blood: I see the swords and spears of
futuraity

Tho in the Brain of Man we live, and in his circling Nerves.

Tho' this bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain.

Where Urizen and all his Hosts hang their immortal lamps

Thou neer shalt leave this cold expanse where watry

Tharmas mourns

So spoke Los. Scorn and Indignation rose upon Enitharmon
Then Enitharmon reddning fierce stretchd her immortal
hands

Descend O Urizen descend with horse and chariots
Threaten not me O visionary thine the punishment
The Human Nature shall no more remain nor Human acts
Form the rebellious Spirits of Heaven. but War and
Princedom and Victory and Blood

Night darkend as she spoke! a shuddring ran from East to
Westt

A Groan was heard on high. The warlike clarions ceast. the
Spirits

Of Luvah and Vala shudderd in their Orb: an orb of blood!
Eternity groand and was troubled at the Image of Eternal
Death

The Wandering Man bow'd his faint head and Urizen
descended

And the one must have murderd the other if he had not
descended

Indignant muttering low thunders; Urizen descended
Gloomy sounding, Now I am God from Eternity to Eternity
Sullen sat Los plotting Revenge. Silent he eye'd the Prince
Of Light. Silent the prince of Light viewd Los. at length a
broodedt

Smile broke from Urizen for Enitharmon brightend more
and more

Sullen he lowerd on Enitharmon but he smild on Los
Saying Thou art the Lord of Luvah into thine hands I give
The prince of Love the murderer his soul is in thine hands

Pity not Vala for she pitied not the Eternal Man
Nor pity thou the cries of Luvah. Lo these starry hosts
They are thy servants if thou wilt obey my awful Law
Los answerd furious art thou one of those who when most
complacent
Mean mischief most. If you are such Lo! I am also such
One must be master. try thy Arts I also will try mine
For I percieve Thou hast Abundance which I claim as mine
Urizen startled stood but not Long soon he cried
Obey my voice young Demon I am God from Eternity to
Eternity
Thus Urizen spoke collected in himself in awful pride
Art thou a visionary of Jesus the soft delusion of Eternity
Lo I am God the terrible destroyer and not the Saviour
Why should the Divine Vision compell the sons of Eden
to forego each his own delight to war against his Spectre
The Spectre is the Man the rest is only delusion and fancy
So spoke the Prince of Light and sat beside the Seat of Los
Upon the sandy shore rested his chariot of fire
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 and the heavens were filld with
blood
The Earth spread forth her table wide. the Night a silver
cup
Fill'd with the wine of anguish waited at the golden feast
But the bright Sun was not as yet; he filling all the expanse
Slept as a bird in the blue shell that soon shall burst away

Los saw the wound of his blow he saw he pitied he wept
Los now repented that he had smitten Enitharmon he felt
love

Arise in all his Veins he threw his arms around her loins
To heal the wound of his smiting
They eat the fleshly bread, they drank the nervous wine

They listend to the Elemental Harps and Sphery Song
They view'd the dancing Hours, quick sporting thro' the sky
With winged radiance scattering joys thro the ever
changing light

But Luvah and Vala standing in the bloody sky
On high 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 appeared above them as One Man infolded
In Luvah robes of blood and bearing all his afflictions
As the sun shines down on the misty earth Such was the
Vision

But purple night and crimson morning and golden day
descending

Thro' the clear changing atmosphere display'd green fields
among

The varying clouds, like paradises stretch'd in the expanse
With towns and villages and temples, tents sheep-folds and
pastures

Where dwell the children of the elemental worlds in
harmony,
Not long in harmony they dwell, their life is drawn away

And wintry woes succeed; successive driven into the Void
Where Enion craves: successive drawn into the golden feast
And Los and Enitharmon sat in discontent and scorn
The Nuptial Song arose from all the thousand thousand
spiritst
Over the joyful Earth and 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

Stretch their immortal hands to smite the gold and silver
Wires
And with immortal Voice soft warbling fill all Earth and
Heaven.
With doubling Voices and 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.

And This the Song! sung at The Feast of Los and
Enitharmon

Ephraim call'd out to Zion: Awake O Brother Mountain
Let us refuse the Plow and Spade, the heavy Roller and
spiked
Harrow. burn all these Corn fields. throw down all these
fences

Fattend on Human blood and drunk with wine of life is
better far

Than all these labours of the harvest and 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 and groves
of fruit

But Clouds of Human Souls. my nostrils drink the lives of
Men

The Villages Lament. they faint outstretchd upon the plain
Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill and from the
Barn

But most the polishd Palaces dark silent bow with dread
Hiding their books and pictures. underneath the dens of
Earth

The Cities send to one another saying My sons are Mad
With wine of cruelty. Let us plat a Scourge O Sister City
Children are nourishd for the Slaughter; once the Child was
fed

With Milk; but wherefore now are Children fed with bloodt

The Horse is of more value than the Man. The Tyger fierce
Laughs at the Human form. the Lion mocks and thirsts for
blood

They cry O Spider spread thy web! Enlarge thy bones and
fill'd

With marrow. sinews and flesh Exalt thyself attain a voice

Call to thy dark armed hosts, for all the sons of Men muster
together
To desolate their cities! Man shall be no more! Awake O
Hosts
The bow string sang upon the hills! Luvah and Vala ride
Triumphant in the bloody sky. and the Human form is no
more
The listening Stars heard, and the first beam of the morning
started back
He cried out to his Father, depart! depart! but sudden
Siez'd
And clad in steel. and his Horse proudly neighd; he smelt
the battle
Afar off, Rushing back, reddning with rage the Mighty
Father
Siez'd his bright Sheephook studded with gems and gold, he
Swung it round
His head shrill sounding in the sky, down rush'd the Sun
with noise
Of war, The Mountains fled away they sought a place
beneath
Vala remain'd in desarts of dark solitude. nor Sun nor Moon
By night nor day to comfort her, she labour'd in thick smoke
Tharmas endur'd not, he fled howling. then a barren waste
sunk>
Conglobing in the dark confusion, Mean time Los was born
And Thou O Enitharmon! Hark I hear the hammers of Los
They melt the bones of Vala, and the bones of Luvah into
wedges
The innumerable sons and daughters of Luvah clos'd in
furnaces

Melt into furrows. winter blows his bellows: ice and Snow
Tend the dire anvils. Mountains mourn and Rivers faint and
fail

There is no City nor Corn-field nor Orchard! all is Rock
and Sand

There is no Sun nor Moon nor Star. but rugged wintry
rocks

Justling together in the void suspended by inward fires
Impatience now no longer can endure. Distracted Luvah
Bursting forth from the loins of Enitharmon, Thou fierce
Terror

Go howl in vain, Smite Smite his fetters Smite O wintry
hammers

Smite Spectre of Urthona, mock the fiend who drew us
down

From heavens of joy into this Deep. Now rage but rage in
vain

Thus Sang the Demons of the Deep. the Clarions of War
blew loud

The Feast redounds and Crownd with roses and the circling
vine

The Enormous Bride and 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
But Los and Enitharmon sat in discontent and scorn
Craving the more the more enjoying, drawing out sweet
bliss

From all the turning wheels of heaven and the chariots of
the Slain

At distance Far in Night repelld. in direful hunger craving

Summers and Winters round revolving in the frightful
deep.

Enion blind and age-bent wept upon the desolate wind
Why does the Raven cry aloud and no eye pities her?
Why fall the Sparrow and the Robin in the foodless winter?
Faint! shivering they sit on leafless bush, or frozen stone
Wearied with seeking food across the snowy waste; the
little

Heart, cold; and the little tongue consum'd, that once in
thoughtless joy
Gave songs of gratitude to waving corn fields round their
nest.

Why howl the Lion and the Wolf? why do they roam
abroad?

Deluded by summers heat they sport in enormous love
And cast their young out to the hungry wilds and sandy
desarts

Why is the Sheep given to the knife? the Lamb plays in the
Sun

He starts! he hears the foot of Man! he says, Take thou my
wool

But spare my life, but he knows not that winter cometh fast.
The Spider sits in his labourd Web, eager watching for the
Fly

Presently comes a famishd Bird and takes away the Spider
His Web is left all desolate, that his little anxious heart
So careful wove; and spread it out with sighs and
weariness.

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

Now Man was come to the Palm tree and to the Oak of
Weeping

Which stand upon the Edge of Beulah and he sunk down
From the Supporting arms of the Eternal Saviour; who
disposd

The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality

Upon The Rock of Ages. Watching over him with Love
and Care

Then those in Great Eternity met in the Council of God
As one Man for contracting their Exalted Senses

They behold Multitude or Expanding they behold as one
As One Man all the Universal family and that one Mant

They call Jesus the Christ and they in him and he in them
Live in Perfect harmony in Eden the land of life

Consulting as One Man above the Mountain of Snowdon
Sublime

For messengers from Beulah come in tears and darkning
clouds

Saying Shiloh is in ruins our brother is sick Albion Het
Whom thou lovest is sick he wanders from his house of
Eternity

The daughters of Beulah terrified have closd the Gate of the
Tongue

Luvah and Urizen contend in war around the holy tent
So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah and with solemn
mourningt

They were introduced to the divine presence and they

kneeled down

In Conways Vale thus recounting the Wars of Death
Eternal

The Eternal Man wept in the holy tent Our Brother in
Eternity

Even Albion whom thou lovest wept in pain his family
Slept round on hills and valleys in the regions of his love
But Urizen awoke and Luvah woke and thus conferrd

Thou Luvah said the Prince of Light behold our sons and
daughters

Reposd on beds. let them sleep on. do thou alone depar
Into thy wished Kingdom where in Majesty and Power
We may erect a throne. deep in the North I place my lot
Thou in the South listen attentive. In silent of this night

I will infold the Eternal tent in clouds opake while thou
Siezing the chariots of the morning. Go outfleeting ride
Afar into the Zenith high bending thy furious course
Southward with half the tents of men inclosd in clouds>
Will lay my scepter on Jerusalem the Emanation

On all her sons and on thy sons O Luvah and on mine
Till dawn was wont to wake them then my trumpet
sounding loud

Ravishd away in night my strong command shall be obeyd
For I have placd my centinels in stations each tenth man
Is bought and sold and in dim night my Word shall be their
law

Luvah replied Dictate to thy Equals. am not I
The Prince of all the hosts of Men nor Equal know in
Heaven

If I arise into the Zenith leaving thee to watch

The Emanation and her Sons the Satan and the Anak
Sihon and Og. wilt thou not rebel to my laws remain
In darkness building thy strong throne and in my ancient
night
Daring my power wilt arm my sons against me in the
Atlantict
My deep My night which thou assuming hast assumed my
Crown
I will remain as well as thou and here with hands of blood
Smite this dark sleeper in his tent then try my strength with
thee
While thus he spoke his fires reddend oer the holy tent
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 and yells and cries shook the wide
firmament
Beside his anvil stood Urthona dark. a mass of iron
Glowd furious on the anvil prepard for spades and coulters
All
His sons fled from his side to join the conflict pale he heard
The Eternal voice he stood the sweat child 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 and 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 and his body fell. Tharmas beheld him fall
Endlong a raging serpent rolling round the holy tent
The sons of war astonishd at the Glittring monster drove
Him far into the world of Tharmas into a cavernd rock
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
Mustring together in thick clouds leaving the rage of Luvah
To pour its fury on himself and on the Eternal Man
Sudden down fell they all together into an unknown Space
Deep horrible without End. Separated from Beulah far
beneath

The Mans exteriors are become indefinite open to pain
In a fierce hungring void and none can visit his regions

Jerusalem his Emanation is become a ruint
Her little ones are slain on the top of every streett
And she herself led captive and scatterd into the indefinite
Gird on thy sword O thou most mighty in glory and
majesty

Destroy these opressors of Jerusalem and those who ruin
Shiloh

So spoke the Messengers of Beulah. Silently removing
The Family Divine drew up the Universal tent
Above High Snowdon and closd the Messengers in clouds
aroundt

Till the time of the End. Then they Elected Seven. called
the Seven

Eyes of God and the Seven lamps of the Almighty
The Seven are one within the other the Seventh is named
Jesus

The Lamb of God blessed for ever and he followd the Man
Who wanderd in mount Ephraim seeking a Sepulcher
His inward eyes closing from the Divine vision and all
His children wandering outside from his bosom fleeing
away

The Daughters of Beulah beheld the Emanation they pitiedt
They wept before the Inner gates of Enitharmons bosom
And of her fine wrought brain and of her bowels within her
loins

Three gates within Glorious and bright open into Beulah
From Enitharmons inward parts but the bright female
terror

Refusd to open the bright gates she closd and barrd them
fast

Lest Los should enter into Beulah thro her beautiful gates
The Emanation stood before the Gates of Enitharmont
Weeping. the Daughters of Beulah silent in the Porches
Spread her a couch unknown to Enitharmon here reposd
Jerusalem in slumbers soft lulld into silent rest

Terrific ragd the Eternal Wheels of intellect terrific ragd
The living creatures of the wheels in the Wars of Eternal
life

But perverse rolld the wheels of Urizen and Luvah back
reversd

Downwards and outwards consuming in the wars of
Eternal Death

[End of Night the First]

Night the Second

Rising upon his Couch of Death Albion beheld his Sons
Turning his Eyes outward to Self. losing the Divine Vision
Albion call'd Urizen and said. Behold these sickning
Spheres

Whence is this Voice of Enion that soundeth in my Porches
Take thou possession! take this Scepter! go forth in my
might

For I am weary, and must sleep in the dark sleep of Death
Thy brother Luvah hath smitten me but pity thou his youth
Tho thou hast not pitied my Age O Urizen Prince of Light
Urizen rose from the bright Feast like a star thro' the
evening sky

Exulting at the voice that call'd him from the Feast of envy
First he beheld the body of Man pale, cold, the horrors of
death

Beneath his feet shot thro' him as he stood in the Human
Brain

And all its golden porches grew pale with his sickening
light

No more Exulting for he saw Eternal Death beneath

Pale he beheld futurity; pale he beheld the Abyss

Where Enion blind and age bent wept in direful hunger
craving

All rav'ning like the hungry worm, and like the silent grave

Mighty was the draught of Voidness to draw Existence in

Terrific Urizen strode above, in fear and pale dismay
He saw the indefinite space beneath and his soul shrunk
with horror
His feet upon the verge of Non Existence; his voice went
forth
Luvah and Vala trembling and shrinking, beheld the great
Work master
And heard his Word! Divide ye bands influence by
influence
Build we a Bower for heavens darling in the grizly deep
Build we the Mundane Shell around the Rock of Albion
The Bands of Heaven flew thro the air singing and shouting
to Urizen
Some fix'd the anvil, some the loom erected, some the
plow
And harrow formd and framd the harness of silver and
ivory
The golden compasses, the quadrant and the rule and
balance
They erected the furnaces, they formd the anvils of gold
beaten in mills
Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their
base
The bellows began to blow and the Lions of Urizen stood
round the anvil

And the leopards coverd with skins of beasts tended the
roaring fires
Sublime distinct their lineaments divine of human beautyt

The tygers of wrath called the horses of instruction from
their mangers
They unloos'd them and put on the harness of gold and
silver and ivory
In human forms distinct they stood round Urizen prince of
Light
Petrifying all the Human Imagination into rock and sand
Groans ran along Tyburns brook and along the River of
Oxford
Among the Druid Temples. Albion groand 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
Fled with the noise of Slaughter and the stars of heaven
Fled
Jerusalem came down in a dire ruin over all the Earth
She fell cold from Lambeths Vales in groans and Dewy
death
The dew of anxious souls the death-sweat of the dying
In every pillard hall and arched roof of Albions skies
The brother and the brother bathe in blood upon the Severn
The Maiden weeping by. The father and the mother with
The Maidens father and her mother fainting over the body
And the Young Man the Murderer fleeing over the
mountains
Reuben slept on Penmaenmawr and Levi slept on Snowdon

Their eyes their ears nostrils and 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 and dark Land
The Daughters of Albion girded around their garments of
Needlework
Stripping Jerusalems curtains from mild demons of the hills
Across Europe and Asia to China and Japan like
lightenings
They go forth and 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 stone
Rattling the adamantine chains and hooks heave up the ore
In mountainous masses, plung'd in furnaces, and they shut
and seald
The furnaces a time and times; all the while blew the North
His cloudy bellows and the South and East and dismal
West
And all the while the plow of iron cut the dreadful furrows
In Ulro beneath Beulah where the Dead wail Night and Day
Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction and sealed
And Vala fed in cruel delight, the furnaces with fire
Stern Urizen beheld urg'd by necessity to keep
The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power
He might avert his own despair; in woe and fear he saw

Vala incircle round the furnaces where Luvah was clos'd
In joy she heard his howlings, and forgot he was her Luvah
With whom she walkd in bliss, in times of innocence and
youth

Hear ye the voice of Luvah from the furnaces of Urizen
If I indeed am Valas King and ye O sons of Ment
The workmanship of Luvahs hands; in times of Everlasting
When I calld forth the Earth-worm from the cold and dark
obscure

I nurturd her I fed her with my rains and 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 and thirsty land
And I commanded springs to rise for her in the black desart
Till she became a Dragon winged bright and poisonoust
I open'd all the floodgates of the heavens to quench her
thirst

And I commanded the Great deep to hide her in his hand
Till she became a little weeping Infant a span long
I carried her in my bosom as a man carries a lamb
I loved her I gave her all my soul and my delight
I hid her in soft gardens and in secret bowers of Summer
Weaving mazes of delight along the sunny Paradise
Inextricable labyrinths, She bore me sons and daughters
And they have taken her away and hid her from my sight
They have surrounded me with walls of iron and brass, O
Lambt

Of God clothed in Luvahs garments little knowest thou

Of death Eternal that we all go to Eternal Death
To our Primeval Chaos in fortuitous concourse of
incoherent
Discordant principles of Love and Hate I suffer affliction
Because I love. for I was love but hatred awakes in met
And Urizen who was Faith and 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 Godt
From bondage of the Human form, O first born Son of
Light
O Urizen my enemy I weep for thy stern ambition
But weep in vain O when will you return Vala the
Wanderer

These were the words of Luvah patient in afflictions
Reasoning from the loins in the unreal forms of Ulros night
And when Luvah age after age was quite melted with woe
The fires of Vala faded like a shadow cold and pale
An evanescent shadow. last she fell a heap of Ashes
Beneath the furnaces a woful heap in living death
Then were the furnaces unscald with spades and pickaxes
Roaring let out the 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
With trembling horror pale aghast the Children of Mant
Stood on the infinite Earth and saw these visions in the air
In waters and 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 and 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
Set stations on this breeding Earth and let us buy and sell
Others arose and schools Erected forming Instruments
To measure out the course of heaven. Stern Urizen beheld
In woe his brethren and his Sons in darkning woe
lamenting
Upon the winds in clouds involvd Uttering his voice in
thunders
Commanding all the work with care and power and severity
Then siezd the Lions of Urizen their work, and heated in
the forge
Roar the bright masses, thund'ring beat the hammers, many
a pyramid
Is form'd and thrown down thund'ring into the deeps of
Non Entity
Heated red hot they hissing rend their way down many a
league
Till resting, each his center finds; suspended there they
stand
Casting their sparkles dire abroad into the dismal deep
For measurd out in orderd spaces the Sons of Urizen
With compasses divide the deep; they the strong scales
erect

That Luvah rent from the faint Heart of the Fallen Man

And weigh the massy Cubes, then fix them in their awful
stationst
And all the time in Caverns shut, the golden Looms erected
First spun, then wove the Atmospheres, there the Spider
and Worm
Plied the wingd shuttle piping shrill thro' all the list'ning
threads
Beneath the Caverns roll the weights of lead and spindles
of iron
The enormous warp and woof rage direful in the affrighted
deep
While far into the vast unknown, the strong wing'd Eagles
bend
Their venturous flight, in Human forms distinct; thro
darkness deep
They bear the woven draperies; on golden hooks they hang
abroad
The universal curtains and spread out from Sun to Sun
The vehicles of light, they separate the furious particles
Into mild currents as the water mingles with the wine.
While thus the Spirits of strongest wing enlighten the dark
deep
The threads are spun and the cords twisted and drawn out;
then the weak
Begin their work; and many a net is netted; many a net

Spread and many a Spirit caught, innumerable the nets
Innumerable the gins and traps; and many a soothing flute
Is form'd and many a corded lyre, outspread over the
immense

In cruel delight they trap the listeners, and in cruel delight
Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little
compass
Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted;
some
The bulbous roots, thrown up together into barns and
garners
Then rose the Builders; First the Architect divine his plan
Unfolds, The wondrous scaffold reared all round the infinite
Quadrangular the building rose the heavens squared by a
line.
Trigon and cubes divide the elements in finite bonds
Multitudes without number work incessant: the hewn stone
Is placd in beds of mortar mingled with the ashes of Vala
Severe the labour, female slaves the mortar trod oppressed
Twelve halls after the names of his twelve sons composd
The wondrous building and three Central Domes after the
Names
Of his three daughters were encompassd by the twelve
bright halls
Every hall surrounded by bright Paradises of Delight
In which are towns and Cities Nations Seas Mountains and
Riverst
Each Dome open toward four halls and the Three Domes
Encompassd
The Golden Hall of Urizen whose western side glowd
bright
With ever streaming fires beaming from his awful limbs
His Shadowy Feminine Semblance here reposd on a White
Couch

Or hoverd oer his Starry head and when he smild she
brightend

Like a bright Cloud in harvest. but when Urizen frownd
She wept

In mists over his carved throne and when he turnd his back
Upon his Golden hall and 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 and her Daughters oft upon
A Golden Altar burnt perfumes with Art Celestial formd
Foursquare sculpturd and sweetly Engravd to please their
shadowy mothert

Ascending into her misty garments the blue smoke rolld to
revive

Her cold limbs in the absence of her Lord. Also her sons
With lives of Victims sacrificed upon an altar of brass
On the East side. Revivd her Soul with lives of beasts and
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
When Urizen returnd from his immense labours and travels
Descending She reposd beside him folding him around
In her bright skirts. Astonishd and Confounded he beheld

Her shadowy form now Separate he shudderd and was
silent
Till her caresses and her tears revivd him to life and joy
Two wills they had two intellects and not as in times of old
This Urizen perciev'd and silent brooded in darkning Clouds
To him his Labour was but Sorrow and his Kingdom was
Repentance
He drave the Male Spirits all away from Ahania
And she drave all the Females from him away
Los joyd and Enitharmon laughd, saying Let us go down
And see this labour and sorrow; They went down to see the
woes
Of Vala and the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights
And Vala like a shadow oft appeard to Urizen

The King of Light beheld her mourning among the Brick
kilns compell'd
To labour night and day among the fires, her lamenting
voice
Is heard when silent night returns and the labourers take
their rest
O Lord wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions
Among these flames incessant labouring, our hard masters
laugh
At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water
To carry the heavy basket on our scorched shoulders, to sift
The sand and ashes, and to mix the clay with tears and
repentance
I see not Luvah as of old I only see his feet
Like pillars of fire travelling thro darkness and non entity

The times are now returnd upon us, we have given
ourselves
To scorn and now are scorned by the slaves of our enemies
Our beauty is coverd over with clay and ashes, and our
backs
Furrowd with whips, and our flesh bruised with the heavy
basket
Forgive us O thou piteous one whom we have offended,
forgive
The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow
to thee.
Thus she lamented day and night, compelld to labour and
sorrow
Luvah in vain her lamentations heard; in vain his love
Brought him in various forms before her still she knew him
not

Still she despisd him, calling on his name and knowing him
not
Still hating still professing love, still labouring in the smoke
And Los and Enitharmon joyd, they drank in tenfold joy
From all the sorrow of Luvah and the labour of Urizen
And Enitharmon joyd Plotting to rend the secret cloud
To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen and Ahania
But infinitely beautiful the wondrous work arose
In sorrow and care. a Golden World whose porches round
the heavens
And pillard halls and rooms reciev'd the eternal wandering
stars

A wondrous golden Building; many a window many a
door
And many a division let in and out into the vast unknown
Cubed in window square immoveable, within its walls and
cielings
The heavens were closd and spirits mournd their bondage
night and day
And the Divine Vision appeard in Luvahs robes of blood
Thus was the Mundane shell builded by Urizens strong
power

Sorrowing went the Planters forth to plant, the Sowers to
sow
They dug the channels for the rivers and they pourd abroad
The seas and lakes, they reard the mountains and the rocks
and hills
On broad pavilions, on pillard roofs and porches and high
towers
In beauteous order, thence arose soft clouds and
exhalations
Wandering even to the sunny Cubes of light and heat
For many a window ornamented with sweet ornaments
Lookd out into the World of Tharmas, where in ceaseless
torrents
His billows roll where monsters wander in the foamy paths
On clouds the Sons of Urizen beheld Heaven walled round
They weighd and orderd all and Urizen comforted saw
The wondrous work flow forth like visible out of the
invisible
For the Divine Lamb Even Jesus who is the Divine Vision

Permitted all lest Man should fall into Eternal Death
For when Luvah sunk down himself put on the robes of
blood
Lest the state call'd Luvah should cease. and the Divine
Vision
Walked in robes of blood till he who slept should awake
Thus were the stars of heaven created like a golden chain
To bind the Body of Man to heaven from failing into the
Abyss
Each took his station, and his course began with sorrow and
care
In sevens and tens and fifties, hundreds, thousands,
numberd all
According to their various powers. Subordinate to Urizen
And to his sons in their degrees and to his beauteous
daughters
Travelling in silent majesty along their orderd ways
In right lined paths outmeasurd by proportions of number
weight
And measure. mathematic motion wondrous. along the
deep
In fiery pyramid. or Cube. or unornamented pillar
Of fire far shining. travelling along even to its destined end
Then falling down. a terrible space recovering in winter dire
Its wasted strength. it back returns upon a nether course
Till fired with ardour fresh recruited in its humble season
It rises up on high all summer till its wearied course
Turns into autumn. such the period of many worlds
Others triangular right angled course maintain. others
obtuse
Acute Scalene, in simple paths. but others move

In intricate ways biquadrate. Trapeziums Rhombs
Rhomboids
Parallelograms. triple and quadruple. polygonic
In their amazing hard subdued course in the vast deep

And Los and Enitharmon were drawn down by their desires
Descending sweet upon the wind among soft harps and
voicest

To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen and Ahania
To conduct the Voice of Enion to Ahantias midnight pillow
Urizen saw and envied and his imagination was filled
Repining he contemplated the past in his bright sphere
Terrified with his heart and spirit at the visions of futurity
That his dread fancy formd before him in the unformd void
For Los and Enitharmon walkd forth on the dewy Earth
Contracting or expanding their all flexible senses
At will to murmur in the flowers small as the honey bee
At will to stretch across the heavens and step from star to
star

Or standing on the Earth erect, or on the stormy waves
Driving the storms before them or delighting in sunny
beams

While round their heads the Elemental Gods kept harmony
And Los said. Lo the Lilly pale and the rose reddning fierce
Reproach thee and the beamy gardens sicken at thy beauty
I grasp thy vest in my strong hand in vain. like water
springs

In the bright sands of Los. evading my embrace. then I
alone

Wander among the virgins of the summer Look they cry

The poor forsaken Los mockd by the worm the shelly snail
The Emmet and the beetle hark they laugh and mock at Los
Enitharmon answerd Secure now from the smitings of thy
Power

Demon of fury If the God enrapturd me infolds
In clouds of sweet obscurity my beauteous form dissolving
Howl thou over the body of death tis thine But if among the
virginst

Of summer I have seen thee sleep and turn thy cheek
delighted

Upon the rose or lilly pale. or on a bank where sleep
The beamy daughters of the light starting they rise they flee
From thy fierce love for tho I am dissolvd in the bright
God

My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks and valleys
Los answerd Therefore fade I thus dissolvd in rapturd
trance

Thou canst repose on clouds of secrecy while oer my limbs
Cold dews and hoary frost creeps thro I lie on banks of
summer

Among the beauties of the World Cold and repining Los
Still dies for Enitharmon nor a spirit springs from my dead
corse

Then I am dead till thou revivest me with thy sweet song
Now taking on Ahanias form and now the form of Enion
I know thee not as once I knew thee in those blessed fields
Where memory wishes to repose among the flocks of
Tharmas

Enitharmon answerd Wherefore didst thou throw thine
arms around

Ahanias Image I deciev'd thee and will still decieve

Urizen saw thy sin and hid his beams in darkning Clouds
I still keep watch altho I tremble and wither across the
heavens

In strong vibrations of fierce jealousy for thou art mine
Created for my will my slave tho strong tho I am weak
Farewell the God calls me away I depart in my sweet bliss
She fled vanishing on the wind And left a dead cold corse
In Los's arms howlings began over the body of death

Los spoke. Thy God in vain shall call thee if by my strong
power

I can infuse my dear revenge into his glowing breast
Then jealousy shall shadow all his mountains and Ahania
Curse thee thou plague of woful Los and seek revenge on
thee

So saying in deep sobs he languishd till dead he also fell
Night passd and Enitharmon eer the dawn returnd in bliss
She sang Oer Los reviving him to Life his groans were
terrible

But thus she sang. I sieze the sphery harp I strike the strings
At the first Sound the Golden sun arises from the Deep
And shakes his awful hair

The Eccho wakes the moon to unbind her silver locks
The golden sun bears on my song
And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery
King

The joy of woman is the Death of her most best beloved
Who dies for Love of her

In torments of fierce jealousy and pangs of adoration.
The Lovers night bears on my song
And the nine Spheres rejoice beneath my powerful controll
They sing unceasing to the notes of my immortal hand

The solemn silent moon
Reverberates the living harmony upon my limbs
The birds and beasts rejoice and play
And every one seeks for his mate to prove his inmost joy
Furious and terrible they sport and rend the nether deeps
The deep lifts up his rugged head
And lost in infinite humming wings vanishes with a cry
The fading cry is ever dying
The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy
Arise you little glancing wings and sing your infant joy
Arise and drink your bliss
For every thing that lives is holy for the source of life
Descends to be a weeping babe
For the Earthworm renews the moisture of the sandy plain
Now my left hand I stretch to earth beneath
And strike the terrible string
I wake sweet joy in dens of sorrow and I plant a smile
In forests of affliction
And wake the bubbling springs of life in regions of dark
death
O I am weary lay thine hand upon me or I faint
I faint beneath these beams of thine
For thou hast touchd my five senses and they answerd thee
Now I am nothing and I sink
And on the bed of silence sleep till thou awakest me
Thus sang the Lovely one in Rapturous delusive trance
Los heard reviving he siezd her in his arms delusive hopes
Kindling She led him into Shadows and thence fled
outstretchd
Upon the immense like a bright rainbow weeping and
smiling and fading

Thus livd Los driving Enion far into the deathful infinite
That he may also draw Ahania's spirit into her Vortex
Ah happy blindness Enion sees not the terrors of the
uncertain

Thus Enion wails from the dark deep, the golden heavens
tremble

I am made to sow the thistle for wheat; the nettle for a
nourishing dainty

I have planted a false oath in the earth, it has brought forth
a poison tree

I have chosen the serpent for a counsellor and the dog
For a schoolmaster to my children

I have blotted out from light and living the dove and
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 and a vapour of death
in night

What is the price of Experience do men buy it for a song
Or wisdom for a dance in the street? No it is bought with
the price

Of all that a man hath his house his wife his children

Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to
buy

And in the witherd field where the farmer plows for bread
in vain

It is an easy thing to triumph in the summers sun

And in the vintage and to sing on the waggon loaded with
corn

It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted

To speak the laws of prudence to the houseless wanderer

To listen to the hungry ravens cry in wintry season

When the red blood is filld with wine and with the marrow
of lambs

It is an easy thing to laugh at wrathful elements

To hear the dog howl at the wintry door, the ox in the
slaughter house moan

To see a god on every wind and 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, and the
sickness that cuts off his children

While our olive and vine sing and laugh round our door and
our children bring fruits and flowers

Then the groan and the dolor are quite forgotten and the
slave grinding at the mill

And the captive in chains and the poor in the prison, and
the soldier in the field

When the shatterd bone hath laid him groaning among the
happier dead

It is an easy thing to rejoice in the tents of prosperity

Thus could I sing and thus rejoice, but it is not so with me!

Ahania heard the Lamentation and a swift Vibration

Spread thro her Golden frame. She rose up eer the dawn of
day

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
And never from that moment could she rest upon her pillow

[End of Night the Second]

Night the Third

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

O Urizen look on Me. like a mournful stream
I Embrace round thy knees and wet My bright hair with my
tears:

Why sighs my Lord! are not the morning stars thy obedient
Sons

Do they not bow their bright heads at thy voice? at thy
command

Do they not fly into their stations and return their light to
thee

The immortal Atmospheres are thine, there thou art seen in
glory

Surrounded by the ever changing Daughters of the Light

Why wilt thou look upon futurity darkning present joy

She ceas'd the Prince his light obscurd and the splendors of
his crown

Infolded in thick clouds, from whence his mighty voice
burst forth

O bright Ahania, a Boy is born of the dark Ocean
Whom Urizen doth serve, with Light replenishing his
darkness

I am set here a King of trouble commanded here to serve
And do my ministry to those who eat of my wide table
All this is mine yet I must serve and that Prophetic boy
Must grow up to command his Prince but hear my
determin'd Decree

Vala shall become a Worm in Enitharmons Womb
Laying her seed upon the fibres soon to issue forth
And Luvah in the loins of Los a dark and furious death

Alas for me! what will become of me at that dread time?
Ahaniah bow'd her head and wept seven days before the
King
And on the eighth day when his clouds unfolded from his
throne
She rais'd her bright head sweet perfum'd and thus with
heavenly voice

O Prince the Eternal One hath set thee leader of his hosts

Leave all futurity to him Resume thy fields of Light
Why didst thou listen to the voice of Luvah that dread morn
To give the immortal steeds of light to his deceitful hands
No longer now obedient to thy will thou art compell'd
To forge the curbs of iron and brass to build the iron
mangers
To feed them with intoxication from the wine presses of
Luvah
Till the Divine Vision and Fruition is quite obliterated
They call thy lions to the fields of blood, they rowze thy
tygers

Out of the halls of justice, till these dens thy wisdom framd
Golden and beautiful but O how unlike those sweet fields
of bliss

Where liberty was justice and eternal science was mercy
Then O my dear lord listen to Ahania, listen to the vision
The vision of Ahania in the slumbers of Urizen
When Urizen slept in the porch and the Ancient Man was
smittent

The Darkning Man walkd on the steps of fire before his
halls

And Vala walkd with him in dreams of soft deluding
slumber

He looked up and saw thee Prince of Light thy splendor
faded

But saw not Los nor Enitharmon for Luvah hid them in
shadow

In a soft cloud Outstretch'd across, and Luvah dwelt in the
cloud

Then Man ascended mourning into the splendors of his
palace

Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect
Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy; in white linen pure he
hover'd

A sweet entrancing self delusion, a watry vision of Man
Soft exulting in existence all the Man absorbing
Man fell upon his face prostrate before the watry shadow
Saying O Lord whence is this change thou knowest I am
nothing

And Vala trembled and coverd her face, and her locks.
were spread on the pavement
I heard astonishd at the Vision and my heart trembled
within me
I heard the voice of the Slumberous Man and thus he spoke
Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of Eternity uttering
O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee
If thou withdraw thy breath I die and vanish into Hades
If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent
If thou withhold thine hand I perish like a fallen leaf
O I am nothing and to nothing must return again
If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion
He ceasd: the shadowy voice was silent; but the cloud
hoverd over their heads

In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man and the balmy drops
fell down
And Lo that Son of Man, that shadowy Spirit of the Fallen
One
Luvah, descended from the cloud; In terror Albion rose-
Indignant rose the Awful Man and turnd his back on Vala
Why roll thy clouds in sick'ning mists. I can no longer hide
The dismal vision of mine Eyes, O love and life and light!
Prophetic dreads urge me to speak. futurity is before me
Like a dark lamp. Eternal death haunts all my expectation
Rent from Eternal Brotherhood we die and are no more
I heard the Voice of Albion starting from his sleep
“Whence is this voice crying Enion that soundeth in my
ears
O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can Love seek for dominion

And Luvah strove to gain dominion over the mighty Albion
They strove together above the Body where Vala was
inclos'd

And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal
pavement

Coverd with boils from head to foot. the terrible smitings of
Luvah

Then frownd the Fallen Man and put forth Luvah from his
presence

(I heard him: frown not Urizen: but listen to my Vision)

Saying, Go and die the Death of Man for Vala the sweet
wanderer

I will turn the volutions of your Ears outward; and bend
your Nostrils

Downward; and your fluxile Eyes englob'd, roll round in
fear

Your withring Lips and Tongue shrink up into a narrow
circle

Till into narrow forms you creep. Go take your fiery way
And learn what 'tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity
and Love

O Urizen why art thou pale at the visions of Ahania

Listen to her who loves thee lest we also are driven away.

They heard the Voice and fled swift as the winters setting
sun

And now the Human Blood foamd high, I saw that Luvah
and Vala

Went down the Human Heart where Paradise and its joys
abounded

In jealous fears in fury and rage, and 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 and thunders of the deep
Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks

And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and west

And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent roll'd between.

She ended, for his wrathful throne burst forth the black hail
storm

Am I not God said Urizen. Who is Equal to me

Do I not stretch the heavens abroad or fold them up like a
garment

He spoke mustering his heavy clouds around him black
opake

Then thunders roll'd around and lightnings darted to and fro
His visage chang'd to darkness and his strong right hand
came forth

To cast Ahania to the Earth he seiz'd her by the hair

And threw her from the steps of ice that froze around his
throne

Saying Art thou also become like Vala. thus I cast thee out
Shall the feminine indolent bliss. the indulgent self of
weariness

The passive idle sleep the enormous night and 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 and 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 shaggd with horrid shades. dark cool and deadly,
where
I laid my head in the hot noon after the broken clods
Had wearied me, there I laid my plow and there my horses
fed
And thou hast risen with thy moist locks into a watry image
Reflecting all my indolence my weakness and my death
To weigh me down beneath the grave into non Entity
Where Luvah strives scorned by Vala age after age
wandering
Shrinking and shrinking from her Lord and calling him the
Tempter
And art thou also become like Vala thus I cast thee out.
So loud in thunders spoke the King folded in dark despair
And threw Ahania from his bosom obdurate She fell like
lightning
Then fled the sons of Urizen from his thunderous throne
petrific
They fled to East and West and left the North and South of
Heaven
A crash ran thro the immense The bounds of Destiny were
broken
The bounds of Destiny crashd direful and the swelling Sea
Burst from its bonds in whirlpools fierce roaring with
Human voice

Triumphing even to the Stars at bright Ahanias fall
Down from the dismal North the Prince in thunders and
thick clouds

As when the thunderbolt down falleth on the appointed
place
Fell down down rushing ruining thundering shuddering
Into the Caverns of the Grave and places of Human Seed
Where the impressions of Despair and Hope enroot forever
A world of Darkness. Ahanias fell far into Non Entity
She Continued falling. Loud the Crash continued loud and
Hoarse
From the Crash roared a flame of blue sulphureous fire
from the flame
A dolorous groan that struck with dumbness all confusion
Swallowing up the horrible din in agony on agony
Thro the Confusion like a crack across from immense to
immense
Loud strong a universal groan of death louder
Than all the wracking elements deafend and rended worse
Than Urizen and all his hosts in curst despair down rushing
But from the Dolorous Groan one like a shadow of smoke
appeard
And human bones rattling together in the smoke and
stamping
The nether Abyss and gnashing in fierce despair. panting
in sobs
Thick short incessant bursting sobbing. deep despairing
stamping struggling

Struggling to utter the voice of Man struggling to take the
features of Man. Struggling

To take the limbs of Man at length emerging from the
smoke

Of Urizen dashed in pieces from his precipitant fall
Tharms reard up his hands and stood on the affrighted
Ocean

The dead reard up his Voice and stood on the resounding
shore

Crying. Fury in my limbs. destruction in my bones and
marrow

My skull riven into filaments. my eyes into sea jellies
Floating upon the tide wander bubbling and bubbling
Uttering my lamentations and begetting little monsters
Who sit mocking upon the little pebbles of the tide
In all my rivers and on dried shells that the fish

Have quite forsaken. O fool fool to lose my sweetest bliss
Where art thou Enion ah too near to cunning too far off
And yet too near. Dashd down I send thee into distant
darkness

Far as my strength can hurl thee wander there and laugh
and play

Among the frozen arrows they will tear thy tender flesh
Fall off afar from Tharmas come not too near my strong
fury

Scream and fall off and laugh at Tharmas lovely summer
beauty

Till winter rends thee into Shivers as thou hast rended me

So Tharmas bellowd oer the ocean thundring sobbing
bursting

The bounds of Destiny were broken and hatred now began
Instead of love to Enion. Enion blind and 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

These are the words of Enion heard from the cold waves of
despair

O Tharmas I had lost thee. and 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 and 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 and 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
Tharmas replied riding on storms his voice of Thunder
rolld

Image of grief thy fading lineaments make my eyelids fail
What have I done! both rage and mercy are alike to me

Looking upon thee Image of faint waters. I recoil
From my fierce rage into thy semblance. Enion return
Why does thy piteous face Evanish like a rainy cloud

Melting. a shower of falling tears. nothing but tears! Enion:
Substanceless. voiceless, weeping. vanishd. nothing but
tears! Enion

Art thou for ever vanishd from the watry eyes of Tharmas
Rage Rage shall never from my bosom. winds and waters
of woe

Consuming all to the end consuming Love and Hope are
ended

For now no more remaind of Enion in the dismal air
Only a voice eternal wailing in the Elements
Where Enion, blind and age bent wanderd Ahanian wanders
now

She wanders in Eternal fear of falling into the indefinite
For her bright eyes behold the Abyss. sometimes a little
sleep

Weights down her eyelids then she falls then starting wakes
in fears

Sleepless to wander round repelld on the margin of Non
Entity

[End of Nigh the Third]

Night the Fourth

But Tharmas rode on the dark Abyss. the voice of Tharmas
rolld

Over the heaving deluge. he saw Los and Enitharmon
Emerge

In strength and 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

And he said Wherefore do I feel such love and pity

Ah Enion Ah Enion Ah lovely lovely Enion

How is this All my hope is gone for ever fled

Like a famishd Eagle Eyeless raging in the vast expanse

Incessant tears are now my food. incessant rage and 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

And cannot those who once have lov'd. ever forget their

Love?

Are love and rage the same passion? they are the same in

me

Are those who love. like those who died. risen again from
death

Immortal. in immortal torment. never to be deliverd
Is it not possible that one risen again from Death
Can die! When dark despair comes over, can I not
Flow down into the sea and slumber in oblivion. Ah Enion

Deformd I see these lineaments of ungratified Desire
The all powerful curse of an honest man be upon Urizen
and Luvah

But thou My Son Glorious in brightness comforter of
Tharmas

Go forth Rebuild this Universe beneath my indignant
power

A Universe of Death and Decay. Let Enitharmons hands
Weave soft delusive forms of Man above my watry world
Renew these ruind souls of Men thro Earth Sea Air and
Fire

To waste in endless corruption. renew thou I will destroy
Perhaps Enion may resume some little semblance

To ease my pangs of heart and to restore some peace to
Tharmas

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

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 and
clay
And he is falln into the Deep rough Demon of the waters
And Los remains God over all, weak father of worms and
clay
I know I was Urthona keeper of the gates of heaven
But now I am all powerful Los and Urthona is but my
shadow
Doubting stood Tharmas in the solemn darkness. his dim
Eyes
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 and now his tears flow'd
down
In scorn stood Los red sparks of blighting from his furious
head
Flew over the waves of Tharmas. pitying Tharmas stay'd his
Waves
For Enitharmon shriek'd amain crying O my sweet world
Built by the Architect divine whose love to Los and
Enitharmon
Thou rash abhorred Demon in thy fury hast oerthrown

What Sovereign Architect said Tharmas dare my will
controll
For if I will I urge these waters. If I will they sleep
In peace beneath my awful frown my will shall be my Law
So Saying in a Wave he rap'd bright Enitharmon far
Apart from Los. but cover'd her with softest brooding care

On a broad wave in the warm west. balming her bleeding
wound
O how Los howld at the rending asunder all the fibres rent
Where Enitharmon joind to his left side in griding pain
He falling on the rocks bellowd his Dolor. till the blood
Stanch'd, then in ululation waild his woes upon the wind
And Tharmas calld to the Dark Spectre who upon the
Shores
With dislocated Limbs had falln. The Spectre rose in pain
A Shadow blue obscure and dismal. like a statue of lead
Bent by its fall from a high tower the dolorous shadow rose
Go forth said Tharmas works of joy are thine obey and live
So shall the spungy marrow issuing from thy splinterd
bones
Bonify. and 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 and Enitharmon. then
Thou shalt have rest. If thou refusest dashd abroad on all
My waves. thy limbs shall separate in stench and rotting
and thou
Become a prey to all my demons of despair and hope
The Spectre of Urthona seeing Enitharmon writhdt
His cloudy form in jealous fear and muttering thunders
hoarse
And casting round thick glooms. thus utterd his fierce
pangs of heart
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

I slumber here in weak repose. I well remember the Day
The day of terror and abhorrencet
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

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 and 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 and writhe
Before me in the wind englobing trembling with strong
vibrations

The bloody mass began to animate. I bending over
Wept bitter tears incessant. Still beholding how the piteous
form

Dividing and dividing from my loins a weak and piteous
Soft cloud of snow a female pale and weak I soft embracd
My counter part and calld it Love I named her Enitharmon
But found myself and her together issuing down the tide
Which now our rivers were become delving thro caverns
huge

Of goary blood struggling to be deliverd from our bonds
She strove in vain not so Urthona strove for breaking forth,
A shadow blue obscure and dismal from the breathing
Nostrils

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

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 and fury. But now come bear back
Thy loved Enitharmon. For thou hast her here before thine
Eyes

But my sweet Enion is vanishd and I never more
Shall see her unless thou O Shadow. wilt protect this Son
Of Enion and him assist. to bind the fallen King
Lest he should rise again from death in all his dreary power
Bind him, take Enitharmon for thy sweet reward while I
In vain am driven on false hope. hope sister of despair
Groaning the terror rose and drave his solid rocks before

Upon the tide till underneath the feet of Los a World
Dark dreadful rose and Enitharmon lay at Los's feet
The dolorous shadow joyd. weak hope appeard around his
head
Tharmas before Los stood and thus the Voice of Tharmas
rolld
Now all comes into the power of Tharmas. Urizen is falln
And Luvah hidden in the Elemental forms of Life and
Death
Urthona is My Son O Los thou art Urthona and Tharmas
Is God. The Eternal Man is seald never to be deliverd
I roll my floods over his body my billows and waves pass
over him
The Sea encompasses him and monsters of the deep are his
companions
Dreamer of furious oceans cold sleeper of weeds and 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 and laid her head upon my wearied bosom at night
She is divided She is vanishd even like Luvah and Valat
O why did foul ambition sieze thee Urizen Prince of Light
And thee O Luvah prince of Love till Tharmas was divided
And I what can I now behold but an Eternal Death
Before my Eyes and an Eternal weary work to strive
Against the monstrous forms that breed among my silent
waves
Is this to be A God far rather would I be a Man
To know sweet Science and to do with simple companions

Sitting beneath a tent and viewing sheepfolds and soft
pastures
Take thou the hammer of Urthona rebuild these furnaces
Dost thou refuse mind I the sparks that issue from thy hair

I will compell thee to rebuild by these my furious waves
Death choose or life thou strugglest in my waters, now
choose life

And all the Elements shall serve thee to their soothing
flutes

Their sweet inspiriting lyres thy labours shall administer
And they to thee only remit not faint not thou my son
Now thou dost know what tis to strive against the God of
waters

So saying Tharmas on his furious chariots of the Deep
Departed far into the Unknown and left a wondrous void
Round Los. afar his waters bore on all sides round. with
noise

Of wheels and horses hoofs and Trumpets Horns and
Clarions

Terrified Los beheld the ruins of Urizen beneath
A horrible Chaos to his eyes. a formless unmeasurable
Death

Whirling up broken rocks on high into the dismal air
And fluctuating all beneath in Eddies of molten fluid
Then Los with terrible hands siezd on the Ruind Furnaces
Of Urizen. Enormous work: he builded them anew
Labour of Ages in the Darkness and the war of Tharmas
And Los formd Anvils of Iron petrific. for his blows
Petrify with incessant beating many a rock. many a planet

But Urizen slept in a stoned stupor in the nether Abyss
A dreamful horrible State in tossings on his icy bed
Freezing to solid all beneath, his grey oblivious form
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

The days and years. in chains of iron round the limbs of
Urizen

Linkd hour to hour and day to night and night to day and
year to year

In periods of pulsative furor. mills he formd and works
Of many wheels resistless in the power of dark Urthona

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 and whirling round in the dark
deep

Lashd on the limbs of Enitharmon and the sulphur fires
Belchd from the furnaces wreathd round her. chaind in
ceaseless fire

The lovely female howld and Urizen beneath deep groand
Deadly between the hammers beating grateful to the Ears
Of Los. absorbd in dire revenge he drank with joy the cries
Of Enitharmon and the groans of Urizen fuel for his wrath
And for his pity secret feeding on thoughts of cruelty
The Spectre wept at his dire labours when from Ladles
huge

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
And thus began the binding of Urizen day and night in fear
Circling round the dark Demon with howlings dismay and
sharp blightings

The Prophet of Eternity beat on his iron links and links of
brass

And as he beat round the hurtling Demon. terrified at the
Shapes

Enslavd humanity put on he became what he beheld

Raging against Tharmas his God and uttering
Ambiguous words blasphemous filld with envy firm
resolvd

On hate Eternal in his vast disdain he labourd beating
The Links of fate link after link an endless chain of sorrows

The Eternal Mind bounded began to roll eddies of wrath
ceaseless

Round and round and the sulphureous foam surgeing thick
Settled a Lake bright and shining clear. White as the snow

Forgetfulness dumbness necessity in chains of the mind
lockd up
In fetters of ice shrinking. disorganizd rent from Eternity
Los beat on his fetters and heated his furnaces
And pourd iron sodor and sodor of brass
Restless the immortal inchaind heaving dolorous
Anguished unbearable till a roof shaggy wild inclosd
In an orb his fountain of thought
In a horrible dreamful slumber like the linked chain
A vast spine writhd in torment upon the wind
Shooting paind. ribbs like a bending Cavern
And bones of solidness froze over all his nerves of joy
A first age passed. a state of dismal woe
From the Caverns of his jointed spine down sunk with
fright
A red round globe. hot burning. deep deep down into the
Abyss
Panting Conglobing trembling Shooting out ten thousand
branches
Around his solid bones and a Second Age passed over
In harrowing fear rolling his nervous brain shot branches
On high into two little orbs hiding in two little caves
Hiding carefully from the wind his eyes beheld the deep
And a third age passed a State of dismal woe
The pangs of hope began in heavy pain striving struggling
Two Ears in close volutions from beneath his orbs of
vision
Shot spiring out and petrified as they grew. And a Fourth
Age passed over and a State of dismal woe
In ghastly torment sick hanging upon the wind
Two nostrils bent down to the deeps—

And a fifth age passed and a state of dismal woe
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
Enraged, and 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 stampd the nether abyss in trembling howling
and dismay
And a seventh age passed over and a state of dismal woe
The Council of God on high watching over the Body
Of Man clothd in Luvahs robes of blood saw and wept
Descending over Beulahs mild moon coverd regions
The daughters of Beulah saw the Divine Vision they were
comforted
And as a Double female form loveliness and perfection of
beauty
They bowd the head and worshipd and with mild voice
spoke these words

Lord. Saviour if thou hadst been here our brother had not
died
And now we know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God
He will give it thee for we are weak women and dare not
lift
Our eyes to the Divine pavilions. therefore in mercy thou
Appearest clothd in Luvahs garments that we may behold
thee

And live. Behold Eternal Death is in Beulah Behold
We perish and shall not be found unless thou grant a place
In which we may be hidden under the Shadow of wings
For if we who are but for a time and who pass away in
winter

Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume
Such were the words of Beulah of the Feminine Emanation
The Empyrean groand throughout All Eden was darkend
The Corse of Albion lay on the Rock the sea of Time and
Spacet

Beat round the Rock in mighty waves and as a Polypus
That vegetates beneath the Sea the limbs of Man vegetated
In monstrous forms of Death a Human polypus of Death
The Saviour mild and gentle bent over the corse of Death
Saying If ye will Believe your Brother shall rise again
And first he found the Limit of Opacity and namd it Satan
In Albions bosom for in every human bosom these limits
stand

And next he found the Limit of Contraction and namd it
Adam

While yet those beings were not born nor knew of good or
Evil

Then wondrously the Starry Wheels felt the divine hand.
Limit

Was put to Eternal Death Los felt the Limit and saw
The Finger of God touch the Seventh furnace in terror
And Los beheld the hand of God over his furnaces
Beneath the Deeps in dismal Darkness beneath immensity

In terrors Los shrunk from his task. his great hammer

Fell from his hand his fires hid their strong limbs in smoke
For with noises ruinous hurtlings and clashings and groans
The immortal endur'd. tho bound in a deadly sleep
Pale terror siezd the Eyes of Los as he beat round
The hurtling Demon. terrifid at the shapes
Enslavd humanity put on he became what he beheld
He became what he was doing he was himself transformd
The globe of life blood trembled Branching out into roots;
Fibrous, writhing upon the winds; Fibres of blood, milk
and tears;
In pangs, eternity on eternity. At length in tears and cries
imbodied
A female form trembling and pale Waves before his deathly
face
Spasms siezd his muscular fibres writhing to and fro his
pallid lips
Unwilling movd as Urizen howld his loins wavd like the
sea
At Enitharmons shriek his knees each other smote and then
he lookd
With stony Eyes on Urizen and then swift writd his neckt
Involuntary to the Couch where Enitharmon lay
The bones of Urizen hurtle on the wind the bones of Los
Twinge and his iron sinews bend like lead and fold
Into unusual forms dancing and howling stamping the
Abyss

[End of Night the Fourth]

Night the Fifth

Infected Mad he danced on his mountains high and dark as
heaven

Now fixed into one steadfast bulk his features stonify
From his mouth curses and from his eyes sparks of
blighting

Beside the anvil cold he danced with the hammer of Urthona
Terrific pale. Enitharmon stretched on the dreary Earth
Felt her immortal limbs freeze stiffening pale inflexible
His feet shrink withering from the deep shrinking and
withering

And Enitharmon shrunk up all their fibres withering beneath
As plants withered by winter leaves and stems and roots
decaying

Melt into thin air while the seed driven by the furious wind
Rests on the distant Mountains top. So Los and Enitharmon
Shrunk into fixed space stood trembling on a Rocky cliff
Yet mighty bulk and majesty and beauty remained but
unexpansive

As far as highest Zenith from the lowest Nadir. so far
shrunk

Los from the furnaces a Space immense and left the cold
Prince of Light bound in chains of intellect among the
furnaces

But all the furnaces were out and the bellows had ceased to
blow

He stood trembling and Enitharmon clung around his knees
Their senses unexpansive in one steadfast bulk remain

The night blew cold and Enitharmon shriekd on the dismal
wind

Her pale hands cling around her husband and over her weak
head

Shadows of Eternal death sit in the leaden air

But the soft pipe the flute the viol organ harp and cymbal

And the sweet sound of silver voices calm the weary couch

Of Enitharmon but her groans drown the immortal harps

Loud and more loud the living music floats upon the air

Faint and more faint the daylight wanes. The wheels of
turning darkness

Began in solemn revolutions. Earth convulsd with rending
pangs

Rockd to and fro and cried sore at the groans of
Enitharmon

Still the faint harps and 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 and 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

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 and sullen flames and howlings and fury
and blood

Soon as his burning Eyes were open on the Abyss
The horrid trumpets of the deep bellowd with bitter blasts
The Enormous Demons woke and howld around the new
born king
Crying Luvah King of Love thou art the King of rage and
death
Urizen cast deep darkness round him raging Luvah pourdt
The spears of Urizen from Chariots round the Eternal tent
Discord began then yells and cries shook the wide
firmament

Where is Sweet Vala gloomy prophet where the lovely
form
That drew the body of Man from heaven into this dark
Abysselds
Shew thy soul Vala shew thy bow and quiver of secret fires
Draw thy bow Vala from the depths of hell thy black bow
drawt
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
He wept and he divided and he laid his gloomy head
Down on the Rock of Eternity on darkness of the deep
Torn by black storms and ceaseless torrents of consuming
fire
Within his breast his fiery sons chaind down and filld with
cursings
And breathing terrible blood and 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

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

So sung the Demons round red Orc and round faint
Enitharmon

Sweat and blood stood on the limbs of Los in globes. his
fiery Eyelids

Faded. he roud he siezd the wonder in his hands and went
Shuddring and weeping thro the Gloom and down into the
deeps

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

And brass and silver and gold fourfold in dark prophetic
fear

For now he feard Eternal Death and uttermost Extinction

He builded Golgonooza on the Lake of Udan Adan

Upon the Limit of Translucence then he builded Luban

Tharmas laid the Foundations and Los finishd it in howling
woe

But when fourteen summers and winters had revolved over
Their solemn habitation Los beheld the ruddy boy

Embracing his bright mother and 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
Around his bosom. Every day he viewd the fiery youth
With silent fear and his immortal cheeks grew deadly pale
Till many a morn and many a night passd over in dire woe
Forming a girdle in the day and 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
Enitharmon beheld the bloody chain of nights and days
Depending from the bosom of Los and how with griding
pain

He went each morning to his labours. with the spectre dark
Calld it the chain of jealousy. Now Los began to speak
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 and 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 and
cried

Over her son. Obdurate Los bound down her loved joy

The hammer of Urthona smote the rivets in terror. of brass
Tenfold. the Demons rage flamd tenfold forth rending

Roaring redounding. Loud Loud Louder and Louder and
fird
The darkness warring With the waves of Tharmas and
Snows of Urizen
Crackling the flames went up with fury from the immortal
demon
Surrounded with flames the Demon grew loud howling in
his fires
Los folded Enitharmon in a cold white cloud in fear
Then led her down into the deeps and into his labyrinth
Giving the Spectre sternest charge over the howling fiend
Concenterd into Love of Parent Storgous Appetite Craving
His limbs bound down mock at his chains for over them a
flame
Of circling fire unceasing plays to feed them with life and
bring
The virtues of the Eternal worlds ten thousand thousand
spirits
Of life lament around the Demon going forth and returningt
At his enormous call they flee into the heavens of heavens
And back return with wine and food. Or dive into the deeps
To bring the thrilling joys of sense to quell his ceaseless
rage
His eyes the lights of his large soul contract or else expand
Contracted they behold the secrets of the infinite mountains
The veins of gold and silver and the hidden things of Vala
Whatever grows from its pure bud or breathes a fragrant
soul
Expanded they behold the terrors of the Sun and Moon
The Elemental Planets and the orbs of eccentric fire

His nostrils breathe a fiery flame. his locks are like the
forestst

Of wild beasts there the lion glares the tyger and wolf howl
there

And there the Eagle hides her young in cliffs and precipices
His bosom is like starry heaven expanded all the stars rings
Flow into rivers of delight. there the spontaneous flowers
Drink laugh and sing. the grasshopper the Emmet and the
Fly

The golden Moth builds there a house and spreads her
silken bed

His loins inwove with silken fires are like a furnace fierce
As the strong Bull in summer time when bees sing round
the heath

Where the herds low after the shadow and after the water
spring

The numrous flocks cover the mountain and shine along the
valley

His knees are rocks of adamant and rubie and emerald
Spirits of strength in Palaces rejoice in golden armour
Armed with spear and shield they drink and rejoice over the
slain

Such is the Demon such his terror in the nether deep
But when returnd to Golgonooza Los and Enitharmon
Felt all the sorrow Parents feel. they wept toward one
another

And Los repented that he bad 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 travelld thro the Gloom of Entuthon
Benithon
Los taking Enitharmon by the hand led her along
The dismal vales and up to the iron mountains top where
Orc
Howld in the furious wind he thought to give to
Enitharmon
Her son in tenfold joy and to compensate for her tears
Even if his own death resulted so much pity him paid
But when they came to the dark rock and to the spectrous
cave
Lo the young limbs had stricken root into the rock and
strong
Fibres had from the Chain of Jealousy inwove themselves
In a swift vegetation round the rock and 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

Into the iron rock and grew a chain beneath the Earth

Even to the Center wrapping round the Center and the
limbs
Of Orc entering with fibres. became one with him a living
Chain
Sustained by the Demons life. Despair and Terror and Woe
and Rage
Inwrap the Parents in cold clouds as they bend howling
over
The terrible boy till fainting by his side the Parents fell
Not long they lay 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
When satiated with grief they returnd back to Golgonooza
Enitharmon on the road of Dranthon felt the inmost gate
Of her bright heart burst open and again close with a deadly
pant
Within her heart Vala began to reanimate in bursting sobs
And when the Gate was open she beheld that dreary Deep
Where bright Ahania wept. She also saw the infernal roots
Of the chain of Jealousy and felt the rendings of fierce
howling Orc
Rending the Caverns like a mighty wind pent in the Earth
Tho wide apart as furthest north is from the furthest south
Urizen trembled where he lay to hear the howling terror
The rocks shook the Eternal bars tuggd to and fro were
rified
Outstretchd upon the stones of ice the ruins of his throne
Urizen shuddring heard his trembling limbs shook the
strong caves
The Woes of Urizen shut up in the deep dens of Urthona

Ah how shall Urizen the King submit to this dark mansion
Ah how is this! Once on the heights I stretchd my throne
sublime
The mountains of Urizen once of silver where the sons of
wisdom dwelt
And on whose tops the Virgins sang are rocks of
Desolation
My fountains once the haunt of Swans now breed the scaly
tortoise
The houses of my harpers are become a haunt of crows
The gardens of wisdom are become a field of horrid graves
And on the bones I drop my tears and water them in vain

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 crownd with
joy
Then in my ivory pavilions I slumberd in the noon
And walked in the silent night among sweet smelling
flowers
Till on my silver bed I slept and sweet dreams round me
hoverd
But now my land is darkend and my wise men are departed
My songs are turned to cries of Lamentationt
Heard on my Mountains and deep sighs under my palace
roofs
Because the Steeds of Urizen once swifter than the light

Were kept back from my Lord and from his chariot of
mercies
O did I keep the horses of the day in silver pastures
O I refusd the Lord of day the horses of his prince
O did I close my treasuries with roofs of solid stone
And darken all my Palace walls with envyings and hate
O Fool to think that I could hide from his all piercing eyes
The gold and silver and 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
I well remember for I heard the mild and holy voice
Saying O light spring up and shine and I sprang up from the
deep
He gave to me a silver scepter and crownd me with a
golden crown
and said Go forth and guide my Son who wanders on the
ocean
I went not forth. I hid myself in black clouds of my wrath
I calld the stars around my feet in the night of councils dark
The stars threw down their spears and fled naked away
We fell. I siezd thee dark Urthona In my left hand falling
I siezd thee beauteous Luvah thou art faded like a flower
And like a lilly is thy wife Vala witherd by winds
When thou didst bear the golden cup at the immortal tables
Thy children smote their fiery wings crownd with the gold
of heaven

Thy pure feet stepd on the steps divine. too pure for other
feet

And thy fair locks shadowd 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
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 pourd the stolen wine
And drunken with the immortal draught fell from my
throne sublime
I will arise Explore these dens and find that deep pulsation
That shakes my caverns with strong shudders. perhaps this
is the night
Of Prophecy and Luvah hath burst his way from
Enitharmon
When Thought is closd in Caves. Then love shall shew its
root in deepest Hell

[End of Night the Fifth]

Night the Sixth

So Urizen arose and leaning on his Spear explord his dens
He threw his flight thro the dark air to where a river flowd
And taking off his silver helmet filled it and drank
But when Unsatiated his thirst he assayd to gather more
Lo three terrific women at the verge of the bright flood
Who would not suffer him to approach. but drove him back
with storms
Urizen knew them not and thus addressd the spirits of
darkness
Who art thou Eldest Woman sitting in thy clouds
What is that name written on thy forehead? what art thou?
And wherefore dost thou pour this water forth in sighs and
care
She answerd not but filld her urn and pourd it forth abroad
Answerest thou not said Urizen. then thou maist answer me
Thou terrible woman clad in blue, whose strong attractive
power
Draws all into a fountain at the rock of thy attraction
With frowning brow thou sittest mistress of these mighty
waters
She answerd not but stretchd her arms and threw her limbs
abroad
Or wilt thou answer youngest Woman clad in shining
greent
With labour and care thou dost divide the current into fourt
Queen of these dreadful rivers speak and let me hear thy
voice

They reared up a wall of rocks and Urizen raised his spear.
They gave a scream, they knew their father Urizen knew
his daughters
They shrunk into their channels. dry the rocky strand
beneath his feet
Hiding themselves in rocky forms from the Eyes of Urizen
Then Urizen wept and thus his lamentation poured forth
O horrible O dreadful state! those whom I loved best
On whom I poured the beauties of my light adorning them
With jewels and precious ornament labourd with art divine
Vests of the radiant colours of heaven and crowns of
golden fire
I gave sweet lillies to their breasts and roses to their hair
I taught them songs of sweet delight, I gave their tender
voices
Into the blue expanse and I invented with laborious art
Sweet instruments of sound. in pride encompassing my
Knees
They poured their radiance above all. the daughters of Luvah
Envied
At their exceeding brightness and the sons of eternity sent
them gifts
Now will I pour my fury on them and 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 and sweet instruction. I will give
Chains of dark ignorance and cords of twisted self conceit
And whips of stern repentance and food of stubborn
obstinacy
That they may curse Tharmas their God and Los his
adopted son
That they may curse and worship the obscure Demon of
destruction
That they may worship terrors and obey the violent
Go forth sons of my curse Go forth daughters of my
abhorrence
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

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 and his gloomy
spear
Darkend before him. Silent on the ridgy waves he took
His gloomy way before him Tharmas fled and flying
fought
Crying. What and 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 and 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 and monsters of the deeps
And in these monstrous forms I Live in an Eternal woet
And thou O Urizen art falln never to be deliverd
Withhold thy light from me for ever and I will withhold
From thee thy food so shall we cease to be and all our
sorrows
End and the Eternal Man no more renew beneath our power
If thou refusest in eternal flight thy beams in vain
Shall pursue Tharmas and 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
So Tharmas spoke but Urizen replied not. On his way
He took. high bounding over hills and desarts floods and
horrible chasms
Infinite was his labour without end his travel he strove
In vain for hideous monsters of the deeps annoyd him sore
Scaled and finnd with iron and 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 and with pain
descended
And saw their grizly fears and his eyes sickend at the sight
The howlings gnashings groanings shriekings shudderings
sobblings burstings
Mingle together to create a world for Los. In cruel delight

Los brooded on the darkness. nor saw Urizen with a Globe
of fire
Lighting his dismal journey thro the pathless world of death
Writing in bitter tears and groans in books of iron and brass
The enormous wonders of the Abysses once his brightest
joy
For Urizen beheld the terrors of the Abyss wandering
among
The ruind spirits once his children and 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 Earth of wintry woe beneath their feet and round their
loinst
Waters or winds or clouds or brooding lightnings and
pestilential plagues
Beyond the bounds of their own self their senses cannot
penetrate
As the tree knows not what is outside of its leaves and bark
And yet it drinks the summer joy and fears the winter
sorrow
So in the regions of the grave none knows his dark
compeer
Tho he partakes of his dire woes and mutual returns the
pang
The throb the dolor the convulsion in soul sickening woes

The horrid shapes and sights of torment in burning
dungeons and in
Fetters of red hot iron some with crowns of serpents and
some
With monsters girding round their bosoms, Some lying on
beds of sulphur
On racks and wheels he beheld women marching oer
burning wastes
Of Sand in bands of hundreds and of fifties and 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 and in rocks which heaved with
their torments
Then came he among fiery cities and castles built of
burning steel
Then he beheld the forms of tygers and of Lions
dishumanizd men
Many in serpents and in worms stretchd out enormous
length
Over the sullen mould and 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 and hissing in eternal
pain
Some as columns of fire or of water sometimes stretchd out
in heighth
Sometimes in length sometimes englobing wandering in
vain seeking for easet
His voice to them was but an inarticulate thunder for their
Ears
Were heavy and dull and their eyes and 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

Oft would he stand and 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
voicet
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 and the lion to
the man of years
Giving them sweet instructions Where the Cloud the River
and the Field
Talk with the husbandman and shepherd. But these attackd
him sore

Siezing upon his feet and rending the Sinews that in Caves
He hid to recure his obstructed powers with rest and
oblivion

Here he had time enough to repent of his rashly threatend
curse
He saw them cursd beyond his Curse his soul melted with
fear

He could not take their fetters off for they grew from the
soul
Nor could he quench the fires for they flamd out from the
heart
Nor could he calm the Elements because himself was
Subject
So he threw his flight in terror and pain and in repentant
tears
When he had passd these southern terrors he approachd the
East
Void pathless beaten With iron sleet and eternal hail and
raint
No form was there no living thing and yet his way lay thro
This dismal world. he stood a while and lookd back oer his
former
Terrific voyage. Hills and Vales of torment and despair
Sighing and Wiping a fresh tear. then turning round he
threw
Himself into the dismal void. falling he fell and fell
Whirling in unresistible revolutions down and down

In the horrid bottomless vacuity falling failing falling
Into the Eastern vacuity the empty world of Luvah
The ever pitying one who seeth all things saw his fall
And in the dark vacuity created a bosom of clay
When wearied dead he fell his limbs reposd in the bosom
of slime
As the seed falls from the sowers hand so Urizen fell and
death
Shut up his powers in oblivion. then as the seed shoots
forth
In pain and 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 and ending in
death
And in another resurrection to sorrow and weary travel
But still his books he bore in his strong hands and his iron
pen
For when he died they lay beside his grave and when he
rose
He siezd them with a gloomy smile for wrapd in his death
clothes
He hid them when he slept in death when he revivd the
clothes
Were rotted by the winds the books remaind still
unconsumd
Still to be written and interleavd with brass and iron and
gold
Time after time for such a journey none but iron pens

Can write And adamantine leaves recieve nor can the man
who goes

The journey obstinate refuse to write time after time
Endless had been his travel but the Divine hand him led
For infinite the distance and 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 and regulate his books
Or sleep such sleep as spirits eternal wearied in his dark
Tearful and sorrowful state. then rise look out and 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 and concussions fires
and floods

Stemming his downward fall labouring up against futurity
Creating many a Vortex fixing many a Science in the deep
And thence throwing his venturous limbs into the Vast
unknown

Swift Swift from Chaos to chaos from void to void a road
immense

For when he came to where a Vortex ceasd to operate
Nor down nor up remaind then if he turnd and lookd back
From whence he came twas upward all. and if he turnd and
viewd

The unpassd void upward was still his mighty wandring
The midst between an Equilibrium grey of air serene
Where he might live in peace and where his life might meet
repose

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 and sorrow
and 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 and pleasure sported on the
rivers

And laughter sat beneath the Oaks and innocence sported
round

Upon the green plains and sweet friendship met in palaces
And books and instruments of song and pictures of delight
Where are they whelmd beneath these ruins in horrible
destruction

And if Eternal falling I repose on the dark bosom
Of winds and waters or thence fall into a Void where air
Is not down falling thro immensity ever and 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 and flesh and blood
I am regenerated to fall or rise at will or to remain
A labourer of ages a dire discontent a living woe
Wandring in vain. Here will I fix my foot and here rebuild
Here Mountains of Brass promise much riches in their
dreadful bosoms

So he began to dig, forming of gold silver and iron
And brass vast instruments to measure out the immense and
fix

The whole into another world better suited to obey
His will where none should dare oppose his will himself
being King

Of All and all futurity be bound in his vast chain
And the Sciences were fixd and the Vortexes began to
operate

On all the sons of men and every human soul terrified
At the turning wheels of heaven shrunk away inward
withring away

Gaining a New Dominion over all his sons and Daughters

and over the Sons and daughters of Luvah in the horrible
Abyss

For Urizen lamented over them in a selfish lamentation
Till a white woof coverd his cold limbs from head to feet
Hair white as snow coverd him in flaky locks terrific
Overspreading his limbs. in pride he wanderd weeping
Clothed in aged venerableness obstinately resolv'd
Travelling thro darkness and wherever he traveld a dire
Web

Followd behind him as the Web of a Spider dusky and cold
Shivering across from Vortex to Vortex drawn out from his
mantle of years

A living Mantle adjoind to his life and growing from his
Soul

And the Web of Urizen stretchd direful shivring in clouds
And uttering such woes such bursts such thunderings
The eyelids expansive as morning and the Ears
As a golden ascent winding round to the heavens of
heavens

Within the dark horrors of the Abysses lion or tyger or
scorpion

For every one open'd within into Eternity at will
But they refus'd because their outward forms were in the
Abyss

And the wing like tent of the Universe beautiful
surrounding all

Or drawn up or let down at the will of the immortal man
Vibrated in such anguish the eyelids quiver'd
Weak and Weaker their expansive orbs began shrinking

Pangs smote thro the brain and a universal shriek
Ran thro the Abysses rending the web torment on torment
Thus Urizen in sorrows wanderd many a dreary way
Warring with monsters of the Deeps in his most hideous
pilgrimage
Till his bright hair scatterd in snows his skin barkd oer with
wrinkles
Four Caverns rooting downwards their foundations
thrusting forth
The metal rock and stone in ever painful throes of
vegetation
The Cave of Orc stood to the South a furnace of dire flames
Quenchless unceasing. In the west the Cave of Urizen
For Urizen fell as the Midday sun falls down into the West
North stood Urthonas stedfast throne a World of Solid
darkness
Shut up in stifling obstruction rooted in dumb despair
The East was Void. But Tharmas rolld his billows in
ceaseless eddies
Void pathless beat with Snows eternal and iron hail and
raint
All thro the caverns of fire and air and Earth, Seeking
For Enions limbs nought finding but the black sea weed
and sickning slime
Flying away from Urizen that he might not give him food
Above beneath on all sides round in the vast deep of
immensity
That he might starve the sons and daughters of Urizen on
the winds
Making between horrible chasms into the vast unknown

All these around the world of Los cast forth their monstrous births

But in Eternal times the Seat of Urizen is in the South

Urthona in the North Luvah in East Tharmas in West

And now he came into the Abhorred world of Dark
Urthona

By Providence divine conducted not bent from his own will
Lest death Eternal should be the result for the Will cannot
be violated

Into the doleful vales where no tree grew nor river flowd
Nor man nor beast nor creeping thing nor sun nor cloud nor
star

Still he with his globe of fire immense in his venturous
hand

Bore on thro the Affrighted vales ascending and descending
Oerwearied or in cumbrous flight he venturd oer dark rifts
Or down dark precipices or climbd with pain and labour
huge

Till he beheld the world of Los from the Peaked rock of
Urthona

And heard the howling of red Orc distincter and distincter

Redoubling his immortal efforts thro the narrow vales
With difficulty down descending guided by his Ear
And by his globe of fire he went down the Vale of Urthona
Between the enormous iron walls built by the Spectre dark
Dark grew his globe reddning with mists and full before
his path

Striding across the narrow vale the Shadow of Urthona

A spectre Vast appeared whose feet and legs with iron
scaled
Stampd the hard rocks expectant of the unknown wanderer
Whom he had seen wandring his nether world when distant
far
And watchd his swift approach collected dark the Spectre
stood
Beside him Tharmas stayd his flight and stood in stern
defiance
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
Four winged heralds mount the furious blasts and blow
their trumps
Gold Silver Brass and iron clangors clamoring rend the
shores
Like white clouds rising from the Vales his fifty two armies
From the four Cliffs of Urthona rise glowing around the
Spectre
Four sons of Urizen the Squadrons of Urthona led in arms
Of gold and silver brass and iron he knew his mighty sons
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
bloodt
Slow roll the massy Globes at his command and slow
oerwheel
The dismal squadrons of Urthona. weaving the dire Web
In their progressions and preparing Urizens path before him

[End of Night the Sixth]

Night the Seventh

Then Urizen arose The Spectre fled and 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 cavernd
worlds

But Urizen silent descended to the Caves of Orc and saw
A Cavernd Universe of flaming fire the horses of Urizen
Here bound to fiery mangers furious dash their golden
hoofs

Striking fierce sparkles from their brazen fetters. fierce his
lions

Howl in the burning dens his tygers roam ill the redounding
smoke

In forests of affliction. the adamantine scales of justice
Consuming in the raging lamps of mercy pourd in rivers
The holy oil rages thro all the cavernd rocks fierce flames
Dance on the rivers and the rocks howling and drunk with
fury

The plow of ages and 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 and fire

That Urizen approachd not near but took his seat on a rock

And rangd his books around him brooding Envious over
Orc

Howling and rending his dark caves the awful Demon lay
Pulse after pulse beat on his fetters pulse after pulse his
spirit

Darted and darted higher and higher to the shrine of
Enitharmon

As when the thunder folds himself in thickest clouds
The watry nations couch and hide in the profoundest deeps

Then bursting from his troubled head with terrible visages
and flaming hair

His swift wingd daughters sweep across the vast black
ocean

Los felt the Envy in his limbs like to a blighted tree

For Urizen fixd in Envy sat brooding and coverd with snow
His book of iron on his knees he tracd the dreadful letters
While his snows fell and 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
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 and great pain brought

His books out of the dismal shade. all but the book of iron
Again he took his seat and rangd his Books aroundt
On a rock of iron frowning over the foaming fires of Orc
And Urizen hung over Ore and viewd his terrible wrath
Sitting upon an iron Crag at length his words broke forth
Image of dread whence art thou whence is this most woful
place
Whence these fierce fires but from thyself No other living
thing
In all this Chasm I behold. No other living thing
Dare thy most terrible wrath abide Bound here to waste in
pain
Thy vital substance in these fires that issue new and new
Around thee sometimes like a flood and sometimes like a
rock
Of living pangs thy horrible bed glowing with ceaseless
fires
Beneath thee and around Above a Shower of fire now beats
Moulded to globes and arrowy wedges rending thy
bleeding limbs
And now a whirling pillar of burning sands to overwhelm
thee
Steeping thy wounds in salts infernal and 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 and long repose
And to reveal myself before thee in a form of wisdom
Yet thou dost laugh at all these tortures and 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 and howl in
fury
And dim oblivion of all woe and desperate repose
Or is thy joy founded on torment which others bear for thee
Orc answer'd Curse thy hoary brows. What dost thou in this
deep
Thy Pity I condemn scatter thy snows elsewhere

I rage in the deep for Lo my feet and hands are naild to the
burning rock
Yet my fierce fires are better than thy snows Shuddring
thou sittest
Thou art not chaind Why shouldst thou sit cold grovelling
demon of woe
In tortures of dire coldness now a Lake of waters deep
Sweeps over thee freezing to solid still thou sitst closd up
In that transparent rock as if in joy of thy bright prison
Till overburdend with its own weight drawn out thro
immensity
With a crash breaking across the horrible mass comes down
Thundring and hail and frozen iron haild from the Element
Rends thy white hair yet thou dost fixd obdurate brooding
sit

Writing thy books. Anon a cloud filld with a waste of
snows
Covers thee still obdurate still resolvd and writing still
Tho rocks roll oer thee tho floods pour tho winds black as
the Seat
Cut thee in gashes tho the blood pours down around thy
ankles

Freezing thy feet to the hard rock still thy pen obdurate
Traces the wonders of Futurity in horrible fear of the future
I rage furious in the deep for lo my feet and hands are naild
To the hard rock or thou shouldst feel my enmity and hate
In all the diseases of man falling upon thy grey accursed
front

Urizen answerd Read my books explore my Constellations
Enquire of my Sons and they shall teach thee how to War
Enquire of my Daughters who accursd in the dark depths
Knead bread of Sorrow by my stern command for I am God
Of all this dreadful ruin Rise O daughters at my Stern
command

Rending the Rocks Eleth and Uveth rose and Ona rose
Terrific with their iron vessels driving them across
In the dim air they took the book of iron and placd above
On clouds of death and sang their songs Kneading the
bread of Orc

Orc listend to the song compelld hungring on the cold wind
That swaggd heavy with the accursed dough. the hoar frost
ragd

Thro Onas sieve the torrent rain pourd from the iron pail
Of Eleth and the icy hands of Uveth kneaded the bread
The heavens bow with terror underneath their iron hands

Singing at their dire work the words of Urizens book of iron

While the enormous scrolls rolled dreadful in the heavens above

And still the burden of their song in tears was poured forth
The bread is Kneaded let us rest O cruel father of children
But Urizen remitted not their labours upon his rock

And Urizen Read in his book of brass in sounding tones
Listen O Daughters to my voice. Listen to the Words of Wisdom

So shall ye govern over all let Moral Duty tune your tongue
But be your hearts harder than the nether millstone

To bring the shadow of Enitharmon beneath our wondrous tree

That Los may Evaporate like smoke and be no more
Draw down Enitharmon to the Spectre of Urthona
And let him have dominion over Los the terrible shade
Compell the poor to live upon a Crust of bread by soft mild arts

Smile when they frown frown when they smile and when a man looks pale

With labour and abstinence say he looks healthy and happy
And when his children Sicken let them die there are enough
Born even too many and our Earth will be overrun
Without these arts If you would make the poor live with temper

With pomp give every crust of bread you give with gracious cunning

Magnify small gifts reduce the man to want a gift and then
give with pomp

Say he smiles if you hear him sigh If pale say he is ruddy
Preach temperance say he is overgorgd and drowns his wit
In strong drink tho you know that bread and water are all
He can afford Flatter his wife pity his children till we can
Reduce all to our will as spaniels are taught with art
Lo how the heart and brain are formed in the breeding
womb

Of Enitharmon how it buds with life and forms the bones
The little heart the liver and the red blood in its labyrinths
By gratified desire by strong devouring appetite she fills
Los with ambitious fury that his race shall all devour
Then Orc cried Curse thy Cold hypocrisy. already round
thy Tree

In scales that shine with gold and 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 chaine'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 and 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
Terrified Urizen heard Orc now certain that he was Luvah
And Orc began to Organize a Serpent body
Despising Urizens light and turning it into flaming fire
Receiving as a poisoned Cup Receives the heavenly wine
And turning affection into fury and thought into
abstraction
A Self consuming dark devourer rising into the heavens
Urizen envious brooding sat and saw the secret terror
Flame high in pride and laugh to scorn the source of his
deceit
Nor knew the source of his own but thought himself the
Sole author

Of all his wandering Experiments in the horrible Abyss
He knew that weakness stretches out in breadth and length
he knew
That wisdom reaches high and deep and therefore he made
Orc
In Serpent form compelled stretch out and up the mysterious
tree
He suffered him to Climb that he might draw all human
forms
Into submission to his will nor knew the dread result

Los sat in showers of Urizen watching cold Enitharmon
His broodings rush down to his feet producing Eggs that
hatching
Burst forth upon the winds above the tree of Mystery
Enitharmon lay on his knees. Urizen tracd his Verses
In the dark deep the dark tree grew. her shadow was drawn
down
Down to the roots it wept over Orc. the Shadow of
Enitharmon
Los saw her stretchd the image of death upon his witherd
valleys
Her Shadow went forth and returnd Now she was pale as
Snow
When the mountains and hills are coverd over and the
paths of Men shut up
But when her spirit returnd as ruddy as a morning when
The ripe fruit blushes into joy in heavens eternal halls
Sorrow shot thro him from his feet it shot up to his head
Like a cold night that nips the root and shatters off the
leaves
Silent he stood oer Enitharmon watching her pale face
He spoke not he was Silent till he felt the cold disease
Then Los mournd on the dismal wind in his jealous
lamentation
Why can I not Enjoy thy beauty Lovely Enitharmon
When I return from clouds of Grief in the 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 and eyes thy lips decay like roses in the spring
How art thou Shrunk thy grapes that burst in summers vast
Excess

Shut up in little purple covering faintly bud and die
Thy olive trees that poured down oil upon a thousand hills
Sickly look forth and scarcely stretch their branches to the
plain

Thy roses that expanded in the face of glowing morn

Hid in a little silken veil scarce breathe and faintly shine
Thy lilies that gave light what time the morning looked
forth

Hid in the Vales faintly lament and no one hears their voice
All things beside the woful Los enjoy the delights of beauty
Once how I sang and calld the beasts and birds to their
delights

Nor knew that I alone exempted from the joys of love
Must war with secret monsters of the animating worlds
O that I had not seen the day then should I be at rest
Nor felt the stings 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 and snuff the air and watch the
opening dawn

And Shriek till at the smells of blood they stretch their
boney wings

And cut the winds like arrows shot by troops of Destiny
Thus Los lamented in the night unheard by Enitharmon

For the Shadow of Enitharmon descended down the tree of
Mystery

The Spectre saw the Shade Shivering over his gloomy
rocks

Beneath the tree of Mystery which in the dismal Abyss
Began to blossom in fierce pain shooting its writhing buds
In throes of birth and now the blossoms falling shining
fruit

Appeard of many colours and of various poisonous
qualities

Of Plagues hidden in shining globes that grew on the living
tree

The Spectre of Urthona saw the Shadow of Enitharmon
Beneath the Tree of Mystery among the leaves and fruit
Reddning the Demon strong prepar'd the poison of sweet
Love

He turnd from side to side in tears he wept and he embracd
The fleeting image and in whispers mild wood the faint
shade

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

Over thee, and the terrible Orc rent his discordant wayt
But the next joy of thine shall be in sweet delusion
And its birth in fainting and sleep and Sweet delusions of
Vala

The Shadow of Enitharmon answerd Art thou terrible
Shade
Set over this sweet boy of mine to guard him lest he rend

His mother to the winds of heaven Intoxicated with
The fruit of this delightful tree. I cannot flee away
From thy embrace else be assur'd so horrible a form
Should never in my arms repose. now listen I will tell
Thee Secrets of Eternity which neer before unlock'd
My golden lips nor took the bar from Enitharmon's breast
Among the Flowers of Beulah walk'd the Eternal Man and
Saw

Vala the lilly of the desert. melting in high noon
Upon her bosom in sweet bliss he fainted Wonder seiz'd
All heaven they saw him dark. they built a golden wall
Round Beulah There he revel'd in delight among the
Flowers

Vala was pregnant and brought forth Urizen Prince of Light
First born of Generation. Then behold a wonder to the Eyes
Of the now fallen Man a double form Vala appear'd. A
Male

And female shuddring pale the Fallen Man recoild
From the Enormity and call'd them Luvah and Vala. turning
down

The vales to find his way back into Heaven but found none
For his frail eyes were faded and his ears heavy and dull
Urizen grew up in the plains of Beulah Many Sons
And many daughters flourish'd round the holy Tent of Man
Till he forgot Eternity delighted in his sweet joy

Among his family his flocks and herds and tents and
pastures
But Luvah close conferrd with Urizen in darksom night
To bind the father and enslave the brethren Nought he
knew
Of sweet Eternity the blood flowd round the holy tent and
rivn
From its hinges uttering its final groan all Beulah fell
In dark confusion mean time Los was born and 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 assumd the Place
Of the Eternal Man and smote him. But thou Spectre dark
Maist find a way to punish Vala in thy fiery South
To bring her down subjected to the rage of my fierce boy

The Spectre said. Thou lovely Vision this delightful Tree
Is given us for a Shelter from the tempests of Void and
Solid
Till once again the morn of ages shall renew upon us
To reunite in those mild fields of happy Eternity
Where thou and I in undivided Essence walkd about
Imbodied. thou my garden of delight and I the spirit in the
garden
Mutual there we dwelt in one anothers joy revolving
Days of Eternity with Tharmas mild and Luvah sweet
melodious
Upon our waters. This thou well rememberest listen I will
tell

What thou forgettest. They in us and we in them alternate
Livd
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
Thro the infinite labyrinths of the heart and 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 and plowshares.
sudden down
I sunk with cries of blood issuing downward in the veins
Which now my rivers were become rolling in tubelike
formst
Shut up within themselves descending down I sunk along
The goary tide even to the place of seed and there dividing
I was divided in darkness and oblivion thou an infant woe
And I an infant terror in the womb of Enion
My masculine spirit scorning the frail body issud forth
From Enions brain In this deformed form leaving thee
there
Till times passd over thee but still my spirit returning
hoverd
And formd a Male to be a counterpart to thee O Love
Darkend and Lost In due time issuing forth from Enions
womb
Thou and that demon Los wert born Ah jealousy and woe
Ah poor divided dark Urthona now a Spectre wandering
The deeps of Los the Slave of that Creation I created
I labour night and 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 and I will destroy
That body I created then shall we unite again in bliss
Thou knowest that the Spectre is in Every Man insane
brutish
Deformd that I am thus a ravening devouring lust
continually
Craving and devouring but my Eyes are always upon thee
O lovely
Delusion and I cannot crave for any thing but thee not so
The spectres of the Dead for I am as the Spectre of the
Living
For till these terrors planted round the Gates of Eternal life
Are driven away and annihilated we never can repass the
Gates

Astonishd filld with tears the spirit of Enitharmon beheld
And heard the Spectre bitterly she wept Embracing ferventt
Her once lov'd Lord now but a Shade herself also a shade
Conferring times on times among the branches of that Tree
Thus they conferrd among the intoxicating fumes of
Mystery
Till Enitharmons shadow pregnant in the deeps beneath
Brought forth a wonder horrible. While Enitharmon shriekd
And trembled thro the Worlds above Los wept his fierce
soul was terrifid
At the shrieks of Enitharmon at her tossings nor could his
eyes percieve
The cause of her dire anguish for she lay the image of
Death

Movd by strong shudders till her shadow was deliverd then
she ran
Raving about the upper Elements in maddning fury
She burst the Gates of Enitharmons heart with direful Crash
Nor could they ever be closd again the golden hinges were
broken
And the gates broke in sunder and their ornaments defacd
Beneath the tree of Mystery for the immortal shadow
shuddering
Brought forth this wonder horrible a Cloud she grew and
grew
Till many of the dead burst forth from the bottoms of their
tombs
In male forms without female counterparts or Emanations
Cruel and ravening with Enmity and Hatred and War
In dreams of Ulro dark delusive drawn by the lovely
shadowt
The Spectre terrified gave her Charge over the howling Orc

But in the deeps beneath the Roots of Mystery in darkest
night
Where Urizen sat on his rock the Shadow brooded
Urizen saw and triumphd and he cried to his warriors
The time of Prophecy is now revolvd and all
This Universal Ornament is mine and in my hands
The ends of heaven like a Garment will I fold them round
me
Consuming what must be consumd then in power and
majesty
I will walk forth thro those wide fields of endless Eternity

A God and not a Man a Conqueror in triumphant glory
And all the Sons of Everlasting shall bow down at my feet
First Trades and Commerce ships and armed vessels he
buildd laborious
To swim the deep and on the Land children are sold to
trades
Of dire necessity still laboring day and night till all
Their life extinct they took the spectre form in dark despair
And slaves in myriads in ship loads burden the hoarse
sounding deep
Rattling with clanking chains the Universal Empire groans
And he commanded his Sons found a Center in the Deep
And Urizen laid the first Stone and all his myriads
Buildd a temple in the image of the human heart

And in the inner part of the Temple wondrous
workmanship
They formd the Secret place reversing all the order of
delight
That whosoever enterd 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 and mumbling prayer
The priests
He ordaind and Priestesses clothd in disguises bestial
Inspiring secrecy and lamps they bore intoxicating fumes
Roll round the Temple and 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 drown the
noise
Of the hoarse wheels and the terrific howlings of wild
beasts
That dragd the wheels of the Suns chariot and 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 and night in different orderd portions
The day for war the night for secret religion in his templet
Los reard his mighty stature on Earth stood his feet. Above
The moon his furious forehead circled with black bursting
thunders
His naked limbs glittering upon the dark blue sky his knees
Bathed in bloody clouds. his loins in fires of war where
spears
And swords rage where the Eagles cry and the Vultures
laugh saying
Now comes the night of Carnage now the flesh of Kings
and Princes
Pamperd in palaces for our food the blood of Captains
nurturd
With lust and murder for our drink the drunken Raven shall
wander
All night among the slain and mock the wounded that groan
in the field
Tharmas laughd furious among the Banners clothd in blood
Crying As I will I rend the Nations all asunder rending
The People, vain their combinations I will scatter them
But thou O Son whom I have crowned and inthroned thee
Strong

I will preserve tho Enemies arise around thee numberless
I will command my winds and they shall scatter them or
call

My Waters like a flood around thee fear not trust in me
And I will give thee all the ends of heaven for thy
possession
In war shalt thou bear rule in blood shalt thou triumph for
me

Because in times of Everlasting I was rent in sunder
And what I loved best was divided among my Enemies
My little daughters were made captives and I saw them
beaten

With whips along the sultry sands. I heard those whom I
lovdt

Crying in secret tents at night and in the morn compelld
To labour and behold my heart sunk down beneath
In sighs and sobbings all dividing till I was divided
In twain and lo my Crystal form that lived in my bosom
Followd her daughters to the fields of blood they left me
naked

Alone and they refusd 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 and thou O my King
Shalt gather them from out their graves and put thy fetter
on them

And bind them to thee that my crystal form may come to
me

So cried the Demon of the Waters in the Clouds of Los

Outstretchd upon the hills lay Enitharmon clouds and
tempests

Beat round her head all night all day she riots in Excess
But night or day Los follows War and the dismal moon
rolls over her

That when Los warrd 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

And Enitharmon trembling and in fear utterd these words

I put not any trust in thee nor in thy glittering scales

Thy eyelids are a terror to me and the flaming of thy crest

The rushing of thy Scales confound me thy hoarse rushing
scales

And if that Los had Dot 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 and my footsteps slide in clay

And clouds are closd around my tower my arms labour in
vain

Does not the God of waters in the wracking Elements

Love those who hate rewarding with hate the Loving Soul

And must not I obey the God thou Shadow of Jealousy

I cry the watchman heareth not I pour my voice in roarings

Watchman the night is thick and 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

So Enitharmon cried upon her terrible Earthy bed

While the broad Oak wreathd his roots round her forcing
his dark way

Thro caves of death into Existence The Beech long limbd
advancd

Terrific into the paind heavens The fruit trees humanizing

Shewd their immortal energies in warlike desperation

Rending the heavens and earths and drinking blood in the
hot battle

To feed their fruit to gratify their hidden sons and daughters

That far within the close recesses of their secret palaces

Viewd the vast war and joyd wishing to vegetate

Into the Worlds of Enitharmon Loud the roaring winds

Burdend with clouds howl round the Couch sullen the
wooly sheep

Walks thro the battle Dark and fierce the Bull his rage

Propagates thro the warring Earth The Lion raging in
flames

The Tyger in redounding smoke The Serpent of the woods

And of the waters and the scorpion of the desart irritate

With harsh songs every living soul. The Prester Serpent
runs

Along the ranks crying Listen to the Priest of God ye
warriors

This Cowl upon my head he placd in times of Everlasting
And said Go forth and guide my battles. like the jointed
spine
Of Man I made thee when I blotted Man from life and light
Take thou the seven Diseases of Man store them for times
to come
In store houses in secret places that I will tell thee of
To be my great and awful curses at the time appointed
The Prester Serpent ceasd the War song sounded loud and
strong
Thro all the heavens Urizens Web vibrated torment on
torment

Thus in the Caverns of the Grave and Places of human
seedt
The nameless shadowy Vortex stood before the face of Orc
The Shadow reard her dismal head over the flaming youth
With sighs and howling and 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 crumbling Mountain. Silence waits
around him
A moment then astounding horror belches from the Center
The fiery dogs arise the shoulders huge appear
So Orc rolld round his clouds upon the deeps of dark
Urthona 1
Knowing the arts of Urizen were Pity and Meek affection t

And that by these arts the Serpent form exuded from his
limbs
Silent as despairing love and strong as Jealousy
Jealous that she was Vala now become Urizens harlot
And the Harlot of Los and 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
Loud sounds the war song round red Orc in his fury
And round the nameless shadowy Female in her howling
terror
When all the Elemental Gods joind in the wondrous Song
Sound the War trumpet terrific Souls clad in attractive steel
Sound the shrill fife serpents of war. I hear the northern
drum
Awake, I hear the flappings of the folding banners
The dragons of the North put on their armour
Upon the Eastern sea direct they take their course
The glittering of their horses trapping stains the vault of
night
Stop we the rising of the glorious King. spur spur your
clouds

Of death O northern drum awake O hand of iron sound
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
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 and valleys of despair
Now sound the clarions of Victory now strip the slain
clothe yourselves in golden arms brothers of war
They sound the clarions strong they chain the howling
captives
they give the Oath of blood They cast the lots into the
helmet,
They vote the death of Luvah and they naild him to the tree
They piercd him with a spear and laid him in a sepulcher
To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with
desolation
The sun was black and the moon rolld a useless globe thro
heaven
Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow and harrow the loom
The hammer and the Chisel and the rule and compasses
They forgd the sword the chariot of war the battle ax
The trumpet fitted to the battle and 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 and the water
wheel
That raises water into Cisterns broken and 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 and to bind to labours
Of day and night the myriads of Eternity. that they might
file

And polish brass and 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 and think that All
And call it Demonstration blind to all the simple rules of
life

Now now the Battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala
Now smile among thy bitter tears now put on all thy beauty
Is not the wound of the sword Sweet and the broken bone
delightful

Wilt thou now smile among the slain when the wounded
groan in the field

Life up thy blue eyes Vala and 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 and the dust from thy
white garments

Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret Couch
When the sun rose in glowing morn with arms of mighty
hosts

Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizens
harpst

Girt as a Sower with his seed to scatter life abroad
Arise O Vala bring the bow of Urizen bring the swift
arrows of light
How ragd the golden horses of Urizen bound to the chariot
of Love
Compell'd to leave the plow to the Ox to snuff up the winds
of desolation
To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings. this is no
gentle harp
This is no warbling brook nor Shadow of a Myrtle tree
But blood and wounds and dismal cries and clarions of war
And hearts laid open to the light by the broad grizly sword
And bowels hidden in hammerd steel ripp'd forth upon the
Groundt
Call forth thy Smiles of soft deceit call forth thy cloudy
tears
We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when Morn shall blood
renew
So sung the demons of the deep the Clarions of war blew
loud
Orc rent her and his human form consumd in his own fires
Mingled with her dolorous members strewn thro the Abyss
She joyd in all the Conflict Gratified and drinking tears of
woe
No more remaind of Orc but the Serpent round the tree of
Mystery
The form of Orc was gone he reard his serpent bulk among
The stars of Urizen in Power rending the form of lifet
Into a formless indefinite and strewing her on the Abyss
Like clouds upon the winter sky broken with winds and
thunders

This was to her Supreme delight The Warriors mournd
disappointed
They go out to war with Strong Shouts and loud Clarions O
Pity
They return with lamentations mourning and weeping
Invisible or visible drawn out in length or stretchd in
breadth
The Shadowy Female varied in the War in her delight
Howling in discontent black and heavy uttering brute
sounds
Wading thro fens among the slimy weeds making
Lamentations
To decieve Tharmas in his rage to soothe his furious soul
To stay him in his flight that Urizen might live tho in pain
He said Art thou bright Enion is the Shadow of hope
returnd
And She said Tharmas I am Vala bless thy innocent face
Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue watry eyes
Be not perswaded that the air knows this or the falling dew
Tharmas replid O Vala once I livd in a garden of delight

I wakend Enion in the Morning and she turnd away
Among the apple trees and all the gardens of delight
Swam like a dream before my eyes I went to seek the steps
Of Enion in the gardens and the shadows compassd me
And closd me in a watry world of woe where Enion stood
Trembling before me like a shadow like a mist like air
And she is gone and here alone I war with darkness and
death
I hear thy voice but not thy form see. thou and all delight

And life appear and vanish mocking me with shadows of
false hope
Hast thou forgot that the air listens thro all its districts
telling
The subtlest thoughts shut up from light in chambers of the
Moon
Tharmas. The Moon has chambers where the babes of love
lie hid
And whence they never can be brought in all Eternity
Unless exposd by their vain parents. Lo him whom I love
Is hidden from me and I never in all Eternity
Shall see him Enitharmon and Ahania combind with Enion
Hid him in that Outrageous form of Orc which torments me
for Sin
For all my Secret faults which he brings forth upon the
light
Of day in jealousy and blood my Children are led to
Urizens war
Before my eyes and for every one of these I am condemnd
To Eternal torment in these flames for tho I have the power
To rise on high Yet love here binds me down and never
never
Will I arise till him I love is loosd from this dark chain
Tharmas replied Vala thy Sins have lost us heaven and bliss
Thou art our Curse and till I can bring love into the light
I never will depart from my great wrath
So Tharmas waild wrathful then rode upon the Stormy
Deep
Cursing the Voice that mockd him with false hope in
furious mood
Then She returns swift as a blight upon the infant bud

Howling in all the notes of woe to stay his furious rage
Stamping the hills wading or swimming flying furious or
falling
Or like an Earthquake rumbling in the bowels of the earth
Or like a cloud beneath and like a fire flaming in high
Walking in pleasure of the hills or murmuring in the dales
Like to a rushing torrent beneath and a falling rock above
A thunder cloud in the south and a lulling voice heard in
the north
And she went forth and saw the forms of Life and of
delight
Walking on Mountains or flying in the open expanse of
heaven
She heard sweet voices in the winds and in the voices of
birds
That rose from waters for the waters were as the voice of
Luvah
Not seen to her like waters or like this dark world of death
Tho all those fair perfections which men know only by
name
In beautiful substantial forms appeared and served her
As food or drink or ornament or in delightful works
To build her bowers for the Elements brought forth
abundantly
The living soul in glorious forms and every one came forth
Walking before her Shadowy face and bowing at her feet
But in vain delights were poured forth on the howling
melancholy
For her delight the horse his proud neck bowed and his
white mane

And the Strong Lion deign'd in his mouth to wear the
golden bit
While the far beaming Peacock waited on the fragrant wind
To bring her fruits of sweet delight from trees of richest
wonders
And the strong pinion'd Eagle bore the fire of heaven in the
night season
Wood and subdud into Eternal Death the Demon Lay
In rage against the dark despair. the howling Melancholy

For far and wide she stretch'd thro all the worlds of Urizens
journey
And was Ajoind to Beulah as the Polypus to the Rock
Mourning the daughters of Beulah saw nor could they have
sustain'd
The horrid sight of death and torment But the Eternal
Promise
They wrote on all their tombs and pillars and on every Urn
These words If ye will believe your Brother shall rise again
In golden letters ornamented with sweet labours of Love
Waiting with Patience for the fulfilment of the Promise
Divinet
And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes
Not suffring doubt to rise up from the Clouds of the
Shadowy Female
Then myriads of the Dead burst thro the bottoms of their
tombs
Descending on the shadowy females clouds in Spectrous
terror

Beyond the Limit of Translucence on the Lake of Udan
Adan

These they namd Satans and in the Aggregate they namd
them Satan

Then took the tree of Mystery root in the World of Los
Its topmost boughs shooting a fibre beneath Enitharmons
couch

The double rooted Labyrinth soon wavd around their heads
But then the Spectre enterd Los's bosom Every sigh and
groan

Of Enitharmon bore Urthonas Spectre on its wings

Obdurate Los felt Pity Enitharmon told the tale

Of Urthona. Los embracd the Spectre first as a brother

Then as another Self; astonishd humanizing and in tears

In Self abasement Giving up his Domineering lust

Thou never canst embrace sweet Enitharmon terrible

Demon. Till

Thou art united with thy Spectre Consummating by pains
and labours

That mortal body and by Self annihilation back returngt

To Life Eternal be assurd I am thy real Self

Tho thus divided from thee and the Slave of Every passion

Of thy fierce Soul Unbar the Gates of Memory look upon
me

Not as another but as thy real Self I am thy Spectre

Thou didst subdue me in old times by thy Immortal
Strength

When I was a ravning hungring and thirsting cruel lust and
murder

Tho horrible and Ghastly to thine Eyes tho buried beneath
The ruins of the Universe. hear what inspir'd I speak and be
silent

If we unite in one, another better world will bet
Opend within your heart and loins and wondrous brain
Threefold as it was in Eternity and this the fourth Universe
Will be Renewd by the three and consummated in Mental
fires

But if thou dost refuse Another body will be prepared

For me and thou annihilate evaporate and be no more
For thou art but a form and organ of life and of thyself
Art nothing being Created Continually by Mercy and Love
divine

Los furious answerd. Spectre horrible thy words astound
my Ear

With irresistible conviction I feel I am not one of those
Who when convinc'd can still persist. tho
furious.controllable

By Reasons power. Even I already feel a World within
Opening its gates and in it all the real substances
Of which these in the outward World are shadows which
pass away

Come then into my Bosom and in thy shadowy arms bring
with thee

My lovely Enitharmon. I will quell my fury and teach
Peace to the Soul of dark revenge and repentance to Cruelty
So spoke Los and Embracing Enitharmon and the Spectre
Clouds would have folded round in Extacy and Love
uniting

But Enitharmon trembling fled and hid beneath Urizens
tree
But mingling together with his Spectre the Spectre of
Urthona
Wondering beheld the Center open'd by Divine Mercy
inspired
He in his turn Gave Tasks to Los Enormous to destroyt
That body he created but in vain for Los performd Wonders
of labour
They Buildd Golgonooza Los labouring buildd pillars
hight
And Domes terrific in the nether heavens for beneath
Was open'd new heavens and a new Earth beneath and
within
Threefold within the brain within the heart within the loins
A Threefold Atmosphere Sublime continuous from
Urthonas worldt
But yet having a Limit Twofold named Satan and Adam
But Los stood on the Limit of Translucence weeping and
trembling
Filled with doubts in self accusation beheld the fruit
Of Urizens Mysterious tree For Enitharmon thus spake
When In the Deeps beneath I gatherd of this ruddy fruit
It was by that I knew that I had Sinnd and then I knew
That without a ransom I could not be savd from Eternal
death
That Life lives upon Death and by devouring appetite
All things subsist on one another thenceforth in Despair
I spend my glowing time but thou art strong and mighty

To bear this Self conviction take then Eat thou also of
The fruit and give me proof of life Eternal or I die
Then Los plucked the fruit and Eat and 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 and Enitharmon But This
Union
Was not to be Effected without Cares and Sorrows and
Troubles
Of six thousand Years of self denial and of bitter Contrition
Urthonas Spectre terrified beheld the Spectres of the Dead
Each Male formd without a counterpart without a
concentering vision
The Spectre of Urthona wept before Los Saying I am the
cause
That this dire state commences I began the dreadful state
Of Separation and on my dark head the curse and
punishment
Must fall unless a way be found to Ransom and Redeemt
But I have thee my Counterpart Vegetating miraculoust
These Spectres have not, therefore they ravin
Without the food of life Let us Create them
For without a Created body the Spectre is Eternal Death
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 and 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 and trembling and
affright
When I appear before thee in forgiveness of ancient injuries
Why shouldst thou remember and be afraid. I surely have
died in pain
Often enough to convince thy jealousy and fear and terror
Come hither be patient let us converse together because
I also tremble at myself and at all my former life
Enitharmon answerd I behold the Lamb of God descending
To Meet these Spectres of the Dead I therefore fear that he
Will give us to Eternal Death fit punishment for such
Hideous offenders Uttermost extinction in eternal pain
An ever dying life of stifling and obstruction shut out
Of existence to be a sign and terror to all who behold
Lest any should in futurity do as we have done in heaven
Such is our state nor will the Son of God redeem us but
destroy

So Enitharmon spoke trembling and in torrents of tears
Los sat in Golgonooza in the Gate of Luban wheret
He had erected many porches where branchd the
Mysterious Tree
Where the Spectrous dead wail and sighing thus he spoke
to Enitharmon
Lovely delight of Men Enitharmon shady refuge from
furious war

Thy bosom translucent is a soft repose for the weeping
souls
Of those piteous victims of battle there they sleep in happy
obscurity
They feed upon our life we are their victims. Stern desire
I feel to fabricate embodied semblances in which the dead
May live before us in our palaces and in our gardens of
labour
Which now open within the Center we behold spread
abroad
To form a world of Sacrifice of brothers and sons and
daughters
To comfort Orc in his dire sufferings; look! my fires
enlume afresh
Before my face ascending with delight as in ancient times
Enitharmon spread her beaming locks upon the wind and
said
O Lovely terrible Los wonder of Eternity O Los my
defence and guide
Thy works are all my joy. and in thy fires my soul delights
If mild they burn in just proportion and in secret night
And silence build their day in shadow of soft clouds and
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
Such as the piteous spectres may assimilate themselves into
They shall be ransoms for our Souls that we may live
So Enitharmon spoke and Los his hands divine inspired
began

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
From out the ranks of Urizens war and from the fiery lake
Of Orc bending down as the binder of the Sheaves follows
The reaper in both arms embracing the furious raging
flames
Los drew them forth out of the deeps planting his right foot
firm
Upon the Iron crag of Urizen thence springing up aloft
Into the heavens of Enitharmon in a mighty circle
And first he drew a line upon the walls of shining heaven
And Enitharmon tinctur'd it with beams of blushing love
It remain'd permanent a lovely form inspir'd divinely human
Dividing into just proportions Los unwearied labour'd
The immortal lines upon the heavens till with sighs of love
Sweet Enitharmon mild Entranc'd breath'd forth upon the
wind
The spectrous dead Weeping the Spectres view'd the
immortal works
Of Los Assimilating to those forms Embodied and Lovely
In youth and beauty in the arms of Enitharmon mild
reposing
First Rintrah and then Palamabron drawn from out the
ranks of war
In infant innocence repos'd on Enitharmon's bosom
Orc was comforted in the deeps his soul reviv'd in them
As the Eldest brother is the father's image So Orc became
As Los a father to his brethren and he joy'd in the dark lake

Tho bound with chains of Jealousy and in scales of iron and
brass

But Los loved them and refusd to Sacrifice their infant
limbs

And Enitharmons smiles and tears prevaild over self
protection

They rather chose to meet Eternal death than to destroy
The offspring of their Care and 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 and not as Enitharmon without a covering veil
First his immortal spirit drew Urizen's Shadow away
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 and not hate
His whole soul loved him he beheld him an infant
Lovely breathd from Enitharmon he trembled within
himself

[End of Night the Seventh]

Night the Eighth

Then All in Great Eternity Met in the Council of God
as one Man Even Jesus upon Gilead and Hermon
Upon the Limit of Contraction to create the fallen Man
The Fallen Man stretchd like a Corse upon the oozy Rock t
Washd with the tides Pale overgrown with weeds
That movd with horrible dreams hovring high over his head
Two winged immortal shapes one standing at his feet
Toward the East one standing at his head toward the west
Their wings joind in the Zenith over head t
Such is a Vision of All Beulah hovring over the Sleeper
The limit of Contraction now was fixd and 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 and
loving kindness
Then Los said I behold the Divine Vision thro the broken
Gates t
Of thy poor broken heart astonishd melted into Compassion
and Love
And Enitharmon said I see the Lamb of God upon Mount
Zion t
Wondring with love and Awe they felt the divine hand
upon them t
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 and 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 t

Of Golgonooza Los stood recieving them t

For Los could enter into Enitharmons bosom and explore
Its intricate Labyrinths now the Obdurate heart was broken

From out the War of Urizen and Tharmas recieving them t
Into his hands. Then Enitharmon erected Looms in Lubans
Gate

And calld the Looms Cathedron in these Looms She wove
the Spectres

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 and the Divine Countenance shone
In Golgonooza Looking down the Daughters of Beulah saw
With joy the bright Light and in it a Human form
And knew he was the Saviour Even Jesus and they
worshipped

Astonishd Comforted Delighted in notes of Rapturous
Extacy t

All Beulah stood astonishd Looking down to Eternal Death
They saw the Saviour beyond the Pit of death and
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 and death and
hell

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

Opend within their hearts and in their loins and in their
brain

To Beulah and the Dead in Ulro descended from the War
Of Urizen and Tharmas and from the Shadowy females
clouds

And some were woven single and some two fold and some
three fold t

In Head or Heart or Reins according to the fittest order
Of most merciful pity and compassion to the Spectrous
dead t

When Urizen saw the Lamb of God clothed in Luvahs
robes

Perplexd and terrifid he Stood tho well he knew that Orc
Was Luvah But he now beheld a new Luvah. Or One
Who assumed Luvahs form and stood before him opposite
But he saw Orc a Serpent form augmenting times on times
In the fierce battle and he saw the Lamb of God and the
World of Los

Surrounded by his dark machines for Orc augmented swift
In fury a Serpent wondrous among the Constellations of
Urizen

A crest of fire rose on his forehead red as the carbuncle
Beneath down to his eyelids scales of pearl then gold and
silver

Immingled with the ruby overspread his Visage down
His furious neck writhing contortive in dire budding pains
The scaly armour shot out. Stubborn down his back and
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 t
Kneaded in Uveths kneading trough. Still Orc devoured the
food

In raging hunger Still the pestilential food in gems and gold
Exuded round his awful limbs Stretching to serpent length
His human bulk While the dark shadowy female brooding
over t

Measured his food morning and evening in cups and baskets
of iron

With tears of sorrow incessant she laboured the food of Orc
Compelled by the iron hearted sisters Daughters of Urizen
Gathering the fruit of that mysterious tree circling its root
She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc
Thus Urizen in self deceit his warlike preparations
fabricated

And when all things were finished sudden waded among the
Stars t

His hurtling hand gave the dire signal thunderous Clarions
blow t

And all the hollow deep rebellowd with the wonderous war
t

But Urizen his mighty rage let loose in the mid deep t
Sparkles of Dire affliction issud round his frozen limbs t
Horrible hooks and nets he formd twisting the cords of iron
And brass and molten metals cast in hollow globes and
bor'd

Tubes in petrific steel and rammd combustibles and wheels
And chains and pullies fabricated all round the heavens of
Los

Communing with the Serpent of Orc in dark dissimulation
And with the Synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrim t
To undermine the World of Los and tear bright Enitharmon

To the four winds hopeless of future. All futurity
Seems teeming with Endless Destruction never to be
repell'd t

Desperate remorse swallows the present in a quenchless
rage

Terrified and astonish'd Urizen beheld the battle take a form
t

Which he intended not a Shadowy hermaphrodite black and
opake t

The Soldiers nam'd it Satan but he was yet unform'd and
vast

Hermaphroditic it at length became hiding the Male
Within as in a Tabernacle Abominable Deadly
The battle howls the terrors fird rage in the work of death

Enormous Works Los Contemplated inspired 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 and the human form

Feeling the hand of Los in Golgonooza and the force

Attractive of his hammers beating and the Silver looms

Of Enitharmon singing lulling cadences on the wind

They humanize in the fierce battle where in direful pain

Troop by troop the beastial droves rend one another sounding loud

The instruments of sound and troop by troop in human forms they urge

The dire confusion till the battle faints those that remain
Return in pangs and horrible convulsions to their beastial state

For the monsters of the Elements Lions or Tygers or Wolves

Sound loud the howling music inspired by Los and

Enitharmon Sounding loud terrific men

They seem to one another laughing terrible among the banners

And when the revolution of their day of battles over

Relapsing in dire torment they return to forms of woe t

To moping visages returning inanimate tho furious

No more erect tho strong drawn out in length they ravin

For senseless gratification and their visages thrust forth

Flatten above and beneath and stretch out into bestial
length
Weakend they stretch beyond their power in dire droves till
war begins
Or Secret religion in their temples before secret shrines
And Urizen gave life and sense by his immortal power
To all his Engines of deceit that linked chains might run
Thro ranks of war spontaneous and that hooks and boring
screws
Might act according to their forms by innate cruelty
He formed also harsh instruments of sound

To grate the soul into destruction or to inflame with fury
The spirits of life to pervert all the faculties of sense
Into their own destruction if perhaps he might avert t
His own despair even at the cost of every thing that
breathes

Thus in the temple of the Sun his books of iron and brass
And silver and gold he consecrated reading incessantly
To myriads of perturbed spirits thro the universe
They propagated the deadly words the Shadowy Female
absorbing t

The enormous Sciences of Urizen ages after ages exploring
The fell destruction. And she said O Urizen Prince of Light
What words of Dread pierce my faint Ear what falling
snows around

My feeble limbs infold my destined misery
I alone dare the lash abide to sit beneath the blast
Unhurt and dare the inclement forehead of the King of
Light

From dark abysses of the times remote fated to be

The sorrower of Eternity in love with tears submiss I rear
My Eyes to thy Pavilions hear my prayer for Luvahs sake
I see the murderer of my Luvah clothd in robes of blood
He who assured my Luvahs throne in times of Everlasting
Where hast thou hid him whom I love in what remote
Abyss

Resides that God of my delight O might my eyes behold
My Luvah then could I deliver all the sons of God
From Bondage of these terrors and with influences sweet t
As once in those eternal fields in brotherhood and Love
United we should live in bliss as those who sinned not
The Eternal Man is seald by thee never to be deliverd
We are all servants to thy will O King of Light relent
Thy furious power be our father and our loved King
But if my Luvah is no more If thou hast smitten him t
And laid him in the Sepulcher Or if thou wilt revenge t
His murder on another Silent I bow with dread
But happiness can never come to thee O King nor me
For he was source of every joy that this mysterious tree
Unfolds in Allegoric fruit. When shall the dead revive
Can that which has existed cease or can love and life
Expire

Urizen heard the Voice and saw the Shadow. underneath
His woven darkness and in laws and deceitful religions
Beginning at the tree of Mystery circling its root
She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc
A shapeless and indefinite cloud in tears of sorrow
incessant

Steeping the Direful Web of Religion swagging heavy it
fell
From heaven to heavn thro all its meshes altering the
Vortexes t
Misplacing every Center hungry desire and lust began

Gathering the fruit of that Mysterious tree till Urizen
Sitting within his temple furious felt the numming stupor
Himself tangled in his own net in sorrow lust repentance
Enitharmon wove in tears Singing Songs of Lamentations
And pitying comfort as she sighd forth on the wind the
spectres
And wove them bodies calling them her belovd sons and
daughters
Employing the daughters in her looms and Los employd the
Sons
In Golgonoozas Furnaces among the Anvils of time and
space
Thus forming a Vast family wondrous in beauty and love
And they appeard a Universal female form created
From those who were dead in Ulro from the Spectres of the
dead

And Enitharmon namd the Female Jerusalem 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
Then sang the Sons of Eden round the Lamb of God and
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 and not in us
Is aught but death In individual weakness sorrow and pain t

We behold with wonder Enitharmons Looms and Los's
Forges t
And the Spindles of Tirzah and Rahab and the Mills of
Satan and Beelzeboul t
In Golgonooza Los's anvils stand and his Furnaces rage t
Ten thousand demons labour at the forges Creating
Continually
The times and spaces of Mortal Life the Sun the Moon the
Stars
In periods of Pulsative furor beating into wedges and bars t
Then drawing into wires the terrific Passions and
Affections
Of Spectrous dead. Thence to the Looms of Cathedron
conveyd
The Daughters of Enitharmon weave the ovarium and the
integument
In soft silk drawn from their own bowels in lascivious
delight
With songs of sweetest cadence to the turning spindle and
reel
Lulling the weeping spectres of the dead. Clothing their
limbs
With gifts and gold of Eden. Astonishd stupefied with
delight

The terrors put on their sweet clothing on the banks of
Arnon t
Whence they plunge into the river of space for a period till
The dread Sleep of Ulro is past. But Satan Og and Sihon t
Build Mills of resistless wheels to unwind the soft threads
and reveal
Naked of their clothing the poor spectres before the
accusing heavens
While Rahab and Tirzah far different mantles prepare webs
of torture

Mantles of despair girdles of bitter compunction shoes of
indolence
Veils of ignorance covering from head to feet with a cold
web
We look down into Ulro we behold the Wonders of the
Grave
Eastward of Golgonooza stands the Lake of Udan Adan In t
Entuthon Benithon a Lake not of Waters but of Spaces t
Perturbd black and deadly on its Islands and its Margins t
The Mills of Satan and Beelzeboul stand round the roots of
Urizens tree
For this Lake is formd from the tears and sighs and 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 and despair and none from Eternity to
Eternity could Escape t

But thou O Universal Humanity who is One Man blessed
for Ever t
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

[End of Night the Eighth]

Night the Ninth and the Last Judgment

And Los and Enitharmon builded Jerusalem weeping

Over the Sepulcher and over the Crucified body

Which to their Phantom Eyes appear'd Still in the
Sepulcher

But Jesus stood beside them in the Spirit Separating

Their Spirit from their body. Terrified at Non Existence

For such they deem'd the death of the body. Los his
vegetable hands

Outstretch'd his right hand branching out in fibrous strength

Siezd the Sun. His left hand like dark roots cover'd the
Moon

And tore them down cracking the heavens across from
immense to immense

Then fell the fires of Eternity with loud and shrill

Sound of Loud Trumpet thundering along from heaven to
heaven

A mighty sound articulate Awake ye dead and come

To Judgment from the four winds Awake and Come away

Folding like scrolls of the Enormous volume of Heaven and Earth

With thunderous noise and dreadful shakings rocking to and fro

The heavens are shaken and the Earth removed from its place

The foundations of the Eternal hills discovered

The thrones of Kings are shaken they have lost their robes and crowns

The poor smite their oppressors they awake up to the harvest

The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shore

Trembling before the multitudes of slaves now set at liberty

They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripped of leaves

The oppressed pursue like the wind there is no room for escape

The Spectre of Enitharmon let loose on the troubled deep

Waild shrill in the confusion and the Spectre of Urthona

Recievd her in the darkning South their bodies lost they
stood

Trembling and weak a faint embrace a fierce desire as
when

Two shadows mingle on a wall they wail and shadowy
tears

Fell down and shadowy forms of joy mixd with despair and
grief

Their bodies buried in the ruins of the Universe

Mingled with the confusion. Who shall call them from the
Grave.

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

The books of Urizen unroll with dreadful noise the folding
Serpent

Of Orc began to Consume in fierce raving fire his fierce
flames

Issud on all sides gathring strength in animating volumes

Roaming abroad on all the winds raging intense reddening

Into resistless pillars of fire rolling round and round
gathering

Strength from the Earths consumed and heavens and all
hidden abysses

Wherever the Eagle has Explored or Lion or Tyger trod

Or where the Comets of the night or stars of aetherial day

Have shot their arrows or long beamed spears in wrath and
fury.

And all the while the trumpet sounds
from the clotted gore and from the hollow den

Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire

Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity.

Then like the doves from pillars of Smoke the trembling
families

Of women and children throughout every nation under
heaven

Cling round the men in bands of twenties and of fifties pale

As snow that falls around a leafless tree upon the green

Their oppressors are fallen they have stricken them they
awake to life

Yet pale the just man stands erect and looking up to heaven

Trembling and stricken by the Universal stroke the trees
unroot

The rocks groan horrible and run about. The mountains and

Their rivers cry with a dismal cry the cattle gather together

Lowly they kneel before the heavens. the wild beasts of
the forests

Tremble the Lion shuddering asks the Leopard. Feeblest
thou

The dread I feel unknown before My voice refuses to roar

And in weak moans I speak to thee This night

Before the morning's dawn the Eagle called the Vulture

The Raven called 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 and Hawk fled
away

At dawn and Eer the sun arose the raven and 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

And all the Sons of Eternity Descended into Beulah.

In the fierce flames the limbs of Mystery lay consuming
with howling

And deep despair. Rattling go up the flames around the
Synagogue

Of Satan Loud the Serpent Orc 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 and Castles drownd in the black deluge Shoal
on Shoal

Float the dead carcasses of Men and Beasts driven to and fro
on waves

Of foaming blood beneath the black incessant Sky till all

Mysterys tyrants are cut off and not one left on Earth.

And when all Tyranny was cut off from the face of Earth

Around the Dragon form of Urizen and round his stony
form

The flames rolling intense thro the wide Universe
Began to Enter the Holy City. Entring the dismal clouds

In furrowd lightnings break their way the wild flames
?whirling up

The Bloody Deluge living flames winged with intellect

And Reason round the Earth they march in order flame by
flame

From the clotted gore and from the hollow den
Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire
Bathing their Limbs in the bright visions of Eternity
Beyond this Universal Confusion beyond the remotest Pole
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
and woe
He lifts the blue lamps of his Eyes and cries with heavenly
voice
Bowing his head over the consuming Universe he cried
O weakness and O weariness O war within my members
My sons exiled from my breast pass to and fro before me
My birds are silent on my hills flocks die beneath my
branches

My tents are fallen my trumpets and the sweet sounds of
my harp

Is silent on my clouded hills that belch forth storms and
fires

My milk of cows and honey of bees and fruit of golden
harvest

Are gathered in the scorching heat and in the driving rain

My robe is turned to confusion and my bright gold to
stones

Where once I sat. I weary walk in misery and pain

For from within my withered breast grown narrow with my
woes

The Corn is turned to thistles and the apples into poison

The birds of song to murderous crows My joys to bitter
groans

The voices of children in my tents to cries of helpless
infants

And all exiled from the face of light and shine of morning

In this dark world a narrow house I wander up and 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 and give up all my powers

To indolence to the night of death when indolence and
mourning

Sit hovering over my dark threshold. tho I arise look out

And scorn the war within my members yet my heart is
weak

And my head faint Yet will I look again unto the morning

Whence is this sound of rage of Men drinking each others
blood

Drunk with the smoking gore and red but not with
nourishing wine.

The Eternal Man sat on the Rocks and cried with awful
voice.

O Prince of Light where art thou I behold thee not as once

In those Eternal fields in clouds of morning stepping forth

With harps and songs where bright Ahanian sang before thy
face

And all thy sons and daughters gathered 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 and joy

That thou dread form of Certainty mayst sit in town and
village

While little children play around thy feet in gentle awe

Fearing thy frown loving thy smile O Urizen Prince of
light.

He called the deep buried his voice and answer none returned

Then wrath burst round the Eternal Man was wrath again
he cried.

Arise O stony form of death O dragon of the Deep

Lie down before my feet O Dragon let Urizen arise

O how couldst thou deform those beautiful proportions

Of life and person for as the Person so is his life
proportiond

Let Luvah rage in the dark deep even to Consummation

For if thou feedest not his rage it will subside in peace

But if thou darest obstinate refuse my stern behest

Thy crown and scepter I will sieze and regulate all my
members

In stern severity and cast thee out into the indefinite

Where nothing lives, there to wander. and if thou returnst
weary

Weeping at the threshold of Existence I will steel my heart

Against thee to Eternity and never recieve thee more

Thy self destroying beast formd Science shall be thy eternal
lot

My anger against thee is greater than against this Luvah

For war is energy Enslavd but thy religion

The first author of this war and the distracting of honest
minds

Into confused perturbation and strife and honour and pride

Is a deceit so detestable that I will cast thee out

If thou repentest not and leave thee as a rotten branch to be
burnd

With Mystery the Harlot and with Satan for Ever and Ever

Error can never be redeemd in all Eternity

But Sin Even Rahab is redeemd in blood and fury and
jealousy

That line of blood that stretchd across the windows of the
morning

Redeemd from Errors power. Wake thou dragon of the
Deeps

Urizen wept in the dark deep anxious his Scaly form

To reassume the human and he wept in the dark deep.

Saying O that I had never drank the wine nor eat the bread

Of dark mortality nor cast my view into the futurity nor
turnd

My back darkning the present clouding with a cloud

And building arches high and cities turrets and towers and
domes

Whose smoke destroyd the pleasant garden and whose
running Kennels

Chokd the bright rivers burdning with my Ships the angry
deep

Thro Chaos seeking for delight and in spaces remote

Seeking the Eternal which is always present to the wise

Seeking for pleasure which unsought falls round the infants
path

And on the fleeces of mild flocks who neither care nor
labour

But I the labourer of ages whose unwearied hands

Are thus deformd with hardness with the sword and with
the spear

And with the Chisel and the mallet I whose labours vast

Order the nations separating family by family
Alone enjoy not. I alone in misery supreme
Ungratified give all my joy unto this Luvah and Vala
Then Go O dark futurity I will cast thee forth from these
Heavens of my brain nor will I look upon futurity more
I cast futurity away and turn my back upon that void
Which I have made for lo futurity is in this moment
Let Orc consume let Tharmas rage let dark Urthona give
All strength to Los and Enitharmon and let Los self cursd
Rend down this fabric as a wall ruind and family extinct
Rage Orc Rage Tharmas Urizen no longer curbs your rage.
So Urizen spoke he shook his snows from off his Shoulders
and arose
As on a Pyramid of mist his white robes scattering
The fleecy white renewd he shook his aged mantles off
Into the fires Then glorious bright Exulting in his joy

He sounding rose into the heavens in naked majesty
In radiant Youth. when Lo like garlands in the Eastern sky
When vocal may comes dancing from the East Ahanian
came
Exulting in her flight as when a bubble rises up
On to the surface of a lake. Ahanian rose in joy
Excess of Joy is worse than grief — her heart beat high her
blood
Burst its bright Vessels She fell down dead at the feet of
Urizen
Outstretchd a Smiling corpse they buried her in a silent cave
Urizen dropt a tear the Eternal Man Darkend with sorrow.
The three daughters of Urizen guard Ahanian's Death couch
Rising from the confusion in tears and howlings and
despair
Calling upon their fathers Name upon their Rivers dark.
And the Eternal Man Said Hear my words O Prince of
Light

Behold Jerusalem in whose bosom the Lamb of God
Is seen tho slain before her Gates he self renewd remains
Eternal and I thro him awake from deaths dark vale
The times revolve the time is coming when all these
delights
Shall be renewd and all these Elements that now consume
Shall reflourish. Then bright Ahanian shall awake from
death
A glorious Vision to thine Eyes a Self renewing Vision
The spring. the summer to be thine then sleep the wintry
days
In silken garments spun by her own hands against her
funeral
The winter thou shalt plow and lay thy stores into thy barns
Expecting to recieve Ahanian in the spring with joy
Immortal thou. Regenerate She and all the lovely Sex
From her shall learn obedience and prepare for a wintry
grave

That spring may see them rise in tenfold joy and sweet
delight

Thus shall the male and female live the life of Eternity

Because the Lamb of God Creates himself a bride and wife

That we his Children evermore may live in Jerusalem

Which now descendeth out of heaven a City yet a Woman

Mother of myriads redeemed and born in her spiritual
palaces

By a New Spiritual birth Regenerated from Death.

Urizen said. I have Erred and my Error remains with me

What Chain encompasses in what Lock is the river of light
confined

That issues forth in the morning by measure and the
evening by carefulness

Where shall we take our stand to view the infinite and
unbounded

Or where are human feet for Lo our eyes are in the
heavens.

He ceas'd for riv'n link from link the bursting Universe
explodes

All things revers'd flew from their centers rattling bones

To bones Join, shaking convuls'd the shivering clay
breathes

Each speck of dust to the Earth's center nestles round and
round

In pangs of an Eternal Birth in torment and awe and fear

All spirits deceas'd let loose from reptile prisons come in
shoals

Wild furies from the tygers brain and from the lions Eyes

And from the ox and ass come moping terrors. from the
Eagle

And raven numerous as the leaves of autumn every species

Flock to the trumpet muttering over the sides of the grave
and crying

In the fierce wind round heaving rocks and mountains fill'd
with groans

On rifted rocks suspended in the air by inward fires

Many a woful company and many on clouds and waters

Fathers and friends Mothers and Infants Kings and
Warriors

Priests and chaind Captives met together in a horrible fear

And every one of the dead appears as he had livd before

And all the marks remain of the slaves scourge and tyrants
Crown

And of the Priests oergorged Abdomen and of the
merchants thin

Sinewy deception and of the warriors out braving and
thoughtlessness

In lineaments too extended and in bones too strait and long.

They shew their wounds they accuse they sieze the
opressor howlings began

On the golden palace Songs and 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 and pale standing on the expecting air to be deliverd

Rend limb from limb the Warrior and the tyrant reuniting in
pain

The furious wind still rends around they flee in sluggish
effort.

They beg they intreat in vain now they Listend not to
intreaty

They view the flames red rolling on thro the wide universe

From the dark jaws of death beneath and desolate shores
remote

These covering Vaults of heaven and these trembling
globes of Earth

One Planet calls to another and one star enquires of another

What flames are these coming from the South what noise
what dreadful rout

As of a battle in the heavens hark heard you not the trumpet

As of fierce battle While they spoke the flames come on
intense roaring.

They see him whom they have pierced they wail because of him

They magnify themselves no more against Jerusalem Nor

Against her little ones the innocent accused before the Judges

Shines with immortal Glory trembling the Judge springs from his throne

Hiding his face in the dust beneath the prisoners feet and saying

Brother of Jesus what have I done intreat thy lord for me

Perhaps I may be forgiven While he speaks the flames roll on.

And after the flames appears the Cloud of the Son of Man

Descending from Jerusalem with power and great Glory

All nations look up to the Cloud and behold him who was Crucified.

The Prisoner answers you scourged my father to death before my face

While I stood bound with cords and heavy chains. your hypocrisy

Shall now avail you nought. So speaking he dashed him with his foot.

The Cloud is Blood dazzling upon the heavens and in the cloud

Above upon its volumes is beheld a throne and a pavement

Of precious stones. surrounded by twenty four venerable patriarchs

And these again surrounded by four Wonders of the Almighty

Incomprehensible. pervading all amidst and round about

Fourfold each in the other reflected they are named Life's in Eternity

Four Starry Universes going forward from Eternity to Eternity

And the Fallen Man who was arisen upon the Rock of Ages

Beheld the Vision of God and he arose up from the Rock

And Urizen arose up with him walking thro the flames

To meet the Lord coming to Judgment but the flames repelld them

Still to the Rock in vain they strove to Enter the
Consummation

Together for the Redeemd Man could not enter the
Consummation.

Then siezd the Sons of Urizen the Plow they polishd it

From rust of ages all its ornaments of Gold and silver and
ivory

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

From the blue walls of heaven starry jingling ornamented

With beautiful art the study of angels the workmanship of
Demons

When Heaven and Hell in Emulation strove in sports of
Glory.

The noise of rural work resounded thro the heavens of
heavens

The horses neigh from the battle, the wild bulls from the
sultry waste

The tygers from the forests and the lions from the sandy
desarts

They Sing they sieze the instruments of harmony they
throw away.

The spear the bow the gun the mortar they level the
fortifications

They beat the iron engines of destruction into wedges

They give them to Urthonas Sons ringing the hammers
sound

In dens of death to forge the spade the mattock and the ax

The heavy roller to break the clods to pass over the nations.

The Sons of Urizen Shout Their father rose The Eternal
horses

Harnessed They calld to Urizen the heavens moved at their
call

The limbs of Urizen shone with ardor.
He laid his hand on the Plow

Thro dismal darkness drave the Plow of ages over Cities

And all their Villages over Mountains and all their Vallies

Over the graves and caverns of the dead. Over the Planets

And over the void Spaces over Sun and moon and star and constellation.

Then Urizen commanded and they brought the Seed of Men

The trembling souls of All the Dead stood before Urizen

Weak wailing in the troubled air East west and north and south

He turnd the horses loose and laid his Plow in the northern corner

Of the wide Universal field. then Stepd forth into the immense.

Then he began to sow the seed he girded round his loins

With a bright girdle and his skirt filld with immortal souls

Howling and Wailing fly the souls from Urizens strong hand.

For from the hand of Urizen the myriads fall like stars

Into their own appointed places driven back by the winds

The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shores

They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripd of
leaves

The Kings and Princes of the Earth cry with a feeble cry

Driven on the unproducing sands and on the hardend rocks

And all the while the flames of Orc follow the ventrous feet

Of Urizen and all the while the Trump of Tharmas sounds

Weeping and wailing fly the souls from Urizens strong
hand

The daughters of Urizen stand with Cups and measures of
foaming wine

Immense upon the heavens with bread and delicate repasts.

Then follows the golden harrow in the midst of Mental fires

To ravishing melody of flutes and harps and softest voice

The seed is harrowd in while flames heat the black mould
and cause

The human harvest to begin Towards the south first sprang

The myriads and in silent fear they look out from their graves.

Then Urizen sits down to rest and all his wearied Sons

Take their repose on beds they drink they sing they view the flames

Of Orc in joy they view the human harvest springing up

A time they give to sweet repose till all the harvest is ripe.

And Lo like the harvest Moon Ahania cast off her death clothes

She folded them up in care in silence and 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

Thro night should sing soft warbling filling Earth and
heaven

And bright Ahanian took her seat by Urizen in songs and
joy.

The Eternal Man also sat down upon the Couches of
Beulah

Sorrowful that he could not put off his new risen body

In mental flames the flames refused they drove him back to
Beulah

His body was redeemed to be permanent thro Mercy Divine

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 and
in

His holy hands received the flaming Demon and Demoness
of Smoke

And gave them to Urizens hands the Immortal frownd
Saying.

Luvah and Vala henceforth you are Servants obey and live

You shall forget your former state return O Love in peace

Into your place the place of seed not in the brain or heart

If Gods combine against Man Setting their Dominion above

The Human form Divine. Thrown down from their high
Station

In the Eternal heavens of Human Imagination: buried
beneath

In dark oblivion with incessant pangs ages on ages

In Enmity and war first weakend then in stern repentance

They must renew their brightness and 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 and Eternal of the Human form.

Luvah and Vala descended and entered the Gates of Dark
Urthona

And walked from the hands of Urizen in the shadows of
Valas Garden

Where the impressions of Despair and Hope for ever
vegetate

In flowers in fruits in fishes birds and beasts and clouds and
waters

The land of doubts and shadows sweet delusions unformed
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 closed up they wandered at
will

And those upon the Couches viewed them in the dreams of
Beulah

As they repose from the terrible wide universal harvest

Invisible Luvah in bright clouds hovered over Valas head

And thus their ancient golden age renewed for Luvah spoke

With voice mild from his golden Cloud upon the breath of
morning

Come forth O Vala from the grass and from the silent Dew

Rise from the dews of death for the Eternal Man is Risen.

She rises among flowers and 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 and her hair glistens
with dew.

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.

Where dost thou dwell for it is thee I seek and 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

O thou creating voice that callest and who shall answer thee.

Where dost thou flee O fair one where dost thou seek thy happy place.

To yonder brightness there I haste for sure I came from thence

Or I must have slept eternally nor have felt the dew of morning.

Eternally thou must have slept nor have felt the morning dew

But for yon nourishing sun tis that by which thou art arisen

The birds adore the sun the beasts rise up and play in his beams

And every flower and 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 and at night art folded up.

Alas am I but as a flower then will I sit me down

Then will I weep then Ill complain and sigh for immortality

And chide my maker thee O Sun that raisedst me to fall.

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

O be thou blotted out thou Sun that raisedst me to trouble

That gavest me a heart to crave and raisedst me thy
phantom

To feel thy heat and see thy light and wander here alone

Hopeless if I am like the grass and so shall pass away.

Rise sluggish Soul why sitst thou here why dost thou sit
and weep

Yon Sun shall wax old and decay but thou shalt ever
flourish

The fruit shall ripen and fall down and the flowers consume
away

But thou shalt still survive arise O dry thy dewy tears.

Hah! Shall I still survive whence came that sweet and
comforting voice

And whence that voice of sorrow O sun thou art nothing
now to me

Go on thy course rejoicing and let us both rejoice together

I walk among his flocks and hear the bleating of his lambs

O that I could behold his face and 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 and attend your footsteps you are not like the
birds.

That sing and fly in the bright air but you do lick my feet

And let me touch your wooly backs follow me as I sing

For in my bosom a new song arises to my Lord

Rise up O Sun most glorious minister and light of day

Flow on ye gentle airs and 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
and flowers

Follow me O my flocks and 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 and 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 and adorn the sky you are my
sisters

I sing and you reply to my Song I rejoice and you are glad

Follow me O my flocks we will now descend into the
valley

O how delicious are the grapes flourishing in the Sun

How clear the spring of the rock running among the golden sand

How cool the breezes of the vally and the arms of the branching trees

Cover us from the sun come and let us sit in the Shade

My Luvah here hath placd me in a Sweet and pleasant Land

And given me fruits and pleasant waters and warm hills and cool valleys

Here will I build myself a house and here Ill call on his name

Here Ill return when I am weary and take my pleasant rest.

So spoke the Sinless Soul and 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.

Then Luvah passed by and saw the sinless Soul

And said Let a pleasant house arise to be the dwelling place

Of this immortal Spirit growing in lower Paradise

He spoke and pillars were builded and walls as white as
ivory

The grass she slept upon was paved with pavement as of
pearl

Beneath her rose a downy bed and a ceiling covered all.

Vala awoke. When in the pleasant gates of sleep I entered

I saw my Luvah like a spirit stand in the bright air

Round him stood spirits like me who reared me a bright
house

And here I see thee house remain in my most pleasant
world.

My Luvah smiled I kneeled down he laid his hand on my
head

And when he laid his hand upon me from the gates of sleep
I came

Into this bodily house to tend my flocks in my pleasant
garden.

So saying she arose and 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.

I see the hand that leadeth me doth also lead my flocks

She went up to her flocks and turned oft to see her shining
house

She stopd to drink of the clear spring and eat the grapes and
apples

She bore the fruits in her lap she gatherd flowers for her
bosom

She called to her flocks saying follow me o my flocks.

They followd her to the silent vally beneath the spreading
trees

And on the rivers margin she ungirded her golden girdle

She stood in the river and 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 and mournd faint thro
the summer vales.

And Vala stood on the rocks of Tharmas and heard his
mournful voice.

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 and mourn and thou art closd in
clouds

When will the time of Clouds be past and the dismal night
of Tharmas

Arise O Enion Arise and smile upon my head

As thou dost smile upon the barren mountains and they
rejoice

When wilt thou smile on Tharmas O thou bringer of golden
day

Arise O Enion arise for Lo I have calmd my seas.

So saying his faint head he laid upon the Oozy rock

And darkness coverd all the deep the light of Enion faded

Like a faint flame quivering upon the surface of the
darkness.

Then Vala lifted up her hands to heaven to call on Enion

She calld but none could answer her and the Eccho of her
voice returnd.

Where is the voice of God that calld me from the silent dew

Where is the Lord of Vala dost thou hide in clefts of the
rock

Why shouldst thou hide thyself from Vala from the soul
that wanders desolate.

She ceas'd and light beamd round her like the glory of the
morning

And She arose out of the river and girded her golden girdle.

And now her feet step on the grassy bosom of the ground

Among her flocks and she turnd her eyes toward her
pleasant house

And saw in the door way beneath the trees two little
children playing

She drew near to her house and her flocks followd her
footsteps

The Children clung around her knees she embracd them
and wept over them.

Thou little Boy art Tharmas and thou bright Girl Enion

How are ye thus renewd and brought into the Gardens of
Vala

She embracd them in tears. till the sun descended the
western hills

And then she enterd her bright house leading her mighty
children

And when night came the flocks laid round the house
beneath the trees

She laid the Children on the beds which she saw prepard in
the house

Then last herself laid down and closd her Eyelids in soft
slumbers.

And in the morning when the Sun arose in the crystal sky

Vala awoke and calld the children from their gentle slumbers.

Awake O Enion awake and let thine innocent Eyes

Enlighten all the Crystal house of Vala awake awake

Awake Tharmas awake awake thou child of dewy tears

Open the orbs of thy blue eyes and smile upon my gardens.

The Children woke and smild on Vala. she kneeld by the golden couch

She presd them to her bosom and her pearly tears dropd down

O my sweet Children Enion let Tharmas kiss thy Cheek

Why dost thou turn thyself away from his sweet watry eyes

Tharmas henceforth in Valas bosom thou shalt find sweet peace

O bless the lovely eyes of Tharmas and the Eyes of Enion.

They rose they went out wandring sometimes together sometimes alone

Why weepest thou Tharmas Child of tears in the bright house of joy

Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue heavenly Eyes

And dost thou wander with my lambs and wet their
innocent faces

With thy bright tears because the steps of Enion are in the
gardens

Arise sweet boy and let us follow the path of Enion.

So saying they went down into the garden among the fruits

And Enion sang among the flowers that grew among the
trees

And Vala said Go Tharmas weep not Go to Enion.

He said O Vala I am sick and all this garden of Pleasure

Swims like a dream before my eyes but the sweet smelling
fruit

Revives me to new deaths I fade even like a water lilly

In the suns heat till in the night on the couch of Enion

I drink new life and feel the breath of sleeping Enion

But in the morning she arises to avoid my Eyes

Then my loins fade and in the house I sit me down and weep.

Cheer up thy Countenance bright boy and go to Enion

Tell her that Vala waits her in the shadows of her garden.

He went with timid steps and Enion like the ruddy morn

When infant spring appears in swelling buds and opening flowers

Behind her Veil withdraws so Enion turned her modest head.

But Tharmas spoke Vala seeks thee sweet Enion in the shades

Follow the steps of Tharmas, O thou brightness of the gardens

He took her hand reluctant she followed in infant doubts.

Thus in Eternal Childhood straying among Valas flocks

In infant sorrow and joy alternate Enion and Tharmas played

Round Vala in the Gardens of Vala and by her rivers margin

They are the shadows of Tharmas and of Enion in Valas world

And the sleepers who rested from their harvest work beheld
these visions

Thus were the sleepers entertained upon the Couches of
Beulah.

When Luvah and Vala were closed up in their world of
shadowy forms

Darkness was all beneath the heavens only a little light

Such as glows out from sleeping spirits appeared in the
deeps beneath

As when the wind sweeps over a Corn field the noise of
souls

Thro all the immense borne down by Clouds swagging in
autumnal heat

Muttering along from heaven to heaven hoarse roll the
human forms

Beneath thick clouds dreadful lightnings burst and thunders
roll

Down pour the torrent Floods of heaven on all the human
harvest

Then Urizen sitting at his repose on beds in the bright
South

Cried Times are Ended he Exulted he arose in joy he
exulted

He pourd his light and all his Sons and daughters pourd
their light

To exhale the spirits of Luvah and Vala thro the
atmosphere

And Luvah and Vala saw the Light their spirits were
Exhald

In all their ancient innocence the floods depart the clouds

Dissipate or sink into the Seas of Tharmas Luvah sat

Above on the bright heavens in peace. the Spirits of Men
beneath

Cried out to be deliverd and the Spirit of Luvah wept

Over the human harvest and over Vala the sweet wanderer

In pain the human harvest wavd in horrible groans of woe

The Universal Groan went up the Eternal Man was
Darkend.

Then Urizen arose and took his Sickle in his hand
There is a brazen sickle and a scythe of iron hid
Deep in the South guarded by a few solitary stars
This sickle Urizen took the scythe his sons embracd
And went forth and began to reap and all his joyful sons
Reapd the wide Universe and bound in Sheaves a wondrous
harvest
They took them into the wide barns with loud rejoicings
and triumph
Of flute and harp and drum and trumpet horn and clarion.
The feast was spread in the bright South and the Regenerate
Man
Sat at the feast rejoicing and the wine of Eternity
Was servd round by the flames of Luvah all Day and all the
Night
And when Morning began to dawn upon the distant hills
a whirlwind rose up in the Center and in the Whirlwind a
Shriek

And in the Shriek a rattling of bones and in the rattling of bones

A dolorous groan and from the dolorous groan in tears

Rose Enion like a gentle light and Enion spoke saying.

O Dreams of Death the human form dissolving companied

By beasts and worms and creeping things and darkness and despair

The clouds fall off from my wet brow the dust from my cold limbs

Into the Sea of Tharmas Soon renewd a Golden Moth

I shall cast off my death clothes and Embrace Tharmas again

For Lo the winter melted away upon the distant hills

And all the black mould sings. She speaks to her infant race her milk

Descends down on the sand. the thirsty sand drinks and rejoices

Wondering to behold the Emmet the Grasshopper the jointed worm

The roots shoot thick thro the solid rocks bursting their way

They cry out in joys of existence. the broad stems

Rear on the mountains stem after stem the scaly newt
creeps

From the stone and the armed fly springs from the rocky
crevice

The spider. The bat burst from the hardend slime crying

To one another What are we and whence is our joy and
delight

Lo the little moss begins to spring and the tender weed

Creeps round our secret nest. Flocks brighten the
Mountains

Herds throng up the Valley wild beasts fill the forests.

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.

The Eternal Man arose He welcomed them to the Feast

The feast was spread in the bright South and the Eternal
Man

Sat at the feast rejoicing and the wine of Eternity

Was served round by the flames of Luvah all day and all the
night

And Many Eternal Men sat at the golden feast to see

The female form now separate They shuddered 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

This is the Generative world they remembered the Days of
old.

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

Man is a Worm wearied with joy he seeks the caves of
sleep

Among the Flowers of Beulah in his selfish cold repose

Forsaking Brotherhood and Universal love in selfish clay
Folding the pure wings of his mind seeking the places dark
Abstracted from the roots of Science then inclosed around
In walls of Gold we cast him like a Seed into the Earth
Till times and spaces have passed over him duly every morn
We visit him covering with a Veil the immortal seed
With windows from the inclement sky we cover him and
with walls
And hearths protect the Selfish terror till divided all
In families we see our shadows born. and thence we know
That Man subsists by Brotherhood and Universal Love
We fall on one anothers necks more closely we embrace.
Not for ourselves but for the Eternal family we live
Man liveth not by Self alone but in his brothers face
Each shall behold the Eternal Father and love and joy
abound

So spoke the Eternal at the Feast they embracd the New
born Man

Calling him Brother image of the Eternal Father. they sat
down

At the immortal tables sounding loud their instruments of
joy

Calling the Morning into Beulah the Eternal Man rejoiced

When Morning dawnd The Eternals rose to labour at the
Vintage

Beneath they saw their sons and daughters wondering
inconceivable

At the dark myriads in Shadows in the worlds beneath

The morning dawnd Urizen rose and in his hand the Flail

Sounds on the Floor heard terrible by all beneath the
heavens

Dismal loud redounding the nether floor shakes with the
sound

And all Nations were threshed out and the stars threshd
from their husks

Then Tharmas took the Winnowing fan the winnowing
wind furious

Above veerd round by the violent whirlwind driven west
and south

Tossed the Nations like Chaff into the seas of Tharmas.

O Mystery Fierce Tharmas cries Behold thy end is come

Art thou she that made the nations drunk with the cup of
Religion

Go down ye Kings and Councillors and Giant Warriors

Go down into the depths go down and hide yourselves
beneath

Go down with horse and Chariots and Trumpets of hoarse
war.

Lo how the Pomp of Mystery goes down into the Caves

Her great men howl and throw the dust and rend their hoary
hair

Her delicate women and children shriek upon the bitter
wind

Spoild of their beauty their hair rent and their skin shriveld
up

Lo darkness covers the long pomp of banners on the wind

And black horses and armed men and miserable bound
captives

Where shall the graves recieve them all and where shall be
their place

And who shall mourn for Mystery who never loosd her
Captives

Let the slave grinding at the mill run out into the field

Let him look up into the heavens and laugh in the bright air

Let the inchaind soul shut up in darkness and in sighing

Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years

Rise and look out his chains are loose his dungeon doors
are open

And let his wife and children return from the opressors
scourge

They look behind at every step and believe it is a dream

Are these the Slaves that groand along the streets of
Mystery

Where are your bonds and task masters are these the
prisoners

Where are your chains where are your tears why do you
look around

If you are thirsty there is the river go bathe your parched
limbs

The good of all the Land is before you for Mystery is no
more.

Then All the Slaves from every Earth in the wide Universe

Sing a New Song drowning confusion in its happy notes

While the flail of Urizen sounded long and the winnowing
wind of Tharmas

So loud so clear in the wide heavens and the song that they
sung was this

Composed by an African Black from the little Earth of
Sotha

Aha Aha how came I here so soon in my sweet native land

How came I here Methinks I am as I was in my youth

When in my fathers house I sat and heard his chearing
voice

Methinks I see his flocks and herds and feel my limbs
renewd

And Lo my Brethren in their tents and their little ones
around them.

The song arose to the Golden feast the Eternal Man rejoicd

Then the Eternal Man said Luvah the Vintage is ripe arise

The sons of Urizen shall gather the vintage with sharp
hooks

And all thy sons O Luvah bear away the families of Earth

I hear the flail of Urizen his barns are full no room

Remains and in the Vineyards stand the abounding sheaves
beneath

The falling Grapes that odorous burst upon the winds. Arise

My flocks and 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 and draw the loaded
waggon

Into the Barn while children glean the Ears around the door

Then shall they lift their innocent hands and stroke his
furious nose

And he shall lick the little girls white neck and on her head

Scatter the perfume of his breath while from his mountains
high

The lion of terror shall come down and 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.

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 and 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
and all

The Villages of Luvah ring the golden tiles of the villages

Reply to violins and tabors to the pipe flute lyre and
cymbal

Then fell the Legions of Mystery in maddning confusion

Down Down thro the immense with outcry fury and 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 and the Odors rose singing
this song.

O terrible wine presses of Luvah O caverns of the Grave

How lovely the delights of those risen again from death

O trembling joy excess of joy is like Excess of grief.

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

But in the Wine presses is wailing terror and despair

Forsaken of their Elements they vanish and are no more

No more but a desire of Being a distracted ravening desire

Desiring like the hungry worm and like the gaping grave

They plunge into the Elements the Elements cast them forth

Or else consume their shadowy semblance Yet they
obstinate

Tho pained to distraction Cry O let us Exist for

This dreadful Non Existence is worse than pains of Eternal
Birth

Eternal Death who can Endure. let us consume in fires

In waters stifling or in air corroding or in earth shut up

The Pangs of Eternal birth are better than the Pangs of
Eternal Death

How red the Sons and daughters of Luvah how they tread
the Grapes

Laughing and shouting drunk with odors many fall
oerwearied

Drownd in the wine is many a youth and maiden those
around

Lay them on skins of tygers or the spotted Leopard or wild
Ass

Till they revive or bury them in cool Grots making
lamentation

But in the Wine Presses the Human Grapes Sing not nor
dance

They howl and writhe in shoals of torment in fierce flames
consuming

In chains of iron and in dungeons circled with ceaseless
fires

In pits and dens and shades of death in shapes of torment
and woe

The Plates the Screws and Racks and Saws and cords and
fires and floods

The cruel joy of Luvahs daughters lacerating with knives

And whip their Victims and the deadly sports of Luvahs
sons.

Timbrels and Violins sport round the Wine Presses The
little Seed

The Sportive root the Earthworm the small beetle the wise
Emmet

Dance round the Wine Presses of Luvah. the Centipede is
there

The ground Spider with many Eyes the Mole clothed in
Velvet

The Earwig armd the tender maggot emblem of
Immortality

The Slow Slug the grasshopper that sings and laughs and
drinks

The winter comes he folds his slender bones without a murmur

There is the Nettle that stings with soft down and there

The indignant Thistle whose bitterness is bred in his milk

And who lives on the contempt of his neighbour there all the idle weeds

That creep about the obscure places shew their various limbs

Naked in all their beauty dancing round the Wine Presses

They Dance around the Dying and they Drink the howl and groan

They catch the Shrieks in cups of gold they hand them to one another

These are the sports of love and these the sweet delights of amorous play

Tears of the grapes the death sweat of the Cluster the last sigh

Of the mild youth who listens to the luring songs of Luvah.

The Eternal Man darkend with Sorrow and a wintry mantle

Coverd the Hills He said O Tharmas rise and O Urthona.

Then Tharmas and Urthona rose from the Golden feast
satiated

With Mirth and Joy Urthona limping from his fall on
Tharmas leand

In his right hand his hammer Tharmas held his Shepherds
crook

Beset with gold gold were the ornaments formd by sons of
Urizen.

Then Enion and Ahania and Vala and the wife of Dark
Urthona

Rose from the feast in joy ascending to their Golden Looms

There the wingd shuttle Sang the spindle and the distaff and
the Reel

Rang sweet the praise of industry. Thro all the golden
rooms

Heaven rang with winged Exultation All beneath howld
loud

With tenfold rout and desolation roard the Chasms beneath

Where the wide woof flowd down and where the Nations
are gatherd together.

Tharmas went down to the Wine presses and beheld the
sons and daughters

Of Luvah quite exhausted with the Labour and quite filld

With new wine. that they began to torment one another and
to tread

The weak. Luvah and Vala slept on the floor o'erwearied

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 and Urthona

They formed heavens of sweetest wood of gold and silver
and ivory

Of glass and precious stones They loaded all the waggons
of heaven

And took away the wine of ages with solemn songs and
joy.

Luvah and Vala woke and all the sons and daughters of
Luvah

Awoke they wept to one another and they reascended

To the Eternal Man in woe he cast them wailing into

The world of shadows thro the air till winter is over and
gone.

But the Human Wine stood wondering in all their delightful
Expanses

The Elements subside the heavens rolld on with vocal
harmony.

Then Los who is Urthona rose in all his regenerate power

The Sea that rolld and foamd with darkness and the
shadows of death

Vomited out and gave up all the floods lift up their hands

Singing and shouting to the Man they bow their hoary
heads

And murmuring in their channels flow and circle round his
feet

Then Dark Urthona took the Corn out of the Stores of
Urizen

He ground it in his rumbling Mills Terrible the distress

Of all the Nations of Earth ground in the Mills of Urthona

In his hand Tharmas takes the Storms. he turns the
whirlwind Loose

Upon the wheels the stormy seas howl at his dread
command

And Eddying fierce rejoice in the fierce agitation of the
wheels

Of Dark Urthona Thunders Earthquakes Fires Water floods

Rejoice to one another loud their voices shake the Abyss

Their dread forms tending the dire mills The grey hoar frost
was there

And his pale wife the aged Snow they watch over the fires

They build the Ovens of Urthona Nature in darkness groans

And Men are bound to sullen contemplations in the night

Restless they turn on beds of sorrow. in their inmost brain

Feeling the crushing Wheels they rise they write the bitter
words

Of Stern Philosophy and knead the bread of knowledge
with tears and groans.

Such are the works of Dark Urthona Tharmas sifted the
corn

Urthona made the Bread of Ages and he placed it

In golden and in silver baskets in heavens of precious stone

And then took his repose in Winter in the night of Time.

The Sun has left his blackness and has found a fresher
morning

And the mild moon rejoices in the clear and cloudless night

And Man walks forth from midst of the fires the evil is all
consumd

His eyes behold the Angelic spheres arising night and day

The stars consumd like a lamp blown out and in their stead
behold

The Expanding Eyes of Man behold the depths of
wondrous worlds

One Earth one sea beneath nor Erring Globes wander but
Stars

Of fire rise up nightly from the Ocean and one Sun

Each morning like a New born Man issues with songs and
Joy

Calling the Plowman to his Labour and the Shepherd to his
rest

He walks upon the Eternal Mountains raising his heavenly
voice

Conversing with the Animal forms of wisdom night and
day

That risen from the Sea of fire renewed walk over the Earth.

For Tharmas brought his flocks upon the hills and in the
Vales

Around the Eternal Mans bright tent the little Children play

Among the wooly flocks The hammer of Urthona sounds

In the deep caves beneath his limbs renewed his Lions roar

Around the Furnaces and in the Evening sport upon the
plains

They raise their faces from the Earth conversing with the
Man.

How is it we have walkd thro fires and yet are not consumd

How is it that all things are changd even as in ancient times

The Sun arises from his dewy bed and the fresh airs

Play in his smiling beams giving the seeds of life to grow

And the fresh Earth beams forth ten thousand thousand
springs of life

Urthona is arisen in his strength no longer now

Divided from Enitharmon no longer the Spectre Los

Where is the Spectre of Prophecy where the delusive
Phantom.

Departed and Urthona rises from the ruinous walls

In all his ancient strength to form the golden armour of
science

For intellectual War The war of swords departed now

The dark Religions are departed and sweet Science reigns

[End of Night the Ninth and the Last Judgment]