

THE FOUR ZOAS

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

by William Blake 1797

Rest before Labour

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but
against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the
darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high
places. (Ephesians 6: 12; King James version)

VALA

Night the First

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

Four Mighty Ones are in every Man; a Perfect Unity John XVII c. 21 & 22 & 23 v
Cannot Exist. but from the Universal Brotherhood of Eden John I c. 14. v

The Universal Man. To Whom be Glory Evermore Amen καὶ ἐσηγοῦσεν. ἡμῖν
[What] are the Natures of those Living Creatures the Heavenly Father only
[Knoweth] no Individual [Knoweth nor] Can know in all Eternity

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

In Eden; in the Auricular Nerves of Human life
Which is the Earth of Eden, he his Emanations propagated
Fairies of Albion afterwards Gods of the Heathen, Daughter of Beulah Sing
His fall into Division & his Resurrection to Unity
His fall into the Generation of Decay & Death & his Regeneration by the Resurrection
from the dead

Begin with Tharmas Parent power. 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 & silence
It is not Love I bear to [Jerusalem] It is Pity
She hath taken refuge in my bosom & I cannot cast her out.

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

Enion said—Thy fear has made me tremble thy terrors have surrounded me
All Love is lost Terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love
And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty.
Once thou wast to Me the loveliest son of heaven—But now
Why art thou Terrible and yet I love thee in thy terror till
I am almost Extinct & soon shall be a Shadow in Oblivion
Unless some way can be found that I may look upon thee & live
Hide me some Shadowy semblance. secret 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 & cannot return

Trembling & pale sat Tharmas weeping in his clouds

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

Thou wilt go mad with horror if thou dost Examine thus
Every moment of my secret hours Yea I know
That I have sinn'd & that my Emanations are become harlots
I am already distracted at their deeds & if I look
Upon them more Despair will bring self murder on my soul
O Enion thou art thyself a root growing in hell
Tho thus heavenly beautiful to draw me to destruction

Sometimes I think thou art a flower expanding
Sometimes I think thou art fruit breaking from its bud
In dreadful dolor & pain & I am like an atom
A Nothing left in darkness yet I am an identity
I wish & feel & weep & groan Ah terrible terrible

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

So saying—From her bosom weaving soft in Sinewy threads
A tabernacle for Jerusalem she sat among the Rocks
Singing her lamentation. Tharmas groand among his Clouds

Weeping, then bending from his Clouds he stooped his innocent head
And stretching out his holy hand in the vast Deep sublime
Turn'd round the circle of Destiny with tears & bitter sighs
And said. Return O Wanderer when the Day of Clouds is oer

So saying he sunk down into the sea a pale white corse
In torment he sunk down & 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 & lacteal threading them among
Her woof of terror. Terrified & drinking tears of woe
Shuddring she wove—nine days & nights Sleepless her food was tears
Wondring she saw her woof begin to animate. & not
As Garments woven subservient to her hands but having a will
Of its own perverse & wayward Enion lov'd & wept

Nine days she labour'd at her work. & nine dark sleepless nights
But on the tenth 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 Desart
Terrified in her own Creation viewing her woven shadow
Sat in a dread intoxication of Repentance & Contrition
There is from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant rest
Nam'd Beulah a Soft Moony Universe feminine lovely
Pure mild & Gentle given in Mercy to those who sleep
Eternally. Created by the Lamb of God around
On all sides within & without the Universal Man
The Daughters of Beulah follow sleepers in all their Dreams
Creating Spaces lest they fall into Eternal Death

The Circle of Destiny complete they gave to it a Space
And nam'd the Space Ulro & brooded over it in care & love
They said The Spectre is in every man insane & most
Deform'd Thro the three heavens descending in fury & fire
We meet it with our Songs & loving blandishments & give
To it a form of vegetation But this Spectre of Tharmas
Is Eternal Death What shall we do O God pity & help
So spoke they & clos'd the Gate of the Tongue in trembling fear

What have I done! said Enion accurs'd wretch! What deed.
Is this a deed of Love I know what I have done. I know
Too late now to repent. Love is chang'd to deadly Hate
A [ll] life is blotted out & I alone remain possess'd with Fears
I see the Shadow of the dead within my Soul wandering
In darkness & solitude forming Seas of Doubt & rocks of Repentance
Already are my Eyes reverted. all that I behold
Within my Soul has lost its splendor & a brooding Fear
Shadows me oer & drives me outward to a world of woe
So wail'd she trembling before her own Created Phantasm

She drew the Spectre forth from Tharmas in her shining loom
Of Vegetation weeping in wayward infancy & sullen youth
Listening to her soft lamentations soon his tongue began
To Lisp out words & soon in masculine strength augmenting he
Reard up a form of gold & stood upon the glittering rock
A shadowy human form winged & in his depths
The dazzlings as of gems shone clear, rapturous in fury
Glorying in his own eyes Exalted in terrific Pride
The Spectre thus spoke. Who art thou Diminutive husk & shell
If thou hast sinnd & art polluted know that I am pure
And unpolluted & will bring to rigid strict account
All thy past deeds [So] hear what I tell thee! mark it well! remember!
This world is Thine in which thou dwellest that within thy soul
That dark & dismal infinite where Thought roams up & down

Is Mine & there thou goest when with one Sting of my tongue
Envenomd thou rollst inwards to the place whence I emergd

She trembling answerd Wherefore was I born & what am I
I thought to weave a Covering for my Sins from wrath of Tharmas

I thought Tharmas a Sinner & I murderd his Emanations
His secret loves & 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 atonement
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 within

Mingling his horrible brightness with her tender limbs then high she soard
Above the ocean; a bright wonder that Nature shudder'd at
Half Woman & half Spectre, all his lovely changing colours mix
With her fair crystal clearness; in her lips & cheeks his poisons rose
In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening
A monster lovely in the heavens or wandering on the earth,

Till with fierce pain she brought forth on the rocks her sorrow & woe
Behold two little Infants wept upon the desolate wind.
The first state weeping they began & helpless as a wave
Beaten along its sightless way growing enormous in its motion to
Its utmost goal, till strength from Enion like richest summer shining
Raisd the bright boy & girl with glories from their heads beaming
Drawing forth drooping mothers pity drooping mothers sorrow

They sulk upon her breast her hair became like snow on mountains
Weaker & weaker, weeping woful, wearier and wearier
Faded & her bright Eyes decayd melted with pity & love

And then they wanderd far away she sought for them in vain

In weeping blindness stumbling she followed them o'er rocks & mountains
Rehumanizing from the Spectre in pangs of maternal love
Ingrate they wandered scorning her drawing her Spectrous Life
Repelling her away & away by a dread repulsive power
Into Non Entity revolving round in dark despair.
And drawing in the Spectrous life in pride and haughty joy
Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life

Then Eno a daughter of Beulah took a Moment of Time
And drew it out to Seven thousand years with much care & affliction
And many tears & in Every year made windows into Eden

She also took an atom of space & opened its center
Into Infinitude & ornamented it with wondrous art
Astonished sat her Sisters of Beulah to see her soft affections
To Enion & her children & they pondered these things wondering
And they Alternate kept watch over the Youthful terrors
They saw not yet the Hand Divine for it was not yet revealed
But they went on in Silent Hope & Feminine repose
But Los & Enitharmon delighted in the Moony spaces of Eno
Nine Times they lived among the forests, feeding on sweet fruits
And nine bright Spaces wandered weaving mazes of delight
Snaring the wild Goats for their milk they eat the flesh of Lambs
A male & female naked & ruddy as the pride of summer
Alternate Love & Hate his breast; hers Scorn & Jealousy
In embryon passions. they kiss'd not nor embrac'd for shame & fear
His head beamed light & in his vigorous voice was prophecy
He could control the times & seasons, & the days & years
She could control the spaces, regions, desert, flood & 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 wandered 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 wandered 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 & mourn in their silent secret bowers

But Enitharmon answered with a dropping tear & 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 & 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 & 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, & rose into the Chariot of Day
Sweet laughter siezd me in my sleep! silent & close I laughd
For in the visions of Vala I walkd with the mighty Fallen One
I heard his voice among the branches, & among sweet flowers.

Why is the light of Enitharmon darken'd in dewy morn
Why is the silence of Enitharmon a terror & her smile a whirlwind
Uttering this darkness in my halls, in the pillars of my Holy-ones
Why dost thou weep as Vala? & wet thy veil with dewy tears,
In slumbers of my night-repose, infusing a false morning?
Driving the Female Emanations all away from Los
I have refusd to look upon the Universal Vision
And wilt thou slay with death him who devotes himself to thee
Once born for the sport & amusement of Man now born to drink up all his Powers

I heard the sounding sea; I heard the voice weaker and weaker;
The voice came & went like a dream, I awoke in my sweet bliss.
Then Los smote her upon the Earth twas long 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 decend into the Gardens of Vala
Luvah walking on the winds, I see the invisible knife
I see the shower of blood: I see the swords & spears of futurity
Tho in the Brain of Man we live, & in his circling Nerves.
Tho' this bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain.
Where Urizen & all his Hosts hang their immortal lamps
Thou neer shalt leave this cold expanse where watry Tharmas mourns

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

Descend O Urizen descend with horse & 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 & Princedom & Victory & Blood

Night darkend as she spoke! a shuddring ran from East to West
A Groan was heard on high. The warlike clarions ceast. the Spirits
Of Luvah & Vala shudderd in their Orb: an orb of blood!

Eternity groand & 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 brooded
Smile broke from Urizen for Enitharmon brightend more & 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 & not the Saviour
Why should the Divine Vision compell the sons of Eden
to forego each his own delight to war against his Spectre
The Spectre is the Man the rest is only delusion & fancy

So spoke the Prince of Light & 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 & 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 & 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 & 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 appeard above them as One Man infolded
In Luvah[s] robes of blood & bearing all his afflictions
As the sun shines down on the misty earth Such was the Vision

But purple night and crimson morning & golden day descending
Thro' the clear changing atmosphere display'd green fields among
The varying clouds, like paradises stretch'd in the expanse
With towns & villages and temples, tents 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 & Enitharmon sat in discontent & scorn
The Nuptial Song arose from all the thousand thousand spirits
Over the joyful Earth & Sea, and ascended into the Heavens
For Elemental Gods their thunderous Organs blew; creating
Delicious Viands. Demons of Waves their watry Eccho's woke!
Bright Souls of vegetative life, budding and blossoming

Stretch their immortal hands to smite the gold & silver Wires
And with immortal Voice soft warbling fill all Earth & Heaven.
With doubling Voices & loud Horns wound round sounding
Cavernous dwellers fill'd the enormous Revelry, Responsing!
And Spirits of Flaming fire on high, govern'd the mighty Song.

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

Ephraim calld out to Zion: Awake O Brother Mountain
Let us refuse the Plow & Spade, the heavy Roller & spiked
Harrow. burn all these Corn fields. throw down all these fences
Fattend on Human blood & drunk with wine of life is better far

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

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

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

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

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

The listning Stars heard, & the first beam of the morning started back
He cried out to his Father, depart! depart! but sudden Siez'd
And clad in steel. & his Horse proudly neighd; he smelt the battle
Afar off, Rushing back, reddning with rage the Mighty Father

Siez'd his bright Sheephook studded with gems & gold, he Swung it round
His head shrill sounding in the sky, down rushd the Sun with noise
Of war, The Mountains fled away they sought a place beneath
Vala remaind in desarts of dark solitude. nor Sun nor Moon

By night nor day to comfort her, she labourd in thick smoke
Tharmas endurd 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, & the bones of Luvah into wedges
The innumerable sons & daughters of Luvah closd in furnaces
Melt into furrows. winter blows his bellows: ice & Snow
Tend the dire anvils. Mountains mourn & Rivers faint & fail

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

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

Thus Sang the Demons of the Deep. the Clarions of War blew loud
The Feast redounds & Crownd with roses & the circling vine
The Enormous Bride & Bridegroom sat, beside them Urizen
With faded radiance sighd, forgetful of the flowing wine
And of Ahania his Pure Bride but She was distant far

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

At distance Far in Night repelld. in direful hunger craving
Summers & Winters round revolving in the frightful deep.

Enion blind & age-bent wept upon the desolate wind

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

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

Why howl the Lion & 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 & 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 & takes away the Spider
His Web is left all desolate, that his little anxious heart
So careful wove; & spread it out with sighs and weariness.

This was the Lamentation of Enion round the golden Feast
Eternity 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 & to the Oak of Weeping
Which stand upon the Edge of Beulah & 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 & 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 & that one Man
They call Jesus the Christ & they in him & he in them
Live in Perfect harmony in Eden the land of life
Consulting as One Man above the Mountain of Snowdon Sublime

For messengers from Beulah come in tears & darkning clouds
Saying Shiloh is in ruins our brother is sick Albion He
Whom thou lovest is sick he wanders from his house of Eternity
The daughters of Beulah terrified have closd the Gate of the Tongue
Luvah & Urizen contend in war around the holy tent

So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah & with solemn mourning
They were introdud to the divine presence & 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 & valleys in the regions of his love
But Urizen awoke & Luvah woke & thus conferrd

Thou Luvah said the Prince of Light behold our sons & daughters
Reposd on beds. let them sleep on. do thou alone depart
Into thy wished Kingdom where in Majesty & Power
We may erect a throne. deep in the North I place my lot
Thou in the South listen attentive. In silent of this night
I will infold the Eternal tent in clouds opake while thou
Siezing the chariots of the morning. Go oufleeting ride
Afar into the Zenith high bending thy furious course
Southward with half the tents of men inclosd in clouds
Of Tharmas & Urthona. I remaining in porches of the brain
Will lay my scepter on Jerusalem the Emanation
On all her sons & on thy sons O Luvah & on mine
Till dawn was wont to wake them then my trumpet sounding loud
Ravishd away in night my strong command shall be obeyd
For I have placd my centinels in stations each tenth man
Is bought & sold & in dim night my Word shall be their law

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

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 & yells & cries shook the wide firmament

Beside his anvil stood Urthona dark. a mass of iron
Glowd furious on the anvil prepard for spades & coulters All
His sons fled from his side to join the conflict pale he heard
The Eternal voice he stood the sweat chilld on his mighty limbs
He dropd his hammer. dividing from his aking bosom fled
A portion of his life shrieking upon the wind she fled
And Tharmas took her in pitying Then Enion in jealous fear
Murderd her & hid her in her bosom embalming her for fear
She should arise again to life Embalmd in Enions bosom
Enitharmon remains a corse such thing was never known
In Eden that one died a death never to be revivd
Urthona stood in terror but not long his spectre fled
To Enion & his body fell. Tharmas beheld him fall
Endlong a raging serpent rolling round the holy tent
The sons of war astonishd at the 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 & 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 opend to pain
In a fierce hungring void & none can visit his regions

Jerusalem his Emanation is become a ruin
Her little ones are slain on the top of every street
And she herself le[d] captive & scatterd into the indefinite
Gird on thy sword O thou most mighty in glory & majesty
Destroy these oppressors of Jerusalem & those who ruin Shiloh

So spoke the Messengers of Beulah. Silently removing
The Family Divine drew up the Universal tent
Above High Snowdon & closd the Messengers in clouds around
Till the time of the End. Then they Elected Seven. called the Seven
Eyes of God & the Seven lamps of the Almighty
The Seven are one within the other the Seventh is named Jesus

The Lamb of God blessed for ever & he followd the Man

Who wanderd in mount Ephraim seeking a Sepulcher
His inward eyes closing from the Divine vision & all
His children wandering outside from his bosom fleeing away

The Daughters of Beulah beheld the Emanation they pitied
They wept before the Inner gates of Enitharmons bosom
And of her fine wrought brain & of her bowels within her loins
Three gates within Glorious & 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 Enitharmon
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 & Luvah back reversd
Downwards & outwards consuming in the wars of Eternal Death

End of The First Night

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 & 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, & must sleep in the dark sleep of Death
Thy brother Luvah hath smitten me but pity thou his youth
Tho thou hast not pitid my Age O Urizen Prince of Light

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

Mighty was the draught of Voidness to draw Existence in

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

Luvah & Vala trembling & shrinking, beheld the great Work master
And heard his Word! Divide ye bands influence by influence
Build we a Bower for 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 & shouting to Urizen
Some fix'd the anvil, some the loom erected, some the plow
And harrow form'd & fram'd the harness of silver & ivory
The golden compasses, the quadrant & the rule & balance
They erected the furnaces, they form'd the anvils of gold beaten in mills
Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their base
The bellows began to blow & the Lions of Urizen stood round the anvil

And the leopards cover'd with skins of beasts tended the roaring fires
Sublime distinct their lineaments divine of human beauty
The tygers of wrath called the horses of instruction from their mangers
They unloos'd them & put on the harness of gold & silver & ivory
In human forms distinct they stood round Urizen prince of Light
Petrifying all the Human Imagination into rock & sand
Groans ran along 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 & the stars of heaven Fled
Jerusalem came down in a dire ruin over all the Earth
She fell cold from Lambeths Vales in groans & Dewy death
The dew of anxious souls the death-sweat of the dying
In every pillard hall & arched roof of Albions skies
The brother & the brother bathe in blood upon the Severn
The Maiden weeping by. The father & the mother with
The Maidens father & her mother fainting over the body
And the Young Man the Murderer fleeing over the mountains

Reuben slept on Penmaenmawr & Levi slept on Snowdon
Their eyes their ears nostrils & tongues roll outward they behold
What is within now seen without they are raw to the hungry wind
They become Nations far remote in a little & dark Land
The Daughters of Albion girded around their garments of Needlework

Stripping Jerusalems curtains from mild demons of the hills
Across Europe & Asia to China & Japan like lightnings
They go forth & return to Albion on his rocky couch
Gwendolen Ragan Sabrina Gonorill Mehetabel Cordella
Boadicea Conwenna Estrild Gwinefrid Ignoge Cambel
Binding Jerusalems Children in the dungeons of Babylon
They play before the Armies before the hounds of Nimrod
While The Prince of Light on Salisbury plain among the druid stones

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

Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction & sealed
And Vala fed in cruel delight, the furnaces with fire
Stern Urizen beheld urg'd by necessity to keep
The evil day afar, & if perchance with iron power
He might avert his own despair; in woe & fear he saw

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

Hear ye the voice of Luvah from the furnaces of Urizen

If I indeed am Valas King & ye O sons of Men
The workmanship of Luvahs hands; in times of Everlasting
When I calld forth the Earth-worm from the cold & dark obscure
I nurturd her I fed her with my rains & dews, she grew
A scaled Serpent, yet I fed her tho' she hated me

Day after day she fed upon the mountains in Luvahs sight
I brought her thro' the Wilderness, a dry & thirsty land
And I commanded springs to rise for her in the black desert
Till she became a Dragon winged bright & poisonous
I opened all the floodgates of the heavens to quench her thirst

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

They have surrounded me with walls of iron & brass, O Lamb
Of God clothed in 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 & Hate I suffer affliction
Because I love. for I was love but hatred awakes in me
And Urizen who was Faith & Certainty is changed to Doubt
The hand of Urizen is upon me because I blotted out
That Human delusion to deliver all the sons of God
From bondage of the Human form, O first born Son of Light
O Urizen my enemy I weep for thy stern ambition
But weep in vain O when will you return Vala the Wanderer

These were the words of Luvah patient in afflictions
Reasoning from the loins in the unreal forms of Ulros night

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

With trembling horror pale aghast the Children of Man
Stood on the infinite Earth & saw these visions in the air
In waters & in Earth beneath they cried to one another
What are we terrors to one another. Come O brethren wherefore
Was this wide Earth spread all abroad. not for wild beasts to roam
But many stood silent & busied in their families
And many said We see no Visions in the darksome air
Measure the course of that sulphur orb that lights the darksome day
Set stations on this breeding Earth & let us buy & sell
Others arose & schools Erected forming Instruments

To measure out the course of heaven. Stern Urizen beheld
In woe his brethren & his Sons in darkning woe lamenting
Upon the winds in clouds involvd Uttering his voice in thunders
Commanding all the work with care & power & severity

Then siezd the Lions of Urizen their work, & heated in the forge
Roar the bright masses, thund'ring beat the hammers, many a pyramid
Is form'd & thrown down thund'ring into the deeps of Non Entity
Heated red hot they hizzing rend their way down many a league
Till resting. each his [center] finds; suspended there they stand
Casting their sparkies 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 stations
And all the time in Caverns shut, the golden Looms erected
First spun, then wove the Atmospheres, there the Spider & Worm
Plied the wingd shuttle piping shrill thro' all the list'ning threads
Beneath the Caverns roll the weights of lead & spindles of iron
The enormous warp & woof rage direful in the affrighted deep

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

While thus the Spirits of strongest wing enlighten the dark deep
The threads are spun & the cords twisted & drawn out; then the weak
Begin their work; & many a net is netted; many a net

Spread & many a Spirit caught, innumerable the nets
Innumerable the gins & traps; & many a soothing flute
Is form'd & many a corded lyre, outspread over the immense
In cruel delight they trap the listeners, & in cruel delight
Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little compass
Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted; some
The bulbous roots, thrown up together into barns & garner

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

Twelve halls after the names of his twelve sons composd

The wondrous building & three Central Dome 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 & Cities Nations Seas Mountains & Rivers
Each Dome open toward four halls & 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 reposed on a White Couch
Or hovered o'er his Starry head & when he smild she brightend
Like a bright Cloud in harvest. but when Urizen frowned She wept
In mists over his carved throne & when he turned his back

Upon his Golden hall & sought the Labyrinthine porches
Of his wide heaven Trembling, cold in paling fears she sat
A Shadow of Despair therefore toward the West Urizen formed
A recess in the wall for fires to glow upon the pale
Females limbs in his absence & her Daughters oft upon
A Golden Altar burnt perfumes with Art Celestial formed
Foursquare sculptured & sweetly Engraved to please their shadowy mother
Ascending into her misty garments the blue smoke rolled 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. Revived her Soul with lives of beasts & birds
Slain on the Altar up ascending into her cloudy bosom
Of terrible workmanship the Altar labour of ten thousand Slaves
One thousand Men of wondrous power spent their lives in its formation
It stood on twelve steps named after the names of her twelve sons
And was Erected at the chief entrance of Urizens hall

When Urizen returned from his immense labours & travels
Descending She reposed beside him folding him round
In her bright skirts. Astonished & Confounded he beheld
Her shadowy form now Separate he shuddered & was silent
Till her caresses & her tears revived him to life & joy
Two wills they had two intellects & not as in times of old
This Urizen perceived & silent brooded in darkening Clouds
To him his Labour was but Sorrow & his Kingdom was Repentance
He drove the Male Spirits all away from Ahania
And she drove all the Females from him away

Los joyd & Enitharmon laughed, saying Let us go down
And see this labour & sorrow; They went down to see the woes
Of Vala & the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights

And Vala like a shadow oft appeared to Urizen

The King of Light beheld her mourning among the Brick kilns compelled
To labour night & day among the fires, her lamenting voice
Is heard when silent night returns & the labourers take their rest

O Lord wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions
Among these flames incessant labouring, our hard masters laugh
At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water
To carry the heavy basket on our scorched shoulders, to sift
The sand & ashes, & to mix the clay with tears & repentance
I see not Luvah as of old I only see his feet
Like pillars of fire travelling thro darkness & 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 & ashes, & our backs
Furrowd with whips, & our flesh bruised with the heavy basket
Forgive us O thou piteous one whom we have offended, forgive
The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to thee.

Thus she lamented day & night, compelld to labour & sorrow
Luvah in vain her lamentations heard; in vain his love
Brought him in various forms before her still she knew him not

Still she despisd him, calling on his name & knowing him not
Still hating still professing love, still labouring in the smoke

And Los & Enitharmon joyd, they drank in tenfold joy
From all the sorrow of Luvah & the labour of Urizen
And Enitharmon joyd Plotting to rend the secret cloud
To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahania

But infinitely beautiful the wondrous work arose
In sorrow & care. a Golden World whose porches round the heavens
And pillard halls & rooms recievd the eternal wandering stars
A wondrous golden Building; many a window many a door
And many a division let in & out into the vast unknown
[Cubed] in [window square] immoveable, within its walls & 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 & they pourd abroad

The seas & lakes, they reard the mountains & the rocks & hills
On broad pavilions, on pillard roofs & porches & high towers
In beauteous order, thence arose soft clouds & exhalations
Wandering even to the sunny Cubes of light & 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 & orderd all & Urizen comforted saw
The wondrous work flow forth like visible out of the invisible
For the Divine Lamb Even Jesus who is the Divine Vision
Permitted all lest Man should fall into Eternal Death
For when Luvah sunk down himself put on the robes of blood
Lest the state calld Luvah should cease. & the Divine Vision
Walked in robes of blood till he who slept should awake

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

In sevens & tens & fifties, hundreds, thousands, numberd all
According to their various powers. Subordinate to Urizen
And to his sons in their degrees & to his beauteous daughters

Travelling in silent majesty along their 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 & quadruple. polygonic
In their amazing hard subdued course in the vast deep

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

Urizen saw & envied & his imagination was filled
Repining he contemplated the past in his bright sphere
Terrified with his heart & spirit at the visions of futurity
That his dread fancy formd before him in the unformd void

For Los & 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 & step from star to star
Or standing on the Earth erect, or on the stormy waves

Driving the storms before them or delighting in sunny beams
While round their heads the Elemental Gods kept harmony

And Los said. Lo the Lilly pale & the rose reddning fierce
Reproach thee & 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 & the beetle hark they laugh & mock at Los

Enitharmon answerd Secure now from the smittings 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 virgins
Of summer I have seen thee sleep & turn thy cheek delighted
Upon the rose or lilly pale. or on a bank where sleep
The beamy daughters of the light starting they rise they flee
From thy fierce love for tho I am dissolvd in the bright God
My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks & valleys

Los answerd Therefore fade I thus dissolvd in rapturd trance
Thou canst repose on clouds of secrecy while oer my limbs
Cold dews & hoary frost creeps thro I lie on banks of summer
Among the beauties of the World Cold & repining Los
Still dies for Enitharmon nor a spirit springs from my dead corse
Then I am dead till thou revivest me with thy sweet song
Now taking on Ahantias form & now the form of Enion
I know thee not as once I knew thee in those blessed fields
Where memory wishes to repose among the flocks of Tharmas

Enitharmon answerd Wherefore didst thou throw thine arms around
Ahantias Image I deciev'd thee & will still decieve
Urizen saw thy sin & hid his beams in darkning Clouds
I still keep watch altho I tremble & wither across the heavens
In strong vibrations of fierce jealousy for thou art mine
Created for my will my slave tho strong tho I am weak
Farewell the God calls me away I depart in my sweet bliss

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

So saying in deep sobs he languishd till dead he also fell
Night passd & 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 sakes his awful hair
The Eccho wakes the moon to unbind her silver locks
The golden sun bears on my song
And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery King

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

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

Furious & terrible they sport & rend the nether deeps
The deep lifts up his rugged head
And lost in infinite hum[m]ing wings vanishes with a cry
The fading cry is ever dying
The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy

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

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

O I am weary lay thine hand upon me or I faint
I faint beneath these beams of thine
For thou hast touchd my five senses & they answerd thee
Now I am nothing & I sink
And on the bed of silence sleep till thou awakest me

Thus sang the Lovely one in Rapturous delusive trance
Los heard reviving he siezd her in his arms delusive hopes
Kindling She led him int Shadows & thence fled outstretchd
Upon the immense like a bright rainbow weeping & smiling & 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 councillor & the dog
For a schoolmaster to my children
I have blotted out from light & living the dove & nightingale
And I have caused the earth worm to beg from door to door
I have taught the thief a secret path into the house of the just
I have taught pale artifice to spread his nets upon the morning
My heavens are brass my earth is iron my moon a clod of clay
My sun a pestilence burning at noon & a vapour of death in night

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 & 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 & with the marrow of lambs

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

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

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

Ahania heard the Lamentation & a swift Vibration
Spread thro her Golden frame. She rose up 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 the Second Night

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 & 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 & 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 & 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 & that Prophetic boy
Must grow up to command his Prince but hear my determind 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 & furious death
Alas for me! what will become of me at that dread time?

Ahania bow'd her head & wept seven days before the King
And on the eighth day when his clouds unfolded from his throne
She rais'd her bright head sweet perfumd & 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 & brass to build the iron mangers
To feed them with intoxication from the wine presses of Luvah

Till the Divine Vision & Fruition is quite obliterated
They call thy lions to the fields of blood, they rowze thy tygers
Out of the halls of justice, till these dens thy wisdom framd
Golden & beautiful but O how unlike those sweet fields of bliss
Where liberty was justice & eternal science was mercy
Then O my dear lord listen to Ahania, listen to the vision
The vision of Ahania in the slumbers of Urizen
When Urizen slept in the porch & the Ancient Man was smitten

The 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 & 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, & 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 & coverd her face, & her locks. were spread on the pavement

I heard astonishd at the Vision & my heart trembled within me
I heard the voice of the Slumberous Man & thus he spoke
Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of Eternity uttering

O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee
If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades
If thou dost lay thine hand upon me behold I am silent
If thou withhold thine hand I perish like a fallen leaf
O I am nothing & to nothing must return again
If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion

He ceasd: the shadowy voice was silent; but the cloud hoverd over their heads

In olden wreathes, the sorrow of Man & 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 & 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 & life & light!
Prophetic dreads urge me to speak. futurity is before me

Like a dark lamp. Eternal death haunts all my expectation
Rent from Eternal Brotherhood we die & are no more

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 & put forth Luvah from his presence
(I heard him: frown not Urizen: but listen to my Vision)

Saying, Go & die the Death of Man for Vala the sweet wanderer
I will turn the volutions of your Ears outward; & bend your Nostrils
Downward; & your fluxile Eyes englob'd, roll round in fear
Your withring Lips & Tongue shrink up into a narrow circle
Till into narrow forms you creep. Go take your fiery way
And learn what 'tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love

O Urizen why art thou pale at the visions of Ahania
Listen to her who loves thee lest we also are driven away.

They heard the Voice & fled swift as the winters setting sun
And now the Human Blood foamd high, I saw that Luvah & Vala
Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded
In jealous fears in fury & rage, & flames roll'd round their fervid feet
And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent play'd before them
And as they went in folding fires & thunders of the deep
Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks
And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east & west
And the vast form of Nature like a Serpent roll'd between.

She ended. for [from] 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 opaque

Then thunders rolld around & lightnings darted to & fro
His visage changd to darkness & his strong right hand came forth
To cast Ahania to the Earth be siezd her by the hair
And threw her from the steps of ice that froze around his throne

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

The passive idle sleep the enormous night & darkness of Death
Set herself up to give her laws to the active masculine virtue
Thou little diminutive portion that darst be a counterpart
Thy passivity thy laws of obedience & insincerity
Are my abhorrence. Wherefore hast thou taken that fair form
Whence is this power given to thee! once thou wast in my breast
A sluggish current of dim waters. on whose verdant margin
A cavern shaggd with horrid shades. dark cool & deadly. where
I laid my head in the hot noon after the broken clods

Had wearied me. there I lad my plow & there my horses fed
And thou hast risen with thy moist locks into a watry image
Reflecting all my indolence my weakness & my death
To weigh me down beneath the grave into non Entity
Where Luvah strives scorned by Vala age after age wandering
Shrinking & shrinking from her Lord & calling him the Tempter
And art thou also become like Vala thus I cast thee out.

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

Down from the dismal North the Prince in thunders & thick clouds

As when the thunderbolt down falleth on the appointed place
Fell down down rushing ruining thundering shuddering
Into the Caverns of the Grave & places of Human Seed
Where the impressions of Despair & Hope enroot forever
A world of Darkness. Ahania fell far into Non Entity

She Continued falling. Loud the Crash continud loud & Hoarse
From the Crash roared a flame of blue sulphureous fire from the flame
A dolorous groan that struck with dumbness all confusion
Swallowing up the horrible din in agony on agony
Thro the Confusion like a crack across from immense to immense
Loud strong a universal groan of death louder
Than all the wracking elements deafend & rended worse
Than Urizen & all his hosts in curst despair down rushing
But from the Dolorous Groan on like a shadow of smoke appeard
And human bones rattling together in the smoke & stamping
The nether Abyss & gnasshing in fierce despair. panting in sobs
Thick short incessant bursting sobbing. deep despairing stamping struggling

Struggling to utter the voice of Man struggling to take the features of Man. Struggling
To take the limbs of Man at length emerging from the smoke
Of Urizen dashed in pieces from his precipitant fall
Tharmas reard up his hands & stood on the affrighted Ocean
The dead reard up his Voice & stood on the resounding shore

Crying. Fury in my limbs. destruction in my bones & marrow
My skull riven into filaments. my eyes into sea jellies
Floating upon the tide wander bubbling & bubbling
Uttering my lamentations & begetting little monsters
Who sit mocking upon the little pebbles of the tide
In all my rivers & on dried shells that the fish

Have quite forsaken. O fool fool to lose my sweetest bliss
Where art thou Enion ah too near to cunning too far off
And yet too near. Dashd down I send thee into distant darkness
Far as my strength can hurl thee wander there & laugh & play
Among the frozen arrows they will tear thy tender flesh
Fall off afar from Tharmas come not too near my strong fury
Scream & fall off & laugh at Tharmas lovely summer beauty
Till winter rends thee into Shivers as thou hast rended me

So Tharmas bellowd oer the ocean thundring sobbing bursting
The bounds of Destiny were broken & hatred now began
Instead of love to Enion. Enion blind & age bent
Plungd into the cold billows living a life in midst of waters
In terrors she witherd away to Entuthon Benithon
A world of deep darkness where all things in horrors are rooted

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

O Tharmas I had lost thee. & when I hoped I had found thee
O Tharmas do not thou destroy me quite but let
A little shadow. but a little showery form of Enion
Be near thee loved Terror. let me still remain & then do thou
Thy righteous doom upon me. only let me hear thy voice
Driven by thy rage I wander like a cloud into the deep
Where never yet Existence came, there losing all my life
I back return weaker & weaker, consume me not away
In thy great wrath. tho I have sinned. tho I have 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 & 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 & 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 & age bent wanderd Ahania wanders now

She wanders in Eternal fear of falling into the indefinite
For her bright eyes behold the Abyss. sometimes a little sleep
Weighs down her eyelids then she falls then starting wakes in fears
Sleepless to wander round repelld on the margin of Non Entity

The End of the Third Night

Night The Fourth

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

And he said Wherefore do I feel such love & pity
Ah Enion Ah Enion Ah lovely lovely Enion
How is this All my hope is gone for ever fled
Like a famishd Eagle Eyeless raging in the vast expanse
Incessant tears are now my food. incessant rage & tears
Deathless for ever now I wander seeking oblivion
In torrents of despair in vain. for if I plunge beneath
Stifling I live. If dashd in pieces from a rocky height
I reunite in endless torment. would I had never risen
From deaths cold sleep beneath the bottom of the raging Ocean
And cannot those who once have lovd. ever forget their Love?
Are love & rage the same passion? they are the same in me
Are those who love. like those who died. risen again from death
Immortal. in immortal torment. never to be deliverd
Is it not possible that one risen again from Death
Can die! When dark despair comes over [me] can I not
Flow down into the sea & slumber in oblivion. Ah Enion

Deformd I see these lineaments of ungratified Desire
The all powerful curse of an honest man be upon Urizen & Luvah
But thou My Son Glorious in brightness comforter of Tharmas
Go forth Rebuild this Universe beneath my indignant power
A Universe of Death & Decay. Let Enitharmons hands
Weave soft delusive forms of Man above my watry world
Renew these ruind souls of Men thro Earth Sea Air & Fire
To waste in endless corruption. renew thou I will destroy
Perhaps Enion may resume some little semblance
To ease my pangs of heart & to restore some peace to Tharmas

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 & clay
And he is falln into the Deep rough Demon of the waters
And Los remains God over all. weak father of worms & clay
I know I was Urthona keeper of the gates of heaven
But now I am all powerful Los & Urthona is but my shadow

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 & 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 again crying O my sweet world
Built by the Architect divine whose love to Los & 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 howl'd at the rending asunder all the fibres rent
Where Enitharmon join'd to his left side in griding pain
He falling on the rocks bellow'd his Dolor. till the blood
Stanch'd, then in ululation wail'd his woes upon the wind

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

Go forth said Tharmas works of joy are thine obey & live
So shall the spongy marrow issuing from thy splinter'd bones
Bonify. & thou shalt have rest when this thy labour is done
Go forth bear Enitharmon back to the Eternal Prophet
Build her a bower in the midst of all my dashing waves
Make first a resting place for Los & Enitharmon. then
Thou shalt have rest. If thou refus't dash'd abroad on all
My waves. thy limbs shall separate in stench & rotting & thou
Become a prey to all my demons of despair & hope

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

Tharmas I know thee. how are we alter'd our beauty decay'd
But still I know thee tho' in this horrible ruin whelm'd
Thou once the mildest son of heaven art now become a Rage
A terror to all living things. think not that I am ignorant
That thou art risen from the dead or that my power forgot

I slumber here in weak repose. I well remember the Day

The day of terror & abhorrence
When 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 & mattocks
Hearing the symphonies of war loud sounding All my sons
Fled from my side then pangs smote me unknown before. I saw
My loins begin to break forth into veiny pipes & writhe
Before me in the wind englobing trembling with strong vibrations
The bloody mass began to animate. I bending over
Wept bitter tears incessant. Still beholding how the piteous form
Dividing & dividing from my loins a weak & piteous
Soft cloud of snow a female pale & weak I soft embracd
My counter part & calld it Love I named her Enitharmon
But found myself & her together issuing down the tide
Which now our rivers were become delving thro caverns huge
Of goary blood strugg[ling] to be deliverd from our bonds
She strove in vain not so Urthona strove for breaking forth,
A shadow blue obscure & dismal from the breathing Nostrils

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

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

Groaning the terror rose & drave his solid rocks before
Upon the tide till underneath the feet of Los a World
Dark dreadful rose & Enitharmon lay at Los's feet
The dolorous shadow joyd. weak hope appeard around his head
Tharmas before Los stood & 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 & Death
Urthona is My Son O Los thou art Urthona & Tharmas
Is God. The Eternal Man is seald never to be deliverd
I roll my floods over his body my billows & waves pass over him
The Sea encompasses him & monsters of the deep are his companions
Dreamer of furious oceans cold sleeper of weeds & shells
Thy Eternal form shall never renew my uncertain prevails against thee
Yet tho I rage God over all. A portion of my Life
That in Eternal fields in comfort wanderd with my flocks
At noon & laid her head upon my wearied bosom at night
She is divided She is vanishd even like Luvah & Vala
O why did foul ambition sieze thee Urizen Prince of Light
And thee O Luvah prince of Love till Tharmas was divided
And I what can I now behold but an Eternal Death
Before my Eyes & an Eternal weary work to strive
Against the monstrous forms that breed among my silent waves
Is this to be A God far rather would I be a Man
To know sweet Science & to do with simple companions
Sitting beneath a tent & viewing sheepfolds & soft pastures

Take thou the hammer of Urthona rebuild these furnaces
Dost thou refuse mind I the sparks that issue from thy hair

I will compell thee to rebuild by these my furious waves
Death choose or life thou strugglest in my waters, now choose life
And all the Elements shall serve thee to their soothing flutes
Their sweet inspiriting lyres thy labours shall administer
And they to thee only remit not faint not thou my son
Now thou dost know what tis to strive against the God of waters

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

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

Then Los with terrible hands siezd on the Ruind Furnaces
Of Urizen. Enormous work: he builded them anew
Labour of Ages in the Darkness & the war of Tharmas
And Los formd Anvils of Iron petrific. for his blows
Petrify with incessant beating many a rock. many a planet

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 rolled furious
His thunderous wheels from furnace to furnace. tending diligent
The contemplative terror. frightened in his scornful sphere
Frightened with cold infectious madness. in his hand the thundering
Hammer of Urthona. forming under his heavy hand the hours

The days & years. in chains of iron round the limbs of Urizen
Linked hour to hour & day to night & night to day & year to year
In periods of pulsative furor. mills he formed & works
Of many wheels resistless in the power of dark Urthona

But Enitharmon wrapped in clouds wailed loud. for as Los beat
The anvils of Urthona link by link the chains of sorrow
Warping upon the winds & whirling round in the dark deep
Lashed on the limbs of Enitharmon & the sulphur fires
Belched from the furnaces wreathed round her. chained in ceaseless fire
The lovely female howled & Urizen beneath deep ground
Deadly between the hammers beating grateful to the Ears

Of Los. absorbed in dire revenge he drank with joy the cries
Of Enitharmon & the groans of Urizen fuel for his wrath
And for his pity secret feeding on thoughts of cruelty

The Spectre wept at his dire labours when from Ladles huge
He poured the molten iron round the limbs of Enitharmon
But when he poured it round the bones of Urizen he laughed
Hollow upon the hollow wind. his shadowy form obeying
The voice of Los compelled he laboured round the Furnaces

And thus began the binding of Urizen day & night in fear
Circling round the dark Demon with howlings dismay & sharp blightings
The Prophet of Eternity beat on his iron links & links of brass
And as he beat round the hurtling Demon. terrified at the Shapes
Enslaved humanity put on he became what he beheld
Raging against Tharmas his God & uttering
Ambiguous words blasphemous filled with envy firm resolved
On hate Eternal in his vast disdain he laboured beating
The Links of fate link after link an endless chain of sorrows

The Eternal Mind bounded began to roll eddies of wrath ceaseless
Round & round & the sulphureous foam surging thick
Settled a Lake bright & shining clear. White as the snow

Forgetfulness dumbness necessity in chains of the mind locked up
In fetters of ice shrinking. disorganized rent from Eternity
Los beat on his fetters & heated his furnaces
And poured iron sordid & sordid of brass

Restless the immortal in chained heaving dolorous

Anguished unbearable till a roof shaggy wild inclosed
In an orb his fountain of thought

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

From the Caverns of his jointed spine down sunk with fright
A red round globe. hot burning. deep deep down into the Abyss
Panting Conglobing trembling Shooting out ten thousand branches
Around his solid bones & a Second Age passed over

In harrowing fear rolling his nervous brain shot branches
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 evolutions from beneath his orbs of vision
Shot spiring out & petrified as they grew. And a Fourth
Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

In ghastly torment sick hanging upon the wind
Two nostrils bent down to the deeps—

And a fifth age passed & a state of dismal woe

In ghastly torment sick. within his ribs bloated round
A craving hungry cavern. Thence arose his channelled
Throat. then like a red flame a tongue of hunger
And thirst appeared and a sixth age passed of dismal woe

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

The Council of God on high watching over the Body
Of Man clothed in Luvahs robes of blood saw & wept
Descending over Beulahs mild moon covered regions
The daughters of Beulah saw the Divine Vision they were comforted
And as a Double female form loveliness & perfection of beauty
They bowed the head & worshipped & with mild voice spoke these words

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

Appearest clothd in Luvahs garments that we may behold thee
And live. Behold Eternal Death is in Beulah Behold
We perish & shall not be found unless thou grant a place
In which we may be hidden under the Shadow of wings
For if we who are but for a time & who pass away in winter
Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume

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

The Saviour mild & gentle bent over the corse of Death
Saying If ye will Believe your Brother shall rise again

And first he found the Limit of Opacity & namd it Satan
In Albions bosom for in every human bosom these limits stand
And next he found the Limit of Contraction & 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 & 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 & clashings & 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 & cries imbodyed
A female form trembling and pale Waves before his deathly face]

Spasms siezd his muscular fibres writhing to & fro his pallid lips
Unwilling movd as Urizen howld his loins wavd like the sea
At Enitharmons shriek his knees each other smote & then he lookd
With stony Eyes on Urizen & then swift writhd his neck
Involuntary to the Couch where Enitharmon lay
The bones of Urizen hurtle on the wind the bones of Los
Twinge & his iron sinews bend like lead & fold
Into unusual forms dancing & howling stamping the Abyss

End of the Fourth Night

Night The Fifth

Infected Mad he danced on his mountains high & dark as heaven
Now fixed into one steadfast bulk his features stonify
From his mouth curses & 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 & withering
And Enitharmon shrunk up all their fibres withering beneath
As plants withered by winter leaves & stems & roots decaying
Melt into thin air while the seed driven by the furious wind
Rests on the distant Mountains top. So Los & Enitharmon
Shrunk into fixed space stood trembling on a Rocky cliff
Yet mighty bulk & majesty & beauty remained but unexpansive
As far as highest Zenith from the lowest Nadir. so far shrunk
Los from the furnaces a Space immense & left the cold
Prince of Light bound in chains of intellect among the furnaces
But all the furnaces were out & the bellows had ceased to blow

He stood trembling & Enitharmon clung around his knees
Their senses unexpansive in one steadfast bulk remain
The night blew cold & Enitharmon shrieked on the dismal wind

Her pale hands cling around her husband & over her weak head
Shadows of Eternal death sit in the leaden air

But the soft pipe the flute the viol organ harp & cymbal
And the sweet sound of silver voices calm the weary couch
Of Enitharmon but her groans drown the immortal harps
Loud & more loud the living music floats upon the air
Faint & more faint the daylight wanes. The wheels of turning darkness
Began in solemn revolutions. Earth convulsed with rending pangs
Rocked to & fro & cried sore at the groans of Enitharmon
Still the faint harps & silver voices calm the weary couch
But from the caves of deepest night ascending in clouds of mist
The winter spread his wide black wings across from pole to pole
Grim frost beneath & terrible snow linked 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 & sullen flames & howlings & fury & blood

Soon as his burning Eyes were opened on the Abyss
The horrid trumpets of the deep bellowed with bitter blasts
The Enormous Demons woke & howled around the new born king
Crying Luvah King of Love thou art the King of rage & death
Urizen cast deep darkness round him raging Luvah poured

The spears of Urizen from Chariots round the Eternal tent
Discord began then yells & cries shook the wide firma[m]ent

Where is Sweet Vala gloomy prophet where the lovely form
That drew the body of Man from heaven into this dark Abyss
Soft tears & sighs where are you come forth shout on bloody fields
Shew thy soul Vala shew thy bow & quiver of secret fires

Draw thy bow Vala from the depths of hell thy black bow draw
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 & he divided & he laid his gloomy head
Down on the Rock of Eternity on darkness of the deep
Torn by black storms & ceaseless torrents of consuming fire
Within his breast his fiery sons chaind down & filld with cursings

And breathing terrible blood & vengeance gnashing his teeth with pain
Let loose the Enormous Spirit in the darkness of the deep
And his dark wife that once fair crystal form divinely clear
Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire

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 & round faint Enitharmon
Sweat & blood stood on the limbs of Los in globes. his fiery Eyelids
Faded. he roud he siezd the wonder in his hands & went
Shuddring & weeping thro the Gloom & down into the deeps

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 & silver & gold fourfold in dark prophetic fear
For now he feard Eternal Death & uttermost Extinction
He builded Golgonooza on the Lake of Udan Adan
Upon the Limit of Translucence then he builded Luban
Tharmas laid the Foundations & Los finishd it in howling woe

But when fourteen summers & winters had revolved over
Their solemn habitation Los beheld the ruddy boy
Embracing his bright mother & beheld malignant fires
In his young eyes discerning plain that Orc plotted his death
Grief rose upon his ruddy brows. a 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 & his immortal cheeks grew deadly pale
Till many a morn & many a night passd over in dire woe
Forming a girdle in the day & bursting it at night
The girdle was formd by day by night was burst in twain
Falling down on the rock an iron chain link by link lockd

Enitharmon beheld the bloody chain of nights & days
Depending from the bosom of Los & 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 & there the Jealous chain
Fell from his bosom on the mountain. The Spectre dark
Held the fierce boy Los naild him down binding around his limbs
The accursed chain O how bright Enitharmon howld & cried
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 Loder & Louder & fird
The darkness warring With the waves of Tharmas & Snows of Urizen
Crackling the flames went up with fury from the immortal demon
Surrounded with flames the Demon grew loud howling in his fires
Los folded Enitharmon in a cold white cloud in fear
Then led her down into the deeps & into his labyrinth
Giving the Spectre sternest charge over the howling fiend

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 & bring
The virtues of the Eternal worlds ten thousand thousand spirits
Of life lament around the Demon going forth & returning
At his enormous call they flee into the heavens of heavens
And back return with wine & food. Or dive into the deeps
To bring the thrilling joys of sense to quell his ceaseless rage
His eyes the lights of his large soul contract or else expand
Contracted they behold the secrets of the infinite mountains
The veins of gold & silver & the hidden things of Vala
Whatever grows from its pure bud or breathes a fragrant soul
Expanded they behold the terrors of the Sun & Moon
The Elemental Planets & the orbs of eccentric fire
His nostrils breathe a fiery flame. his locks are like the forests
Of wild beasts there the lion glares the tyger & wolf howl there

And there the Eagle hides her young in cliffs & precipices
His bosom is like starry heaven expanded all the stars Springs
Flow into rivers of delight. there the spontaneous flowers
Drink laugh & sing. the grasshopper the Emmet & the Fly
The golden Moth builds there a house & spreads her silken bed

His loins inwove with silken fires are like a furnace fierce
As the strong Bull in summer time when bees sing round the heath
Where the herds low after the shadow & after the water spring
The numrous flocks cover the mountain & shine along the valley
His knees are rocks of adamant & rubie & emerald
Spirits of strength in Palaces rejoice in golden armour
Armed with spear & shield they drink & rejoice over the slain
Such is the Demon such his terror in the nether deep

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

But when they came to the dark rock & to the spectrous cave
Lo the young limbs had stricken root into the rock & strong
Fibres had from the Chain of Jealousy inwove themselves
In a swift vegetation round the rock & round the Cave
And over the immortal limbs of the terrible fiery boy
In vain they strove now to unchain. In vain with bitter tears
To melt the chain of Jealousy. not Enitharmons death
Nor the Consummation of Los could ever melt the chain
Nor unroot the infernal fibres from their rocky bed
Nor all Urthonas strength nor all the power of Luvahs Bulls
Tho they each morning drag the unwilling Sun out of the deep
Could uproot the infernal chain. for it had taken root

Into the iron rock & grew a chain beneath the Earth
Even to the Center wrapping round the Center & the limbs
Of Orc entering with fibres. became one with him a living Chain
Sustained by the Demons life. Despair & Terror & Woe & Rage

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 & again close with a deadly pain
Within her heart Vala began to reanimate in bursting sobs
And when the Gate was open she beheld that dreary Deep
Where bright Ahania wept. She also saw the infernal roots

Of the chain of Jealousy & felt the rendings of fierce howling Orc

Rending the Caverns like a mighty wind pent in the Earth
Tho wide apart as furthest north is from the furthest south
Urizen trembled where he lay to hear the howling terror
The rocks shook the Eternal bars tuggd to & fro were rifted
Outstretchd upon the stones of ice the ruins of his throne
Urizen shuddring heard his trembling limbs shook the strong caves

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 sag are rocks of Desolation

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

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

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 & sweet dreams round me hoverd
But now my land is darkend & my wise men are departed

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

O did I keep the horses of the day in silver pastures
O I 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 & hate

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

I well remember for I heard the mild & holy voice
Saying O light spring up & shine & I sprang up from the deep
He gave to me a silver scepter & crownd me with a golden crown
& said Go forth & guide my Son who wanders on the ocean

I went not forth. I hid myself in black clouds of my wrath
I calld the stars around my feet in the night of councils dark
The stars threw down their spears & 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 & find that deep pulsation
That shakes my caverns with strong shudders. perhaps this is the night
Of Prophecy & Luvah hath burst his way from Enitharmon
When Thought is closd in Caves. Then love shall shew its root in deepest Hell

End of the Fifth Night

Night the Sixth

So Urizen arose & leaning on his Spear explored his dens
He threw his flight thro the dark air to where a river flowed

And taking off his silver helmet filled it & drank
But when Unsatiated his thirst he assayed to gather more
Lo three terrific women at the verge of the bright flood
Who would not suffer him to approach. but drove him back with storms

Urizen knew them not & thus addressed the spirits of darkness

Who art thou Eldest Woman sitting in thy clouds
What is that name written on thy forehead? what art thou?
And wherefore dost thou pour this water forth in sighs & care

She answered not but filled her urn & poured 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 answered not but stretched her arms & threw her limbs abroad

Or wilt thou answer youngest Woman clad in shining green
With labour & care thou dost divide the current into four
Queen of these dreadful rivers speak & 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 & 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 & precious ornament laboured with art divine
Vests of the radiant colours of heaven & crowns of golden fire
I gave sweet lillies to their breasts & roses to their hair
I taught them songs of sweet delight, I gave their tender voices
Into the blue expanse & I invented with laborious art
Sweet instruments of sound. in pride encompassing my Knees
They poured their radiance above all. the daughters of Luvah Envied
At their exceeding brightness & the sons of eternity sent them gifts
Now will I pour my fury on them & I will reverse
The precious benediction. for their colours of loveliness
I will give blackness for jewels hoary frost for ornament deformity
For crowns wreathed Serpents for sweet odors stinking corruptibility

For voices of delight hoarse croakings inarticulate thro frost
For labourd fatherly care & sweet instruction. I will give
Chains of dark ignorance & cords of twisted self conceit
And whips of stern repentance & food of stubborn obstinacy
That they may curse Tharmas their God & Los his adopted son

That they may curse & worship the obscure Demon of destruction
That they may worship terrors & obey the violent
Go forth sons of my curse Go forth daughters of my abhorrence

Tharmas heard the deadly scream across his 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 & his gloomy spear
Darkend before him. Silent on the ridgy waves he took
His gloomy way before him Tharmas fled & flying fought

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

So Tharmas spoke but Urizen replied not. On his way
He took. high bounding over hills & desarts floods & horrible chasms
Infinite was his labour without end his travel he strove
In vain for hideous monsters of the deeps annoyd him sore
Scaled & finnd with iron & brass they devourd the path before him
Incessant was the conflict. On he bent his weary steps
Making a path toward the dark world of Urthona. he rose
With pain upon the dreary mountains & with pain descended
And saw their grizly fears & his eyes sickend at the sight
The howlings gnashings groanings shriekings shudderings sobbings burstings
Mingle together to create a world for Los. In cruel delight

Los brooded on the darkness. nor saw Urizen with a Globe of fire
Lighting his dismal journey thro the pathless world of death

Writing in bitter tears & groans in books of iron & brass
The enormous wonders of the Abysses once his brightest joy

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

The horrid shapes & sights of torment in burning dungeons & in
Fetters of red hot iron some with crowns of serpents & some
With monsters girding round their bosoms, Some lying on beds of sulphur
On racks & wheels he beheld women marching oer burning wastes
Of Sand in bands of hundreds & of fifties & of thousands stricken with
Lightnings which blazed after them upon their shoulders in their march
In successive vollies with loud thunders swift flew the King of Light
Over the burning desarts Then the desarts passd. involvd in clouds
Of smoke with myriads moping in the stifling vapours. Swift
Flew the King tho flagd his powers labring. till over rocks
And Mountains faint weary he wanderd. where multitudes were shut
Up in the solid mountains & in rocks which heaved with their torments
Then came he among fiery cities & castles built of burning steel
Then he beheld the forms of tygers & of Lions dishumanizd men
Many in serpents & in worms stretchd out enormous length
Over the sullen mould & slimy tracks obstruct his way
Drawn out from deep to deep woven by ribbd
And scaled monsters or armd in iron shell or shell of brass
Or gold a glittering torment shining & hissing in eternal pain
Some [as] columns of fire or of water sometimes stretchd out in heighth
Sometimes in length sometimes englobing wandering in vain seeking for ease
His voice to them was but an inarticulate thunder for their Ears
Were heavy & dull & their eyes & nostrils closed up
Oft he stood by a howling victim Questioning in words
Soothing or Furious no one 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 & question a fierce scorpion glowing with gold
In vain the terror heard not. then a lion he would sieze
By the fierce mane staying his howling course in vain the voice
Of Urizen vain the Eloquent tongue. A Rock a Cloud a Mountain
Were now not Vocal as in Climes of happy Eternity
Where the lamb replies to the infant voice & the lion to the man of years
Giving them sweet instructions Where the Cloud the River & the Field
Talk with the husbandman & shepherd. But these attackd him sore
Siezing upon his feet & rending the Sinews that in Caves
He hid to recure his obstructed powers with rest & oblivion

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 cold he calm the Elements because himself was Subject
So he threw his flight in terror & pain & in repentant tears

When he had passd these southern terrors he approachd the East
Void pathless beaten With iron sleet & eternal hail & rain
No form was there no living thing & yet his way lay thro
This dismal world. he stood a while & lookd back oer his former
Terrific voyage. Hills & Vales of torment & despair
Sighing & Wiping a fresh tear. then turning round he threw
Himself into the dismal void. falling he fell & fell
Whirling in unresistible revolutions down & down
In the horrid bottomless vacuity falling failing falling
Into the Eastern vacuity the empty world of Luvah

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 & death
Shut up his powers in oblivion. then as the seed shoots forth
In pain & sorrow. So the slimy bed his limbs renewd
At first an infant weakness. periods passd he gatherd strength
But still in solitude he sat then rising threw his flight
Onward tho falling thro the waste of night & ending in death
And in another resurrection to sorrow & weary travel
But still his books he bore in his strong hands & his iron pen
For when he died they lay beside his grave & when he rose
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 & interleavd with brass & iron & gold
Time after time for such a journey none but iron pens
Can write And adamantine leaves recieve nor can the man who goes

The journey obstinate refuse to write time after time

Endless had been his travel but the Divine hand him led
For infinite the distance & obscurd by Combustions dire
By rocky masses frowning in the abysses revolving erratic
Round Lakes of fire in the dark deep the ruins of Urizens world
Oft would he sit in a dark rift & regulate his books
Or sleep such sleep as spirits eternal wearied in his dark
Tearful & sorrowful state. then rise look out & ponder
His dismal voyage eyeing the next sphere tho far remote
Then darting into the Abyss of night his venturous limbs
Thro lightnings thunders earthquakes & concussions fires & floods
Stemming his downward fall labouring up against futurity
Creating many a Vortex fixing many a Science in the deep
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 & lookd back
From whence he came twas upward all. & 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 & 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 & sorrow & care
And weariness begins on all my limbs then sleep revives
My wearied spirits waking then tis downward all which way
So ever I my spirits turn no end I find of all
O what a world is here unlike those climes of bliss
Where my sons gatherd round my knees O thou poor ruind world
Thou horrible ruin once like me thou wast all glorious
And now like me partaking desolate thy masters lot
Art thou O ruin the once glorious heaven are these thy rocks
Where joy sang in the trees & pleasure sported on the rivers

And laughter sat beneath the Oaks & innocence sported round
Upon the green plains & sweet friendship met in palaces
And books & instruments of song & pictures of delight
Where are they whelmd beneath these ruins in horrible destruction
And if Eternal falling I repose on the dark bosom
Of winds & waters or thence fall into a Void where air

Is not down falling thro immensity ever & ever
I lose my powers weakend every revolution till a death
Shuts up my powers then a seed in the vast womb of darkness
I dwell in dim oblivion. brooding over me the Enormous worlds
Reorganize me shooting forth in bones & flesh & blood
I am regenerated to fall or rise at will or to remain
A labourer of ages a dire discontent a living woe
Wandering in vain. Here will I fix my foot & here rebuild
Here Mountains of Brass promise much riches in their dreadful bosoms

So he began to dig form[ing] of gold silver & iron
And brass vast instruments to measure out the immense & fix
The whole into another world better suited to obey
His will where none should dare oppose his will himself being King
Of All & all futurity be bound in his vast chain

And the Sciences were fixd & the Vortexes began to operate
On all the sons of men & every human soul terrified
At the turning wheels of heaven shrunk away inward withring away
Gaining a New Dominion over all his sons & Daughters
& over the Sons & daughters of Luvah in the horrible Abyss
For Urizen lamented over them in a selfish lamentation
Till a white woof 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 resolvd
Travelling thro darkness & wherever he traveld a dire Web
Followd behind him as the Web of a Spider dusky & cold
Shivering across from Vortex to Vortex drawn out from his mantle of years
A living Mantle adjoind to his life & growing from his Soul

And the Web of Urizen stre[t]chd direful shivring in clouds
And uttering such woes such bursts such thunderings
The eyelids expansive as morning & the Ears
As a golden ascent winding round to the heavens of heavens
Within the dark horrors of the Abysses lion or tyger or scorpion

For every one open'd within into Eternity at will
But they refusd 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 quiverd
Weak & Weaker their expansive orbs began shrinking
Pangs smote thro the brain & a universal shriek
Ran thro the abysses rending the web torment on torment

Thus Urizen in sorrows 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 & 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 & iron hail & rain
All thro the caverns of fire & air & Earth, Seeking
For Enions limbs nought finding but the black sea weed & 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 & 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 & descending
Oerweared 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 & 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 & full before his path
Striding across the narrow vale the Shadow of Urthona
A spectre Vast appeared whose feet & 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 hi[m] Tharmas stayd his flight & 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 orbed scull. his glowing eyes
Burn like two furnaces. he calld with Voice of Thunder

Four winged heralds mount the furious blasts & blow their trumps
Gold Silver Brass & 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 & silver brass & 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 rolled 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 gorged with blood
Slow roll the massy Globes at his command & slow oerwheel
The dismal squadrons of Urthona. weaving the dire Web
In their progressions & preparing Urizens path before him

End of The Sixth Night

Night the Seventh

Then Urizen arose The Spectre fled & Tharmas fled
The darkning Spectre of Urthona hid beneath a rock
Tharmas threw his impetuous flight thro the deeps of immensity
Revolving round in whirlpools fierce all round the cavernd worlds

But Urizen silent descended to the Caves of Orc & 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 & the rocks howling & drunk with fury
The plow of ages & the golden harrow wade thro fields
Of goary blood the immortal seed is nourishd for the slaughter
The bulls of Luvah breathing fire bellow on burning pastures
Round howling Orc whose awful limbs cast forth red smoke & fire
That Urizen approachd not near but took his seat on a rock
And rangd his books around him brooding Envious over Orc

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

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

For Urizen fixd in Envy sat brooding & coverd with snow
His book of iron on his knees he tracd the dreadful letters
While his snows fell & his storms beat to cool the flames of Orc
Age after Age till underneath his heel a deadly root
Struck thro the rock the root of Mystery accursed shooting up
Branches into the heaven of Los they pipe formd bending down
Take root again wherever they touch again branching forth
In intricate labyrinths oerspreading many a grizly deep

Amazd started Urizen when he found himself compassd round
And high roofed over with trees. he arose but the stems
Stood so thick he with difficulty & great pain brought
His books out of the dismal shade. all but the book of iron
Again he took his seat & rangd his Books around
On a rock of iron frowning over the foaming fires of Orc

And Urizen hung over Ore & 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 & new
Around thee sometimes like a flood & sometimes like a rock
Of living pangs thy horrible bed glowing with ceaseless fires
Beneath thee & around Above a Shower of fire now beats
Moulded to globes & arrowy wedges rending thy bleeding limbs
And now a whirling pillar of burning sands to overwhelm thee
Steeping thy wounds in salts infernal & in bitter anguish
And now a rock moves on the surface of this lake of fire
To bear thee down beneath the waves in stifling despair
Pity for thee movd me to break my dark & long repose
And to reveal myself before thee in a form of wisdom
Yet thou dost laugh at all these tortures & this horrible place
Yet throw thy limbs these fires abroad that back return upon thee
While thou reposest throwing rage on rage feeding thyself
With visions of sweet bliss far other than this burning clime
Sure thou art bathd in rivers of delight on verdant fields
Walking in joy in bright Expanses sleeping on bright clouds
With visions of delight so lovely that they urge thy rage
Tenfold with fierce desire to rend thy chain & howl in fury
And dim oblivion of all woe & desperate repose
Or is thy joy founded on torment which others bear for thee

Orc answer'd Curse thy hoary brows. What dost thou in this deep
Thy Pity I contemn scatter thy snows elsewhere

I rage in the deep for Lo my feet & hands are 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 & hail & 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 & writing still
Tho rocks roll oer thee tho floods pour tho winds black as the Sea
Cut thee in gashes tho the blood pours down around thy ankles
Freezing thy feet to the hard rock still thy pen obdurate
Traces the wonders of Futurity in horrible fear of the future

I rage furious in the deep for lo my feet & hands are naild
To the hard rock or thou shouldst feel my enmity & 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 & 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 & Uveth rose & Ona rose
Terrific with their iron vessels driving them across
In the dim air they took the book of iron & placd above
On clouds of death & 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 & 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 rolld 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 & be no more
Draw down Enitharmon to the Spectre of Urthona
And let him have dominion over Los the terrible shade

Compell the poor to live upon a Crust of bread by soft mild arts
Smile when they frown frown when they smile & when a man looks pale
With labour & abstinence say he looks healthy & happy
And when his children Sicken let them die there are enough
Born even too many & our Earth will be overrun
Without these arts If you would make the poor live with temper
With pomp give every crust of bread you give with gracious cunning
Magnify small gifts reduce the man to want a gift & then give with pomp
Say he smiles if you hear him sigh If pale say he is ruddy
Preach temperance say he is overgorgd & drowns his wit
In strong drink tho you know that bread & water are all
He can afford Flatter his wife pity his children till we can

Reduce all to our will as spaniels are taught with art

Lo how the heart & brain are formed in the breeding womb
Of Enitharmon how it buds with life & forms the bones
The little heart the liver & the red blood in its labyrinths
By gratified desire by strong devouring appetite she fills
Los with ambitious fury that his race shall all devour

Then Orc cried Curse thy Cold hypocrisy. already round thy Tree
In scales that shine with gold & rubies thou beginnest to weaken
My divided Spirit Like a worm I rise in peace unbound
From wrath Now When I rage my fetters bind me more
O torment O torment A Worm compelld. 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 chaind or thou couldst not use me thus
The Man shall rage bound with this Chain the worm in silence creep
Thou wilt not cease from rage Grey Demon silence all thy storms
Give me example of thy mildness King of furious hail storms
Art thou the cold attractive power that holds me in this chain
I well remember how I stole thy light & it became fire
Consuming. Thou Knowst me now O Urizen Prince of Light
And I know thee is this the triumph this the Godlike State
That lies beyond the bounds of Science in the Grey obscure

Terrified Urizen heard Orc now certain that he was Luvah
And Orc began to Organize a Serpent body
Despising Urizens light & turning it into flaming fire
Recieving as a poisond Cup Recieves the heavenly wine
And turning affection into fury & thought into abstraction
A Self consuming dark devourer rising into the heavens

Urizen envious brooding sat & saw the secret terror
Flame high in pride & laugh to scorn the source of his deceit
Nor knew the source of his own but thought himself the Sole author

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

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 & returned Now she was pale as Snow
When the mountains & hills are covered over & the paths of Men shut up
But when her spirit returned 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 & 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 mourned 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 wandering Elements
Where thou in thrilling joy in beaming summer loveliness
Delectable reposest ruddy in my absence flaming with beauty
Cold pale in sorrow at my approach trembling at my terrific
Forehead & eyes thy lips decay lik roses in the spring
How art thou Shrunk thy grapes that burst in summers vast Excess
Shut up in little purple covering faintly bud & die
Thy olive trees that poured down oil upon a thousand hills
Sickly look forth & scarcely stretch their branches to the plain
Thy roses that expanded in the face of glowing morn

Hid in a little silken veil scarce breathe & faintly shine
Thy lilies that gave light what time the morning looked forth
Hid in the Vales faintly lament & no one hears their voice
All things beside the woful Los enjoy the delights of beauty
Once how I sang & called the beasts & birds to their delights
Nor knew that I alone exempted from the joys of love
Must war with secret monsters of the animating worlds
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 & snuff the air & watch the opening dawn
And Shriek till at the smells of blood they stretch their boney wings
And cut the winds like arrows shot by troops of Destiny

Thus Los lamented in the night unheard by Enitharmon
For the Shadow of Enitharmon descended down the tree of Mystery
The Spectre saw the Shade Shivering over his gloomy rocks
Beneath the tree of Mystery which in the dismal Abyss
Began to blossom in fierce pain shooting its writhing buds
In throes of birth & now the blossoms falling shining fruit

Appeared of many colours & 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 & fruit
Redding the Demon strong prepared the poison of sweet Love

He turned from side to side in tears he wept & he embraced
The fleeting image & in whispers mild wood the faint shade

Loveliest delight of Men. Enitharmon shady hiding
In secret places where no eye can trace thy watery 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 flowed thy blood
Pale grew thy face lightnings played around thee thunders hovered
Over thee, & the terrible Orc rent his discordant way
But the next joy of thine shall be in sweet delusion
And its birth in fainting & sleep & Sweet delusions of Vala

The Shadow of Enitharmon answered 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 assured so horrible a form
Should never in my arms repose. now listen I will tell
Thee Secrets of Eternity which neer before unlocked
My golden lips nor took the bar from Enitharmon's breast
Among the Flowers of Beulah walked the Eternal Man & Saw
Vala the lily of the desert. melting in high noon
Upon her bosom in sweet bliss he fainted Wonder seized
All heaven they saw him dark. they built a golden wall
Round Beulah There he revelled in delight among the Flowers
Vala was pregnant & brought forth Urizen Prince of Light
First born of Generation. Then behold a wonder to the Eyes
Of the now fallen Man a double form Vala appeared. A Male
And female shuddering pale the Fallen Man recoiled
From the enormity & called them Luvah & Vala. turning down
The vales to find his way back into Heaven but found none
For his frail eyes were faded & his ears heavy & dull

Urizen grew up in the plains of Beulah Many Sons
And many daughters flourished round the holy Tent of Man
Till he forgot Eternity delighted in his sweet joy
Among his family his flocks & herds & tents & pastures

But Luvah close conferred with Urizen in darkness night
To bind the father & enslave the brethren Nought he knew

Of sweet Eternity the blood flowed round the holy tent & rivin
From its hinges uttering its final groan all Beulah fell
In dark confusion mean time Los was born & Enitharmon
But how I know not then forgetfulness quite wrapped me up
A period nor do I more remember till I stood
Beside Los in the Cavern dark enslaved to vegetative forms
According to the Will of Luvah who assumed the Place

Of the Eternal Man & smote him. But thou Spectre dark
Maist find a way to punish Vala in thy fiery South
To bring her down subjected to the rage of my fierce boy

The Spectre said. Thou lovely Vision this delightful Tree
Is given us for a Shelter from the tempests of Void & Solid
Till once again the morn of ages shall renew upon us
To reunite in those mild fields of happy Eternity
Where thou & I in undivided Essence walkd about
Imbodied. thou my garden of delight & I the spirit in the garden
Mutual there we dwelt in one anothers joy revolving
Days of Eternity with Tharmas mild & Luvah sweet melodious
Upon our waters. This thou well rememberest listen I will tell
What thou forgettest. They in us & we in them alternate Livd
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 & 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 prepard for spades & plowshares. sudden down
I sunk with cries of blood issuing downward in the veins
Which now my rivers were become rolling in tubelike forms
Shut up within themselves descending down I sunk along,
The goary tide even to the place of seed & there dividing
I was divided in darkness & oblivion thou an infant woe
And I an infant terror in the womb of Enion
My masculine spirit scorning the frail body 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 & Lost In due time issuing forth from Enions womb
Thou & that demon Los wert born Ah jealousy & woe
Ah poor divided dark Urthona now a Spectre wandering
The deeps of Los the Slave of that Creation I created
I labour night & day for Los but listen thou my vision
I view futurity in thee I will bring down soft Vala
To the embraces of this terror & I will destroy
That body I created then shall we unite again in bliss

Thou knowest that the Spectre is in Every Man insane brutish
Deformd that I am thus a ravening devouring lust continually
Craving & devouring but my Eyes are always upon thee O lovely
Delusion & I cannot crave for any thing but thee no 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 & annihilated we never can repass the Gates

Astonishd filld with tears the spirit of Enitharmon beheld
And heard the Spectre bitterly she wept Embracing fervent

Her once lov'd Lord now but a Shade herself also a shade
Conferring times on times among the branches of that Tree

Thus they conferr'd among the intoxicating fumes of Mystery
Till Enitharmon's shadow pregnant in the deeps beneath
Brought forth a wonder horrible. While Enitharmon shriek'd
And trembled thro' the Worlds above Lo's wept his fierce soul was terrific
At the shrieks of Enitharmon at her tossings nor could his eyes perceive
The cause of her dire anguish for she lay the image of Death
Mov'd by strong shudders till her shadow was deliver'd then she ran
Raving about the upper Elements in madd'ning fury

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

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 & triumph'd & he cried to his warriors

The time of Prophecy is now revolv'd & all
This Universal Ornament is mine & in my hands
The ends of heaven like a Garment will I fold them round me
Consuming what must be consum'd then in power & majesty
I will walk forth thro' those wide fields of endless Eternity
A God & not a Man a Conqueror in triumphant glory
And all the Sons of Everlasting shall bow down at my feet

First Trades & Commerce ships & armed vessels he build'd laborious
To swim the deep & on the Land children are sold to trades

Of dire necessity still laboring day & night till all
Their life extinct they took the spectre form in dark despair
And slaves in myriads in ship loads burden the hoarse sounding deep
Rattling with clanking chains the Universal Empire groans

And he commanded his Sons found a Center in the Deep
And Urizen laid the first Stone & all his myriads
Build'd a temple in the image of the human heart

And in the inner part of the Temple wondrous workmanship
They form'd the Secret place reversing all the order of delight

That whosoever entered into the temple might not behold
The hidden wonders allegoric of the Generations
Of secret lust when hid in chambers dark the nightly harlot
Plays in Disguise in whisperd hymn & mumbling prayer The priests
He ordaind & Priestesses clothd in disguises beastial
Inspiring secrecy & lamps they bore intoxicating fumes
Roll round the Temple & they took the Sun that glowd oer Los
And with immense machines down rolling. the terrific orb
Compell'd. The Sun reddning like a fierce lion in his chains
Descended to the sound of instruments that drown'd the noise
Of the hoarse wheels & the terrific howlings of wild beasts
That dragd the wheels of the Suns chariot & they put the Sun
Into the temple of Urizen to give light to the Abyss
To light the War by day to hide his secret beams by night
For he divided day & night in different orderd portions
The day for war the night for secret religion in his temple

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 & the Vultures laugh saying
Now comes the night of Carnage now the flesh of Kings & Princes
Pamperd in palaces for our food the blood of Captains nurturd
With lust & murder for our drink the drunken Raven shall wander
All night among the slain & mock the wounded that groan in the field

Tharmas 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 inthron'd thee Strong
I will preserve tho Enemies arise around thee numberless
I will command my winds & they shall scatter them or call

My Waters like a flood around thee fear not trust in me
And I will give thee all the ends of heaven for thy possession

In war shalt thou bear rule in blood shalt thou triumph for me
Because in times of Everlasting I was rent in sunder
And what I loved best was divided among my Enemies
My little daughters were made captives & I saw them beaten
With whips along the sultry sands. I heard those whom I lov'd
Crying in secret tents at night & in the morn compell'd
To labour & behold my heart sunk down beneath
In sighs & sobbings all dividing till I was divided
In twain & lo my Crystal form that lived in my bosom
Follow'd her daughters to the fields of blood they left me naked
Alone & they refus'd to return from the fields of the mighty
Therefore I will reward them as they have rewarded me

I will divide them in my anger & thou O my King
Shalt gather them from out their graves & put thy fetter on them
And bind them to thee that my crystal form may come to me

So cried the Demon of the Waters in the Clouds of Los
Outstretchd upon the hills lay Enitharmon clouds & tempests
Beat round her head all night all day she riots in Excess
But night or day Los follows War & the dismal moon rolls over her
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 & in fear utterd these words

I put not any trust in thee nor in thy glittering scales
Thy eyelids are a terror to me & the flaming of thy crest
The rushing of thy Scales confound me thy hoarse rushing scales
And if that Los had not built me a tower upon a rock
I must have died in the dark desart among noxious worms
How shall I flee how shall I flee into the tower of Los
My feet are turned backward & my footsteps slide in clay
And clouds are 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 & 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 & earths & drinking blood in the hot battle
To feed their fruit to gratify their hidden sons & daughters
That far within the close recesses of their secret palaces
Viewd the vast war & 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 & 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 & 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 & guide my battles. lik the jointed spine
Of Man I made thee when I blotted Man from life & light
Take thou the seven Diseases of Man store them for times to come
In store houses in secret places that I will tell the[e] of
To be my great & awful curses at the time appointed

The Prester Serpent ceasd the War song sounded loud & strong
Thro all the heavens Urizens Web vibrated torment on torment

Thus in the Caverns of the Grave & Places of human seed
The nameless shadowy Vortex stood before the face of Orc
The Shadow reard her dismal head over the flaming youth
With sighs & howling & deep sobs that he might lose his rage
And with it lose himself in meekness she embracd his fire
As when the Earthquake rouzes from his den his shoulders huge
Appear above the crumb[l]ing Mountain. Silence waits around him
A moment then astounding horror belches from the Center
The fiery dogs arise the shoulders huge appear
So Orc rolld round his clouds upon the deeps of dark Urthona
Knowing the arts of Urizen were Pity & Meek affection
And that by these arts the Serpent form exuded from his limbs
Silent as despairing love & strong as Jealousy
Jealous that she was Vala now become Urizens harlot
And the Harlot of Los & the deluded harlot of the Kings of Earth
His soul was gnawn in sunder
The hairy shoulders rend the links free are the wrists of fire
Red rage redounds he rouzd his lions from his forests black
They howl around the flaming youth rending the nameless shadow
And running their immortal course thro solid darkness borne

Loud sounds the war song round red Orc in his [?triumphant] 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 thundring 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 & 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 & they naild him to the tree
They piercd him with a spear & laid him in a sepulcher
To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with desolation
The sun was black & the moon rolld a useless globe thro heaven

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

Now now the Battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala
Now smile among thy bitter tears now put on all thy beauty
Is not the wound of the sword Sweet & the broken bone delightful
Wilt thou now smile among the slain when the wounded groan in the field

Life up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes
O Melancholy Magdalen behold the morning breaks
Gird on thy flaming Zone. descend into the Sepulcher
Scatter the blood from thy golden brow the tears from thy silver locks
Shake off the waters from thy wings & the dust from thy white garments

Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret Couch
When the sun rose in glowing morn with arms of mighty hosts
Marching to battle who was wont to rise with Urizens harps
Girt as a Sower with his seed to scatter life abroad

Arise O Vala bring the bow of Urizen bring the sift arrows of light
How ragd the golden horses of Urizen bound to the chariot of Love
Compelld to leave the plow to the Ox to snuff up the winds of desolation
To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings. this is no gentle harp
This is no warbling brook nor Shadow of a Myrtle tree

But blood & wounds & dismal cries & clarions of war
And hearts laid open to the light by the broad grizly sword
And bowels hidden in hammerd steel rippd forth upon the Ground
Call forth thy Smiles of soft deceit call forth thy cloudy tears
We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when Morn shall blood renew

So sung the demons of the deep the Clarions of war blew loud
Orc rent her & his human form consumd in his own fires
Mingled with her dolorous members strewn thro the Abyss
She joyd in all the Conflict Gratified & 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 life
Into a formless indefinite & strewing her on the Abyss
Like clouds upon the winter sky broken with winds & thunders
This was to her Supreme delight The Warriors mournd disappointed
They go out to war with Strong Shouts & loud Clarions O Pity
They return with lamentations mourning & weeping

Invisible or visible drawn out in length or stretchd in breadth
The Shadowy Female varied in the War in her delight
Howling in discontent black & 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 failing dew

Tharmas replid O Vala once I livd in a garden of delight

I wakend Enion in the Morning & she turnd away
Among the apple trees & all the gardens of delight
Swam like a dream before my eyes I went to seek the steps
Of Enion in the gardens & 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 & here alone I war with darkness & death
I hear thy voice but not thy form see. thou & all delight
And life appear & vanish mocking me with shadows of false hope

Hast thou forgot that the air listens thro all its districts telling
The subtlest thoughts shut up from light in chambers of the Moon

Tharmas. The Moon has chambers where the babes of love lie hid
And whence they never can be brought in all Eternity
Unless exposd by their vain parents. Lo him whom I love
Is hidden from me & I never in all Eternity
Shall see him Enitharmon & Ahanian 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 & blood my Children are led to Urizens war
Before my eyes & 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 & never never
Will I arise till him I love is loosed from this dark chain

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

So Tharmas 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 & like a fire flaming in high
Walking in pleasure of the hills or murmuring in the dales
Like to a rushing torrent beneath & a falling rock above
A thunder cloud in the south & a lulling voice heard in the north

And she went forth & saw the forms of Life & of delight
Walking on Mountains or flying in the open expanse of heaven
She heard sweet voices in the winds & in the voices of birds
That rose from waters for the waters were as the voice of Luvah
Not seen to her like waters or like this dark world of death
Tho all those fair perfections which men know only by name
In beautiful substantial forms appeard & served her
As food or drink or ornament or in delightful works
To build her bowers for the Elements brought forth abundantly
The living soul in glorious forms & every One came forth
Walking before her Shadowy face & bowing at her feet
But in vain delights were poured forth on the howling melancholy
For her delight the horse his proud neck bowd & his white mane
And the Strong Lion deignd 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 piniond Eagle bore the fire of heaven in the night season
Wood & subdud into Eternal Death the Demon Lay
In rage against the dark despair. the howling Melancholy

For far & wide she stretchd thro all the worlds of Urizens journey
And was Ajoind to Beulah as the Polypus to the Rock
Mo[u]rning the daughters of Beulah saw nor could they have sustaind
The horrid sight of death & torment But the Eternal Promise
They wrote on all their tombs & pillars & on every Urn
These words If ye will believe your B[r]other shall rise again
In golden letters ornamented with sweet labours of Love
Waiting with Patience for the fulfilment of the Promise Divine

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 & 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 & 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 & in tears
In Self abasement Giving up his Domineering lust

Thou never canst embrace sweet Enitharmon terrible Demon. Till
Thou art united with thy Spectre Consummating by pains & labours <pine
That mortal body & by Self annihilation back returning
To Life Eternal be assurd I am thy real Self
Tho thus divided from thee & the Slave of Every passion
Of thy fierce Soul Unbar the Gates of Memory look upon me
Not as another but as thy real Self I am thy Spectre
Thou didst subdue me in old times by thy Immortal Strength
When I was a ravning hungry & thirsting cruel lust & murder
Tho horrible & Ghastly to thine Eyes tho buried beneath
The ruins of the Universe. hear what inspird I speak & be silent

If we unite in one[,] another better world will be
Opend within your heart & loins & wondrous brain
Threefold as it was in Eternity & this the fourth Universe
Will be Renewd by the three & consummated in Mental fires
But if thou dost refuse Another body will be prepared

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

Los furious answerd. Spectre horrible thy words astound my Ear

With irresistible conviction I feel I am not one of those
Who when convinced can still persist. tho furious.controllable
By Reasons power. Even I already feel a World within
Opening its gates & in it all the real substances
Of which these in the outward World are shadows which pass away
Come then into my Bosom & in thy shadowy arms bring with thee
My lovely Enitharmon. I will quell my fury & teach
Peace to the Soul of dark revenge & repentance to Cruelty

So spoke Los & Embracing Enitharmon & the Spectre
Clouds would have folded round in Extacy & Love uniting

But Enitharmon trembling fled & hid beneath 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 destroy
That body he created but in vain for Los perform'd Wonders of labour
They Builded Golgonooza Los labouring builded pillars high
And Domes terrific in the nether heavens for beneath
Was open'd new heavens & a new Earth beneath & within
Threefold within the brain within the heart within the loins
A Threefold Atmosphere Sublime continuous from Urthonas world
But yet having a Limit Twofold named Satan & Adam

But Los stood on the Limit of Translucence weeping & trembling
Filled with doubts in self accusation beheld the fruit
Of Urizens Mysterious tree For Enitharmon thus spake

When In the Deeps beneath I gather'd of this ruddy fruit
It was by that I knew that I had Sin'd & then I knew
That without a ransom I could not be sav'd from Eternal death
That Life lives upon Death & by devouring appetite
All things subsist on one another thenceforth in Despair
I spend my glowing time but thou art strong & mighty
To bear this Self conviction take then Eat thou also of
The fruit & give me proof of life Eternal or I die

Then Los plucked the fruit & Eat & sat down in Despair
And must have given himself to death Eternal But
Urthonas spectre in part mingling with him comforted him
Being a medium between him & Enitharmon But This Union
Was not to be Effected without Cares & Sorrows & Troubles
Of six thousand Years of self denial and of bitter Contrition
Urthonas Spectre terrified beheld the Spectres of the Dead
Each Male form'd without a counterpart without a centering vision
The Spectre of Urthona wept before Los Saying I am the cause
That this dire state commences I began the dreadful state
Of Separation & on my dark head the curse & punishment
Must fall unless a way be found to Ransom & Redeem

But I have thee my [Counterpart Vegetating] miraculous
These Spectres have no [Counter(parts)] therefore they ravin
Without the food of life Let us Create them Coun[terparts]
For without a Created body the Spectre is Eternal Death

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

Enitharmon 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 & obstruction shut out
Of existence to be a sign & terror to all who behold
Lest any should in futurity do as we have done in heaven
Such is our state nor will the Son of God redeem us but destroy

So Enitharmon spoke trembling & in torrents of tears

Los sat in Golgonooza in the Gate of Luban where
He had erected many porches where branchd the Mysterious Tree
Where the Spectrous dead wail & 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 & in our gardens of labour
Which now open within the Center we behold spread abroad
To form a world of Sacrifice of brothers & sons & 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 & said
O Lovely terrible Los wonder of Eternity O Los my defence & guide
Thy works are all my joy. & in thy fires my soul delights

If mild they burn in just proportion & in secret night
And silence build their day in shadow of soft clouds & dews
Then I can sigh forth on the winds of Golgonooza piteous forms
That vanish again into my bosom but if thou my Los
Wilt in sweet moderated fury. fabricate forms sublime
Such as the piteous spectres may assimilate themselves into
They shall be ransoms for our Souls that we may live

So Enitharmon spoke & Los his hands divine 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 & 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 tincturd it with beams of blushing love

It remaind permanent a lovely form inspird divinely human
Dividing into just proportions Los unwearied labourd
The immortal lines upon the heavens till with sighs of love
Sweet Enitharmon mild Entrancd breathd forth upon the wind
The spectrous dead Weeping the Spectres viewd the immortal works
Of Los Assimilating to those forms Embodied & Lovely
In youth & beauty in the arms of Enitharmon mild reposing

First Rintrah & then Palamabron drawn from out the ranks of war
In infant innocence reposed on Enitharmons bosom
Orc was comforted in the deeps his soul revivd in them
As the Eldest brother is the fathers image So Orc became <856>
As Los a father to his brethren & he joyd in the dark lake
Tho bound with chains of Jealousy & in scales of iron & brass

But Los loved them & refusd to Sacrifice their infant limbs
And Enitharmons smiles & tears prevaild over self protection
They rather chose to meet Eternal death than to destroy
The offspring of their Care & Pity Urthonas spectre was comforted
But Tharmas most rejoicd in hope of Enions return
For he beheld new Female forms born forth upon the air
Who wove soft silken veils of covering in sweet rapturd trance
Mortal & not as Enitharmon without a covering veil

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 Thiriel became Palamabron
Thus dividing the powers of Every Warrior
Startled was Los he found his Enemy Urizen now
In his hands. he wonderd that he felt love & not hate
His whole soul loved him he beheld him an infant
Lovely breathd from Enitharmon he trembled within himself

End of The Seventh Night

Night the Eighth

Then All in Great Eternity Met in the Council of God
as one Man Even Jesus upon Gilead & Hermon
Upon the Limit of Contraction to create the fallen Man
The Fallen Man stretchd like a Corse upon the oozy Rock
Washd with the tides Pale overgrown with weeds

That movd with horrible dreams hovring high over his hea
Two winged immortal shapes one standing at his feet
Toward the East one standing at his head toward the west
Their wings joint in the Zenith over head
Such is a Vision of All Beulah hovring over the Sleeper

The limit of Contraction now was fixd & Man began
To wake upon the Couch of Death he sneezed seven times
A tear of blood dropped from either eye again he reposed
In the saviours arms, in the arms of tender mercy & loving kindness

Then Los said I behold the Divine Vision thro the broken Gates
Of thy poor broken heart astonishd melted into Compassion & Love
And Enitharmon said I see the Lamb of God upon Mount Zion
Wondring with love & Awe they felt the divine hand upon them

For nothing could restrain the dead in Beulah from descending
Unto Ulros night tempted by the Shadowy females sweet
Delusive cruelty they descend away from the Daughters of Beulah
And Enter Urizens temple Enitharmon pitying & her heart
Gates broken down. they descend thro the Gate of Pity
The broken heart Gate of Enitharmon She sighs them forth upon the wind
Of Golgonooza Los stood recieving them
For Los could enter into Enitharmons bosom & explore
Its intricate Labyrinths now the Obdurate heart was broken

From out the War of Urizen & Tharmas recieving them
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 & the Divine Countenance shone
In Golgonooza Looking down the Daughters of Beulah saw
With joy the bright Light & in it a Human form
And knew he was the Saviour Even Jesus & they worshipped

Astonishd Comforted Delighted in notes of Rapturous Extacy
All Beulah stood astonishd Looking down to Eternal Death
They saw the Saviour beyond the Pit of death & destruction
For whether they lookd upward they saw the Divine Vision

Or whether they lookd downward still they saw the Divine Vision
Surrounding them on all sides beyond sin & death & hell

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 & in their loins & in their brain
To Beulah & the Dead in Ulro descended from the War
Of Urizen & Tharmas & from the Shadowy females clouds
And some were woven single & some two fold & some three fold
In Head or Heart or Reins according to the fittest order
Of most merciful pity & compassion to the Spectrous dead

When Urizen saw the Lamb of God clothed in Luvahs robes
Perplexd & terrifid he Stood tho well he knew that Orc
Was Luvah But he now beheld a new Luvah. Or One
Who assumed Luvahs form & stood before him opposite
But he saw Orc a Serpent form augmenting times on times
In the fierce battle & he saw the Lamb of God & the World of Los
Surrounded by his dark machines for Orc augmented swift
In fury a Serpent wondrous among the Constellations of Urizen
A cest of fire rose on his forehead red as the carbuncle
Beneath down to his eyelids scales of pearl then gold & silver
Immingled with the ruby overspread his Visage down
His furious neck writ[h]ing contortive in dire budding pains
The scaly armour shot out. Stubborn down his back & bosom
The Emerald Onyx Sapphire jasper beryl amethyst
Strove in terrific emulation which should gain a place
Upon the mighty Fiend the fruit of the mysterious tree
Kneaded in Uveths kneading trough. Still Orc devourd the food
In raging hunger Still the pestilential food in gems & gold
Exuded round his awful limbs Stretching to serpent length
His human bulk While the dark shadowy female brooding over
Measurd his food morning & evening in cups & baskets of iron

With tears of sorrow incessant she labourd the food of Orc
Compelld by the iron hearted sisters Daughters of Urizen
Gathring the fruit of that mysterious tree circling its root
She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc

Thus Urizen in self deci[e]t his warlike preparations fabricated
And when all things were finishd sudden wavd among the Stars
His hurtling hand gave the dire signal thunderous Clarions blow
And all the hollow deep rebellowd with the wonderous war

But Urizen his mighty rage let loose in the mid deep
Sparkles of Dire affliction issud round his frozen limbs
Horrible hooks & nets he formd twisting the cords of iron
And brass & molten metals cast in hollow globes & bor'd

Tubes in petrific steel & rammd combustiles & wheels
And chains & pullies fabricated all round the heavens of Los
Communing with the Serpent of Orc in dark dissimulation

And with the Synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrim
To undermine the World of Los & tear bright Enitharmon

To the four winds hopeless of future. All futurity
Seems teeming with Endless Destruction never to be repelld
Desperate remorse swallows the present in a quenchless rage

Terrified & astonishd Urizen beheld the battle take a form
Which he intended not a Shadowy hermaphrodite black & opake
The Soldiers namd it Satan but he was yet unformd & vast
Hermaphroditic it at length became hiding the Male
Within as in a Tabernacle Abominable Deadly

The battle howls the terrors fird rage in the work of death
Enormous Works Los Contemplated inspird by the holy Spirit
Los builds the Walls of Golgonooza against the stirring battle
That only thro the Gates of Death they can enter to Enitharmon
Raging they take the human visage & the human form

Feeling the hand of Los in Golgonooza & the force
Attractive of his hammers beating & the Silver looms
Of Enitharmon singing lulling cadences on the wind
They humanize in the fierce battle where in direful pain
Troop by troop the bestial droves rend one another sounding loud
The instruments of sound & troop by troop in human forms they urge

The dire confusion till the battle faints those that remain
Return in pangs & horrible convulsions to their bestial state
For the monsters of the Elements Lions or Tygers or Wolves
F8-102.4; E374] Sound loud the howling music inspird by Los & Enitharmon Sounding
loud terrific men

They seem to one another laughing terrible among the banners
And when the revolution of their day of battles over
Relapsing in dire torment they return to forms of woe
To moping visages returning inanimate tho furious
No more erect tho strong drawn out in length they ravin
For senseless gratification & their visages thrust forth
Flatten above & beneath & stretch out into 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 & sense by his immortal power
To all his Engines of deceit that linked chains might run
Thro ranks of war spontaneous & that hooks & boring screws
Might act according to their forms by innate cruelty
He formed also harsh instruments of sound

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

Thus in the temple of the Sun his books of iron & brass
And silver & gold he consecrated reading incessantly
To myriads of perturbed spirits thro the universe
They propagated the deadly words the Shadowy Female absorbing
The enormous Sciences of Urizen ages after ages exploring
The fell destruction. And she said O Urizen Prince of Light
What words of Dread pierce my faint Ear what fal[l]ing snows around
My feeble limbs infold my destined misery
I alone dare the lash abide to sit beneath the blast
Unhurt & dare the inclement forehead of the King of Light
From dark abysses of the times remote fated to be

The sorrower of Eternity in love with tears submit I rear
My Eyes to thy Pavilions hear my prayer for Luvahs sake
I see the murderer of my Luvah clothed 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 & with influences sweet
As once in those eternal fields in brotherhood & Love
United we should live in bliss as those who sinned not
The Eternal Man is sealed by thee never to be delivered
We are all servants to thy will O King of Light relent
Thy furious power be our father & our loved King
But if my Luvah is no more If thou hast smitten him
And laid him in the Sepulcher Or if thou wilt revenge
His murder on another Silent I bow with dread
But happiness can never [come] to thee O King nor me
For he was source of every joy that this mysterious tree
Unfolds in Allegoric fruit. When shall the dead revive
Can that which has existed cease or can love & life Expire

Urizen heard the Voice & saw the Shadow. underneath
His woven darkness & in laws & deceitful religions
Beginning at the tree of Mystery circling its root
She spread herself thro all the branches in the power of Orc
A shapeless & indefinite cloud in tears of sorrow incessant
Steeping the Direful Web of Religion swagging heavy it fell
From heaven to heavn thro all its meshes altering the Vortexes
Misplacing every Center hungry desire & lust began

Gathering the fruit of that Mysterious tree till Urizen

Sitting within his temple furious felt the num[m]ing stupor
Himself tangled in his own net in sorrow lust repentance

Enitharmon wove in tears Singing Songs of Lamentations
And pitying comfort as she sighd forth on the wind the spectres
And wove them bodies calling them her belovd sons & daughters
Employing the daughters in her looms & Los employd the Sons
In Golgonoozas Furnaces among the Anvils of time & space
Thus forming a Vast family wondrous in beauty & 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 Jerusa[le]m the holy
Wondring she saw the Lamb of God within Jerusalems Veil
The divine Vision seen within the inmost deep recess
Of fair Jerusalems bosom in a gently beaming fire

Then sang the Sons of Eden round the Lamb of God & said
Glory Glory to the holy Lamb of God
Who now beginneth to put off the dark Satanic body
Now we behold redemption Now we know that life Eternal
Depends alone upon the Universal hand & not in us
Is aught but death In individual weakness sorrow & pain

We behold with wonder Enitharmons Looms & Los's Forges
And the Spindles of Tirzah & Rahab and the Mills of Satan & Beelzeboul
In Golgonooza Los's anvils stand & his Furnaces rage
Ten thousand demons labour at the forges Creating Continually
The times & spaces of Mortal Life the Sun the Moon the Stars
In periods of Pulsative furor beating into wedges & bars
Then drawing into wires the terrific Passions & Affections
Of Spectrous dead. Thence to the Looms of Cathedron conveyd
The Daughters of Enitharmon weave the ovarium & the integument
In soft silk drawn from their own bowels in lascivious delight
With songs of sweetest cadence to the turning spindle & reel
Lulling the weeping spectres of the dead. Clothing their limbs
With gifts & gold of Eden. Astonishd stupefied with delight
The terrors put on their sweet clothing on the banks of Arnon
Whence they plunge into the river of space for a period till
The dread Sleep of Ulro is past. But Satan Og & Sihon
Build Mills of resistless wheels to unwind the soft threads & reveal
Naked of their clothing the poor spectres before the accusing heavens
While Rahab & Tirzah far different mantles prepare webs of torture

Mantles of despair girdles of bitter compunction shoes of indolence
Veils of ignorance covering from head to feet with a cold web

We look down into Ulro we behold the Wonders of the Grave
Eastward of Golgonooza stands the Lake of Udan Adan In
Entuthon Benithon a Lake not of Waters but of Spaces

Perturbd black & deadly on its Islands & its Margins
The Mills of Satan and Beelzeboul stand round the roots of Urizens tree
For this Lake is formd from the tears & sighs & death sweat of the Victims
Of Urizens laws. to irrigate the roots of the tree of Mystery
They unweave the soft threads then they weave them anew in the forms
Of dark death & despair & none from Eternity to Eternity could Escape
But thou O Universal Humanity who is One Man blesse for Ever
Recievest the Integuments woven Rahab beholds the Lamb of God
She smites with her knife of flint She destroys her own work
Times upon times thinking to destroy the Lamb blessed for Ever
He puts off the clothing of blood he redeems the spectres from their bonds
He awakes 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

We now behold the Ends of Beulah & we now behold
Where Death Eternal is put off Eternally
Assume the dark Satanic body in the Virgins womb
O Lamb divin[e] it cannot thee annoy O pitying one
Thy pity is from the foundation of the World & thy Redemption
Begun Already in Eternity Come then O Lamb of God
Come Lord Jesus come quickly

So sang they in Eternity looking down into Beulah.
The war roard round Jerusalems Gates it took a hideous form
Seen in the aggregate a Vast Hermaphroditic form
Heavd like an Earthquake labring with convulsive groans
Intolerable at length an awful wonder burst
From the Hermaphroditic bosom Satan he was namd
Son of Perdition terrible his form dishumanizd monstrous
A male without a female counterpart a howling fiend
Fo[r]lorn of Eden & repugnant to the forms of life
Yet hiding the shadowy female Vala as in an ark & Curtains
Abhorrd accursed ever dying an Eternal death

Being multitudes of tyrant Men in union blasphemous
Against the divine image. Congregated Assemblies of wicked men

Los said to Enitharmon Pitying I saw
Pitying the Lamb of God Descended thro Jerusalems gates
To put off Mystery time after time & as a Man
Is born on Earth so was he born of Fair Jerusalem
In mysterys woven mantle & in the Robes of Luvah

He stood in fair Jerusalem to awake up into Eden
The fallen Man but first to Give his vegetated body
To be cut off & separated that the Spiritual body may be Reveald

The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite
In Entuthon Benithon in the shadows of torments & woe

Upon the heights of Amalek taking refuge in his arms
The Victims fled from punishment for all his words were peace

Urizen call'd together the Synagogue of Satan in dire Sanhedrim
To Judge the Lamb of God to Death as a murderer & robber
As it is written he was number'd among the transgressors

Cold dark opaque the Assembly met twelfefold in Amalek
Twelve rocky unshap'd forms terrific forms of torture & woe
Such seem'd the Synagogue to distant view amidst them beam'd
A False Feminine Counterpart Lovely of Delusive Beauty
Dividing & Uniting at will in the Cruelties of Holiness
Vala drawn down into a Vegetated body now triumphant
The Synagogue of Satan Clothed her with Scarlet robes & Gems
And on her forehead was her Dame written in blood Mystery
When view'd remote She is One when view'd near she divides
To multitude as it is in Eden so permitted because
It was the best possible in the State called Satan to Save
From Death Eternal & to put off Satan Eternally

The Synagogue Created her from Fruit of Urizens tree
By devilish arts abominable unlawful unutterable
Perpetually vegetating in detestable births
Of Female forms beautiful thro poisons hidden in secret
Which give a tincture to false beauty then was hidden within
The bosom of Satan The false Female as in an ark & veil
Which Christ must rend & her reveal Her Daughters are Call'd
Tirzah She is nam'd Rahab their various divisions are call'd
The Daughters of Amalek Canaan & Moab binding on the Stones
Their victims & with knives tormenting them singing with tears
Over their victims Hear ye the song of the Females of Amalek

O thou poor human form O thou poor child of woe
Why dost thou wander away from Tirzah why me compell to bind thee

If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon the rocks
These fibres of thine eyes that used to wander in distant heavens
Away from me I have bound down with a hot iron
These nostrils that Expanded with delight in morning skies
I have bent downward with lead molten in my roaring furnaces
My soul is seven furnaces incessant roars the bellows
Upon my terribly flaming heart the molten metal runs
In channels thro my fiery limbs O love O pity O pain
O the pangs the bitter pangs of love forsaken
Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran
The river Kanah wander'd by my sweet Manassehs side
Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass heat it red hot
Press it around the loins of this expanding cruelty
Shriek not so my only love
Bind him down sisters bind him down on Ebal mount of Cursing

Malah come forth from Lebanon & Hogleh from Mount Sinai
Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets & with a Screw of iron
Fasten this Ear into the Rock Milcah the task is thine
Weep not so sisters weep not so our life depends on this
Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead
Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation

Such are the songs of Tirzah such the loves of Amalek
The Lamb of God descended thro the twelve portions of Luvah
Bearing his sorrows & rec[iev]ing all his cruel wounds

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

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

Los took the Body from the Cross Jerusalem weeping over
They bore it to the Sepulcher which Los had hewn in the rock
Of Eternity for himself he hewd it despairing of Life Eternal

But when Rahab had cut off the Mantle of Luvah from
The Lamb of God it rolld apart, revealing to all in heaven
And all on Earth the Temple & the Synagogue of Satan & Mystery

Even Rahab in all her turpitude Rahab divided herself
She stood before Los in her Pride among the Furnaces
Dividing & uniting in Delusive feminine pomp questioning him

He answerd her with tenderness & love not uninspird
Los sat upon his anvil stock they sat beside the forge
Los wipd the sweat from his red brow & thus began
To the delusive female forms shining among his furnaces

I am that shadowy Prophet who six thousand years ago
Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. I divided
To multitude & my multitudes are children of Care & Labour
O Rahab I behold thee I was once like thee a Son
Of Pride and I also have piercd the Lamb of God in pride & wrath
Hear me repeat my Generations that thou mayst also repent

And these are the Sons of Los & Enitharmon. Rintrah Palamabron
Theotormon Bromion Antamon Ananton Ozoth Ohana
Sotha Mydon Ellayol Natho Gon Harhath Satan
Har Ochim Ijim Adam Reuben Simeon Levi Judah Dan Naphtali
Gad Asher Issachar Zebulun Joseph Benjamin David Solomon
Paul Constantine Charlemaine Luther Milton
These are our daughters Ocalythron Elynittria Oothoon Leutha
Elythiria Enanto Manathu Vorcyon Ethinthus Moab Midian
Adah Zillah Caina Naamah Tamar Rahab Tirzah Mary
And myriads more of Sons & Daughters to whom our love increas'd
To each according to the multiplication of their multitudes
But Satan accus'd Palamabron before his brethren also he maddend
The horses of palamabrons harrow wherefore Rintrah & Palamabron
Cut him off from Golgonooza. But Enitharmon in tears
Wept over him Created him a Space clos'd with a tender moon
And he roll'd down beneath the fires of Orc a Globe immense
Crusted with snow in a dim void. here by the Arts of Urizen
He tempted many of the Sons & Daughters of Los to flee
Away from Me first Reuben fled then Simeon then Levi then Judah
Then Dan then Naphtali then Gad then Asher then Issachar
Then Zebulun then Joseph then Benjamin twelve sons of Los
And this is the manner in which Satan became the Tempter

There is a State nam'd Satan learn distinct to know O Rahab
The Difference between States & Individuals of those States
The State nam'd Satan never can be redeem'd in all Eternity
But when Luvah in Orc became a Serpent he des[c]ended into
That State call'd Satan Enitharmon breath'd forth on the Winds
Of Golgonooza her well beloved knowing he was Orc's human remains
She tenderly lov'd him above all his brethren he grew up

In mothers tenderness The Enormous worlds rolling in Urizens power
Must have given Satan by these mild arts Dominion over all
Wherefore Palamabron being accus'd by Satan to Los
Call'd down a Great Solemn assembly Rintrah in fury & fire
Defended Palamabron & rage fill'd the Universal Tent

Because Palamabron was good natur'd Satan suppos'd he fear'd him
And Satan not having the Science of Wrath but only of Pity
Was soon condemn'd & wrath was left to wrath & Pity to Pity
Rintrah & Palamabron Cut sheer off from Golgonooza
Enitharmons Moony space & in it Satan & his companions
They roll'd down a dim world Crusted with Snow deadly & dark

Jerusalem pitying them wove them mantles of life & death
Times after times And those in Eden sent Lucifer for their Guard
Lucifer refus'd to die for Satan & in pride he forsook his charge
Then they sent Molech Molech was impatient They sent
Molech impatient They Sent Elohim who created Adam

To die for Satan Adam refused but was compelled to die
By Satan's arts. Then the Eternals sent Shaddai
Shaddai was angry Pachad descended Pachad was terrified
And then they sent Jehovah who leprous stretched his hand to Eternity
Then Jesus came & died willing beneath Tirzah & Rahab
Thou art that Rahab Lo the Tomb what can we purpose more

Lo Enitharmon terrible & beautiful in Eternal youth
Bow down before her you her children & set Jerusalem free

Rahab burning with pride & revenge departed from Los
Los dropped a tear at her departure but he wiped it away in hope
She went to Urizen in pride the Prince of Light beheld
Revealed before the face of heaven his secret holiness

Darkness & sorrow covered all flesh Eternity was darkened

Urizen sitting in his web of deceitful Religion
felt the female death a dull & numbing stupor such as never
Before assaulted the bright human form he felt his pores
Drink in the deadly dull delusion horrors of Eternal death
Shot thro him Urizen sat stoned upon his rock
Forgetful of his own Laws pitying he began to embrace
The shadowy female since life cannot be quenched life exuded
His eyes shot outwards then his breathing nostrils drawn forth
Scales covered over a cold forehead & a neck outstretched
Into the deep to seize the shadow scales his neck & bosom

Covered & scales his hands & feet upon his belly falling
Outstretched thro the immense his mouth wide opening tongueless
His teeth a triple row he strove to seize the shadow in vain
And his immense tail lashed the Abyss his human form a stone
A form of senseless stone remained in terrors on the rock
Abominable to the eyes of mortals who explore his books
His wisdom still remained & all his memory stored with woe

And still his stony form remained in the Abyss immense
Like the pale visage in its sheet of lead that cannot follow
Incessant stern disdain his sealy form gnaws inwardly
With deep repentance for the loss of that fair form of man
With envy he saw Los with envy Tharmas & the Spectre
With envy & in vain he swam around his stony form

No longer now erect the King of Light outstretched in fury
Lashes his tail in the wild deep his eyelids like the sun
Arising in his pride enlighten all the Grizzly deeps
His scales transparent give forth light like windows of the morning
His neck flames with wrath & majesty he lashes the Abyss
Beating the deserts & the rocks the deserts feel his power

They shake their slumbers off. They wave in awful fear
Calling the Lion & the Tyger the horse & the wild Stag

The Elephant the wolf the Bear the Lamia the Satyr
His Eyelids give their light around his folding tail aspires
Among the stars the Earth & all the Abysses feel h[i]s fury
When as the snow covers the mountain oft petrific hardness
Covers the deeps at his vast fury mo[a]ning in his rock
Hardens the Lion & the Bear trembling in the Solid mountain
They view the light & wonder crying out in terrible existence
Up bound the wild stag & the horse behold the King of Pride

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

Then Tharmas & Urthona felt the stony stupor rise
Into their limbs Urthona shot forth a Vast Fibrous form

Tharmas like a pillar of sand rolld round by the whirlwind
An animated Pillar rolling round & round in incessant rage

Los felt the stony tupor & his head rolld down beneath
Into the Abysses of his bosom the vessels of his blood
Dart forth upon the wind in pipes writhing about in the Abyss
And Enitharmon pale & cold in milky juices flowd
Into a form of Vegetation living having a voice
Moving in rootlike fibres trembling in fear upon the Earth

And Tharmas gave his Power to Los Urthona gave his strength
Into the youthful prophet for the Love of Enitharmon
And of the nameless Shadowy female in the nether deep
And for the dread of the dark terrors of Orc & Urizen

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

Tharmas on high rode furious thro the afflicted worlds
Pursuing the Vain Shadow of Hope fleeing from identity

In abstract false Expanses that he may not hear the Voice
Of Ahania wailing on the winds in vain he flies for still
The voice incessant calls on all the children of Men
For she spoke of all in heaven & all upon the Earth
Saw not as yet the Divine vision her Eyes are Toward Urizen
And thus Ahania cries aloud to the Caverns of the Grave

Will you keep a flock of wolves & lead them will you take the wintry blast
For a covering to your limbs or the summer pestilence for a tent to abide in
Will you erect a lasting habitation in the mouldering Church yard
Or a pillar & palace of Eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave
Will you seek pleasure from the festering wound or marry for a Wife
he ancient Leprosy that the King & Priest may still feast on your decay
And the grave mock & laugh at the plowd field saying
I am the nourisher thou the destroyer in my bosom is milk & wine
And a fountain from my breasts to me come all multitudes
To my breath they obey they worship me I am a goddess & queen
But listen to Ahania O ye sons of the Murderd one
Listen to her whose memory beholds your ancient days
Listen to her whose eyes behold the dark body of corruptible death
Looking for Urizen in vain. in vain I seek for morning
The Eternal Man sleeps in the Earth nor feels the vigrous sun

Nor silent moon nor all the hosts of heaven move in his body
His fiery halls are dark & round his limbs the Serpent Orc
Fold without fold encompasses him And his corrupting members
Vomit out the Scaly monsters of the restless deep
They come up in the rivers & annoy the nether parts
Of Man who lays upon the shores leaning his faded head
Upon the Oozy rock inwrapped with the weeds of death
His eyes sink hollow in his head his flesh coverd with slime
And shrunk up to the bones alas that Man should come to this
His strong bones beat with snows & hid within the caves of night
Marrowless bloodless falling into dust driven by the winds
O how the horrors of Eternal Death take hold on Man
His faint groans shake the caves & issue thro the desolate rocks

And the Strong Eagle now with num[m]ing cold blighted of feathers
Once like the pride of the sun now flagging in cold night
Hovers with blasted wings aloft watching with Eager Eye
Till Man shall leave a corruptible body he famishd hears him groan
And now he fixes his strong talons in the pointed rock
And now he beats the heavy air with his enormous wings
Beside him lies the Lion dead & in his belly worms
Feast on his death till universal death devours all
And the pale horse seeks for the pool to lie him down & die
But finds the pools filled with serpents devouring one another
He droops his head & trembling stands & his bright eyes decay
These are the Visions of My Eyes the Visions of Ahania

Thus cries Ahania Enion replies from the Caverns of the Grave

Fear not O poor forsaken one O land of briars & thorns
Where once the Olive flourishd & the Cedar spread his wings
Once I waild desolate like thee my fallow fields in fear
Cried to the Churchyards & the Earthworm came in dismal state
I found him in my bosom & I said the time of Love
Appears upon the rocks & hills in silent shades but soon
A voice came in the night a midnight cry upon the mountains
Awake the bridegroom cometh I awoke to sleep no more
But an Eternal Consummation is dark Enion
The watry Grave. O thou Corn field O thou Vegetater happy
More happy is the dark consumer hope drowns all my torment
For I am now surrounded by a shadowy vortex drawing
The Spectre quite away from Enion that I die a death
Of bitter hope altho I consume in these raging waters
The furrowd field replies to the grave I hear her reply to me
Behold the time approaches fast that thou shalt be as a thing
Forgotten when one speaks of thee he will not be believd
When the man gently fades away in his immortality

When the mortal disappears in improved knowledge cast away
The former things so shall the Mortal gently fade away
And so become invisible to those who still remain
Listen I will tell thee what is done in the caverns of the grave

The Lamb of God has rent the Veil of Mystery soon to return
In Clouds & Fires around the rock & the Mysterious tree
As the seed waits Eagerly watching for its flower & fruit
Anxious its little soul looks out into the clear expanse
To see if hungry winds are abroad with their invisible army
So Man looks out in tree & herb & fish & bird & beast
Collecting up the scatterd portions of his immortal body
Into the Elemental forms of every thing that grows
He tries the sullen north wind riding on its angry furrows
The sultry south when the sun rises & the angry east
When the sun sets when the clods harden & the cattle stand
Drooping & the birds hide in their silent nests. he stores his thoughts
As in a store house in his memory he regulates the forms
Of all beneath & all above & in the gentle West
Reposes where the Suns heat dwells he rises to the Sun
And to the Planets of the Night & to the stars that gild
The Zodiac & the stars that sullen stand to north & south
He touches the remotest pole & in the Center weeps
That Man should Labour & sorrow & learn & forget & return
To the dark valley whence he came to begin his labours anew
In pain he sighs in pain he labours in his universe
Screaming in birds over the deep & howling in the Wolf
Over the slain & moaning in the cattle & in the winds

And weeping over Orc & Urizen in clouds & flaming fires
And in the cries of birth & in the groans of death his voice
Is heard throughout the Universe wherever a grass grows
Or a leaf buds The Eternal Man is seen is heard is felt
And all his Sorrows till he reassumes his ancient bliss

Such are the words of Ahania & Enion. Los hears & weeps
And Los & Enitharmon took the Body of the Lamb
Down from the Cross & placd it in a Sepulcher which Los had hewn
For himself in the Rock of Eternity trembling & in despair
Jerusalem wept over the Sepulcher two thousand Years

Rahab triumphs over all she took Jerusalem
Captive A Willing Captive by delusive arts impelld
To worship Urizens Dragon form to offer her own Children
Upon the bloody Altar. John Saw these things Reveald in Heaven
On Patmos Isle & heard the Souls cry out to be deliverd

He saw the Harlot of the Kings of Earth & saw her Cup
Of fornication food of Orc & Satan pressd from the fruit of Mystery
But when she saw the form of Ahania weeping on the Void
And heard Enions voice sound from the caverns of the Grave
No more spirit remained in her She secretly left the Synagogue of Satan
She commund with Orc in secret She hid him with the flax
That Enitharmon had numberd away from the Heavens
She gatherd it together to consume her Harlot Robes
In bitterest Contrition sometimes Self condemning repentant
And Sometimes kissing her Robes & jewels & weeping over them
Sometimes returning to the Synagogue of Satan in Pride
And Sometimes weeping before Orc in humility & trembling
The Synagogue of Satan therefore uniting against Mystery
Satan divided against Satan resolvd in open Sanhedrim
To burn Mystery with fire & form another from her ashes
For God put it into their heart to fulfill all his will

The Ashes of Mystery began to animate they calld it Deism
And Natural Religion as of old so now anew began
Babylon again in Infancy Calld Natural Religion

[End of (The) Eighth Night]

Night the Ninth
Being
The Last Judgment

And Los & Enitharmon builded Jerusalem weeping
Over the Sepulcher & over the Crucified body
Which to their Phantom Eyes appear'd still in the Sepulcher
But Jesus stood beside them in the Spirit Separating
Their Spirit from their body. Terrified at Non Existence
For such they deemd the death of the body. Los his vegetable hands
Outstretchd his right hand branching out in fibrous Strength
Siezd the Sun. His left hand like dark roots coverd the Moon
And tore them down cracking the heavens across from immense to immense
Then fell the fires of Eternity with loud & shrill
Sound of Loud Trumpet thundering along from heaven to heaven
A mighty sound articulate Awake ye dead & come
To judgment from the four winds Awake & Come away
Folding like scrolls of the Enormous volume of Heaven & Earth

With thunderous noise & dreadful shakings rocking to & fro
The heavens are shaken & the Earth removed from its place
The foundations of the Eternal hills discoverd
The thrones of Kings are shaken they have lost their robes & crowns
The poor smite their oppressors they awake up to the harvest
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shore
Trembling before the multitudes of slaves now set at liberty
They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripd 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 & the Spectre of Urthona

Recievd her in the darkning South their bodies lost they stood
Trembling & weak a faint embrace a fierce desire as when
Two shadows mingle on a wall they wail & shadowy tears
Fell down & shadowy forms of joy mixd with despair & grief
Their bodies buried in the ruins of the Universe
Mingled with the confusion. Who shall call them from the Grave

Rahab & Tirzah wail aloud in the wild flames they give up themselves to
Consummation
The books of Urizen unroll with dreadful noise the folding Serpent
Of Orc began to Consume in fierce raving fire his fierce flames
Issud on all sides gathring strength in animating volumes
Roaring abroad on all the winds raging intense reddening
Into resistless pillars of fire rolling round & round gathering
Strength from the Earths consumd & heavens & all hidden abysses
Wherever the Eagle has Explord or Lion or Tyger trod
Or where the Comets of the night or stars of [asterial] day
Have shot their arrows or long beamed spears in wrath & fury

And all the while the trumpet sounds from the clotted gore & from the hollow den
Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire
Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity

Then like the doves from pillars of Smoke the trembling families
Of women & children throughout every nation under heaven
Cling round the men in bands of twenties & of fifties pale
As snow that falls around a leafless tree upon the green
Their oppressors are fallen they have stricken them they awake to life
Yet pale the just man stands erect & looking up to heaven
Trembling & stricken by the Universal stroke the trees unroot
The rocks groan horrible & run about. The mountains &
Their rivers cry with a dismal cry the cattle gather together
Lowing they kneel before the heavens. the wild beasts of the forests
Tremble the Lion shuddering asks the Leopard. Feelest thou

The dread I feel unknown before My voice refuses to roar
And in weak moans I speak to thee This night
Before the mornings dawn the Eagle 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 & Hawk fled away
At dawn & Ere the sun arose the raven & Vulture followed
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 issued out in mighty volumes pouring in whirlpools fierce
From out the flood gates of the Sky The Gates are burst down pour
The torrents black upon the Earth the blood pours down incessant
Kings in their palaces lie drowned Shepherds their flocks their tents
Roll down the mountains in black torrents Cities Villages
High spires & Castles drowned in the black deluge Shoal on Shoal
Float the dead carcasses of Men & Beasts driven to & fro on waves
Of foaming blood beneath the black incessant Sky till all
Mysterys tyrants are cut off & not one left on Earth

And when all Tyranny was cut off from the face of Earth
Around the Dragon form of Urizen & round his stony form
The flames rolling intense thro the wide Universe
Began to Enter the Holy City Entering the dismal clouds
In furrowed lightnings break their way the wild flames licking up
The Bloody Deluge living flames winged with intellect
And Reason round the Earth they march in order flame by flame
From the clotted gore & from the hollow den

Start forth the trembling Millions into flames of mental fire
Bathing their Limbs in the bright visions of Eternity

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 & woe
He lifts the blue lamps of his Eyes & cries with heavenly voice
Bowing his head over the consuming Universe he cried

O weakness & O weariness O war within my members
My sons exiled from my breast pass to & fro before me

My birds are silent on my hills flocks die beneath my branches
My tents are fallen my trumpets & the sweet sounds of my harp
Is silent on my clouded hills that belch forth storms & fires
My milk of cows & honey of bees & fruit of golden harvest
Are gathered in the scorching heat & in the riving rain
My robe is turned to confusion & my bright gold to stones
Where once I sat I weary walk in misery & pain
For from within my withered breast grown narrow with my woes
The Corn is turned to thistles & the apples into poison
The birds of song to murderous crows My joys to bitter groans

The voices of children in my tents to cries of helpless infants
And all exiled from the face of light & shine of morning
In this dark world a narrow house I wander up & down
I hear Mystery howling in these flames of Consummation
When shall the Man of future times become as in days of old
O weary life why sit I here & give up all my powers
To indolence to the night of death when indolence & mourning
Sit hovering over my dark threshold. tho I arise look out
And scorn the war within my members yet my heart is weak
And my head faint Yet will I look again unto the morning
Whence is this sound of rage of Men drinking each others blood
Drunk with the smoking gore & red but not with nourishing wine

The Eternal Man sat on the Rocks & cried with awful voice

O Prince of Light where art thou I behold thee not as once
In those Eternal fields in clouds of morning stepping forth
With harps & songs where bright Ahanian sang before thy face
And all thy sons & 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 & joy
That thou dread form of Certainty maist sit in town & village
While little children play around thy feet in gentle awe
Fearing thy frown loving thy smile O Urizen Prince of light

He calld[;] the deep buried his voice & answer none returnd
Then wrath burst round the Eternal Man was wrath again he cried
Arise O stony form of death O dragon of the Deeps
Lie down before my feet O Dragon let Urizen arise
O how couldst thou deform those beautiful proportions
Of life & 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 darrest obstinate refuse my stern behest
Thy crown & scepter I will sieze & regulate all my members
In stern severity & cast thee out into the indefinite
Where nothing lives, there to wander. & if thou returnst weary
Weeping at the threshold of Existence I will steel my heart
Against thee to Eternity & 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 & the distracting of honest minds
Into confused perturbation & strife & honour & pride
Is a deceit so detestable that I will cast thee out
If thou repentest not & leave thee as a rotten branch to be burnd
With Mystery the Harlot & with Satan for Ever & Ever
Error can never be redeemd in all Eternity
But Sin Even Rahab is redeemd in blood & fury & 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 & 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 futurity nor turnd
My back darkning the present clouding with a cloud
And building arches high & cities turrets & towers & domes
Whose smoke destroyd the pleasant gardens & whose running Kennels
Chokd the bright rivers burdning with my Ships the angry deep
Thro Chaos seeking for delight & in spaces remote
Seeking the Eternal which is always present to the wise
Seeking for pleasure which unsought falls round the 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 & with the spear
And with the Chisel & the mallet I whose labours vast
Order the nations separating family by family

Alone enjoy not I alone in misery supreme
Ungratified give all my joy unto this Luvah & Vala
Then Go O dark futurity I will cast thee forth from these
Heavens of my brain nor will I look upon futurity more
I cast futurity away & 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 & Enitharmon & let Los self-cursd
Rend down this fabric as a wall ruind & family extinct
Rage Orc Rage Tharmas Urizen no longer curbs your rage

So Urizen spoke he shook his snows from off his Shoulders & arose
As on a Pyramid of mist his white robes scattering
The fleecy white 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 radian Youth. when Lo like garlands in the Eastern sky
When vocal may comes dancing from the East Ahania came
Exulting in her flight as when a bubble rises up
On to the surface of a lake. Ahania rose in joy
Excess of joy is worse than grief—her heart beat high her blood
Burst its bright Vessels She fell down dead at the feet of Urizen
Outstretchd a Smiling corse they buried her in a silent cave
Urizen dropt a tear the Eternal Man Darkend with sorrow

The three daughters of Urizen Guard Ahantias Death couch
Rising from the confusion in tears & howlings & 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 & I thro him awake to life from deaths dark vale
The times revolve the time is coming when all these delights
Shall be renewd & all these Elements that now consume
Shall reflourish. Then bright Ahania 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 & lay thy stores into thy barns
Expecting to recieve Ahania in the spring with joy
Immortal thou. Regenerate She & all the lovely Sex
From her shall learn obedience & prepare for a wintry grave
That spring may see them rise in tenfold joy & sweet delight
Thus shall the male & female live the life of Eternity
Because the Lamb of God Creates himself a bride & wife
That we his Children evermore may live in Jerusalem
Which now descendeth out of heaven a City yet a Woman

Mother of myriads redeemed & born in her spiritual palaces
By a New Spiritual birth Regenerated from Death

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

He ceased for rivn link from link the bursting Universe explodes
All things reversed flew from their centers rattling bones
To bones Join, shaking convulsed the shivering clay breathes
Each speck of dust to the Earths center nestles round & round
In pangs of an Eternal Birth in torment & awe & fear
All spirits deceased let loose from reptile prisons come in shoals
Wild furies from the tygers brain & from the lions Eyes
And from the ox & ass come moping terrors. from the Eagle
And raven numerous as the leaves of Autumn every species
Flock to the trumpet muttering over the sides of the grave & crying
In the fierce wind round heaving rocks & mountains filled with groans
On rifted rocks suspended in the air by inward fires
Many a woful company & many on clouds & waters
Fathers & friends Mothers & Infants Kings & Warriors
Priests & chained Captives met together in a horrible fear
And every one of the dead appears as he had lived before

And all the marks remain of the Slaves scourge & tyrants Crown
And of the Priests oergorged Abdomen & of the merchants thin
Sinewy deception & of the warriors outbraving & thoughtlessness
In lineaments too extended & in bones too strait & long

They shew their wounds they accuse they sieze the oppressor howlings began
On the golden palace Songs & joy on the desert the Cold babe
Stands in the furious air he cries the children of six thousand years
Who died in infancy rage furious a mighty multitude rage furious
Naked & pale standing on the expecting air to be delivered
Rend limb from limb the Warrior & the tyrant reuniting in pain
The furious wind still rends around they flee in sluggish effort

They beg they intreat in vain now they Listend not to intreaty
They view the flames red rolling on thro the wide universe
From the dark jaws of death beneath & desolate shores remote
These covering Vaults of heaven & these trembling globes of Earth
One Planet calls to another & one star enquires of another
What flames are these coming from the South what noise what dreadful rout
As of a battle in the heavens hark heard you not the trumpet
As of fierce battle while they spoke the flames come on intense roaring

They see him whom they have 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 & saying
Brother of Jesus what have I done intreat thy lord for me

Perhaps I may be forgiven While he speaks the flames roll on
And after the flames appears the Cloud of the Son of Man
Descending from Jerusalem with power and great Glory
All nations look up to the Cloud & behold him who was Crucified

The Prisoner answers you scourgd my father to death before my face
While I stood bound with cords & heavy chains, Your hipocrisy
Shall now avail you nought. So speaking he dashd him with his foot

The Cloud is Blood dazling upon the heavens & in the cloud
Above upon its volumes is beheld a throne & a pavement
Of precious stones. surrounded by twenty four venerable patriarchs
And these again surrounded by four Wonders of the Almighty
Incomprehensible. pervading all amidst & round about
Fourfold each in the other reflected they are named Life's in Eternity.
Four Starry Universes going forward from Eternity to Eternity
And the Falln Man who was arisen upon the Rock of Ages

Beheld the Vision of God & he arose up from the Rock
And Urizen arose up with him walking thro the flames
To meet the Lord coming to Judgment but the flames 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 & silver & 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 & Hell in Emulation strove in sports of Glory

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

The Sons of Urizen Shout Their father rose The Eternal horses

Harnessed They called to Urizen the heavens moved at their call
The limbs of Urizen shone with ardor. He laid his hand on the Plow

Through dismal darkness drove the Plow of ages over Cities
And all their Villages over Mountains & all their Vallies
Over the graves & caverns of the dead Over the Planets
And over the void Spaces over Sun & moon & star & constellation

Then Urizen commanded & they brought the Seed of Men
The trembling souls of All the Dead stood before Urizen
Weak wailing in the troubled air East west & north & south

He turned the horses loose & laid his Plow in the northern corner
Of the wide Universal field. then Stepped forth into the immense

Then he began to sow the seed he girded round his loins
With a bright girdle & his skirt filled with immortal souls
Howling & Wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hand

For from the hand of Urizen the myriads fall like stars
Into their own appointed places driven back by the winds
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea shores
They are become like wintry flocks like forests stripped of leaves
The Kings & Princes of the Earth cry with a feeble cry
Driven on the unproducing sands & on the hardened rocks
And all the while the flames of Orc follow the venturous feet
Of Urizen & all the while the Trump of Tharmas sounds
Weeping & wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hand
The daughters of Urizen stand with Cups & measures of foaming wine
Immense upon the heavens with bread & delicate repasts

Then follows the golden harrow in the midst of Mental fires
To ravishing melody of flutes & harps & softest voice
The seed is harrowed in while flames heat the black mould & cause
The human harvest to begin Towards the south first sprang
The myriads & in silent fear they look out from their graves

Then Urizen sits down to rest & all his wearied Sons
Take their repose on beds they drink they sing they view the flames
Of Orc in joy they view the human harvest springing up
A time they give to sweet repose till all the harvest is ripe

And Lo like the harvest Moon Ahania cast off her death clothes
She folded them up in care in silence & her 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 & heaven
And bright Ahania took her seat by Urizen in songs & joy

The Eternal Man also sat down upon the Couches of Beulah
Sorrowful that he could not put off his new risen body
In mental flames the flames 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 & in
His holy hands recited the flaming Demon & Demoness of Smoke
And gave them to Urizens hands the Immortal frowned Saying

Luvah & Vala henceforth you are Servants obey & 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 & war first weakend then in stern repentance
They must renew their brightness & their disorganized functions
Again reorganize till they resume the image of the human
Cooperating in the bliss of Man obeying his Will
Servants to the infinite & Eternal of the Human form

Luvah & Vala descended & entered the Gates of Dark Urthona
And walked from the hands of Urizen in the shadows of Valas Garden
Where the impressions of Despair & Hope for ever vegetate
In flowers in fruits in fishes birds & beasts & clouds & waters
The land of doubts & shadows sweet delusions 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 orbed senses within closed up they wandered at will
And those upon the Couches viewed them in the dreams of Beulah
As they reposed 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 & from the silent Dew
Rise from the dews of death for the Eternal Man is Risen

She rises among flowers & looks toward the Eastern clearness
She walks yea runs her feet are winged on the tops of the bending grass
Her garments rejoice in the vocal wind & 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 & 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 & who shall answer thee

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

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

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

Alas am I but as a flower then will I sit me down
Then will I weep then Ill complain & sigh for immortality
And chide my maker thee O Sun that raisedst me to fall

So saying she sat down & wept beneath the apple trees

O be thou blotted out thou Sun that raisedst me to trouble
That gavest me a heart to crave & raisedst me thy phantom
To feel thy heat & see thy light & wander here alone
Hopeless if I am like the grass & so shall pass away
Rise sluggish Soul why sitst thou here why dost thou sit & weep
Yon Sun shall wax old & decay but thou shalt ever flourish
The fruit shall ripen & fall down & the flowers consume away
But thou shalt still survive arise O dry thy dewy tears

Hah! Shall I still survive whence came that sweet & comforting voice
And whence that voice of sorrow O sun thou art nothing now to me
Go on thy course rejoicing & let us both rejoice together
I walk among his flocks & hear the bleating of his lambs
O that I could behold his face & follow his pure feet
I walk by the footsteps of his flocks come hither tender flocks
Can you converse with a pure Soul that seeketh for her maker
You answer not then am I set your mistress in this garden
Ill watch you & attend your footsteps you are not like the birds

That Sing & 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 & light of day
Flow on ye gentle airs & bear the voice of my rejoicing
Wave freshly clear waters flowing around the tender grass
And thou sweet smelling ground put forth thy life in fruits & flowers
Follow me O my flocks & hear me sing my rapturous Song
I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that glitter in the sun
I will call & who shall answer me I will sing who shall reply
For from my pleasant hills behold the living living springs
Running among my green pastures delighting among my trees
I am not here alone my flocks you are my brethren
And you birds that sing & adorn the sky you are my sisters
I sing & you reply to my Song I rejoice & you are glad
Follow he O my flocks we will now descend into the valley
O how delicious are the grapes flourishing in the Sun
How clear the spring of the rock running among the golden sand
How cool the breezes of the vall[e]y & the arms of the branchy trees
Cover us from the Sun come & let us sit in the Shade
My Luvah here hath placd me in a Sweet & pleasant Land
And given me fruits & pleasant waters & warm hills & cool valleys
Here will I build myself a house & here Ill call on his name
Here Ill return when I am weary & take my pleasant rest

So spoke the Sinless Soul & laid her head on the downy fleece
Of a curld Ram who stretchd himself in sleep beside his mistress
And soft sleep fell upon her eyelids in the silent noon of day

Then Luvah passed by & saw the sinless Soul
And said Let a pleasant house arise to be the dwelling place
Of this immortal Spirit growing in lower Paradise

He spoke & pillars were builded & walls as white as ivory
The grass she slept upon was pavd with pavement as of pearl
Beneath her rose a downy bed & a cieling coverd all

Vala awoke. When in the pleasant gates of sleep I enterd
I saw my Luvah like a spirit stand in the bright air
Round him stood spirits like me who reard me a bright house
And here I see thee house remain in my most pleasant world

My Luvah smild I kneeled down he laid his hand on my head
And when he laid his hand upon me from the gates of sleep I came
Into this bodily house to tend my flocks in my pleasant garden

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

I see the hand that leadeth me doth also lead my flocks
She went up to her flocks & turned oft to see her shining house
She stopd to drink of the clear spring & eat the grapes & apples

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 vall[e]y beneath the spreading trees
And on the rivers margin she ungirded her golden girdle
She stood in the river & viewd herself within the watry glass
And her bright hair was wet with the waters She rose up from the river
And as she rose her Eyes were open to the world of waters
She saw Tharmas sitting upon the rocks beside the wavy sea
He strokd the water from his beard & mournd faint thro the summer vales

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

O Enion my weary head is in the bed of death
For weeds of death have wrapd around my limbs in the hoary deeps
I sit in the place of shells & mourn & thou art closd in clouds
When will the time of Clouds be past & the dismal night of Tharmas
Arise O Enion Arise & smile upon my head ¹
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 fa[i]nt 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 & 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 & light beamd round her like the glory of the morning

And She arose out of the river & girded on her golden girdle

And now her feet step on the grassy bosom of the ground
Among her flocks & 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 & her flocks followd her footsteps
The Children clung around her knees she embracd them & wept over them

Thou little Boy art Tharmas & thou bright Girl Enion
How are ye thus renewd & 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 & closd her Eyelids in soft slumbers

And in the morning when the Sun arose in the crystal sky
Vala awoke & calld the children from their gentle slumbers

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

The Children woke & smild on Vala. she kneeld by the golden couch
She presd them to her bosom & her pearly tears dropt 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 & the Eyes of Enion

They rose they went out wandring sometimes together sometimes alone

Why weepst 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 & wet their innocent faces ²
With thy bright tears because the steps of Enion are in the gardens
Arise sweet boy & let us follow the path of Enion

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

He said O Vala I am sick & all this garden of Pleasure
Swims like a dream before my eyes but the sweet 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 & feel the breath of sleeping Enion
But in the morning she arises to avoid my Eyes
Then my loins fade & in the house I sit me down & weep

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

He went with timid steps & Enion like the ruddy morn
When infant spring appears in swelling buds & opening flowers
Behind her Veil withdraws so Enion turnd 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 & joy alternate Enion & Tharmas played
Round Vala in the Gardens of Vala & by her rivers margin
They are the shadows of Tharmas & of Enion in Valas world

And the sleepers who rested from their harvest work beheld these O these visions
Thus were the sleepers entertained upon the Couches of Beulah
When Luvah & 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 & 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 poured his light & all his Sons & daughters poured their light
To exhale the spirits of Luvah & Vala thro the atmosphere
And Luvah & Vala saw the Light their spirits were Exhaled
In all their ancient innocence the floods depart the clouds
Dissipate or sink into the Seas of Tharmas Luvah sat
Above in the bright heavens in peace. the Spirits of Men beneath
Cried out to be delivered & the Spirit of Luvah wept
Over the human harvest & over Vala the sweet wanderer
In pain the human harvest waded in horrible groans of woe

The Universal Groan went up the Eternal Man was Darkend

Then Urizen arose & took his Sickle in his hand
There is a brazen sickle & a scythe of iron hid
Deep in the South guarded by a few solitary stars
This sickle Urizen took the scythe his sons embraced
And went forth & began to reap & all his joyful sons
Reaped the wide Universe & bound in Sheaves a wondrous harvest
They took them into the wide barns with loud rejoicings & triumph
Of flute & harp & drum & trumpet horn & clarion

The feast was spread in the bright South & the Regenerate Man
Sat at the feast rejoicing & the wine of Eternity
Was served round by the flames of Luvah all Day & all the Night
And when Morning began to dawn upon the distant hills
a whirlwind rose up in the Center & in the Whirlwind a shriek ³
And in the Shriek a rattling of bones & in the rattling of bones

A dolorous groan & from the dolorous groan in tears
Rose Enion like a gentle light & Enion spoke saying

O Dreams of Death the human form dissolving companied
By beasts & worms & creeping things & darkness & despair ⁴
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 & Embrace Tharmas again
For Lo the winter melted away upon the distant hills
And all the black mould sings. She speaks to her infant race her milk
Descends down on the sand. the thirsty sand drinks & rejoices ⁵
Wondering to behold the Emmet the Grasshopper the jointed worm
The roots shoot thick thro the solid rocks bursting their way
They cry out in joys of existence. the broad stems
Rear on the mountains stem after stem the scaly newt creeps
From the stone & the armed fly springs from the rocky crevice
The spider. The bat burst from the hardend slime crying
To one another what are we & whence is our joy & delight
Lo the little moss begins to spring & the tender weed
Creeps round our secret nest. Flocks brighten the Mountains
Herds throng up the Valley wild beasts fill the forests

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 welcomd them to the Feast
The feast was spread in the bright South & the Eternal Man
Sat at the feast rejoicing & the wine of Eternity
Was servd round by the flames of Luvah all day & all the night

And Many Eternal Men sat at the golden feast to see
The female form now separate They shudderd at the horrible thing
Not born for the sport and amusement of Man but born to drink up all his powers
They wept to see their shadows they said to one another this is Sin
This is the Generative world they rememberd the Days of old

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

Man is a Worm wearied with joy he seeks the caves of sleep
Among the Flowers of Beulah in his Selfish cold repose
Forsaking Brotherhood & Universal love in selfish clay
Folding the pure wings of his mind seeking the places dark
Abstracted from the roots of Science then inclosd around
In walls of Gold we cast him like a Seed into the Earth
Till times & spaces have passd over him duly every morn
We visit him covering with a Veil the immortal seed
With windows from the inclement sky we cover him & with walls
And hearths protect the Selfish terror till divided all

*In families we see our shadows born. & thence we know
That Man subsists by Brotherhood & Universal Love
We fall on one anothers necks more closely we embrace*

Ephesians iii c.10 v

Not for ourselves but for the Eternal family we live
Man liveth not by Self alone but in his brothers face
Each shall behold the Eternal Father & love & joy abound

So spoke the Eternal at the Feast they embracd the New born Man
Calling hi 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 rejoicd

When Morning dawnd The Eternals rose to labour at the Vintage
Beneath they saw their sons & daughters wondering inconcievable
At the dark myriads in Shadows in the worlds beneath

The morning dawnd Urizen rose & in his hand the Flail
Sounds on the Floor heard terrible by all beneath the heavens
Dismal loud redounding the nether floor shakes with the sound

And all Nations were threshed out & the stars threshd from their husks

Then Tharmas took the Winnowing fan the winnowing wind furious
Above veerd round by the violent whirlwind driven west & south
Tossed the Nations like Chaff into the seas of Tharmas

O Mystery Fierce Tharmas cries Behold thy end is come
Art thou she that made the nations drunk with the cup of Religion
Go down ye Kings & Councillors & Giant Warriors
Go down into the depths go down & hide yourselves beneath
Go down with horse & Chariots & Trumpets of hoarse war

Lo how the Pomp of Mystery goes down into the Caves
Her great men howl & throw the dust & rend their hoary hair
Her delicate women & children shriek upon the bitter wind
Spoild of their beauty their hair rent & their skin shriveld up
Lo darkness covers the long pomp of banners on the wind
And black horses & armed men & miserable bound captives
Where shall the graves recieve them all & where shall be their place
And who shall mourn for Mystery who never loosd her Captives
Let the slave grinding at the mill run out into the field
Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air
Let the inchaind soul shut up in darkness & in sighing
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years
Rise & look out his chains are loose his dungeon doors are open
And let his wife & children return from the opressors scourge
They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream

Are these the Slaves that groand along the streets of Mystery
Where are your bonds & task masters are these the prisoners

Where are your chains where are your tears why do you look around
If you are thirsty there is the river go bathe your parched limbs
The good of all the Land is before you for Mystery is no more

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

Aha Aha how came I here so soon in my sweet native land
How came I here Methinks I am as I was in my youth

When in my fathers house I sat & heard his chearing voice
Methinks I see his flocks & herds & feel my limbs renewd
And Lo my Brethren in their tents & 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 roo[m]
Remains & in the Vineyards stand the abounding sheaves beneath
The falling Grapes that odorous burst upon the winds. Arise
My flocks & herds trample the Corn my cattle browse upon
The ripe Clusters The shepherds shout for Luvah prince of Love
Let the Bulls of Luvah tread the Corn & draw the loaded waggon
Into the Barn while children glean the Ears around the door
Then shall they lift their innocent hands & stroke his furious nose
And he shall lick the little girls white neck & on her head
Scatter the perfume of his breath while from his mountains high
The lion of terror shall come down & bending his bright mane
And couching at their side shall eat from the curld boys white lap
His golden food and in the evening sleep before the Door

Attempting to be more than Man We become less said Luvah
As he arose from the bright feast drunk with the wine of ages
His crown of thorns fell from his head he hung his living Lyre
Behind the seat of the Eternal Man & took his way
Sounding the Song of Los descending to the Vineyards bright
His sons arising from the feast with golden baskets follow
A fiery train as when the Sun sings in the ripe vineyards
Then Luvah stood before the wine press all his fiery sons
Brought up the loaded Waggon with shoutings ramping tygers play
In the jingling traces furious lions sound the song of joy
To the golden wheels circling upon the pavement of heaven & all
The Villages of Luvah ring the golden tiles of the villages

Reply to violins & tabors to the pipe flute lyre & cymbal
Then fell the Legions of Mystery in maddning confusion
Down Down thro the immense with outcry fury & despair
Into the wine presses of Luvah howling fell the Clusters
Of human families thro the deep. the wine presses were filld
The blood of life flowd plentiful Odors of life arose
All round the heavenly arches & the Odors rose singing this song

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

So sang the Human Odors round the wine presses of Luvah

But in the Wine presses is wailing terror & despair
Forsaken of their Elements they vanish & are no more
No more but a desire of Being a distracted ravening desire
Desiring like the hungry worm & like the 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 & Daughters of Luvah how they tread the Grapes
Laughing & shouting drunk with odors many fall oerwearied
Drownd in the wine is many a youth & maiden those around
Lay them on skins of tygers or the spotted Leopard or wild Ass
Till they revive or bury them in cool Grots making lamentation

But in the Wine Presses the Human Grapes Sing not nor dance
They howl & writhe in shoals of torment in fierce flames consuming
In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires
In pits & dens & shades of death in shapes of torment & woe
The Plates the Screws and Racks & Saws & cords & fires & floods
The cruel joy of Luvahs daughters lacerating with knives
And whip[s] their Victims & the deadly sports of Luvahs Sons

Timbrels & Violins sport round the Wine Presses The little Seed
The Sportive root the Earthworm the small beetle the wise Emmet
Dance round the Wine Presses of Luvah. the Centipede is there
The ground Spider with many Eyes the Mole clothed in Velvet
The Earwig armd the tender maggot emblem of Immortality
The Slow Slug the grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks
The winter comes he folds his slender bones without a murmur
There is the Nettle that stings with soft down & there

The indignant Thistle whose bitterness is bred in his milk
And who lives on the contempt of his neighbour there all the idle weeds
That creep about the obscure places shew their various limbs
Naked in all their beauty dancing round the Wine Presses

They Dance around the Dying & they Drink the howl & groan

They catch the Shrieks in cups of gold they hand them to one another
These are the sports of love & these the sweet delights of amorous play
Tears of the 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 & a wintry mantle
Coverd the Hills He said O Tharmas rise & O Urthona

Then Tharmas & Urthona rose from the Golden feast satiated
With Mirth & joy Urthona limping from his fall on Tharmas leand
In his right hand his hammer Tharmas held his Shepherds crook
Beset with gold gold were the ornaments formed by the sons of Urizen
Then Enion & Ahania & Vala & the wife of Dark Urthona
Rose from the feast in joy ascending to their Golden Looms
There the wingd shuttle Sang the spindle & the distaff & the Reel
Rang sweet the praise of industry. Thro all the golden rooms
Heaven rang with winged Exultation All beneath howld loud
With tenfold rout & desolation roard the Chasms beneath
Where the wide woof flowd down & where the Nations are gatherd together

Tharmas went down to the Wine presses & beheld the sons & daughters
Of Luvah quite exhausted with the Labour & quite filld
With new wine. that they began to torment one another and to tread
The weak. Luvah & Vala slept on the floor o'erwearied

Urthona calld his Sons around him Tharmas calld his sons
Numrous. they took the wine they separated the Lees
And Luvah was put for dung on the ground by the Sons of Tharmas & Urthona
They formed heavens of sweetest wo[o]d[s] of gold & silver & ivory
Of glass & precious stones They loaded all the waggons of heaven
And took away the wine of ages with solemn songs & joy

Luvah & Vala woke & all the sons & daughters of Luvah
Awoke they wept to one another & they reascended
To the Eternal Man in woe he cast them wailing into
The world of shadows thro the air till winter is over & gone

But the Human Wine stood wondering in all their delightful Expanses
The Elements subside the heavens rolld on with vocal harmony

Then Los who is Urthona rose in all his regenerate power

The Sea that rold & foamd with darkness & the shadows of death
Vomited out & gave up all the floods lift up their hands
Singing & shouting to the Man they bow their hoary heads
And murmuring in their channels flow & circle round his feet

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 Eddyng fierce rejoice in the fierce agitation o the wheels
Of Dark Urthona Thunders Earthquakes Fires Water floods
Rejoice to one another loud their voices shake the Abyss
Their dread forms tending the dire mills The grey hoar frost was there
And his pale wife the aged Snow they watch over the fires
They build the Ovens of Urthona Nature in darkness groans
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 & knead the bread of knowledge with tears & groans

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

The Sun has left his blackness & has found a fresher morning
And the mild moon rejoices in the clear & cloudless night ⁶
And Man walks forth from midst of the fires the evil is all consumd
His eyes behold the Angelic spheres arising night & day
The stars consumd like a lamp blown out & in their stead behold
The Expanding Eyes of Man behold the depths of wondrous worlds ⁷
One Earth one sea beneath nor Erring Globes wander but Stars
Of fire rise up nightly from the Ocean & one Sun
Each morning like a New born Man issues with songs & Joy
Calling the Plowman to his Labour & the Shepherd to his rest
He walks upon the Eternal Mountains raising his heavenly voice
Conversing with the Animal forms of wisdom night & day
That risen from the Sea of fire renewd walk oer the Earth

For Tharmas brought his flocks upon the hills & 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 renewd his Lions roar
Around the Furnaces & in Evening sport upon the plains
They raise their faces from the Earth conversing with the Man

How is it we have walkd thro fires & yet are not consumd
How is it that all things are changd even as in ancient times

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

End of The Dream