

# ***JERUSALEM***

## ***The Emanation of The Giant Albion***

1804 Printed by W. Blake S<sup>th</sup> Molton S<sup>t</sup>.

[Frontispiece]

[Above the archway]

There is a Void, outside of Existence, which if enterd into Englobes itself & becomes a Womb, such was Albions Couch A pleasant Shadow of Repose calld Albions lovely Land

His Sublime & Pathos become Two Rocks fixd in the Earth His Reason his Spectrous Power, covers them above Jerusalem his Emanation is a Stone laying beneath O [*Albion behold Pitying*] behold the Vision of Albion

[On right side of archway]

Half Friendship is the bitterest Enmity said Los As he enterd the Door of Death for Albions sake Inspired The long sufferings of God are not for ever there is a Judgment

[On left side, in reversed writing]

Every Thing has its Vermin O Spectre of the Sleeping Dead!

## To the Public

After my three years slumber on the banks of the Ocean, I again display my Giant forms to the Public: My former Giants & Fairies having recieved the highest reward possible: the [*love*] and [*friendship*] of those with whom to be connected, is to be [*blessed*]: I cannot doubt that this more consolidated & extended Work, will be as kindly recieved The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes [*no Reader will think presumptuousness or arroganc[e] when he is reminded that the Ancients acknowledge their love to their Deities, to the full as Enthusiastically as I have who Acknowledge mine for my Saviour and Lord, for they were wholly absorb'd in their Gods.*] I also hope the Reader will be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God [*of Fire*] and Lord [*of Love*] to whom the Ancients look'd and saw his day afar off, with trembling & amazement. The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin: he who waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviours kingdom, the Divine Body; will never enter there. I am perhaps the most sinful of men! I pretend not to holiness! yet I pretend to love, to see, to converse with daily, as man with man, & the more to have an interest in the Friend of Sinners. Therefore [*Dear*] Reader, [*forgive*] what you do not approve, & [*love*] me for this energetic exertion of my talent.

Reader! [*lover*] of books! [*lover*] of heaven,  
 And of that God from whom [*all books are given,*]  
 Who in mysterious Sinais awful cave  
 To Man the wond'rous art of writing gave,  
 Again he speaks in thunder and in fire!  
 Thunder of Thought, & flames of fierce desire:  
 Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear,  
 Within the unfathomd caverns of my Ear.  
 Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:  
 Heaven, Earth & Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony

Of the Measure, in which  
 the following Poem is written

We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves, every thing is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep. [*to Note the last words of Jesus, Εδοθη μοι πασα εξουσια εν ουρανω και επι γης*] When this Verse was first dictated to me I consider'd a Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakspeare & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming; to be a necessary and indispensible part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadences & number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place: the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts--the mild & gentle, for the mild & gentle parts, and the prosaic, for inferior parts: all are necessary to each other. Poetry Fetter'd, Fetters the Human Race! Nations are Destroy'd, or Flourish, in proportion as Their Poetry Painting and Music, are Destroy'd or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man, was Wisdom, Art, and Science.

Μονος ό Ιεσους

## *Jerusalem*

Chap: I

Of the Sleep of Ulro! and of the passage through  
Eternal Death! and of the awaking to Eternal Life.

This theme calls me in sleep night after night, & ev'ry morn  
Awakes me at sun-rise, then I see the Saviour over me  
Spreading his beams of love, & dictating the words of this mild song.

Awake! awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!  
I am in you and you in me, mutual in love divine:  
Fibres of love from man to man thro Albions pleasant land.  
In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey  
A black water accumulates, return Albion! return!  
Thy brethren call thee, and thy fathers, and thy sons,  
Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters  
Weep at thy souls disease, and the Divine Vision is darkend:  
Thy Emanation that was wont to play before thy face,  
Beaming forth with her daughters into the Divine bosom [*Where!!*]  
Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation lovely Jerusalem  
From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one?  
I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend;  
Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me:  
Lo! we are One; forgiving all Evil; Not seeking recompense!  
Ye are my members O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades!

But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark;  
[*Saying. We are not One: we are Many, thou most simulative*]  
Phantom of the over heated brain! shadow of immortality!  
Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy Love! which binds

Man the enemy of man into deceitful friendships:  
Jerusalem is not! her daughters are indefinite:  
By demonstration, man alone can live, and not by faith.  
My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself!  
The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds Plinlimmon & Snowdon  
Are mine. here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue!  
Humanity shall be no more: but war & pryncedom & victory!

So spoke Albion in jealous fears, hiding his Emanation  
Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah: dissembling  
His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening, cold!

The banks of the Thames are clouded! the ancient porches of Albion are  
Darken'd! they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scatter'd upon  
The Void in incoherent despair! Cambridge & Oxford & London,  
Are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and dissipated,  
In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible[.]

Albions mountains run with blood, the cries of war & of tumult  
Resound into the unbounded night, every Human perfection  
Of mountain & river & city, are small & wither'd & darken'd  
Cam is a little stream! Ely is almost swallowd up!  
Lincoln & Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan!  
Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north!  
Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython  
Jerusalem is scatterd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entity:  
Moab & Ammon & Amalek & Canaan & Egypt & Aram  
Recieve her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty

Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonish'd at me.  
Yet they forgive my wanderings, I rest not from my great task!  
To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes  
Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into Eternity  
Ever expanding in the Bosom of God. the Human Imagination  
O Saviour pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness & love:  
Annihilate the Selfhood in me, be thou all my life!  
Guide thou my hand which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages,  
While I write of the building of Golgonooza, & of the terrors of Entuthon:  
Of Hand & Hyle & Coban, of Kwantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton:  
Of the terrible sons & daughters of Albion. and their Generations.

Scofield! Kox, Kotope and Bowen, revolve most mightily upon  
The Furnace of Los: before the eastern gate bending their fury.  
They war, to destroy the Furnaces, to desolate Golgonooza:  
And to devour the Sleeping Humanity of Albion in rage & hunger.

They revolve into the Furnaces Southward & are driven forth Northward  
Divided into Male and Female forms time after time.  
From these Twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.

The Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loom;  
I behold them and their rushing fires overwhelm my Soul,  
In Londons darkness; and my tears fall day and night,  
Upon the Emanations of Albions Sons! the Daughters of Albion  
Names anciently rememberd, but now contemn'd as fictions!  
Although in every bosom they contrroll our Vegetative powers.

These are united into Tirzah and her Sisters, on Mount Gilead,  
Cambel & Gwendolen & Conwenna & Cordella & Ignoge.  
And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates  
Gwiniverra & Gwinefred, & Gonorill & Sabrina beautiful,  
Estrild, Mehetabel & Ragan, lovely Daughters of Albion  
They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion

The Starry Wheels revolv'd heavily over the Furnaces;  
Drawing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love,  
Eastward a pillar of a cloud with Vala upon the mountains  
Howling in pain, redounding from the arms of Beulahs Daughters,

Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los.  
A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding  
Till the cloud reaches afar outstretch'd among the Starry Wheels  
Which revolve heavily in the mighty Void above the Furnaces

O what avail the loves & tears of Beulahs lovely Daughters  
They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears  
But all within is open'd into the deeps of Entuthon Benython  
A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end.  
Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination  
(Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus. blessed for ever).  
And there Jerusalem wanders with Vala upon the mountains,  
Attracted by the revolutions of those Wheels the Cloud of smoke  
Immense, and Jerusalem & Vala weeping in the Cloud  
Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow  
Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels;  
Lamenting for her children, for the sons & daughters of Albion

Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar! his tears fall  
Incessant before the Furnaces, and his Emanation divided in pain,  
Eastward toward the Starry Wheels. But Westward, a black Horror,

His spectre driv'n by the Starry Wheels of Albions sons, black and  
Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns!

For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided  
In terror of those starry wheels: and the Spectre stood over Los  
Howling in pain: a blackning Shadow, blackning dark & opake  
Cursing the terrible Los: bitterly cursing him for his friendship  
To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.

Los rag'd and stamp'd the earth in his might & terrible wrath!  
He stood and stamp'd the earth! then he threw down his hammer in rage &  
In fury: then he sat down and wept, terrified! Then arose  
And chaunted his song, labouring with the tongs and hammer:  
But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increas'd!

In pain the Spectre divided: in pain of hunger and thirst:  
To devour Los's Human Perfection, but when he saw that Los

Was living: panting like a frightened wolf, and howling  
He stood over the Immortal, in the solitude and darkness:  
Upon the darkning Thames, across the whole Island westward.  
A horrible Shadow of Death, among the Furnaces: beneath  
The pillar of folding smoke; and he sought by other means,  
To lure Los: by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors:  
Terrors in every Nerve, by spasms & extended pains:  
While Los answer'd unterrified to the opake blackening Fiend

And thus the Spectre spoke: Wilt thou still go on to destruction?

Till thy life is all taken away by this deceitful Friendship?  
He drinks thee up like water! like wine he pours thee  
Into his tuns: thy Daughters are trodden in his vintage  
He makes thy Sons the trampling of his bulls, they are plow'd  
And harrow'd for his profit, lo! thy stolen Emanation  
Is his garden of pleasure! all the Spectres of his Sons mock thee  
Look how they scorn thy once admired palaces! now in ruins  
Because of Albion! because of deceit and friendship! For Lo!  
Hand has peopled Babel & Nineveh: Hyle, Ashur & Aram:  
Cobans son is Nimrod: his son Cush is adjoint to Aram,  
By the Daughter of Babel, in a woven mantle of pestilence & war.  
They put forth their spectrous cloudy sails; which drive their immense  
Constellations over the deadly deeps of indefinite Udan-Adan  
Kox is the Father of Shem & Ham & Japheth, he is the Noah  
Of the Flood of Udan-Adan. Hutn is the Father of the Seven  
From Enoch to Adam; Schofield is Adam who was New-  
Created in Edom. I saw it indignant, & thou art not moved!  
This has divided thee in sunder: and wilt thou still forgive?  
O! thou seest not what I see! what is done in the Furnaces.  
Listen, I will tell thee what is done in moments to thee unknown:

Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction and sealed,  
And Vala fed in cruel delight, the Furnaces with fire:  
Stern Urizen beheld; urg'd by necessity to keep  
The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power  
He might avert his own despair: in woe & fear he saw  
Vala incircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was clos'd:  
With joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah,  
With whom she liv'd in bliss in times of innocence & youth!  
Vala comes from the Furnace in a cloud, but wretched Luvah  
Is howling in the Furnaces, in flames among Albions Spectres,  
To prepare the Spectre of Albion to reign over thee O Los,  
Forming the Spectres of Albion according to his rage:  
To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Scofield: the Ninth  
Of Albions sons, & the father of all his brethren in the Shadowy  
Generation. Cambel & Gwendolen wove webs of war & of  
Religion, to involve all Albions sons, and when they had  
Involv'd Eight; their webs roll'd outwards into darkness  
And Scofield the Ninth remain'd on the outside of the Eight  
And Kox, Kotope, & Bowen, One in him, a Fourfold Wonder  
Involv'd the Eight--Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion,  
To separate a Law of Sin, to punish thee in thy members.

Los answer'd. Altho' I know not this! I know far worse than this:  
I know that Albion hath divided me, and that thou O my Spectre,  
Hast just cause to be irritated: but look stedfastly upon me:  
Comfort thyself in my strength the time will arrive,  
When all Albions injuries shall cease, and when we shall  
Embrace him tenfold bright, rising from his tomb in immortality.  
They have divided themselves by Wrath. they must be united by

Pity: let us therefore take example & warning O my Spectre,  
O that I could abstain from wrath! O that the Lamb  
Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury.  
In anguish of regeneration! in terrors of self annihilation:  
Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder,  
And the Religion of Generation which was meant for the destruction  
Of Jerusalem, become her covering, till the time of the End.  
O holy Generation! [*Image*] of regeneration!  
O point of mutual forgiveness between Enemies!  
Birthplace of the Lamb of God incomprehensible!  
The Dead despise & scorn thee, & cast thee out as accursed:  
Seeing the Lamb of God in thy gardens & thy palaces:  
Where they desire to place the Abomination of Desolation.  
Hand sits before his furnace: scorn of others & furious pride:  
Freeze round him to bars of steel & to iron rocks beneath  
His feet: indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north:

Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albions River

From Ranelagh & Strumbolo, from Cromwells gardens & Chelsea  
The place of wounded Soldiers. but when he saw my Mace  
Whirl round from heaven to earth, trembling he sat: his cold  
Poisons rose up: & his sweet deceits covered them all over  
With a tender cloud. As thou art now; such was he O Spectre  
I know thy deceit & thy revenges, and unless thou desist  
I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen!  
Be attentive! be obedient! Lo the Furnaces are ready to receive thee.  
I will break thee into shivers! & melt thee in the furnaces of death;  
I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment if thou  
Desist not from thine own will, & obey not my stern command!  
I am closed up from my children: my Emanation is dividing  
And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark  
I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours. To beat  
These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Anvils of bitter Death  
I am inspired: I act not for myself: for Albions sake  
I now am what I am: a horror and an astonishment  
Shuddring the heavens to look upon me: Behold what cruelties  
Are practised in Babel & Shinar, & have approachd to Zions Hill

While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shuddring before him  
Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey  
Los opened the Furnaces in fear. the Spectre saw to Babel & Shinar  
Across all Europe & Asia. he saw the tortures of the Victims.  
He saw now from the outside what he before saw & felt from within  
He saw that Los was the sole, uncontrolled Lord of the Furnaces  
Groaning he knelt before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone,  
Hungry & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience.  
While Los pursued his speech in threatenings loud & fierce.

Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness: I have found thee out:

Thou art reveald before me in all thy magnitude & power  
Thy Uncircumcised pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder!  
Thy holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me  
Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albions Spectre  
For I am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired fury  
If thou wast cast forth from my life! if I was dead upon the mountains  
Thou mightest be pitied & lov'd: but now I am living; unless  
Thou abstain ravening I will create an eternal Hell for thee.  
Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellows  
Take thou these Tongs: strike thou alternate with me: labour obedient  
Hand & Hyle & Koban: Skofeld, Kox & Kotope, labour mightily  
In the Wars of Babel & Shinar, all their Emanations were  
Condensd. Hand has absorbd all his Brethren in his might  
All the infant Loves & Graces were lost, for the mighty Hand

Condens'd his Emanations into hard opake substances;  
And his infant thoughts & desires, into cold, dark, cliffs of death.  
His hammer of gold he siezd; and his anvil of adamant.  
He siez'd the bars of condens'd thoughts, to forge them:  
Into the sword of war: into the bow and arrow:  
Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun  
I saw the limbs form'd for exercise, contemn'd: & the beauty of  
Eternity, look'd upon as deformity & loveliness as a dry tree:  
I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb  
Of God, to destroy Jerusalem, & to devour the body of Albion  
By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman:  
Awkwardness arm'd in steel: folly in a helmet of gold:  
Weakness with horns & talons: ignorance with a rav'ning beak!  
Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime:  
And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion:  
Inspiration deny'd; Genius forbidden by laws of punishment:  
I saw terrified; I took the sighs & tears, & bitter groans:  
I lifted them into my Furnaces; to form the spiritual sword.  
That lays open the hidden heart: I drew forth the pang  
Of sorrow red hot: I workd it on my resolute anvil:  
I heated it in the flames of Hand, & Hyle, & Coban  
Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwineverra  
Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,  
The crysolite, the topaz, the jacinth, & every precious stone.  
Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard:  
I labour day and night, I behold the soft affections  
Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty  
But still I labour in hope, tho' still my tears flow down.  
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compell'd to defend  
A Lie: that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken  
That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease: arise Spectre arise!

Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans & tears;  
Groaning the Spectre heavd the bellows, obeying Los's frowns;

Till the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces  
Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre.

Into the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Anvils of Death  
And into the mountains of the Anvils & of the heavy Hammers  
Till he should bring the Sons & Daughters of Jerusalem to be  
The Sons & Daughters of Los that he might protect them from  
Albions dread Spectres; storming, loud, thunderous & mighty  
The Bellows & the Hammers move compell'd by Los's hand.

And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength  
They take the Two Contraries which are call'd Qualities, with which

Every Substance is clothed, they name them Good & Evil  
From them they make an Abstract, which is a Negation  
Not only of the Substance from which it is derived  
A murderer of its own Body: but also a murderer  
Of every Divine Member: it is the Reasoning Power  
An Abstract objecting power, that Negatives every thing  
This is the Spectre of Man: the Holy Reasoning Power  
And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation....

Therefore Los stands in London building Golgonooza  
Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear  
The Spectre weeps, but Los unmov'd by tears or threats remains

I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another Mans  
I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create

So Los, in fury & strength: in indignation & burning wrath  
Shuddring the Spectre howls. his howlings terrify the night  
He stamps around the Anvil, beating blows of stern despair  
He curses Heaven & Earth, Day & Night & Sun & Moon  
He curses Forest Spring & River, Desart & sandy Waste  
Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws  
Driven to desperation by Los's terrors & threatning fears

Los cries, Obey my voice & never deviate from my will  
And I will be merciful to thee: be thou invisible to all  
To whom I make thee invisible, but chief to my own Children  
O Spectre of Urthona: Reason not against their dear approach  
Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt & despair  
O Shame O strong & mighty Shame I break thy brazen fetters  
If thou refuse, thy present torments will seem southern breezes  
To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will.

The Spectre answer'd. Art thou not asham'd of those thy Sins  
That thou callest thy Children? lo the Law of God commands  
That they be offered upon his Altar: O cruelty & torment  
For thine are also mine! I have kept silent hitherto,

Concerning my chief delight: but thou hast broken silence  
Now I will speak my mind! Where is my lovely Enitharmon  
O thou my enemy, where is my Great Sin? She is also thine  
I said: Now is my grief at worst: incapable of being  
Surpassed: but every moment it accumulates more & more  
It continues accumulating to eternity! the joys of God advance  
For he is Righteous: he is not a Being of Pity & Compassion  
He cannot feel Distress: he feeds on Sacrifice & Offering:  
Delighting in cries & tears & clothed in Holiness & solitude  
But my griefs advance also, for ever & ever without end  
O that I could cease to be! Despair! I am Despair

Created to be the great example of horror & agony: also my  
Prayer is vain I called for compassion: compassion mockd  
Mercy & pity threw the grave stone over me & with lead  
And iron, bound it over me for ever: Life lives on my  
Consuming: & the Almighty hath made me his Contrary  
To be all evil, all reversed & for ever dead: knowing  
And seeing life, yet living not; how can I then behold  
And not tremble; how can I be beheld & not abhorrd

So spoke the Spectre shuddring, & dark tears ran down his shadowy face  
Which Los wiped off, but comfort none could give! or beam of hope  
Yet ceasd he not from labouring at the roarings of his Forge  
With iron & brass Building Golgonooza in great contendings  
Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces  
At the sublime Labours for Los. compelld the invisible Spectre

To labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains,  
In pulsations of time, & extensions of space, like Urns of Beulah  
With great labour upon his anvils, & in his ladles the Ore  
He lifted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art;  
Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems;  
That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead,  
He might feel the pain as if a man gnawd his own tender nerves.

Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah  
Came from the Furnaces, by Los's mighty power for Jerusalems  
Sake: walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin:  
And the Sons and Daughters of Los came forth in perfection lovely!  
And the Spaces of Erin reach'd from the starry heighth, to the starry depth.

Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together!  
They feard they never more should see their Father, who  
Was built in from Eternity, in the Cliffs of Albion.

But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace;  
Again they lament. O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem?  
To protect the Emanations of Albions mighty ones from cruelty?  
Sabrina & Ignoge begin to sharpen their beamy spears

Of light and love: their little children stand with arrows of gold:  
Ragan is wholly cruel Scofield is bound in iron armour!  
He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reubens gate:  
He shoots beneath Jerusalems walls to undermine her foundations!  
Vala is but they Shadow, O thou loveliest among women!  
A shadow animated by thy tears O mournful Jerusalem!

Why wilt thou give to her a Body whose life is but a Shade?.  
Her joy and love, a shade: a shade of sweet repose:  
But animated and vegetated, she is a devouring worm:  
What shall we do for thee O lovely mild Jerusalem?

And Los said. I behold the finger of God in terrors!  
Albion is dead! his Emanation is divided from him!  
But I am living! yet I feel my Emanation also dividing  
Such thing was never known! O pity me, thou all-piteous-one!  
What shall I do! or how exist, divided from Enitharmon?  
Yet why despair! I saw the finger of God go forth  
Upon my Furnaces, from within the Wheels of Albions Sons:  
Fixing their Systems, permanent: by mathematic power  
Giving a body to Falshood that it may be cast off for ever.  
With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow!  
God is within, & without! he is even in the depths of Hell!

Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces!

And they appeard within & without incircling on both sides  
The Starry Wheels of Albions Sons, with Spaces for Jerusalem:  
And for Vala the shadow of Jerusalem: the ever mourning shade:  
On both sides, within & without beaming gloriously!

Terrified at the sublime Wonder, Los stood before his Furnaces.  
And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erins Spaces  
For the Spaces reachd fro the starry heighth, to the starry depth;  
And they builded Golgonooza: terrible eternal labour!

What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place  
Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburns fatal Tree? is that  
Mild Zions hills most ancient promontory; near mournful  
Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha?  
Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!  
The stones are pity, and the bricks, well wrought affections:  
Enameld with love & kindness, & the tiles engraven gold  
Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are forgiveness:  
The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails,  
And the screws & iron braces, are well wrought blandishments,  
And well contrived words, firm fixing, never forgotten,  
Always comforting the remembrance: the floors, humility,  
The cielings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving:  
Prepare the furniture O Lambeth in thy pitying looms!

The curtains, woven tears & sighs, wrought into lovely forms  
For comfort. there the secret furniture of Jerusalems chamber  
Is wrought: Lambeth! the Bride the Lambs Wife loveth thee:  
Thou art one with her & knowest not of self in thy supreme joy.

Go on, builders in hope: tho Jerusalem wanders far away,  
Without the gate of Los: among the dark Satanic wheels.

Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions: and fourfold,  
The great City of Golgonooza: fourfold toward the north  
And toward the south fourfold, & fourfold toward the east & west  
Each within other toward the four points: that toward  
Eden, and that toward the World of Generation,  
And that toward Beulah, and that toward Ulro:  
Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albions sons:  
But that toward Eden is walled up, till time of renovation:  
Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments & perfection.

And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity  
West, the Circumference: South, the Zenith: North,  
The Nadir: East, the Center, unapproachable for ever.  
These are the four Faces towards the Four Worlds of Humanity  
In every Man. Ezekiel saw them by Chebars flood.  
And the Eyes are the South, and the Nostrils are the East.  
And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.

And the North Gate of Golgonooza toward Generation;  
Has four sculpturd Bulls terrible before the Gate of iron.  
And iron, the Bulls: and that which looks toward Ulro,  
Clay bak'd & enamel'd, eternal glowing as four furnaces:  
Turning upon the Wheels of Albions sons with enormous power.  
And that toward Beulah four, gold, silver, brass, & iron:

And that toward Eden, four, form'd of gold, silver, brass, & iron.

The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible, living!  
That toward Generation, four, of iron carv'd wondrous:  
That toward Ulro, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship  
That toward Eden, four; immortal gold, silver, brass & iron.

The Western Gate fourfold, is closd: having four Cherubim  
Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task!  
Like Men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings  
That towards Generation, iron; that toward Beulah, stone;  
That toward Ulro, clay: that toward Eden, metals.  
But all clos'd up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their dead

The Eastern Gate, fourfold: terrible & deadly its ornaments:  
Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albions sons; as cogs  
Are formd in a wheel, to fit the cogs of the adverse wheel.

That toward Eden, eternal ice, frozen in seven folds  
Of forms of death: and that toward Beulah, stone:  
The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible.

And that toward Ulro, forms of war: seven enormities:  
And that toward Generation, seven generative forms.

And every part of the City is fourfold; & every inhabitant, fourfold.  
And every pot & vessel & garment & utensil of the houses,  
And every house, fourfold; but the third Gate in every one  
Is closed as with a threefold curtain of ivory & fine linen & ermine.  
And Luban stands in middle of the City. a moat of fire,  
Surrounds Luban, Los's Palace & the golden Looms of Cathedral.

And sixty-four thousand Genii, guard the Eastern Gate:  
And sixty-four thousand Gnomes, guard the Northern Gate:  
And sixty-four thousand Nymphs, guard the Western Gate:  
And sixty-four thousand Fairies, guard the Southern Gate:

Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal; a Land  
Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy:  
In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, numbered from Adam to Luther;  
From the blue Mundane Shell, reaching to the Vegetative Earth.

The Vegetative Universe, opens like a flower from the Earth's center:  
In which is Eternity. It expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell  
And there it meets Eternity again, both within and without,  
And the abstract Voids between the Stars are the Satanic Wheels.

There is the Cave; the Rock; the Tree; the Lake of Udan Adan;  
The Forest, and the Marsh, and the Pits of bitumen deadly:  
The Rocks of solid fire: the Ice valleys: the Plains  
Of burning sand: the rivers, cataract & Lakes of Fire:  
The Islands of the fiery Lakes: the Trees of Malice: Revenge:  
And black Anxiety; and the Cities of the Salamandrine men:  
(But whatever is visible to the Generated Man,  
Is a Creation of mercy & love, from the Satanic Void.)  
The land of darkness flamed but no light, & no repose:  
The land of snows of trembling, & of iron hail incessant:  
The land of earthquakes: and the land of woven labyrinths:  
The land of snares & traps & wheels & pit-falls & dire mills:  
The Voids, the Solids, & the land of clouds & regions of waters:  
With their inhabitants: in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah:  
Self-righteousnesses conglomerating against the Divine Vision:  
A Concave Earth wondrous, Chasmal, Abyssal, Incoherent!  
Forming the Mundane Shell: above; beneath: on all sides surrounding  
Golgonooza: Los walks round the walls night and day.

He views the City of Golgonooza, & its smaller Cities:

The Looms & Mills & Prisons & Work-houses of Og & Anak:  
The Amalekite: the Canaanite: the Moabite: the Egyptian:  
And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years:  
Permanent, & not lost nor vanished, & every little act,

Word, work, & wish, that has existed, all remaining still  
In those Churches ever consuming & ever building by the Spectres  
Of all the inhabitants of Earth wailing to be Created:  
Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, meer possibilities:  
But to those who enter into them they seem the only substances  
For every thing exists & not one sigh nor smile nor tear,

One hair nor particle of dust, not one can pass away.

He views the Cherub at the Tree of Life, also the Serpent,  
Orc the first born coiled in the south: the Dragon Urizen:  
Tharmas the Vegetated Tongue even the Devouring Tongue:  
A threefold region, a false brain: a false heart:  
And false bowels: altogether composing the False Tongue,  
Beneath Beulah: as a watry flame revolving every way  
And as dark roots and stems: a Forest of affliction, growing  
In seas of sorrow. Los also views the Four Females:  
Ahaniah, and Enion, and Vala, and Enitharmon lovely.  
And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion,  
Ahaniah & Enion & Vala, are three evanescent shades:  
Enitharmon is a vegetated mortal Wife of Los:  
His Emanation, yet his Wife till the sleep of death is past.

Such are the Buildings of Los! & such are the Woofs of Enitharmon!

And Los beheld his Sons, and he beheld his Daughters:  
Every one a translucent Wonder: a Universe within,  
Increasing inwards, into length and breadth, and height:  
Starry & glorious: and they every one in their bright loins:  
Have a beautiful golden gate which opens into the vegetative world:  
And every one a gate of rubies & all sorts of precious stones  
In their translucent hearts, which opens into the vegetative world:  
And every one a gate of iron dreadful and wonderful,  
In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world  
And every one has the three regions Childhood: Manhood: & Age:  
But the gate of the tongue: the western gate in them is closed,  
Having a wall builded against it: and thereby the gates  
Eastward & Southward & Northward, are incircled with flaming fires.  
And the North is Breadth, the South is Height & Depth:  
The East is Inwards: & the West is Outwards every way.

And Los beheld the mild Emanation Jerusalem eastward bending  
Her revolutions toward the Starry Wheels in maternal anguish  
Like a pale cloud arising from the arms of Beulahs Daughters:  
In Entuthon Benythons deep Vales beneath Golgonooza.

And Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre  
Of strong revenge & Skofeld Vegetated by Reubens Gate

In every Nation of the Earth till the Twelve Sons of Albion  
Enrooted into every Nation: a mighty Polypus growing  
From Albion over the whole Earth: such is my awful Vision.

I see the Four-fold Man. The Humanity in deadly sleep  
And its fallen Emanation. The Spectre & its cruel Shadow.  
I see the Past, Present & Future, existing all at once  
Before me; O Divine Spirit sustain me on thy wings!  
That I may awake Albion from his long & cold repose.  
For Bacon & Newton sheathd in dismal steel, their terrors hang  
Like iron scourges over Albion, Reasonings like vast Serpents  
Infold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations

I turn my eyes to the Schools & Universities of Europe  
And there behold the Loom of Locke whose Woof rages dire  
Washd by the Water-wheels of Newton. black the cloth  
In heavy wreathes folds over every Nation; cruel Works  
Of many Wheels I view, wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic  
Moving by compulsion each other: not as those in Eden: which  
Wheel within Wheel in freedom revolve in harmony & peace.

I see in deadly fear in London Los raging round his Anvil  
Of death: forming an Ax of gold: the Four Sons of Los  
Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albions hills  
That Albions Sons may roll apart over the Nations  
While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite  
From the Limit Noah to the Limit Abram in whose Loins  
Reuben in his Twelve-fold majesty & beauty shall take refuge  
As Abraham flees from Chaldea shaking his goary locks  
But first Albion must sleep, divided from the Nations

I see Albion sitting upon his Rock in the first Winter  
And thence I see the Chaos of Satan & the World of Adam  
When the Divine Hand went forth on Albion in the mid Winter  
And at the place of Death when Albion sat in Eternal Death  
Among the Furnaces of Los in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom

Hampstead Highgate Finchley Hendon Muswell hill: rage loud  
Before Bromions iron Tongs & glowing Poker reddening fierce  
Hertfordshire glows with fierce Vegetation! in the Forests  
The Oak frowns terrible, the Beech & Ash & Elm enroot  
Among the Spiritual fires; loud the Corn fields thunder along  
The Soldiers fife; the Harlots shriek; the Virgins dismal groan  
The Parents fear: the Brothers jealousy: the Sisters curse  
Beneath the Storms of Theotormon & the thundring Bellows  
Heaves in the hand of Palamabron who in Londons darkness

Before the Anvil, watches the bellowing flames: thundering  
The Hammer loud rages in Rintrahs strong grasp swinging loud

Round from heaven to earth down falling with heavy blow  
Dead on the Anvil, where the red hot wedge groans in pain  
He quenches it in the black trough of his Forge; Londons River  
Feeds the dread Forge, trembling & shuddering along the Valleys

Humber & Trent roll dreadful before the Seventh Furnace  
And Tweed & Tyne anxious give up their Souls for Albions sake  
Lincolnshire Derbyshire Nottinghamshire Leicestershire  
From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Adan  
Labour within the Furnaces, walking among the Fires  
With Ladles huge & iron Pokers over the Island white.

Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces  
Wales gives his Daughters to the Looms; England: nursing Mothers  
Gives to the Children of Albion & to the Children of Jerusalem  
From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation  
Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be deliverd.  
Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

Here Los fixd down the Fifty-two Counties of England & Wales  
The Thirty-six of Scotland, & the Thirty-four of Ireland  
With mighty power, when they fled out at Jerusalems Gates  
Away from the Conflict of Luvah & Urizen, fixing the Gates  
In the Twelve Counties of Wales & thence Gates looking every way  
To the Four Points: conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland  
And thence to all the Kingdoms & Nations & Families of the Earth  
The Gate of Reuben in Carmarthenshire: the Gate of Simeon in  
Cardiganshire: & the Gate of Levi in Montgomeryshire  
The Gate of Judah Merionethshire: the Gate of Dan Flintshire  
The Gate of Napthali, Radnorshire: the Gate of Gad Pembrokeshire  
The Gate of Asher, Carnarvonshire the Gate of Issachar Brecknokshire  
The Gate of Zebulun, in Anglesea & Sodor. so is Wales divided.  
The Gate of Joseph, Denbighshire: the Gate of Benjamin Glamorganshire  
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons

And the Forty Counties of England are thus divided in the Gates  
Of Reuben Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex. Simeon Lincoln, York Lancashire  
Levi. Middlesex Kent Surrey. Judah Somerset Gloucester Wiltshire.  
Dan. Cornwall Devon Dorset, Napthali, Warwick Leicester Worcester  
Gad. Oxford Bucks Harford. Asher, Sussex Hampshire Berkshire  
Issachar, Northampton Rutland Nottgham. Zebulun Bedford Huntgn Camb  
Joseph Stafford Shrops Heref. Benjamin, Derby Cheshire Monmouth  
And Cumberland Northumberland Westmoreland & Durham are  
Divided in the Gates of Reuben, Judah Dan & Joseph

And the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland, divided in the Gates  
Of Reuben Kincard Haddntn Forfar, Simeon Ayr Argyll Banff

Levi Edinburh Roxbro Ross. Judah, Abdeen Berwik Dumfries  
Dan Bute Caitnes Clakmanan. Napthali Nairn Invernes Linlithgo  
Gad Peebles Perth Renfru. Asher Sutherlan Sterling Wigtoun  
Issachar Selkirk Dumbartn Glasgo. Zebulun Orkney Shetland Skye  
Joseph Elgin Lanerk Kinros. Benjamin Kromarty Murra Kirkubriht  
Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances  
In Enitharmons Halls builded by Los & his mighty Children

All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of  
Los's Halls & every Age renews its powers from these Works  
With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or  
Wayward Love & every sorrow & distress is carved here  
Every Affinity of Parents Marriages & Friendships are here  
In all their various combinations wrought with wondrous Art  
All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage of seventy years  
Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb & Sinai:  
And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet & Calvary:

His Spectre divides & Los in fury compells it to divide:  
To labour in the fire, in the water, in the earth, in the air,  
To follow the Daughters of Albion as the hound follows the scent  
Of the wild inhabitant of the forest, to drive them from his own:  
To make a way for the Children of Los to come from the Furnaces  
But Los himself against Albions Sons his fury bends, for he  
Dare not approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed  
In the fires of their beauty & perfection & be Vegetated beneath  
Their Looms, in a Generation of death & resurrection to forgetfulness  
They wooe Los continually to subdue his strength: he continually  
Shews them his Spectre: sending him abroad over the four points of heaven  
In the fierce desires of beauty & in the tortures of repulse! He is  
The Spectre of the Living pursuing the Emanations of the Dead.  
Shuddring they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity:  
Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by undisguisd desire.

For Los said: Tho my Spectre is divided: as I am a Living Man  
I must compell him to obey me wholly: that Enitharmon may not  
Be lost: & lest he should devour Enitharmon: Ah me!  
Piteous image of my soft desires & loves: O Enitharmon!  
I will compell my Spectre to obey: I will restore to thee thy Children.  
No one bruises or starves himself to make himself fit for labour!

Tormented with sweet desire for these beauties of Albion  
They would never love my power if they did not seek to destroy  
Enitharmon: Vala would never have sought & loved Albion  
If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem; such is that false  
And Generating Love: a pretence of love to destroy love:

Cruel hipocrisy unlike the lovely delusions of Beulah:  
And cruel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulahs Night

They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken & die  
Calling that Holy Love: which is Envy Revenge & Cruelty  
Which separated the stars from the mountains: the mountains from Man  
And left Man, a little grovelling Root, outside of Himself.  
Negations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist:  
But Negations Exist Not: Exceptions & Objections & Unbeliefs  
Exist not: nor shall they ever be Organized for ever & ever:  
If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation: a meer  
Reasoning & Derogation from Me, an Objecting & cruel Spite  
And Malice & Envy: but my Emanation, Alas! will become  
My Contrary: O thou Negation, I will continually compell  
Thee to be invisible to any but whom I please, & when  
And where & how I please, and never! never! shalt thou be Organized  
But as a distorted & reversed Reflexion in the Darkness  
And in the Non Entity: nor shall that which is above  
Ever descend into thee: but thou shalt be a Non Entity for ever  
And if any enter into thee, thou shalt be an Unquenchable Fire  
And he shall be a never dying Worm, mutually tormented by  
Those that thou tormentest, a Hell & Despair for ever & ever.

So Los in secret with himself communed & Enitharmon heard  
In her darkness & was comforted: yet still she divided away  
In gnawing pain from Los's bosom in the deadly Night;  
First as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his bosom[.]  
Suspended over her he hung: he infolded her in his garments  
Of wool: he hid her from the Spectre, in shame & confusion of  
Face; in terrors & pains of Hell & Eternal Death, the  
Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living & Los howld over it:  
Feeding it with his groans & tears day & night without ceasing:  
And the Spectrous Darkness from his back divided in temptations,  
And in grinding agonies in threats! stiflings! & direful strugglings.

Go thou to Skofield: ask him if he is Bath or if he is Canterbury  
Tell him to be no more dubious: demand explicit words  
Tell him: I will dash him into shivers, where & at what time  
I please: tell Hand & Skofield they are my ministers of evil  
To those I hate: for I can hate also as well as they!

From every-one of the Four Regions of Human Majesty,  
There is an Outside spread Without, & an Outside spread Within  
Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways, which meet in One:  
An orb'd Void of doubt, despair, hunger, & thirst & sorrow.  
Here the Twelve Sons of Albion, join'd in dark Assembly,

Jealous of Jerusalems children, asham'd of her little-ones  
(For Vala produc'd the Bodies. Jerusalem gave the Souls)  
Became as Three Immense Wheels, turning upon one-another  
Into Non-Entity, and their thunders hoarse appall the Dead  
To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead

Cast! Cast ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusions!  
The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness  
Our Father Albions sin and shame! But father now no more!  
Nor sons! nor hateful peace & love, nor soft complacencies  
With transgressors meeting in brotherhood around the table,  
Or in the porch or garden. No more the sinful delights  
Of age and youth and boy and girl and animal and herb,  
And river and mountain, and city & village, and house & family.  
Beneath the Oak & Palm, beneath the Vine and Fig-tree.  
In self-denial!--But War and deadly contention, Between  
Father and Son, and light and love! All bold asperities  
Of Haters met in deadly strife, rending the house & garden  
The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds  
And chambers of trembling & suspicion, hatreds of age & youth  
And boy & girl, & animal & herb, & river & mountain  
And city & village, and house & family. That the Perfect,  
May live in glory, redeem'd by Sacrifice of the Lamb  
And of his children, before sinful Jerusalem. To build  
Babylon the City of Vala, the Goddess Virgin-Mother.  
She is our Mother! Nature! Jerusalem is our Harlot-Sister  
Return'd with Children of pollution, to defile our House,  
With Sin and Shame. Cast! Cast her into the Potters field.  
Her little-ones, She must slay upon our Altars: and her aged  
Parents must be carried into captivity, to redeem her Soul  
To be for a Shame & a Curse, and to be our Slaves for ever

So cry Hand & Hyle the eldest of the fathers of Albions  
Little-ones; to destroy the Divine Saviour; the Friend of Sinners,  
Building Castles in desolated places, and strong Fortifications.  
Soon Hand mightily devour'd & absorb'd Albions Twelve Sons.  
Out from his bosom a mighty Polypus, vegetating in darkness,  
And Hyle & Coban were his two chosen ones, for Emissaries  
In War: forth from his bosom they went and return'd.  
Like Wheels from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep.  
Hoarse turn'd the Starry Wheels, rending a way in Albions Loins  
Beyond the Night of Beulah. In a dark & unknown Night,  
Outstretch'd his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears:

His Children exil'd from his breast pass to and fro before him  
His birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches

His tents are fall'n! his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp  
Are silent on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms & fire.  
His milk of Cows, & honey of Bees, & fruit of golden harvest,  
Is gather'd in the scorching heat, & in the driving rain:  
Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain:  
His giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust:  
Till from within his witherd breast grown narrow with his woes:  
The corn is turn'd to thistles & the apples into poison:

The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans!  
The voices of children in his tents, to cries of helpless infants!  
And self-exiled from the face of light & shine of morning,  
In the dark world a narrow house! he wanders up and down,  
Seeking for rest and finding none! and hidden far within,  
His Eon weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

All his Affections now appear withoutside: all his Sons,  
Hand, Hyle & Coban, Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton,  
Scofeld, Kox, Kotope & Bowen; his Twelve Sons: Satanic Mill!  
Who are the Spectres of the Twentyfour, each Double-form'd:  
Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain: beneath  
The dark incessant sky, seeking for rest and finding none:  
Raging against their Human natures, ravning to gormandize  
The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentyfour.  
Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence  
Suspition & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul  
Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud[.]  
Willing the Friends endur'd, for Albions sake, and for  
Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom;  
Which hardend against them more and more; as he builded onwards  
On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that roll'd  
Before his awful feet, in pride of virtue for victory:  
And Los was roofd in from Eternity in Albions Cliffs  
Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all  
Appear'd a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albions Circumference was clos'd: his Center began darkning  
Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose  
Clouded with storms: Los his strong Guard walkd round beneath the Moon  
And Albion flee inward among the currents of his rivers.

He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City soft repos'd  
In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala  
The Lilly of Havilah: and they sang soft thro' Lambeths vales,  
In a sweet moony night & silence that they had created  
With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moon,  
Dividing & uniting into many female forms: Jerusalem

Trembling! then in one comingling in eternal tears,  
Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.

But when they saw Albion fall'n upon mild Lambeths vale:  
Astonish'd! Terrified! they hover'd over his Giant limbs.  
Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears:  
Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair.

Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life  
And clos'd up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence:  
Where we live, forgetting error, not pondering on evil:

Among my lambs & brooks of water, among my warbling birds:  
Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb:  
Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection.

Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil.

When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls:  
Upon the ways of men hiding the paths of man and beast,  
Then mourns the wanderer: then he repents his wanderings & eyes  
The distant forest; then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone.  
The captive in the mill of the stranger, sold for scanty hire.  
They view their former life: they number moments over and over;  
Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.  
Thou art my sister and my daughter! thy shame is mine also!  
Ask me not of my griefs! thou knowest all my griefs.

Jerusalem answer'd with soft tears over the valleys.

O Vala what is Sin? that thou shudderest and weepst  
At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem! What is Sin but a little  
Error & fault that is soon forgiven; but mercy is not a Sin  
Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness! O! if I have Sinned  
Forgive & pity me! O! unfold thy Veil in mercy & love!  
Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon  
Slay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab  
I cannot put off the human form I strive but strive in vain  
When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine;  
Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands  
Of love; thou refusedst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty  
Beautiful thro' our Love's comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.  
The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion,  
Because it inclosed pity & love; because we lov'd one-another!  
Albion lov'd thee! he rent thy Veil! he embrac'd thee! he lov'd thee!  
Astonish'd at his beauty & perfection, thou forgavest his furious love:  
I redounded from Albions bosom in my virgin loveliness.  
The Lamb of God reciev'd me in his arms he smil'd upon us:

He made me his Bride & Wife: he gave thee to Albion.  
Then was a time of love: O why is it passed away!

Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd

O Vala! O Jerusalem! do you delight in my groans  
You O lovely forms, you have prepared my death-cup:  
The disease of Shame covers me from head to feet: I have no hope  
Every boil upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin.  
Doubt first assaild me, then Shame took possession of me  
Shame divides Families. Shame hath divided Albion in sunder!  
First fled my Sons, & then my Daughters, then my Wild Animations  
My Cattle next, last ev'n the Dog of my Gate. the Forests fled

The Corn-fields, & the breathing Gardens outside separated  
The Sea; the Stars: the Sun: the Moon: drivn forth by my disease  
All is Eternal Death unless you can weave a chaste  
Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure!  
That the deep wound of Sin might be clos'd up with the Needle,  
And with the Loom: to cover Gwendolen & Ragan with costly Robes  
Of Natural Virtue, for their Spiritual forms without a Veil  
Wither in Luvahs Sepulcher. I thrust him from my presence  
And all my Children followd his loud howlings into the Deep.  
Jerusalem! dissembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom:  
I discover thy secret places: Cordella! I behold  
Thee whom I thought pure as the heavens in innocence & fear:  
Thy Tabernacle taken down, thy secret Cherubim disclosed  
Art thou broken? Ah me Sabrina, running by my side:  
In childhood what wert thou? unutterable anguish! Conwenna  
Thy cradled infancy is most piteous. O hide, O hide!  
Their secret gardens were made paths to the traveller:  
I knew not of their secret loves with those I hated most,  
Nor that their every thought was Sin & secret appetite  
Hyle sees in fear, he howls in fury over them, Hand sees  
In jealous fear: in stern accusation with cruel stripes  
He drives them thro' the Streets of Babylon before my face:  
Because they taught Luvah to rise into my clouded heavens  
Battersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen!  
Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild & Ignoge!  
Because the Peak, Malvern & Cheviot Reason in Cruelty  
Penmaenmawr & Dhinas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelief  
Manchester & Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt & Despair  
Malden & Colchester Demonstrate: I hear my Childrens voices  
I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds  
From Lincoln & Norwich, from Edinburgh & Monmouth:  
I see them distant from my bosom scoured along the roads  
Then lost in clouds; I hear their tender voices! clouds divide

I see them die beneth the whips of the Captains! they are taken  
In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the bredths of Europe  
Six months they lie embalmd in Silent death: warshipped  
Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring  
Bursting their Arks they rise again to life: they play before  
The Armies: I hear their loud cymbals & their deadly cries  
Are the Dead cruel? are those who are infolded in moral Law  
Revengeful? O that Death & Annihilation were the same!  
Then Vala answerd spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion

Albion thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surrounded me  
Thy Sons have naild me on the Gates piercing my hands & feet:  
Till Skofields Nimrod the mighty Huntsman Jehovah came,  
With Cush his Son & took me down. He in a golden Ark,  
Bears me before his Armies tho my shadow hovers here  
The flesh of multitudes fed & nouris[h]d me in my childhood

My morn & evening food were prepar'd in Battles of Men  
Great is the cry of the Hounds of Nimrod along the Valley  
Of Vision, they scent the odor of War in the Valley of Vision.  
All Love is lost! terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love  
And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty  
Once thou wast to me the loveliest Son of heaven; but now  
Where shall I hide from thy dread countenance & searching eyes  
I have looked into the secret Soul of him I loved  
And in the dark recesses found Sin & can never return.

Albion again utter'd his voice beneath the silent Moon

I brought Love into light of day to pride in chaste beauty  
I brought Love into light & fancied Innocence is no more

Then spoke Jerusalem O Albion! my Father Albion  
Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my Soul  
Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of flax to dry?  
The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy  
Horrible hast & deadly! nought shalt thou find in it  
But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy!

Then Albion turn'd his face toward Jerusalem & spoke

Hide thou Jerusalem in impalpable voidness, not to be  
Touch'd by the hand nor seen with the eye: O Jerusalem  
Would thou wert not & that thy place might never be found  
But come O Vala with knife & cup: drain my blood  
To the last drop! then hide me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle

For I see Luvah whom I slew. I behold him in my Spectre  
As I behold Jerusalem in thee O Vala dark and cold

Jerusalem then stretch'd her hand toward the Moon & spoke

Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War  
When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim

Loud groan'd Albion from mountain to mountain & replied

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion!  
Daughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albions curse!  
I came here with intention to annihilate thee! But  
My soul is melted away, inwoven within the Veil  
Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee  
Pitying rent in ancient times. I see it whole and more  
Perfect, and shining with beauty! But thou! O wretched Father!

Jerusalem reply'd, like a voice heard from a sepulcher:  
Father! once piteous! Is Pity. a Sin? Embalm'd in Vala's bosom

In an Eternal Death for Albions sake, our best beloved.  
Thou art my Father & my Brother: Why hast thou hidden me,  
Remote from the divine Vision: my Lord and Saviour.

Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair:  
He felt that Love and Pity are the same; a soft repose!  
Inward complacency of Soul: a Self-annihilation!

I have erred! I am ashamed! and will never return more:  
I have taught my children sacrifices of cruelty: what shall I answer?  
I will hide it from Eternals! I will give myself for my Children!  
Which way soever I turn, I behold Humanity and Pity!

He recoil'd: he rush'd outwards; he bore the Veil whole away  
His fires redound from his Dragon Altars in Errors returning.  
He drew the Veil of Moral Virtue, woven for Cruel Laws,  
And cast it into the Atlantic Deep, to catch the Souls of the Dead.  
He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping  
Which stand upon the edge of Beulah; and there Albion sunk  
Down in sick pallid languor! These were his last words, relapsing!  
Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales  
And Scotland, utter'd from the Circumference into Eternity.

Blasphemous Sons of Feminine delusion! God in the dreary Void  
Dwells from Eternity, wide separated from the Human Soul  
But thou deluding Image by whom imbu'd the Veil I rent  
Lo here is Valas Veil whole, for a Law, a Terror & a Curse!  
And therefore God takes vengeance on me: from my clay-cold bosom  
My children wander trembling victims of his Moral Justice.

His snows fall on me and cover me, while in the Veil I fold  
My dying limbs. Therefore O Manhood, if thou art aught  
But a meer Phantasy, hear dying Albions Curse!  
May God who dwells in this dark Ulro & voidness, vengeance take,  
And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture,  
Like me thy Victim. O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

What have I said? What have I done? O all-powerful Human Words!  
You recoil back upon me in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children.  
Two bleeding Contraries equally true, are his Witnesses against me  
We reared mighty Stones: we danced naked around them:  
Thinking to bring Love into light of day, to Jerusalems shame:  
Displaying our Giant limbs to all the winds of heaven! Sudden  
Shame siezd us, we could not look on one-another for abhorrence: the Blue  
Of our immortal Veins & all their Hosts fled from our Limbs,  
And wanderd distant in a dismal Night clouded & dark:  
The Sun fled from the Britons forehead: the Moon from his mighty loins:  
Scandinavia fled with all his mountains filld with groans.

O what is Life & what is Man. O what is Death? Wherefore

Are you my Children, natives in the Grave to where I go  
Or are you born to feed the hungry ravens of Destruction  
To be the sport of Accident! to waste in Wrath & Love, a weary  
Life, in brooding cares & anxious labours, that prove but chaff.  
O Jerusalem Jerusalem I have forsaken thy Courts  
Thy Pillars of ivory & gold: thy Curtains of silk & fine  
Linen: thy Pavements of precious stones: thy Walls of pearl  
And gold, thy Gates of Thanksgiving thy Windows of Praise:  
Thy Clouds of Blessing; thy Cherubims of Tender-mercy  
Stretching their Wings sublime over the Little-ones of Albion  
O Human Imagination O Divine Body I have Crucified  
I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law:  
There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation.  
O Babylon thy Watchman stands over thee in the night  
Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee O Babylon  
With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy hearts desire.  
But Albion is cast forth to the Potter his Children to the Builders  
To build Babylon because they have forsaken Jerusalem  
The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men: her Gates the Groans  
Of Nations: her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families.  
Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with Death  
Her Palaces with Hell & the Grave; her Synagogues with Torments  
Of ever-hardening Despair squard & polishd with cruel skill

Yet thou wast lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills  
When Jerusalem was thy hearts desire in times of youth & love.  
Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts, she sent them away  
With blessings on their hands & on their feet, blessings of gold,  
And pearl & diamond: thy Daughters sang in her Courts:  
They came up to Jerusalem; they walked before Albion  
In the Exchanges of London every Nation walkd  
And London walkd in every Nation mutual in love & harmony  
Albion coverd the whole Earth, England encompassd the Nations,  
Mutual each within others bosom in Visions of Regeneration;  
Jerusalem coverd the Atlantic Mountains & the Erythrean,  
From bright Japan & China to Hesperia France & England.  
Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven:  
And the Mount of Olives was beheld over the whole Earth:  
The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there: but now no more  
No more shall I behold him, he is closd in Luvahs Sepulcher.  
Yet why these smitings of Luvah, the gentlest mildest Zoa?  
If God was Merciful this could not be: O Lamb of God  
Thou art a delusion and Jerusalem is my Sin! O my Children  
I have educated you in the crucifying cruelties of Demonstration  
Till you have assum'd the Providence of God & slain your Father  
Dost thou appear before me who liest dead in Luvahs Sepulcher  
Dost thou forgive me! thou who wast Dead & art Alive?  
Look not so Merciful upon me O thou Slain Lamb of God  
I die! I die in thy arms tho Hope is banishd from me.

Thundring the Veil rushes from his hand Vegetating Knot by  
Knot, Day by Day, Night by Night; loud roll the indignant Atlantic  
Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deeps

And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah: all the Regions  
Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved: & they said:

Why did you take Vengeance O ye Sons of the mighty Albion?  
Planting these Oaken Groves: Erecting these Dragon Temples  
Injury the Lord heals but Vengeance cannot be healed:  
As the Sons of Albion have done to Luvah: so they have in him  
Done to the Divine Lord & Saviour, who suffers with those that suffer:  
For not one sparrow can suffer, & the whole Universe not suffer also,  
In all its Regions, & its Father & Saviour not pity and weep.  
But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace & Repentance in the bosom  
Of the Injurer: in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain:  
Descend O Lamb of God & take away the imputation of Sin  
By the Creation of States & the deliverance of Individuals Evermore Amen

Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion  
But many doubted & despaired & imputed Sin & Righteousness  
To Individuals & not to States, and these Slept in Ulro.

## To the Jews.

Jerusalem the Emanation of the Giant Albion! Can it be? Is it a Truth that the Learned have explored? Was Britain the Primitive Seat of the Patriarchal Religion? If it is true: my title-page is also True, that Jerusalem was & is the Emanation of the Giant Albion. It is True, and cannot be controverted. Ye are united O ye Inhabitants of Earth in One Religion. The Religion of Jesus: the most Ancient, the Eternal: & the Everlasting Gospel —The Wicked will turn it to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!

“All things Begin & End in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.”

Your Ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber, Shem, and Noah, who were Druids: as the Druid Temples (which are the Patriarchal Pillars & Oak Groves) over the whole Earth witness to this day.

You have a tradition, that Man anciently containd in his mighty limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you recieved from the Druids.

“But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion”

Albion was the Parent of the Druids; & in his Chaotic State of Sleep Satan & Adam & the whole World was Created by the Elohim.

The fields from Islington to Marybone,  
To Primrose Hill and Saint Johns Wood:  
Were builded over with pillars of gold,  
And there Jerusalems pillars stood.

Her Little-ones ran on the fields  
The Lamb of God among them seen  
And fair Jerusalem his Bride:  
Among the little meadows green.

Pancrass & Kentish-town repose  
Among her golden pillars high:  
Among her golden arches which  
Shine upon the starry sky.

The Jews-harp-house & the Green Man;  
The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight:  
The fields of Cows by Willans farm:  
Shine in Jerusalems pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green:  
The Lamb of God walks by her side:  
And every English Child is seen,  
Children of Jesus & his Bride,

Forgiving trespasses and sins  
Lest Babylon with cruel Og,

With Moral & Self-righteous Law  
Should Crucify in Satans Synagogue!

What are those golden Builders doing  
Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington  
Standing above that mighty Ruin  
Where Satan the first victory won.

Where Albion slept beneath the Fatal Tree  
And the Druids golden Knife,  
Rioted in human gore,  
In Offerings of Human Life

They groan'd aloud on London Stone  
They groand aloud on Tyburns Brook  
Albion gave his deadly groan,  
And all the Atlantic Mountains shook

Albions Spectre from his Loins  
Tore forth in all the pomp of War!  
Satan his name: in flames of fire  
He stretch'd his Druid Pillars far.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale,  
Down thro Poplar & Old Bow;  
Thro Malden & acros the Sea,  
In War & howling death & woe.

The Rhine was red with human blood:  
The Danube rolld a purple tide:  
On the Euphrates Satan stood:  
And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

He witherd up sweet Zions Hill,  
From every Nation of the Earth:  
He witherd up Jerusalems Gates,  
And in a dark Land gave her birth.

He witherd up the Human Form,  
By laws of sacrifice for sin:  
Till it became a Mortal Worm:  
But O! translucent all within.

The Divine Vision still was seen  
Still was the Human Form, Divine  
Weeping in weak & mortal clay  
O Jesus still the Form was thine.

And thine the Human Face & thine  
The Human Hands & Feet & Breath

Entering thro' the Gates of Birth  
And passing thro' the Gates of Death

And O thou Lamb of God, whom I  
Slew in my dark self-righteous pride:  
Art thou return'd to Albions Land!  
And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

Come to my arms & never more  
Depart; but dwell for ever here:  
Create my Spirit to thy Love:  
Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear,

Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend!  
In clouds of blood & ruin roll'd:  
I here reclaim thee as my own  
My Selfhood! Satan! armd in gold.

Is this thy soft Family-Love  
Thy cruel Patriarchal pride  
Planting thy Family alone  
Destroying all the World beside.

A mans worst enemies are those  
Of his own house & family;  
And he who makes his law a curse,  
By his own law shall surely die.

In my Exchanges every Land  
Shall walk, & mine in every Land,  
Mutual shall build Jerusalem:  
Both heart in heart & hand in hand.

If Humility is Christianity; you O Jews are the true Christians; If your tradition that Man contained in his Limbs, all Animals, is True & they were separated from him by cruel Sacrifices: and when compulsory cruel Sacrifices had brought Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle, in the loins of Abraham & David: the Lamb of God, the Saviour became apparent on Earth as the Prophets had foretold? The Return of Israel is a Return to Mental Sacrifice & War. Take up the Cross O Israel & follow Jesus.

## *Jerusalem*

Chap: 2.

Every ornament of perfection, and every labour of love,  
In all the Garden of Eden, & in all the golden mountains  
Was become an envied horror, and a remembrance of jealousy:  
And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher & judge.

And Albion spoke from his secret seat and said

All these ornaments are crimes, they are made by the labours  
Of loves: of unnatural consanguinities and friendships  
Horrid to think of when enquired deeply into; and all  
These hills & valleys are accursed witnesses of Sin  
I therefore condense them into solid rocks, stedfast!  
A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth:  
That Man be separate from Man, & here I plant my seat.

Cold snows drifted around him: ice covered his loins around  
He sat by Tyburns brook, and underneath his heel, shot up!  
A deadly Tree, he nam'd it Moral Virtue, and the Law  
Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.

The Tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion groand)  
They bent don, they felt the earth and again enrooting  
Shot into many a Tree! an endless labyrinth of woe!

From willing sacrifice of Self, to sacrifice of (miscall'd) Enemies  
For Atonement: Albion began to erect twelve Altars,  
Of rough unhewn rocks, before the Potters Furnace  
He nam'd them Justice, and Truth. And Albions Sons  
Must have become the first Victims, being the first transgressors  
But they fled to the mountains to seek ransom: building A Strong  
Fortification against the Divine Humanity and Mercy,  
In Shame & Jealousy to annihilate Jerusalem!

Turning his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous  
Chaos before his face appeard: an Unformed Memory.

Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion darkning cold  
From the back & loins where dwell the Spectrous Dead

I am your Rational Power O Albion & that Human Form  
You call Divine, is but a Worm seventy inches long  
That creeps forth in a night & is dried in the morning sun  
In fortuitous concourse of memorys accumulated & lost  
It plows the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelms the Hills  
Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone of the brook  
Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills & rivers[.]

Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble  
Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over[.]  
The ancient Cities of the Earth remove as a traveller  
And shall Albions Cities remain when I pass over them  
With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the tablet

So spoke the Spectre to Albion. he is the Great Selfhood  
Satan: Worshipd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth  
Having a white Dot calld a Center from which branches out  
A Circle in continual gyrations. this became a Heart  
From which sprang numerous branches varying their motions  
Producing many Heads three or seven or ten, & hands & feet  
Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator  
Who becomes his food[:.] such is the way of the Devouring Power

And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos[.]  
Albions Emanation which he had hidden in Jealousy  
Appeard now in the frowning Chaos prolific upon the Chaos  
Reflecting back to Albion in Sexual Reasoning Hermaphroditic

Albion spoke. Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp  
Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn ripeness  
I never saw thee till this time, nor beheld life abstracted  
Nor darkness immingled with light on my furrowd field  
Whence camest thou! who art thou O loveliest? the Divine Vision  
Is as nothing before thee, faded is all life and joy

Vala replied in clouds of tears Albions garment embracing

I was a City & a Temple built by Albions Children.  
I was a Garden planted with beauty I allured on hill & valley  
The River of Life to flow against my walls & among my trees  
Vala was Albions Bride & Wife in great Eternity  
The loveliest of the daughters of Eternity when in day-break

I emanated from Luvah over the Towers of Jerusalem  
And in her Courts among her little Children offering up  
The Sacrifice of fanatic love! why loved I Jerusalem!  
Why was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus  
Wherefore did I loving create love, which never yet  
Immingled God & Man, when thou & I, hid the Divine Vision  
In cloud of secret gloom which behold involve me round about  
Know me now Albion: look upon me I alone am Beauty  
The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala  
I breathe him forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave  
Born of the Woman to obey the Woman O Albion the mighty  
For the Divine appearance is Brotherhood, but I am Love

Elevate into the Region of Brotherhood with my red fires

Art thou Vala? replied Albion, image of my repose  
O how I tremble! how my members pour down milky fear!  
A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone!  
At thy word & at thy look death enrobes me about  
From head to feet, a garment of death & eternal fear  
Is not that Sun thy husband & that Moon thy glimmering Veil?  
Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children! art thou not Babylon?  
Art thou Nature Mother of all! is Jerusalem thy Daughter  
Why have thou elevate inward: O dweller of outward chambers  
From grot & cave beneath the Moon dim region of death  
Where I laid my Plow in the hot noon, where my hot team fed  
Where implements of War are forged, the Plow to go over the Nations  
In pain girding me round like a rib of iron in heaven! O Vala  
In Eternity they neither marry nor are given in marriage  
Albion the high Cliff of the Atlantic is become a barren Land

Los stood at his Anvil: he heard the contentions of Vala--  
He heaved his thundring Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex  
He opened his Furnaces before Vala, then Albion frowned in anger  
On his Rock: ere yet the Starry Heavens were fled away  
From his awful Members, and thus Los cried aloud  
To the Sons of Albion & to Hand the eldest Son of Albion

I hear the screech of Childbirth loud pealing, & the groans  
Of Death, in Albions clouds dreadful uttered over all the Earth  
What may Man be? who can tell! but what may Woman be?  
To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.  
There is a Throne in every Man, it is the Throne of God  
This Woman has claimed as her own & Man is no more!  
Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala & her Temple  
And not the Tabernacle & Temple of the Most High  
O Albion why wilt thou Create a Female Will?

To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert, even  
In the shadows of a Woman & a secluded Holy Place  
That we may pry after him as after a stolen treasure  
Hidden among the Dead & mured up from the paths of life  
Hand! art thou not Reuben enrooting thyself into Bashan  
Till thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void! O Merlin!  
Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came  
Is this the Female Will O ye lovely Daughters of Albion. To  
Converse concerning Weight & Distance in the Wilds of Newton & Locke

So Los spoke standing on Mam-Tor looking over Europe & Asia  
The Graves thunder beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan

Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead in the valley  
Cut off from Albions mountains & from all the Earths summits  
Between Succoth & Zaretan beside the Stone of Bohan

While the Daughters of Albion divided Luvah into three Bodies  
Los bended his Nostrils down to the Earth, then sent him over  
Jordan to the Land of the Hittite: every-one that saw him  
Fled! they fled at his horrible Form: they hid in caves  
And dens, they looked on one-another & became what they beheld

Reuben return'd to Bashan, in despair he slept on the Stone.  
Then Gwendolen divided into Rahab & Tirza in Twelve Portions[.]  
Los rolled, his Eyes into two narrow circles, then sent him  
Over Jordan; all terrified fled: they became what they beheld.

If Perceptive Organs vary: Objects of Perception seem to vary:  
If the Perceptive Organs close: their Objects seem to close also:  
Consider this O mortal Man! O worm of sixty winters said Los  
Consider Sexual Organization & hide thee in the dust.

Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,  
In Albions bosom: for in every Human bosom those Limits stand.  
And the Divine voice came from the Furnaces, as multitudes without  
Number! the voices of the innumerable multitudes of Eternity.  
And the appearance of a Man was seen in the Furnaces;  
Saving those who have sinned from the punishment of the Law,  
(In pity of the punisher whose state is eternal death,)  
And keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love.

Albion goes to Eternal Death: In Me all Eternity.  
Must pass thro' condemnation, and awake beyond the Grave!  
No individual can keep these Laws, for they are death  
To every energy of man, and forbid the springs of life;  
Albion hath enterd the State Satan! Be permanent O State!  
And be thou for ever accursed! that Albion may arise again:

And be thou created into a State! I go forth to Create  
States: to deliver Individuals evermore! Amen.

So spoke the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity  
[*To Govern the Evil by Good: and States abolish Systems.*]

Reuben return'd to his place, in vain he sought beautiful Tirzah  
For his Eyelids were narrowd, & his Nostrils scented the ground  
And Sixty Winters Los raged in the Divisions of Reuben:  
Building the Moon of Ulro, plank by plank & rib by rib  
Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los folded his Tongue  
Between Lips of mire & clay, then sent him forth over Jordan  
In the love of Tirzah he said Doubt is my food day & night--  
All that beheld him fled howling and gnawed their tongues  
For pain: they became what they beheld[.] In reasonings Reuben returned  
To Heshbon. disconsolate he walkd thro Moab & he stood  
Before the Furnaces of Los in a horrible dreamful slumber,

On Mount Gilead looking toward Gilgal: and Los bended  
His Ear in a spiral circle outward; then sent him over Jordan.

The Seven Nations fled before him they became what they beheld  
Hand, Hyle & Coban fled: they became what they beheld  
Gwantock & Peachy hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon  
Brereton & Slade in Egypt. Hutton & Skofeld & Kox  
Fled over Chaldea in terror in pains in every nerve  
Kotope & Bowen became what they beheld, fleeing over the Earth  
And the Twelve Female Emanations fled with them agonizing.

Jerusalem trembled seeing her Children drivn by Los's Hammer  
In the visions of the dreams of Beulah on the edge of Non-Entity  
Hand stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reasoning Spectre  
Stands between the Vegetative Man & his Immortal Imagination

And the Four Zoa's clouded rage East & West & North & South  
They change their situations, in the Universal Man.  
Albion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face.  
And England who is Britannia divided into Jerusalem & Vala  
And Urizen assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South  
In his dark Spectre ravening from his open Sepulcher

And the Four Zoa's who are the Four Eternal Senses of Man  
Became Four Elements separating from the Limbs of Albion  
These are their names in the Vegetative Generation  
[*West Weighing East & North dividing Generation South bounding*]  
And Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length Breadth & Highth  
And they divided into Four ravening deathlike Forms  
Fairies & Genii & Nymphs & Gnomes of the Elements.  
These are States Permanently Fixed by the Divine Power

The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albions cliffy shore  
And the Sea poured in amain upon the Giants of Albion  
As Los bended the Senses of Reuben Reuben is Merlin  
Exploring the Three States of Ulro; Creation; Redemption. & Judgment

And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner

Have you known the judgment that is arisen among the  
Zoa's of Albion? where a Man dare hardly to embrace  
His own Wife, for the terrors of Chastity that they call  
By the name of Morality. their Daughters govern all  
I hidden deceit! they are Vegetable only fit for burning  
Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty displayd

Then those in Great Eternity who contemplate on Death  
Said thus. What seems to Be: Is: To those to whom  
It seems to Be, & is productive of the most dreadful  
Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be: even of

Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy  
Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus Amen  
And Length Breadth Height again Obey the Divine Vision Hallelujah

And One stood forth from the Divine Family & said

I feel my Spectre rising upon me! Albion! arouse thyself!  
Why dost thou thunder with frozen Spectrous wrath against us?  
The Spectre is, in Giant Man; insane, and most deform'd.  
Thou wilt certainly provoke my Spectre against thine in fury!  
He has a Sepulcher hewn out of a Rock ready for thee:  
And a Death of Eight thousand years forg'd by thyself, upon  
The point of his Spear! if thou persistest to forbid with Laws  
Our Emanations, and to attack our secret supreme delights

So Los spoke: But when he saw blue death in Albions feet,  
Again he join'd the Divine Body, following merciful;  
While Albion fled more indignant! revengeful covering

His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands  
And feet, lest any should enter his bosom & embrace  
His hidden heart; his Emanation wept & trembled within him:  
Uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with  
Iron and steel, dark and opaque, with clouds & tempests brooding:  
His strong limbs shudder'd upon his mountains high and dark.

Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went,  
His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud  
Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul)  
Fires and clouds of rolling smoke! but mild the Saviour follow'd him,

Displaying the Eternal Vision! the Divine Similitude!  
In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers, and friends  
Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist:

Saying. Albion! Our wars are wars of life, & wounds of love,  
With intellectual spears, & long winged arrows of thought:  
Mutual in one anothers love and wrath all renewing  
We live as One Man; for contracting our infinite senses  
We behold multitude; or expanding: we behold as one,  
As One Man all the Universal Family; and that One Man  
We call Jesus the Christ: and he in us, and we in him,  
Live in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life,  
Giving, receiving, and forgiving each others trespasses.  
He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord and master:  
He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all,  
In Eden: in the garden of God: and in heavenly Jerusalem.  
If we have offended, forgive us, take not vengeance against us.

Thus speaking; the Divine Family follow Albion:  
I see them in the Vision of God upon my pleasant valleys.

I behold London; a Human awful wonder of God!  
He says: Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee:  
My Streets are my, Ideas of Imagination.  
Awake Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.  
My Houses are Thoughts: my Inhabitants; Affections,  
The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels,  
Shut from my nervous form which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah  
In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in veiny pipes,  
Rolls dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan.  
For Albions sake, and for Jerusalem thy Emanation  
I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeths shades:  
In Felpham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion  
I write in South Molton Street what I both see and hear  
In regions of Humanity, in Londons opening streets.

I see thee awful Parent Land in light, behold I see!  
Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men,  
Generous immortal Guardian golden clad! for Cities  
Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mount[a]ins  
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty! sublime!  
In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings  
Let down at will around, and call'd the Universal Tent.  
York, crown'd with loving kindness. Edinburgh, cloth'd  
With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture  
Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men

Who give themselves, in Golgotha, Victims to Justice; where  
There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold  
Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations viewless,  
Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park  
To Tyburns deathful shades, admits the wandering souls  
Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found

By Satans Watch-fiends tho' they search numbering every grain  
Of sand on Earth every night, they never find this Gate.  
It is the Gate of Los. Withoutside is the Mill, intricate, dreadful  
And fill'd with cruel tortures; but no mortal man can find the Mill  
Of Satan, in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years

For Human beauty knows it not: nor can Mercy find it! But  
In the Fourth region of Humanity, Urthona namd[,]  
Mortality begins to roll the billows of Eternal Death  
Before the Gate of Los. Urthona here is named Los.

And here begins the System of Moral Virtue, named Rahab.  
Albion fled thro' the Gate of Los, and he stood in the Gate.

Los was the friend of Albion who most lov'd him. In Cambridgeshire  
His eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth, & is four-fold.  
Seeing Albion had turn'd his back against the Divine Vision,  
Los said to Albion, Whither fleest thou? Albion reply'd.

I die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death  
Hover within me & beneath, and spreading themselves outside  
Like rocky clouds, build me a gloomy monument of woe:  
Will none accompany me in my death? or be a Ransom for me  
In that dark Valley? I have girded round my cloke, and on my feet  
Bound these black shoes of death, & on my hands, death's iron gloves:  
God hath forsaken me, & my friends are become a burden  
A weariness to me, & the human footstep is a terror to me.

Los answerd, troubled: and his soul was rent in twain:  
Must the Wise die for an Atonement? does Mercy endure Atonement?  
No! It is Moral Severity, & destroys Mercy in its Victim.  
So speaking, not yet infected with the Error & Illusion,

Los shudder'd at beholding Albion, for his disease  
Arose upon him pale and ghastly: and he call'd around  
The Friends of Albion: trembling at the sight of Eternal Death  
The four appear'd with their Emanations in fiery  
Chariots: black their fires roll beholding Albions House of Eternity  
Damp couch the flames beneath and silent, sick, stand shuddering  
Before the Porch of sixteen pillars: weeping every one  
Descended and fell down upon their knees round Albions knees,  
Swearing the Oath of God! with awful voice of thunders round  
Upon the hills & valleys, and the cloudy Oath roll'd far and wide

Albion is sick! said every Valley, every mournful Hill  
And every River: our brother Albion is sick to death.  
He hath leagued himself with robbers! he hath studied the arts  
Of unbelief! Envy hovers over him! his Friends are his abhorrence!  
Those who give their lives for him are despised!  
Those who devour his soul, are taken into his bosom!  
To destroy his Emanation is their intention:  
Arise! awake O Friends of the Giant Albion  
They have perswaded him of horrible falshoods!  
They have sown errors over all his fruitful fields!

The Twenty-four heard! they came trembling on watry chariots.  
Borne by the Living Creatures of the third procession  
Of Human Majesty, the Living Creatures wept aloud as they  
Went along Albions roads, till they arriv'd at Albions House.

O! how the torments of Eternal Death, waited on Man:

And the loud-rending bars of the Creation ready to burst:  
That the wide world might fly from its hinges, & the immortal mansion  
Of Man, for ever be possess'd by monsters of the deep:  
And Man himself become a Fiend, wrap'd in an endless curse,  
Consuming and consum'd for-ever in flames of Moral Justice.

For had the Body of Albion fall'n down, and from its dreadful ruins  
Let loose the enormous Spectre on the darkness of the deep,  
At enmity with the Merciful & fill'd with devouring fire,  
A nether-world must have reciev'd the foul enormous spirit,  
Under pretence of Moral Virtue, fill'd with Revenge and Law.  
There to eternity chain'd down, and issuing in red flames  
And curses, with his mighty arms brandish'd against the heavens  
Breathing cruelty blood & vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain  
Torn with black storms, & ceaseless torrents of his own consuming fire:  
Within his breast his mighty Sons chain'd down & fill'd with cursings:  
And his dark Eon, that once fair crystal form divinely clear:  
Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire.  
But, glory to the Merciful-One, for he is of tender mercies!  
And the Divine Family wept over him as One Man.

And these the Twenty-four in whom the Divine Family  
Appear'd; and they were One in Him. A Human Vision!  
Human Divine, Jesus the Saviour, blessed for ever and ever.

Selsey, true friend! who afterwards submitted to be devour'd  
By the waves of Despair, whose Emanation rose above  
The flood, and was nam'd Chichester, lovely mild & gentle! Lo!  
Her lambs bleat to the sea-fowls cry, lamenting still for Albion.

Submitting to be call'd the son of Los the terrible vision:  
Winchester stood devoting himself for Albion: his tents

Outspread with abundant riches, and his Emanations  
Submitting to be call'd Enitharmons daughters, and be born  
In vegetable mould: created by the Hammer and Loom  
In Bowlahoola & Allamanda where the Dead wail night & day.

(I call them by their English names: English, the rough basement.  
Los built the stubborn structure of the Language, acting against  
Albions melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.)

Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol: and benevolent

Bath who is Legions: he is the Seventh, the physician and  
The poisoner: the best and worst in Heaven and Hell:  
Whose Spectre first assimilated with Luvah in Albions mountains  
A triple octave he took, to reduce Jerusalem to twelve  
To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar & Bow:  
To Malden & Canterbury in the delights of cruelty:

The Shuttles of death sing in the sky to Islington & Pancrass  
Round Marybone to Tyburns River, weaving black melancholy as a net,  
And despair as meshes closely wove over the west of London,  
Where mild Jerusalem sought to repose in death & be no more.  
She fled to Lambeths mild Vale and hid herself beneath  
The Surrey Hills where Rephaim terminates: her Sons are siez'd  
For victims of sacrifice; but Jerusalem cannot be found! Hid  
By the Daughters of Beulah: gently snatch'd away: and hid in Beulah

There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find  
Nor can his Watch Fiends find it: tis translucent & has many Angles  
But he ho finds it will find Oothoons palace, for within  
Opening into Beulah every angle is a lovely heaven  
But should the Watch Fiends find it, they would call it Sin  
And lay its Heavens & their inhabitants in blood of punishment  
Here Jerusalem & Vala were hid in soft slumberous repose  
Hid from the terrible East, shut up in the South & West.

The Twenty-eight trembled in Deaths dark caves, in cold despair  
They kneeld around the Couch of Death in deep humiliation  
And tortures of self condemnation while their Spectres ragd within.  
The Four Zoa's in terrible combustion clouded rage  
Drinking the shuddering fears & loves of Albions Families  
Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire  
Drinking & eating, & pitying & weeping, as at a trajic scene.  
The soul drinks murder & revenge, & applauds its own holiness

They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations.

[illustration, with inscription, reversed: "Each Man is in / his  
Spectre's power / Untill the arrival / of that hour, / When his  
Humanity / awake / And cast his Spectre / into the Lake"]

They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion  
Urizen, cold & scientific: Luvah, pitying & weeping  
Tharmas, indolent & sullen: Urthona, doubting & despairing  
Victims to one another & dreadfully plotting against each other  
To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

They saw America clos'd out by the Oaks of the western shore;  
And Tharmas dash'd on the Rocks of the Altars of Victims in Mexico.  
If we are wrathful Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Groves  
If we are merciful, ourselves must suffer destruction on his Oaks!  
Why should we enter into our Spectres, to behold our own corruptions  
O God of Albion descend! deliver Jerusalem from the Oaken Groves!

Then Los grew furious raging: Why stand we here trembling around  
Calling on God for help; and not ourselves in whom God dwells  
Stretching a hand to save the falling Man: are we not Four  
Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity:

Seeing these Heavens & Hells conglobing in the Void. Heavens over Hells  
Brooding in holy hypocritic lust, drinking the cries of pain

From howling victims of Law: building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold.  
Swelld & bloated General Forms, repugnant to the Divine-  
Humanity, who is the Only General and Universal Form  
To which all Lineaments tend & seek with love & sympathy  
All broad & general principles belong to benevolence  
Who protects minute particulars, every one in their own identity.  
But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is closd in by deadly teeth  
And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence  
Become a net & a trap, & every energy renderd cruel,  
Till the existence of friendship & benevolence is denied:  
The wine of the Spirit & the vineyards of the Holy-One.  
Here: turn into poisonous stupor & deadly intoxication:  
That they may be condemnd by Law & the Lamb of God be slain!  
And the two Sources of Life in Eternity[,] Hunting and War,  
Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of corroding Hell:  
The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence  
That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs & bosom  
A pretence of Art, to destroy Art: a pretence of Liberty  
To destroy Liberty. a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion  
Oshea and Caleb fight: they contend in the valleys of Peor  
In the terrible Family Contentions of those who love each other:  
The Armies of Balaam weep---no women come to the field  
Dead corpses lay before them, & not as in Wars of old.  
For the Soldier who fights for Truth, calls his enemy is brother:  
They fight & contend for life, & not for eternal death!  
But here the Soldier strikes, & a dead corse falls at his feet  
Nor Daughter nor Sister nor Mother come forth to embosom the Slain!  
But Death! Eternal Death! remains in the Valleys of Peor.  
The English are scatterd over the face of the Nations: are these  
Jerusalems children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night  
We smell the blood of the English! we delight in their blood on our Altars!  
The living & the dead shall be ground in our rumbling Mills  
For bread of the Sons of Albion: of the Giants Hand & Scofield  
Scofeld & Kox are let loose upon my Saxons! they accumulate  
A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man,  
In pride of Selfhood unwieldy stretching out into Non Entity  
Generalizing Art & Science till Art & Science is lost.  
Bristol & Bath, listen to my words, & ye Seventeen: give ear!  
It is easy to acknowledge a man to be great & good while we  
Derogate from him in the trifles & small articles of that goodness:  
Those alone are his friends, who admire his minutest powers[.]  
Instead of Albions lovely mountains & the curtains of Jerusalem  
I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginative:  
Instead of the Mutual Forgivenesses, the Minute Particulars, I see  
Pits of bitumen ever burning: artificial Riches of the Canaanite

Like Lakes of liquid lead: instead of heavenly Chapels, built

By our dear Lord: I see Worlds crusted with snows & ice;  
I see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalem's children. I see  
The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian:  
By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality & Negation.  
Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non Entity  
I see America closed apart, & Jerusalem driven in terror  
Away from Albion's mountains, far away from London's spires!  
I will not endure this thing! I alone withstand to death,  
This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me!  
Ah me! pitiable ones! do you also go to death's vale?  
All you my Friends & Brothers! all you my beloved Companions!  
Have you also caught the infection of Sin & stern Repentance?  
I see Disease arise upon you! yet speak to me and give  
Me some comfort: why do you all stand silent? I alone  
Remain in permanent strength. Or is all this goodness & pity, only  
That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulcher.

So Los spoke. Pale they stood around the House of Death:  
In the midst of temptations & despair: among the rooted Oaks:  
Among reared Rocks of Albion's Sons, at length they rose

With one accord in love sublime, & as on Cherub's wings  
They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back  
Against his will thro' Los's Gate to Eden: Four-fold; loud!  
Their Wings waving over the bottomless Immense: to bear  
Their awful charge back to his native home: but Albion dark,  
Repugnant; rolled his Wheels backward into Non-Entity  
Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion into the World of Death  
And all the Gate of Los, clouded with clouds redounding from  
Albion's dread Wheels, stretching out spaces immense between  
That every little particle of light & air, became Opaque  
Black & immense, a Rock of difficulty & a Cliff  
Of black despair; that the immortal Wings laboured against  
Cliff after cliff, & over Valleys of despair & death:  
The narrow Sea between Albion & the Atlantic Continent:  
Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean bottomless,  
Of grey obscurity, filled with clouds & rocks & whirling waters  
And Albion's Sons ascending & descending in the horrid Void.

But as the Will must not be bended but in the day of Divine  
Power: silent calm & motionless, in the mid-air sublime,  
The Family Divine hover around the darkend Albion.

Such is the nature of the Ulro: that whatever enters:  
Becomes Sexual, & is Created, and Vegetated, and Born.  
From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion  
In dreadful pain the Spectrous Uncircumcised Vegetation.

Forming a Sexual Machine: an Aged Virgin Form.  
In Erin's Land toward the north, joint after joint & burning

In love & jealousy immingled & calling it Religion  
And feeling the damps of death they with one accord delegated Los  
Conjuring him by the Highest that he should Watch over them  
Till Jesus shall appear: & they gave their power to Los  
Naming him the Spirit of Prophecy, calling him Elijah

Strucken with Albions disease they become what they behold;  
They assimilate with Albion in pity & compassion;  
Their Emanations return not: their Spectres rage in the Deep  
The Slumbers of Death came over them around the Couch of Death  
Before the Gate of Los & in the depths of Non Entity  
Among the Furnaces of Los: among the Oaks of Albion.

Man is adjoined to Man by his Emanative portion:  
Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man: and her  
Shadow is Vala, builded by the Reasoning power in Man  
O search & see: turn your eyes inward: open O thou World  
Of Love & Harmony in Man: expand thy ever lovely Gates.

They wept into the deeps a little space at length was heard  
The voice of Bath, faint as the voice of the Dead in the House of Death

Bath, healing City! whose wisdom in midst of Poetic  
Fervor: mild spoke thro' the Western Porch, in soft gentle tears

O Albion mildest Son of Eden! clos'd is thy Western Gate  
Brothers of Eternity! this Man whose great example  
We all admir'd & lov'd, whose all benevolent countenance, seen  
In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy  
The tear: and the confession of honesty, open & undisguis'd  
From mistrust and suspicion. The Man is himself become  
A piteous example of oblivion. To teach the Sons  
Of Eden, that however great and glorious; however loving  
And merciful the Individuality; however high  
Our palaces and cities, and however fruitful are our fields  
In Selfhood, we are nothing: but fade away in mornings breath,  
Our mildness is nothing: the greatest mildness we can use  
Is incapable and nothing! none but the Lamb of God can heal  
This dread disease: none but Jesus! O Lord descend and save!  
Albions Western Gate is clos'd: his death is coming apace!  
Jesus alone can save him; for alas we none can know  
How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep  
Rose in the night of Beulah, and bound down the Sun & Moon  
His friends cut his strong chains, & overwhelm'd his dark  
Machines in fury & destruction, and the Man reviving repented  
He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate

For their well timed wrath. But Albions sleep is not  
Like Africa's: and his machines are woven with his life  
Nothing but mercy can save him! nothing but mercy interposing

Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy  
O God descend! gather our brethren, deliver Jerusalem  
But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit  
Oxford take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life: with eloquence  
That thy immortal tongue inspires; present them to Albion:  
Perhaps he may receive them, offered from thy loved hands.

So spoke, unheard by Albion. the merciful Son of Heaven  
To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping  
Around Albion: but Albion heard him not; obdurate! hard!  
He frown'd on all his Friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow

And the Seventeen conjoining with Bath, the Seventh:  
In whom the other Ten shone manifest, a Divine Vision!  
Assimilated and embraced Eternal Death for Albions sake.

And these the names of the Eighteen combining with those Ten

Bath, mild Physician of Eternity, mysterious power  
Whose springs are unsearchable & knowledge infinite.  
Hereford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands  
Built the mountain palaces of Eden, stupendous works!  
Lincoln, Durham & Carlisle, Councillors of Los.  
And Ely, Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand  
Dare touch! Oxford, immortal Bard! with eloquence  
Divine, he wept over Albion: speaking the words of God  
In mild persuasion: bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.

Thou art in Error Albion, the Land of Ulro:  
One Error not removed, will destroy a human Soul  
Repose in Beulahs night, till the Error is removed  
Reason not on both sides. Repose upon our bosoms  
Till the Plow of Jehovah, and the Harrow of Shaddai  
Have passed over the Dead, to awake the Dead to Judgment.  
But Albion turned away refusing comfort.

Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms  
Of Norwich, Peterboro, Rochester, Chester awful, Worcester,  
Litchfield, Saint Davids, Landaff, Asaph, Bangor, Sodor,  
Bowing their heads devoted: and the Furnaces of Los  
Began to rage, thundering loud the storms began to roar  
Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebelled beneath

And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appear'd four-fold:  
Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another

Alas!--The time will come, when a mans worst enemies  
Shall be those of his own house and family: in a Religion  
Of Generation, to destroy by Sin and Atonement, happy Jerusalem,  
The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God thou art Not an Avenger!

Thus Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease:  
Brooding on evil: but when Los opened the Furnaces before him:  
He saw that the accursed things were his own affections,  
And his own beloveds: then he turned sick! his soul died within him  
Also Los sick & terrified beheld the Furnaces of Death  
And must have died, but the Divine Saviour descended  
Among the infant loves & affections, and the Divine Vision wept  
Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground

Albion spoke in his dismal dreams: O thou deceitful friend  
Worshipping mercy & beholding thy friend in such affliction:  
Los! thou now discoverest thy turpitude to the heavens.  
I demand righteousness & justice. O thou ingratitude!  
Give me my Emanations back[,] food for my dying soul!  
My daughters are harlots! my sons are accursed before me.  
Enitharmon is my daughter: accursed with a father's curse!  
O! I have utterly been wasted! I have given my daughters to devils

So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night  
Of Ulro rolled round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.

Los answered. Righteousness & justice I give thee in return  
For thy righteousness! but I add mercy also, and bind  
Thee from destroying these little ones: am I to be only  
Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest[?]  
Thou wast the Image of God surrounded by the Four Zoa's  
Three thou hast slain! I am the Fourth: thou canst not destroy me.  
Thou art in Error; trouble me not with thy righteousness.  
I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct:  
I have no time for seeming; and little arts of compliment,  
In morality and virtue: in self-glorying and pride.  
There is a limit of Opakeness, and a limit of Contraction;  
In every Individual Man, and the limit of Opakeness,  
Is named Satan: and the limit of Contraction is named Adam.  
But when Man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in mercy takes  
Contractions Limit, and of the Limit he forms Woman: That  
Himself may in process of time be born Man to redeem  
But there is no Limit of Expansion! there is no Limit of Translucence.  
In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity.  
Therefore I break thy bonds of righteousness; I crush thy messengers!  
That they may not crush me and mine: do thou be righteous,  
And I will return it; otherwise I defy thy worst revenge:

Consider me as thine enemy: on me turn all thy fury  
But destroy not these little ones, nor mock the Lords anointed:  
Destroy not by Moral Virtue, the little ones whom he hath chosen!  
The little ones whom he hath chosen in preference to thee.  
He hath cast thee off for ever; the little ones he hath anointed!  
Thy Selfhood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence

So Los spoke: then turn'd his face & wept for Albion.

Albion replied. Go! Hand & Hyle! sieze the abhorred friend:  
As you Have siezd the Twenty-four rebellious ingratitude;  
To atone for you, for spiritual death! Man lives by deaths of Men  
Bring him to justice before heaven here upon London stone,  
Between Blackheath & Hounslow, between Norwood & Finchley  
All that they have is mine: from my free genrous gift,  
They now hold all they have: ingratitude to me!  
To me their benefactor calls aloud for vengeance deep.

Los stood before his Furnaces awaiting the fury of the Dead:  
And the Divine hand was upon him, strengthening him mightily.

The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath  
Upon the hills of Albion; Oxford groans in his iron furnace  
Winchester in his den & cavern; they lament against  
Albion: they curse their human kindness & affection  
They rage like wild beasts in the forests of affliction  
In the dreams of Ulro they repent of their human kindness.

Come up, build Babylon, Rahab is ours & all her multitudes  
With her in pomp and glory of victory. Depart  
Ye twenty-four into the deeps! let us depart to glory!

Their Human majestic forms sit up upon their Couches  
Of death: they curb their Spectres as with iron curbs  
They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead,  
With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate,  
And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose.

O when shall the morning of the grave appear, and when  
Shall our salvation come? we sleep upon our watch  
We cannot awake! and our Spectres rage in the forests  
O God of Albion where art thou! pity the watchers!

Thus mourn they. Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon  
The clouds of Europe & Asia, among the Serpent Temples!

And Los drew his Seven Furnaces around Albions Altars  
And as Albion built his frozen Altars, Los built the Mundane Shell,  
In the Four Regions of Humanity East & West & North & South,

Till Norwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow, coverd the whole Earth.  
This is the Net & Veil of Vala, among the Souls of the Dead.

Then the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appeard above  
Albions dark rocks: setting behind the Gardens of Kensington  
On Tyburns River, in clouds of blood: where was mild Zion Hills

Most ancient promontory, and in the Sun, a Human Form appeard  
And thus the Voice Divine went forth upon the rocks of Albion

I elected Albion for my glory; I gave to him the Nations,  
Of the whole Earth. he was the Angel of my Presence: and all  
The Sons of God were Albions Sons: and Jerusalem was my joy.  
The Reactor hath hid himself thro envy. I behold him.  
But you cannot behold him till he be reveald in his System  
Albions Reactor must have a Place prepar'd: Albion must Sleep  
The Sleep of Death, till the Man of Sin & Repentance be reveald.  
Hidden in Albions Forests he lurks: he admits of no Reply  
From Albion: but hath founded his Reaction into a Law  
Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man[.]  
He hath compell'd Albion to become a Punisher & hath possess'd  
Himself of Albions Forests & Wilds! and Jerusalem is taken!  
The City of the Woods in the Forest of Ephratah is taken!  
London is a stone of her ruins; Oxford is the dust of her walls!  
Sussex & Kent are her scatter'd garments: Ireland her holy place!  
And the murder'd bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales  
The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consummation  
The Nations are her dust! ground by the chariot wheels  
Of her lordly conquerors, her palaces level'd with the dust  
I come that I may find a way for my banished ones to return  
Fear not O little Flock I come! Albion shall rise again.

So saying, the mild Sun inclos'd the Human Family.

Forthwith from Albions darkning [r]ocks came two Immortal forms  
Saying We alone are escaped. O merciful Lord and Saviour,  
We flee from the interiors of Albions hills and mountains!  
From his Valleys Eastward: from Amalek Canaan & Moab:  
Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem.

Albion walk'd on the steps of fire before his Halls  
And Vala walk'd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.  
He looked up & saw the Prince of Light with splendor faded  
Then Albion ascended mourning into the porches of his Palace  
Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect:  
Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy: in white linen pure he hover'd

A sweet entrancing self-delusion a watry vision of Albion  
Soft exulting in existence; all the Man absorbing!

Albion fell upon his face prostrate before the watry Shadow  
Saying O Lord whence is this change! thou knowest I am nothing!  
And Vala trembled & cover'd her face! & her locks were spread on the pavement

We heard astonish'd at the Vision & our heart trembled within us:  
We heard the voice of slumberous Albion, and thus he spake,  
Idolatrous to his own Shadow words of eternity uttering:

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

He ceas'd: the shadowy voice was silent: but the cloud hoverd over their heads  
In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man; & the balmy drops fell down.  
And lo! that son of Man that Shadowy Spirit of mild Albion:  
Luvah descended from the cloud; in terror Albion rose:  
Indignant rose the awful Man, & turnd his back on Vala.

We heard the voice of Albion starting from his sleep:

Whence is this voice crying Enion! that soundeth in my ears?  
O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can love seek for dominion?

And Luvah strove to gain dominion over Albion  
They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclosd  
And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement,  
Coverd with boils from head to foot: the terrible smittings of Luvah.

Then frownd the fallen Man, and put forth Luvah from his presence  
Saying. Go and Die the Death of Man, for Vala the sweet wanderer.  
I will turn the volutions of your ears outward, and bend your nostrils  
Downward, and your fluxile eyes englob'd roll round in fear:  
Your withring lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle,  
Till into narrow forms you creep: go take your fiery way:  
And learn what tis to absorb the Man you Spirits of Pity & Love.

They heard the voice and fled swift as the winters setting sun.  
And now the human blood foamd high, the Spirits Luvah & Vala,  
Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded,  
In jealous fears & fury & rage, & flames roll round their fervid feet:  
And the vast form of Nature like a serpent playd before them  
And as they fled in folding fires & thunders of the deep:

Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks.  
And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and west.  
And the vast form of Nature like a serpent rolld between,  
Whether of Jerusalems or Valas ruins congenerated, we know not:  
All is confusion: all is tumult, & we alone are escaped.  
So spoke the fugitives; they joind the Divine Family, trembling

And the Two that escaped; were the Emanation of Los & his  
Spectre: for wherever the Emanation goes, the Spectre  
Attends her as her Guard, & Los's Emanation is named  
Enitharmon, & his Spectre is named Urthona: they knew

Not where to flee: they had been on a visit to Albions Children  
And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation  
To hide themselves: weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation  
Of Albions Children; fleeing thro Albions vales in streams of gore

Being not irritated by insult bearing insulting benevolences  
They perceived that corporeal friends are spiritual enemies  
They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryon Uncircumcision  
And the Divine hand was upon them bearing them thro darkness  
Back safe to their Humanity as doves to their windows:  
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in Songs  
Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

They wept & trembled: & Los put forth his hand & took them in  
Into his Bosom: from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain;  
Rending the fibres of Brotherhood & in Feminine Allegories  
Inclosing Los: but the Divine Vision appeared with Los  
Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.

And Los prayed and said. O Divine Saviour arise  
Upon the Mountains of Albion as in ancient time. Behold!  
The Cities of Albion seek thy face, London groans in pain  
From Hill to Hill & the Thames laments along the Valleys  
The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst  
The Twenty-eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee:  
Because of the Opressors of Albion in every City & Village:  
They mock at the Labourers limbs! they mock at his starvd Children.  
They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons:  
They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts:  
They reduce the Man to want: then give with pomp & ceremony.  
The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger & thirst!  
Humanity knows not of Sex: wherefore are Sexes in Beulah?  
In Beulah the Female lets down her beautiful Tabernacle;  
Which the Male enters magnificent between her Cherubim:  
And becomes One with her mingling condensing in Self-love  
The Rocky Law of Condemnation & double Generation, & Death.

Albion hath enterd the Loins the place of the Last Judgment:  
And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vala's bosom  
The Dead awake to Generation! Arise O Lord, & rend the Veil!

So Los in lamentations followd Albion, Albion coverd,

His western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair.

Fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision  
Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albions  
Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship, entering the caves  
Of despair & death, to search the tempters out, walking among  
Albions rocks & precipices! caves of solitude & dark despair,

And saw every Minute Particular of Albion degraded & murderd  
But saw not by whom; they were hidden within in the minute particulars  
Of which they had possessd themselves; and there they take up  
The articulations of a mans soul, and laughing throw it down  
Into the frame, then knock it out upon the plank, & souls are bak'd  
In bricks to build the pyramids of Heber & Terah. But Los  
Searchd in vain: closd from the minutia he walkd, difficult.  
He came down from Highgate thro Hackney & Holloway towards London  
Till he came to old Stratford & thence to Stepney & the Isle  
Of Leuthas Dogs, thence thro the narrows of the Rivers side  
And saw every minute particular, the jewels of Albion, running down  
The kennels of the streets & lanes as if they were abhorrd.  
Every Universal Form, was become barren mountains of Moral  
Virtue: and every Minute Particular hardend into grains of sand:  
And all the tendernesses of the soul cast forth as filth & mire,  
Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate  
To where the Tower of London frownd dreadful over Jerusalem:  
A building of Luvah builded in Jerusalems eastern gate to be  
His secluded Court: thence to Bethlehem where was builded  
Dens of despair in the house of bread: enquiring in vain  
Of stones and rocks he took his way, for human form was none:  
And thus he spoke, looking on Albions City with many tears

What shall I do! what could I do, if I could find these Criminals  
I could not dare to take vengeance; for all things are so constructed  
And builded by the Divine hand, that the sinner shall always escape,  
And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence;  
If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand  
In way of vengeance; I punish the already punishd: O whom  
Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray!  
O Albion, if thou takest vengeance; if thou revengest thy wrongs  
Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the Sons  
Of Albion from taking vengeance? or how shall I them perswade.

So spoke Los, travelling thro darkness & horrid solitude:  
And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster & Marybone,  
Among the ruins of the Temple: and Vala who is her Shadow,  
Jerusalems Shadow bent northward over the Island white.  
At length he sat on London Stone, & heard Jerusalems voice.

Albion I cannot be thy Wife. thine own Minute Particulars,  
Belong to God alone. and all thy little ones are holy  
They are of Faith & not of Demonstration: wherefore is Vala  
Clothd in black mourning upon my rivers currents, Vala awake!  
I hear thy shuttles sing in the sky, and round my limbs  
I feel the iron threads of love & jealousy & despair.

Vala reply'd. Albion is mine! Luvah gave me to Albion  
And now recieves reproach & hate. Was it not said of old  
Set your Son before a man & he shall take you & your sons

For slaves: but set your Daughter before a man & She  
Shall make him & his sons & daughters your slaves for ever!  
And is this Faith? Behold the strife of Albion, & Luvah  
Is great in the east, their spears of blood rage in the eastern heaven  
Urizen is the champion of Albion, they will slay my Luvah:  
And thou O harlot daughter! daughter of despair art all  
This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates.  
Here is the House of Albion, & here is thy secluded place  
And here we have found thy sins: & hence we turn thee forth,  
For all to avoid thee: to be astonishd at thee for thy sins:  
Because thou art the impurity & the harlot: & thy children!  
Children of whoredoms: born for Sacrifice: for the meat & drink  
Offering: to sustain the glorious combat & the battle & war  
That Man may be purified by the death of thy delusions.

So saying she her dark threads cast over the trembling River:  
And over the valleys; from the hills of Hertfordshire to the hills  
Of Surrey across Middlesex & across Albions House  
Of Eternity! pale stood Albion at his eastern gate,

Leaning against the pillars, & his disease rose from his skirts  
Upon the Precipice he stood! ready to fall into Non-Entity.

Los was all astonishment & terror: he trembled sitting on the Stone  
Of London: but the interiors of Albions fibres & nerves were hidden  
From Los; astonishd be beheld only the petrified surfaces:  
And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces;  
He saw also the Four Points of Albion reversd inwards  
He siezd his Hammer & Tongs, his iron Poker & his Bellows,  
Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.

In stern defiance came from Albions bosom Hand, Hyle, Koban,  
Gwantok, Peachy, Brertun, Slaid, Huttn, Skofeld, Kock, Kotope

Bowen: Albions Sons: they bore him a golden couch into the porch  
And on the Couch reposed his limbs, trembling from the bloody field.  
Rearing their Druid Patriarchal rocky Temples around his limbs.  
(All things begin & end, in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)

[*When Albion uttered his last words Hope is banishd from me*]  
From Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along,  
Where Los's Furnaces stand, where Jerusalem & Vala howl:  
Luvah tore forth from Albions Loins, in fibrous veins, in rivers  
Of blood over Europe: a Vegetating Root in grinding pain.  
Animating the Dragon Temples, soon to become that Holy Fiend  
The Wicker Man of Scandinavia in which cruelly consumed  
The Captives reard to heaven howl in flames among the stars  
Loud the cries of War on the Rhine & Danube, with Albions Sons,  
Away from Beulahs hills & vales break forth the Souls of the Dead,  
With cymbal, trumpet, clarion; & the scythed chariots of Britain.

And the Veil of Vala, is composed of the Spectres of the Dead

Hark! the mingling cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion  
Hark! & Record the terrible wonder! that the Punisher  
Mingles with his Victims Spectre, enslaved and tormented  
To him whom he has murderd, bound in vengeance & enmity  
Shudder not, but Write, & the hand of God will assist you!  
Therefore I write Albions last words. Hope is banish'd from me.

These were his last words, and the merciful Saviour in his arms  
Reciev'd him, in the arms of tender mercy and repos'd  
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality  
Upon the Rock of Ages. Then, surrounded with a Cloud:  
In silence the Divine Lord builded with immortal labour,  
Of gold & jewels a sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose,  
With Sixteen pillars: canopied with emblems & written verse.  
Spiritual Verse, order'd & measur'd, from whence, time shall reveal.  
The Five books of the Decalogue, the books of Joshua & Judges,  
Samuel, a double book & Kings, a double book, the Psalms & Prophets  
The Four-fold Gospel, and the Revelations everlasting  
Eternity groan'd & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earths central joint,  
There is a place where Contrarities are equally true:  
(To protect from the Giant blows in the sports of intellect,  
Thunder in the midst of kindness, & love that kills its beloved:  
Because Death is for a period, and they renew tenfold.)  
From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem

With pangs she forsook Beulah's pleasant lovely shadowy Universe  
Where no dispute can come; created for those who Sleep.

Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah  
Wept for their Sister the Daughter of Albion, Jerusalem:  
When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended  
With solemn mourning out of Beulahs moony shades and hills:  
Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

And this the manner of the terrible Separation  
The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion  
Concenter in one Female form an Aged pensive Woman.  
Astonish'd! lovely! embracing the sublime shade: the Daughters of Beulah  
Beheld her with wonder! With awful hands she took  
A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions  
And many sorrows: oblique across the Atlantic Vale  
Which is the Vale of Rephaim dreadful from East to West,  
Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden  
Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold, a mild Reflection from  
Albions dread Tomb. Eight thousand and five hundred years

In its extension. Every two hundred years has a door to Eden  
She also took an Atom of Space, with dire pain opening it a Center  
Into Beulah: trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried  
Her tears. she ardent embrac'd her sorrows. occupied in labours  
Of sublime mercy in Rephaims Vale. Perusing Albions Tomb  
She sat: she walk'd among the ornaments solemn mourning.  
The Daughters attended her shudderings, wiping the death sweat  
Los also saw her in his seventh Furnace, he also terrified  
Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace:  
Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place.  
When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion.  
Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud,  
Female and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form  
Writhing in pain. The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms reciev'd  
Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin,  
In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wail night & day.

And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, in soft tears

Albion the Vortex of the Dead! Albion the Generous!  
Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice!  
Where Friends Die for each other: will become the Place,  
Of Murder, & Unforgiving, Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies  
The Children must be sacrific'd! (a horror never known  
Till now in Beulah.) unless a Refuge can be found  
To hide them from the wrath of Albions Law that freezes sore  
Upon his Sons & Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom

Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albions Mountains  
To give a Place for Redemption, let Sihon and Og  
Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

The secret coverts of Albion & the hidden places of America  
Jerusalem Jerusalem! why wilt thou turn away  
Come ye O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og & Sihon  
Upon the Lakes of Ireland from Rathlin to Baltimore:  
Stand ye upon the Dargle from Wicklow to Drogheda  
Come & mourn over Albion the White Cliff of the Atlantic  
The Mountain of Giants: all the Giants of Albion are become  
Weak! witherd! darkend! & Jerusalem is cast forth from Albion.  
They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shiloh  
The Gigantic roots & twigs of the vegetating Sons of Albion  
Filld with the little-ones are consumed in the Fires of their Altars  
The vegetating Cities are burned & consumed from the Earth:  
And the Bodies in which all Animals & Vegetations, the Earth & Heaven  
Were containd in the All Glorious Imagination are witherd & darkend;  
The golden Gate of Havilah, and all the Garden of God,  
Was caught up with the Sun in one day of fury and war:  
The Lungs, the Heart, the Liver, shrunk away far distant from Man  
And left a little slimy substance floating upon the tides.

In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon,  
And became an Opaque Globe far distant clad with moony beams.  
The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,  
Are become weak Visions of Time & Space, fix'd into furrows of death;  
Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left  
O Polypus of Death O Spectre over Europe and Asia  
Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin  
By Laws of Chastity & Abhorrence I am witherd up.  
Striving to Create a Heaven in which all shall be pure & holy  
In their Own Selfhoods, in Natural Selfish Chastity to banish Pity  
And dear Mutual Forgiveness; & to become One Great Satan  
Inslavd to the most powerful Selfhood: to murder the Divine Humanity  
In whose sight all are as the dust & who chargeth his Angels with folly!  
Ah! weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form!  
Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground!  
The Eye of Man, a little narrow orb, closd up & dark,  
Scarcely beholding the Great Light; conversing with the [Void]:  
The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out  
True Harmonies, & comprehending great, as very small:  
The Nostrils, bent down to the earth & clos'd with senseless flesh.  
That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult:  
The Tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloys,  
A little sound it utters, & its cries are faintly heard.

Therefore they are removed: therefore they have taken root  
In Egypt & Philistea: in Moab & Edom & Aram:  
In the Erythrean Sea their Uncircu[m]cision in Heart & Loins  
Be lost for ever & ever. then they shall arise from Self,  
By Self Annihilation into Jerusalems Courts & into Shiloh  
Shiloh the Masculine Emanation among the Flowers of Beulah  
Lo Shiloh dwells over France, as Jerusalem dwells over Albion  
Build & prepare a Wall & Curtain for Americas shore!  
Rush on: Rush on! Rush on! ye vegetating Sons of Albion  
The Sun shall go before you in Day: the Moon shall go  
Before you in Night. Come on! Come on! Come on! The Lord  
Jehovah is before, behind, above, beneath, around  
He has builded the arches of Albions Tomb binding the Stars  
In merciful Order, bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace.  
He hath placed Og & Anak, the Giants of Albion for their Guards:  
Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor: the Body  
Of Divine Analogy; and Og & Sihon in the tears of Balaam  
The Son of Beor, have given their power to Joshua & Caleb.  
Remove from Albion, far remove these terrible surfaces.  
They are beginning to form Heavens & Hells in immense  
Circles: the Hells for food to the Heavens: food of torment,  
Food of despair: they drink the condemnd Soul & rejoice  
In cruel holiness, in their Heavens of Chastity & Uncircumcision  
Yet they are blameless & Iniquity must be imputed only  
To the State they are enterd into that they may be deliverd:  
Satan is the State of Death, & not a Human existence:

But Luvah is named Satan, because he has enterd that State.  
A World where Man is by Nature the enemy of Man  
Because the Evil is Created into a State. that Men  
May be deliverd time after time evermore. Amen.  
Learn therefore O Sisters to distinguish the Eternal Human  
That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss & woe  
Alternate! from those States or Worlds in which the Spirit travels:  
This is the only means to Forgiveness of Enemies[.]  
Therefore remove from Albion these terrible Surfaces  
And let wild seas & rocks close up Jerusalem away from

The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect;  
Now given to stony Druids, and Allegoric Generation  
To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep:  
Sway'd by a Providence oppos'd to the Divine Lord Jesus:  
A murderous Providence! A Creation that groans, living on Death.  
Where Fish & Bird & Beast & Man & Tree & Metal & Stone  
Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually:  
Albion is now possess'd by the War of Blood! the Sacrifice  
Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out:

Come Lord Jesus, Lamb of God descend! for if; O Lord!  
If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died.  
Arise sisters! Go ye & meet the Lord, while I remain--  
Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albions cliffs!  
Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them:  
She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin  
A Self-righteousness: the proud Virgin-Harlot! Mother of War!  
And we also & all Beulah, consume beneath Albions curse.

So Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering  
With their wings they sat in the Furnace, in a night  
Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appeard distant stars,  
Ascending and descending into Albions sea of death.  
And Erins lovely Bow enclos'd the Wheels of Albions Sons.  
Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response

Come O thou Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin  
To Sin & to hide the Sin in sweet deceit. is lovely!!  
To Sin in the open face of day is cruel & pitiless! But  
To record the Sin for a reproach: to let the Sun go down  
In a remembrance of the Sin: is a Woe & a Horror!  
A brooder of an Evil Day, and a Sun rising in blood  
Come then O Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin

End of Chap. 2<sup>d</sup>.

Rahab is an  
Eternal State

To the Deists.

The Spiritual States of  
the Soul are all Eternal  
Distinguish between the  
Man, & his present State

He never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher of Natural Morality or Natural Religion. he is a flatterer who means to betray, to perpetuate Tyrant Pride & the Laws of that Babylon which he foresees shall shortly be destroyed, with the Spiritual and not the Natural Sword: He is in the State named Rahab: which State must be put off before he can be the Friend of Man.

You O Deists profess yourselves the Enemies of Christianity: and you are so: you are also the Enemies of the Human Race & of Universal Nature. Man is born a Spectre or Satan & is altogether an Evil, & requires a New Selfhood continually & must continually be changed into his direct Contrary. But your Greek Philosophy (which is a remnant of Druidism) teaches that Man is Righteous in his Vegetated Spectre: an Opinion of fatal & accursed consequence to Man, as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation to the intire abrogation of Experimental Theory. and many believed what they saw, and Prophecied of Jesus.

Man must & will have Some Religion; if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the Synagogue of Satan. calling the Prince of this World, God; and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God. Will any one say: Where are those who worship Satan under the Name of God! Where are they? Listen! Every Religion that Preaches Vengeance for Sins the Religion of the Enemy & Avenger; and not the Forgiver of Sin, and their God is Satan, Named by the Divine Name Your Religion O Deists: Deism, is the Worship of the God of this World by the means of what you call Natural Religion and Natural Philosophy, and of Natural Morality or Self-Righteousness, the Selfish Virtues of the Natural Heart. This was the Religion of the Pharises who murderd Jesus. Deism is the same & ends in the same.

Voltaire Rousseau Gibbon Hume. charge the Spiritually Religious with Hypocrisy! but how a Monk or a Methodist either, can be a Hypocrite: I cannot concieve. We are Men of like passions with others & pretend not to be holier than others: therefore, when a Religious Man falls into Sin, he ought not to be calld a Hypocrite: this title is more properly to be given to a Player who falls into Sin; whose profession is Virtue & Morality & the making Men Self-Righteous. Foote in calling Whitefield, Hypocrite: was himself one: for Whitefield pretended not to be holier than others: but confessed his Sins before all the World; Voltaire! Rousseau! You cannot escape my charge that you are Pharisees & Hypocrites, for you are constantly talking of the Virtues of the Human Heart, and particularly of your own, that you may accuse others & especially the Religious, whose errors, you by this display of pretended Virtue, chiefly design to expose. Rousseau thought Men Good by Nature; he found them Evil & found no friend. Friendship cannot exist without Forgiveness of Sins continually. The Book written by Rousseau calld his Confessions is an apology & cloke for his sin & not a confession.

But you also charge the poor Monks & Religious with being the causes of War: while you acquit & flatter the Alexanders & Caesars, the Lewis's & Fredericks: who

alone are its causes & its actors. But the Religion of Jesus, Forgiveness of Sin, can never be the cause of a War nor of a single Martyrdom.

Those who Martyr others or who cause War are Deists, but never can be Forgivers of Sin. The Glory of Christianity is, To Conquer by Forgiveness. All the Destruction therefore, in Christian Europe as arisen from Deism, which is Natural Religion.

I saw a Monk of Charlemaine  
Arise before my sight  
I talkd with the Grey Monk as we stood  
In beams of infernal light

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel  
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel  
The Schools in clouds of learning rolld  
Arose with War in iron & gold.

Thou lazy Monk they sound afar  
In vain condemning glorious War  
And in your Cell you shall ever dwell  
Rise War & bind him in his Cell.

The blood. red ran from the Grey Monks side  
His hands & feet were wounded wide  
His body bent, his arms & knees  
Like to the roots of ancient trees

When Satan first the black bow bent  
And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent  
He forgd the Law into a Sword  
And spilld the blood of mercys Lord.

Titus! Constantine! Charlemaine!  
O Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! Vain  
Your Grecian Mocks & Roman Sword  
Against this image of his Lord!

For a Tear is an Intellectual thing;  
And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King  
And the bitter groan of a Martyrs woe  
Is an Arrow from the Almightyes Bow!

## *Jerusalem*

### Chap 3.

But Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona  
Wept vehemently over Albion where Thames currents spring  
From the rivers of Beulah; pleasant river! soft, mild, parent stream  
And the roots of Albions Tree enterd the Soul of Los  
As he sat before his Furnaces clothd in sackcloth of hair  
In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation;  
Inclosing all the Children of Los time after time.  
Their Giant forms condensing into Nations & Peoples & Tongues  
Translucent the Furnaces, of Beryll & Emerald immortal:  
And Seven-fold each within other: incomprehensible  
To the Vegetated Mortal Eye's perverted & single vision  
The Bellows are the Animal Lungs. the hammers, the Animal Heart  
The Furnaces, the Stomach for Digestion; terrible their fury  
Like seven burning heavens rang'd from South to North

Here on the banks of the Thames, Los builded Golgonooza,  
Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart, beneath Beulah  
In the midst of the rocks of the Altars of Albion. In fears  
He builded it, in rage & in fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold  
London: continually building & continually decaying desolate!  
In eternal labours: loud the Furnaces & loud the Anvils  
Of Death thunder incessant around the flaming Couches of  
The Twentyfour Friends of Albion and round the awful Four  
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons  
The Mystic Union of the Emanation in the Lord; Because  
Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre  
His Emanation is an ever-weeping melancholy Shadow  
But she is made receptive of Generation thro' mercy  
In the Potters Furnace, among the Funeral Urns of Beulah  
From Surrey hills, thro' Italy and Greece, to Hinnoms vale.

In Great Eternity, every particular Form gives forth or Emanates  
Its own peculiar Light, & the Form is the Divine Vision  
And the Light is his Garment This is Jerusalem in every Man  
A Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness Male & Female Clothings.  
And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion

But Albion fell down a Rocky fragment from Eternity hurld  
By his own Spectre, who is the Reasoning Power in every Man  
Into his own Chaos which is the Memory between Man & Man

The silent broodings of deadly revenge springing from the  
All powerful parental affection, fills Albion from head to foot  
Seeing his Sons assimilate with Luvah, bound in the bonds  
Of spiritual Hate, from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains:  
He tosses like a Cloud outstretchd among Jerusalems Ruins

Which overspread all the Earth, he groans among his ruind porches

[<image, inscribed:> Reason/ Pity Wrath/ This World/ Desire <image>]

But the Spectre like a hoar frost & a Mildew rose over Albion  
Saying, I am God O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power!  
Am I not Bacon & Newton & Locke who teach Humility to Man!  
Who teach Doubt & Experiment & my two Wings Voltaire: Rousseau.  
Where is that Friend of Sinners! that Rebel against my Laws!

Who teaches Belief to the Nations, & an unknown Eternal Life  
Come hither into the Desart & turn these stones to bread.  
Vain foolish Man! wilt thou believe without Experiment?  
And build a World of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss!  
A World of Shapes in craving lust & devouring appetite

So spoke the hard cold constrictive Spectre he is named Arthur  
Constricting into Druid Rocks round Canaan Agag & Aram & Pharoh

Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears  
But she stretchd out her starry Night in Spaces against him. like  
A long Serpent, in the Abyss of the Spectre which augmented  
The Night with Dragon wings coverd with stars & in the Wings  
Jerusalem & Vala appeard: & above between the Wings magnificent  
The Divine Vision dimly appeard in clouds of blood weeping.

When those who disregard all Mortal Things, saw a Mighty-One  
Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength  
They wonderd; checking their wild flames & Many gathering  
Together into an Assembly; they said, let us go down  
And see these changes! Others said, If you do so prepare  
For being driven from our fields, what have we to do with the Dead?  
To be their inferiors or superiors we equally abhor;  
Superior, none we know: inferior none: all equal share  
Divine Benevolence & joy, for the Eternal Man  
Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends:  
Forbidding us that Veil which Satan puts between Eve & Adam  
By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries  
Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones & gold  
To sieze the Sons of Jerusalem & plant them in One Mans Loins  
To make One Family of Contraries: that Joseph may be sold  
Into Egypt: for Negation; a Veil the Saviour born & dying rends.

But others said: Let us to him who only Is, & who  
Walketh among us, give decision. bring forth all your fires!

So saying, an eternal deed was done: in fiery flames  
The Universal Conc[*i*]ave raged, such thunderous sounds as never  
Were sounded from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old  
Nor in Havilah where the Cherub rolld his redounding flame.

Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the Forests  
Rivers thunderd against their banks, loud Winds furious fought  
Cities & Nations contended in fires & clouds & tempests.  
The Seas raised up their voices & lifted their hands on high  
The Stars in their courses fought. the Sun! Moon! Heaven! Earth.  
Contending for Albion & for Jerusalem his Emanation  
And for Shiloh, the Emanation of France & for lovely Vala.

Then far the greatest number were about to make a Separation  
And they Elected Seven, calld the Seven Eyes of God;  
Lucifer, Molech, Elohim, Shaddai, Pahad, Jehovah, Jesus.  
They namd the Eighth. he came not, he hid in Albions Forests  
But first they said: (& their Words stood in Chariots in array  
Curbing their Tygers with golden bits & bridles of silver & ivory)

Let the Human Organs be kept in their perfect Integrity  
At will Contracting into Worms, or Expanding into Gods  
And then behold! what are these Ulro Visions of Chastity[!]  
Then as the moss upon the tree: or dust upon the plow:  
Or as the sweat upon the labouring shoulder: or as the chaff  
Of the wheat-floor or as the dregs of the sweet wine-press  
Such are these Ulro Visions, for tho we sit down within  
The plowed furrow, listning to the weeping clods till we  
Contract or Expand Space at will: or if we raise ourselves  
Upon the chariots of the morning. Contracting or Expanding Time!  
Every one knows, we are One Family! One Man blessed for ever

Silence remaind & every one resumed his Human Majesty  
And many conversed on these things as they labourd at the furrow  
Saying: It is better to prevent misery, than to release from misery  
It is better to prevent error, than to forgive the criminal:  
Labour well the Minute Particulars, attend to the Little-ones:  
And those who are in misery cannot remain so long  
If we do but our duty: labour well the teeming Earth.

They Plow'd in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow  
And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven  
Crying: Compell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unhewn Demonstrations  
Let the Indefinite be explored. and let every Man be judged  
By his own Works, Let all Indefinites be thrown into Demonstrations  
To be pounded to dust & melted in the Furnaces of Affliction:  
He who would do good to another, must do it in Minute Particulars  
General Good is the plea of the scoundrel hypocrite flatterer:  
For Art & Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars  
And not in generalizing Demonstrations of the Rational Power.  
The Infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity  
Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of Falshood continually  
On Circumcision: not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion

So cried they at the Plow. Albions Rock frowned above  
And the Great Voice of Eternity rolled above terrible in clouds  
Saying Who will go forth for us! & Who shall we send before our face?

Then Los heaved his thund'ring Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex  
And thus he chaunted his Song: the Daughters of Albion reply.

What may Man be? who can tell! But what may Woman be?  
To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.  
He who is an Infant, and whose Cradle is a Manger  
Knoweth the Infant sorrow: whence it came, and where it goeth:  
And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away.  
This World is all a Cradle for the erred wandering Phantom:  
Rock'd by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments  
Between, dwells a Daughter of Beulah, to feed the Human Vegetable  
Entune: Daughters of Albion. your hymning Chorus mildly!  
Cord of affection thrilling extatic on the iron Reel:  
To the golden Loom of Love! to the moth-labour'd Woof  
A Garment and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror:  
For fear; at entering the gate into our World of cruel  
Lamentation: it flee back & hide in Non-Entitys dark wild  
Where dwells the Spectre of Albion: destroyer of Definite Form.  
The Sun shall be a Scythed Chariot of Britain: the Moon; a Ship  
In the British Ocean! Created by Los's Hammer; measured out  
Into Days & Nights & Years & Months. to travel with my feet  
Over these desolate rocks of Albion: O daughters of despair!  
Rock the Cradle, and in mild melodies tell me where found  
What you have enwoven with so much tears & care? so much  
Tender artifice: to laugh: to weep: to learn: to know;  
Remember! recollect! what dark befel in wintry days

O it was lost for ever! and we found it not: it came  
And wept at our wintry Door: Look! look! behold! Gwendolen  
Is become a Clod of Clay! Merlin is a Worm of the Valley!

Then Los uttered with Hammer & Anvil: Chaunt! revoice!  
I mind not your laugh: and your frown I not fear! and  
You must my dictate obey from your gold-beam'd Looms; trill  
Gentle to Albions Watchman, on Albions mountains; reecho  
And rock the Cradle while! Ah me! Of that Eternal Man  
And of the cradled Infancy in his bowels of compassion:  
Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry & became  
Subservient to the clods of the furrow! the cattle and even  
The emmet and earth-Worm are his superiors & his lords.

Then the response came warbling from trilling Looms in Albion

We Women tremble at the light therefore: hiding fearful  
The Divine Vision with Curtain & Veil & fleshly Tabernacle

Los utter'd: swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains[:]  
Look back into the Church Paul! Look! Three Women around  
The Cross! O Albion why didst thou a Female Will Create?

And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh. Cry  
Over the Plow of Nations in the strong hand of Albion thundering along  
Among the Fires of the Druid & the deep black rethundering Waters  
Of the Atlantic which poured in impetuous loud loud. louder & louder.  
And the Great Voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Altars:  
Weeping over his Children in Stone-henge in Maiden & Colchester.  
Round the Rocky Peak of Derbyshire London Stone & Rosamonds Bower

What is a Wife & what is a Harlot? What is a Church? & What  
Is a Theatre? are they Two & not One? can they Exist Separate?  
Are not Religion & Politics the Same Thing? Brotherhood is Religion  
O Demonstrations of Reason Dividing Families in Cruelty & Pride!

But Albion fled from the Divine Vision, with the Plow of Nations enflaming  
The Living Creatures maddend and Albion fell into the Furrow, and  
The Plow went over him & the Living was Plowed in among the Dead  
But his Spectre rose over the starry Plow. Albion fled beneath the Plow  
Till he came to the Rock of Ages. & he took his Seat upon the Rock.

Wonder siezd all in Eternity! to behold the Divine Vision. open  
The Center into an Expanse, & the Center rolled out into an Expanse.

In beauty the Daughters of Albion divide & unite at will  
Naked & drunk with blood Gwendolen dancing to the timbrel  
Of War: reeling up the Street of London she divides in twain

Among the Inhabitants of Albion. the People fall around.  
The Daughters of Albion. divide & unite in jealousy & cruelty  
The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest & the Vintage  
Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples shrieking  
Bonifying into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal pain  
They flee over the rocks bonifying: Horses: Oxen: feel the knife.  
And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgment, bonify  
The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife  
The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by jealousy & Pity.

Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration  
Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure & affection  
Two Contraries War against each other in fury & blood,  
And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows:  
He fixes them with strong blows. placing the stones & timbers.  
To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death:  
Dividing the Masculine & Feminine: for the comingling  
Of Albions & Luvahs Spectres was Hermaphroditic

Urizen wrathful strode above directing the awful Building:  
As a Mighty Temple; delivering Form out of confusion[.]

Jordan sprang beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath  
Its pillars: Euphrates ran under its arches: white sails  
And silver oars reflect on its pillars, & sound on its echoing  
Pavements: where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain Ungenerate  
But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its porticoes,  
Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve  
And shine glorious within! Hand & Koban archd over the Sun  
In the hot noon, as he traveld thro his journey; Hyle & Skofield  
Archd over the Moon at midnight & Los Fixd them there,  
With his thunderous Hammer; terrified the Spectres rage & flee  
Canaan is his portico; Jordan is a fountain in his porch;  
A fountain of milk & wine to relieve the traveller:  
Egypt is the eight steps within. Ethiopia supports his pillars;  
Lybia & the Lands unknown. are the ascent without;  
Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art:  
Persia & Media are his halls: his inmost hall is Great Tartary.  
China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment  
Poland & Russia & Sweden, his soft retired chambers  
France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany  
Are the temples among his pillars. Britain is Los's Forge;  
America North & South are his baths of living waters.

Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void  
Created from the Valley of Middlesex by Londons River  
From Stone-henge and from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes  
The Four Zoa's rush around on all sides in dire ruin  
Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion  
Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous  
Works! A World of Generation continually Creating; out of  
The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of rocky destiny.

And formed into Four precious stones. for enterance from Beulah

For the Veil of Vala which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep  
To catch the Souls of the Dead: began to Vegetate & Petrify  
Around the Earth of Albion. among the Roots of his Tree  
This Los formed into the Gates & mighty Wall, between the Oak  
Of Weeping & the Palm of Suffering beneath Albions Tomb,  
Thus in process of time it became the beautiful Mundane Shell,  
The Habitation of the Spectres of the Dead & the Place  
Of Redemption & of awaking again into Eternity

For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic  
One to the North; Urthona: One to the South; Urizen:  
One to the East: Luvah: One to the West, Tharmas;  
They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine

Verulam: London: York & Edinburgh: their English names  
But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen Southward

And Albion was slain upon his Mountains & in his Tent.  
All fell towards the Center, sinking downwards in dire ruin,  
In the South remains a burning Fire: in the East. a Void  
In the West, a World of raging Waters: in the North; solid Darkness  
Unfathomable without end: but in the midst of these  
Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Enitharmon

And in the North Gate, in the West of the North. toward Beulah  
Cathedrons Looms are builded. and Los's Furnaces in the South  
A wondrous golden Building immense with ornaments sublime  
Is bright Cathedrons golden Hall, its Courts Towers & Pinnacles

And one Daughter of Los sat at the fiery Reel & another  
Sat at the shining Loom with her Sisters attending round  
Terrible their distress & their sorrow cannot be utterd  
And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel  
Endless their labour, with bitter food. void of sleep,  
Tho hungry they labour: they rouze themselves anxious  
Hour after hour labouring at the whirling Wheel  
Many Wheels & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping

Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work  
Obliterates every other evil; none pities their tears  
Yet they regard not pity & they expect no one to pity  
For they labour for life & love, regardless of any one  
But the poor Spectres that they work for, always incessantly

They are mockd, by every one that passes by. they regard not  
They labour; & when their Wheels are broken by scorn & malice  
They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions.

Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion & Pillow, Network fine  
That Rahab & Tirzah may exist & live & breathe & love  
Ah, that it could be as the Daughters of Beulah wish!

Other Daughters of Los, labouring at Looms less fine  
Create the Silk-worm & the Spider & the Catterpillar  
To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion  
And others Create the wooly Lamb & the downy Fowl  
To assist in the work: the Lamb bleats: the Sea-fowl cries  
Men understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow  
That in the Interior Worlds is carried on in fear & trembling  
Weaving the shuddring fears & loves of Albions Families  
Thunderous rage the Spindles of iron. & the iron Distaff  
Maddens in the fury of their hands, Weaving in bitter tears  
The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine twined Linen

The clouds of Albions Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven  
While Los sat terrified beholding Albions Spectre who is Luvah

Spreading in bloody veins in torments over Europe & Asia;  
Not yet formed but a wretched torment unformed & abyssal  
In flaming fire; within the Furnaces the Divine Vision appeard  
On Albions hills: often walking from the Furnaces in clouds  
And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels  
Gatherd Jerusalems Children in his arms & bore them like  
A Shepherd in the night of Albion which overspread all the Earth

I gave thee liberty and life O lovely Jerusalem  
And thou hast bound me down upon the Stems of Vegetation  
I gave thee Sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains Jerusalem  
I gave thee Priams City and the Isles of Grecia lovely!  
I gave thee Hand & Scofield & the Counties of Albion:  
They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God:  
They were as Adam before me: united into One Man,  
They stood in innocence & their skiey tent reachd over Asia  
To Nimrods Tower to Ham & Canaan walking with Mizraim  
Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia  
And sweet Hesperia even to Great Chaldea & Teshina  
Following thee as a Shepherd by the Four Rivers of Eden  
Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem?  
And build this Babylon & sacrifice in secret Groves,  
Among the Gods of Asia: among the fountains of pitch & nitre  
Therefore thy Mountains are become barren Jerusalem!  
Thy Valleys, Plains of burning sand. thy Rivers: waters of death  
Thy Villages die of the Famine and thy Cities  
Beg bread from house to house, lovely Jerusalem  
Why wilt thou deface thy beauty & the beauty of thy little-ones  
To please thy Idols, in the pretended chastities of Uncircumcision[?]  
Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria; wherefore  
Dost thou blacken their beauty by a Secluded place of rest.  
And a peculiar Tabernacle, to cut the integuments of beauty  
Into veils of tears and sorrows O lovely Jerusalem!  
They have perswaded thee to this, therefore their end shall come  
And I will lead thee thro the Wilderness in shadow of my cloud  
And in my love I will lead thee, lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion.

This is the Song of the Lamb, sung by Slaves in evening time.

But Jerusalem faintly saw him, clod in the Dungeons of Babylon  
Her Form was held by Beulahs Daughters. but all within unseen  
She sat at the Mills, her hair unbound her feet naked  
Cut with the flints: her tears run down, her reason grows like  
The Wheel of Hand. incessant turning day & night without rest  
Insane she raves upon the winds hoarse, inarticulate:

All night Vala hears. she triumphs in pride of holiness  
To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows

Of despair. while the Satanic Holiness triumphd in Vala  
In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness  
Both of the Head & Heart & Loins, closd up in Moral Pride.

But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem. oft she saw  
The lineaments Divine & oft the Voice heard, & oft she said:

O Lord & Saviour, have the Gods of the Heathen pierced thee?  
Or hast thou been pierced in the House of thy Friends?  
Art thou alive! & livest thou for-evermore? or art thou  
Not: but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not.  
Babel mocks saying, there is no God nor Son of God  
That thou O Human Imagination, O Divine Body art all  
A delusion. but I know thee O Lord when thou arisest upon  
My weary eyes even in this dungeon & this iron mill.  
The Stars of Albion cruel rise; thou bindest to sweet influences:  
For thou also sufferest with me altho I behold thee not;  
And altho I sin & blaspheme thy holy name, thou pitiest me;  
Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills.  
And by these visions of pity & love because of Albions death.

Thus spake Jerusalem, & thus the Divine Voice replied.

Mild Shade of Man, pitiest thou these Visions of terror & woe!  
Give forth thy pity & love. fear not! lo I am with thee always.  
Only believe in me that I have power to raise from death  
Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion: fear not trembling Shade

Behold: in the Visions of Elohim Jehovah, behold Joseph & Mary  
And be comforted O Jerusalem in the Visions of Jehovah Elohim

She looked & saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth & Mary  
His espoused Wife. And Mary said, If thou put me away from thee  
Dost thou not murder me? Joseph spoke in anger & fury. Should I  
Marry a Harlot & an Adulteress? Mary answerd, Art thou more pure  
Than thy Maker who forgiveth Sins & calls again Her that is Lost  
Tho She hates. he calls her again in love. I love my dear Joseph  
But he driveth me away from his presence. yet I hear the voice of God  
In the voice of my Husband. tho he is angry for a moment, he will not  
Utterly cast me away. if I were pure, never could I taste the sweets  
Of the Forgive[ne]ss of Sins! if I were holy! I never could behold the tears  
Of love! of him who loves me in the midst of his anger in furnace of fire.

Ah my Mary: said Joseph: weeping over & embracing her closely in  
His arms: Doth he forgive Jerusalem & not exact Purity from her who is  
Polluted. I heard his voice in my sleep O his Angel in my dream:

Saying, Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall Be Payed? Doth he Forgive Pollution only on conditions of Purity That Debt is not Forgiven! That Pollution is not Forgiven Such is the Forgiveness of the Gods, the Moral Virtues of the Heathen, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty. But Jehovahs Salvation Is without Money & without Price, in the Continual Forgiveness of Sins In the Perpetual Mutual Sacrifice in Great Eternity! for behold! There is none that liveth & Sinneth not! And this is the Covenant Of Jehovah: If you Forgive one-another, so shall Jehovah Forgive You: That He Himself may Dwell among You. Fear not then to take To thee Mary thy Wife, for she is with Child by the Holy Ghost

Then Mary burst forth into a Song! she flowed like a River of Many Streams in the arms of Joseph & gave forth her tears of joy Like many waters, and Emanating into gardens & palaces upon Euphrates & to forests & floods & animals wild & tame from Gihon to Hiddekel, & to corn fields & villages & inhabitants Upon Pison & Arnon & Jordan. And I heard the voice among The Reapers Saying, Am I Jerusalem the lost Adulteress? or am I Babylon come up to Jerusalem? And another voice answerd Saying

Does the voice of my Lord call me again? am I pure thro his Mercy And Pity. Am I become lovely as a Virgin in his sight who am Indeed a Harlot drunken with the Sacrifice of Idols does he Call her pure as he did in the days of her Infancy when She Was cast out to the loathing of her person. The Chaldean took Me from my Cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his Camels Before I had ever beheld with love the Face of Jehovah; or known That there was a God of Mercy: O Mercy O Divine Humanity! O Forgiveness & Pity & Compassion! If I were Pure I should never Have known Thee; If I were Unpolluted I should never have Glorified thy Holiness, or rejoiced in thy great Salvation.

Mary leaned her side against Jerusalem, Jerusalem recieved The Infant into her hands in the Visions of Jehovah. Times passed on Jerusalem fainted over the Cross & Sepulcher She heard the voice Wilt thou make Rome thy Patriarch Druid & the Kings of Europe his Horsemen? Man in the Resurrection changes his Sexual Garments at will Every Harlot was once a Virgin: every Criminal an Infant Love!

Repose on me till the morning of the Grave. I am thy life.

Jerusalem replied. I am an outcast: Albion is dead!  
I am left to the trampling foot & the spurning heel!  
A Harlot I am calld. I am sold from street to street!  
I am defaced with blows & with the dirt of the Prison!

And wilt thou become my Husband O my Lord & Saviour?  
Shall Vala bring thee forth! shall the Chaste be ashamed also?

I see the Maternal Line, I behold the Seed of the Woman!  
Cainah, & Ada & Zillah & Naamah Wife of Noah.  
Shuahs daughter & Tamar & Rahab the Canaanites:  
Ruth the Moabite & Bathsheba of the daughters of Heth  
Naamah the Ammonite, Zibeah the Philistine, & Mary  
These are the Daughters of Vala, Mother of the Body of death  
But I thy Magdalen behold thy Spiritual Risen Body  
Shall Albion arise? I know he shall arise at the Last Day!  
I know that in my flesh I shall see God: but Emanations  
Are weak. they know not whence they are, nor whither tend.

Jesus replied. I am the Resurrection & the Life.  
I Die & pass the limits of possibility, as it appears  
To individual perception. Luvah must be Created  
And Vala; for I cannot leave them in the gnawing Grave.  
But will prepare a way for my banished-ones to return  
Come now with me into the villages. walk thro all the cities.  
Tho thou art taken to prison & judgment, starved in the streets  
I will command the cloud to give thee food & the hard rock  
To flow with milk & wine, tho thou seest me not a season  
Even a long season & a hard journey & a howling wilderness!  
Tho Valas cloud hide thee & Luvahs fires follow thee!  
Only believe & trust in me, Lo. I am always with thee!

So spoke the Lamb of God while Luvahs Cloud reddening above  
Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens & dark night  
Involvd Jerusalem. & the Wheels of Albions Sons turnd hoarse  
Over the Mountains & the fires blaz'd on Druid Altars  
And the Sun set in Tyburns Brook where Victims howl & cry.

But Los beheld the Divine Vision among the flames of the Furnaces  
Therefore he lived & breathed in hope. but his tears fell incessant  
Because his Children were closd from him apart: & Enitharmon  
Dividing in fierce pain: also the Vision of God was closd in clouds  
Of Albions Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat, & often ponderd  
On Death Eternal in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion  
Walking: & in the vales in howlings fierce, then to his Anvils  
Turning, anew began his labours, tho in terrible pains!

Jehovah stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale  
When the Four Zoas of Albion, the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim  
Of Albion tremble before the Spectre, in the starry likeness of the Plow  
Of Nations. And their Names are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona

Luvah slew Tharmas the Angel of the Tongue & Albion brought him  
To Justice in his own City of Paris, denying the Resurrection  
Then Vala the Wife of Albion, who is the Daughter of Luvah  
Took vengeance Twelve-fold among the Chaotic Rocks of the Druids  
Where the Human Victims howl to the Moon & Thor & Friga  
Dance the dance of death contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim.

The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley  
In the Dividing of Reuben & Benjamin bleeding from Chesters River

The Giants & the Witches & the Ghosts of Albion dance with  
Thor & Friga, & the Fairies lead the Moon along the Valley of Cherubim  
Bleeding in torrents from Mountain to Mountain, a lovely Victim  
And Jehovah stood in the Gates of the Victim, & he appeared  
A weeping Infant in the Gates of Birth in the midst of Heaven

The Cities & Villages of Albion became Rock & Sand Unhumanized  
The Druid Sons of Albion & the Heavens a Void around unfathomable  
No Human Form but Sexual & a little weeping Infant pale reflected  
Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon, on all sides  
Around in the clouds of the Female, on Albions Cliffs of the Dead

Such the appearance in Cheviot: in the Divisions of Reuben  
When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers  
When the Druids demanded Chastity from Woman & all was lost.

How can the Female be Chaste O thou stupid Druid Cried Los  
Without the Forgiveness of Sins in the merciful clouds of Jehovah  
And without the Baptism of Repentance to wash away Calumnies. and  
The Accusations of Sin that each may be Pure in their Neighbours sight  
O when shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks & Herds  
Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion & Canaan

Then laugh'd Gwendolen & her laughter shook the Nations & Familys of  
The Dead beneath Beulah from Tyburn to Golgotha, and from  
Ireland to Japan. furious her Lions & Tygers & Wolves sport before  
Los on the Thames & Medway. London & Canterbury groan in pain

Los knew not yet what was done: he thought it was all in Vision  
In Visions of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion  
Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking-Glass of Enitharmon

He saw in Vala's hand the Druid Knife of Revenge & the Poison Cup

Of Jealousy, and thought it a Poetic Vision of the Atmospheres  
Till Canaan rolled apart from Albion across the Rhine: along the Danube

And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Cheviot  
From Bashan to Tyre & from Troy to Gaza of the Amalekite  
And Reuben fled with his head downwards among the Caverns

Of the Mundane Shell which froze on all sides round Canaan on  
The vast Expanse: where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web  
Of Ages & Generations, folding & unfolding it, like a Veil of Cherubim  
And sometimes it touches the Earths summits, & sometimes spreads  
Abroad into the Indefinite Spectre, who is the Rational Power.

Then All the Daughters of Albion became One before Los: even Vala!  
And she put forth her hand upon the Looms in dreadful howlings  
Till she vegetated into a hungry Stomach & a devouring Tongue.  
Her Hand is a Court of Justice, her Feet: two Armies in Battle  
Storms & Pestilence: in her Locks: & in her Loins Earthquake.  
And Fire. & the Ruin of Cities & Nations & Families & Tongues

She cries: The Human is but a Worm, & thou O Male: Thou art  
Thyself Female, a Male: a breeder of Seed: a Son & Husband: & Lo.  
The Human Divine is Womans Shadow, a Vapor in the summers heat  
Go assume Papal dignity thou Spectre, thou Male Harlot! Arthur  
Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote O Woman-born  
And Woman-nourishd & Woman-educated & Woman-scorn'd!

Wherefore art thou living? said Los, & Man cannot live in thy presence  
Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah  
All Quarrels arise from Reasoning. the secret Murder, and  
The violent Man-slaughter. these are the Spectres double Cave  
The Sexual Death living on accusation of Sin & judgment  
To freeze Love & Innocence into the gold & silver of the Merchant  
Without Forgiveness of Sin Love is Itself Eternal Death

Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom magnificent terrific  
Glittering with precious stones & gold, with Garments of blood & fire  
He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony  
Crimson with Wrath & green with jealousy dazzling with Love  
And jealousy immingled & the purple of the violet darkend deep  
Over the Plow of Nations thundring in the hand of Albions Spectre

A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frowning upon Londons River  
And the Distaff & Spindle in the hands of Vala with the Flax of  
Human Miseries turnd fierce with the Lives of Men along the Valley  
As Reuben fled before the Daughters of Albion Taxing the Nations

Derby Peak yawnd a horrid Chasm at the Cries of Gwendolen, & at  
The stamping feet of Ragan upon the flaming Treddles of her Loom  
That drop with crimson gore with the Loves of Albion & Canaan  
Opening along the Valley of Rephaim, weaving over the Caves of Machpelah

To decide Two Worlds with a great decision: a World of Mercy, and  
A World of Justice: the World of Mercy for Salvation  
To cast Luvah into the Wrath, and Albion into the Pity  
In the Two Contraries of Humanity & in the Four Regions.

For in the depths of Albions bosom in the eastern heaven,  
They sound the clarions strong! they chain the howling Captives!  
They cast the lots into the helmet: they give the oath of blood in Lambeth  
They vote the death of Luvah, & they naild him to Albions Tree in Bath:  
They staind him with poisonous blue, they inwove him in cruel roots

To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with vegetation  
The sun was black & the moon rolled a useless globe thro Britain!

Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow, the loom  
The hammer & the chisel, & the rule & compasses; from London fleeing  
They forg'd the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war & the battle-ax,  
The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale  
And all the Arts of Life. they changd into the Arts of Death in Albion.  
The hour-glass contemnd because its simple workmanship.  
Was like the workmanship of the plowman, & the water wheel,  
That raises water into cisterns: broken & burnd with fire:  
Because its workmanship. was like the workmanship of the shepherd.  
And in their stead, intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel:  
To perplex youth in their outgoings, & to bind to labours in Albion  
Of day & night the myriads of eternity that they may grind  
And polish brass & iron hour after hour laborious task!  
Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom  
In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of bread:  
In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All,  
And call it Demonstration: blind to all the simple rules of life.

Now: now the battle rages round thy tender limbs O Vala  
Now smile among thy bitter tears: now put on all thy beauty  
Is not the wound of the sword sweet! & the broken bone delightful?  
Wilt thou now smile among the scythes when the wounded groan in the field[?]  
We were carried away in thousands from London; & in tens  
Of thousands from Westminster & Marybone in ships closd up:

Chaind hand & foot, compelld to fight under the iron whips  
Of our captains; fearing our officers more than the enemy.  
Lift up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes:  
O melancholy Magdalen behold the morning over Malden break;  
Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulcher of Canterbury.  
Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver locks:  
Shake off the waters from thy wings! & the dust from thy white garments  
Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch of Lambeths Vale  
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 over Albion:  
Arise O Vala! bring the bow of Urizen: bring the swift arrows of light.  
How rag'd the golden horses of Urizen, compelld 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 mirtle tree:  
But blood and wounds and dismal cries, and shadows of the oak:  
And hearts laid open to the light, by the broad grizly sword:  
And bowels hid in hammerd steel rip'd quivering on the ground.  
Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit: call forth thy cloudy tears:  
We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.

So sang the Spectre Sons of Albion round Luvahs Stone of Trial:  
Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Salisbury:  
Drinking his Emanation in intoxicating bliss rejoicing in Giant dance;  
For a Spectre has no Emanation but what he imbibes from deceiving  
A Victim! Then he becomes her Priest & she his Tabernacle.  
And his Oak Grove, till the Victim rend the woven Veil.  
In the end of his sleep when Jesus calls him from his grave

Howling the Victims on the Druid Altars yield their souls  
To the stern Warriors: lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims;  
Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication. hence arose from Bath  
Soft deluding odours, in spiral volutions intricately winding  
Over Albions mountains, a feminine indefinite cruel delusion.  
Astonishd: terrified & in pain & torment. Sudden they behold  
Their own Parent the Emanation of their murderd Enemy  
Become their Emanation and their Temple and Tabernacle  
They knew not. this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala Albions Wife.

Terrified at the sight of the Victim: at his distorted sinews!  
The tremblings of Vala vibrate thro' the limbs of Albions Sons:  
While they rejoice over Luvah in mockery & bitter scorn:  
Sudden they become like what they behold in howlings & deadly pain.  
Spasms smite their features, sinews & limbs: pale they look on one another.

They turn, contorted: their iron necks bend unwilling towards  
Luvah: their lips tremble: their muscular fibres are cramped & smitten  
They become like what they behold! Yet immense in strength & power,

In awful pomp & gold, in all the precious unhewn stones of Eden  
They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury; with chains  
Of rocks round London Stone: of Reasonings: of unhewn Demonstrations  
In labyrinthine arches. (Mighty Urizen the Architect.) thro which  
The Heavens might revolve & Eternity be bound in their chain.  
Labour unparallel'd! a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny  
Rocks piled on rocks reaching the stars: stretching from pole to pole.  
The Building is Natural Religion & its Altars Natural Morality  
A building of eternal death: whose proportions are eternal despair  
Here Vala stood turning the iron Spindle of destruction  
From heaven to earth: howling! invisible! but not invisible  
Her Two Covering Cherubs afterwards named Voltaire & Rousseau:  
Two frowning Rocks: on each side of the Cove & Stone of Torture:  
Frozen Sons of the feminine Tabernacle of Bacon, Newton & Locke.  
For Luvah is France: the Victim of the Spectres of Albion.

Los beheld in terror: he pour'd his loud storms on the Furnaces:  
The Daughters of Albion clothed in garments of needle work  
Strip them off from their shoulders and bosoms, they lay aside  
Their garments; they sit naked upon the Stone of trial.  
The Knife of flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood

Gushes & stains the fair side of the fair Daugh[te]rs of Albion.  
They put aside his curls; they divide his seven locks upon  
His forehead: they bind his forehead with thorns of iron  
They put into his hand a reed, they mock: Saying: Behold  
The King of Canaan whose are seven hundred chariots of iron!  
They take off his vesture whole with their Knives of flint:  
But they cut asunder his inner garments: searching with  
Their cruel fingers for his heart, & there they enter in pomp,  
In many tears; & there they erect a temple & an altar:  
They pour cold water on his brain in front, to cause  
Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears: and caverns  
To freeze over his nostrils, while they feed his tongue from cups  
And dishes of painted clay. Glowing with beauty & cruelty:  
They obscure the sun & the moon; no eye can look upon them.

Ah! alas! at the sight of the Victim, & at sight of those who are smitten,  
All who see. become what they behold. their eyes are covered  
With veils of tears and their nostrils & tongues shrunk up  
Their ear bent outwards. as their Victim, so are they in the pangs  
Of unconquerable fear! amidst delights of revenge Earth-shaking!

And as their eye & ear shrunk, the heavens shrunk away  
The Divine Vision became First a burning flame, then a column  
Of fire, then an awful fiery wheel surrounding earth & heaven:  
And then a globe of blood wandering distant in all unknown night:  
Afar into the unknown night the mountains fled away:  
Six months of mortality; a summer: & six months of mortality; a winter:  
The Human form began to be altered by the Daughters of Albion  
And the perceptions to be dissipated into the Indefinite. Becoming  
A mighty Polypus nam'd Albions Tree: they tie the Veins  
And Nerves into two knots: & the Seed into a double knot:  
They look forth: the Sun is shrunk: the Heavens are shrunk  
Away into the far remote: and the Trees & Mountains wither'd  
Into indefinite cloudy shadows in darkness & separation.  
By Invisible hatreds adjoind, they seem remote and separate  
From each other; and yet are a Mighty Polypus in the Deep!  
As the Mistletoe grows on the Oak, so Albions Tree on Eternity: Lo!  
He who will not comingle in Love, must be adjoind by Hate

They look forth from Stone-henge! from the Cove round London Stone  
They look on one another: the mountain calls out to the mountain:  
Plinlimmon shrunk away: Snowdon trembled: the mountains  
Of Wales & Scotland beheld the descending War: the routed flying:  
Red run the streams of Albion: Thames is drunk with blood:  
As Gwendolen cast the shuttle of war: as Cambel return'd the beam.  
The Humber & the Severn: are drunk with the blood of the slain:  
London feels his brain cut round: Edinburghs heart is circumscribed!  
York & Lincoln hide among the flocks, because of the griding Knife.  
Worcester & Hereford: Oxford & Cambridge reel & stagger,  
Overwearied with howling: Wales & Scotland alone sustain the fight!

The inhabitants are sick to death: they labour to divide into Days  
And Nights, the uncertain Periods: and into Weeks & Months. In vain  
They send the Dove & Raven: & in vain the Serpent over the mountains.  
And in vain the Eagle & Lion over the four-fold wilderness.  
They return not: but generate in rocky places desolate.  
They return not; but build a habitation separate from Man.  
The Sun forgets his course like a drunken man; he hesitates,  
Upon the Cheselden hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn  
In vain: he is hurried afar into an unknown Night  
He bleeds in torrents of blood as he rolls thro heaven above  
He chokes up the paths of the sky; the Moon is leprous as snow:  
Trembling & descending down seeking to rest upon high Mona:  
Scattering her leprous snows in flakes of disease over Albion.  
The Stars flee remote: the heaven is iron, the earth is sulphur,  
And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a withering gourd,  
As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knife of flint,  
In the hands of Albions Daughters, among the Druid Temples.

By those who drink their blood & the blood of their Covenant

And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab & Tirzah  
A Double Female: and they drew out from the Rocky Stones  
Fibres of Life to Weave[,] for every Female is a Golden Loom  
The Rocks are opaque hardnesses covering all Vegetated things  
And as they Wove & Cut from the Looms in various divisions  
Stretching over Europe & Asia from Ireland to Japan  
They divided into many lovely Daughters to be counterparts  
To those they Wove, for when they Wove a Male, they divided  
Into a Female to the Woven Male. in opaque hardness  
They cut the Fibres from the Rocks groaning in pain they Weave;  
Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence; denying Eternity  
By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albions Tree  
Such are the Feminine & Masculine when separated from Man  
They call the Rocks Parents of Men, & adore the frowning Chaos  
Dancing around in howling pain clothed in the bloody Veil.  
Hiding Albions Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalems  
Sons without; to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion  
Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous & merciful Man  
Counting him an imbecile mockery: but the Warrior  
They adore: & his revenge cherish with the blood of the Innocent  
They drink up Dan & Gad, to feed with milk Skofeld & Kotope  
They strip off Josephs Coat & dip it in the blood of battle

Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife  
Of flint is in her hand: she passes it over the howling Victim  
The Daughters Weave their Work in loud cries over the Rock  
Of Horeb! still eyeing Albions Cliffs eagerly siezing & twisting  
The threads of Vala & Jerusalem running from mountain to mountain  
Over the whole Earth: loud the Warriors rage in Beth Peor  
Beneath the iron whips of their Captains & consecrated banners

Loud the Sun & Moon rage in the conflict: loud the Stars  
Shout in the night of battle & their spears grow to their hands  
With blood, weaving the deaths of the Mighty into a Tabernacle  
For Rahab & Tirzah; till the Great Polypus of Generation coverd the Earth

In Verulam the Polypus's Head, winding around his bulk  
Thro Rochester, and Chichester, & Exeter & Salisbury,  
To Bristol: & his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain  
Shooting out Fibres round the Earth, thro Gaul & Italy  
And Greece, & along the Sea of Rephaim into Judea  
To Sodom & Gomorrha: thence to India, China & Japan

The Twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tirzah have circumscribd the Brain  
Beneath & pierced it thro the midst with a golden pin.  
Blood hath staind her fair side beneath her bosom.

O thou poor Human Form! said she. O thou poor child of woe!  
Why wilt thou wander away from Tirzah: why me compel to bind thee[!]  
If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon these Rocks  
These fibres of thine eyes that used to beam in distant heavens  
Away from me: I have bound down with a hot iron.  
These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies  
I have bent downward with lead melted in my roaring furnaces  
Of affliction; of love; of sweet despair; of torment unendurable  
My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roars the bellows  
Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs  
In channels thro my fiery limbs: O love! O pity! O fear!  
O pain! O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken  
Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran  
The River Kanah wanderd by my sweet Manassehs side  
To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my sight!  
Go Noah fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red-hot:  
Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelty  
Shriek not so my only love! I refuse thy joys: I drink  
Thy shrieks because Hand & Hyle are cruel & obdurate to me

O Skofield why art thou cruel? Lo Joseph is thine! to make  
You One: to weave you both in the same mantle of skin  
Bind him down Sisters bind him down on Ebal. Mount of cursing:  
Malah come forth from Lebanon: & 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

And thus the Warriors cry, in the hot day of Victory, in Songs.

Look: the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stone  
Her panting Victim beside her: her heart is drunk with blood

Tho her brain is not drunk with wine: she goes forth from Albion  
In pride of beauty: in cruelty of holiness: in the brightness  
Of her tabernacle, & her ark & secret place, the beautiful Daughter  
Of Albion, delights the eyes of the Kings. their hearts & the  
Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor & Friga. O Molech!  
O Chemosh! O Bacchus! O Venus! O Double God of Generation  
The Heavens are cut like a mantle around from the Cliffs of Albion  
Across Europe; across Africa; in howlings & deadly War  
A sheet & veil & curtain of blood is let down from Heaven  
Across the hills of Ephraim & down Mount Olivet to  
The Valley of the Jebusite: Molech rejoices in heaven  
He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones

Themselves condensing to rocks & into the Ribs of a Man  
Lo they shoot forth in tender Nerves across Europe & Asia  
Lo they rest upon the Tribes, where their panting Victims lie  
Molech rushes into the Kings in love to the beautiful Daughters  
But they frown & delight in cruelty, refusing all other joy  
Bring your Offerings, your first begotten: pamperd with milk & blood  
Your first born of seven years old: be they Males or Females:  
To the beautiful Daughters of Albion! they sport before the Kings  
Clothed in the sin of the Victim! blood! human blood! is the life  
And delightful food of the Warrior: the well fed Warriors flesh  
Of him who is slain in War: fills the Valleys of Ephraim with  
Breeding Women walking in pride & bringing forth under green trees  
With pleasure, without pain, for their food is. blood of the Captive  
Molech rejoices thro the Land from Havilah to Shur: he rejoices  
In moral law & its severe penalties: loud Shaddai & Jehovah  
Thunder above: when they see the Twelve panting Victims  
On the Twelve Stones of Power, & the beautiful Daughters of Albion  
If you dare rend their Veil with your Spear; you are healed of Love!  
From the Hills of Camberwell & Wimbledon: from the Valleys  
Of Walton & Esher: from Stone-henge & from Maldens Cove  
Jerusalems Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War  
Over France & Germany: upon the Rhine & Danube  
Reuben & Benjamin flee; they hide in the Valley of Rephaim  
Why trembles the Warriors limbs when he beholds thy beauty  
Spotted with Victims blood: by the fires of thy secret tabernacle  
And thy ark & holy place: at thy frowns: at thy dire revenge  
Smitten as Uzzah of old: his armour is softend; his spear  
And sword faint in his hand, from Albion across Great Tartary  
O beautiful Daughter of Albion: cruelty is thy delight  
O Virgin of terrible eyes, who dwellest by Valleys of springs  
Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon, in the City of Rehof in Hamath  
Taught to touch the harp: to dance in the Circle of Warriors  
Before the Kings of Canaan: to cut the flesh from the Victim  
To roast the flesh in fire: to examine the Infants limbs  
In cruelties of holiness: to refuse the joys of love: to bring  
The Spies from Egypt, to raise jealousy in the bosoms of the Twelve  
Kings of Canaan: then to let the Spies depart to Meribah Kadesh

To the place of the Amalekite; I am drunk with unsatiated love  
I must rush again to War: for the Virgin has frownd & refusd  
Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty  
Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies  
But now my soul is harrowd with grief & fear & love & desire  
And now I hate & now I love & Intellect is no more:  
There is no time for any thing but the torments of love & desire  
The Feminine & Masculine Shadows soft, mild & ever varying  
In beauty: are Shadows now no more, but Rocks in Horeb

Then all the Males combined into One Male & every one  
Became a ravening eating Cancer growing in the Female  
A Polypus of Roots of Reasoning Doubt Despair & Death.  
Going forth & returning from Albions Rocks to Canaan:  
Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.

Envyng stood the enormous Form at variance with Itself  
In all its Members: in eternal torment of love & jealousy:  
Drivn forth by Los time after time from Albions cliffy shore,  
Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into infernal bondage;  
That they might be born in contentions of Chastity & in  
Deadly Hate between Leah & Rachel, Daughters of Deceit & Fraud  
Bearing the Images of various Species of Contention  
And Jealousy & Abhorrence & Revenge & deadly Murder.  
Till they refuse liberty to the male; & not like Beulah  
Where every Female delights to give her maiden to her husband  
The Female searches sea & land for gratification to the  
Male Genius: who in return clothes her in gems & gold  
And feeds her with the food of Eden. hence all her beauty beams  
She Creates at her will a little moony night & silence  
With Spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty:  
Closed in by a sandy desart & a night of stars shining.  
And a little tender moon & hovering angels on the wing.  
And the Male gives a Time & Revolution to her Space  
Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights  
For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination  
And thence in Beulah they are stolen by secret amorous theft,  
Till they have had Punishment enough to make them commit Crimes  
Hence rose the Tabernacle in the Wilderness & all its Offerings,  
From Male & Female Loves in Beulah & their Jealousies  
But no one can consummate Female bliss in Los's World without  
Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death

And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah: all  
The Jealousies become Murderous: uniting together in Rahab  
A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves  
With Moral Law, an Equal Balance, not going down with decision  
Therefore the Male severe & cruel filld with stern Revenge:  
Mutual Hate returns & mutual Deceit & mutual Fear.

Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female:  
Which Jesus rends & the whole Druid Law removes away  
From the Inner Sanctuary: a False Holiness hid within the Center,  
For the Sanctuary of Eden. is in the Camp: in the Outline,  
In the Circumference: & every Minute Particular is Holy:  
Embraces are Cominglings: from the Head even to the Feet;  
And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.

Jerusalem pined in her inmost soul over Wandering Reuben  
As she slept in Beulahs Night hid by the Daughters of Beulah

And this the form of mighty Hand sitting on Albions cliffs  
Before the face of Albion, a mighty threatening Form.

His bosom wide & shoulders huge overspreading wondrous  
Bear Three strong sinewy Necks & Three awful & terrible Heads  
Three Brains in contradictory council brooding incessantly.  
Neither daring to put in act its councils, fearing each-other,  
Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom  
To consist. in the agreements & disagree[me]nts of Ideas.  
Plotting to devour Albions Body of Humanity & Love.

Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took; & such  
Their appearance when combind: but often by birth-pangs & loud groans  
They divide to Twelve: the key-bones & the chest dividing in pain  
Disclose a hideous orifice; thence issuing the Giant-brood  
Arise as the smoke of the furnace, shaking the rocks from sea to sea.  
And there they combine into Three Forms, named Bacon & Newton & Locke,  
In the Oak Groves of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

Imputing Sin & Righteousness to Individuals; Rahab  
Sat deep within him hid: his Feminine Power unreveal'd  
Brooding Abstract Philosophy. to destroy Imagination, the Divine-  
-Humanity A Three-fold Wonder: feminine: most beautiful: Three-fold  
Each within other. On her white marble & even Neck, her Heart  
Inorb'd and bonified: with locks of shadowing modesty, shining  
Over her beautiful Female features, soft flourishing in beauty  
Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips  
Recieve a kiss from Gods or Men, a threefold kiss returns  
From the pressd loveliness: so her whole immortal form three-fold  
Three-fold embrace returns: consuming lives of Gods & Men  
In fires of beauty melting them as gold & silver in the furnace  
Her Brain enlabyrinths the whole heaven of her bosom & loins  
To put in act what her Heart wills; O who can withstand her power  
Her name is Vala in Eternity: in Time her name is Rahab

The Starry Heavens all were fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

And above Albions Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan

As the Substance is to the Shadow: and above Albions Twelve Sons  
Were seen Jerusalems Sons: and all the Twelve Tribes spreading  
Over Albion. As the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalems Sons,  
Are to the Sons of Albion: and Jerusalem is Albions Emanation

What is Above is Within, for every-thing in Eternity is translucent:  
The Circumference is Within: Without, is formed the Selfish Center  
And the Circumference still expands going forward to Eternity.  
And the Center has Eternal States! these States we now explore.

And these the Names of Albions Twelve Sons, & of his Twelve Daughters  
With their Districts. Hand dwelt in Selsey & had Sussex & Surrey  
And Kent & Middlesex: all their Rivers & their Hills, of flocks & herds:  
Their Villages Towns Cities Sea-Ports Temples sublime Cathedrals;  
All were his Friends & their Sons & Daughters intermarry in Beulah  
For all are Men in Eternity. Rivers Mountains Cities Villages,  
All are Human & when you enter into their Bosoms you walk  
In Heavens & Earths; as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven  
And Earth, & all you behold, tho it appears Without it is Within  
In your Imagination of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.

Hyle dwelt in Winchester comprehending Hants Dorset Devon Cornwall.  
Their Villages Cities SeaPorts, their Corn fields & Gardens spacious  
Palaces, Rivers & Mountains, and between Hand & Hyle arose  
Gwendolen & Cambel who is Boadicea: they go abroad & return  
Like lovely beams of light from the mingled affections of the Brothers  
The Inhabitants of the whole Earth rejoice in their beautiful light.

Coban dwelt in Bath. Somerset Wiltshire Gloucestershire,  
Obeyd his awful voice Ignoge is his lovely Emanation;  
She adjoind with Gwantokes Children, soon lovely Cordella arose.  
Gwantoke forgave & joyd over South Wales & all its Mountains.

Peachey had North Wales Shropshire Cheshire & the Isle of Man.  
His Emanation is Mehetabel terrible & lovely upon the Mountains

Brertun had Yorkshire Durham Westmoreland & his Emanation  
Is Ragan, she adjoind to Slade, & produced Gonorill far beaming.

Slade had Lincoln Stafford Derby Nottingham & his lovely  
Emanation Gonorill rejoices over hills & rocks & woods & rivers.

Huttn had Warwick Northampton Bedford Buckingham  
Leicester & Berkshire: & his Emanation is Gwinefred beautiful

Skofeld had Ely Rutland Cambridge Huntingdon Norfolk  
Suffolk Hartford & Essex: & his Emanation is Gwinevera  
Beautiful, she beams towards the east, all kinds of precious stones  
And pearl, with instruments Of music in holy Jerusalem

Kox had Oxford Warwick Wilts: his Emanation is Estrild:  
Joind with Cordella she shines southward over the Atlantic.

Kotope had Hereford Stafford Worcester, & his Emanation  
Is Sabrina joind with Mehetabel she shines west over America

Bowen had all Scotland, the Isles, Northumberland & Cumberland  
His Emanation is Conwenna, she shines a triple form  
Over the north with pearly beams gorgeous & terrible  
Jerusalem & Vala rejoice in Bowen & Conwenna.

But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated  
Are Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion. They  
Dwell over the Four Provinces of Ireland in heavenly light  
The Four Universities of Scotland, & in Oxford & Cambridge & Winchester

But now Albion is darkened & Jerusalem lies in ruins:  
Above the Mountains of Albion, above the head of Los.

And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings & his tears poured down  
His immortal cheeks, rearing his hands to heaven for aid Divine!  
But he spoke not to Albion: fearing lest Albion should turn his Back  
Against the Divine Vision: & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death.  
But he receded before Albion & before Vala weaving the Veil  
With the iron shuttle of War among the rooted Oaks of Albion;  
Weeping & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children  
Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity

And the Thirty-two Counties of the Four Provinces of Ireland  
Are thus divided: The Four Counties are in the Four Camps  
Munster South in Reubens Gate, Connaut West in Josephs Gate  
Ulster North in Dans Gate, Leinster East in Judahs Gate

For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars  
But the Four towards the West were Walled up & the Twelve  
That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square  
By Los for Jerusalems sake & called the Gates of Jerusalem  
Because Twelve Sons of Jerusalem fled successive thro the Gates  
But the Four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not but remaind  
Are Rintrah & Palamabron & Theotormon & Bromion  
The Four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall  
And these Four remain to guard the Four Walls of Jerusalem  
Whose foundations remain in the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland  
And in Twelve Counties of Wales, & in the Forty Counties  
Of England & in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland

And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these  
Under Judah & Issachar & Zebulun are Lowth Longford

Eastmeath Westmeath Dublin Kildare Kings County  
Queens County Wicklow Catherloh Wexford Kilkenny

And those under Reuben & Simeon & Levi are these  
Waterford Tipperary Cork Limerick Kerry Clare  
And those under Ephraim Manasseh & Benjamin are these  
Galway Roscommon Mayo Sligo Leitrim  
And those under Dan Asher & Napthali are these  
Donnegal Antrim Tyrone Fermanagh Armagh Londonderry  
Down Managhan Cavan. These are the Land of Erin

All these Center in London & in Golgonooza. from whence  
They are Created continually East & West & North & South  
And from them are Created all the Nations of the Earth  
Europe & Asia & Africa & America, in fury Fourfold!

[<image> Continually Building. Continually Decaying because of Love & Jealousy  
<image]

And Thirty-two the Nations: to dwell in Jerusalems Gates  
O Come ye Nations Come ye People Come up to Jerusalem  
Return Jerusalem & dwell together as of old! Return  
Return! O Albion let Jerusalem overspread all Nations  
As in the times of old! O Albion awake! Reuben wanders  
The Nations wait for Jerusalem. they look up for the Bride

France Spain Italy Germany Poland Russia Sweden Turkey  
Arabia Palestine Persia Hindostan China Tartary Siberia  
Egypt Lybia Ethiopia Guinea Caffraria Negroland Morocco  
Congo Zaara Canada Greenland Carolina Mexico  
Peru Patagonia Amazonia Brazil. Thirty-two Nations  
And under these Thirty-two Classes of Islands in the Ocean  
All the Nations Peoples & Tongues throughout all the Earth

And the Four Gates of Los surround the Universe Within and  
Without; & whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth, the same  
Is visible in the Mundane Shell; reversd in mountain & vale  
And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah to guard  
In Albions Tomb the wondrous Creation: & the Four-fold Gate  
Towards Beulah is to the South[.] Fenelon, Guion, Teresa,  
Whitefield & Hervey, guard that Gate; with all the gentle Souls  
Who guide the great Wine-press of Love; Four precious stones that Gate:

[<image: reversed writing> Women the comforters of Men become the Tormentors &  
Punishers <image>]

Such are Cathedrons golden Halls: in the City of Golgonooza

And Los's Furnaces howl loud; living: self-moving: lamenting  
With fury & despair, & they stretch from South to North

Thro all the Four Points: Lo! the Labourers at the Furnaces  
Rintrah & Palamabron, Theotormon & Bromion, loud labring  
With the innumerable multitudes of Golgonooza, round the Anvils  
Of Death. But how they came forth from the Furnaces & how long  
Vast & severe the anguish eer they knew their Father; were  
Long to tell & of the iron rollers, golden axle-trees & yokes  
Of brass, iron chains & braces & the gold, silver & brass  
Mingled or separate: for swords; arrows; cannons; mortars  
The terrible ball: the wedge: the loud sounding hammer of destruction  
The sounding flail to thresh: the winnow: to winnow kingdoms  
The water wheel & mill of many innumerable wheels resistless  
Over the Four fold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell.

Perusing Albions Tomb in the starry characters of Og & Anak:  
To Create the lion & wolf the bear: the tyger & ounce:  
To Create the wooly lamb & downy fowl & scaly serpent  
The summer & winter: day & night: the sun & moon & stars  
The tree: the plant: the flower: the rock: the stone: the metal:  
Of Vegetative Nature: by their hard restricting condensations.

Where Luvahs World of Opakeness grew to a period: It  
Became a Limit, a Rocky hardness without form & void  
Accumulating without end: here Los. who is of the Elohim  
Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the Emanation  
Fixing The Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation  
Naming the Limit of Opakeness Satan & the Limit of Contraction  
Adam, who is Peleg & Joktan: & Esau & Jacob: & Saul & David

Voltaire insinuates that these Limits are the cruel work of God  
Mocking the Remover of Limits & the Resurrection of the Dead  
Setting up Kings in wrath: in holiness of Natural Religion  
Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time on time  
In miracles & wonders in the Four-fold Desart of Albion  
Permanently Creating to be in Time Reveald & Demolishd  
Satan Cain Tubal Nimrod Pharoh Priam Bladud Belin  
Arthur Alfred the Norman Conqueror Richard John  
[*Edward Henry Elizabeth James Charles William George*]  
And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories  
These are Created by Rahab & Tirzah in Ulro: but around

These, to preserve them from Eternal Death Los Creates  
Adam Noah Abraham Moses Samuel David Ezekiel  
[*Pythagoras Socrates Euripedes Virgil Dante Milton*]  
Dissipating the rocky forms of Death, by his thunderous Hammer  
As the Pilgrim passes while the Country permanent remains  
So Men pass on: but States remain permanent for ever

The Spectres of the Dead howl round the porches of Los  
In the terrible Family feuds of Albions cities & villages  
To devour the Body of Albion, hungry & thirsting & ravning

The Sons of Los clothe them & feed, & provide houses & gardens  
And every Human Vegetated Form in its inward recesses  
Is a house of ple[as]antness & a garden of delight Built by the  
Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowlahoola & in Cathedron

From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible  
Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Door;

The Four Zoa's clouded rage; Urizen stood by Albion  
With Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion  
These Four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh  
And the Four Zoa's are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona  
In opposition deadly, and their Wheels in poisonous  
And deadly stupor turn'd against each other loud & fierce  
Entering into the Reasoning Power, forsaking Imagination  
They became Spectres; & their Human Bodies were reposed  
In Beulah, by the Daughters of Beulah with tears & lamentations  
The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man; & when separated  
From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Ratio  
Of the Things of Memory. It thence frames Laws & Moralities  
To destroy Imagination! the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms & Wars

Teach me O Holy Spirit the Testimony of Jesus! let me  
Comprehend wonderous things out of the Divine Law  
I behold Babylon in the opening Street of London, I behold  
Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house  
This I behold the shudderings of death attend my steps  
I walk up and down in Six Thousand Years: their Events are present before me  
To tell how Los in grief & anger, whirling round his Hammer on high  
Drave the Sons & Daughters of Albion from their ancient mountains  
They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision

The Sons of Albion are Twelve: the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen  
I tell how Albions Sons by Harmonies of Concords & Discords  
Opposed to Melody, and by Lights & Shades, opposed to Outline  
And by Abstraction opposed to the Visions of Imagination

By cruel Laws divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions  
How Hyle roofd Los in Albions Cliffs by the Affections rent  
Asunder & opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalems Sons  
Into the Vortex of his Wheels. therefore Hyle is called Gog  
Age after age drawing them away towards Babylon  
Babylon, the Rational Morality deluding to death the little ones  
In strong temptations of stolen beauty; I tell how Reuben slept  
On London Stone & the Daughters of Albion ran around admiring  
His awful beauty: with Moral Virtue the fair deciever; offspring  
Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames & sent  
Him over Europe in streams of gore out of Cathedrons Looms  
How Los drave them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan  
Hence Albion was calld the Canaanite & all his Giant Sons.

Hence is my Theme. O Lord my Saviour open thou the Gates  
And I will lead forth thy Words, telling how the Daughters  
Cut the Fibres of Reuben, how he rolld apart & took Root  
In Bashan, terror-struck Albions Sons look toward Bashan  
They have divided Simeon he also rolld apart in blood  
Over the Nations till he took Root beneath the shining Looms  
Of Albions Daughters in Philistea by the side of Amalek  
They have divided Levi: he hath shot out into Forty eight Roots  
Over the Land of Canaan: they have divided Judah  
He hath took Root in Hebron, in the Land of Hand & Hyle  
Dan: Napthali: Gad: Asher: Issachar: Zebulun: roll apart  
From all the Nations of the Earth to dissipate into Non Entity

I see a Feminine Form arise from the Four terrible Zoas  
Beautiful but terrible struggling to take a form of beauty  
Rooted in Shechem: this is Dinah, the youthful form of Erin  
The Wound I see in South Molton S[t]reet & Stratford place  
Whence Joseph & Benjamin rolld apart away from the Nations  
In vain they rolld apart; they are fixd into the Land of Cabul

And Rahab Babylon the Great hath destroyed Jerusalem  
Bath stood upon the Severn with Merlin & Bladud & Arthur  
The Cup of Rahab in his hand: her Poisons Twenty-seven-fold

And all her Twenty-seven Heavens now hid & now reveal'd  
Appear in strong delusive light of Time & Space drawn out  
In shadowy pomp by the Eternal Prophet created evermore

For Los in Six Thousand Years walks up & down continually  
That not one Moment of Time be lost & every revolution  
Of Space he makes permanent in Bowlahoola & Cathedron.

And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches  
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,

Methuselah, Lamech; these are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic  
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the Second, Salah, Heber,  
Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah: these are the Female Males:  
A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains.  
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine,  
Luther. these Seven are the Male Females: the Dragon Forms  
The Female hid within a Male: thus Rahab is reveald  
Mystery Babylon the Great: the Abomination of Desolation  
Religion hid in War: a Dragon red, & hidden Harlot  
But Jesus breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell  
Opens Eternity in Time & Space; triumphant in Mercy

Thus are the Heavens formd by Los within the Mundane Shell  
And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle

To awake the Prisoners of Death; to bring Albion again  
With Luvah into light eternal, in his eternal day.

But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion

## To the Christians.

Devils are  
False Religions  
“Saul Saul”  
“Why persecutest thou me.”

I give you the end of a golden string,  
Only wind it into a ball:  
It will lead you in at Heavens gate,  
Built in Jerusalems wall.

We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost, is a moment that cannot be redeemed every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly unredeemable & is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance. are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of intanglement with incoherent roots. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body & mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination.

Imagination the real & eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow & in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy Ghost an other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the Harvest of the Gospel & its Labours? What is that Talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves, are they any other than Mental Studies & Performances? What are all the Gifts. of the Gospel, are they not all Mental Gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be worshipped in Spirit & in Truth and are not the Gifts of the Spirit Every-thing to Man? O ye Religious discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise Art & Science! I call upon you in the Name of Jesus! What is the Life of Man but Art & Science? is it Meat & Drink? is not the Body more than Raiment? What is Mortality but the things relating to the Body, which Dies? What is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit, which Lives Eternally! What is the joy of Heaven but Improvement in the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance, Bodily Lust, Idleness & devastation of the things of the Spirit[?]

Answer this to yourselves, & expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of Art & Science, which alone are the labours of the Gospel: Is not this plain & manifest to the thought? Can you think at all & not pronounce heartily! That to Labour in Knowledge. is to Build up Jerusalem: and to Despise Knowledge, is to Despise Jerusalem & her Builders.

And remember: He who despises & mocks a Mental Gift in another; calling it pride & selfishness & sin; mocks Jesus the giver of every Mental Gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving Hypocrite, as Sins. but that which is a Sin in the sight of cruel Man, is not so in the sight of our kind God.

Let every Christian as much as in him lies engage himself openly & publicly before all the World in some Mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem

I stood among my valleys of the south  
And saw a flame of fire, even as a Wheel  
Of fire surrounding all the heavens: it went  
From west to east against the current of  
Creation and devourd all things in its loud

Fury & thundering course round heaven & earth  
By it the Sun was rolld into an orb:  
By it the Moon faded into a globe,

Travelling thro the night: for from its dire  
And restless fury, Man himself shrunk up  
Into a little root a fathom long.  
And I asked a Watcher & a Holy-One  
Its Name? he answerd. It is the Wheel of Religion  
I wept & said. Is this the law of Jesus  
This terrible devouring sword turning every way  
He answerd; Jesus died because he strove  
Against the current of this Wheel: its Name  
Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death  
Of sin, of sorrow, & of punishment;  
Opposing Nature! It is Natural Religion  
But Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life  
Creating Nature from this fiery Law,  
By self-denial & forgiveness of Sin.

Go therefore, cast out devils in Christs name  
Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease  
Pity the evil, for thou art not sent  
To smite with terror & with punishments  
Those that are sick, like the Pharisees  
Crucifying &,encompassing sea & land  
For proselytes to tyranny & wrath,  
But to the Publicans & Harlots go!  
Teach them True Happiness, but let no curse  
Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace  
For Hell is open to heaven; thine eyes beheld  
The dungeons burst & the Prisoners set free.

---

England! awake! awake! awake!  
Jerusalem thy Sister calls!  
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death?  
And close her from thy ancient walls.

Thy hills & valleys felt her feet,  
Gently upon their bosoms move:  
Thy gates beheld sweet Zions ways;  
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again:  
Our souls exult & Londons towers,  
Recieve the Lamb of God to dwell  
In Englands green & pleasant bowers.

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*[The Real Selfhood]  
is the ?Imagination*

*in the  
Divine ?Man]*

## *Jerusalem. C 4*

The Spectres of Albions Twelve Sons revolve mightily  
Over the Tomb & over the Body: ravning to devour  
The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron  
Walks round: loud his threats, loud his blows fall  
On the rocky Spectres, as the Potter breaks the potsherds;  
Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses: driving them from Albions  
Cliffs: dividing them into Male & Female forms in his Furnaces  
And on his Anvils: lest they destroy the Feminine Affections  
They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace

While Los laments at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem,  
Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair;  
Albions Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin,

In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem,  
Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God.  
They took their Mother Vala, and they crown'd her with gold:  
They namd her Rahab, & gave her power over the Earth  
The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Entuthon Benython,  
Even to the stars exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne  
Of God and the Lamb, to destroy the Lamb & usurp the Throne of God  
Drawing their Ulro Voidness round the Four-fold Humanity

Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion  
The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levelld with the dust!

Her Twelve Gates thrown down: her children carried into captivity  
Herself in chains: this from within was seen in a dismal night  
Outside, unknown before in Beulah, & the twelve gates were fill'd  
With blood; from Japan eastward to the Giants causway, west  
In Erins Continent: and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates banks  
Disorganizd; an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among  
Her childrens Druid Temples dropping with blood wanderd weeping!  
And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea.

My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me  
The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me & my children  
I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence!

My tents are fall'n! My pillars are in ruins! my children dashd  
Upon Egypts iron floors, & the marble pavements of Assyria;  
I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Heshbon;  
Mount Zion is become a cruel rock & no more dew  
Nor rain: no more the spring of the rock appears: but cold  
Hard & obdurate are the furrows of the mountain of wine & oil:  
The mountain of blessing is itself a curse & an astonishment:  
The hills of Judea are fallen with me into the deepest hell

Away from the Nations of the Earth, & from the Cities of the Nations;  
I walk to Ephraim. I seek for Shiloh: I walk like a lost sheep  
Among precipices of despair: in Goshen I seek for light  
In vain: and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter.  
Goshen hath followd Philistea: Gilead hath joind with Og!  
They are become narrow places in a little and dark land:  
How distant far from Albion! his hills & his valleys no more  
Recieve the feet of Jerusalem: they have cast me quite away:  
And Albion is himself shrunk to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea!  
The plains of Sussex & Surrey, their hills of flocks & herds  
No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy-ones.  
The Fifty-two Counties of England are hardend against me  
As if I was not their Mother, they despise me & cast me out  
London coverd the whole Earth. England encompassd the Nations:

And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion:  
My pillars reachd from sea to sea: London beheld me come  
From my east & from my west; he blessed me and gave  
His children to my breasts, his sons & daughters to my knees  
His aged parents sought me out in every city & village:  
They discern'd my countenance with joy! they shew'd me to their sons  
Saying Lo Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers  
Levi and Judah & Issachar: Ephra[i]m, Manesseh, Gad and Dan  
Are seen in our hills & valleys: they keep our flocks & herds:  
They watch them in the night: and the Lamb of God appears among us.  
The river Severn stayd his course at my command:  
Thames poured his waters into my basons and baths:  
Medway mingled with Kishon: Thames reciev'd the heavenly Jordan  
Albion gave me to the whole Earth to walk up & down; to pour  
Joy upon every mountain; to teach songs to the shepherd & plowman  
I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion.  
Italy saw me, in sublime astonishment: France was wholly mine:  
As my garden & as my secret bath; Spain was my heavenly couch:  
I slept in his golden hills: the Lamb of God met me there.  
There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones  
They looked upon our loves with joy: they beheld our secret joys:  
With holy raptures of adoration rapd sublime in the Visions of God:  
Germany; Poland & the North wooed my footsteps they found  
My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales  
The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber  
Turkey & Grecia saw my instr[u]ments of music, they arose  
They siezd the harp: the flute: the mellow horn of Jerusalems joy  
They sounded thanksgivings in my courts: Egypt & Lybia heard  
The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God  
Enquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar:  
And thou America! I once beheld thee but now behold no more  
Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim & Seraphim rejoicd  
Together among my little-ones. But now, my Altars run with blood!  
My fires are corrupt! my incense is a cloudy pestilence  
Of seven diseases! Once a continual cloud of salvation. rose

From all my myriads; once the Four-fold World rejoiced among  
The pillars of Jerusalem, between my winged Cherubim:  
But now I am closed out from them in the narrow passages  
Of the valleys of destruction, into a dark land of pitch & bitumen.  
From Albion's Tomb afar and from the four-fold wonders of God  
Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul;  
There is Reuben & Gad & Joseph & Judah & Levi, closed up  
In narrow vales: I walk & count the bones of my beloveds  
Along the Valley of Destruction, among these Druid Temples  
Which overspread all the Earth in patriarchal pomp & cruel pride

Tell me O Vala thy purposes; tell me wherefore thy shuttles  
Drop with the gore of the slain; why Euphrates is red with blood  
Wherefore in dreadful majesty & beauty outside appears  
Thy Masculine from thy Feminine hardening against the heavens  
To devour the Human! Why dost thou weep upon the wind among  
These cruel Druid Temples: O Vala! Humanity is far above  
Sexual organization; & the Visions of the Night of Beulah  
Where Sexes wander in dreams of bliss among the Emanations  
Where the Masculine & Feminine are nurs'd into Youth & Maiden  
By the tears & smiles of Beulah's Daughters till the time of Sleep is past.  
Wherefore then do you realize these nets of beauty & delusion  
In open day to draw the souls of the Dead into the light.  
Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven.

Encompass'd by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree  
I walk weeping in pangs of a Mother's torment for her Children:  
I walk in affliction: I am a worm, and no living soul!  
A worm going to eternal torment! raised up in a night  
To an eternal night of pain, lost! lost! lost! for ever!

Beside her Vala howl'd upon the winds in pride of beauty  
Lamenting among the timbrels of the Warriors: among the Captives  
In cruel holiness, and her lamenting songs were from Arnon  
And Jordan to Euphrates. Jerusalem follow'd trembling  
Her children in captivity. listening to Vala's lamentation  
In the thick cloud & darkness. & the voice went forth from  
The cloud. O rent in sunder from Jerusalem the Harlot daughter!  
In an eternal condemnation in fierce burning flames  
Of torment unendurable: and if once a Delusion be found  
Woman must perish & the Heavens of Heavens remain no more

My Father gave to me command to murder Albion  
In unreviving Death; my Love, my Luvah order'd me in night  
To murder Albion the King of Men. he fought in battles fierce  
He conquer'd Luvah my beloved: he took me and my Father  
He slew them: I revived them to life in my warm bosom  
He saw them issue from my bosom, dark in Jealousy  
He burn'd before me: Luvah fram'd the Knife & Luvah gave  
The Knife into his daughters hand! such thing was never known

Before in Albions land, that one should die a death never to be reviv'd!  
For in our battles we the Slain men view with pity and love:  
We soon revive them in the secret of our tabernacles  
But I Vala, Luvahs daughter, keep his body embalmd in moral laws  
With spices of sweet odours of lovely jealous stupefaction:  
Within my bosom, lest he arise to life & slay my Luvah  
Pity me then O Lamb of God! O Jesus pity me!  
Come into Luvahs Tents, and seek not to revive the Dead!

So sang she: and the Spindle turnd furious as she sang:  
The Children of Jerusalem the Souls of those who sleep  
Were caught into the flax of her Distaff, & in her Cloud  
To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will  
A Dragon form on Zion Hills most ancient promontory

The Spindle turnd in blood & fire: loud sound the trumpets  
Of war: the cymbals play loud before the Captains  
With Cambel & Gwendolen in dance and solemn song  
The Cloud of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion  
Los saw terrified, melted with pity & divided in wrath  
He sent them over the narrow seas in pity and love  
Among the Four Forests of Albion which overspread all the Earth  
They go forth & return swift as a flash of lightning.  
Among the tribes of warriors: among the Stones of power!  
Against Jerusalem they rage thro all the Nations of Europe  
Thro Italy & Grecia, to Lebanon & Persia & India.

The Serpent Temples thro the Earth, from the wide Plain of Salisbury  
Resound with cries of Victims, shouts & songs & dying groans  
And flames of dusky fire, to Amalek, Canaan and Moab[.]  
And Rahab like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud  
Refusd to take a definite form. she hoverd over all the Earth  
Calling the definite, sin: defacing every definite form;  
Invisible, or Visible, stretch'd out in length or spread in breadth:  
Over the Temples drinking groans of victims weeping in pity,  
And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalems walls.

Hand slept on Skiddaws top: drawn by the love of beautiful  
Cambel: his bright beaming Counterpart, divided from him  
And her delusive light beamd fierce above the Mountain,  
Soft: invisible: drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication:  
Drawing out fibre by fibre: returning to Albions Tree  
At night: and in the morning to Skiddaw; she sent him over  
Mountainous Wales into the Loom of Cathedron fibre by fibre:  
He ran in tender nerves across Europe to Jerusalems Shade,  
To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb.

Hyle on East Moor in rocky Derbyshire, rav'd to the Moon  
For Gwendolen: she took up in bitter tears his anguishd heart,  
That apparent to all in Eternity, glows like the Sun in the breast:

She hid it his ribs & back: she hid his tongue with teeth  
In terrible convulsions pitying & gratified drunk with pity  
Glowing with loveliness before him, becoming apparent  
According to his changes: she roll'd his kidneys round  
Into two irregular forms: and looking on Albions dread Tree,  
She wove two vessels of seed, beautiful as Skiddaws snow;  
Giving them bends of self interest & selfish natural virtue:

She hid them in his loins; raving he ran among the rocks,  
Compell'd into a shape of Moral Virtue against the Lamb.  
The invisible lovely one giving him a form according to  
His Law a form against the Lamb of God oppos'd to Mercy  
And playing in the thunderous Loom in sweet intoxication  
Filling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries, with groans  
And dolorous sobs: the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah

O sister Cambel said Gwendolen, as their long beaming light  
Mingled above the Mountain[:] what shall we do to keep  
These awful forms in our soft bands: distracted with trembling

I have mock'd those who refused cruelty & I have admired  
The cruel Warrior. I have refused to give love to Merlin the piteous.  
He brings to me the Images of his Love & I reject in chastity  
And turn them out into the streets for Harlots to be food  
To the stern Warrior. I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior  
For Men are caught by Love: Woman is caught by Pride  
That Love may only be obtain'd in the passages of Death.

[<image: reversed writing> In Heaven the only Art of Living / Is Forgetting &  
Forgiving / Especially to the Female / But if you on Earth Forgive / You shall not find  
where to Live <image>]

Let us look! let us examine! is the Cruel become an Infant  
Or is he still a cruel Warrior? look Sisters, look! O piteous  
I have destroy'd Wandering Reuben who strove to bind my Will  
I have strip'd off Josephs beautiful integument for my Beloved,  
The Cruel-one of Albion: to clothe him in gems of my Zone  
I have Named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become  
A weeping Infant in ruin'd lovely Jerusalems folding Cloud:  
In Heaven Love begets Love! but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love!  
And he who will not bend to Love must be subdud by Fear,

I have heard Jerusalems groans; from Valas cries & lamentations  
I gather our eternal fate: Outcasts from life and love:  
Unless we find a way to bind these awful Forms to our  
Embrace we shall perish annihilate, discover'd our Delusions.  
Look I have wrought without delusion: Look! I have wept!  
And given soft milk mingled together with the spirits of flocks  
Of lambs and doves, mingled together in cups and dishes

Of painted clay; the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant;  
Soon shall the Spectres of the Dead follow my weaving threads.

The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades  
On Cambridge and Oxford beaming soft uniting with Rahabs cloud  
While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel turning soft the spinning reel:  
Or throwing the wingd shuttle; or drawing the cords with softest songs  
The golden cords of the Looms animate beneath their touches soft,  
Along the Island white, among the Druid Temples, while Gwendolen  
Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Skiddaws top.

So saying she took a Falshood & hid it in her left hand:  
To entice her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates.  
And thus she closed her left hand and utterd her Falshood:  
Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic, she hid her hand behind her,  
Upon her back behind her loins & thus utterd her Deceit.

I heard Enitharmon say to Los: Let the Daughters of Albion  
Be scatterd abroad and let the name of Albion be forgotten:  
Divide them into three; name them Amalek Canaan & Moab:  
Let Albion remain a desolation without an inhabitant:  
And let the Looms of Enitharmon & the Furnaces of Los  
Create Jerusalem, & Babylon & Egypt & Moab & Amalek,  
And Helle & Hesperia & Hindostan & China & Japan.  
But hide America, for a Curse an Altar of Victims & a Holy Place.  
See Sisters Canaan is pleasant, Egypt is as the Garden of Eden:  
Babylon is our chief desire, Moab our bath in summer:  
Let us lead the stems of this Tree let us plant it before Jerusalem  
To judge the Friend of Sinners to death without the Veil:  
To cut her off from America, to close up her secret Ark:  
And the fury of Man exhaust in War! Woman permanent remain

See how the fires of our loins point eastward to Babylon  
Look. Hyle is become an infant Love: look! behold! see him lie!  
Upon my bosom. look! here is the lovely wayward form  
That gave me sweet delight by his torments beneath my Veil;  
By the fruit of Albions Tree I have fed him with sweet milk  
By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives;  
Humanity the Great Delusion: is changd to War & Sacrifice:  
I have naild his hands on Beth Rabbim & his [feet] on Heshbons Wall:  
O that I could live in his sight: O that I could bin him to my arm.  
So saying: She drew aside her Veil from Mam-Tor to Dovedale  
Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion  
And Hyle a winding Worm beneath [*her Loom upon the scales.*  
*Hyle was become a winding Worm:*] & not a weeping Infant.  
Trembling & pitying she screamd & fled upon the wind:  
Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty:  
The desarts tremble at his wrath: they shrink themselves in fear.

Cambel trembled with jealousy: she trembled! she envied!

The envy ran thro Cathedrons Looms into the Heart  
Of mild Jerusalem, to destroy the Lamb of God. Jerusalem  
Languishd upon Mount Olivet, East of mild Zions Hill.

Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace  
On Londons Tower on the Thames: he drew Cambel in wrath,  
Into his thundering Bellows, heaving it for a loud blast!  
And with the blast of his Furnace upon fishy Billingsgate,  
Beneath Albions fatal Tree, before the Gate of Los:  
Shewd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate  
The envy; loud she labourd in the Furnace of fire,  
To form the mighty form of Hand according to her will.  
In the Furnaces of Los & in the Wine-press treading day & night  
Naked among the human clusters: bringing wine of anguish  
To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces: she minded not  
The raging flames, tho she returnd [*consumd day after day*  
*A redning skeleton in howling woe:*] instead of beauty  
Defo[r]mity: she gave her beauty to another: bearing abroad  
Her struggling torment in her iron arms: and like a chain,  
Binding his wrists & ankles with the iron arms of love.

Gwendolen saw the Infant in her siste[r]s arms; she howld  
Over the forests with bitter tears, and over the winding Worm  
Repentant: and she also in the eddy wind of Los's Bellows  
Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvah  
o form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain.  
The Sisters saw! trembling ran thro their Looms! soften[in]g mild  
Towards London: then they saw the Furna[c]es open, & in tears  
Began to give their souls away in the Furna[c]es of affliction.

Los saw & was comforted at his Furnaces uttering thus his voice.

I know I am Urthona keeper of the Gates of Heaven,  
And that I can at will expatiate in the Gardens of bliss;  
But pangs of love draw me down to my loins which are  
Become a fountain of veiny pipes: O Albion! my brother!

Corruptibility appears upon thy limbs, and never more  
Can I arise and leave thy side, but labour here incessant  
Till thy awaking! yet alas I shall forget Eternity!  
Against the Patriarchal pomp and cruelty, labouring incessant  
I shall become an Infant horror. Enion! Tharmas! friends  
Absorb me not in such dire grief: O Albion, my brother!  
Jerusalem hungers in the desert! affection to her children!  
The scorn'd and contemnd youthful girl, where shall she fly?  
Sussex shuts up her Villages. Hants, Devon & Wilts  
Surrounded with masses of stone in orderd forms, determine then  
A form for Vala and a form for Luvah, here on the Thames  
Where the Victim nightly howls beneath the Druids knife:  
A Form of Vegetation, nail them down on the stems of Mystery:

O when shall the Saxon return with the English his redeemed brother!  
O when shall the Lamb of God descend among the Reprobate!  
I woo to Amalek to protect my fugitives[.] Amalek trembles:  
I call to Canaan & Moab in my night watches, they mourn:  
They listen not to my cry, they rejo[i]ce among their warriors  
Woden and Thor and Friga wholly consume my Saxons:  
On their enormous Altars built in the terrible north:  
From Irelands rocks to Scandinavia Persia and Tartary:  
From the Atlantic Sea to the universal Erythrean.  
Found ye London! enormous City! weeps thy River?  
Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones O Land  
Forsaken. Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmons Chamber.  
Where I will build her a Couch of repose & my pillars  
Shall surround her in beautiful labyrinths: Oothoon?  
Where hides my child? in Oxford hidest thou with Antamon?  
In graceful hidings of error: in merciful deceit  
Lest Hand the terrible destroy his Affection. thou hidest her:  
In chaste appearances for sweet deceits of love & modesty  
Immingled, interwoven, glistening to the sickening sight.  
Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mundane Shell:  
Forming the fluctuating Globe according to their will.  
According as they weave the little embryon nerves & veins  
The Eye, the little Nostrils, & the delicate Tongue & Ears  
Of labyrinthine intricacy: so shall they fold the World  
That whatever is seen upon the Mundane Shell, the same  
Be seen upon the Fluctuating Earth woven by the Sisters.

And sometimes the Earth shall roll in the Abyss & sometimes  
Stand in the Center & sometimes stretch flat in the Expanse,  
According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion.  
Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Golgonooza:  
Touching its summits: & sometimes divided roll apart.  
As a beautiful Veil so these Females shall fold & unfold  
According to their will the outside surface of the Earth  
An outside shadowy Surface superadded to the real Surface;  
Which is unchangeable for ever & ever Amen: so be it!  
Separate Albions Sons gently from their Emanations,  
Weaving bowers of delight on the current of infant Thames  
Where the old Parent still retains his youth as I alas!  
Retain my youth eight thousand and five hundred years.  
The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair!  
The land is markd for desolation & unless we plant  
The seeds of Cities & of Villages in the Human bosom  
Albion must be a rock of blood: mark ye the points  
Where Cities shall remain & where Villages[.] for the rest!  
It must lie in confusion till Albions time of awaking.  
Place the Tribes of Llewellyn in America for a hiding place!  
Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity  
The night falls thick: I go upon my watch: be attentive:  
The Sons of Albion go forth; I follow from my Furnaces:

That they return no more: that a place be prepar'd on Euphrates  
Listen to your Watchmans voice: sleep not before the Furnaces  
Eternal Death stands at the door. O God pity our labours.

So Los spoke. to the Daughters of Beulah while his Emanation  
Like a faint rainbow waded before him in the awful gloom  
Of London City on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Highgate:  
Swift turn the silver spindles, & the golden weights play soft  
And lulling harmonies beneath the Looms, from Caithness in the north  
To Lizard-point & Dover in the south: his Emanation  
Joy'd in the many weaving threads in bright Cathedrons Dome  
Weaving the Web of life for Jerusalem. the Web of life  
Down flowing into Entuthons Vales glistens with soft affections.

While Los arose upon his Watch, and down from Golgonooza  
Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain,  
He takes his way, girding himself with gold & in his hand  
Holding his iron mace: The Spectre remains attentive  
Alternate they watch in night: alternate labour in day  
Before the Furnaces labouring, while Los all night watches  
The stars rising & setting, & the meteors & terrors of night!  
With him went down the Dogs of Leutha, at his feet  
They lap the water of the trembling Thames then follow swift  
And thus he heard the voice of Albions daughters on Euphrates,

Our Father Albions land: O it was a lovely land! & the Daughters of Beulah  
Walked up and down in its green mountains: but Hand is fled  
Away: & mighty Hyle: & after them Jerusalem is gone: Awake[...]

Highgates heights & Hampsteads, to Poplar Hackney & Bow:  
To Islington & Paddington & the Brook of Albions River  
We builded Jerusalem as a City & a Temple; from Lambeth  
We began our Foundations; lovely Lambeth! O lovely Hills  
Of Camberwell, we shall behold you no more in glory & pride  
For Jerusalem lies in ruins & the Furnaces of Los are builded there  
You are now shrunk up to a narrow Rock in the midst of the Sea  
But here we build Babylon on Euphrates, compell'd to build  
And to inhabit, our Little-ones to clothe in armour of the gold  
Of Jerusalems Cherubims & to forge them swords of her Altars  
I see London blind & age-bent begging thro the Streets  
Of Babylon, led by a child. his tears run down his beard  
The voice of Wandering Reuben ecchoes from street to street  
In all the Cities of the Nations Paris Madrid Amsterdam  
The Corner of Broad Street weeps; Poland Street languishes  
To Great Queen Street & Lincolns Inn, all is distress & woe.

[*three lines* gouged out irrecoverably]

The night falls thick Hand comes from Albion in his strength  
He combines into a Mighty-one the Double Molech & Chemosh

Marching thro Egypt in his fury the East is pale at his course  
The Nations of India, the Wild Tartar that never knew Man  
Starts from his lofty places & casts down his tents & flees away  
But we woo him all the night ill songs, O Los come forth O Los  
Divide us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue  
Arise upon thy Watches let us see thy Globe of fire  
On Albions Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates.

Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One  
With Rahab as she turnd the iron Spindle of destruction.  
Terrified at the Sons of Albion they took the Falshood which  
Gwendolen hid in her left hand. it grew &, grew till it

Became a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm  
They namd it Canaan & built for it a tender Moon  
Los smild with joy thinking on Enitharmon & he brought  
Reuben from his twelfefold wandrings & led him into it  
Planting the Seeds of the Twelve Tribes & Moses & David  
And gave a Time & Revolution to the Space Six Thousand Years  
He calld it Divine Analogy, for in Beulah the Feminine  
Emanations Create Space. the Masculine Create Time, & plant  
The Seeds of beauty in the Space: listning to their lamentation

Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness  
Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Myriads watchful  
Looking to the East: & his voice is heard over the whole Earth  
As he watches the Furnaces by night, & directs the labourers

And thus Los replies upon his Watch: the Valleys listen silent:  
The Stars stand still to hear: Jerusalem & Vala cease to mourn:  
His voice is heard from Albion: the Alps & Appenines  
Listen: Hermon & Lebanon bow their crowned heads  
Babel & Shinar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down  
Silent at his voice: they view the red Globe of fire in Los's hand  
As he walks from Furnace to Furnace directing the Labourers  
And this is the Song of Los, the Song that he sings on his Watch

O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim!  
I see thy Gates of precious stones: thy Walls of gold & silver  
Thou art the soft reflected Image of the Sleeping Man  
Who stretchd on Albions rocks reposes amidst his Twenty-eight  
Cities: where Beulah lovely terminates, in the hills & valleys of Albion  
Cities not yet embodied in Time and Space: plant ye  
The Seeds O Sisters in he bosom of Time & Spaces womb  
To spring up for Jerusalem: lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion  
Why wilt thou rend thyself apart & build an Earthly Kingdom  
To reign in pride & to opress & to mix the Cup of Delusion  
O thou that dwellest with Babylon! Come forth O lovely-one

I see thy Form O lovely mild Jerusalem, Wingd with Six Wings

In the opacous Bosom of the Sleeper, lovely Three-fold  
In Head & Heart & Reins, three Universes of love & beauty  
Thy forehead bright: Holiness to the Lord, with Gates of pearl  
Reflects Eternity beneath thy azure wings of feathery down  
Ribbd delicate & clothd with featherd gold & azure & purple  
From thy white shoulders shadowing, purity in holiness!  
Thence featherd with soft crimson of the ruby bright as fire  
Spreading into the azure Wings which like a canopy  
Bends over thy immortal Head in which Eternity dwells  
Albion beloved Land; I see thy mountains & thy hills  
And valleys & thy pleasant Cities Holiness to the Lord  
I see the Spectres of thy Dead O Emanation of Albion.

Thy Bosom white, translucent coverd with immortal gems  
A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty  
Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection  
Twelve-fold here all the Tribes of Israel I behold  
Upon the Holy Land: I see the River of Life & Tree of Life  
I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven

Between thy Wings of gold & silver featherd immortal  
Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Suns tabernacle

Thy Reins coverd with Wings translucent sometimes covering  
And sometimes spread abroad reveal the flames of holiness  
Which like a robe covers: & like a Veil of Seraphim  
In flaming fire unceasing burns from Eternity to Eternity  
Twelvefold I there behold Israel in her Tents  
A Pillar of a Cloud by day: a Pillar of fire by night  
Guides them: there I behold Moab & Ammon & Amalek  
There Bells of silver round thy knees living articulate  
Comforting sounds of love & harmony & on thy feet  
Sandals of gold & pearl, & Egypt & Assyria before me  
The Isles of Javan, Philistea, Tyre and Lebanon

Thus Los sings upon his Watch walking from Furnace to Furnace.  
He siezes his Hammer every hour, flames surround him as  
He beats: seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster  
Arou[n]d his head. the thick hail stones stand ready to obey  
His voice in the black cloud, his Sons labour in thunders  
At his Furnaces; his Daughters at their Looms sing woes  
His Emanation separates in milky fibres agonizing  
Among the golden Looms of Cathedron sending fibres of love  
From Golgonooza with sweet visions for Jerusalem, wanderer.

Nor can any consummate bliss without being Generated  
On Earth; of those whose Emanations weave the loves  
Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shiloh, in immortal Golgonooza  
Centering in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears  
Viewing the Winding Worm on the Desarts of Great Tartary

Viewing Los in his shudderings, pouring balm on his sorrows  
So dread is Los's fury, that none dare him to approach  
Without becoming his Children in the Furnaces of affliction

And Enitharmon like a faint rainbow waved before him  
Filling with Fibres from his loins which reddend with desire  
Into a Globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness  
Of Albions clouds. he fed it, with his tears & bitter groans  
Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the timorous Shade  
Till it became a separated cloud of beauty grace & love  
Among the darkness of his Furnaces dividing asunder till  
She separated stood before him a lovely Female weeping  
Even Enitharmon separated outside, & his Loins closed  
And heal'd after the separation: his pains he soon forgot:  
Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief.  
Two Wills they had; Two Intellects: & not as in times of old.

Silent they wanderd hand in hand like two Infants wandring  
From Enion in the desarts, terrified at each others beauty  
Envying each other yet desiring, in all devouring Love,

Repelling weeping Enion blind & age-bent into the fourfold  
Desarts. Los first broke silence & began to utter his love

O lovely Enitharmon: I behold thy graceful forms  
Moving beside me till intoxicated with the woven labyrinth  
Of beauty & perfection my wild fibres shoot in veins  
Of blood thro all my nervous limbs. soon overgrown in roots  
I shall be closed from thy sight. sieze therefore in thy hand  
The small fibres as they shoot around me draw out in pity  
And let them run on the winds of thy bosom: I will fix them  
With pulsations. we will divide them into Sons & Daughters  
To live in thy Bosoms translucence as in an eternal morning

Enitharmon answerd. No! I will sieze thy Fibres & weave  
Them: not as thou wilt but as I will, for I will Create  
A round Womb beneath my bosom lest I also be overwoven  
With Love; be thou assured I never will be thy slave  
Let Mans delight be Love; but Womans delight be Pride  
In Eden our loves were the same here they are opposite  
I have Loves of my own I will weave them in Albions Spectre  
Cast thou in Jerusalems shadows thy Loves! silk of liquid  
Rubies Jacinths Crysolites: issuing from thy Furnaces. While  
Jerusalem divides thy care: while thou carest for Jerusalem  
Know that I never will be thine: also thou hidest Vala  
From her these fibres shoot to shut me in a Grave.  
You are Albions Victim, he has set his Daughter in your path

Los answerd sighing like the Bellows of his Furnaces

I care not! the swing of my Hammer shall measure the starry round[.]  
When in Eternity Man converses with Man they enter  
Into each others Bosom (which are Universes of delight)  
In mutual interchange. and first their Emanations meet  
Surrounded by their Children. if they embrace & comingle  
The Human Four-fold Forms mingle also in thunders of Intellect  
But if the Emanations mingle not; with storms & agitations  
Of earthquakes & consuming fires they roll apart in fear  
For Man cannot unite with Man but by their Emanations  
Which stand both Male & Female at the Gates of each Humanity  
How then can I ever again be united as Man with Man  
While thou my Emanation refuseth my Fibres of dominion.  
When Souls mingle & join thro all the Fibres of Brotherhood  
Can there be any secret joy on Earth greater than this?

Enitharmon answerd: This is Womans World, nor need she any  
Spectre to defend her from Man. I will Create secret places  
And the masculine names of the places Merlin & Arthur.  
A triple Female Tabernacle for Moral Law I weave  
That he who loves Jesus may loathe terrified Female love  
Till God himself become a Male subservient to the Female.

She spoke in scorn & jealousy, alternate torments; and  
So speaking she sat down on Sussex shore singing lulling  
Cadences, & playing in sweet intoxication among the glistening  
Fibres of Los: sending them over the Ocean eastward into  
The realms of dark death; O perverse to thyself, contrarious  
To thy own purposes; for when she began to weave  
Shooting out in sweet pleasure her bosom in milky Love  
Flowd into the aching fibres of Los. yet contending against him  
In pride sending his Fibres over to her objects of jealousy  
In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albions Daughters  
Which stretchd abroad, expanding east & west & north & south  
Thro' all the World of Erin & of Los & all their Children

A sullen Smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn  
Knowing himself the author of their divisions & shrinkings, gratified  
At their contentions, he wiped his tears he washd his visage.

The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman  
And deadly cunning & mean abjectness only, shall enjoy them  
For I will make their places of joy & love, excrementitious[.]  
Continually building, continually destroying in Family feuds  
While you are under the dominion of a jealous Female  
Unpermanent for ever because of love & jealousy.  
You shall want all the Minute Particulars of Life

Thus joyd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Los's Forge, eyeing  
Enitharmon who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences

While Los stood at his Anvil in wrath the victim of their love  
And hate; dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses  
In Golgonooza & in Udan-Adan & in Entuthon of Urizen.

The blow of his Hammer is Justice. the swing of his Hammer: Mercy.  
The force of Los's Hammer is eternal Forgiveness; but  
His rage or his mildness were vain, she scatterd his love on the wind  
Eastward into her own Center, creating the Female Womb  
In mild Jerusalem around the Lamb of God. Loud howl  
The Furnaces of Los! loud roll the Wheels of Enitharmon  
The Four Zoa's in all their faded majesty burst out in fury  
And fire. Jerusalem took the Cup which foamd in Vala's hand  
Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day  
Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love & Wrath.

Tho divided by the Cross & Nails & Thorns & Spear  
In cruelties of Rahab & Tirzah[,] permanent endure  
A terrible indefinite Hermaphroditic form  
A Wine-press of Love & Wrath double Hermaph[r]oditic  
Twelfefold in Allegoric pomp in selfish holiness  
The Pharisaion, the Grammateis, the Presbuterion,  
The Archiereus, the Iereus, the Saddusaion, double  
Each withoutside of the other, covering eastern heaven

Thus was the Covering Cherub reveald majestic image  
Of Selfhood, Body put off, the Antichrist accursed  
Coverd with precious stones, a Human Dragon terrible  
And bright, stretchd over Europe & Asia gorgeous  
In three nights he devourd the rejected corse of death

His Head dark, deadly, in its Brain incloses a reflexion  
Of Eden all perverted; Egypt on the Gihon many tongued  
And many mouthd: Ethiopia, Lybia, the Sea of Rephaim  
Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns  
Disorganizd, & there is Pharoh in his iron Court:  
And the Dragon of the River & the Furnaces of iron.  
Outwoven from Thames & Tweed & Severn awful streams  
Twelve ridges of Stone frown over all the Earth in tyrant pride  
Frown over each River stupendous Works of Albions Druid Sons  
And Albions Forests of Oaks coverd the Earth from Pole to Pole

His Bosom wide reflects Moab & Ammon on the River  
Pison, since calld Arnon, there is Heshbon beautiful  
The flocks of Rabbath on the Arnon & the Fish-pools of Heshbon  
Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea by Sodom & Gomorra  
Above his Head high arching Wings black filld with Eyes  
Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapulae & Os Humeri.  
There Israel in bondage to his Generalizing Gods  
Molech & Chemosh, & in his left breast is Philistea  
In Druid Temples over the whole Earth with Victims Sacrifice,

From Gaza to Damascus Tyre & Sidon & the Gods  
Of Javan thro the Isles of Grecia & all Europes Kings  
Where Hiddekel pursues his course among the rocks  
Two Wings spring from his ribs of brass, starry, black as night  
But translucent their blackness as the dazzling of gems

His Loins inclose Babylon on Euphrates beautiful  
And Rome in sweet Hesperia. there Israel scatterd abroad  
In martyrdoms & slavery I behold: ah vision of sorrow!  
Inclosed by eyeless Wings, glowing with fire as the iron  
Heated in the Smiths forge, but cold the wind of their dread fury

But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem  
Hidden within the Covering Cherub as in a Tabernacle  
Of threefold workmanship in allegoric delusion & woe  
There the Seven Kings of Canaan & Five Baalim of Philistea  
Sihon & Og the Anakim & Emim, Nephilim & Gibborim  
From Babylon to Rome & the Wings spread from Japan  
Where the Red Sea terminates the World of Generation & Death  
To Irelands farthest rocks where Giants builded their Causeway  
Into the Sea of Rephaim, but the Sea oerwhelmd them all.

A Double Female now appeard within the Tabernacle,  
Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot  
Each within other, but without a Warlike Mighty-one  
Of dreadful power, sitting upon Horeb pondering dire  
And mighty preparations mustering multitudes innumerable  
Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian & Aram  
For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend  
Lured by his warlike symphonies of tabret pipe & harp  
Burst the bottoms of the Graves & Funeral Arks of Beulah[;]  
Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave  
They become One with the Antichrist & are absorbd in him

The Feminine separates from the Masculine & both from Man,  
Ceasing to be His Emanations, Life to Themselves assuming!  
And while they circumscribe his Brain, & while they circumscribe  
His Heart, & while they circumscribe his Loins! a Veil & Net  
Of Veins of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet robe.  
Covering them from the sight of Man like the woven Veil of Sleep  
Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Mantles  
But dark opake! tender to touch, & painful! & agonizing  
To the embrace of love, & to the mingling of soft fibres  
Of tender affection. that no more the Masculine mingles  
With the Feminine. but the Sublime is shut out from the Pathos  
In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling  
The Pathos, to weave curtains of hiding secresy from the torment.

Bowen & Conwenna stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres  
Of Benjamin from Chesters River: loud the River; loud the Mersey

And the Ribble. thunder into the Irish sea, as the Twelve Sons  
Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal Form of Luvah  
Cheshire & Lancashire & Westmoreland groan in anguish  
As they cut the fibres from the Rivers he sears them with hot  
Iron of his Forge & fixes them into Bones of chalk & Rock  
Conwenna sat above: with solemn cadences she drew  
Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom  
Hand had his Furnace on Highgates heights & it reachd

To Brockley Hills across the Thames: he with double Boadicea  
In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey  
Comingling with Luvah & with the Sepulcher of Luvah  
For the Male is a Furnace of beryll: the Female is a golden Loom

Los cries: No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself  
Or to his Emanation, any of the Universal Characteristics  
Of David or of Eve, of the Woman, or of the Lord.  
Of Reuben or of Benjamin, of Joseph or Judah or Levi  
Those who dare appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes  
Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods & must be broken asunder  
A Vegetated Christ & a Virgin Eve, are the Hermaphroditic  
Blasphemy, by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil-One  
And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally  
Lest the Sexual Generation swallow up Regeneration  
Come Lord Jesus take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness

So Los cried in the Valleys of Middlesex in the Spirit of Prophecy  
While in Selfhood Hand & Hyle & Bowen & Skofeld appropriate  
The Divine Names: seeking to Vegetate the Divine Vision  
In a corporeal & ever dying Vegetation & Corruption  
Mingling with Luvah in One. they become One Great Satan

Loud scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tongs & Hammer  
Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge  
They drink Reuben & Benjamin as the iron drinks the fire  
They are red hot with cruelty: raving along the Banks of Thames  
And on Tyburns Brook among the howling Victims in loveliness  
While Hand & Hyle condense the Little-ones & erect them into  
A mighty Temple even to the stars: but they Vegetate  
Beneath Los's Hammer, that Life may not be blotted out.

For Los said: When the Individual appropriates Universality  
He divides into Male & Female: & when the Male & Female,  
Appropriate Individuality, they become an Eternal Death.  
Hermaphroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty & law!  
Your Slaves & Captives; you compell to worship a God of Mercy.  
These are the Demonstrations of Los, & the blows of my mighty Hammer

So Los spoke. And the Giants of Albion terrified & ashamed  
With Los's thunderous Words, began to build trembling rocking Stones

For his Words roll in thunders & lightnings among the Temples  
Terrified rocking to & fro upon the earth, & sometimes  
Resting in a Circle in Maiden or in Strathness or Dura.  
Plotting to devour Albion & Los the friend of Albion  
Denying in private: mocking God & Eternal Life: & in Public  
Collusion, calling themselves Deists, Worshipping the Maternal  
Humanity; calling it Nature, and Natural Religion

But still the thunder of Los peals loud & thus the thunder's cry

These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion, are gratifyd by Cruelty

It is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend:  
The man who permits you to injure him, deserves your vengeance:  
He also will receive it; go Spectre! obey my most secret desire:  
Which thou knowest without my speaking: Go to these Fiends of Righteousness  
Tell them to obey their Humanities, & not pretend Holiness;  
When they are murderers: as far as my Hammer & Anvil permit  
Go, tell them that the Worship of God, is honouring his gifts  
In other men: & loving the greatest men best, each according  
To his Genius: which is the Holy Ghost in Man; there is no other  
God, than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity;  
He who envies or calumniates: which is murder & cruelty,  
Murders the Holy-one: Go tell them this & overthrow their cup,  
Their bread, their altar-table, their incense & their oath:  
Their marriage & their baptism, their burial & consecration:  
I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts but have only  
Made enemies: I never made friends but by spiritual gifts;  
By severe contentions of friendship & the burning fire of thought.  
He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children  
One first, in friendship & love; then a Divine Family, & in the midst  
Jesus will appear; so he who wishes to see a Vision; a perfect Whole  
Must see it in its Minute Particulars; Organized & not as thou  
O Fiend of Righteousness pretendest; thine is a Disorganized  
And snowy cloud: brooder of tempests & destructive War  
You smile with pomp & rigor: you talk of benevolence & virtue!  
I act with benevolence & virtue & get murderd time after time:  
You accumulate Particulars, & murder by analyzing, that you  
May take the aggregate; & you call the aggregate Moral Law:  
And you call that Swell'd & bloated Form; a Minute Particular.  
But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars: & every  
Particular is a Man; a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus.

So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping!

The Spectre builded stupendous Works, taking the Starry Heavens  
Like to a curtain & folding them according to his will  
Repeating the Smaragdine Table of Hermes to draw Los down  
Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration[.]  
Los reads the Stars of Albion! the Spectre reads the Voids

Between the Stars; among the arches of Albions Tomb sublime  
Rolling the Sea in rocky paths: forming Leviathan  
And Behemoth: the War by Sea enormous & the War  
By Land astounding: erecting pillars in the deepest Hell,  
To reach the heavenly arches; Los beheld undaunted furious

His heavd Hammer; he swung it round & at one blow,  
In unpitying ruin driving down the pyramids of pride  
Smiting the Spectre on his Anvil & the integuments of his Eye  
And Ear unbinding in dire pain, with many blows,  
Of strict severity self-subduing, & with many tears labouring.

Then he sent forth the Spectre all his pyramids were grains  
Of sand & his pillars: dust on the fly's wing: & his starry  
Heavens; a moth of gold & silver mocking his anxious grasp  
Thus Los alterd his Spectre & every Ratio of his Reason  
He alterd time after time, with dire pain & many tears  
Till he had completely divided him into a separate space.

Terrified Los sat to behold trembling & weeping & howling  
I care not whether a Man is Good or Evil; all that I care  
Is whether he is a Wise Man or a Fool. Go! put off Holiness  
And put on Intellect: or my thundrous Hammer shall drive thee  
To wrath which thou condemnest: till thou obey my voice

So Los terrified cries: trembling & weeping & howling! Beholding

What do I see? The Briton Saxon Roman Norman amalgamating  
In my Furnaces into One Nation the English: & taking refuge  
In the Loins of Albion. The Canaanite united with the fugitive  
Hebrew, whom she divided into Twelve, & sold into Egypt  
Then scatterd the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds!  
This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion  
So Los spoke. Enitharmon answerd in great terror in Lambeths Vale

The Poets Song draws to its period & Enitharmon is no more.  
For if he be that Albion I can never weave him in my Looms  
But when he touches the first fibrous thread, like filmy dew  
My Looms will be no more & I annihilate vanish for ever  
Then thou wilt Create another Female according to thy Will.

Los answerd swift as the shuttle of gold. Sexes must vanish & cease  
To be, when Albion arises from his dread repose O lovely Enitharmon:  
When all their Crimes, their Punishments their Accusations of Sin:  
All their Jealousies Revenges. Murders. hidings of Cruelty in Deceit  
Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time.  
In the shadows of Possibility by Mutual Forgiveness forevermore  
And in the Vision & in the Prophecy, that we may Foresee & Avoid  
The terrors of Creation & Redemption & Judgment. Beholding them  
Displayd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan in Jerusalem & in Shiloh

And in the Shadows of Remembrance, & in the Chaos of the Spectre  
Amalek, Edom, Egypt, Moab, Ammon, Ashur, Philistea, around Jerusalem

Where the Druids reard their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance  
Of Sin. & the Tree of Good & Evil sprang from the Rocky Circle & Snake  
Of the Druid, along the Valley of Rephaim from Camberwell to Golgotha  
And framed the Mundane Shell Cavernous in Length Breadth & Highth

[<image, inscribed> Anytus Melitus & Lycon thought Socrates a Very Pernicious Man  
So Caiphaz thought Jesus <image>]

Enitharmon heard. She raised her head like the mild Moon

O Rintrah! O Palamabron! What are your dire & awful purposes  
Enitharmons name is nothing before you: you forget all my Love!  
The Mothers love of obedience is forgotten & you seek a Love  
Of the pride of dominion, that will Divorce Ocalythron & Elynittria  
Upon East Moor in Derbyshire & along the Valleys of Cheviot  
Could you Love me Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love  
As Reuben found Mandrakes in the field & gave them to his Mother  
Pride meets with Pride upon the Mountains in the stormy day  
In that terrible Day of Rintrahs Plow & of Satans driving the Team.  
Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley!  
Ah! then I saw my beloved ones fleeing from my Tent  
Merlin was like thee Rintrah among the Giants of Albion  
Judah was like Palamabron: O Simeon! O Levi! ye fled away  
How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley  
Or how upon the distant Hills see my beloveds Tents.

Then Los again took up his speech as Enitharmon ceased

Fear not my Sons this Waking Death. he is become One with me  
Behold him here! We shall not Die! we shall be united in Jesus.  
Will you suffer this Satan this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is Not  
To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life. if Bacon, Newton, Locke,

Deny a Conscience in Man & the Communion of Saints & Angels  
Contemning the Divine Vision & Fruition, Worshiping the Deus  
Of the Heathen, The God of This World, & the Goddess Nature  
Mystery Babylon the Great, The Druid Dragon & hidden Harlot  
Is it not that Signal of the Morning which was told us in the Beginning

Thus they converse upon Mam-Tor. the Graves thunder under their feet

Albion cold lays on his Rock: storms & snows beat round him.  
Beneath the Furnaces & the starry Wheels & the Immortal Tomb  
Howling winds cover him: roaring seas dash furious against him  
In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare long thunders roll

The weeds of Death inwrap his hands & feet blown incessant

And washd incessant by the for-ever restless sea-waves foaming abroad  
Upon the white Rock. England a Female Shadow as deadly damps  
Of the Mines of Cornwall & Derbyshire lays upon his bosom heavy  
Moved by the wind in volumes of thick cloud returning folding round  
His loins & bosom unremovable by swelling storms & loud rending  
Of enraged thunders. Around them the Starry Wheels of their Giant Sons  
Revolve: & over them the Furnaces of Los & the Immortal Tomb around  
Erin sitting in the Tomb, to watch them unceasing night and day  
And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations.

Over them the famishd Eagle screams on boney Wings and around  
Them howls the Wolf of famine deep heaves the Ocean black thundering  
Around the wormy Garments of Albion: then pausing in deathlike silence

Time was Finished! The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion  
Beneath the Furnaces & starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb  
And England who is Britannia awoke from Death on Albions bosom  
She awoke pale & cold she fainted seven times on the Body of Albion

O pitious Sleep O pitious Dream! O God O God awake I have slain  
In Dreams of Chastity & Moral Law I have Murdered Albion! Ah!  
In Stone-henge & on London Stone & in the Oak Groves of Malden  
I have Slain him in my Sleep with the Knife of the Druid O England  
O all ye Nations of the Earth behold ye the Jealous Wife  
The Eagle & the Wolf & Monkey & Owl & the King & Priest were there

Her voice pierc'd Albions clay cold ear. he moved upon the Rock  
The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills, Albion mov'd

Upon the Rock, he open'd his eyelids in pain; in pain he mov'd  
His stony members, he saw England. Ah! shall the Dead live again

The Breath Divine went forth over the morning hills Albion rose  
In anger: the wrath of God breaking bright flaming on all sides around  
His awful limbs: into the Heavens he walked clothed in flames  
Loud thundring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars  
Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful  
Revolutions of Action & Passion, thro the Four Elements on all sides  
Surrounding his awful Members. Thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds  
Struggling to rise above the Mountains. in his burning hand  
He takes his Bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold  
Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor! clouds roll around the  
Horns of the wide Bow, loud sounding winds sport on the mountain brows  
Compelling Urizen to his Furrow; & Tharmas to his Sheepfold;  
And Luvah to his Loom: Urthona he beheld mighty labouring at  
His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied labouring & weeping  
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthonas Spectre in songs  
Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth

England who is Brittannia enterd Albions bosom rejoicing,  
Rejoicing in his indignation! adoring his wrathful rebuke.  
She who adores not your frowns will only loathe your smiles

As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth  
England who is Brittannia entered Albions bosom rejoicing

Then Jesus appeared standing by Albion as the Good Shepherd  
By the lost Sheep that he hath found & Albion knew that it  
Was the Lord the Universal Humanity, & Albion saw his Form  
A Man. & they conversed as Man with Man, in Ages of Eternity  
And the Divine Appearance was the likeness & similitude of Los

Albion said. O Lord what can I do! my Selfhood cruel  
Marches against thee deceitful from Sinai & from Edom  
Into the Wilderness of Judah to meet thee in his pride  
I behold the Visions of my deadly Sleep of Six Thousand Years  
Dazling around thy skirts like a Serpent of precious stones & gold  
I know it is my Self. O my Divine Creator & Redeemer

Jesus replied Fear not Albion unless I die thou canst not live  
But if I die I shall arise again & thou with me  
This is Friendship & Brotherhood without it Man Is Not

So Jesus spoke! the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness  
Overshadowd them & Jesus said Thus do Men in Eternity  
One for another to put off by forgiveness, every sin

Albion replyd. Cannot Man exist without Mysterious  
Offering of Self for Another, is this Friendship & Brotherhood  
I see thee in the likeness & similitude of Los my Friend

Jesus said. Wouldest thou love one who never died  
For thee or ever die for one who had not died for thee  
And if God dieth not for Man & giveth not himself  
Eternally for Man Man could not exist. for Man is Love:  
As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death  
In the Divine Image nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood

So saying. the Cloud overshadowing divided them asunder  
Albion stood in terror: not for himself but for his Friend  
Divine, & Self was lost in the contemplation of faith  
And wonder at the Divine Mercy & at Los's sublime honour

Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends! O my Cities & Counties  
Do you sleep! rouze up! rouze up. Eternal Death is abroad

So Albion spoke & threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction  
All was a Vision, all a Dream: the Furnaces became  
Fountains of Living Waters Howing from the Humanity Divine

And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers, and All  
The Sons & Daughters of Albion on soft clouds Waking from Sleep  
Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires  
And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona arose into  
Albions Bosom: Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds  
Of Heaven Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity

Awake! Awake Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion  
Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time  
For lo! the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day  
Appears upon our Hills: Awake Jerusalem, and come away

So spake the Vision of Albion & in him so spake in my hearing  
The Universal Father. Then Albion stretch'd his hand into Infinitude.  
And took his Bow. Fourfold the Vision for bright beaming Urizen  
Lay'd his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of carved Gold  
Luvah his hand stretch'd to the East & bore a Silver Bow bright shining  
Tharmas Westward a Bow of Brass pure flaming richly wrought  
Urthona Northward in thick storms a Bow of Iron terrible thundering.

And the Bow is a Male & Female & the Quiver of the Arrows of Love,  
Are the Children of this Bow: a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness: laying  
Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence Wars of Love  
And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male & Female Loves  
And he Clothed himself in Bow & Arrows in awful state Fourfold  
In the midst of his Twenty-eight Cities each with his Bow breathing

Then each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully  
They drew fourfold the unreprouvable String, bending thro the wide Heavens  
The horned Bow Fourfold, loud sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold

Murmuring the Bow-string breathes with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns  
Of the wide Bow, loud sounding Winds sport on the Mountains brows:  
The Druid Spectre was Annihilate loud thundring rejoicing terrific vanishing

Fourfold Annihilation & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect  
The innumerable Chariots of the Almighty appear'd in Heaven  
And Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer  
A Sun of blood red wrath surrounding heaven on all sides around  
Glorious incompreh[en]sible by Mortal Man & each Chariot was Sexual Threefold  
; E257]

And every Man stood Fourfold, each Four Faces had. One to the West  
One toward the East One to the South One to the North. the Horses Fourfold  
And the dim Chaos brightend beneath, above, around! Eyed as the Peacock  
According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the Four Rivers of the Water of Life

South stood the Nerves of the Eye. East in Rivers of bliss the Nerves of the  
Expansive Nostrils West, flow'd the Parent Sense the Tongue. North stood  
The labyrinthine Ear. Circumscribing & Circumcising the excrementitious  
Husk & Covering into Vacuum evaporating revealing the lineaments of Man

Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death & Resurrection  
Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah rejoicing in Unity  
In the Four Senses in the Outline the Circumference & Form, for ever  
In Forgiveness of Sins which is Self Annihilation. it is the Covenant of Jehovah

The Four Living Creatures Chariots of Humanity Divine Incomprehensible  
In beautiful Paradises expand These are the Four Rivers of Paradise  
And the Four Faces of Humanity fronting the Four Cardinal Points  
Of Heaven going forward forward irresistible from Eternity to Eternity

And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic which bright  
Redounded from their Tongues in thunderous majesty, in Visions

In new Expanses, creating exemplars of Memory and of Intellect  
Creating Space, Creating Time according to the wonders Divine  
Of Human Imagination, throughout all the Three Regions immense  
Of Childhood, Manhood & Old Age[;] & the all tremendous unfathomable Non Ens  
Of Death was seen in regenerations terrific or complacent varying  
According to the subject of discourse & every Word & Every Character  
Was Human according to the Expansion or Contraction, the Translucence or  
Opakeness of Nervous fibres such was the variation of Time & Space  
Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary & they walked  
To & fro in Eternity as One Man reflecting each in each & clearly seen  
And seeing: according to fitness & order. And I heard Jehovah speak  
Terrific from his Holy Place & saw the Words of the Mutual Covenant Divine  
On Chariots of gold & jewels with Living Creatures starry & flaming  
With every Colour, Lion, Tyger, Horse, Elephant, Eagle Dove, Fly, Worm,  
And the all wondrous Serpent clothed in gems & rich array Humanize  
In the Forgiveness of Sins according to the Covenant of Jehovah. They Cry

Where is the Covenant of Priam, the Moral Virtues of the Heathen  
Where is the Tree of Good & Evil that rooted beneath the cruel heel  
Of Albions Spectre the Patriarch Druid! where are all his Human Sacrifices  
For Sin in War & in the Druid Temples of the Accuser of Sin: beneath  
The Oak Groves of Albion that covered the whole Earth beneath his Spectre  
Where are the Kingdoms of the World & all their glory that grew on Desolation  
The Fruit of Albions Poverty Tree when the Triple Headed Gog-Magog Giant  
Of Albion Taxed the Nations into Desolation & then gave the Spectrous Oath

Such is the Cry from all the Earth from the Living Creatures of the Earth  
And from the great City of Golgonooza in the Shadowy Generation  
And from the Thirty-two Nations of the Earth among the Living Creatures

All Human Forms identified even Tree Metal Earth & Stone. all  
Human Forms identified, living going forth & returning wearied  
Into the Planetary lives of Years Months Days & Hours reposing  
And then Awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.

And I heard the Name of their Emanations they are named Jerusalem

The End of The Song  
of Jerusalem