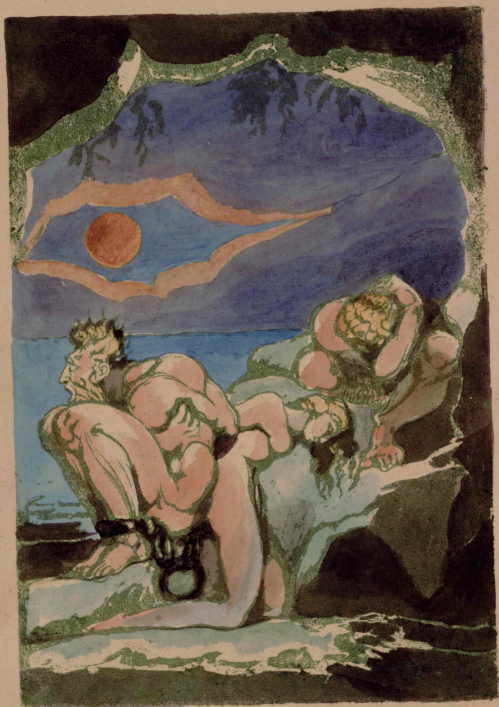
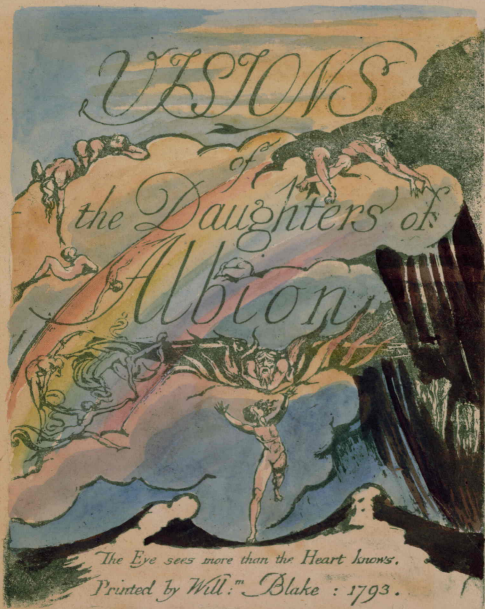






The Argument

I loved Theotormon
And I was not ashamed
I trembled in my virgin fears
And I hid in Leutha's vale;

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





Enslav'd, the Daughters of Albion weep; a trembling lamentation
Upon their mountains; in their valleys, sighs toward America.

For the soft soul of America, Oothoon wander'd in woe,
Along the vales of Leutha seeking flowers to comfort her;
And thus she spake to the bright Marygold of Leutha's vale

Art thou a flower! art thou a nymph! I see thee now a flower;
Now a nymph! I dare not pluck thee from thy deny bed! (mild)

The Golden nymph replied; pluck thou my flower Oothoon the
Another flower shall spring, because the soul of sweet delight
Can never pass away, she ceased & closed her golden shrine.

Then Oothoon pluck'd the flower saying, I pluck thee from thy bed.
Sweet flower, and put thee here to glow between my breasts
And thus I turn my face to where my whole soul seeks.

Over the waves she went in wing'd exulting swift delight;
And over Theotarmion's reign, took her impetuous course.

Bromion rent her with his thunders, on his stormy bed
Lay the faint maid, and soon her woes appall'd his thunders hoarse.

Bromion spoke, behold this harlot here on Bromion's bed,
And let the jealous dolphins sport around the lovely maid;
Thy salt American plains are mine, and mine thy north & south;
Stamp'd with my signet are the swarthy children of the sun;
They are obedient, they resist not, they obey the scourge;
Their daughters worship terrors and obey the violent;



Now thou must marry Bromions harlot, and protect the child
Of Bromions rage, that Oothoon shall put forth in nine moons ^{time}

Then storms rent Theotormons limbs; he roll'd his waves around,
And fold'd his black jealous waters round the adulterate pair
Bound back to back in Bromions caves terror & neckn'ds dwell

At entrance Theotormon sits wearing the threshold hard
With secret tears; beneath him sound like waves on a desert shore
The voice of slaves beneath the sun, and children bought with money,
That shiver in religious caves beneath the burning fires
Of lust, that belch incessant from the summits of the earth

Oothoon weeps not, she cannot weep! her tears are locked up;
But she can howl incessant writhing her soft snowy limbs.
And calling Theotormons Eagles to prey upon her flesh.

I call with holy voice! kings of the sounding air,
Rend away this defiled bosom that I may reflect,
The image of Theotormon on my pure transparent breast.



The Eagles at her call descend & rend their bleeding prey;
Theotormon severely smiles, her soul reflects the smile;
As the clear spring muddied with feet of beasts grows pure & smiles

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

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

And none but Bromian can hear my lamentations.

With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the ravenous hawk?
With what sense does the tame pigeon measure out the expanse?
With what sense does the bee form cells? have not the mouse & frog
Eyes and ears and sense of touch? yet are their habitations.
And their pursuits, as different as their forms and as their joys;
Ask the wild ass why he refuses burdens; and the meek camel
Why he loves man; is it because of eye ear mouth or skin
Or breathing nostrils? No, for these the wolf and tiger have.
Ask the blind worm the secrets of the grave, and why her spiders
Love to curl round the bones of death; and ask the ravenous snake
Where she gets poison; & the winged eagle why he loves the sun.
And then tell me the thoughts of man, that have been hid of old.

Silent I hover all the night, and all day could be silent.
If Theotormon once would turn his loved eyes upon me;
How can I be defild when I reflect thy image pure? (woe
Sweetest the fruit that the worm feeds on, & the seal prey'd on by
The new wash'd lamb ting'd with the village snake & the bright snail
By the real earth of our immortal river: I bathe my wings.
And I am white and pure to hover round Theotormon's breast.

Then Theotormon broke his silence, and he answered.

Tell me what is the night or day to one overflow'd with woe?
Tell me what is a thought; & of what substance is it made?
Tell me what is a joy; & in what gardens do joys grow?
And in what rivers swim the sorrows, and upon what mountains





Wave shadows of discontent? and in what houses dwell the wretched
Drunken with woe forgotten, and shut up from cold despair,

Tell me where dwell the thoughts forgotten till thou call them forth
Tell me where dwell the joys of old! & where the ancient loves?
And when will they renew again & the night of oblivion past?
That I might traverse times & spaces far remote and bring
Comforts into a present sorrow and a night of pain
Where goest thou O thought! to what remote land is thy flight?
If thou returnest to the present moment of affliction
Wilt thou bring comforts on thy wings, and dew and honey and balm;
Or poison from the desert wilds, from the eyes of the envious.

Then Brannion said; and shook the cavern with his lamentation

Thou knowest that the ancient trees seen by thine eyes have fruit;
But knowest thou that trees and fruits flourish upon the earth
To gratify senses unknown? trees beasts and birds unknown;
Unknown, not unperceived, spread in the infinite microscope,
In places yet unvisited by the voyager, and in worlds
Over another kind of seas, and in atmospheres unknown.
Ah! are there other wars, beside the wars of sword and fire!
And are there other sorrows, beside the sorrows of poverty?
And are there other joys, beside the joys of riches and ease,
And is there not one law for both the lion and the ox,
And is there not eternal fire, and eternal chains,
To bind the phantoms of existence from eternal life?

Then Oothoon waited silent all the day, and all the night,

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*But when the morn arose, her lamentation renewd,
The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & eccho back her sighs.*

*O Urizen! Creator of men! mistaken Demon of heaven;
Thy joys are tears! thy labour vain, to form men to thine image.
How can one joy absorb another? are not different joys
Holy, eternal, infinite; and each joy is a Love.*

*Does not the great mouth laugh at a gift! & the narrow eyelids mock
At the labour that is above payment, and wilt thou take the ape
For thy councillor, or the dog, for a schoolmaster to thy children?
Does he who contemns poverty, and he who turns with abhorrence
From usury: feel the same pangs or are they moved alike?
How can the giver of gifts experience the delights of the merchant?
How the industrious citizen the pains of the husbandman.
How different far the fat fed hireling with hollow drum;
Who buys whole corn fields into wastes, and sings upon the heath:
How different their eye and ear! how different the world to them!
With what sense does the parson claim the labour of the farmer?
What are his nets & pins & traps, & how does he surround him
With cold floods of abstraction, and with forests of solitude,
To build him castles and high spires, where kings & priests may dwell.
Till she who burns with youth, and knows no fixed lot, is bound
In spells of law to one she loathes; and must she drag the chain
Of life, in weary lust! must chilling murderous thoughts, obscure
The clear heaven of her eternal spring! to bear the wintry rage
Of a harsh terror driv'n to madnels, bound to hold a rod
Over her shivering shoulders all the day; & all the night
To turn the wheel of false desire; and longings that wake her womb
To the abhorred birth of cherubs in the human form
That live a pestilence & die a meteor & are no more.
Till the child dwell with one he hates, and do the deed he loathes
And the impure scourge force his seed into its unripe birth
E'er yet his eyelids can behold the arrows of the day.*



*Does the whale worship at thy footsteps as the hungry dog?
Or does he scent the mountain prey, because his nostrils wide
Draw in the ocean? does his eye discern the flying cloud
As the ravens eye? or does he measure the expanse like the vulture?
Does the still spider view the cliffs where eagles hide their young?
Or does the fly rejoice, because the harvest is brought in?
Does not the eagle scorn the earth & despise the treasures beneath?
But the mole knoweth what is there, & the worm shall tell it thee.
Does not the worm erect a pillar in the mouldering church yard?*

And a palace of eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave
 Over his porch these words are written. Take thy bills O Man!
 And sweet shall be thy taste & sweet thy infant joys renew!

Infancy, fearless, lustful, happy! nestling for delight
 In laps of pleasure; Innocence! honest, open, seeking
 The vigorous joys of morning light; open to virgin bliss.
 Who taught thee modesty, subtil modesty! child of night & sleep
 When thou awakest, wilt thou dissemble all thy secret joys
 Or wert thou not awake when all this mystery was disclosed?
 Then comest thou forth a modest virgin knowing to dissemble
 With nets found under thy night pillow, to catch virgin joy,
 And bran! it with the name of whore; & sell it in the night,
 In silence, evn without a whisper, and in seeming sleep.
 Religious dreams and holy vespers, light thy smoky fires:
 Once were thy fires lighted by the eyes of honest morn
 And does my Theoterman seek this hypocrite modesty!
 Thus knowing, artful, secret, fearful, cautious, trembling hypocrite.
 Then is Oothoon a whore indeed! and all the virgin joys
 Of life are harlots; and Theoterman is a sick man's dream
 And Oothoon is the crafty slave of selfish holiness.

But Oothoon is not so, a virgin filled with virgin fancies
 Open to joy and to delight where ever beauty appears,
 If in the morning sun I find it: there my eyes are fixed





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

The moment of desire! the moment of desire! The virgin
That pines for man; shall awaken her womb to enormous joys
In the secret shadows of her chamber; the youth shut up from
The lustful joy, shall forget to generate, & create an amorous image
In the shadows of his curtains and in the folds of his silent pillow.
Are not these the places of religion, the rewards of continence?
The self enjoyings of self denial? Why dost thou seek religion?
Is it because acts are not lovely, that thou seekest solitude,
Where the horrible darkness is unpressed with reflections of desire.

Father of Jealousy, be thou accursed from the earth!
Why hast thou taught my Theotormon this accursed thing?
Till beauty fades from off my shoulders, darkened and cast out,
A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of non-existence.

I cry, Love! Love! Love! happy happy Love! free as the mountain wind!
Can that be Love, that drinks another as a sponge drinks water?
That clouds with jealousy his nights, with weepings all the day;
To spin a web of age around him, grey and hoary, dark;
Till his eyes sicken at the fruit that hangs before his sight.
Such is self-love that envies all! a creeping skeleton;
With lamplike eyes watching around the frozen marriage bed.

But silken nets and traps of adamant will Oothoon spread,
And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold:
I'll lie beside thee on a bank & new their wanton play
In lovely copulation bliss on bliss with Theotormon;
Red as the rosy morning, lustful as the first born beam,
Oothoon shall new his dear delight, nor e'er with jealous cloud
Come in the heaven of generous love, nor selfish blightings bring.
Does the sun walk in glorious raiment, on the secret floor

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Where the cold miser spreads his gold, or does the bright cloud
 On his stone threshold, does his eye behold the beam that brings
 Expansion to the eye of pity, or will he bind himself
 Beside the ox to thy hard furrow, does not that mild beam blot
 The bat, the owl, the glowing tiger, and the king of night.
 The sea fowl takes the wintry blast, for a covering to her limbs:
 And the wild snake, the pestilence to adorn him with gems & gold.
 And trees, & birds, & beasts, & men, behold their eternal joy.
 Arise you little glancing wings, and sing your vibrant joy!
 Arise and drink your bliss, for every thing that lives is holy!

Thus every morning wails Oothoon, but Theetormon sits
 Upon the margind ocean conversing with shadows dire.

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

The End

