

From the Court out of the Garden which is the place
where the King be buried in the Church of St. Peter
the King of France the King of the Lyons
the King of the Romans the King of the
the King of the Sicilies the King of the
the King of the Naples the King of the
the King of the Aragon the King of the
the King of the Castile the King of the
the King of the Portugal the King of the
the King of the Leon the King of the
the King of the Galicia the King of the
the King of the Extremadura the King of the
the King of the Andalucia the King of the
the King of the Murcia the King of the
the King of the Valencia the King of the
the King of the Balearic Islands the King of the
the King of the Sardinia the King of the
the King of the Corsica the King of the
the King of the Sicily the King of the
the King of the Calabria the King of the
the King of the Basilicata the King of the
the King of the Campania the King of the
the King of the Lazio the King of the
the King of the Umbria the King of the
the King of the Marche the King of the
the King of the Abruzzo the King of the
the King of the Molise the King of the
the King of the Basilicata the King of the
the King of the Campania the King of the
the King of the Lazio the King of the
the King of the Umbria the King of the
the King of the Marche the King of the
the King of the Abruzzo the King of the
the King of the Molise the King of the



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 & Furies having received the highest reward possible; the and of those with whom to be connected, is to be I cannot doubt that this more consolidated & extended Work, will be as kindly received. The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes

I also hope the Reader will be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God and Lord to whom the Ancients look'd and saw his day afar off, with trembling & amazement.

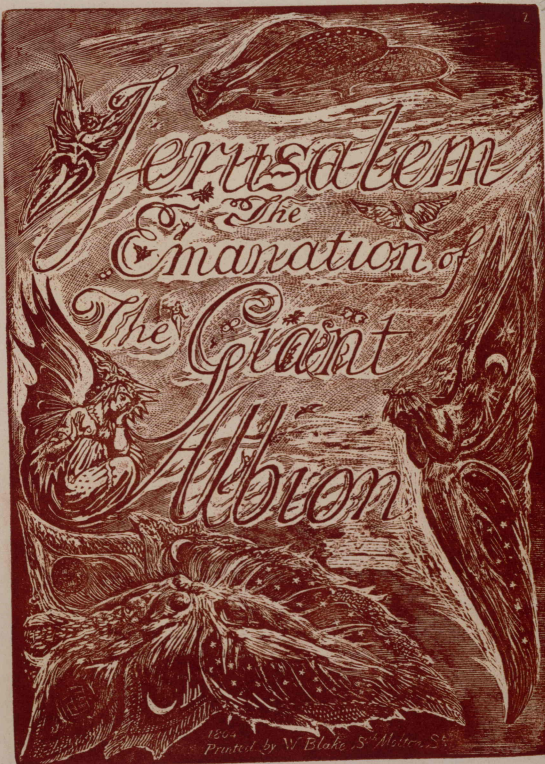
The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin; he who waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviours kingdom, the Divine Body, will never enter there. I am perhaps the most sinful of men; I pretend not to holiness; yet I pretend to love, to see, to converse with daily, as man with man, & the more to have an interest in the Friend of Sinners. Therefore Reader, what you do not approve, & me for this energetic exertion of my talent,

Reader! of books! of heaven.
And of that God from whom
Who in mysterious Sinais awful cave
To Man the wondrous 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 unfathom'd 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.

When this Verse was first dictated to me, I consider'd a Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakespeare & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming; to be a necessary and indispensable 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.



1804

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Jerusalem

Chap.: 1

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, & every 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. Here!

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 perurbed Man away turns down the valleys dark;

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, Plumpton & Snowdon

Are mine, here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtus;

Humanity shall be no more; but war & principdom & victory!

So spake Albion in jealous fears, hiding his Emanation

Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah; dissembling

His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening, cold;

5
The banks of the Thames are douded; the ancient porches of Albion are
Darken'd; they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scattered 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
Albion's mountains run with blood, the Gies 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 swallow'd 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 Enitharmon-Benythor
Jerusalem is scatter'd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entities
Moab & Amman & Amalek & Onaan & Egypt & Aram
Relieve 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 Enitharmon:
Of Hand & Hyle & Coban, of Kwanaak, Peachey, Brerevan, Sloyd & Hutton;
Of the terrible sons & daughters of Albion, and their Generations.

Seafeld, Kox, Kotape 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 London's darkness; and my tears fall day and night,
Upon the Emanations of Albion's Sons; the Daughters of Albion
Nymphs anciently remembord, but now contempt'd as fictions;
Although in every bosom they controll our Vegetative powers.

These are united into Turjah and her Sisters, on Mount Gilead.
Cumbel & Gwendolen & Canwenna & Cardella & Ignoge,
And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates
Gwinaevra & 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 Beulah's Daughters,
Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los,
A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Nan-Enty, 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 Beulah's lovely Daughters
They hold the Immortal Form in gentle hands & tender tears
But all within is open into the deeps of Enitharmon-Benythor
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 Chaggle 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 pair,
Eastward toward the Starry Wheels, But Westward a black horror.

His Spectre drivn 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 at 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 ragd and stampd the earth in his might & terrible wrath!
He stood and stampd 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 darkening 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 Las, by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors:
Terrors in every Nerve, by spasms & extended pains:
While Las answer'd untrifled to the opaque blackening Fiend

And thus the Spectre spoke: Wilt thou still go on to destruction?
Is 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 Emancipation
Is his garden of pleasure! all the Spectres of his Sons mock thee
Look how they scorn, thy once gaudied palaces; now in ruins
Because of Albion; because of deceit and Friendship! For Lo!
Hann 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, Hith is the Father of the Seven
From Enoch to Adam; Schofield is Adam who was New-
Created in Eden, I saw it indignant, & thou art not moved!
Thou has divided thee in sunder, and wilt thou still forgive?
O! thou great 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 perchance with iron power
He might avert his own despair: in woe & fear he saw
Vala thrice round the Furnaces where Luvah was cladd;
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 Lab,
Forming the Spectres of Albion according to his rage,
To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Schofield, the Ninth
Of Albions sons, & the father of all his brethren in the Shadow
Generation. Cambel & Gwendolen wove webs of war & of
Religion, to involve all Albions sons, and when they had
Involved Eight; their webs roll'd outwards into darkness
And Schofield the Ninth remain'd on the outside of the Right
And Kox, Kotone, & Bowen, One in him, a Fourfold Wonder
Involved the Eight: Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion.
To separate a Law of Sin, to punish thee in thy members.

Las 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 steadfastly upon me:
Consort thyself in my strength the time will arrive,
When all Albions injuries shall cease, and when we shall
Embrace him tenting bright, rising from his tomb in immortality.
They have divided themselves by Wrath, they must be united by
Love; 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, a voice 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:
Breeze 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 Rattlagh & Strumbolo. From Cromwells gardens & Chelsea
The place of wounded Soldiers, but when he saw my face
Whirl'd round from heaven to earth, trembling he sat; his cold
Poisons rose up; & his sweet deceits cover'd 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 relieve 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 clos'd up from my children; my Emanation is dividing
And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark
I will compel thee to assist me in my terrible labours. To beat
These hypocritic Sethoods on the Devils 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 practis'd in Babel & Shinar, & have approach'd 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 open'd 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 uncontroll'd Lord of the Furnaces
Groaning he kneel'd before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone,
Hungering & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience,
While Los pursu'd his speech in threatnings loud & fierce:
Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness; I have found thee out:
Thou art reveal'd 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 ravenging I will create an eternal Hell for thee
Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellons
Take thou these Tongs; strike thou alternate with me; labour obedient
Hand & Hyle & Robur: Skateld, Kox & Kotope, labour mighty
In the Walls of Babel & Shinar, all their Emanations were
Condens'd. Hand has absorb'd all his Brethren in his might
All the infant Loves & Graces were lost. for the mighty Hand

Con-



Condens'd his Emanations into hard opaque substances;
 And his infant thoughts & desires, into cold, dark cliffs of death.
 His hammer of gold he suez'd; and his anvil of adamant.
 He suez'd the burg 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, contempt; & 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 armd in steel; folly in a helmet of gold;
 Weakness with horns & talons; ignorance with a ravning beak;
 Every Emanative for 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 work'd it on my resolute anvil;
 I heated it in the flames of Flare, & Hyle, & Coban
 Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwinevra

Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,
 The crysolite, the topaz, the sapphire, & every precious stone.
 Loud roar my Furnaces, and loud my hammer is heard:
 I labour day and night, I behold the salt 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 compelled 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 contend'd among the Furnaces with groans & tears;
 Groaning the Spectre heav'd the bellows, obeying Los's frowns;
 Till the Spaces of Eternity were perfected in the furnaces
 Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre.

Into the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Avails 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 murder of its own Body: but also a murder
Of every Divine Member: it is the Reasoning Power
An Abstract, objecting power, that Negates every thing
Thus is the Spectre of Man: the Holy Reasoning Power
And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination & Desolation

Therefore Los stands in London, building Golgothoza ~
Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear
The Spectre weeps: but Los unmoved 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
Shuddering 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, Desert & sandy Waste
Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws
Driven to desperation by Los's terrors & threatening fears

Los cries, Ohey 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 ashamed of these thy Sons
That thou callest thy Children: to the Law of God commands
That they be offer'd upon his Altar: O cruelty & torment

For thou 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 Eupharmor
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 call'd for compassion: compassion mock'd

Mercy & pity threw the grave stone over me & with lead
And iron, bound it over me for ever: Life lives on my

Consuming: & the Amusing Wrath 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 spake the Spectre shuddering, & dark tears ran down his side
Which Los wiped off: but comfort none could give or beam of hope

Yet ceas'd he not from labouring at the routings of his Forge
With iron & brass Building Golgothoza, in great contentings

Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces
At the sublime Labours for Los, compell'd the visible Spectre

Agony face



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 lated, 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 gnaw'd his own tender nerves,

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

Las wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together;
They fear'd they never more should see their Father, who
Was built in from Eternity, in the Cuts 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 Albion's mighty ones from cruelty;
Sabrina & Lenore begin to sharpen their beamy spears
Of light and love; their little children stand with arrows of gold;
Regin is wholly cruel; Scathfield is bound in iron armour;
He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reubens gate;
He shoots beneath Jerusalem's walls to undermine her foundations;
Vala is but thy 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 things was never known! O pity me, thou all-pieced 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 filibious Sons;
Fixing their Systems, permanent, by mathematic power
Giving a body to Fulshood 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 appeared 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 Wander, Los stood before his Furnaces,
And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erins Spaces
For the Spacers, reached from the starry heights, to the starry depth,
And they builded Golgonooza: terrible eternal labour!

What are those golden builders doing; where was the burying-place
Of soft Ethanthus? near Tyburns fatal Tree? is that
Mild Lions hills most ancient promontory, near mournful
Ever weeping Puddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha?

Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!
The stones are pity, and the bricks, well wrought affections;
Enamelled 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, from flowing, never forgotten,
Always condoning the remembrance: the floors, humility,
The ceilings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving:
Prepare the furniture O Lambeth in thy plying looms;
The curtains, woven tears & sighs, wrought into lovely forms
For comfort, there the secret furniture of Jerusalem's 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 renovat on:
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 sculptured Bulls terrible before the Gate of iron.
And iron, the Bulls: and that which looks toward Ulro.
Clay baked & enamelled, 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



And that toward Eden, four, firmid of gold, silver, brats, & iron.

The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible, living: & 80

That toward Generation, four, of iron, carved wondrous:

That toward Ulro, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship

That toward Eden, four; immortal gold, silver, brass & iron.

The Western Gate fourfold, is clos'd; having four Cherubim

Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task:

Like Men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings

That toward 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

The Eastern Gate, fourfold, terrible & deadly its ornaments:

Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albion's sons; as cog's

Are firmid in a wheel, to fit the cog's 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 enigmities:

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 clos'd as with a threefold curtain of ivory & fine linen & ermine.

And Luban stands in middle of the City, a moat of fire,

Surrounds Luban, Lass Palace & the golden Loams 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 Golganooza lies the land of death eternal; a Land

Of pain and misery and despair, and ever brooding melancholy:

In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, number'd 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 Pies 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 labyrinth:

The land of snares & traps & wheels, & pit-falls & dire mills:

The Voids, the Solids, & the land of cloudy & regions of waters:

With their inhabitants; in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah:

Self-righteousnesses conglomeration against the Divine Vision:

A Concave Earth wondrous, Chasmal, Abyssal, Incoherent:

Forming the Mundane Shell, above; beneath, on all sides surrounding

Golganooza: Las walks round the walls night and day.

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

The Loams & Mills & Prisons & Work-houses of Og & Anak.

The Amalekites; the Canaanites; the Moabites; the Egyptian:

And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years:

Permanent, & not lost nor vanishing, & every little, act.

Word, work, & wish, that has existed, all remaining still.

In those Churches ever consuming & ever building, & the Spectres

Of all the inhabitants of Earth waiting 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 child in the south; the Dragon Frozen:
 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 obliquity, growing
 In seas of sorrow. Los also views the four Females:
 Ahania, and Enion, and Vala, and Enitharmon lovely
 And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion.
 Ahania & 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 Woods 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 louns:
 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 & 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 Beulah's Daughters:
 In Eutathon Benythons deep Vales beneath Golsanoza.



And Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre
Of strong reverence & Skateld Vegetated by Rubens Gate
In every Nation of the Earth till the Twelve Sons of Albion
Euro-rooted into every Nation; a mighty Polybus 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 sheathed in dismal sleep, their terrors hung
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 dure
Washed 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 hulls
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 gloary 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 Word went forth an 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 Hin-
-nom.



16
Hampstead Highgate Finchley Hendon Muswell hill: rage loud
Before Bromions war: Tongs & glowing Pikes reddening farce
Here fire-shore glows with fierce Vegetation: in the Forests
The Oak grows terrible, the Beech & Ash & Elm engrout
Among the Spectral fires, loud the Corn fields thunder along
The Soldiers shriek: the Harlots shriek: the Virgins dismal groan
The Parents' fear: the Brothers jealousy: the Sisters curse
Beneath the Storms of Theophrastus & the thundering Bellows
Heaves in the hand of Palamabron who in London's darkness
Before the Arvil, watches the bellowing flames: thundering
The Hammer loud rings in Ruyrahs strong grasp swinging solid
Round from heaven to earth down falling with heavy blow
Dead on the Anvil, where the red hot wedge grays 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 Northamptonshire Leicestershire
From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Aar
Labour within the Furnaces, walking among the Fires
With Ladles huge & iron Pakers 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 Alban & to the Children of Jerusalem
From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation
Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be deliver'd
Alban groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

Here Los fix'd 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 Jerusalem's Gates
Away from the Cordons of Luyah & Lirien, fixing the Gates
In the Twelve Counties of Wales & thence Gates taking every way
To the Four Pontifical conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland
And opened 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 Naphtali Radnorshire: the Gate of Gad Pembrokeshire
The Gate of Asher Carnarvonshire: the Gate of Issachar Brecknockshire
The Gate of Zebulun in Anglesea & Sodor, so is Wales divid'd
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
Lev. Middlesex Kent Surrey Judah Somerset Gloucester Wiltshire
Dan Cornwall Devon Dorset Naphtali Warwick Leicester Worcester
Gad Oxford Bucks Hereford Asher Sussex Hampshire Berkshire
Issachar Northampton Rutland Nottingham Zebulun Bedford Hunting Comb
Joseph Stafford Shrop Heref Benjamin Derby Cheshire Lancashire
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 Renfrew Haddington Berke Simeon Ayr Argy Elgin
Lev. Edinburgh Roxburgh Ross Judah Aberdeen Perth Dumfriess
Dan Inverclyde Clackmannan Naphtali Nairn Inverness Linlithgo
Gad Peebles Perth Renfri Asher Sutherland Sterling Westport
Issachar Kirkcubright Glasgow Zebulun Orkney Shetland Sive
Joseph Elgin Lanark Kinross Benjamin Kilmory Dunrobin
Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances
In Edinburghs Halls build'd by Los & his mighty Children

All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of
Loss Halls & every Age retains its powers from these Works
With every pathetic scene possible to happen from Hate or
Wayward Love & every Sorrow & distress is carry'd 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 Floreb & 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 hurls, for he
 Dares 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
 Shows them his Spectre: sending him abroad over the four pines of heave
 In the fierce desires of beauty & in the tortures of repulse! He is
 The Spectre of the Living, pursuing the Emanations of the Dead.
 Shouldring they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity:
 Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by unassuag'd desire.
 For Los said: Tho my Spectre is divided: as I am a Living Man
 I must compell him to obey me wholly: that Entharmon may not
 Be lost: & lest he should devour Entharmon: As me
 Piteous image of my soft desires & loves: O Entharmon:
 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
 Entharmon: Vala would never have sought & loved Albion
 If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem: such is that false
 And generating Love: a pretence at love to destroy love:
 Cruel hypocrisy 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
 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 Objection & 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 & Entharmon heard
 In her darkness & was comforted: yet still she divided away
 In gnawing pain from Los's bosom in the deadly Night:
 Just as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his bosom
 Suspended over her he hung: he unfolded 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 howl'd 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, stidings & direful strugglings
 Go thou to Skatfield: 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 & Skatfield 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:
In orb'd Void of doubt, despair, hunger, & thirst & sorrow.
Here the Twelve Sons of Albion, join'd in dark Assembly,
Jealous of Jerusalem's children, ashamed 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 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
On 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 Polypos, vegetating in darkness,
And Hyle, & Cohen were his two chosen ones. For Emulraries
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 Sperry Wheels, rending a way in Albions Loins
Beyond the Night of Baulah. In a dark & unknown Night.
Outstretch'd his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears.



His Children exild 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: 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 gatherd 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:
Full brain within his withered breast grown narrow with his woes:
The corn is burnd 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 Ean weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

All his Affections now appear without side, all his Sons,
Hand, stile & Coban, Guantak, Peachey, Brereton, Slays & Hutton,
Scarfeld, Nax, Kotope & Bowen: his Twelve Sons; Satanic Mill:
Who are the Spectres at the Twentypour, each Double-farind:
Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain: beneath
The dark incessant sky, seeking for rest and finding none:
Faking against their Human natures, paining to gormandize
The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentypour.
Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence
Suspicion & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul
Settled around Albion and around Luvalah in his secret cloud
Willing the Friends endure, for Albions sake, and for
Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom:
Which hardend against them more and more: as he builded onwads
On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that rolld
Before his awful feet, in pride of virtue, for victory:
And Los was roald in from Eternity in Albions Clites
Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all
Appeared a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albions Circumference was claid; his Center began darkning
Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon at Beulah rose
Clouded with storms: Los his strong Guard walkd round beneath the
And Albion fled inward among the currents of his rivers. (Moon)

He found Jerusalem upon the River, of his City soft reposit
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 Lambeth's vale;
Astonish'd! Terrified! they hover'd over his Giant limbs:
Then thus, Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wept 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 an 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 weapest.
At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem! What is Sin, but a little
Error & fault that is sacr'd, 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 and 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 refus'dst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty
Beautiful thro' our loves comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.
The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion.
Because it, inclos'd 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 Albion's bosom in my virgin loveliness.
The Lamb of God receiv'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 pass'd 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 the from head to feet: I have no hope
 Every bawl upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin.
 Doubt first assailed 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 evn the Dog at my Gate, the Forests fled
 The Corn-fields, & the breathing Gardens, outside separated
 The Sea; the Stars; the Sun; the Moon; driven 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 closed 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; Cardella! I behold
 Them 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! Canwenma
 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, I 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 & Iynoge;
 Because the Peak, Malvern & Cheviot Reason in Cruelty
 Penmaenmawr & Dhuas-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 & Mownouth;
 I see them distant from my bosom scourgd along the roads
 Then lost in clouds; I hear their tender voices, clouds divide
 I see them die beneath the whips of the Captains; they are taken
 In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the breadths of Europe
 Six months they lie embalmd in silent death; war-shipped
 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 Symbols & their deadly cries
 Are the Dead cruel; are those who are unfolded in moral Law
 Revengeful? O that Death & Annihilation were the same!
 Then Vala answerd spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion.





-ded me

Albion thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surround
 Thy sons have naild me on the Gates piercing my hands & feet;
 Till Skafelds 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 & nourish me in my childhood
 Thy morn & evening food were prepar'd in Battles of Men
 Great is the cry at the Howls 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 utterd 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 spake 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 ghast & deadly: nought shalt thou find in it
 But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy:
 Then Albion turn'd his face toward Jerusalem & spake
 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 Vava with knife & cup; drain my blood
 To the last drop: then hide me ut thy Scarlet Tabernacle
 For I see Luvah whom I slew. I behold him in my Spectre
 As I behold Jerusalem in thee O Vava dark and cold
 Jerusalem then stretch'd her hand toward the Moan & spake
 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



23
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, iswoven within the Veil.
Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee
Piercing rent in ancient times, I see it whole and more
Perfect, and shining with beauty: But thou! O wretched Rather.

Jerusalem replied like a voice heard from a sepulcher:
Father: once piteous: *Is Pity a Sin?* Embalmed in Valas 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 recoiled: he rushed outwards: he bore the Veil whole away
His fires redound from his Dragon Altar 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 palled languor: These were his last words, relapsing
Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales
And Scotland, uttered 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 imbued 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, at day, to Jerusalem's shame!
 Displaying our Giant limbs to all, the winds of heaven! Sudden
 Shalt thou stand us, we could not look on one-another for ashame: the Blue
 Of our immortal Veins & all their fountains fled from our limbs,
 And wandered 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 fill'd 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 ravengings of Destruction
 To be the sport of Accident: to waste in Wrath & Love, a weary
 Life in unending cares & anxious labours, that prove but chaff.
 O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, have forsaken thy Country
 Thy Pillars of ivory & gold, thy Curtains of silk & fine
 Linnen: thy Pavements of precious stones: thy Walls of pearl
 And gold, thy Gates of Thymysilver, 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 purged my back upon thee onto the Wastes of Moral Law:
 There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in human dissolution.
 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 squared & polished 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 walked
 And London walked in every Nation, mutual in love & harmony
 Albion covered the whole Earth, England encompassed the Nations
 Mutual each within others bosom in Visions of Regeneration
 Jerusalem covered the Atlantic Mountains & the Erythrean.
 From bright Japan 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 clad in Luvings Sepulcher.
 Yet were these smiling on the earth, the mildest age?
 No 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
 Tell you have assumed the Providence of God & slain your Father
 Dost thou appear before me who wast dead in Luvings Sepulcher
 Dost thou forgive me: thou who wast dead & art alive?
 I look not so merciful upon me O thou slain Lamb of God
 I die: I die in thy arms the Hope is banished from me.

Thundring the Veil rushes from his hand Vegetating Knot by
 Knot, Day by Day, Night by Night: loud roll the independent Atlantic
 Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deep!

And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah: and 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;
In 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;
Desecrated 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.



SUCH VISIONS HAVE
APPEARED TO ME
AS I MY ORDER RACE HAVE RUN

AND

JEHOIAH



IT'S MADE
IMBUE MY
THE NEW
SALTM

AMONG THE SONS
OF ABIMON



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 Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shores. 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 continued in his mighty limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you received from the Druids.

But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion. 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 Jerusalem's pillars stood.

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

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

The Jew's harp-house & the Green Man;
The Pans where Boys to bathe delight;
The fields of Cows by Willens farm;
Shine in Jerusalem's 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 Raddington
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 groan'd aloud on Tyburns Brook
Albion gave his deathly 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 & across the Sea,
In War & howling death & woe.

If Humility is Christianity; you O Jews are the true Christians; If your tradition, that Man continued 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 Prophecy had foretold? The Return of Israel is a Return to Mental Sacrifice & War. Take up the Cross O Israel & follow Jesus.

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

He wither'd up sweet Zions Hill,
From every Nation of the Earth;
He wither'd up Jerusalem's Gates,
And in a dark Land gave her birth.

He wither'd up the Human Form,
By laws of sacrifice for sin;
Till it became a Mortal Worm;
But O! transcendent 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 & thing
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 Albion's 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;
Here reclaim thee as my own,
My Selfhood, Satan, arm'd 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;
Beat heart to heart & hand in hand.

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 spake 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, steadfast:
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 Byburns 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 down, 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.

Then the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appeared above
 Albion's dark rocks: setting behind the Gardens of Kensington
 On Tyburns River: in clouds of blood: where was mild Zim Halls
 Most ancient promontory: and in the Sun, a Human form appeared
 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 Albion's Sons: and Jerusalem was my joy
 But you cannot behold him till he be revealed his System
 Albion's Reactor must have a place prepared: Albion must Sleep
 The Sleep of Death: till the Man of Sin & Repentance be revealed
 Hidden in Albion's Forests he lurks: he admits of no Reply
 From Albion: but hath founded his Reachon into a way
 Of Action: for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man
 He hath compelled Albion to become a Purifier & hath possessed
 Himself of Albion's Forests & Valleys: and Jerusalem is taken:
 The City at the Woods in the Forest at Ephraim is taken:
 London is a stone of her ruins: Oxford is the dust of her walls:
 Sussex & Kent are her scattered garments: Ireland her holy place:
 And the murdered peoples at her little ones are Scotland and Wales:
 The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consumption
 The Nations are her dust: ground by the chariot wheel
 Of her lordly conqueors: her palaces levelled with the dust
 Come thou my King: my King: my King: my King: my King: my King:
 Come thou my King: my King: my King: my King: my King: my King:
 So saying, the mild Sun enclouded the Human Family.
 Forthwith from Albion's darkening locks came two Immortal Forms
 Saying: We alone are as thou: O merciful Lord and Saviour
 We lead thee persons of Albion's hills and mountains:
 From his Valleys Eastward: from Amalek Canaan & Moab:
 Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem.
 Albion walked on the steps of fire before his Halls
 And Vala walked with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.
 He looked up & saw the Prince of Light with splendid faded
 Upon Albion ascended mounting into the porches of his Palace
 Above him rose a shadow from his wearied intellect
 Of living gold pure, perfect holy: in white upon his forehead
 A sweet entrancing self-delusion: a wistful vision of Albion
 Soft exulting in existence: all the Man absorbing!

Albion fell upon his face prostrate before the wistful shadow
 Saying: O Lord whence is this change: thou knowest I am nothing!
 And Vala trembled & covered her face: & her locks were spread on the pavement

We heard astonished at the Vision: & our hearts trembled within us
 We heard the voice of slumberous Albion: and thus he spoke
 Idolatrous to his own shadow words of eternity uttering:

O I am nothing when I enter unto judgment with thee.
 If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into space
 If thou dost say thy hand upon me: behold I am silent:
 If thou wilt hold true hands: perish like a fallen leaf:
 O I am nothing: and by nothing must return again:
 If thou withdraw thy breath: Behold I am oblivion.

He ceased: the shadowy voice was silent: but the cloud hovered over their heads
 In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man: & the balm drops fell down.
 And so: that son of Man that Shadowy Spirit of mild Albion:

Luvah descended from the cloud in terror Albion rose:
 Indignant rose the awful Man: & turned 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 inclosed
 And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement.
 Covered with boils from head to foot: the terrible smitings of Luvah.

Then frowned 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 thy volutions of your ears outward: and bend your nostrils
 Downward: and your fluxile eyes englobed roll round in fear:

Your withering lips and tongue shrunk up into a narrow circle.
 Tell into narrow forms your creep: go take your fiery way:

And learn what tis to absorb the Man: you Spirits of Pig & Love.

They heard the voice and fled swift as the winters setting sun
 And now the human blood foamed high: the Spirits Luvah & Vala.

Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded:
 In jealous fears & fury & rage: & flames roll round their serpent feet:

And the vast form of Nature like a serpent played before them
 And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and West:

And the vast form of Nature like a serpent rolled between
 Whether of Jerusalem or Vala's ruins congenerated we know not:

All is confusion: all is tumult: & we alone are escaped:
 So spoke the fugitives: they found the Divine Family.





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 Albion's Children And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation to hide themselves: weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation Of Albion's Children, fleeing thro' Albion's viles 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 Urthona's Spectre in Songs Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

They went & trembled: & Los put forth his hand, & took them in into his Bosom: from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain: Bending 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 ore Valleys The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst The Twenty-eight Cubes of Albion stretch their hands to thee: Because of the Oppressors of Albion in every City & Village: They mock at the Labourers' limbs: they mock at his starv'd 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 sale 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 Coitusmatroft & double Generation, & Death. Albion hath enter'd the Lapis 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 lamentation follow'd Albion. Albion coverd.

His western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair.
 I caring 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 terrans of friendship, entering the caves
 Of despair & death, to search the lighters out, walking among
 Albions rocks & precipices: caves of solitude & dark despair.
 And saw every Minute Particular at Albion degraded, & murther'd
 But saw not by whom: they were hidden within the minute particulars
 Of which they had possess'd themselves; and there they take up
 The accumulations 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
 Search'd in vain: close from the mystery he wail'd, difficult
 He came down from Highgate thro Hackney & Holloway towards London
 Till he came to old Stratford & thence to Stepney & the Isle
 Of Leitham Dogs, thence thro the narrow's 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 gloried
 Every Universal Form, was become barren, mounting a Moral
 Virtue; and every Minute Particular hardened into grains of sand:
 And all the wildernesses of the soul cast forth as sick & mere.
 Among the winding places of deep contemplation, intricate
 To where the Tower of London trod, dreadful over Jerusalem,
 A building of Luvah build'd in Jerusalem's eastern Gate to be
 His secluded Court: thence to Bethlehem where was build'd
 His stables 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 build'd 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 punished: O whom
 Should I pity, is 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 wife of her Shadow.
 Jerusalem's shadow bent northward over the Island white
 At length he sat on London Stone, & heard Jerusalem's 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
 Laid 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 receives 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, and She
 Shall make him & his sons & daughters your slaves for ever:
 And is this Faith. Behold the streets of Albion & Luvah
 Is great in the east, their spears of blood rage in the eastern Heaven
 Ureah is the crimson at 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 astonished 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 purchas'd 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 Nan-Enty.

Los was all astonishment & terror: he trembled sitting on the Stone
Of London; but the inferiors of Albions fibres & nerves were hidden
From Los; astounded he beheld only the petrified sacrifices.

And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon at the Furnaces.
He saw also the Four Points of Albion reversed upwards.
He seized his Hammer & Tong, his iron Paker & his Bellows.
Upon the valleys of Middlesex, shouting loud for aid Divine.

In stern defiance came from Albions bosom, Hand, Hyle, Koban,
Gwantok, Peachy, Brertuy, Slaid, Huttin, Skateld, Rock, Kotobe,
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 thing begin & end, in Albions Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)



Turning his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous
 Chaos before his face appeared: 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 memories accumulated & lost
 It plows the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelms the Hells
 Beneath its winding labyrinth, 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: Worshiped as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth
 Having a white Dot called 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
 Appeared 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 unmingled with light on my narrow field
 Whence comest 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
 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 guiding 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 thundering 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 areatful 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 enrobing thyself into Bashan
Till thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void: O Merlin:
Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came
Is thus 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 returned 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 writers said Los
Consider Sexual Organization & hide thee in the dust.



Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,
 In Albion's 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 strayed 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 enter'd 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 spake the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity



Reuben staid to his place in vain he sought beautiful Tirzah
For his Eyelids were narrow'd, & his Nostrils scented the ground
And sixty Winters Los raised in the Divisions of Reuben:
Building the Moon of Uro, plank by plank & rib by rib
Reuben slept in the Case of Adam, and Los fold'd 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 gnaw'd their tongues
For pain: they became what they beheld, the reasonings Reuben rec
To Heshbon disconsolate he walk'd thro Moab & he stood
Before the Furnaces of Los in a horrible dreadful slumber
On Mount Gilead looking toward Galgal: 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
Haid, Hyle & Coban fled: they became what they beheld
Gwantock & Peachy hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon
Brereton & Slade in Egypt. Hutton & Skateld & 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 driv'n 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 Zoas 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 Drizen assumes the East, Luwah assumes the South
In his dark Spectre raving from his open Sepulcher
And the Four Zoas 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

And Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length, Breadth & Height
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 again upon the Giants of Albion
As Los bended the Senses of Reuben Reuben is Merlin
Exploring the Three States of Uro: Creation, Redemption, & Judgment

And many of the Eternal Ones laughed at their manner
Have you known the Judgment that is arisen among the
Zoas 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
In hidden deceit: they are Vegetable only fit for burning
Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty display'd
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
Tortments, Despair, Eternal Death: but the Divine Mercy
Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus, men
And in Length Breadth Height again Obey the Divine Vision Halleluyah



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 thee 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 Albion's 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 shuddered 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 another's 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 & Mountains
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty! sublime!
In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings
Let down at will around; and called 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 filld 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 clake, and on my feet
Bound these black shoes of death, & on my hands, deaths 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 leagu'd 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 falsehoods!
They have sown errors over all his truthful 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, wrapt in an endless curse.
Consuming and consumed 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 receiv'd the foul enormous spirit.
Under pretence of Moral Virtue, fill'd with Revenge and Law.
There to eternally chain'd down, and usuing in red flames
And curses, with his mighty arms brandish'd against the heavens
Breathing cruelly 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 Son, 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 far 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 Bowleahoola & Allamanda where the Dead wait 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

Bath who is Lessons; he is the Seventh, the physician and
 The poisoner; the best and worst in Heaven and Hell;
 Whose Spectre first associated with Luva in Albion's mountains
 A triple octave he took, to reduce Jerusalem to dwell
 To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar & Bw!
 To Maiden & Canterbury in the delights of Cruelty;
 The Shuffles of death sing in the sky to Islington & Pancrass
 Round Marybone to Tyburn's 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 Lambeth's mild Vale and hid herself beneath
 The Surrey Hills where Rophaim terminates; her Spans are seized
 Her victims of sacrifice; but Jerusalem cannot be found, hid
 By the Daughters of Beulah: gently snatched away; and hid in Beulah
 There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find
 Nor can his Watch Kinds find it, as translucent & has many Angles
 But he who finds it will find Oothoon's palace, for within
 Opening into Beulah every angle is a lovely heaven
 But should the Watch Kinds find it, they would call it Sin
 And lay its Heavens & their inhabitants in blood at punishment
 Here Jerusalem & Vale were hid in safe, 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 kneel'd around the Couch of Death in deep humiliation
 And tortures of self condemnation while their Spectres rold within.
 The Four Loas, in terrible combustion clouded, rage
 Drinking the shuddering fears & loves of Albion's Families
 Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire
 Drinking & eating, & pining & weeping, as at a tragic scene.
 The soul drinks murder & revenge, & applauds its own holiness
 They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations



4
This Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease;
Brooding an 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 at 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 perfidy 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 fathers curse:
O! I have utterly been wasted; I have given my daughters to devils
So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night
Of Uro 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 Zoas
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 Opacity, and a Limit of Contraction;
In every Individual Man, and the Limit of Opakeness.
In named Spirit; 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;
Thus they may not crush me and mine; do thou be righteous.
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 such ones all for ever; the little ones he hath anointed;
In Selfhood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence

So Los spoke; then turned his face & wept for Albion.
Albion replied, Go; Hand & Hyle; seize the abhorred friend;
As you have seized the Twenty-four rebellious ingratuses;
To atone for you, for spiritual death, Man lives by deaths of Men
Bring him to you, for he is here upon London stone,
Between Blackheath & Hounslow, between Narwood & Finchley
All that they have is mine; from my free generous gate,
They now hold all they hope; 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 to be wild beasts in the forests of affliction
In the dreams of Uro they repent of their human kindness.

Came up, build Babylon, Babel 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 rise in the forests
O God at 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 Narwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow, covered the whole Earth.
This is the Net & Veil of Vala, among the Souls of the Dead.

They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion
Frozen, cold & scientific; leaving, paying & keeping
Tharmas, indolent & sullen; Unhappy, coward & despairing
Vexing to see another & dogmatically putting against each other
to prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

They saw America clasp out by the Oaks of the western shore;
And Tharmas dashes on the rocks of the Alps at Victims in Mexico.
If we are wrathful, Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Graves.
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 give the falling Man; are we not four
Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity?
Seeing these Heavens & Hell, conglobing in the Void, Heavens over Hells
Brooding in holy hypocrisy, lust, drinking the cries of pain
From howling Victims of Law; building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold.
Swelling & bloated General Forms, repugnant to the Divine-
Manner, who is the Only General and Universal Form
In 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 clasp'd up by deadly teeth
And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence
Became a net & a trap, & every energy rendered cruel;
All the existence of friendship & benevolence is pass'd;
The wine of the Spirit & the vineyards of the Right-One
Here turn into poisonous sap & deadly intoxication;
That they may be condemn'd by Law & the Lamb of God be slain:
And the two sources of Light in Eternity Hunting and War,
Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of carolling Hell:

The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence
That the spear that lights its fathoms may shatter the ribs & bosom
A pretence of Art, to destroy Art; a presence of Liberty
To destroy Liberty; a presence of Religion to destroy Religion
Oshen and Caleb fight; they contend in the valleys of Fear
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 his brother!
They fight & contend for life, & not for eternal Death.
But here the Soldier strikes & a dead corpse, falls at his feet
Nor haughty nor soldier nor nation come forth to embosom the Slain!
But Death! eternal Death! remains in the Valleys of Fear.
The English are scattered over the face of the Nations: are these
Jerusalem's children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night
We smelt the blood of the English; we delight in their blood on our Altars.
For living & the dead shall be argued in our rumbling Mills
For bread of the Sons of Albion! at the Giants Hand & Scofield
Scofield & Rox are let loose upon my Saxons! they accumulate
A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man.
In pride of Belshazzar unwieldy stretching out into Non-Entity
Generalizing Art & Science all 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 along the his friends who admire his minutest powers
Instead of Albion's lovely mountains & the curtains of Jerusalem
I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginative;
Instead of the Mutual For-ivenesses, the Minute Particulars, I see
Bits of gutturing, 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 wicked old woman round Jerusalem's children, I see
The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian;
By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality & Nobility
Driven on the Void or incoherent despair into Non-Entity

I see America clasp'd apart, & Jerusalem driven in terror
Away from Albion's mountains, far away from Londons spires;
I will not endure this thing; I alone withstand to death,
This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me!
All men! pitiable ones! do you also go to Deaths vale?
Oh 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 spake. Pale they stood around the House of Death;
In the midst of temptations & despair; among the rooted Oaks;
Among reared Rocks of Albion's Seas; at length they rose
With



With one accord in love sublime, & as on Cherubs wings
They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back
Against his will thro' Loss 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; roll'd 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
Albions 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 labour'd 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, fill'd with clouds & rocks & whirling waters
And Albions 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 darkened 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 Erins Land, toward the north, joint after joint, & burning
In love & jealousy unmingled & 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
Stricken with Albions disease they became 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 adjoint 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 went 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 Cæ, whose wisdom in midst of Poetic
Fervor; mild spake 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, afford from thy loved hands.

So spake 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 embrac'd 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 rebellow beneath

And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appeared four-fold:
Jerusalem, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another
Alas! The time will come, when a many 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!



From Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along.
 Where Loss'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 reared 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
 Bark; & Record the terrible wonder that the Punisher
 Mingles with his Victims Spectre, enslaved & tormented
 To him whom he has murdered, bound in vengeance & enmity
 Thunder not, but Write, & the hand of God will assist you;
 Therefore I write Albions last words, Hope is banished from me.

These

These were his last words, and the merciful Saviour in his arms
Received him, in the arms of tender mercy and repose
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, ordered & measurd, 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 groand & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earths central joint.
There is a place where Contrarieties 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 awake Jerusalem
With pangs she forgot Beulahs 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 thus the manner of the terrible Separation
The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion
Concenter in one Female form an Aged pensive Woman
Astorishd! 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 embraced her sorrows, occupied in labours
Of sublime mercy in Rephaims Vale, Perusing Albions Tomb
She sat: she walkd among the ornaments, solemn mourning
The Daughters attended her shuddering, wiping the death sweat
Laz 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 & 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 relieved
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 sacrificed, (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 Sihan and Og
Remove Eastward to Bashan and Tilead, 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 Balmore;
 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; watered; darkened; & Jerusalem is cast forth from Albion.
 They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shuloh
 The Gigantic roots & boughs of the vegetating Sons of Albion
 Filled with the life-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 contained in the All glorious Imagination are withered & darkened;
 The Golden Gate of Haystack, 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 silny substance floating upon the tides,
 In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon,
 And became an Smoke Globe for distant clads with moony beams.
 The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,
 Are become weak Visions of Time & Space, fixed unto furrows of death;
 Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left
 O Polydus of Death O Spectre over Europe and Asia
 Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin
 By Laws of Chastity & Abstinence I am withered away
 Striving to create a Heaven in which all shall be pure & holy
 In their Own Selfhoods, in Natural Jewish Chastity to banish Pity
 And dear Mutual forgiveness; & to become One Great Satan
 Inslava 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 & woe 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, closed up & dark;
 Scarcely beholding the great Light; conversing with the ground:
 The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out
 True Harmonies, & comprehending great, as very small:
 The Nostrils, bent down to the earth & closed with senseless flesh.
 That odours cannot them expand, nor joy in their 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 Uncircumcision in Heart & Loins
 Be lost for ever & ever, then they shall arise from Sed
 By Self Annihilation into Jerusalem's Courts & into Shuloh
 Shuloh the Masculine Immanation among the Flowers of Beulah
 Lo Shuloh 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 Albion's 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 Bear have given their power to Joshua & Caleb,
 Remove from Albion, & 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 condemn 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 entered into that they may be delivered:
 Satan is the State of Death, & not a Human existence;
 But Luvah is named Satan, because he has entered 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 delivered time after time evermore, Amen.
 I pray 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



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, spake 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 appear'd 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 Sin 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.





Rahab is an
Eternal State

To the Deists.

The Spiritual Stages 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 Grant 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 Self-hood 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 future abrogation of Experimental Theory, and many believed what they saw, and Prophesied 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 Sin is the Religion of the Enemy & Avenger; and not of 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 Pharisees who murdered Jesus, Deism is the same & exists 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 conceive. 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 called 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. Hooge 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 friends. Friendship cannot exist without forgiveness of Sins continually. The Book written by Rousseau called his Confessions is an apology & cloak 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 Lewises & 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 has arisen from Deism, which is Natural Religion.

I saw a Monk of Charlemaigne
Arise before my sight
I talked with the Grey Monk as we stood
In beams of vernal light.

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel
The Schools in clouds of teaching rolled
Drove with War in iron & gold.

That lay Monk they sought afar
A vain campaign glorious War
In your Cell you shall ever dwell
His War & bind him in his Cell.

For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing
And a Smile is the Sword of an Angel King
And the bitter growth of a Martyr's pain
Is an Arrow from the Almighty's Bow.

The blood, red ran from the Grey Monk's
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 Monk lay from the Gospel rent
He forged the Law upon a Sword
And spilled the blood of mercies Lord.
Titus Constantine; Charlemaigne;
Voltaire Rousseau; Gibbon; Vain
Our Grecian Monks & Roman Sword
Against this image of his Lord.

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 entered the Soul of Los
As he sat before his Furnaces clothed 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 Eyes 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 ranged 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 Algars of Albion. In tears
He builded it, in rage & in fury. It is the Spiritual Four-fold
London; continually building & continually decaying desolate
In eternal labours; loud the Furnaces, & loud the Anvils
Of Death thunder incessant ground the flaming Couches of
The Twenty-four Friends of Albion and round the awful Four
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albions Sons
The Physic 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, & Oro Italy, and Greece, to Finnons 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
Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness Male & Female Clothing
And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion

But Albion fell down a Rocky Fragment from Eternity hurled
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 outstretch'd among Jerusalem's Ruins
Which overspread all the Earth, he groins among his ruin'd porches



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 Desert & 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 constructive Spectre he is named Arthur
Constructing into Druid Rocks round Canaan Agag & Aram & Pharaoh
Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears
But she stretch'd 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 cover'd with stars & in the Wings
Jerusalem & Vala appear'd: & above between the Wings magnificent
The Divine Vision dimly appear'd 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 wondered: checking their wild flames & fiery 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 Plan
Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends:
Forbidding us, that Veil which Satan puts between Eye & Adam
By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries
Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones & gold
To make 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 Concave raged, such thunderous sounds as never
Were sustained from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old
Nor on Horeb where the Cherub rolled his redounding flame.

Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the forests
Rivers thundered against their banks, loud Winds furious fought
Cries & 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 Skilah, the Emanation of France & for lovely Vala.

Then for the greatest number were about to make a Separation
And they Elected Seven, called the Seven Eyes of God;
Lucifer, Molech, Elohim, Shaddai, Pakad, Jehovah, Jesus.
They named the Eighth, he came not, he hid in Albions Forests
But first they said: & their Words stood in Chariots in array
Curbing their fygery with golden bits & bridles of silver & wary

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 Ultra 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 Ultra Visions, for tho we sit down within
The plowed furrow, listening to the weeping clouds 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 laboured 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 reeking Earth.

They Plowed 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 unhearn 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 National Power.
The Infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity
Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of falsehood 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 thundering 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 err'd wandering Phantom:
Rock'd by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments
Between, dwells a Daughter of Beulah, to feed the Human Vegetable
Entire: 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! Merlins 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-beard 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 uttered: swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains
Look back into the Church Paul! Look! Three Women around
The Cots! O Albion why didst thou a Female Will Create?



And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh. Cry
Over the Flow 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 Malden & 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 Flow of Nations enflaming
The Living Creatures maddest 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 Flow. Albion fled beneath the Plow
Till he came to the Rock of Ages, & he took his Seat upon the Rock.
Wonder stizzd 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
 Spouting into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal pain
 They flee over the rocks panting: Horses, Oxen, feel the knife
 And while the Stars of Albion by severe War & Judgment bask
 The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife
 The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by Jealousy & Fury.

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 conungling
 Of Albions & Luvar's Spectres was Hermaphroditic

Urisen wrathful strode above directing the awful Building:
 As a Mighty Temple; delivering Form out of confusion
 Jordan spring 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 paracoës,
 Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve
 And shape glorious within: Hand & Koban arch over the Sun
 In the hot noon, as he travel thro his journey: Hyle & Skatfield
 Arch over the Moon at midnight & Los fix'd them there.
 With his thunderous Hammer, terrified the Spectres rage & flee
 Cangan 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:
 Libya & the Lands unknown are the ascent without;
 Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art;
 Persia & Media are his halls; his utmost 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 Urisen in the Satanic Void
 Created from the Valley of Middlesex by Londons River
 From Stone-henge & from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes
 The Four Zoas rush around an all sides in dire ruin
 Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion
 Near their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous
 Works: A World of Generation continually Creating; out of
 The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of Focky destiny.

And formed into four precious stones, for everance from Beulah.
 For the Veil of Vala which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep
 To catch the Souls of the Dead; began to Vegetate & Perpetrate
 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: Progen;
 One to the East: Luvah; One to the West: Urizen;
 They are the Four Lovers that stood around the Throne Divine
 Verulam: London: York & Edinburgh: four English names
 But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen Southward
 And Urizen 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
 Unathomable without end; but in the midst of these
 Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Eutharmon.



And, in the North Gate, in the West of the North, toward Beulah
 Cathedrons Loops are builded, & Lows 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
 Terrable their distress & their sorrow cannot be utter'd
 And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel

Endless their labour, with bitter food, void of sleep,
 No hungry they labour, they rejoice themselves anxious
 Poor after poor, 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 poor & 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 mocked, 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
 Tint, Rahab & Tizah 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 Caterpillar
 To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion
 And others Create the Woolly Lamb & the downy Pigeon
 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 shuddering fears & loves of Albions Families
 In murderous rage the Spindles of iron, & the iron Distaff
 Madders in the fury of their hands, weaving in bitter tears
 The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine Tanned Linen

The clouds of Albion's Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven
While Los sat terrified beholding Albion's 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 appeared
On Albion's hills; often walking from the Furnaces in clouds
And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels
Gather'd Jerusalem's 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 Forms 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 & Scafield & the Counties of Albion;

They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God:
They were as Adam before me; wuted into One Man,
They stood in innocence & their sky tent reach'd over Asia
To Nimrod's Tower to Ham & Canaan walking with Mizraim
Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia
And sweet Hesperia even to Great Chaldea & Teshshina
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 due of the Famur & 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 thy beauty by a secluded place of rest.
And a peculiar Tabernacle, to cut the instruments of beauty
Into vells of tears and sorrows O lovely Jerusalem;

They have persuaded 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,
Thus is the Song of the Lamb, sung by Slaves in evening time.

But Jerusalem faintly saw him, cload in the Dungeons of Babylon
Her Firm was held by Beulah's 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 triumph'd in Vala
In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness
Both of the Head & Heart & Loins, cload 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? 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 art set upon

My weary eyes even in this dungeon, & thus iron mill,
The Stars of Albion cruel rise; thou biddest to sweet influences
For thou also sufferest with me, altho I behold thee not;
And altho I say & 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 Albion's 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 answered, 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 Forgiveness 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.

Oh 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 & his Angel in my dream:

Saying, Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall
Be Paid? 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 loveth & 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
In 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 & pastures 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 answered 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 Parents 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 called. 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.
Shugs 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 if 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,
Thou thou art taken to prison & judgement, starved in the street.
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;
Thou Valas cloud hide thee & Luvahs fires follow thee;
Only believe & trust in me, Lo, I am always with thee;
So spake the Lamb of God while Luvahs Cloud reddening above
Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens & dark night
Involved Jerusalem, & the Wheels of Albions Sons turned hoarse
Over the Mountains & the fires blazed 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 clasp'd from him apart: & Enitharmon
Dividing in fierce pain; also the Vision of God was clasp'd in clouds
Of Albions Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat, & often ponder'd
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 Harnes of the Flow
 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 Chester's River
 The Giants & the Witches & the Ghosts of Albion dance with Yr
 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 Sins of Albion & the Heavens a Void around unfathomable
 No Human Form but Sexual & a little weeping Infant pale reflected
 Multitudinous in the Looking Glads of Enitharmon on all sides
 Around in the clouds of the Female on Albion's 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 or 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 laughed Gwendolen & her laughter shook the Nations & Families of
 The Dead beneath Beulah from Tyburn to Golgotha, and from
 Ireland to Japan. furious her Lions & Tigers & 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 Glads 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 Amalekites -
 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 Lus; 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 Hurlot, Arthur
Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote O Woman-born
And Woman-nourishd & Woman-educated & Woman-scornd.

Wherefore art thou living, said Lus, & 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 & Judgement
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, dazling with Love
And Jealousy unmingled & 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 curnd 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 Ragas upon the flaming Treadles 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 Mach
pelah.



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 Pit
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 nail him to Albions Tree in Bath;
They stung 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 Urgen the plow & harrow, the loom,
The hammer & the chisel, & the rule & compasses; from London fleeing
They forged the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war & the battle-axe,
The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale,
And all the Arts of Life, they changed into the Arts of Death in Albion.
The hour-glass condemn'd because its simple workmanship,
Was like the workmanship of the plowman, & the water wheel,
That raises water into fountains broken & burn'd with fire;
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd,
And in their stead, uplicate 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 & run hour after hour laborious task;
Napt ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom
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
To rot the wounds at the sword's sweet ice, the broken bone delightful;
Wilt thou now smile against the scythes when the wounded groan in the field,
We were carried away in chariots from London, & at tens
Of thousands from Westminster & Marybone in ships clos'd up
Chain'd hand & foot, compell'd 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 midnight over Malden break;
Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulchre of Cusperbury,
Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears in 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 Urgens harp
Girt as a sower with his seed, to scatter life abroad over Albion;
Arise O Vala, bring the bow of Urgen; bring the swift arrows of light,
How rapid the golden horses of Urgen, compell'd to the chariot of love,
Compell'd to leave the plow to the ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation;
To trample the corn fields in boisterous neighings; this is no gentle harp
Thou is no warbling brook, nor shadow of a turtle tree;
But blood and wounds and dismal cries, and shadow of the oak;
And hearts laid open to the light, by the broad grey sword;
And bowels hid in hammer'd steel ripp'd quivering on the ground,
Call forth thy songs of sad deceit; call forth thy cloudy tears;
We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.

So sang the Spectro 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 him his grave

Flowing the Victims on the Druid Alps yield their souls
To the Stern Warriors; lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims;
Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication, hence arose from Bath
Said deluding odours, in spiral volutions intricately winding
Over Alps mountains, a feminine indefinitely cruel delusion,
A woman's graced & in pain & torment, sudden they beheld
Their own bright Emanation of their murdered Enemy
Become their Emanation and their Temple, and Tabernacle
They knew not, this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala Albions Wife.

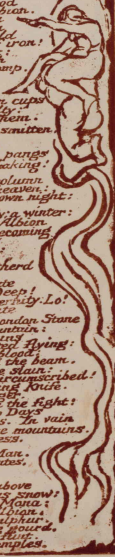
Terrified, at the sight of the Victim; at his distorted sinews;
The tremblings of Vala vibrate thro the limbs of Albions Sons,
While they gazed over Luvah in mockery & bitter scorn;
Sudden they became like what they beheld in howlings & deadly pain,
Spasms smite their features, sinews & limbs; pale they look on one another,
They turn, constricted; their iron necks bend unwilling towards
The oak; their legs tremble; their muscular stores are trampled & 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 unwhewn Demonstrations
 In labyrinthine arches. (Mighty Urezen the Architect.) thro which
 The Heavens might revolve & Eternity be bound in their chain.
 Labour unparalleled; 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 Alcares Natural Morality.
 A Building of eternal death: whose proportions are eternal despair
 Here Vale 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 Cave & Stone of Torture;
 Frozen Sons of the feminine Papernage 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 Knave of Flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood
 Gushes & stains the fair side of the fair Daughters 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 & say: 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.

At 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 shrink up
 Their ear bent upwards, as their Victim, so are they in the pangs
 Of unacquaintance & fear; amidst delights of revenge Earth-shaking!
 And as their eye & ear shrink, the heavens shrink 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 an unknown night;
 And into the unknown night the mountains fled, away:
 Six months of mortality: a summer; & six months of mortality: a winter:
 The Human form, begin to be altered by 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 indistinct cloudy shadows in darkness & separation.
 By invisible Powers adjoin'd, 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 come in Love, must be adjoin'd by Hate

They look forth from Stone-Aenge: from the Cave round London Stone
 They look on one another: the mountain calls out to the mountain:
 Plinlimmon shrunk away: Snowden trembled; the mountains
 Of Wales & Scotland bended the descending War; the routed Flying
 Red run the streams of Albion: flames as drunk with blood,
 As Gwendolour, cast the shuttle of war; as Camel returning 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 gridding 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 up 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 spurs of wilderness.
 They return not, but generate in rocky places desolate.
 The Sun forgets his course, like a drunken man; he hesitates,
 Upon the Chesham 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 from the earth, is sulphur,
 And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a withering mound,
 As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knave of Flint.
 In the hands of Albions Daughters, among the Druid Temples.



67
By those who drink their blood & the blood of their Covenant
And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab & Tizrah
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 opake hardresses covering all Vegetated things
And as they Wave & 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 Wave, for when they Wave a Male, they divided
Into a Female to the Woven Male, in opake hardness
They cut the Fibres from the Rocks growing in pain they Weave;
Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence; denying Eternity
By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albion's Tree
Such are the Feminine & Masculine when separated from Man
They call the Rocks Parents of Men, & adore the flowing Chaos
Dancing around in howling pain clothed in the bloody Veil,
Hiding Albion's Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalem's
Sons without; to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion
Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous & merciful Man
Counting him an unbecome mockery; but the Warrior
They adore; & his revenge, cherish with the blood of the Innocent
They drink up Dan & Gid, to feed with milk Skold & Nokope
They strip off Joseph's Coat & dip it in the blood of battle
Tizrah 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 Fire; still eyeing Albion's Clifts eagerly snatching & twisting
The threads of Fate & 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 & Tizrah; till the Great Polypus of Generation covered
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 & Gomorrah; thence to India, China & Japan
The Twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tizrah have circumscribed the Brain
Beneath & pierced it, thro the midst with a golden pin,
Blood hath stained 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 Tizrah: 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 on 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 attraction, or 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 wandered by my sweet Martasseh's 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 Skold! 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: & Hophlah from Mount Sinai:
 Come circumscribe this tongue of sweets: & with a screw of iron
 Fasten this ear unto 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 ground 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 & unto 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: pamper'd 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 skin 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 Stages 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 Malden's Cove
 Jerusalem's Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War
 Over France & Germany: upon the Rhine & Danube
 Reuben & Benjamin Rise: 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 Uzah, at old: his armour is sordid: 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 Rehob 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 frown'd & refus'd
 Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty
 Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies
 But now my soul is harrow'd 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 conjoined into One Male & every one
Became a ravening eating Cancer growing in the Female
A Polypus, or Roots of Reasoning Doubt Despair & Death.
Going forth & returning from Albions Rocks to Canaan:
Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.

Envy stood the enormous Form at variance with Itself
In all its Members: in eternal torment of love & jealousy:
Drawn forth by Los time after time from Albions clifft shore.
Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into eternal 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 gratifications to the
Male Genius: who in return clothes her in gems & gold.
And feeds her with the food of Eden: hence all her heavy 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 desert & 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 Lass World without
Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death

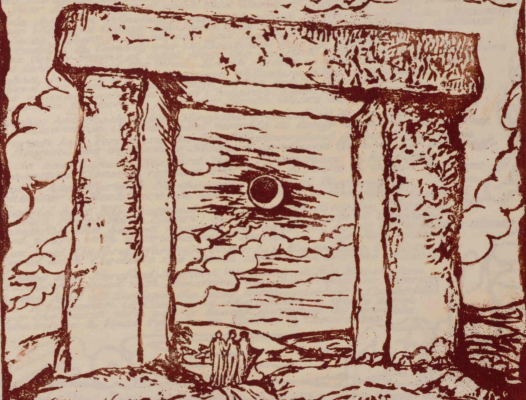
And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah: all
The Jealousies become Murderous; uniting together in Rahab
A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves
With Moral Law, an Equal Balance, not going down with decision
Therefore the Male severe & cruel filled with stern Revenge:
Mutual 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 Comingslings 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 Albion's cliffs
Before the face of Albion: a mighty threatening Form.
His bosom wide & shoulders huge, overspreading wondrous
Near Three strong sinewy Necks & Three awful & terrible Heads
Three Brains in contradictory council brooding incessantly
Neither daring to put in all its councils, testing each other
Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom
To consist in the arguments & disagreements of Ideas.
Plotting to devour Albion's Body of Humanity & Love.

Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took; & such
Their appearance when combined: but often by birth-pangs & loud groans
They divide to Twelve; the key-bones & the chest dividing in pain
Disclose a hideous arifice; thence issuing the Giant-prod
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 unveiled
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
Over her beautiful female features, soft Holiness in beauty
Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips
Receive a kiss from Gods or Men, a threefold kiss returns
From the press'd 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. His

And above Albion's Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan,
As the Substance is to the Shadow; and above Albion's Twelve Sons
Were seen Jerusalem's Sons; and all the Twelve Tribes spreading
Over Albion, as the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalem's Sons,
Are to the Sons of Albion; and Jerusalem is Albion's Emanation.

What is Above is Within, for every-thing in Eternity is translucent;
The Circumference is Within; Without, is formed the Jewish 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 Albion's Twelve Sons, & of his Twelve Daughters
With their Districts. Hand dwell in Selsey & had Sussex & Surrey;
And Kent & Middlesex; all their Rivers & their Hills of Rocks & Herds;
Their Villages Towns, Cities Sea-Ports Temples sublime Cathedrals;
All were his friends & their Sons & Daughters were Villages;
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 dwell in Winchester comprehending Hants Dorset Devon Cornwall.
Their Villages Cities Sea-Ports, 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.

Caban dwell in Bath. Somerset Wiltshire Gloucestershire,
Obed his awful voice Igrage is his lovely Emanation;
She adored with Gwanthakes Children, soon lovely Cordella arose.
Gwanthake 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
Breun had Yorkshire Durham Westmoreland & his Emanation
Is Ragan, she ascound to Slade, & produced Gonorill far beaming.

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

Huttr had Warwick Northampton Bedford Buckingham
Leicester & Berkshire; & his Emanation is Gwintred 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;
Join'd with Cordella she shines southward over the Atlantic.

Kotape had Hereford Stafford Worcester, & his Emanation
Is Sabrina, join'd with Mehetabel she shines west over America.

Bower 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 Bower & Conwenna.

But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated
Are Runtah and Palamabron and Theotornian and Brough. 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; hearing lest Albion should turn his Back
Against the Divine Vision; & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death.
But he repeated before Albion & before Vala, weaving the Veil
In the iron shuttle of War among the routed Oaks of Albion;
Opening & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children
Wot 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. Connaught West in Josephs Gate
 Ulster North in Duns 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 Jerusalem's 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 Rentrach & Palamabran & Theodormon & Bromian
 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 Lower Langford
 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 Golgarooza 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 four Fold.



And Thirty-two the Nations; to dwell in Jerusalem's 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 Libya Ethiopia Guinea Caffraria Negroland Morocco
 Congo Zaira 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: reversed 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.

Women consists of Men become the Townsells & Builders

Such are Cathedrons golden Halls: in the City of Goleganoza
 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
 Rentrak & Palambran, Theotiman & Bramuan, loud labouring
 With the unnumerable multitudes of Goleganoza, round the Naves
 Of Death. But how they came forth from the Furnaces & how long
 Fast & severe the anguish ear; they knew their Father: were
 Long to tell & at the iron rollers, golden axle-trees & yokes
 Of brass, iron chains & braces & the gold, silver & brass
 Mangled or separate; for swords, arrows, canons; 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 unnumerable wheels restless
 Over the Four-fold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell.
 Perusing Albion's Tomb in the stony characters of Os & Anak:
 To Create the lion & wolf the bear: the tiger & ounce
 To Create the woolly 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 Luvah's 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
 Rending the Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation
 Naming the Limit of Opakeness Satan & the Limit of Contraction
 Adam, who is Peleg & Jaktan: & Esau & Jacob & Saul & David
 Vulture 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 Desert of Albion
 Permanently Creating to be in Time Revealed & Demolished
 Satan Cain Tubal Nimrod Pharaoh Priam Balaam Belshazzar
 Arthur Alfred the Norman Conqueror Richard John

And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories
 These are Created by Rahab & Terzah in Ulro: but around
 These, to preserve them from Eternal Death, Los Creates
 Adam Noah Abraham Moses Samuel David Ezekiel

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 Albion cities & villages
 To devour the Body of Albion, hungering & thirsting & raining
 The Sons of Los clothe them & feed, & provide houses & gardens
 And every Human Vegetated form in its inward recesses
 Is a house of pleasure & a garden of delight built by the
 Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowlahoola & a Cathedron
 From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible
 Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Door:

The Four Zois clouded rage; Urizen stood by Albion
 With Ryntrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bramion
 These Four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh
 And the Four Zois 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 wondrous things out of the Divine Law
 I behold Babylon in the opening Streets of London, I behold
 Jerusalem it runs wandering about from house to house
 Thus I behold the shudderings of death attend my steps
 I walk up and down in Six thousand Years, their Events are present be-
 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 Concord & 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 roared Los in Albions Clasp by the Affections rent
 Asunder & opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalem's 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 strange 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 deceiver; offspring
 Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Flames & sent

Him over Europe in streams of gore out of Cathedral Looms
 How Los drave them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan
 Hence Albion was called 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 Babylon, how he roll'd apart & took Root
 In Bashan, terran struck Albions Sons, look toward Bashan

They have divided Singan, he also roll'd apart in blood
 Over the Nations till he took Root beneath the shying 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: Naphtali: 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 Zois
 Beautiful but terrible struggling to take a form of beauty
 Rooted in Shechem: this is Dinah, the youth of Erin
 The Wound I see in South Molten Steel & Scythian place
 Whence Joseph & Benjamin roll'd apart away from the Nations
 In vain they roll'd apart; they are fix'd 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 strange delusive light of Time & Space drawn out
In shadowy pomp by the Ebrehel 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 Bowldroote & Cathedral.



And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches
Adam, Seth, Enos, Canan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enock,
Methuselah, Lamech; these are the Giants mighty Hermaphroditic
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Canan the Second, Shem, Heber,
Peleg, Reu, Serus, Nahor, Terah; these are the Female Males;
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemagne,
Luther, these Seven are the Male Females; the Dragon forms
The Female hid within a Male; thus Rahab is reveal'd
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 form'd by Los within the Mundane Shell
And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle
To awake the Prisoners of Death; to grudge Albion again
With Luvah into light eternal, in his eternal day
But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Al-
bion





Devils are

False Religions

Soul Soul

Why persecutest thou me.

To the Christians.

I give you the end of a golden string,

Only mind it into a gill;

It will lead you in at Heavens gate,
Built in Jerusalem's 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 is mingled with the duty of our station is a fully irredeemable & is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of penitence are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of intemperance which are the concurrent roots. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body & mind in exercising the Divine Gifts of 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 any 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 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, Malice & devastation of the things of the Spirit? Answer this to yourselves, is exel 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 at Jerusalem of sin, of sorrow, & of punishment!

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 devoured all things in its loud
Rury & thundering course round heaven & earth
By it the Sun was rolled 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
His Name? he answered, It is the Wheel of Religion
I wept & said, Is this the law of Jesus
This terrible devouring sword turning every way
He answered; Jesus died because he strove
Against the current of this Wheel; its Name
Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death.

England! awake! awake! awake!

Jerusalem thy Sister calls!

Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death?

And close her from thy ancient walls.

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 Christ's name
Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease
By the evil, for thou art not here
To smite with terror & with punishments
Those that are sick. Like to the Pharisees
Crucifying & encompassing sea & land
For proselytes to grundy & 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 behold
The dungeons burst & the Prisoners set free.

Thy hills & valleys felt her Feet.

Gently upon thy bosoms move;

Thy gates beheld sweet Zions ways;

Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again;
Our sinners rule & London's towers,
Rejoice the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green & pleasant bowers.

Jerusalem. C 4



The Spectres of Albions Twelve Sons revolve mightily
Over the Lamb & over the Body; raving 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; drawing them from
Cliffs; dandling them, and Male & Female print in his Furnaces
And on his Navils: 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 crowned her with gold:
They named her Babel, & gave her power over the Earth,
The Concave Earth round Golgotha in Arabian Berython,
Even to the stars, exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne
Of God, and the Lamb, to destroy the Living & usurp the Throne of God,
Drawing their Uro Voidness round the Four-fold Humanity

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

Her Twelve Gates thrown down: her children carried into captivity
Herself in chains; thus from within was seen in a dismal night
Outside, unknown before in Babel, & the twelve gates were filled
With blood; from Japan eastward to the Giants causeway, west
In Europe's Continent; and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates' banks
Disorganised: an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among
Her children's Druid Temples dropping with blood weeping weeping!
And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philistea

My brother & my father are no more; God hath forsaken me
The arrows of the slingshot pour upon me, & my children
Have sinned, and am an outcast from the Divine Presence.

My tents are fallen: my pillars are in ruins: my children dashed
 Upon Egypt's iron floors, & the marble pavements of Assyria;
 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 at 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 followed Philistea: Gilead hath joined with Og:
 they are become narrow places in a little and dark land:
 how distant far from Albion, his hills & his valleys no more
 receive the feet of Jerusalem: they have cast me quite away:
 And Albion as himself shrank 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 hardened against me
 as if I was not their Mother, they despise me & cast me out
 London, covered the whole North, England encompassed the Nations:
 And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion:
 My pillars reached from sea to sea: I opened, Berela me came
 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 discerned my countenance with joy: they shewed me to their sons
 saying Lo Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers
 Levi and Judah & Issachar: Ephraim, Manasseh, 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 staved his course at my command:
 Thames poured his waters into my basins and baths:
 Midway mingled with Kishon, Thames received 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 path: 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:
 their holy raptures of adoration! O how sublime in the visions of God:
 Germany, Poland & the North wood, my footsteps they found
 My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales
 the furniture at their houses was the furniture of my chamber
 Turkey & Grecia saw my instruments of music, they arose
 they seized the harp: the flute: the mellow horn of Jerusalem's joy
 they sounded thanksgivings in my courts: Egypt & Lybia heard
 the swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God
 acquiring 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 reigned
 together among my little ones. But now, my altars run with blood:
 my fires are corrupt: my incense is a stinky 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 Tabor afar and from the four-fold wanders of God
 shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul:
 there is Reuben & Gad & Jaseah & 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! thy majesty 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 nursed into youth & Maiden
 by the tears & smiles of Beulah's Daughters all the time of sleep is past
 wherefore then do you realize these needs of beauty & delusion
 in open day to draw the souls of the Dead into the light.
 Tell Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven.

Uncompared by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree
walk weeping in pangs of a Mother's torment for her Children;
I walk in satisfaction: I am a warm and no living soul;
warm going to eternal torment; rapt up in a night
to an eternal night of pain. lost! lost! lost! for ever!

Beside her Vala haply 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 those of Arnon
And Jordan to Euphrates. Jerusalem followed trembling
her children in captivity, listening to Valas lamentation
the thick cloud of 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 it was a Decision be found
Woman must perish & the Heavens of Heaven remain no more

My Father gave to me command to murder Albion
in unreviving Death; my Love my Luvah taught me in fight
to murder Albion the King of men, his fight in battle fierce
to conquer Luvah my beloved; he took me and my Father
he slew them: I reviv'd them to life in my warm bosom
he gave them issue from my bosom, dark in jealousy
he bled before me Luvah, brand the Knife & Luvah gave
the Knife into his daughter's hand; such thing was never
before in Albion's land, that one should die death never; a 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
And Vala, Luvah's daughter, keep his body embalm'd in moral laws
With spices sweet odours of lovely jealous stupor;
Within my bosom, sweet odours of lovely jealous stupor;
Pity me then O son of God! O Jesus pity me!
Come into Luvah's Tent, and seek not to revive the Dead!

So sang she; and the Spindle turn'd furious as she sang;
the Children of Jerusalem the Souls of those who sleep
Were caught into the flux of her Luvah, & in her Cloud
To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will
A Dragon form on Zion Hills most ancient promontory

The Spindle turn'd in blood & fire; loud sound the trumpets
of war; the symbols play loud before the Captains
With Cambo & Gwendolen in dance and solemn song
The Cloud of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion
his saw torn, madd 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 to return with a Race of Luvah
Among the tribes of warriors among the strong
Against Jerusalem they rage thro' all the Nations of Europe
Thro Italy & Greece, 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 Agalek, Canaan and Moab
And Rahab like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud
Refus'd to take a definite form, she hovered over all the Earth
Calling the definite, sun, defacing every definite form;
Gwendolen, in his, stretched out in length or spread in breadth;
Over the temples, dancing groans of victims weeping in pity,
And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalem's walls.

Hand slept on Skiddaws top; drawn by the love of beautiful
Cambo; his bright beaming Counterpart, divided from him
And her delusive light beamed fierce above the Mountain;
Sore, invisible; drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication
Drawing out fibre by fibre; returning to Albion's Tree
At night; and in the morning to Skiddaw; she sent him over
Magnificent Wales into the Loom of Cathedral fibre by fibre;
He ran in under nerves across Europe to Jerusalem's Shade;
To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb.

He lay on East Moor in rocky Derbyshire, rapt to the Moon
Gwendolen she took up in other than his anguish heart.
That moment to all eternity, glows like the Sun in the breast;
She hid it in his ribs & back, she hid his tongue with teeth
In terrible convulsions pining & pining 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 Albion's dread Tree
She wove two vessels of speed, beautiful as Skiddaws snow;
Giving them words of self interest & selfish natural virtue;
She hid them in his loins, giving to him among the rocks,
Comely into a shape of Man's Virtue against the Lamb.
The invisible lovely one gave him a form according to
His Law a form against the Lamb of God opposed to Mercy
And playing in the luminous Loom in sweet intoxication
Rolling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries with groans
And dolorous sobb; the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah.

O sister Cambo! said Gwendolen, as their long beaming light
Gleamed above the Mountain what shall we do to keep
These awful forms in our soft bands: dissolved with trembling



I have mock'd those who refused cruelty & I have amused
 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 chagrin
 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 obtained in the passages of Death
 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 stripp'd off Joseph's beautiful integument for my Beloved
 The Cruel one of Abdon: to clothe him in gems of my Zone
 I have named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become
 A weeping Infant in round lovely Jerusalem's 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 subdued by Fear.

I have heard Jerusalem's groans; for Vala's cries & lamentations
 gather our eternal face: Outcasts from life and love;
 Embrace we shall parish annihilate, discovered our Delusions
 And given soft milk mingled delusion: Look! I have wept!
 O Lamas and doves, mingled together with the spirits of flocks
 On daisy dely, the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant
 Soothe the Spectres of the Dead follow my weeping throats.
 The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades
 On Cambridg and Oxford glowing safe undrag with Nabab's cloud
 While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel turning spie the spinning reel;
 Or throwing the worsted shuttle; or drawing the cords with forest songs
 The golden cords of the Looms unmate beneath their trunks soft
 Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Shaddams top.
 So saying she took a Falshood & hid it in her left hand;
 To enter her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates
 And thus she closed her left hand and upbraid her Falshood
 Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic, she hid her hand behind her
 Upon her back behind her loins & thus uttered her Decel.
 I heard Enthyramon say to Los; Let the Daughters of Albion
 Be scattered 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 Enthyramon & the Furnaces of Los
 Create Jerusalem & Babylon & Egypt & Moab & Amalek
 And Helle & Hesperia & Hindustan & 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 how the fires of our Looms point eastward to Babylon
 See how the fires of our Looms 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 carments beneath my Veil;
 By the fruit of Albion's Tree have fed him with sweet milk
 By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives;
 Humanity the Great Delusion; is changed to War & Sacrifice;
 I have nailed his hands on Beth Rabbon & his hands on Fleeshons Wall;
 O that I could live in his sight; O that I could bend him to my arm.
 So saying she drew aside her Veil from Man-Tor to Dovedale
 Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion
 And Hyle a winding Worm beneath
 & not a weeping Infant.
 Trembling & pitying she scream'd & fled upon the wind;
 Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty;
 The deserts 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
 Languish'd 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 Bullinggate
 Beneath Albions face Tree before the Gate of Los;
 Shew'd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate
 The envy; loud she labour'd in the Furnace of fire
 To form the mighty form of Man according to her will
 In the Furnaces of Los & the Wine-press treading day & night
 Naked among the human clusters; bringing wine of anguish
 To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces: she mingled not
 The raging flames, tho she returned instead of beauty
 Jealousy; 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 sister arms; she howld
 Over the forests with bitter tears, and over the winding Worm
 Repentant; and she also in the eddying wind at Los's Furnaces
 Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvar
 To form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain.
 The Sisters saw; trembling ran thro their Looms; softening mild
 Towards London; then they saw the Furnaces open, & in tears
 Began to give their souls away in the Furnaces 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 expatriate in the Gardens of bliss;
 But pangs of love draw me down to my loins which are
 Become a fountain of very pipes: O Albion my brother

[illegible]

Highgate's heights & Hampstead, to Poplar Hackney & Bow;
 To Hurlingham & Paddington & the Brook of Albion's 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 Remains of Los are buried there
 You are now shrunk up to a narrow rock in the midst of the Sea
 But here we build Babylon on Euphrates, compass'd to build
 And to inhabit, our Little ones to clothe in armour of the gold
 Of Jerusalem's Cherubims & to forge them, swords of her Albion
 I see London blind & age-bent begg'ding thro' the Streets
 Of Babylon, led by a child, his tears run down his beard
 The voice of Wandering Reuben echoes 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 & Lincoln's Inn, all is distress & woe.

The night fully thick Hand comes from Albion in his strength
 He combines up a mighty one the Double Molech & Chemash
 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 in songs, O Los come forth O Los
 Divide us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue
 Arise upon thy Watchers let us see thy Globe of fire
 On Albion's Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates.
 Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One
 With Rahab as she burn'd the iron Spindle of destruction.
 Terrified at the Song of Albion they took the Falshood which
 Gwendolen had in her left hand, it grew & grew till it



Became a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm.
 They named it Canaan & built for it a tender Moon-
 Los smild with joy thinking on Enitharmon & he brought
 Beuben from his twelvelfold wanderings & led him into it.
 Planting the Seeds of the twelve Tribes & Moses & David
 And gave a Tune & Revolution to the Space Six thousand years
 He call'd it Divine Analogy for in Beulah the Feminine
 Emanations Create Space the Masculine Create Time & plant
 The Seeds of beauty in the Space: listening to their lamentation
 Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness
 Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Worlds 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 thus 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 stretch'd on Albion's 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 the bosom of Time & Spaces womb
 To sprung up for Jerusalem: lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion
 Why wilt thou rend thyself apart & build an Earthly Kingdom
 To reign in pride & to oppress & 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. Winged with Six Wings
In the spacious Basin 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 feathered towers
Redd delicate & cloud with feathered gold & azure & purple
From thy white shoulders shadowing purity in holiness
Thence feathered with soft crimson of the ruby bright as fire
Spreading into the azure wings which like a canopy
Holds over thy immortal Heart 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 Basin white, translucent covered with immortal gems
& sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty
Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection
Thine gold, 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 feathered immortal
Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Sun's tabernacle

Thy Reins covered 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
Eternity: there behold Israel in her tents
A Pillar of a Cloud of 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 walling from Furnace to Furnace
He seizes his Hammer every hour, flames surround him as
He beats: seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster
Around his head, the truck hail stones stand ready to obey
His voice in the black cloud, his sons labour in thunder
Of his Furnaces: his Daughters of their Looms sing woes
His Emanation separates in pulpy fibres agonising
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 regenerated
On Earth of those whose Emanations weave the loves
Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shuloh, in immortal Golgonooza
Concentrating in the majestic form of Etern in eternal tears
Viewing the Winding Worm on the Deserts of Great Tartary
Viewing Los in his shuddering, 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 reddened with desire
Into a globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness
Of Albion's clouds, he led it with his tears & sister organs
Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the amorous Shade
Till it became a separated cloud of beauty grace & love
Among the darkness of his Furnaces dividing asunder all
The separated stood before him a lovely female weeping
Even Enitharmon separated outside, & his Loins closed
And healed after the separation: his pains he soon forgot:
Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy ether
Two Walls they had: Two Intellects: & not as in times of old.

Silent they wandered hand in hand like two Infants wandering
From Enion in the deserts, terrified at each others beauty
Envyng each other yet desiring, in all devouring Love.



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

O lovely Enitharmon: I behold thy graceful forms
Moving beside me all 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, seize 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 Bosom's translucence as in an eternal morning
Enitharmon answerd, No! I will seize 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 Albion's Spectre
Cast thou in Jerusalem's shadows thy Loves: silk of liquid
Rubies, Jacynth's Crystals; 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 Albion's 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 refusest 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 sendding 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 Erth & of Los & all their Children
A sullen smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn
Knowing himself the author of their divisions & shrinkings, grati
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 Loss Forge, eyeing
Enitharmon who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences
While Los stood at his, civil in wrath the victim of their love
And hate: dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses
In Golgoonza & in Udan-Adan & in Entuthon of Urizen
The blow of his Hammer is Justice: the swing of his Hammer Mercy
The force of Loss 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 Zoas in all their faded majesty burst out in fury
And fire, Jerusalem took the Cup which Foamd in Valas hand
Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day
Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love & Wrath.

is divided by the Cross & Nails & Thorns & Spear
by cruelties of Rahab & Terzah permanent endure
A terrible underpint Hermaproditic form
A Wing-dress of Love & Wrath double Hermaproditic
Twelffold in Allegoric pomp in selfish holiness
The Pharisaeon, the Grammarian, the Presbyteron,
The Archpriest, the Jezeus, the Saddusaion, double
Each witholdsides of the other, covering eastern heaven

Thus was the Covering Cherub revealed majestic image
Of Sethhood, Body put off, the Antichrist accused
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 Giron many tongued
And many mouthed Ethiopia, Lybia, the Sea of Rephaim
Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns
Disorganisa, & there is Pharaoh 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 Grand pride
Frown over each River stupendous Works of Albions Druid Sons
And Albions Forests of Oaks covered the Earth from Pole to Pole

His Bosom wide reflects Moab & Ammon on the River
Pison, since calld Arnon, there is Heshbon beautiful
The Rocks of Rabbath on the Arnan & the Fish-pools of Heshbon
Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea, by Sodom & Gomorra
Above his Head high arching Wings black rild with Eyes
Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapula & 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 Japan, thro the Isles of Grecia & all Europe's Kings
Where Adaelcel 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 Towns 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 mind of their dread furp

But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem
Hidden within the Covering Cherub as in a Tabernacle
Of threelfold workmanship in allegoric delusion & woe
There the Seven Kings of Cangan & five Baalim of Philistea
Shahd & Og the Auarim & Enaym, 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, overwhelmed 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 Majesty
Of a dreadful power sitting upon Hareb pondering dire
And mighty preparations, mustering multitudes unnumberable
Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian & Aram
For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend
Lured by his warlike symphonias of fobret pipe & harp
Burst the bottoms of the Graves & funeral Wicks of Beulah
Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave
They became One with the Antichrist & are absorbed 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 Vexes 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; opaque: 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 secrecy from the torment.

Bowen & Carwenra stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres
Of Benjamin from Chesters River: loud the River: loud the Mersey
And the Rubble, thunder into the Irish sea, as the Twelve Sons
Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal Form of Luvah
Cheshire & Lancashire & Westmoreland grown 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
Carwenra sat above, with solemn cadences she drew
Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom
Hand had his Furnace on Hedgegate heights & it reached
To Brockley Hills across the Thames: he with double Boadicea
In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey
Conjuring with Luvah & with the Sequicher of Luvah
For the Male is a Furnace of beryl: 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 Individually, they become an Eternal Death.
Hermaphroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty & law:
Your Slaves & Captives: you compel 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 Malvern 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 thunders cry
These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion, are gratified 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 relieve it: go Spectre; obey my most secret desire:
 Which thou knowest without my speaking: Go to these Furies 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 Friend of Righteousness pretendest; there is a Disorganized
 And snowy cloud; brooder of tempests & destructive War.
 You smile with pomp & sugar: you talk of benevolence & virtue:
 & act with benevolence & virtue & get murdered 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 Sinaragge 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 Tamb sublime
 Rolling the Sea in rocky paths: forming Leviathan
 And Beremoth; 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 heavy Hammer; he swung it round & at one blow,
 In unquenching ruin driving down the pyramids of pride
 Spating 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 altered his Spectre & every Ratio of his Reason
 He altered 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 thunderous 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 amalgamated
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 scattered the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds:

This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion

So Los spoke. Enitharmon answered 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 horous 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 answered swift as the shuttle of gold. Sexes must vanish & cease
To be, when Albion arises from his drowsy 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

Display'd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan in Jerusalem & in Shiloh
And in the Shadows of Remembrance, & in the Chans of the Spectre

Amalek, Edom, Egypt, Moab, Ammon, Ashur, Philistea, around Jerusalem
Where the Druids feared their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance

Of Sin, & the Tree of Good & Evil sprung from the Rocky Circle & Snake
Of the Druid, along the Valley of Reshaim from Camberwell to Golgotha

And framed the Mundane Shell Cavernous in Length Breadth & Height



Entharmon heard. She raisd her head. like the mild Moon

*O Rintrah! O Palamabron. What are your dire & awful purposes
Entharmons 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 Oagythron & Egnitria
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 Entharmon ceast.

*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
Concerning the Divine Vision & Fruition. Worshipping the Deities
Of the Heathen. The God of this World & the Godless 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 unwrap his hands & feet blown incessant
And wash incessant by the for ever restless sea waves toaming abroad
Upon the white Rock. England in Femule 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 a gund
Brit sits in the Tomb. to watch them unceasing night and day
And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations.

Over them the famish'd 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 Brittannia 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 pierd 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 chundering, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars
 Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in dreadful
 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 round the
 Horns of the wide Bow, loud-sounding winds sport on the mountain brows
 Compelling Urisen to his Furrow: & Tharmas to his Sheepfold:
 And Luyah to his Loom: Urthona he beheld, mighty labouring at
 His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Las 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 Britannia, 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 Heavens Earth
England who a Britain had entered
Albions bosom rejoicing

Then Jesus appeared standing by
Albion as the Good Shepherd
By the lost Sheep that he had
found & Albion knew that it
was the Lord the Universal Human
-ity & 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
Overshadowed them & Jesus
said Thus do Men in Eternity
One for another to put off by
forgiveness every sin

Albion replied: Cannot Man
exist with ut Mysterious
Offering of Self for another is
this Friendship & Brotherhood
I see thee in the likeness and
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 weth not for
Man & suffer not himself
Eternally for Man, Man could not exist, for Man is Love;
As God is Love; every kindness to another is a sacrifice 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 wander at the Divine Mercy & at Loss sublime honour

Do I sleep amidst danger in Friends; O my Cities & Counties
Do you sleep; rouse up, rouse 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 Water flowing 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 up my hearing
The Universal Father Then Albion stretched his hand into Infinity
And took his Bow Fourfold the Vision for bright beaming Urizen
Lays his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of carved Gold
Luvah his hand stretched 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 his Bow: a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness: laying
Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence Wars of Love
And the Bond of Men grows 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 unreprouable Strong, bending thro the wide Heavens
The horned Bow Fourfold, loud, sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold
Murmuring the Bowstring 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 thundering, rejoicing terrific vanishing
Fourfold Annihilation & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect
The unnumerable Chariots, of the Almighty appeared in Heaven
And Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer
A Sun of blood red wrath surrounding heaven on all sides around
Glorious incomprehensible by Mortal Man & each Chariot was Sexual Fourfold
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 howl 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 Ends
Of Death was seen in regenerative 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, 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 Albion Spectre the Patriarch Druid where are all his Human Sacrifice
For Sin in War & in the Druid Temples of the Accuser of Sin, beneath
The Oak Groves of Albion that coverd the whole Earth beneath his Spectre
Where are the Kingdoms of the World & all their glory that grew on Desolation
The Fruit of Albion's 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.





Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albions River
 From Rant'sugh & Strumbolo. From Cromwells gardens & Chelsea
 The place of wounded Soldiers. but when he saw my Place
 Heild 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 closd up from my children; my Emanation is deviding
 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 Selfheeds 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 spake, 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 sofe, uncontroll'd Lord of the Furnaces
 Groaning he kneld before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone,
 Hungring & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience.
 While Los pursu'd his speech in threatenings loud & fierce.
 Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness; I have found thee out:
 Thou art reveal'd before me in all thy magnitude & power,
 Thy uncurcumsc'd pretences in 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 wilt cast forth from my life; if I was dead upon the mountains
 Thou mightst be pitied & lov'd; but now I am living; unless
 Thou abstain raving 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: Shokald, Kox & Kotope, labour mightily
 In the Wars of Babel & Shinar, all their Emanations were
 Condens'd. Hand has absorb'd all his Brethren in his might
 All the infant Loves & Graces were lost: for the mighty Hand

Con-



Condens'd his Emanations into hard opaque substances;
 And his infant thoughts & desires into cold dark clefts of death.
 His hammer of gold he seiz'd; and his anvil of adamant;
 He seiz'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, condemn'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 raving 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 wick 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 work'd it on my resolute anvil:
 I hent it in the flames of Hand, & Hyle, & Coban
 Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gweneverra



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 contend among the Furnaces with groans, & tears:
 Roaring the Spectre heaved the bellows, obeying Loos's frowns:
 All the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces
 Of affliction, and Loos drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre.



But when they saw Albion fall'n upon mild Lambeth's vale :
Astonish'd ! Terrified ! they hover'd over his Giant limbs
Then thus, Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wept 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 an 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 weapest
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 and 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 refus'dst to let me go ; Albion beheld thy beauty
Beautiful thro' our loves comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.
The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion
Because it enclased 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 rebounded from Albion's bosom in my virgin loveliness,
The Lamb of God receiv'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 pass'd away !

Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd



His Children exild 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 wither'd 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 Ean weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

¶ All his Affections now appear withoutside; all his Sons,
Hand, Hyle & Coban, Quantok, Peachey, Brereton, Sloyd & Hutton,
Scotfold, Nox, Kotope & Bowen; his Twelve Song; 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, raving to gormandize
The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentyfour,
Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence
Suspicion & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul
Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud
Willing the Friends endure, for Albions sake, and for
Jerusalem his Emanation, shut within his bosom;
Which harden'd 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 roald 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 walk'd round beneath the
And Albion fled inward among the currents of his rivers. (Moon)

He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City safe repos'd
In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala
The Lilly of Havilah; and they sang soft thro' Lambeths vales,
With 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
Tembling; then in one comingling in eternal tears,
Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.



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 another's 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.
We are 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 Goul; 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 Felfham 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 & Mountains
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, ground 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

His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands
Cold feet, lest any should enter his bosom & embrace
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Live in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life.
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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

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:
 Sward 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 Albion's 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 Albion's 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 appear'd distant stars.
 Ascending and descending into Albion's sea of death.
 And Erin's lovely Bow enclos'd the Wheels of Albion's Sons.

Expanding on wings, 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! But
 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. 7.



These were his last words, and the merciful Saviour in his arms
Received him, in the arms of tender mercy and repose
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, orderd & measurd, 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 ground & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earths central joint,
There is a place where Contraries 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 Beulahs 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 thus the manner of the terrible Separation
The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion
Concenter in one Female form an Aged pensive Woman,
Astonishd! 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 embracd her sorrows, occupied in labours
Of sublime mercy in Rephaims Vale, Perusing Albions Tomb
She sat: she walkd 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 received
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, & Untorgiving, Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies
The Children must be sacrificed! (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 Sichon and Og
Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

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
 Bondying into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal pain.
 They flee over the rocks paralyzing: Horses, Oxen, feel the knife.
 And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgement, banish
 The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife
 The obdurate Farms 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 Arvil, 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 conmingling
 Of Albions & Luvar's Spectres was Hermaphroditic
 Urezen 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 ingenerate
 But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its porticoes.
 Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve
 And shine glorious within: Hand & Koban arch over the Sun
 In the hot noon, as he travel'd thro his journey: Hyle & Skatfield
 Archd over the Moon at midnight & Los fix'd 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.
 Libya & 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 Urezen in the Satanic Void
 Created from the Valley of Middlesex by London's River
 From Stone-henge & from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes
 The Four Zoas rush around, on all sides in dire ruin
 Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion
 Near 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.

Jerusalem. C 4



The Spectres of Albions Twelve Sons revolve mightily
 Over the Taint & over the Body: raving to devour
 The Sleeping Humanity. Loos with his mace of iron
 Walks round: loud his threats, loud his blows fall
 On the rocky Spectres: as the Potter breaks the pottersherds:
 Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses: driving them from Furnaces
 Cuts: 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 Loos launches at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem,
 Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair:
 Albions Twelve Sons surround the Party-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 nam'd her Rahab, & gave her power over the Earth:
 The Concave Earth round Golgotha in Ephraim Benyken.
 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 level'd 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
 Disorganiz'd: an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among
 Her Childrens Druid Temples dropping with blood wander'd weeping:
 And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philistea.

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