



William Blake's **America and Europe**

Contents:

Sir George Grey's notes

America, a prophecy

Europe, a prophecy

very rare: clean & in fine condition
America, a Prophecy Lambeth 1793
Europe, a Prophecy Lambeth 1794

I purchased this book at the sale of the effects of a deceased artist, (I now forget his name), who had obtained it direct from Blake. The paper bears the paper mark of 1812. This copy therefore although purporting to be printed in 1793 and 1794 — was probably printed after 1812, when he was living in South Moulton Street.

America 16 plates 1793, copy sold by Messers Sotheby
Wilkinson & Hodge April 11 1903 for £295

Europe 17 plates 1794, copy sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson &
Hodge 11th April 1903 for £203

Young's Night Thoughts coloured 1797 copy sold
by Sotheby, Wilkinson 11 April 1903 for £170

Marriage of Heaven & Hell 27 plates and copy sold
By Sotheby, Williamson & Hodge 11 April 1903 for £260

my case, clean & in good condition
America, a Prophecy, Lambeth 1793
Europe, a Prophecy, Lambeth 1794

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America 16 plates 1793, copy sold by Messrs Sotheby,
Wildman & Hodges April 11 1862 for £ 295
Europe 17 plates 1794, copy sold by Sotheby, Wildman &
Hodges " " April 1862 for £ 200
Journal of the Right Thoughts Coloured 1797 Copy held
by Sotheby, Wildman & Hodges April 1862 for £ 170
Marriage of Heaven & Hell 27 plates with copy, sold
by Sotheby, Wildman & Hodges 11 April 1862 for £ 260

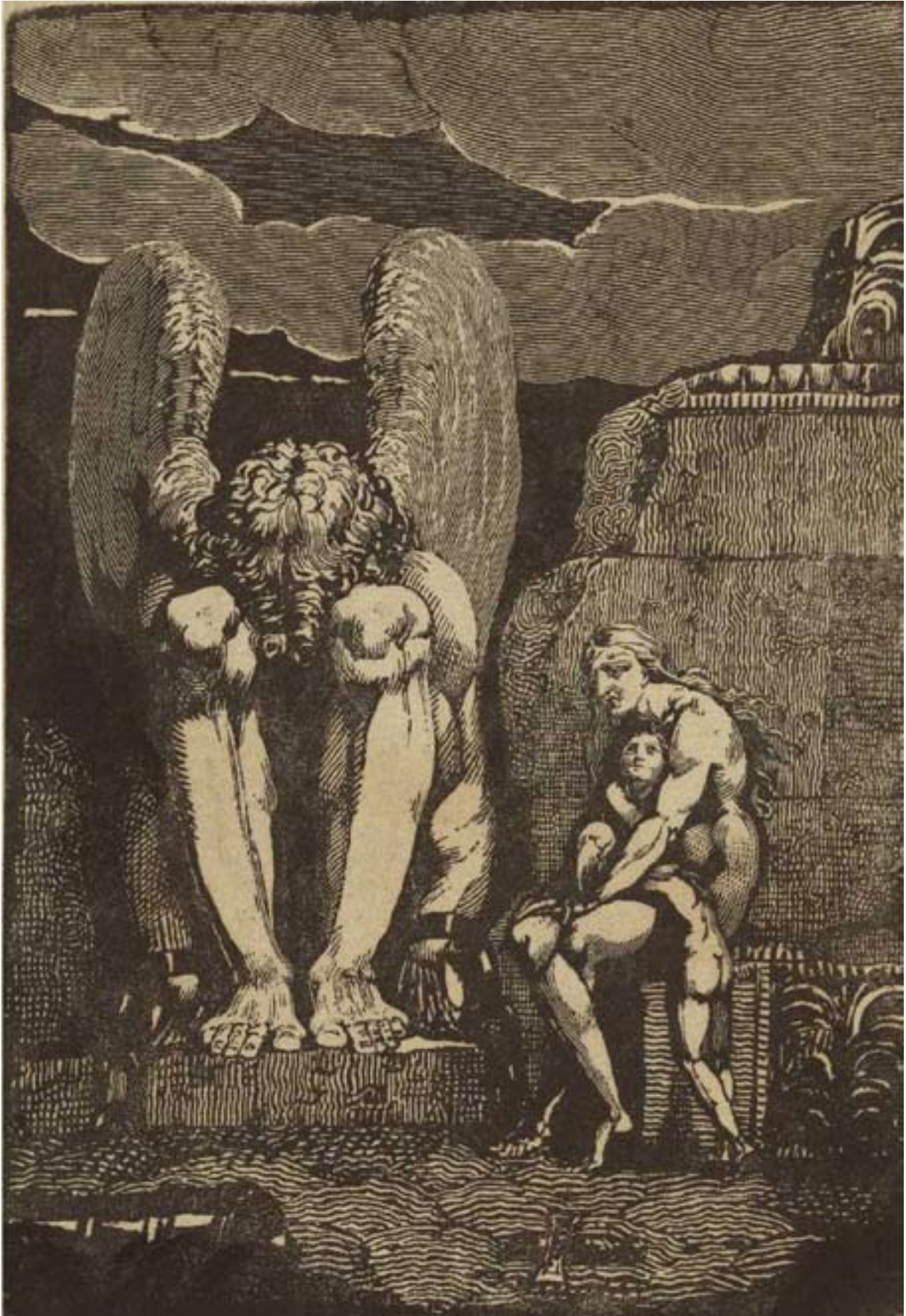


Plate 1

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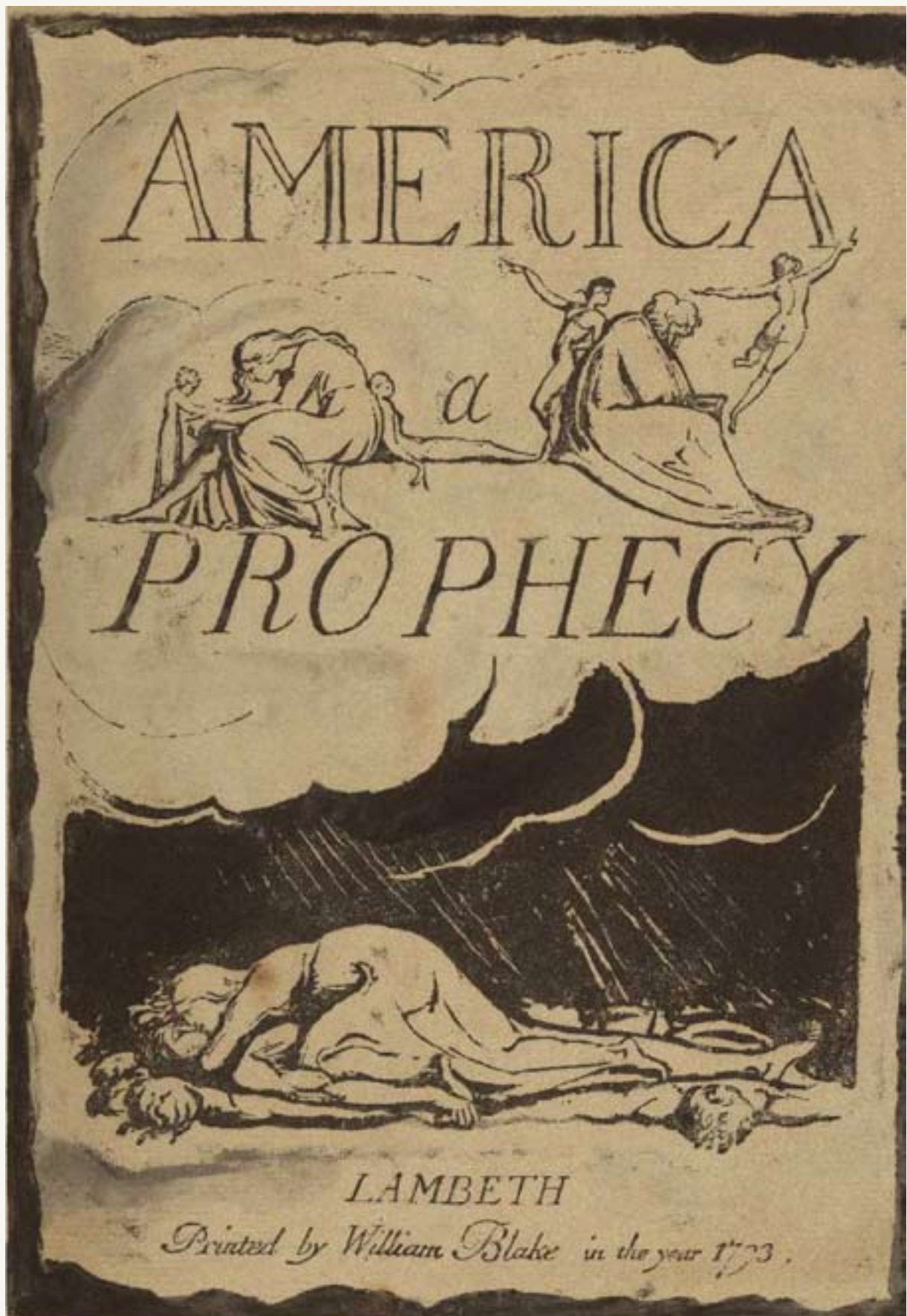


Plate 2

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[PRELUDIUM]

The shadowy daughter of Urthona stood before red Orc,
When fourteen suns had faintly journey'd o'er his dark abode;
His food she brought in iron baskets, his drink in cups of iron;
Crown'd with a helmet & dark hair the nameless female stood;
A quiver with its burning stores, a bow like that of night,
When pestilence is shot from heaven; no other arms she need:
Invulnerable tho' naked, save where clouds roll round her loins,
Their awful folds in the dark air; silent she stood as night;
For never from her iron tongue could voice or sound arise;
But dumb till that dread day when Orc afsay'd his fierce embrace.

Dark virgin; said the hairy youth, thy father stern abhor'd;
Rivets my tenfold chains while still on high my spirit soars:
Sometimes an eagle screaming in the sky, sometimes a lion,
Stalking upon the mountains, & sometimes a whale I lash
The raging fathomless abyfs, anon a serpent folding
Around the pillars of Urthona, and round thy dark limbs,
On the Canadian wilds I fold, feeble my spirit folds.
For chain'd beneath I rend these caverns; when thou bringest food
I howl my joy; and my red eyes seek to behold thy Face
In vain! these clouds roll to & fro, & hide thee from my sight.



Plate 3

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Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy,
The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire;
Round the terrific loins he siez'd the panting struggling womb;
It joy'd: she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile;
As when a black cloud shews its light'nings to the silent deep.

Soon as she saw the terrible boy then burst the virgin cry.

I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go;
Thou art the image of God who dwells in darknefs of Africa;
And thou art fall'n to give me life in regions of dark death.
On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions
Endur'd by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep:
I see a serpent in Canada, who courts me to his love;
In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru;
I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away.
O what limb rending pains I feel, thy fire & my frost
Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent;
This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold.

The stern Bard ceas'd, asham'd of his own song; enrag'd he swung
His harp aloft sounding, then dash'd its shining frame against
A ruin'd pillar in glittering fragments; silent he turn'd away,
And wander'd down the vales of Kent in sick & drear la-
-mentings.

Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy.
The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire;
Round the terrific loins he seized the parting struggling womb;
It joy'd: she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile:
As when a black cloud shows its lightnings to the silent deep.

Soon as she saw the terrible boy then burst the virgin cry.

I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go:
Thou art the image of God who dwelles in darkness of Africa:
And thou art fallen to give me life in regions of dark death.
On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions
Endur'd by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep:
I see a serpent in Canada, who courts me to his love;
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I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away.
O what limb rending pains I feel, thy fire, & my frost
Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent;
Thus is eternal death: and thus the torment long foretold.



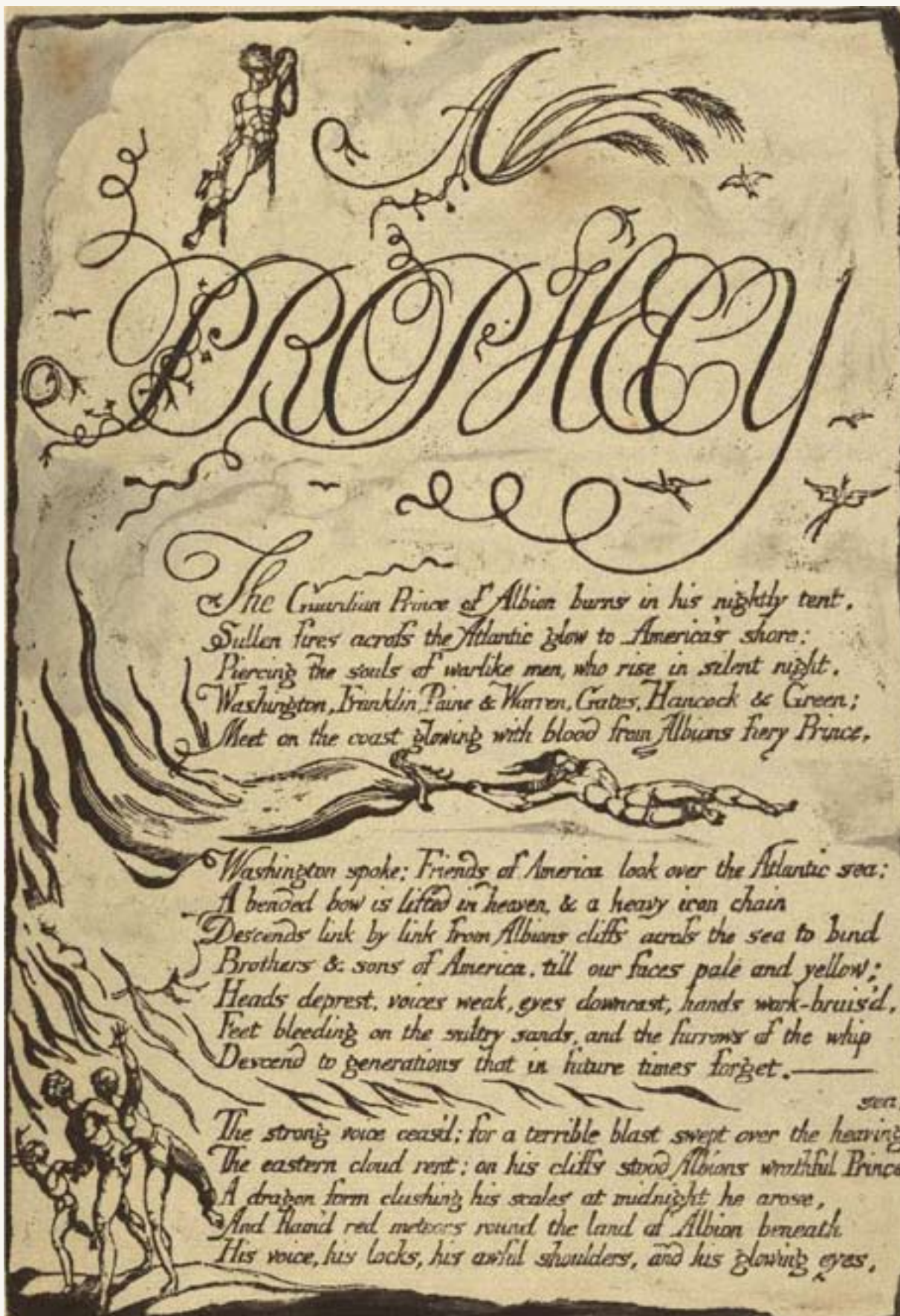
The stern Bard ceas'd, ashamed of his own song; enraged he swung
His harp aloft sounding, then dash'd its shining frame against
A ruin'd pillar in glittering fragments; silent he turn'd away,
And wander'd down the vales of Kent in sick & drear la-
-mentings.

A PROPHECY

The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent,
Sullen fires across the Atlantic glow to America's shore:
Piercing the souls of warlike men, who rise in silent night,
Washington, Franklin, Paine & Warren, Gates, Hancock & Green;
Meet on the coast glowing with blood from Albion's Fiery Prince.

Washington spoke: Friends of America look over the Atlantic sea;
A bended bow is lifted in heaven, & a heavy iron chain
Descends link by link from Albion's cliffs across the sea to bind
Brothers & sons of America, till our faces pale and yellow;
Heads deprest, voices weak, eyes downcast, hands work-bruis'd,
Feet bleeding on the sultry sands, and the furrows of the whip
Descend to generations that in future times forget.—

The strong voice ceas'd; for a terrible blast swept over the heaving sea;
The eastern cloud rent; on his cliffs stood Albion's wrathful Prince
A dragon form clashing his scales at midnight he arose,
And flam'd red meteors round the land of Albion beneath
His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, and his glowing eyes,



The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent,
Sullen fires across the Atlantic glow to America's shore;
Piercing the souls of warlike men, who rise in silent night,
Washington, Franklin, Paine & Warren, Gates, Hancock & Green;
Meet on the coast glowing with blood from Albion's fiery Prince,

Washington spoke; Friends of America look over the Atlantic sea;
A bened bow is lifted in heaven, & a heavy iron chain
Descends link by link from Albion's cliffs across the sea to bind
Brothers & sons of America, till our faces pale and yellow;
Heads deprest, voices weak, eyes downcast, hands work-bruis'd,
Feet bleeding on the salty sands, and the furrows of the whip
Descend to generations that in future times forget.

The strong voice ceased; for a terrible blast swept over the heaving
The eastern cloud rent; on his cliffs stood Albion's wrathful Prince
A dragon form clushing his scales at midnight he arose,
And haard red meteors round the land of Albion beneath
His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, and his glowing eyes,

Appear to the Americans upon the cloudy night.

Solemn heave the Atlantic waves between the gloomy nations,
Swelling, belching from its deeps red clouds & raging fires,
Albion is sick. America faints! enrag'd the Zenith grew.
As human blood shooting its veins all round the orb'd heaven
Red rose the clouds from the Atlantic in vast wheels of blood
And in the red clouds rose a Wonder o'er the Atlantic sea;
Intense! naked! a Human fire fierce glowing, as the wedge
Of iron heated in the furnace; his terrible limbs were fire
With myriads of cloudy terrors banners dark & towers
Surrounded; heat but not light went thro' the murky atmosphere

The King of England looking westward trembles at the
vision

Appear to the Americans upon the cloudy night.



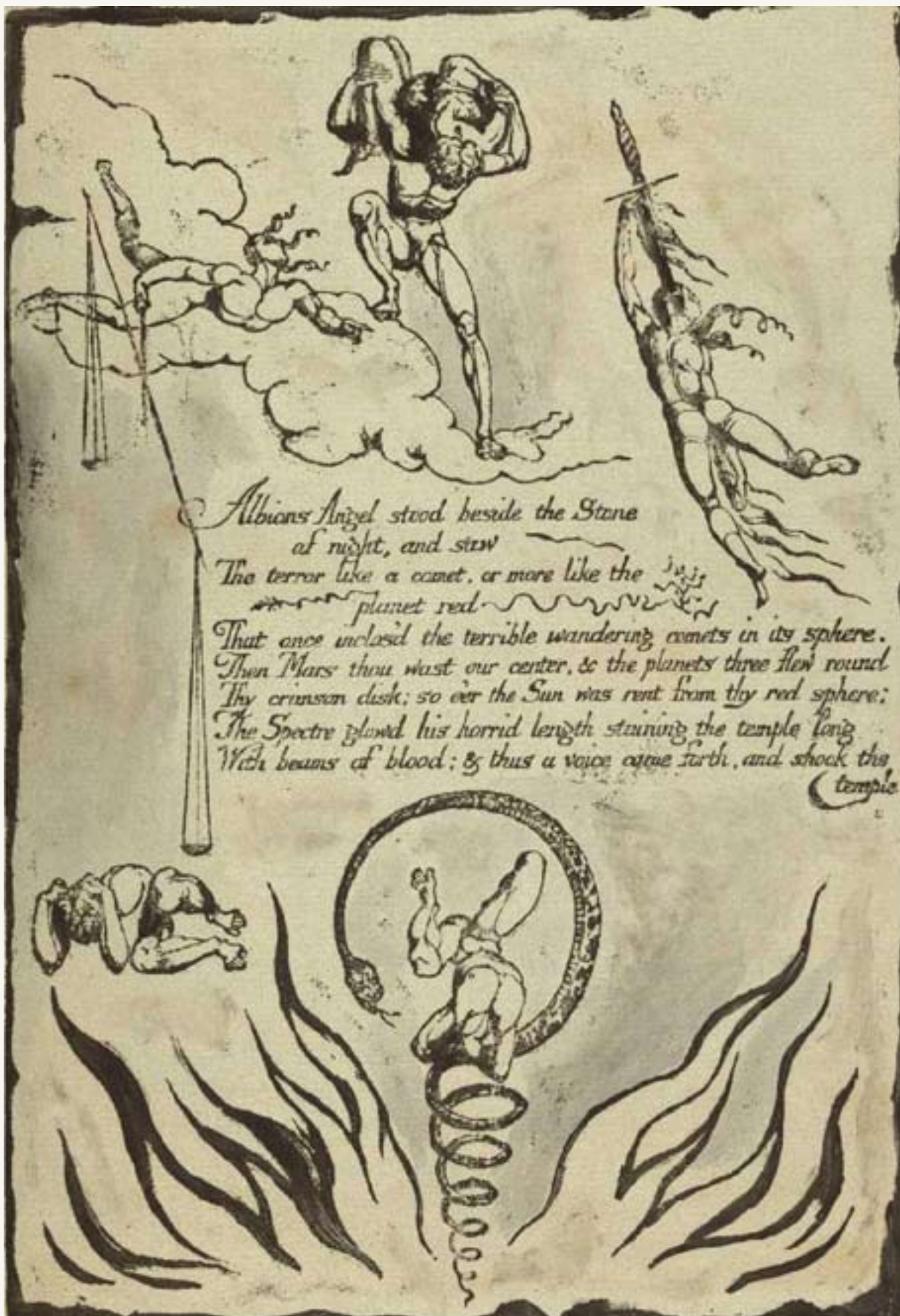
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Swelling, belching from its deeps red clouds & raging fires,
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-sphere



The King of England looking westward trembles at the



Albions Angel stood beside the Stone
of night, and saw
The terror like a comet, or more like the
planet red
That once inclos'd the terrible wandering comets in its sphere.
Then Mars thou wast our center, & the planets three flew round
Thy crimson disk; so e'er the Sun was rent from thy red sphere;
The Spectre glowd his horrid length staining the temple long
With beams of blood; & thus a voice came forth, and shook the
temple



Albions Angel stood beside the Stone
at night, and saw
The terror like a comet, or more like the
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That once includ'd the terrible wandering comets in its sphere.
Then Mars thou wast our center, & the planets three flew round
Thy crimson disk; so o'er the Sun was rent from thy red sphere:
The Spectre glow'd his horrid length staining the temple long
With beams of blood; & thus a voice came forth, and shock the
temple

Plate 7

The morning comes, the night decays, the watchmen leave
their stations;
The grave is burst, the spices shed, the linen wrapped up;
The bones of death, the cov'ring clay, the sinews shrunk & dry'd.
Reviving shake, inspiring move, breathing! awakening!
Spring like redeemed captives when their bonds & bars are burst;
Let the slave grinding at the mill, run out into the field;
Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air;
Let the inchained soul shut up in darknefs and in sighing,
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years;
Rise and look out, his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open.
And let his wife and children return from the oprefsors scourge;
They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream.
Singing. The Sun has left his blacknefs, & has found a fresher morning
And the fair Moon rejoices in the clear & cloudlefs night;
For Empire is no more, and now the Lion & Wolf shall cease.



Plate 8

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In thunders ends the voice. Then Albions Angel wrathful burnt
Beside the Stone of Night; and like the Eternal Lions howl
In famine & war, reply'd. Art thou not Orc, who serpent-form'd
Stands at the gate of Enitharmon to devour her children;
Blasphemous Demon, Antichrist, hater of Dignities;
Lover of wild rebellion. and transgreser of Gods Law;
Why dost thou come to Angels eyes in this terrific form?



*If thunders ends the voice. Then Albions Angel wrathful burnt
Beside the Stone of Night; and like the Eternal Lions howl
In famine & war, replyd. Art thou not Orc, who serpent forc'd
Stands at the gate of Faitharmon to devour her children;
Blasphemous Demon, Antichrist, hater of Dignities:
Lover of wild rebellion, and transgressor of Gods Law;
Why dost thou come to Angels eyes in this terrific form?*

Plate 9

Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my Thirteen Angels!
Loud howls the eternal Wolf! the eternal Lion lashes his tail!
America is darkned; and my punishing Demons terrified
Crouch howling before their caverns deep like skins dry'd in the wind.
They cannot smite the wheat, nor quench the fatness of the earth.
They cannot smite with sorrows, nor subdue the plow and spade.
They cannot wall the city, nor moat round the castle of princes.
They cannot bring the stubbed oak to overgrow the hills.
For terrible men stand on the shores, & in their robes I see
Children take shelter from the lightnings, there stands Washington
And Paine and Warren with their foreheads reard toward the east
But clouds obscure my aged sight. A vision from afar!
Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels:
Ah vision from afar! Ah rebel form that rent the ancient
Heavens, Eternal Viper self-renew'd, rolling in clouds
I see thee in thick clouds and darknes on America's shore.
Writhing in pangs of abhorred birth; red flames the crest rebellious
And eyes of death; the harlot womb oft opened in vain
Heaves in enormous circles, now the times are return'd upon thee,
Devourer of thy parent, now thy unutterable torment renews.
Sound! sound! my loud war trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels.
Ah terrible birth! a young one bursting! where is the weeping mouth?
And where the mothers milk? instead those ever-hissing jaws
And parched lips drop with fresh gore; now roll thou in the clouds
Thy mother lays her length outstretch'd upon the shore beneath.
Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels!
Loud howls the eternal Wolf: the eternal Lion lashes his tail!



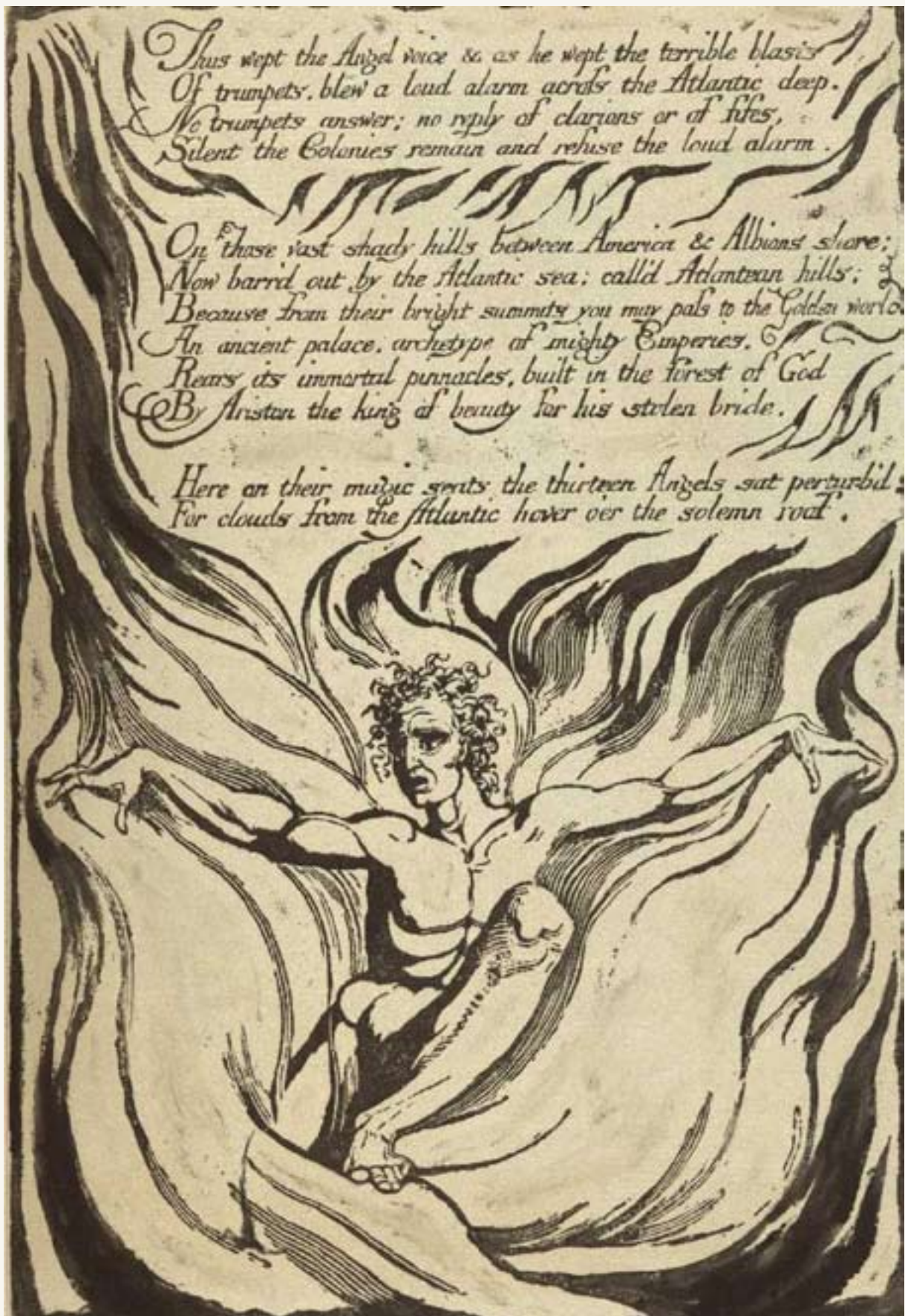
Plate 10

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Thus wept the Angel voice & as he wept the terrible blasts
Of trumpets, blew a loud alarm across the Atlantic deep.
No trumpets answer; no reply of clarions or of fifes,
Silent the Colonies remain and refuse the loud alarm.

On those vast shady hills between America & Albions shore;
Now barr'd out by the Atlantic sea: call'd Atlantean hills;
Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden world
An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Empires.
Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God
By Ariston the king of beauty for his stolen bride.

Here on their magic seats the thirteen Angels sat perturb'd:
For clouds from the Atlantic hover o'er the solemn roof.



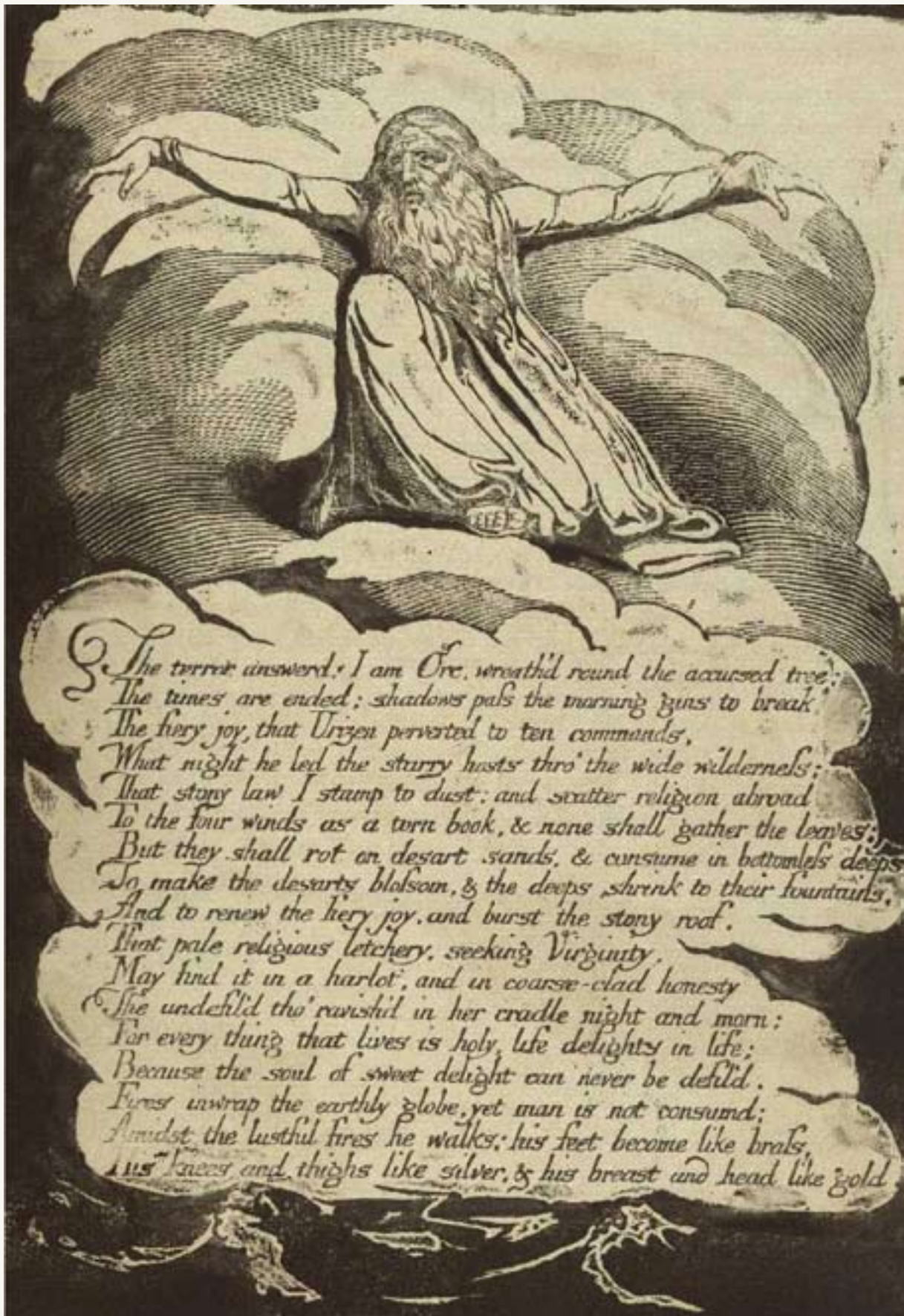
Thus wept the Angel voice so, as he wept the terrible blasp
Of trumpets, blew a loud alarm across the Atlantic deep.
No trumpets answer; no reply of clarions or of fifes,
Silent the Colonies remain and refuse the loud alarm.

On these vast shady hills between America & Albion's shore;
Now barr'd out by the Atlantic sea; call'd Atlantean hills;
Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden world
An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Empires,
Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God
By Acrisus the king of beauty for his stolen bride.

Here on their music seats the thirteen Angels sat perturbid
For clouds from the Atlantic hover o'er the solemn vault.

Plate 11

The terror answerd; I am Orc, wreath'd round the accursed tree:
The times are ended; shadows pass the morning gins to break
The fiery joy, that Urizen perverted to ten commands,
What night he led the starry hosts thro' the wide wilderneys;
That stony law I stamp to dust: and scatter religion abroad
To the four winds as a torn book, & none shall gather the leaves:
But they shall rot on desert sands, & consume in bottomless deeps,
To make the deserts blossom, & the deeps shrink to their fountains,
And to renew the fiery joy, and burst the stony roof.
That pale religious lechery, seeking Virginity,
May find it in a harlot, and in coarse-clad honesty
The undefil'd tho' ravish'd in her cradle night and morn:
For every thing that lives is holy, life delights in life;
Because the soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd.
Fires inwrap the earthly globe, yet man is not consumd;
Amidst the lustful fires he walks; his feet become like brass,
His knees and thighs like silver, & his breast and head like gold.



*Q The terror answerd: I am Ore, wreath'd round the accursed tree;
The times are ended; shadows pass the morning guns to break;
The fiery joy, that Urizen perverted to ten commands,
What might he led the sturvy hasts thro' the wide wilderness;
That stony law I stamp to dust; and scatter religion abroad
To the four winds as a turn book, & none shall gather the leaves;
But they shall rot on desert sands, & consume in bottomless deeps
To make the deserts blossom, & the deeps shrink to their fountains,
And to renew the fiery joy, and burst the stony roof.
That pale religious lechery, seeking Virginity,
May find it in a harlot, and in coarse-clad honesty
The undefild tho' ravish'd in her cradle night and morn;
For every thing that lives is holy, life delights in life;
Because the soul of sweet delight can never be defild.
Fires unwrap the earthly globe, yet man is not consumed;
Amidst the lustful fires he walks: his feet become like brats,
His knees and thighs like silver, & his breast and head like gold.*

Fiery the Angels rose, & as they rose deep thunder roll'd
Around their shores; indignant burning with the fires of Orc
And Bostons Angel cried aloud as they flew thro' the dark
night.

He cried: Why trembles honesty and like a murderer,
Why seeks he refuge from the frowns of his immortal station,
Must the generous tremble & leave his joy, to the idle: to the pestilence!

That mock him? who commanded this? what God? what Angel!
To keep the gen'rous from experience till the ungenerous
Are unrestrained performers of the energies of nature;
Till pity is become a trade, and generosity a science,
That men get rich by, & the sandy desert is giv'n to the strong
What God is he, writes laws of peace, & clothes him in a tempest
What pitying Angel lusts for tears, and fans himself with sighs
What crawling villain preaches abstinence & wraps himself
In fat of lambs? no more I follow, no more obedience pay.

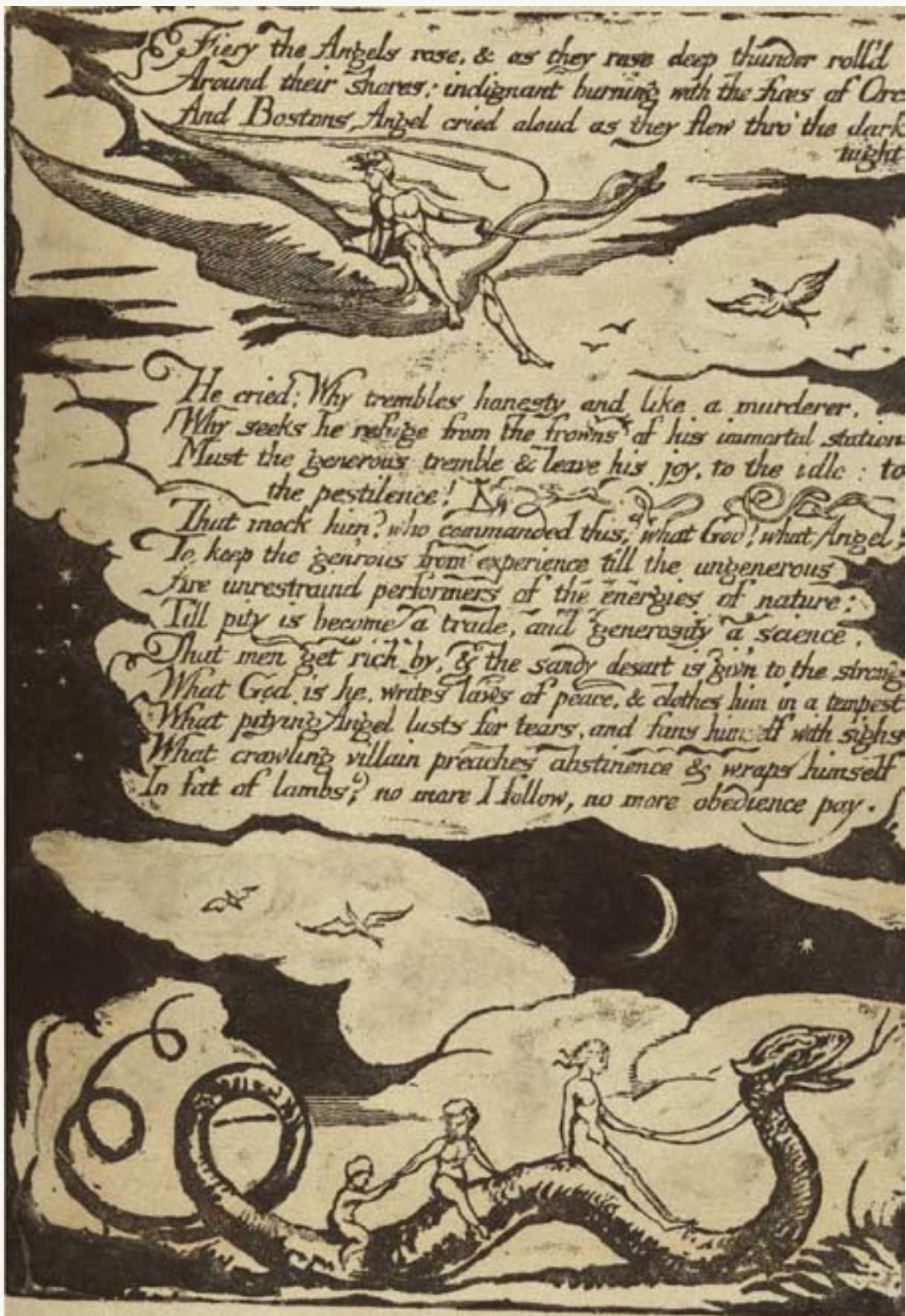


Plate 13

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So cried he, rending off his robe & throwing down his scepter.
In sight of Albions Guardian, and all the thirteen Angels
Rent off their robes to the hungry wind, & threw their golden scept-
-ers
Down on the land of America, indignant they descended
Headlong from out their heav'nly heights, descending swift as
fires
Over the land; naked & flaming are their lineaments seen
In the deep gloom, by Washington & Paine & Warren they stood
And the flame folded roaring fierce within the pitchy night
Before the Demon red, who burnt towards America,
In black smoke thunders and loud winds rejoicing in its
terror
Breaking in smoky wreaths from the wild deep, & gath'ring thick
In flames as of a furnace on the land from North to South



So cried he, rending off his robe & throwing down his scepter,
In sight of Albion's Guardian, and all the thirteen Angels
Rent off their robes to the hungry wind, & threw their golden scap-
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In black smoke thunders and loud winds rejoicing in his
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Breaking in smoky wreaths from the wild deep, & gathering thick
In flames' as of a furnace on the land from North to South

Plate 14

What time the thirteen Governors that England sent con-
-vene

In Bernards house; the flames coverd the land, they rouze they
cry

Shaking their mental chains they rush in fury to the sea

To quench their anguish; at the feet of Washington down Fall'n

They grovel on the sand and writhing lie, while all

The British soldiers thro' the thirteen states sent up a howl

Of anguish: threw their swords & muskets to the earth & ran

From their encampments and dark castles seeking where to hide

From the grim flames; and from the visions of Orc; in sight

Of Albions Angel; who enrag'd his secret clouds open'd

From north to south, and burnt outstretchd on wings of wrath cov'ring

The eastern sky, spreading his awful wings acrofs the heavens;

Beneath him rolld his num'rous hosts, all Albions Angels camp'd

Darkend the Atlantic mountains & their trumpets shook the valleys

Arm'd with diseases of the earth to cast upon the Abyfs,

Their numbers forty millions, must'ring in the eastern sky.

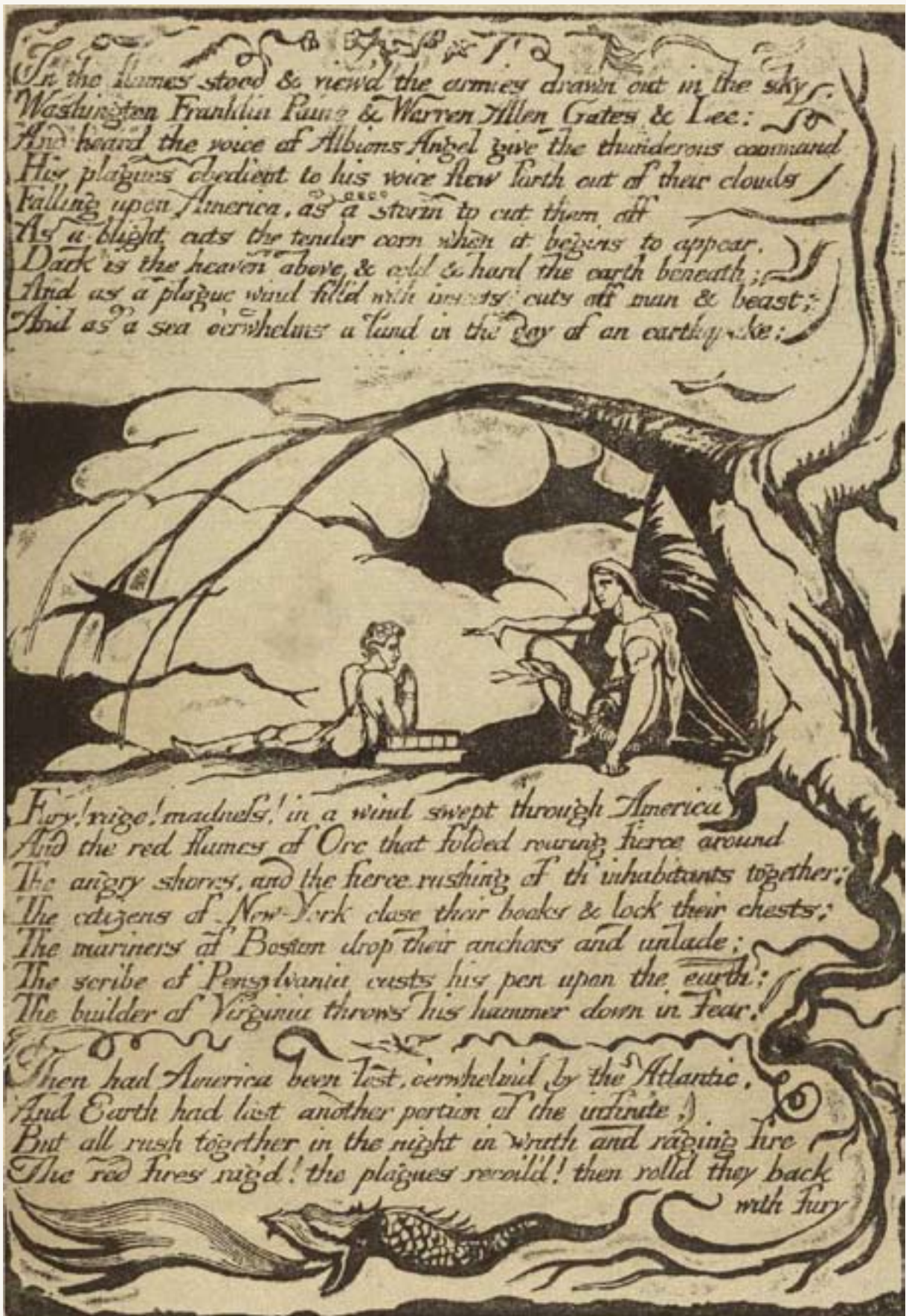


What time the thirteen Governors that England sent con-
-were
In Bernard's house; the flames covered the land, they rose they
cry
Shaking their mental chains they rush in fury to the sea,
To quench their anguish; at the feet of Washington down fall
They grovel on the sand and writhing lie, while all
The British soldiers thro' the thirteen States sent up a howl
Of anguish: threw their swords & muskets to the earth & ran
From their encampments and dark castles seeking where to hide
From the grim flames; and from the visions of Orc; in sight
Of Albion's Angel; who enraged his secret clouds opened
From north to south, and burst outstretch'd on wings of wrath coming
The eastern sky, spreading his awful wings across the heavens;
Beneath him roll'd his ruinous hosts, all Albion's Angels camp'd
Darken'd the Atlantic mountains & their trumpets shook the valleys
Armid with diseases of the earth to cast upon the foyls
Their numbers forty millions, mustering in the eastern sky.

In the flames stood & view'd the armies drawn out in the sky
Washington Franklin Paine & Warren Allen Gates & Lee:
And heard the voice of Albions Angel give the thunderous command
His plagues obedient to his voice flew forth out of their clouds
Falling upon America, as a storm to cut them off
As a blight cuts the tender corn when it begins to appear.
Dark is the heaven above, & cold & hard the earth beneath;
And as a plague wind fill'd with insects cuts off man & beast;
And as a sea o'erwhelms a land in the day of an earthquake;

Fury! rage! madnefs! in a wind swept through America
And the red flames of Orc that folded roaring fierce around
The angry shores, and the fierce rushing of th' inhabitants together;
The citizens of New-York close their books & lock their chests;
The mariners of Boston drop their anchors and unlade;
The scribe of Pennsylvania casts his pen upon the earth;
The builder of Virginia throws his hammer down in fear.

Then had America been lost, o'erwhelm'd by the Atlantic,
And Earth had lost another portion of the infinite,
But all rush together in the night in wrath and raging fire
The red fires rag'd! the plagues recoil'd! then rolld they back
with fury



In the flames stood & view'd the armies drawn out in the sky,
Washington Franklin Paine & Warren Allen Gates & Lee: So
And heard the voice of Albion's Angel give the thunderous command
His plagues obedient to his voice flew forth out of their clouds
Falling upon America, as a storm to cut them off
As a blight, cuts the tender corn when it begins to appear,
Dark is the heaven above, & cold & hard the earth beneath;
And as a plague wind fill'd with insects cuts off man & beast;
And as a sea overwhelms a land in the day of an earthly sea;

Fury! rage! madness! in a wind swept through America
And the red flames of Ore that fold'd roaring fierce around
The angry shores, and the fierce rushing of th' inhabitants together;
The citizens of New-York close their books & lock their chests;
The mariners of Boston drop their anchors and unlade;
The scribe of Pennsylvania casts his pen upon the earth;
The builder of Virginia throws his hammer down in fear.

Then had America been lost, overwhelmed by the Atlantic,
And Earth had lost another portion of the infinite;
But all rush together in the night in wrath and raging fire
The red fires raged! the plagues recoild! then roll'd they back
with fury

On Albions Angels: then the Pestilence began in streaks of red
Acrofs the limbs of Albions Guardian, the spotted plague smote
Bristols
And the Leprosy Londons Spirit, sickening all their bands:
The millions sent up a howl of anguish and threw off their ham-
-merd mail,
And cast their swords & spears to earth, & stood a naked multitude.
Albions Guardian writhed in torment on the eastern sky
Pale quivring toward the brain his glimmering eyes, teeth chattering
Howling & shuddering his legs quivering; convuls'd each muscle & sinew
Sick'ning lay Londons Guardian, and the ancient miter'd York
Their heads on snowy hills, their ensigns sick'ning in the sky

The plagues creep on the burning winds driven by flames of Orc,
And by the fierce Americans rushing together in the night
Driven o'er the Guardians of Ireland and Scotland and Wales
They spotted with plagues forsook the frontiers & their banners seard
With fires of hell, deform their ancient heavens with shame & woe.
Hid in his caves the Bard of Albion felt the enormous plagues,
And a cowl of flesh grew o'er his head & scales on his back & ribs;
And rough with black scales all his Angels fright their ancient heavens
The doors of marriage are open, and the Priests in rustling scales
Rush into reptile coverts, hiding from the fires of Orc,
That play around the golden roofs in wreaths of fierce desire,
Leaving the females naked and glowing with the lusts of youth

For the female spirits of the dead pining in bonds of religion;
Run from their fetters reddening, & in long drawn arches sitting:
They feel the nerves of youth renew, and desires of ancient times,
Over their pale limbs as a vine when the tender grape appears

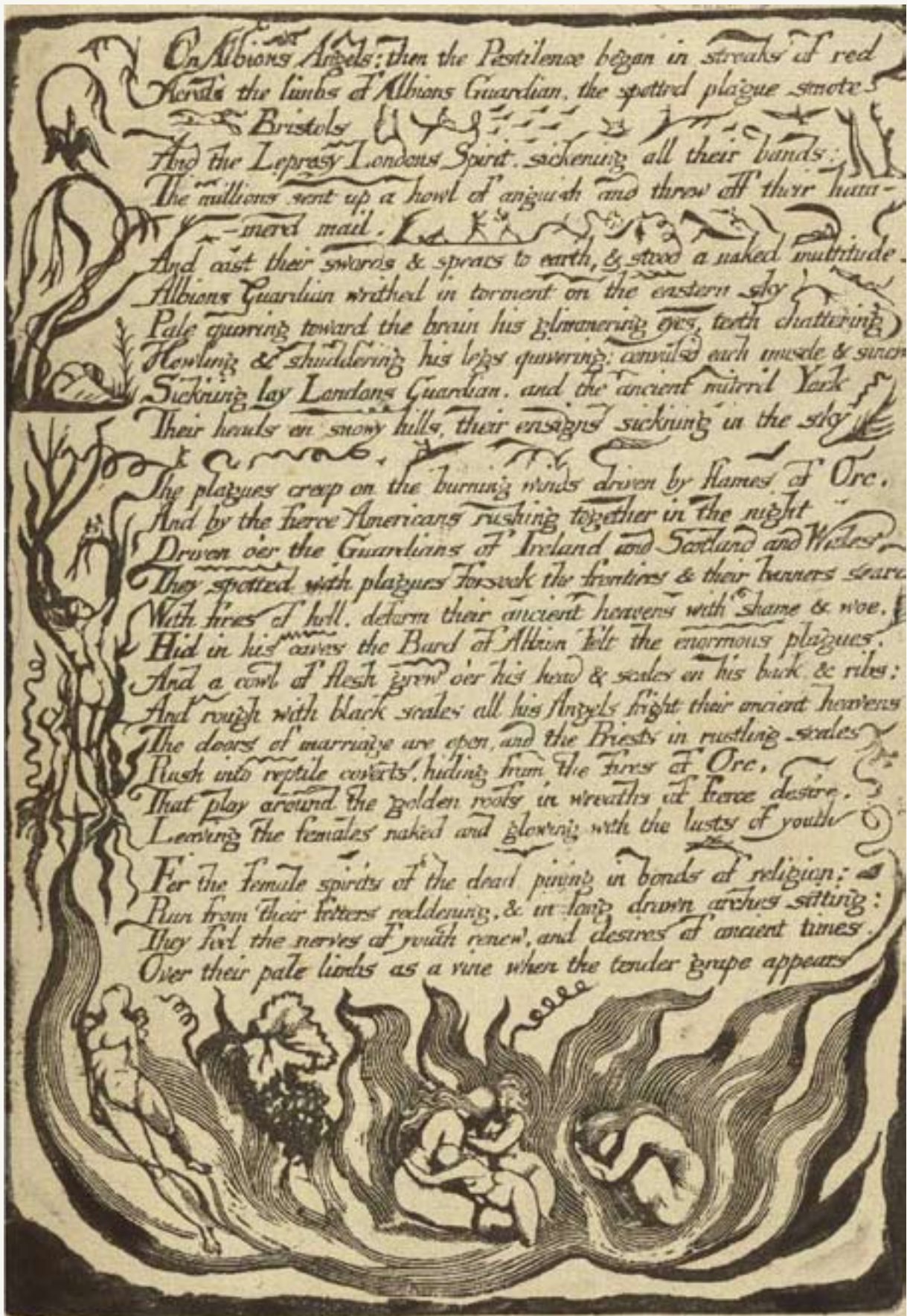


Plate 17

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Over the hills, the vales, the cities, rage the red flames fierce;
The Heavens melted from north to south; and Urizen who sat
Above all heavens in thunders wrap'd, emerg'd his leprous head
From out his holy shrine, his tears in deluge piteous
Falling into the deep sublime! flag'd with grey-brow'd snows
And thunderous visages, his jealous wings wav'd over the deep;
Weeping in dismal howling woe he dark descended howling
Around the smitten bands, clothed in tears & trembling shudd'ring cold.
His stored snows he poured forth, and his icy magazines
He open'd on the deep, and on the Atlantic sea white shiv'ring.
Leprous his limbs, all over white, and hoary was his visage.
Weeping in dismal howlings before the stern Americans
Hiding the Demon red with clouds & cold mists from the earth;
Till Angels & weak men twelve years should govern o'er the strong;
And then their end should come, when France reciev'd the Demons light.

Stiff shudderings shook the heav'nly thrones! France Spain & Italy,
In terror view'd the bands of Albion, and the ancient Guardians
Fainting upon the elements, smitten with their own plagues
They slow advance to shut the five gates of their law-built heaven
Filled with blasting fancies and with mildews of despair
With fierce disease and lust, unable to stem the fires of Orc;
But the five gates were consum'd, & their bolts and hinges melted
And the fierce flames burnt round the heavens, & round the abodes of
men

FINIS

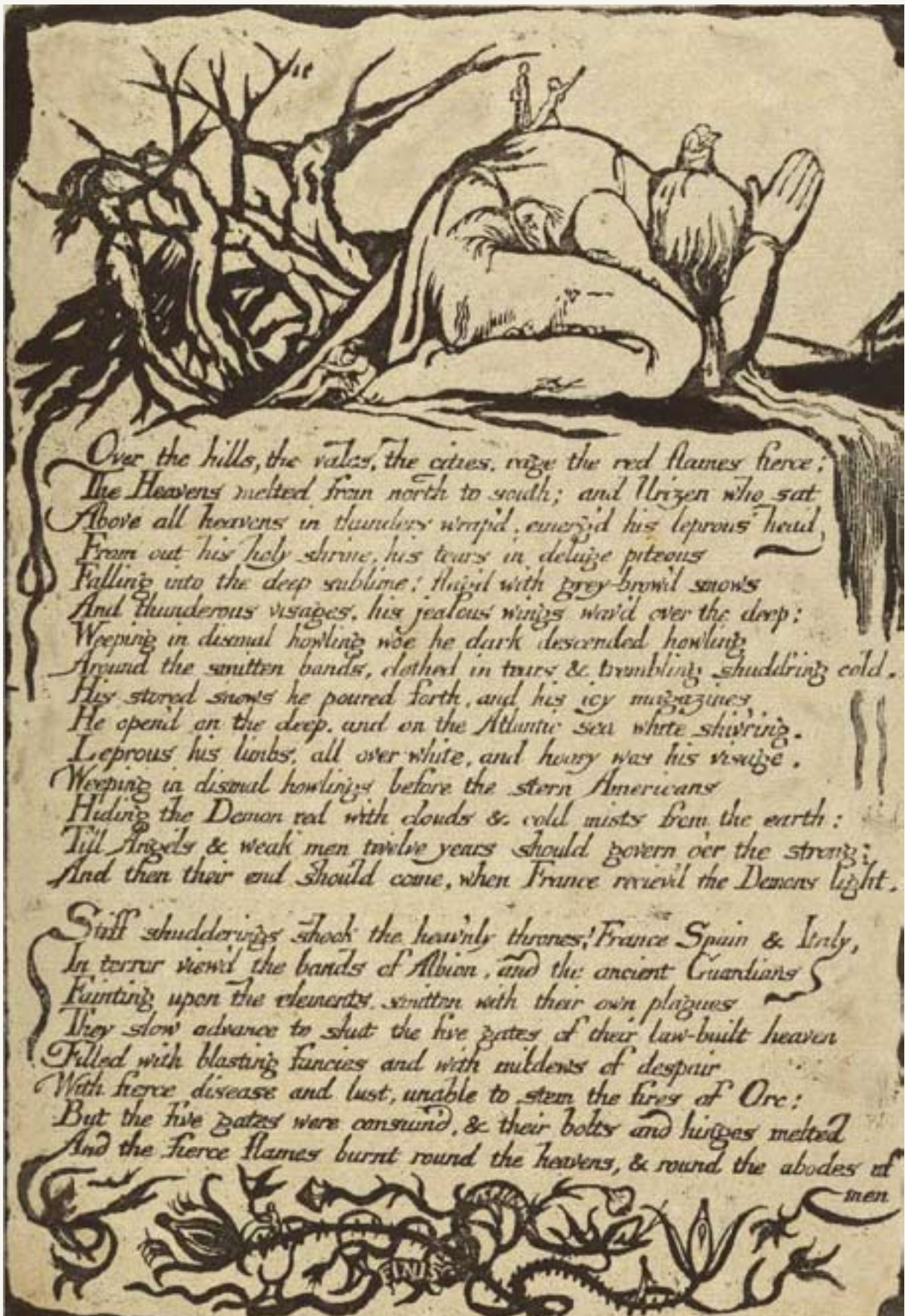


Plate 18

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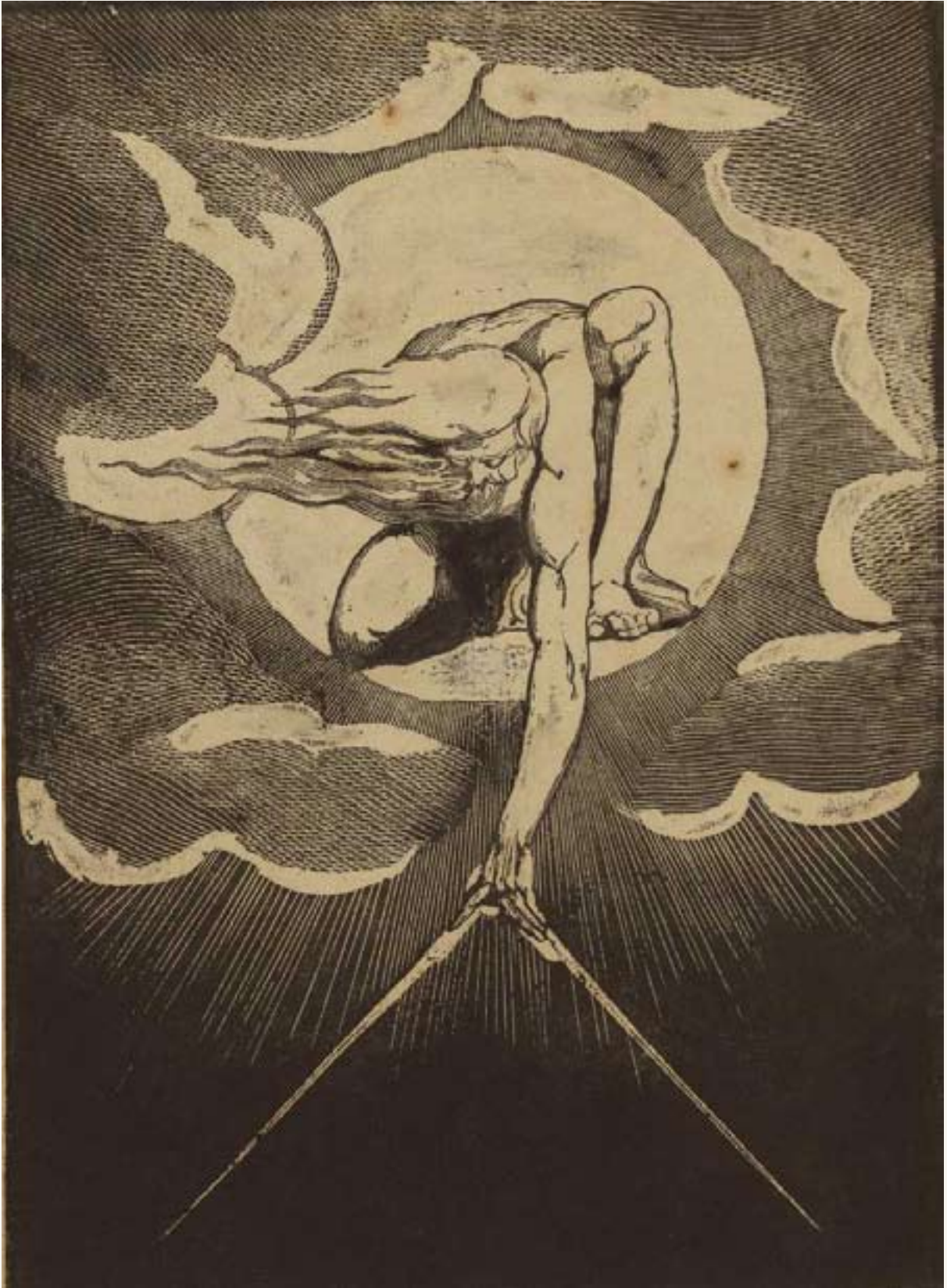


Plate 1

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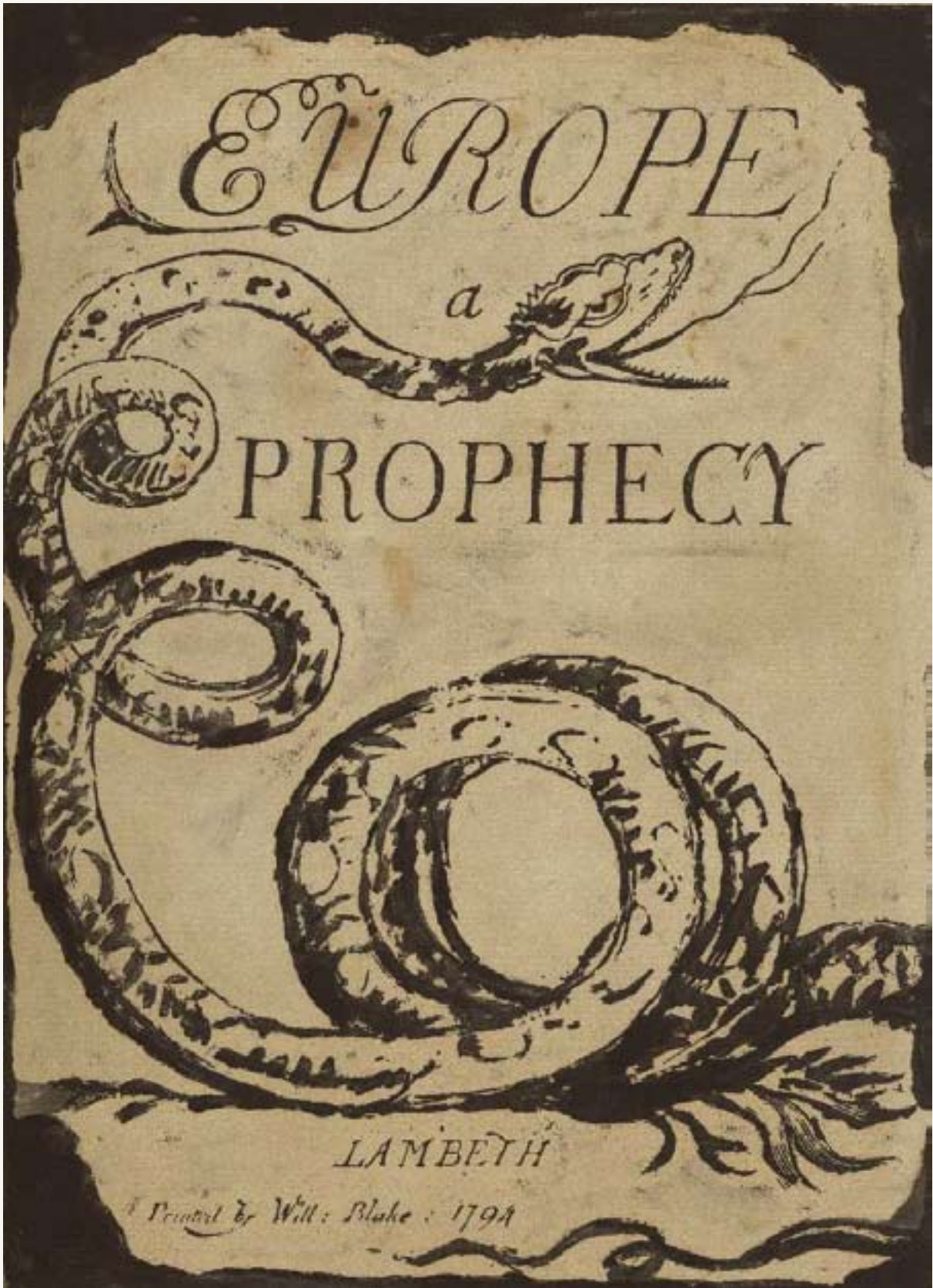


Plate 2

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PRELUDIUM

The nameless shadowy female rose from out the breast of Orc:
Her snaky hair brandishing in the winds of Enitharmon;
And thus her voice arose.

O mother Enitharmon wilt thou bring forth other sons?
To cause my name to vanish, that my place may not be found.
For I am faint with travel!
Like the dark cloud disburdend in the day of dismal thunder.

My roots are brandish'd in the heavens, my fruits in earth beneath
Surge, foam, and labour into life, first born & first consum'd!
Consumed and consuming!
Then why shouldst thou accursed mother bring me into life?

I wrap my turban of thick clouds around my lab'ring head:
And fold the sheety waters as a mantle round my limbs.
Yet the red sun and moon,
And all the overflowing stars rain down prolific pains.

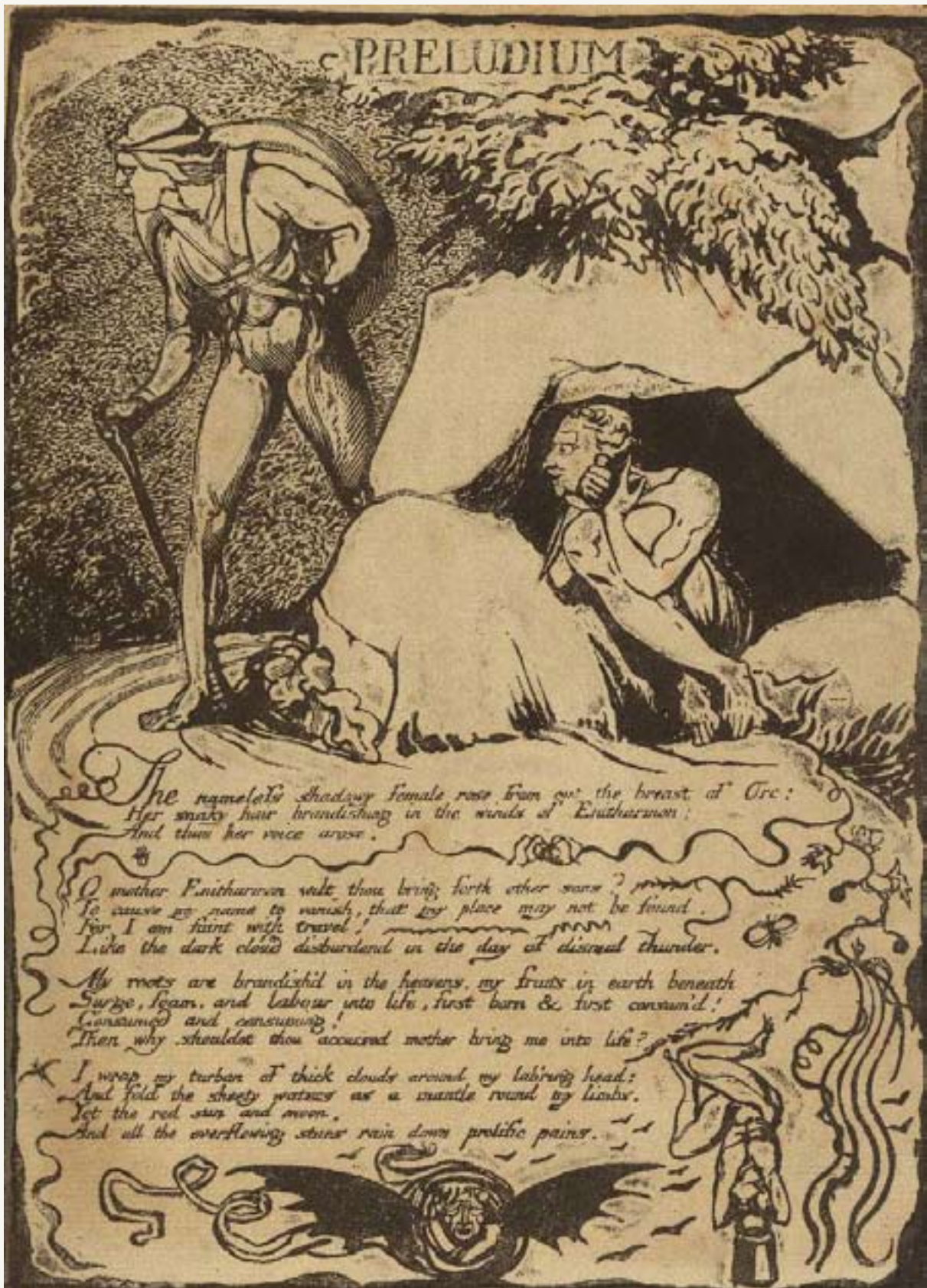


Plate 3

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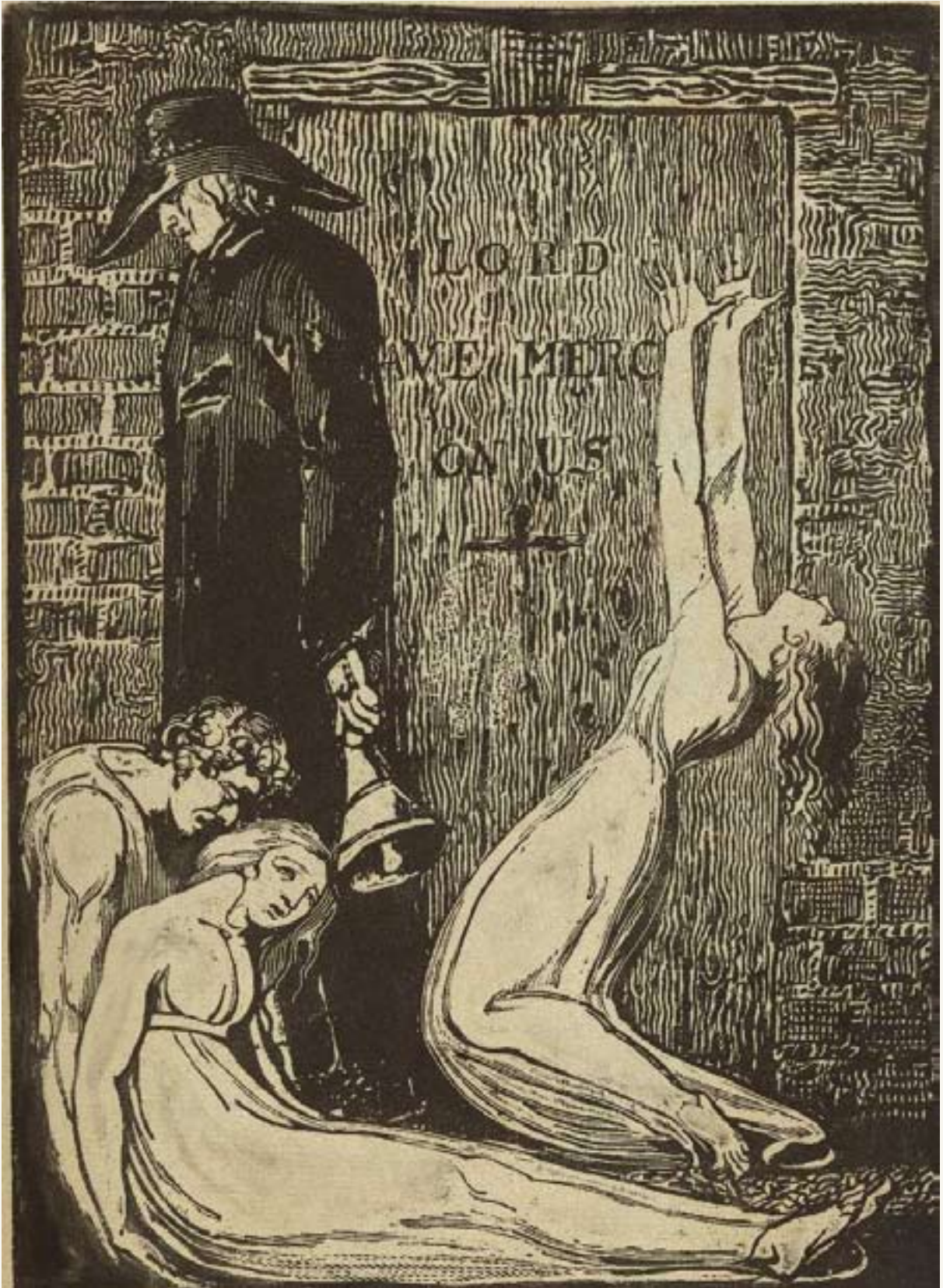


Plate 4

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Plate 5

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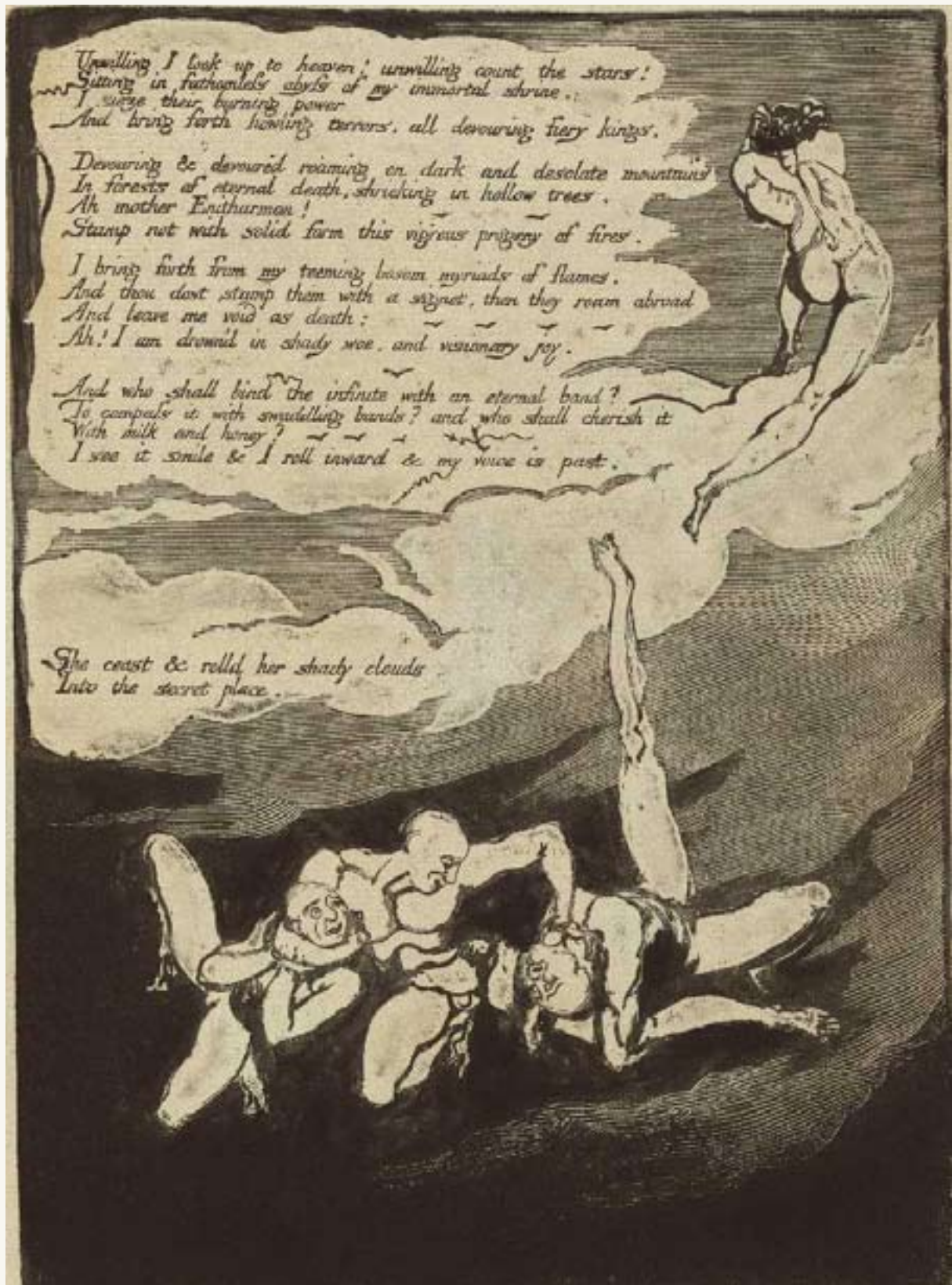
Unwilling I look up to heaven! unwilling count the stars!
Sitting in fathomless abysses of my immortal shrine.
I seize their burning power
And bring forth howling terrors, all devouring fiery kings.

Devouring & devoured roaming on dark and desolate mountains
In forests of eternal death, shrieking in hollow trees
Ah mother Enitharmon!
Stamp not with solid form this vigorous progeny of fires.

I bring forth from my teeming bosom myriads of flames.
And thou dost stamp them with a signet, then they roam abroad
And leave me void as death;
Ah! I am drown'd in shady woe, and visionary joy.

And who shall bind the infinite with an eternal band?
To compass it with swaddling bands? and who shall cherish it
With milk and honey?
I see it smile & I roll inward & my voice is past.

She ceased & rolled her shady clouds
Into the secret place.



Unwilling I look up to heaven; unwilling count the stars:
Sitting in fathomless abyss of my immortal shrine,
I urge their burning power
And bring forth howling terrors, all devouring fiery kings.

Devouring & devoured roaming on dark and desolate mountains
In forests of eternal death, shrieking in hollow trees,
Ah mother Enitharmon!
Stamp not with solid form this vigorous progeny of fires.

I bring forth from my teeming bosom myriads of flames,
And thou dost stamp them with a szepter, then they roam abroad
And leave me void as death:
Ah! I am drowned in shady woe, and visionary joy.

And who shall bind the infinite with an eternal band?
To compass it with smouldering brands? and who shall cherish it
With milk and honey?
I see it smile & I roll inward & my voice is past.

The coast & roll'd her shady clouds
Into the secret place.

A PROPHECY

The deep of winter came;
What time the secret child,
Descended thro' the orient gates of the eternal day;
War ceas'd, & all the troops like shadows fled
to their abodes.

Then Enitharmon saw her sons & daughters rise around.
Like pearly clouds they meet together in the crystal house;
And Los, possessor of the moon, joy'd in the peaceful night:
Thus speaking while his num'rous sons shook their bright fiery wings

Again the night is come
That strong Urthona takes his rest,
And Urizen unloos'd from chains
Glows like a meteor in the distant north
Stretch forth your hands and strike the elemental strings!
Awake the thunders of the deep,



Plate 7

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The shrill winds wake!
Till all the sons of Urizen look out and envy Los;
Sieze all the spirits of life and bind
Their warbling joys to our loud strings
Bind all the nourishing sweets of earth
To give us blifs, that we may drink the sparkling wine of Los
And let us laugh at war,
Despising toil and care.
Because the days and nights of joy, in lucky hours renew.

Arise O Orc from thy deep den,
First born of Enitharmon rise!
And we will crown thy head with garlands of the ruddy vine;
For now thou art bound;
And I may see thee in the hour of blifs, my eldest born.

The horrent Demon rose, surrounded with red stars of fire,
Whirling about in furious circles round the immortal fiend.

Then Enitharmon down descended into his red light,
And thus her voice rose to her children, the distant heavens reply.

The shrill winds wake!
Till all the sons of Urizen look out and envy Los:
Seize all the spirits of life and bind
Their warbling joys to our loud strings
Bind all the nourishing sweets of earth
To give us bliss, that we may drink the sparkling wine of Los
And let us laugh at war,
Despising toil and care,
Because the days and nights of joy, in lucky hours renew.

Arise O Ore from thy deep den,
First born of Entharmon rise!
And we will crown thy head with garlands of the ruddy vine;
For now thou art bound;
And I may see thee in the hour of bliss, my eldest born.

The horrent Demon rose, surrounded with red sturs of fire,
Whirling about in furious circles round the immortal fiend.

Then Entharmon down descended into his red light,
And thus her vice rose to her children, the distant heavens reply.



Now comes the night of Enitharmons joy.
Who shall I call? Who shall I send?
That Woman, lovely Woman! may have dominion?
Arise O Rintrah thee I call! & Palamabron thee!
Go: tell the human race that Womans love is Sin:
That an Eternal life awaits the worms of sixty winters
In an allegorical abode where existence hath never come:
Forbid all Joy, & from her childhood shall the little female
Spread nets in every secret path.

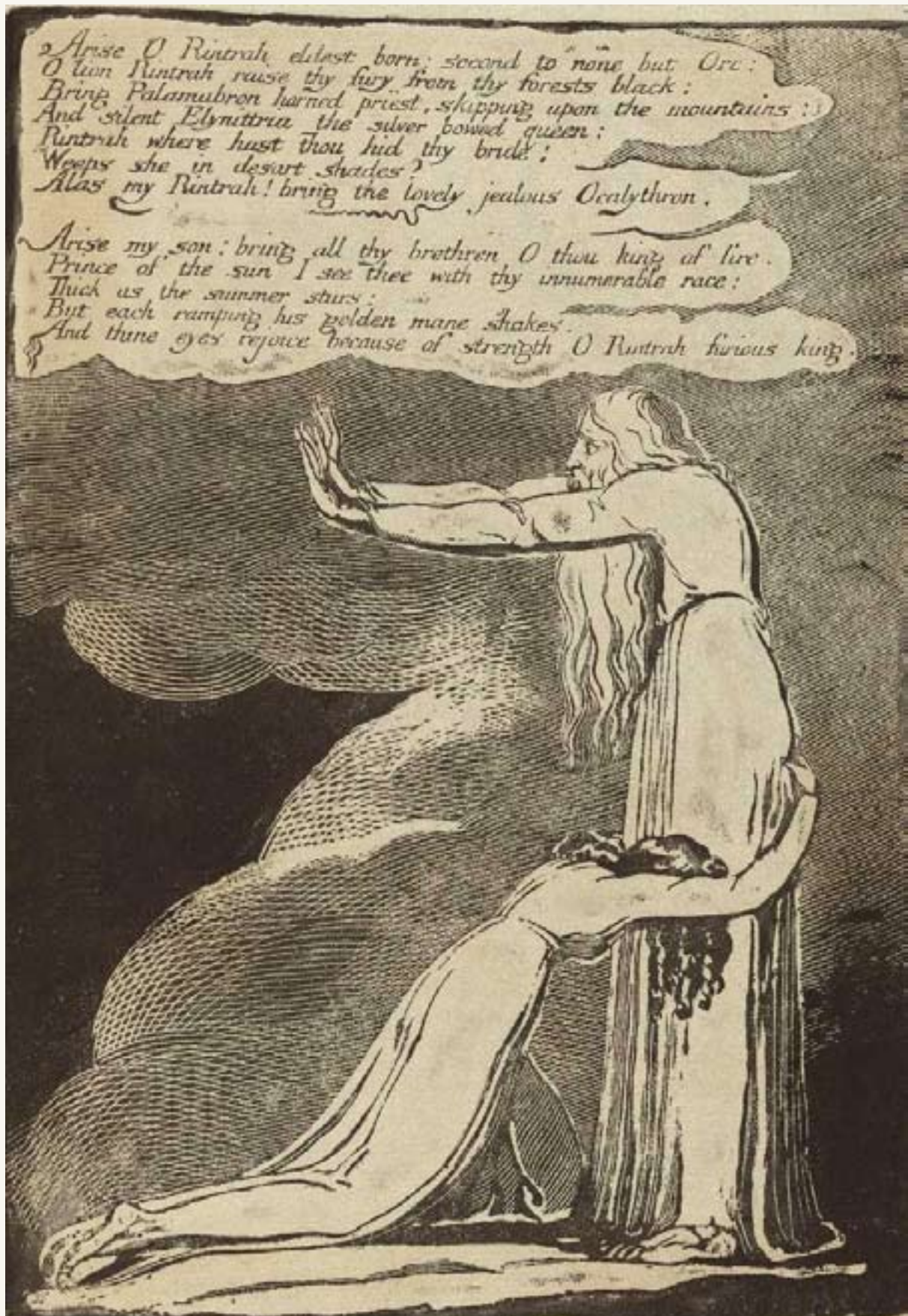
My weary eyelids draw towards the evening, my blifs is yet but new!
Arise



Plate 9

Arise O Rintrah eldest born: second to none but Orc:
O lion Rintrah raise thy fury from thy forests black;
Bring Palamabron horned priest, skipping upon the mountains;
And silent Elynittria the silver bowed queen:
Rintrah where hast thou hid thy bride!
Weeps she in desert shades?
Alas my Rintrah! bring the lovely jealous Ocalythron.

Arise my son! bring all thy brethren O thou king of fire.
Prince of the sun I see thee with thy innumerable race:
Thick as the summer stars:
But each ramping his golden mane shakes.
And thine eyes rejoice because of strength O Rintrah furious king.



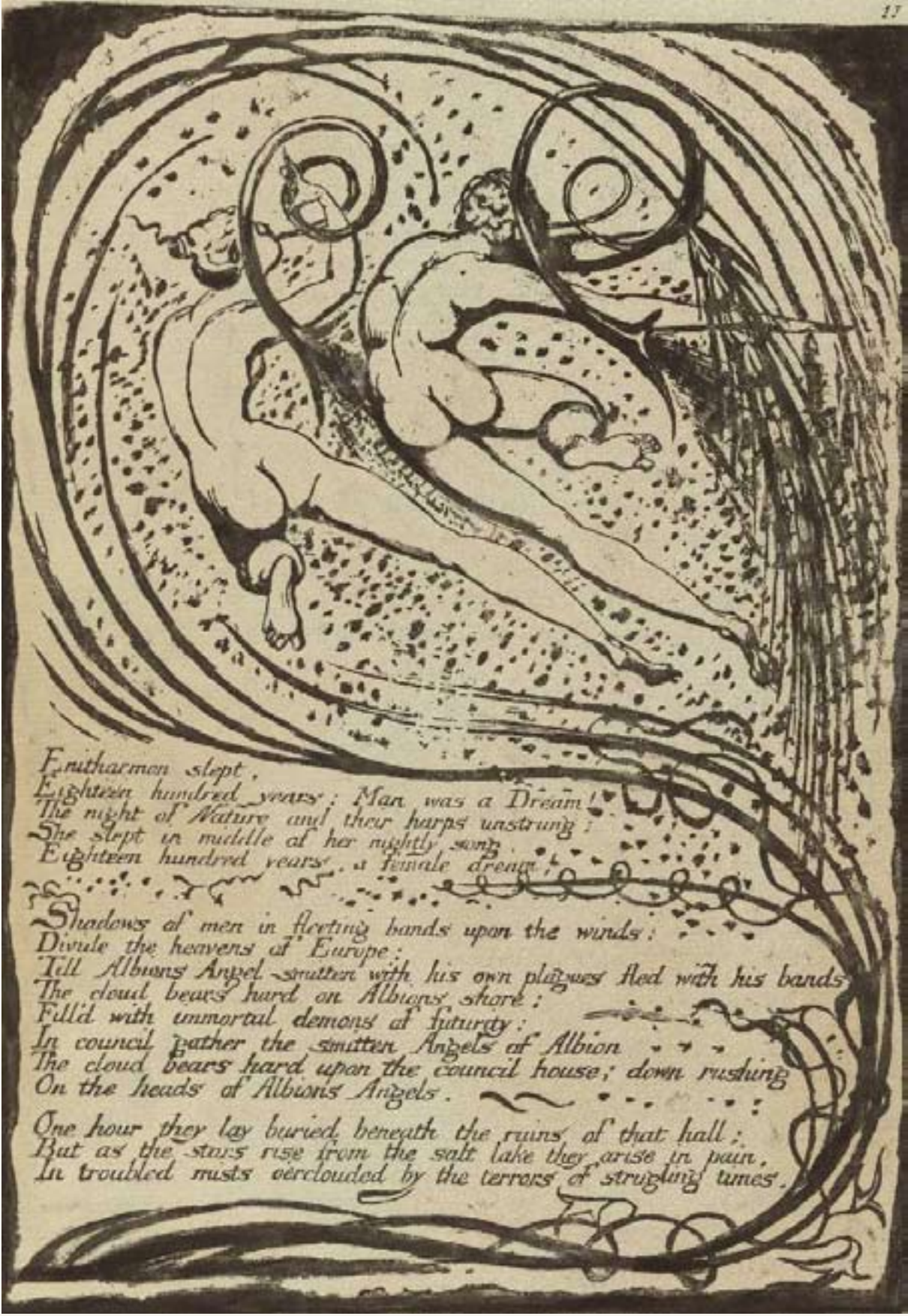
Arise O Rintrah eldest born: second to none but Ore:
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Bring Palamubron horned priest, slapping upon the mountains:
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Prince of the sun I see thee with thy innumerable race:
Thick as the summer stars:
But each ramping his golden mane shakes.
And thine eyes rejoice because of strength O Rintrah furious king.

Enitharmon slept,
Eighteen hundred years: Man was a Dream!
The night of Nature and their harps unstrung:
She slept in middle of her nightly song.
Eighteen hundred years, a female dream!

Shadows of men in fleeting bands upon the winds:
Divide the heavens of Europe:
Till Albions Angel smitten with his own plagues fled with his bands
The cloud bears hard on Albions shore:
Fill'd with immortal demons of futurity:
In council gather the smitten Angels of Albion
The cloud bears hard upon the council house; down rushing
On the heads of Albions Angels.

One hour they lay buried beneath the ruins of that hall;
But as the stars rise from the salt lake they arise in pain,
In troubled mists o'erclouded by the terrors of struggling times,



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 Eighteen hundred years; Man was a Dream!
 The night of Nature and their harps unstrung;
 She slept in midlle of her nightly song,
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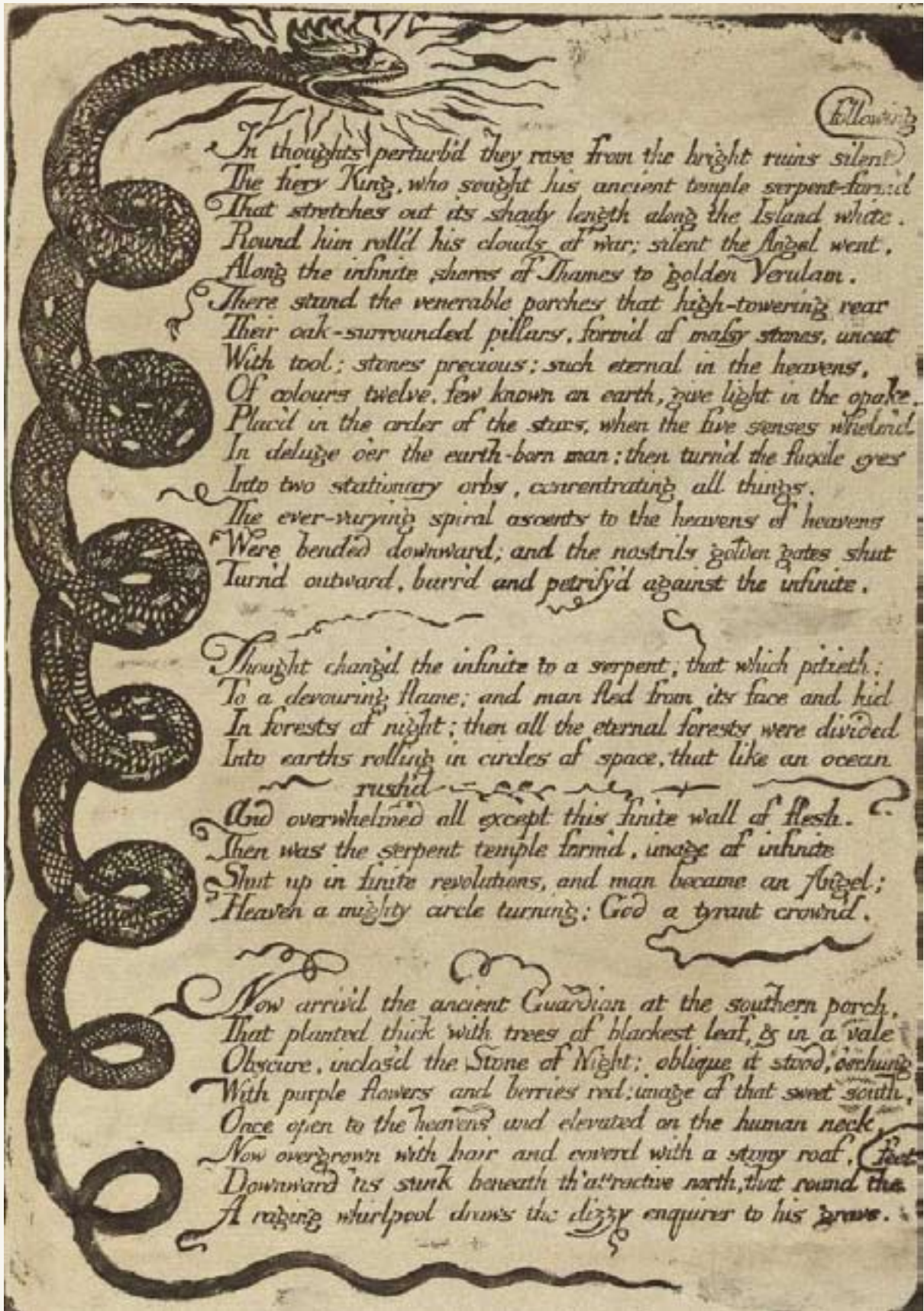
One hour they lay buried beneath the ruins of that hall;
 But as the stars rise from the salt lake they arise in pain,
 In troubled mists overclouded by the terrors of struggling times.

Plate 11

In thoughts perturb'd they rose from the bright ruins silent
following
The fiery King, who sought his ancient temple serpent-form'd
That stretches out its shady length along the Island white.
Round him roll'd his clouds of war; silent the Angel went,
Along the infinite shores of Thames to golden Verulam.
There stand the venerable porches that high-towering rear
Their oak-surrounded pillars, form'd of masonry stones, uncut
With tool; stones precious; such eternal in the heavens,
Of colours twelve, few known on earth, give light in the opake.
Plac'd in the order of the stars, when the five senses whelm'd
In deluge o'er the earth-born man; then turn'd the fluxile eyes
Into two stationary orbs, concentrating all things.
The ever-varying spiral ascents to the heavens of heavens
Were bended downward; and the nostrils golden gates shut
Turn'd outward, barr'd and petrify'd against the infinite.

Thought chang'd the infinite to a serpent; that which pitieth:
To a devouring flame; and man fled from its face and hid
In forests of night; then all the eternal forests were divided
Into earths rolling in circles of space, that like an ocean
rush'd
And overwhelmed all except this finite wall of flesh.
Then was the serpent temple form'd, image of infinite
Shut up in finite revolutions, and man became an Angel;
Heaven a mighty circle turning; God a tyrant crown'd.

Now arriv'd the ancient Guardian at the southern porch,
That planted thick with trees of blackest leaf, & in a vale
Obscure, inclos'd the Stone of Night; oblique it stood, o'erhung
With purple flowers and berries red; image of that sweet south,
Once open to the heavens and elevated on the human neck,
Now overgrown with hair and coverd with a stony roof,
Downward 'tis sunk beneath th' attractive north, that round the
feet
A raging whirlpool draws the dizzy enquirer to his grave.



Following

In thoughts perturb'd they raise from the bright ruins silent
The fiery King, who sought his ancient temple serpent-form'd
That stretches out its shady length along the Island white.
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Once open to the heavens and elevated on the human neck
Now overgrown with hair and cover'd with a stony roof, feet
Downward 'tis sunk beneath th'attractive north, that round the
A raging whirlpool draws the dizzy enquirer to his grave.

Albions Angel rose upon the Stone of Night.
He saw Urizen on the Atlantic:
And his brazen Book,
That Kings & Priests had copied on
Earth Expanded from North to South.



*Albions Angel rose upon the Stone of Night,
He saw Urizen on the Atlantic:
And his brazen Book,
That Kings & Priests had copied on Earth
Expanded from North to South.*

Plate 13

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And the clouds & fires pale roll'd round in the night of Enitharmon
Round Albions cliffs & Londons walls; still Enitharmon slept!
Rolling volumes of grey mist involve Churches, Palaces, Towers:
For Urizen unclasped his Book! feeding his soul with pity
The youth of England hid in gloom curse the pained heavens; compell'd
Into the deadly night to see the form of Albions Angel
Their parents brought them forth & aged ignorance preaches canting.
On a vast rock, perciev'd by those senses that are clos'd from thought:
Bleak, dark, abrupt, it stands & overshadows London city
They saw his boney feet on the rock, the flesh consum'd in flames:
They saw the Serpent temple lifted above, shadowing the Island white:
They heard the voice of Albions Angel howling in flames of Orc.
Seeking the trump of the last doom

Above the rest the howl was heard from Westminster louder & louder;
The Guardian of the secret codes forsook his ancient mansion.
Driven out by the flames of Orc; his furr'd robes & false locks
Adhered and grew one with his flesh and nerves & veins shot thro' them
With dismal torment sick hanging upon the wind: he fled
Groveling along Great George Street thro' the Park gate; all the soldiers
Fled from his sight: he drag'd his torments to the wilderneys.

Thus was the howl thro Europe!
For Orc rejoic'd to hear the howling shadows
But Palamabron shot his lightnings trenching down his wide back
And Rintrah hung with all his legions in the nether deep

Enitharmon laugh'd in her sleep to see (O womans triumph)
Every house a den. every man bound; the shadows are filld
With spectres, and the windows wove over with curses of iron:
Over the doors Thou shalt not; & over the chimneys Fear is written:
With bands of iron round their necks, fasten'd into the walls
The citizens: in leaden gyves the inhabitants of suburbs
Walk heavy: soft and bent are the bones of villagers

Between the clouds of Urizen the flames of Orc roll heavy
Around the limbs of Albions Guardian, his flesh consuming.
Howlings & hisings. shrieks & groans. & voices of despair
Arise around him in the cloudy
Heavens of Albion, Furious

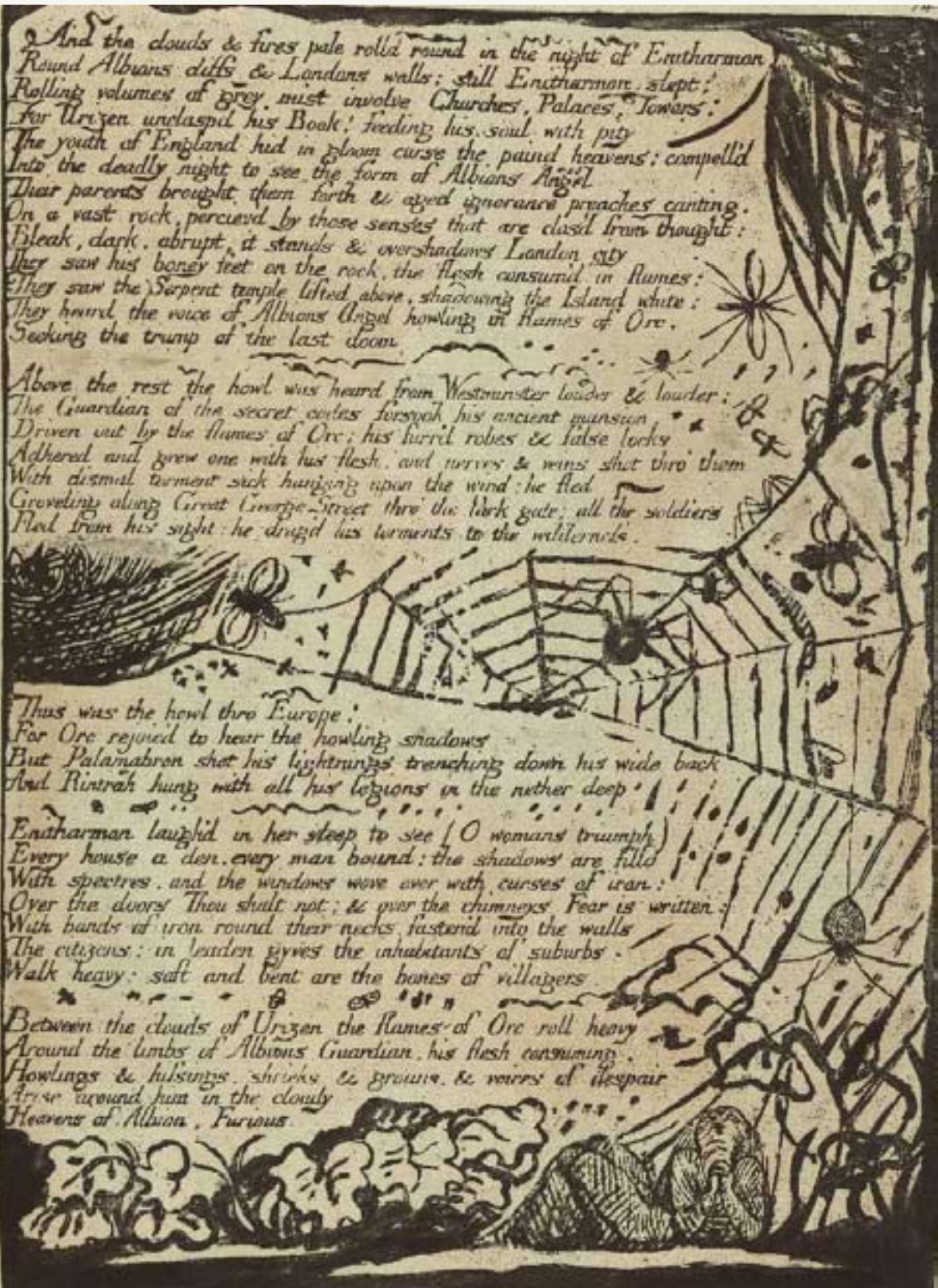
And the clouds & fires pale roll'd round in the night at Enitharmon
 Round Albion's dells & London's walls; still Enitharmon slept;
 Rolling volumes of grey mist involve Churches, Palaces, Towers:
 For Urizen unclasped his Book; feeding his soul with pity
 The youth of England hid in gloom curse the pained heavens; compelled
 Into the deadly night to see the form of Albion's Angel
 That parents brought them forth & aged ignorance preaches canting.
 On a vast rock, perceived by those senses that are closed from thought:
 Bleak, dark, abrupt, it stands & overshadows London city
 They saw his bony feet on the rock, the flesh consumed in flames:
 They saw the Serpent temple lifted above, shadowing the Island white:
 They heard the voice of Albion's Angel howling in flames of Ore,
 Seeking the trump of the last doom.

Above the rest the howl was heard from Westminster louder & louder:
 The Guardian of the secret circles forsook his ancient mansion
 Driven out by the flames of Ore; his hurried robes & false locks
 Adhered and grew one with his flesh, and nerves & veins shot thro' them
 With dismal torment sick hurrying upon the wind; he fled
 Groveling along Great George Street thro' the dark gate; all the soldiers
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Thus was the howl thro' Europe:
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 But Palamabron shot his lightnings trenching down his wide back
 And Rivirah hung with all his legions in the nether deep.

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 Every house a den, every man bound; the shadows are fill'd
 With spectres, and the windows wave over with curses of iron:
 Over the doors Thou shalt not; & over the chimneys Fear is written:
 With hands of iron round their necks fasten'd into the walls
 The citizens; in barren pyres the inhabitants of suburbs
 Walk heavy; soft and bent are the bones of villagers.

Between the clouds of Urizen the flames of Ore roll heavy
 Around the limbs of Albion's Guardian, his flesh consuming,
 Howlings & hissing, shrieks & groans, & voices of despair
 Arise around him in the cloudy
 Heavens of Albion, Furious.



The red limb'd Angel siez'd in horror and torment;
The Trump of the last doom; but he could not blow the iron tube!
Thrice he afsay'd presumptuous to awake the dead to Judgment.

A mighty Spirit leap'd from the land of Albion,
Nam'd Newton; he siez'd the Trump, & blow'd the enormous blast!
Yellow as leaves of Autumn the myriads of Angelic hosts,
Fell thro' the wintry skies seeking their graves;
Rattling their hollow bones in howling and lamentation.

Then Enitharmon woke nor knew that she had slept
And eighteen hundred years were fled
As if they had not been
She call'd her sons & daughters
To the sports of night,
Within her crystal house;
And thus her song proceeds.

Arise Ethinthus! tho' the earth-worm call;
Let him call in vain:
Till the night of holy shadows
And human solitude is past!

The red limb'd Angel seiz'd in horror and torment;
The Trump of the last doom; but he could not blow the iron tube!
Thrice he alsaýd presumptuous to awake the dead to Judgment.

A mighty Spirit leapt from the land of Albion,
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Rattling their hollow bones in howling and lamentation.

Then Encharmon woke nor knew that she had slept
And eighteen hundred years were fled
As if they had not been
She call'd her sons & daughters
To the sports of night,
Within her crystal house;
And thus her song proceeds.

Arise I chide us! tho' the earth-worm call;
Let him call in vain:
Till the night of holy shadows
And human solitude is past!



Ethinthus queen of waters, how thou shinest in the sky:
My daughter how do I rejoice! for thy children flock around
Like the gay fishes on the wave, when the cold moon drinks the dew.
Ethinthus! thou art sweet as comforts to my fainting soul:
For now thy waters warble round the feet of Enitharmon.

Manathu-Vorcyon! I behold thee flaming in my halls,
Light of thy mothers soul! I see thy lovely eagles round:
Thy golden wings are my delight, & thy flames of soft delusion.

Where is my lureing bird of Eden! Leutha silent love!
Leutha. the many coloured bow delights upon thy wings;
Soft soul of flowers Leutha!
Sweet smiling pestilence! I see thy blushing light;
Thy daughters many changing,
Revolve like sweet perfumes ascending O Leutha silken queen!

Where is the youthful Antamon. prince of the pearly dew,
O Antamon, why wilt thou leave thy mother Enitharmon?
Alone I see thee crystal form,
Floting upon the bosomd air:
With lineaments of gratified desire.
My Antamon the seven churches of Leutha seek thy love.

I hear the soft Oothoon in Enitharmons tents:
Why wilt thou give up womans secrecy my melancholy child?
Between two moments blifs is ripe:
O Theotormon robb'd of joy, I see thy salt tears flow
Down the steps of my crystal house.

Sotha & Thiralatha, secret dwellers of dreamful caves,
Arise and please the horrent fiend with your melodious songs.
Still all your thunders golden hoofd, & bind your horses black.
Orc! smile upon my children!
Smile son of my afflictions.
Arise O Orc and give our mountains joy of thy red light.

She ceas'd, for All were forth at sport beneath the solemn moon
Waking the stars of Urizen with their immortal songs,
That nature felt thro' all her pores the enormous revelry.
Till morning ope'd the eastern gate,
Then every one fled to his station. & Enitharmon wept.

But terrible Orc, when he beheld the morning in the east,

Ethinthus queen of waters, how thou shinest in the sky:
My daughter how do I rejoice! for thy children flock around
Like the gay fishes on the wave, when the cold moon drinks the dew.
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For now thy waters warble round the feet of Entharmon.

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Floating upon the bosomed air:
With lineaments of gratified desire.
My Antamon the seven churches of Leutha seek thy love.

I hear the soft Oothoon in Entharmons tents:
Why wilt thou give up womans secrecy my melancholy child?
Between two moments bliss is ripe:
O Theotarmon robbed of joy, I see thy salt tears flow
Down the steps of my crystal house.

Sotha & Thuralatha, secret dwellers of' draughtful caves,
Arise and please the horrent fiend with your melodious songs.
Kill all your thunders golden hoofs, & bind your horses black.
Orc! smile upon my children!
Smile star of my afflictions.
Arise O Orc and give our mountains joy of thy red light.

She ceased, for all were fath at sport beneath the solemn moon.
Waking the stars of Urizen with their immortal songs.
That nature felt thro' all her pores the enormous revelry.
Till morning open'd the eastern gate.
Then every one fled to his station, & Entharmon wept.

But terrible Orc, when he beheld the morning in the east,

Shot from the heights of Enitharmon;
And in the vineyards of red France appear'd the light of his fury.

The sun glow'd fiery red!
The furious terrors flew around!
On golden chariots raging, with red wheels dropping with blood;
The Lions lash their wrathful tails!
The Tigers couch upon the prey & suck the ruddy tide;
And Enitharmon groans & cries in anguish and dismay.

Then Los arose his head he reard in snaky thunders clad:
And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pole,
Call'd all his sons to the strife of blood.

FINIS

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And in the vineyards of red France appear'd the light of his fury.

The sun glow'd fiery red;

The furious terrors flew around:

On golden chariots raging, with red wheels dropping with blood;

The Lions lash their wrathful tails;

The Tigers couch upon the prey & suck the ruddy tide;

And Enitharmon groans & cries in anguish and dismay.

Then Lo! arose his howl he reard in snaky thunders clad:

And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pole,

Call'd all his sons to the strife of blood.

FINIS

