



A SONG OF LIBERTY

William Blake

This page copyright © 2001 Blackmask Online.

http://www.blackmask.com

down falling.

- The Eternal Female groan'd! It was heard over all the Earth.
- 2. Albion's coast is sick, silent. The American meadows faint!
- 3. Shadows of Prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers, and

mutter across the ocean. France, rend down thy dungeon!

- 4. Golden Spain, burst the barriers of old Rome!
- 6. And weep.

Cast thy keys. O Rome! into the deep, down falling, even to eternity

- 7. In her trembling hands she took the new-born terror, howling.
- 7. In her trembling hands she took the new-born terror, howling.
- sea, the new-born fire stood before the starry king!

 9. Flagg'd with grey-brow'd snows and thunderous visages, the lealous wings way'd over the deep.

8. On those infinite mountains of light, now barr'd out by the Atlantic

10. The speary hand burned aloft, unbuckled was the shield; forth went the hand of Jealousy among the flaming hair, and hurl'd the newborn wonder thro' the starry night.

12. Look up! look up! O citizen of London, enlarge thy countenance! O Jew, leave counting gold! return to thy oil and wine. O African!

13. The fiery limbs, the flaming hair, shot like the sinking sun into the

14. Wak'd from his eternal sleep, the hoary element, roaring, fled

black African! Go. wingèd thought, widen his forehead!

11. The fire, the fire, is falling!

western sea.

- awav. 15. Down rush'd, beating his wings in vain, the jealous King; his greybrow'd counsellors, thunderous warriors, curl'd veterans, among
- helms, and shields, and chariots, horses, elephants, banners, castles, slings, and rocks.
- 16. Falling, rushing, ruining! buried in the ruins, on Urthona's dens;
- 17. All night beneath the ruins: then, their sullen flames faded. emerge round the gloomy King.
- 18. With thunder and fire, leading his starry hosts thro' the waste wilderness, he promulgates his ten commands, glancing his beamy eyelids over the deep in dark dismay,
- 19. Where the son of fire in his eastern cloud, while the morning plumes her golden breast. Spurning the clouds written with curses, stamps the stony law to

dust, loosing the eternal horses from the dens of night, crying Empire

is no more! and nowthe lion and the wolf shall cease.

Let the Priests of the Raven of dawn no longer, in deadly black, with hoarse note curse the sons of joy! Nor his accepted brethren whom, tyrant, he calls free - lay the bound or build the roof! Nor pale Religion's lechery call that Virginity that wishes but acts not! For everything that lives is Holy!