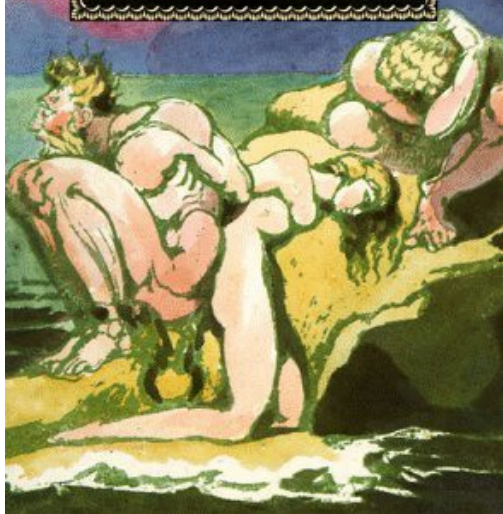


DOVER · THRIFT · EDITIONS

William Blake
**Poems From The
Rossetti Manuscript**





POEMS FROM THE ROSSETTI MANUSCRIPT PART I

William Blake

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Never seek to tell thy Love

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart;
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
Ah! she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

I laid me down upon a Bank

I laid me down upon a bank,
Where Love lay sleeping;
I heard among the rushes dank
Weeping, weeping.

Then I went to the heath and the wild,
To the thistles and thorns of the waste;
And they told me how they were beguil'd,
Driven out, and compell'd to be chaste.

I saw a Chapel all of Gold

I saw a Chapel all of gold

That none did dare to enter in,

And many weeping stood without,

Weeping, mourning, worshipping.

I saw a Serpent rise between

The white pillars of the door,

And he forc'd and forc'd and forc'd;

Down the golden hinges tore,

And along the pavement sweet,

Set with pearls and rubies bright,

All his shining length he drew,

Till upon the altar white

Vomiting his poison out

On the Bread and on the Wine.

So I turn'd into a sty,

And laid me down among the swine.

I asked a Thief

I asked a thief to steal me a peach:

He turned up his eyes.

I ask'd a lithe lady to lie her down:

Holy and meek, she cries.

As soon as I went

An Angel came:

He wink'd at the thief,

And smil'd at the dame;

And without one word said

Had a peach from the tree,

And still as a maid

Enjoy'd the lady.

I heard an Angel singing

I heard an Angel singing

When the day was springing:

'Mercy, Pity, Peace

Is the world's release.'

Thus he sang all day
Over the new-mown hay,
Till the sun went down,
And haycocks looked brown.

I heard a Devil curse
Over the heath and the furze:
'Mercy could be no more
If there was nobody poor,
'And Pity no more could be,
If all were as happy as we.'
At his curse the sun went down,
And the heavens gave a frown.

Down pour'd the heavy rain
Over the new reap'd grain;
And Misery's increase
Is Mercy, Pity, Peace.

A Cradle Song

Sleep! sleep! beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep! sleep! in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.
Sweet Babe, in thy face

Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart does rest.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

Silent, silent Night

Silent, silent Night,

Quench the holy light

Of thy torches bright;

For possess'd of Day,
Thousand spirits stray
That sweet joys betray.

Why should joys be sweet
Used with deceit,
Nor with sorrows meet?

But an honest joy
Does itself destroy
For a harlot coy.

I fear'd the fury of my wind

I fear'd the fury of my wind
Would blight all blossoms fair and true;
And my sun it shin'd and shin'd,
And my wind it never blew.
But a blossom fair or true
Was not found on any tree;
For all blossoms grew and grew
Fruitless, false, tho' fair to see.

Infant Sorrow

My mother groan'd, my father wept;

Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

ii

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swaddling-bands,
Bound and weary, I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

iii

When I saw that rage was vain,
And to sulk would nothing gain,
Turning many a trick and wile
I began to soothe and smile.

iv

And I sooth'd day after day,
Till upon the ground I stray;
And I smil'd night after night,
Seeking only for delight.

And I saw before me shine
Clusters of the wand'ring vine;
And, beyond, a Myrtle-tree
Stretch'd its blossoms out to me.

But a Priest with holy look,
In his hands a holy book,
Pronounced curses on his head
Who the fruits or blossoms shed.

I beheld the Priest by night;
He embrac'd my Myrtle bright:
I beheld the Priest by day,
Where beneath my vines he lay.

Like a serpent in the day
Underneath my vines he lay:

Like a serpent in the night
He embrac'd my Myrtle bright.

ix

So I smote him, and his gore
Stain'd the roots my Myrtle bore;
But the time of youth is fled,
And grey hairs are on my head.

Why should I care for the men of Thames

Why should I care for the men of Thames,
Or the cheating waves of charter'd streams;
Or shrink at the little blasts of fear
That the hireling blows into my ear?
Tho' born on the cheating banks of Thames,
Tho' his waters bathed my infant limbs,
The Ohio shall wash his stains from me:
I was born a slave, but I go to be free!

Thou has a lap full of seed

Thou hast a lap full of seed,
And this is a fine country.
Why dost thou not cast thy seed,
And live in it merrily.
Shall I cast it on the sand
And turn it into fruitful land?
For on no other ground
Can I sow my seed,
Without tearing up
Some stinking weed.

In a Myrtle Shade

Why should I be bound to thee,
O my lovely Myrtle-tree?
Love, free Love, cannot be bound
To any tree that grows on ground.
O! how sick and weary I
Underneath my Myrtle lie;
Like to dung upon the ground,
Underneath my Myrtle bound.

Oft my Myrtle sigh'd in vain
To behold my heavy chain:
Oft my Father saw us sigh,
And laugh'd at our simplicity.

So I smote him, and his gore
Stain'd the roots my Myrtle bore.
But the time of youth is fled,
And grey hairs are on my head.

To my Myrtle

To a lovely Myrtle bound,
Blossoms show'ring all around,
O how sick and weary I
Underneath my Myrtle lie!
Why should I be bound to thee,
O my lovely Myrtle-tree?

To Nobodaddy

Why art thou silent and invisible,
Father of Jealousy?

Why dost thou hide thyself in clouds

From every searching eye?

Why darkness and obscurity

In all thy words and laws,

That none dare eat the fruit but from

The wily Serpent's jaws?

Or is it because secrecy gains females' loud applause?

Are not the joys of morning sweeter

Are not the joys of morning sweeter

Than the joys of night?

And are the vigorous joys of youth

Ashamed of the light?

Let age and sickness silent rob

The vineyards in the night;

But those who burn with vigorous youth

Pluck fruits before the light.

The Wild Flower's Song

As I wander'd the forest,

The green leaves among,
I heard a Wild Flower
Singing a song.

'I slept in the earth
In the silent night,
I murmur'd my fears
And I felt delight.

'In the morning I went,
As rosy as morn,
To seek for new joy;
But I met with scorn.'

Day

The sun arises in the East,
Cloth'd in robes of blood and gold;
Swords and spears and wrath increas'd
All around his bosom roll'd,
Crown'd with warlike fires and raging desires.

The Fairy

'Come hither, my Sparrows,

My little arrows.

If a tear or a smile

Will a man beguile,

If an amorous delay

Clouds a sunshiny day,

If the step of a foot

Smites the heart to its root,

'Tis the marriage-ring —

Makes each fairy a king.'

So a Fairy sung.

From the leaves I sprung;

He leap'd from the spray

To flee away;

But in my hat caught,

He soon shall be taught.

Let him laugh, let him cry,

He's my Butterfly;

For I've pull'd out the sting

Of the marriage-ring.

Motto to the Songs of Innocence and of

Experience

The Good are attracted by men's perceptions,

And think not for themselves;

Till Experience teaches them to catch

And to cage the fairies and elves.

And then the Knave begins to snarl,

And the Hypocrite to howl;

And all his good friends show their private ends,

And the eagle is known from the owl.

Lafayette

i

'Let the brothels of Paris be opened

With many an alluring dance,

To awake the physicians thro' the city!'

Said the beautiful Queen of France.

ii

The King awoke on his couch of gold,
As soon as he heard these tidings told:
'Arise and come, both fife and drum,
And the famine shall eat both crust and crumb.'

iii

The Queen of France just touch'd this globe,
And the pestilence darted from her robe;
But our good Queen quite grows to the ground,
And a great many suckers grow all around.

iv

Fayette beside King Lewis stood;
He saw him sign his hand;
And soon he saw the famine rage
About the fruitful land.

Fayette beheld the Queen to smile
And wink her lovely eye;
And soon he saw the pestilence
From street to street to fly.

vi

Fayette beheld the King and Queen
In curses and iron bound;
But mute Fayette wept tear for tear,
And guarded them around.

vii

Fayette, Fayette, thou'rt bought and sold
And sold is thy happy morrow;
Thou gavest the tears of pity away
In exchange for the tears of sorrow.

viii

Who will exchange his own fireside
For the stone of another's door?
Who will exchange his wheaten loaf
For the links of a dungeon-floor?

ix

O who would smile on the wintry seas

And pity the stormy roar?

Or who will exchange his new-born child

For the dog at the wintry door?

POEMS FROM THE ROSSETTI MANUSCRIPT PART II

William Blake

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A Fairy leapt upon my knee
Singing and dancing merrily;
I said, 'Thou thing of patches, rings,
Pins, necklaces, and such-like things,
Disgracer of the female form,
Thou paltry, gilded, poisonous worm!'
Weeping, he fell upon my thigh,
And thus in tears did soft reply:
'Knowest thou not, O Fairies' lord!
How much by us contemn'd, abhorr'd,
Whatever hides the female form
That cannot bear the mortal storm?
Therefore in pity still we give
Our lives to make the female live;
And what would turn into disease
We turn to what will joy and please.'

POEMS FROM THE ROSSETTI MANUSCRIPT PART II

Written *circa* 1800-1810

My Spectre around me night and day

i

My spectre around me night and day

Like a wild beast guards my way;

My Emanation far within

Weeps incessantly for my sin.

ii

`A fathomless and boundless deep,

There we wander, there we weep;

On the hungry craving wind

My Spectre follows thee behind.

iii

`He scents thy footsteps in the snow,

Wheresoever thou dost go,

Thro' the wintry hail and rain.

When wilt thou return again?

iv

‘Dost thou not in pride and scorn

Fill with tempests all my morn,

And with jealousies and fears

Fill my pleasant nights with tears?

v

‘Seven of my sweet loves thy knife

Has bereaved of their life.

Their marble tombs I built with tears,

And with cold and shuddering fears.

vi

‘Seven more loves weep night and day

Round the tombs where my loves lay,

And seven more loves attend each night

Around my couch with torches bright.

vii

And seven more loves in my bed
Crown with wine my mournful head,
Pitying and forgiving all
Thy transgressions great and small.

viii

When wilt thou return and view
My loves, and them to life renew?
When wilt thou return and live?
When wilt thou pity as I forgive?

a

O'er my sins thou sit and moan:
Hast thou no sins of thy own?
O'er my sins thou sit and weep,
And lull thy own sins fast asleep.

b

`What transgressions I commit
Are for thy transgressions fit.
They thy harlots, thou their slave;
And my bed becomes their grave.

ix

`Never, never, I return:
Still for victory I burn.
Living, thee alone I'll have;
And when dead I'll be thy grave.

x

`Thro' the Heaven and Earth and Hell
Thou shalt never, never quell:
I will fly and thou pursue:
Night and morn the flight renew.'

c

`Poor, pale, pitiable form

That I follow in a storm;
Iron tears and groans of lead
Bind around my aching head.

xi

‘Till I turn from Female love
And root up the Infernal Grove,
I shall never worthy be
To step into Eternity.

xii

‘And, to end thy cruel mocks,
Annihilate thee on the rocks,
And another form create
To be subservient to my fate.

xiii

‘Let us agree to give up love,
And root up the Infernal Grove;
Then shall we return and see

The worlds of happy Eternity.

xiv

`And throughout all Eternity

I forgive you, you forgive me.

As our dear Redeemer said:

"This the Wine, and this the Bread."

When Klopstock England defied

When Klopstock England defied,

Uprose William Blake in his pride;

For old Nobodaddy aloft

. . . and belch'd and cough'd;

Then swore a great oath that made Heaven quake,

And call'd aloud to English Blake.

Blake was giving his body ease,

At Lambeth beneath the poplar trees.

From his seat then started he

And turn'd him round three times three.

The moon at that sight blush'd scarlet red,
The stars threw down their cups and fled,
And all the devils that were in hell,
Answered with a ninefold yell.
Klopstock felt the intripled turn,
And all his bowels began to churn,
And his bowels turn'd round three times three,
And lock'd in his soul with a ninefold key; . . .
Then again old Nobodaddy swore
He ne'er had seen such a thing before,
Since Noah was shut in the ark,
Since Eve first chose her hellfire spark,
Since 'twas the fashion to go naked,
Since the old Anything was created . . .

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;
Mock on, mock on; 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,

And the wind blows it back again.

And every sand becomes a gem
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back they blind the mocking eye,
But still in Israel's paths they shine.

The Atoms of Democritus
And Newton's Particles of Light
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore,
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

I saw a Monk of Charlemaine

i

I saw a Monk of Charlemaine

Arise before my sight:

I talk'd to the Grey Monk where he stood

In beams of infernal light.

ii

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel,

And Voltaire with a wracking wheel:

The Schools, in clouds of learning roll'd,

Arose with War in iron and gold.

'Thou lazy Monk,' they said afar,
'In vain condemning glorious War,
And in thy cell thou shall ever dwell.
Rise, War, and bind him in his cell!'

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

'I see, I see,' the Mother said,
'My children will die for lack of bread.
What more has the merciless tyrant said?'
The Monk sat down on her stony bed.

His eye was dry, no tear could flow;

A hollow groan first spoke his woe.

He trembled and shudder'd upon the bed;

At length with a feeble cry he said:

vii

“When God commanded this hand to write

In the studious hours of deep midnight,

He told me that all I wrote should prove

The bane of all that on Earth I love.

viii

“My brother starv'd between two walls;

Thy children's cry my soul appals:

I mock'd at the wrack and griding chain;

My bent body mocks at their torturing pain.

ix

“Thy father drew his sword in the North;

With his thousands strong he is marched forth;

Thy brother has armed himself in steel
To revenge the wrongs thy children feel.

x

But vain the sword and vain the bow,
They never can work War's overthrow;
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear.

xi

The hand of Vengeance sought the bed
To which the purple tyrant fled;
The iron hand crush'd the tyrant's head,
And became a tyrant in his stead.

xii

Until the tyrant himself relent,
The tyrant who first the black bow bent,
Slaughter shall heap the bloody plain:

Resistance and War is the tyrant's gain.

xiii

`But the tear of love — and forgiveness sweet,

And submission to death beneath his feet —

The tear shall melt the sword of steel,

And every wound it has made shall heal.

xiv

`For the tear is an intellectual thing,

And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,

And the bitter groan of the martyr's woe

Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.'

Morning

To find the Western path,

Right thro' the Gates of Wrath

I urge my way;

Sweet Mercy leads me on

With soft repentant moan:

I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,
Melted by dewy tears,
Exhales on high;
The Sun is freed from fears,
And with soft grateful tears
Ascends the sky.

The Birds

He. Where thou dwellest, in what grove,
Tell me Fair One, tell me Love;
Where thou thy charming nest dost build,
O thou pride of every field!

She. Yonder stands a lonely tree,
There I live and mourn for thee;
Morning drinks my silent tear,
And evening winds my sorrow bear.

He. O thou summer's harmony,
I have liv'd and mourn'd for thee;
Each day I mourn along the wood,
And night hath heard my sorrows loud.

She. Dost thou truly long for me?
And am I thus sweet to thee?
Sorrow now is at an end,
O my Lover and my Friend!

He. Come, on wings of joy we'll fly
To where my bower hangs on high;
Come, and make thy calm retreat
Among green leaves and blossoms sweet.

You don't believe

You don't believe — I won't attempt to make ye:

You are asleep — I won't attempt to wake ye.

Sleep on! sleep on! while in your pleasant dreams

Of Reason you may drink of Life's clear streams.

Reason and Newton, they are quite two things;

For so the swallow and the sparrow sings.

Reason says `Miracle': Newton says `Doubt.'

Aye! that's the way to make all Nature out.

`Doubt, doubt, and don't believe without experiment':

That is the very thing that Jesus meant,

When He said `Only believe! believe and try!

Try, try, and never mind the reason why!'

If it is true what the Prophets write

If it is true, what the Prophets write,

That the heathen gods are all stocks and stones,

Shall we, for the sake of being polite,

Feed them with the juice of our marrow-bones?

And if Bezaleel and Aholiab drew
What the finger of God pointed to their view,
Shall we suffer the Roman and Grecian rods
To compel us to worship them as gods?

They stole them from the temple of the Lord
And worshipp'd them that they might make inspired art abhorr'd;

The wood and stone were call'd the holy things,
And their sublime intent given to their kings.
All the atonements of Jehovah spurn'd,
And criminals to sacrifices turn'd.

I will tell you what Joseph of Arimathea

I will tell you what Joseph of Arimathea

Said to my Fairy: was not it very queer?

'Pliny and Trajan! What! are you here?

Come before Joseph of Arimathea.

Listen patient, and when Joseph has done

'Twill make a fool laugh, and a fairy fun.'

Why was Cupid a boy

Why was Cupid a boy,

And why a boy was he?

He should have been a girl,

For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,
And the girl shoots with her eye,
And they both are merry and glad,
And laugh when we do cry.

And to make Cupid a boy
Was the Cupid girl's mocking plan;
For a boy can't interpret the thing
Till he is become a man.

And then he's so pierc'd with cares,
And wounded with arrowy smarts,
That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

'Twas the Greeks' love of war
Turn'd Love into a boy,
And woman into a statue of stone—
And away fled every joy.

Now Art has lost its mental charms

`Now Art has lost its mental charms
France shall subdue the world in arms.'
So spoke an Angel at my birth;
Then said `Descend thou upon earth,
Renew the Arts on Britain's shore,

And France shall fall down and adore.

With works of art their armies meet

And War shall sink beneath thy feet.

But if thy nation Arts refuse,

And if they scorn the immortal Muse,

France shall the arts of peace restore

And save thee from the ungrateful shore.'

Spirit who lov'st Britannia's Isle

Round which the fiends of commerce smile —

Cetera desunt

I rose up at the dawn of day

I rose up at the dawn of day—

'Get thee away! get thee away!

Pray'st thou for riches? Away! away!

This is the Throne of Mammon grey.'

Said I: This, sure, is very odd;

I took it to be the Throne of God.

For everything besides I have:

It is only for riches that I can crave.

I have mental joy, and mental health,

And mental friends, and mental wealth;
I've a wife I love, and that loves me;
I've all but riches bodily.

I am in God's presence night and day,
And He never turns His face away;
The accuser of sins by my side doth stand,
And he holds my money-bag in his hand.

For my worldly things God makes him pay,
And he'd pay for more if to him I would pray;
And so you may do the worst you can do;
Be assur'd, Mr. Devil, I won't pray to you.

Then if for riches I must not pray,
God knows, I little of prayers need say;
So, as a church is known by its steeple,
If I pray it must be for other people.

He says, if I do not worship him for a God,
I shall eat coarser food, and go worse shod;
So, as I don't value such things as these,
You must do, Mr. Devil, just as God please.

The Caverns of the Grave I've seen

The Caverns of the Grave I've seen,
And these I show'd to England's Queen.

But now the Caves of Hell I view,
Who shall I dare to show them to?

What mighty soul in Beauty's form

Shall dauntless view the infernal storm?

Egremont's Countess can control

The flames of Hell that round me roll;

If she refuse, I still go on

Till the Heavens and Earth are gone,

Still admir'd by noble minds,

Follow'd by Envy on the winds,

Re-engrav'd time after time,

Ever in their youthful prime,

My designs unchang'd remain.

Time may rage, but rage in vain.

For above Time's troubled fountains,

On the great Atlantic Mountains,

In my Golden House on high,

There they shine eternally.

POEMS FROM THE ROSSETTI MANUSCRIPT PART III

William Blake

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The Everlasting Gospel

a

The Vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy.
Thine has a great hook nose like thine,
Mine has a snub nose like to mine.
Thine is the Friend of all Mankind;
Mine speaks in parables to the blind.
Thine loves the same world that mine hates;
Thy heaven doors are my hell gates.
Socrates taught what Meletus
Loath'd as a nation's bitterest curse,
And Caiaphas was in his own mind
A benefactor to mankind.
Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white.

?

Was Jesus gentle, or did He
Give any marks of gentility?

When twelve years old He ran away,
And left His parents in dismay.
When after three days' sorrow found,
Loud as Sinai's trumpet-sound:
'No earthly parents I confess—
My Heavenly Father's business!
Ye understand not what I say,
And, angry, force Me to obey.
Obedience is a duty then,
And favour gains with God and men.
John from the wilderness loud cried;
Satan gloried in his pride.
'Come,' said Satan, 'come away,
I'll soon see if you'll obey!
John for disobedience bled,
But you can turn the stones to bread.
God's high king and God's high priest
Shall plant their glories in your breast,
If Caiaphas you will obey,
If Herod you with bloody prey
Feed with the sacrifice, and be
Obedient, fall down, worship me.'
Thunders and lightnings broke around,
And Jesus' voice in thunders' sound:
'Thus I seize the spiritual prey.
Ye smiters with disease, make way.
I come your King and God to seize,
Is God a smiter with disease?'
The God of this world rag'd in vain:
He bound old Satan in His chain,
And, bursting forth, His furious ire
Became a chariot of fire.
Throughout the land He took His course,

And trac'd diseases to their source.
He curs'd the Scribe and Pharisee,
Trampling down hypocrisy.
Where'er His chariot took its way,
There Gates of Death let in the Day,
Broke down from every chain and bar;
And Satan in His spiritual war
Dragg'd at His chariot-wheels: loud howl'd
The God of this world: louder roll'd
The chariot-wheels, and louder still
His voice was heard from Zion's Hill,
And in His hand the scourge shone bright;
He scourg'd the merchant Canaanite
From out the Temple of His Mind,
And in his body tight does bind
Satan and all his hellish crew;
And thus with wrath He did subdue
The serpent bulk of Nature's dross,
Till He had nail'd it to the Cross.
He took on sin in the Virgin's womb
And put it off on the Cross and tomb
To be worshipp'd by the Church of Rome.

&gama;

Was Jesus humble? or did He
Give any proofs of humility?
Boast of high things with humble tone,
And give with charity a stone?
When but a child He ran away,
And left His parents in dismay.
When they had wander'd three days long
These were the words upon His tongue:
'No earthly parents I confess:

I am doing My Father's business.'
When the rich learned Pharisee
Came to consult Him secretly,
Upon his heart with iron pen
He wrote 'Ye must be born again.'
He was too proud to take a bribe;
He spoke with authority, not like a Scribe.
He says with most consummate art
'Follow Me, I am meek and lowly of heart,
As that is the only way to escape
The miser's net and the glutton's trap.'
What can be done with such desperate fools
Who follow after the heathen schools?
I was standing by when Jesus died;
What I call'd humility, they call'd pride.
He who loves his enemies betrays his friends.
This surely is not what Jesus intends;
But the sneaking pride of heroic schools,
And the Scribes' and Pharisees' virtuous rules,
For He acts with honest, triumphant pride,
And this is the cause that Jesus died.
He did not die with Christian ease,
Asking pardon of His enemies:
If He had, Caiaphas would forgive;
Sneaking submission can always live.
He had only to say that God was the Devil,
And the Devil was God, like a Christian civil;
Mild Christian regrets to the Devil confess
For affronting him thrice in the wilderness;
He had soon been bloody Caesar's elf,
And at last he would have been Caesar himself,
Like Dr. Priestly and Bacon and Newton—
Poor spiritual knowledge is not worth a button!

For thus the Gospel Sir Isaac confutes:
'God can only be known by His attributes;
And as for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost,
Or of Christ and His Father, it's all a boast
And pride, and vanity of the imagination,
That disdains to follow this world's fashion.'
To teach doubt and experiment
Certainly was not what Christ meant.
What was He doing all that time,
From twelve years old to manly prime?
Was He then idle, or the less
About His Father's business?
Or was His wisdom held in scorn
Before His wrath began to burn
In miracles throughout the land,
That quite unnerv'd the Seraph band?
If He had been Antichrist, Creeping Jesus,
He'd have done anything to please us;
Gone sneaking into synagogues,
And not us'd the Elders and Priests like dogs;
But humble as a lamb or ass
Obey'd Himself to Caiaphas.
God wants not man to humble himself:
That is the trick of the Ancient Elf.
This is the race that Jesus ran:
Humble to God, haughty to man,
Cursing the Rulers before the people
Even to the Temple's highest steeple,
And when He humbled Himself to God
Then descended the cruel rod.
'If Thou humblest Thyself, Thou humblest Me.
Thou also dwell'st in Eternity.
Thou art a Man: God is no more:

Thy own Humanity learn to adore,
For that is My spirit of life.
Awake, arise to spiritual strife,
And Thy revenge abroad display
In terrors at the last Judgement Day.
God's mercy and long suffering
Is but the sinner to judgment to bring.
Thou on the Cross for them shalt pray—
And take revenge at the Last Day.'
Jesus replied, and thunders hurl'd:
'I never will pray for the world.
Once I did so when I pray'd in the Garden;
I wish'd to take with Me a bodily pardon.'
Can that which was of woman born,
In the absence of the morn,
When the Soul fell into sleep,
And Archangels round it weep,
Shooting out against the light
Fibres of a deadly night,
Reasoning upon its own dark fiction,
In doubt which is self-contradiction?
Humility is only doubt,
And does the sun and moon blot out,
Rooting over with thorns and stems
The buried soul and all its gems.
This life's five windows of the soul
Distorts the Heavens from pole to pole,
And leads you to believe a lie
When you see with, not thro', the eye
That was born in a night, to perish in a night,
When the soul slept in the beams of light.

This was spoken by my Spectre to Voltaire, Bacon, &c.

Did Jesus teach doubt? or did He
Give any lessons of philosophy,
Charge Visionaries with deceiving,
Or call men wise for not believing? . . .

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Was Jesus born of a Virgin pure
With narrow soul and looks demure?
If He intended to take on sin
The Mother should an harlot been,
Just such a one as Magdalen,
With seven devils in her pen.
Or were Jew virgins still more curs'd,
And more sucking devils nurs'd?
Or what was it which He took on
That He might bring salvation?
A body subject to be tempted,
From neither pain nor grief exempted;
Or such a body as might not feel
The passions that with sinners deal?
Yes, but they say He never fell.
Ask Caiaphas; for he can tell.—
'He mock'd the Sabbath, and He mock'd
The Sabbath's God, and He unlock'd
The evil spirits from their shrines,
And turn'd fishermen to divines;
O'erturn'd the tent of secret sins,
And its golden cords and pins,

In the bloody shrine of war
Pour'd around from star to star,—
Halls of justice, hating vice,
Where the Devil combs his lice.
He turn'd the devils into swine
That He might tempt the Jews to dine;
Since which, a pig has got a look
That for a Jew may be mistook.
"Obey your parents."—What says He?
"Woman, what have I to do with thee?
No earthly parents I confess:
I am doing My Father's business."
He scorn'd Earth's parents, scorn'd Earth's God,
And mock'd the one and the other's rod;
His seventy Disciples sent
Against Religion and Government—
They by the sword of Justice fell,
And Him their cruel murderer tell.
He left His father's trade to roam,
A wand'ring vagrant without home;
And thus He others' labour stole,
That He might live above control.
The publicans and harlots He
Selected for His company,
And from the adulteress turn'd away
God's righteous law, that lost its prey.'

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Was Jesus chaste? or did He
Give any lessons of chastity?
The Morning blushed fiery red:
Mary was found in adulterous bed;
Earth groan'd beneath, and Heaven above

Trembled at discovery of Love
Jesus was sitting in Moses' chair.
They brought the trembling woman there.
Moses commands she be ston'd to death.
What was the sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid His hand on Moses' law;
The ancient Heavens, in silent awe,
Writ with curses from pole to pole,
All away began to roll.
The Earth trembling and naked lay
In secret bed of mortal clay;
On Sinai felt the Hand Divine
Pulling back the bloody shrine;
And she heard the breath of God,
As she heard by Eden's flood:
'Good and Evil are no more!
Sinai's trumpets cease to roar!
Cease, finger of God, to write!
The Heavens are not clean in Thy sight.
Thou art good, and Thou alone;
Nor may the sinner cast one stone.
To be good only, is to be
A God or else a Pharisee.
Thou Angel of the Presence Divine,
That didst create this Body of Mine,
Wherefore hast thou writ these laws
And created Hell's dark jaws?
My Presence I will take from thee:
A cold leper thou shalt be.
Tho' thou wast so pure and bright
That Heaven was impure in thy sight,
Tho' thy oath turn'd Heaven pale,
Tho' thy covenant built Hell's jail,

Tho' thou didst all to chaos roll
With the Serpent for its soul,
Still the breath Divine does move,
And the breath Divine is Love.
Mary, fear not! Let me see
The seven devils that torment thee.
Hide not from My sight thy sin,
That forgiveness thou may'st win.
Has no man condemned thee?'
'No man, Lord.' 'Then what is he
Who shall accuse thee? Come ye forth,
Fallen fiends of heavenly birth,
That have forgot your ancient love,
And driven away my trembling Dove.
You shall bow before her feet;
You shall lick the dust for meat;
And tho' you cannot love, but hate,
Shall be beggars at Love's gate.
What was thy love? Let Me see it;
Was it love or dark deceit?'
'Love too long from me has fled;
'Twas dark deceit, to earn my bread;
'Twas covet, or 'twas custom, or
Some trifle not worth caring for;
That they may call a shame and sin
Love's temple that God dwelleth in,
And bide in secret hidden shrine
The naked Human Form Divine,
And render that a lawless thing
On which the Soul expands its wing.
But this, O Lord, this was my sin,
When first I let these devils in,
In dark pretence to chastity

Blaspheming Love, blaspheming Thee,
Thence rose secret adulteries,
And thence did covet also rise.
My sin Thou hast forgiven me;
Canst Thou forgive my blasphemy?
Canst Thou return to this dark hell,
And in my burning bosom dwell?
And canst Thou die that I may live?
And canst Thou pity and forgive?'
Then roll'd the shadowy Man away
From the limbs of Jesus, to make them His prey,
An ever devouring appetite,
Glittering with festering venoms bright;
Crying `Crucify this cause of distress,
Who don't keep the secrets of holiness!
The mental powers by diseases we bind;
But He heals the deaf, the dumb, and the blind.
Whom God has afflicted for secret ends,
He comforts and heals and calls them friends.'
But, when Jesus was crucified,
Then was perfected His galling pride.
In three nights He devour'd His prey,
And still He devours the body of clay;
For dust and clay is the Serpent's meat,
Which never was made for Man to eat.

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Seeing this False Christ, in fury and passion
I made my voice heard all over the nation.
What are those . . .

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Epilogue

I am sure this Jesus will not do,
Either for Englishman or Jew.