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# The Four Zoas

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**William Blake**



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# THE FOUR ZOAS

**William Blake**

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The torments of Love & Jealousy in  
The Death and Judgement  
of Albion the Ancient Man

Rest before Labour

<[For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but  
against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the  
darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high  
places. (King James version)]>

VALA

## Night the First

The Song of the Aged Mother which shook the heavens with  
wrath

Hearing the march of long resounding strong heroic Verse  
Marshall'd in order for the day of Intellectual Battle

Four Mighty Ones are in every Man; a Perfect Unity John XVII c.  
21 & 22 & 23 v

Cannot Exist. but from the Universal Brotherhood of Eden John I  
c. 14. v

The Universal Man. To Whom be Glory Evermore Amen <Greek  
[kai eskanosen en [h]amen]>

[*What*] are the Natures of those Living Creatures the Heavenly  
Father only

[*Knoweth*] no Individual [*Knoweth nor*] Can know in all Eternity

Los was the fourth immortal starry one, & in the Earth  
Of a bright Universe Empery attended day & night  
Days & nights of revolving joy, Urthona was his name

In Eden; in the Auricular Nerves of Human life  
Which is the Earth of Eden, he his Emanations propagated  
Fairies of Albion afterwards Gods of the Heathen, Daughter of  
Beulah Sing

His fall into Division & his Resurrection to Unity

His fall into the Generation of Decay & Death & his  
Regeneration by the Resurrection from the dead

Begin with Tharmas Parent power. darkning in the West

Lost! Lost! Lost! are my Emanations Enion O Enion  
We are become a Victim to the Living We hide in secret  
I have hidden Jerusalem in Silent Contrition O Pity Me  
I will build thee a Labyrinth also O pity me O Enion  
Why hast thou taken sweet Jerusalem from my inmost Soul  
Let her Lay secret in the Soft recess of darkness & silence  
It is not Love I bear to [Jerusalem] It is Pity  
She hath taken refuge in my bosom & I cannot cast her out.

The Men have recieved their death wounds & their Emanations  
are fled

To me for refuge & I cannot turn them out for Pity's sake

Enion said—Thy fear has made me tremble thy terrors have  
surrounded me

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  
Why art thou Terrible and yet I love thee in thy terror till  
I am almost Extinct & soon shall be a Shadow in Oblivion  
Unless some way can be found that I may look upon thee & live  
Hide me some Shadowy semblance. secret whispering in my Ear  
In secret of soft wings. in mazes of delusive beauty  
I have lookd into the secret soul of him I lov'd  
And in the Dark recesses found Sin & cannot return

Trembling & pale sat Tharmas weeping in his clouds

Why wilt thou Examine 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 Death Despair & Everlasting brooding Melancholy

Thou wilt go mad with horror if thou dost Examine thus  
Every moment of my secret hours Yea I know  
That I have sinnd & that my Emanations are become harlots  
I am already distracted at their deeds & if I look  
Upon them more Despair will bring self murder on my soul  
O Enion thou art thyself a root growing in hell  
Tho thus heavenly beautiful to draw me to destruction

Sometimes I think thou art a flower expanding  
Sometimes I think thou art fruit breaking from its bud  
In dreadful dolor & pain & I am like an atom  
A Nothing left in darkness yet I am an identity  
I wish & feel & weep & groan Ah terrible terrible

In Eden Females sleep the winter in soft silken veils  
Woven by their own hands to hide them in the darksom grave  
But Males immortal live renewd by female deaths. in soft  
Delight they die & they revive in spring with music & songs  
Enion said Farewell I die I hide from thy searching eyes

So saying—From her bosom weaving soft in Sinewy threads  
A tabernacle for Jerusalem she sat among the Rocks  
Singing her lamentation. Tharmas groand among his Clouds  
Weeping, then bending from his Clouds he stoopd his innocent  
head

And stretching out his holy hand in the vast Deep sublime  
Turnd round the circle of Destiny with tears & bitter sighs  
And said. Return O Wanderer when the Day of Clouds is oer

So saying he sunk down into the sea a pale white corse  
In torment he sunk down & flowd among her filmy Woof  
His Spectre issuing from his feet in flames of fire  
In gnawing pain drawn out by her lovd fingers every nerve  
She counted. every vein & lacteal threading them among  
Her woof of terror. Terrified & drinking tears of woe  
Shuddring she wove—nine days & nights Sleepless her food  
was tears

Wondring she saw her woof begin to animate. & not  
As Garments woven subservient to her hands but having a will  
Of its own perverse & wayward Enion lovd & wept

Nine days she labourd at her work. & nine dark sleepless nights  
But on the tenth trembling morn the Circle of Destiny Complete  
Round rold the Sea Englobing in a watry Globe self balancd

A Frowning Continent appeard Where Enion in the Desart  
Terrified in her own Creation viewing her woven shadow  
Sat in a dread intoxication of Repentance & Contrition  
There is from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant rest

Namd Beulah a Soft Moony Universe feminine lovely  
Pure mild & Gentle given in Mercy to those who sleep  
Eternally. Created by the Lamb of God around  
On all sides within & without the Universal Man  
The Daughters of Beulah follow sleepers in all their Dreams  
Creating Spaces lest they fall into Eternal Death

The Circle of Destiny complete they gave to it a Space  
And namd the Space Ulro & brooded over it in care & love  
They said The Spectre is in every man insane & most  
Deformd Thro the three heavens descending in fury & fire  
We meet it with our Songs & loving blandishments & give  
To it a form of vegetation But this Spectre of Tharmas  
Is Eternal Death What shall we do O God pity & help  
So spoke they & closd the Gate of the Tongue in trembling fear

What have I done! said Enion accursed wretch! What deed.  
Is this a deed of Love I know what I have done. I know  
Too late now to repent. Love is changd to deadly Hate  
A [/] life is blotted out & I alone remain possessd with Fears  
I see the Shadow of the dead within my Soul wandering

In darkness & solitude forming Seas of Doubt & rocks of  
Repentance

Already are my Eyes reverted. all that I behold  
Within my Soul has lost its splendor & a brooding Fear  
Shadows me oer & drives me outward to a world of woe  
So waild she trembling before her own Created Phantasm

She drew the Spectre forth from Tharmas in her shining loom  
Of Vegetation weeping in wayward infancy & sullen youth

Listening to her soft lamentations soon his tongue began  
To Lisp out words & soon in masculine strength augmenting he  
Reard up a form of gold & stood upon the glittering rock  
A shadowy human form winged & in his depths  
The dazzlings as of gems shone clear, rapturous in fury  
Glorying in his own eyes Exalted in terrific Pride  
The Spectre thus spoke. Who art thou Diminutive husk & shell  
If thou hast sinnd & art polluted know that I am pure  
And unpolluted & will bring to rigid strict account

All thy past deeds [So] hear what I tell thee! mark it well!  
remember!

This world is Thine in which thou dwellest that within thy soul  
That dark & dismal infinite where Thought roams up & down

Is Mine & there thou goest when with one Sting of my tongue  
Envenomd thou rollst inwards to the place whence I emergd

She trembling answerd Wherefore was I born & what am I

I thought to weave a Covering for my Sins from wrath of  
Tharmas

I thought Tharmas a Sinner & I murderd his Emanations  
His secret loves & Graces Ah me wretched What have I done

For now I find that all those Emanations were my Childrens  
Souls

And I have murderd them with Cruelty above atonement  
Those that remain have fled from my cruelty into the desarts  
And thou the delusive tempter to these deeds sittest before me  
In this thy world not mine tho dark I feel my world within

Mingling his horrible brightness with her tender limbs then high  
she soared

Above the ocean; a bright wonder that Nature shudder'd at  
Half Woman & half Spectre, all his lovely changing colours mix  
With her fair crystal clearness; in her lips & cheeks his poisons  
rose

In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening  
A monster lovely in the heavens or wandering on the earth,

Till with fierce pain she brought forth on the rocks her sorrow &  
woe

Behold two little Infants wept upon the desolate wind.  
The first state weeping they began & helpless as a wave  
Beaten along its sightless way growing enormous in its motion  
to

Its utmost goal, till strength from Enion like richest summer  
shining

Raisd the bright boy & girl with glories from their heads  
beaming

Drawing forth drooping mothers pity drooping mothers sorrow

They sulk upon her breast her hair became like snow on  
mountains

Weaker & weaker, weeping woful, wearier and wearier  
Faded & her bright Eyes decayd melted with pity & love

And then they wanderd far away she sought for them in vain  
In weeping blindness stumbling she followd them oer rocks &  
mountains

Rehumanizing from the Spectre in pangs of maternal love

Ingrate they wanderd scorning her drawing her Spectrous Life  
Repelling her away & away by a dread repulsive power  
Into Non Entity revolving round in dark despair.  
And drawing in the Spectrous life in pride and haughty joy  
Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life

Then Eno a daughter of Beulah took a Moment of Time  
And drew it out to Seven thousand years with much care &  
affliction  
And many tears & in Every year made windows into Eden

She also took an atom of space & opend its center  
Into Infinitude & ornamented it with wondrous art  
Astonishd sat her Sisters of Beulah to see her soft affections  
To Enion & her children & they ponderd these things wondring  
And they Alternate kept watch over the Youthful terrors  
They saw not yet the Hand Divine for it was not yet reveald  
But they went on in Silent Hope & Feminine repose  
But Los & Enitharmon delighted in the Moony spaces of Eno  
Nine Times they livd among the forests, feeding n sweet fruits  
And nine bright Spaces wanderd weaving mazes of delight  
Snaring the wild Goats for their milk they eat the flesh of Lambs  
A male & female naked & ruddy as the pride of summer  
Alternate Love & Hate his breast; hers Scorn & Jealousy  
In embryo passions. they kiss'd not nor embrac'd for shame &  
fear

His head beamd light & in his vigorous voice was prophecy  
He could controll the times & seasons, & the days & years  
She could controll the spaces, regions, desert, flood & forest  
But had no power to weave a Veil of covering for her Sins  
She drave the Females all away from Los

And Los drove all the Males from her away  
They wanderd long, till they sat down upon the margind sea.  
Conversing with the visions of Beulah in dark slumberous bliss

But the two youthful wonders wanderd in the world of Tharmas  
Thy name is Enitharmon; said the fierce prophetic boy  
While thy mild voice fills all these Caverns with sweet harmony  
O how our Parents sit & mourn in their silent secret bowers

But Enitharmon answerd with a dropping tear & frowning  
Dark as a dewy morning when the crimson light appears  
To make us happy let them weary their immortal powers  
While we draw in their sweet delights while we return them

scorn

On scorn to feed our discontent; for if we grateful prove  
They will withhold sweet love, whose food is thorns & bitter roots.  
We hear the warlike clarions we view the turning spheres  
Yet Thou in indolence reposest holding me in bonds  
Hear! I will sing a Song of Death! it is a Song of Vala!  
The Fallen Man takes his repose: Urizen sleeps in the porch  
Luvah and Vala woke & flew up from the Human Heart  
Into the Brain; from thence upon the pillow Vala slumber'd.  
And Luvah siez'd the Horses of Light, & rose into the Chariot of

Day

Sweet laughter siezd me in my sleep! silent & close I laughd  
For in the visions of Vala I walkd with the mighty Fallen One  
I heard his voice among the branches, & among sweet flowers.

Why is the light of Enitharmon darken'd in dewy morn  
Why is the silence of Enitharmon a terror & her smile a

whirlwind

Uttering this darkness in my halls, in the pillars of my Holy-ones  
Why dost thou weep as Vala? & wet thy veil with dewy tears,  
In slumbers of my night-repose, infusing a false morning?  
Driving the Female Emanations all away from Los  
I have refusd to look upon the Universal Vision  
And wilt thou slay with death him who devotes himself to thee  
Once born for the sport & amusement of Man now born to drink  
up all his Powers

I heard the sounding sea; I heard the voice weaker and weaker;  
The voice came & went like a dream, I awoke in my sweet bliss.  
Then Los smote her upon the Earth twas long eer she revivd  
He answer'd, darkning more with indignation hid in smiles

I die not Enitharmon tho thou singst thy Song of Death  
Nor shalt thou me torment For I behold the Fallen Man  
Seeking to comfort Vala, she will not be comforted  
She rises from his throne and seeks the shadows of her garden  
Weeping for Luvah lost, in the bloody beams of your false  
morning

Sickning lies the Fallen Man his head sick his heart faint  
Mighty atchievement of your power! Beware the punishment  
I see, invisible decend into the Gardens of Vala  
Luvah walking on the winds, I see the invisible knife  
I see the shower of blood: I see the swords & spears of futurity  
Tho in the Brain of Man we live, & in his circling Nerves.  
Tho' this bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain.  
Where Urizen & all his Hosts hang their immortal lamps  
Thou neer shalt leave this cold expanse where watry Tharmas  
mourns

So spoke Los. Scorn & Indignation rose upon Enitharmon  
Then Enitharmon reddning fierce stretchd her immortal hands

Descend O Urizen descend with horse & chariots  
Threaten not me O visionary thine the punishment  
The Human Nature shall no more remain nor Human acts  
Form the rebellious Spirits of Heaven. but War & Princedom &  
Victory & Blood

Night darkend as she spoke! a shuddring ran from East to  
West

A Groan was heard on high. The warlike clarions ceast. the  
Spirits

Of Luvah & Vala shudderd in their Orb: an orb of blood!

Eternity groand & was troubled at the Image of Eternal Death  
The Wandering Man bow'd his faint head and Urizen descended  
And the one must have murderd the other if he had not  
descended

Indignant muttering low thunders; Urizen descended  
Gloomy sounding, Now I am God from Eternity to Eternity

Sullen sat Los plotting Revenge. Silent he eye'd the Prince  
Of Light. Silent the prince of Light viewd Los. at length a  
brooded  
Smile broke from Urizen for Enitharmon brightend more & more

Sullen he lowerd on Enitharmon but he smild on Los

Saying Thou art the Lord of Luvah into thine hands I give  
The prince of Love the murderer his soul is in thine hands  
Pity not Vala for she pitied not the Eternal Man  
Nor pity thou the cries of Luvah. Lo these starry hosts  
They are thy servants if thou wilt obey my awful Law

Los answerd furious art thou one of those who when most  
complacent

Mean mischief most. If you are such Lo! I am also such  
One must be master. try thy Arts I also will try mine  
For I percieve Thou hast Abundance which I claim as mine

Urizen startled stood but not Long soon he cried  
Obey my voice young Demon I am God from Eternity to Eternity

Thus Urizen spoke collected in himself in awful pride

Art thou a visionary of Jesus the soft delusion of Eternity  
Lo I am God the terrible destroyer & not the Saviour  
Why should the Divine Vision compell the sons of Eden  
to forego each his own delight to war against his Spectre  
The Spectre is the Man the rest is only delusion & fancy

So spoke the Prince of Light & sat beside the Seat of Los  
Upon the sandy shore rested his chariot of fire

Ten thousand thousand were his hosts of spirits on the wind:

Ten thousand thousand glittering Chariots shining in the sky:  
They pour upon the golden shore beside the silent ocean.  
Rejoicing in the Victory & the heavens were filled with blood

The Earth spread forth her table wide. the Night a silver cup  
Filled with the wine of anguish waited at the golden feast  
But the bright Sun was not as yet; he filling all the expanse  
Slept as a bird in the blue shell that soon shall burst away

Los saw the wound of his blow he saw he pitied he wept  
Los now repented that he had smitten Enitharmon he felt love  
Arise in all his Veins he threw his arms around her loins  
To heal the wound of his smiting

They eat the fleshly bread, they drank the nervous wine

They listened to the Elemental Harps & Sphery Song  
They viewed the dancing Hours, quick sporting thro' the sky  
With winged radiance scattering joys thro the ever changing light

But Luvah & Vala standing in the bloody sky  
On high remained alone forsaken in fierce jealousy  
They stood above the heavens forsaken desolate suspended in  
blood

Descend they could not. nor from Each other avert their eyes  
Eternity appeared above them as One Man infolded  
In Luvah[s] robes of blood & bearing all his afflictions  
As the sun shines down on the misty earth Such was the Vision

But purple night and crimson morning & golden day  
descending

Thro' the clear changing atmosphere display'd green fields  
among

The varying clouds, like paradises stretch'd in the expanse

With towns & villages and temples, tents sheep-folds and  
pastures

Where dwell the children of the elemental worlds in harmony.

Not long in harmony they dwell, their life is drawn away

And wintry woes succeed; successive driven into the Void

Where Enion craves: successive drawn into the golden feast

And Los & Enitharmon sat in discontent & scorn

The Nuptial Song arose from all the thousand thousand spirits

Over the joyful Earth & Sea, and ascended into the Heavens

For Elemental Gods their thunderous Organs blew; creating

Delicious Viands. Demons of Waves their watry Eccho's woke!

Bright Souls of vegetative life, budding and blossoming

Stretch their immortal hands to smite the gold & silver Wires

And with immortal Voice soft warbling fill all Earth & Heaven.

With doubling Voices & loud Horns wound round sounding

Cavernous dwellers fill'd the enormous Revelry, Responding!

And Spirits of Flaming fire on high, govern'd the mighty Song.

And This the Song! sung at The Feast of Los & Enitharmon

Ephraim call'd out to Zion: Awake O Brother Mountain

Let us refuse the Plow & Spade, the heavy Roller & spiked

Harrow. burn all these Corn fields. throw down all these fences  
Fattend on Human blood & drunk with wine of life is better far

Than all these labours of the harvest & the vintage. See the river  
Red with the blood of Men. swells lustful round my rocky knees  
My clouds are not the clouds of verdant fields & groves of fruit  
But Clouds of Human Souls. my nostrils drink the lives of Men

The Villages Lament. they faint outstretchd upon the plain  
Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill & from the Barn

But most the polishd Palaces dark silent bow with dread  
Hiding their books & pictures. underneath the dens of Earth

The Cities send to one another saying My sons are Mad  
With wine of cruelty. Let us plat a Scourge O Sister City  
Children are nourishd for the Slaughter; once the Child was fed  
With Milk; but wherefore now are Children fed with blood

The Horse is of more value than the Man. The Tyger fierce  
Laughs at the Human form. the Lion mocks & thirsts for blood  
They cry O Spider spread thy web! Enlarge thy bones & fill'd  
With marrow. sinews & flesh Exalt thyself attain a voice

Call to thy dark armd hosts, for all the sons of Men muster  
together

To desolate their cities! Man shall be no more! Awake O Hosts  
The bow string sang upon the hills! Luvah & Vala ride  
Triumphant in the bloody sky. & the Human form is no more

The listning Stars heard, & the first beam of the morning started  
back

He cried out to his Father, depart! depart! but sudden Siez'd  
And clad in steel. & his Horse proudly neighd; he smelt the  
battle

Afar off, Rushing back, reddning with rage the Mighty Father

Siez'd his bright Sheephook studded with gems & gold, he  
Swung it round

His head shrill sounding in the sky, down rush'd the Sun with  
noise

Of war, The Mountains fled away they sought a place beneath  
Vala remain'd in desarts of dark solitude. nor Sun nor Moon

By night nor day to comfort her, she labour'd in thick smoke  
Tharmas endurd not, he fled howling. then a barren waste sunk  
Conglobing in the dark confusion, Mean time Los was born  
And Thou O Enitharmon! Hark I hear the hammers of Los

They melt the bones of Vala, & the bones of Luvah into wedges  
The innumerable sons & daughters of Luvah clos'd in furnaces  
Melt into furrows. winter blows his bellows: ice & Snow  
Tend the dire anvils. Mountains mourn & Rivers faint & fail

There is no City nor Corn-field nor Orchard! all is Rock & Sand  
There is no Sun nor Moon nor Star. but rugged wintry rocks  
Justling together in the void suspended by inward fires  
Impatience now no longer can endure. Distracted Luvah

Bursting forth from the loins of Enitharmon, Thou fierce Terror  
Go howl in vain, Smite Smite his fetters Smite O wintry hammers  
Smite Spectre of Urthona, mock the fiend who drew us down  
From heavens of joy into this Deep. Now rage but rage in vain

Thus Sang the Demons of the Deep. the Clarions of War blew  
loud

The Feast redounds & Crownd with roses & the circling vine  
The Enormous Bride & Bridegroom sat, beside them Urizen  
With faded radiance sighd, forgetful of the flowing wine  
And of Ahania his Pure Bride but She was distant far

But Los & Enitharmon sat in discontent & scorn  
Craving the more the more enjoying, drawing out sweet bliss  
From all the turning wheels of heaven & the chariots of the Slain

At distance Far in Night repelld. in direful hunger craving  
Summers & Winters round revolving in the frightful deep.

Enion blind & age-bent wept upon the desolate wind

Why does the Raven cry aloud and no eye pities her?  
Why fall the Sparrow & the Robin in the foodless winter?  
Faint! shivering they sit on leafless bush, or frozen stone

Wearied with seeking food across the snowy waste; the little  
Heart, cold; and the little tongue consum'd, that once in

thoughtless joy

Gave songs of gratitude to waving corn fields round their nest.

Why howl the Lion & the Wolf? why do they roam abroad?  
Deluded by summers heat they sport in enormous love  
And cast their young out to the hungry wilds & sandy deserts

Why is the Sheep given to the knife? the Lamb plays in the Sun  
He starts! he hears the foot of Man! he says, Take thou my wool  
But spare my life, but he knows not that winter cometh fast.

The Spider sits in his labourd Web, eager watching for the Fly  
Presently comes a famishd Bird & takes away the Spider  
His Web is left all desolate, that his little anxious heart  
So careful wove; & spread it out with sighs and weariness.

This was the Lamentation of Enion round the golden Feast  
Eternity groand and was troubled at the image of Eternal Death  
Without the body of Man an Exudation from his sickning limbs

Now Man was come to the Palm tree & to the Oak of Weeping  
Which stand upon the Edge of Beulah & he sunk down  
From the Supporting arms of the Eternal Saviour; who disposd  
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality  
Upon The Rock of Ages. Watching over him with Love & Care

Then those in Great Eternity met in the Council of God  
As one Man for contracting their Exalted Senses

They behold Multitude or Expanding they behold as one  
As One Man all the Universal family & that one Man  
They call Jesus the Christ & they in him & he in them  
Live in Perfect harmony in Eden the land of life

Consulting as One Man above the Mountain of Snowdon  
Sublime

For messengers from Beulah come in tears & darkning clouds  
Saying Shiloh is in ruins our brother is sick Albion He  
Whom thou lovest is sick he wanders from his house of Eternity  
The daughters of Beulah terrified have closd the Gate of the  
Tongue  
Luvah & Urizen contend in war around the holy tent

So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah & with solemn  
mourning  
They were introduc'd to the divine presence & they kneeled down  
In Conways Vale thus recounting the Wars of Death Eternal

The Eternal Man wept in the holy tent Our Brother in Eternity  
Even Albion whom thou lovest wept in pain his family  
Slept round on hills & valleys in the regions of his love  
But Urizen awoke & Luvah woke & thus conferrd

Thou Luvah said the Prince of Light behold our sons &  
daughters  
Reposd on beds. let them sleep on. do thou alone depart  
Into thy wished Kingdom where in Majesty & Power

We may erect a throne. deep in the North I place my lot  
Thou in the South listen attentive. In silent of this night  
I will infold the Eternal tent in clouds opaque while thou  
Siezing the chariots of the morning. Go oufleeting ride  
Afar into the Zenith high bending thy furious course  
Southward with half the tents of men inclosd in clouds  
Of Tharmas & Urthona. I remaining in porches of the brain  
Will lay my sceptor on Jerusalem the Emanation  
On all her sons & on thy sons O Luvah & on mine  
Till dawn was wont to wake them then my trumpet sounding loud  
Ravishd away in night my strong command shall be obeyd  
For I have placd my centinels in stations each tenth man  
Is bought & sold & in dim night my Word shall be their law

Luvah replied Dictate to thy Equals. am not I  
The Prince of all the hosts of Men nor Equal know in Heaven  
If I arise into the Zenith leaving thee to watch  
The Emanation & her Sons the Satan & the Anak  
Sihon and Og. wilt thou not rebel to my laws remain  
In darkness building thy strong throne & in my ancient night  
Daring my power wilt arm my sons against me in the Atlantic  
My deep My night which thou assuming hast assumed my Crown  
I will remain as well as thou & here with hands of blood  
Smite this dark sleeper in his tent then try my strength with thee

While thus he spoke his fires reddend oer the holy tent  
Urizen cast deep darkness round him silent brooding death  
Eternal death to Luvah. raging Luvah pourd  
The Lances of Urizen from chariots. round the holy tent  
Discord began & yells & cries shook the wide firmament

Beside his anvil stood Urthona dark. a mass of iron  
Glowd furious on the anvil prepard for spades & coulters All  
His sons fled from his side to join the conflict pale he heard  
The Eternal voice he stood the sweat chilld on his mighty limbs  
He dropd his hammer. dividing from his aking bosom fled  
A portion of his life shrieking upon the wind she fled  
And Tharmas took her in pitying Then Enion in jealous fear  
Murderd her & hid her in her bosom embalming her for fear  
She should arise again to life Embalmd in Enions bosom  
Enitharmon remains a corse such thing was never known  
In Eden that one died a death never to be revivd  
Urthona stood in terror but not long his spectre fled  
To Enion & his body fell. Tharmas beheld him fall  
Endlong a raging serpent rolling round the holy tent  
The sons of war astonishd at the Glittring monster drove  
Him far into the world of Tharmas into a cavernd rock

But Urizen with darkness overspreading all the armies  
Sent round his heralds secretly commanding to depart  
Into the north Sudden with thunders sound his multitudes  
Retreat from the fierce conflict all the sons of Urizen at once  
Mustring together in thick clouds leaving the rage of Luvah  
To pour its fury on himself & on the Eternal Man

Sudden down fell they all together into an unknown Space  
Deep horrible without End. Separated from Beulah far beneath  
The Mans exteriors are become indefinite opend to pain  
In a fierce hungring void & none can visit his regions

Jerusalem his Emanation is become a ruin  
Her little ones are slain on the top of every street  
And she herself le[d] captive & scatterd into the indefinite  
Gird on thy sword O thou most mighty in glory & majesty  
Destroy these opressors of Jerusalem & those who ruin Shiloh

So spoke the Messengers of Beulah. Silently removing  
The Family Divine drew up the Universal tent

Above High Snowdon & closd the Messengers in clouds  
around

Till the time of the End. Then they Elected Seven. called the  
Seven

Eyes of God & the Seven lamps of the Almighty  
The Seven are one within the other the Seventh is named Jesus

The Lamb of God blessed for ever & he followd the Man  
Who wanderd in mount Ephraim seeking a Sepulcher  
His inward eyes closing from the Divine vision & all  
His children wandering outside from his bosom fleeing away

The Daughters of Beulah beheld the Emanation they pitied  
They wept before the Inner gates of Enitharmons bosom  
And of her fine wrought brain & of her bowels within her loins  
Three gates within Glorious & bright open into Beulah  
From Enitharmons inward parts but the bright female terror  
Refusd to open the bright gates she closd and barrd them fast  
Lest Los should enter into Beulah thro her beautiful gates  
The Emanation stood before the Gates of Enitharmon  
Weeping. the Daughters of Beulah silent in the Porches  
Spread her a couch unknown to Enitharmon here reposd

Jerusalem in slumbers soft lulld into silent rest  
Terrific ragd the Eternal Wheels of intellect terrific ragd  
The living creatures of the wheels in the Wars of Eternal life  
But perverse rolld the wheels of Urizen & Luvah back reversd  
Downwards & outwards consuming in the wars of Eternal  
Death

End of The First Night

VALA

## Night the Second

Rising upon his Couch of Death Albion beheld his Sons  
Turning his Eyes outward to Self. losing the Divine Vision  
Albion calld Urizen & said. Behold these sickning Spheres  
Whence is this Voice of Enion that soundeth in my Porches  
Take thou possession! take this Scepter! go forth in my might  
For I am weary, & must sleep in the dark sleep of Death  
Thy brother Luvah hath smitten me but pity thou his youth  
Tho thou hast not pitid my Age O Urizen Prince of Light

Urizen rose from the bright Feast like a star thro' the evening sky  
Exulting at the voice that calld him from the Feast of envy  
First he beheld the body of Man pale, cold, the horrors of death  
Beneath his feet shot thro' him as he stood in the Human Brain  
And all its golden porches grew pale with his sickening light

No more Exulting for he saw Eternal Death beneath  
Pale he beheld futurity; pale he beheld the Abyss  
Where Enion blind & age bent wept in direful hunger craving  
All rav'ning like the hungry worm, & like the silent grave

Mighty was the draught of Voidness to draw Existence in

Terrific Urizen strode above, in fear & pale dismay

He saw the indefinite space beneath & his soul shrunk with  
horror

His feet upon the verge of Non Existence; his voice went forth

Luvah & Vala trembling & shrinking, beheld the great Work  
master

And heard his Word! Divide ye bands influence by influence  
Build we a Bower for heavens darling in the grizly deep  
Build we the Mundane Shell around the Rock of Albion

The Bands of Heaven flew thro the air singing & shouting to  
Urizen

Some fix'd the anvil, some the loom erected, some the plow  
And harrow form'd & fram'd the harness of silver & ivory  
The golden compasses, the quadrant & the rule & balance  
They erected the furnaces, they form'd the anvils of gold beaten

in mills  
Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their base  
The bellows began to blow & the Lions of Urizen stood round the  
anvil

And the leopards coverd with skins of beasts tended the roaring  
fires

Sublime distinct their lineaments divine of human beauty

The tygers of wrath called the horses of instruction from their  
mangers

They unloos'd them & put on the harness of gold & silver & ivory

In human forms distinct they stood round Urizen prince of Light

Petrifying all the Human Imagination into rock & sand

Groans ran along Tyburns brook and along the River of Oxford

Among the Druid Temples. Albion groand on Tyburns brook

Albion gave his loud death groan The Atlantic Mountains  
trembled

Aloft the Moon fled with a cry the Sun with streams of blood

From Albions Loins fled all Peoples and Nations of the Earth

Fled with the noise of Slaughter & the stars of heaven Fled

Jerusalem came down in a dire ruin over all the Earth

She fell cold from Lambeths Vales in groans & Dewy death

The dew of anxious souls the death-sweat of the dying

In every pillard hall & arched roof of Albions skies

The brother & the brother bathe in blood upon the Severn

The Maiden weeping by. The father & the mother with

The Maidens father & her mother fainting over the body

And the Young Man the Murderer fleeing over the mountains

Reuben slept on Penmaenmawr & Levi slept on Snowdon

Their eyes their ears nostrils & tongues roll outward they behold

What is within now seen without they are raw to the hungry wind

They become Nations far remote in a little & dark Land

The Daughters of Albion girded around their garments of  
Needlework

Stripping Jerusalem's curtains from mild demons of the hills  
Across Europe & Asia to China & Japan like lightnings  
They go forth & return to Albion on his rocky couch  
Gwendolen Ragan Sabrina Gonorill Mehetabel Cordella  
Boadicea Conwenna Estrild Gwinefrid Ignoge Cambel  
Binding Jerusalem's Children in the dungeons of Babylon  
They play before the Armies before the hounds of Nimrod  
While The Prince of Light on Salisbury plain among the druid  
stones

Rattling the adamantine chains & hooks heave up the ore  
In mountainous masses, plung'd in furnaces, & they shut &  
seald

The furnaces a time & times; all the while blew the North  
His cloudy bellows & the South & East & dismal West  
And all the while the plow of iron cut the dreadful furrows  
In Ulro beneath Beulah where the Dead wail Night & Day

Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction & sealed  
And Vala fed in cruel delight, the furnaces with fire  
Stern Urizen beheld urg'd by necessity to keep  
The evil day afar, & if perchance with iron power  
He might avert his own despair; in woe & fear he saw

Vala incircle round the furnaces where Luvah was clos'd  
In joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah  
With whom she walkd in bliss, in times of innocence & youth

Hear ye the voice of Luvah from the furnaces of Urizen

If I indeed am Valas King & ye O sons of Men  
The workmanship of Luvahs hands; in times of Everlasting  
When I call'd forth the Earth-worm from the cold & dark obscure  
I nurturd her I fed her with my rains & dews, she grew  
A scaled Serpent, yet I fed her tho' she hated me  
Day after day she fed upon the mountains in Luvahs sight  
I brought her thro' the Wilderness, a dry & thirsty land  
And I commanded springs to rise for her in the black desert  
Till she became a Dragon winged bright & poisonous  
I open'd all the floodgates of the heavens to quench her thirst

And I commanded the Great deep to hide her in his hand  
Till she became a little weeping Infant a span long  
I carried her in my bosom as a man carries a lamb  
I loved her I gave her all my soul & my delight  
I hid her in soft gardens & in secret bowers of Summer  
Weaving mazes of delight along the sunny Paradise  
Inextricable labyrinths, She bore me sons & daughters  
And they have taken her away & hid her from my sight

They have surrounded me with walls of iron & brass, O Lamb  
Of God clothed in Luvahs garments little knowest thou  
Of death Eternal that we all go to Eternal Death  
To our Primeval Chaos in fortuitous concourse of incoherent  
Discordant principles of Love & Hate I suffer affliction  
Because I love. for I was love but hatred awakes in me  
And Urizen who was Faith & Certainty is chang'd to Doubt  
The hand of Urizen is upon me because I blotted out  
That Human delusion to deliver all the sons of God  
From bondage of the Human form, O first born Son of Light

O Urizen my enemy I weep for thy stern ambition  
But weep in vain O when will you return Vala the Wanderer

These were the words of Luvah patient in afflictions  
Reasoning from the loins in the unreal forms of Ulros night

And when Luvah age after age was quite melted with woe  
The fires of Vala faded like a shadow cold & pale  
An evanescent shadow. last she fell a heap of Ashes  
Beneath the furnaces a woful heap in living death  
Then were the furnaces unscald with spades & pickaxes  
Roaring let out th fluid, the molten metal ran in channels  
Cut by the plow of ages held in Urizens strong hand  
In many a valley, for the Bulls of Luvah dragd the Plow

With trembling horror pale aghast the Children of Man  
Stood on the infinite Earth & saw these visions in the air  
In waters & in Earth beneath they cried to one another  
What are we terrors to one another. Come O brethren wherefore  
Was this wide Earth spread all abroad. not for wild beasts to

roam

But many stood silent & busied in their families  
And many said We see no Visions in the darksome air  
Measure the course of that sulphur orb that lights the darksome

day

Set stations on this breeding Earth & let us buy & sell  
Others arose & schools Erected forming Instruments  
To measure out the course of heaven. Stern Urizen beheld  
In woe his brethren & his Sons in darkning woe lamenting  
Upon the winds in clouds involvd Uttering his voice in thunders

Commanding all the work with care & power & severity

Then siezd the Lions of Urizen their work, & heated in the forge  
Roar the bright masses, thund'ring beat the hammers, many a  
pyramid

Is form'd & thrown down thund'ring into the deeps of Non Entity  
Heated red hot they hizzing rend their way down many a league  
Till resting. each his [center] finds; suspended there they stand  
Casting their sparkies dire abroad into the dismal deep  
For measurd out in orderd spaces the Sons of Urizen  
With compasses divide the deep; they the strong scales erect

That Luvah rent from the faint Heart of the Fallen Man  
And weigh the massy Cubes, then fix them in their awful  
stations

And all the time in Caverns shut, the golden Looms erected  
First spun, then wove the Atmospheres, there the Spider &  
Worm

Plied the wingd shuttle piping shrill thro' all the list'ning threads  
Beneath the Caverns roll the weights of lead & spindles of iron  
The enormous warp & woof rage direful in the affrighted deep

While far into the vast unknown, the strong wing'd Eagles bend  
Their venturous flight, in Human forms distinct; thro darkness  
deep

They bear the woven draperies; on golden hooks they hang  
abroad

The universal curtains & spread out from Sun to Sun  
The vehicles of light, they separate the furious particles  
Into mild currents as the water mingles with the wine.

While thus the Spirits of strongest wing enlighten the dark deep  
The threads are spun & the cords twisted & drawn out; then the  
weak  
Begin their work; & many a net is netted; many a net

Spread & many a Spirit caught, innumerable the nets  
Innumerable the gins & traps; & many a soothing flute  
Is form'd & many a corded lyre, outspread over the immense  
In cruel delight they trap the listeners, & in cruel delight  
Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little compass  
Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted; some  
The bulbous roots, thrown up together into barns & garner

Then rose the Builders; First the Architect divine his plan  
Unfolds, The wondrous scaffold reard all round the infinite  
Quadrangular the building rose the heavens squared by a line.  
Trigon & cubes divide the elements in finite bonds  
Multitudes without number work incessant: the hewn stone  
Is placd in beds of mortar mingled with the ashes of Vala  
Severe the labour, female slaves the mortar trod oppressed

Twelve halls after the names of his twelve sons composd  
The wondrous building & three Central Dome after the Names  
Of his three daughters were encompassd by the twelve bright  
halls  
Every hall surrounded by bright Paradises of Delight  
In which are towns & Cities Nations Seas Mountains & Rivers  
Each Dome open toward four halls & the Three Domes  
Encompassd

The Golden Hall of Urizen whose western side glowd bright  
With ever streaming fires beaming from his awful limbs

His Shadowy Feminine Semblance here reposd on a White  
Couch

Or hoverd oer his Starry head & when he smild she brightend  
Like a bright Cloud in harvest. but when Urizen frownd She wept  
In mists over his carved throne & when he turnd his back

Upon his Golden hall & sought the Labyrinthine porches  
Of his wide heaven Trembling, cold in paling fears she sat  
A Shadow of Despair therefore toward the West Urizen formd  
A recess in the wall for fires to glow upon the pale  
Females limbs in his absence & her Daughters oft upon  
A Golden Altar burnt perfumes with Art Celestial formd

Foursquare sculpturd & sweetly Engravd to please their  
shadowy mother

As[c]ending into her misty garments the blue smoke rolld to  
revive

Her cold limbs in the absence of her Lord. Also her sons  
With lives of Victims sacrificed upon an altar of brass  
On the East side. Revivd her Soul with lives of beasts & birds  
Slain on the Altar up ascending into her cloudy bosom  
Of terrible workmanship the Altar labour of ten thousand Slaves

One thousand Men of wondrous power spent their lives in its  
formation

It stood on twelve steps namd after the names of her twelve sons  
And was Erected at the chief entrance of Urizens hall

When Urizen returnd from his immense labours & travels

Descending She reposd beside him folding him round  
In her bright skirts. Astonishd & Confounded he beheld  
Her shadowy form now Separate he shudderd & was silent  
Till her caresses & her tears revivd him to life & joy  
Two wills they had two intellects & not as in times of old  
This Urizen perciev'd & silent brooded in darkning Clouds  
To him his Labour was but Sorrow & his Kingdom was

Repentance

He drave the Male Spirits all away from Ahania  
And she drave all the Females from him away

Los joyd & Enitharmon laughd, saying Let us go down  
And see this labour & sorrow; They went down to see the woes  
Of Vala & the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights

And Vala like a shadow oft appeard to Urizen

The King of Light beheld her mourning among the Brick kilns  
compell'd

To labour night & day among the fires, her lamenting voice  
Is heard when silent night returns & the labourers take their rest

O Lord wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions  
Among these flames incessant labouring, our hard masters  
laugh

At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water  
To carry the heavy basket on our scorched shoulders, to sift  
The sand & ashes, & to mix the clay with tears & repentance  
I see not Luvah as of old I only see his feet  
Like pillars of fire travelling thro darkness & non entity

The times are now returnd upon us, we have given ourselves  
To scorn and now are scorned by the slaves of our enemies  
Our beauty is coverd over with clay & ashes, & our backs  
Furrowd with whips, & our flesh bruised with the heavy basket  
Forgive us O thou piteous one whom we have offended, forgive  
The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to  
thee.

Thus she lamented day & night, compelld to labour & sorrow  
Luvah in vain her lamentations heard; in vain his love  
Brought him in various forms before her still she knew him not

Still she despisd him, calling on his name & knowing him not  
Still hating still professing love, still labouring in the smoke

And Los & Enitharmon joyd, they drank in tenfold joy  
From all the sorrow of Luvah & the labour of Urizen  
And Enitharmon joyd Plotting to rend the secret cloud  
To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahania

But infinitely beautiful the wondrous work arose  
In sorrow & care. a Golden World whose porches round the  
heavens

And pillard halls & rooms reciev'd the eternal wandering stars  
A wondrous golden Building; many a window many a door  
And many a division let in & out into the vast unknown  
[Cubed] in [window square] immoveable, within its walls &  
cielings

The heavens were clod and spirits mourn'd their bondage night  
and day

And the Divine Vision appear'd in Luvah's robes of blood

Thus was the Mundane shell builded by Urizen's strong power

Sorrowing went the Planters forth to plant, the Sowers to sow  
They dug the channels for the rivers & they pour'd abroad

The seas & lakes, they reard the mountains & the rocks & hills  
On broad pavilions, on pillard roofs & porches & high towers  
In beauteous order, thence arose soft clouds & exhalations  
Wandering even to the sunny Cubes of light & heat  
For many a window ornamented with sweet ornaments

Look'd out into the World of Tharmas, where in ceaseless  
torrents

His billows roll where monsters wander in the foamy paths

On clouds the Sons of Urizen beheld Heaven wall'd round  
They weigh'd & order'd all & Urizen comforted saw  
The wondrous work flow forth like visible out of the invisible  
For the Divine Lamb Even Jesus who is the Divine Vision  
Permitted all lest Man should fall into Eternal Death  
For when Luvah sunk down himself put on the robes of blood  
Lest the state call'd Luvah should cease. & the Divine Vision  
Walked in robes of blood till he who slept should awake

Thus were the stars of heaven created like a golden chain  
To bind the Body of Man to heaven from falling into the Abyss

Each took his station, & his course began with sorrow & care

In sevens & tens & fifties, hundreds, thousands, numberd all  
According to their various powers. Subordinate to Urizen  
And to his sons in their degrees & to his beauteous daughters

Travelling in silent majesty along their orderd ways  
In right lined paths outmeasurd by proportions of number weight  
And measure. mathematic motion wondrous. along the deep  
In fiery pyramid. or Cube. or unornamented pillar  
Of fire far shining. travelling along even to its destined end  
Then falling down. a terrible space recovering in winter dire  
Its wasted strength. It back returns upon a nether course  
Till fired with ardour fresh recruited in its humble season  
It rises up on high all summer till its wearied course  
Turns into autumn. such the period of many worlds  
Others triangular right angled course maintain. others obtuse  
Acute Scalene, in simple paths. but others move  
In intricate ways biquadrate. Trapeziums Rhombs Rhomboids  
Parallelograms. triple & quadruple. polygonic  
In their amazing hard subdued course in the vast deep

And Los & Enitharmon were drawn down by their desires  
Descending sweet upon the wind among soft harps & voices  
To plant divisions in the Soul of Urizen & Ahanias  
To conduct the Voice of Enion to Ahanias midnight pillow

Urizen saw & envied & his imagination was filled  
Repining he contemplated the past in his bright sphere  
Terrified with his heart & spirit at the visions of futurity

That his dread fancy formd before him in the unformd void

For Los & Enitharmon walkd forth on the dewy Earth  
Contracting or expanding their all flexible senses  
At will to murmur in the flowers small as the honey bee  
At will to stretch across the heavens & step from star to star  
Or standing on the Earth erect, or on the stormy waves  
Driving the storms before them or delighting in sunny beams  
While round their heads the Elemental Gods kept harmony

And Los said. Lo the Lilly pale & the rose reddning fierce  
Reproach thee & the beamy gardens sicken at thy beauty  
I grasp thy vest in my strong hand in vain. like water springs  
In the bright sands of Los. evading my embrace. then I alone  
Wander among the virgins of the summer Look they cry

The poor forsaken Los mockd by the worm the shelly snail  
The Emmet & the beetle hark they laugh & mock at Los

Enitharmon answerd Secure now from the smittings of thy  
Power

Demon of fury If the God enrapturd me infolds  
In clouds of sweet obscurity my beauteous form dissolving  
Howl thou over the body of death tis thine But if among the  
virgins

Of summer I have seen thee sleep & turn thy cheek delighted  
Upon the rose or lilly pale. or on a bank where sleep  
The beamy daughters of the light starting they rise they flee  
From thy fierce love for tho I am dissolvd in the bright God

My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks & valleys

Los answerd Therefore fade I thus dissolv'd in raptur'd trance  
Thou canst repose on clouds of secrecy while o'er my limbs  
Cold dews & hoary frost creeps thro' I lie on banks of summer  
Among the beauties of the World Cold & repining Los

Still dies for Enitharmon nor a spirit springs from my dead  
corse

Then I am dead till thou revivest me with thy sweet song  
Now taking on Ahania's form & now the form of Enion  
I know thee not as once I knew thee in those blessed fields  
Where memory wishes to repose among the flocks of Tharmas

Enitharmon answerd Wherefore didst thou throw thine arms  
around

Ahania's Image I deceiv'd thee & will still deceive  
Urizen saw thy sin & hid his beams in darkning Clouds  
I still keep watch altho' I tremble & wither across the heavens  
In strong vibrations of fierce jealousy for thou art mine  
Created for my will my slave tho' strong tho' I am weak  
Farewell the God calls me away I depart in my sweet bliss

She fled vanishing on the wind And left a dead cold corse  
In Los's arms howlings began over the body of death  
Los spoke. Thy God in vain shall call thee if by my strong power  
I can infuse my dear revenge into his glowing breast  
Then jealousy shall shadow all his mountains & Ahania  
Curse thee thou plague of woful Los & seek revenge on thee

So saying in deep sobs he languish'd till dead he also fell

Night passd & Enitharmon eer the dawn returnd in bliss  
She sang Oer Los reviving him to Life his groans were terrible  
But thus she sang. I sieze the sphery harp I strike the strings

At the first Sound the Golden sun arises from the Deep  
And sakes his awful hair  
The Eccho wakes the moon to unbind her silver locks  
The golden sun bears on my song  
And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery King

The joy of woman is the Death of her most best beloved  
Who dies for Love of her  
In torments of fierce jealousy & pangs of adoration.  
The Lovers night bears on my song  
And the nine Spheres rejoice beneath my powerful controll

They sing unceasing to the notes of my immortal hand  
The solemn silent moon