

THE FOUR ZOAS

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
Marshalld 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]>

THE FOUR ZOAS

[*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 Pitys 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 whispring in my Ear
In secret of soft wings. in mazes of delusive beauty
I have lookd into the secret soul of him I lovd
And in the Dark recesses found Sin & cannot return

Trembling & pale sat Tharmas weeping in his clouds

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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 darksome 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

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

A Frowning Continent appeared Where Enion in the Desert
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 [ll] 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
Listning 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

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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 soard
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

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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 & open'd its center
Into Infinitude & ornamented it with wondrous art
Astonish'd sat her Sisters of Beulah to see her soft affections
To Enion & her children & they ponder'd these things wondring
And they Alternate kept watch over the Youthful terrors
They saw not yet the Hand Divine for it was not yet reveal'd
But they went on in Silent Hope & Feminine repose
But Los & Enitharmon delighted in the Moony spaces of Eno
Nine Times they liv'd among the forests, feeding on sweet fruits
And nine bright Spaces wander'd 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 embryon passions. they kiss'd not nor embrac'd for shame & fear
His head beam'd 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 drove the Females all away from Los
And Los drove all the Males from her away
They wander'd long, till they sat down upon the margin'd sea.
Conversing with the visions of Beulah in dark slumberous bliss

But the two youthful wonders wander'd 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 answer'd 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 seiz'd the Horses of Light, & rose into the Chariot of Day

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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!

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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 filld with blood

THE FOUR ZOAS

The Earth spread forth her table wide. the Night a silver cup
Fill'd 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 listend to the Elemental Harps & Sphery Song
They view'd 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 remaind 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 appeard 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

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Cavernous dwellers fill'd the enormous Revelry, Responsing!
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 outstretch'd upon the plain
Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill & from the Barn

But most the polish'd 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 nourish'd 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 arm'd 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 neigh'd; 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

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

By night nor day to comfort her, she labourd 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 clood 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

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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

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So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah & with solemn mourning
They were introduced 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 opake 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 scepter 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

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His sons fled from his side to join the conflict pale he heard
The Eternal voice he stood the sweat child 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 open 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

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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

THE FOUR ZOAS

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 cover'd 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

THE FOUR ZOAS

Stripping Jerusalems 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 Jerusalems 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 calld 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 he black desart
Till she became a Dragon winged bright & poisonous
I opend 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

THE FOUR ZOAS

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 changd 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 darksom air
Measure the course of that sulphur orb that lights the darksom 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

THE FOUR ZOAS

Is form'd & thrown down thund'ring into the deeps of Non Entity
Heated red hot they hissing 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 & garners

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

THE FOUR ZOAS

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 reposed on a White Couch
Or hovered oer his Starry head & when he smild she brightend
Like a bright Cloud in harvest. but when Urizen frowned She wept
In mists over his carved throne & when he turned 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 formed
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 formed
Foursquare sculptured & sweetly Engraved to please their shadowy mother
Ascending into her misty garments the blue smoke rolled 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. Revived 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 named after the names of her twelve sons
And was Erected at the chief entrance of Urizens hall

When Urizen returned from his immense labours & travels
Descending She reposed beside him folding him round
In her bright skirts. Astonished & Confounded he beheld
Her shadowy form now Separate he shuddered & was silent
Till her caresses & her tears revived him to life & joy
Two wills they had two intellects & not as in times of old
This Urizen perceived & silent brooded in darkening Clouds
To him his Labour was but Sorrow & his Kingdom was Repentance
He drove the Male Spirits all away from Ahania
And she drove all the Females from him away

Los joyd & Enitharmon laughed, 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 appeared to Urizen

THE FOUR ZOAS

The King of Light beheld her mourning among the Brick kilns compelld
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 closd and spirits mournd their bondage night and day
And the Divine Vision appeard in Luvahs robes of blood

Thus was the Mundane shell builded by Urizens strong power

THE FOUR ZOAS

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

The seas & lakes, they reared 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
Lookd 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 walled round
They weighd & orderd 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 calld 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 failing 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

THE FOUR ZOAS

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 & Ahania
To conduct the Voice of Enion to Ahania's 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 form'd before him in the unform'd void

For Los & Enitharmon walk'd 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 mock'd by the worm the shelly snail
The Emmet & the beetle hark they laugh & mock at Los

Enitharmon answer'd Secure now from the smitings of thy Power
Demon of fury If the God enraptur'd 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 dissolv'd in the bright God
My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks & valleys

Los answer'd 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

THE FOUR ZOAS

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 deceivd 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 languishd 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