VISIONS of the Daughters of Albion

The Eye sees more than the Heart knows.
The Argument

I loved Theostarman
And I was not ashamed.
I trembled in my virgin fears
And I hid in Leutha's vale.

I plucked Leutha's flower,
And I rose up from the vale;
But the terrible thunders tore
My virgin mantle in twain.


Enslav'd, the Daughters of Albion weep: a trembling lamentation
Upon their mountains; in their valleys, sighs toward America.

For the soft soul of America, Oothoon wandered in woe,
Along the vales of Leutha seeking flowers to comfort her;
And, thus she spoke to the bright Marygold of Leutha's vale

Art thou a flower? art thou a nymph? I see thee now a flower?
Now a nymph! I dare not pluck thee from thy dewy bed.

The Golden nymph replied; pluck thou my flower Oothoon the
Another flower shall spring, because the soul of sweet delight
Can never pass away, she ceased & closed her golden shrine.

Then Oothoon plucked the flower saying, I pluck thee from thy bed.
Sweet flower, and put thee here to glow between my breasts;
And thus I turn my face to where my whole soul seeks.

Over the waves she went in wing'd exulting swift delight;
And over Thestarians reign, took her impetuous course.

Bromion rent her with his thunders, on his stormy bed
Lay the faint maid, and soon her woes appalled his thunderous house.

Bromion spoke, behold this harlot here on Bromions bed.
And let the jealous dolphins sport around the lovely maid;
The soft American plains are mine, and mine the north & south;
Stamp't with my signet are the swarthy children of the sun;
They are obedient, they resist not, they obey the scourge;
Their daughters worship terrors and obey the violent.
Now thou maist marry Brumios' harlot; and protect the child
Of Brumios' rage, that Oothoon shall put forth in nine moons

Then storms rent Theotarmon's limbs; he rolld his waves around,
And folded his black jealous waters round the exile's pair.
Bound back to back in Brumios' caves terror & meekness dwell

At entrance Theotarmon sits wearing the threshold hard,
With secret tears; beneath him sound like waves on a desert shore.
The voice of slaves beneath the sun, and children bought with money,
That shiver in religious caves beneath the burning fires

Oothoon weeps not; she cannot weep; her tears are locked up;
But she can howl incensurate with her soft snowy limbs,
And calling Theotarmon's Eagles to prey upon her flesh.

I call with holy voice, kings of the sounding air,
Round away this defiled bosom that I may reflect;
The image of Theotarmon on my pure transparent breast.

The Eagles at her call descend & rend their bleeding prey;
Theotarmon severely smiles, her soul reflects the smile;
As the clear spring muddied with feet of beasts grows pure & smiles.

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.

Why does my Theotarmon sit weeping upon the threshold;
And Oothoon hovers by his side, persuading him in vain:

I cry arise O Theotarmon for the village dog
Barks at the breaking day, the nightingale has done lamenting.
The lark does rustle in the ripe corn, and the Eagle returns
From nightly prey, and lifts his golden beak to the pure east;

Shaking the dust from his unmarred pinions to awake
The sun that sleeps too long. Arise my Theotarmon I am pure.
Because the night is gone that closed me in its deadly black.

They told me that the night & day were all that I could see:
They told me that I had five senses to inclose me up.
And they inclus’d my infinite brain into a narrow circle.
And sunk my heart into the Lloyd’s, a red round globe hot burning,
Till all from life I was obliterated and erased.

Instead of morn arises a bright shadow, like an eye
In the eastern cloud; instead of night a sickly charnel house;
That Theotarmon hears me not; to him the night and morn
Are both alike: a night of sighs, a morning of fresh tears.
And none but Brooman can hear my lamentations.

With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the ravenous hawk?
With what sense does the tame pigeon measure out the expanse?
With what sense does the bee form cells? Have not the mouse & frog
Eyes and ears and sense of touch, yet are their habitations,
And their pursuits, as different as their forms and as their joys;
Ask the wild ass why he refuses burdens; and the meek camel
Why he loves man; is it because of eye ear mouth or skin.
Or breathing nostrils? No, for these the wolf and tyger have.
Ask the blind worm the secrets of the grave, and why her spites
Love to curl round the bones of death; and ask the rainous snake
Where she gets poison; & the wingid eagle why he loves the sun.
And then tell me the thoughts of man, that have been hid of old.

Silent I hover all the night, and all day could be silent.
If Thetarmon once would turn his loved eyes upon me;
How can I be defild when I reflect thy image pure?
(woe
Sweetest the fruit that the worm feeds on, & the soul preyed on by
The new wash'd lamb ting'd with the village smoke & the bright swan
By the red earth of our immortal river. I bathe my wings
And I am white and pure to hover round Thetarmon's breast.

Then Thetarmon broke his silence, and he answered.

Tell me what is the night or day to one o'erflow'd with woe?
Tell me what is a thought; & of what substance is it made?
Tell me what is a joy; & in what gardens do joys grow?
And in what rivers swim the sorrows, and upon what mountains
Wave, shadows of discontent; and in what houses dwell the wretched 
Drunk with woe forgotten, and shut up from cold despair. 

Tell me where dwell the thoughts forgotten till thou call them forth. 
Tell me where dwell the joys of old, & where the ancient loves. 
And when wilt thou renew again & the night of oblivion past. 
That I might traverse times & spaces far remote and bring 
Comforts into a present sorrow and a night of pain. 
Where goest thou O thought! to what remote land is thy flight? 
If thou returnest to the present moment of affliction 
Wilt thou bring comforts on thy wings, and dew and honey and balm. 
Or poison from the desert wilds, from the eyes of the envious.

Then Bremen said: and shook the cavern with his lamentation.

Thou knowest that the ancient trees seen by thine eyes have fruit: 
But knowest thou that trees and fruits flourish upon the earth 
To gratify senses unknown? trees beasts and birds unknown: 
Unknown, not unperceived, spread in the infinite microscope, 
In places yet unvisited by the voyager, and in worlds 
Over another kind of seas, and in atmospheres unknown. 
Ah, are there other wars, beside the wars of sword and fire! 
And are there other sorrows, beside the sorrows of poverty. 
And are there other joys, beside the joys of riches and ease. 
And is there not one law for both the lion and the ox. 
And is there not eternal fire, and eternal chains. 
To bind the phantoms of existence from eternal life. 

Then Ootheen waited silent all the day, and all the night.
But when the morn arose, her lamentation renewed,
The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.

O Urizen! Creator of men! mistaken Demon of heaven,
Thy joys are tears! Thy labour vain, to form men to thine image
How can one joy absorb another; are not different joys
Holy, eternal, infinite, and each joy is a Love.

Does not the great mouth laugh at a jest, & the narrow eyelids mock
At the labour that is above payment, and wilt thou take the ape
For thy counsellor, or the dog, for a schoolmaster to thy children?
Does he who condemns poverty, and he who turns with abhorrence
From usury, feel the same pangs, or are they moved alike?
How can the giver of gifts experience the delights of the merchant?
How can the industrious citizen, the pains of the husbandman?
How different for the fat feasting, with hollow drum;
Who buys, who sells corn holds into wastes, and sings upon the heath;
How different their eye and ear, how different the world to them;
With what sense does the parson claim the labour of the farmer?
What are his nets & guns & traps, & how does he surround him
With cold floods of obstruction, and with forests of solitude,
To build him castles and high spires, where kings & priests may dwell.
Till she who burns with youth; who knows no fixed lot, is bound
In spells of law to one she loathes; and must she drag the chain
Of life, in weary bustle; must chilling murderous thoughts obscure
The clear heaven of her eternal spring; to bear the wretched rage
Of a harsh terror driven to madness, bound to hold a rod.
Over her shrinking shoulders all the day; & all the night
To turn the wheel of false desire; and lenguishing that wake her womb
To the abhorred birth of cherubs in the human form
That live a pestilence & die a meteor & are no more.
Till the child dwell with one he hates; and do the deed he loathes
And the impure scoundrel force his seed into its unripe birth
Ever yet his eyelids can behold the arrows of the day.

Does the whale worship at thy footsteps as the hungry dog?
Or does he scent the mountain prey, because his nostrils wide
Draw in the ocean, does his eye discern the flying cloud
As the ravens eye? or does he measure the expanse like the vulture?
Does the still spider view the cliffs where eagles hide their young
Or does the fly rejoice, because the harvest is brought in?
Does not the eagle scorn the earth & despise the treasures beneath?
But the mole knoweth what is there, & the worm shall tell it thee.
Does not the worm erect a pillar in the mouldering church yard?
And a palace of eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave.
Over his porch these words are written: Take thy bills, O Man!
And sweet shall be thy taste & sweet thy indigestible renum.

Infancy, fearless, lustful, happy, nestling for delight
In laps of pleasure; innocence, honest, open, seeking
The vigorous joys of morning light; open to virgin bliss.
Who taught thee modesty, subtle, modest? child of night & sleep
When thou, awake, wilt thou dissimulate all thy secret joys.
Or wilt thou not awake when all this mystery was disclosed?
Then const thou forth a modest virgin knowing to dissimulate.
With nets found under thy night pillow, to catch virgin joy.
And brand it with the name of whore; & sell it in the night.

In silence, even without a whisper, and in seeming sleep
Religious dreams and holy vespers, light thy smiles here.
Once were thy fires lighted by the eyes of honest morn
And does my Theorem seek thee hypocrite modesty?
This knowing, artful, secret, fearful, cautious, trembling hypocrite.
Then is Oothoon a whore indeed, and all the virgin joys
Of life are harlots; and Theorem is a sick man's dream.
And Oothoon is the crafty slave of selfish holiness.

But Oothoon is not so, a virgin filled with virgin fancies:
Open to joy and to delight, where ever beauty appears
If in the morning sun I had it; there my eyes are fixed.
In happy cohabulation; if in evening mild, we grieve with work,
Sit on a bank and draw the pleasures of this free born joy.

The moment of desire! the moment of desire! The virgin,
That pines for man; shall awaken her womb to enormous joys.
In the secret shadows of her chamber: the youth shut up from
The lustful joy, shall forget to generate, & create an amorous image
In the shadows of his curtained room in the fields of his silent pillow.
Are not these the places of religion, the rewards of continence!
The self enjoyings of self denial? Why dost thou seek religion?
Is it because acts are not lovely, that thou seest solitude,
Where the horrible darkens is impregnated with reflections of desire.

Father of Jealousy, be thou accursed from the earth!
Why hast thou taught my Theotormon this accursed thing?
Till beauty fades from off my shoulders, dark and cast out;
A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of non-entity.

I cry, Love! Love! Love! happy happy Love! free as the mountain wind!
Can that be Love, that drinks another as a sponge drinks water.
That clouds with jealousy his nights, with weepings all the day;
To spin a web of age around him, grey and heavy, dark.
Till his eyesicken at the fruit that hangs before his sight.
Such is self-love that empirs all! a creeping skeleton.
With lamplike eyes watching around the frozen marriage bed.

But silken nets, and traps of adamant will Othocean spread,
And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold.
I'll lie beside thee on a bank & view their wanton play.
In lovely cohabulation bids on bids with Theotormon.
Red as the rosy morning, lustful as the first born beam.
Othocean shall view his dear delight, nor ever with jealous cloud.
Come in the heaven of generous love; nor selfish blightings bring.

Does the sun walk in glorious raiment, on the secret floor.
Where the cold miser spreads his gold, or does the bright cloud
On his stone threshold, does his eye behold the beam that brings
Expansion to the eye of pity, or will he bind himself?
Beside the ox to thy hard furrow, does not that mild beam blot
The bat, the owl, the glowing tiger, and the king of night.
The sea fowl takes the wintry blast, for a covering to her limbs:
And the wild snake, the pestilence to adorn him with gems & gold.
And trees & birds & beasts & men, behold their eternal joy.
Arose you, little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy.
Arose and drink your bals, for every thing that lives is holy!

Thus every morning wails Othoohn, but Theormon sets
Upon the margin ocean conversing with shadows dive.

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs.

The End