Preludium

The shadowy daughter of Urthona stood before red Orc:
When fourteen sons had timely journeyed o'er his dark abode;
His food she brought in iron baskets, his drink in cups of iron;
Crowned with a helmet & dark hair the nameless female stood;
A quiver with its burning stores, a bow like that of night;
When pestilence shot from heaven, no other arm she saw:
Invulnerable she, naked, save where clouds roll round her loins;
Their awful folds in the dark air, silent, she stood as night;
For never from her iron tongue could voice or sound arise;
But dumb till that dread day when Orc abyed his heroe embrace.

Dark virgin, said the hairy youth, thy father stern abhorred;
Rivets my tenfold chains while still on high my spirit soars;
Sometimes an eagle screaming in the sky, sometimes a lion,
Striking upon the mountains, & sometimes a whole I lash.
The raging fathomless abyss, anon a serpent folding
Around the pillars of Urthona, and round thy dark limbs,
On the Canadian wilds I fold, feebly my spirit folds.
For chand, beneath I read these caverns; when thou bringest food
I howl my joy, and my red eyes seek to behold thy face;
In vain! these clouds roll to & fro, & hide thee from my sight.
Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy.
The hairy shoulders rend the links, five are the wrists of fire.
Round the terrific loins he seiz'd the panting struggling womb.
It yield'd: she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile:
As when a black cloud shews its lightning to the silent deep.

Soon as she saw the terrible boy then burst the virgin cry.

I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go.
Thou art the image of God who dwells in darkness of Africa.
And thou art full in to give me life in regions of dark death.
On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions,
Endur'd, by roots that writhe their arms into the nether deep.
I see a serpint in Canada, who courts me to his love.
In Mexico an Eagle, and a Lion in Peru.
I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away.
O what limb rending pains I feel, thy fire & my frost.
Muscle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent;
This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold.
A PROPHECY

The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent,
Sullen fires across the Atlantic glow to America's shore;
Piercing the souls of warlike men, who rise in silent night.
Washington, Franklin, Paine & Warren, Gates, Hancock & Green;
Meet on the coast flowing with blood from Albions fiery Prince.

Washington spoke: Friends of America look over the Atlantic sea;
A bended bow is lifted in heaven, & a heavy iron chain
Descends link by link from Albions cliffs across the sea to bund
Brothers & sons of America, till our faces pale and yellow;
Heads deepest, voices weak, eyes downcast, hands work-brib'd,
Feet bleeding on the sultry sands, and the sorrow of the whip
Descend to generations that in future times forget.

The strong voice ceased; for a terrible blast swept over the heaving
The eastern cloud rent; on his cliffs stood Albions wrathful Prince
A dragon form clashing his scales at midnight he arose,
And flamed red meteors round the land of Albion beneath
His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, and his glowing eyes,
Solemn leave the Atlantic waves between the gloomy nations
Swelling, belching from its deeps red clouds & raging fires.
Albion is sick, America pants! enerv'd the Zenith grew.
As human blood shooting its veins all round the arched heaven
Red rose the clouds from the Atlantic in vast wheels of blood.
And in the red clouds rose a Wander o'er the Atlantic sea;
Intense! naked! a Human fire fierce glowing, as the wedge
Of iron heated in the furnace; his terrible limbs were fire
With myriads of cloudy terrar' banners, dark & towers
Surrounded; heat but not light went thru the murky atmos-

The King of England looking westward trembles at the
Albions Angel stood beside the Stone
of night, and saw
The terror like a comet, or more like the
planet red
That once inclosed the terrible wandering comets in its sphere.
Then Mars thou wast our center, &c the planets three flew round
Thy crimson disk; so e'er the Sun was rent from thy red sphere;
The Spectre glowed his horrid length staining the temple long
With beams of blood; & thus a voice came forth, and shook the

temple
The morning comes, the night decays, the watchmen leave
their stations;
The grave is burst, the spires shed, the linen wrapped up;
The bones of death, the couring clay, the sinews shrunk & dry'd.
Reveiving shake, inspiring move, breathing, awakening;
Spring like redeemed captives when their bonds & bars are burst;
Let the slave grinning at the mill, run out into the field;
Let him look up into the heavens & laugh in the bright air;
Let the unchained soul shut up in darkness and in sighing;
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years;
Rise and look out, his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open
And let his wife and children return from the oprurers scourge;
They look behind at every step & believe it is a dream.
Singing, 'The Sun has left his blacknels, & has found a fresher morn
And the fair Moon rejoices in the clear & cloudless night;
For Empire is no more, and now the Lion & Wolf shall cease.'
In thunders ends the voice. Then Albion's Angel wrathful burnt
Beside the Stone of Night; and like the Eternal Lions howl
In famine & war, replyd. Art thou not Orc, who serpent-intend
Stands at the gate of Finitharmon to devour her children;
Blasphemous Demon, Antichrist, hater of Dignities;
Lover of wild rebellion, and transgressor of Gods Law;
Why dost thou come to Angels eyes in this terrific form?
The terror answered; I am Orc, wreathed round the accursed tree:
The times are ended; shadows pass the morning guns to break;
The fiery joy that Urizen perverted to ten commandments,
What night he led the starry hosts thro' the wide wilderness;
That stony law I stamp to dust: and scatter religion abroad
To the four winds as a torn book, & none shall gather the leaves;
But they shall rot on desert sands, & consume in bottomless deeps;
To make the desarts blossom, & the deeps shrink to their fountains,
And to renew the fiery joy, and burst the stony roof.
That pale religious lechery, seeking Virginity,
May find it in a harlot, and in coarse-clad honesty
She undid the ravished in her cradle night and morn:
For every thing that lives is holy, life delights in life;
Because the soul of sweet delight can never be defiled.
Fires unwrap the earthly globe; yet man is not consumed:
Amidst the lustful fires he walks; his feet become like brads,
His knees and thighs like silver, & his breast and head like gold.
Sound, sound, my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels;
Loud howls the eternal Wolf, the eternal Lion lashes his tail.
America is darkened; and my punishing Demons terrify
Crouch howling before their caverns deep like skins dry'd in the wind.
They cannot smite the wheat, nor quench the flames of the earth.
They cannot smite with scimitars, nor subdue the plow and spade.
They cannot wall the city, nor moat round the castle of princes.
They cannot bring the stubbed oak to overflow the hills.
For terrible men stand on the shores; & in their robes I see
Children take shelter from the lightnings, there stands Washington
And Paine and Warren with their foreheads red toward the east
But clouds obscure my aged sight. A vision from afar!
Sound, sound, my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels;
A vision from afar! A rebel form that rent the ancient
Heavens; Eternal Viper self-renew'd, rolling in clouds
I see thee in thick clouds and darkens on America's shore.
Writhing in pangs of abhorred birth; red flames the once rebellious
And eyes of death; the harlot womb all opened in vain
Heavens in enormous circles, now the times are returned upon thee.
Devourer of thy parent, now thy unutterable torment renew's.
Sound, sound, my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels.
Ah terrible birth! a young one bursting, where is the weeping mouth?
And where the mothers milk? instead those ever-hissing jaws
And parched lips drop with fresh gore; now roll thou in the clouds
Thy mother lays her length outstretched upon the shore beneath.
Sound, sound, my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels.
Loud howls the eternal Wolf, the eternal Lion lashes his tail!
Thus wipt the Angel voice & as he wept the terrible blasts
Of trumpets; blew a loud alarm acro's the Atlantic deep.
No trumpets answer; no reply of clarions or of flies,
Silent the Colonies remain and refuse the loud alarm.

On those vast shady hills between America & Albion's shore;
Now bar'd out by the Atlantic sea; call'd Atlantican hills;
Because from their bright summits you may pafs to the Golden world
An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Empiries,
Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God
By Arian the king of beauty for his stolen bride.

Here on their magic seats, the thirteen Angels sat perturb'd
For clouds from the Atlantic hover o'er the solemn roof.
Fiery the Angels rose, & as they rose deep thunder roll'd.
Around their shores, indignant burning, with the fires of Orc
And Bostans, Angel cried aloud as they flew thro' the dark
night.

He cried: Why trembles honesty and like a murderer,
Why seeks he refuge from the frowns of his immortal station
Must the generous tremble & leave his joy, to the idle: to
the pestilence!

That mock him, who commanded this, what God, what Angel!
To keep the generous from experience till the ungenerous
Are unrestrained performers of the energies of nature,
Till pity is become a trade, and generosity a science.
That men get rich by, & the sandy desert is given to the strong.
What God is he, writes laws of peace, & clothes him in a tempest
What pitying Angel lusts for tears, & fans himself with sighs.
What crawling villain preaches abstinence & wraps himself
In fat of lambs? no more I follow, no more obedience pay.
So cried he, rending off his robe & throwing down his scepter.
In sight of Almighty Guardian, and all the thirteen Angels
Rent off their robes to the hungry wind, & threw their golden scepters

Down on the land of America, indignant: they descended
Headlong, from out their heavenly heights, descending swift as fires

Over the land; naked & flaming, are their limbaments seen
In the deep gloom, by Washington & Paine & Warren they stood
And the flame foiled roaring here, within the pitchy night
Before the Demon red, who burnt towards America,
In black smoke thunders and loud winds rejoicing in its terror

Breaking in smoky wreaths from the wild deep, & gathering thick
In flames, as at a furnace on the land from North to South.
What time the thirteen Governors that England sent can
In Bernard's house; the flames coverd the land, they range they cry
Shaking their mental chains, they rush in fury to the sea
To quench their anguish; at the feet of Washington down fallin
They grovel on the sand and writhing lie, while all
The British soldiers thro' the thirteen states sent up a howl
Of anguish: threw their swords & muskets to the earth & ran
From their encampments and dark castles seeking where to hide
From the grim flames; and from the visions of Orc; in sight
Of Albion's Angel; who enrig'd his secret clouds open
From north to south, and burnt outstretched on wings of wrath armony
The eastern sky, spreading his awful wings across the heavens;
Beneath him roll'd his numerous hosts; all Albion's Angels camp'd
Darken'd the Atlantic mountains; & their trumpets shook the valleys
And with diseases of the earth to cast upon the Abys.
Their numbers forty millions, mustring in the eastern sky.
In the flames stood & viewed the armies drawn out in the skies;
Washington Franklin Paine & Warren Allen Gates & Lee;
And heard the voice of Albion's Angel give the thunderous command.
His plagues obedient to his voice flew forth out of their clouds,
Falling upon America, as a storm to cut them off.
As a blight cuts the tender corn when it begins to appear.
Dark is the heaven above, & cold & hard the earth beneath;
And as a plague wind filled with insects, cuts off man & beast;
And as a sea overwhelms a land in the day of an earthquake;

Fury, rage, madness, in a wind swept through America;
And the red flames of Orc that folded roaring fierce around.
The angry shores, and the fierce rushing of the inhabitants together;
The citizens of New-York close their books & lock their chests;
The mariners of Boston drop their anchors and unlace;
The scribe of Pennsylvania casts his pen upon the earth;
The builder of Virginia throws his hammer down in fear.

Then had America been last, overwhelmed by the Atlantic,
And Earth had last another portion of the infinite,
But all rush together in the night in wrath and raging fire,
The red fires raged; the plagues recoiled; then rolled they back
with fury.
On Albion's Angels: then the Pestilence began in streaks of red
Across the limbs of Albion's Guardian, the spotted plague soweth
Brussels
And the Leprax London's Spirit, sickening all their bands.
The millions sent up a howl of anguish and threw off their hand
—解锁 many
And cast their swords & spears to earth, & stood a naked multitude
Albion's Guardian wraithed in torment on the eastern sky
Pale quarreling toward the brain his glimmering eyes, teeth chattering
Howling & shuddering his legs quavering; convulsed each muscle & sinew
Sickening lay London's Guardian & the ancient mired York
Their heads on snow hills, their ensigns sickening in the sky.

The plagues creep on the burning winds, driven by flames of Orc,
And by the fierce Americans rushing together in the night
Driven over the Guardians of Ireland & Scotland & Wales
The spotted with plagues forsook the frontiers & their banners scarce
With fires of hell, dearm their ancient heavens with shame & woe.
And in his caves the Bard of Albion felt the enormous plagues
And a cowl of flesh grew over his head & scales on his back & ribs;
And rough with black scales; all his Angels fight their ancient heavens
The doors of marriage are open, and the Breeks in rustling scales
Hush into reptile coverts, hiding from the fires of Orc,
That play around the golden roots in wreaths of fierce desire;
Leaving the females naked and glowing with the lust of youth.

For the female spirits of the dead pining in bonds of religion
Run from their fetters reddening & in long drawn arches setting;
They feel the nerves of youth renewed, and desires of ancient times
Over their pale limbs as a vine when the tender grape appears.
Over the hills, the vales, the cities, rage the red flames fierce;
The Heavens melted from north to south; and Urizen who sat
Above all heavens, in thunders' wrap'd, emerg'd his leprous head,
From out his holy shrine, his tears in deluge piteous
Falling into the deep sublime,flung with grey-brow'd snows
And thunderous visages, his jealous wings wave'd over the deep:
Weeping in dismal howlings woe he dark descended howling
Around the smitten bands, clothed in tears & trembling shuddering cold.
His stored snows he pour'd forth, and his ice magazines
He open'd on the deep, and on the Atlantic sea white shining
Leprous his limbs, all over white, and hoary was his visage.
Weeping in dismal howlings before the stern Americans
Hiding the Demon red with clouds & cold mists from the earth:
Till Angels & weak men twelve years should govern over the strong.
And then their end should come, when France reviv'd the Demons light.

Stiff shuddering's shook the heavenly thrones!France Spain & Italy,
In terror viwed the bands of Albion, and the ancient Guardians
Painting upon the elements, smitten with their own plagues
They slow advance to shut the five gates of their law-built heaven
Fulfiled with blasting fancies and with milledens of despair
With fierce disease and lust, unable to stem the fires of Orc:
But the five gates were contriv'd, & their bolts and hinges melted
And the fierce flames burnt round the heavens, & round the abodes of men.