A PROPHETY

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

Washington spoke. Friends of America, look over the Atlantic sea; A benedict bow in heaven is lifted, & a heavy iron chain Descends link by link from Albion's cliffs across the sea to bind Brothers & sons of America, all our faces pale and yellow. Hence, deepest voices weak, eyes downcast, hands work bruised. Feet bleeding on the sultry sands, & the furrows 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 Albion's fiery Prince. A dragon form clashing his scales, at midnight he arose, And flamed, fierce meteor round the head of Albion beneath. His voice, his locks, his awful shoulders, & his glowing eyes...
Revel the dragon thru the human; courting swift as fire
To the close hall of counsel, where his angel form returns.

In a sweet vale shelter'd with cedars, that eternal stretch
Their unmov'd branches, stood the hall; built when the moon
Hast forth.

In that dread night when Uranus call'd the stars round his feet;
Then burst the center from its orb, and found a place beneath;
And Earth conglob'd in narrow roam, roll'd round its sulphur sun.

To this deep valley situated by the flowing Thames;
Where George the third holds counsel, & his Lords & Commons meet;
Shut out from mortal sight the angel came; the vale was dark.
With clouds of smoke from the广电, that in volumes roll'd.
Between the mountains, dismal visions mope around the house.

On chairs of iron, canopied with mystic ornaments.
Of life by magic power condensed; infernal forms art-bound
The council sat; all rose before the aged apparition;
His snowy beard that streams like lambent flames down his white breast.
Wet with tears, & his white garments cast a wintry light.

Then as armed clouds arise terrific round the northern drum;
The world is silent at the flapping of the folding banners;
So still terrors rent the house: as when the solemn globe
Launch'd, to the unknown shore, while Sotha held the northern helm.

Till to that void it came & fell; so the dark house was rent.
The valley mov'd beneath; its shining pillars split in twain.
And its roofs crack across, down falling on the angelic seats.
When Albion's Angel rose resolved to the core of armoury. His shield, that bound twelve demons & their cites in its orb, He took down from its trembling pillar, from its cavern deep. This shield was brought by London's Guardian & his thirsty spear. By the wise spirit of London's river, silent stood the King breathing rich flames.

And on his shining limbs they clung the armour of terrible gold. Infinite London's awful spires cast a dreadful gleam. Even to rational things beneath, and from the palace walls Around Saint James's glow the fires ever to the city gate.

On the vast stone whose name is Truth he stood, his cloud Smote with his sceptre, the scale bound orb loud howled; th' eternal pillar Trembling sunk, an earthquake rolled along the rocky pile.

In glittering armour, swift as winds; intelligent as flames; Four winged heralds; mount the furious blasts & blow their trumps Gold, silver, brass & iron ordnary clamoring rend the shores. Like white clouds rising from the deeps, his fifty-two armies From the four cliffs of Albion rise, glowing around their Prince: Angels of cities and of parishes and villages and families: In armour as the nerves of wisdom, each his station pres.

In opposition dire, a warlike cloud the myriads stood In the red air before the Demon; seen, even by mortal men. Who call it fiery, or shut the gates of sensie, & in their chambers Sleep like the dead. But like a constellation, rain and blazes Over the rugged ocean; so the Angels of Albion hung Over therowning shadow, like Existing in arms of gold. Who went over a day, in which his only son outstretched By rebels' hands was slain; his white beard was rent in the wind.

On mountains & cliffs of snow the awful apparition hovered; And like the voices of religious dead, heard in the mountains: When holy zeal scents the sweet valleys of ripe vin-...
Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy.
The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire;
Round the terrestic loins he seiz'd the panting, struggling womb;
In joy; she put aside her clouds & smiled her first-born smile;
As when a black cloud shows its lightnings 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 fallen to give me life in regions of dark death.
On my American plains I feel the struggling afflictions
Endur'd by roots that writh their arms into the nether deep;
I see a serpent 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 & thy frost,
Mingle in howling pains, in furrows by thy lightnings rent;
This is eternal death; and this the torment long foretold.
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 terrified
Crouch howling before their caverns deep like skins dry'd in the wind.
They cannot smite the wheat, nor quench the fumes of the earth.
They cannot smite with sorrows, 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 overgrow 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 reared toward the east.
But clouds obscure my aged sight, A vision from afar!
Sound! sound! my loud war-trumpets & alarm my thirteen Angels:
Ah vision from afar! Ah rebel form that rent: the ancient
Heavens; Eternal Viper self-renew'd, rolling in clouds.
I see thee in thick clouds and darkness on America's shore.
With wings in parings of abhorred birth, red flames the crest rebellious.
And eyes of death; the harlot womb off opened in vain.
Heaves in enormous circles, now the tides are returned upon thee.
Devourer of thy parent, now thy unutterable torment renewed.
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-hungry jaws.
And parched lips drop with fresh gore; now roll thou in the clouds.
Thy mother lays her length out-stretched 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 wept the Angel voice, as he wept the terrible blasts
Of trumpets, blew a loud alarm across the Atlantic deep.
No trumpets answer; no reply of clarions or of fires,
Silent the Colonies remain and refuse the loud alarm.

On those vast shady hills between America & Albions shore;
Now barred out by the Atlantic sea; called Atlantean hills;
Because from their bright summits you may paws to the Golden world
An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Empires.
Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God
By Aristotle the king of beauty for his stolen bride.

Here on their magic seats, the thirteen Angels sat perturbed
For clouds from the Atlantic hover over the solemn roof.
What time the thirteen Governors that England sent come
In Bernhard's house; the flames o'er the land, they urge the cry.
Shaking their mental chains they rush in fury to the sea,
To quench their anguish; at the feet of Washington down fall,
They grovel on the sand and nothing lie, while all
The British soldiers thru the thirteen States sent up a howl;
Of anguish; threw their swords & muskets to the earth & ran
From their encampments & dark castles seeking where to run.
From the grim flames; and from the visions of Ere; in sight
Of Albion's Ange: who enroiled his secret clouds open.
From north to south, and burnt about on wings of wrath
The eastern sky; spreading his awful wings across the heavens.
Beneath him rolls his numerous hosts; all Albion's Angels camp'd
Darken'd the Atlantic mountains & their trumpets shook the valleys;
And with assurances of the earth to cast upon the Abris.
Their numbers forty millions, mustering in the eastern sky.
What time the thirteen Governors that England sent came
In Bernard's house; the flames over the land, they rove they
Shaking their mental chains they rush in fury to the sea
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