THE SONG OF

Lambeth. Printed by W. Blake 1795
I will sing you a song of Los, the Eternal Prophet;
He sung it to four harps at the tables of Eternity.
In heart-formed Africa
Urizen faded! Anston shudderd!
And thus the Song began:

Adam stood in the garden of Eden;
And Noah on the mountains of Ararat;
They saw Urizen give his Laws to the Nations
By the hands of the children of Los.

Adam shuddered! Noah faded! black grew the sunny
When Zephyr gave Abstract Philosophy to Brahma in the East.
(As Night spoke to the Cloud
To these human formed spirits in smiling hypocrisy, War
Against one another; so let them War on, slaves to the eternal Elements)
Noah shrunk beneath the waters.
Abram fled in fires from Chaldea,
Moses beheld upon Mount Sinai forms of dark delusion:

To Tzemystus, Palamabron gave an abstract Law;
To Pythagoras Socrates & Plato.

Times rolled on ere all the sons of Har, time after time
One on Mount Atlas howled, chained down with the chain of jealousy
Then Colthoon hover'd over Judah & Jerusalem
And Jesus heard her voice in man of sorrows) he receiv'd
A Gospel from wretched Thetormon.

The human race began to wither for the healthy built
Secluded places, fearing the joys of Love
And the diseased only prospirst;
So Antumah call'd up Leutha from her valleys of delight.
And to Mahomet a loose Bible gave.

But in the North, to Odin, Setha gave a Code of War.
Because of Divalada thinking to reclaim his joy.
These were the Churches: Hospitals: Castles: Palaces:
Like nets & snares & traps to catch the joys of Eternity
And all the rest a desert;
Till like a dream Eternity was obliterated & erased.

Since that dread day when Har and Heva fled
Because their brethren & sisters lived in War & Lust;
As they fled they shrunk
Into two narrow doleful forms:
Creeping in reptile flesh upon
The bosom of the ground:
And all the vast of Nature shrunk
Before their shrivelled eyes.

Thus the terrible race of Los & Enitharmon gave
Laws & Religions to the sons of Har binding them more
And more to Earth: closing and restraining;
Till a Philosophy of Five Senses was complete
Urizen wept & gave it into the hands of Newton & Locke.

Clouds roll heavy upon the Alps round Rousseau & Voltaire:
And on the mountains of Lebanon round the deceased Gods
Of Asia: & on the deserts of Africa round the Fallen Angels.
The Guardian Prince of Albion burns in his nightly tent.
The Kings of Asia heard
The howl rise up from Europe,
And each ran out from his web:
From his ancient woven den;
For the darner of Asia was startled
At the thick-flaming, thought-creating fires of Orc.

And the Kings of Asia stood
And cried in bitterness of soul.
Shall not the King call for famine from the heath?
Nor the Priest for Pestilence from the fen?
To restrain! to dismay! to thin!
The inhabitants of mountain and plain:
In the day of full-feeding prosperity;
And the night of delicious songs.

Shall not the Councillor throw his curb
Of Poverty on the laborious?
To fix the price of labour:
To invent phlegmatic riches

And the prey, admonishers of men
Call for fire in the City
For heaps of smoking ruins,
In the night of prosperity & wantonness
To turn man from his path,
To restrain the child from the womb.