Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albions River
From Rahtlagh & Strumbolo. from Cromwells gardens & Chelsea
The place of wounded Soldiers. but when he saw my Place
Whirld round from heaven to earth. trembling he sat; his cold
Poisons rose up: & his sweet deceits coverd them all over
With a tender cloud. As thou art now; such was he O Spectre
I know thy deceit & thy revenges, and unless thou desist
I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen:
Be attentive: be obedient: Lo the Furnaces are ready to recieve thee
I will break thee into shivers: & melt thee in the furnaces of death
I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment if thou
Desist not from thine own will. & obey not my stern command:
I am closd up from my children: my Emanation is dividing
And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark
I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours: To beat
These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Anvils of bitter Death
I am inspired: I act not for myself: for Albions sake
I now am what I am: a horror and an astonishment
Shuddring the heavens to look upon me: Behold what cruelties
Are practised in Babel & Shinar. & have approachd to Zions Hill

While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shuddring before him
Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey
Los opend the Furnaces in fear. the Spectre saw to Babel & Shinar
Across all Europe & Asia. he saw the tortures of the Victims.
He saw now from the ouside what he before saw & felt from within
He saw that Los was the sole. uncontrolld Lord of the Furnaces
Groaning he kneeld before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone.
Hungring & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience.
While Los pursud his speech in threatnings loud & fierce.

Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness: I have found thee out:
Thou art reveald before me in all thy magnitude & power
Thy Uncircumcised pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder:
Thy holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me
Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albions Spectre
For I am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired fury
If thou wast cast forth from my life: if I was dead upon the mountains
Thou mightest be pitied & lovd: but now I am living: unless
Thou abstain ravening I will create an eternal Hell for thee.
Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellows
Take thou these Tongs: strike thou alternate with me: labour obedient
Hand & Hyle & Koban: Skofeld. Kox & Kotope. labour mightily
In the Wars of Babel & Shinar. all their Emanations were
Condensd. Hand has absorbd all his Brethren in his might
All the infant Loves & Graces were lost: for the mighty Hand

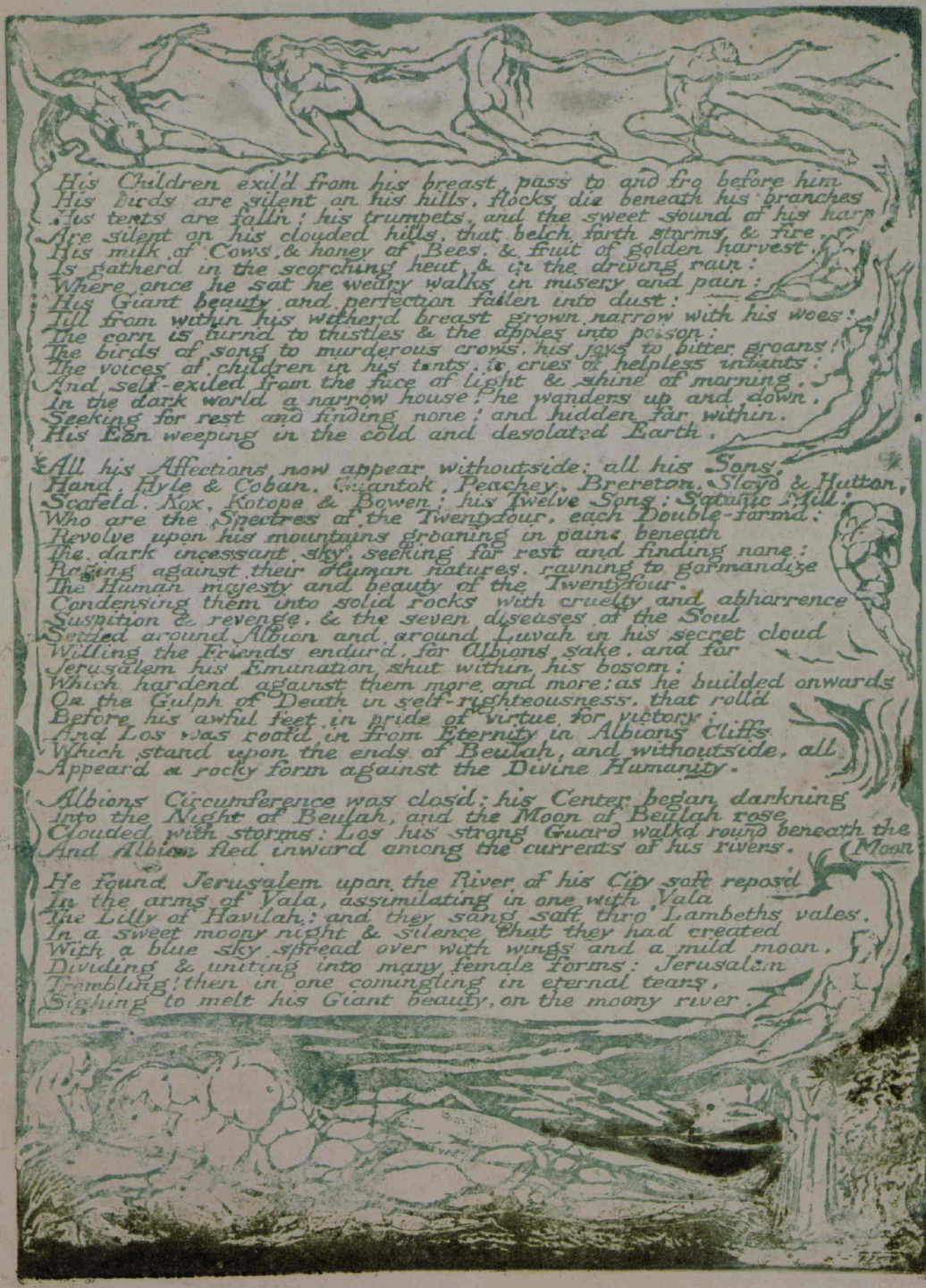
Con-

Condensid his Emanations into hard opake substances;
And his infant thoughts & desires, into cold dark cliffs of death.
His hammer of gold he forgd; and his anvil of adamant.
He sieze the bars of condensid thoughts, to forge them:
Into the sword of war: into the bow and arrow:
Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun
I saw the limbs formd for exercise, contemnd; & the beauty of
Eternity, looked upon as deformity & loveliness as a dry tree:
I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb
Of God, to destroy Jerusalem, & to devour the body of Albion
By war and Stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman:

Awkwardness armid in steel: Folly in a helmet of gold:
Weakness with horns & talons: ignorance with a ravning beak:
Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime:
And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion:
Inspiration denyd: Genius forbidden by laws of punishment:
I saw terrified. I took the sighs & tears & bitter groans:
I lifted them into my Furnaces; to form the spiritual sword.
That lays open the hidden heart: I drew forth the pang
Of sorrow red hot: I worked it on my resolute anvil:
I heated it in the flames of Hand, & Hyle, & Coban
Nine times: Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwineverra

Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,
The crysolite, the topaz, the jacinth, & every precious stone.
Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard:
I labour day and night. I behold the soft affections
Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty
But still I labour in hope, tho' still my tears flow down.
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelld to defend
A Lie: that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken
That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease: arise Spectre arise!

Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans, & tears:
Groaning the Spectre heavd the bellows, obeying Los's frowns:
All the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces
Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre,



His Children exil'd from his breast pass to and fro before him
His Birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches
His tents are fallin; his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp
Are silent on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms & fire.
His milk of Cows & honey of Bees & fruit of golden harvest
Is gatherd in the scorching heat & in the driving rain:
Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain:
His Giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust:
Till from within his witherd breast grown narrow with his woes:
The corn is turnd to thistles & the apples into poison:
The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans!
The voices of children in his tents, to cries of helpless infants:
And self-exiled from the face of light & shine of morning,
In the dark world a narrow house! he wanders up and down,
Seeking for rest and finding none; and hidden far within,
His Eon weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

All his Affections now appear withoutside: all his Sons,
Hand, Hyle & Coban, Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton,
Scafeld, Kox, Kotope & Bowen; his Twelve Sons: Satanic Mill:
Who are the Spectres of the Twentyfour, each Double-formd:
Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain beneath
The dark incessant sky seeking for rest and finding none:
Raging against their Human natures, ravning to gormandize
The Human majesty and beauty of the Twentyfour.
Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence
Suspition & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul
Seizd around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud
Willing the Friends endurd, for Albions sake, and for
Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom:
Which hardend against them more and more: as he builded onwards
On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that rolld
Before his awful feet in pride of virtue, for victory:
And Los was roald in from Eternity in Albions Cliffs
Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all
Appeard a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albions Circumference was closd: his Center began darkning
Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose
Clouded with storms: Los his strong Guard walkd round beneath the Moon
And Albion fled inward among the currents of his rivers.

He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City soft reposd
In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala
The Lilly of Havilah: and they sang soft thro' Lambeths vales.
In a sweet moony night & silence that they had created
With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moon.
Dividing & uniting into many female forms: Jerusalem
Trembling! then in one comingling in eternal tears,
Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.

But when they saw Albion fall'n upon mild Lambeths vale:
Astonish'd! Terrified! they hover'd over his Giant limbs.
Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears:
Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair.

Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life
And clos'd up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence:
Where we live forgetting error, not pondering on evil:
Among my lambs & brooks of water, among my warbling birds:
Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb:
Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection.

Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil.

When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls:
Upon the ways of men huding the paths of man and beast:

Then mourns the wanderer; then he repents his wanderings & eyes
The distant forest: then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone:
The captive in the mill of the stranger, sold for scanty hire:
They view their former life: they number moments over and over:
Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.
Thou art my sister and my daughter: thy shame is mine also:
Ask me not of my griefs. thou knowest all my griefs.

Jerusalem answer'd with soft tears over the valleys.

O Vala, what is Sin, that thou shudderest and weepest
At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem! What is Sin but a little
Error & fault that is soon forgiven: but mercy is not a Sin.
Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness: O! if I have Sinned
Forgive & pity me! O unfold thy Veil in mercy and love!

Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon
Slay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab
I cannot put off the human form I strive but strive in vain
When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine:
Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands
Of love; thou refusedst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty
Beautiful thro' our Loves comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.
The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion.
Because it inclosed pity & love; because we lov'd one-another:
Albion lov'd thee: he rent thy Veil: he embrac'd thee: he lov'd thee!
Astonish'd at his beauty & perfection, thou forgavest his furious love:
I redounded from Albions bosom in my virgin loveliness.
The Lamb of God receiv'd me in his arms he smild upon us:)
He made me his Bride & Wife; he gave thee to Albion.
Then was a time of love: O why is it passed away!

Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd

His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands
And feet, lest any should enter his bosom & embrace
His hidden heart; his Emanation wept & trembled within him:
Uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with
Iron and steel, dark and opake, with clouds & tempests brooding:
His strong limbs shudderd upon his mountains high and dark.

Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went,
His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud
Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul)
Fires and clouds of rolling smoke! but mild the Saviour followd him,
Displaying the Eternal Vision! the Divine Similitude!
In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers, and friends
Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist:

Saying, Albion! Our wars are wars of life, & wounds of love,
With intellectual spears, & long winged arrows of thought:
Mutual in one another's love and wrath all renewing
We live as One Man; for contracting our infinite senses
We behold multitude; or expanding: we behold as one,
As One Man all the Universal Family; and that One Man
We call Jesus the Christ; and he in us, and we in him.
Live in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life.
Giving, recieving, and forgiving each others trespasses.
He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord, and master:
He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all.
In Eden: in the garden of God: and in heavenly Jerusalem.
If we have offended, forgive us, take not vengeance against us.

Thus speaking: the Divine Family follow Albion:
I see them in the Vision of God upon my pleasant valleys.

I behold London; a Human awful wonder of God!
He says, Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee:
My Streets are my Ideas of Imagination.
Awake, Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.
My Houses are Thoughts; my Inhabitants: Affections.
The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels,
Shut from my nervous form, which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah
In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in veiny pipes,
Rolls dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan.
For Albions sake, and for Jerusalem thy Emanation
I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeths shades:
In Felpham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion
I write in South Molton Street, what I both see and hear
In regions of Humanity, in Londons opening streets.

I see thee awful Parent Land in light, behold I see!
Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men.
Generous immortal Guardian golden clad! for Cities
Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mountins
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty! sublime!
In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings
Let down at will around, and calld the Universal Tent.
York, crownd with loving kindness, Edinburgh, clothid
With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture
Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men
Who give themselves in Golgotha, Victims to Justice; where
There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold
Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations viewless.
Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park
To Tyburns deathful shades, admits the wandering souls
Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found

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By

These were his last words. and the merciful Saviour in his arms
Recievd him, in the arms of tender mercy and reposd
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality.
Upon the Rock of Ages. Then surrounded with a Cloud:
In silence the Divine Lord builded with immortal labour.
Of gold & jewels a sublime Ornament. a Couch of repose,
With Sixteen pillars: canopied with emblems & written verse.
Spiritual Verse. orderd & measurd, from whence, time shall reveal.
The Five books of the Decalogue. the books of Joshua & Judges.
Samuel. a double book & Kings. a double book. the Psalms & Prophets
The four-fold Gospel, and the Revelations everlasting
Eternity groand & was troubled. at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earths central joint.
There is a place where Contrarieties are equally true:
To protect from the Giant blows in the sports of intellect.
Thunder in the midst of kindness. & love that kills its beloved:
Because Death is for a period, and they renew tenfold.
From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem
With pangs she forsook Beulahs pleasant lovely shadowy Universe
Where no dispute can come; created for those who Sleep.

Weeping was in all Beulah. and all the Daughters of Beulah
Wept for their Sister the Daughter of Albion. Jerusalem:
When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended
With solemn mourning out of Beulahs moony shades and hills:
Within the Human Heart. whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

And this the manner of the terrible Separation
The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion
Concenter in one Female. form an Aged pensive Woman.
Astonishd! lovely! embracing the sublime shade: the Daughters of Beulah
Beheld her with wonder! With awful hands she took
A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions
And many sorrows; oblique across the Atlantic Vale
Which is the Vale of Rephaim dreadful from East to West.
Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden
Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold. a mild Reflection from
Albions dread Tomb. Eight thousand and five hundred years
In its extension. Every two hundred years has a door to Eden
She also took an Atom of Space, with dire pain opening it a Center
Into Beulah: trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried
Her tears. she ardent embracd her sorrows, occupied in Labours
Of sublime mercy in Rephaims Vale. Perusing Albions Tomb
She sat: she walkd among the ornaments solemn mourning.
The Daughters attended her shudderings. wiping the death sweat
Los also saw her in his seventh Furnace: he also terrified
Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace:
Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place.
When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion
Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud.
Female and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form
Writhing in pain; The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms recievd
Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin
In the Ends of Beulah. where the Dead wail night & day.

And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, in soft tears

Albion the Vortex of the Dead! Albion the Generous!
Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice!
Where Friends Die for each other: will become the Place.
Of Murder. & Unforgiving. Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies
Our Children must be sacrificd! (a horror never known
Till now in Beulah.) unless a Refuge can be found
To hide them from the wrath of Albions Law that freezes sore
Upon his Sons & Daughters. self-exiled from his bosom
Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albions Mountains
To give a Place for Redemption. let Schon and Og
Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

The

The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect:
Now given to stony Druids, and Allegoric Generation
To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep:
Sway'd by a Providence opposd to the Divine Lord Jesus:
A murderous Providence: A Creation that groans, living on Death.
Where Fish & Bird & Beast & Man & Tree & Metal & Stone
Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually:
Albion is now possessd by the War of Blood! the Sacrifice
Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out:
Come Lord Jesus. Lamb of God descend! for if: O Lord!
If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died.
Arise sisters! Go ye & meet the Lord, while I remain—
Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albions cliffs:
Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them:
She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin
A Self-righteousness; the proud Virgin-Harlot! Mother of War!
And we also & all Beulah, consume beneath Albions curse.

So Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering
With their wings they sat in the Furnace, in a night
Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appeard distant stars.
Ascending and descending into Albions sea of death.
And Erins lovely Bow enclosd the Wheels of Albions Sons.

Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response:

Come O thou Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin
To Sin & to hide the Sin in sweet deceit, is lovely!
To Sin in the open face of day is cruel & pitiless! But
To record the Sin for a reproach: to let the Sun go down
In a remembrance of the Sin: is a Woe & a Horror:
A brooder of an Evil Day, and a Sun rising in blood
Come then O Lamb of God and take away the remembrance of Sin

End of Chap 7.

In beauty the Daughters of Albion divide & unite at will
Naked & drunk with blood Gwendolen dancing to the tymbrel
Of War: reeling up the Street of London she divides in twain
Among the Inhabitants of Albion. the People fall around
The Daughters of Albion. divide & unite in jealousy & cruelty
The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest & the Vintage
Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples shrieking
Bonifying into a Scull. the Marrow exuding in dismal pain
They flee over the rocks bonifying: Horses: Oxen: feel the knife.
And while the Sons of Albion by severe War & Judgement bonify
The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife
The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by Jealousy & Fury.

Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration
Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure & affection
Two Contraries War against each other in fury & blood.
And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows:
He fixes them with strong blows, placing the stones & timbers
To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death:
Dividing the Masculine & Feminine: for the comingling
Of Albions & Luvahs Spectres was Hermaphroditic

Urizen wrathful strode above directing the awful Building:
As a Mighty Temple; delivering Form out of confusion
Jordan sprang beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath
Its pillars: Euphrates ran under its arches: white sails
And silver oars reflect on its pillars. & sound on its ecchoing
Pavements: where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain Ungenerate
But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its porticoes.
Day & night. in sublime majesty & silence they revolve
And shine glorious within: Hand & Koban arched over the Sun
In the hot noon. as he traveld thro his journey: Hyle & Skofield
Arched over the Moon at midnight & Los Fixd them there.
With his thunderous Hammer; terrified the Spectres rage & flee
Canaan is his portico; Jordan is a fountain in his porch:
A fountain of musk & wine to relieve the traveller.
Egypt is the eight steps within. Ethiopia supports his pillars.
Lybia & the Lands unknown are the ascent without:
Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art:
Persia & Media are his halls: his utmost hall is Great Tartary.
China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment
Poland & Russia & Sweden, his soft retired chambers
France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany
Are the temples among his pillars. Britain is Los's Forge:
America North & South are his baths of living waters.

Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void
Created from the Valley of Middlesex by Londons River
From Stone-henge & from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathines
The Four Zoa's flush around in all sides in dire ruin
Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion
Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous Works!
A World of Generation continually Creating: out of
The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of Rocky destiny.

The Spectres of Albions Twelve Sons revolve mightily
Over the Tomb & over the Body: ravning to devour
The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron
Walks round: loud his threats, loud his blows fall
On the rocky Spectres, as the Potter breaks the potsherds;
Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses: driving them from Albions
Cliffs: dividing them into Male & Female forms in his Furnaces
And on his Anvils: lest they destroy the Feminine Affections
They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace

While Los lamented at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem,
Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair:
Albions Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin,
In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem.
Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God
They took their Mother Vala, and they crowned her with gold:
They named her Rahab, & gave her power over the Earth.
The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Entuthon Benython.
Even to the stars, exalting her throne, to build beyond the Throne of God
Of God and the Lamb, to destroy the Lamb & usurp the Throne of God
Drawing their Ulro Voidness round the Four-fold Humanity

Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion
The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levelld with the dust:
Her Twelve Gates thrown down: her children carried into captivity
Herself in chains: this from without was seen in a dismal night.
Outside, unknown before in Beulah, & the twelve gates were filld
With blood; from Japan eastward to the Giants causway. west
In Erins Continent: and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates banks
Disorganized: an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among
Her childrens Druid Temples dropping with blood wandered weeping!
And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea.
'My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me
The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me & my children
I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence.'