Rose up against me thundering from the Brook of Albions River
From Tamlaght & Scrumolo, From Cromwell's gardens & Chelsea.
The place of wounded soldiers; but when he saw my face
Ridiculous round from heaven to earth, trembling he said: his cold
Poisons rose up: & his sweet deeds cover them all over
With a tender cloud. As thou art now: such was he. O Spectre
I know thy decent & thy revenges, and unless thou desist
Will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen!
To attentive: The obedient! So the Furnaces are ready to receive 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 thun's own will, & obey not my stern command!
I am close up from my children; my Emanation is dividing
And thou, my Spectre art divided against me. But mark!
I will compel thee to assist me in my terrible labours. To beat
These hypocritical Selfheads on the Crusts 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.
Shuddering the heavens to look upon me: Behold what cruelties
Are practis'd in Babel & Shinar, & have approach'd to Zions Hill
While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shuddering before him
Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey
Los spied 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 outside what he before saw & felt from within.
He saw that Los was the sole, uncontroll'd Lord of the Furnaces
Groaning he stood before Los, iron-shod feet on London Stone,
hungry & thirsting for Los: his yet pretending obedience.
While Los pursu'd his speech in threatenings loud & fierce.

Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness. I have found thee out:
Thou art reveal'd before me in all thy magnitude & power.
My heart uncurtis'd pretensions & Chastity must be cut in sunder:
My holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me.
Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albions Spectre
For am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired Fury
If thou cast forth from my life: if I was dead upon the mountains
You mightest be priest & lawful; but now I am living: unless
Thou assist rendering I will create an eternal Hell for thee.
Take thou this Hammer & of patience heave the thundering Bellow.
Take thou these Tongs; strike thou alternate with me, labour obedient
Hand & Fylke & Kolom: Skot'd. Ko's & Ka'me, labour nightly.
In the Wars of Babel & Shinar, all their Emanations were
Condensed. Hand has absorbed all his Brethren in his might.
All the intent Loves & Graces were lost: for the mighty Hand.
Condense his Emanations into hard opaque substances:
And his void, thoughts & desires, into cold, dark, cliffs of death.
This hammer of gold he forged, and his anvil of adamant.
He seized the past of condensed 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 formed for exercise, contumly, and the beauty of
Eternity, looked upon as deformity, and loveliness as a dry tree;
I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb
Of God, to destroy Jerusalem, and to devour the body of Albion.
By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman:

Awkwardness armed in steel; folly in a helmet of gold;
Weakness with horns & talons; ignorance with a ravining beak;
Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime:
And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion;
Inspiration denied; genius forbidden by laws of punishment;
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 Hoad, & Hyde, & Coban.
Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwenevra.

Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,
The cyrstleite, the topaz, the jacinth, & every precious stone.
Pour round my Furnaces, and loud my hammer is heard;
Labour day and night, I behold the soft affections
Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty.
But still I labour in hope, the still, my tears flow down;
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelled to defend
Lie; that he may be spared 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;
Crowning the Spectre heard the bellows, obeying Los's frowns;
All the spaces of Erun 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 fallen; 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, & fruits of golden harvest. Where once he sat he wearily walked in misery and pain: His Giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust.

Till from within his withered breast grown narrow with his woes; The corn is burned to thistles & the apples into poison. The birds of song to murderous crows, his joy to bitter groans. The voices of children in his tests, & 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 Bosom weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

All his Affections now appear without side: all his Sons. Hand, Iule & Cobun, Quantok, Peachevy, Breveton, Slade & Hutton, Scarf, Aox, Rotope & Berewen: his Twelve Sons: Squanto Mill. Who are the Spectres at the Twentieth, each Double-formed:

Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain beneath the dark incessant sky, seeking for rest and finding none.

Raging against their Human natures, raving to garbandise the Human majesty and beauty of the Twentieth Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence, Suspiration & revenge & the seven diseases of the Soul.

Willing the friends endur'd, for Albinus's sake, and for Jerusalem his Emulation shut within his bosom.

Which hardend against them more and more: as he builded onwards on the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that roiled before his awful feet, in pride of virtue, for victory. And Los was roiled in from storms, in Albinus's Clipe.

Where stood upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all appeared a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albinus's Circumference was closed; his Center began darkning into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose Clouded with storms; Los his strong guard walked round beneath the And Albinus felt inward among the currents of his rivers, Moon.

He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City safe repose, In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala, The Lily of Havilah; and they sang saith thro' Lambeth's vale, In a sweet moonly 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 with all its inhabitants. In eternal tears Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the mooney river.
But when they saw Albion fall, upon mild Lambeth's vale:
Astonished! Terrified they hove over his Giant limbs.
Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wept the veil of tears;
Weeping in pleading of Love, in the web of despair.

Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life
And closed 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 hunting the paths of man and beast.

Then mourns the wanderer; then he repents his wandering eyes,
The distant forest; then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone,
The captive in the null of the stranger, sold for scanty hire.

They view their former life: they number moments, over and over:
Straining 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 answered with soft tears over the valleys.

O Vala, what is Sin, that thou shudderest and weepst.
At sight of thy once loved Jerusalem! What is Sin but a little
Error & fault that is soon forgiven: but mercy is not a Sin.
Nor pity nor love nor kindness for others? 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 but cry the human form I strive but strive in vain.

When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine
They hadst woven it with art, thou hast cast me in the band
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 inclas'd pity & love; because we loved one another.

Albion loved thee, he rent thy Veil, he embraced thee; he loved thee
Enamored at thy beauty & perfection thou forgavest thy erring love.
I redeemed from Albions bosom in my virgin loveliness.

The Lamb of God proved me in his arms he smudged upon us;
He made me his Virgin & Wife; he gave thee to Albion.
Then was a true of love; O why is it passed away?

Then Albion broke silence and with griefs replied:
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 opaque, with clouds & tempests brooding;
His strong limbs shuddered 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
Thunder's of deadly war (the fever of the human soul)
Fires, and clouds of rolling smoke, but mild the Saviour follow'd him.
Displaying the Eternal Vision, the Divine Similitude:
In lovelies 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.
Life, in perfect harmony in Eden, the land of life.
Giving, receiving, and forgiving each others trespasses.
He is the Good shepherds, he is the Lord, and master;
He is the Shepherd of Albion; he is all in all.
In Eden; in the garden of God; 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 veins pipes.
Rolls dreadful through the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan.
For Albion's sake, and for Jerusalem, thy Emanation.
I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

In Fulham, 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 London's 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 & Mountains.
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty, sublime!
In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings
Yet down at will around, and call'd the Universal Tent.
Yea! around with loving kindness, Edinburgh, cloth'd.
With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture.
Weaver 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 Tyburn's deathful shades, admits the wandering souls.
Of multitudes who die from Earth; this Gate cannot be found.
The face and bosom with pensive hardness, and his hands
And feet, lest you should enter his bosom & embrace.
His hidden heart; his Emanation went & trembled within him:
Fearing not his jealousy, but hiding it as with
Iron and steel, dark and opake, with clouds & tempests brooding.
His strong limbs shuddered upon his mountains high and dark.

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We call Jesus the Christ: and he is in us, and we in him.
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The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels.
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In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in yery 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 Fulham 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!
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Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mountains.
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty, sublime!
In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings.
Let down at will around, and call'd the Universal Tent.
York, crown'd with loving kindness; Edinburgh, cloth'd
With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture.
Women 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.
Bordering across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park
To Tyburns dreadful shades, admits, the wandering souls.
Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found.
These were his last words, and the merciful Saviour in his arms
received him, in the arms of tender mercy and repos'd.
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,
So 'twas to Joseph, his Sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose.
With sixteen pillars, canopied with emblems & written verse,
Spiritual Verse, ordered & measur'd, 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 ground & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earth's 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;
From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem,
With pangs she forsook Beulah's 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 Emancipation of the Sages descended,
With solemn plenitude! from Beulah's morny shades and hills,
With the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

And this the manner of the terrible Separation
The Emancipations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion
Concentred in one Female, form an Aged, pensive Woman.
Astonish'd, lovely! embracing the sublime shade, the Daughters of Beulah
Beheld her with wonder: With awful hands she took
A Moment of Time, drawing it with many tears & afflictions
And many sorrows, obtuse across the Atlantic distance,
Which is the Vale of Rephaim, dreadfull 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 Albion's 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 ardently embraced her sorrows, occcupied in labours
Of sublime mercy in Rephaim's Vale, Perusing Albion's Tomb,
She sat, she walked among the ornaments, solemnly, solemnly
The 120th day, that solemn day, dimming the death sweet
She also saw her in his seventh Furnace: he also terrified
Now the finger of God go forth upon his sixth Furnace:
Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place.
When with a dreadful groan the Emancipation mild of Albion
Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud.
FEMALE and lovely, struggling to pull off the Human form
Writhing in pain. The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms receiv'd Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin.
In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wait night & day.

And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, in soft tears:
Albion the Vater 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, & Undergiving, Never-awakening Sacrifice of Enemies
The Children must be sacrificed! (a horror never known
Till now in Beulah,) unless a Refuge can be found.
To hide them from the wrath of Albion's Law that destroys roaming
Upon his Sons & Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom draw ye Jerusalem away from Albion's Mountains
to give a Place for Redemption, let Schen and On
Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave
The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intelect;
Now given to Story Druids, and Allegoric Generation
To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep:
Sword by a Providence opposed 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 possessed by the Way of Blood, the Sacrifice
Of envy, Albion is come, and his Emanation cast out.
Come Lord Jesus, Lamb of God descend! For it 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 Beuluh, consume beneath Albions curse.

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

Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beuluh 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 V.
In beauty the Daughters of Albion divide & unite at will
Naked & drunk with blood Gwendolen dancing to the tambrel
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 shrinking
Dying into a Soul, the Marrow ebbing in dismal path
They die over the rocks & dying: Horses, Oxen, feel the knife
And while the Sons of Albion by sovereign War & Judgment captive
The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife
The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by Jealousy & Fie.

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:
Defying the Masculine & Feminine: for the coming
On Albion's & Luvain's Spectres was Hermaphroditic
Urgin wrathful strode above directing the awful Building:
As a Mighty Temple: delivering Forms out of confusion
Jordan spring 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 echoing
Pavements: where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain degenerate.
But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its partices,
Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve,
And shine glorious within: Hael & Kober arch'd over the Sun
In the hot noon, as he travel'd thro his journey, Hyle & Skardue
Arch'd over the Moon at midnight &: Los Rx'd them there.
With his thunderous Hammer, terrify'd the Spectres range & flee
Cangan is his portico: Jordan is a fountain in his porch
A fountain of milk & wine to relieve the traveller.
Eve walketh 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 unmost hall is Great Tartary
China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment
Poland & Russia & Sweden has its sacred 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 Urgin 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 Gods rush around on all sides in dire ruin
Furious in pride of Selfhood the furious Spectres of Albion
Rear their dark rocks among the stars of God: stupendous
Worries! A World of Generation continually Creating: out of
The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of Rockey destiny.
The Spectres at Albions' Twelve Sons revolve mightily
Over the Tomb, & over the Body, raving to devour
The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron
Walks round, laid his threats, and his blows fall
Out the rocky Spectres; as the Peter breaks the potsherds
And in Self-righteousness, driving them from Albions
Chills; dividing them into Male & Female form in his Furnaces
And on his Anvil; last they destroy the Female Attections
They are broken. Louis how the Spectres in his iron Furnace

While Los launson of his tire labouring, viewes Jerusalem.
Albions where the Sun surround the Forty-two Gates of Braze.
In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem.
Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb & of God.
They took their Mother Vale, and they crowned her with gold.
They named her Rahab & gave her power over the Earth.
The Coeurte Earth round Golgotha in Enthron Banyac.
Even to the stars, exalting their throne to build beyond the Throne of God
Of God and the Lamb, to destroy the Lamb & burn the throne of God.
Drawing their Upro Reckness round the Four-fold Humanity

Naked, Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion.
The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levelled with the dust.
Her Twelve Gates thrown down; her children carried into captivity
Herself in chains; this from within was seen in a dismal night.
Outside, unknowne before in Beulah, the twelve gates were filled
With blood, from Japan eastward to the Giants causeway, west.
In Eruus Continent; and Jerusalem was upon Euphrates banks.
Disorganised, an evanescence, shade scarce seen or heard among
Her childrens Druid Temples, dropping with blood wander'd washing.
And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philistia.

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.