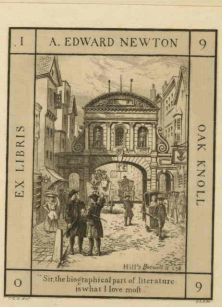
7 pages, see Gilchrist vol. 1 page 127



1806-1

THE GIFT OF
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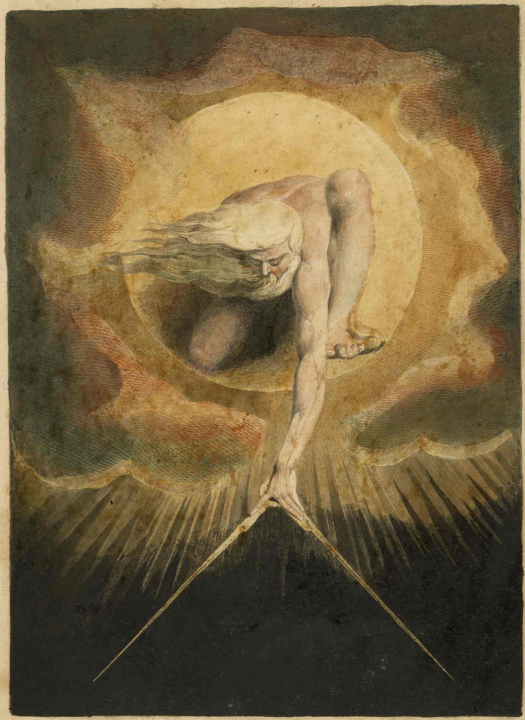
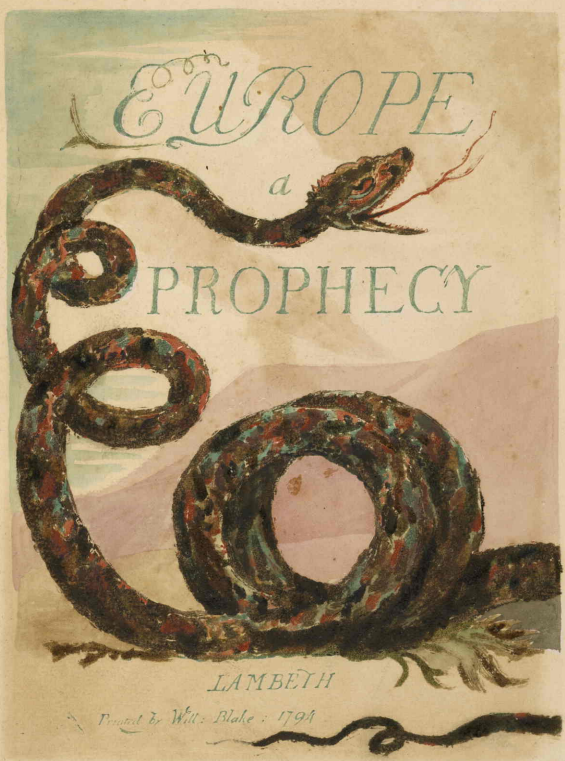



EUROPE
a
PROPHECY
LAMBETH
Printed by Will: Blake : 1794

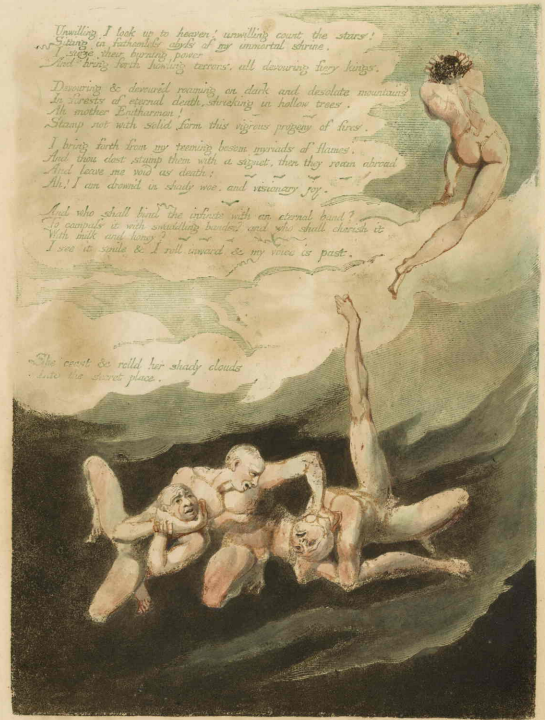
PRELUDIUM

The nameless shadowy female rose From out the breast of Orc:
Her snaky hair brandishing in the winds of Entharmon:
And thus her voice arose:

O mother Entharmon why dost thou bring forth other sons?
To cause my place to vanish, that my place may not be found.
For I am rent with travel!
Like the dark cloud disburdened in the day of dismal thunder.

My sweets are brandished in the heavens, my fruits in earth beneath
Surge, foam, and labour into life, first born & first consumed!
Consumed and consuming!
Then why shouldst thou accursed mother bring me into life?

I weep in my turban of thick clouds around my labring head:
And fold the sheety waters as a mantle round my limbs:
Yet the red sun and moon,
And all the overflowing stars rain down prolific pains.


Unwilling I look up to heaven! unwilling count the stars!
Sitting in fathomless abyss of my immortal shrine.
I spoke their burning power
And bring forth howling terrors, all devouring fiery kings.

Devouring & devoured roaming on dark and desolate mountains
In forests of eternal death, shrieking in hollow trees.
Ah mother Enitharmon!
Stamp not with solid form this vigrous progeny of fires.

I bring forth from my teeming bosom myriads of flames.
And thou dost stamp them with a signet, then they roam abroad
And leave me who as death;
Ah! I am drowd in shady woe, and visionary joy.

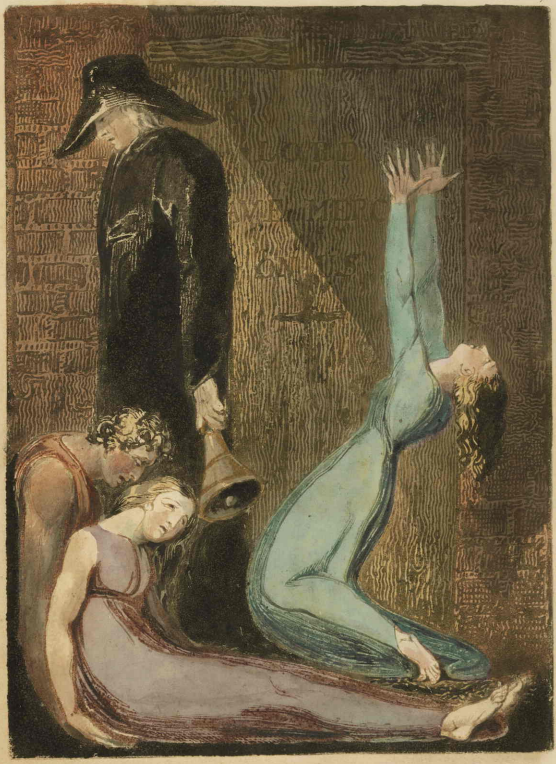
And who shall bind the infinite with an eternal band?
To compass it with swaddling bands? and who shall cherish it
With milk and honey?
I see it smile & I roll inward & my voice is past.

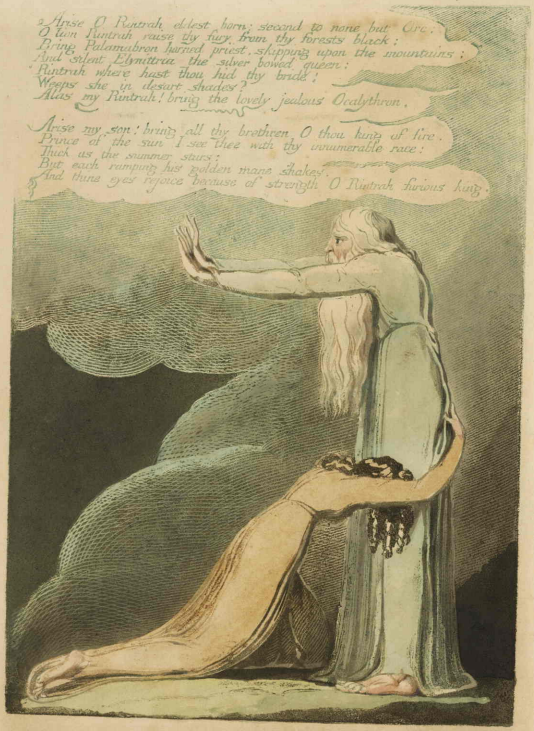
She coast & rolld her shady clouds
Into the secret place.

A PROPHECY
The deep of winter came;
What time the secret child,
Descended thro' the orient gates of the eternal day:
War ceas'd, & all the troops like shadows fled
to their abodes.
Then Enitharmon saw her sons & daughters rise around.
Like pearly clouds they meet together in the crystal house;
And Los, palsefsor of the moon, joyd in the peaceful night;
Thus speaking while his numrous sons shook their bright fiery wings
Again the night is come
That strong Urthona takes his rest,
And Urizen unloosd from chains
Glows like a meteor in the distant north.
Stretch forth your hands and strike the elemental strings;
Awake the thunders of the deep.

The shrill winds wake!
till all the sons of Urizen look out and envy Los:
Seize all the spirits of life and bind
Their warbling joys to our loud strings,
Feed all the nourishing sweets of earth
To give us bliss, that we may drink the sparkling wine of Los
Until we laugh at war,
Despising toil and care,
Because the days and nights of joy in lucky hours renew
Arise O Orc from thy deep den,
First born of Enitharmon rise!
And we will crown thy head with garlands of the ruddy vine;
For now thou art bound;
And I may see thee in the hour of bliss, my eldest born
The horrent Demon rose surrounded with red stars of fire,
Whirling about in furious wheels round the immortal Fiend.
Then Enitharmon down descended into his red light
And thus her voice rose to her children, the distant heavens reply

How comes the night of Enitharmons Joy?
Who shall I call? Who shall I send?
That Woman, lovely Woman! may have dominion?
Arise O Rintrah thee I call! & Palamabron thee!
Go, tell the human race that Womans love is Sin!
That an Eternal life awaits the worms of sixty winters
That an Eternal life awaits the worms of sixty winters
In an allegorical abode where existence hath never come:
Forbid all Joy, & from her childhood shall the little female
Spread nets in every secret path.
My weary eyelids draw towards the evening, my Bliss is yet but new.



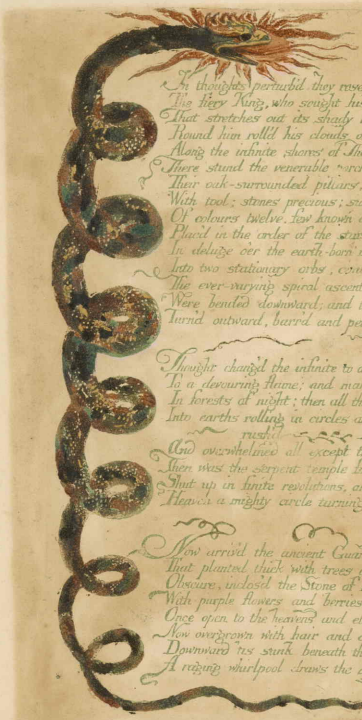

Arise O Rintrah eldest born; second to none but Orc:
O lion Rintrah raise thy fury from thy forests black:
Bring Palamabron horned priest, skipping upon the mountains:
And silent Elynittria the silver bowed queen:
Rintrah where hast thou hid thy bride!
Weeps she in desart shades?
Alas my Rintrah! bring the lovely jealous Ocalythron.

Arise my son: bring all thy brethren O thou king of fire.
Prince of the sun I see thee with thy innumerable race:
Thick as the summer stars:
But each ramping his golden mane shakes.
And thine eyes rejoice because of strength O Rintrah furious king.

Enitharmon slept:
Eighteen hundred years: Man was a Dream:
The night of Nature and their harps unstrung:
She slept in middle of her nightly song:
Eighteen hundred years: a twinkle throughout

Shadows of men in fleeting bands upon the winds:
Divide the heavens of Europe:
Till Albions Angel smitten with his own plagues fled with his bands
The cloud bears hard on Albions shore:
Filld with immortal demons of futurity:
In council gather the smitten Angels of Albion
The cloud bears hard upon the council houses: down rushing
On the heads of Albions Angels.

One hour they lay buried beneath the ruins of that hall:
But as the stars rise from the salt lake they arise in pain.
In troubled mists ecclouded by the terrors of struggling times



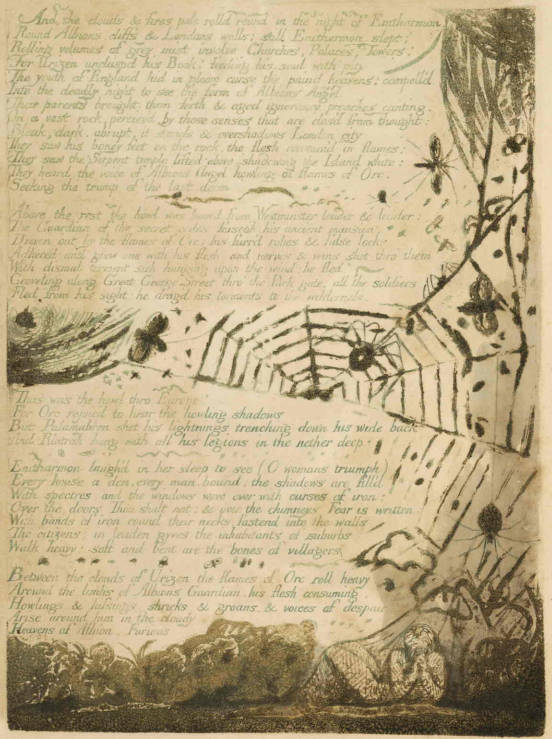
Following

In thoughts perturb'd they rose from the bright ruins silent
The fiery King, who sought his ancient temple serpent-form'd
That stretches out its shady length along the Island white.
Round him roll'd his clouds of war; silent the Angel went,
Along the infinite shores of Thames to golden Verulam.
There stand the venerable porches that high-towering rear
Their oak-surrounded pillars, form'd of massy stones, uncut
With tool; stones precious; such eternal in the heavens,
Of colours twelve, few known on earth, give light in the opake.
Plac'd in the order of the stars, when the five senses whelm'd
In deluge o'er the earth-born man; then turn'd the fluxile eyes
Into two stationary orbs, concentrating all things.
The ever-varying spiral ascents to the heavens of heavens
Were bended downward; and the nostrils golden gates shut
Turn'd outward, barr'd and petrify'd against the infinite.

Thought chang'd the infinite to a serpent; that which pitieth:
To a devouring flame; and man fled from its face and hid
In forests of night; then all the eternal forests were divided
Into earths rolling in circles of space, that like an ocean rush'd
And overwhelmed all except this finite wall of flesh.
Then was the serpent temple form'd, image of infinite
Shut up in finite revolutions, and man became an Angel;
Heaven a mighty circle turning; God a tyrant crown'd.

Now arriv'd the ancient Guardian at the southern porch.
That planted thick with trees of blackest leaf, & in a vale
Obscure, inclos'd the Stone of Night; oblique it stood, o'erhung
With purple flowers and berries red; image of that sweet south,
Once open to the heavens and elevated on the human neck,
Now overgrown with hair and coverd with a stony roof, feet
Downward its sunk beneath th'attractive north, that round the
A raging whirlpool draws the dizzy enquirer to his grave.

Albions Angel rose upon the Stone of Night.
He saw Urizen on the Atlantic:
And his brazen Book
That Kings & Priests had copied on Earth
Expanded from North to South.



And the clouds & fires pale rolld round in the night of Enitharmon
Round Albions cliffs & Londons walls; still Enitharmon slept;
Rolling volumes of grey mist involve Churches, Palaces, Towers:
For Urizen unclasp'd his Book; feeding his soul with pity
The youth of England hid in gloom curse the paind heavens: compell'd
Into the deadly night to see the form of Albions Angel
Their parents brought: them forth & aged ignorance preaches canting.
On a vast rock, perceivd by those senses that are clasd from thought:
Bleak, dark, abrupt, it stands & overshadows London city
They saw his boney feet on the rock, the flesh consumd in flames:
They saw the Serpent temple lifted above shadowing the Island white:
They heard the voice of Albions Angel howling of flames of Orc.
Seeking the trump of the last doom

Above the rest the howl was heard from Westminster louder & louder:
The Guardian of the secret codes forsook his ancient mansion;
Driven out by the flames of Orc; his hurrd robes & false locks
Adhered and grew one with his flesh and nerves & veins shot thro' them
With dismal torment sick hunging upon the wind: he fled
Groveling along Great George Street thro' the Park gate; all the soldiers
Fled from his sight: he dragd his torments to the wilderness.

Thus was the howl thro Europe
For Orc rejoiced to hear the howling shadows
But Palamabron shot his lightnings trenching down his wide back
And Rintrah hung with all his legions in the nether deep

Enitharmon laugh'd in her sleep to see (O womans triumph)
Every house a den, every man bound; the shadows are fill'd
With spectres and the windows wove over with curses of iron:
Over the doors Thou shalt not: & over the chimneys Fear is written
With bands of iron round their necks fastend into the walls
The citizens: in leaden gyves the inhabitants of suburbs
Walk heavy: soft and bent are the bones of villagers.

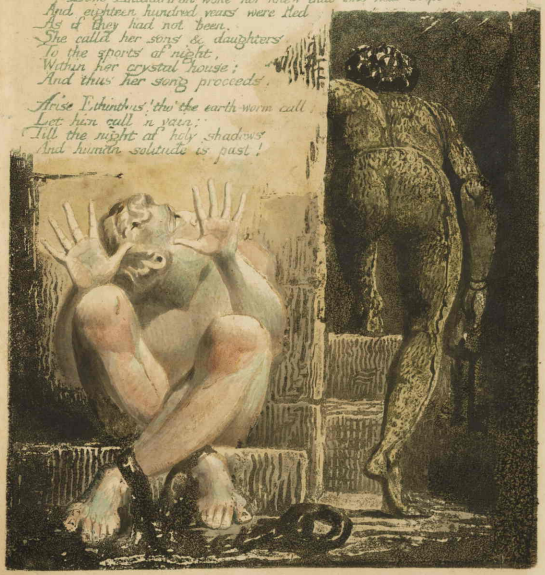
Between the clouds of Urizen the flames of Orc roll heavy
Around the limbs of Albions Guardian his flesh consuming.
Howlings & hissings, shrieks & groans & voices of despair
Arise around him in the cloudy
Heavens of Albion, Furious

The red limbid Angel siez'd in horror and torment;
The Trump of the Last doom; but he could not blow the iron tube!
Thrice he assay'd presumptuous to awake the dead to Judgment.

A mighty Spirit leapd from the land of Albion,
Named Newton; he siez'd the Trump, & blowd the enormous blast!
Yellow as leaves of Autumn the myriads of Angelic hosts,
Fell thro' the wintry skies seeking their graves;
Rattling their hollow bones in howling and lamentation.

Then Enitharmon woke nor knew that she had slept
And eighteen hundred years were fled
As if they had not been.
She call'd her sons & daughters
To the sports of night;
Within her crystal house;
And thus her song proceeds.

Arise Urthona! thro' the earth worm call!
Let him call in vain;
Till the night of holy shadows
And human solitude is past!



Ethinthus queen of waters, how thou shinest in the sky:
My daughter how do I rejoice! for thy children flock around
Like the gay fishes on the wave, when the cold moon drinks the dew.
Ethinthus! thou art sweet as comforts to my fainting soul:
For now thy waters warble round the feet of Enitharmon.

Manathu-Vorcyon! I behold thee flaming in my halls,
Light of thy mothers soul! I see thy lovely eagles round:
Thy golden wings are my delight, & thy flames of soft delusion.

Where is my lureing bird of Eden! Leutha silent love!
Leutha, the many coloured bow delights upon thy wings:
Soft soul of flowers Leutha!
Sweet smiling pestilence! I see thy blushing light:
Thy daughters many changing,
Revolve like sweet perfumes ascending O Leutha silken queen!

Where is the youthful Antamon, prince of the pearly dew,
O Antamon, why wilt thou leave thy mother Enitharmon?
Alone I see thee crystal form,
Floting upon the bosomed air:
With lineaments of gratified desire,
My Antamon the seven churches of Leutha seek thy love.

I hear the soft Oothoon in Enitharmons tents:
Why wilt thou give up womans secrecy my melancholy child?
Between two moments bliss is ripe!
O Theotormon robbd of joy, I see thy salt tears flow
Down the steps of my crystal house.

Sotha & Thiralatha, secret dwellers of dreamful caves,
Arise and please the horrent friend with your melodious songs.
Still all your thunders golden hoofd, & bind your horses black.
Orc! smile upon my children!
Smile son of my afflictions.
Arise O Orc and give our mountains joy of thy red light.

She ceasd, for All were forth at sport beneath the solemn moon
Waking the stars of Urizen with their immortal songs,
That nature felt thro' all her pores the enormous revelry.
Till morning oped the eastern gate.
Then every one fled to his station, & Enitharmon wept.

But terrible Orc, when he beheld the morning in the east,

Shot from the heights of Enitharmon,
And in the vineyards of red France appear'd the light of his fury.

The sun glow'd fiery red;
The furious terrors flew around;
On golden chariots raging with red wheels dropping with blood;
The Lions lash their wrathful tails;
The Tigers couch upon the prey & suck the ruddy tide;
And Enitharmon groans & cries in anguish and dismay.

Then Los arose his head he reard in snaky thunders clad;
And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pole,
Call'd all his sons to the strife of blood.

FINIS

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