

# **THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN**

William Blake

## Table of Contents

<u>THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN</u> .....	1
<u>William Blake</u> .....	1
<u>Preludium to the First Book of Urizen</u> .....	1
<u>CHAPTER I</u> .....	1
<u>CHAPTER II</u> .....	2
<u>CHAPTER III</u> .....	3
<u>CHAPTER IV</u> .....	5
<u>CHAPTER IV A</u> .....	5
<u>CHAPTER V</u> .....	7
<u>CHAPTER VI</u> .....	9
<u>CHAPTER VII</u> .....	10
<u>CHAPTER VIII</u> .....	11
<u>CHAPTER IX</u> .....	13

# THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

William Blake

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- Preludium to the First Book of Urizen
- CHAPTER I
- CHAPTER II
- CHAPTER III
- CHAPTER IV
- CHAPTER IV A
- CHAPTER V
- CHAPTER VI
- CHAPTER VII
- CHAPTER VIII
- CHAPTER IX

## Preludium to the First Book of Urizen

Of the primeval Priest's assum'd power,  
When Eternals spurn'd back his Religion,  
And gave him a place in the North,  
Obscure, shadowy, void, solitary.

Eternals! I hear your call gladly.  
Dictate swift wingèd words, and fear not  
To unfold your dark visions of torment.

## CHAPTER I

1. Lo, a Shadow of horror is risen  
In Eternity! unknown, unprolific,  
Self-clos'd, all-repelling. What Demon  
Hath form'd this abominable Void,  
This soul-shudd'ring Vacuum? Some said  
It is Urizen. But unknown, abstracted,  
Brooding, secret, the dark Power hid.

2. Times on times he divided, and measur'd  
Space by space in his ninefold darkness,  
Unseen, unknown; changes appear'd  
Like desolate mountains, rifted furious  
By the black winds of perturbation.

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

3. For he strove in battles dire,  
In unseen confliotions with Shapes,  
Bred from his forsaken wilderness,  
Of beast, bird, fish, serpent, and element,  
Combustion, blast, vapour, and cloud.

4. Dark, revolving in silent activity,  
Unseen in tormenting passions,  
An Activity unknown and horrible,  
A self-contemplating Shadow,  
In enormous labours occupièd.

5. But Eternals beheld his vast forests;  
Ages on ages he lay, clos'd, unknown,  
Brooding, shut in the deep; all avoid  
The petrific, abominable Chaos.

6. His cold horrors, silent, dark Urizen  
Prepar'd; his ten thousands of thunders,  
Rang'd in gloom'd array, stretch out across  
The dread world; and the rolling of wheels,  
As of swelling seas, sound in his clouds,

In his hills of stor'd snows, in his mountains  
Of hail and ice; voices of terror  
Are heard, like thunders of autumn,  
When the cloud blazes over the harvests.

## CHAPTER II

1. Earth was not, nor globes of attraction;  
The will of the Immortal expanded  
Or contracted his all-flexible senses;  
Death was not, but Eternal life sprung.

2. The sound of a trumpet the heavens  
Awoke, and vast clouds of blood roll'd  
Round the dim rocks of Urizen, so nam'd  
That solitary one in Immensity.

3. Shrill the trumpet! and myriads of Eternity  
Muster around the bleak deserts,  
Now fill'd with clouds, darkness, and waters,  
That roll'd perplex'd, lab'ring; and utter'd  
Words articulate, bursting in thunders,  
That roll'd on the tops of his mountains:

4. `From the depths of dark solitude, from  
The Eternal abode in my Holiness,  
Hidden, set apart, in my stern counsels,

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

Reserv'd for the days of futurity,  
I have sought for a joy without pain,  
For a solid without fluctuation.  
Why will you die, O Eternals?  
Why live in unquenchable burnings?

5. `First I fought with the fire, consum'd  
Inwards into a deep world within,  
A Void immense, wild, dark and deep,  
Where nothing was Nature's wide womb;  
And self-balanc'd, stretch'd o'er the void,  
I alone, even I! the winds merciless  
Bound; but condensing in torrents  
They fall and fall; strong I repell'd  
The vast waves, and arose on the waters  
A wide World of solid obstruction.

6. `Here alone I, in books form'd of metals,  
Have written the secrets of Wisdom,  
The secrets of dark Contemplation,  
By fightings and conflicts dire  
With terrible monsters sin-bred,  
Which the bosoms of all inhabit  
Seven deadly Sins of the Soul.

7. `Lo! I unfold my darkness, and on  
This rock place, with strong hand, the Book  
Of Eternal brass, written in my solitude:

8. `Laws of peace, of love, of unity,  
Of pity, compassion, forgiveness;  
Let each choose one habitation,  
His ancient infinite mansion,  
One command, one joy, one desire,  
One curse, one weight, one measure,  
One King, one God, one Law.'

### CHAPTER III

1. The voice ended: they saw his pale visage  
Emerge from the darkness, his hand  
On the rock of Eternity unclasping  
The Book of brass. Rage seiz'd the strong

2. Rage, fury, intense indignation,  
In cataracts of fire, blood, and gall,  
In whirlwinds of sulphurous smoke,  
And enormous forms of energy,  
In living creations appear'd,  
In the flames of eternal fury.

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

3. Sund'ring, dark'ning, thund'ring,  
Rent away with a terrible crash,  
Eternity roll'd wide apart,  
Wide asunder rolling;  
Mountainous, all around  
Departing, departing, departing,  
Leaving ruinous fragments of life,  
Hanging, frowning cliffs, and, all between,  
An Ocean of voidness unfathomable.

4. The roaring fires ran o'er the heav'ns  
In whirlwinds and cataracts of blood,  
And o'er the dark deserts of Urizen  
Fires pour thro' the void, on all sides,  
On Urizen's self-begotten armies.

5. But no light from the fires! all was darkness  
In the flames of Eternal fury.

6. In fierce anguish and quenchless flames  
To the deserts and rocks he ran raging,  
To hide; but he could not. Combining,  
He dug mountains and hills in vast strength,  
He piled them in incessant labour,  
In howlings and pangs and fierce madness,  
Long periods in burning fires labouring;  
Till hoary, and age-broke, and agèd,  
In despair and the shadows of death

7. And a roof vast, petrific, around  
On all sides he fram'd, like a womb,  
Where thousands of rivers, in veins  
Of blood, pour down the mountains to cool  
The eternal fires, beating without  
From Eternals; and like a black Globe,  
View'd by sons of Eternity, standing  
On the shore of the infinite ocean,  
Like a human heart, struggling and beating,  
The vast world of Urizen appear'd.

8. And Los, round the dark globe of Urizen,  
Kept watch for Eternals to confine  
The obscure separation alone;  
For Eternity stood wide apart,  
As the stars are apart from the earth,

9. Los wept, howling around the dark Demon,  
And cursing his lot; for in anguish  
Urizen was rent from his side,  
And a fathomless Void for his feet,  
And intense fires for his dwelling.

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

10. But Urizen, laid in a stony sleep,  
Unorganiz'd, rent from Eternity.

11. The Eternals said: `What is this? Death?  
Urizen is a clod of clay!'

12. Los howl'd in a dismal stupor,  
Groaning, gnashing, groaning,  
Till the wrenching apart was healèd.

13. But the wrenching of Urizen heal'd not.  
Cold, featureless, flesh or clay,  
Rifted with direful changes,  
He lay in a dreamless night,

14. Till Los rous'd his fires, affrighted  
At the formless, unmeasurable Death.

### CHAPTER IV

1. Los, smitten with astonishment,  
Frighten'd at the hurtling bones

2. And at the surging, sulphureous,  
Perturbèd, immortal, mad raging

3. In whirlwinds, and pitch, and nitre  
Round the furious limbs of Los.

4. And Los formèd nets and gins,  
And threw the nets round about.

5. He watch'd in shudd'ring fear  
The dark changes, and bound every change  
With rivets of iron and brass.

6. And these were the changes of Urizen:

### CHAPTER IV A

1. Ages on ages roll'd over him;  
In stony sleep ages roll'd over him,  
Like a dark waste stretching, changeable,  
By earthquakes riv'n, belching sullen fires:  
On ages roll'd ages in ghastly  
Sick torment; around him in whirlwinds  
Of darkness the Eternal Prophet howl'd,  
Beating still on his rivets of iron,  
Pouring solder of iron; dividing  
The horrible night into watches.

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

2. And Urizen (so his eternal name)  
His prolific delight obscur'd more and more,  
In dark secrecy hiding in surging  
Sulphureous fluid his phantasies.  
The Eternal Prophet heav'd the dark bellows,  
And turn'd restless the tongs, and the hammer  
Incessant beat, forging chains new and new,  
Numb'ring with links hours, days, and years.

3. The Eternal mind, bounded, began to roll  
Eddies of wrath, ceaseless, round and round,  
And the sulphureous foam, surging thick,  
Settled, a lake, bright and shining clear,  
White as the snow on the mountains cold.

4. Forgetfulness, dumbness, necessity,  
In chains of the mind lockèd up,  
Like fetters of ice shrinking together,  
Disorganiz'd, rent from Eternity,  
Los beat on his fetters of iron;  
And heated his furnaces, and pour'd  
Iron solder and solder of brass.

5. Restless turn'd the Immortal, enchain'd,  
Heaving dolorous, anguish'd, unbearable;  
Till a roof, shaggy, wild, enclos'd  
In an orb his fountain of thought.

6. In a horrible, dreamful slumber,  
Like the linkèd infernal chain,  
A vast Spine writh'd in torment  
Upon the winds, shooting pain'd  
Ribs, like a bending cavern;  
And bones of solidness froze  
Over all his nerves of joy  
And a first Age passèd over,  
And a state of dismal woe.

7. From the caverns of his jointed Spine  
Down sunk with fright a red  
Round Globe, hot, burning, deep,  
Deep down into the Abyss;  
Panting, conglobing, trembling,  
Shooting out ten thousand branches  
Around his solid bones  
And a second Age passèd over,  
And a state of dismal woe.

8. In harrowing fear rolling round,  
His nervous Brain shot branches  
Round the branches of his Heart,



## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

On high, into two little orbs,  
And fixèd in two little caves,  
Hiding carefully from the wind,  
His Eyes beheld the deep  
And a third Age passèd over,  
And a state of dismal woe.

9. The pangs of hope began.  
In heavy pain, striving, struggling,  
Two Ears, in close volutions,  
From beneath his orbs of vision  
Shot spiring out, and petrified  
As they grew And a fourth Age passèd,  
And a state of dismal woe.

10. In ghastly torment sick,  
Hanging upon the wind,  
Two Nostrils bent down to the deep  
And a fifth Age passèd over,  
And a state of dismal woe.

11. In ghastly torment sick,  
Within his ribs bloated round  
A craving, hungry Cavern;  
Thence arose his channell'd Throat,  
And, like a red flame, a Tongue  
Of thirst and of hunger appear'd  
And a sixth Age passèd over,  
And a state of dismal woe.

12. Enragèd and stifled with torment,  
He threw his right Arm to the North,  
His left Arm to the South,  
Shooting out in anguish deep,  
And his Feet stamp'd the nether Abyss  
In trembling and howling and dismay  
And a seventh Age passèd over,  
And a state of dismal woe.

## CHAPTER V

1. In terrors Los shrunk from his task:  
His great hammer fell from his hand;  
His fires beheld, and sickening  
Hid their strong limbs in smoke;  
For with noises, ruinous, loud,  
With hurtlings and clashings and groans,  
The Immortal endur'd his chains,  
Tho' bound in a deadly sleep.

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

2. All the myriads of Eternity,  
All the wisdom and joy of life  
Roll like a sea around him;  
Except what his little orbs  
Of sight by degrees unfold.

3. And now his Eternal life,  
Like a dream, was obliterated.

4. Shudd'ring, the Eternal Prophet smote  
With a stroke from his North to South region.  
The bellows and hammer are silent now;  
A nerveless silence his prophetic voice  
Seiz'd; a cold Solitude and dark Void  
The Eternal Prophet and Urizen clos'd.

5. Ages on ages roll'd over them,  
Cut off from life and light, frozen  
Into horrible forms of deformity.  
Los suffer'd his fires to decay;  
Then he look'd back with anxious desire,  
But the Space, undivided by existence,  
Struck horror into his soul.

6. Los wept, obscur'd with mourning,  
His bosom earthquak'd with sighs;  
He saw Urizen, deadly, black,  
In his chains bound; and Pity began,

7. In anguish dividing and dividing  
For Pity divides the soul  
In pangs, Eternity on Eternity,  
Life in cataracts pour'd down his cliffs.  
The Void shrunk the lymph into Nerves,  
Wand'ring wide on the bosom of night,  
And left a round globe of blood  
Trembling upon the Void.  
Thus the Eternal Prophet was divided  
Before the death image of Urizen;  
For in changeable clouds and darkness,  
In a winterly night beneath,  
The Abyss of Los stretch'd immense;  
And now seen, now obscur'd, to the eyes  
Of Eternals the visions remote  
Of the dark separation appear'd:  
As glasses discover Worlds  
In the endless Abyss of space,  
So the expanding eyes of Immortals  
Beheld the dark visions of Los,  
And the globe of life–blood trembling.

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

8. The globe of life—blood trembled,  
Branching out into roots,  
Fibrous, writhing upon the winds,  
Fibres of blood, milk, and tears,  
In pangs, Eternity on Eternity.  
At length in tears and cries embodied,  
A Female form, trembling and pale,  
Waves before his deathly face.

9. All Eternity shudder'd at sight  
Of the first Female, now separate,  
Pale as a cloud of snow,  
Waving before the face of Los.

10. Wonder, awe, fear, astonishment  
Petrify the Eternal myriads  
At the first Female form now separate.  
They call'd her Pity, and fled.

11. `Spread a Tent with strong curtains around them!  
Let cords and stakes bind in the Void,  
That Eternals may no more behold them.'

12. They began to weave curtains of darkness,  
They erected large pillars round the Void,  
With golden hooks fasten'd in the pillars;  
With infinite labour the Eternals  
A woof wove, and callèd it Science.

## CHAPTER VI

1. But Los saw the Female, and pitièd;  
He embrac'd her; she wept, she refus'd;  
In perverse and cruel delight  
She fled from his arms, yet he follow'd.

2. Eternity shudder'd when they saw  
Man begetting his likeness  
On his own Divided Image!

3. A time passèd over: the Eternals  
Began to erect the tent,  
When Enitharmon, sick,  
Felt a Worm within her womb.

4. Yet helpless it lay, like a Worm  
In the trembling womb,  
To be moulded into existence.

5. All day the Worm lay on her bosom;

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

All night within her womb  
The Worm lay till it grew to a Serpent,  
With dolorous hissings and poisons  
Round Enitharmon's loins folding.

6. Coil'd within Enitharmon's womb  
The Serpent grew, casting its scales;  
With sharp pangs the hissings began

To change to a grating cry  
Many sorrows and dismal throes,  
Many forms of fish, bird, and beast  
Brought forth an Infant form  
Where was a Worm before.

7. The Eternals their tent finishèd,  
Alarm'd with these gloomy visions,  
When Enitharmon, groaning,  
Produc'd a Man-Child to the light.

8. A shriek ran thro' Eternity,  
And a paralytic stroke,  
At the birth of the Human Shadow.

9. Delving earth in his resistless way,  
Howling, the Child with fierce flames  
Issu'd from Enitharmon.

10. The Eternals closèd the tent;  
They beat down the stakes, the cords  
Stretch'd for a work of Eternity  
No more Los beheld Eternity!

11. In his hands he seiz'd the Infant,  
He bathèd him in springs of sorrow,  
He gave him to Enitharmon.

## CHAPTER VII

1. They namèd the child Orc; he grew,  
Fed with milk of Enitharmon.

2. Los awoke her. O sorrow and pain!  
A tight'ning girdle grew  
Around his bosom. In sobbings  
He burst the girdle in twain;  
But still another girdle  
Oppress'd his bosom. In sobbings

Again he burst it. Again

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

Another girdle succeeds.  
The girdle was form'd by day;  
By night was burst in twain.

3. These falling down on the Rock  
Into an iron Chain,  
In each other link by link lock'd.

4. They took Orc to the top of a mountain.  
O how Enitharmon wept!  
They chain'd his young limbs to the Rock  
With the Chain of Jealousy,  
Beneath Urizen's deathful Shadow.

5. The Dead heard the voice of the Child,  
And began to awake from sleep;  
All things heard the voice of the Child,  
And began to awake to life.

6. And Urizen, craving with hunger,  
Stung with the odours of Nature,  
Explor'd his dens around.

7. He form'd a line and a plummet  
To divide the Abyss beneath;  
He form'd a dividing rule;

8. He formèd scales to weigh,  
He formèd massy weights;  
He formèd a brazen quadrant;  
He formèd golden compasses,  
And began to explore the Abyss;  
And he planted a garden of fruits.

9. But Los encircled Enitharmon  
With fires of Prophecy  
From the sight of Urizen and Orc.

10. And she bore an enormous race.

## CHAPTER VIII

1. Urizen explor'd his dens,  
Mountain, moor, and wilderness,  
With a globe of fire lighting his journey  
A fearful journey, annoy'd  
By cruel enormities, forms  
Of life on his forsaken mountains.

2. And his World teem'd vast enormities,

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

Fright'ning, faithless, fawning,  
Portions of life, similitudes  
Of a foot, or a hand, or a head,  
Or a heart, or an eye; they swam mischievous,  
Dread terrors, delighting in blood!

3. Most Urizen sicken'd to see  
His eternal creations appear,  
Sons and daughters of sorrow, on mountains,  
Weeping, wailing. First Thiriël appear'd,  
Astonish'd at his own existence,  
Like a man from a cloud born; and Utha,  
From the waters emerging, laments;  
Grodna rent the deep earth, howling,  
Amaz'd; his heavens immense crack  
Like the ground parch'd with heat; then Fuzon  
Flam'd out, first begotten, last born;  
All his Eternal sons in like manner;  
His daughters, from green herbs and cattle,  
From monsters and worms of the pit.

4. He in darkness clos'd view'd all his race,  
And his soul sicken'd! He curs'd  
Both sons and daughters; for he saw  
That no flesh nor spirit could keep  
His iron laws one moment.

5. For he saw that Life liv'd upon Death:  
The Ox in the slaughter-house moans;  
The Dog at the wintry door;  
And he wept, and he callèd it Pity,  
And his tears flowèd down on the winds.

6. Cold he wander'd on high, over their Cities,  
In weeping and pain and woe;  
And wherever he wander'd, in sorrows  
Upon the agèd Heavens,  
A cold Shadow follow'd behind him  
Like a spider's web, moist, cold, and dim,  
Drawing out from his sorrowing soul,  
The dungeon-like heaven dividing,  
Wherever the footsteps of Urizen  
Walkèd over the cities in sorrow;

7. Till a Web, dark and cold, throughout all  
The tormented element stretch'd  
From the sorrows of Urizen's soul.  
And the Web is a Female in embryo;  
None could break the Web, no wings of fire,

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

8. So twisted the cords, and so knotted  
The meshes, twisted like to the human brain.

9. And all call'd it the Net of Religion.

### CHAPTER IX

1. Then the Inhabitants of those Cities  
Felt their Nerves change into Marrow,  
And hardening Bones began  
In swift diseases and torments,  
In throbbings and shootings and grindings,  
Thro' all the coasts; till weaken'd  
The Senses inward rush'd, shrinking  
Beneath the dark Net of infection;

2. Till the shrunken eyes, clouded over,  
Discern'd not the woven Hypocrisy;  
But the streaky slime in their heavens,  
Brought together by narrowing perceptions,  
Appear'd transparent air; for their eyes  
Grew small like the eyes of a man,  
And, in reptile forms shrinking together,  
Of seven feet stature they remain'd.

3. Six days they shrunk up from existence,  
And on the seventh day they rested,  
And they bless'd the seventh day, in sick hope,  
And forgot their Eternal life.

4. And their Thirty Cities divided  
In form of a Human Heart.  
No more could they rise at will  
In the infinite Void, but bound down  
To earth by their narrowing perceptions,  
They livèd a period of years;  
Then left a noisome body  
To the jaws of devouring darkness.

5. And their children wept, and built  
Tombs in the desolate places,  
And form'd Laws of Prudence, and call'd them  
The Eternal Laws of God.

6. And the Thirty Cities remain'd,  
Surrounded by salt floods, now call'd  
Africa: its name was then Egypt.

7. The remaining sons of Urizen  
Beheld their brethren shrink together

## THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

Beneath the Net of Urizen.  
Persuasion was in vain;  
For the ears of the inhabitants  
Were wither'd and deafen'd and cold,  
And their eyes could not discern  
Their brethren of other cities.

8. So Fuzon call'd all together  
The remaining children of Urizen,  
And they left the pendulous earth.  
They callèd it Egypt, and left it.

9. And the salt Ocean rollèd englob'd.



literature (not Shakespeare)(2,297). Blake, William, "Urizen" (9). nature(45,240). natural phenomena(3,193). William Blake The Book of Thel pl. 6. 1796, c.1818. William Blake Frontispiece to "Visions of the Daughters of Albion" (c.1795). William Blake God Judging Adam. 1795. William Blake Plate 4 of "Visions of the Daughters of Albion" (c.1795). William Blake Los and Orc. The Poetical Works. 1908. The [First] Book of Urizen. (Engraved 1794). Preludium to the First Book of Urizen. Of the primeval Priest's assumed power, When Eternals spurn'd back his Religion! Round the dim rocks of Urizen, so nam'd. That solitary one in Immensity. 3. Shrill the trumpet! and myriads of Eternity. The Book of Urizen is a creation story, an alternative Genesis "the connections to the Bible are many and it is not difficult to recognize the source for the protagonist, Urizen, a bearded patriarch, the most stable Western representation of Yahweh. But if Yahweh is at times a god of wrath, Urizen is a demiurge "a misguided creator whose purpose is flawed and whose world is broken " The Book of Urizen is a meditation on Evil as a seed in the very foundations of the universe. What makes Blake relevant is that his evil is neither grounded in Christian puritanism nor romantic rebellion " Blake"