

The prophetic books of William Blake, Milton.djvu/34



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In Palamabron's Tent, and Oothoon was her charming guard.

; The Bard Ceas'd. All consider'd and a loud resounding murmur

Continu'd round the Halls and much they question'd the immortal

Loud voic'd Bard, and many condemn'd the high toned Song,

Saying: Pity and Love are too venerable for the imputation Of Guilt. Others said: If it is true, if the acts have been performed,

) Let the Bard himself witness. Where hadst thou this terrible Song?

The Bard replied: I am Inspired! I know it is Truth! for I Sing

P. 12 ACCORDING to the inspiration of the Poetic Genius, Who is the eternal all protecting Divine Humanity, To whom be Glory & Power & Dominion Evermore. Amen.

Then there was great murmuring in the Heavens of Albion ; Concerning Generation & the Vegetative power & concerning The Lamb the Saviour. Albion trembled to Italy, Greece &

Egypt

To Tartary & Hindostan & China & to Great America,
Shaking the roots & fast foundations of the Earth in
doubtfulness:

The loud voic'd Bard terrify'd took refuge in Milton's
Bosom.

) Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardent:
The whole Assembly wept prophetic, seeing in Milton's
face
And in his lineaments divine the shades of Death and Ulro:
He took off the robe of the promise, & ungirded himself
from the oath of God.

And Milton said: I go to Eternal Death! The Nations still
; Follow after the detestable Gods of Priam: in pomp
Of warlike selfhood contradicting and blaspheming.
When will the Resurrection come to deliver the sleeping
body
From corruptibility; O when, Lord Jesus, wilt thou come.
Tarry no longer, for my soul lies at the gates of death.
) I will arise and look forth for the morning of the grave:
I will go down to the sepulcher to see if morning breaks:
I will go down to self annihilation and eternal death:
Lest the Last Judgment come & find me unannihilate
And I be seiz'd & giv'n into the hands of my own Selfhood.
; The Lamb of God is seen thro' mists & shadows, hov'ring
Over the sepulchers in clouds of Jehovah & winds of
Elohim,

A disk of blood distant; & heav'ns & earths roll dark
between.

What do I here before the Judgment? without my
Emanation?

With the daughters of memory & not with the daughters of
inspiration?

) I in my Selfhood am that Satan. I am that Evil One!

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