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The Ambiguity of “Weeping” in William Blake’s Poetry

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THE AMBIGUITY OF "WEEPING"
IN WILLIAM BLAKE'S POETRY

A Thesis
Presented to
the Graduate Faculty
Central Washington State College

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Education

by
Audrey F. Lytle
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

I. METHOD

A first reading of William Blake's poetry leaves many questions in the reader's mind. Alternate readings may provide some answers, but only close study reveals the pattern of his development. The range of his poetry is wide, from the early lyrics to the later prophetic books, epic in scope and complex in texture. Yet even the first reading brings to light similarities in idea, structure, and image which become more evident with additional study. Since this paper is not an introduction to Blake, it assumes that the reader knows Blake's poetry and philosophy. In short, it is a specialized and concentrated study of a key image-cluster in Blake's poetry.

The ambiguity of "weeping" in Blake's poetry is important in a reading of the poems. This study traced images of weeping, sorrow, despair, grief, tears, lamenting, and woe through the poetry in an attempt to determine how their ambiguity serves to extend and illustrate Blake's ideas. Three procedures were used to gather the evidence. Periodical and book criticisms were read to see what has been done with the weeping image. Then all images of weeping and its synonyms in Blake's poetry were isolated. Finally, after examining the images in

isolation and context, conclusions and generalizations were drawn as to their significance in Blake's developing philosophy.

Six books of poetry were used: Songs of Innocence, The Book of Thel, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, Songs of Experience, Poems from the Pickering Manuscript, and Jerusalem. Research for the paper covered all of the poetry, but the scope was too wide, and too much repetition was involved in the unpublished books. The six selections listed sufficiently revealed his style and philosophy; however, other selections were drawn from when they served to clarify an image.

Certain major figures of the prophetic works will be referred to throughout the paper. Chief among them will be the figure featured in The Four Zoas. Urizen, who first wept and called it pity, is a reasoning figure. Tharmas represents the senses, Luvah the emotions, and Urthona (Los in the fallen world) the imagination. All are a part of the human form divine. When out of balance, the fall delineated in The Four Zoas occurred. Not only do the Zoas separate from one another, they also separate from their emanations and their spectres. The emanation is the feminine, imaginative aspect of the human form divine. The spectre is the rational selfhood. Other important figures have been described as they appear in the paper.

The concept of fourfold vision is also key to a reading of Blake. It was most clearly explicated in a poem sent to Thomas Butts in 1802.

Two sections of the poem are quoted below to clarify the concept of upward movement in vision, often referred to in this paper.

A frowning Thistle implores my stay.
 What to others a trifle appears
 Fills me full of smiles or tears;
 For double the vision my Eyes do see,
 And a double vision is always with me.
 With my outward, a Thistle across my way.
 "If thou goest back," the thistle said,
 Thou art to endless woe betray'd (6:817:24-32).¹

Now I a fourfold vision see,
 And a fourfold vision is given to me;
 'Tis fourfold in my supreme delight
 And threefold in soft Beulah's night
 And twofold Always. May God us keep
 From Single vision & Newton's sleep (818:83-88).

This concept is clearly related to progression in the quotation from Gleckner which appears in the review of the literature.

In addition to the compilation of tear-associated imagery from Blake's poetry (see Appendix), this paper will establish that an understanding of earlier multi-ambiguities and their gradual lessening in the prophetic works and their near-elimination from Jerusalem is significant. After The Four Zoas, Blake-as-Los becomes increasingly anxious to communicate the insight he has come to--to communicate to man the pathway to Eden. A poet plays with ambiguity to heighten and intensify,

¹For the remainder of the paper, textual references to the Keynes edition of Blake's poetry will be bracketed by page and line number, and in Jerusalem only, by page, plate, and line number.

to satirize, to make ironical. A prophet is more devotedly pedagogic. A poet-prophet (a Los-Blake) is somewhere between. At any rate, when he wrote Jerusalem, Blake had moved far from his August 23, 1799, position. In a letter to the Rev. Dr. Trusler, he had said:

You say that I want somebody to Elucidate my Ideas. But you ought to know that What is Grand is necessarily obscure to Weak men. That which can be made Explicit to the Idiot is not worth my care. The wisest of the Ancients consider'd what is not too Explicit as the fittest for Instruction, because it rouzes the faculties to act (793).

II. REVIEW OF THE LITERATURE

Any "eye" may weep. And since each man is capable of four levels of vision, a tear may encompass any one or a combination of the levels. And, depending upon which Zoa or tendency within him is in immediate control, the tear may vary from instinctive to passionate to rational to imaginative, indicating one under dominance by Tharmas, Luvah, Urizen, or Los. Add to this the duplicity of the Spectre and the Emanation of each primal force, and eight eyes may weep. The "children" of the Spectre and the Emanation add another dimension. Further, if the one weeping is traveling (not wandering), his tear is one thing; if he is wandering, another. Hence tears may come from love as well as from hatred; from fiery passion as well as from cold reason; for self and selfishness or for self and others; from frustration as well as from completion;

from fragmentation as well as from unity. Blake-Los weeping is not the same as the Urizenic weeping of the entrapped questioner of "The Tyger."

Innocence may weep; so may experience, and so may "Organiz'd Innocence." The tear we shed as child lost or found is not the tear we shed as youth wandering or traveling and that is not the tear of betrothal, Beulah; nor is this tear the quadruple-distilled tear of Edenic vision: Art.

Ambiguity in Blake's work has elicited many comments from students of his poetry. Most critics comment upon ambiguity as it relates to their readings of the poetry. Northrop Frye concludes his study of Blake, Fearful Symmetry, with the comment,

If we understand that to Blake there are no puns or ambiguities or accidents in the range of the meaning of "word," but a single and comprehensible form, we have wound up all of his golden string and are standing in front of his gage (3:428).

Frye's concluding remarks are concerned with a poem's "whatness, the unified pattern of its words and images" (3:426). To Frye, Blake's ambiguity is a deliberate poetic device, enhancing the unity of his poetry.

In discussing the evolution of major symbols from merging points of view, character, and action patterns (4:73, 74), Gleckner gives a valuable discussion of ambiguity in the Innocence-Experience poems:

But Blake went even further--to develop in the songs a most difficult and subtle device, one which is not entirely divorced from any of the technical aspects described above; indeed it is so inextricably bound up with these other elements that the

resultant intricacy all but defies systematic analysis. This intricacy, this subtlety I shall call ambiguity, though I am not at all happy about the term.

At any rate this ambiguity is invariably related to point of view; usually its context is experience, though that is not a rule. It may consist in two different views of the same symbol . . .; it may consist in the relative truth or falsity of a dream . . .; it may consist in grammatical "confusion" whereby two or more speakers can logically be connected with the same speech . . .; it may consist in the polarity of spiritual and earthly significance of an act . . .; or it may consist in the simple contradiction of adjectives applied to the same subject The ambiguous relationship of the fundamental elements in all these poems is technically identical, although the elements themselves obviously differ radically from poem to poem (4:76).

Gleckner continues with examples of ambiguity in Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience. He comments that they contribute to the "intensive richness" of the Blake poetry (4:78). Frye clarifies Gleckner's interpretation of point of view when he points out that the symbol will represent the world of innocence or of experience if thought of in terms of eternal existence or in terms of death and annihilation respectively (3:382). Frye sees the world of experience as an inversion of the imaginative world. He gives as example the antichrist as the analogy of Christ (3:383). Later he comments that "the prophet can see both the real and the reflected vision; the natural man sees neither, but is living in the analogy" (3:396). Without the prophet's vision, the human would seem to be lost to the world of imagination.

In The Piper and The Bard, Gleckner's concerns are primarily with the Songs of Innocence and the Songs of Experience. In contrast, Bronowski in William Blake, A Man Without A Mask, comments on Blake's prophetic books:

We mistake the language, and we mistake the meanings, of Blake's prophetic books if we forget the reason which made Blake choose and change the language. Blake chose his prophetic symbols because he found them apt to what he was saying; but he changed their meanings, as the reasons or their aptness changed. Nothing has hindered the understanding of Blake's prophetic books so much as the wish to fix their symbols singly and steadily. These symbols shift only within a well marked framework; nevertheless, they do shift, and they shift in order to remain apt to whatever actual Blake then had in mind

This proliferation of meanings, unfolding from one stem, is an orator's trick (1:9).

Bronowski is warning the reader to watch for Blake's development of the symbol. Commenting that they exist with a "well marked framework," he is assuring the reader that the poems are approachable within themselves, a point of view this paper adopts. The symbols do change, and by tracing the "weeping" images throughout the works, evidence will be accumulated supporting this conclusion.

Hirsch in Innocence and Experience, An Introduction to Blake, comments,

Blake attempted to embrace all of his earlier viewpoints within a single comprehensive account. But the late Olympian comprehensiveness was not present to Blake when he composed his earlier works, and there is an obvious and fundamental difference

between the vigorous advocacy of a view of life and a later retrospective evaluation of its place in the system (5:3, 4).

Frye perhaps sheds much light on Hirsch's evaluation when he comments that the young poet writes lyrics; epic poetry is a product of poetic maturity (3:404). Experience, a developing philosophy, and the age of the poet created Jerusalem.

A second consideration involves comments that scholars have made about weeping and tears in the Blake poetry. One of the earlier Blake studies, Blake's Innocence and Experience, by Joseph Wicksteed, gives a reading of the lyric poems and points out in one spot,

In the Songs of Innocence we learn that it was some sort of will-o'-the-wisp and that it vanishes with the child's surrender to grief. This appearance of vision as a consequence of grief is a most characteristic figure of Blake's deeper mind--connected, as I believe, with the experience of his brother's death, which took place early in the same year (7:47).

He later adds, "Blake constantly associates great joy with tears" (7:80).

The work which most extensively discusses images of weeping, Gleckner's The Piper and The Bard, points out that "pity is the virtue of Generation and as such provides one of the best clues to Blake's emphasis on the efficacy of tears in this world" (4:125). He elaborated earlier in the book:

In experience the tear, and the vision it gives shape to, are no longer efficacious; in fact, the tear is an agent of further division. If the child lost in experience weeps over his plight, he pities himself, and 'pity divides the soul/ and man unmans.' This is not to be confused with divine pity, tears for another (4:103).

Gleckner's concept of "joy" as it appears in Blake's poetry also provides help in interpreting the weeping images:

within it mirth and tears meet in perfect harmony, each retaining its characteristic essence, yet having no identity separate from the other. In effect, happiness and sorrow no longer exist (4:88).

He then catalogs the progressions:

The progression has gone from Piper to vision and inspiration to the poet to the song; from unalloyed laughter to weeping to joyful weeping to joy; from Eden to Ulro and Generation to Beulah and Eden; from innocence to experience to marriage to the higher innocence; from the simple ignorance of single vision to double vision and its view of the human, to triple vision and its view of the divine in the human, to fourfold vision and union of human and divine (4:90).

In one paragraph he introduces the reader to the terms and the levels Blake detailed throughout his works. Weeping, along with joy, is an integral part.

Chapter II will consider weeping imagery in six selected works, discussing their significance and relationship to Blake's thought.

CHAPTER II

"WEEPING" IMAGERY IN SELECTED WORKS

I. THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, a study in contraries, celebrates the beginning of a new heaven and the revival of eternal hell. In this short work, Blake demonstrates that mind is the basic substance of the universe, not matter. He also demonstrates the error of all religious systems and the falsity of moral values. His "Proverbs of Hell" and portrayal of heaven to the angel force a re-evaluation of all values and emotions as well as establish the psychological truth of the necessity of contraries.

Weeping and joy are two of these contraries. They work together in our psychological universe.

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps (151:6).

Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth (151:9).

Joys laugh not. Sorrows weep not (152:21).

They are polarities, yet are complementary in their co-existence. By extending the reader's concepts, Blake also hopes to extend his vision.

Some of the later poetry is clarified by these proverbs. Their relationship to Innocence, Experience, Beulah, and Eden and to many characters in the poems is pointed out in later sections of this chapter.

Because excesses produce their opposites, weeping will occur at moments of great happiness and great joy. Conversely, excessive sorrow will produce the laughter of hysteria. Blake foresees modern psychology in his first proverb of weeping.

That "sorrows bring forth" will be evident after tracing the images through the Songs of Innocence and Experience and Jerusalem. Their significance perhaps should extend to the next proverb, for if sorrows bring forth, there should be no weeping at such a productive time. Conversely, if joys impregnate, the emotion goes beyond laughing.

An earlier line of The Marriage says, "The busy bee has no time for sorrow" (151:11). If sorrows are productive, the busy bee may be doomed in the same way that Thel is doomed.

All of the proverbs are intended to extend the reader's vision, to force a reappraisal of values and opinions; the proverbs featuring weeping imagery are no exception.

II. SONGS OF INNOCENCE

"Introduction" to Songs of Innocence not only introduces the book of lyrics, it introduces the first images of weeping. The child in the introduction is in the state of innocence; his position on the cloud is evidence of his present position in a world of delusion. His happiness

is a product of his innocence, his ignorance. When, laughing, he asks the piper,

"Pipe a song about a Lamb."
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 "Piper, pipe that song again
 So I piped: he wept to hear (111:5-8).

he ends the stanza by weeping, a weeping which may be a sorrow that brings forth, for the child requests the song again:

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
 "Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
 So I sung the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear (111:9-12).

Weeping with joy is associated with the state of Beulah, the threefold state which precedes Eden. Because joys impregnated, sorrows could bring forth the child into the three-fold world.

"A Dream" portrays a mother emmet as losing her way, heart-broken in concern for her young ones:

"O, my children! Do they cry?
 "Do they hear their father sigh?
 Now they look abroad to see:
 "Now return and weep for me."

Pitying, I drop'd a tear;
 But I saw a glow-worm near,
 Who replied: "What wailing wight
 "Calls the watchman of the night? (112:9-16)

Here, the weeping is all for the wrong cause; there comes a time in innocence when the mother should be gone. This mother has not released her young ones nor has their father, sighing too for a member of a family.

They are weeping, crying and sighing for a travel-worn, heartbroken mother. The traveler in Blake is one who is moving with purpose toward fourfold vision; this mother is lost, a wanderer. The mother with fourfold vision releases her children; if her children cry, it is as the child cries in the "Introduction." The sighs, the cries, the weeping are unproductive with single vision.

In "The Little Girl Lost" the little girl is actually found. Lost to innocence, she is carried into experience and Beulah, and thereby is potentially capable of moving into the Edenic state. But the tears are as contradictory as the proverbs from The Marriage of Heaven and Hell:

"Sweet sleep, come to me
 "Underneath this tree.
 "Do father, mother weep,
 "Where can Lyca sleep? (112:17-20)

Then father, the Urizenic symbol of authority, and mother, the symbol of natural life, weep improperly. They are unable to understand the necessity of moving into experience. Their rules would withhold Lyca from the natural sensual experiences to be enjoyed in Beulah. They weep because she is escaping the boundaries. This is not the excess of joy which weeps. It is a false pity, and the tears are unproductive because they flow for the wrong reason, just as the narrator "I" drops a tear for the wrong reason in "A Dream."

In direct contrast to the weeping of the father and mother is the weeping of the lion:

Leopards, tygers, play
Round her as she lay,
While the lion old
Bow'd his mane of gold

And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck
From his eyes of flame
Ruby tears there came;

While the lioness
Loo's'd her slender dress,
And naked they convey'd
To caves the sleeping maid (113:41-52).

As Lyca lay sleeping in the moonlight (associated with Beulah), the ruby tear of the lion would seem to be the weeping of excess joy. And if one carries this a step further with Blake's proverb "Joys impregnate," one can imagine Lyca entering Beulah very quickly.

Two stanzas in the middle of the poem offer a meaningful repetition of the weeping image:

"How can Lyca sleep
"If her mother weep (112:23, 24)?

"If my mother sleep,
"Lyca shall not weep (113:27, 28).

Lyca is not free of her mother; yet not knowing whether her mother sleeps or not, she herself does close her eyes and sleep. And the following poem, "The Little Girl Found," also carries the image.

Even the "deserts," the negative Urizenic symbol, is weeping as Lyca's parents travel in woe, "Famish'd, weeping, weak" (114:15). The mother collapses and the father bore her "arm'd with sorrow sore" (114:22) to the crouching lion:

"Follow me," he said;
 "Weep not for the maid;
 "In my palace deep
 "Lyca lies asleep" (114:41-44).

Then they followed
 Where the vision led,
 And saw their sleeping child
 Among tygers wild (115:45-48).

The vision refers to a dream which was wrong, for in it they saw their child starving in the desert, and they were not travelers with a purpose but wanderers traveling the "desert" ways; yet they did have a vision, even if it was an incorrect one, and they were capable of moving into Beulah too when they looked into the eyes of the lion and saw "A Spirit arm'd in gold" (114:36). Their vision is no longer single. Their weeping was for the wrong cause, but the vision seemed enough to make it productive weeping.

"The Robin" seems a contrast to the rather complicated poems which precede it, yet it too reveals Blake's philosophy:

Merry, Merry Sparrow.
 Under leaves so green
 A happy Blossom
 Seeks you swift as arrow
 Seek your cradle narrow
 Near my Bosom.

Pretty, Pretty, Robin!
 Under leaves so green
 A happy Blossom
 Hears you sobbing, sobbing
 Pretty, Pretty Robin,
 Near my Bosom.

A perfect picture of innocence: happiness in the blossom, merriment in the sparrow mother, comfort in the cradle and the bosom. An alternate part of innocence is exhibited by the Robin: sobbing is a part of growth. As yet there is comfort near "my Bosom." But this seems to presage much of the sorrow of experience which Thel refused.

"The Chimney Sweeper"

When my mother died I was very young,
 And my Father sold me while yet my tongue
 Could scarcely cry "'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!"
 So your chimneys I sweep, & in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre who cried when his head,
 That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd: so I said
 "Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare
 "You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair" (117:1-8).

The cry of the infant chimney sweep is obviously an irony on Blake's part, for his life would make anyone weep; more pathetic is the encouragement the child receives after crying over his lost curly hair. For his crying is stopped by promise of a reward: Angels will unlock the coffin, and they will then never want joy. "So if all do their duty they need not fear harm." It is possible for a society to set up conditions to forbid the traveler from ever profiting from his tears, when the traveler is an infant. A Christian heaven is small reward for earthly sorrows.

"Night" sees the speaker seeking under the moonlight "for mine."

The angels in this poem seem to be the angels of Blake's Heaven and Hell. They are not to be trusted. If they see anyone weeping, they pour sleep on him.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep (119:25-28).

If these are the wolves and tygers of experience, they would seem dreadful to one who would retain everyone in innocence. Their pitying is a false pity, for it is given in misunderstanding. Understanding the lion and the tigers might lead to the vision of Lyca.

"A Cradle Song" utilizes weeping in a highly ambiguous fashion.

"While o'er thee thy mother weep," has many possible levels. If sorrow brings forth, the mother is still weeping from this. If mother is nature, she will be left as the child leaves the state of unorganized innocence. The sixth stanza has even more interesting implications for Blake's later work:

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy maker lay and wept for me,

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When he was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee (120:21-28).

A charming cradle song, supporting beliefs of the Christians of Blake's day, the last line has more impact when compared to the line in Milton:

Jesus wept and walked forth
From Felpham's Vale clothed in Clouds of blood, to enter into
Albion's bosom (534:42:19-21).

Blake's "maker" who provides the holy image in this poem could be the Jesus who emerges weeping in Milton. All Christ's tears are productive. In "Night the Second" of The Four Zoas, Enitharmon sings "For the source of life/ Descends to be a weeping babe" (289:367). This weeping babe occurs throughout Blake's works, including "The Mental Traveler" and Jerusalem, which will be considered later.

"The Little Boy Lost" and "The Little Boy Found" offer interesting contrasts. The lost boy, lost in the dark night, wet with dew common to Beulah, his restrictive father gone, the child "did weep,/ And away the vapour flew" (121:7-8). Here the weeping seems to be a necessary pre-condition to entering into experience. In contrast:

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wand'ring light,
Began to cry; but God, ever nigh,
Appear'd like his father in white,

He kissed the child & by the hand led
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought (121:1-8).

Rather than being found, the child is lost: lost to experience and eventual fourfold vision. God is the Urizenic, fatherlike figure, the weeping

mother an indication of his retreat to her protection, to the womb, to nature. The mother's weeping, indicative of her single level of vision, does not produce her redemption into Beulah as weeping did for Lyca's parents.

"On Another's Sorrow" deserves quotation since it is entirely concerned with images of weeping and sorrow:

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can he who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief & care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast;
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear;

And not sit both night & day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O! no never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
 He becomes an infant small;
 He becomes a man of woe;
 He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
 And thy maker is not by;
 Think not thou canst weep a tear
 And thy maker is not near.

O! he gives to us his joy
 That our grief he may destroy;
 Till our grief is fled & gone
 He doth sit by us and moan (122-123:1-36).

Father, mother, maker cannot bear another's sorrow; "weeping tear on infant's tear," they pour pity upon another and wipe the tears away. But if tears are a necessary part of sorrow's bringing forth, perhaps they should be allowed to come. Mothers and fathers weeping over the woe of the infant are attempting to restrict them from a necessary part of life.

Again in this poem, in stanza 7 is a reference to Christ who becomes an infant small and a man of woe; there is a parallel to the child. But Christ's grief is not destroyed; it is his perception, his vision which enhances the grief. To destroy it would be to destroy his greatness. While all parents desire that grief would be gone from their infants, it is, nevertheless, a part of the human condition. With the necessary vision it enables one to find the Christ within, as stanza 7 might also imply.

"The School Boy" spends the day in "sighing and dismay" (124:10) because of the restrictions of school. A lament for the lost summer if youths are stripped of their joy by sorrow and "care's dismay," it asks "How shall we gather what griefs destroy, When the blasts of winter appear" (124:28-30). The poem seems a direct contradiction of the lost and found poems, as well as several others where weeping is a necessary condition to experience. But if the proverbs of The Marriage of Heaven and Hell are recalled, "Joys impregnate." And all things must have their place; the traveler moves consecutively through the levels of vision. Joy is as essential as sorrow in Blake's vision.

III. THE BOOK OF THEL

Contrary to Blake's proverb "Sorrows bring forth," Thel's do not. They equate to the weeping of the parents in the lost and found poems. Hers is a pointless weeping, the weeping of the wanderer in eternity. In stanza two she laments mutability; "Thel is like a wat'ry bow, and like a parting cloud; like a reflection in a glass; like shadows in the water" (127:8-9). She sought to find why the Lilly and the Cloud do not lament. The Lilly is not a wanderer in eternity; she dwells with the lamb and the valleys in innocence, "giving to those that cannot crave" (128:4). The Cloud does not complain when it passes away because it passes away to love, "to tenfold life" (128:11). Joining

with the dew "link'd in a golden band" (128:15), it does not live for itself alone.

The worm is called forth, the image of weakness--helpless, naked, and weeping. And while Thel sees none to care for him, the matron clay exhales her life "in milky fondness" (129:9) for him, living not for herself but to perpetuate life. "Yet I live and love" (129:6). When Thel weeps in response, hers are pitying tears; the way is open for her to enter experience. Plate 6 is a picture of the land of experience, "A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen" (130:5). Experience demands sorrow: The cloud, the lilly, the clod give of themselves, the price of loving. Thel was able to give pity, but when the sorrow of bringing forth is demanded of her, shrieking she returns to the vales of Har.

IV. SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

Songs of Experience open with an "Introduction," paralleling the structure of Songs of Experience, yet "Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul." The joy exhibited by the child, the songs of glee are gone; the piper is replaced by a bard

Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walk'd among the ancient trees,

Calling the lapsed Soul,
And weeping in the evening dew;

That might controll
The starry pole,
And fallen, fallen light renew (210:3-10)

The bard is capable of vision. He is calling the people to an awareness for they have not heard the Holy Word. "O Earth, O Earth, return" (210:11), and the Holy Word "weeping in the evening dew" is the sorrow that brings forth. If only earth will listen, the Word might control the starry pole, symbol of Urizen, and renew light, a positive symbol opposed to the night which is representative of Urizen.

"Earth's Answer" from the darkness explains her despair:

"Prison'd on wat'ry shore,
"Starry Jealousy does keep my den:
"Cold and hoar,
"Weeping o'er,
"I hear the Father of the ancient men.

"Selfish father of men!
"Cruel, jealous, selfish fear!
"Can delight,
"Chain'd in the night,
"The virgins of youth and morning bear (211:6-15).

This despair is not in sympathy with the weeping of the father. She begs for the chain to be broken, the chain that binds free love. The weeping father is weeping for all the wrong reasons: selfishness, jealousy, fear. Restraints will not increase love; they destroy, a theme which reoccurs in the Songs of Experience. The father is weeping unproductively;

earth's despair is of some potential since she seeks release from bondage. Yet it is not completely productive as she does not have imagination enough to realize her potential. She binds herself.

The opposite of the selfish, weeping love occurs in "The CLOUD & the PEBBLE":

"Love seeketh not Itself to please,
 "Nor for itself hath any care,
 "But for another gives its ease,
 "And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair" (211:1-4).

In opposition to the pebble, which would bind another as the jealous father bound the earth in "EARTH'S Answer," the cloud can create out of despair by freely giving, by not restraining a Heaven of joy. Despair is relative, Blake seems to be saying. It exists within, as he also seems to be saying Heaven and Hell do. It is all within.

"Holy Thursday" does not fit the pattern established in the three initial poems:

Is this a holy thing to see
 In a rich and fruitful land,
 Babes reduc'd to misery,
 Fed with cold and usurous hand?

 Is that trembling cry a song?
 Can it be a song of joy?
 And so many children poor?
 It is a land of poverty (211-12:1-8).

It seems to bear more relationship with the chimney sweep of the Songs of Innocence. Some joy should be a part of every young child's life.

Experience is a necessary state and weeping will occur, but there is a world of difference in the weeping of experience and the "trembling cry" emerging from hunger and despair over an unending winter.

"The Chimney Sweeper" in Experience is a more direct attack on authority. Logically it follows "Holy Thursday" and the trembling cry. As in Songs of Innocence it repeats the deliberate irony of "weep" for "sweep," and Blake calls them the notes of woe. The chimney sweep himself does not seem to be in a state of woe because he is happy, dancing and singing in the last stanza:

"And because I am happy & dance & sing,
 "They think they have done me no injury,
 "And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
 "Who make up a heaven of our misery" (212:9-12)

The psychological implications are most interesting in the light of the weeping images, for Blake says in The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, "Excess of sorrow laughs." What better illustration of the contrary state of the human soul.

Weeping in "The Angel" seems to precede the advent into experience, but is equivocal:

And I wept both night and day,
 And he wip'd my tears away,
 And I wept both day and night
 And hid from him my heart's delight.

So he took his wings and fled;
 Then the morn blush'd rosy red;
 I dried my tears & arm'd my fears
 With ten thousand shields and spears.

Because the child hid delight from the angel, it is not the clearly joyful weeping of the visionary, yet the weeping does serve to drive the angel away. When he is away the youth stops weeping and arms himself for the angel's consequently unsuccessful return.

One of the most widely discussed images of weeping occurs in "The Tyger."

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee (214:18-21)?

Stars are a Urizenic symbol, and the line seems to precede the reference in The Four Zoas:

"The stars threw down their spears & fled naked away.
"We fell" (311:224).

Urizen is relating his defeat in this section of The Four Zoas: the defeat of pure reason, unallayed by the other Zoas. The tears of the stars may be purifying tears, for certainly the tyger is the symbol of experience to which the Urizenic forces--father, priest, and king--are usually opposed.

Synonyms of weeping occur throughout "London":

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
 Every black'ning Church appalls;
 And the hapless Soldier's sigh
 Runs in blood down Palace walls.
 But most thro' midnight streets I hear
 How the youthful Harlot's curse
 Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
 And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse (216:1-16).

The cries of the Man, the Infant, and the Chimney-sweeper are ineffective. The mind-forg'd manacles are operating upon these citizens of London as they do upon earth in "EARTH'S Answer." The picture is grim; the citizens are trapped. Even innocence, the new born Infant's tear, is blasted by the curse of the Harlot. These tears, these cries are not productive; the atmosphere blights before vision can come.

"The Human Abstract" rather clearly shows the wrong kind of tears: from these tears emerge the tree of mystery, humility. They are without question Urizenic tears, for they produce the tree of mystery within the human brain, rather than the vision.

"Infant Sorrow" begins with the father weeping (as in many of the Songs of Innocence). It is evident that the father is a Urizenic reasoning figure because the infant struggles in his father's hands and against swaddling bands in an attempt to move toward vision. The infant's sorrow is sorrow which will bring forth the child; although he is in a cloud now, his struggles indicate a future freedom.

Unproductive tears water the wrath in "A Poison Tree":

And I water'd it in fears,
 Night & morning with my tears;
 And I sunned it with smiles,
 And with soft deceitful wiles (218:5-8).

Of course, the fruit of the tree produced death to the foe. The similarity to the Tree of Mystery is evident.

In "A Little Boy Lost," the weeping parents are in direct contrast to the weeping child. This seems to be a particularly significant poem in that the divine vision is so obviously lacking in the adults.

"Nought loves another as itself,
 "Nor venerates another so,
 "Nor is it possible to Thought
 "A greater than itself to know:

"And Father, how can I love you
 "Or any of my brothers more?
 "I love you like the little bird
 "That picks up crumbs around the door."

The Priest sat by and heard the child,
 In trembling zeal he siez'd his hair:
 He led him by his little coat,
 And all admir'd the Priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
 "Lo! what a fiend is here!" said he,
 "One who sets reason up for judge
 "Of our most holy Mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard,
 The weeping parents wept in vain;
 They strip'd him to his little shirt,
 And bound him in an iron chain;

And burn'd him in a holy place,
 Where many had been burn'd before:
 The weeping parents wept in vain
 Are such things done on Albion's shore (218-19:1-24).

The thoughts of the child concerning the holiness of all living things and the divinity of the individual are appalling to those who support the Holy Mystery. Such things are not to be known. Clear vision is dangerous to the institution, and the institution will make sure that the weeping child literally will not be heard. The weeping child could not be heard, in another sense, because the others lacked his capacity for vision. The weeping parents, weeping in vain, are full of pity, of grief. Their weeping is in vain in two senses: the child cannot be saved. Such thoughts must be burned. The weeping is for the agony of the child, but it is unavailing. Ironically, too, they weep in vain because they lack divine vision.

"A Little Girl Lost" clearly shows Blake's hopes for the redemption of future ages, as his preface expresses amazement that "Love! sweet Love! was thought a crime." The youthful pair featured in the poem meet in the garden, Beulah land, with holy light replacing the Urizenic night. While the maiden would freely love, a confrontation with her father arouses her guilt and fear, and love is destroyed. Their meeting time is most significant in the poem, for, "tired with kisses sweet" (219:20), they agree to meet

When the silent sleep
 Waves o'er heaven's deep,
 And the weary tired wanderers weep (219:22-24).

The wanderers have been encountered before; their weeping is from distress, from fear. Their inclusion in the poem point to Ona's future with a "loving" father guided by a "holy" book rather than inner vision.

"To Tirzah" concerns the traveler who by imaginative vision has set himself free from Tirzah, the earth. She, "with false self-deceiving tears/ Didst bind my Nostrils, Eyes, & Ears" (220:11-12) as mothers do who would protect their child from experience. The tears are explicated by Blake for the reader. There is no mistaking these: she is doing no good for her child through her weeping. She did forget to bind the sense of touch although the other four are bound. In stanza two the sexes arise to work and weep. And this possibly is productive weeping, because through the sense of touch one can enter experience and Beulah if the imagination is kept free.

V. POEMS FROM THE PICKERING MANUSCRIPT

The Golden Net

Three Virgins at the break of day:
 "Whither, young Man, whither away?
 "Alas for woe! alas for woe!"
 They cry, & tears for ever flow.
 The one was Cloth'd in flames of fire,
 The other Cloth'd in iron wire,
 The other Cloth'd in tears & sighs
 Dazling bright before my Eyes.

They bore a Net of golden twine
 To hand upon the Branches fine.
 Pitying I wept to see the woe
 That Love & Beauty undergo,
 To be consum'd in burning Fires
 And in ungratified desires,
 And in tears cloth'd Night & day
 Melted all my Soul away.
 When they saw my Tears, a Smile
 That did Heaven itself beguile,
 Bore the Golden Net aloft
 As on downy Pinions soft
 Over the Morning of my day.
 Underneath the Net I stray,
 Now intreating Burning Fire,
 Now intreating Iron Wire,
 Now intreating Tears & Sighs.
 O when will the morning rise (424:1-26)?

The speaker who strays underneath the net has left innocence for the enticing three Virgins. The promise of Beulah (lines 9 & 10) is evident, but the last line of the poem indicates that the speaker is trapped for the time being. He is pitying the three Virgins in their lamentable state, consum'd in burning Fires. His tears are so great that they melt his Soul away and at this juncture in the poem the Virgins smile and raise the golden net aloft over him. His pity, his tears have trapped him. Clearly there is no escape to threefold Beulah. Some of the problem is related to Earth in "Earth's Answer." Unaware that to achieve the four-fold level you encompass emanation and spectre, both Earth and this speaker weep unavailingly, aware that there will be a rising morning, but incapable of the vision essential to achieve it themselves.

"The Mental Traveller" is a significant poem in that it relates the Orc cycle. Orc is the principle of energy and creative power; the woman in the poem is nature. The second stanza inverts the proverb "Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth."

For there the Babe is born in joy
That was begotten in dire woe:
Just as we Reap in joy the fruit
Which we in bitter tears did sow (424:5-8).

The cycle of the poem concerns the birth of the Babe, bound by a "woman old." As she lives upon his agonies, she grows younger and he older, until he is an aged shadow and a female babe springs from the fire. She is of solid fire, gems and gold. She seeks the man she loves and the old man wanders weeping away searching for a maiden. The maiden he finds replenishes him and he grows younger, she older. The cycle commences once more.

Throughout the poem, while the old ones weep and wander away, the young one is developing into the child and then the adult. The images of weeping are inverted, and interestingly enough, the repetitive cycle is not a productive one. There is no movement into Eden, only a continual cyclical movement. "The Mental Traveller" is a rather dreadful picture of the ineffectiveness, the inability to escape from Ulro, Generation, and Beulah without imaginative vision accompanying the tears.

"The Land of Dreams," while different in tone from "The Mental Traveller," involves the same entrapment at a level.

Awake, awake, my little Boy!
 Thou wast thy Mother's only joy;
 Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
 Awake! thy Father does thee keep.

"O, what Land is the Land of Dreams?
 "What are its Mountains & what are its Streams?
 "O Father, I saw my Mother there,
 "Among the Lillies by waters fair.

"Among the Lambs, clothed in white,
 "She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight.
 "I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn;
 "O! when shall I again return?" (427:1-16).

The child's weeping is for joy of things past; there are definite hints of Beulah in stanza two, but the Lambs, the white clothing, point to the motherly protection of innocence. The confusion of the states in the poem is echoed by the equivocal reference in line 11, "I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn." He weeps in joy at recalling the past state, but the dream is a symbol of Beulah, of unorganized innocence. The hope of onward movement is somewhat destroyed by his desire to return.

The poem "Mary" portrays the girl as totally undeserving of the spitefulness of society. A young beauty, she is unable to meet the envy that follows her acclaim as "an angel" returning the golden times to earth. At the start of the poem she seems ready to enter Beulah. Her decision in stanza 7 seems to be the wrong one!

"To be weak as a Lamb & smooth as a dove,
And not to raise Envy, is call'd Christian Love; (428:25-26).

When she approached the townspeople with humility, she was bespattered with mire. The concluding stanzas picture Mary's present time and her future.

She trembled & wept, sitting on the Bed side;
She forgot it was Night, & she trembled & cried;
She forgot it was Night, she forgot it was Morn,
Her soft Memory imprinted with Faces of Scorn.

With Faces of Scorn & with Eyes of disdain
Like Foul Fiends inhabiting Mary's mild Brain;
She remembers no Face like the Human Divine.
All Faces have Envy, sweet Mary, but thine;

And thine is a Face of sweet Love in despair,
And thine is a Face of mild sorrow & care,
And thine is a Face of wild terror & fear
That shall never be quiet till laid on its bier (429:37-48).

Mary seems to lose her place entirely as a traveler. Thinking it was right to be weak as a Lamb & smooth as a dove, she rejects painful experience. At her age and with her beauty she should not be sitting on the bed side. Her "sweet Love in despair" is doomed to be unfulfilled because of her rejection of painful experience. Her weeping is not perceptive; she forgets whether it is night or morning. Death, not Eden, is her destination.

"The Crystal Cabinet" repeats the cycle which occurs in "The Mental Traveller." That there is a possibility of movement out of the cabinet is evident in lines 7 and 8, which state,

And within it opens into a World
 And a little lovely Moony Night (429:7, 8).

The last stanza explains why he fails to move from Beulah into Eden.

He tries to capture Edenic reality, not to be found in Beulah, the third level of vision:

I strove to sieze the inmost Form
 With ardor fierce & hands of flame,
 But burst the Crystal Cabinet,
 And like a Weeping Babe became-- (429:21-24).

The concluding dash seems to indicate repetition of the cycle, but unless his imagination is capable of encompassing the threefold maidens as an internal part, representative of what Beulah has to offer, the cycle will continue unproductively. The last stanza echoes "The Mental Traveller."

A weeping Babe upon the wild,
 And Weeping Woman pale reclin'd,
 And in the outward air again
 I filled with woes the passing Wind (430:25-28).

"The Grey Monk" seems to have no relationship with the priest of innocence, for his is not a confining role, but, as his verse indicates, the role of a visionary. In the first stanzas the speaker is in agony reminiscent of that of the weeping babes in "The Mental Traveller." Initially he is unable to shed a tear; a hollow groan is all that tells his woe. His brother and father have fought against the tyrant, but he evaluates their contributions in the last three stanzas:

"But vain the Sword & vain the Bow,
 "They never can work War's overthrow.
 "The Hermit's Prayer & the Widow's tear
 "Alone can free the World from fear.

"For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing,
 "And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
 "And the bitter groan of the Martyr's woe
 "Is an Arrow from the Almighty's Bow.

"The hand of Vengeance found the Bed
 "To which the Purple Tyrant fled;
 "The iron hand crush'd the Tyrant's head
 "And became a Tyrant in his stead" (430:25-36).

The monk is aware of the cyclical nature of tyranny. The most significant line in the poem in the light of this paper is his comment that the "Tear is an Intellectual Thing." Significantly enough, it is the widow's tear which will free the world from fear. The female usually represents imagination, and so with the necessary union of imagination and intellect, the tear will be most effective.

"Auguries of Innocence" presumes the fourth level of vision on the part of the reader:

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
 And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
 Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
 And Eternity in an hour (431:1-4).

With imagination, all things are under control, all things are possible. Several lines present images of weeping.

The Catterpillar on the Leaf
 Repeats to thee by Mother's grief (132:37-38).

Man was made for Joy & Woe;
 And when this we rightly know
 Thro' the World we safely go.
 Joy & Woe are woven fine,
 A Clothing for the Soul divine;
 Under every grief & pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine (432:56-62).

Every Tear from Every Eye
 Becomes a Babe in Eternity;
 This is caught by Females bright
 And return'd to its own delight (432:67-70).

The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath
 Writes Revenge in realms of death (432:73, 74).

The Harlot's cry from Street to Street
 Shall weave Old England's winding Sheet (433:115, 116).

The first lines quoted seem to be a reference to the cyclical element of nature, as represented by the caterpillar and by the Mother's grief. The cyclical aspect is not redeeming; man can be redeemed only when nature becomes a part of him. When he has fourfold vision he has gone beyond his mother's grief, which usually is expended falsely in fear of the infant's loss of innocence.

The contrary states of joy and woe are explicated in the next section of the poem. It takes imaginative vision to understand that they complement each other and that joy does not always follow weeping, but that it does run under every grief. The implication is that it would take fourfold vision to perceive the joy through the tears.

The next two lines quoted point to the productivity of tears. Because Babe is capitalized, it seems to relate to the other references to Babe in the Pickering MS. And, of course, the other Babes are Orc figures, representative of energy and creative power. The lines immediately following are more reminiscent of the three levels of vision of "The Mental Traveller" than of the fourfold level of "Auguries of Innocence."

The weeping of the Babe in the next two lines seems to equate more with the beggar's rags, the poor man's farthings, and the infant's faith, in that all represent the lesser, the weak. The Harlot's cry, sounding like a reference to "London," takes up this form of misery, and Blake seems to summarize all of his references to the miserable with his comment, "Every Night & every Morn/ Some to Misery are Born."

"Long John Brown & Little Mary Bell" utilizes a fairy and a devil in a rather unusual sense. When the fairy, usually representative of imaginative vision, proclaims that 'Love is a Sin' (434:6) and Long John becomes a frustrated lover, the fairy was delighted. But "woe & alack for Pretty Mary Bell!" because her "Fairy skip'd out" and the "Devil crept in" (434:18, 19) and she is in poor Long John's spot. The devil is not the perceptive devil, actively loving against "holy" commands, but is a frustrated one. The woe which will fall on Mary Bell will not avail her. Her time for moving from experience to Beulah has passed and her tears now will be of regret.

The tears which fall in "William Bond" are truly redemptive tears. They are shed by his love, Mary Green, and his sister.

And their tears fell thro' the black, black Cloud
To drive away the sick man's pain (435:19-20).

The misery of William Bond is due to the absence of three Fairies, driven away by the Angels of Providence. With the Angels at the foot and head of his bed, Mary proclaims her love and offers to sacrifice it if he desires. And because love is sacrificial, the Angels are driven away and the Fairies return to her head. "Seek Love in the Pity of Other's Woe" (436:49-50). What seems to be significant is that the right kind of pity can unify male and female. Their Beulah is assured by her tears of love and sacrifice.

VI. JERUSALEM

Much weeping occurs in Jerusalem, which portrays the giant Albion as sleeping nature. Los, named the Spirit of Prophecy, "enter'd the Door of Death for Albion's sake Inspired" (1:11). The epic is concerned with the union of Jerusalem, Albion's emanation, and Albion, who is representative of all humanity. In Plate 54 Blake wrote this of

Jerusalem:

In Great Eternity every particular Form gives forth or Emanates
Its own peculiar Light, & the Form is the Divine Vision
And the Light is his Garment. This is Jerusalem in every Man,
A Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness, Male & Female Clothings.
And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion
(684: 54: 1-5).

Also involved in the conflict are the Spectres, primarily those of Los and Albion. The warring which goes on causes those who retain the divine vision to echo and re-echo the cry of forgiveness, not vengeance.

The weeping images in Jerusalem begin in Chapter 1 with the linking of weeping and divine vision. The call goes to Albion to awake and the following lines occur in the middle of the entreaty.

"Thy brethren call thee, and thy fathers and thy sons,
 "Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters
 "Weep at thy soul's disease, and the Divine Vision is darken'd
 (622: 4:11-13).

The weeping is for the right reason, pity for the humanity represented by Albion, but the pity of the weeping is not enough to keep the divine vision from being obscured.

In Plate 5 the porches of Albion are drawn through unbounded space, "scatter'd upon the Void in incoherent despair!" "Oxford & London are . . . rent away and dissipated in Chasms & Abysses of sorrow" (623:5:3-5). Jerusalem is scattered through non-entity mourning for fear of warriors. The tumult, cries of war, and cruelty bring despair, but not any of the sorrow which Blake said in The Marriage of Heaven and Hell would bring forth anything productive, because "the Divine Vision is darken'd."

Yet one does maintain the Divine Vision, and he (Blake-Los) comments, "my tears fall day and night." And those others who shed

tears in pity, the daughters of Beulah, are ineffective in this great struggle, although they do assist Los who keeps the vision.

O what avail the loves & tears of Beulah's lovely Daughters!
 They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears,
 But all within is open'd into the deeps of Entuthon Benython,
 A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end,
 Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination
 (Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed for ever)
 (624:5:54-59).

"Tender tears" alone are not enough.

In contrast, the next images of weeping feature Los. The terms change. Hearing Jerusalem and Vala weeping and lamenting, Los's tears fall, but he labors before the Furnaces and he mourns. When his Spectre curses him for his friendship to Albion, Los's tears are preceded by a terrible wrath. His weeping is terrified weeping, but immediately afterwards he chants his song and returns to his labors. Lines 2 and 10 of Plate 6 thus point to a combination of laboring and weeping in Los which will carry through the entire work.

Further contrast occurs in Plate 7. The Spectre sought to "lure Los, by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors" (625:7:6) to abandon the friendship. The tears are the tears of Los's "Pride & Self-righteousness" (627:8:30). They are not the uniting tears of pity.

Plate 9 features some of the most definitive references to weeping. Los speaks.

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 work'd it on my resolute anvil (628:9:17-20).

"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 compell'd to defend
 "A Lie; that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken:
 "That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease (628:9:26-30).

The first references to weeping (tears, groans, pang of Sorrow) are rather obviously productive. Los labors in his furnace to create a system of his own to prevent enslavement by another man's system. Through his tears and his hope the Spaces of Erin are created and the Sons & Daughters of Jerusalem become Sons & Daughters of Los for their protection. By making things concrete he can put a limit to Albion's fall. The use of tears and groans to make a spiritual sword is a lovely example of this creativity.

The Spectre's weeping in Plate 9 is coupled with his despair and doubt. The Spectre's griefs are "at worst, incapable of being Surpassed (630:10:44-45) and are constantly referred to in this plate as Despair. Dark tears run down his face. The coupling of darkness with tears and the emphasis upon the depth of the despair point to a total lack of vision. The selfhood is unable to weep for another; his griefs are greatest. It seems to echo the earlier reference to Urizen's desire to avert his own despair (626:7:34). As Urizen represents the reason out of control, so

does the Spectre. They are unable to utilize the imagination they have separated from to regain pity and hope.

In a definite movement away from the despair, in Plate 11 Los sees Erin, the Daughters of Beulah, and the Sons & Daughters of Los emerge from the Furnaces. "Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together (631:11:13). This is one of the best demonstrations of Blake's proverb, "Excess of joy weeps."

The lament which follows their joyful weeping is a cry of pity for mournful Jerusalem who is being replaced by Vala (natural bondage). The pity is there, but the divine vision is lacking. Los again supplies it as he asks,

"Yet why despair? I saw the finger of God go forth
 "Upon my Furnaces from within the Wheels of Albion's Sons,
 "Fixing their Systems permanent, by mathematic power
 "Giving a body to Falsehood that it may be cast off for ever (631:
 12:10-13).

The laborers in the Furnace may weep in pity, yet they tend to the lamenting, the despair which is evident when vision is lacking.

The building of Golgonooza utilizes tears, and since the city will be the Palace of Art, a symbol of productivity, these must be the tears which can bring forth good things. The location will be near every weeping Paddington and the mournful spots of Calvery and Golgotha. There is a blending of the tears as well as a mythic parallel evident throughout the work. Utilized in the building are tears of honesty and

"woven tears and sighs wrought into lovely forms" (632:12:39). And even though Jerusalem is still wandering, the "builders in hope" (632:12:43) continue. The images of weeping form an essential part of the Palace of Art. The Halls of Los record all of man's story, "every sorrow and distress is carved here" (638:16:64) as well as all else that happens to man in his life. Sorrow is linked with love and hate.

The use of despair to describe the land of death eternal seems to continue Blake's use of this term for the lack of vision characteristic of the vegetable world, "A land of pain and misery and despair" (633:13:31). The entire passage, continuing into Plate 14, describes that land and its inhabitants who are wailing to be created. Its contrast to Golgonooza is impressive, for as Los and his workers of the furnace have laboured to build the city to retain the vision, the vegetative earth, "self-righteousnesses conglomerating against the Divine Vision," can not pass away until the last judgment. Even the tear cannot pass away (634:13:66). A forest of affliction grows in seas of sorrow in this land. The sorrow is not that spoken of in The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.

At the crucial point when Enitharmon may divide from Los, Los seeks to keep his Spectre in control so Enitharmon will not be lost. He comments that those the Spectre torments will torment him in return in "a Hell & Despair for ever & ever" (639:17:47). Again the words which link with the reference to weeping significantly influence its

meaning, but despair is the one synonym which to date has not indicated any hope, any vision. It seems logical to apply it to the Spectre who has deliberately separated from the imagination. And the imaginative force, Los, continues to howl and feed with his groans and tears the trembling globe, Enitharmon, who has separated as a red globe of blood (639:17:51-56).

With a change in scene, the change in the image occurs. Plates 18-24 leave Los for Albion, Jerusalem, and Vala. The Sons of Albion meet in an "orbed Void of doubt, despair, hunger & thirst & sorrow" (640:18:4). Here they proclaim Jerusalem the "mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness" (640:18:12) which, with their habitat, proclaim the unproductiveness of their despair and sorrow, for it is turned inward. At the end of Plate 18, Albion is shown in pain and tears and, in Plate 19, in woe. The self-exile finds no hope in the tears, even though he regrets all that has been lost, including Jerusalem "weeping in the cold and desolated Earth." No vision results from his tears, for "he wanders up and down Seeking for rest and finding none" (641:19:14-15).

Another change comes when Jerusalem and Vala, "comingling in eternal tears," assimilate and destroy Albion, melting his soul away and weaving it into the veil of Vala. The tears are a symbol of the union of Jerusalem and Vala. They are not indicative of vision, for both

Jerusalem and Vala are astonished when they see the fall of Albion, and Vala proceeds to weave the veil of tears while Jerusalem weeps in the web of despair. Vala's weeping is the weeping of the dissembler. Jerusalem's tears are those of the wanderer, soft, yet without productivity. She will be trapped until Los's divine vision can free her.

The other references in the chapter are significant.

"The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
 "Horrible, ghast & deadly! nought shalt thou find in it
 "But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy" (645:22:22-25).

Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair
 (646:23:13).

He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping (646:23:24).

"May God, who dwells in this dark Ulro & voidness, vengeance take,
 "And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture,
 "Like me thy Victim (646:23:38-40).

When pity becomes a sin, when vengeance and punishment "Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War," the despair and sorrow is the evidence of the hopelessness of Ulro. Weeping in the vegetable world does not bring out those trapped there.

The clear distinction between weeping and despair made in Chapter 1 of Jerusalem is made completely evident in Plate 25. While there is lamenting and weeping in Beulah and pity and weeping on the part of the savior, there is only despair on the part of those who impute sin and righteousness to individuals. And Blake adds, "these Slept in Ulro."

Beulah is not Eden, the final level of fourfold vision. But those of Beulah have threefold vision and do pity. Those in Ulro can only despair in their single vision.

The refreshing lyrics of Plate 27, Chapter 2, seem to summarize much of the epic. There are three images of weeping in the 22 stanzas, all of them repetitive of earlier images in wording and context. Everweeping Paddington is the site of Golgonooza, Jerusalem falls in woe, and the Human Form Divine weeps in mortal clay. The images do not enlarge the understanding of Blake's references to weeping, but they do emphasize their significance.

Because other images of weeping follow the pattern of Chapter 1 images, only those this writer feels illustrate a new facet of Blake's philosophy or contribute new meanings will be analyzed in detail in the remainder of the paper. All of the images will be listed in the Appendix and all of the images will be considered when conclusions are drawn.

Woe enters as a significant aspect of the earth in Plate 28.

The Tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion groan'd)
They bent down, they felt the earth, and again enrooting
Shot into many a Tree, an endless labyrinth of woe (653:28:17-19).

The Tree of Mystery which appeared in the Book of Ahania seems to reappear in this last epic, now, as then, a symbol of the woe which accompanies what is hidden or mysterious. The lines from Ahania read as follows:

5. The Tree still grows over the Void
Enrooting itself all around,
An endless labyrinth of woe (252:2-4).

While earlier the weeping of Los and his Spectre could not be equated, a peculiar thing happens in Plate 30. The Emanation of Los and the Spectre of Los weep and lament for the vegetation of Albion's children. The will, the reason, is working in conjunction with Los, the imagination, and Los is praised "Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble" (655:30:14). The weeping might be the weeping of Los, for it is pity for the fallen state of humanity. This weeping enables Los to put out his hand and take them into his bosom.

The tears of Los persist. He looks on Albion's city, where there are caves of dark despair and dens of despair, and maintains the vision. Albion's state is still fallen; Vala is called the daughter of despair. Even when she sheds tears they are in "clouds of tears" (659:33:35). The despair carries through the poem as Reuben is sent by Los to help set a limit to the fall. Even Reuben is in despair, although he obeys Los, whose vision persists.

The contrast of Albion's despair in his fallen state and the weeping of Los and the Divine Saviour as they maintain eternal vision persists. The Divine Family, Los, and the Saviour weep through Plate 41.

In Plate 41, however, weeping seems to be used in a Urizenic sense:

The Four Zoas in terrible combustion clouded rage,
 Drinking the shuddering fears & loves of Albion's Families,
 Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire,

Drinking & eating & pitying & weeping as at a tragic scene
 The soul drinks murder & revenge & applauds its own holiness
 (668-9:41:26-30).

The weeping is a selfish, self-conscious weeping, completely unredeemptive because their concern for the human family is only the concern of an onlooker piously set apart. Later in Plate 43 the Zoas are treated separately. Luvah is pictured as pitying and weeping in his love, Urthona as doubting and despairing (671:43:2-3). Los is keeper of the vision which Urthona as imagination should have. It seems logical that Urthona should despair, for the active imagination fallen would be least creative in his weeping.

Plate 48 is one of the most tearful in Chapter 2 and one of the most significant, for in this the finger of God goes forth upon the seventh furnace and Jerusalem is preserved in Erin in the meantime. The weeping of the Daughters of Beulah, of Enion who extends the saving moment of time, and of Erin is the weeping of love and pity and, it would seem, of divine vision.

Several things become significant in Chapter 2. Despair, woe, mourning seem to correlate to the fallen world. Weeping, tears, and lamenting occur most often to those who have divine pity and to those who keep the divine wisdom.

Chapter 3 opens with an attack on Deism and a seven stanza comment on the Grey Monk, reminiscent of "The Grey Monk" of The

Pickering Manuscript. The last stanza repeats stanza 8 of that poem, naming the tear as an intellectual thing and calling a sigh a sword. This is also repetitive of the Chapter 1 reference to Los forging sighs and tears for a spiritual sword to lay open the hidden heart.

Plate 53 portrays Los as still weeping over Albion in divine pity. It also comments on the weeping of Man's emanation:

Because
 Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre,
 His Emanation is an ever-weeping melancholy Shadow (684:53:24-26).

The division results in an unproductive weeping by the shadowy, melancholy female. The latter three terms are negative ones, and weeping linked with them would seem to be the opposite of the weeping of Los in this Plate.

At this point in the poem Albion is filled with "deadly revenge" for his sons. In attempting to draw England into his bosom "in groans and tears," the Divine Vision "dimly appear'd in clouds of blood weeping" (685:54:27-32). The cloud is an oppression symbol; the Divine Vision is not yet clear to Albion in his vengeful mood and his tears are for the wrong cause, his own pain.

The productive tear seems to be the subject of the following lines:

for tho' we sit down within
 "The plowed furrow, list'ning to the weeping clods till we
 "Contract or Expand Space at will, or if we raise ourselves

"Upon the chariots of the morning, Contracting or Expanding Time,
 "Every one knows we are One Family, One Man blessed for ever"
 (687:55:42-46).

Thel's Conversation with the self-sacrificing clod is brought to mind, for if she had listened she could have achieved four-fold vision. The clods must have the vision of the one who can humbly give, as was written in "The Clod and The Pebble."

A speech, considered by Bloom to be an ironic comment on Los's part, is addressed to the daughters of despair, Albion's daughters, yet features weeping and tears as tender (2:855). Read in the satirical sense, his comments to them are bitter and their weeping and tears exactly the opposite of what they should be:

"Rock the Cradle, and in milk melodies tell me where found
 "What you have enwoven with so much tears & care, so much
 "Tender artifice, to laugh, to weep, to learn, to know:
 "Remember! recollect! what dark befel in wintry days" (688:57:22-25).

In contrast to the daughters of despair, the daughters of Beulah weep in delight, a paradoxical situation reminiscent of The Marriage of Heaven and Hell:

labouring at the whirling Wheel,
 Many Wheels & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping.
 Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work
 Obliterates every other evil; none pities their tears,
 Yet they regard not pity & they expect no one to pity,
 For they labour for life & love (691:59:32-37).

Plate 60 features Jerusalem, Albion's emanation, "deluded by the turning mills," insane and inarticulate. Her tears are the tears of

bitter despair and her visions those of woe. The Divine Vision is missing, and her tears are representative of her confused state, not of the joyful weeping which occurs in the Vision of Mary and Joseph presented to her as comfort.

After this the first reference to Los as being in despair occurs.

Within the context, it is evident why.

his tears fell incessant
Because his Children were clos'd from him apart & Enitharmon
Dividing in fierce pain; also the Vision of God was clos'd in clouds
Of Albion's Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat & often ponder'd
On Death Eternal, in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion
Walking, & in the vales in howlings fierce; then to his Anvils
Turning, anew began his labours, tho' in terrible pains (696:62:36-42).

Despair in every other reference has only struck those who are without the divine vision. Los's furnaces also experience despair in Chapter 3 (73:2-3).

The tears of the Daughters of Albion represent the cruel tears which Los sardonically referred to in his earlier speech.

there they enter in pomp,
In many tears, & there they erect a temple & an altar.
They pour cold water on his brain in front, to cause
Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears (702:66:28-31).

The veil of Vala, the veil of the tabernacle hide what should be open to all mankind. These are not productive tears because they are veiling tears.

The tears of the daughters are like the tears of Tirzah who "sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife of flint is in her hand" (704:67:24-25). Her tears are not those of Jerusalem's bitter despair nor of Beulah's pity. The tears of the cruel are featured throughout the chapter.

The first Plates of Chapter 4 feature the still deluded Jerusalem, weeping and in despair, finally questioning Vala in whose net she too is caught. In contrast to Jerusalem's wild weeping, Vala's weeping is that of the cruel holiness of Tirzah and the Daughters of Albion of Chapter 3. She too weeps in pity over her groaning victims (Plate 80).

The weeping infant appears in Chapter 4 as humanity. In Chapter 3 Jehovah appeared as a weeping infant and later in Chapter 4 Hyle is to become a weeping infant. If there is any correlation in the three images, they become more complicated when Hyle is reborn, not as a weeping infant as predicted, but as a winding worm. The weeping infant in the innocence and experience poems was a symbol of all that humanity must face and a visible object illustrating the proverb, "Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth." The source of life, the weeping infant, can represent all of the potential vision of mankind.

References to weeping in the poem taper off as Los's work nears completion. He labors weeping and howling until Plate 92, when he sees

the nations amalgamating into one nation. The last reference to weeping is a joyous one:

Urthona he beheld, mighty labouring at
His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied labouring & weeping:
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthona's Spectre in songs,
Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble (724:95:17-21).

The laboring and the weeping of Los in the pursuit of the divine vision permits Brittania to enter Albion's bosom and Jerusalem to "overspread all nations." The vision is maintained and achieved partly through sorrow.

CHAPTER III

CONCLUSION

Many of the generalizations and conclusions have been suggested in the review of images in Jerusalem. This major work incorporated Blake's earlier philosophy and utilized lines and images of earlier poetry, as the appendix and body of the paper illustrate. From the repetition of earlier images and lines, Jerusalem seems to be what Blake was so long striving for. Many ideas and images from earlier poetry were more clearly delineated in Jerusalem. After the weeping imagery in Chapter 1 of Jerusalem was worked out, the remainder of the images were clear. Although an intricate, complicated set of images, within the book they are consistent.

There is a pattern to Blake's ambiguity. The complexity and intricacy of the images in the earlier manuscripts demand careful reading of all of Blake's works before interpretation. There are many examples, as this study attempted to show, of deliberate and effective ambiguity in the images of weeping. Because mankind did not respond to his vision through his earlier poems, which Blake deliberately made difficult, Jerusalem is less equivocal. At this point Blake wished to communicate. Jerusalem is by no means uncomplicated, but within the poem is all the reader needs for understanding and achieving Blake's vision.

When the terms were analyzed separately, despair and woe were most characteristic of the fallen state. Albion's world in Jerusalem is most filled with despair. There seems to be no vision associated with this type of sorrow. Sorrow, weeping, tears, and grief occur on several levels. The speaker, his level, and the context are essential in determining their productivity or unproductivity throughout the poetry.

"Weeping" does occur more in the Songs of Innocence than in the Songs of Experience. Perhaps anticipation of movement into experience is more painful than experience. Los is the primary weeper of Jerusalem, and his vision saves Albion and Jerusalem. Lamenting in Jerusalem is most often associated with divine pity. Even though these generalizations can be drawn, it was always essential to consider the image within the context and to remember the point of view of the author.

Throughout the works, weeping was ineffectual unless it was in pity for another. Divine pity is redemptive even of one who resists it, as in Albion's case. Another significant finding was that weeping and laboring were related throughout Jerusalem. Even when the divine vision was dim and Los was in despair, by continuing in his laboring and weeping, the vision was secured. Certainly this would seem to be the sorrow that brings forth, a sorrow that Blake would like to have all mankind experience.

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APPENDIX

CONCORDANCE

The concordance is keyed to the Keynes edition of Blake's complete works. Images of weeping are noted under the book title by individual title (if any), page number, and line for all poetry except Milton and Jerusalem. Images in those works are classified by page, plate, and line number.

POETICAL SKETCHES

. . . scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee (To Spring, 1:12).

"O Elenor, weak woman, fill'd with woe" (Fair Elenor, 5:52).

She kiss'd the pale lips; she had no tears to shed (Fair Elenor, 6:71).

And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave: (Song, 6:4-5).

Sweet I hear her mournful song (Song, 7:14).

And when night comes, I'll go
To places fit for woe, (Song, 7:14).

The wild winds weep (Mad Song, 8:1).

And my griefs infold (Mad Song, 8:4).

With sorrow fraught
My notes are driven
They strike the ear of night,
Make weep the eyes of day (Mad Song, 9:11-14).

And the vale darkens at my pensive woe (Song, 10:6).

. . . where my black ey'd maid
Doth drop a tear beneath the silent shade,
I turn my eyes; and, pensive as I go,
Curse my black stars, and bless my pleasing woe (Song, 9:7-10).

I curse my stars in bitter grief and woe,
That made my love so high, and me so low (Song, 9:15-16).

. . . our wives
"And children cry for bread (Gwin, King of Norway, 11:9-10).

Their wives and children, weeping loud (Gwin, King of Norway, 11:25).

And all his spearmen bold
March to the sound of mournful song (Gwin, King of Norway, 12:59).

Who mourn'd his sons (Gwin, King of Norway, 14:115).

She blush'd so red, with side-long glance
At hob-nail Dick, who griev'd the chance (Blind-Man's Buff, 16:15-16).

. . . "O woe betide,
Thee, clumsy Will!" (Blind-Man's Buff, 16:24-25).

Another wept, and wish'd health to his father (King Edward the Third,
(25:168)).

. . . I have been weeping
Over the men that are to die to-day (King Edward the Third, 30:1).

Dagworth. Stop, brave Sir Walter; let me drop a tear,
Then let the clarion of war begin;
I'll fight and weep, 'tis in my country's cause;
I'll weep and shout for glorious liberty.
Grim war shall laugh and shout, decked in tears (King Edward the Third,
31:49-53).

AN ISLAND IN THE MOON

"The mire was deep, & the child did weep (60:7).

"Leave, O leave me to my sorrows (61:1).

TIRIEL

"Nourish'd with milk, ye serpents, nourish'd with mother's tears &
cares! (99:28-29).

O'er mountains & thro' vales of woe the blind & aged man (100:3).

They ran weeping, like frightened infants, for refuge in Mnetha's arms
(100:12-13).

"O venerable, O most piteous, O most woeful day! del.
 "A wanderer, I beg for food: you see I cannot weep: (101:27-28).

The aged Tiriël could not speak, his heart was full of grief; (101:44).

"Ask me no more, I pray, for grief hath seal'd my precious sight"
 (102:53).

But still he fear'd that Har & Heva would die of joy & grief. del.
 (102:8).

And then they went & wept to Mnetha; but they soon forgot their tears
del. (103:32-33).

And then they went & wept to Mnetha: but they soon forgot their tears
 (103:42-43).

"Seven years of sorrow; then the curse of Zazel del." (104:16).

And caught him by the garments, weeping with cries of bitter woe (106:19).

"Aye, now you feel the curse, you cry! but may all ears be deaf
 "As Tiriël's, & all eyes as blind as Tiriël's to your woes! (106:20-21).

Chain'd in thick darkness, utter'd cries of mourning all the night;
 And in the morning, Lo! an hundred men in ghastly death! (107:28-29).

"The tears swell from my stony fountains: wherefore do I weep? (108:30).

"For thou hast laughed at my tears & curst thy aged father (108:42).

Hoping to end her (life del.) woes; but from her cries the tygers fled
 (109:17).

"Flinging flames of discontent & plagues of dark despair; (109:16).

"Is cut off from the weeping mouth: with difficulty & pain (110:28).

"Then walks the weak infant in sorrow, compell'd to number footsteps
 (110:32).

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

So I piped: he wept to hear. (Introduction, 111:8).

While he wept with joy to hear. (Introduction, 111:12).

"O, my children! do they cry?

"Do they hear their father sigh?

"Now they look abroad to see:

"Now return and weep for me." (A Dream, 112:9-12).

Pitying, I drop'd a tear; (A Dream, 112:13).

Who replied: "What wailing wight

"Calls the watchman of the night? (A Dream, 112:15-16)

"Do father, mother weep, (The Little Girl Lost, 112:19)

"If her mother weep? (The Little Girl Lost, 112:24)

"Lyca shall not weep. (The Little Girl Lost, 113:28)

Ruby tears there came; (The Little Girl Lost, 113:47)

All the night in woe (The Little Girl Found, 113:1)

While the desarts weep. (The Little Girl Found, 113:4)

Tired and woe-begon, (The Little Girl Found, 113:5)

Famish'd weeping, weak, (The Little Girl Found, 114:15)

With feet of weary woe: (The Little Girl Found, 114:19)

Her, arm'd with sorrow sore; (The Little Girl Found, 114:22)

"Weep not for the maid; (The Little Girl Found, 114:42)

Hears you sobbing, sobbing (The Blossom, 116:10)

Could scarcely cry "'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!" (The Chimney
Sweeper, 117:3)

There's little Tom Dacre who cried when his head, (The Chimney
Sweeper, 117:5)

If they see any weeping (Night, 119:21)

They pitying stand and weep; (Night, 119:26)

Shall flow with tears of gold, (Night, 119:34)

"Graze after thee and weep. (Night, 119:44)

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs, (A Cradle Song, 120:13)

While o'er thee thy mother weep. (A Cradle Song, 120:20)

Thy maker lay and wept for me,
Wept for me, for thee, for all, (A Cradle Song, 120:24-25)

The mire was deep, & the child did weep, (The Little Boy Lost, 121:7)

Began to cry; but God, ever nigh, (The Little Boy Found, 121:3)

Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought. (The Little Boy Found, 121:7-8)

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief, (On Another's Sorrow, 122:1-3)

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share? (On Another's Sorrow, 122:5-6)

Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd (On Another's Sorrow, 122:8)

Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief & care,
Hear the woes that infants bear, (On Another's Sorrow, 122:14-16)

Weeping tear on infant's tear; (On Another's Sorrow, 122:20)

Wiping all our tears away? (On Another's Sorrow, 122:22)

He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the worrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh (On Another's Sorrow, 122-123:27-29)

Think not thou canst weep a tear (On Another's Sorrow, 123:31)

That our grief he may destroy;
Till our grief is fled & gone (On Another's Sorrow, 123:34-35)

In sighing and dismay (The School Boy, 124:10)

By sorrow and care's dismay, (The School Boy, 124:25)

THE BOOK OF THEL

And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew: (127:5)

"Why should the mistress of the vales of Har utter a sigh?" (128:1)

She ceas'd & smil'd in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine (128:2)

"Ah! weep not little voice, thou canst not speak, but thou canst weep.
"Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked, weeping. (129:4-5)

The daughter of beauty wip'd her pitying tears with her white veil,
And said: "Alas! I know not this, and therefore did I weep. (130:7-8)

"With milk and oil I never know, and therefore did I weep; (130:11)

"Queen of the vales," the matron Clay answer'd, "I heard thy sighs.
(130:14)

A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen. (130:5)

Dolours & lamentations; waiting oft beside a dewy grave (130:7)

And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pin (130:10)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Sick the mountains, and all their vineyards weep, in the eyes of the
kingly mourner; (134:6)

Forty men, each conversing with woes in the infinite shadows of his
soul, (134:13)

Utters loud despair, shadowing Paris; her grey towers groan, and the
Bastile trembles. (135:18)

Sudden seiz'd with howlings, despair, and black night, he stalk'd like
a lion from the tower (135:21)

His sorrowful breath: he, by conscience urg'd, in the city of Paris
rais'd a pulpit, (136:42)

Fasten'd into the wall; fancy gave him to see an image of despair in
his den, (136:45)

On the anxious city; all children new born first behold them; tears are
fled, (136:56)

Look up to the morning Senate, and visions of sorrow leave pensive streets.
(136:58)

Descend from the gloom and wander thro' the palace, and weep round
the King and his Nobles. (136:60)

On the soul-skirting mountains of sorrow; cold waving the Nobles fold
round the King; (137:65)

The fierce Duke hung over the council; around him croud, weeping in his
burning robe, (138:87)

He ceas'd, and burn'd silent; red clouds roll round Necker; a
weeping is heard o'er the palace. (139:105)

"And tempests of doubt roll around me, and fierce sorrows, because
of the Nobles of France. (139:119)

Dropping a tear the old man his place left, and when he was gone out
(139:121)

Kneel'd round him and kissed his garments and wept: he stood a short space in the street, (139:123)

"An aged form, white as snow, hov'ring in mist, weeping in the uncertain light.

"Dim the form almost faded, tears fell down the shady cheeks; at his feet, many cloth'd (140:131-132)

"Beneath, in the awful void, myriads descending and weeping thro' dismal winds;

"Endless the shady train shiv'ring descended from the gloom where the aged form wept. (140:134-135)

"Fear not dreams, fear not visions, nor be you dismay'd with sorrows which flee at the morning! (142:180)

"Is the body diseas'd when the members are healthful? can the man be bound in sorrow (142:182)

"And can Nobles be bound when the people are free, or God weep when his children are happy? (142:186)

"Mourning oppress'd on village and field, till the village and field is a waste.

"For the husbandman weeps at blights of the fife, and blasting of trumpets consume (143:208-209)

"'And run and embrace the meek peasant.' Her Nobles shall hear and shall weep, and put off (144:221)

"Shall weep, bending to earth, embracing the valleys, and putting his hand to the plow, (144:224)

On pestilent vapours around him flow frequent spectres of religious men, weeping (146:274)

They dash like foam against the ridges of the army, uttering a faint feeble cry. (146:277)

Affright the coasts, and the peasant looks over the sea and wipes a tear; (147:281)

THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL

The busy bee has no time for sorrow. (Proverbs of Hell, 151:11)

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps. (Proverbs of Hell, 151:6)

Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth. (Proverbs of Hell, 151:9)

Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not! (Proverbs of Hell, 152:21)

A SONG OF LIBERTY

6. And weep and bow thy referend locks¹ (159:6)

POEMS AND FRAGMENTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK

"And builds a heaven in hell's despair." (First draft of "The Clod and the Pebble" in Songs of Experience.) (162:4).

Weeping, Weeping (162:4)

And many weeping stood without
Weeping, mourning, worshipping. (First draft of "The Garden of Love" in Songs of Experience. 163:3-4)

Little sorrows sit & weep. (A Cradle song, 164:2)

Night & morning with my tears; (Christian Forbearance, 165:6)

My mother groan'd my father wept; (Infant Sorrow, 166:1)

Nor with sorrows meet? (168:7)

And her locks cover'd with grey despair. (Earth's Answer, 168:5)

Weeping o'er (Earth's Answer, 169:9)

Oft my mirtle sigh'd in vain (In a Mirtle Shade, 169:11)

Marks of weakness marks of woe (London, 170:4)

In every cry of every man
 In (every voice of every child del.)
 every infant's cry of fear (London, 170:5-6)

How the chimney sweeper's cry (London, 170:9)

And the hapless soldier's sigh (London, 170:12)

Blasts the new born infant's tear, (London, 170:20)

In the well of sanguine woe? (The Tyger, 172:15)

And water'd heaven with their tears (The Tyger, 172:30)

And waters the ground with tears; (The human Image, 174:11)

(The mother follow'd, weeping aloud: (First draft of "A Little Boy Lost"
 in Songs of Experience, 177:11)

The weeping child could not be heard;
 The weeping parents wept in vain. (First draft of "A Little Boy Lost"
 in Songs of Experience, 177:20-21)

The weeping parents wept in vain. (First draft of "A Little Boy Lost"
 in Songs of Experience, 177:28)

"If a tear or a smile ([The Marriage Ring del.] The Fairy, 178:3)

Let him laugh, let him cry, ([The Marriage Ring del.] The Fairy, 178:17)

You('ll del.) can never wipe off the tears of woe. (Plate 42, 179)

Crying "'weep! 'weep!" in notes of woe. (The Chimney Sweeper, 180:2)

"And taught me to sing the notes of woe. (The Chimney Sweeper, 180:8)

Is that trembling cry a song? (Holy Thursday, 181:5)

Witless woe was ne'er beguil'd!

And I wept both night & day,
 And he wiped my tears away,
 And I wept both day & night, (The Angel, 182:4-7)

I dried my tears & arm'd my fears (The Angel, 182:11)

(Woe, alas! my guilty hand (First draft of "The Fly" in Songs of Experience, 182:Plate 55)

In tears & iron bound;
But mute Fayette wept tear for tear, (185:36-37)

For well I see thy tears
Of Pity are exchanged for those
Of selfish slavish fears. (186:40-42)

Yet thou dost exchange thy pitying tears (186:54)

Thou gavest the tears of Pity away
In exchange for the tears of sorrow. (186:58-59)

But mute Fayette wept tear for tear, (186:62)

Weeping he fell upon my thigh,
And thus in tears did soft reply: (188:7-8)

VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ALBION

Enslav'd, the Daughters of Albion weep; a trembling lamentation
(Visions, 189:1)

For the soft soul of America, Oothoon, wander'd in woe, (Visions, 189:3)

With secret tears; beneath him sound like waves on a desert shore
(190:7)

Oothoon weeps not; she cannot weep! her tears are locked up; (190:11)

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & echo back her sighs. (190:20)

"Why does my Theotormon sit weeping upon the threshold, (190:21)

"Barks at the breaking day; the nightingale has done lamenting; (190:24)

"Are both alike; a night of sighs, a morning of fresh tears, (191:38)

"Sweetest the fruit that the worm feeds on, & the soul prey'd on by woe,
(191:17)

"Tell me what is the night or day to one o'erflow'd with woe? (191:22)

"And in what rivers swim the sorrows? and upon what mountains (191:25)

"Drunken with woe forgotten, and shut up from cold despair? (192:2)

"Comforts into a present sorrow and a night of pain? (192:7)

Then Bromion said, and shook the cavern with his lamentation: (192:12)

"And are there other sorrows beside the sorrows of poverty? (192:20)

But when the morn arose, her lamentation renew'd.

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & eccho back her sighs. (192:1-2)

"Thy joys are tears, thy labour vain to form men to thine image. (192:4)

"A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of non-entity. (194:15)

"That clouds with jealousy his nights, with weepings all the day, (194:18)

Thus every morning wails Oothoon; but Theotormon sits (195:11)

The Daughters of Albion hear her woes, & eccho back her sighs. (195:13)

AMERICA

Silent as despairing love, and strong as jealousy, (196:1)

And wander'd down the vales of Kent in sick & drear lamentings. (196:21)

"They cannot smite with sorrows, nor subdue the plow and spade; (199:6)

"Ah terrible birth! a young one bursting! where is the weeping
mouth, (199:21)

Thus wept the Angel voice, & as he wept, the terrible blasts (200:1)

"What pitying Angel lusts for tears and fans himself with sighs? (200:13)

With fires of hell, deform their ancient heavens with shame & woe.
(202:15)

From out his holy shrine, his tears in deluge piteous (203:4)

Weeping in dismal howling woe, he dark descended, howling
Around the smitten bands, clothed in tears & trembling, shudd'ring
cold. (203:7-8)

Weeping in dismal howlings before the stern Americans, (203:12)

Filled with blasting fancies and with mildews of despair, (203:20)

Wetting with tears, & his white garments cast a wintry light. (204:17)

Who wept over a den, in which his only son outstretch'd (205:26)

Such was the hollow voice that o'er (the red Demon del.) America
lamented. (205:31)

The British Colonies beneath the woful Princes fade. (206:4)

SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE

And weeping in the evening dew; (Songs of Experience, 210:7)

And her locks cover'd with grey despair. (Earth's Answer, 210:5)

"Weeping o'er (Earth's Answer, 211:9)

"And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair." (The Clod & the Pebble, 211:4)

Is that trembling cry a song? (Holy Thursday, 212:5)

Crying "'weep! 'weep!' in notes of woe! (The Chimney Sweeper, 212:2)

"And taught me to sing the notes of woe. (The Chimney Sweeper, 212:8)

Witless woe was ne'er beguil'd! (The Angel, 213:4)

And I wept both night and day,
And he wip'd my tears away, (The Angel, 214:5-6)

I dried my tears, & arm'd my fears (The Angel, 214:11)

And water'd heaven with their tears, (The Tyger, 214:18)

Marks of weakness, marks of woe. (London, 216:4)

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infant's cry of fear, (London, 216:5-6)

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry (London, 216:9)

Blasts the new born Infant's tear, (London, 216:15)

And waters the ground with tears, (The Human Abstract, 217:10)

My mother groan'd! my father wept. (Infant Sorrow, 217:1)

Night & morning with my tears; (A Poison Tree, 218:6)

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain; (A Little BOY Lost, 218:17-18)

The weeping parents wept in vain. (A Little BOY Lost, 219:24)

And the weary tired wanderers weep. (A Little GIRL Lost, 219:25)

The Sexes rose to work & weep. (To Tirzah, 220:8)

And with false self-decieving tears (To Tirzah, 220:11)

THE FIRST BOOK OF URIZEN

In despair and the shadows of death. (225:27)

9. Los wept, howling around the dark Demon, (226:2)

And a state of dismal woe. (228:43)

And a state of dismal woe. (228:9)

And a state of dismal woe. (228:18)

And a state of dismal woe. (229:25)

And a state of dismal woe. (229:3)

And a state of dismal woe. (229:11)

And a state of dismal woe. (229:19)

6. Los wept obscur'd with mourning, (230:48)

Fibres of blood, milk and tears, (231:4)

At length in tears & cries imbodyed, (231:6)

He embrac'd her; she wept, she refus'd (231:11)

To change to a grating cry:

Many sorrows and dismal throes, (232:32-33)

He bathed him in springs of sorrow, (233:4)

2. Los awoke her. O sorrow & pain! (233:8)

Around his bosom. In sobbings (233:10)

Opress'd his bosom. In sobbings (233:13)

O how Enitharmon wept! (233:22)

Sons & daughters of sorrow on mountains

Weeping, wailing, First Thiriel appear'd, (234:10-11)

From the waters emerging, laments: (234:14)

And he wept & he called it Pity

And his tears flowed down on the winds. (235:3-4)

In weeping & pain & woe;
 And where ever he wander'd, in sorrows (235:6-7)

Drawing out from his sorrowing soul, (235:11)

Walked over the cities in sorrow; (235:14)

From the sorrows of Urizen's soul. (235:17)

5. And their children wept, & built
 Tombs in the desolate places, (236:4-5)

EUROPE

"Ah! I am drown'd in shady woe and visionary joy. (238:12)

"Weeps she in desert shades? (240:6)

Howlings & hissings, shrieks & groans, & voices of despair (243:34)

Rattling their hollow bones in howling and lamentation. (243:8)

"O Theotormon! robb'd of joy, I see thy salt tears flow
 "Down the steps of my crystal house. (244:24-25)

Then every one fled to his station, & Enitharmon wept. (244:36)

THE SONG OF LOS

And Jesus heard her voice (a man of sorrows) he receiv'd
 A Gospel from wretched Theotormon. (246:23-24)

Urizen wept & gave it into the hands of Newton & Locke. (246:17)

Urizen heard them cry, (248:9)

Drawing clouds of despair thro' the heavens
 Of Europe as he went. (248:12-13)

Heavy-waving, howling, weeping. (248:16)

Urizen Wept. (248:42)

THE BOOK OF AHANIA

"Now seen, now obscur'd, King of sorrow?" (249:13)

Kissing her and weeping over her; (250:35)

Blue & changing, in tears and bitter
 Contrition he prepar'd his Bow, (250:3-4)

Many tears fell on the rock, (252:59)

And endless labyrinth of woe! (252:4)

8. Wailing and terror and woe
 Ran thro' all his dismal world; (253:38-39)

1. The lamenting voice of Ahania
 Weeping upon the void! (253:45-46)

Had she; but her tears from clouds
 Eternal feel round the Tree. (253:50-51)

"Flower of morning! I weep on the verge
 "Of Non-entity; how wide the Abyss
 "Between Ahania and thee! (254:53-55)

4. "Weeping I walk over rocks, (254:60)

Nor weep, on his knees, nor hear (254:66)

THE BOOK OF LOS

And crumbling with bursting sobs, heaves (257:21)

THE FOUR ZOAS

With all their woods, the streams & valleys wail'd in dismal fear
(264:8)

"I have hidden (thee, Enion, in jealous despair del.) Jerusalem in
silent Contrition, O Pity Me. (264:27)

Trembling & pale sat Tharmas, weeping in his clouds. (265:46)

"But Death, Despair & Everlasting brooding Melancholy. (265:51)

"Upon them more, Despair will bring self-murder on my soul. (265:56)

"I wish & feel & weep & groan. Ah, terrible! terrible!" (265:63)

Singing her lamentation. Tharmas groan'd among his Clouds
Weeping; [and del.] then bending from his Clouds, he stoop'd his
[holy del.] innocent head, (266:71-72)

Turn'd round the circle of Destiny with tears & bitter sighs (266:74)

Her woof of terror. Terrified & drinking tears of woe
Shudd'ring she wove nine days & nights, sleepless; her food was
tears. (266:81-82)

Of its own, perverse & wayward. Enion lov'd & wept. (266:85)

"Shadows me o'er & drives me outward to a world of woe."
So wail'd she, trembling before her own Created Phantasm del.] (267:117-118)

Of vegetation, weeping in wayward infancy & sullen youth. (267:123)

"That wept among the clouds, & where the voice that shall reply?
(268:140)

Three days she wail'd & three dark nights, sitting among the
Rocks (268:143)

"A sorrow & a fear, a living torment, & naked Victim. (268:159)

"Tempt me to murder [honest love del.] my own soul & wipe my
tears & smile (268:171)

"Shalt thou depart to weep in secret. In my jealous wings (269:176)

[With spectre voice incessant wailing, in incessant thirst,
Beauty all blushing with desire, mocking her fell despair. (269:188-189)

Till, with fierce pain, she brought forth on the rocks her sorrow &
woe:

Behold two little Infants wept upon the desolate wind. (269:191-192)

Drawing forth drooping mother's pity, drooping mother's sorrow. (269:197)

Weaker & weaker, weeping woful, wearier and wearier, (270:212)

In weeping blindness, stumbling, she follow'd them o'er rocks &
mountains, (270:215)

Into Non Entity, revolving round in dark despair (270:219)

Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life [in deep despair del.] (270:221)

And many tears, & in (the) [twenty del.] every year(s) [gave visions
toward heaven del.] made windows into Eden. (270:224)

"O how [thy del.] our Parents sit & [weep del.] mourn in their
silent secret bowers!"

But Enitharmon answer'd with a dropping tear & frowning (271:251-252)

"'Why dost thou weep as Vala & wet thy veil with dewy tears, (271:271)

"Weeping for Luvah lost in bloody beams of your false morning; (272:287)

"Thou ne'er shalt leave this cold expanse where wat'ry Tharmas
mourns." (272:305)

Los saw the wound of his blow: he saw, he pitied he wept. (274:351)

And wintry woes succeed, successive driven into the void (274:372)

"The Villages Lament: they faint, outstretch'd upon the plain.

"Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill & from the Barn (275:394-395)

"Tend the dire anvils: Mountains mourn, & Rivers faint & fail (276:425)

With faded radiance sigh'd forgetful of the flowing wine (276:437)

Enion, blind & age-bent, wept upon the desolate wind: (276:444)

"So careful wove & spread it out with sighs and weariness." (277:460)

This was the Lamentation of Enion round the golden Feast. (277:461)

For messengers from Beulah come in tears & dark'ning clouds (277:476)

So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah, & with solemn mourning (277:481)

"The Eternal Man wept in the holy tent: Our Brother in Eternity,
 "Even Albion whom thou lovest, wept in pain; his family
 "Slept round on hills & valleys in the regions of his love. (277:484-486)

They wept before the Inner gates of Enitharmon's bosom, (279:561)

Weeping; the Daughters of Beulah silent on the Porches (280:568)

Where Enion, blind & age bent, wept in direful hunger craving, (280:16)

Aloft the Moon fled with a cry: the Sun with streams of blood (281:42)

The Maiden weeping by. The father & the mother with
 The Maiden's father & mother fainting over the body, (281:50-51)

In Ulro, beneath Beulah, where the dead wail Night & Day. (282:71)

He might avert his own despair; in woe & fear he saw
 Vala incircle round the furnaces where Luvah was clos'd. (282:76-77)

"Till she became a little weeping Infant a span long. (282:92)

"O Urizen my enemy, I weep for thy stern ambition,
 "But weep in vain. O when will you return, Vala the Wanderer?"
 (283:109-110)

And when Luvah, age after age, was quite melted with woe, (283:113)

Beneath the furnaces, a woful heap in living death. (283:116)

In woe his brethren & his sons, in dark'ning woe lamenting (283:132)

Like a bright Cloud in harvest; but when Urizen frown'd she wept
(284:183)

A shadow of Despair; therefore toward the West, Urizen form'd (285:187)

Till her caresses & her tears reviv'd him to life & joy. (285:205)

To him his Labour was but Sorrow & his Kingdom was Repentance. (285:208)

"And see this labour & sorrow." They went down to see the woes
Of Vala & the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights. (285:212-213)

The King of Light beheld her mourning among the Brick kilns,
compell'd (285:215)

To labour night & day among the fires; her lamenting voice (285:216)

"At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water, (285:220)

"The sand & ashes, & to mix the clay with tears & repentance. (286:222)

"The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to thee.
(286:228)

Thus she lamented day & night, compell'd to labour & sorrow.
Luvah in vain her lamentations heard; in vain his love (286:231-232)

In sorrow and care, a Golden World whose porches round the heavens (286:241)

The heavens were clos'd, [& del.] and spirits mourn'd their bondage
night & day, (286:246)

[Then del.] Sorrowing went the Planters forth to plant, the Sowers
[forth del.] to sow; (286:249)

Each took his station & his course began with sorrow & care. (287:268)

"Wander among the virgins of the summer. Look, they cry, (288:306)

"Curse thee, thou plague of woful Los, & seek revenge on thee." (289:339)

So saying in deep sobs he languis'd till dead he also fell. (289:340)

"And lost in infinite hum(m)ing wings vanishes with a cry. (289:361)

"The fading cry is ever dying, (289:362)

"For every thing that lives is holy; for the source of life

"Descends to be a weeping babe; (289:366-367)

"I wake sweet joy in dens of sorrow & I plant a smile (289:371)

Upon the immense like a bright rainbow, weeping & smiling & fading.
(290:382)

And [oft del.] thus she wails from the dark deep; the golden heavens
tremble: (290:386)

Ahania heard, the Lamentation, & a swift Vibration (291:419)

"O Urizen, look on [thy wife that del.] Me; like a mournful stream
I Embrace [s del.] round thy knees & wet [s her del.] My bright hair
with [her del.] My tears. (291:3-4)

"Why sighs my Lord? are not the morning stars thy obedient Sons?
(291:5)

Ahania bow'd her head & wept seven days before the King; (292:24)

"Then Man ascended mourning into the splendors of his palace,
(293:49)

"In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man, & the balmy drops fell
down, (293:67)

So loud in thunders spoke the King, folded in dark despair, (295:131)

Where the impressions of Despair & Hope enroot for ever: (295:143)

That Urizen & all his hosts in curst despair down rushing. (296:152)

The nether Abyss, & gnashing in fierce despair, panting in sobs,
Thick, short, incessant, bursting, sobbing, deep despairing,
stamping, struggling, (296:155-156)

Crying: "Fury in my limbs! destruction in my bones & marrow! (296:162)

"Uttering my lamentations & begetting little monsters. (296:165)

So Tharmas bellow'd o'er the ocean, thund'ring, sobbing, bursting.
(296:176)

These are the words of Enion, heard from the cold waves of despair:
(296:182)

"Make not the thing that loveth thee a tear wiped away." (297:193)

"Image of grief, thy fading lineaments make my eyelids fail. (297:195)

"Melting, a shower of falling tears, nothing but tears! Enion,
"Substanceless, voiceless, weeping, vanish'd, nothing but tears!
Enion, (297:200,201)

Only a voice eternal wailing in the Elements. (297:206)

"Incessant tears are now my food, incessant rage & tears. (298:11)

"In torrents of despair: in vain; for if I plunge beneath, (298:13)

"Can die? When dark despair comes over, can I not

"Flow down into the sea & slumber in oblivions? Ah, Enion, (298:22-23)

Swam in red tears; he rear'd his waves above the head of Los

In wrath, but pitying back withdrew with many a sigh.

Now he resolv'd to destroy Los, & now his tears flow'd down. (298:45-47)

Stanch'd: then in ululation wail'd his woes upon the wind. (299:62)

"Became a prey to all my demons of despair & hope." (299:75)

"Wept bitter tears incessant. Still beholding how the piteous form
(300:97)

I howl'd in sorrow. I beheld thee rotting upon the Rocks. (300:107)

"In vain am driven on false hope, hope sister of despair." (300:123)

But Enitharmon wrap'd in clouds, wail'd loud, for as Los beat

The anvils of Urthona, link by link the chains of sorrow, (302:184-185)

Of Enitharmon & the groans of Urizen, fuel for his wrath

And for his pity, secret feeding on thoughts of cruelty. (302:192-193)

The Spectre wept at his dire labours when from [word del.] Ladles
huge (302:194)

The Links of fate, link after link, an endless chain of sorrows. (302:207)

A first age passed, a state of dismal woe. (303:222)

And a third age passed, a state of dismal woe. (303:231)

Age passed over & a state of dismal woe. (303:235)

And a fifth age passed & a state of dismal woe. (303:238)

And thirst appear'd, and a sixth age pass'd of dismal woe. (303:242)

And a seventh age passed over & a state of dismal woe. (303:246)

Of Man cloth'd in Luvah's robes of blood, saw & wept. (304:248)

"Soft tears & sighs, where are you? come forth! shout on bloody fields.
(306:48)

"When dark Urthona wept in torment of the secret pain: (306:53)

"He wept & he divided & he laid his gloomy head (306:54)

Shudd'ring & weeping thro' the Gloom & down into the deeps. (307:69)

Sitting in darkness: over her Los mourn'd in anguish fierce (307:71)

Tharmas laid the Foundation & Los finish'd it in howling woe. (307:78)

Grief rose upon his ruddy brown; a tightening girdle grew
Around his bosom like a bloody cord; in secret sobs (307:83-84)

Till many a morn & many a night pass'd over in dire woe (307:88)

His woes aloud to Enitharmon, since he could not hide (307:96)

While Enitharmon follow'd him, weeping in dismal woe, (307:98)

Of life [word del.] lament around the Demon, going forth & returning.
(308:117)

Felt all the sorrow Parents feel, they wept toward one another (309:144)

And Enitharmon's tears prevail'd; parental love return'd, (309:146)

Her son in tenfold joy, & to compensate for her tears (309:153)

In vain they strove now to unchain, In vain with bitter tears (309:160)

Sustained by the Demon's life. Despair & Terror & Woe & Rage (309:170)

Rubbing their temples, he reviv'd them; all their lamentations
I write not here, but all their after life was lamentation. (309:174-175)

When satiated with grief they return'd back to Golgonooza, (309:176)

Within her heart Vala began to reanimate in bursting sobs; (309:179)

Where bright Ahanian wept. She also saw the infernal roots (309:181)

The Woes of Urizen shut up in the deep dens of Urthona: (310:189)

"And on the bones I drop my tears & water them in vain. (310:197)

" My songs are turned into cries of Lamentation (310:206)

Then Urizen wept & thus his lamentations poured forth: (312:24)

And Urizen's loud sounding voice lamenting on the wind, (313:48)

"And in these monstrous forms I Live in an Eternal woe, (313:62)

"From thee thy food; so shall we cease to be, & all our sorrows (313:65)

"Thou hang'st, a dried skin, shrunk up, weak wailing in the wind."
(313:71)

The howlings, gnashings, groanings, shriekings, shudderings,
sobblings, burstings (313:81)

Writing in bitter tears & groans in books of iron & brass (314:85)

An earth of wintry woe beneath their feet, & round their loins (314:92)

And yet it drinks the summer joy & fears the winter sorrow, (314:96)

Tho' he partakes of his dire woes & mutual returns the pang,
The throb, the dolor, the convulsion, in soul-sickening woes. (314:98-99)

In his own sorrow howl'd regardless of his words, nor voice
Of sweet response could he obtain, tho' oft assay'd with tears.
(315:128-129)

So he threw his flight in terror & pain, & in repentant tears. (315:146)

Terrific voyage, Hills & Vales of torment & despair!
Sighing, & wiping a fresh tear, then turning round, he threw
Himself into the dismal void; falling he fell & fell, (315:151-153)

In pain & sorrow, so the slimy bed his limbs renew'd (316:162)

And in another resurrection to sorrow & weary travel. (316:166)

Tearful & sorrowful state; then rise, look out & ponder (316:182)

"But when A Vortex, form'd on high by labour & sorrow & care (317:204)

"A labourer of ages, a dire discontent, a living woe (317:226)

For Urizen lamented over them in a selfish lamentation (317:239)

Overspreading his limbs; in pride he wander'd weeping, (138:241)

Thus Urizen in sorrows wander'd many a dreary way (318:260)

"Image of dread, whence art thou? whence is this most woful place?
(321:44)

"To bear thee down beneath the waves in stifling despair. (321:56)

"And dim oblivion of all woe, & desperate repose. (321:67)

"Thou art not chain'd. Why shouldst thou sit, cold groveling demon
of woe, (322:73)

"Knead bread of Sorrow by my stern command; for I am God (322:93)

And still the burden of their song in tears was pour'd forth: (322:106)

Down to the roots; it wept over Orc, the shadow of Enitharmon. (324:171)

(She secret joy'd to see; she fed herself on his Despair. (324:177)

Sorrow shot thro' him from his feet, it shot up to his head (324:179)

Then Los mourn'd on the dismal wind in his jealous lamentation: (324:183)

"When I return from clouds of Grief in the wand'ring Elements (324:185)

"Cold pale in sorrow at my approach, trembling at my terrific

"Forehead & eyes, thy lips decay like roses in [early del.] the spring.
(325:188-189)

"Hid in the Vales, faintly lament, & no one hears their voice.

"All things beside the woful Los enjoy the delights of beauty! (325:197-198)

"For life is sweet to Los the wretched; to his winged woes (325:204)

Thus Los lamented in the night, unheard by Enitharmon. (325:209)

He turn'd from side to side in tears; he wept & he embrac'd (325:220)

"I was divided in darkness & oblivion; thou an infant woe, (327:288)

"Thou & that demon Los were born, Ah, jealousy & woe! (327:295)

Astonish'd, fill'd with tears, the spirit of Enitharmon beheld

And heard the Spectre; bitterly she wept, Embracing fervent (327:311-312)

And trembled, thro' the Worlds above Los wept, his fierce soul was
terrified (328:318)

Then as another Self, astonish'd, humanizing & in tears, (328:340)

But Los stood on the Limit of Translucence, weeping & trembling, (329:384)

"All things subsist on one another; thenceforth in despair (330:391)

Then Los plucked the fruit & Eat & sat down in Despair, (330:395)

Was not to be Effected without Cares & Sorrows & Troubles (330:399)

The Spectre of Urthona wept before Los, Saying, "I am the cause
(330:403)

So Enitharmon spoke trembling & in torrents of tears. (331:432)

Where the Spectrous dead wail; & sighing thus he spoke to
Enitharmon: (331:435)

"Thy bosom translucent is a soft repose for the weeping souls (331:437)

The spectrous dead. Weeping, the Spectres view'd the immortal
works (332:473)

And Enitharmon's smiles & tears prevail'd over self protection. (332:483)

Their life extinct they took the spectre form in dark despair; (333:15)

"In sighs & sobbings, all dividing, till I was divided (334:64)

"I cry; the watchman heareth not. I pour my voice in roarings: (335:93)

With sighs & howling & deep sobs; that he might lose his rage (336:127)

Silent as despairing love & strong as jealousy, (336:136)

Of life upon the plains of death & valleys of despair. (337:161)

In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread, (337:184)

"Now smile among thy bitter tears, now put on all thy beauty. (337:188)

"Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver
locks, (338:194)

"Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit, call forth thy cloudy tears! (338:208)

She joy'd in all the Conflict, Gratified & dropping tears of woe. (338:213)

This was, to her, Supreme delight. The Warriors mourn'd
disappointed. (338:219)

O, Pity! They return with lamentations, mourning, & weeping. (338:221)

Wading thro' fens among the slimy weeds, making Lamentations (338:225).

"And clos'd me in a wat'ry world of woe when Enion stood (339:237)

So Tharmas wail'd [then del.] wrathful; then rode upon the stormy
Deep (339:259)

Howling in all the notes of woe to stay his furious rage, (339:262)

In [anger for del.] rage against the dark despair, the howling
Melancholy. (340:287)

Mo[ur]ning the daughters of Beulah saw, nor could they have
sustain'd (340:290)

A tear of blood dropped from either eye; again he repos'd (341:18)

Despair from the poor wondering spectres; and Los loved them (342:39)

In Golgonooza. Looking down, the daughters of Beulah saw
With joy the bright Light, & in it a Human form,
And knew he was the Saviour, Even Jesus: & they worshipp'd. (342:42-44)

Enitharmon wove in tears, singing songs of Lamentation (342:52)

With tears of sorrow incessant she labour'd the food of Orc, (343:82)

Relapsing in dire torment they return to forms of woe, (344:124)

His own despair even at the cost of every thing that breathes. (344:139)

"The Sorrower of Eternity; in love, with tears submiss I rear (345:151)

A shapeless & indefinite cloud, in tears of sorrow incessant (345:175)

Enitharmon wove in tears, singing songs of Lamentations (345:182)

"Is aught but death In individual weakness, sorrow & pain. (346:199)

"Lulling the weeping spectres of the dead, Clothing their limbs (346:213)

"Mantles of despair, girdles of bitter compunction, shoes of indolence,
(346:221)

"For this Lake is form'd from the tears & sighs & death sweat of the
Victims (347:228)

"Of dark death & despair, & none from Eternity to Eternity could
Escape. (347:231)

In Entuthon Benithon, in the shadows of torment & woe (348:269)

Twelve rocky unshap'd forms, terrific forms of torture & woe, (348:276)

Their victims, & with knives tormenting them, singing with tears
(348:296)

"O thou poor human form! O thou poor child of woe! (348:298)

"Weep not so, sisters, weep not so; our life depends on this, (349:319)

Bearing his sorrows & relieving all his cruel wounds. (349:324)

They nail'd him upon the tree of Mystery, weeping over him (349:326)

Los took the Body from the Cross, Jerusalem weeping over; (349:338)

Of Eternity for himself; he hew'd it despairing of Life Eternal (349:340)

"Cut him off from Golgonooza. But Enitharmon in tears

"Wept over him, Created him a Space clos'd with a tender moon
(350:370-371)

Los drop'd a tear at her departure, but he wip'd it away in hope.
(351:411)

Darkness & sorrow cover'd all flesh. Eternity was darken'd. (351:414)

His wisdom still remain'd, & all his memory stor'd with woe. (352:431)

Then weeping he descends in wrath, drawing all things in his fury
(353:456)

Of Ahanian wailing on the winds; in vain he flies, for still (353:488)

"Once I wail'd desolate like thee; my fallow fields in fear (354:536)

"He touches the remotest pole, & in the center weeps
 "That Man should Labour & sorrow, & learn & forget, & return
 "To the dark valley whence he came, to begin his labour anew.
 (355:573-575)

"And weeping over Orc & Urizen in clouds & [dismal del.] flaming
 fires, (355:579)

"And all his sorrows, till he reassumes his ancient bliss.'" (356:583)

Such are the words of Ahania & Enion. Los hears & weeps. (356:584)

From the divine Lamb, wept over the Sepulcher, weaving (356:587)

For himself in the Rock of Eternity, trembling & in [fear del.] despair.
 (356:595)

Jerusalem wept over the Sepulcher two thousand years. (356:596)

But when she saw the form of Ahania weeping on the Void, (356:604)

And sometimes kissing her Robes & Jewels & weeping over them;
 (356:611)

And sometimes weeping before Orc in humility & trembling. (357:613)

And Los & Enitharmon builded Jerusalem, weeping (357:1)

Wail'd shrill in the confusion, & the Spectre of Urthona (358:25)

Two shadows mingle on a wall; they wail & shadowy tears
 Fell down, & shadowy forms of joy mix'd with despair & grief (358:28-29)

Rahab & Tirzah wail aloud in the wild flames; they give up themselves
 to Consummation. (358:32)

Enwrapped round with weeds of death, pale cold in sorrow & woe
 (359:96)

"For from within my [narrow del.] wither'd breast grown narrow
 with my woes (360:108)

"To indolence, to the night of death, when indolence & mourning
(360:117)

"Weeping at the threshold of Existence, I will steel my heart (361:148)

Urizen wept in the dark deep, anxious his scaly form
To reassume the human; & he wept in the dark deep, (361:162-163)

Excess of Joy is worse than grief; her heart beat high, her blood (362:197)

Urizen dropped a tear; the Eternal Man Darken'd with sorrow. (362:200)

Rising from the confusion in tears & howlings & despair, (362:202)

Many a woful company & many on clouds & waters (363:242)

They see him whom they have pierc'd they wail because of him, (364:265)

Weak wailing in the troubled air. East, west & north & south (365:318)

Howling & Wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hand, (365:323)

Weeping & wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hands-- (365:332)

Sorrowful that he could not put off his new risen body (366:355)

Where the impressions of Despair & Hope for ever vegetate (367:377)

"Then will I weep, then I'll complain & sigh for immortality, (368:411)

So saying she sat down & wept beneath the apple trees. (368:413)

"Rise, sluggish Soul, why sit'st thou here? why dost thou sit & weep?
(368:418)

"But thou shalt still survive; arise, O dry thy dewy tears." (368:421)

"And whence that voice of sorrow? O sun! thou art nothing now
to me. (368:423)

He strok'd the water from his beard & mourn'd faint thro' the
summer vales. (369:485)

And Vala stood on the rocks of Tharmas & heard his mournful voice:
(370:486)

"I sit in the place of shells & mourn; & thou art clos'd in clouds.
(370:489)

"The children clung around her knees, she embrac'd them & wept
over them. (370:509)

She embrac'd them in tears, till the sun descended the western hills,
(370:512)

"Awake, Tharmas! awake, awake thou child of dewy tears. (371:521)

She pres'd them to her bosom & her pearly tears drop'd down. (371:524)

"Why dost thou turn thyself away from his sweet wat'ry eyes? (371:526)

"Why weep'st thou, Tharmas, Child of tears, in the bright house
of joy? (371:530)

"With thy bright tears because the steps of Enion are in the gardens?
(371:533)

And Vala said: "Go, Tharmas; weep not. Go to Enion." (371:537)

"Then my loins fade & in the house I sit me down & weep." (371:544)

In infant sorrow & joy alternate, Enion & Tharmas play'd (372:554)

Cried out to be deliver'd, & the spirit of Luvah wept (372:575)

In pain the human harvest wav'd, in horrible groans of woe. (372:577)

A dolorous groan, & from the dolorous groan in tears (373:593)

"[With del.] By beasts & worms & creeping things, & darkness &
despair. (373:596)

[And del.] They wept to see their shadows; they said to one another:
"This is Sin: (373:624)

"And who shall mourn for Mystery who never loos'd her Captives? (375:669)

"Where are your chains? where are your tears? why do you look
around? (375:679)

Down, down thro' the immense, with outcry, fury & despair, (376:723)

"O trembling joy! excess of joy is like Excess of grief." (376:730)

But in the Wine presses is wailing, terror & despair. (376:732)

Till they revive, or bury them in cool Grots making lamentation.
(377:747)

In pits & dens & shades of death, in shapes of torment & woe; (377:751)

Tears of the grape, the death sweat of the Cluster, the last sigh
Of the mild youth who listens to the luring songs of Luvah.
The Eternal Man darken'd with sorrow & a wintry mantle
Cover'd the Hills. He said, "O Tharmas, rise! & O Urthona!"
(377:770-773)

Awoke; they wept to one another & they reascended
To the Eternal Man in woe: he cast them wailing into
The world of shadows, thro' the air, till winter is over & gone;
(378:796-798)

Restless they turn on beds of sorrow; in their inmost brain
Feeling the crushing Wheel, they rise, they write the bitter words
Of Stern Philosophy & knead the bread of knowledge with tears &
groans. (379:818-820)

THE FOUR ZOAS

Beneath the veil of [name del.] Vala rose Tharmas from dewy tears. (380:1)

In Entuthon Benithon, in the shadows of torment & woe (382:2)

Twelve rocky unshap'd forms, terrific forms of torture & woe, (382:9)

Their victims, & with [songs del.] knives tormenting them, singing
 with tears
 Over their victims. Thus was the Lamb of God condemn'd to death.
 They nailed him upon the tree of Mystery, & weeping over him
 And mocking & then worshiping, calling him Lord & King. (382:12-15)

Darkness & sorrow cover'd all flesh; eternity was darken'd. (382:30)

POEMS AND FRAGMENTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK

My Emanation far within
 Weeps incessantly for my Sin. (415:3-4)

["Her del.] Thy weeping [she del.] thou shall ne'er give o'er: (415:5)

There we wander, there we weep. del.] (415:22)

There we wander, there we weep; (415:24)

And with jealousies & fears
 Fill my pleasant nights with tears? (416:33-34)

Their marble tombs I built with tears
 And with cold & shuddering fears. (416:37-38)

Crown with wine my mournful head, (416:44)

O'er [thy del.] my Sins Thou sit & weep, (417:3)

His Eye was dry, no tear could flow,
 A hollow groan first spoke his woe. (419:23-24)

"His children's cry my soul appalls. (419:33)

"The Hermit's prayer & the widow's tear
 "Alone can free the world from fear. (419:42-43)

"But The Tear of Love & forgiveness sweet
 "And submission to death beneath his feet--
 "The Tear shall melt the sword of steel,
 "And every wound it has made shall heal. (420:53-56)

"For the tear is an intellectual thing,
 "And a sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
 "And the bitter groan [for another's del.] of the Martyr's woe
 "Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow." (420:57-60)

Melted by dewy tears (Morning. 421:8)

And with soft grateful tears (421:11)

"Alas for wo! alas for wo! alas for wo!"
 They cry & tears for ever flow. (421:4-5)

Dazzling bright before my Eyes. (422:9)

[Pitying, I wept to see the woe (422:12)

And in tears cloth'd night & day
 Melted all my soul away.
 When they saw my tears, a smile
 That did heaven itself beguile, (422:16-19)

Now intreating tears & sighs. (422:26)

The other cloth'd in tears & sighs,
 Dazzling bright before my eyes. (422:5-6)

There I live & mourn for thee.
 Morning drinks my silent tear,
 And evening winds my sorrows bear. (423:6-8)

I have liv'd & mourn'd for thee.
 Each day I mourn along the wood,
 And night hath heard my sorrows loud. (423:10-12)

Sorrow now is at an End,
 O my Lover & my Friend! (423:15-16)

POEMS FROM THE PICKERING MANUSCRIPT

"Alas for woe! alas for woe!"
 They cry, & tears for ever flow. (The Golden Net, 424:3-4)

The other Cloth'd in tears & sighs
Dazling bright before my Eyes. (The Golden Net, 424:7-8)

Pitying I wept to see the woe
That Love & Beauty undergo, (The Golden Net, 424:11-12)

And in tears cloth'd Night & day
Melted all my Soul away. (The Golden Net, 424:15-16)

When they saw my Tears, a Smile
That did Heaven itself beguile, (The Golden Net, 424:17-18)

Now intreating Tears & Sighs. (The Golden Net, 424:25)

For there the Babe is born in joy
That was begotten in dire woe;
Just as we Reap in joy the fruit
Which we in bitter tears did sow. (The Mental Traveller, 424:5-8)

She lives upon his shrieks & cries,
And she grows young as he grows old. (The Mental Traveller, 425:19-20)

His grief is their eternal joy; (The Mental Traveller, 425:41)

He wanders weeping far away, (The Mental Traveller, 426:53)

Till he becomes a wayward Babe,
And she a weeping Woman Old. (The Mental Traveller, 426:85-86)

Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep? (The Land of Dreams, 427:3)

"I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn; (The Land of Dreams, 427:11)

She trembled & wept, sitting on the Bed side; (The Land of Dreams, 429:37)

And thine is a Face of sweet Love in despair,
And thine is a Face of mild sorrow & care, (The Land of Dreams, 429:45-46)

And like a Weeping Babe became
A weeping Babe upon the wild,
And Weeping Woman pale reclin'd,
And in the outward air again
I fill'd with woes the passing Wind. (The Crystal Cabinet, 429-30:24-28)

His eye was dry; no tear could flow:
A hollow groan first spoke his woe. (The Grey Monk, 430:9-10)

"His Children's Cry my Soul appalls; (The Grey Monk, 430:18)

"The Hermit's Prayer & the Widow's tear (The Grey Mond, 430:27)

"For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing,
"And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
"And the bitter groan of the Martyr's woe
"Is an Arrow from the Almighty's Bow. (The Grey Monk, 430:29-32)

Repeats to thee thy Mother's grief. (Auguries of Innocence, 432:38)

Man was made for Joy & Woe; (Auguries of Innocence, 432:56)

Joy & Woe are woven fine, (Auguries of Innocence, 432:59)

Under every grief & pine
Runs a joy with silken twine. (Auguries of Innocence, 432:61-62)

Every Tear from Every Eye
Becomes a Babe in Eternity; (Auguries of Innocence, 432:67-68)

The Babe that weeps the Rod beneath
Writes Revenge in realms of death. (Auguries of Innocence, 432:73-74)

The Harlot's cry from Street to Street (Auguries of Innocence, 433:115)

And woe & alack for Pretty Mary Bell! (Long John Brown & Little Mary
Bell, 434:18)

And their tears fell thro' the black, black Cloud (William Bond, 435:19)

Seek Love in the Pity of others' Woe, (William Bond, 436:49)

MILTON

And a first Age passed over, & a State of dismal woe. (482:3:10)

And a second Age passed over, & a State of dismal woe. (482:3:13)

And a third Age passed over, & a State of dismal woe. (482:3:16)

And a fourth Age passed over, & a State of dismal woe. (482:3:19)

And a fifth Age passed over, & a State of dismal woe. (482:3:21)

And a sixth Age passed over, & a State of dismal woe. (482:3:23)

And a seventh Age passed over, & a State of dismal woe. (483:3:27)

He hover'd over it trembling & weeping; suspended it shook
The nether Abyss; in tremblings he wept over it, he cherish'd it
(483:3:31-32)

So Los spoke. Satan trembling obey'd, weeping along the way.
(484:4:19)

And Anvils dance the dance of tears & pain: loud lightnings
Lash on their limbs as they turn the whirlwinds loose upon
The Furnaces, lamenting around the Anvils, & this their Song:
(484:5:16-18)

In immense labours & sorrow, ever building, ever falling, (485:6:2)

Embrac'd soft with a brother's tears Palamabron, who also wept.
(486:7:17)

"His future course thro' darkness and despair to eternal death.
(487:7:26)

And Palamabron shew'd the horses & the servants. Satan wept
(487:7:35)

Mean while wept Satan before Los accusing Palamabron, (487:8:1)

And back return'd to Los, not fill'd with vengeance but with tears,
(488:8:6)

Signal of solemn mourning: when the servants of the Mills
Beheld the signal they in silence stood, tho' drunk with wine.
Los wept! But Rintrah also came, and Enitharmon on
His arm lean'd tremblingly, observing all these things. (488:8:12-15)

"And man unmans: follow with me my Plor: this mournful day
 "Must be a blank in Nature: follow with me and tomorrow again
 "Resume your labours, & this day shall be a mournful day." (388:8:20-22)

They Plow'd in tears; incessant pour'd Jehovah's rain & Molech's
 Thick fires contending with the rain thunder'd above, rolling
 Terrible over their heads; Satan wept over Palamabron. (488:8:27-29)

Flam'd above all the plowed furrows, angry, red and furious,
 Till Michael sat down in the furrow, weary, dissolv'd in tears.
 (488:8:37-38)

Urging him to arise: he wept: Enitharmon saw his tears.
 But Los hid Thulloh from her sight, lest she should die of grief
 She wept, she trembled, she kissed Satan, she wept over Michael:
 She form'd a Space for Satan & Michael & for the poor infected.
 Trembling she wept over the Space & clos'd it with a tender Moon.
 (488-489:8:40-44)

Los secret buried Thulloh, weeping dosconsolate over the moony
 Space. (489:8:45)

Astonishment held the Assembly in an awful silence, and tears
 Fell down as dews of night, & a loud solemn universal groan (490:9:36)

Oft Enitharmon enter'd weeping into the Space, there appearing (490:10:3)

So Los lamented over Satan who triumphant divided the Nations.
 (491:10:21)

"Till Satan had assum'd Rintrah's wrath in the day of mourning, (492:11:25)

"To do unkind things in kindness, with power arm'd to say
 "The most irritating things in the midst of tears and love: (493:12:32-33)

"The Gnomes labour'd. I weeping hid in Satan's inmost brain.
 (493:12:36)

"Being most impure, self-condemn'd to eternal tears, he drove
 "Me from his inmost Brain & the doors clos'd with thunder's sound.
 (493:12:47-48)

Now Leutha ceas'd: tears flow'd, but the Divine Pity supported her.
 (493:13:7)

Thus they weep upon the fatal Brook of Albion's River. (494:13:35)

The whole Assembly wept prophetic, seeing in Milton's face
And in his lineaments divine the Shades of Death & Ulro: (495:14:11-12)

A mournful shade. Eternity shudder'd at the image of eternal death.
(496:14:35)

A mournful form double, hermaphroditic, male & female (496:14:37)

The Seven Angels of the Presence wept over Milton's Shadow. (496:14:42)

The Shadowy Female seeing Milton, howl'd in her lamentation (499:18:38)

I will lament over Milton in the lamentations of the afflicted:
"My Garments shall be woven of sighs & heart broken lamentations:
"The misery of unhappy Families shall be drawn out into its border,
"Wrought with the needle with dire sufferings, poverty, pain & woe
(499:18:5-8)

"And repentance for sin & sorrow & punishment & fear, (499:18:24)

"Lament upon the winds of Europe in Rephaim's Vale, (501:19:40)

"Laments, & Enion wanders like a weeping inarticulate voice,
(501:19:42)

Even as Teuben & as Gad: gave up himself to tears:
He sat down on his anvil-stock and lean'd upon the trough,
Looking into the black water, mingling it with tears. (503:20:53-55)

Down into Ulro: and they wept in long resounding song
For seven days of eternity, and the river's living banks,
The mountains, wail'd, & every plant that grew, in solemn sighs
lamented. (503:21:17-19)

Of Eden heard the lamentation and Providence began.
But when the clarions of day sounded, they drown'd the
lamentations, (504:21:24-25)

And they lamented that they had in wrath & fury & fire (504:21:31)

Whose song call'd Milton to the attempt; and Los heard these
laments. (504:21:34)

Over Ololon; and as One Man who weeps over his brother
In a dark tomb, so all the Family Divine wept over Ololon, (504:21:41-42)

Then the Divine Family said: "Six Thousand Years are now
"Accomplish'd in this World of Sorrow. Milton's Angel knew
(504:21:51-52)

And Ololon lamented for Milton with a great lamentation. (505:22:3)

"And all the Daughters of Los prophetic wail; yet in deceit
"They weave a new Religion from new Jealousy of Theotormon.
(506:22:37-38)

"Seeing the Churches at their Period in terror & despair, (506:22:40)

"He weeps into the Atlantic deep, yet still in dismal dreams
"Unwaken'd, and the Covering Cherub advances from the East.
(506:23:9-10)

"While on the Earth they live in sorrowful Vegetations. (507:23:44)

"They left me, wandering with Tirzah. Enitharmon wept
"One thousand years, and all the Earth was in a wat'ry deluge.
(508:24:4-5)

"Beneath the Moon of Ulro: pity then your Father's tears. (508:24:25)

Living, self moving, mourning, lamenting & howling incessantly.
(509:24:53)

Thousands & thousands labour, thousands play on instruments
Stringed or fluted to ameliorate the sorrows of slavery. (509:24:60-61)

"Go forth Reapers with rejoicing; you sowed in tears, (511:25:44)

"Lambeth mourns, calling Jerusalem: she weeps & looks abroad
"For the Lord's coming, that Jerusalem may overspread all Nations.
(511:25:54-55)

The Souls descending to the Body wail on the right hand
Of Los, & those deliver'd from the Body on the left hand. (512:26:16-17)

Groaning with pity, he among the wailing Souls laments. (512:26:22)

Where Souls incessant wail, being piteous Passions & Desires
(512:26:26)

Continually woven in the Looms of Enitharmon's Daughters,
In bright Cathedron's golden Dome with care & love & tears.
(512:26:35-36)

But the Wine-press of Los is eastward of Golgonooza before the Seat
Of Satan: Luvah laid the foundation & Urizen finish'd it in howling
woe. (513:27:1-2)

Lay them on skins of Tygers & of the spotted Leopard & the Wild Ass
Till they revive, or bury them in cool grots, making lamentation.
(513:27:6-7)

In pits & dens & shades of death, in shapes of torment & woe:
(514:27:33)

Tears of the grape, the death sweat of the cluster, the last sigh
Of the mild youth who listens to the luring songs of Luvah. (514:27:40-41)

The Plow goes forth in tempests & lightnings, & the Harrow cruel
In blights of the east, the heavy Roller follows in howlings of woe.
(514:27:47-48)

Creating form & beauty around the dark regions of sorrow, (514:28:2)

They labour incessant with many tears & afflictions, (515:28:6)

The little weeping Spectre stands on the threshold of Death
Eternal, and sometimes two Spectres like lamps quivering,
And often malignant they combat; heart-breaking sorrowful &
piteous, (515:28:10-12)

Of kindness & compassion, & is born a weeping terror. (515:28:32)

They give delights to the man unknown; artificial riches
They give to scorn, & their possessors to trouble & sorrow & care,
(515:28:31-32)

In Allamanda & Entuthon Benython where Souls wail, (517:29:28)

With solemn mourning, into Beulah's moony shades & hills
Weeping for Milton: mute wonder held the Daughters of Beulah,
(518:30:5-6)

His joy became terrible to them; they trembled & wept, (519:30:23)

And when the Daughters of Beulah heard the lamentation
All Beulah wept, for they saw the Lord coming in the Clouds.
And the Shadows of Beulah terminate in rocky Albion. (519:31:9-11)

And all Nations wept in affliction, Family by Family:
Germany wept towards France & Italy, England wept & trembled
(519:31:12-13)

And all the Living Creatures of the Four Elements wail'd
With bitter wailing; these in the aggregate are named Satan (519:31:17-18)

Orc howls on the Atlantic: Enitharmon trembles: All Beulah weeps.
(520:31:27)

This is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon. (520:31:45)

Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries; first the Wild Thyme
(520:31:51)

Such is a Vision of the lamentation of Beulah over Ololon. (521:31:63)

Such are the Songs of Beulah in the Lamentations of Ololon. (521:33:24)

To comfort Ololon's lamentations, for they said: (523:34:2)

"And can you thus lament & can you pity & forgive? (523:34:6)

And the Coucnes of the Martyrs, & many Daughters of Beulah
Accompany them down to the Ulro with soft melodious tears, (524:34:20-21)

Prostrate before the Starry Eight asking with tears forgiveness,
Confessing their crime with humiliation and sorrow. (525:35:32-33)

He views Jerusalem & Babylon, his tears flow down. (531:39:48)

"These tears fall for the little ones, the Children of Jerusalem,
(532:40:15)

"Who publishes doubt & calls it knowledge, whose Science is
Despair, (533:41:15)

Arose around Albion's body. Jesus wept & walked forth (534:42:19)

Pants in the Vales of Lambeth, weeping o'er her Human Harvest.
Los listens to the Cry of the Poor Man, his Cloud
Over London in volume terrific low bended in anger. (535:42:33-35)

EPIGRAMS, VERSES, AND FRAGMENTS FROM THE

NOTE-BOOK

'Twas not a Mouse--'twas Death in a disguise,
And I, alas! live to weep out mine Eyes. (537:40-41)

But I have writ [with del.] so sorrowful my thought is--
His Epitaph, for my tears are aqua fortis: (537:44-45)

That my friends may weep as much as they like: (537:51)

That my Friends may weep as much as they like. (546:Plate 42)

And laugh when we do cry. (552:Plate 72)

JERUSALEM

"Weep at thy soul's disease, and the Divine Vision is darken'd,
(622:4:13)

The Void in incoher[er]ent despair! Cambridge & Oxford & London
Are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and dissipated
In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible.
(623:5:3-5)

Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython
(623:5:12)

In London's darkness, and my tears fall day and night (623:5:36)

O what avail the loves & tears of Beulah's lovely Daughters!
They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears, (624:5:54-55)

Immense and Jerusalem & Vala weeping in the Cloud
Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow
Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels,
Lamenting for her children, for the sons & daughters of Albion.
(624:5:62-65)

Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar! his tears fall (624:5:66)

His Spectre driv'n by the Starry Wheels of Albion's sons, black and
Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns! (624:6:1-2)

In fury; then he sat down and wept, terrified! Then arose (625:6:10)

To lure Los, by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors, (625:7:6)

"He might avert his own despair, in woe & fear he saw
"Vala incircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was clos'd. (626:7:34-35)

"They have divided themselves by Wrath, they must be united by
"Pity; let us therefore take example & warning, O my Spectre.
(626:7:57-58)

"I saw terrified. I took the sighs & tears & bitter groans, (628:9:17)

"Of sorrow red hot: I work'd it on my resolute anvil; (628:9:20)

Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans & tears. (628:9:28)

The Spectre weeps, but Los unmov'd by tears or threats remains.
(629:10:19)

"Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt & despair. (629:10:33)

"I said: now is my grief at worst, incapable of being (630:10:44)

"Delighting in cries & tears & clothed in holiness & solitude;
"But my griefs advance also, for ever & ever without end.
"O that I could cease to be! Despair! I am Despair, (630:10:50-52)

So spoke the Spectre shudd'ring, & dark tears ran down his shadowy
face, (630:10:60)

Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together.
(631:11:13)

Again they lament: "O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem (631:11:17)

"A shadow animated by thy tears, O mournful Jerusalem! (631:11:25)

"Yet why despair: I saw the finger of God go forth (631:12:10)

Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces. (631:12:16)

Mild Zion's hill's most ancient Promontory, near mournful
Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha
Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo! (632:12:27-29)

The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honest: the nails (632:12:33)

The curtains, woven tears & sighs wrought into lovely forms (632:12:39)

Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy (633:13:31)

Of all the inhabitants of Earth wailing to be Crested, (634:13:63)

For every thing exists & not one sigh nor smile nor tear, (634:13:66)

In seas of sorrow. Los also views for Four Females, (634:14:9)

Heaves in the hand of Palamabron, who in London's darkness
Before the Anvil watches the bellowing flames: thundering (636:16:9-10)

With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or
Wayward Love; & every sorrow & distress is carved here, (638:16:63-64)

"And he shall be a never dying Worm, mutually tormented by
"Those that thou tormentest: a Hell & Despair for ever & ever."
(639:17:46-47)

Feeding it with his groans & tears, day & night without ceasing:
(639:17:56)

An orb'd Void of doubt, despair, hunger & thirst & sorrow (640:18:4)

"The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable
forgiveness! (640:18:12)

So cry Hand & Hyle, the eldest of the fathers of Albion's (641:18:36)

Outstretch'd his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears: (641:18:46)

Till, from within his wither'd breast, grown narrow with his woes,
(641:19:9)

His Eon weeping in the cold and desolate Earth. (641:19:16)

Trembling; then in one comingling in eternal tears,
Sighing to melt his Giant beauty on the moony river. (642:19:46-47)

Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears,
Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair: (642:20:11)

Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil: (642:20:11)

"Then mourns the wanderer: then he repents his wanderings & eyes
"The distant forest: then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone,
(642:20:14-15)

"Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.
(642:20:18)

"Ask me not of my griefs! thou knowest all my griefs." (642:20:20)

Jerusalem answer'd with soft tears over the valleys: (643:20:21)

"O Vala, what is Sin, that thou shudderest and weapest (643:20:22)

"Battersea & Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen, (644:21:32)

"Manchester & Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt & Despair, (644:21:36)

"Horrible, ghast & deadly! nought shalt thou find in it
"But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy!" (645:22:23-24)

Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair; (646:23:13)

He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping (646:23:24)

"And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture, (646:23:39)

"Of ever-hardening Despair, squar'd & polish'd with cruel skill.
(647:24:35)

And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah; all the Regions
(648:25:1)

"In all its Regions, & Saviour not pity and weep, (648:25:9)

Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion;
But many doubted & despair'd & imputed Sin & Righteousness
To Individuals & not to States, and these Slept in Ulro. (648:25:14-16)

What are those golden Builders doing
Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington, (650:27:25-26)

Thro' Malden & across the Sea,
In War & howling, death & woe. (650:27:43-44)

Weeping in weak & mortal clay,
O Jesus, still the Form was thine. (651:27:59-60)

Shot into many a Tree, an endless labyrinth of woe. (653:28:19)

"Then Albion ascended mourning into the proches of his Palace,
(654:29:36)

"In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man, & the balmy drops fell down.
(654:29:54)

To hide themselves, weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation (655:30:7)

They wept & trembled, & Los put forth his hand & took them in,
(656:30:16)

"From Hill to Hill, & the Thames laments along the Valley: (656:30:24)

So Los in lamentations follow'd Albion. Albion cover'd (656:30:41)

His western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair. (656:31:1)

Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship entering the caves
 Of despair & death to search the tempters out, walking among
 Albion's rocks & precipices, caves of solitude & dark despair,
 (656:31:4-6)

Dens of despair in the house of bread, enquiring in vain
 Of stones and rocks, he took his way, for human form was none;
 And thus he spoke, looking on Albion's City with many tears: (657:31:26-29)

"Cloth'd in black mourning upon my river's currents? Vala awake!
 (657:31:47)

"And thou, O harlot daughter, daughter of despair, art all
 "This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates. (658:31:58-59)

"Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble: (659:32:12)

Vala replies in clouds of tears, Albion's garment embracing; (659:32:35)

Reuben return'd to Bashan; in despair he slept on the Stone. (661:34:51)

"Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy (663:36:54)

His hidden heart; his Emanation wept & trembled within him, (664:38:3)

In loves and tears of brother, sisters, sons, fathers and friends,
 (664:38:12)

"Like rocky clouds, build me a gloomy monument of woe. (666:39:18)

Damp couch the flames beneath and silent sick, stand shuddering
 Before the Porch of sixteen pillars; weeping every one (666:40:6-7)

"Albion is sick!" said every Valley, every mournful Hill
 And every River. "our brother Albion is sick to death. (667:40:11-12)

Of human Majesty: the Living Creatures wept aloud, as they
 Went along Albion's roads, till they arriv'd at Albion's House.
 (667:40:23-24)

And the Divine Family wept over him as One Man. (667:40:44)

By the waves of Despair, whose Emanation rose above
 The flood and was nam'd Chichester, lovely mild & gentle! Lo!
 Her lambs bleat to the sea-fowls' cry, lamenting still for Albion.
 (667:40:49-51)

In Bowlahoola & Allamanda where the Dead wail night & day.
 (668:40:57).

Albion's melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.
 (668:40:60)

The Twenty-eight trembled in Death's dark caves; in cold despair
 (668:41:23)

Drinking & eating & pitying & weeping as at a tragic scene
 (669:41:29)

Among the infant loves & affections, and the Divine Vision wept
 (669:42:7)

So Los spoke, then turn'd his face & wept for Albion. (670:42:46)

The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath (671:42:57)

Winchester in his den & cavern; they lament against
 Albion: they curse their human kindness & affection: (671:42:59-60)

And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose. (671:42:70)

Thus mourn they, Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon
 The clouds of Europe & Asia among the Serpent Temples. (671:42:75)

Urizen cold & scientific, Luvah pitying & weeping,
 Tharmas indolent & sullen, Urthona doubting & despairing, (671:43:2-3)

"The Armies of Balaam weep--no women come to the field: (672:43:39)

"Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non Entity. (673:43:68)

In the midst of temptations & despair, among the rooted Oaks,
 (673:43:81)

Of black despair, that the immortal Wings labour'd against
 Cliff after cliff & over Valleys of despair & death. (674:44:12-13)

They wept into the deeps a little space; at length was heard (675:44:43)

Fervor, mild spoke thro' the Western Porch in soft gentle tears;
(675:45:2)

"The tear, and the confession of honest open & undisguis'd (675:45:7)

"He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate
(675:45:23)

To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping
Around Albion; but Albion heard him not: obdurate, hard,
He frown'd on all his Friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow.
(676:45:34-36)

Divine he wept over Albion speaking the words of God (676:46:8)

Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another.
(676:46:23)

Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah
Wept for their Sister, the Daughter of Albion, Jerusalem, (678:48:21-22)

With solemn mourning, out of Beulah's moony shades and hills
Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.
(678:48:24-25)

The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion (678:48:27)

A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions
And many sorrows, oblique across the Atlantic Vale, (678:48:31-32)

Her tears; she ardent embrac'd her sorrows, occupied in labours
Of sublime mercy in Rephaim's Vale. Perusing Albion's Tomb
She sat: she walk'd among the ornaments solumn mourning. (678:48:40-42)

Jerusalem, weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin
In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wail night & day. (678:48:51-52)

And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah in soft tears;
(678:48:53)

Come ye, O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og & Sihon (679:49:3)

"Come & mourn over Albion, the White Cliff of the Atlantic, (679:49:6)

"Of Divine Analogy; and Og & Sihon in the tears of Balaam (680:49:58)

"Food of despair: they drink the condemn'd Soul & rejoice (680:49:63)

"That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss & woe (680:49:73)

"In a remembrance of the Sin, is a Woe & a Horror, (681:50:28)

For a Tear is an Intellectual thing,
 And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
 And the bitter groan of a Martyr's woe
 Is an Arrow from the Almighty's Bow. (683:52:25-28)

Wept vehemently over Albion where Thames' currents spring (684:53:2)

Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears, (685:54:27)

The Divine Vision dimly appear'd in clouds of blood weeping.
 (685:54:32)

"The plowed furrow, list'ning to the weeping clods till we (687:55:43)

They Plow'd in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow,
 (687:55:54)

"He who is an Infant and whose Cradle is a Manger
 "Knoweth the Infant sorrow, whence it came and where it goeth
 (688:56:5-6)

"Lamentation, it flee back & hide in Non-Entity's dark wild (688:56:16)

"Over these desolate rocks of Albion. O daughters of despair!
 (688:56:21)

"What you have enwoven with so much tears & care, so much
 "Tender artifice, to laugh, to weep, to learn, to know: (688:56:23-24)

"And wept at our wintry Door. Look! Look! behold! Gwendolen
 (688:56:27).

And the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh Cry (689:57:1)

Weeping over his Children in Stone-henge, in Malden & Colchester,
(689:57:6)

Of weeping & the Palm of Suffering beneath Albion's Tomb. (691:59:6)

Terrible their distress, & their sorrow cannot be utter'd; (691:59:28)

Many Wheels & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping. (691:59:33)

Obliterates every other evil; none pities their tears, (691:59:35)

They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions. (692:59:41)

To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion; (692:59:47)

Men understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow (692:59:50)

Maddens in the fury of their hands, weaving in bitter tears (692:59:54)

"And a peculiar Tabernacle to cut the integuments of beauty
"Into veils of tears and sorrows, O lovely Jerusalem? (693:60:33-34)

Cut with the flints, her tears run down, her reason grows like
The Wheel of Hand incessant turning day & night without rest,
(693:60:42-43)

To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows
Of despair, while the Satanic Holiness triumph'd in Vala (693:60:46-47)

"Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills
"And by these visions of pity & love because of Albion's death."
(693:60:63-64)

"Mild Shade of Man, pitiest thou these Visions of terror & woe?
(694:60:66)

"Of the Forgive[ne]ss of Sins; if I were holy, I never could behold
the tears (694:61:12)

"Ah my Mary! said Joseph, weeping over & embracing her closely
in (694:61:14)

Many Streams in the arms of Joseph & gave forth her tears of joy
(695:61:29)

And the Sun set in Tyburn's Brook where Victims howl & cry. (696:62:34)

Therefore he lived & breathed in hope; but his tears fell incessant
(696:62:36)

Of Albion's Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat & often ponder'd
(696:62:39).

A weeping Infant in the Gates of Birth in the midst of Heaven (697:63:17)

No Human Form but Sexual, & a little weeping Infant pale reflect
(697:63:20).

He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony,
(699:64:27)

In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread, (700:65:26)

"Now smile among thy bitter tears, now put on all thy beauty.
(700:65:30)

"Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver
locks; (700:65:40)

"Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit: call forth thy cloudy tears.

"We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew."
(701:65:54-55)

They become like what they behold! Yet immense in strength &
Power, (701:65:79)

A building of eternal death, whose proportions are eternal despair.
(702:66:9)

In many tears, & there they erect a temple & an alter. (702:66:29)

Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears and caverns (702:66:31)

All who see become what they behold; their eyes are cover'd
With veils of tears and their nostrils & tongues shrunk up, (702:66:36-37)

Tizah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife
(704:67:24)

"O thou poor Human Form!" said she. "O thou poor child of woe!
(705:67:44)

"Of affliction, of love, of sweet despair, of torment unendurable.
(705:67:51)

"Weep not so, Sister, weep not so: our life depends on this, (705:68:7)

"But now my Soul is harrow'd with grief & fear & love & desire,
(707:68:66)

A Polypus of Roots, of Reasoning, Doubt, Despair & Death, (707:69:3)

For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination (707:69:25)

But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated
Are Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion. (710:71:50-51)

And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings, & his tears poured down
(711:71:56)

Weeping & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children
Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity. (711:71:62-63)

And Los's Furnaces howl loud, living, self-moving, lamenting
With fury & despair, & they stretch from South to North (713:73:2-3)

In Beulah by the Daughters of Beulah with tears & lamentations.
(714:74:9)

To tell how Los in grief & anger, whirling round his Manner on high,
(714:74:20)

I wept & said: "Is this the law of Jesus, (718:77:14)

"Of sin, or sorrow & of punishment: (718:77:19)

While Los laments at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem, (719:78:10)

In Erin's Continent; and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates' banks
Disorganiz'd: an evanescent shade scarce seen or heard among
Her children's Druid Temples, dropping with blood, wander'd
weeping! (719:78:27-29)

"Among precipices of despair; in Goshen I seek for light (720:79:11)

"To devour the Human! Why dost thou weep upon the wind among
 "These cruel Druid Temples? O Vala! Humanity is far above (721:79:72-73)

"Where the Masculine & Feminine are nurs'd into Youth & Maiden
 "By the tears & smiles of Beulah's Daughters till the time of Sleep is
 past. (721:79:76-77)

"Encompass'd by the Frozen Net and by the rooted Tree
 "I walk weeping in pangs of a Mother's torment for her Children.
 (721:80:1-2)

Lamenting among the timbrels of the Warriors, among the Captives
 In cruel holiness, and her lamenting songs were from Arnon (721-722:
 80:7-8)

Her children in captivity, listening to Vala's lamentation (722:80:10)

Over the Temples, drinking groans of victims, weeping in pity
 And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalem's walls. (723:80:55-56)

For Gwendolen; she took up in bitter tears his anguish'd heart
 That, apparent to all in Eternity, glows like the Sun in the breast:
 She hid it in his ribs & back; she hid his tongue with teeth. (723:80:67-69)

Filling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries, with groans
 And dolorous sobs, the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah.
 (723:80:81-82)

"I have named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become
 "A weeping Infant in ruin'd lovely Jerusalem's folding Cloud.
 (724:81:13-14)

"I have heard Jerusalem's groans; from Vala's cries & lamentations
 "I gather our eternal fate. Outcasts from life and love, (725:82:1-2)

"Look! I have wrought without delusion. Look! I have wept,
 (725:82:5)

"Of painted clay; the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant.
 (725:82:8)

Hyle was become a winding Worm & not a weeping Infant (726:82:48)

A redning skeleton in howling woe instead of beauty (726:82:68)

Gwendolen saw the Infant in her sister's arms; she howl'd
Over the forests with bitter tears and over the winding Worm (726:82:72-73)

To form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain. (726:82:76)

Towards London: then they saw the Furna[c]es open'd & in tears
(726:82:78)

"Absorb me not in such dire grief. O Albion, my brother! (727:83:6)

"I call to Canaan & Moab in my night watches: they mourn,
"They listen not to my cry, they rejoice among their warriors.
(727:83:17-18)

"Found ye London! enormous City! weeps thy River? (727:83:23)

"The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair! (728:83:53)

"Of Babylon, led by a child; his tears run down his beard. (729:84:12)

"The Corner of Broad Street weeps; Poland Street languishes;
"To Great Queen Street & Lincoln's Inn all is distress & woe.
(729:84:15-16)

Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One (729:84:29)

The Seeds of beauty in the Space; list'ning to their lamentation
(730:85:9)

The Stars stand still to hear: Jerusalem & Vala cease to mourn:
(730:85:15)

At his Furnaces, his Daughters at their Looms sing woes, (731:86:38)

Centering in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears, (731:86:45)

Viewing Los in his shudderings, pouring balm on his sorrows: (732:86:47)

Into a Globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness
 Ob Albion's clouds; he fed it with his tears & bitter groans,
 (732:86:52-53)

She separated stood before him, a lovely Female weeping, (732:86:57)

Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief. (732:86:60)

Repelling weeping Enion, blind & age-bent, into the fourfold (732:87:1)

At their contentions, he wiped his tears, he wash'd his visage.
 (733:88:36)

In martyrdoms & slavery I behold, ah vision of sorrow! (735:89:40)

Of threefold workmanship, in allegoric delusion & woe: (735:89:45)

Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge. (737:90:45)

So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping. (738:91:32)

Of strict severity self-subduing, & with many tears labouring.
 (738:91:47)

He alter'd time after time with dire pain & many tears (739:91:52)

Terrified Los sat to behold, trembling & weeping & howling: (739:91:54)

"Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley. (740:93:11)

"How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley, (740:93:15)

His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied labouring & weeping:
 (742:95:18)

"As God is Love; every kindness to another is a little Death
 "In the Divine Image, nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood."
 (743:96:27-28)

FOR THE SEXES: THE GATES OF PARADISE

Then Wept! then rose in Zeal & Awe, (761:7)

Reminds thee of thy Mother's Grief. (The Keys, 770:2)

And weeping over the Web of Life. (Of The Gates, 771:48)

THE LETTERS

They beg, they intreat, they drop their tears, (817:19)

What to others a trifle appears
Fills me full of smiles or tears; (817:25-26)

"Thou art to endless woe betray'd; (817:32)

And every soul of men on the Earth
Felt affliction & sorrow & sickness & dearth. (818:75-76)