

I

THE WORKS IN ILLUMINATED PRINTING

ALL RELIGIONS are ONE

t.c

The Voice of one crying in the Wilderness

The Argument As the true method of knowledge is experiment the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which experiences. This faculty I treat of.

PRINCIPLE 1st That the Poetic Genius is the true Man. and that the body or outward form of Man is derived from the Poetic Genius. Likewise that the forms of all things are derived from their Genius. which by the Ancients was call'd an Angel & Spirit & Demon.

PRINCIPLE 2^d As all men are alike in outward form, So (and with the same infinite variety) all are alike in the Poetic Genius

PRINCIPLE 3^d No man can think write or speak from his heart, but he must intend truth. Thus all sects of Philosophy are from the Poetic Genius adapted to the weaknesses of every individual

PRINCIPLE 4. As none by traveling over known lands can find out the unknown. So from already acquired knowledge Man could not acquire more. therefore an universal Poetic Genius exists

PRINCIPLE. 5. The Religions of all Nations are derived from each Nations different reception of the Poetic Genius which is every where call'd the Spirit of Prophecy.

PRINCIPLE 6 The Jewish & Christian Testaments are An original derivation from the Poetic Genius. this is necessary from the confined nature of bodily sensation



PRINCIPLE 7th As all men are alike (tho' infinitely various) So all Religions & as all similars have one source
The true Man is the source he being the Poetic Genius



THERE is NO NATURAL RELIGION

The Author & Printer W Blake

[a]

The Argument Man has no notion of moral fitness but from Education. Naturally he is only a natural organ subject to Sense.

I Man cannot naturally Percieve. but through his natural or bodily organs

II Man by his reasoning power. can only compare & judge of what he has already perciev'd.

III From a perception of only 3 senses or 3 elements none could deduce a fourth or fifth

IV None could have other than natural or organic thoughts if he had none but organic perceptions

V Mans desires are limited by his perceptions. none can desire what he has not perciev'd

VI The desires & perceptions of man untaught by any thing but organs of sense, must be limited to objects of sense.



THERE is NO NATURAL RELIGION

[b]

I Mans perceptions are not bounded by organs of perception. he percieves more than sense (tho' ever so acute) can discover.

II Reason or the ratio of all we have already known. is not the same that it shall be when we know more.

[III lacking]

IV The bounded is loathed by its possessor. The same dull round even of a univ[er]s[e] would soon become a mill with complicated wheels.

V If the many become the same as the few, when possess'd, More! More! is the cry of a mistaken soul, less than All cannot satisfy Man.

VI If any could desire what he is incapable of possessing, despair must be his eternal lot.

THE BOOK OF THEL

VII The desire of Man being Infinite the possession is Infinite & himself Infinite

Conclusion. If it were not for the Poetic or Prophetic character. the Philosophic & Experimental would soon be at the ratio of all things & stand still, unable to do other than repeat the same dull round over again

Application. He who sees the Infinite in all things sees God. He who sees the Ratio only sees himself only.

Therefore
God becomes as we are,
that we may be as he
is



THE BOOK of THEL

The Author & Printer Will^m Blake, 1789.

PLATE I

THEL'S Motto,

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole:
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or Love in a golden bowl?

PLATE I

THEL

I

The daughters of Mne Seraphim led round their sunny flocks.	t.c
All but the youngest; she in paleness sought the secret air.	
To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal day:	
Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is heard:	
And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew.	5
O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of the water?	
Why fade these children of the spring? born but to smile & fall.	
Ah! Thel is like a watry bow. and like a parting cloud.	
Like a reflection in a glass. like shadows in the water.	
Like dreams of infants. like a smile upon an infants face,	10
Like the doves voice, like transient day, like music in the air;	
Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head.	
And gentle sleep the sleep of death. and gentle hear the voice	t
Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.	c
The Lilly of the valley breathing in the humble grass	15
Answer'd the lovely maid and said; I am a watry weed,	

And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales;
 So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head.
 Yet I am visited from heaven and he that smiles on all.
 Walks in the valley. and each morn over me spreads his hand 20
 Saying, rejoice thou humble grass, thou new-born lilly flower,
 Thou gentle maid of silent valleys. and of modest brooks;
 For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna:
 Till summers heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs
 To flourish in eternal vales: then why should Thel complain, 25

PLATE 2

Why should the mistress of the vales of Har, utter a sigh.

She ceas'd & smild in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.

Thel answerd. O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley.
 Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the o'ertired. ' 1
 Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells thy milky
 garments, 5

He crops thy flowers. while thou sittest smiling in his face,
 Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taints.
 Thy wine doth purify the golden honey, thy perfume,
 Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass that springs
 Revives the milked cow, & tames the fire-breathing steed. 10

But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising sun:
 I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find my place.

Queen of the vales the Lilly answerd, ask the tender cloud,
 And it shall tell thee why it glitters in the morning sky,
 And why it scatters its bright beauty thro' the humid air. 15
 Descend O little cloud & hover before the eyes of Thel.

The Cloud descended, and the Lilly bow'd her modest head:
 And went to mind her numerous charge among the verdant grass.

PLATE 3

II.

O little Cloud the virgin said, I charge thee tell to me,
 Why thou complainest not when in one hour thou fade away:
 Then we shall seek thee but not find; ah Thel is like to thee.
 I pass away. yet I complain, and no one hears my voice.

The Cloud then shew'd his golden head & his bright form emerg'd,
 Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel. 5

O virgin know'st thou not. our steeds drink of the golden springs
 Where Luvah doth renew his horses: look'st thou on my youth, ' 1
 And fearest thou because I vanish and am seen no more.
 Nothing remains; O maid I tell thee, when I pass away, 10

THE BOOK OF THEL

It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures holy:
Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers;
And court the fair eyed dew. to take me to her shining tent;
The weeping virgin, trembling kneels before the risen sun,
Till we arise link'd in a golden band, and never part; 15
But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers

Dost thou O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee;
For I walk through the vales of Har. and smell the sweetest flowers;
But I feed not the little flowers: I hear the warbling birds,
But I feed not the warbling birds. they fly and seek their food; 20
But Thel delights in these no more because I fade away,
And all shall say, without a use this shining woman liv'd,
Or did she only live. to be at death the food of worms.

The Cloud reclind upon his airy throne and answer'd thus.

Then if thou art the food of worms. O virgin of the skies, 25
How great thy use. how great thy blessing; every thing that lives,
Lives not alone, nor for itself: fear not and I will call
The weak worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt hear its voice.
Come forth worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen.

The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lillys leaf, 30
And the bright Cloud saild on, to find his partner in the vale.

PLATE 4

III.

Then Thel astonish'd view'd the Worm upon its dewy bed. c

Art thou a Worm? image of weakness. art thou but a Worm?
I see thee like an infant wrapped in the Lillys leaf:
Ah weep not little voice, thou can'st not speak. but thou can'st weep;
Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked: weeping, 5
And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mothers smiles.

The Clod of Clay heard the Worms voice, & raisd her pitying head;
She bow'd over the weeping infant, and her life exhal'd
In milky fondness, then on Thel she fix'd her humble eyes.

O beauty of the vales of Har. we live not for ourselves, 10
Thou seest me the meanest thing, and so I am indeed;
My bosom of itself is cold. and of itself is dark,

PLATE 5

But he that loves the lowly, pours his oil upon my head.
And kisses me, and binds his nuptial bands around my breast.
And says; Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee.
And I have given thee a crown that none can take away

But how this is sweet maid, I know not, and I cannot know, 5
I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love.

The daughter of beauty wip'd her pitying tears with her white veil,
And said. Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep:
That God would love a Worm I knew, and punish the evil foot 10
That wilful, bruis'd its helpless form: but that he cherish'd it
With milk and oil, I never knew; and therefore did I weep,
And I complain'd in the mild air, because I fade away,
And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot.
Queen of the vales, the matron Clay answerd; I heard thy sighs. °
And all thy moans flew o'er my roof. but I have call'd them down: 15
Wilt thou O Queen enter my house. 'tis given thee to enter,
And to return; fear nothing. enter with thy virgin feet.

PLATE 6

IV. °

The eternal gates terrific porter lifted the northern bar:
Thel enter'd in & saw the secrets of the land unknown;
She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrous roots
Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists:
A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen. 5

She wanderd in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, listning
Dolours & lamentations: waiting oft beside a dewy grave
She stood in silence. listning to the voices of the ground,
Till to her own grave plot she came, & there she sat down.
And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit. 10

Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?
Or the glistning Eye to the poison of a smile!
Why are Eyelids stord with arrows ready drawn,
Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie?
Or an Eye of gifts & graces, show'ring fruits & coined gold! 15
Why a Tongue impress'd with honey from every wind?
Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?
Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror trembling & affright.
Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy! °
Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire? 20

The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shriek.
Fled back unhinderd till she came into the vales of Har

The End



SONGS 6

The Ecchoing Green

The Sun does arise,
 And make happy the skies.
 The merry bells ring
 To welcome the Spring.
 The sky-lark and thrush, 5
 The birds of the bush,
 Sing louder around,
 To the bells chearful sound.
 While our sports shall be seen
 On the Ecchoing Green. 10

SONGS 7

Old John with white hair
 Does laugh away care,
 Sitting under the oak,
 Among the old folk, 15
 They laugh at our play,
 And soon they all say.
 Such such were the joys.
 When we all girls & boys,
 In our youth-time were seen,
 On the Ecchoing Green. 20

Till the little ones weary
 No more can be merry
 The sun does descend,
 And our sports have an end:
 Round the laps of their mothers, 25
 Many sisters and brothers,
 Like birds in their nest,
 Are ready for rest;
 And sport no more seen,
 On the darkening Green. 30

SONGS 8

The Lamb

Little Lamb who made thee
 Dost thou know who made thee
 Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
 By the stream & o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight, 5
 Softest clothing wooly bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice!
 Little Lamb who made thee
 Dost thou know who made thee 10

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild, 15
He became a little child:
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee. 20

SONGS 9

The Little Black Boy.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child:
But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree 5
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east began to say.

Look on the rising sun: there God does live 10
And gives his light, and gives his heat away.
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning joy in the noon day.

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face 15
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

SONGS 10

For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear
The cloud will vanish we shall hear his voice.
Saying: come out from the grove my love & care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice. 20

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:

Ill shade him from the heat till he can bear, 25
To lean in joy upon our fathers knee.
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him and he will then love me.

SONGS II

The Blossom.

Merry Merry Sparrow
 Under leaves so green
 A happy Blossom
 Sees you swift as arrow
 Seek your cradle narrow 5
 Near my Bosom. 1

Pretty Pretty Robin
 Under leaves so green
 A happy Blossom
 Hears you sobbing sobbing 10
 Pretty Pretty Robin
 Near my Bosom.

SONGS 12

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. 1
 So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

Theres little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head 5
 That curl'd like a lambs 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.

And so he was quiet, & that very night,
 As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight, 10
 That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned & Jack
 Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black,

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
 And he open'd the coffins & set them all free.
 Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run 15
 And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
 They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.
 And the Angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy,
 He'd have God for his father & never want joy. 20

And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark
 And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
 Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm,
 So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

SONGS 13

The Little Boy lost

1

Father, father, where are you going
O do not walk so fast.
Speak father, speak to your little boy
Or else I shall be lost,

The night was dark no father was there
The child was wet with dew. 5
The mire was deep, & the child did weep
And away the vapour flew.

SONGS 14

The Little Boy Found

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

He kissed the child & by the hand led 5
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale
Her little boy weeping sought.

SONGS 15

Laughing Song,

1

When the green woods laugh, with the voice of joy 1
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit, 1
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with lively green 5
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily, 1
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha, Ha, He.

When the painted birds laugh in the shade
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread 10
Come live & be merry and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha, Ha, He.

SONGS 16

A CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams form a shade,
O'er my lovely infants head.
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams,
By happy silent moony beams.

THE WORKS IN ILLUMINATED PRINTING

	Sweet sleep with soft down, Weave thy brows an infant crown. Sweet sleep Angel mild, Hover o'er my happy child.	5
	Sweet smiles in the night, Hover over my delight. Sweet smiles Mothers smiles All the livelong night beguiles.	10
	Sweet moans, dovelike sighs, Chase not slumber from thy eyes. Sweet moans, sweeter smiles, All the dovelike moans beguiles.	15
	Sleep sleep happy child. All creation slept and smil'd. Sleep sleep, happy sleep, While o'er thee thy mother weep.	20
	Sweet babe in thy face, Holy image I can trace. Sweet babe once like thee, Thy maker lay and wept for me	
SONGS 17	Wept for me for thee for all, When he was an infant small. Thou his image ever see, Heavenly face that smiles on thee.	25
	Smiles on thee on me on all, Who became an infant small, Infant smiles are his own smiles. Heaven & earth to peace beguiles.	30
SONGS 18	The Divine Image.	
	To Mercy Pity Peace and Love, All pray in their distress: And to these virtues of delight Return their thankfulness.	
	For Mercy Pity Peace and Love, Is God our father dear: And Mercy Pity Peace and Love, Is Man his child and care.	5
	For Mercy has a human heart Pity, a human face:	10

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine
Love Mercy Pity Peace. 15

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, turk or jew.
Where Mercy, Love & Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too 20

SONGS 19

HOLY THURSDAY

Twas on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean
The children walking two & two in red & blue & green
Grey headed beards walkd before with wands as white as snow
Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow

O what a multitude they seemd these flowers of London town
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own
The hum of multitudes was there but multitudes of lambs
Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands 5

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among 10
Beneath them sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door

SONGS 20

Night

The sun descending in the west.
The evening star does shine.
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine,
The moon like a flower, 5
In heavens high bower;
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight; 10
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,

THE WORKS IN ILLUMINATED PRINTING

	On each bud and blossom, And each sleeping bosom.	15
	They look in every thoughtless nest, Where birds are coverd warm; They visit caves of every beast, To keep them all from harm; If they see any weeping, That should have been sleeping They pour sleep on their head And sit down by their bed.	20
SONGS 21	When wolves and tygers howl for prey They pitying stand and weep; Seeking to drive their thirst away, And keep them from the sheep. But if they rush dreadful; The angels most heedful, Recieve each mild spirit, New worlds to inherit.	25
	And there the lions ruddy eyes, Shall flow with tears of gold: And pitying the tender cries, And walking round the fold: Saying: wrath by his meekness And by his health, sickness, Is driven away, From our immortal day.	30 35 40
	And now beside thee bleating lamb, I can lie down and sleep; Or think on him who bore thy name, Graze after thee and weep. For wash'd in lifes river, My bright mane for ever, Shall shine like the gold, As I guard o'er the fold.	45

SONGS 22

Spring

	Sound the Flute! Now it's mute. Birds delight Day and Night. Nightingale In the dale	5
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SONGS OF INNOCENCE

	Lark in Sky	
	Merrily	
	Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year	
	Little Boy	10
	Full of joy.	
SONGS 23	Little Girl	
	Sweet and small,	
	Cock does crow	
	So do you.	15
	Merry voice	
	Infant noise	
	Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year	
	Little Lamb	
	Here I am,	20
	Come and lick	
	My white neck.	
	Let me pull	
	Your soft Wool.	
	Let me kiss	25
	Your soft face.	
	Merrily Merrily we welcome in the Year	
SONGS 24	Nurse's Song	
	When the voices of children are heard on the green	'
	And laughing is heard on the hill,	'
	My heart is at rest within my breast	
	And every thing else is still	
	Then come home my children, the sun is gone down	5
	And the dews of night arise	
	Come come leave off play, and let us away	
	Till the morning appears in the skies	
	No no let us play, for it is yet day	
	And we cannot go to sleep	'10
	Besides in the sky, the little birds fly	'
	And the hills are all covered with sheep	
	Well well go & play till the light fades away	
	And then go home to bed	
	The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd	15
	And all the hills echoed	

SONGS 25

Infant Joy

I have no name
 I am but two days old.—
 What shall I call thee?
 I happy am
 Joy is my name,— 5
 Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
 Sweet joy but two days old,
 Sweet joy I call thee;
 Thou dost smile. 10
 I sing the while
 Sweet joy befall thee.

SONGS 26

A Dream

Once a dream did weave a shade,
 O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
 That an Emmet lost it's way
 Where on grass methought I lay. 5

Troubled wilder and folorn
 Dark benighted travel-worn,
 Over many a tangled spray
 All heart-broke I heard her say.

O my children! do they cry
 Do they hear their father sigh. 10
 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 15
 Calls the watchman of the night.

I am set to light the ground,
 While the beetle goes his round:
 Follow now the beetles hum,
 Little wanderer hie thee home. 20