

Bodleian Libraries

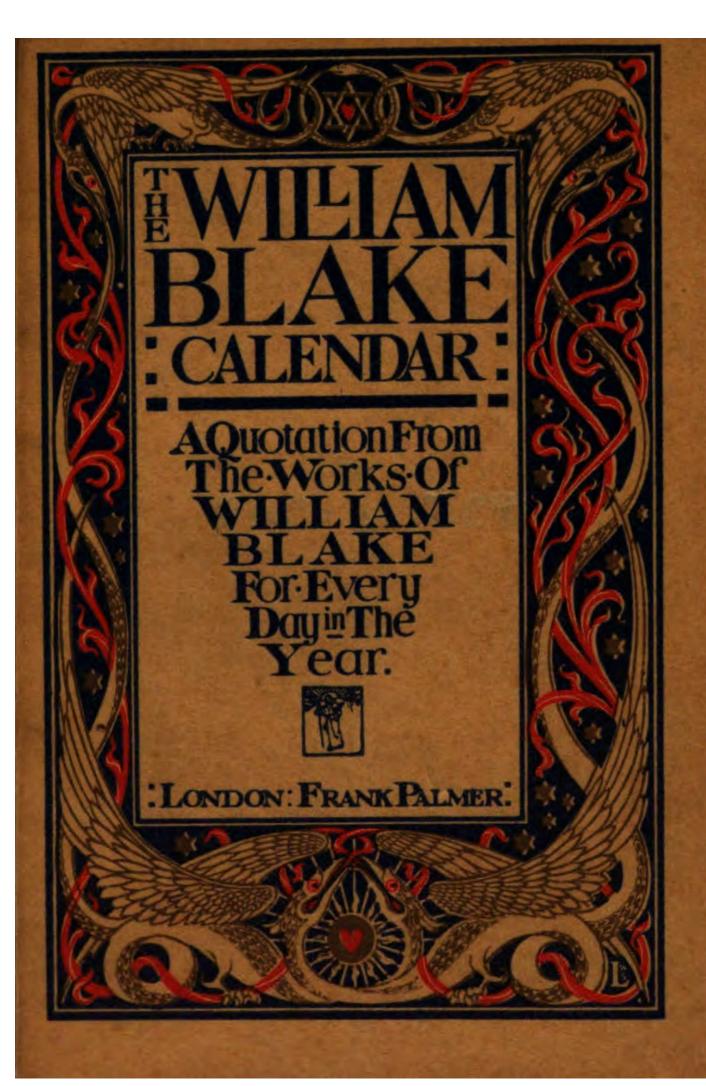
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

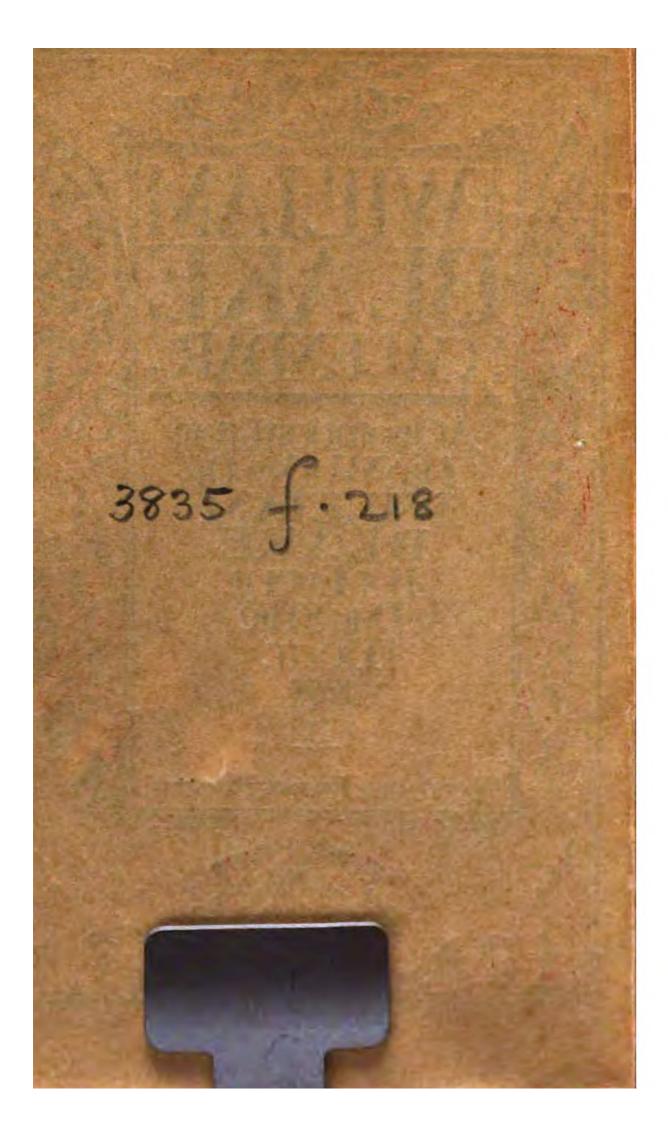
For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.





William Blake Calendar

Uniform with this Calendar

G.B.S. (G. Bernard Shaw) OSCAR WILDE H. G. WELLS ARNOLD BENNETT NAPOLEON GEORGE MOORE ANATOLE FRANCE J. M. BARRIE HILAIRE BELLOC NIETZSCHE SIR ARTHUR PINERO THOREAU ROBERT BLATCHFORD IBSEN EDEN PHILLPOTTS CHARLES DICKENS MONTAIGNE FRANCIS BACON ROBERT BURNS MARIE CORELLI KAISER WILLIAM BISMARCK ROBERT BROWNING OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES LORD BEACONSFIELD CARLYLE FIELDING HENRY ARTHUR JONES THACKERAY



.



Photo] WILLIAM BLAKE

After the painting in the National Portrait Gallery
by T. PHILLIPS, R.A.

The William Blake Calendar

A QUOTATION FROM THE :: :: WORKS OF :: :: WILLIAM BLAKE FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR SELECTED BY THOMAS WRIGHT



FRANK PALMER

First Published 1913.
All Rights Reserved.

BODL LIRR. 22 AUG. 1913 OXFORD.

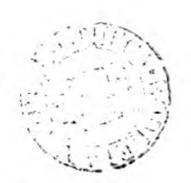
William Blake, who has been described by Dr. Greville Macdonald as " the most pictorial of all prophets, the most inspiring of all painters," was born on 28th November, 1757, at 28, Broad Street, Golden Square, London. On 18th August, 1782, be married Catherine Boucher, and the union was an ideal one. In 1873 appeared bis first volume of poems, Poetical Sketches. In 1784 be took up his abode at 27, Broad Street, next door to the bouse in which he was born, and set up in business as printseller and engraver. After the death of his favourite brother, Robert, who had for several years lived with him, be removed to 28, Poland Street, and while there be published his Songs of Innocence. This work and his subsequent works, were produced by bim in a method communicated to bim in a vision by Robert's spirit. Their text, with marginal illustrations, was inscribed upon copper plates, with a medium of his own invention, and then acid was applied. This, eating away the metal, left the text and illustrations in relief. The impressions were coloured by his own band, and only those who have seen the originals can form an adequate idea of their beauty and suggestiveness. While be was at Poland Street be produced the Prophetic Books Thel and The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, the latter containing the wonderful series of Proverbs which are so often quoted. From 1793 to 1800 be resided at 13, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, where he wrote America, Europe, Urizen, Vala, and other Prophetic Books, as well as bis beautiful Songs of Experience. In September, 1800, be went to Felpham, in Sussex, in order to be near Hayley, for whom he made many engravings, some of which were used in Hayley's Life of William Cowper. On returning to London, in 1803, Blake settled at 17, South Molton Street, where he finished his two great poems Milton and Jerusalem. He died at 3, Fountain Court, on

and prophet has increased year by year. His illustrations to Young's Night Thoughts, Blair's Grave, The Book of Job, and Milton's Paradise Lost, are justly famous; the heart warms at the very thought of them. But these are only a few of his pictorial productions. His output was enormous. The citations in this work from his poems and prose writings will give a fair idea of the strength of his pen. Many of them will set the reader's heart in a glow. To become acquainted with Blake is to love him.

On 12th August, 1912, the 85th anniversary of Blake's death, was formed the Blake Society, with Sir William Blake Richmond, son of Blake's friend, George Richmond, as President, and Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, as Secretary.

The quotations in this book are from Blake's Poetical Works, edited by John Sampson, The Poetical Works of William Blake, 2 vols., edited by E. G. Ellis, The Real Blake, by E. G. Ellis, Blake's Milton and Jerusalem, edited by E. R. D. Maclagan and A. G. B. Russell, and Poems of William Blake, edited by W. B. Yeats (Routledge and Sons). The last is an excellent selection for beginners.

January



One

Our names are written equal In fame's wide trophied hall; 'tis ours to gild The letters, and to make them shine with gold That never tarnishes.

Two

I have a great ambition to know everything, sir.

Three

Whilst Virtue is our walking staff, And Truth a lantern to our path, We can abide life's pelting storm, That makes our limbs quake, if our hearts be warm.

Four

Those who want Happiness must stoop to find it; it is a flower that grows in every vale.

Five

Oh that man would seek immortal moments!

Oh that man would converse with God!

Six

Thou art a natural philosopher, and knowest truth by instinct.

Seven

Leave, O leave [me] to my sorrows; Here I'll sit & fade away, Till I'm nothing but a spirit.

Eight

Flattery is delicious, even from the lips of a babbler.

JANUARY

Nine

God is a man, not because He is so perceived by man, but because He is the creator of man.

Ten

Severity in judgment is a great virtue.

Eleven

And we are put on earth a little space,

That we may learn to bear the beams of love.

Twelve

If a thing loves, it is infinite.

Thirteen

I a child & thou a lamb
We are called by His name,
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

Fourteen

Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

Fifteen

Nature has no Outline, but Imagination has.

Nature has no Tune, but Imagination has.

Nature has no Supernatural, and dissolves.

Imagination is Eternity.

Sixteen

Energy is Eternal Delight.

Seventeen

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.

JANUARY

Eighteen

Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell, There God is dwelling too.

Nineteen

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

Twenty

Everything that lives, Lives not alone nor for itself.

Twenty-one

Energy is the only life and is from the Body, and Reason is the bound or outward circumstance of Energy.

Twenty-two

I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love.

Twenty-three

How do you know but every Bird that cuts the airy way Is an immense world of delight, closed by your senses five?

Twenty-four

Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?

Twenty-five

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.

Twenty-six

Without contraries is no progression.

Twenty-seven

Why is one law given to the lion and the patient ox?

JANUARY

Twenty-eight

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?

Twenty-nine

Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place and governs the unwilling.

Thirty

If all do their duty they need not fear harm.

Thirty-one

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

February

One

In seed-time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.

Two

The hours of folly are measured by the clock, but of wisdom no clock can measure.

Three

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Four

Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.

FEBRUARY

Five

He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.

Six

The cut worm forgives the plow.

Seven

Dip him in the river who loves water.

Eight

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

Nine

He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star.

Ten

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

Eleven

All wholesome food is caught without net or a trap.

Twelve

Folly is the cloak of Knavery.

Thirteen

Thirteen years ago I lost a brother, and with his spirit I converse daily and hourly in the spirit, and see him in my remembrance, in the regions of my imagination. I hear his advice and even now write from his dictate. . . The ruins of Time build mansions in Eternity.

Fourteen

Bring out number, weight, and measure in a year of dearth.

Fifteen

Shame is Pride's cloak.

FEBRUARY

Sixteen

A dead body revenges not injuries.

Seventeen

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

Eighteen

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

Nineteen

No bird soars too high, if he soars with his own wings.

Twenty

Joys impregnate. Sorrows bring forth.

Twenty-one

C

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels with bricks of Religion.

17

Twenty-two

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.

Twenty-three

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

Twenty-four

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.

Twenty-five

The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

Twenty-six

Excess of sorrow laughs. Excess of joy weeps.

Twenty-seven

One thought fills immensity.

FEBRUARY

Twenty-eight

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Twenty-nine

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man.

March

One

Let man wear the fell of the lion, woman the fleece of the sheep.

Two

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth.

Three

The selfish, smiling fool, and the sullen, frowning fool, shall be both thought wise, that they may be a rod.

Four

What is now proved was once only imagined.

MARCH

Five

The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit watch the roots; the lion, the tiger, the horse, the elephant watch the fruits.

Six

The cistern contains, the fountain overflows.

Seven

Think in the morning, Act in the noon, Eat in the evening, Sleep in the night.

Eight

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.

Nine

The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow.

Ten

Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth.

Eleven

The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion.

Twelve

As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

Thirteen

The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow; nor the lion the horse how he shall take his prey.

Fourteen

As the plow follows words, so God rewards prayers.

MARCH

Fifteen

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.

Sixteen

Expect poison from the standing water.

Seventeen

Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead.

Eighteen

Damn braces: Bless relaxes.

Nineteen

Listen to the fool's reproach; it is a kingly title!

Twenty

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.

Twenty-one

The coming of Spring

Soon renewed, a golden moth
I shall cast off my death clothes and
embrace Tharmas again.

For lo! the winter melted away upon the distant hills, And all the black mould sings.

Twenty-two

Prayers plow not! Praises reap not.

Twenty-three

The thankful receiver bears a plentiful harvest.

Twenty-four

If others had not been foolish, we should be so.

Twenty-five

The soul of sweet delight can never be defiled.

MARCH

Twenty-six

Exuberance is beauty.

Twenty-seven

He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.

Twenty-eight

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

Twenty-nine

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

Thirty

The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest.

Thirty-one

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.

April

One

Joys laugh not! Sorrows weep not!

Two

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands and feet Proportion.

Three

As the air to a bird, or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.

Four

The crow wished everything was black, the owl that everything was white.

APRIL

Five

When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius; lift up thy head!

Six

If the lion was advised by the fox, he would be cunning.

Seven

Improvement makes straight roads, but the crooked roads without Improvement are the roads of Genius.

Eight

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.

Nine

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believed.

Ten

Where man is not, nature is barren.

Eleven

As none by travelling over known lands can find out the unknown, so, from already acquired knowledge, Man could not acquire more; therefore an universal Poetic Genius exists.

Twelve

There is no natural religion.

Thirteen

The Poetic Genius is the true Man, and . . . the body or outward form of Man is derived from the Poetic Genius.

Fourteen

Love to faults is always blind; Always is to joy inclined.

APRIL

Fifteen

Man's perceptions are not bound by organs of perception; he preceives more than sense (though ever so acute) can discover.

Sixteen

From a perception of only three senses or three elements, none could deduce a fourth or fifth.

Seventeen

The bounded is loathed by its possessor.

Eighteen

God becomes as we are, that we may be as He is.

Nineteen

Man by his reasoning power can only compare and judge of what he has already perceived.

Twenty

Abstinence sows sand all over The ruddy limbs & flaming hair, But Desire Gratified Plants fruits of life & beauty there.

Twenty-one

Man's desires are limited by his perceptions. None can desire what he has not perceived.

Twenty-two

If you trap the moment before it's ripe,

The tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe;

But if once you let the ripe moment go,

You can never wipe off the tears of woe.

Twenty-three

The priest promotes war, & the soldier peace.

APRIL

Twenty-four

And throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me.
As our dear Redeemer said:
"This the Wine, & this the Bread."

Twenty-five

Mutual Forgiveness of each Vice, Such are the Gates of Paradise.

Twenty-six

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

Twenty-seven

The countless gold of a merry heart,

The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,

The indolent never can bring to the mart,

Nor the secret hoard up in his Treasury.

Twenty-eight

The Good are attracted by Men's perceptions

And think not for themselves;
Till Experience teaches them to
catch

And to cage the Fairies & Elves.

Twenty-nine

Less than all cannot satisfy man.

Thirty

He who bends to himself a joy, Doth the winged life destroy; But he who kisses the joy as it flies, Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

May

One

When vocal May comes dancing from the east.

Two

When the meadows laugh with lively green,

And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,

When Mary and Susan and Emily With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha, Ha, He!'

Three

Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache:

Do be my enemy—for Friend-ship's sake.

D

Four

Does not the eagle scorn the earth, and despise the treasures beneath? But the mole knoweth what is there, and the worm shall tell it thee.

Five

The Sun's Light when he unfolds it

Depends on the Organ that beholds it.

Six

Let the slave grinding at the mill run out into the field, Let him look up into the heavens and laugh in the bright air.

Seven

Arise, you little glancing wings, and sing your infant joy!
Arise, and drink your bliss, for everything that lives is holy!

Eight

The morning comes, the night decays, the watchmen leave their stations;

The grave is burst, the spices shed, the linen wrapped up;

The bones of death, the covering clay, the sinews shrunk and dried,

Reviving shake, inspiring move, breathing! awakening

Spring like redeemed captives, when their bonds and bars are burst.

Nine

He [Urizen] saw That no flesh nor spirit could keep His iron laws one moment.

Ten

Let the inchained soul shut up in darkness and in sighing,

Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years,

Rise and look out; his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open.

Eleven

They look behind at every step and believe it is a dream,

Singing, 'The Sun has left his blackness, and has found a fresher morning.'

Twelve

The times are ended; shadows pass, the morning 'gins to break.'

Thirteen

Everything that lives is holy, life delights in life

Because the soul of sweet delight can never be defiled.

Fourteen

The dead heard the voice of the child [Orc],

And began to awake from sleep; All things heard the voice of the child,

And began to awake to life.

Fifteen

Thought changed the infinite to a serpent.

Sixteen

O Antamon, why wilt thou leave thy mother Enitharmon? Alone I see thee, crystal form, Floating upon the bosom'd air; With lineaments of gratified desire.

Seventeen

On those vast shady hills between America and Albion's shore,

Now barr'd out by the Atlantic Sea, call'd Atlantean hills,

Because from their bright summits you may pass to the Golden World,

An ancient palace, archetype of mighty Emperies,

Rears its immortal pinnacles, built in the forest of God

By Ariston, the king of Beauty, for his stolen bride.

Eighteen

Arise, O Orc, and give our mountains joy of thy red light.

Nineteen

In his hands he seized the infant, He bathed him in springs of sorrow, He gave him to Enitharmon. They named the child Orc; he grew, Fed with milk of Enitharmon.

Twenty

Enough! or Too Much.

Twenty-one

How can the bird that is born for joy,
Sit in a cage and sing?

Twenty-two

Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

Twenty-three

Eno, aged mother . . .
Sitting beneath the eternal oak.
. broke forth
O times remote!
When Love and Joy were adoration,
And none impure were deemed.

Twenty-four

The death of Jesus set me free.

Twenty-five

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden
clime,
Where the traveller's journey is
done.

Twenty-six

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright In the forests of the night, What immortal hand or eye Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

Twenty-seven

The Boast of Urizen [Reason]

Now I am God from Eternity to Eternity.

Twenty-eight

The Immortal [Los] stood frozen amidst

The vast rock of eternity . . .

Cracked across into numberless fragments,

The prophetic wrath struggling for vent,

Hurls apart, stamping furious to

And crumbling with bursting sobs, heaves

The black marble on high into fragments.

Twenty-nine

Where is my golden palace, Where my ivory bed? Where the joy of my morning hour, Where the sons of eternity singing?

MAY

Thirty

Truth has bounds, error none.

Thirty-one

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.

June

One

Four mighty ones are in every man (Urizen, Tharmas, Luvah, Los).

Two

Eno . . . with . . . many tears, and in evening years gave visions and sent heaven.

Three

Everything that lives is holy.

Four

Thy world is thine in which thou dwellest. That within thy soul . . . is mine (said by the Spectre [the reasoning power] of Tharmas to Enion). The opposite of this is true. Every man should be lord of the world within him.

JUNE

Five

The Spectre [Reasoning Power] is in every man insane, and most Deformed.

Six

Already are my eyes reverted. All that I behold

Within my soul has lost its splendour, and a brooding fear

Shadows me o'er and drives me outward to a world of woe.

Seven

He is the Good Shepherd, He is the Lord and Master To create man morning by morning—to give gifts at noonday.

Eight

Why wilt thou examine every little fibre of my soul,

Spreading them out before the sun like stalks of flax to dry?

Nine

The daughters of Beulah follow after sleepers in their dreams, Creating spaces, lest they fall into eternal Death.

Ten

I will sing you a song of Los, the Eternal Prophet: He sung it to four harps at the tables of Eternity, In heart-formed Africa.

Eleven

Woman

Born for the sport and amusement of man, Now drinking all his powers.

Twelve

Refusing to behold the Divine Image which all behold And live thereby, he is sunk down into a deadly sleep.

JUNE

Thirteen

This bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain.

Fourteen.

I gave sweet lilies to their breasts, and roses to their hair,

I taught them songs of sweet delight.

Fifteen

Art thou one of those who when complaisant most
Mean mischief most?

Sixteen

False declaration of Urizen

The Spectre [Reasoning power] is the man. The rest is only delusion and fancy.

Seventeen

Excess of joy is worse than grief.

Eighteen

Ephraim called out to Tiriel, Awake, O Brother Mountain.

Nineteen

At will to murmur in the flowers small as the honey bee,

At will to stretch across the heavens and step from star to star.

Twenty

The Infant Joy is beautiful, but his anatomy Horrible, ghast, and deadly.

Twenty-one

I have planted a false oath on the earth. It has brought forth a poison tree.

Twenty-two

Wisdom is sold in the desolate market,

Where none come to buy.

Twenty-three

What is the price of experience?

Do men buy it for a song?

Or wisdom for a dance in the street? No, it is bought with the price

Of all that a man hath—his wife, his house, his children.

Twenty-four

Unorganised innocence [is] an impossibility,

Innocence dwells with wisdom, but never with ignorance.

Twenty-five

Am I not God, said Urizen? Who is equal to me?

Twenty-six

Oh! wonder of Eternity, Los, my defence and guide,

Thy works are all my joy, and in thy fires my soul delights.

Twenty-seven

Lift up thy blue eyes, Vala, and put on thy sapphire shoes,

Oh melancholy Magdalen, behold the morning breaks.

Twenty-eight

Orc

His eyes, the lights of his large soul, contract or else expand,

Contracted they behold the secrets of the infinite mountains,

Expanded they behold the terrors of the sun and moon.

Twenty-nine

It is an easy thing

To see a god on every wind and a blessing on every blast.

Thirty

Ahania heard the lamentation, and a swift vibration spread through her golden frame.

July

One

Rise, sluggish soul, why sitt'st thou here? Why dost thou sit and weep?

Yon sun shall wax old and decay, but thou shalt ever flourish.

Two

My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roar the bellows,

Upon my terribly flaming heart the molten metal runs

In channels through my fiery limbs. Oh Love! oh Pity! oh Pain!

Three

Return, O wanderer, when the day of clouds is o'er

K

Four

Cloudland

Green fields among
The varying clouds like paradises
stretched in the expanse
With towns and villages and temples,
tents, sheepfolds and pastures,
Where dwell the children of the
elemental worlds in harmony.

Five

As I know that he who works and has his health cannot starve, I laugh at fortune, and go on and on.

Six

Man subsists by brotherhood and universal love.

Seven

Man liveth not by self alone, but in his brother's face Each shall behold the Eternal Father, and love and joy abound.

JULY

Eight

To the eyes of a miser a guinea is far more beautiful than the sun, and a bag worn with the use of money has more beautiful proportions than a vine filled with grapes.

Nine

None on earth can give me mental distress, and I know all distress inflicted by Heaven is a mercy.

Ten

The sun has left his blackness, and has found a fresher morning,
And the mild moon rejoices in the clear and cloudless night,
And Man walks forth from midst of fires: the evil is all consumed.

Eleven

The pangs of eternal birth are better than the pangs of eternal death.

Twelve

Blessed are those who are found studious of literature and human and polite accomplishments; such have their lamps burning and such shall shine as the stars.

Thirteen

I live by miracle.

Fourteen

To the eyes of the man of imagination, Nature is Imagination itself.

Fifteen

I have the happiness of seeing the Divine countenance in such men as Cowper and Milton more distinctly than in any prince or hero.

Sixteen

How is it we have walked through fire and yet are not consumed?

Seventeen

I perceive that the sore travail which has been given me these three years leads to glory and honour.

Eighteen

What is it sets Homer, Virgil and Milton in so high a rank of art? Why is the Bible more entertaining and instructive than any other book? Is it not because they are addressed to the imagination, which is spiritual sensation, and but mediately to the understanding or reason?

Nineteen

Oh, trembling joy! Excess of joy is like excess of grief.

Twenty

For in my bosom a new song arises to the Lord.

Twenty-one

Great Men appear to Blake

Ezra came with Isaiah the Prophet, but Shakespeare in riper years gave me his hand. Paracelsus and Behmen appeared to me.

Twenty-two

How lovely the delights of those risen again from death.

Twenty-three

Urthona rises from the ruinous walls,

In all his ancient strength, to form the golden armour of science

For intellectual war. The war of swords departed now

The Dark Religions are departed, and sweet science reigns.

Twenty-four

As a man is, so he sees.

Twenty-five

I have conquered, and shall go on conquering, Nothing can withstand the fury of my course among the stars of God and in the abysses of the accuser. My enthusiasm is still what it was, only enlarged and confirmed.

Twenty-six

Now I a fourfold vision* see,
And a fourfold vision is given to me;
The fourfold in my supreme de

'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!

^{*}Blake called the state in which the imagination has full play "Eden." He held that to it all artists, whether of the brush or of the pen, should unceasingly aspire. A lower state he called "Beulah," a still lower "Ulro," and the lowest of all, a mere living death in which the mind is completely in subjection to the reasoning powers, "Or-Ulro."

Twenty-seven

I am too much attached to Dante to think much of anything else.

Twenty-eight

Allegory addressed to the intellectual powers, while it is altogether hidden from the corporeal understanding, is my definition of the most sublime poetry.

Twenty-nine

Gratitude is heaven itself.

Thirty

If God blesses me with health [I] doubt not yet to make a figure in the great dance of life that shall amuse the spectators in the sky.

Thirty-one

I hope earnestly that you have escaped the brush of my evil star, which I believe is now for ever fallen into the abyss.

August

One

For now! O Glory! and O Delight! I have entirely reduced that spectrous fiend [the reasoning power] to his station, whose annoyance has been the ruin of my labours for the last passed twenty years of my life.

Two

I am really drunk with intellectual vision whenever I take a pencil or graver into my hand.

Three

Every man ought to be a judge of pictures, and every man is so who has not been connoisseured out of his senses.

Four

Let us go on, dear sir, following His cross: let us take it up daily, persisting in spiritual labours, and the use of that talent which it is death to bury, and of that spirit to which we are called.

Five

God appears, & God is light, To those poor souls who dwell in Night;

But does a Human Form Display, To those who Dwell in Realms of Day.

Six

If you, who are organised by Divine Providence for spiritual communion, refuse and bury your talent in the earth, even though you should want natural bread, sorrow and desperation pursue you through life, and after death shame and confusion of face to eternity.

AUGUST

Seven

O God, protect me from my friends, that they have not power over me!

Thou hast given me power to protect myself from my bitterest enemies.

Eight

O why was I born with a different face?

Why was I not born like this envious race?

Why did Heaven adorn me with bountiful hand,

And then set me down in an envious land?

Nine

I will not cease from Mental Fight, Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand

Till we have built Jerusalem In England's green and pleasant Land.

Ten

A Robin Redbreast in a cage Puts all Heaven in a Rage.

Eleven

He who shall hurt the little Wren Shall never be belov'd by men.

Twelve

If the Sun & Moon should doubt, They'd immediately go out.

Thirteen

Every Night and every Morn, Some to misery are born. Every Morn and every Night, Some are Born to Sweet Delight.

Fourteen

I thought Love lived in the hot sunshine,

But O, he lives in the Moony light!

AUGUST

Fifteen

And Leutha stood glowing with varying colours immortal, heartpiercing

And lovely: & her moth-like elegance shone over the assembly.

Sixteen

We do not want either Greek or Roman models if we are but just and true to our own Imaginations.

Seventeen

Seek Love in the Pity of others' Woe,

In the gentle relief of another's care.

Eighteen

Blake marries Catherine Boucher

What is it men in women do require—

The lineaments of gratified desire.

Nineteen

I am Inspired! I know it is Truth! for I sing

According to the inspiration of the Poetic Genius

Who is the eternal all-protecting Divine Humanity,

To whom be Glory & Power & Dominion evermore. Amen.

Twenty

Farewell, Sweet Rose [Mr. Samuel Rose, who had defended Blake at Chichester] I also have but a few more mountains to pass; for I hear the bells ring and the trumpets sound to welcome thy arrival among Cowper's glorified band of spirits of just men made perfect.

Twenty-one

Glory! Glory! to the Holy Lamb of God!

I touch the heavens as an instrument to glorify the Lord!

AUGUST

Twenty-two

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.

Twenty-three

O how can I, with my gross tongue that cleaveth to the dust,

Tell of the Four-fold Man in starry numbers fitly order'd?

Or how can I with my cold hand of clay? But thou, O Lord,

Do with me as thou wilt! for I am nothing, and vanity

If Thou chuse to elect a worm, it shall remove mountains.

Twenty-four

Father, O father! what do we here In this land of unbelief and fear? The Land of Dreams is better far, Above the light of the Morning Star.

Twenty-five

The Power of the Poet, and the Inspired Man He displac'd continents, the oceans fled before his face, He altered the poles of the world, east, west & north & south.

Twenty-six

And I became One Man with him arising in my strength,
'Twas too late now to recede. Los had enter'd into my soul:
His terrors now possess'd me whole!
I arose in fury & strength.

Twenty-seven

Rouse up, O young Men of the New Age! Set your foreheads against the ignorant Hirelings!
... Painters! on you I call. Sculptors! Architects! Suffer not the fashionable Fools to depress your powers by the prices they pretend to give for contemptible works.

AUGUST

Twenty-eight

To do unkind things in kindness:
with power arm'd to say
The most irritating things in the
midst of tears and love—
These are the stings of the Serpent.

Twenty-nine

Bring me my Bow of burning gold, Bring me my Arrows of desire: Bring me my Spear! O Clouds unfold! Bring me my Chariot of fire.

Thirty

Those in immortality gave forth their Emanations Like females of sweet beauty, to guard round him & to feed His lips with food of Eden.

Thirty-one

The nature of infinity is this: That everything has its Own Vortex.

September

One

Seest thou the little winged fly smaller than a grain of sand? It has a heart like thee: a brain open to heaven & hell, Withinside wondrous & expansive: its gates are not clos'd I hope thine are not.

Two

More extensive Than any other earthly things, are Man's earthly lineaments.

Three

Time is the mercy of Eternity; without Time's swiftness, Which is the swiftest of all things, all were eternal torment.

SEPTEMBER

Four

Sitting at eternal tables
Terrific among the sons of Albion,
in chorus solemn & loud
A Bard broke forth: all sat attentive to the awful man.

Five

Thy purpose & the purpose of thy
Priests & of thy Churches
Is to impress on men the fear of
death; to teach
Trembling & fear, terror, constriction: abject selfishness.
Mine is to teach Men to despise
death & to go on
In fearless majesty annihilating
Self, laughing to scorn
Thy Laws & terrors, shaking down
thy Synagogues, as webs.

Six

O Swedenborg! strongest of men, the Samson shorn by the churches.

Seven

Awake, thou sleeper on the Rock of Eternity! Albion, awake!

The trumpet of Judgment hath twice sounded: all Nations are awake,

But thou art still heavy and dull: awake! Albion, awake!

Eight

Crave not for the mortal & perishing delights, but leave them To the weak, and pity the weak.

Nine

Description of Sunrise

When Luvah's bulls each morning drag the sulphur sun out of the deep

Harness'd with starry harness, black & shining, kept by black slaves

That work all night at the starry harness: strong and vigorous: They drag the unwilling Orb.

Ten

Go forth, Reapers, with rejoicing—you sowed in tears,

But the time of your refreshing cometh; only a little moment Still abstain from pleasure & rest, in the labours of eternity,

And you shall Reap the whole Earth from Pole to Pole, from Sea to Sea.

Eleven

I come in Self-annihilation and the grandeur of Inspiration

To cast off Rational Demonstration, by Faith in the Saviour.

To cast aside from Poetry all that is not Inspiration,

That it no longer shall dare to mock with the aspersion of madness

Cast on the Inspired by the tame high finisher of paltry Blots

Indefinite or paltry Rhymes, or paltry Harmonies.

Twelve

Every Natural Effect has a Spiritual Cause, and not

A Natural: for a Natural Cause only seems.

Thirteen

Thou hearest the Nightingale begin the Song of Spring:

The Lark sitting upon his earthly

bed, just as the morn

Appears, listens silent, then springing from the waving cornfield, loud

He leads the Choir of Day: trill, trill, trill,

Mounting upon the wings of light into the Great Expanse,

Re-echoing against the lovely blue & shining heavenly shell.

His little throat labours with inspiration; every feather

On throat & breast & wings vibrates with the effluence Divine.

SEPTEMBER

Fourteen

All Nature listens silent to him, & the awful Sun

Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this little Bird

With eyes of soft humility & wonder, love & awe;

Then Loud from their green covert all the Birds begin their Song:

The Thrush, the Linnet & the Goldfinch, Robin & the Wren

Awake the Sun from his sweet reverie upon the Mountain:

The Nightingale again assays his song & thro' the day

And thro' the night warbles luxuriant: every Bird of Song

Attending his loud harmony with admiration & love.

Fifteen

Thou perceivest the Flowers put forth their precious Odours,

And none can tell how from so small a center comes such sweet, Forgetting that within that center Eternity expands

Its ever during doors, that Og &

Anak fiercely guard.

First e'er the morning breaks joy opens in the flowery bosoms—

Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries: first the Wild Thyme

And Meadow-sweet downy and soft, waving among the reeds.

Sixteen

Light springing on the air lead the sweet Dance, they awake

The Honeysuckle sleeping on the

Oak: the flaunting beauty

Revels along upon the wind: the Whitethorn, lovely May,

Opens her many lovely eyes: listening the Rose still sleeps:

None dare to wake her; soon she bursts her crimson curtained bed,

And comes forth in the majesty of beauty: every Flower,

The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wallflower, the Carnation,
The Jonquil, the mild Lilly opes
her heavens; every Tree
And Flower & Herb soon fill the
air with an innumerable Dance,
Yet all in order sweet & lovely.

Seventeen

We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves; everything is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep.

Eighteen

Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance & sport in summer

Upon the sunny brooks & meadows: every one the dance

Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave

Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance,

To touch each other and recede, to cross & change & return.

Nineteen

Milton appears to Blake

And Milton collecting all his fibres into impregnable strength,

Descended down a Paved work of all kinds of precious stones

Out from the eastern sky; descending down into my Cottage Garden, clothed in black, severe & silent he descended.

Twenty

On Whitefield and Wesley

Can you have greater Miracles than these? Men who devote Their life's whole comfort to entire scorn & injury & death.

Twenty-one

The poor indigent is like the diamond, which tho' cloth'd

In ragged covering in the mire, is open all within,

And in his hallow'd centre holds the heavens of bright eternity.

SEPTEMBER

Twenty-two

For when Los joined with me he took me in his fiery whirlwind,
My vegetated portion was hurried

from Lambeth's shades.

He set me down in Felpham's Vale & prepared a beautiful

Cottage for me that in three years
I might write all these visions,
To display Nature's cruel holiness:

the deceits of Natural Religion.

Twenty-three

Imagination,
Which is the Divine Body of the
Lord Jesus, blessed for ever.

Twenty-four

The Male is a Furnace of beryl; the Female is a golden loom.

Twenty-five

I will not reason and compare; My business is to create.

Twenty-six

For everything exists; and not one sigh nor smile nor tear,

One hair nor particle of dust, not one can pass away.

Twenty-seven

I am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired fury.

Twenty-eight

Rousseau thought Men Good by Nature: he found them Evil & found no friend.

Twenty-nine

Poetry fettered, fetters the Human Race.

Thirty

I rest not from my great task!
To open the Eternal Worlds, to
open the immortal Eyes
Of Man inwards into the Worlds
of Thought.

October

One

Let every Christian, as much as in him lies, engage himself openly & publicly before all the World in some Mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem.

Two

What seems to Be; Is; To those to whom

It seems to be, & is productive of the most dreadful

Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be.

Three

For not one sparrow can suffer and the whole universe not suffer also.

Four

Corporeal friends are spiritual enemies.

Five

There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find, Nor can his Watch Fiends find it; 'tis translucent & has many

Angles,

But he who finds it will find Oothoon's palace, for within Opening into Beulah, every angle is a lovely heaven.

Six

Create my spirit to Thy love, Subdue my spectre to Thy fear.

Seven

Each man is in his Spectre's power Until the arrival of that hour When his Humanity awake And cast his Spectre into the Lake

OCTOBER

Eight

If perceptive organs vary, objects of perception seem to vary.

Nine

He never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher of Natural Morality or Natural Religion.

Ten

I must create a system, or be enslaved by another man's.

Eleven

Ideas cannot be given but in their minutely appropriate words. Nor can a design be made without its minutely appropriate execution.

Twelve

He who would do good to another, must do it in Minute Particulars.

Thirteen

The strong man acts from conscious superiority, and marches on in fearless dependence on the Divine decrees, raging with the inspirations of a prophetic mind.

Fourteen

The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man; and when separated

From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Ratio

Of the Things of Memory, It thence frames Laws & Moralities To destroy Imagination, the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms & Wars.

Fifteen

I give you the end of a golden string,

Only wind it into a ball:

It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,

Built in Jerusalem's wall.

OCTOBER

Sixteen

A man's worst enemies are those Of his own house and family.

Seventeen

He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments and in stronger and better light than his perishing and mortal eye can see does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him more infinitely perfect, and more minutely organised, than anything seen by his mortal eye.

Eighteen

. . . The worship of God is honouring His gifts In other men.

Nineteen

Men are caught by love, woman is caught by pride.

Twenty

The door of death is made of gold That mortal eyes cannot behold.

Twenty-one

All these things [Blake's observations on his picture "The Ancient Britons"] are written in Eden. The artist an inhabitant of that happy country; and if everything goes on as it has begun, the world of vegetation and generation may expect to be opened again to Heaven, through Eden, as it was in the beginning.

Twenty-two

Character and expression can be expressed only by those who feel them.

Twenty-three

. . . Nor can man exist, but by brotherhood.

OCTOBER

Twenty-four

Let the Philosopher always be the servant and scholar of inspiration, and all will be happy.

Twenty-five

There is not, because there cannot be, any difference between the effect in pictures by Rubens and Rembrandt: when you have seen one of their pictures you have seen all. It is not so with Raphael, Julio Romano, Albert Dürer, Michael Angelo. Every picture of theirs has a different and appropriate effect.

Twenty-six

Where there are no lineaments there can be no character.

Twenty-seven

None but blockheads copy one another.

Twenty-eight

The Female searches sea & land for gratifications to the

Male Genius: who in return clothes her in gems and gold

And feeds her with the food of Eden, hence all her beauty beams.

She creates at her will a little moony night & silence,

With spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty:

Closed in by a sandy desert & a night of stars shining,

And a little tender moon & hovering Angels on the wing.

And the Male gives a Time & Revolution to her Space

Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights.

Twenty-nine

It is not the arts that follow and attend upon Empire, but Empire that attends upon and follows arts.

OCTOBER

Thirty

To imitate I abhor.

Thirty-one

Friendship cannot exist without forgiveness of sins continually.

November

One

I obstinately adhere to the true style of art such as Michael Angelo, Raphael and Albert Dürer left it—the art of invention, not of imitation.

Two

When a base man means to be your enemy, he always begins first with being your friend.

Three

I know that all those with whom I have contended in art have striven, not to excel, but to starve me out by calumny and the arts of trading competition.

NOVEMBER

Four

The modern church crucifies Christ with the head downwards.

Five

Man passes on, but states remain for ever. He passes through them like a traveller, who may as well suppose that the places he has passed through exist no more, as a man may suppose that the states he has passed thorugh exist no more. Everything is eternal.

Six

The world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation or vegetation is finite and temporal.

Seven

A man who pretends to improve fine art, does not know what fine art is.

Eight

Works of art can only be produced in perfection where the man is either in affluence or above the care of it.

Nine

Imagination is my world.

Ten

Humility is only doubt, And does the sun and moon blot out.

Eleven

Where any view of money exists, art cannot be carried on, but war only.

Twelve

To generalise is to be an Idiot. To Particularise is the Alone Distinction of Merit.

NOVEMBER

Thirteen

This life's five windows of the soul Distort the heavens from pole to pole,

And lead you to believe a lie When you see with, not through, the eye.

Fourteen

Mental things are alone real.

Fifteen

The Man who does not Labour more than the Hireling must be a poor Devil.

Sixteen

Practice is art. If you leave off you are lost.

Seventeen

The whole Business of Man is the Arts and all Things in common.

Eighteen

The Eternal Body of Man is The Imagination.

Nineteen

"What," it will be questioned, "when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire something like a guinea?" Oh! no! no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying—"Holy, holy holy, is the Lord God Almighty!" I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it and not with it.

Twenty

For every pleasure Money is useless.

Twenty-one

A Poet, a Painter, a Musician, an Architect; the man or woman who is not one of these is not a Christian.

NOVEMBER

Twenty-two

Prayer is the study of Art.

Twenty-three

Praise is the Practice of Art.

Twenty-four

You must leave Fathers and Mothers and Houses and Lands if they stand in the way of Art.

Twenty-five

Art is the Tree of life.

Twenty-six

Degrade first the Arts if you'd Mankind Degrade.

Twenty-seven

The man who never in his mind and thoughts travelled to heaven is no artist.

Twenty-eight

Blake born, 1757

The man . . . who learns or acquires all he knows from others, must be full of contradictions.

Twenty-nine

Truth is eternal.

Thirty

Christianity is Art and not money —money is its curse.

December

One

Reynolds's opinion was that Genius May be Taught, and that all Pretence to Inspiration is a Lie and a Deceit. If it is a Deceit the whole Bible is Madness. This opinion arises in the Greeks calling the Muses Daughters of Memory.

Two

Imitation is criticism.

Three

The increase of a state, as of a man, is from internal improvement or intellectual acquirement. Man is not improved by the hurt of another.

Four

Every eye sees differently. As the eye, such the object.

Five

Enthusiasm is the All in All.

Six

How ridiculous it would be to see the Sheep endeavour to walk like the Dog, or the Ox trying to trot like the Horse—just as Ridiculous it is to see one Man striving to imitate Another. Man varies from Man more than Animal from Animal of different species.

Seven

Empire follows art.

Eight

The man who does not know what object to pursue is an idiot.

DECEMBER

Nine

Innate ideas are in every man, born with him; they are truly Himself.

Ten

The Man's execution is as his conception, and not better.

Eleven

Genius has no error.

Twelve

The Ancients were chiefly attentive to complicated and Minute Discrimination of character. It is the whole of Art.

Thirteen

Thought is act.

Fourteen

Grandeur of ideas is founded on precision of ideas.

Fifteen

Man Brings all he has or can have Into the World with him.

Sixteen

He who can be bound down is no Genius. Genius cannot be bound.

Seventeen

Against Reynolds's remark, "In the midst of the highest flights of the fancy or imagination, reason ought to preside," Blake wrote, "If this is True it is a devilish Foolish Thing to be an Artist."

Eighteen

Violent Passions emit the Real Good and Perfect Tones.

Nineteen

Blake believed that God does "visit man really and Truly."

DECEMBER

Twenty

"Kate, I am a changing man. I always arose and wrote down my thought, whether it rained, snowed or shone, and you sat beside me. This can be no longer."

Twenty-one

Execution is the chariot of genius.

Twenty-two

Imagination has nothing to do with memory.

Twenty-three

The beauty of the Bible is that the most ignorant and simple minds understand it best.

Twenty-four

Natural objects always did, and now do, weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me.

Twenty-five

Imagination is the divine vision, not of the world, nor of man, nor from man as he is a natural man.

Twenty-six

What is fortune but an outward accident? for a few years, sixty at the most and then gone!

Twenty-seven

The winter spreads his wide black wings across from pole to pole. Grim frost beneath, and terrible snow linked in a marriage chain Begin a dismal dance.

Twenty-eight

Cowper's Letters ought to be printed in letters of gold and ornamented with jewels of Heaven, Havillah, Eden, and all the countries where jewels abound.

DECEMBER

Twenty-nine

I have endeavoured to live as Christ commanded, and have sought to worship God truly in my own house, where I was not seen of men.

Thirty

The great style is always novel or new in all its operations.

Thirty-one

They are not mine! No, they are not mine!

(Said by Blake of his Songs on the last day of his life. He meant that they were of Divine origin).



THE BLAKE SOCIETY.

Founded 12th August, 1912, the Eighty-Fifth Anniversary
of Blake's death.

President :-

SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND, K.C.B., M.A., R.A.

RULES.

- 1. Object. To draw together admirers of the Poet-Painter William Blake, and to encourage the study of his works.
- 2. Membership. Ticket, Minimum, FIVE SHILLINGS A YEAR. This will entitle the Member to admittance to the Society's meetings, and a copy of the Society's publications as issued during the year. Life Membership: Three Guineas.
- 3. Place of Meeting. In any town, as may be arranged, on the 12th of August (day of Blake's death), or about that date, every year.

MEETINGS.

1912-Wyldes (Collins's Farm), Hampstead.

1913-Carlton Club, Brixton, and Lambeth Palace.

1914-Chichester.

PUBLICATIONS.

The volume containing the Papers read at the
First Meeting of the Blake Society . . . 2/6
Cowper and Blake, by Dr. Norman 2/6
These can be obtained by post from the Secretary.

Anyone wishing to join the Society should write to the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Wright, Cowper School, Olney, Bucks, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

A SMALL COLLECTION OF REPRODUCTIONS from Blake's Works including the illustrations to "Job" BLAIR'S "GRAVE"

and some in colour

7

"THE RIVER OF LIFE"

"GLAD DAY"

"THE ANCIENT OF DAYS"

etc.

May be seen at—

Mr. Fredk. Hollyer's Studio,
9, Pembroke Square,
Kensington (Earls Court).

National Proverbs

Printed in two Colours, bound in Simili Vellum boards, with Drawings of National Types by W. H. Caffyn, 1/- net.

Also limp Morocco finish, inlaid with Coats of Arms, boxed 2/6 net.

- 1. ENGLAND
- 2. SCOTLAND
- 3. IRELAND
- 4. RUSSIA
- 5. JAPAN
- 6. HOLLAND
- 7. DENMARK
- 8. ARABIA
- 9. TURKEY
- 10. FRANCE (In both languages)
- 11. SPAIN
- 12. GERMANY
- 13. ITALY
- 14. CHINA

Frank Palmer, Red Lion Court, London

Leaders and their Policies

"What I have said, I have said" Series.

As the title of this series indicates, the books attempt to give a condensed summary of the political creeds of different statesmen, and by means of carefullyselected extracts from public speeches, their attitude to great public questions is defined. Probably no volume on modern politics contains as many surprises as these for the political student, who will find the volumes invaluable for providing him with ammunition for debate. Those who have neither time nor inclination to study all the speeches and writings of statesmen will find in these carefully-compiled books a simple but fasresumé cinating modern political creeds.

1. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

IN PREPARATION.

- 2. ASQUITH
- 3. LLOYD GEORGE
- 4. REDMOND
- 5. A. J. BALFOUR
- 6. LORD ROSEBERY
- 7. GLADSTONE
- 8. LORD BEACONSFIELD
- 9. PARNELL



Fcap. 8vo. with coloured Illustrations. Cloth.



NET. 1/6 BACH

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS or from the Publisher: Frank Palmer, Red Lion Court, London

