

William Blake's Divine Humanity

**A dramatisation of the life & work of
William Blake**

by

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*[With additional material by Paul Duncan, Deborah Eckman and
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ACT ONE – Prologue

BARD: *(A solitary figure commanding the space)*

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who Present, Past, & Future sees
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!

SCENE 1 [The Child Blake Emerges from the Cosmic Egg]

(MUSIC CUE 1 – THE JOY OF CREATION)

(CURTAIN OPENS) (GOBBO 1 – FOREST)

(As the morning sun begins to rise on 28th November 1757, The Cosmic Egg cracks open and a burst of brilliant light fills the stage. The infant William emerges from within to be nursed by an adoring angel [Catherine])

CHILD WILLIAM:
I have no name
I'm but two days old.

ANGEL:
What shall I call thee?

CHILD WILLIAM:
I happy am,
Joy is my name.

ANGEL:

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

ANGEL CHORUS: [SONG: '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,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

CHILD ROBERT:

Come on William. Let's go and play in the trees!
It's so beautiful there.

CHILD WILLIAM:

Robert, wait. Wait for me!

(They run towards the trees & play together)

ANGEL 1: *(from the treetops)*

Come, spread your little glancing wings
And sing your infant joy;

ANGEL 2:

Arise and greet the blessed morn,
For all that lives is holy!

CHILD WILLIAM:

Robert, did you hear that?

CHILD ROBERT:
Yes, I did.

ANGEL 2:
Hello, you there! Are you having fun?

CHILD ROBERT: *(gathering his marbles)*
William, who's there? I'm afraid.

CHILD WILLIAM:
Don't worry brother, they are your friends too.

ANGEL 1:
He who binds to himself a joy,
Does the winged life destroy;

ANGEL 2:
But he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sun rise.

CHILD ROBERT:
They do speak strangely.

CHILD WILLIAM:
Sometimes they do, but look this light is so beautiful.

ANGEL 1:
So do you want to play with us?

(like a nursery rhyme, they dance & sing)

ENSEMBLE: [SONG: 'NURSES 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 everything else is still.

(FADE TO BLACK ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 2 [Job & His Family in the Biblical land of Uz]

(MUSIC CUE 2 – BARD THEME)

BARD: *(playing a lute)*

In Ancient Time, in the Land of Uz,
There lived a man named Job;

(PROJECTION 1 – PLATE 1)

And that man was perfect and upright,
And one that feared God and shunned evil.
And there were born to him seven sons and three daughters.
His substance also was seven thousand sheep,
And three thousand camel and five hundred oxen,
And a very great household;

(PROJECTION 1 ENDS – LIGHTS UP ON TAB 1)

so that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East;
And so it was that Job rose early each morning
And in the manner of his religion, made offerings to God.

JOB:

For it may be, my Inward Eye is closing;
(chorus hum begins)

And all the Starry Heavens have fled our mighty limbs.

BARD:

Let him that hath an ear consider the tale of the virtuous
Job, how he and his family worship on the Sabbath.

*(During the song of 'The Lilly', Job & Mrs. Job conduct
the ceremony of the two Holy Books)*

(LIVE MUSIC ONSTAGE)

ENSEMBLE: [SONG: 'THE LILLY']

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn,
The humble Sheep, a threat'ning horn;
While the Lilly white, shall in Love delight,
Nor a thorn, nor a threat, stain her beauty bright.

BARD: (*exasperated*)

O ye sleepers of Ulro, Clos'd up in Moral Pride,
Here is Jerusalem bound in chains!
Know ye not that the letter killeth
And the Spirit giveth life?
No individual can keep these laws, for they are death
To every energy of man and forbid the springs of life!
(*FREEZE*) Inspiration is lost
And the voice of the prophets fades in the desert!

(*FADE TO BLACK on TAB 1*)

(*PROJECTION 1 REPRISE, DISSOLVE INTO PROJECTION 2— PLATE 2*)

(*To audience*) Yet be comforted:
For 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.

SCENE 3 [In Beulah - Satan before the throne of God]

(*MUSIC CUE 3 — ELOHIM'S COURT*)

(*PROJECTION 2 ENDS — LIGHTS UP ON TAB 2*)

BARD:

One day, the Sons and Daughters of Creation appeared before
the Lord. Among them was Satan.

ELOHIM THE CREATOR:

My servant Satan, whence comest thou?

SATAN:

I have been busy Lord... roaming about the earth.

ELOHIM THE CREATOR:

Indeed - And what of my servant Job?
Is he not upright and perfect?

SATAN:

What else, Lord?
You pamper him with blessings
And he has prospered beyond his dreams.
Who could resist such delights?
Yet were such things to be taken away,
His body wracked within an inch of his life,
He would curse Your Name to Your Face
And burn the book of religion.

BARD:

Behold: How a seed planted in the earth
Blossoms in the holy mind of God.

ELOHIM THE CREATOR: *(after pondering a moment)*

Then shall the virtuous Job be tested
And the Angel of My Presence revealed.
Go Satan, Job and his kin are in thy hand
Only lay not thy hand upon his life.

SATAN:

As you command, Lord - I am bound by the Laws of the Angels.

ELOHIM THE CREATOR:

Go, fiend of righteousness,
Teach the sons of Eden, that however great and glorious;
However loving and merciful the Individuality;
In selfhood we are nothing:
But fade away in morning's breath.

SATAN: *(aside)*

The human is but a worm
Crawling from cradle to corruptible grave.

ELOHIM THE CREATOR:

Be gone Satan: Back to the world of death and generation!

(FADE TO BLACK ON TAB 2, LIGHTS UP ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 4 [The Streets of London - 1772]

*(London, 1772 - A busy street bustles with daily life.
A 16yr old Blake observes while sketching on his sketchpad)*

(MUSIC CUE 4 – STREETScape & LIVE PERCUSSION ONSTAGE)

(GOBBO 2 – STREET)

BLAKE:

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.

*(Two children play. A dirty old man passes by.
A drunken lady stumbles past.)*

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

*(A master beats his servant. A wounded soldier hobbles by. He
is beaten by a mob of angry rioters)*

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every black'ning Church appalls;
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

(Two harlots argue, client husband & wife pass by)

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new born Infants tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

(MUSIC CUE 5 – CHURCH BELLS) **(GOBBO 3 – GOTHIC WINDOW)**

(In Westminster Abbey. Enter James Basire, master engraver)

BASIRE:

Master Blake, now that we have concluded the terms of your apprenticeship, I have decided to set you the task of drawing the Gothic tombs and famous monuments of Westminster Abbey. You have a fine eye for detail and I believe you will take handsomely to the Gothic style.

BLAKE:

Thank you, Mr. Basire.

BASIRE:

It is a very great responsibility for a boy of sixteen, but if you do well, it will be your first commission as a journeyman engraver. I wish you well, lad – you deserve it!

(MUSIC CUE 6 – GOTHIC GARGOYLES)

(Blake sketches the statues. They come to life and try to destroy him. He transforms them into students)

BLAKE:

Rouze up, O Young Men of the New Age!

Set your foreheads against the ignorant Hirelings!

For we have Hirelings in the Court, the Camp

And the University!

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, for there is a Class of Men whose whole delight is in Destroying!

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

those Worlds of Eternity in which we shall live for ever.

The fiery joy, that Urizen perverted to ten commands,

That stony law I stamp to dust;

& scatter religion abroad to the four winds as a torn book, And none shall gather the leaves;

for everything that lives is holy, life delights in life; because the soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd.

(FADE TO BLACK ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 5 [In ancient Uz - Satan kills Job's children]

(MUSIC CUE 7 - SATAN'S POWER)

(PROJECTION 3 - PLATE 3)

BARD:

In Non-Entity's dark wild, the red-limbed angel sets to work
and slays the sons and daughters of Job.
Forsaking Imagination, they become Spectres

(PROJECTION 3 ENDS, LIGHTS UP ON TAB 3)

And their human bodies reposed in Beulah
With tears and lamentations.

SATAN:

Art thou not ashamed of those thy Sins
That thou callest thy children?
Lo, the Law of God commands that they be offered upon his
altar! O cruelty and torment, for thine are also mine!
In fury & strength:
Indignation & burning wrath
Shudd'ring the Spectre howls.
His howlings terrify the night
He stamps around the Anvil,
Beating blows of stern despair.

CHORUS: (*Sons and Daughters of Job*)

He curses Heaven & Earth,
Day & Night & Sun & Moon
He curses Forest, Spring & River,
Cities & Nations,
Families & Peoples,
Driven to desperation by terrors and threat'ning fears!

(SNAP BLACKOUT ON TAB 3)

(MUSIC CUE 8 - SCREAM)

SCENE 6 [A Messenger tells Mrs Job of their Misfortunes]

(PROJECTION 4 – PLATE 4)

BARD:

A surviving messenger tells Job and his wife of the death of their children and the loss of all their worldly goods.

(PROJECTION 4 ENDS, LIGHTS UP ON TAB 4)

MRS JOB: *(as the messenger leaves)*

I weep with the pangs of a Mother's torment for her children.
I am lost in affliction.
Lost! Lost! Lost for ever!

JOB: *(calmly trying to comfort her)*

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.
(She does not respond. He tries the 'pastoral' approach)

The God of the holy word and the God of the dark world
Are not two Gods; there is only one God.
He himself is all Being.
He is Evil & Good; Heaven & Hell; Light & Darkness; Eternity
& Time; Where His Love is hid in anything,
There His Anger is manifest.

MRS JOB: *(pounding at Job's chest)*

Curse God and die!

SATAN: *(aside)*

One down, one to go. I should have taken bets.

JOB: *(Shocked, yet consoling)*

And shall we receive only good from the hand of God?
Shall we not also endure evil for his sake?
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.
The hand of God is upon us,
And though the world be consum'd with fire,
Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

SATAN: (*aside*)
Damn.

(FADE TO BLACK ON TAB 4, LIGHTS UP ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 7 [In Beulah - The Three Nymphs of Creation]

THREE NYMPHS: ['THE DIVINE IMAGE'] (*SPOKEN*)

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.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
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.

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

SCENE 8 [Blake meets Catherine – The Proposal]

(The Three Nymphs of Creation transform to become Mrs. Boucher and her two daughters, who busily dress themselves to receive the young Blake in their house in Battersea, Summer 1781)

MRS. BOUCHER:
Catherine, Sarah!

BOTH:
Yes, Mother.

MRS. BOUCHER:
Did you make ready the study?
Remember, our new lodger arrives today.

CATHERINE:
Yes, it's already done, Mother.
I cleaned it earlier.

SARAH:
No you didn't, I did!

CATHERINE:
What do you mean? I just cleaned it!

SARAH:
But whenever you 'clean' a room, I have to do it again afterwards. There's always dust left lying around!

MRS. BOUCHER:
Ttttttttt. Now then - perhaps some flowers to make the room fresh. It's so hot today.

CATHERINE:
We already picked some flowers from the garden.

MRS. BOUCHER:

Oh, what did you choose? Roses? They always look wonderful this time of year.

CATHERINE:

No mother, I took some lilies from the hedgerow and put them in your favourite vase.

MRS. BOUCHER:

Oh, that'll be lovely. I'm sure he'll like that.

CATHERINE:

What's the gentleman's name again?

MRS. BOUCHER:

William - like your father. He's an engraver and lives up in London. They say he hasn't been well, poor thing, so his family thought it would do him good to come out here for a while and breathe the country air.

SARAH:

The last time Father took me into London, we went right past a factory. Phew - the smoke was so thick I thought I would choke and go straight to heaven!

CATHERINE:

Thank Goodness Battersea smells sweet as a meadow.

MRS. BOUCHER:

Sarah, I bumped into your Aunt Mary this morning and she said there was a position going at the Appleby Mansion. Maybe you could go with her tomorrow and present yourself. I hear they pay quite well for a maid.

(The doorbell rings)

That must be him.

SARAH: *(leaving the room)*

I'll go mother.

MRS. BOUCHER: *(to Catherine)*

Oh, the funniest thing: Did you know Catherine, his mother is called Catherine and his sister is also called Catherine?

CATHERINE:

Just like me!

(Catherine sees Blake approaching from offstage. In her heart, she knows that he is her future husband. She swoons and has to leave the room. Blake enters, age 23.)

MRS. BOUCHER:

Forgive me, Mr. Blake.

I don't know what came over the girl.

BLAKE:

Please, call me William.

MRS. BOUCHER:

Would you like some tea Mr. Bl... William? Coffee? Some cake perhaps? I hear you are an engraver, William. Is it rewarding work?

BLAKE:

Sometimes, although I think perhaps I would prefer to have more time for my own drawings and poetry.

MRS. BOUCHER:

Oh, I would love to hear some of your poetry.

BLAKE:

Of course, it would be a pleasure.

MRS. BOUCHER:

I hear you haven't been well recently. I hope it wasn't anything serious.

BLAKE:

Oh, just my heart. It was broken – by a girl named Polly.

(Catherine re-enters as he relates 'The Black-eyed Maid')

When early morn walks forth in sober grey,
Then to my black-eyed maid I haste away;
When evening sits beneath her dusky bow'r,
And gently sighs away the silent hour,
The village bell alarms, away I go,
And the vale darkens at my pensive woe.

To that sweet village, where my black-eyed maid
Doth drop a tear beneath the silent shade,
I turn my eyes; and pensive as I go
Curse the black stars and my pleasing woe.

Oft when the summer sleeps among the trees,
Whisp'ring faint murmurs to the scanty breeze,
I walk the village round; if at her side
A youth doth walk in stolen joy and pride,
I curse my stars in bitter grief and woe,
That made my love so high and me so low.

O should she e'er prove false, his limbs I'd tear
And throw all pity on the burning air;
I'd curse bright fortune for my mix-ed lot,
And then I'd die in peace and be forgot.

BLAKE:
Do you pity me?

CATHERINE:
Yes, I do, with all my heart.

BLAKE:
Then I love you for that.

CATHERINE:
And I love you.

(GOBBO 4 – WORKSHOP WINDOW)

SCENE 9 [Blake's workshop in Lambeth & Ezekiel]

(Lambeth, 1791 - Blake's workshop ten years later. Man & wife work happily together)

BLAKE:

Where thou dwellest, in what grove,
Tell me Fair One, tell me Love;
Where thou thy charming nest dost build,
O thou pride of every field!

CATHERINE:

Yonder stands a lonely tree,
There I live and mourn for thee;
Morning drinks my silent tear,
And evening winds my sorrow bear.

BLAKE:

O thou summer's harmony,
I have liv'd and mourn'd for thee;
Each day I mourn along the wood,
And night hath heard my sorrows loud.

CATHERINE:

Dost thou truly long for me?
And am I thus sweet to thee?
Sorrow now is at an end,
O my Lover and my Friend!

BLAKE:

Come, on wings of joy we'll fly
To where my bower hangs on high:
Come and make thy calm retreat
Among green leaves and blossoms sweet.

(As they are about to kiss, a man suddenly appears in the room and interrupts them. It is the prophet Ezekiel, surprised himself that he has appeared there suddenly. Blake is less surprised by the occurrence)

EZEKIEL: (*apologetically*)

The movement of the stars has brought me here.
(*Ezekiel starts to leave*)

BLAKE:

Please, come and join us. You are most welcome, sir.
We are quite used to visitors from that Happy Country,
the 'spirit world'; but who might you be?

EZEKIEL:

The Prophet Ezekiel.

BLAKE: (*They shake hands*)

The Prophet William Blake. Are you hungry?
Shall I ask Catherine to bring us some food?

EZEKIEL: Why not.

BLAKE:

Then let us dine together. (*They sit down to eat*)
Tell me, Ezekiel - what memorable fancies stir within your
mighty breast?

EZEKIEL:

Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire, who arose before an
Angel that sat upon a cloud, and the Devil utter'd these
words:

(*A Devil and an angel appear before them*)

DEVIL:

The worship of God is: Honouring his gifts in other men, each
according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best:
those who envy or calumniate great men hate God;
for there is no other God.

EZEKIEL:

The Angel hearing this became almost blue; but mastering
himself he grew yellow, and at last white, pink and smiling,
and then replied:

ANGEL:

Thou Idolater! Is not God One? And is he not visible in Jesus Christ? And has not Jesus Christ given his sanction to the law of ten commandments? And are not all other men fools, sinners, and nothings?

DEVIL:

If Jesus Christ is the greatest man, you ought to love Him in the greatest degree. Now hear how He has given His sanction to the law of ten commandments. Did He not mock at the sabbath, and so mock the sabbath's God? Murder those who were murder'd because of Him?

Turn away the law from the woman taken in adultery?

I tell you, no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments. Jesus was all virtue, and acted from impulse, not from rules.

EZEKIEL:

When he had so spoken, I beheld the Angel, who stretched out his arms, embracing the flame of fire, and he was consumed, and arose as Elijah. (*A gong sounds*)

BLAKE:

This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my particular friend. We often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense, which the world shall have if they behave well. I have also 'The Bible of Hell', which the world shall have whether they will or no.

EZEKIEL:

One Law for the Lion and Ox is Oppression.

BLAKE:

Exactly! I've been meaning to ask you - how you dare so roundly to assert that God spoke to you?

EZEKIEL:

I saw no God, nor heard any in a finite organical perception; but my senses discovered the infinite in every thing and I was then persuaded - and remain confirmed - that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God. I cared not for consequences but wrote.

BLAKE:

And does a firm persuasion that a thing is so, make it so?

EZEKIEL:

All poets, like us William Blake, believe that it does and in Ages of Imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains, but many now are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything.

BLAKE:

Indeed, men have little desire for such things.
Perhaps life would be easier without such perception.

EZEKIEL:

Is he honest who resists his genius or conscience only for the sake of present ease or gratification?

BLAKE:

Quite so - and what Prophet dare close his ear to the dictates of Angels? *(pause)*

Four years ago I lost a brother and with him I converse daily and hourly in the spirit. Forgive me for my enthusiasm, since it is to me a source of immortal joy, that even in this world, I am the companion of Angels.

(The spirit of Robert enters)

See, even now he inspires me in my work.

(Robert guides his hand on the canvas. EZEKIEL leaves)

EZEKIEL:

Lech l'Shalom, William.

BLAKE:

Farewell, Ezekiel.

SCENE 10 [Robert reveals the celestial realms of Eden]

(MUSIC CUE 9 – CELESTIAL DANCE)

(Robert and Blake warmly embrace. Robert conducts Blake through Eden – the Celestial Realm of the Spirit. In music & dance, attended by angels, Blake is bedecked as the Archangel Michael and wields a celestial sword. Satan tries to attack him, but has no power in Eden. Blake stands triumphant flanked by angels)

(LIGHTS FADE ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 11 [In Ancient Uz – Satan smiting Job with boils]

(MUSIC CUE 10 – CONTAGION)

(PROJECTION 5 – PLATE 6)

BARD:

Furious in pride of Selfhood,
Satan smites Job with sore boils
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head.

(PROJECTION 5 ENDS, LIGHTS UP ON TAB 5)

O Albion is sick! Albion is sick to death!

SATAN: *(enjoying his work, pouring contagion from a cup)*
All is Eternal Death –
Unless you can weave a chaste Body over an unchaste Mind!

JOB:

O, the disease of shame covers me from head to feet.

JOB & MRS JOB:

I have no hope.

JOB:

Every boil upon my body is a separate and deadly sin.
Doubt first assailed me.

MRS JOB:
Then shame took possession of me.

BOTH:
O that the deep wound of Sin might be clos'd up
With the needle and with the loom.

(FADE TO BLACK ON TAB 5)

BARD:
What is sin but a little error
And fault that is soon forgiven?
For without forgiveness of sin,
Love is itself Eternal Death.

SCENE 12 [The wretched Job curses his fate]

(LIVE PERCUSSION ONSTAGE)

(PROJECTION 6 – PLATE 8)

BARD:
Three friends - Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar -
Came from afar to offer Job comfort.

(PROJECTION 6 ENDS, LIGHTS UP ON TAB 6)

They sat down with him upon the ground
For seven days and seven nights; and none dare speak a word,
For they saw that his grief was very great.
Finally, Job looked at each of them intently.

JOB:
Am I the cause?

(The three friends avoid his gaze in grim silence)

O where shall I hide my face?
O! How the torments of Eternal Death wait on Man.
Let the day perish wherein I was born! *(FREEZE)*

SATAN: (*influencing the three friends*)
Grind on, grind on my black'ning mills,
Obscure the wheels of heaven!
And feed with their dissembling souls
The devouring Spectres of Albion. (*UN-FREEZE*)

ELIPHAZ: [aka **Urizen** – Zoa of Rationality] (*Gently at first*)
It must be that thou hast committed some offence.

BILDAD: [aka **Luvah** – Zoa of the Emotions]
Or thy forefathers.

ZOPHAR: [aka **Tharmas** – Zoa of Physical sensation]
Or thy children.

ALL 3 FRIENDS:
Look to thy soul!

JOB:
O god! How my body crumbles into earth.
My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roars the bellows
Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs
In channels through my fiery limbs!

MRS JOB:
O love: O pity: O fear! (*FREEZE*)

BARD:
I see disease forming a body of death
Around the Lamb of God to destroy Jerusalem
And to devour the body of Albion. (*UN-FREEZE*)

JOB:
O Human Imagination, O Divine Body I have crucified,
I have turned my back upon thee
Into the wastes of Moral Law,
And I am lost in a world of shadow.

(*Satan reappears behind the friends like a Puppet-master*)

ELIPHAZ:

Then return to the light of religion, for god is love.

ZOPHAR:

The church is our rock. Why turn your back upon the faith?

JOB:

Because one thought fills me with horror and dread:
That all these years I have worshipped a spectre,
A phantom of the brain;
That we have practised religion of the tomb
And divinity lies neglected.

MRS JOB:

The Divine Vision is lost
And all hope banished!

BILDAD:

Let us pray for them: that god may cure them of their ills.
(FREEZE - As Satan manipulates them in false prayer)

SATAN: (*triumphant*)

O victorious Babylon, whore of the world,
Thy power is great!

BARD:

And all mankind lies trapped in thy glittering net!

SATAN:

Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime
And the Emanations buried alive in the earth
With the pomp of religion.

(*Rousing the 3 friends & chorus who readily respond*)

Through Moral Virtue, the Law of God,
We shall rule and annihilate Liberty, destroy Jerusalem!
O Rahab, System of Moral virtue!

CHORUS & FRIENDS: (*blindly ecstatic*)

All hail the System of Moral virtue, Rahab!

(FADE TO BLACK ON TAB 6, LIGHTS UP ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 13 [London, 1794 - The Mathew's Salon]

*(LIVE MUSIC ONSTAGE – HANDEL ARIA 'Lascia ch'io pianga'
FOLLOWED BY MUSIC CUE 11 – SALON SOUNDSCAPE)*

(GOBBO 5 – GEORGIAN WINDOW)

(Enter singer, chattering dinner guests & Blake age 36, with Catherine)

SMITH: *(chatting up Madame)*

So tell me, how was your trip to Paris?

MADAME:

Disastrous, Paris was shut! *(laughter)*

Typical. I arrived the very day they guillotined Robespierre for his 'crimes against the people' and they refused to open the gates! Even in death he was tiresome. There was so much rioting, I had to come straight back.

REV MATHEWS:

I'm sure you did the right thing. It sounds ghastly over there. Present company excepted of course.

MRS MORTON:

Ah, I remember Paris when it was really Paris. I once spent the day with Mesmer, you know.

MADAME:

Quoi, THE Franz Mesmer? The one that goes around Mesmerising people?

MRS MORTON:

Oh yes, the very same. He lodged his fingers in my stomach for over an hour with such force that it sent me into convulsions and made me quite sick. Then he played Mozart on a glass harmonica and took me home in an open carriage. Such magnetism. The best day of my life.

JONES:

I much prefer a good seance to liven the spirits.

REV MATHEWS:

Indeed, we saw a most excellent spirit last night in the shape of Hamlet's father, on stage at the New Drury Lane. I couldn't hear a word he said in that wilderness of a theatre, but I must say he looked splendid in his new wig.

LADY:

And of course, John Kemble was a marvel as the eponymous Dane. We do love our Shakespeare, even if he did write such terribly long plays.

DANIELS: *(shouting across the room to Blake)*

Mr. Blake, tell us how Mr. Shakespeare is doing these days!

MRS MORTON:

I'm sure we don't need Mr Blake to remind us of the undying popularity of Shakespeare's art.

SMITH:

Ah, but today Mr. Blake was painting his portrait!
Were you not?

BLAKE:

I was. He asked me if I would oblige him the day before last and I was only too happy - not having any other commission right now.

JONES:

And how do the dead pay?
(Laughter)

BLAKE:

We have come to an arrangement, but, of course, it does not involve gold coins.

MRS MORTON:

How can you be sure it was him?
I understand there are spirits who like to play with those of us still bound to earth.

BLAKE:

I have only once seen such a spirit and it terrified me. They are also bound to the earth and cannot move through the realms. No, it was Shakespeare.

SMITH:

Did your discussion shed any light on matters of the day?

BLAKE:

Ah, yes... He told me not to trust you Miss Smith. It was the one point on which we disagreed today. *(pause)* He spoke to me of the journey made from his house to mine. He lives in a house on a distant shore across an abyss; And I cried with all my heart, as I wondered how you and all your families will ever make it to that place on your own.

DANIELS:

Why... has he invited us all for tea?

(Laughter)

BLAKE:

Ah, yes! But it is a long way off. It is at the end of our days here and those of us chosen must make this journey completely alone. It is treacherous and few will get there.

JONES:

Tell us, Mr Blake. Where does this journey start?

BLAKE:

Under the twisted root of an oak. The scene is blacker than black and there you must hang, until by degrees an infinite abyss presents itself before you. There you must search your Eternal Lot and many will fall, blind, even there.

MRS MORTON:

This is pure fantasy, Mr Blake.

BLAKE

True. For in the mind of God everything is imagination and fantasy.

SMITH:

It sounds like a terrible bloody mess to me.

(Most leave except Blake, Catherine and Jones)

JONES:

I saw something similar after an intake of opium – which, I must say, I recommend to no-one. *(he laughs)*

BLAKE:

You cannot have seen this. Opium will only show you its own finite world.

JONES:

You talk with such certainty about things that are just random thoughts thrown together for our entertainment.

BLAKE:

You, my friend, are not a good man.

JONES:

Is that a compliment?

BLAKE:

You are not good. Once you trod hapless on this earth, following your beloved father through field and forest 'Oh daddy, my love' you sang. But you trailed behind and, unknown to him who loved you so dearly, you began to lose your way.

JONES: *(shaking)*

Stop this rant, you're hurting my head.
Where are my friends?

BLAKE:

Look into your heart and you will see that you are lost in the forest; and there you will remain for most of time.

JONES:

You are a devil! Get me out of your strange illusion.

BLAKE:

This hunger, deep inside, is for what?

JONES:

For food and wine...God damn it!

BLAKE:

When, at the end of your days, you reach the root of that oak tree and hang over that swirling void surrounded by fear and death; then without goodness or love, you must swim through that endless tide, until you come to rest, almost lifeless, on the other shore.

(Blake's voice begins to falter with emotion)

And, my sweet, beautiful boy, when your Father sees you from afar; when he recognises you lying there and finds breath still in your lungs, he will shout out with a clap of thunderous joy to fill the sky; and you and he will forever wile your days, once again in each others company.

(Party guests re-enter talking loudly)

MAN:

Where is my wife?

REV MATHEWS:

Mr Blake, do let us hear your poem.

SMITH:

Oh yes, the entertainment! And what is it called?

BLAKE:

'The Little Boy Lost' and 'The Little Boy Found' - from my recently published collection entitled 'Songs of Innocence & of Experience'.

MADAME:

C'est magnifique!

(MUSIC LIVE ONSTAGE)

BLAKE: ('THE LITTLE BOY LOST')

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,
The mire was deep, & the child did weep
And away the vapour flew.

(Catherine moves close to Jones to comfort him)

('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,
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.

(Jones exits perturbed. Polite clapping)

REV MATHEWS:

Well done, Mr Blake! Is your work for sale?

(FADE TO BLACK ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 14 [God appears in the dream of a friend]

(PROJECTION 7 – PLATE 9)

BARD:

Albion's western gate is closed: his death is coming apace.
Jesus alone can save him now.

(PROJECTION 7 ENDS, LIGHTS UP ON TAB 7)

Lambeth mourns, calling Jerusalem,
She weeps and looks abroad for the Lord's coming.

MRS JOB:

O Holy Spirit - when shall Jerusalem return
And overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time?

BARD:

And so it came to pass,
That God Divine entered the dream of Job's friend.
For all things exist in the Human Imagination.

(MUSIC CUE 12 – ELIPHAZ' DREAM)

ELIPHAZ:

When in sleep, a spirit passed before my face,
And such was my terror that the hair of my flesh stood up!
It spoke unto me saying:
'Shall mortal man be more just than God?
Shall a man be more pure than his maker?
Behold he putteth no trust in his saints
And his angels he chargeth with folly!
Therefore go forth unto my servant Job
And instruct him thus...'

JESUS V/O: [PART OF MUSIC CUE 12]

Despise not the chastening of the Almighty,
For happy is the man whom God correcteth.
He shall deliver thee in six troubles,
Six roaring furnaces of affliction:
Yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee,
For thou shalt know God
And the Angel of His presence shall be with thee always.

JOB: *(speaking to Jesus in the vision from the 'cave')*
O human form divine,
I behold thy Spiritual Risen Body.
Shall Albion arise? The Emanations are weak,
But I know he shall arise at the Last Day!
I know that in my flesh, I shall see God.

(FADE TO BLACK ON TAB 7)

BARD:
O happy indeed is the man whom God correcteth!
Happy as in Ancient Time.

SCENE 15 [The Ancients before the Divine Mother]

(MUSIC CUE 13 - DIVINE MOTHER)

(GOBBO 6 - FOREST AS GOBBO 1)

BARD:
And in futurity
I prophetic see
That the earth from sleep
(Grave the sentence deep)
Shall arise and seek
For her maker meek;
And the desert wild
Become a garden mild.

(LIGHTS UP ON FORESTAGE)

(The sons & daughters of Jerusalem enter at sunset to worship the Divine Mother. They dance before Her Image & present Earth, Water, Fire & Air)

For truly, no-one can reach the Heavenly Father
but through his Earthly Mother,
that is Jerusalem in every man.

VOICE OF THE DIVINE MOTHER: **(PART OF MUSIC CUE 13)**

I am She who exists before the All.
I am the invisible one within the All.
I am the womb that gives shape to the All.
I speak within every creature.
I dwell in those who come to be
And they know that the seed dwells within.
I am immeasurable, ineffable –
Yet whenever I wish, I shall reveal Myself.
For I am the glory of the Mother.

(A temple dancer spreads blessings, they slowly leave)

(SLOW FADE TO BLACK, CURTAIN CLOSES)

INTERVAL

ACT TWO

SCENE 16 [Satan torments Job with Nightmares]

(MUSIC CUE 14 – SATAN THEME)

(CURTAIN OPENS, PROJECTION 8 – PLATE 11)

BARD:

Yet warring Satan never rests long.
Bound in the bonds of spiritual Hate
Satan torments Job with terrible nightmares;
And his Spectrous Chaos before his face appeared:
An unformed memory.

(PROJECTION 8 ENDS, LIGHTS UP ON TAB 8)

*(Hellish creatures start moving from beneath Job
as if puppeteered by Satan)*

Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos dark'ning cold
From the back and loins where dwell the Spectrous dead.

SATAN:

I am God, O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power!
Where is Jesus - that Friend of Sinners?
That Rebel against my Laws
Who teaches Belief to the Nations
And an unknown Eternal Life?
Come hither into the desert and turn these stones to bread.
Vain foolish man! Wilt thou believe without experiment?
And build a world of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss,
A world of Shapes, in craving lust and devouring appetite?

BARD: (*Indicating Satan*)

Do you not see? He is the Great Selfhood Satan!
Worship'd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth;
It is the Reasoning Power,
An Abstract objecting power that Negatives everything.
Satan is the State of Death,
The Spectre of Man and not Human Existence.
It thence frames Laws & Moralities to destroy Imagination,
By Martyrdom and Wars,
Obscuring the Divine Vision by Rational Abstraction.
Such is the way of the Devouring Power.

(MUSIC CUE 15 - SATAN THEME REPRISE)

(FADE TO BLACK ON TAB 8, LIGHTS UP ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 17 [In Beulah – The Three Nymphs of Creation]

BARD: [SONG: 'THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER'] **(LIVE MUSIC ONSTAGE)**

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying 'Weep! Weep!' in notes of woe!
'Where are thy father and mother? Say?'
'They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.'

THREE NYMPHS: ['THE HUMAN ABSTRACT'] (SPOKEN)

Pity would be no more
If we did not make somebody Poor;
And Mercy no more could be
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings peace,
Till the selfish loves increase:
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears
And waters the ground with tears;
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head;
And the Catterpillar and Fly
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat;
And the Raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree;
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human Brain.

SCENE 18 [The Streets of London - 1804]

(MUSIC CUE 16 - STREETSCAPE)

(GOBBO 7 - STREET AS GOBBO 2)

(Blake enters, age 46. A street artist performs the story of Blake and the soldier in Felpham: How Blake forcefully ejected him after he caught him urinating in Blake's garden. The soldier's accusation of Sediton and Blake's subsequent trial. The crowd eye Blake with suspicion)

BLAKE:

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 a man hath,
His house, his wife, his children.
Wisdom is sold in the desolate market
Where none come to buy,
And in the wither'd field
Where the farmer plows for bread in vain.

(A newspaper boy holds a paper aloft and shouts)

PAPER BOY:

Read all about it: 'William Blake arrested for Seditious'.

(A group of people gossip)

WOMAN 1: I never understood his poems anyway.

WOMAN 2: And he talks to devils.

WOMAN 3: He's a French spy! He should be shot!

(Society people from Mathew's Salon discuss Blake's Trial)

LADY:

Didn't I always say there was something about him.

DANIELS:

Serves him right. He always had too much to say for himself.

MRS MORTON:

And he assaulted a king's soldier. He picked him up by the
elbows and threw him out of his garden!

DANIELS:

I hope they hang him from his damned oak tree!

(The crowd turn their backs on BLAKE, who is left alone)

BLAKE:

O why was I born with a different face?
Why was I not born like the rest of my race?
When I look, each one starts! When I speak, I offend;
Then I'm silent and passive and lose every friend.
I am either too low or too highly priz'd;
When Elate I am Envy'd, When Meek I'm despis'd.
Yet I laugh & sing, for if on Earth neglected
I am in heaven a Prince among Princes,
And even on Earth beloved by the Good as a Good Man.

PAPER BOY: *(reappearing with a new headline)*
'Blake cleared of all charges'

SCENE 19 [The Dark Satanic Mill - 1819]

*(THE MACHINE and 'The Chimney Sweepers' dance. (LIVE MUSIC)
De-humanised by the grind of the Industrial Revolution,
robotic workers steal away a child and put him to work in a
machine that consumes him. Blake saves the child and
resurrects the workers from a living death and the liberated
souls all celebrate in a folk dance)*

(FADE TO BLACK ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 20 [In ancient Uz - A Messenger visits Job]

(MUSIC CUE 17 - ELIHU THEME)

(PROJECTION 9 - PLATE 12)

BARD: *(Ushering in Elihu, the Divine Youth)*
And yet, even in the midst of his despair,
Elihu, a Divine Youth visits Job with new hope.

(PROJECTION 9 ENDS, LIGHTS UP ON TAB 9)

ELIHU: [aka **Urthona** - Divine Inspiration - the fourth Zoa]
Good Job,
Hearken unto me and I shall teach thee wisdom,
Hearken to me, for there is a Spirit in man:
And the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding.

ELIPHAZ:
Elihu, what is your purpose here?

ELIHU:
My purpose is to open the Eternal Worlds,
To open the immortal eyes of Man inwards
Into the Worlds of Thought, into Eternity,
Ever expanding in the Bosom of God,
The Human Imagination.

BILDAD:
Boastful youth, away with you!

ELIHU:
Hath not the Spirit of God made me?
And the Breath of the Almighty given me life?
Suffer me a little, and I will show you
That I have yet to speak on God's behalf.

ZOPHAR:
He is all presumption like his mother.

JOB:
I will hear him!
Now, tell me, Elihu:
How may a young Man fashion himself in God's own image Where
others have failed?

ELIHU:
God is greater than Man,
Why dost thou strive against him?
For God speaketh once, yea twice,
Yet man perceiveth it not.
But if there be an interpreter,
Yea one among a thousand,

In a dream, in a vision of the night,
Then he openeth the ears of men,
And sealeth their instruction.

ELIPHAZ:

I hardly think so.
Why should God trouble himself with our petty dreams?

ELIHU:

O Aged Ignorance! Awake!
Awake, O sleepers of the land of shadows. Wake! Expand!
I am in you and you in me, mutual in Love Divine.

BILDAD:

Where is the 'love' in man's suffering?

ZOPHAR:

You mock Job's pain.

ELIHU:

Let loose the mind-forg'd manacles!
God shall deliver his soul from the pit,
For God's eyes are upon the ways of man,
And seeth all his goings.

(The Youth studies Job, perplexed)

But tell me, good Job:
Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation, lovely Jerusalem?
Why hast thou hidden Her
From the vision and fruition of the Holy One?

(Job remains silent & guilty)

Know ye not that
Man divided from his Emanation is a dark spectre,
Condemned to wander in darkness and abyss?

JOB:

All is my fault!
We are the Spectres of Luvah, the murderer of Albion!
O Luvah! O Albion! O lovely Jerusalem!

MRS JOB:
Do not blame yourself, good Job.

ELIHU:
Until his Humanity awake,
Each Man is in his Spectre's Power.
Every man has a Devil in himself
And the conflict between his Self and God is perpetual.

MRS JOB:
What must we do?

ELIHU:
Fight, fight thy Mental Fight.
For In Great Eternity, every particular Form gives forth
Or Emanates It's own peculiar Light.
This is Jerusalem in every Man,
A Tent and Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness,
Male and Female Clothings.
And Jerusalem is called Liberty
Among the Children of Albion.

JOB:
O lovely Jerusalem,

MRS JOB:
O Holy Virgin,

JOB & MRS JOB:
Holy Spirit: Unlock Heaven's golden gates, and issue forth!

ELIHU:
Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity
The night falls thick and Eternal Death stands at the door.
Of the sleep of Ulro!

BARD: And of the passage through Eternal Death!

ELIHU: And of the awaking to Eternal Life:

ELIHU & BARD:
This theme calls me in sleep night after night
And every morn awakes me at sunrise with the cry:

CHORUS: All that lives is Holy!

ELIHU:

Fear not, little flock. Albion shall rise again.

(FADE TO BLACK ON TAB 9)

SCENE 21

[Opening into Beulah - God reveals the Created Heavens]

(MUSIC CUE 18 - OPENING INTO BEULAH)

(PROJECTION 10 - PLATE 14)

BARD:

Behold how in a Divine vision,
God appears from out of the whirlwind
And reveals to Job the Created Heavens.

(PROJECTION 10 ENDS, LIGHTS UP ON TAB 10)

Yet see how the Reasoning Spectre stands between the
Vegetative Man and his Immortal Imagination:
If the doors of perception were cleansed
Everything would appear to man as it is, Infinite;
For man has closed himself up, till he sees
All things thro' the narrow chinks of his cavern.

JOB: (*Struggling within the 'cave' of the body*)

I see the Past, Present and Future
Existing all at once before us.
O Divine Spirit, sustain us on thy wings
That we may awake from this long and cold repose.

(SLOW FADE TO BLACK ON TAB 10, LIGHTS UP ON FORESTAGE)

SCENE 22 [The Shoreham Ancients visit Blake - 1825]

(A guardian angel dances)

(LIVE PERCUSSION ONSTAGE) (GOBBO 8 - WINDOW AS GOBBO 4)

(London 1825. George Richmond & Samuel Palmer hurry towards Blake's house. Richmond drops his folder of drawings)

PALMER: *(helping him)*
Come on Mr Richmond, we are late!

RICHMOND:
I'm sorry Mr. Palmer. I just can't believe we are going to his house and that I'm going to see him working. Truly, I have never known an artist so spiritual, so devoted, so single-minded, or cherishing imagination as he does.

PALMER:
Indeed, he is energy itself and sheds around him an atmosphere of life, full of the ideal. Come Mr. Richmond, let us visit the 'House of the Interpreter'.

(Outside Blake's door at 3, Fountain Ct. They regard it for a moment in silence, then Palmer kisses the door handle.)

RICHMOND: *(perplexed)*
Errr, Mr. Palmer. Should I kiss the door handle too?

PALMER:
There are no rituals and ceremonies here, Mr. Richmond. I simply ADORE the man.

(FREEZE - as Richmond goes down on his knees to kiss the door handle.)

(Inside, Blake, age 67, busy working in his workshop on an engraving from the 'Book of Job')

BLAKE:

Finally, it's finished! Right Kate - what is there to eat?

(She brings him an empty plate. He gets her meaning)

BLAKE:

Damn the money!

CATHERINE:

Mr. Blake - Perhaps Mr. Butts would oblige us with another of his commissions?

BLAKE:

Ah, my dear friend, Mr. Butts.

(Bell rings. Kate goes to answer it)

(Richmond & Palmer UNFREEZE)

CATHERINE:

Please come in.

BLAKE:

Samuel!

PALMER:

Mr Blake - I brought Mr. Richmond with me today.

BLAKE: *(To Richmond)*

George! How are you m' boy?

So, you've become one of the 'Ancients' now have you?

Good. And how's the work progressing?

(For a moment, Richmond is at a loss for what to say)

RICHMOND: *(desperate)*

I feel so lost. I cannot paint. The power of invention has died and with it, my desire and inspiration.

BLAKE:

It is just so with us, is it not, for weeks together, when the visions forsake us? What do we do then, Kate?

CATHERINE:

We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake.

BLAKE:

Ah, yes! Come, let me show you our latest work:

(PROJECTION 11 - PLATE 17)

(Blake indicates the slide projection)

A scene from the 'Book of Job', where Jesus the Divine Humanity appears before Job and his wife and awakens their divinity within.

(LIVE MUSIC ONSTAGE)

(PROJECTION 11 ENDS, LIGHTS UP ON TAB 11 - SCREEN RISES)

(As the song of the 'letter to Thomas Butts' is sung, Blake enters into the tableau of his own painting and assumes the form of Jesus the Imagination, while Catherine dances the joy of inspiration)

BARD: [SONG: 'Letter to Thomas Butts']

My eyes, more and more,
Like a sea without shore,
Continue expanding,
The Heavens commanding;
Till the jewels of Light,
Heavenly men beaming bright,
Appear'd as One Man,
Who complacent began
My limbs to enfold
In His beams of bright gold;
Like dross purg'd away
All my mire and my clay.

SCENE 23

[Opening into Beulah - Jesus awakens Job & Mrs Job]

BARD:

And Lo! God Appears and 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.
God becomes as we are, that we may be as He is.

(MUSIC CUE 19 - DIVINITY AWAKENS WITHIN)

JESUS: *(Awakening Job's & Mrs. Job's spirit)*
Behold, I am not a God far off, I am a brother and friend.
Within your bosoms I reside and you reside in me.
Lo, we are one: forgiving all evil.

(Jesus exits)

SCENE 24

[In Beulah, opening into Eden - Jerusalem Finale]

BARD:

Within the furnaces
The Divine Vision appears on Albion's hills;
And lo, Men shall become prophets
And have the power to make others prophets.

MRS JOB-LOS: *(worshipping the Divine Flame)*
O Mercy, O Divine Humanity!
O Forgiveness & Pity & Compassion & Love!

JOB-LOS:

Open thou world of Love and Harmony in Man:
Expand thy ever lovely gates!

(entering Beulah, the realm of the Psyche)

The time will arrive when all Albion's injuries shall cease,
And when we shall embrace him tenfold bright,
Rising from his tomb in immortality.
Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder.

(A DRUM BEATS) (setting about the building of Golgonooza)

JOB-LOS & CHORUS:

Work! Work! Work, all ye Sleepers of Ulro!

Work for the building of Golgonooza

The city of Man's Reconstruction

Into his lost divinity!

Work! Work! Work for the redemption of Albion

And the liberation of Jerusalem!

Work! Work! Work in the seven furnaces of affliction!

Hammer out thoughts and desires on the Anvil!

Weave at the golden looms!

All for the coming of Jerusalem!

(SNAP BLACKOUT) (All exeunt, except Jerusalem)

(PRISON LIGHT ON JERUSALEM)

JERUSALEM: *(in a dark prison)*

I am an outcast, Albion is dead.

I am left to the trampling foot and the spurning heel.

A harlot I am called. I am sold from street to street.

I am defaced with blows and with the dirt of the prison.

(Satan enters)

O when will the Resurrection come?

O when, Lord Jesus?

O Divine Imagination, when wilt thou come?

SATAN: *(from behind her, enveloping her)*

O Daughter of Phantasy!

Thou art lost in the midst of a devouring stomach,

(MUSIC CUE 20 - MURMURING SPIRITS)

Hidden within the dark embrace of the Covering Cherub.

CHORUS: *(offstage whispers)*

Deluding shadow of Albion!

Unlawful Pleasure! Albion's curse!

JERUSALEM:

I will not hear thee more thou spiritual voice!
It is in vain, I will not hear thee!
O it is all a vain delusion
This Death & this life & this Jehovah!

JESUS V/O: (MUSIC CUE 21)

Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem?
Why cut the integuments of beauty into veils of tears
And sorrows, O lovely Jerusalem?
For I will lead thee through the wilderness
In shadow of my cloud;
And in my love I will lead thee,
O lovely shadow of sleeping Albion.

JERUSALEM:

O Lord and Saviour, art thou alive?
And livest thou for evermore?

(MUSIC CUE 22 - WEIRD SOUNDS)

Or art thou not:

But a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not?

SATAN:

All is Vanity and Delusion.

There is no God, nor Son of God!

God is dead:

And thou shalt be a non-entity

Forever scattered abroad like a cloud of smoke.

CHORUS: (*Offstage heavy whisper*)

Albion's curse!

JERUSALEM:

O Human Imagination, O Divine Body,
Art thou all a delusion?

SATAN:

Men are caught by love; woman is caught by Pride,
That Love may only be obtain'd in the passages of Death.

*(Jesus appears. Satan flees to re-appear in the midst of
Albion's collective form)*

JERUSALEM:

But I know thee, O Lord,

(MUSIC CUE 23 - JESUS THEME)

When thou arisest upon my weary eyes
Even in this dungeon and this iron mill.

JESUS:

Fear not trembling shade.

The Imagination is not a state:

It is Human Existence itself.

Behold: There is a place where Contraries are equally true;

From this sweet place - Maternal Love -

Awake, O lovely Jerusalem.

Give forth thy pity and thy love.

Fear not! Lo, I am with thee always!

Only believe in me, that I have the power to raise from death
thy brother who sleepeth in Albion.

(Gesturing to Albion, whose chorus form sleeps USR)

(Satan is deeply embedded in Albion's chorus form)

For I cannot leave them in the gnawing grave,

But will prepare a way for my banish'd ones to return.

Then shall be a time of Love:

When Albion shall be the Angel of my presence

And Jerusalem my joy.

*(Jesus breathes the Breath Divine upon sleeping Albion &
his collective chorus form begins to stir)*

BARD:

Ah! Shall the Dead live again?

See how the Breath Divine goes forth upon the morning hills

And pierces Albion's clay cold ear.

Albion moves upon the Rock, he opens his eyelids in pain, In

pain he moves his stony members, rising in anger,

The wrath of God breaking,

Bright flaming on all sides around his awful limbs.

And as he sits in his pale disease, brooding on evil,

Albion sees that the accursed things

Were his own affections, his own beloveds.

JOB-ALBION:

What do I here before the Judgment?

Without my Emanation?

O thou deceitful friend, worshipping Mercy

And beholding thy friend in such affliction.

I demand righteousness and justice!

Give me my Emanations back,

Food for my dying soul!

(Jesus extends his arm in friendship & blessing)

JESUS:

Beloved Albion,

Come, let us converse as Man with Man in Ages of Eternity.

'Lo, We are One: Forgiving all evil'

(Angry SATAN manipulates the collective body of ALBION)

CHORUS/ALBION:

We are not one: we are Many,

Thou most simulative Phantom of the over-heated brain!

Shadow of immortality!

Seeking to keep my soul a victim

To thy false and generating love;

A pretence of love to destroy Love, Cruel hypocrisy, Calling
that Holy Love which is envy, revenge and cruelty!

My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself:

Humanity shall be no more, but war & pryncedom & victory!

JESUS:

Trouble me not with thy bitter righteousness,

O Vegetative Man!

Know ye not that Man cannot unite with Man

But by their Emanations, who is Jerusalem in every Man?

(Revealing Jerusalem & her two Emanations newly risen)

Therefore, arise, gentle Emanation of Albion.

I give thee Liberty and Life,

(MUSIC CUE 24 - JERUSALEM THEME)

O Holy Spirit of Jerusalem, arise!

JERUSALEM: (*stretching open her wings*)

Fear not Albion:

For I AM Jerusalem returned from the world of shadows.

Behold gentle Albion: Man is All Imagination.

God is Man and exists in us and we in Him.

In your own Bosom you bear your Heaven and Earth

And all you behold; Tho' it appears Without, it is Within,

In your Imagination, for ever from Eternity to Eternity.

JOB-ALBION:

O Divine Vision, O lost Emanation!

I see thy Form, O lovely mild Jerusalem:

Three Universes of Love and Beauty.

A sublime ornament to behold

For thy extreme beauty and perfection!

JERUSALEM:

Awake Albion, Awake from Moral Pride!

Cast off the slough of Satanic holiness!

JOB-ALBION:

But what of Law & Virtue & Humility?

JERUSALEM:

If thou humblest thyself, thou humblest me;

Thou art a Man, God is no more,

Thy own Humanity learn to adore,

For that is my Spirit of Life.

(MUSIC CUE 25 - BATTLE THEME)

(SATAN attacks Jerusalem and her emanations)

JOB-ALBION:

O Lord, what can I do?

My selfhood cruel marches against thee,

To meet thee in his pride.

JESUS:

Reclaim thy Reasoning Spectre.

Subdue him to the Divine Mercy,

Cast him down into the lake of Los,

That burneth with fire forever and ever, Amen!

JOB-ALBION: *(To Jesus)*

O my Divine Creator and Redeemer, I know it is my Self.
I know that in my Selfhood I am that Satan:
I am that Evil One!
O Divine Humanity,
Pour upon me thy spirit of meekness and love!
Annihilate the Selfhood in me: be thou all my life!
Guide my hand,
Which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages.

JESUS & JERUSALEM: *(together as one)*

Let the four Zoas awake from the slumbers of Six Thousand
Years; And let the Man of sin and repentance be revealed!

*(Through the joint action of Jesus and Jerusalem, the
four Zoas awaken to action [who are Elihu & the three
friends] & Satan is cast out from the collective body of
Albion)*

SATAN: *(enraged)*

No! Let us judge this 'Friend of Sinners' to Death.
A Vegetated Christ and a Virgin Eve
Are the Hermaphroditic Blasphemy;
By his Maternal birth HE is that Evil-One!
Come Lord Jesus,
Take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness!

(FREEZE – all except the Bard)

(LIVE MUSIC ONSTAGE)

BARD: [SONG: 'TO TIRZAH']

Thou, Mother of my Mortal part,
With cruelty didst mould my Heart,
And with false self-deceiving tears
Didst bind my Nostrils, Eyes, & Ears

Didst close my Tongue in senseless clay,
And me to Mortal Life betray.
The Death of Jesus set me free:
Then what have I to do with thee?

(UN-FREEZE - Satan slithers out of sight)

JESUS:

Fear not Albion: unless I die thou canst not live.
But if I die I shall arise again and thou with me.
For if God dieth not for Man and giveth not himself
Eternally for Man, Man could not exist.

JESUS & JERUSALEM:

For Man is Love, as God is Love.

BARD:

Thus was the Covering Cherub reveal'd:
A Human dragon red and terrible;
A Warlike Mighty-One of dreadful power,
Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave.

(Satan reappears at the highest point of the stage)

SATAN:

Know me now Albion: look upon me. I alone am beauty!
The Divine Vision is as nothing before me!
By laws of chastity and abhorrence I am withered up.
Striving to create a heaven
In which all shall be pure and holy in their own selfhoods –
in natural selfish chastity –
To banish pity and dear mutual forgiveness,
(MUSIC CUE 26 - SATAN'S LAST STAND)
And to become one Great Satan
Inslav'd to the most powerful selfhood:
To murder the Divine Humanity!

*(Satan moves to kill Jesus and unleashes a furious power.
Job-Albion saves Jesus by sacrificing himself and by taking
the full force of Satan's attack. Job-Albion dies.
Satan recoils from Albion's Zoas [who are Elihu & the three
friends]. They silently draw back their bows and shoot their
arrows and destroy Satan)*

(MUSIC CUE 27 - SATAN MORIBUNDIS)

(Jerusalem embraces the fallen body of Job-Albion ['Pieta'] and they resurrect him into Eternal Life ['Elohim Creating Adam'])

(Entering into Eden, the Celestial Realm of the Spirit)

BARD:

Time was finished!

The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion

And Albion awoke from death.

All was a Vision, all a Dream: the Furnaces became

Fountains of Living Waters flowing from the Humanity Divine.

(MUSIC CUE 28 - JESUS & JERUSALEM THEME)

And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers,
And all the Sons and Daughters of Albion on soft clouds,
Waking from Sleep; And thus shall the Male and the Female
live the life of Eternity, because the Lamb of God creates
himself a Bride and Wife, that we His children for evermore
may live in Jerusalem!

JOB-ALBION: *(seeing his sons & daughters restored)*

Twelve-fold here all the tribes of Israel

I behold upon the Holy Land.

MRS JOB-JERUSALEM: *(seeing Job's divine form & Jesus)*

I see the River of Life and the Tree of Life,

JOB-ALBION: *(seeing Mrs Job's divine form)*

I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven,

A city, yet a woman - Mother of Myriads -

(seeing her powers manifest in their sons & daughters)

Redeemed by a new Spiritual birth, regenerated from Death;

Immortal, Clear as the Sun's tabernacle;

That like a Veil of Seraphim in flaming fire unceasing Burns
from Eternity to Eternity.

(Jesus watches over them - TAB 12 - PLATE 21)

BARD:

Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds of Heaven,
Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity.
And I heard the Name of their Emanations:
They are named Jerusalem!

CHORUS:

Awake! Awake, Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion.

MRS. JOB-JERUSALEM:

Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time;

JOB-ALBION:

For lo! The Night of Death is past

BARD:

And the Eternal Day appears upon our Hills!

*(Jesus transforms back into Blake, who at the age of 68
receives the 'Shoreham Ancients' and all his admirers)*

(LIVE MUSIC ONSTAGE)

COMPANY: [SONG: 'JERUSALEM']

And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green:
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

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!

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.

(During the song the ensemble greets the ageing Blake in his rooms at Fountain Court)

Scene 25

[The passing of Blake into Eternity and his Union with God]

(12th August 1827, Blake (69) on his death bed, surrounded by his admirers, sketches Catherine who sits by his side)

BLAKE: *(to Catherine, showing her the finished drawing)*
Keep as you are – you have ever been an angel to me.
Kate, I am a changing man. I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed or shone; and you arose with me and sat beside me – this can be no longer.
Oh would to God that all the Lord's people were Prophets, Inhabitants of that Happy Country; and if everything goes 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. *(Blake dies)*

(LIVE MUSIC ONSTAGE)

COMPANY: [SONG: 'TO MORNING']

O holy virgin! Clad in purest white,
Unlock heaven's golden gates, and issue forth.
Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven.
Let light rise from the chambers of the east.

(As the choir continues to harmonise, the child Robert appears from the audience dressed in white, as in scene 1)

CHILD ROBERT:
William, Come and play!

(Blake's childlike spirit awakes from the sleep of Death)

SONG: *(continued)*

And bring the honied dew that cometh on waking day.
O radiant morning, salute the sun!

(SILENCE as Blake makes his final farewell to Catherine)

CHILD ROBERT:

Come on William, Mother is waiting!

CHILD WILLIAM:

Robert, wait! Wait for me!

(Blake and Robert exit into the audience to rejoin the Divine Mother in a brilliant light.

Catherine lovingly rests her head where Blake laid his.)

SONG: *(continued)*

Roused like a huntsman to the chase
And with thy buskin'd feet appear upon our hills!
O Holy Virgin!

(LIGHTS DIM ONSTAGE EXCEPT ON BARD & CATHERINE)

Epilogue

BARD:

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 everything else is still.

(SLOW FADE TO BLACK – CURTAIN CLOSES)

THE END