

Ordo Rosarius Equilibrio, To Tirzah

(by William Blake)

Whate'er is born of mortal birth
Must be consumed with the earth
To rise from generation free;
Then what have I to do with thee!

It is raised a spiritual body
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The sexes sprung from shame & pride
Blow'd in the morn: in evening died
But mercy changed death into sleep;
The sexes rose to work & weep

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Thou mother of my mortal part
With cruelty didst mould my heart
And with false self-deceiving tears
Didst bind my nostrils eyes & ears

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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!

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