## 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 It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body

The sexes sprung from shame & Dow'd in the morn: in evening died But mercy changed death into sleep; The sexes rose to work & Down; weep

It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body

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

It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body

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!

It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body It is raised a spiritual body