

Blake's Global Vision - Aesthetic Economics?

Jerusalem: The Emanation of the Giant Albion

from Plate 24

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem I have forsaken thy Courts:
Thy Pillars of ivory & gold, thy Curtains of silk & fine
Linen, thy Pavements of precious stones, thy Windows of Praise
O Human Imagination, O Divine Body I have Crucified
I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law
There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation;
Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee, O Babylon,
With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy heart's desire . . .

The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men, her Gates the Groans of
Of Nations, her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families

Thou was lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills
When Jerusalem was thy heart's desire, in times of peace & love.
Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts; she sent them away
With blessings on their hands & on their feet, blessings of gold
And pearl & diamond; thy Daughters sang in her Courts.
They came up to Jerusalem; they walk'd before Albion;
In the Exchanges of London every Nation walk'd.
And London walk'd in every nation, mutual in love & harmony. . .
Jerusalem cover'd the Atlantic mountains and the oceans
From bright Japan & China to Hesperia, France, and England;
Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven
The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there; but now no more. . .

from Plate 78

Albion gave me to the whole Earth, to walk up & down, to pour
Joy upon every mountain, to teach songs to the shepherd & plowman.
I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion.
Italy saw me in sublime astonishment : France was wholly mine
As my garden & as my secret bath: Spain was my heavenly couch,
I slept in his golden hills; the Lamb of God met me there,
There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones,
They looked upon our loves with joy, they beheld our secret joys
With holy raptures of adoration, rap'd sublime in the Visions of God
Germany, Poland, & the North wooed my footsteps, they found
My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales:
The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber.
Turkey & Grecia saw my instruments of music; they arose,

They siez'd the harp, the flute, the mellow horn of Jerusalem's joy;
They sounded thanksgivings in my courts. Egypt & Libya heard,
The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God,
Enquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar.

And thou! America! I once beheld thee, but now behold no more
Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim & Seraphim rejoic'd
Together among my little ones. Now my Altars run with blood,
My fires are corrupt, my incense is a cloudy pestilence
Of seven diseases! Once a fourfold cloud of salvation rose
From all my myriads, once the fourfold World rejoic'd among
The pillars of Jerusalem between my winged cherubim;
But now I am clos'd out from them in narrow passages
Of the valleys of destruction
Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul.
There is Ruben & Gad & Joseph & Levi clos'd up
In narrow vales. I walk and count the bones of my beloveds. . .