

Jerusalem

Traditional English / Words by William Blake (1757-1827)

And did those feet in an-cient time Walk up-on Eng-land's moun - tains green? And was the

Ho - ly Lamb of God On Eng-land's pleas - ant pas - tures seen? And did the Coun - te - nance di-

vine Shine forth up - on our clou-ded hills? And was Je - ru - sa-lem buil-ded here A-mong these dark Sa-ta - nic

mills? Bring me my bow of burn-ing gold! Bring me my ar-rows of de - sire! Bring me my

spear! O clouds un - fold! Bring me my Cha - ri - ot of Fire! I will not cease from men-tal fight; Nor shall my

sword sleep in my hand, Till we have built Je - ru - sa - lem In Eng-land's green and plea - sant land.