

Jerusalem

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918)

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-ter-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.