

## Jerusalem

Words by William Blake  
Music by Sir Hubert Parry

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Upon those dark, satanic mills

Bring me my bow of burning gold  
Bring me my arrows of desire  
Bring me my spear; O clouds unfold  
Bring me my chariot of fire  
I will not cease from mental fight  
Not shall my sword sleep in my hand  
'Til we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land