

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time?

Poem by William Blake
Music by C. Hubert H. Parry

f

mf

And did those feet in an-cient time walk up-on Eng-land's moun-tains

p

green? And was the Ho-ly Lamb of God on Eng-land's plea-sant pas-tures

mf

seen? And did the coun-tenance di-vine shine forth up-on our cloud-ed

f *rit.* *a tempo*

hills? And was Je-ru-sa-lem build-ed here a-mong those dark Sa-tan-ic mills?

f *rit.* *a tempo*

2

Jerusalem

21 *mf*

Bring me my bow of burn-ing gold! Bring me my

26

ar-rows of de - sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds un - fold! Bring me my Cha - ri-ot of

31 *p* *Allargando*

fire! I will not cease from men-tal fight, nor shall my sword sleep in my hand, till we have

36 *ff* *poco rit.* *Coda*

built Je - ru - sa - lem In Eng-land's green and plea - sant land.