

Jerusalem

William Blake
Hubert Parry arr Helen Yeomans

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Bring it on home, bring it on home
(rep)

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy lamb of God on England's pleasant pasture's seen?
And did the countenance divine shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here among those dark satanic mills?

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Bring it on home, bring it on home
(rep)

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrow of desire!
Bring me my spear, oh clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor will my sword sleep in my hand
'Till we have built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Bring it on home, bring it on home
(rep)

Jerusalem!