

JERUSALEM

Words by William Blake Music by Sir Hubert Parry

[D] And did those [Bm] feet in [G] ancient [D] time
[G] Walk upon [D] England's [Bm] mountains [G] green:
And [D] was the [Bm] holy [F#m] lamb of [Bm] God,
On [F#m] England's [Bm] pleasant [E7] pastures [A] seen!

And did the [Em] counte[Am]nance di[Em]vine,
Shine forth up[G]on our [D7] clouded [G] hills?
And was Je[Em]rusa[A]lem [A7] builded [D] here,
A[Bm]mong [G] those [D] dark Sa[G]ta[A7]nic [D] mills?

[D] Bring me my [Bm] bow of [G] burning [D] gold;
[G] Bring me my [D] arrows [Bm] of de[G]sire:
Bring [D] me my [Bm] spear: O [F#m] clouds un[Bm]fold!
Bring [F#m] me my [Bm] chariot [E7] of [A] fire!

I will not [Em] cease from [Am] mental [Em] fight,
Nor shall my [G] sword sleep [D7] in my [G] hand:
Till we have [Em] built Je[A7]rusa[D]lem,
In [Bm] Eng[G]land's [D] green and [G] plea[A7]sant [D] land