Jerusalem

And this those feet in ancient time

Transcribed for Organ solo

edited by
Maurizio Machella

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry
(1848-1918)

Slow but with animation

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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 cloudy hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among these dark Satanic Hills?

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,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England’s green & pleasant Land.
Solenne

Voce

And did those feet in an 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
Among these 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,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.