

# Jerusalem

*And did those feet in ancient time*

*Transcribed for Organ solo*

*edited by  
Maurizio Machella*

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry  
(1848-1918)

Slow but with animation



legato **ff**

Ped.

3 SOLO. **f**

7

12

Musical score for measures 12-15. Treble clef has a melody of quarter notes. Bass clef has a bass line with chords and a single eighth note. A third bass clef line is at the bottom.

16

*poco rit.*

Musical score for measures 16-19. Treble clef has a melody of quarter notes. Bass clef has a bass line with chords and a single eighth note. A third bass clef line is at the bottom.

20

*a tempo*  
*ORG.*

*ff*

*SOLO.*  
*f*

Musical score for measures 20-23. Treble clef has a melody of quarter notes. Bass clef has a bass line with chords and a single eighth note. A third bass clef line is at the bottom.

24

Musical score for measures 24-27. Treble clef has a melody of quarter notes. Bass clef has a bass line with chords and a single eighth note. A third bass clef line is at the bottom.

28

*mf*

32

*cresc.*

37

*poco rit.*

*a tempo*

ORG.

*ff*

*rit.*

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,  
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 & pleasant Land.

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Solenne

Voce

4 *f*  
And did those feet in an cient time Walk up-on En-gland's mount-ains

8 *p*  
green? And was the Ho - ly lamb of God On Eng-land's plea-sant pas - tures

12 *mf*  
seen? And did the coun - te-nance di - vine Shine forth up - on our cloud-ed

16  
hills? And was Je - ru - sa-lem build - ed here A-mong these dark sa-tan - ic

20 *f*  
mills? Bring me my

24  
bow of burn-ing gold! Bring me my ar-rows of de - sire! Bring me my

28  
spear! O clouds, un fold! Bring me my char - i - ot of fire! I will not

32  
cease from men-tal fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand, till we have built Je - ru - sa-

37  
-lem In Eng-land's green and plea-sant land.